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Encyclopædia of Death

AND

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCES FROM EMINENT SOURCES.

By J. R. FRANCIS,

Author of "Search After God," "Is the Devil Dead?" etc.

VOLUME I.

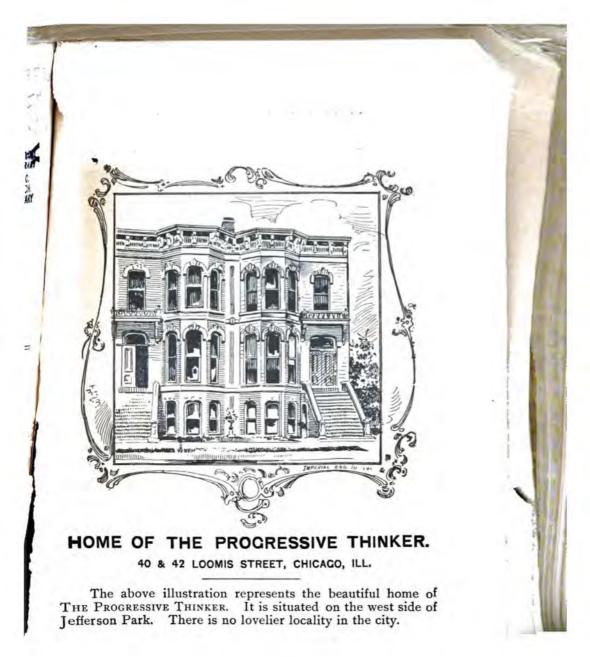
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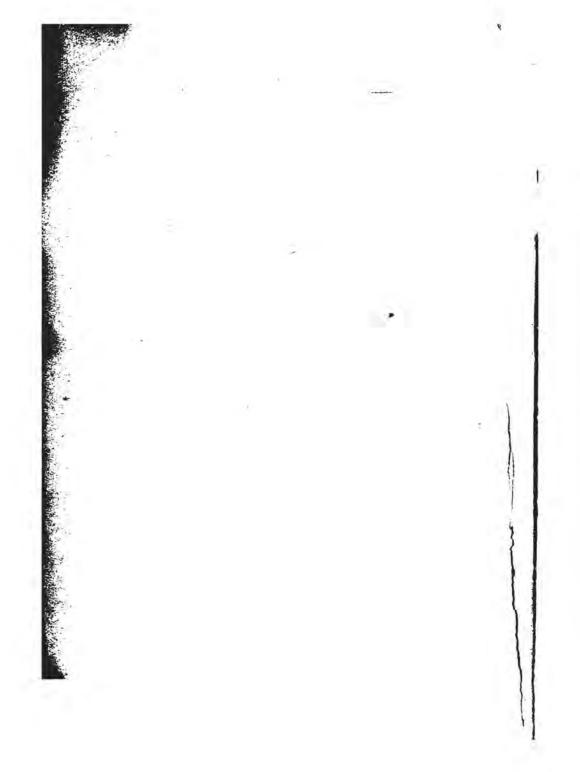


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Yours Truly, A. Ro. Francis





INTRODUCTION.

What is Death, which, in all ages of the world has received so much attention from the philosopher, the scientist, the poet, the metaphysician, the minister of the Gospel, the king on his throne and the peasant in his humble cottage? It is almost universally feared—an inherited tendency, probably—and it rarely takes place, either in the higher or lower walks of life, that bitter tears are not shed or moans of anguish manifested by immediate relatives and friends. Its presence is never courted, only by those who contemplate suicide, and even they have no adequate conception of its true nature. The prevalent views of Death entertained by all the orthodox religious sects, and zealously promulgated from the pulpit, are erroneous in nearly all respects but this one—it actually occurs.

The higher concept of Death, the one endorsed by all minds which have left in the rear the austere religious tenets of the church, and in consequence have stepped to a higher plane, views it in the light of a grand and glorious change, through the instrumentality of which the spirit is freed from its earthly body and environments, and is thereby enabled to advance to a higher altitude in the spheres of progress. The main object to be attained in the Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, is to so educate the masses that the last great event in the earthly career of each one will no longer be regarded with superstitious feelings, but on the contrary be looked upon as a beneficent ordinance of Nature, without which the world would soon be plunged into darkness and woe.

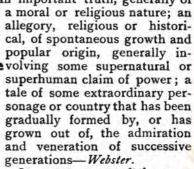
Death in all its multifarious details will be carefully and comprehensively treated in the various volumes, and a mass of

INTRODUCTION

important information presented that will prove invaluable to every reflective person. The thoughts of the most brilliant minds on both sides of life—mortals and spirits—will be given in order to fully elucidate the process of dying, and thus convince humanity that the change is not one to be dreaded. Of course, the experiences of spirits in the higher life differ widely, yet they speak from their respective standpoints and environments, and impart what to them is absolute truth.

The Mythical Origin of Death.

As is well known, a myth is a fabulous or imaginary statement or narrative conveying an important truth, generally of



In consequence of the great age of mankind and the prevailing ignorance that existed throughout the world in times past, myths have become exceedingly numerous, and having been very important factors in the formation of national characters as well as in shaping the destinies of individuals, they now survive simply as rel-

DEATH WALKING THE EARTH. ics of the baneful influences that evolved them. The myths of ancient times now constitute the attic rubbish of modern literature, of no substantial use to humanity, only so far as they illustrate the peculiar nature and idiosyncrasies of those who were wholly unable to comprehend even the simple rudiments of modern advance-

ment. Myth and Superstition are boon companions. They are never separate in any kingdom, empire, or nationality. They exist simply because ignorance has enthroned them as factors in the lives and destinies of people, where they exert a

commanding influence.

The myths of the origin of death are indeed numerous. and many of them are regarded as sacred, even in this nineteenth century. Christians, if they desire to thoroughly understand the mysteries of Divine Providence, have recourse to the Bible, considering it in all respects as infallible authority. Its statements, however, with reference to the introduction of sin into the world and the origin of death, are not very satisfactory, even to those who tacitly admit its truthfulness; while to many others they only constitute a simple myth, and are in no sense regarded as of divine origin. Thus we are told in the "Union Bible Dictionary" that by the transgression of God's commandments our first parents became liable to death. The dire threatening was: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The unfortunate pair, however, did not succumb immediately to the calamitous prediction, but their eventful earth-life was so prolonged that they were enabled to rear two sons-Cain and Abel. Of course, the unhappy introduction of death into the world, as blandly set forth in the Bible, would not be a pleasant myth to contemplate unless frequent allusions were made thereto. Hence the question is asked: "Have the gates of Death been opened unto thee?" (Job xxxviii.,17). "Have mercy unto me, O Lord; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me; thou that liftest me up from the gates of Death" (Psalms ix., 13). "Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death" (Psalms cvii., 18).

The myth of the origin of death commences its historic life with the statement that a certain apple-tree existed in a beautiful garden, which was made directly by God himself. One would naturally infer from the statement that it must have been a very enchanting place; its fruits luscious, its flowers beautiful, its atmosphere pure and its animals kind, loving and gentle. But there was one tree—"the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil"—that possessed, it was naively proclaimed, certain miraculous properties which, if absorbed by Adam and Eve, would change their natures throughout. This makes the

myth of the origin of Death far more interesting than it would otherwise have been. The allusions also to the "gates of death" seem to convey the idea that connected therewith are vast fields where the liberated soul can wander, and behold

the grandeur and goodness of God.

Myths, like everything else, are slowly evolved. They blossom, beautifully or otherwise, under the repeated manipulation of succeeding generations, each extending them here and there until they are complete and ready to be embodied in history. There is a poetical gleam in the expression—"gates of death"-and one is inclined to ask: May there not be a place of ingress and exit in the climes elysian, and why not the imagination assign thereto a pearly gate? In the tedious process of the evolution of this myth, ignorance, of course, was the prime factor. Everything of supernal origin or existence must be brought within the purview of rude, untutored minds, by associating therewith objects of a sublunary nature. Believing that there existed a passageway between earth and heaven, they associated therewith a "gate of death," thus assisting in evolving a myth with reference to the passage of the spirit heavenward.

The Bible myth of the origin of death starts out with the inference that its introduction into the world was a dire calamity, hence it has connected therewith a "dark shadow." "Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it." "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death" (Job x., 21). "My face is foul with weeping and on my eyelids is the shadow of death" (Job xvi., 16). "He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection; the stones of darkness and the shadow of death" (Job xxviii., 3). "Hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?" (Job xxxviii.,17). "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil" (Psalms xxiii.,4). "Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death" (Psalms xliv., 19). "Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron." (Psalms cvii., 10). "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined" (Isaiah ix.,2). "Neither said they: Where is the Lord that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, that led us through the wilderness, through a land of deserts and pits, through a land of drought and of the shadow of death" (Jer. ii.,6). "Give glory to the Lord your God, before he causes darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, He turns it into the shadow of death, and makes it gross darkness" (Jer. xiii.,16).

A myth with reference to the origin of death having once been established, the "gates of death" and the "shadow of death" soon followed. The Bible is profuse in statements that add great interest to this myth, and which show conclusively that the ancients were supremely ignorant and superstitious, and understood very little of the benign action of natural laws. They did not consider that death is as natural as birth; that growth and decay are common to all things, hence their innate superstition in the course of time evolved a very interesting myth, and in connection therewith they actually represent the Lord as saying: "I have healed these waters; there shall

not be from thence any more death or barren land."

Death having been introduced into the world through the instrumentality of a peculiar tree, over which God exercised an especial guardianship, it would be natural for the highly imaginative ancients to represent Him and others as talking in a variety of ways with reference to the final change common to all humanity. In Job xviii., 13, this highly figurative expression may be found: "It shall devour the strength of his skin; even the first-born of death shall devour his strength." It would be exceedingly difficult to determine the exact meaning of that passage of scripture. The myth of the origin of death seems to grow more mythical as statements are perused bearing on the subject in the Bible. "Those that remain of him shall be buried in death" (Job xxvii., 15), conveys nothing intelligible to the scrutinizing student; but when the solemn assertion is made (Psalms xlix., 14), that "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them," one is very much surprised at the exceeding great variety of uses to which this word death can be applied. To be "buried in death" would not suffice the ancient Psalmist, hence he quaintly ordains that "death shall feed on them," and then asks the question: "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?" Of course the multitudinous play of words with reference to the myth of the origin of death would not be complete nor satisfactory unless brought into juxtaposition to love, hence in Proverbs viii., 36, the following presents itself: "All they that hate me, love death." Death, too, must have a well-defined locality, hence we find in Proverbs vii., 27, the "chambers of death," which are mysteriously associated with the route to hell. But it is exceedingly pleasant to contemplate that (Prov. xii., 28), "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death;" but one becomes exceedingly sad in realizing the painful fact that no human being ever traversed that pathway sufficiently to escape the ordeal common to all humanity, even though to him (Prob. xiv., 12), "There is a way which seemeth right, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Death is certainly a very important factor in the providence of God, and it is not strange that it should be brought into requisition whereby (Romans v.,10), "we were reconciled to God by the death of his son." Death having originated in such a peculiar way, it must necessarily play an active part in the redemption of the race, or otherwise the "myth of the origin of death" would lose much of its interest. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. For until the law sin was in the world, but sin is not imputed when there is no law. Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come" (Romans v., 12, 13, 14).

Though the above is involved in great obscurity, its meaning leading no one knows whither, it may be gratifying to some to know (Rom. vi.,5), that "if we have been planted together in the likeness of death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." It was quite natural for the rude, superstitious and uncultured ancients to regard death with unmingled awe, hence the expression (I.Cor.xv.,26), "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And being a dire enemy what would be more natural than the statement (I.Cor.xv.,54): "So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." In this connection it may be a surprise to some

that as doors, vaults, etc., have keys, the history of this word death would not be complete without one, too, hence we have the statement (Rev. i., 18): "I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, amen; and have

the keys of hell and death."

The ancients were remarkably ingenious in the employment of this word death, not only alluding to the keys belonging thereto, but asserting (Isaiah xxviii.,15): "We have made a covenant with death"-conveying the idea that death is a personage capable of counseling with men and entering into a contract wherein specific action is expressly stipulated. Being ignorant of the real character of death, and not supposing for a moment it is a beneficent ordinance of nature, they allude to it in connection with mundane affairs in a very singular manner. "And I will kill her children with death" (Rev. ii., 23), as if death could be used as an effective external instrument in causing death. Again the startling announcement is made (Rev. vi., 8): "And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death." As if there can be more than one death, it is stated (Exodus x., 17): "Now, therefore, forgive, I pray thee, my sin only this once, and entreat your God, that He may take away from me this death only." Death, too, is represented as a personage ([er. ix.,21): "For Death is come up unto our windows and is entered into our palaces to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets." Death is also alluded to as possessing snares (Psalms xviii., 5).

It is now believed by Christians generally that the account in Genesis of the fall of man and the subsequent introduction of death into the world, should not be construed literally. The enlightened judgment of christendom at the present time is that death is an ordinance of nature, a beneficent measure on the part of Divine Providence, and that whatever allusion is made thereto in the Bible, must be regarded as figurative illustrations by those who, though undoubtedly inspired, infused their own fancies and predictions in a great deal of their speaking and writing, which, it is claimed, was inspired by God

Himself.

Death is simply one beneficent stage of nature, controlled by Divine Providence, whereby an enlarged sphere of existence is disclosed to the aspiring soul, and of which the ancients caught faint glimpses in dreams and visions, and which induced the drawing of weird pictures and rude metaphors of death on their part. "O death, I will be thy plagues" (Hosea xiii.,14), might have been considered a brilliant metaphor or figure of speech by those of olden times, but to the modern thinker it conveys no intelligible idea or lesson.

MYTHS OF THE ORIGIN OF DEATH.

I have introduced these few examples of marvelous superstition in order to illustrate the exceeding large vein of credulity that permeates human nature, distorting it and giving rise

to Myths of the Origin of Death.*

The problems of the mythologist are to account, if he can, first for the origin and next for the distribution of myths. Plainly the myths of men must have their source in certain conditions of the human intellect. That these conditions do not exist in full force among civilized men is obvious enough, because men of all civilizations, Egyptian, Hindoo, and Greek, have been as much puzzled as we modern peoples are to account for the origin of myths. The mental conditions, therefore, which naturally and necessarily produce myths must be strange, on the whole, to civilized men. We are, therefore, led to ask whether this mental stage has not existed, and whether it does not still exist, among the more backward races, savages as we rather indiscriminately call them. If we do find widely prevalent among the lower races a condition of thought which would necessarily beget the myths of the lower races, and if among the upper races myths similar in character be traced, the problem of the mythologist will be partially solved. Myths, or certain myths, will be the productions of the human mind in the savage state; and when these legends occur among civilized races, they will either be survivals from savagery or narratives borrowed from savages.

Let us apply this system to a single case; namely, to the

myths concerning the origin of death.

Now, it is plain enough that civilized men, in a scientific age, would never dream of inventing a story to account for so necessary and inevitable an incident as death. "All men are mortal," is the very type among us of a universal affirmative statement, and how men come to be mortal needs no ex-

^{*}Andrew Lang, Ph. D., London, in Princeton Review.

planation. So the case seems to civilized and scientific man. But his own children have not attained to his belief in death. The certainty and universality of death do not enter into the

thoughts of our little ones.

Now, there are still many tribes of men who practically disbelieve in death. To them death is always a surprise and an accident, an unnecessary, irrelevant intrusion on the living "Natural deaths are, by many tribes, regarded as supernatural," says Mr. Tylor. These tribes have no conception of death as the inevitable, eventful obstruction and cessation of the powers of the bodily machine; the stopping of the pulses and processes of life by violence or decay or disease. To persons who regard death thus, his intrusion into the world (for death, of course, is thought to be a person) stands in great need of explanation. That explanation, as usual, is given in myths. But before studying these widely different myths, let us first establish the fact that death really is regarded as something non-natural and intrusive. The modern savage readily believes in and accounts, in a scientific way, for violent deaths. The spear or club breaks or crushes a hole in a man, and his soul flies out. But the deaths he disbelieves in are natural deaths. These he is obliged to explain as produced by some supernatural cause, generally the action of malevolent spirits impelled by witches. Thus the savage holds that, violence apart and the action of witches apart, man would even now be immortal. "There are rude races of Australia and South America," writes Mr. Tylor, "whose intense belief in witchcraft has led them to declare that if men were never bewitched, and never killed by violence, they would never die at all. Like the Australians, the Africans will inquire of their dead 'what sorcerer slew them by his wicked arts." "The natives," says Sir George Grey, speaking of the Australians, "do not believe that there is such a thing as death from natural causes." On the death of an Australian native from disease, a kind of magical coroner's inquest is held by the conjurers of the tribe, and the direction in which the wizard lives who slew the dead man is ascertained by the movements of worms and insects. process is described at full length by Mr. Brough Smyth in his "Aborigines of Victoria." Turning from Australia to Hindostan, we find that the Puwarrees (according to Heber's narrative) attribute all natural deaths to a supernatural cause;

namely, witchcraft. That is, the Puwarrees do not yet believe in the universality and necessity of death. He is an intruder brought by magic arts into our living world. Again, in his "Ethnology of Bengal," Dalton tells us that the Hos (an aboriginal non-Aryan race) are of the same opinion as the Puwar-"They hold that all disease in men or animals is attributable to one of two causes: the wrath of some evil spirit or the spell of some witch or sorcerer. These superstitions are common to all classes of the population of this province." In the New Hebrides disease and death are caused, as Mr. Codrington found, by tamates, or ghosts. In New Caledonia, according to Erskine, death is the result of witchcraft practiced by members of a hostile tribe, for who would be so wicked as to bewitch his fellow-tribesman? The Andaman Islanders attribute all natural deaths to the supernatural influence of e reu. chaugala, or to jura-win, two spirits of the jungle and the sea. The death is avenged by the nearest relation of the deceased, who shoots arrows at the invisible enemy. The negroes of Central Africa entertain precisely similar ideas about the nonnaturalness of death. Mr. Duff Macdonald, in his recent book, "Africana," writes: "Every man who dies what we call a natural death is really killed by witches." It is a far cry from the Blantyre Mission in Africa to the Eskimo of the frozen north. But so uniform is human nature in the lower races that the Eskimo precisely agree, as far as theories of death go, with the Africans, the aborigines of India, the Andaman Islanders, the Australians, and the rest. Dr. Rink found that "sickness or death coming about in an accidental manner was always attributed to witchcraft, and it remains a question whether death on the whole was not originally accounted for as resulting from magic." It is needless to show how these ideas survived into civilization. Bishop Jewell, denouncing witches before Queen Elizabeth, was, so far, mentally on a level with the Eskimo and the Australian. The familiar and voluminous records of trials for witchcraft, whether at Salem or at Edinburgh, prove that all abnormal and unwonted deaths and diseases, in animals or in men, were explained by our ancestors as the results of supernatural mischief.

It has been made plain (and the proof might be enlarged to any extent) that the savage does not regard death as "God's great ordinance," universal and inevitable and natural. But, being curious and inquisitive, he cannot help asking himself: "How did this terrible invader first enter a world where he now appears so often?" This is, properly speaking, a scientific question; but the savage answers it, not by collecting facts and generalizing from them, but by inventing a myth. This is his invariable habit. Does he want to know why this tree has red berries, why that animal has brown stripes, why this bird utters its peculiar cry, where fire came from, why a constellation is grouped in one way or another, why his race of men differs from the whites,—in all these, and in all other intellectual perplexities, the savage invents a story to solve the problem. Stories about the origin of death are, therefore, among the commonest fruits of the savage imagination. those legends have been produced to meet the same want by persons in a very similar mental condition, it inevitably follows that they all resemble each other with considerable closeness. We need not conclude that all the myths we are about to examine came from a single original source, or were handed about, with flint arrow-heads, seeds, shells, beads, and weapons, in the course of savage commerce. Borrowing of this sort may, or rather must, explain many difficulties as to the diffusion of some myths. But the myths with which we are concerned now, the myths of the origin of death, might conceivably have been separately developed by simple and ignorant men seeking to discover an answer to the same problem.

The myths of the origin of death fall into a few categories. In many legends of the lower races men are said to have become subject to mortality because they infringed some mystic prohibition or taboo of the sort which is common among untutored peoples. The apparently untrammeled Polynesian, or Australian, or African, is really the slave of countless traditions which forbid him to eat this object or to touch that, or to speak to such and such a person, or to utter this or that word. Races in this curious state of ceremonial subjection often account for death as the punishment imposed for breaking some taboo. In other cases, death is said to have been caused by a sin of omission, not of commission. People who have a complicated and minute ritual (like so many of the lower races) persuade themselves that death burst on the world when some passage of the ritual was first omitted, or when some custom was first infringed. Yet again, death is fabled to

have first claimed us for his victims in consequence of the erroneous delivery of a favorable message from some powerful supernatural being, or because of the failure of some enterprise which would have resulted in the overthrow of death, or by virtue of a pact or covenant between death and the gods. Thus it will be seen that death is often (though by no means invariably) the penalty of infringing a command, or of indulging in a culpable curiosity. But there are cases, as we shall see, in which death, as a tolerably general law, follows on a mere accident. Some one is accidentally killed, and this "gives death a lead" (as they say in the hunting-field) over the fence which had hitherto severed him from the world of living men. It is to be observed, in this connection, that the first of men who died is usually regarded as the discoverer of a hitherto "unknown country," the land beyond the grave, to which all future men must follow him. Bin dir Woor, among the Australians, was the first man who suffered death, and he (like Yama in the Vedic myth) became the Columbus of the new world of the dead.

Let us now examine in detail a few of the savage stories of the origin of death. That told by the Australians may be regarded with suspicion, as a refraction from a careless hearing of the narrative in Genesis. The legend printed by Mr. Brough Smyth was told to Mr. Bulwer by "a black fellow far from sharp," and this black fellow may conceivably have distorted what his tribe had heard from a missionary. This sort of refraction is not uncommon, and we must always guard ourselves against being deceived by a savage corruption of a Biblical narrative. Here is the myth, such as it is: "The first created man and 'woman were told" (by whom we do not learn) "not to go near a certain tree in which a bat lived. The bat was not to be disturbed. One day, however, the woman was gathering fire-wood, and she went near the tree. The bat flew away, and after that came death." More evidently genuine is the following legend of how death "got a lead" into the Australian world: "The child of the first man was wounded. If his parents could heal him, death would never enter the world. They failed. Death came." The wound, in this legend, was inflicted by a supernatural being. Here death acts on the principle ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute, and the premuer pas was made easy for him. We may continue to examine the stories which account for death as the result of breaking a taboo. The Ningphos of Bengal say they were originally immortal. They were forbidden to bathe in a certain pool of water. Some one, greatly daring, bathed, and, ever since, Ningphos have been subject to death. The infringement, not of a taboo, but of a custom, caused death in one of the many Melanesian myths on this subject. Men and women had been practically deathless because they cast their old skins at certain intervals. But a grandmother had a favorite grandchild who failed to recognize her when she appeared as a young woman in her new skin. With fatal good-nature the grandmother put on her old skin again, and instantly men lost

the art of skin-shifting, and death finally seized them.

The Greek myth of the origin of death is the most important of those which turn on the breaking of a prohibition. The story has unfortunately become greatly confused in the various poetical forms which have reached us. As far as can be ascertained, death was regarded in one early Greek myth as the punishment of indulgence in forbidden curiosity. Men appear to have been free from death before the quarrel between Zeus and Prometheus. In consequence of this quarrel Hephæstus fashioned a woman out of earth and water, and gave her to Epimetheus, the brother of the Titan. Prometheus had forbidden his brother to accept any gift from the gods, but the bride was welcomed nevertheless. She brought her magical coffer; this was opened; and men who, according to Hesiod, had hitherto lived exempt from "maladies that bring down fate," were overwhelmed with the "diseases that stalk abroad by night and day." Now, in Hesiod (Works and Days, 70-100) there is nothing said about unholy curiosity. Pandora simply opened her casket and scattered its fatal contents. But Philodemus assures us that, according to a variant of the myth, it was Epimetheus who opened the forbidden coffer, whence came death.

Leaving the myths which turn on the breaking of a taboo, and reserving for consideration the New Zealand story, in which the origin of death is the neglect of a ritual process, let us look at some African myths of the origin of death. It is to be observed that in these (as in all the myths of the most backward races) many of the characters are not gods, but animals.

The Bushman story lacks the beginning. The mother of

the little hare was lying dead, but we do not know how she came to die. The moon then struck the little hare on the lip, cutting it open, and saying: "Cry loudly, for your mother will not return, as I do, but is quite dead." In another version the moon promises that the old hare will return to life, but the little hare is sceptical, and is hit in the mouth as before. The Hottentot myth makes the moon send the hare to men with the message that they will revive as he (the moon) does. the hare "loses his memory as he runs" (to quote the French proverb which may be based on a form of this very tale), and the messenger brings the tidings that men shall surely die and never revive. The angry moon then burns a hole in the hare's mouth. In yet another Hottentot version the hare's failure to deliver the message correctly caused the death of the moon's mother (Bleek, "Bushman Folklore"). In this last variant we have death as the result of a failure or transgression. Among the more backward natives of South India (Lewin's "Wild Races of South India") the serpent is concerned, in a suspicious way, with the origin of death. The following legend might so easily arise from a confused understanding of the Mohammedan or Biblical narrative that it is of little value for our purpose. At the same time, even if it is only an adaptation, it shows the characteristics of the adapting mind. God had made the world, trees, and reptiles, and then set to work to make man out of clay. A serpent came and devoured the still inanimate clay images while God slept. The serpent still comes and bites us all, and the end is death. If God never slept, there would be no death. The snake carries us off while God is asleep. But the oddest part of this myth remains. Not being able always to keep awake, God made a dog to drive away the snake by barking. And that is why dogs always howl when men are at the point of death. Here we have our own rural superstition about howling dogs twisted into a South Indian myth of the origin of death. The introduction of death by a pure accident recurs in a myth of Central Africa reported by Mr. Duff MacDonald. There was a time when the man blessed by Sancho Panza had not yet "invented sleep." A woman it was who came and offered to instruct two men in the still novel art of sleeping. "She held the nostrils of one, and he never awoke at all," and since then the art of dying has been facile.

A not unnatural theory of the origin of death is illustrated by a myth from Pentecost Island and a Red Indian myth. In the legends of very many races we find the attempt to account for the origin of evil by a simple dualistic myth. There were two brothers who made things; one made things well, the other made them ill. In Pentecost Island it was Tagar who made things well, and he appointed that men should die for five days only, and live again. But the malevolent Suque caused men "to die right out." The Red Indian legend of the same character is printed in the "Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology" (1879-80), p. 45. The younger of the Cinau-av brothers said: "When a man dies, send him back in the morning and let all his friends rejoice." "Not so," said the elder: "the dead shall return no more." So the younger brother slew the child of the elder, and this was the beginning of death.

There is another and a very quaint myth of the origin of death in Banks Island. At first, in Banks Island, as elsewhere, men were immortal, The economical results were just what might have been expected. Property became concentrated in the hands of a few,—that is, of the first generations, —while all the younger people were practically paupers. To heal the disastrous social malady, Qat (the maker of things, who was more or less a spider), sent for Mate—that is, Death. Death lived near a volcanic crater of a mountain, where there is now a byway into Hades, or Panoi, as the Melanesians call Death came and went through the empty forms of a funeral feast for himself. Tangaro, the Fool, was sent to watch Mate, and to see by what way he returned to Hades, that men might avoid that path in future. Now, when Mate fled to his own place, this great Fool, Tangaro, noticed the path, but forgot which it was and pointed it out to men under the impression that it was the road to the upper, not the under, world. Ever since that day men have been constrained to follow Mate's path to Panoi and the dead. Another myth is somewhat different, but, like this one, attributes death to the imbecility of Tangaro, the Fool. The New Zealand myth of the origin of death is pretty well known, as Mr. Tylor has seen in it the remnants of a solar myth, and has given it a "solar" explanation. It is an audacious thing to differ from so cautious and learned an anthropologist as Mr. Tylor, but the writer ventures to give his reasons for dissenting, in this case, from the view of the author of "Primitive Culture." Maui is the great hero of Maori mythology. He was not precisely a god, still less was he one of the early elemental gods, yet we can scarcely regard him as a man. He rather answers to one of the race of Titans, and especially to Prometheus, the son of a Titan. Maui was prematurely born, and his mother thought the child would be no credit to her already numerous and promising family. She therefore (as native women too often did in the South Sea Islands) tied him up in her long tresses and tossed him out to sea. The gales brought him back to shore; one of his grandparents carried him home, and he became much the most illustrious and successful of his household. So far Maui had the luck which so commonly attends the youngest and least considered child in folklore and mythology. This feature in his myth may be a result of the very widespread custom of jungsten Recht (Borough English), by which the youngest child is heir, at least, of the family hearth. Now, unluckily, at the baptism of Maui (for a pagan form of baptism is a Maori ceremony) his father omitted some of the Karakias, or ritual utterances proper to be used on such occasions. This was the fatal original mistake whence came man's liability to death, for hitherto men had been immortal. So far, what is there "solar" about Maui? Who are the Sun's brethren, -and Maui had many? How could the Sun catch the Sun in a snare, and beat him so as to make him lame? This was one of Maui's feats, for he meant to prevent the Sun from running too fast through the sky. Maui brought fire, indeed, from the under world, as Prometheus stole it from the upper world, but many men and many beasts do as much as the myths of the world, and it is hard to see how the exploit gives Maui "a solar character." Maui invented barbs for hooks and other appurtenances of early civilization, with which the sun has no more to do than with patent safety-matches. His last feat was to attempt to secure human immortality forever. There are various legends on this subject. Some say Maui noticed that the sun and moon rose again from their daily death, by virtue of a fountain in Hades (Hine-nui-te-po) where they bathed. Others say he wished to kill Hine-nui-te-po (conceived of as a woman) and to carry off her heart. Whatever the reason, Maui was to be swallowed up in the giant frame of Hades, or

Night, and if he escaped alive, death would never have power over men. He made the desperate adventure, and would have succeeded but for the folly of one of the birds which accompanied him. This little bird, which sings at sunset, burst out laughing inopportunely, wakened Hine-nui-te-po, and she crushed to death Maui and all hopes of earthly immortality. Had he only come forth alive men would have been deathless. Now, except that the bird which laughed sings at sunset, what is there "solar" in all this? The sun does daily what Maui failed to do, passes through darkness and death back into light and life. Not only does the sun daily succeed where Maui failed, but (Taylor's "New Zealand") it was his observation of this fact which encouraged Maui to risk the adventure. If Maui were the sun we should all be immortal, for Maui's ordeal is daily achieved by the sun. But Mr. Tylor says ("Primitive Culture," i. 336): "It is seldom that solar characteristics are more distinctly marked in the several details of a myth than they are here." To us the characteristics seem to be precisely the reverse of solar. Throughout the cycle of Maui he is constantly set in direct opposition to the sun, and the very point of the final legend is that what the sun could do Maui could not. Literally, the one common point between Maui and the sun is that the little bird, the tiwakawaka, which sings at the daily death of day, sang at the eternal death of Maui. It will very frequently be found that the "solar hero" of mythologists is no more solar than Maui was a photographer.

Without pausing to consider the Tongan myth of the origin of death, we may go on to investigate the legends of the Aryan races. According to the Satapatha Brahmana, death was made, like the gods and other creatures, by a being named Prajapati. Now, of Prajapati half was mortal, half was immortal. With this mortal half he feared death, and concealed himself from death in earth and water. Death said to the gods: "What hath become of him who created us?" They answered: "Fearing thee hath he entered the earth." The gods and Prajapati now freed themselves from the dominion of death by celebrating an enormous number of sacrifices. Death was chagrined by their escape from the "nets and clubs" which he carries in the Aitareya Brahmana. "As you have escaped me, so will men also escape," he grumbled. The

gods appeased him in the promise that, in the body, no man henceforth forever, should invade death. "Every one who is become immortal shall do so by first parting with his body." Among the Aryans of India, as we have already seen, death has a protomartyr, Yama, "the first of men who reached the river, spying out a path for many" (Atharva Neda, vi. 283). Here Yama corresponds to Tangaro, the Fool, in the myth of the Soloman Islands. But Yama is not regarded as a malefi-The Rig Veda (x. 14) speaks of him cent being like Tangaro. as "King Yama, who departed to the mighty streams and sought out a road for many;" and again, the Atharva Veda names him "the first of men who died, and the first who departed to the celestial world." With him the Blessed Fathers dwell forever in happiness. Mr. Max Muller, however, takes Yama to be "a character suggested by the setting sun," a claim which is also put forward, as we have seen, for the Maori hero Maui. It is Yama, according to the Rig Veda, who sends the birds (a pigeon is one of his messengers) as warnings of approaching death. Among the Iranian race Yima appears to have been the counterpart of the Vedic Yama. He is now King of the Blessed; originally he was the first of men over whom death won his earliest victory. With this victory are vaguely connected legends of a serpent who killed King Yima, in punishment, apparently, of a sin. But it is hard to trace this myth in any coherent shape among the sacred books of the Iranian religion.

We have now hastily examined some typical instances of myths of the origin of death. Our point is proved if it be admitted that such myths would naturally arise only among races which have not the scientific conception of the nature and universality of death. It has been shown that the death myths of savages do correspond with their prevalent conceptions of the nature of death, and it is inferred that the similar myths of Greeks, Hindoos, and Persians, are either survivals from the time when these races were uncivilized, or are examples of borrowing from uncivilized peoples. This theory of myths has no real novelty, being precisely that by which Eusebius, in his "Præparatio Evangelica," replied to the various philosophical and moral theories of the contemporary pagan Greeks. "Your myths began," Eusebius argues, "when your ancestors knew neither law nor civilization. You have never ventured to lay

aside these ancient stories, of which you are now ashamed, as you show by your various apologetic explanations, none of which have the advantage of agreeing with each other." Thus the ancient Father actually anticipated the latest results of modern comparative science.

The Spiritual Analysis of the Change Called Death.

SPIRITS TAKE POSSESSION OF A DYING BODY.

Several years ago a most remarkable phenomenon* occurred at Lawrence Mass. Susie M. Smith, a young lady about seventeen years of age, daughter of Dr. Greenleaf Smith, after a short illness, apparently died at six oclock in the evening; and from that time until the following Friday at twelve o'clock, the body was controlled in part by other spirits. On Wednesday, the day of her death, she said: "Father, I've attended my own funeral." She described it as very real; declared herself as perfectly conscious of what she was saying, and also spoke of singing, and gave the names of hymns she had heard.

She continued rational during the day, when, finally, about six o'clock, she passed into violent spasms; a gradual paleness overspread her face from the forehead; she became speechless, closed her eyes, and, to the senses of those about her bedside, life was extinct. Indeed, there seemed to be no question about it. The reader is aware how a loving heart refuses to believe its companion has departed this life, how it hopes against hope almost to the tomb. So with the father, mother, brother and sister gathered around the bedside. The body had the unmistakable death-damp on its face.

Many minutes had elapsed, when suddenly, to the indescribable surprise of all in the room, came a deep gruff, voice, the parted and moving lips of the body indicating its whereabouts, which said: "Rub both of her arms as hard as you can."

^{*}A writer in "Spiritual Scientist."



DEATH AND LIFE ETERNAL CONTRASTED.

Without a second bidding, and recovering from their surprise, the command was obeyed, when came a second voice: "Raise her up." This was done, when she breathed naturally, but did not speak for a few moment.

Dr. Smith now sat behind the body, holding it up, when the controlling influence again spoke, in another voice: "If I could move her legs around so that I could set her up on the foot-board, she'd be all right." The doctor was preparing to carry this suggestion into effect, when he, with the body, was actually taken, lifted from their positions together, and both

placed upon the foot-board by some unseen power.

The body was now possessed by a spirit, cheerful, lively, and not unlike its natural occupant. The doctor was about to ask if she hadn't better be laid back, when the same force again lifted them, carried them both backwards, he to his feet, she falling to her first position in bed, apparently again as dead as could possibly be. A few moments elapsed; the doubt was settling into a certainty, when a mild voice opened a conversation which continued three hours, and during this time acknowledging that the body had been controlled by spirits. A trance sleep followed. The next morning the eyes opened and a spirit, controlling her organism, asked: "Who am I, anyway?" The doctor replied: "You are Susie Smith." "No I ain't: Susie Smith died last night." And this opinion the controlling influence maintained. Friday the symptoms were again worse; there were several fainting spells and they were severe ones, but after twelve o'clock there were no indications of life. The next morning, while in a lower room, and endeavoring to decide where to lay the body, an apparition, or Susie Smith, as the incredulous or credulous will have it, walked into the room with plain footsteps, and said: "Right on the School Hill; right on the side of the road," then disappeared. The location indicated was selected. In Denmark, near Brighton, Maine, the body lies in a newly-selected lot, on the school-house hillside.

The illness and decease occurred at the residence of her sister, corner of Cedar and Franklin streets. The young lady had resided in Lawrence several years, was the organist at Webster Hall, with a large circle of acquaintances. We give the facts, easily attested, and the circumstances warrant the truthfulness of the statements. There is another instance on record somewhat similar. It occurred many years ago, but has gone the rounds of the press, at intervals, several times since it first happened. We remember it faintly as follows: A sailor on a man-of-war, the worst type of an unruly fellow, a drunkard, shirk, illiterate, and almost uncontrollable, was taken sick and died. The surgeon had pronounced him dead; he was laid out, and the crew had gathered about the corpse,

when the body sat upright, preached a most excellent sermon of some length to the sailors, in the midst of which the astonished surgeon and captain, who had been sent for, entered, and listened, thoroughly surprised and impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the discourse. It continued some moments, and then the body again fell back, dead. This incident was attested by the commander, surgeon, and other officers, and never satisfactorily accounted for.

THE DEATH-BEDS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

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

Hardly less desponding than this in tone, was the utterance on one occasion of President McCosh, of Princeton Col-

lege, while officiating at a funeral.

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

The sequel of the familiar narrative, the introduction of the hemlock, the drinking of it amid the tears and lamenta-

^{*}Epes Sargent, in Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

tions of friends, the solemn silence enjoined by himself, the pacing to and fro, the perfect equanimity, and the unquenchable faith manifested in all his last words and acts, show that Socrates fulfilled in his death all the professions of his life.

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

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

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

"There must be no sitting up. Go, all, and take your

needed rest, as I shall be doing."

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

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

the diviner air."

DYING EXPERIENCES OF RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

In order to show that the sensations of death are not painful, but in some cases really pleasant, is the object of introducing the various incidents connected with its phases. following communication, received from Judge Rufus W. Peckham, who was drowned, being a passenger of the ill-fated Ville Du Havre, beautifully illustrates several points that every person should be familiar with. It was given through the mediumship of the lamented Judge J. W. Edmonds, and is very interesting:

My DEAR FRIEND.—I shall waive all ceremony with you and enter upon this, our interview, not assuming, but knowing, that you are aware of my presence almost as tangibly as when I last met you in Albany, in the court-room, where you and I had listened and tried to be still, out of respect to the majesty of the law. You left the court room in advance of me. tried to see you again, but you left that evening. We meet again here under different circumstances. I will not say that I am from the higher court to-day, for, as yet, I have found no court or sphere into which your thoughts, which represent your spirit, do not come. Hence there are no severed links in our friendship, when we still sit in council with those we knew and loved.

Had I chosen the manner of my departure from the body, I should not have selected the one to which I was obliged to succumb. However, I find no fault, now that I realize the life

which has opened before me so suddenly, so strangely.

In my dying moments I lived my life over again. Every scene, every act, passed before me as vividly as if written on my brain with living light. Not a friend whom I had known in earlier or later life, was forgotten. I saw, as I sank, with my wife folded to my heart, my mother and father. The former lifted me out of the wave with a strength which I can at this moment feel, and I have no recollection of suffering.

From the moment that I knew the waves would engulf us, I had no sensation of fear, cold, or suffocation. I did not hear the waves break. I parted with that which was my body, and, with my wife still in my arms, followed my mother

whither she led me.

The first sad thought was for my dear brother. This my mother saw and felt, and at once said: "Your brother will

soon be with you!" From that moment sorrow seemed to fade away, and I sat down to look about upon the scene through which I had so recently passed. I felt solicitude for my fellow-passengers; looked for them, and saw them being lifted out of the waves in precisely the same manner that your strong arm, nerved by love, would lift your drowning child from the great waves which would swallow him up.

For a time this appeared so real, that, had it not have been for the presence of those whom I knew to be dead, I should have believed myself acting as rescuer with the spirits.

I write plainly to you, hoping that you will send words of comfort to those who imagine that their friends suffered mortal agony in drowning. There was a fulfillment of that glorious triumph of faith, and the shadow of death became an illumination, which enabled so many to say that Death's waves were swallowed up in victory, which love had brought to light

in the ministry of angels and spirits.

I need not tell you the greetings which awaited me when the many, whom you and I knew and loved, welcomed me to the realms of the life immortal. Not having been sick or suffering, I was ready at once to accept facts, and to move forward to the attractions which, if on earth's plane, have the power to charm away sorrow; how much more enchanting here, where the scene has changed so quickly, so gloriously, that we do not murmur at the haste, nor think that it is disappointment or accident that summoned us unceremoniously hither!

I am aware that many will ask, that if we could be helped to pass out of the body without pain, why could not the accident have been prevented? In our investigations we have learned this fact, namely, that the officer in charge was so entirely deceived in regard to the distance between the Loch Earn and his own vessel, that no power on earth, or that which the Spirit-world could bring to bear, could have prevented it. Hence the collision was inevitable. There are conditions of sight, particularly on the ocean, when the water will seem to possess a power of deception almost marvelous and past belief. The ablest and best are liable to these conditions, particularly at just the position that these vessels must have been in. Hence there should be no blame attached to that man. It is done, and the survivors most need sym-

pathy, and I know of no way to give it more direct than to assure them that their loved friends are not slumbering in the caverns of the deep, awaiting the final trump to sound, but, that all times they await and look for the proper channels through which to echo the unmistakable evidence of life immortal.

My thanks are due to our mutual friends, Talmadge, Van Buren, Hill, and many others, for this delightful reunion with you; nor can I end it without thanking you for a faith which, although silent between us, made me to respect you the more. I have come now into that nearer circle of friendship which I shall cherish as I know you will—sacred as the love which makes us to rejoice in our great and All-Wise. Father, who doeth all things well.

RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

A FLOWER MOVES, INDICATING DEATH.

The wreck of the Ville Du Havre was, indeed, an appalling disaster, yet we have the testimony of this spirit that he experienced no pain whatever, while drowning. In connection with this unfortunate affair, we give the following incident illustrating the power of spirits over matter. It was taken from the Boston Daily Advertiser at the time of the disaster:

"Mrs. Bininger was the wife of Mr. Bininger, of the well-known wine firm in Broad Street. The daughter was saved, and the mother, it is feared, was drowned. Mr. Bininger was among the first at the company's office. He received a dispatch containing the news that his daughter was saved and on her way to Paris, but that his wife was lost. He mentioned a curious circumstance: On the evening of the 23rd, a flower, which his wife had left at his house, moved, and he remarked to some friends who were present that he believed that motion indicated that some accident had befallen his wife. They tried to dissuade him from the idea, but his mind has ever since been uneasy in regard to the circumstances, and his worst fears have been confirmed. He was grief-stricken beyond measure, and his sorrow was shared by all present."

Spirits have the power to assuage the agony of the last moments, and although the contraction of the muscles seems to indicate severe physical pain, yet such is not always the case. Of course, when the above disaster on the ocean occurred, the greatest excitement and alarm prevailed, and the fear of approaching death was more painful than the drowning itself. Perhaps some may have died through fear alone before being submerged, and, of course, did not have to pass through the ordeal they so much dreaded.

THERE COME WHISPERS OF JOY FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Bishop Simpson has well said: "The very grave is a passage into the beautiful and the glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave, but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knees, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands have clasped our neck, on whose cheek we have imprinted the kiss-we can almost feel the throbbing of their little hearts to-day. They have passed from us-but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who educated us, who directed and comforted us, where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives, that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped by our side, where are they but just beyond us, not far away—it may be very near us, in the heaven of light and love. Is there anything to alarm us in the thought of the invisible? No! It seems to me that sometimes when our heads are on the pillow, there come whispers of joy from the Spirit-land which have dropped into our heart thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's hand passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts to raise our affections towards the other and better world."

Thrilling Narrative of a Magdalen.

HER DEATH AND PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

HER VARIED EXPERIENCES — HER PRAYERS — HER DESTROYER —
SARAH GLADSTONE — "IT IS ALMOST MORNING."

Many times there are circumstances that surround the couch of the dying that render their transition peculiarly interesting. There stands before me a young lady, twenty-three years of age, whose life experiences and death are stamped with many instances of a startling nature. Her features are wreathed with a smile, underneath which seems to repose deep sorrow, as if a vestige of the troubles of earth-life still cast a shadow over her. Her eyes beam with a tender expression of delight, yet connected therewith seems to be a tinge of grief remaining. Over her shoulders her hair, in graceful, wavy ringlets falls, and resting on her head is a wreath of celestial flowers, so arranged as to form letters which compose sadness. Oh! what a strange mixture of contradictory expressions in this angelic figure. Her voice has a sound of dreary melancholy permeating it, as it gives utterance to her thoughts. The mind never becomes weary in witnessing a soul so exceedingly diversified in its outward manifestations. She wants her life-experiences written, and an account of her departure to Spirit-life given, that all may know how a-Magdalen-lived and died! As she breathed into my mind that word, I was startled-she, the angelic spirit who stands so near me, shedding a hallowed influence over my nature, a Magdalen in earthlife! Under the influence of that announcement, so agitated did I become, that the vision presented to me vanished for a time, but it soon assumed its original brilliancy.

"Well, fair maiden, what do you desire? What do you approach me for? I have gazed on beautiful forms before, but yours, so strangely blended with the joys of the Spiritworld and the sadness of earth, is delightful to gaze upon. No pen can accurately describe your features, illuminated with

such a smile, or give an idea of the sound of your sweet voice—there is a background of such intense grief reflected in both, that they baffle all my efforts to describe them. Standing gracefully by my side, I seem to forget the troubles of life for a time, and, bathing in the aroma of your pure nature, life seems to be an ecstatic dream. Please tell me what you desire?"

Spirit.—Oh, child of earth, life is, indeed, a drama, and I was one of its principal actors. I have sought you to give an account of my life-experiences and death. How varied, indeed, my life has been, and what a graphic picture it presents, having such diversified outlines. In my Summer-land home, surrounded with all that I deserve to have, certainly nothing, you may think, could prevent me from being perfectly happy. Happy! Beautiful word, tremulous with waves of joy, and brilliant with ecstatic emotions, I have seen thee and tasted of thy hallowed fruits, but upon me thou hast never showered thy richest treasures. Happy! Romantic thought, full of hopes and mystic charms! Indeed, I am not happy! That background of sadness in my nature, that tinges my eyes, colors my features, and moves my voice in tremulous accents, in consequence of my missteps in life, attracts me still to earth, to the erring ones there, and with them I spend a great share of my time; to see them in their misery constitutes no happiness for me. Within my soul there is a deep sympathy that ever vibrates for those mortals who, like myself, had temptation presented to them in such gaudy colors that they yielded thereto, and sunk deep into the purlieus of vice. Think me happy when the effects of my corrupting experiences still make their impress upon me, though they animate me with high resolves and philanthropic purposes? Indeed, child of earth, do you, whose sympathy is so keenly attuned, think that I can remain in the Spirit-world and not make an effort to illuminate the darkened paths of my fallen sisters?

Each good act that I do any one assists me in making a silvery lining to my spiritual pathway; each want that I relieve, adds beautiful gems to my soul, and assists me to rise. In my early life on earth I had kind, indulgent parents, and they still live in their pleasant, domestic home, where nothing exists to disturb their enjoyment, but the thought of my dissolute career. I was educated in one of the best female semi-

naries, and stood at the head of my class. Always cheerful, my step ever light and gay, I was animated by the innocent, confiding spirit of youth! At the age of sixteen I seemed like a woman, my physical system, as well as my mind, having become prematurely developed, and being what the world calls beautiful, it is not strange that I should attract the attention and admiration of the opposite sex. Such was the case. A young man, whom I will call Carleton, that I chanced to meet at an evening party, greatly admired me, and under the strange, weird influence that he exerted I was powerless. All the time, when lavishing on me his highest praise and extolling me for my various accomplishments, I distrusted him-regarded him as a villain, yet, strange infatuation! I could not dispel his subtle power, or banish his presence from my mind. He was forbidden to enter my father's residence, still we held clandestine meetings and I was led on, step by step, to the gates of ruin! Oh! how I prayed that the tempter might be removed, and the weird influence of one of earth's devils be withdrawn, but my prayers seemed to return to me in mocking response. Down, down I went, gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the mire and filth of degradation, until my offense could no longer be concealed. Ah! how my mother shrieked, when the facts of my ruin had been disclosed to her. lamentations were, indeed, heartrending, and in tones of deep anguish they penetrated my heart, and made me nearly wild! To them it was a deep disgrace to have an illegitimate child born, and they felt it so keenly that I resolved to leave them forever. They did not drive me forth with reproving words oh! no. After my fall they seemed to shower on me all the strength of their love, and threw around me all those surroundings that would have a tendency to make me happy.

My destroyer, as soon as he accomplished my ruin, fled to parts unknown, and left me alone to bear the load of shame. Feeling the heavy weight of disgrace resting upon me, sensing it plainly, expelled from society, and looked upon with contempt, I was not long in making up my mind what I should do. Selecting my choicest wearing apparel, and carefully packing it in my trunk, I managed to get it away without detection, and soon after I found myself in a large city. I do not give names or places, as at this date my parents still live, and I would not add one pang to their already wounded hearts.

It was night, and how lonely I was. It seemed as if my heart would burst, I felt so desolate. Selecting a boarding-house, I secured a room, where I remained while my money lasted, in the meantime seeking some employment by which I could earn a living. Strange, my refusal to give the name of my parents, or to tell where I had previously lived, threw a shadow of suspicion over me, and I found all my efforts futile

to secure honorable employment in midwinter.

Finding my resources gradually dwindling away, I was compelled to resort for assistance to a house of ill-fame! Then I resolved to poison myself, but was deterred therefrom by a singular dream, wherein I saw myself laid out in a coffin, and the time that was to intervene was only two and a half years. Weary, heart-broken, and very lonesome, I became reckless and venturesome, and scon found myself in a room plying the vocation of a fallen woman. The place I occupied was not of the ordinary kind. I ornamented it with artificial flowers, rare paintings, the work of my own hands, and finally it appeared like a little enchanted palace. I then became disconsolate. True, I had many admirers, but only selected a few of those, whose contributions enabled me to live comfortably.

Oh, what a life! Carleton, your victim never forgot you, and, strange to say, he never forgot her, for soon after he left her he was shot by the brother of a girl whom he had ruined, and his spirit was prematurely sent to the Spirit-world, steeped in all manner of wickedness. But Carleton in Spirit-life still visited me, and his influence seemed like so much poison to

my nature.

Finally I was taken sick, and locking the door of my room, I resolved to die alone, my real name known only to myself. And I did die. Oh! what scenes I passed through! My brain reeled, and it seemed as if the devils of hell were let loose upon me, The spirit of Carleton seemed to approach me, and with words of derision, said: "Yea, you are mine, now. I have followed you day after day, and now I have you. Before a week shall have passed away, you will be with me in Spirit-life." "Back! Carleton! You ruined me, and now you want to destroy my soul. Back! back! help! help!" I cried, and then the door was broken in and Charley H—came to my bedside. Oh! he was my dearest friend. In my

loneliness he cheered me, and made life more pleasant than it would otherwise have been. What a sad picture I then presented. Hair disheveled, eyes streaming with scolding tears, features distorted with frenzy, while I uttered shriek after shriek, in agonizing terror, as I gazed at my tormentor, Carleton! There he stood in one corner of my room, his nature disrobed of its outer covering, presenting his real character in all of its hideous deformity, I had a burning fever. wild-in one sense, insane-yet I realized all. Carleton's presence seemed to pierce my vitals with a fierce fire, and again and again did I reproach him in tones of the deepest anguish for his deceitfulness and insatiate perfidy, but he responded only in a demoniacal laugh. Said I: "Oh! look at this wreck! Gaze at your victim dying by inches, and you, monster, have come again to torment her! Look at the home you destroyed, and see the sad, heart-broken parents still living there! Was it not enough to stain my soul with foul crimes, to darken it until nearly every divine spark therein was extinguished? Indeed, you think not, for now you come to render more desolate my last moments. Indeed, monster, beware! A retribution awaits you. Instead of returning to me to make amends, you come actuated with the spirit of revenge. Away! I say, and let me die in peace!" My denunciations only awakened in him smiles of hate, and instead of leaving, he approached me closer, until he could almost lay his hands upon me. It was then that my piteous moans attracted attention, and caused the door to be forced open. My friend, naturally tender-hearted and humane, and whose only sin consisted in visiting a fallen woman, burst into a flood of tears as he gazed at me, a wreck of my former self. "Claude (name I assumed), what on earth is the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh! Charley, I am dying! My brain feels as if a thousand needles were pricking it, and I must soon pass away."

He hastily summoned a physician, who administered opiates that temporarily quieted me, and I fell into a pleasant slumber, and I dreamed. I visited the home of my childhood; saw myaged parents, brothers and sisters, and the hallowed influence seemed to thrill my soul with joy. An angel accompanied me, and said: "My child, be tranquil. You will soon pass to the Spirit-world. The worst is over. You are not bad by nature! You yielded to the tempter, and fell, but you have

all the elements of a true woman, only they are darkly clouded. You were tender-hearted, innocent and confiding, and though led astray, and for a time a resident of the purlieus of vice, yet your experiences will lead to magnificent results. Now being acquainted with the true condition of fallen women, you can make amends for your past conduct by returning to earth in spirit and ministering to them-trying to elevate them in the scale of existence. Be of good cheer, then, for you have but

a few hours to remain."

I then awoke from my pleasant vision. After that I did not see Carleton again. My interior sight was opened, and I fully realized my true condition, and in a half-awake state I saw standing before me a young lady, innocent in spirit, and pure as the snow-flake when borne aloft by the surging stormcloud. Not a taint existed on her fair nature, and she seemed like a fairy as she moved around. Presently she attempted to walk, and through some, to me, inexplicable cause, she stumbled and fell, and bruised her shoulder very badly. She arose, but felt the pain severely, and continuing to move, I noticed that she stumbled again, this time mutilating one of her cheeks, and thus she continued to rise and fall, until her whole system was one mass of scars-disgusting disfigurements, illustrating the results of missteps in life. What a change! A lovely, angelic creature, whose motions were sylph-like and whose nature sparkled with the innocence of childhood, had become a hideous-looking creature, and my soul went out in sympathy for her. What means this? thought I. Presently I saw a spirit approach her, and tell her that the scars on her person could never be erased, only by high resolves and philanthropic deeds. So this scar-covered creature went forth, and devoted all the energies of her soul to alleviating the sorrows of those that she could influence, and in proportion to the good which she did the loathsome appearance of her person disappeared, until finally she stood forth the same pure soul as when I first saw her. "Such," said the angel visitant, "is your condition. Your spirit is covered with deep scars, and the way to eradicate them has been illustrated to you. Be hopeful! You are soon to pass through a change called death, and relieved of your unpleasant surroundings, you will quickly progress to a higher sphere. You have stumbled, and uow your spirit is disfigured very badly, but rest assured that you can become an angel of light, and be instrumental in doing

great good."

I comprehended the lesson. When I awoke from my reverie, for such it seemed to be, I found my friend Charley and the doctor standing over me, and I heard the latter remark that I could live but a few hours. Strange creature, Charley—his soul was moved with deep emotions of sympathy for me, and he wept like a child, offering the doctor any price if he would effect a cure. "I never knew, doctor," said he, "that I loved her so intensely as now. Had I felt this high and holy emotion before, I would have saved her." I then revived, and he said: "Claude, what can I do for you?"

"Oh! I am dying. Sympathy is sweet, even when it is manifested at the last moments of life. I have cherished for you a strange love, to which I never gave full expression, and now I am glad it is reciprocated. I am a fallen woman, and the world despises me. A dark cloud has obscured my pathway, thorns have pricked me, and broken glass cut my feet, and to-day I am a wreck. You are wealthy. You say you love

me,"

"Yes, Claude, indeed I do."

"Then promise me one thing; that you will never visit a Magdalen, only to redeem her, to save her from a life of shame. Purity of character is a gem of radiant beauty, and it is an ornament one may be well proud of. Promise me that, and my love shall be a legacy to you worth more than millions of gold. Do you promise?"

"Yes, my darling Claude, I promise. You are dying an

angel, if you have lived a wretched life."

"Now give me a parting kiss, Charley, and I shall die with the satisfaction that one scar is already erased from my

mangled spirit."

Exhausted from my effort at talking I swooned away; still I remember all that transpired. Oh! how I cherish in my soul that noble man who, standing by my bedside, dedicated his life to me—to save those rendered wretched by missteps in life. Each day I encircle his brow with a garland of flowers, and breathe upon him the benedictions of my soul, rendered noble by good works. When I became powerless to move, my eyes gazing vacantly in space, with pure devotion he stood over me, watching for favorable symptoms. Oh! I was then

dying! My high resolves had brought to my dying bed a band of angels, and their influence infused glorious feelings within me. My life, in its varied aspects of lights and shades, was spread out before me. I was not rendered bad from choice, but by conditions which were woven around me until my disreputable course in life became, seemingly, a necessity to me. I could not, while dying, move my body; no pain tormented me, but a quiet, peaceful resignation pervaded my nature, and my whole soul seemed to be illuminated with a light divine. Every incident in my life came up before me, and the activity of my mind was grand indeed! Then I became unconscious, and when I awoke again I was in Spirit-life, surrounded by a band of loving spirits, who with sweet music welcomed me.

Those who lead, from choice, a life of shame, weave such a dark network around their nature that they may remain in Spirit-life for years before a divine spark can fully illuminate the same. Let those who read my sad experiences kindly throw the veil of charity over the erring, and through the instrumentality of kindness and love try to elevate them in the scale of existence. How keenly I suffered on earth, and I even now still suffer from the effects of my misdeeds.

Oh! would that I had a thousand pens to chronicle my experiences, and paint in vivid pictures the scenes of desolation through which I passed. My sickness was accompanied with many strange experiences. The one who ruined me is far beneath me in Spirit-life, but I have forgiven him, enveloped him with a bright halo that ever emanates from a soul actuated by pure motives, and soon, too, he will advance to a higher sphere. Though a fallen woman, my death, the final transit, was painless, and accompanied with many pleasant circumstances. My high resolve before the final separation, however, was a grand step in advancement, and attracted towards me high and holy influences. Oh! death to me was a desirable change, and no one who sincere!y wishes to be good need fear it.

How true it is, that when a misstep is made by human beings they are often whirled into the vortex of licentiousness thereby, and being partially unbalanced and bewildered, and smarting under the full appreciation of their disgrace, they continue to sink deeper and deeper in the cesspools of vicethen society condemns them, and it is almost impossible for them to rise.

While on earth, yearning with all the impulses of my soul to lead a noble life, and weave a web of purity to conceal the scars that had appeared on my mortal nature, the stigma that rested on me, showered there by those who had not sinned because they had not been tempted, created a black, dismal cloud, through which my vision could not penetrate, and which I could not dispel. Oh! mortals of earth, dissipate all such clouds of dark condemnation, for in an unguarded moment any one is liable to sin. Nature's flowers send forth their heaven-born fragrance and develop their beautiful colors in the garden of the Magdalen equally as well as in the fields of the millionaire. The sweet-scented breezes of heaven do not avoid the doors of the low and vile, but bathe them in their heaven-born influence. The genial sun does not withhold its rays from anyone-it condemns none. Supposing the flowers should fade or frown when one sinned, or the bounteous stores of nature's blessings be withdrawn, or appear disgusted, what encouragement for reformation? Oh! you of earth should imitate the flowers, and as they surround the fallen with their divine aroma, so should you envelop them with a network of charity and love, and regard them with the highest degree of tenderness.

Now in Spirit-world, breathing its pure atmosphere and basking, at times, in the hallowed influence of angels, I do say that those who condemned me, spat upon me, and systematically avoided me, placed themselves beneath me, and their position in the Spirit-world will not be much more desirable than mine was at first, while those whose souls were attuned in sweet accord with the angels, and went forth in tremulous waves of sympathy for me, blessed be they, for them there is a crown of glory, and a grand reception awaits them here. The Angelworld can see the cause of evil, trace its origin, and understand fully its ultimate effects. The results of sin are deplorable enough without having the hateful stigma of society resting upon the sinner, crushing all the high and holy aspirations of one's nature to reform. Nature never becomes ashamed of the criminal; her plants never blush when a lonely soul presses them to her cheek; her waters never fail to cleanse the external form-why, then, should hatred gleam

forth from a human being when a fallen creature appeals for sympathy? Why stigmatize them, and frown them down with the finger of scorn? Nature's flowers, tinted with choicest colors, and exhaling a heaven-born fragrance to delight the senses of mortals, sometimes may be found in the debris of your back-yards-they came up through the loathsome dirt. The little tendrils, when first expanding into vigorous life in the dark ground, were scratched with broken glass, obstructed by old junk bottles, and tramped upon by the rude thief stealthily looking for an opportunity to plunder, but by and by they reached a higher plane, and under the genial influence of sunshine and rain they bore upon their stems beautiful blossoms. Ah! in Angel-land there are many pure spirits who ascended thither from the low dens of vice on earth, and they, too, had to contend with obstructions thrown in their way by the "pure," so-called, mortals of earth. The finger of scorn emits a more poisonous influence than the fangs of the cobra, and those who raise it against another injure themselves more than the one to whom it is directed. Sympathy is the sweetest, purest, holiest flower in the garden of the soul, and could you behold the tremulous waves of its beautiful leaves when moved with the spirit of compassion for the down-trodden, you would rejoice, and could you see them droop in sadness, and their beautiful tints fade when any one is contemptuously stigmatized, you would shed tears of sorrow. But now I must leave you for the present.

The above narrative, true to the letter, demonstrates the fact that all can, who so desire, reform and become angelic in nature. The experiences of Claude resemble, in some respects, those of Sarah Gladstone, who resided in St. Louis, Mo., several years ago, the following account of which was

published in the Republican of that city:

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet, and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privateers." Her home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels or unruly gatherings, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on the rug before the fire-place, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave the room. Her agitation increased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract attention, he went away.

The following Sunday, feeling courteously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally admitted him. He states that he found her the picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and

you will be all right in a few days."

"It's of no use, Henry; nothing can save me. I've been called, and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I shall be dead. I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter, bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh, God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made a wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I felt God had avenged me. But no, no! he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star.

And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him in hell! forever!"

She hissed those last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on the sofa panting and exhausted. I left her for a short time and procured two of my medical friends,

and returned to the room.

The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physicians who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival. She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered she had a supernatural intimation of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and then knew she must go. The physicians could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as they considered best in order to allay nervous and mental excitement, and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday following she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed.

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sarah together, they found the young man, Henry, in the room. As they approached the bed they observed a change had occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled.

"Tell them, Henry, what I have told you," she said to the

young man.

He hesitated, and finally she continued:

"This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me when I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock."

Henry was weeping, and she said to him:

"Were you fond of me, really?—fond of the wretched girl of the town? Oh, Henry, God will bless you for your kindness and love to me."

She continued to talk rationally and affectionately to her young friend until about 10 o'clock, when she closed her eyes

and appeared to sleep.

The night was one unusually sultry and warm for April, and between 11 and 12 o'clock a thunderstorm broke over the city. Sarah had continued silent for over an hour, and except the whispering conversation of the three men the room had been quiet. A crash of thunder, which shook the building,

startled her, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physicians state that they approached and found her trembling violently. She caught hold of the arm of Dr. —, saying: "You are a good, strong, brave man; can't you save me? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted in this way? I have been suffering all my life, and now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, stern man. Oh! save me, doctor! save me, for God

himself has given me up."

As she spoke, she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a fearful earnestness was expressed in her face. The young man, Henry, at this time, overcome by the scene, left the room. Sarah did not notice his departure, but continued to talk wildly of some coming peril. All at once, when the doctors were endeavoring to compose her and induce her to lie down, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shriek. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object there. "So you've come," she said; "you've come, James Lennox, to complete your work. But I've got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how I hate you. you bad, wicked, bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I'm free. Keep off, you villain." As she spoke she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, muttering to herself. They put their arms around her and lifted her into the bed again. She resisted like a wild beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecations on the head of her haunting persecutor, and defied him, alluding incoherently to scenes in her past life. For more than half an hour she remained in this way, and then suddenly became quiet and seemingly composed. Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint; she opened her eyes and smiled sweetly. She muttered: "It is almost morning;" and Sarah Gladstone died as the clock struck twelve.

The Passage to the Spirit Side of Life.

VERY INTERESTING AND IMPRESSIVE EXPERIENCES.

The following was received from an elder brother (a graduate of Yale College, New Haven, Conn.) who had been in the Spirit-land about sixteen years, through a young lady, a reliable medium, while entranced.

I requested his views of "death," and the medium spoke

as follows:

"You are desirous, my brother, of receiving my ideas of death. You shall have them. Most willingly I respond to your questions always, when they are really of consequence. That you should wish to know something of the change that takes place with every one on leaving this earth, and which will take place also with yourself, is natural. When I left the form, my views of death were entirely different from the views you at present entertain on the subject. To you it will be but a delightful step from the borders of time to the confines of eternity. With me it was widely different. The dread and fearful uncertainty which pervade the minds of most men, about to undergo the change, is what constitutes death. It, in reality, is but a passing away from the things of earth, to a blissful abode in the blessed Spirit-home, as though you should go to sleep, some night, in a desert place, and on awakening at morn, find yourself in the most beautiful abode which your imagination can picture. It is an imperceptible breathingforth of the spirit from the earthly body by which it is enwrapped. You, of course, could not realize, nor could I give you an impression of, the sensations produced by this change, Not till you experience it yourself, can you have an idea of it. But, my brother, death is not to be dreaded as an enemy, but to be welcomed as a friend or brother. It, in fact, is not death, but life-glorious life-the birth and entrance of the soul to its immortal abode!

"How many happy moments have been marred by the thoughts of death! The more men's minds are drawn by spirit-influence to spiritual things, the less does the fear of death obtrude itself. Had you the consciousness always with you, that death was spiritual life, the fear of it would be removed altogether. There is solemnity attending the thought. of course, and sadness, naturally; but it should only be the sadness one would feel at parting with friends to go to another country, where they will, at no distant day, rejoin them. Could I sufficiently impress the medium's mind with language adequate to describe the beauties, glories and employments of the Spirithome, it would cheer your hearts, and fill them with desires and aspirations to be residents there. But your medium does not often let her mind rest on these subjects. She places too much thought and care on happiness to be derived from earthly When her mind is more enlarged and impressible, I will communicate more freely. Your brother,

At a later date I received the following in answer to the question, "How did you feel on entering the other world?"

Answer:

"When I awoke in the Spirit-life, and perceived I had hands and teet, and all that belongs to the human body, I cannot express to you in form of words the feelings which at that moment seemed to take possession of my soul. I realized that I had a body—a spiritual body—and with what beautiful and glorious effulgence of light did I remember what Paul stated in his epistle: 'It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.' I realized at that moment, as I had never done before, the glorious truth of my own unfoldings. I had expected to sleep a long sleep of death, and awake at last, at the general resurrection, to receive commendation or condemnation, according to the deeds done in the body.

"Imagine, then, if you can, what the surprise of a spirit must be to find, after the struggle of death, that he is a newborn spirit from the decaying tabernacle of flesh that he leaves behind him. I gazed on weeping friends with a saddened heart, mingled with joy, knowing, as I did, that I could be with them, and behold them daily, though unseen and unknown; and as I gazed upon the lifeless tenement of clay, and could behold the beauty of its mechanism, and could perceive the beautiful adaptedness of all its parts to the use of the spirit

that once inhabited it, I felt impelled to seek the author of so much beauty and use, and prostrate myself in adoration at His feet; and while contemplating the beauties of God's works. and lifting my soul from earth and earthly things, I felt a light touch upon my shoulder, and, joy unspeakable! I beheld the loved ones of earth, some of whom had long since departed from the earth-plane, saying unto me, 'Leave these sad and weeping groups of mourning friends, and go with us, and behold your future home-your place appointed unto you-and be introduced by us into the society of congenial spirits, who have long known you while sojourning on the earth-plane, but of whose presence you were ignorant. And I felt myself ascending, or rather floating, onward and upward through the regions of space; and I beheld worlds inhabited with people like unto those who dwell upon the earth; and ascending from each of these beautiful orbs were freed spirits, and their guides, bearing me company through the bright realms of immensity.

"For a time I floated on without any fatigue, but ere long I began to feel weary, and the bright band of spirit-friends who came to welcome me bore me in their arms, and I felt myself growing unconscious of surrounding scenes. I seemed to swoon away; and when I again came to a knowledge of my condition and position, I found myself by the side of a beautiful flowing stream. I was all alone. I fancied I had a dream; that this was not all reality, but the fantasies of a sickened brain; and I arose to my feet, and the velvety turf at my feet seemed to vibrate with undulations of music along advancing footsteps; the air seemed redolent with sweet sounds, and ethereal voices saluted my ear with the most enchanting melodies. I shouted, 'Glory to God! This is heaven!' It surpassed the highest flight of my fruitful imagination, and my happy soul rejoiced in the sweet assurance of unending bliss in this

world of beatitudes!

"Though to all appearances alone, I felt I could not be alone, when surrounded by such sweet and soul-cheering harmonies. I fell upon my knees. I bowed my face to the earth, feeling my unworthiness of this glorious realization. But again I felt this slight touch, and the silvery notes of a human voice vibrated in my ear, saying, 'Arise! Arise! for you are a child of God, blessed with a glorious and immortal inheritance, and your Father desires you should stand up in the dignity of a

child of His love, and commands you, in the spirit of that love, not to worship Him, as an abject slave, but to give Him the

joyous tribute of a grateful heart.'

"And this bright spirit also informed me that I must contribute to the general wealth of knowledge; that there were those beneath my standing and attainments that required elevating, and I must stretch forth the helping hand to some striving, struggling brother, and thus be preparing myself for a higher and more glorious unfolding, for inasmuch as I gave to others, I would be the recipient of higher and purer gifts, imparted from the bright and more progressed minds, who were nearer to the Father's heart in their approximation of perfection—not nearer to His love, but more unfolded in beauty, and in elevated truths; the fragrance of which reached far over the broad expanse of God's universe, reaching to the heart of humanity, and inciting them to deeds of virtue and love.

"This, my brother, was my introduction to this paradise—this land of spirits! I found myself surrounded by splendid temples, adorned with unfoldings of art, and whose walls were decorated by the master hands of those great and ever-to-be-remembered artists who had labored upon the earth; for everything that is unfolded on earth has its life's germ in the Spiritworld. There is not a tiny blade of grass that covers the breast of mother earth but has a never-dying principle of life. We have our oceans and bays, and tributary streams; we have our warbling songsters, and our flowering meads; we have the fra-

grance of the flower, but no noxious weeds.

"What seems offensive on the shores of time Serves a purpose glorious and sublime, Even the reptile, that on earth doth crawl, That some have said caused man to fall. Is, by the great creative art, Caused to work a glorious part In this vast and deeper plan For the highest use of man.

"It has been supposed by some, and you may be led to infer from the remarks already given, that the resting-place of my spirit is far, far away, and to finite minds the distance is immense, but to the freed spirit it is as the twinkling of the lightning flash, as it darts across thy vision. You see it and ti

is gone; so with the spirit. With the velocity of human thought we can be in one point of space, and as quick as the flash of the lightning we can be at another point. In this respect we differ from those who inhabit this cumbrous clay, and oh! what rapturous freedom is this, when we can answer the heart-calls of earth at a moment's notice and be with you almost as soon

as desired, if not otherwise engaged.

"It is superfluous for me to state I am happy. It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate what I have often said before, for you know my interest in you and yours is, and ever will be, unabated; and if I could not behold with the eye of faith your glorious future, I would mourn over your sometimes harassed and perplexed condition in life; but rest assured, my brother, as God is true, and cannot err, all these things which seefn to be afflicting are but for a moment, and will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. For, oh! to the hungry man how sweet a morsel is a crust of bread! and to the trial-tossed spirits of time, how sweet is the harmonic reception which will greet them in Spirit-life!

"Then cheer thee, my brother. O, do not despair, for a brighter world awaits and loved ones are there, and with true hearts they wait, and with outstretched arms they stand at the portals of you gate that opes into the Spirit-land! There is no death; but all is light, and loving friends await to greet you when you come, a welcome pilgrim, to your starry home.

"Perhaps some may say, 'What new truth has been evolved? What new principle has been brought to light by these so-called spirit-communications?' We will answer, there is nothing new under the sun. God, the Father, in days past and in divers manners, spake unto His children by the mouths of His prophets, even as in this, our day, does He speak through His sons and daughters, revealing to mortals life and immortality beyond the grave, demonstrating to them the fact that spirits do live, communicate, and have continued existence after the so-called death of the body. And the same Father hath revealed, through His sons and daughters, the same glorious truths to his children of this day, and diffused through many channels the knowledge of the truth, and they no longer walk by faith, but by sight, and the children of the Father can learn the grand lessons taught by Jesus, that the true worshipers must worship in spirit and in truth. And thus the spiritually

dead are raised; and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.

"The worshipers of God to-day are beginning to understand the true principles of worship, and to walk in the light as becomes children of the day; and instead of destroying men and women for communing with the departed, they are sought unto by hungering and thirsting humanity to receive the manna of righteousness and the waters of life, as they flow from the great Father-spirit, through ministering spirits to humanity, and in humanity blessing the world. We find, in our advancement in spiritual knowledge, the necessity of working out our salvation, of elevating our own spirits to that plane that we may receive the Divine efflux which is ever flowing out from the Great I Am.

"And now, my brother, with a promise to give, at some other time, the remainder of my experience and knowledge, I am compelled, by the force of circumstances, to withdraw. May the Infinite Father of Love, and the angels' beautitudes, be ever nigh thee and thine, is the heartfelt prayer of him who has communed at this time with his earth-bound brother.

"S. G. A." It may be proper to remark that the expression used in the latter part of this article, "harassed and perplexed condition," refers to a period when, residing in a distant land, after witnessing numerous and important facts, I had proved the truth of spirit-existence and communication, prejudice, from various quarters, excited strenuous efforts to blast my favorable pecuniary circumstances. This partially succeeded, and resulted in turning my attention to this so-called "Land of the free and home of the brave." I do not regret the change. A. T. D.

[Note.—No one who reads the foregoing should make the mistake of supposing that this young man's joyful experience is that of all who pass the change called death. On the contrary, it can be true of only such as have, like him, devoted their earth-lives to the acquirement of truth and the unselfish

service of others.]

Those Mournfally Sounding Words.

IMPRESSIVE COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

Poe, in whose soul was a bed of beautiful flowers, on which the muses seemed to repose and sing their angelic lays, claimed that Nevermore is the most mournful of all words. Byron, whose poetic utterances have never ceased to thrill the mind, attached the same pre-eminence to Farewell. Dr. Johnson, whose erudition still burns with undiminished radiance, entertained the idea that of all phrases, The Last was most touching. Another distinguished writer, whose mind echoes the sad strains of sorrowing souls, affirms that there is more real pathos in the word Gone, than in any other in the English language. But to humanity in the aggregate, the word Dead is the most mournful in its vanishing sound. Speaking of the dead, those who "Died Yesterday," an inspired writer says: "Every day is written this little sentence, 'Died Yesterday.' Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home, a breach is made in some happy circle, a jewel is taken from some treasury of love, by the ruthless hand of the angel of death. Each day, from the summer-fields of life, some harvester disappears. Yes, every moment some cherished sentinel drops from the rugged ramparts of time into the surging waves of eternity. Even as we write the church-bell tolls the doleful funeral knell of one who died yesterday; its solemn tones chill the blood in our veins, and make the heart sad indeed. 'Died vesterday!' Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle, innocent babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's gentle music, and whose laugh was as gushing as the summer-rills loitering in a rose-bower, whose life was but a perpetual litany, a Maytime, crowned with blooming, delicate flowers, which never

fade. Or, mayhap, it was a youth, hopeful and promising, possessing the fire and animation of perennial life; whose path was strewn with sweet flowers of rarest beauty and verdure, with no serpent lurking beneath; one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good; but that heart is still now; he 'died yesterday!' 'Died yesterday!' A young and blushing maiden, pure as the orange-flowers that adorn her alabaster brow, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and, from the aisles of the holy temple, she was borne to the green, mossy graveyard on the hill. A tall, athletic man, crowned with the halo of success and victory, at the close of day, under his own vine and fig-tree, fell to the dust, even as the anthem upon his lips; and he, too, was laid where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. An angel patriarch, bowed with age, and the gray hairs whitened by the frosts of a hundred winters, even as he looked out upon the distant hill for the coming of the angel-hosts, sunk into a dreamless slumber, and on his door is written: 'Died yesterday!' yesterday!' Daily, men, women and children are passing away; and hourly in some lonely, silent graveyard, the cold, cheerless sod drops upon the coffin-lid of the dead. As often, in the morn, we find some rare flower that had blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered forever; so daily, when we rise from our couch to labor at our posts, we miss some kind, cheerful soul, whose existence was, perhaps, dearly and sacredly entwined with our own, and had served as a beaconlight to our weary footsteps. But they are now gone, and future generations will know not their worth nor appreciate their precepts. Yes, remember, each day some sacred pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship; some sweet, heavenly lyre, to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever."

Why should death cause such a solemn, sad expression as the above, while it is instrumental in liberating immortal spirits, disrobing them of their exterior covering, and unfolding their inner senses? Education has been instrumental in perverting the mind, giving it wrong impressions in regard to death, but proper instruction, through the instrumentality of angels, will eventually dissipate its erroneous conclusions, enabling man to stand erect, conscious of the true nature of his own existence—in one respect, at least, teaching him there is



no death-only change, as beautifully illustrated by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. While in London she was controlled by the spirit of Judge J. W. Edmonds, who said that from the boundaries of two worlds he greeted his listeners. He had, however, to speak in an unwonted manner through the lips of another, a task almost as difficult as it was to an organist who attempted to play upon an instrument which he had not previously studied to some extent. He was, however, assisted by the ordinary guides of the medium, in his work of attempting to make known to those present the details of the greatest triumph of his life—the triumph over death. During the whole of the death-change he was in the full and clear possession of his faculties, and he felt no pain, although for some years previously he had been suffering from debility. His body sank into sweet repose, whilst his spirit, already free, gazed upon it as one would look upon a worn-out garment; he was not aware of losing control of any faculty; he re-entered his body at times to see the loved ones around his bed; and he admonished his children not to mourn. He sprang into the new existence as one would leap from bonds which for years had enchained him to the flesh and to physical suffering—he sprang forth delighted, as one would leap into a golden sea, which immediately gave strength, vigor, and immortality. He beheld the friends whom he had been accustomed to converse with as spirits, and he felt the power of spiritual utterance without word or sound, but as soul communion. He could not speak to his daughters left upon earth, but he could palpably and perceptibly impress the mind of his youngest daughter, who was aware of his presence. Then he experienced the power of spiritual volition, and by the power of will traversed vast spaces with his guides, to his new home, where he met his wife. Among the spirits who welcomed him were Horace Greeley, late editor of the New York Tribune, Professor Mapes and Benjamin Franklin. The latter was the most active worker in the next world in devising means to communicate with men by means of physical manifestations, and Mesmer was most active in improving the methods of controlling mediums inspirationally.

On another occasion the following beautiful thoughts were given through Mrs. Tappan's mediumship, at the Royal Music

Hall, in London:

"There is no death. That law that provides for the changes in material substances also provides for the garnering up of every thought. Thought never perishes; it abides for ever, builds the temples of the future, erects your homes, clothes your spirits, and paves the way to higher stages of existence of which you have no knowledge. The science of spiritual life is brought home to your consciousness. Instead of the dim groveling of the outward senses, you have the illumined scroll of the spirit held down to your view, in which you behold, with the eye of vision mentioned in the Apocalypse, the wonderful Jerusalem that is to come. It is not a temporal city; it is not an external power; it is not simply a building up to the outward senses; but it is a new condition of mind and life on earth. It shall not revel alone in the external, but shall build in the eternal, and clothe your souls for the habitation of the future world. This is the day when there is no death. Your friend hidden from sight is only caught up into the atmosphere. You do not see him, but you may perceive him with the spiritual vision. The mother mourns her child as dead, and looks into the grave for the object of her care, and builds up a snowy monument over the body there. But she must not think the child is there. The spirit, like a white dove, hovers around her; and the spirit of the child is waiting at the door that you all may enter. There is no death! Mother earth consumes the body, and that which you bury this year will bloom into flowers in the spring; but the buds of your spirit are transplanted, and blossom in the midst of eternal life, and the little feet trip among the asphodels in the green meadows of the Spirit-land. This is the lost chain of life; this is the golden stone that philosophers have sought for in vain in times past; this is the nectar, the nepenthe, that ancient sorcerers sought that life might be forever prolonged. You cast away your bodies as you would a worn-out or imperfect garment. There are new raiments waiting for you; there is a new habitation ready for you. Your feet will not rest upon strange soil, but friends will gather around you. It is as clear to the eye of the spirit as are the names of the constellations to the astronomer; and though you dwell in the garments of the flesh you still see beyond, and perceive how, in all the great world of matter and spirit, there is no room for death to abide; for he has gone utterly with ignorance and darkness, and the

prejudices of the past, and life, only life, remains as your inheritance."

PHENOMENA OF DEATH, GIVEN THROUGH J. J. MORSE, MEDIUM.

In ripe old age we observe that the links that have bound the body and its members together are being slowly severed, and it is said that such an one is losing the power of hearing, the power of motion, of memory, or of speech. Does he ever expect to regain these when he goes beyond the tomb? What warrant is there that he shall ever have these faculties restored? How natural it is, in the case of old age, to say that such an one is losing his powers, and it may be asked, having lost his intellect, how can a man go about seeking for it? Why, if common sense were brought to bear upon the question, it would tell quite a different tale. The tongue is but the vehicle of sound, and its action, combined with the operation of the lungs, produces speech. The cause of this result is behind; the divine reality contained within. The intelligent principle retains all its powers and attributes, never losing one of them. It is the body alone that decays, and our friends who are passing into Spirit-life are simply withdrawing from the material condition, because they are perfect in their internal states, and death completes the separation, the purpose of the earthly life being accomplished. Here, then, is the reason why man has a natural body, which, having fulfilled its function—the elaboration of the spiritual one—there is no longer any need for him to remain upon the earth plane. He is translated to the life hereafter, that there he may truly learn the real nature of existence. Such is the answer to the question, Why do men die?

Let us now look at the method of their dying, and of course, in this connection we must confine our attention solely to normal or natural death; not to those deaths that are super-induced by disease or accident; and, in speaking thereof, we have to request our friends' attention to this all-important fact, which we have often stated, that the translation from the earth-plane is subject to laws, and these laws are within the capacity of the human mind to discover for itself; for all questions, facts and experiences, that are capable of being comprehended by the human intellect, are always susceptible to analysis by the human mind. A life of activity has been passed, the functions of human existence have been per-

formed, each and all having been directed into their appropriate channels, and thus the normal purpose of life being fulfilled. the withdrawal of the powers within bring about a cessation of activity without, and so we find the form of him we loved so well, stretched upon the bed of death. At first there appear to be convulsive movements of the structure, looks of pain pass across the distorted features, heavy breathing, characteristic of the last moments, the strange gasp, a sob, and the final link is severed, and we know that our loved one is no more. Oftentimes it happens that this knowledge makes all life devoid of brightness; the sun of our happiness seems quenched forever; there is no ray of light; the consolations of religion serve only to make the gloom more intense. To add misery to our sorrow, the hopes of friends seem vain and delusive. Finding no consolation, the poor stricken ones are thrown on their own resources, and they pine away in sorrow, until they also pass the mystic river of death. The Spiritualist-how looks he upon death? For those who are suffering, indeed, with much pity. Were it his own case he would know what had become of the friend he loved so well; he would know that this piece of clay was not the friend he loved, but only the vesture of him who wore it. For a time the phenomena of death really consist in these few particulars, plainly discernible to the eye of the seer. As the change approaches, there appears to be in the spiritual body a degree of activity not hitherto experienced. That activity increases as we approach the brain, which interiorly expands. A bright point passes out, and in its passage draws with it all the bright spiritual element that we have referred to, and in obedience to certain laws inherent in the spiritualized mass, it arranges itself into shape and form, and manifests a personality. It may be urged here-What form, what shape, what personality? Can any of our friends, or any of those who are wiser than us, look within us or our friends, and see a structure more perfectly adapted to the manifestation of intelligence than the human form? If any one can suggest improvements therein, and can say that man should have been made differently, then we would respectfully withdraw from our position, and kindly invite that friend to occupy it, for we are sure that he would be able to instruct you better than ourselves. If God had seen fit to do otherwise, this present organization would never have had an existence; the fact that it is so,

shows that the wisdom of God is perfect.

Death by accident is a fruitful cause of sending numbers to the Spirit-world. It may be that an individual loses a limb, and that the loss of that limb ultimately causes final dissolu-We shall have a one-armed spirit, they would say; or, if the individual has lost his eye, the same argument would apply in the one case as in the other, we should have a oneeyed spirit. The loss of a limb means the severance of the continuity of the material structure. What of the spiritual limb, has that been severed by the knife? If the knife were spiritual, possibly it would have been severed, but the knife was only material, dealt only with material structure, severed only a material member, for directly the vital action was suspended therein, the phenomena of death commenced locally, and thus a portion of the member rendered up its spiritual essence, and that spiritual essence remained a reality invisible, but not the less real. Again, it will be urged that when our friend recovers from amputation of the member, and regains his health, he, it may be, in passing around a corner, rudely jostles against a post, his limb, or rather the stump, comes in contact with the post, does he thereby jostle and crush his spiritual member? These may appear frivolous objections, but they are worthy of our consideration. In answer, we appeal to the experience of our friends, that it is a known fact that those who suffer loss of limb experience its life just the same; if it is the loss of a hand, there is perfect consciousness of the existence of the hand. This may be attributed to the action of the nerves on the sensorium; but it will scarcely prove tenable on analysis. If we admit the existence of a spiritual nature in man, we must admit the existence of the organization we referred to, and admitting that immortality is a fact, we must admit the existence of a spiritual arm; and the fact that the outward man perceives it, admits that existence, is in itself an argument and an evidence that such an arm does exist! Again, it is a known fact, within the experience of surgical science-and here we again appeal to the experience of our friends—that a person who has lost an arm can raise the stump, and pointing it at a wall, and gradually approaching it, has been known to feel the passage of the spiritual arm through the wall, the further progress of the physical member being

prevented directly the stump comes in contact with the wall. The psychology of the matter is at present little understood, but we shall yet know more of it. The malformed-and sad, indeed, are many of the malformatious affecting humanitywhat of them? Of course, our friends will know that the formation of the structure is caused by the operation of certain principles; but if the operations flowing from these principles become deranged, the results will suffer accordingly, and the original intention will not be fulfilled. Now, we know teat the spiritual body is the essence of the natural body, and, a principal being superior to an effect, the spiritual is superior to the natural, and though while the spiritual form is resident within the natural temple, it must conform to the laws that concern it, yet when the spiritual body is eliminated from that temple and placed in its own proper and peculiar state of existence, the principles that govern its formation will begin to operate. The barriers to its action being removed, the principles will in due time assert their full power and independence, and thus in the after-life the malformations existent here are slowly, harmoniously and perfectly removed We know of no sudden actions in nature, either in their natural or spiritual methods; all her operations are in obedience to law, and law works orderly, for it comes from God, who is the essence of law and order.

Thus, a Spiritualist, contemplating the phenomena of death, can do so with a calm countenance, with a tranquil mind, with a joyful satisfaction; for he knows that a friend has fulfilled the mission in the natural life designed by our Father, and that in obedience to the command of that Father he has been drawn from the regions of time to the spheres of eternity, there in a land of happiness to expand and grow beautiful; to become a joy to himself and others; to pass into that bright morning-land of the spirits' home, where the day of existence first truly begins to dawn; where the sun of intelligence casts its beaming rays on every object; where man feels in fact that he has just begun to live; where he realizes that God is great and powerful; that man is weak, insignificant and fallible, and that he is ever dependent upon this infinite source of good and beauty for all the happiness he enjoys in every condition.

Death Considered by Spirit Lucretus.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS COMPREHENSIVELY ANSWERED.

VARIOUS DETAILS OF DEATH EXPLAINED — "THAT WHICH" COM-PREHENSIVELY ILLUSTRATED—DEATH AND CHANGE.

LUCRETUS—I have come to you to respond to your questions.

INQUIRER—No subject is more worthy of the careful and serious attention of mortals than that of death, and I desire such information thereon from you as you may see fit to impart. You, of course, passed through the change called death?

LUCRETUS—Most assuredly, sir. No one can escape from passing through that glorious change which causes the soul to emerge from the material side of life and enter the spiritual realms. My transit to Spirit-life was caused by consumption, and I gave the various stages through which I passed a careful and critical examination. Under the influence of that disease, my mind retained its ordinary brilliancy to the last—indeed, it became, at times, grandly illuminated, and I caught a glimpse of the Spirit-world, though I regarded the scenes presented to my vision as tantasms of the brain—illusions resulting from extreme nervous prostration. I died gradually, like the fading of a glorious summer day, or the expiring of a lighted taper.

INQUIRER-Indeed, sir, your experiences are worthy of

being recorded in the pages of history.

Lucretus—During my sickness I learned an important lesson. When first prostrated by disease, I weighed 175 pounds, and after suffering therefrom several months, I only weighed 93; and before my spirit was freed from its prison cage, I was reduced to 75 pounds in weight; 100 pounds of my body had already died—passed away, vanished, no one knew whither! This gradual waste consisted in the dispersion of many of the molecules that composed my system, through

regular disintegration or sloughing off. In health, all the molecules of the body are harmoniously wedded; but in sickness, they are placed in discordant relations. One hundred pounds of my system, at a certain period of my sickness, no longer existed in connection with my organism. Mortals would say, then, that only 75 pounds of the original 175 died, for I weighed the former when I finally passed away. The molecules of my body continued to be dissipated so long as my spirit remained attached to it, when finally the vital forces were completely exhausted.

INQUIRER—Please explain what you mean by a molecule. LUCRETUS-Sir William Thomson, the distinguished scientist, introduces a very pretty example of the size and nature of a molecule. He imagines a single drop of water to be magnified until it becomes as large as the earth, having a diameter of 8,000 miles, and all the molecules to be magnified in the same proportion; and then concludes that a single molecule will appear, under these circumstances, as somewhat larger than a shot, and somewhat smaller than a cricket ball. Each molecule may be composed of two or more atoms, and it is the smallest portion of matter that can exist in a free or uncombined state. Now imagine, if you please, that the body is composed of particles of matter the size of a marble; continue to dwell upon it with the mind's eye, diminishing it in size, until it disappears from the natural eye, but through the instrumentality of the microscope you are still able to prove its existence. Continue to decrease its dimensions until your microscope will no longer render it visible. Though reduced in size and not visible to the eye aided by the microscope, -it still exists as a molecule, of which the human organism is composed; like a house constructed of bricks; each brick as a molecule could be seen by the eye; but those which compose the body, when separated, become invisible. In the aggregate, you can see them, as you can a drop of water. You deal altogether with matter; we with both matter and spirit, and when I tell you that the human system is composed of innumerable molecules, and that each molecule contains several atoms held together by attractive forces, and that all of them, under certain circumstances, are subservient to the indwelling spirit, then, even, you can hardly realize the fact. Within the system animals are constantly being evolved. Some of them

are plainly visible to the naked eye. Others can be brought to light through the aid of a microscope, while there are millions so very small that the mortal eye will never be favored with a sight of them. There is not an animal in existence that a form resembling it cannot be found in the physical organism. Could you see them in the putrid fevers, gaze at their manœuvers in loathsome ulcers, or behold their various motions when the system is in perfect health, you would be astonished. Please bear these thoughts in mind, for I shall frequently allude to them hereafter.

INQUIRER—What were your sensations during your sickness?

LUCRETUS—Peculiar, indeed. My mind grew brilliant just in the proportion that the molecules left my body. When 100 pounds of them had vanished, gone on other missions, my mind was, at times, beautifully illuminated, and I not only saw spirits surrounding me, but I beheld the magnificent scenery of the Spirit-world.

INQUIRER-Did you realize that you saw spirits and the

scenery of the Spirit-world?

Lucretus—No, not at the time. I thought that it was all an illusion. During my sickness, I lived in dream-land, as it were. Birds of beautiful plumage and gaudy colors; celestial beings dressed in elegant attire; and picturesque scenes of different kinds, were constantly before me. In proportion as I grew weak, my mind became illuminated. When the body is dead, as you term it, the spirit can by no possibility remain attached to it. The last I remember in connection with my disease, I heard my attendant physician declare that I was dead. I seemed then to sink down, as if falling from a high mountain, and in a moment I became unconscious. When I awoke, I was surrounded by my friends in the Spirit-world. Since that memorable period, I have witnessed many deaths.

INQUIRER—Was not your death accompanied with great

pain?

Lucretus—None whatever. Generally a person is unconscious when passing through certain stages of death, though not always. While on earth, the spirit is compelled to assume a dress corresponding with the plane on which it lives. You are simply a materialized spirit—so substantial is its outer form, that it only vanishes through gradual disintegration or

decomposition. When a spirit returns to earth and enters the sphere or aura of a physical medium, it becomes a central attractive point. Allow me to say that there proceeds from each person an emanation, partaking of every characteristic of each organ of the body. That emanation I regard as the sphere, radiating influence, or aura. In physical mediums it is very dense. I enter the aura of a physical medium, and each organ of my spirit body attracts therefrom a material which corresponds with each physical organ. Around my spiritual eye, a retina, cornea, and optic nerve are formed, connecting with the brain. In connection with my spiritual ear, a material auditory nerve is constructed, which enables me to hear different earthly sounds. This process continues until I have a genuine physical system corresponding with the plane on which you live. Now, when that organism disintegrates, it returns to the medium from whom I procured it. When your physical system disintegrates, or decomposes, it returns to the earth, whence obtained. I have often assumed a material form since I passed from earth. In so doing, I can come in contact with matter, and to a certain extent control it, which I could not do otherwise. When I surrender my materialized form to the medium from whom it is temporarily borrowed, I am then immediately transferred to the spirit side of life, but in no case is it death. When conditions are favorable, it is as easy to form a physical covering for the spirit, as it is to make water from invisible gases. Water, you well know, can be decomposed, rendered invisible to the eye, yet in a flash it can be brought back to its original state, and adapted to the use of man. INQUIRER—You, then, take the position there is really no

Lucretus—Death is only change. The world to-day, in some respects at least, reasons to very little purpose. The opinion generally entertained that death is something terrible, and always to be avoided, is without a particle of foundation. It is a most desirable change, transferring each one to the spirit side of life. During my protracted sickness, my dreams and visions were beautiful. The grandeur of the Spirit-world frequently delighted my enraptured vision, and my soul seemed to float in the aroma of spirit flowers. Angelic music thrilled my soul, and gave me a foretaste of Spirit-life. Angelic children came and spread flowers on my bed, sang their sweet

death?



songs, and enveloped me with their hallowed influence. In fact, it was delightful to die. The presence of these children, so pure, lovely and innocent, shed over me a silvery light that only spirit eyes could see.

INQUIRER—But what has that to do with dying?

LUCRETUS—Indeed, much. Nothing so sublimely assuages the last moments of the dying as the presence of spirit children. They come with cheering songs of welcome; their features are radiant with unsullied love; their voices are musically sweet and their appearance angelic. Their influence corresponds with their nature. Often when nervous, weary and completely exhausted by my sickness, they would come, and with their soothing songs lull me to rest.

INQUIRER—But such is not the lot of all. You were mediumistic, perhaps, hence sensed their presence. How about

those who could not?

Lucretus—Each one, more or less, is subject to spirit Angelic guardians are ever near you. You may influence. not realize their presence or genial influence; nevertheless they affect you in a great variety of ways. At times they surround the bed of the sick, and watch with tender solicitude every symptom of the disease. They are ever anxious to do good. They always superintend the new birth, attend to the wants of the new-born spirit, and occasionally are required to take it to a hospital in Spirit-life to recuperate. The spirit is often very weak when the transition is first accomplished. When held for a long time in contact with a putrefying body, it suffers therefrom; it cannot be otherwise. The natural home of the spirit is not in a body wasted by disease, and when liberated therefrom it feels, temporarily, the bad effects arising therefrom. Supposing such a spirit should be ushered into Spiritlife without any one present to render assistance, it would be miserable indeed.

INQUIRER—That, indeed, is curious. I did not suppose the effects of disease extended in the least degree to Spirit-life.

Lucretus—The new-born babe is not more helpless than many new-born spirits; nor do they require less care. There are physicians in Spirit-life as well as with you.

INQUIRER.—Is it well to prolong life under certain conditions? I wish to present to you the following, from Cham-

bers' Journal, and ask you if it would not be better for them to die: "Not long since we paid a visit to the Hospital for Incurables, established on Putney Heath, in a house which was once the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. Glancing at some of the patients strolling about the grounds, and looking at interior arrangements, there seemed to be a generally diffused cheerfulness. 'Have you been long confined to bed?' we asked of a pleasant, neatly-capped old lady, who was propped up in bed by pillows. 'Seven years, sir,' she replied; but added cheerfully, 'but I do not suffer much, thank God.' After visiting a few more wards, seven years of bed appeared to us, by comparison, but a moderate confinement. Shortly afterwards, we found ourselves talking to another old woman who had been for no less than five-and-thirty-years in bed. Spine disease, coupled with an internal malady, had kept her There was no propping up with pillows for her; a rope was suspended from the top of the bed, with a little wooden handle for her to clutch with her hand, and turn her-'Five-and-thirty years; but it cannot be long, now, sir; it must soon be over now.' Poor old woman! For many years she used to receive the visits of a son and daughter there; but now the daughter is dead, and the son is himself stricken down by hopeless illness; so the poor old soul is left alone, and consoles herself by thinking that 'it cannot last long now.' The visit of a stranger-especially one of the male sex—to these wards is a pleasant excitement to the inmates; the presence of an outsider appears for a moment to bring them into communication with that great world from which they are so hopelessly cut off. They love to hear some talk of the things which are being done and spoken of there, and then—poor old souls—it is touching to hear them turn from these to themselves, and pour into the listener's ear a recital of their own sufferings. There are those whose blessed privilege it is to go to such bedsides as these, carrying with them words of comfort and consolation; but this is not given to.all; and it is something for us, rank and file, to know that, even with our little worldly commonplaces, we can divert or cheer these sufferers for a moment. Assuredly, too, there is a lesson for us in the deep gratitude which these poor creatures express for the slightest alleviation of their lot; a deep lesson for us who fret and grumble at all the little trifling worries

which beset us in our everyday life. At the end of the long corridor on the first floor we came upon the case which impressed us most of all. On a bed placed in the corner of a pretty, cheerful room, so as to command a window on each side, a girl with a beautiful and intelligent face, lay stretched upon her back. A profusion of light brown hair surrounded her head and covered the pillow-alas! the hair will never be gathered up to adorn that shapely head. From her neck down she is hopelessly paralyzed; not a limb can she move, not a finger can she raise; with her whole body stiffened, as it were, into stone, she has lain there for twelve years upon her back. Everything that considerate thought can devise has been done to mitigate her lot. Two large looking-glasses are so arranged over her head as to reflect the view from each of the windows, and show the pleasant Surrey landscape stretching away as far as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is a skillful method of bringing before the eyes of the invalid the green fields and lanes in which she will never walk. A girl yetshe cannot be more than 30 years of age-she has lain there motionless for twelve long, weary years. The male wards present much the same appearance as the female, except that the male patients are in a considerable minority—about one to Men are always worse patients than women; but here even the men are cheerful and contented. An elderly gentleman, blind and paralyzed, after a very animated talk with us, related how, on the day before, he had celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his admission into the hospital. 'Yes,' exclaimed another man, who was stretched on a wheeled couch unable to move, 'and I had come in just a fortnight befor e.' Very touching is the intimacy and friendship which exists between some of those occupying the same rooms, who have been, perhaps, united for years by a common bond of suffering, and who know that they will still continue to be neighbors until one or other of them shall have been released by death. Such, then, is a glance at one of the more prominent of the hospitals for the reception of incurables. About the good work it is doing in assuaging the last stages of human suffering, there can, we think, be little doubt; and looking to the nature of the institution, we can hardly class it with those charities which seem to create a demand that tends to weaken a wholesome, independent exertion." Would not the incurables be justified in committing suicide, considering their state?

Lucretus—However forlorn your condition may be on your plane of existence, you have experiences there which cannot easily be obtained in Spirit-life. If you sever the thread of life, you take advantage of nature's intentions, and cut short your mission on earth. Pain sometimes teaches a lesson equally as important as that imparted by pleasure. The experience of those regarded as incurables, will be a benefit to them in Spirit-life, and animated there by philanthropic purposes, they will go forth as messengers of light striving to prevent others from becoming like them. This earth-plane is the rudimentary stage of existence, and primary lessons should be learned there, and the spirit will realize benefit therefrom throughout all eternity.

INQUIRER—But does not Nature—God, perhaps—destroy human life through the instrumentality of fire, storms, epidemics, volcanic eruptions, lightning, inundations, etc.? Are not such deaths premature? Are not earth experiences lost

thereby?

Lucretus—Most assuredly the operations of nature often prove destructive to human life. They often seem to be irresistible. A tree might be blown upon you, and lacerate in a fearful way your body, but the mere fact of that being done would not confer upon any one the right to commit suicide. Accidents are unavoidable, and death by the operations of nature's laws must frequently occur. The ponderous wheels of creation move on unceasingly, and in their diverse operations human beings are crushed like a fly beneath the feet. Nature in her manifold operations cannot deviate from her accustomed path to save human life. If she transfer you prematurely to the spirit side of life, she alone will promptly furnish compensation; but when you assume to act for her, she responds very tardily to your demands. Under no consideration is suicide justifiable.

INQUIRER—Is it possible for one person to die twice on

earth?

LUCRETUS-Why do you ask that question?

INQUIRER—I will read the following narration of a spirit published in the *Universe*, and I desire your views thereon:

"It is the soul that nerves the arm that strikes the blow that gives victory! Man on this earth is composed of soul, spirit and body. The soul is the life of God, the spirit is the man himself, which endorses the life, and the body is that by which the spirit acts on material objects. The body is derived from nature, and, like everything material, is subject to the laws of matter.

"Much has been written about spirits materializing themselves that they may be seen by mortals, but as a satisfactory statement, one that can be easily comprehended by people of ordinary endowments, has not yet been made, I will, in a plain way, give my own experience, which I think will be instructive

as well as interesting:

"I was known in earth-life as Captain Marryat, author of Peter Simple, and other books. Having been endowed by the good Lord with a genial, loving heart, and having labored zealously to better the condition of seamen, when called into another state of being, I found myself surrounded by hosts of friends. Of course I carried with me into the new life many errors, but as I was always open to conviction, experienced little difficulty in ridding myself of them. I observed, after a lapse of a very brief period, that the great love which I had entertained for my fellow-men, literally burned out my personal peculiarities, and the light in which I began to live was gloriously bright. With increasing wisdom and love, it occurred to me that I still might be of use to mankind, if I could but find the means of communicating with them. While on earth, or rather while I occupied my natural body, I had occasionally seen spirits, and had thought much on the subject of ancient and modern Spiritualism, and it occurred to me in my new state that I would make an effort to re-visit the earth for the purpose of doing good. The beauty of spiritual life is, that when a person has an ardent desire for anything, the means to obtain it is always at hand.

"I re-visited earth in spirit, but felt its noon-day light, compared with the light of the world of spirits, the very blackness of darkness, and although I was never troubled much with fear, I felt a kind of shudder steal over me, at the idea of again mingling amid the scenes of earth. But the idea of doing good soon overcame this sensation, and I began looking for the means of making myself visible on earth. Dr. Franklin came to me, and I became his pupil. He showed me the process by which I could readily improvise a material body, and retain it

as long as I pleased, but stated that the moment a spirit clothed itself with matter, it became subject to the laws of matter, felt heat and cold, hunger and thirst, sickness and sorrow, and that a process analogous to death had to be endured when the body was thrown off. As I never dreaded death, and was pretty familiar with the trials of life, I dared all that the learned doctor said was incidental to taking on a material body. We then went to work, and after many experiments, I became master of the science, and found myself a man mingling in the busy scenes of life once more. The doctor and myself made many visits, in company, to poor people and helped them, and they knew no other but that we were mortals.

"But this was not the height of my ambition; I felt a yearning desire to reform the world, which the good doctor perceived, and smiled at my ardor, while he explained that other means than those to which we were having recourse were then in progress by advanced spirits. He had merely gratified my curiosity by showing me the process of clothing myself with a natural body. Weary with walking, and hungry, the doctor suggested that we should rest under the shade of a tree. and throw off our material bodies; but, being near the banks of a river, I preferred to jump in and be drowned. We separated; I took to water and soon found myself in the world of spirits, but the doctor proposed to die where he was. We met, however, in the world of spirits, and then he explained to me that man must be reformed in freedom. The various angelic societies were operating on mortals, to make the conditions more favorable for their being able to receive truth in a rational way and of their own volition. He, moreover, stated that he had entertained the same ideas as myself, of working among men, but was shown that it was not in the order of Providence.

"The Lord had permitted the present influx of Spiritualism for two reasons: First, to convince those who desired to be convinced, that man does exist an intelligent, rational being, capable of immortal happiness, independent of the natural body, and to give the poor and oppressed hope to buoy them up when cast down by the darkness of earth-life. Many spirits can clothe themselves with natural bodies, but it causes them great pain, for frequently the diseases of which they died attack them, and all the sorrows of their first departure are repeated. We know that earth-life, at longest, is but a troubled dream,

and, knowing this, we are less anxious about the wants of the body—for these constitute the principal ills of life—more than you would be apt to suppose. Having no fear of the pangs of death, I frequently embody myself and walk among the crowds of earth.

"The angels of the Lord, His messengers to do His will, possess powers of which we who have recently left the earth know but little. They can appear at any time they please without being subject to the laws of matter, and can do anything that may be required of them, because their will is

merged in the will of the Almighty.

"The people of earth, who have a longing desire to see their friends, ought to reflect on the probable pain they would have to endure. This is apparent, even in the case of mediums, when taken possession of by spirits. They exhibit the contortions which marked their departure from earth. Besides, let the bereaved remember, that to see their friends would not be enough, they would wish them to remain with them, and be to them what they were before death. This would not only be contrary to the Divine order, but would be an unmitigated evil in itself to the spirits who had escaped from the sorrows of earth, to a world where neither sin nor death can enter, and where the redeemed of the Lord live in His presence forever.

"But spirits are making great progress in simplifying the means of communication with mortals, so that in the lapse of a few years every family will be able, under certain conditions, to hold intelligent intercourse with their departed friends. Some of the sanguine spirits predict that they will be able to appear in our pulpits and lecture-rooms, and speak with wisdom from on high for the upraising of humanity. From all that I can see and hear in the world of spirits, it is evident to me that the oppression of the poor by the avaricious is drawing to a close, and that a new order of social and political life is close at hand. Let mortals, therefore, take courage, and trust in the Lord, and do good while they pray: Lord, as in Heaven, on earth Thy will be done!

"It may be necessary to add that most of the spirits who appear at circles draw their covering from the parties by whom they are surrounded, but do not build up bodies from external nature like those with which Franklin and myself clothe ourselves. The means, however, by which spirits make themselves

visible and tangible are so various and numerous, that even Franklin himself, with all his knowledge, could not describe them. Some can flash themselves, quick as thought, into view, while others have to labor long and assiduously to produce even a simple rap on a table. But let our friends on earth be sure of one thing, and that is this, that all Heaven is interested in their welfare."

Anyone would infer from the above that a spirit could pass through the death-scene as often as desirable. What is your

opinion in regard to this matter?

LUCRETUS-I have never known a case of this kind, although I have heard it frequently discussed in the Spirit-world. not believe it impossible; indeed, I have long since ceased to cry humbug! at even the most exaggerated declarations and statements in reference to what can be accomplished by the power and skill of man or spirits. Glance for a moment at the physical mechanism of a sheep. It roams over the rich pasturage, nips the tender blade of grass, laves its thirst in the running brook, and breathes the fresh air, and strange to say a coat of snowy whiteness comes forth on its body. The complex, chemical laboratory of the animal manufactured the wool from grass, water and the atmosphere. When a little lamb it only weighed five pounds, but now it weighs seventy. those three sources, its chemical laboratory extracted sixty-five pounds of mutton. This is, indeed, astonishing, how an animal weighing only five pounds can finally become such a self-acting manufacturing establishment, making from ten to fifteen pounds of wool a year. Now, in elucidation of my subject, I desire to say that it is possible to go direct to the elements and make wool therefrom. You on earth who desire wool to form various fabrics, must procure sheep to produce it for you. They go to the grass, etc., for it; and were you wise enough you could go there, too. Look at the butterfly with its gaudy colors; at the birds of the air with their beautiful plumage. Each one carries a different chemical laboratory. That which can create, evolve, or form a bird, must as a natural consequence understand all about the chemical apparatus it carries, and must be superior thereto. That which can construct the butterfly, with its variegated hues, must necessarily thoroughly comprehend the blending of colors. That which can bring into existence a seed that can germinate and unfold a beautiful blossom, must

be an excellent florist. In fact, That which creates animals that can produce wool, milk, soft fur, beautiful feathers, etc., from grass, must be able to accomplish the same thing, himself, herself, or itself, without any aid from them whatever. Now, I am not required to go to That which, the great Creative Power, to find the skill requisite to evolve articles of diet. Chemists in Spirit-life already understand that process. When this earth shall have become so densely populated that animals must be dispensed with, that knowledge will be imparted to earth's children, which will enable them to go direct to the source for a supply of milk, butter, fruits, etc. That intellect must, indeed, be narrow in comprehension that does not consider the human mind superior to the body of the sheep, bird or cow. I know that it is possible for a spirit to assume a physical body, which it obtains from certain elements. The time will come, I think, when it can be so materialized as to be retained indefinitely. Materialization is yet in its infancy. Ten years will work marvelous changes. If a spirit assume a physical organization, it must be dissipated before it can again enter Spirit-life. Of course, such would be death to the body organized.

INQUIRER—Your ideas are peculiar, sir, in relation to this question. You seem to coincide with the statements of the

article.

Lucretus—Puny child of earth, how narrow your comprehension! Of the sublime realities of the sciences, as existing in Spirit-life, you and the denizens of earth know comparatively nothing. If Mr. Field of the Atlantic cable notoriety could stand in New York, and with a battery no larger than a thimble, and with only one drop of water, move a piece of iron in England (the hammer for telegraphing), what estimate do you put upon the power of him who has been in Spirit-life for 100,000 years? Indeed, it is towering, grand!

INQUIRER-Will the time ever arrive when death will not

occur?

Lucretus—The earth will ultimately become so spiritualized and refined, that when death takes place, the consciousness will probably be retained throughout. The earth is exceedingly gross yet, and the emanations therefrom are not favorable for advanced spiritual growth and development. The conditions now, however, are just what are absolutely required. The ancient saurian monsters could not live in the atmosphere of

to-day a single moment. Their gross natures required gross conditions. Those human beings who first inhabited the earth plane, living in caves and holes in the ground, could not survive a month if alive at this time. The physical condition of this planet is gradually improving, and as it advances, the human race steps forward and assumes a higher condition. The physical form of to-day is far less gross than that which existed twenty thousand years ago. Physical man has nothing whatever to do with the motion of the earth in space; nothing whatever to do with its advancement in the refining process which is constantly going on. But he moves grandly along, advancing just as rapidly as its physical condition will permit. The time will arrive when the physical body will become so spiritualized that there will be but little resemblance between it and those possessed by mortals at present. Death then will lose all of its terrors.

INQUIRER—Does the imagination ever cause the death of any one?

LUCRETUS-Most assuredly.

INQUIRER—I desire your opinion on the following: A New York paper, I think the Brooklyn Eagle, has been discussing this question, as to whether Entwistle, a printer, died from the effects of hydrophobia or the action of the imagination. He was bitten in early spring-time by a dog, and in about three months, when several were dying from hydrophobia, he was attacked by the disease. Then this is related of the gardener, at either Heidelberg or Gottingen. He was working in the garden on a fresh spring morning, in the very prime of health. A student passed him with the words:—

"Ah, Fritz, passed a had night, eh?"

"No, sir. Never felt better."

"I'm glad to hear it. Thought you looked pale. Your garden looks beautiful, Fritz."

"Thank you, sir."

Comes along another student.

"Good morning, Fritz."
"Good morning, sir."

"System a little out of order?"

"No. sir !"

"You look bad, heavy-eyed, and pale."

"Didn't know it, sir."

"A mere spring debility, I suppose. Good morning." Fritz (solus): I do feel a sort of queer like.

Comes along a professor.

"Well, Fritz, how are the violets?"

"Beautiful, sir, beautiful."

"You don't look very beautiful. What's the matter with you? Let me see your tongue. Your forehead clammy, too. I think you'd better go home to bed, Fritz."

"I do feel queer, sir."

"I should think you would. Go to bed. Keep quiet for a few days."

"I believe I will, sir."

"I see Dr. Broeck coming this way—ask him. Good day, Fritz. I'm sorry to see you in this state."

"Good day, sir."
Up comes the doctor.

"Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Springoliana, Fritz, evidently. Go to bed, my man. And here, send this to the dispensary, and take a tablespoonful every hour. Don't eat till I see you again. I'll call after the lecture is over, however. Be very careful. I'll bring Doctor Wolff with me to see you. It's a curious case, very curious."

Fritz went to bed. The doctors came. They walked on tiptoe; spoke in whispers. They darkened the room. They gave him medicine—pure water, and pills made of bread, in order to affect his imagination. They left him. That night Fritz grew weaker and weaker; and in the morning the students and the faculty were shocked with terror and horrified in the midst of their laughter at poor Fritz's fears, when his weeping daughter came to tell them that her stout, strong father of 29-odd years lay dead at home—dead of a phantasy. There is no case better authenticated.

LUCRETUS—Allow me to say before responding, that I use the word "death," indicating thereby a change, or the transition of the spirit from earth to Spirit-life. There is no death; that is, no cessation of life on the part of any individual. You desire my opinion on the incidents you have related. I again state that the mind can effect the same molecular disarrangement in the system as the virus of the mad dog. It is in all respects hydrophobia, and the bite of such a person would communicate it to others. The imagination of poor

Entwistle, no doubt, caused his illness. You take a good psychological subject, and a powerful operator can, in a short time, make him possess every symptom of hydrophobia, and if he does not restore him to his normal condition, death would soon ensue. The imagination only destroys life when the same molecular changes take place that the real malady itself would evolve, and no person could ever imagine himself into an attack of hydrophobia who is not familiar with some of the symptoms of the disease. The insane in Europe never fancied they saw a spectral Indian until after Columbus had discovered Indians in America, and returned with some to his native land, although in their illusive moments they were constantly seeing negroes. The imagination is, therefore, sometimes productive of real sickness-of hydrophobia, the virus resulting from which is almost certain to cause death. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of those having epileptic fits caused by one thus affected, who was taken into their pres-The disease, however, disappeared when he threatened to apply a red-hot iron to the body of the one re-attacked. It is needless to say that the malady did not return. Then, there was Fritz-his death might have occurred in the same manner mentioned. His imagination—the influence of his mind—generated the same molecular action that a malignant disorder would, and those who produced the morbid state were guilty of murder. To illustrate: When certain drugs are taken into the stomach, molecular agitation follows, terminating in vom-A highly-sensitive lady sits down to eat a plate of strawberries, when a loathsome worm is exposed to her view, and she commences to vomit. The influence of her mind induced the same results that the medicine did. The mind possesses the power, under certain well-defined conditions, to produce any disease. It has caused cholera, malignant fevers, epilepsy, hydrophobia, etc. Cases of thorough purging of the bowels have arisen solely from the exertion of the will. Disease does not exist within the mind, but the power to cause peculiar molecular results does. Such deaths are as painful as if induced by the influence of the malady itself, independent of the thoughts. There is a mental cure for some diseases as well as a mental cause therefor. He who trifles with the imagination of the sensitive, should be careful or disastrous effects will surely follow. The influence of the mind upon the

physical system is very strange indeed. The thought of a plate of luscious fruit incites a flow of saliva. How could that be produced without a change, in some respects, of molecular action? Sir H. Holland said: "There is cause to believe that the action of the heart is often quickened or otherwise disturbed, merely by centering the consciousness upon it." Any organ of the body can be influenced, and its action modified, by directing the attention closely to it. The potent influence the will has on various physical organs, was recognized by Dr. Armstrong, and he cured an aneurism of the aorta with a slight purgative, ossification of the heart with a blue pill, and chronic diseases of the brain with a little Epsom salts. You are familiar, no doubt, with the incident related of a lady in Massachusetts, who cured herself of a disagreeable tumor by simply rubbing the hand of a dead person upon it. This favorable result was accomplished through the instrumentality of her mind alone. A medical student was once initiated by a sham process into the Masonic Order. His eyes were bandaged, and then his arm was so acted upon as to induce him to believe it was cut, and then the dropping of water so completely deceived him that he fainted.

INQUIRER-If the mind can cause disease, can it not

cure it also?

LUCRETUS-Most assuredly, if the right molecular action can be induced. It is easier, however, to cause it than cure it. It is easier always to destroy than re-construct. Disease can be evolved without much trouble, but to effect a cure is often very difficult. The imagination, or pernicious influence of the mind, is a prolific source of premature deaths. the fear of cholera originates the dire disease, the symptoms of which being in the mind, are imparted to the molecules of the system. In hydrophobia, induced by the virus of a rabid animal, the symptoms are first manifested in the body; but when caused by the imagination alone, they are at first within the mind only, and they exist there in such intensity that they are imparted to the body. It is a well-known fact that, in many instances, physicians die of the disease that they make a specialty of treating. The symptoms of the disease are so carefully studied and dwelt upon that finally they are impressed upon their own molecules.

INQUIRER—Cannot partial death of the body occur? Here

is a peculiar case. One of the principal actors, Herr Wellenbeck, connected with the Meiningen court company, at Berlin, Prussia, and who takes the part of Pope Sixtus, had been perfectly blind for three years. Few people who attended the performances ever imagined for a moment, however, that the actor who moved with such ease and precision on the stage before them did not see the scenes around him. Fortunately for him, his affliction did not come upon him until he had been for some years a member of the Meiningen troupe, so that he knew the boards by heart when blindness came upon him. His colleagues are very devoted to him. Whenever a new piece is to be given they undertake many rehearsals in order to make the blind actor feel at home in his new role. The drama of "Pope Sixtus" was quite new to him, and a critic who knew of his affliction wrote how he trembled for fear of the actor making false steps. But he moved about and ascended the throne with safety and dignity. "Since my eyes died," said the actor to this critic, "I see everything clearer with the nerves of the brain. Life concentrates itself in my head, undisturbed by the external world, which for me no longer exists."

LUCRETUS—A portion of the brain may be removed, and still the vigor of the mind be not impaired in the least. The arms and legs may be amputated, the eyes destroyed, the auditory nerves rendered useless, the tongue severed from the mouth, and other parts of the body cut off, yet life remains, and the brain loses none of its brilliancy. Your external covering-the outer dress of the spirit-is composed of innumerable molecules, which are extracted from the food you eat, water you drink, and air you breathe, and therein may be found all the constituents of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. There are animalculæ in your body resembling in a marked degree the lizard, snake, worm, etc., etc., and therein the great mystery of man's organic structure lies. Let the mother, who is nursing in the womb an embryonic child, be frightened by a snake at a certain period of gestation, and she arouses thereby all the molecules in her body which are in the form of that animal, and in consequence of their increased action, they so change the shape of the being she is developing, that when it is born, it resembles a snake! To demonstrate the potent character of molecular influence, I

would refer you to an incident that occurred in San Francisco. Cal., where a lady, Mrs. Jervis, was bitten by a poisonous tarantula. She lingered for six months in continual agony, her blood literally drying up, till she was reduced to an absolute skeleton. Three months before her death her entire right side became paralyzed; yet, strange to say, the hand had a tendency to crawl, and the fingers incessantly moved like the legs of a spider. I tell you, further, that the animalculæ of the system, in the form of animals, generate the virus that causes hydrophobia when induced by fear, the impulse of the mind, or by the bite of a rabid dog. These molecules are obedient, under certain circumstances, to the action of the mind. You have heard of men who have hoggish dispositions; in them animalculæ in the form of hogs predominate; in others that of ferocious beasts, and they are pugilists; in the murderer animals of prey are the ruling power; in the man or woman who is snappish, mean, and quarrelsome in disposition-those animalculæ are in the ascendency that represent such traits of character. This is one of the grandest truths in existence.

No longer fear death! It opens the portals of the celestial world, and presents to you a home, beautiful and grand. Remember, too, that you can refine your spiritual nature only by generous acts and high resolves. As the thought of hydrophobia will often induce that disease in its aggravated form, so will the contemplation of committing murder prepare one for the desperate deed. The thinking of doing wrong arouses the rapacious, passionate molecules of the body and places one in a condition where he is forced to do some bad deed. A man nurses the intention of committing rape until his body moves him irresistibly along to do it. He whose mind is pure never arouses to activity the insatiate animals of his nature, and he develops the angel within himself. I appeal to all, then, who wish to take an advanced position in the Spiritworld, to have their whole life distinguished by good deeds and philanthropic purposes. Life is short on earth at most, and the improvements there made are felt throughout all eternity.

INQUIRER—From what has been previously said in reference to death, it has lost to a great extent its terrors, yet there is a dark side connected therewith that is not generally

seen. Glance for a moment at the annual report of deaths by violence, suicide and accident in New York City, for one year.

It is appalling.

LUCRETUS-Really, death by violence and accidents is never desirable. The majority of those who commit suicide are insane, bereft of reason. You have often heard it said in reference to a certain individual, "his animal nature was aroused," and under the influence thereof he committed murder, rape, or some other heinous offense. As the human body has a distinct form, so has each molecule thereof, representing in no small degree the whole animal creation. Occasionally many molecules collect together, and form an animal several inches in length. I wish here to state that when the "animal passions" are inordinately excited, it consists wholly of a disturbance of those molecules that represent destructive poisonous creatures, the influence of which react upon the mind. suicide whom I well knew on earth was induced to commit the rash act in consequence of the effects of delirium tremens. Through the agency of poisonous liquor and the potent influence of his own desires, those molecules of his system which existed in the form of snakes became inordinately stimulated, wonderfully excited, and through a reflex action impressed their image upon his mind, and they were as real and tangible to him as anything that ever greeted his vision.

INQUIRER-Indeed, sir, your ideas are opening a grand field

for thought. I am intensely interested.

LUCRETUS—No man ever committed suicide in his sane moments. Poisonous liquors, when introduced into the system, inflame its destructive animalculæ, and they, in turn, influence the mind, and when inordinately stimulated, they will control it. Accustomed to the use of liquor, these molecular animals become topers. The original design of one's being under their action is reversed—the intellect becomes subservient to them, and premature death follows. In all cases these molecules should be held under subjection, and when properly controlled, they never rebel successfully, or cause mischief. A person commits a rape because certain passionate animalculæ of his body become inflamed, and he cannot always resist the impulse they impart. Man is placed in connection with matter in order to become familiar with its peculiar characteristics and laws. To be able to control your own body, is

equivalent to governing an empire. Teach those who design self-destruction that they are the subjects of a rapacious malady, and that the only possible way to effect a cure is to change the channel of their thoughts; impress upon them their actual condition; teach them the effects of suicide on the spirit, and kindly seek their aid in effecting a cure, and success will generally crown your efforts. Only secure the co-operation of the suffering one, and you will triumph over his insane promptings.

INQUIRER—But I can't understand why molecular actions or the condition of the physical system, should sometime, prompt a person to commit suicide. That is a mystery to me.

LUCRETUS—Is it not molecular action that causes hunger, thirst, and lecherous rapes? Is it not that which incites a person suffering from hydrophobia to snap at, and bite others, and to tear his own flesh? that induces delirium tremens, forms hideous sensations within the body, and renders a person an abject monster? that generates burning fevers and disagreeable chills? that creates hideous phantoms within the mind? that makes peculiar sounds when no outward noise can be heard? that causes you to love this person or hate another? that leads one individual to engage in fights, and another to flee from

physical encounters?

Dr. Hammond relates the case of a young man, a member of a highly respectable family, who consulted him for what he called insanity. It appears that a few weeks previously, while walking down Broadway, he had been struck with the appearance of a lady in front of him who wore a very rich black silk Suddenly the impulse seized him to ruin the dress by throwing sulphuric acid on it. He therefore stopped at an apothecary's shop and purchased a small vial of oil of vitriol. Hastening his pace, he soon overtook the lady, and, walking by her side, he managed in the crowd to empty his vial over her dress without being perceived. He derived so much satisfaction from the act that he resolved to repeat it at once. He therefore procured another supply of vitriol, and, singling out a lady better dressed than others around her, he poured the contents of the vial over her dress, and again escaped detec-He now began to consider more fully than he had yet done the nature and consequences of his conduct, and the next morning went to Dr. Hammond for advice. He stated very frankly his entire conviction that his acts were in the highest

degree immoral and degrading, but expressed his utter inability to refrain. "A handsome dress," he said, "acts upon me very much as I suppose a piece of red cloth does on an infuriated bull. I must attack it. The bull uses his horns, while I use vitriol." In illustration, I might say that if you see a painting of wonderful beauty, your eyes become brilliant, your countenance illuminated, and under the effects thereof, your whole system seems to expand, and you involuntarily praise the author, and lend him all the assistance in your power. What you saw acted pleasantly on the body through the medium of the mind. The young man referred to saw a black dress, and instead of pleasure being excited thereby, the opposite impulse was imparted, and he was irresistibly moved to destroy it. In both cases a peculiar molecular condition of the system was produced, giving rise to the respective emotions. Now, one desires to preserve his life, while another wishes to destroy it. The incentive is within the system, the same as hunger and thirst. The mind is not hungry or thirsty, but your molecules are; it is not sick with a burning fever, but the system is; it is not suffering from delirium tremens, but millions of active entities in your body are. The emotion which prompts selfdestruction is within your physical form as well as the mind,it is a disease which requires the most careful attention to master. The first thought of committing suicide is never carried into effect. The mind dwells upon it until the living, molecular entities of the body are in harmony therewith, for each one has its innate feelings, and then self-murder is committed. A man never deliberately kills another when he first calmly entertains the thought. Why? He must first bring his system in harmony with his mind; he must inflame his animal nature (the animals in his nature) before he can possibly commit the heinous crime. When the mind feels intense fear, it brings the molecules of the body en rapport therewith, and weakness and timidity is the result. The life that surrounds your spirit is not one individual life, but trillions of individual lives, which influence you in your daily walks, and which compose your physical organism! Man becomes a toper because those millions of infinitesimals prompt him to. They have been nursed, perhaps, by liquor, hence require it as an absolute necessity. The mind may fight against it, but they triumphrule with an iron hand. There is the little child in the womb.

The molecules of its system are derived from the mother; the mother is saturated with whisky, and the result is, all of its numberless living entities are natural born inebriates, and they eventually drive the mind to indulge them.

INQUIRER—Indeed, sir, I never thought of that before.

LUCRETUS-Knowing as I do that each molecule is an epitome of the universe, as well as of man himself, I am led to reason as I do. Death in all cases is principally the result of molecular action, whether resulting from fever, the assassin, the knife of the self-destroyer, or any other cause. Dr. Hammond, I think, cites the case of Mr. R., a distinguished chemist and an amiable man, who, feeling himself impelled to commit murder, and fearing his inability to resist, voluntarily placed himself under treatment. Tormented by the desire to kill, he often prostrated himself before the altar and implored the Almighty to deliver him from his atrocious impulse, the origin of which he could not explain. When he felt that his will was vielding, he went to the superintendent of the asylum and had him tie his hands together with a ribbon. This weak band was sufficient to calm the unfortunate man for a time, but eventually he attempted to kill one of his keepers, and finally died in a paroxysm of acute mania. Ah! I tell you his mind realized his true condition, but the millions of living entities surrounding his spirit could not be reduced to subjection, and he fell a victim to their unvielding demands.

INQUIRER-I desire an explanation in reference to the following: It, on one occasion, appears that a lad named Cummings fell from a car at Whitehall, N. Y., and the train passed over his arm, severing it. He, with very great presence of mind, laid still until the train had passed, and thus escaped further injury. When he was conveyed home, his arm was brought after him. It was thrown into a pail, when the poor little fellow screamed with pain. The severed limb was then placed in a box and buried in the garden. Shortly after, he said that something was crawling on the inside of the hand. The limb was exhumed, when a vile worm was discovered in the palm of the hand. A large jar was obtained, and it became necessary to crowd the arm in, when the sufferer fairly went into paroxysms of pain. The limb was placed in a jar partly filled with alcohol, and then replaced in the ground. The little fellow complained that his arm and fingers were in

a terribly cramped position, and that the little finger and next one were growing together. The jar was then taken up, when the limb was found crowded and cramped as described. The boy knew nothing of the disposition of his arm. I knew a case in the army where a man's arm was amputated on the field of battle, and carefully buried. The soldier was removed to a hospital, some ten miles distant, and appeared to be getting along very well with the exception of a constant feeling of pain in the hand of the amputated arm. He told those in charge of the hospital that he felt as if the thumb and forefinger were pressed closely together, resulting in intense suffering. of the nurses, without his knowledge, instituted measures that led to the disinterment of the amputated arm, when lo! the thumb and forefinger were clasped closely together. The hand and arm were placed in their natural position, wrapped in woolen cloths and carefully buried. The soldier knew nothing of these proceedings, and when the nurse, after her return, asked him how he felt, he remarked that at a certain hour the pain in his amputated arm ceased, the exact time when it was disinterred. I would like to have you explain how a dead member of the body can induce such pain?

Lucretus—You take two minds closely en rappert, and though thousands of miles apart, they sense each other's feelings. That assertion is too well established to be disputed. Now, the molecules of that amputated arm were closely en rapport with those of the interior spiritual arm which it enclosed. The two, though separated, affected each other through sympathetic vibration imparted to the ether of space, and which can influence no other person than the one to whom they belong. This sympathetic vibration will continue until a certain stage of putrefaction or disintegration, when it will cease

altogether.

INQUIRER—Your statements seem clear and definite. I can now realize why an amputated member of the body may cause

unpleasant sensations in the living organism.

I will read you an item from the proceedings of the London Anthropological Society. I desire a response thereto: Major S. R. I. Owen said that he was in India throughout the Indian mutiny, and was there at the time when the Fakir was buried at Lahore. In the year 1844 he met several officers whe came from that part of the country, and it was a matter

of common talk with them, as an accepted and undeniable fact, that the Fakir had been buried for a long time, and afterwards revived as stated. One man was said to have been put into a box, which was chained to the ceiling, and troops were placed to watch it for several weeks, but the man afterwards recovered consciousness. These things were spoken of by those who had seen them, as unquestionable facts. The Fakir had a wife who helped to restore him; he was able to throw himself into a kind of trance, in which his tongue turned back into his mouth. Sometimes he was buried for weeks together. Mr. H. T. Marchant said that about twelve years ago there was an Oxford student who had the power of disassociating his astral or spirit from his body whenever he pleased, and he was under the impression that if he remained absent long enough for his body to get cold, he would never return to it. Once he did let it get cold and he was not able to return; in short, he was dead.

Lucretus—These are really peculiar cases, worthy of some consideration. The vital forces of the subjects in these cases stood exactly midway between life and death, and could thus be held for considerable time, and then by an effort of the will, the machinery of the system could be started again. The student, to whom the Anthropological Society alludes, proceeded a little too far; he went past the state where the vital forces were resting equally distant between life and death, and, of course, actual death followed.

INQUIRER-Will you explain how this disassociating the

body from the soul is effected?

LUCRETUS—That would not be in connection with the subject under discussion—death—therefore I must defer an answer.

INQUIRER—Has music any effect on the dying?

Lucretus-Yes, a most wonderfully benign influence.

INQUIRER—I will read to you an account of the death of Phineas Eames, who passed to Spirit-life, June 13, 1873, as I wish to learn if such incidents as connected therewith are common. It is as follows, as related by Mr. E. V. Wilson, at one time a prominent worker in the ranks of Spiritualism: "Each day and hour he impressed upon us his firm belief in the spirits to sustain and cheer him in his birth to Spirit-life, and as the end drew near, he told us what he saw and heard,

Thursday evening he saw a vision of two boats; in one was his wife, mother and sister, and his son who was burned. In the other boat was the father of his wife, her brother, and brother-in-law, the late Ingraham Gould, Esq., of Beaver They talked with him some time, and on leaving, said: 'We will come again, and the third time we will take you to our spirit home.' On Friday, June 6th, he again saw the boats and the friends from Spirit-land, and their visit made him very happy, and for some they held sweet converse with him about different scenes there. On Saturday morning, about sunrise, June 7th, his 55th birthday, he said: 'Mary, the boat has come for me. It is large, and very dear ones are in it.' He then called the family around him with a motion of his arm, and taking each one by the hand, bade them good-by, and after resting a few moments, said: 'Friends, I am aware that my time here is short, and that soon I shall leave you. I wish you all to know that I am a Spiritualist, and trust that the time will come when you all will think as I do. I am perfectly resigned to the will of God; have not a shadow of fear, and am willing to go, only waiting for the summons. I wish it distinctly understood that I want no orthodox minister to preach my funeral sermon; but a Spiritualist, if one can be obtained. I am too weak to say more. I ask you all to so live that you may meet me over the river. Good-by.' During the hours of his transition he requested music, and some one of the family was at the piano every moment, cheering him with tunes until all was over. He retained his faculties to the last minute of earth-life, reviving every few moments to speak a word of cheering love, and many times during the hours of his transition he would kiss the lips of his daughters, who occupied a place by him, Nettie on one side and Mary on the other. Long will they remember, as well as all the others present, the grand sublimity of this birth to Spirit-life.

"A little before he breathed his last the Doctor called, and as he came into the calm and quiet room where the spirit-birth was taking place, Mrs. Gould said: 'Brother Eames, Dr. Kippax is here.' He revived and gave him his hand, saying: 'It is over. Good-by.' Then he asked for music again, as it had ceased while the Doctor was talking. The Doctor testified to its soothing influence in this trying hour that comes

to all, as he saw by the dying one's pulse how it quieted him. Thus gently Mr. Eames was born into Spirit-life, entering upon his journey over the river without a struggle or a groan; and while we were singing a favorite piece of his, 'Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,' etc., the angel friends who surrounded him joined with us, and we distinctly heard their voices of praise, and while singing, his last breath here was drawn, and his spirit was borne to the higher life beyond the river, at half-past ten o'clock A. M. Wreaths of white flowers were lovingly laid upon the coffin by his children and family, as we tenderly lowered it to its last resting-place, all fully realizing that he was not in the casket we were placing in the ground, but standing with us, our spirit brother, and henceforth would become the angel guardian of his children, assisting us

in their culture and development into womanhood."

Lucretus-The action of what is termed music is very peculiar in its manifestations. A flame from a gas-burner will flicker in response to its fundamental note. You may try different notes at various degrees of pitch before you succeed in striking one that is in harmony with it. A flame that obstinately refuses to notice any note that you can sing, will seem to manifest delight at a blow of the hammer on an anvil. It is, indeed, a sensitive flame that will respond to the lips in kissing, but makes no movements whatever when any other sound is made. As a modern writer well says: "All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their material, size and shape, which is as fixed as the fundamental notes of the musical chord. They may also vibrate in parts, as the chord does, and thus be capable of various increasing rates of vibration, which constitute their harmonicas." This peculiarity exists throughout There is, as one of earth's children well says, a all nature. universal disposition of human beings, from the cradle to the death-bed, to express their feelings in measured cadences of sound and action, proving that our physical bodies are constructed on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movement of the several parts being timed to each other; and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being out of tune. He says further, and truthfully, too. that your intellectual and moral vigor would be better sustained if you more practically studied the propriety of keeping the mind in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for you would thus see and feel that every affection which is not connected with social enjoyment, is also destructive of individual comfort, and that whatever tends to harmonize, also tends to promote happiness and health. I give his opinion merely to show that my views have been foreshadowed by one of earth's children. He says in conclusion, that a general improvement in your taste for music would really improve your morals. You would, indeed, be more apt to detect discords, but then you would also be more apt to avoid their causes, and would not fail to perceive that those feelings which admit of no cheerful, chaste and melodious expressions,

are at war with both mind and body.

Dr. Moore gives an account of an excellent physician, who, having been infected through a wound while examining a body that died of a malignant disease, soon discovered such symptoms in himself as warned him that he must speedily pass away from earth. He, therefore, sent for a pious friend to sing and play the harp in the next room, until his spirit should be liber-This was done; the darkness of death seemed not able to enter there; not a groan was heard, and the believer "fell asleep in Jesus," with the music of that name within his soul. On the earth-plane of life, music played on a small melodeon, or piano key-board, can be transmitted through an unbroken circuit of hundreds of miles, and reproduced on a violin attached to the receiving end of the wire. Music-the right kind-always has a harmonizing effect. Loathsome serpents become quiet, and enraged animals cease their ravings, when its delightful strains strike upon their ears. The maniac will frequently fall asleep when the sweet melody of a hymn sounds forth. Toads, and sometimes rats and mice, will appear to be charmed by its magic influence. An officer once confined in a bastile, found himself surrounded by amateur musicians, in the form of spiders and mice, whenever he played on a lute. They manifested a sort of ecstatic pleasure in listening to him. Poisonous reptiles can be attracted from their retreat by melodious, soulenchanting tunes. Negroes have been known to catch lizards by simply whistling a lively air. Mozart's soul was so delicately attuned that he was thrown into convulsions by the blast of a trumpet; but he could be instantly soothed by a masterly touch like his own. Sir William Jones states that whilst a

lutenist was playing before a large company in a grove, the nightingales dropped to the ground in ecstacy, and only a change of tune would revive them. Shakespeare has well said: "There is not the smallest orb that thou beholdest, but in its motion like an angel sings." Indeed, "the music of the spheres" does exist. Tyndall has stated that the Swiss muleteers muffle the bells on their mules for fear that the music of their tiny tinkle may bring an avalanche down and destroy hundreds of lives. The ocean has its music, even if inaudible to the material ear, which can only take cognizance of a definite number of sounds, those only which synchronize with its delicate filaments which convey sensations to the brain. In a lake in Ceylon are fish whose voices resemble the sweetest treble mingled with the lowest base. The shrill notes that proceed from the lips, or swell forth in tremulous accents from an organ, vanishing in melodious sweetness, possess a potency that is truly astonishing, as was beautifully illustrated in the college chapel of Cambridge, Eng. Whenever the Dead March from Saul was played within its walls, they would vibrate as if endowed with life. They seemed to sense the enchanting influ-They would not respond, however, to any other tune. Democritus claimed, and truthfully, too, that many diseases can be cured by the simple melody of the flute. Asclepiades treated sciatica successfully with the trumpet, the diseased part vibrating in harmony therewith. Indeed, I might proceed indefinitely, quoting authors and giving facts that have come under my own observation in reference to the potency of music. Its power is but little understood by the denizens of earth. Its effects are grand indeed. There is music in all things. As there are millions of invisible molecules throbbing with life and buoyant with activity, so there are countless noises—beautiful tunes played on the unseen chords of the material and spiritual worlds, that the mortal ear cannot hear. As the mocking bird sings sweetly its native airs, so do millions of unseen animalculæ that surround us give expression to tunes peculiarly their own, although you cannot hear them.

As music has a soothing influence over ferocious animals, so has it an equally beneficial effect on *ferocious* diseases, which rapaciously invade the citadel of life. There are tunes adapted to different organisms in sickness. No tune with the same pitch, however, is exactly adapted to two different per-

Whenver you touch the fundamental note of a person's physical organism through the instrumentality of music-for all objects, large or small, have a fundamental note—a most beneficial change will immediately follow. Each molecule of the body will vibrate in harmony with the music, and a healthy, energizing condition will result therefrom. In the case of the dying, it gives additional strength to the spirit, inspiring it with grand emotions, and enabling it to make its transit much easier than it otherwise could. As a sanitary agent, I know it has a beneficial effect. Nature is underlaid. as it were, with the chromatic scale, and it is constantly bubbling with charming sounds. No one could be a miser who listened regularly to enchanting sounds. Music and light are the antipodes of silence and darkness. The former expands and illuminates; the latter contracts and obscures. is more intolerable to the human mind than continual silence and darkness, hence harmonizing tunes and beautiful, sparkling lights are always beneficial around the bed of the dving. Spirit voices will unite with yours, and when yours cease to be heard, theirs will fall upon the new-born spirit, animating it with lofty emotions. When the currents of life are expiring under the influence of music, the dying one passes away as peacefully and hamoniously as the vanishing notes that affect Surround the couch of the dying with flowers; let gorgeous lights illuminate the room, and sweet tunes sound forth from human lips or delicately-adjusted chords, and when the birth shall have been accomplished the new-born spirit will thank you. Have no disconsolate funeral sermon preached; throw a halo of cheerfulness over the scene, even if it is tinged with a sombre cloud of sorrow. Any effect made upon the body through the instrumentality of soothing music is immediately imparted to the spirit. In some diseases it is far superior to medicine, and its efficacy in assisting the transit of the dying is far more serviceable than prayer. Its potency is but little understood. In the expression, "The morning stars sang together," there is a grand truth. There are fascinating strains of divine music underlying the motion of each plan-The senses of mortals have never realized oneetary system. billionth of the grandeur of creation. As there is active, throbbing life beyond the ken of mortal eye, so there is soulexpanding music beyond the reach of mortal ears. I recog-

nize death as only a change whereby each one is divested of an outer dress composed of molecules, called by you the physical organism. Music, which incites them to vibrate gently, harmonizes the whole being, lulls the passionate feelings to rest, and prepares the spirit for a happy transit. Ole Bull, when a boy, could not remain quiet under the influence of music, for the molecules of his body would vibrate in harmony therewith, in spite of himself. I tell you that all the passions repose within the molecules of the body-anger, lust, love, hate, sadness, etc., are manifested therein. In cheerfulness the molecules of the features are grandly illuminated; in sadness, the reverse. The licentious, lustful man, cannot conceal his true nature. When anger is exhibited, see how quickly the infinitesimal particles composing the face are darkened. Music, elevating, soul-enlivening music, when life is ebbing. away, awakens the finer feelings of the nature, and they predominate, and under their influence the spirit should take its departure. There is also a very deep significance in deathbed repentance. There is heaven-inspiring grandeur in the penitence of the dying man. He who spurns such a change, even then, is no philosopher-reasons to little effect. When the selfish passions subside, and the nobler impulses of the nature predominate, its effect on the indwelling spirit is grand indeed. It is like a chemical process that purifies water.

INQUIRER-What! death-bed repentance desirable?

Lucretus-Most assuredly, if it is genuine throughout, with deep regrets that it did not take place sooner. Its effects upon the spirits are grand indeed, and under the hallowed influence thereof its transit is far more delightful. Take, for example, the man whose selfish passions have predominated during a long career of licentiousness on earth; if he realize his deep depravity, and humbly and truly asks forgiveness of those he has wronged, then his better nature triumphs to some extent, and the effect thereof is transmitted in a certain degree to the indwelling spirit, and his progression thereafter is rendered more rapid. Oh! how I pity that sordid man, who does not in his last moments humbly and earnestly ask the forgiveness of every human being he has mistreated, and lovingly pardon every one who has trespassed against A triumph of the better nature on earth is felt throughout all eternity. Genuine death-bed repentance awakens the

latent energies of every noble impulse. Oh! children of earth, when the time for your departure arrives, let the soul go forth in search of those you have injured, if you have not done so before—the sooner the better—and implore their forgiveness; make amends for the wrong you have done; and then your nature will become illuminated with good intentions, and your spirit will not be compelled to remain so long in darkness.

INQUIRER—Your peculiar views astonish me.

LUCRETUS-Ignorance is not a crime, but it leads to the commission of serious errors. He who spurns genuine repentance and tramples on forgiveness, never can progress in the Spirit-world. 'Let both be exercised on the dying bed, if never before, and the indwelling spirit will certainly be strengthened thereby. Oh! how I pity that one who dies when vile passions are aroused, who neither repents nor for-Within him there is a two-edged sword that he cannot easily banish in Spirit-life. The church is right in its estimate of the value of repentance and forgiveness, for I say that without repentance and forgiveness there can be no salvation. The dying one should be placed in harmonious relations with all, especially those he has injured, and those who have wronged him. Before the spirit can advance rapidly that condition is very essential. If you have in any manner deprived a dying man of his vested rights, seek his bedside and ask his pardon, and make all honorable amends possible, for you must do that sooner or later. Never allow an enemy to approach the side of the dying, unless actuated with the spirit of repentance and forgiveness. As well administer poison to him. The attendants of the dying should always be inspired with the most tender love. Hate should never have access to the sick room. When one passes away under the influence of malignant spite his soul is pierced with venomous arrows, and he must pluck them therefrom in Spirit-life; on the contrary, when his controlling aspiration is love towards all, his whole nature is exalted thereby, as if planted in a fertile soil.

INQUIRER-Why, there is no end to your peculiar views

and suggestions.

Lucretus—A dishonest man in your spere of life will still continue to be dishonest for a time when transferred to the Spirit-world, and one saturated with disease there, comes here with the effects thereof still lingering to a certain extent in his spiritual nature. You cannot at once escape from the ills arising from misconduct in earth life. Poisonous drugs do not cease their nefarious work on earth; their detrimental effects can still be observed to a certain extent upon the spirit. Of all deaths, however, that arising from delirium tremens is the most terrible. The animal nature is then aroused, or to render myself understood more perfectly, the animals in the nature are rampant, and by a reflex action the mind senses them—seems to see them, and to it they are living realities.

'INQUIRER—I have a strange experience of one of earth's children, related by J. Burns, in the *Medium and Daybreak*, London, England, which I will read to you, as I desire your

opinion thereon:

"Nearly six years ago it was my duty to record in Human Nature the phenomena attendant on the passing away of Mrs. Burn's mother, Mrs. Anne Wooderson. Early on Thursday morning of last week Henry de Ville Wooderson, Mrs. Burn's father, passed through the portals leading to life eternal. The personal experiences attendant on such events are so rich in spiritual teaching, that it would be of great benefit to the world if they were intelligently observed and carefully recorded. The doctors, in their 'clinics,' have faithfully portrayed every pathognomical symptom attendant upon disease and dissolution; but where is the spiritual doctor, who will do a far higher service for humanity by chronicling the gradual development of the spirit, and the many steps attendant upon its final separation from the body?

"Our father had been in indifferent health for about a year. When Dr. Newton was in this country, he was at once relieved by that great healer from a very painful disease, which had for a long time incapacitated him from following his usual pursuits. A second operation by Dr. Newton produced a further revolution in his system. He married again, and enjoyed a considerable degree of health till his final illness, from other causes than those removed by Dr. Newton, assailed him. He was a man of strong constitution, and of active habits, and as one section of the organic structure failed before the other portions were half worn out, the process of disintegration was long and painful. For the last three months of his earthly life he was confined to his bed, during which time it was pleasing

to observe the gradgal development of the spirit, and the relaxing hold of the earth's attractions upon it. His last visit to London was to attend a seance with Mrs. Hollis, at which he had a conversation with his arisen wife. During his illness his affections were constantly modeled into spiritual shape by his friends in the Sprit-world. His hand would be frequently controlled and the outline of writing done on the bedclothes, and he was the recipient of frequent impressions. He tenaciously adhered to life; and though his family knew, from conversation with their spirit friends, that the parting was fixed to occur at a stated time, yet they withheld the information from him, and

left events to communicate their peculiar feelings.

"At last he became impressed that his change was near, and, having a visit from Miss Lottie Fowler, he asked her spirit-guide what her opinion was. 'Annie' candidly and kindly stated how long physical life might last, which prognostic was strictly correct. The sick man heard the message without pain or shock, and more than ever turned his face spiritwards. He became quite reconciled to depart. His affections were gradually weaned from earth-life, and a peaceful anticipation remained of the coming change. For several days his powers of recognition and expression were rather fitful, but he maintained his consciousness till nearly the last. He recognized his wife. his children and friends, in a kindly, affectionate way, and took farewell with all without any sign or expression of regret. He spent much time one night in prayer to God to fit him for the place in which he was about to enter. It was the prayer of hope and assurance, not based upon any high opinion which he entertained of himself, for he was quite aware of his failings, but he felt that God the Father was merciful to his child in his great trial, and that the ways of Providence were adapted to human needs. He thus attained complete peace of mind, and passed away as quietly as a child falls to sleep.

"For several weeks the spirit friends were seen frequently in attendance over the bed, and at the moment of dissolution his arisen wife, his father, and other friends were at hand to receive him, and help him into his new condition. He had seen these spirits during his illness, and recognized them frequently. It is to their kind offices, and the fact that the family withheld from him the doses of brandy prescribed, that his peaceful death may be in a great measure ascribed.

pause to be seech my brethren in Spiritualism not to send their departing friends into the Spirit-world in a state of drunkenness. What a shocking plight! What a disgrace to dear relatives to have them go into the presence of their angel friends reeling and jabbering with intoxication. Much of the convulsions and struggling which so horridly mar death-beds, and lacerate the feelings of relatives, are caused by the alcohol given to the dying. Death is God's greatest boon to man; it is the flowery portal to a higher sphere; it is a holy and beautiful sacrament; it is the most sublime event in the career of an individual. If so, then, mar not its beauty by an exhibition of drunkenness.

"No one can estimate the grandeur and nearness of the Spirit-world, nor the benefits of communion with it from public seances and physical phenomena. These are all well enough in their place, and I am the last to discredit them. It is asked: What is the use of Spiritualism? May I reply it prepares us for death. Around nearly all death-beds the action of spirits may be observed, but particularly so in the case of those whose minds have been opened to the teachings of the Spiritworld. The idea of spirit-communion within the mind is the open door through which the spirit-message, imperceptibly it may be, enters. We cannot avail ourselves of a thing unless we know of its existence. By a lucky chance, as the saying is, one in a thousand may stumble on the unknown; but far better it is to be informed and prepared to enjoy and profit by the many blessings with which infinite love has surrounded us.

"We have all suffered much during this trial, but it has been blessed to our souls. Say no more that death is an evil. It is good both for the living and the dying. It enforces a lesson on the former which no other experience could furnish, and it is the salvation of the latter from disease and suffering.

"We have heard from the departed. He had to rest for some time, and he is not quite recovered yet. He finds that he has to 'work' in the Spirit-world. It is not a place of idleness, not a place of sensual enjoyment, nor of degrading punishment, but it is a sphere of action—duty—in which all may work out their salvation from the effects of spiritual undevelopment which they may have carried with them from earth.

"I say again, thank God for Spiritualism. It is the grandest work that was ever confided to the hands of men to

carry forward. In working for others, we are really laying up treasures for ourselves. It is not the profits realized by our schemes; our little victories, and our pleasing successes in the external work which constitutes Spiritualism, but it is the grand process of spiritual development in the individual—in the worker as well as in the pupil. Perhaps in the future we may find that in trying to enlighten and bless others, we have been

thereby enlightened and blessed ourselves."

LUCRETUS-Anything which interrupts the natural workings of the life currents in the system, is injurious to the indwelling spirit. The use of alcohol changes molecular action; arouses, as I have said before, the animal nature (animals in the nature) and the spirit becomes brutish. If a child be nursed by a wolf and reared in a cave, it will walk on all-fours, and its physical organism will, in many particulars, resemble that animal. An Indian woman, who came under my careful scrutiny, had a child covered with hair, and it resembled, in various respects, a bear, the result of an impression made upon her mind by the sight of one during the embryonic growth of her child, and which resulted in this monstrosity. Another singular case occurred, as you well know, in Kentucky, and which, in a very impressive manner, illustrates the potent influence which the mind is capable of exerting on the molecules of the mother's system, when carrying an embryonic child in her womb. It appears that the body of the child, from the head down to about the hips, was in form and color, with few exceptions, very much like other white children; around the hips it was perfectly black, its legs being like those of an ordinary child. The head was spotted, and the hair upon it as stiff as the bristles of a hog. A short time before its birth, a vicious wild hog broke out of his pen, which was near the house where the mother resided, and with devouring intent, immediately made at a child that was playing in the yard. The mother witnessed this scene, and so imminent was the danger, that she was greatly terrified. She sprang to the little one's assistance just in time to save it from the furious animal. The marks on the child corresponded to the color-marks on the hog. on its head was simply a number of stiff bristles, projecting out from the skin. The spirit within your body is even more pliable and impressible than the physical organization of the embryonic child serenely reposing in the mother's womb, and

if you wish to brutalize it, arouse your animal nature, and the result you seek will be fully accomplished. By the inordinate use of intoxicating beverages, and by licentious practices, you can so change the character of your spiritual organism, that it will, in many respects, resemble a loathsome animal. complish that is far less difficult than it is for the mother to so mold her embryonic child that it will have the appearance of a hog or a bear. I can only compare death to a flowing current connecting the mundane and supramundane spheres. You can imagine, after a little thoughtful consideration, the terrible condition of that death-current. Once witness the staggering, semi-idiotic expression of many who are floating thereon, and you will see the necessity for hospitals and physicians in Spirit-You can realize who are on this death-current that connects the two worlds, when you glance at the half-civilized, barbarous and savage nations.

INQUIRER—What is the character of death resulting from murder? Look, for example, at Jesse Pomeroy, that juvenile monstrosity, who murdered Katie Curran, a little girl. How came this boy to have such a fiendish nature? The only explanation adduced thus far is the fact that his father was a butcher, and that when his boy was nurtured in the mother's womb, he was marked, in mind, with blood. The sight of blood by the mother during that critical period sometimes imparts a blood-blotch to the face, which never can be erased therefrom. It is supposed that in this instance the blood-stains struck deep, giving an incurable bias to the brain and moral

faculties.

LUCRETUS—Katie Curran was cruelly murdered by Jesse Pomeroy, and you desire to know the character of her death. All sudden deaths are temporarily injurious to the spirit, especially when caused by violence. When a person dies under the influence of terror, fright, or violence of any kind, he awakens in Spirit-life with like feelings, and some time may elapse before they subside or vanish altogether. Those spirits, in nature like Katie Curran, who while on the earth-plane passed through the terrible ordeal of being murdered, remain for some time exceedingly nervous, timid, and wretched; but the constant care and vigilance of kind guardians finally relieves them. Effects invariably follow causes; therefore every act or circumstance of one's life leaves its impress on the spirit.

Control of the second s

Mrs. Pomeroy, by witnessing the horrid butchery of oxen, hogs, etc., aroused her animal nature (animals in her nature), and the result was, she formed around the spirit of the embryonic Jesse an organism composed of cruel, savage molecular brutes, and they actuated him to commit murder, just as molecular changes in your system cause you to eat by inducing hunger. Molecular brutes possess the seeds of crime; pulsate with inordinate appetites; incite acts of cruelty; become darkened when angry and appear pleased when gratified. ever their conditions may be, good or bad, they stamp their nature on the indwelling spirit; hence how important it is to die under genial influences, for the last impressions of earth are the dominant ones in Spirit-life. When one expires breathing revenge, he is the most pitiable sight imaginable; his spirit becomes brutalized, and all his nobler aspirations dwarfed, and it is not easy for him to overcome the insatiate promptings of such feelings. To die properly, is one of the most important affairs of life.

INQUIRER—What was the condition of Katie Curran in Spirit-life?

LUCRETUS-At first, one of temporary misery and unhappiness. The dominant idea of the one just ushered into Spiritlife, is the last intense feeling or impression made upon the The mother, who says as she yields up her spirit: "Oh! my dear children!" when she awakens on the spiritual plane her first thought is of them, and she tries to minister The miser who says: "Oh! my gold!" returns to earth to hover over that. The villain who says: "I will have revenge!" is actuated by that feeling altogether. Poor Katie was ushered into Spirit-life like a frightened fawn captured by pursuing hunters, and at first she was most miserable, and remained so until the effects of those horrible last moments gradually vanished. He who dies with revenge in his heart is only nursing an enemy which will render him miserable; but he who dies with genuine repentance on his lips, and is actuated with forgiveness toward all who have wronged him, prepares his spirit for immediate progression. Not one criminal out of a thousand, however, feels sincere in such manifestations, and under those circumstances nothing whatever is gained.

INQUIRER—Is hanging ever justifiable?

LUCRETUS—No! The greater the offense the less is hanging justifiable. The one who murders is true to his innate promptings and the plane on which he lives, the same as you are true to yourself while you eat when hungry, or drink when thirsty. It is an offense against nature to force criminals into the Spirit-world. Retain them on earth until the dominant idea of their mind is to do good rather than evil. When Harrison died, saying: "I wish you to understand the true principles of government, I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more," the affairs of the nation over which he presided were uppermost in his mind, and he passed to Spirit-life with that expression as his dominant, actuating idea, and he continued to feel an interest in governmental affairs. He who dies with hate, revenge, or any sordid passion animating him, awakens

in Spirit-life with the same feelings.

INQUIRER-Death certainly is an interesting subject, and one in which all should feel a deep interest. What part do spirits perform in the transition? Did ever anything like the following come under your observation? It is related by Mary Lanston Strong, writing from Dayton, O., May, 1873: "During my labors in St. Louis, and while engaged in preparation for the memorable 31st of March, I received a telegram bidding me hasten to the sick-bed of a son at Columbus, Ohio. I hastened only to find him unconscious to all outward things. and but faintly uttering the name of 'Mother.' After several days the disease seemed to yield to treatment, and a hope was entertained of his recovery, so much so that I was making preparations for his removal to my home in Dayton, Ohio. When Mrs. Jennie Savage, wife of Dr. Savage, of Columbus, Ohio, a young wife and mother, after a lingering illness of five weeks, passed on, I was invited to assist Mrs. Coate at the funeral, and after closing my remarks, and while yet the glow of inspiration was on me, a spirit came and laid a wreath of white flowers on my lap, when instantly a clear conviction of the truth flashed on my mind that my son would die, so much so that I was forced to speak of it as I was going to the cem-On my return I perceived a change, and from that time he gradually grew worse, and after four weeks of patient suffering. Walter D. Lanston passed over, aged twenty-one years. During the lonely hours of silent night the angels were with me, and my vision was opened. I saw the mystic river

and the angel-convoy waiting for the spirit of my departing one, the description of which may be encouraging to others, as it was to me. For several days before his release I saw a large circle of spirits, and gradually it grew nearer until they seemed to touch me with their loving hands, and then as the end came the boat that had stood on the river was entered by myself and him; twelve mortal hours did my spirit accompany him, and during that he frequently spoke of seeing his spirit brothers, and once said: 'Ma, which way home?' Then when the light that had shone like morning's golden sunlight floated over the river and made its dark waters an open doorway to the Spirit-home, I stood and gazed wistfully after his receding form, now made immortal by his change."

Lucretus—You fully realize the necessity of kindly caring for a mother when she is about to give birth to a child.
No less care and attention is required when a person is to be
transferred to the spirit-side of life. Spirits, kind guardians,
are generally aware when one of the denizens of earth is about
to escape from his material garb, and they then tenderly watch
over him, and aid the spirit in effecting its transit. Sad indeed might be the experience of the new-born spirit if left
alone. Years are often required to eradicate the deleterious
effects which are imparted to it by the physical organization.

INQUIRER—The following is a strange occurence, related by the Detroit Free Press. I would like your opinion thereon: It appears that Henry Andre and John Schroder, both of whom died on the same day, determined to visit Rochester, N. Y., together. At parting they shook hands merrily and jocularly entered into an agreement that they would both die on the same day. Before a week had passed Andre was dead and Schroder was hopelessly ill, both having the same disease. Twelve hours after Andre's death Schroder screamed out that Andre was calling him, made an effort to rise, choked and fell back a corpse. He did not know that his friend had died, and the facts stated in this paragraph are vouched for by members in his own family.

Lucretus—This indeed is a peculiar case. They had been so closely en rapport, or so wedded in sympathy, that the sickness of one produced a like condition in the other. There are organisms so nearly attuned alike that they can read each other's thoughts, and the pains of one are imparted to the

other; in fact, they are like two strings of different instruments so attuned that when one vibrates the other will respond thereto. Distance—space between two such organisms—does not in the least diminish their degree of sensibility to each other. When Andre was taken sick the organism of Schroder became affected in like manner, just as a sensitive jet of gas will respond to certain notes, noises or sounds, as before illustrated, and death immediately followed. Disease in the human system has its vibrations resulting from molecular action, and they affect all who are in harmony or sympathy therewith. Diseases that are not in the least contagious often attack a whole family through sympathetic vibration.

INQUIRER—But here is another case somewhat similar, related by Newton Crosland, in his work on "Apparitions." The

author says:

"My next story reads like an extract from a superstitious mediaval romance; but I am assured, on the best authority, that the incidents I am about to relate actually occurred early in the century in a family of high position in one of the English counties; but names, dates and locality are purposely concealed. A female servant in this family fell desperately in love with her young master, an only son and the heir to the property. Her passion seemed hopeless, as being a good, modest girl, she kept it secret. The young gentleman treated her with cool and polite indifference, but her love had taken such entire possession of her soul that she could not subdue it, and it seemed as if it was her fate to sink under the weight of her ungratified desire. One day when she was going upstairs she met a strange gentleman, who accosted her in this style: 'I know the secret which is eating into your life, and I will assist you to realize your fond hope on one condi-I will endeavor to bring about a marriage between you and your young master, provided you sign this paper, stipulating that you will come to me after you have been married to him twenty-one years.' The stranger seemed so respectable and earnest that the girl at once acceded to his proposal. In fact, to obtain the object of her love she would have signed any agreement, however harsh in its terms. She accordingly went into an adjoining room and signed the document which the gentleman laid before her. He then took it away and left her to ruminate over this singular adventure. Soon afterwards she noticed a decided change in the manner of her young master, and at last he professed the most devoted attachment to her. By-and-by the engagement of these two young persons became a matter too evident to be unobserved. The family endeavored to prevent such a mesalliance, but des-

tiny was against their interference.

"In due time she was married, and entered upon her new duties most discreetly and happily, and we are assured that neither husband nor wife ever repented their bargain. He was attentive and indulgent—she, wise, loving and gentle. On their twenty-first wedding-day the husband determined to give a grand ball. His wife acquiesced in the plan, but on the eventful night she was observed to be depressed, and she desired the assistance of her spiritual adviser; his attendance, however, could not be procured conveniently, and she was obliged to dispense with it. In the course of the evening she left the drawing-room, and as she was absent a long time, her husband went in search of her. He found her on her bed, lifeless, with the fatal paper she signed over twenty-one years before in her hand!"

LUCRETUS—Compacts are often made between spirits and mortals. I cannot speak from personal knowledge, however,

with reference to the character of her death.

INQUIRER—Even in this enlightened nineteenth century, when friends gather around a coffin to witness the remains of one dear to them, a feeling of intense sadness permeates their souls. But few can look at the physical organism, once palpitating with life, once brilliant with emotions, once moving around thrilled with the pleasures of existence, without having aroused within the mind deep feelings of sorrow. The contrast between the lifeless body, and its appearance when animated and directed by the indwelling spirit, is so intensely vivid that the mind is momentarily appalled thereby. In active, throbbing physical life, there are divine beauties that continually manifest themselves. In death, however, they are absent.

The physical system may be regarded as a cloak, a dense fabric, in which the impulses of the soul, whether good or bad, can be effectually concealed from the natural vision. The minister may commit adultery, may murder or steal, and still his material body effectually secretes his inmost thoughts from humanity. This is a characteristic of earth-life, and, perhaps,

it may be a wise arrangement in some respects. On earth, each one is taken for what he appears to be—not for what he really is! The measure of worth or excellence is in appearances; the real condition may be a cesspool of corruption. Supposing that Rev. John Selby Watson, of England, had been able to conceal his horrible murder from the eyes of humanity, he would still have been considered a noble, pure man. When death, however, takes place, this outer covering that can conceal one's sins, is removed, and the skeletons reposing within are exposed to view. You who are expecting to die—and who

is not?-should fully realize this important fact.

Look at that human monster—a Shylock—whose life has been devoted to usurious transactions and the oppression of the poor. His soul is an arid desert where the flowers of human kindness never bloom, and where one benevolent act on his part does not exist to cheer him with its animating influence. He never smiles approvingly on the poor and unfortunate; he never was instrumental in wiping away a tear of sorrow from a human face; he never gave a morsel of bread to the hungry; he never clothed the naked or cheered the despondent. He is a heartless miser; a despicable wretch! To strangers, however, he is a model man, judging from his exterior. No mortal eye can penetrate the deep, dark abyss of his soul, hence, to those who do not know him, he lives a lie! But sickness finally comes. In body, he is a wreck; the tide of life is ebbing-and his race is nearly run. He is raving in his deliriums. He raises his hands to catch the phantom gold and silver that flits before him! Finally, too weak to do that, he gasps for breath, settles back upon his pillow, and the transit of his spirit commences. The spectacle is of an appalling, depressing character. I have witnessed monsters, unnatural formations, coming from the 'œtus of a mother, but that spirit's birth excelled all of them in hideousness. The emanation from his body seemed to be smoky dark, and therein was formed, just above his physical body, his spiritual organism. It was a monstrosity-black, sullen, devilish. Why should this be so?

LUCRETUS—Oh! think you that a man, whose life has been devoted entirely to self, who is selfish in all things, can have a soul radiant with divine qualities? In some respects the spirit is a mirror that reflects inward emotions, and they, if pure and

exalted, grandly illuminate it with a light divine. That miser had nothing within his new-born spirit but black, hideous selfishness, and consequently he was a most wretched-looking creature. The world should learn this important fact, that licentiousness, selfishness and wrong-doing, may be indulged in to that extent that the spirit becomes darkened and dwarfed thereby, and when its transit to Spirit-life shall have been effected, its true character is revealed.

A seed, if planted in a darkened room, where the genial sunshine is never allowed to enter, though watered and tended with scrupulous care, only presents a skeleton, as it were, of what it would have been had it been allowed free access to the illuminated atmosphere. Deeds of benevolence, acts of tender love and charity, and true devotion to those around you, act upon the indwelling spirit, expanding it into grand proportions, the same as sunlight and moisture will a tiny plant.

That miser's soul never vibrated in sympathy for those whom his well-filled coffers could have aided. No one ever leaned on him for advice or aid. His soul is dark and miserably wretched, for it knows nothing of charity, brotherly love, or tender human feelings. I see him now near the earth where his buried treasures lie. He gazes at the shining dollars with unfeigned pleasure, counts them again and again, while his selfish spirit has but little about it that resembles a human being. Good deeds illuminate the soul, but selfishness darkens it. He is a poverty-stricken spirit, living on the insane hope of realizing happiness from his secreted treasures.

As he stands before me, his sunken eyes, wan expression, and trembling bearing, reflect his earth-like experience. In that spirit you cannot easily detect the presence of the least tender sympathetic love—it never had an existence to any great extent in his darkened soul. Charity—to him it is a meaning-less word! He lived on earth for self, and now he is alone! He hated humanity, and now in a desolate waste, like his own nature, he lives. Oh! no flowers smiling through their tinted hues greet his vision. The fields are the emblems of selfishness—they give forth nothing! As that miser produced nothing on earth, he has gravitated to a sphere just like himself, that produces nothing, and which is just as selfish and desolate in nature as he is. I see him standing on the bleak, dark shore,

of what seems to be surging, turbid billows. No birds flit through the air; no fish enliven the waters.

INQUIRER-What a horrible picture!

LUCRETUS—He is reaping what he sowed. Language fails me in describing the desolation around him. This sphere is the personification of selfishness—like the miser, it gives forth nothing! He sees himself reflected there in everything! His life in spirit is just what he made it. While on earth he adapted himself for a particular place in the spirit-realms, and to that locality he naturally gravitated. The pathway of death led him thither. Despair lingers on his features, now burning with an intensity that indicates the absence of all hope. He gazes out on the dashing, wild waters of the infernal ocean, as if to catch a glimpse of an incoming ship.

INQUIRER—Why give those who have made missteps in life, or who have been so intensely selfish and miserly, such a home as that? This looks like returning evil for evil. I can't see any genuine philanthropy manifested in such an arrangement. If the pathway from the earth to the Spirit-world leads to such a clime as that, it had better be abolished altogether—

annihilation is preferable.

LUCRETUS—Oh! I readily comprehend your meaning. It is a law of the universe—that which a man sows he shall reap! The pathway to the spirit-realms leads a person to the locality where he can reap what he has sowed, or feel the presence of his own acts. That miser's life was a selfish one; all his deeds were selfish, and the pathway to the Spirit-world conducted him, as it were, to a selfish locality. If any beauties there, divinity wisely conceals them for a special purpose. He now realizes his condition. As he, while on earth, would deprive others of substantial enjoyment, and by his usurious business transactions grind them to the earth, as he stands in a dark, loathsome desert, he feels the pernicious effects of his own vile deeds.

INQUIRER-Your position seems plausible, but I can hardly

realize that there is such a locality.

LUCRETUS—There is, and in no other way could an intensely selfish, miserly person like him sense his true status, without being conducted to it. Now I see him leave his desolate position; his haggard expression of despair is enough to melt a heart of stone. For many years he has been roaming around

this dark, dreary waste, and now he is just beginning to know his true condition. He has reaped what he sowed. Every act of his hard-hearted life towards others has reacted, and he

realizes fully the enormity of his crimes.

Action and reaction are equal. Oh! I wish I could impress that sublime fact upon the children of earth. If you render the life of any one desolate; if you make him wretched and miserable, the action and reaction will be equal, and you will receive in the desolation experienced in your own person just what you meted out to him. The miser's whole life was devoted to rendering the existence of others cheerless; on earth was the action, and here in that bleak sphere is the reaction.

INQUIRER — Your position is correct in a physical point of view, but I never supposed it was true morally and spiritually.

Lucretus—Child of earth, pause a moment. How does a person calculate the extent or effect of his own actions without reaction? How could that miserable, unhappy being realize the extent of the great wrongs he had perpetrated, unless he feel the effects of them himself. The pathway to Spirit-life places him in a position to keenly realize the effects of all his acts. Action and reaction being equal, he can now measure the full extent of his evil deeds; he knows now how he made others suffer. No Savior, no spirit-friends, no agent in the Spirit-world, can interpose a staying hand and hold back the reaction that has come to him. Impress on the children of earth this fact, that whatsoever they sow they shall reap, and you will do more to moralize and refine them than in any other way.

I now see that miser standing on a rugged cliff, and what seems to be a bleak, cold wind, dashes against him with powerful violence! Oh! how he shivers! He constantly changes his position, as if to escape the force of the fearful blast! Oh!

how I pity him!

INQUIRER-What is this for?

LUCRETUS—Could you not guess? Did I not tell you that whatsoever a man sows, that he shall reap? Did he not, one night in midwinter, ruthlessly drive a poor woman and her little child out into the cold, not heeding her tender appeals to be allowed to remain until morning? She and her darling babe perished in the terrific storm, while she sent forth to God a tender prayer, appealing for her tyrant's forgiveness.

Now the reaction has come, and he sees before him the prostrate forms of those his vile selfishness drove forth into the cold storm. I see him suffer; he feels the effect of his wrong-doing—it comes with fearful violence against him, standing alone and desolate on the barren place. It chills my soul to gaze upon him and his suffering. By-and-by he will be allowed to leave that place, but he may be compelled to return again and again to witness the same scene. This is the wretched life he lives.

INQUIRER—If the pathway to Spirit-life leads to such des-

olate regions, seemingly it had better be abolished.

LUCRETUS-It leads one to the sphere he is adapted to occupy. The outer covering of the soul of the indwelling conscious self is composed exactly of such material as the sphere to which it gravitates. While on earth your physical organization is evolved from the various elements, and connected therewith is the indwelling spirit. Acts of licentiousness, intense selfishness, and a life in the purlieus of vice, modify the character and texture of the latter, and prepare it for a sphere corresponding with the life led here. To illustrate: A beautiful and accomplished lady has an angel child nestling in the fœtus. It has arrived at that critical period of the gestative process when impressions made on her mind can modify its organism in every respect. She attends an exhibition where the most brutal butchery of an innocent family is delineated on canvas, making a most horrible spectacle. The perpetrator of the deed is a burly, hideous negro. She sees one illustration where he is represented as cutting the throat of a little child. Then her soul becomes suddenly illuminated with all the fires of hate towards the monster who was there represented as perpetrating the awful crime, and the impression was conveyed to the little angel nestling in the fœtus, and its complexion was changed to a frightful blackness, and its features, when brought into the world by a premature birth, resembled those of a negro. It never breathed. Now, as impressions made on the mind of the mother can modify the character of the embryonic child, deforming it, so, too, can the indwelling spirit be so changed as to accurately correspond with the life one leads. Do you understand me?

INQUIRER—Oh! I begin to comprehend you.

LUCRETUS-While on earth, even, you manufacture cer-

tain textures for the soul—its dress—which correspond in every particular with the characteristics of some one of the spirit spheres. It is difficult to explain how the acts of life affect the texture of the indwelling spirit, but it is on the same principle as that which modifies the physical organization of the unborn infant; and as impressions made on the mother's mind can change the characteristics of her angel child, so can selfish, miserly acts, intensified by hate and remorseless feelings, eradicate from the indwelling spirit nearly every bright, beautiful spot upon it. Every act in life has a well-defined effect on the spirit, and it is well that the mortals of earth should understand it at once.

All of the earth-deeds of that miser were accompanied with selfishness, and his mind seemed to nurse a venomous hate, and consequently his spirit became dark, just as the embryonic child became darkened through the hate, excitement and disgust of the mother. The natural tendency of his self-ishness was to paralyze and contract the spirit, until it became a mere pigmy in dimension, rendering his appearance more hideous than it otherwise would have been. Now he has but little resemblance to a human being.

INQUIRER-I now fully realize why that miser has such a

deformed and darkened spiritual body.

Lucretus—I have only desired to illustrate my position so that the mortals of earth can understand me, and thereby realize the effects of wrong-doing, and therefore I say emphatically, that every truly honest work or act of charity that cheers a saddened heart, has an effect on the indwelling spirit, modifying its texture, just the same as the impressions made on the mind of the mother affect her embryonic child. This is a sublime fact.

Oddities With Reference to the Dead.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE MORTAL REMAINS.

*The oldest known inscriptions are epitaphs.

The first tax was laid on funerals in England in 1793.

The wake in Ireland is a survival of the ancient funeral feast.

The early Christian martyrs were generally buried in or near the churches.

Mummy cases have often, on the external lid, a representation of the occupant.

The Greeks buried or burned their dead, one word having both significations.

"Death is an eternal sleep," is the favorite epitaph above

the doors of Roman tombs.

The best evidence goes to show that the pyramids of Egypt

were royal sepulchres.

The practice of burials in churches was commonly discontinued in France about 1777.

Many tribes of the aborigines of this country elevated the bodies of the dead on poles.

The Magi did not bury their dead, but left them to be devoured by birds of prey or dogs.

Nero delivered a funeral oration at the funeral of Poppeæ, whom he had killed with a kick.

The cutting of the body in mourning for the dead has been practiced by the people of many nations.

Egyptian mourning lasted from forty to seventy days,

during which time the body was embalmed.

The Paris catacombs are estimated to contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 human beings.

^{*}St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.

In the Roman catacombs the passages are from five to eight feet wide, and the graves are in tiers on either hand. .

Every ordinary occupation in the life cf ancient Egypt is

found depicted on the tombs of her people.

A Greek or Roman funeral pyre was always lighted by the next of kin, who, with face averted, applied the torch.

On most of the Greek monuments a horse head is found in one corner, to represent the journey taken by the deceased.

Among the Turks the bodies of the dead are held in extreme reverence, though the cemeteries are used as picnic grounds.

It is said that no Roman epitaph before the time of Christ has been found that indicated positively a belief in immortality.

The mummification of human bodies was practiced by the Egyptians from prehistoric times until after the sixth century of our era.

Funeral orations are of the highest antiquity. Before written history began they were pronounced over the bodies of kings and heroes.

In both Greece and Rome certain atrocious crimes were punished not only with death, but also with the deprivation of funeral rites.

The Egyptian embalmers preserved not only the human body, but also the bodies of cats, monkeys, sacred bulls and some other animals.

The most ancient tombs in the world, so far as known, are those of the Theban Kings of Egypt. They are believed to be more than 4,000 years old.

The Christians of Rome, from the first persecution under Nero to the tenth and last, under Dioclesian, found the cata-

combs a comparatively safe refuge.

The Egyptians believed that the soul lived only as long as the body endured, hence the philosophy of embalming the body to make it last as long as possible.

Funeral games were popular among most ancient nations. They included all sorts of sports and athletic exercises, to-

gether with combats by gladiators.

According to Thucydides, Pericles delivered a very eloquent oration at the obsequies of those who fell at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war.

The ancient Hebrews generally buried their dead, though

occasional incinerations took place, it is supposed, in conformity with the customs of surrounding nations.

The mourning ceremonies of the Hebrews commonly lasted seven days, though in the case of very distinguished persons it was sometimes continued for a month.

When the body of a Mohammedan is prepared for burial, a scalp-lock is left on the top of his cranium, whereby the angel of the resurrection can lift him out of the grave.

The word mausoleum comes from the name of King Mausolus, king of Caria, to whose memory his wife, Artemisia, erected a tomb that was one of the wonders of the world.

The Egyptian catacombs are the most extensive in the world. The whole mountain near Thebes is undermined with excavations, in which are found the remains of the dead.

Horace, in speaking of the quarries under the Esquiline Hill, says: "They were the common sepulchre of the miserable plebeians," showing that even then they were used as burial places.

Mummies are sometimes enveloped in 1,000 yards of bandages. Often the face is covered with thick gold leaf, and eyes of colored enamel are often inserted, to give a lifelike

appearance.

The catacombs of Naples are in a hill behind the town, and form an extensive series of excavations. They are in three tiers or stories, which communicate with each other by

flights of steps.

In both Greece and Italy it was anciently considered a religious duty to bury a body cast on shore by the sea. If proper tools were not at hand, the corpse was hidden from view by sand.

Hebrew cemeteries were always situated without the walls of the towns, the presence of the dead being supposed to cause pollution. This peculiarity is noticeable also among the

ancient Greeks.

The Egyptians bestowed great labor and much expense on their tombs and little on their houses. They regarded the latter as mere temporary abodes, but the former they looked on as eternal habitations.

The catacombs of Syracuse, in Sicily, form a great subterranean town, with numberless tombs cut out of solid rock. Dead of all ages, from those of the Greek invasion to those of last year, are there interred.

The Roman catacombs were originally quarries. It is believed that some of them long antedate the foundation of the city. In course of time they became so extensive that the whole capital was undermined.

Many notions have followed the practice of placing a coin in the mouth of the deceased to pay his way across the river that encircles hades. Generally a coin of small value was deemed sufficient for this purpose.

A Thibetan tribe keeps a regular watch over the cemeteries, and the duty of the guard is to pray aloud whenever he sees a meteor. The belief is that the shooting stars are evil spirits in search of the souls of the dead.

There are over sixty catacombs known to exist in Rome or its immediate vicinity. The entire length of the passages that have been measured is 580 miles, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

Many of the epitaphs in the catacombs of Rome are simple and touching. "Valeria sleeps in peace." "Zoticus is laid here to sleep." "Domitiannus, a simple soul, lay down here to rest." "Octavia here awaits the resurrection." "Julian lies here asleep, but ready to rise at the sound of the trumpet."

Among the ancient Germans the body of a chief was burned, his most valuable arms and his war horse being added to the funeral pile, in the belief that in the other world he would follow the same employments as in this.

With every mummy was deposited a papyrus containing an itinerary of the other world, prayers suitable for the use of the deceased in his new mode of existence, and magical formulæ designed to prevent the corruption of the body.

Before the middle of the present century several of the churchyards in the poorer districts of London had been raised from two to four feet by the number of interments, and had become a source of constant danger to the health of the neighborhood.

A dead Roman was kept seven days; daily the body was washed and oiled, and at certain seasons the friends and relatives collected in the death chamber and shouted together in order to arouse the man if he were only sleeping or in a trance.

The early Romans always buried their dead. Sulla was the first of the aristocracy whose body was burned. Under the empire burning became customary, and continued until the establishment of Christianity as a state religion in the fourth century.

The painting of the catacombs of Thebes is so well done that after a lapse of 4,000 years the colors are as bright as when freshly laid on. This fact is in a large degree due to the dryness of the atmosphere. In some parts of Upper

Egypt rain has never been known to fall.

The first antiquarian to take an interest in the Roman catacombs was Father Bosio, who spent more than thirty years in exploring their recesses, making excavations, clearing galleries and preparing sketches of the objects he found. He died in 1629, while finishing his work on the subject, and the volume appeared two years later.

The bodies of Greeks, when not burned, were placed in earthenware coffins and buried in tombs along the highways. An occasional exception was made in favor of distinguished men, who were sometimes buried in the forums of the towns. It was in the forum that Dr. Schliemann discovered the bodies

of Agamemnon and his companions.

Shaving the beard and hair as a sign of mourning was common among almost all ancient nations, and is even now practiced in several parts of the world. Shaving the head was one of the signs of grief shown by Job when informed of the death of his sons and daughters. "Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head and fell down upon the ground."

At a Roman funeral a person resembling the deceased appeared in the procession and mimicked his speech and actions. At the funeral of Vespasian, who was known to be exceedingly penurious, this person asked of the spectators how much was spent on the rites. Being told, he cried out: "Give me the

money and you may throw my body into the river."

Funeral feasts were formerly universal in England. When the fourth Earl of Berkeley died unexpectedly, June 8, 1368, there was nothing ready for the feast, and the interment was postponed until a hundred geese could be fattened. The process required over three weeks, and by the accounts of the estate it appeared that the steward used two hundred bushels of beans in getting the geese ready for slaughter.

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After it was clearly ascertained that the Roman catacombs contained the remains of Christian martyrs, these subterranean cemeteries were taken in charge by the church, and so greatly were they esteemed as places of burial that persons of the highest distinction were interred there. Pope Leo I., Gregory the Great, Gregory II. and Gregory III., Leo IV., together with the Emperors Honorius, Valentinian and Otho II., were among the illustrious dead buried there.

The Towers of Silence, in Persia, are stone structures, provided with gratings within, on which bodies are exposed to be devoured by the crowds of vultures that always infest the locality. After the flesh has been eaten from the bones, the latter fall through the gratings to the ground beneath, and at regular times are taken away and thrown into some convenient dump. This practice of disposing of the dead is certainly as ancient as the time of Herodotus, who mentions it in his history.

The funeral usages of the native Australians, before civilizing influences were brought to bear on them, were very peculiar. When a native fell ill he was removed to a small hut or inclosure at some distance from the village, was provided with firewood and food and left alone. When found to be dead, his remains were allowed to decompose until the flesh had fallen from the bones, when the latter were collected, cleaned, painted red, made up into bundles, and carried about with the tribe for a certain length of time, when they were either buried or deposited in a hollow tree or cave.

If a deceased Roman had not a large assortment of female relatives to weep for him, female mourners were hired to attend to that part of the business, and gradually they acquired a monopoly. Their fees depended on the service. If they simply followed the bier in silence, they received about four cents; if required to weep, their fee was six cents; shrieking and loud outcries or lamentations, together with tearing the hair, beating the breast and other signs of extreme grief, cost the afflicted relatives fifteen cents for each industrious mourner. At the funeral of Titus there were 1500 of these professionals employed, all at the highest rates.

The catacombs of Paris were not used as burial places

until 1784, when several cemeteries were cleared and the bones removed to the quarries in the southern part of the city. These quarries were consecrated to sacred purposes, and the bones from the cemeteries were removed with much solemnity. In 1810 a regular system of arranging the bones began, and now they are built up into walls, each containing one kind of bones. Many of the rooms are lined with bones. One is the Tomb of the Revolution, containing the relics of those who perished in the period from 1789 to 1793; another is the Tomb of Victims, because arranged around its walls are the relics of those who

perished in the September massacres.

A Chinese funeral is a constant succession of efforts to cheat the devil, who is supposed to be lying in wait to capture the soul of the departed. So long as the body remains in the house the soul is safe, for the devil cannot come in; the risk begins when the funeral procession starts. When ready to march, great quantities of fire-crackers and pyrotechnics that emit much smoke are set off in front of the door, and under cover of the smoke the pall-bearers start in a lively trot, run to the nearest corner, turn it as quickly as they can and stop short. This is done for the purpose of throwing the devil off the track, since it is well known that he cannot easily turn a corner, and, to aid in the deception, whenever a corner is turned more fireworks are burned. By dint of turning quickly and trotting as fast as they can, the bearers finally arrive at the cemetery, but do not enter the gates, but go through a hole in the surrounding inclosure, for they know that the baffled devil will be waiting for them at the entrance. In the cemetery the soul is comparatively safe, though to make the matter perfectly. secure the discharge of fire-crackers is kept up until all the rites are ended.

Hadson Tattle and A. J. Davis.

DEATH AS PRESENTED BY THAT EMINENT AUTHOR, HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SOLDIER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD—HIS AWAKENING IN SPIRIT-LIFE—DEATH AS PRESENTED TO THE CLAIRVOYANT VISION—A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE FORMATION OF THE SPIRIT.

The following communication was given through the mediumship of that eminent author, seer and lecturer, Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. It is an account of the sufferings of a soldier on the field of battle, and of his experience on

first entering Spirit-life:

A darkness came over me. I felt the earth strike hard against me. I had fallen. Where and how I was wounded I could not tell. I was in no pain, but I could not move. After a time the strange ringing left my ears, the mists cleared from my eyes; I saw dimly, but enough to know my friends were gone and the enemy were all around me. Then keen pains shot through my limbs. I knew I was injured, but not mortally wounded. After the battle, when the field was searched for the wounded, I should be cared for, kindly tended, and then sent home on furlough. A sunny face would meet me at the gate. The dear remembered home would shelter me, loving hands would be busy about me, and darling little ones climb my wounded knees and cling around "poor papa's" neck. Ah! what joy, what ecstacy! A thousand thoughts like these shot through my mind like gleams of sunlight.

Then I heard the hoarse voices of fierce combatants; they had made a stand directly over where I lay. Our soldiers fought desperately as they retreated, and many a pursuing enemy fell

on their track. One was aiming his piece directly over me. when he was struck dead. He fell across me. I endeavored to move so as to shake off the dreadful pressure from my chest, but I was too weak; I could only suffer and think. Others fell thick around me. One lay heavily upon my aching feet, but intolerable as was the pain of this added weight, I was only pinned more closely to the earth; I could not move. The combatants had moved on, their voices had died off in the distance and I lay helpless in the midst of thousands of such wrecks as myself. Thoughts of the dear home far away, the beloved ones who were watching and waiting for me amidst the quiet green hills of Vermont, mingled with the horror of laying there in the midst of that ghastly battle-field with the dead weight that crushed me growing heavier with every breath. It was like some horrid nightmare. A corpse resting its cold weight on my breast, a corpse pressing on my bleeding limbs. Night came on, and with it the rain. Darkness impenetrable in the physical world, and, oh! what unutterable darkness in the mental. In the great rifts of the black heavens there were awful flashes of lightning and bursts of thunder, in the midst of which I heard the groans of the wounded as they lay in the pitiless rain.

When the morning came I was almost unconscious of life. I remember watching the light breaking in the gray east, my head resting on that side, and I was too weak to turn it, or else it had become stiff in the rain. As it became light I heard the rolling of artillery, then the fierce booming thunder of the battle renewed. I heard the crash of the rumbling wheels, the tramp of the war-horses; I knew they were coming towards me, and the horrible fear came over me lest I should be trampled under foot, crushed, maimed, or ground into the dust! I endeavored to shout and tell them I was not dead, but I could not even whisper. On they came, maddened and reckless by the spirit of the war. The iron-fcoted horses were on me, almost; but no—they passed me; but now the dreadful wheels approached! I saw them coming; one was directly over my eyes. That was

the last I remember.

All was perfect silence. The sounds of war were all hushed. I think I must have been in perfect, dreamless slumber, for I felt, heard, and saw nothing. When I awoke I was well, peaceful, happy; John was standing near me, apparently in perfect health. "You here?" I asked in astonishment; "I

though you were dead!" "So I am," he replied; "at least I have lost my mortal body, but you plainly see the body is not all there is of a man, for my body is, as you say, dead, yet I exist." "Surely," I answered, "I have dreamed, or else am dreaming."

He smiled as he replied, "Not so; but you, too, are dead."
Our conversation lasted some hours before I was fully convinced I was really dead, though free from pain and the horrors

of the battle-field over.

Since then I have watched the advent of many spirits on the battle-field. The emotions they manifest are as various as the dispositions they bore in life. Some arise from the body perfectly bewildered, others filled with unutterable hate, and only inspired with the desire of vengeance on the foe. Many meet dear friends who await their coming and hover round their departed spirits. Guardian spirits stand ready by the side of all to conduct them to the land where wars shall cease forever.

CLAIRVOYANT VIEW OF DEATH BY THAT EMINENT SEER, A. J. DAVIS.

The following vivid description (Great Harmonia, Vol. I.) of death, is from the pen of Andrew Jackson Davis, a man whose clear perceptions and intuitions have raised him to the

front rank as a seer, philosopher and profound thinker:

When the hour of her death arrived, I was fortunately in a proper state of mind and body to induce the superior [clairvoyant] condition; but, previous to throwing my spirit into that condition, I sought the most convenient and favorable position, that I might be allowed to make the observations entirely unnoticed and undisturbed. Thus situated and conditioned, I proceeded to observe and investigate the mysterious processes of dying, and to learn what it is for an individual human spirit to undergo the changes consequent upon physical death or external dissolution. They were these:

I saw that the physical organization could no longer subserve the diversified purposes or requirements of the spritual principle. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to resist the withdrawal of the animating soul. The body and the soul, like two friends, strongly resisted the various circumstances which rendered their eternal separation imperative and absolute. These internal conflicts gave rise to manifestations of what seemed to be, to the material senses, the most thrilling and painful sensations; but I was unspeakably thankful and delighted when I perceived and realized the fact that those physical manifestations were indications, not of pain or unhappiness, but simply that the spirit was eternally dis-

solving its copartnership with the material organism.

Now the head of the body became suddenly enveloped in a fine, soft, mellow, luminous atmosphere; and, as instantly, I saw the cerebrum and the cerebellum expand their most interior portions; I saw them discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then I saw that they became highly charged with the vital electricity and vital magnetism which permeate subordinate systems and structures. That is to say, the brain, as a whole, suddenly declared itself to be tenfold more positive, over the lesser proportions of the body, than it ever was during the period of health. This phenomenon invariably precedes physical dissolution.

Now the process of dying, or the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of electricity, of magnetism, of motion, of life, and of sensation, into its various and numerous departments. The head became intensely brilliant; and I particularly remarked that just in the same proportion as the extremities of the organism grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

Now I saw, in the mellow, spiritual atmosphere which emanated from and encircled her head, the indistinct outlines of the formation of another head. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly, and so indescribably compact and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it, nor gaze upon it as steadily as I desired. this spiritual head was being eliminated and organized from out of and above the material head, I saw that the surrounding aromal atmosphere which had emanated from the material head was in great commotion; but, as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared. This taught me that those aromal elements, which were, in the beginning of the metamorphosis, attracted from the system into the brain, and thence eliminated in the form of an atmosphere, were indissolubly united in accordance with the divine principle of affinity in the universe, which pervades and destinates every particle of matter, and developed the spiritual head which I beheld

In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated and unchangeably organized, I saw, unfolding in their natural progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders, the breast and the entire spiritual organization. It appeared from this, even to an unequivocal demonstration, that the innumerable particles of what might be termed unparticled matter which constitutes the man's spiritual principle, are constitutionally endowed with certain elective affinities, analogous to an immortal friendship. The innate tendencies, which the elements and essences of her soul manifested by uniting and organizing themselves, were the efficient and imminent causes which unfolded and perfected her spiritual organization. The defects and deformities of her physical body were, in the spiritual body which I saw thus developed, almost completely removed. In other words, it seemed that those hereditary obstructions and influences were now removed, which originally arrested the full and proper development of her physical constitution; and, therefore, that her spiritual constitution, being elevated above those obstructions, was enabled to unfold and perfect itself, in accordance with the universal tendencies of all created things.

While this spiritual formation was going on, which was perfectly visible to my spiritual perceptions, the material body manifested to the outer vision of observing individuals in the room many symptoms of uneasiness and pain; but the indications were totally deceptive; they were wholly caused by the departure of the vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending

organism.

The spirit arose at right angles over the head or brain of the deserted body. But immediately previous to the final dissolution of the relationship which had for so many years subsisted between the two, spiritual and material bodies, I saw—playing energetically between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical body—a bright stream or current of vital electricity. * * And here I perceived what I had never before obtained a knowledge of, that a small portion of this vital electrical element returned to the deserted body immediately subsequent to the separation of

the umbilical thread; and that that portion of this element which passed back into the earthly organism, instantly diffused itself through the entire structure, and thus prevented imme-

diate decomposition. * *

As soon as the spirit, whose departing hour I thus watched, was wholly disengaged from the tenacious physical body. I directed my attention to the movements and emotions of the former; and I saw her begin to breathe the most interior or spiritual portions of the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere. At first it seemed with difficulty that she could breathe the new medium; but in a few seconds she inhaled and exhaled the spiritual elements of nature with the greatest possible ease and delight. And now I saw that she was in possession of exterior and physical proportions, which were identical, in every possible particular-improved and beautified-with those proportions which characterized her earthly organization. That is to say, she possessed a heart, a stomach, a liver, lungs, etc., just as her natural body did previous to (not her, but) its death. This is a wonderful and consoling truth! But I saw that the improvements which were wrought upon and in her spiritual organization were not so particular and thorough as to destroy or transcend her personality; nor did they materially alter her natural appearance or earthly characteristics. So much like her former self was she that, had her friends beheld her as I did, they certainly would have exclaimed—as we often do upon the sudden return of a long-absent friend, who leaves us in illness and returns in health-" Why, how well you look! How improved you are!" Such was the nature-most beautifying in their extent-of the improvements that were wrought upon her.

I saw her continue to conform and accustom herself to the new elements and elevating sensations which belong to the inner-life. I did not particularly notice the workings and emotions of her newly-awakening and fast-unfolding spirit, except that I was careful to remark her philosophical tranquility throughout the entire process, and her non-participation with the different members of her family in their unrestrained bewailing of her departure from the earth, to unfold in Love and Wisdom throughout eternal spheres. She understood at a glance that they could only gaze upon the cold and lifeless form which she had but just deserted; and she readily compre-

hended the fact, that it was owing to a want of true knowledge upon their parts, that they thus vehemently regretted her

merely physical death.

The period required to accomplish the entire change which I saw, was not far from two hours and a half; but this furnished no rule as to the time required for every spirit to elevate and reorganize itself above the head of the outer form. Without changing my position or spiritual perceptions I continued to observe the movements of her new-born spirit. soon as she became accustomed to the new elements which surrounded her, she descended from her elevated position, which was immediately over the body, by an effort of the willpower, and directly passed out of the door of the bedroom in which she had lain, in the material form, prostrated with disease for several weeks. It being in a summer month the doors were all open, and her egress from the house was attended with no obstruction. I saw her pass through the adjoining room, out of the door, and step from the house into the atmosphere! I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realized the universal truth that the spiritual organization can tread the atmosphere, which, while in the coarser earthly form we breathe-so much more refined is man's spiritual constitution. She walked in the atmosphere as easily, and in the same manner, as we tread the earth and ascend an eminence. Immediately upon her emergement from the house she was joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country, and after tenderly recognizing and communing with each other, the three, in the most graceful manner, began ascending obliquely through the ethereal envelopment of our globe. They walked so naturally and fraternally together that I could scarcely realize the fact that they trod the air-they seemed to be walking upon the side of a glorious but familiar mountain. I continued to gaze upon them until the distance shut them from my view, whereupon I returned to my external and ordinary condition.

A Vision by Emma Hardinge Britten.

A DARK SPHERE ON THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

A PERK OF THE BRITISH REALM—HIS DESOLATE CONDITION IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD—THE SPIRIT-HOME OF SOME OF EARTH'S RICH ARISTOCRATS—SOME POTENT TRUTHS ILLUSTRATED.

It was sunset on Lake Ontario. I lay on a couch, to which indisposition had confined me for several hours, watching dreamily the fitful, changing hues of the sky, and the gorgeous reflection of its gold and purple glories on the tossing waters of its shining lake. Painters' canvas never yet displayed the wealth of coloring that the artists' sun then cast, like a mantle, over the evening scene. Each moment changing its glorious pageantry, it seemed as if the dying day called up from the world of infinite ideas this phantasmagoria of beauty, to teach me the loveliness of death when nature rules supreme, and the strong, the good and beautiful are passing away. Passing away! Yes, though the scene I looked upon was motion, life, in its fairest garb of loveliness, 'twas life going out; the lamp of day soon to be quenched in the solemn mystery of darkness, and that day's death.

Suddenly my wandering thoughts were fixed on one whom for years I had not seen, or scarcely thought upon. He was a man whom no description can fully represent to the inhabitants of the western continent, for he was of a class unknown in American experiences—a peer of the British realm; the elder brother of a wealthy, noble, and far-descended house, and a marked actor in that peculiar drama which is only played

amongst the members of the British aristocracy.

You could not follow me, my American friends, were I to

sphere of action; happy for you you cannot; for the sum of all is told when I translate his life in this: His birth, position, the law of primogeniture, and other specialties, had manufactured a rich nobleman and a capacious mind into a bad man, notorious for his enormous gallantries in public life, and his equally enormous tyranny in private life. This man had lived for self, and used time, talents, wealth, and station, for no other purpose than the gratification of self and selfish passions.

I presume he had never committed any act that could bring upon him the penalty of the law; but in Great Britain our courts of honor, chastity, and equity exist only in public opinion; and this pronounces verdict against the poor, never the rich; otherwise this great earl would scarcely have escaped

a felon's fate.

In my youth I had known this man. I had often read Shakespeare to him, sang and played for him; and, despite some awe with which his singularly stately presence inspired me, I returned his regard for me with perhaps more of interest than the young and innocent generally yielded to him. My full understanding of his character was the revelation of after years. Since I have been in America, the journals of home have brought the intelligence of the great man's transit into "the land of rest."

I had become a believer in Spiritualism about a year; and then, as often since, had wondered why that spirit never sought communion with the girl who remembered him kindly, and with whom the dark shadows of wrong had never been associated. Still he came not. Sometimes I wondered whether "the great gulf" of scripture was not a truth, and the rich,

bad man could not cross it.

This night my mind was full of him; and the spirit earl was the last normal thought I can recall, ere I entered that strange, dream-like state, baffling all description, which we so

vaguely call the "trance."

I passed through what seemed many spheres of mist and gloom. They occupied much space, but gave me no other idea but that of traversing vast distances. At length I stood in a city of buildings, connected with each other, which seemed to be the destination to which my spirit's flight had been tending.

The experiences of the spirit can never be fully translated into human speech; hence I cannot attempt to describe, in the language of matter, the inconceivable spaces through which I seemed to travel, nor the splendor with which I was surrounded. Eye hath not seen nor heart conceived of the beauty outwrought by the spirit, or of distances where infinity offers no horizon; but the character of the buildings I traversed I can at least describe.

They consisted of chambers, galleries, staircases, halls and corridors, furnished with all the gorgeous magnificence of

oriental luxury.

Three points in my journey, however, were most remarkable. The first was the amazing and palpable darkness that filled these palaces, revealing clearly every color and shape, yet thick with an atmosphere of such dense blackness that I could taste it, suffocate in it, almost cut it; 'twas awful, overwhelming, stifling. 'Twas darkness visible, night incarnate.

The next point of interest was the total absence of inhabitants; not a living thing was visible; and though in process of my wanderings, I seemed to traverse worlds, and to have occupied ages since my entrance, so death-like was the stillness, so terrible the awful quiet that I felt as if an eternity of pain would be very cheaply purchased by the sight of even an insect or a reptile; but the crowning fact of my strange experience was the effect of the scene on my own spirits. At first I was affected by a profound melancholy, but as I proceeded this deepened into a despair so hopeless that memory, and even the sense of pain, at last fled. At certain stages of my pilgrimage, the gloom and solitude produced in my mind the most agonizing longing for light, air, and companionship; but even the energy to frame a wish at length abandoned me, and though sensible of a dim possibility, by powerful exercise of will, of summoning aid to my side, I lost at last the faculty even of suffering, and wandered on, seemingly for years, centuries, ages, a living annihilation, an incarnation of hopeless woe.

God, angels, life, worlds, all were nothing to me; I was in

eternity and endless death!

The most distinct memory I can now retain was a vague wonder as to whether I was thus suffering for expiation of my own sins, or learning by horrible experience the condition of others.

I think that the amount of energy expended even in this effort at reflection opened up a new phase in my dreadful pil-

grimage, for it was answered by the tones of a sweet, bell-like voice, whose low but clear intonations seemed wafted from the immeasurable distance of some far-off world. It said: "You are now in the Spirit-homes of earth's rich dead, Emma; here dwell the Dives of earth, who, men say, die so very rich; here they live in the splendors they loved, the wealth they adored, and surrounded by the idols they made and worshiped.

"Your sufferings, Emma, are theirs in the realization of the life for which they sold themselves; and now you may judge the value of the coin for which the cold-hearted and

selfish rich man sells his soul.

"How like you the exchange?"

I shuddered and wept bitterly for the insane rich of earth.

"Where are they?" I murmured.

"Everywhere," replied the voice. "Myriads move around you, and wander and feel as you do, but none see the others, or you; it is the condition of entrance to the spheres of self-love, that the eye shall behold naught but self, realize no other existence. They toiled in earth-life to attain this state; here they reap the harvest they have sown."

"But this darkness," I cried. "Oh, for the light, for but one ray of the blessed sunlight! Why cannot the sun of heaven

penetrate these awful abodes?"

"And so it does, child. Here, as everywhere else, is heaven, and light and sun; but where are the eyes that can behold it? If heaven be not within us, in vain we seek it elsewhere. If our eyes are ever turned in upon self, they are blind to all besides. From the soul's center goes forth the true light or darkness of the land of souls."

"Oh, that I could see but one of the inhabitants of this doleful region," I thought, and with the wish came its instant gratification; for, raising my eyes, I beheld the form of a living being approaching me. At first the delight of seeing a thing of life again impelled me to rush toward it, but the singularity of the figure, and its evident incapacity to perceive me, arrested my steps and I stood watching, with curious interest, my new companion. The figure was that of a very, very old man; indeed, to judge by his wrinkled face and withered aspect, he might have been the sole surviving wreck of centuries.

His height could not have exceeded that of a child of four

years, and the garments that hung in threadbare folds around his shrunken form were a world too wide for the poor anatomy they covered, and yet I knew this pitiful little figure bore the evidence of decrease rather than natural deformity, and that his present childish dimensions had come from the shrinking of a once mighty form of manhood.

Yes, I knew this, not only from the revealment of his past, which each spirit bears about, engraved on the unmasked soul, but because I could trace in those withered features and that diminished shape, the wreck of the once proud, stately earl, whom in former days I had looked upon as the beau ideal

of aristocratic manhood.

Oh, how terrible it was to behold him thus! His face wore an expression of unutterable grief, but withal a look of mild resignation and hopeless regret, that pierced my very soul. Slowly and feebly he passed on without regarding me, but as he neared me, and ere he finally disappeared, I heard him sigh. Oh, heaven! how he sighed, and what a world of bitter memories, useless regrets, and wasting sorrow came sobbing on the air, laden with the sigh of that suffering soul!

Ah, me! It was indeed the breath of a wailing spirit; the

gnashing of teeth, and "outer darkness."

With his departure, even the interminable solitudes of his home seemed more tolerable; but again I heard the sweet cadence of my invisible angel's voice chiming in my ear:

"Yes, Emma, it is he, even Lord ———. You wonder at the strange transfiguration which death has wrought on the splendid peer; but ask yourself the size of his soul when its earthly mask was rent off, and his spirit appeared with its one grain of ideality, and that, all self. Emma, yon pigmy has grown by suffering, since his entrance here, from an almost invisible monad to the size you just beheld. Yes, Emma, self was all that existed in the great man's soul, and self is but one spark in the divine unity of illimitable fires that must all burn in perfection and harmony, ere the central sun of soul is fully unfolded.

"Until then true life does not even begin. Judge, then, of the size of you embryonic spirit, when first it shook off the clods of earth to stand revealed, not for name, lineage, wealth,

nor station, but just for its worth, no more."

"Alas!" I cried, "teach us, angelic guide, though suffer-

ing be the road, and blood and tears the baptism, teach us how to live so that at last we may cast off our earthly burdens, and enter upon our spiritual inheritance, full-grown spirits, men and women souls."

"Hard is the path of riches, strong the pleadings of self, ruinous the crushing weight of uncurbed passion," replied my guide. "These with the sophistic lull of custom, and overweening devotion to the things of earth, that minister only to earthly loves, have dwarfed many such souls as his, and shrunk up the blossoms of genius and intellect, until these doleful spheres are thick with worlds of people of whom you man is a type."

"Their destiny," I murmured; "O, send me not away comfortless!"

"Despair, remorse, regret; then penitence, submission, such deep humility as shone upon that man's piteous face, are theirs. Then, becoming once again as little children, the morning of a new life shall dawn for them, and glorious will be the evening that shall close their day of labor, and see them, as they should be, full-grown spirits, and heirs of the everlasting kingdom, where earth with its baser nature never enters."

The pale moon was full and high, and the vault of heaven thick with flowers, when I again, with natural vision, looked on the face of earth.

Perhaps, after so solemn a lesson as that of the past hour, the action may appear grotesque and unworthy, but it was nevertheless irresistible, and consisted in springing from my couch, opening my portemonnaie and (though its contents would never, I think, in its most plethoric condition, prove a temptation to any one), pouring them upon the floor, trampling them beneath my feet, and crying aloud to the mighty power in whose hands poor, tempted souls are passion-tossed, or "stayed in perfect peace," to "lead me not into temptation," and deliver me from the evil of my own soul.

For many and many a day after this, I esteemed my poverty a privilege; it was long before I could dare to speculate, even with necessary foresight, upon any arrangements that required me to calculate upon the possession of money; dreadful, awful, tyrannical, soul-corrupting money! Though I believe I shall never, in this respect, be tempted beyond the need of

the bare day's provision, yet still do I remember my vision of warning with an awe that forever comments on the fatal truth, "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

I do not love to think or speak of this vision; my soul is pained to be assured of its truth; to know that about me are the dreadful "homes of the selfish rich;" that in the invisible world of which earth, sky, suns and systems are full, are eternally pacing the unresting feet of the solitary worshipers of self, in their hideous loneliness, their frightful penance for the gratification of their souls' idolatries!

"Oh, what is death? 'Tis a fleeting breath—
A simple but blessed change;
"Tis rending a chain, that the soul may gain
A higher and broader range.
Unbounded space is its dwelling-place
Where no human foot hath trod,
But everywhere doth it feel the care
And the changeless love of God.
Oh, then, though you weep when your loved ones sleep,
When the rose on the cheek grows pale,
Yet their forms of light, just concealed from sight,
Are only behind the veil."—Doten.

Death from a Vibratory Force.

NOT ALWAYS REAL, AND THE VICTIM MAY BE RESUSCITATED.

A PHYSICIAN OF HIGH STANDING TELLS HOW TO DEAL WITH SUCH CASES—METHOD OF INDUCING RESPIRATION ARTIFICIALLY— EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

*Much interest has recently been excited by the report from France of the resuscitation of a man apparently killed by electricity, and by the announcement of the French scientist, d'Arsonval, that a person so shocked should be treated as one drowned. The suggestion is a good one, but may be somewhat misleading unless understood; that is, unless the person undertaking the resuscitation appreciates what is to be accomplished and just how it is to be done.

As this authority says, an electric shock may produce death

in one of two ways, viz.:

First, by producing destructive tissue changes, when death is absolute; or, second, by producing sudden arrest of the respiratory and heart muscles through excitement of the nerve centers, when death is only apparent; in other words, animation is merely suspended. The subject may be aroused from this syncope if efforts at resuscitation are not too long delayed.

The alternating current, which is usually regarded as the most deadly, strange to say, nearly always produces death in

this second manner.

To say that a person has received a shock from a wire conveying a current of 4,000 or 5,000 volts does not necessarily

Dr. A. H. Goelet in the Electrical World, 1894.

signify that the body has been subjected to the full force of the current, even if the meter does register nearly one ampere during the time of the accident. In view of the fact that the human body offers a resistance of several thousand ohms, which

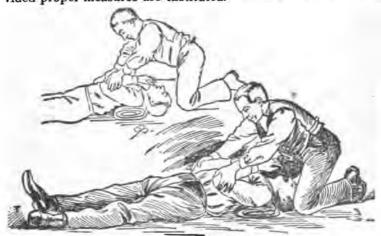


THE FIRST POSITION.

resistance is greatly increased by imperfect contact and by charring and burning the tissues at the points of application, it is not often that the internal structures and vital organs are submitted to a very considerable volume of current, though it apparently passes through the body. It must be borne in mind that when the clothing is moist with perspiration or wet with rain it offers a circuit of less resistance than the human body, and in this event the body receives only a shunt current, very much less in quantity than the main current. The bulk of current, in this instance, passes over the surface and does not enter the body. This may explain the survival of some who have apparently withstood very powerful currents.

SELDOM KILLS OUTRIGHT.

It must be presumed, therefore, that electricity seldom kills outright, though the condition of suspended animation which it induces would result in death if not counteracted. All things considered, it is rational to attempt the resuscitation of those apparently killed by electricity, and if not too long delayed, the effort promises fair chances of success, provided proper measures are instituted.



THE SECOND POSITION.

If the body has actually been submitted to a current of sufficient volume to produce destructive tissue changes, all efforts at resuscitation will, of course, be futile.

If, on the other hand, only respiration and the heart's action have been temporarily arrested, there is a condition of syncope simulating apparent death by drowning, or from anæsthetics, and the physician knows that patients in this condition are frequently revived. Laymen will appreciate the nature of this condition if it is explained as one of exaggerated faint, and would not feel appalled upon encountering it if previously instructed how to cope with it. In an ordinary fainting spell the necessity to stimulate is universally appreciated. In syncope resulting from an electric shock, stimulation is likewise indicated, but more vigorous measures are required. This is the only difference.

As said above, the direction to treat one shocked by electricity as one drowned, may be misleading, as the conception of the layman of the necessities in this case would be to roll the body on a barrel. Let him understand that the condition is one of exaggerated faint, that the necessity is for prompt stimulation, and that the quickest and most powerful stimulant which can be employed is artificial respiration. The man must



OXYGEN CYLINDER, APPLIANCES.

be made to breathe, if this is possible, and efforts to induce respiration must not be suspended until breathing is fully and normally restored, or until it is absolutely certain that life is extinct. This can not be assured in less than an hour's persistent, energetic, tireless effort.

The accompanying illustrations will serve to make intelligible the following directions for artificial respiration:

The body must be placed upon the back. A roll made of a coat or anything else convenient (rolled, not folded), is placed under the shoulders, and must be sufficiently large to so prop the spine up as to drop the head

backward. The operator should kneel behind the subject's head, facing him, grasp the elbows and draw them well over the head, so as to bring them almost together above it, and hold them there for two or three seconds. Then he carries them down to the sides and front of the chest, firmly compressing it by throwing his weight upon them. After two or three seconds the arms are again carried above the head, and the same maneuver is repeated, at the rate of fifteen or sixteen times per minute. At the same time the tongue must be drawn out to free the throat. This manipulation stimulates respiration in the following manner, viz.: When the arms are extended over the head the chest-walls are expanded, just as in inspiration, and if the throat is clear the air will rush into the lungs.

When the arms are brought down to the sides of the chest, compressing it, the air is expelled, just as in expiration.

This is the most convenient and reliable manner of inducing artificial respiration. It is known as Sylvester's method. The operator must, however, appreciate the fact that this manipulation must be executed with methodical deliberation, just as described, and never hurriedly nor half-heartedly. To



AN IMPROVISED MOUTHPIECE.

grasp the arms and move them rapidly up and down like a pump handle, is both absurd and absolutely useless.

In addition to this, if an assistant be at hand, the tongue, held by a cloth or handkerchief, to prevent slipping, should be seized and drawn forcibly out during the act of inspiration, or when the arms are extended above the head, and when the chest is compressed it may be allowed to recede. This rhythmical traction upon the tongue is in itself an excellent stimulant of respira-

tion. It acts not only by freeing the throat of the tongue, which may fall back and obstruct breathing, but also by reflex irritation, through the frænum or bridle under the tongue being drawn forcibly against the lower teeth.

OXYGEN TREATMENT.

If the accident occurs in a city or large town, oxygen, which may be obtained at every drug store, may be used. This is a powerful stimulant to the heart if it can be made to enter the lungs.

This gas comes in cylinders furnished with a stop-cock and tubes and bottle, which latter is to be half filled with water, through which the gas passes when turned on. (See figures.) If a cone or mouthpiece is not furnished with the apparatus, one can be hastily improvised from a piece of stiff paper and attached by a string to the ordinary mouthpiece. To use the oxygen, place the cone over the patient's face and turn on the

stop-cock until the gas is seen to bubble freely through the water in the bottle. Efforts at artificial respiration should be kept up while the gas is being administered, to favor its en-

trance into the lungs.

The use of electricity to reawaken the heart and lungs to action offers another auxiliary to the resuscitation process, but implies the skilled employment of special electrical apparatus purely within the possession of the physician, who naturally does not require instruction.

When I was requested by the editors of the *Electrical* World to contribute this article, I gladly accepted, because:

First—I am convinced that many who have died in consequence of electrical shocks might have been saved if those at hand had been properly instructed in the methods of reviv-

ing suspended animation, and

Second—I hope all electrical companies will be impressed with the importance of having their linemen and other employes engaged in the vicinity of dangerous currents, so instructed and trained that without delay methods of resuscitation can at once be instituted.

Thus the giant electricity will more surely become man's servant, a faithful and obedient one, instead of, as now, occa-

sionally, through man's carelessness, his slayer.

Speaking of the wonders of this vibratory force, electric-

ity, a writer in the New York World says:

"Aside from the accidents to human beings, scientists are able to judge that high currents of electricity are not always deadly, by experimenting on animals. As recently told by the Sunday World, Dr. J. Kratter, of Graz, Austria, has succeeded in obtaining most interesting results from his researches on the animal organism, operating with currents as high as 2,000 volts. He also believes that all deaths of the animals resulted from the stoppage of the respiration. Sometimes the stoppage produced death by suffocation, but in several cases the animals recovered.

"A short time ago a New York electrician subjected a toad to a high current from a faradic battery. The faradic current is an alternating current on a small scale. The skin of the frog is very moist and electrical contact can be very easily accomplished. Again and again was the toad made to

stiffen out under the action of the current. Finally it was pronounced to be dead, and was placed on a high shed, where the water from a butt would keep it moist. It was left out all night.

"During the night it revived enough to hop away and disappear. A cat and other animals were experimented upon in the same manner and nearly all recovered. The same electrician gave it as his opinion that none of the electrocuted

men were actually killed by the current.

"The opinion of several prominent electricians who were asked for their opinions on the subject is that it is very uncertain whether the electric current always kills when it seems to kill, as, for instance, in an electrocution. That death does finally occur is, of course, certain, as either the dissecting knife or gradual dissolution must accomplish it. But that any one or all of the electrocuted men could have been re-

vived, so they say, is within the possibilities.

"Should a person come under the influence of a powerful galvanic continuous current, then chemical action would take place within the body and death would occur beyond a doubt. This, however, is not the kind of current used in electrocuting criminals. The alternating current does not produce chemical action. The editor of a prominent electrical paper said regarding it: 'I think there is a possibility that the electrocuted men might have been revived before the autopsy, provided the length of time they were subjected to the current was not too long. I should think that no human being would be able to stand a current of 1,800 or 2,000 volts, such as they use in our prisons, more than, or as much as, three minutes. If they were in for, say, thirty seconds, I should think there was every reason of reviving them, but longer than that I should not think so.'

"A physician gave it as his opinion that the criminals were dead for all practical purposes of the law. 'If they had been revived,' said he, 'they would have to be killed over again. Some of the men had no autopsy performed on them, I believe, and they were buried immediately. Now, as to whether they ever revived I am not prepared to say, but if they did—well, when a person lies under six feet of earth he would not have much time to contemplate his fate before nature would do what the current had failed to do."

The French Academy has adopted a series of rules for the resuscitation of people who have been overcome by the current, and they are to be distributed throughout France.

But this does not solve the question which is supposed to be solved—that electrocution is a humane and painless method of capital punishment.



Dedicated to Those Who Are Intemperate.

ONE WHO PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE WITH DELIRIUM TREMENS.

HIS EARLY HISTORY—HIS MOTHER HIGHLY CULTURED, YET AN IN-EBRIATE—HIS EMBRYONIC GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT—HIS SICKNESS—HOW TORTURED BY PHANTOMS—A VIVID PICTURE OF HIS SUFFERINGS—HIS ADVENT TO SPIRIT-LIFE, AND FINAL REDEMPTION.

Well, you desire my earth-life history. Oh! how dark, dismal, heartrending and disastrous! What lechery in earthlife! What licentiousness there! I was brought into existence on the material side of life under very peculiar circumstances. My mother was a highly cultivated, intellectual woman, with fine feelings and generous impulses. Although she was addicted to the inordinate use of various kinds of liquor, her soul always yearned for purity of life. Strange, indeed, that she should allow a pernicious taste to control her, and bring her to a premature grave, but such was the case. She nourished me into life, her youngest child, when her whole system had become saturated with poisonous liquor. Just think of it, my little, delicate organism reposing in the womb, and sustained and nourished by one in such a condition! When my mother was excited through the dire effects of inordinate indulgence, she molded my nature to partake of the peculiar characteristics arising therefrom. When she reeled under the influence of whisky, the material furnished to construct my little body was of like nature. I was formed of nourishment received directly from her, and each molecule thereof was a confirmed drunkard-educated, disciplined and marked in every respect for an inebriate! They were educated,

as it were, in a dram-shop, instructed there, and taught to

live on intoxicating beverages.

Every particle of nourishment that came from my mother to aid in unfolding my physical structure, had been thoroughly trained in her nature, before sent forth with its pernicious influence to form my system. Allow me to say here, that the infantile body, like all material objects in existence, is composed of molecules of matter, obtained wholly from the organism of the mother. They are educated by her; they are impressed with her individuality; they are tinctured with the influences that surround her; they are molded by her thoughts; and when prepared for their future work they gravitate naturally to the embryonic child, carrying the lessons impressed upon them to shape the future life. The mother can educate her child before it is born; the essence of the grandest principles in morality can be imparted then; purity of nature can be formed in the womb, and a poet, a philosopher, or genius in any respect, can, in a measure, be molded. I was badly disciplined in the embryonic state. Every atom or particle of matter that my mother appropriated to build up my system was dissolute in habits, was a miserable toper, and I was obliged to lead the kind of life when born for which she inwardly directed me. Oh! how potent was my pre-natal instruction! Her periodic revels prepared me for a wretched life, and I could not restrain myself. I was powerless in my efforts to refrain from intoxicating drinks.

As soon as I grew to boyhood, I commenced drinking inordinately—my body was remorseless in its demands—liquor
it must have! No moral suasion would do me a particle of
good. I was constantly under the influence of liquor, and
how could it be otherwise, as I was nourished into life by food
that was tinctured with it? In fact, I was so constituted that
my organization demanded that unnatural stimulant. Oh!
what a wretched life I led! Each particle, atom or molecule
of my body might be considered a drunkard, manufactured by
my mother when she carried me in the womb, and when they
saw the beautiful light of day, they reeled and tottered as I
tried to stand erect, hence I always bore the appearance of

being somewhat inebriated.

Time passed on, and my life became wretched indeed.

Finally I was attacked with delirium tremens. Oh! what a

horrible disease! How my soul shudders when I now think of it! Pain racked every bone; my brain appeared to be on fire; my whole nature was distorted. Life to me was then wretched indeed. I seemed to be surrounded by thousands of serpents. They floated around in the room. I could see their foul, slimy forms; their forked tongues and poisonous saliva, and hear their devilish hisses! How appalling the scene! Poets have sung of the horrors of the regions of hell, but no pen-picture could portray my misery! All the infernal devils of every imaginary pandemonium could not render me more miserable. I was caressed by serpents, and they were as real and tangible to me as anything on earth is to you. That condition of my system was brought about by the infuriated molecules of my body. They were made drunkards; they drove me to the poisonous cup; they would not give me a moment's peace; they demanded liquor and I gratified them.

I was sick only a short time, and, oh! how I suffered. Those grotesque images, how they frightened me! seemed like so many fiends come to torment me. I cannot enter into a discussion here as to how those images were formed; it is enough for me and you to know that they existed to tyrannize over me, and render my last moments wretched. The more weak my system became, the more violent were the phantom realities. They would crawl into my mouth, nose and ears, and nestle in my stomach, lungs and abdomen, while their hisses and rapacious noises were intolerable to hear. They would change their forms in a moment, to something, if possible, more loathsome, and then dash at me as if determined to annihilate me. One would open his large mouth, and running out his tongue, would lave my face and eyes with Another would have the sting of a scorpion, and he would thrust it into various parts of my body, and then turn around and lick the wounds he had made. Another would wind itself around my body, and then lifting its head, continue, for a time, a steady watch at my eyes.

Bear this in mind, please: these phantoms were realities to me. The ceiling of my room was covered with hateful images, and they all directed their piercing, fiery gaze at me! If I closed my eyes, it made no difference, the dance of death and the carnival of the serpents and horned devils would continue! No pen can picture my misery; it was terrible to relate, hideous in all its details. The foundation of this misery was laid by my mother. She disciplined my infantile body for a drunkard. She stamped on my nature the word inebriate. Each child is labeled when in the mother's womb with its most prominent or distinguishing characteristic. Some are labeled poets, others musicians, mathematicians, architects, or philosophers. I was labeled for an inebriate, and I did not, during

my earthly career, succeed in tearing it away.

Finally I passed into an unconscious state, having been to all appearance killed by the insatiate monsters surrounding me. I died under their influence, the most deplorable sight in existence. Eventually, I appeared to revive into a sort of dream-like condition. I felt as if crawling out of all kinds of rubbish. The air seemed to be purer, the sky clearer, the flowers more beautiful and sweet, and the scenery more grand. I felt as if a dark cloud had been removed, and that a brighter life awaited me. I realized that a change had taken place. I saw no loathsome snakes nor disgusting vermin, and my mind was clearer and more serene. I realized that a grand change in my condition had taken place, yet I felt as if I was still on earth. I did not, for a moment, suppose that I was in Spiritlife. I could not readily realize my true condition.

My awakening was very peculiar. At first, as I have said, I seemed as if emerging from all kinds of rubbish and debris. Gradually that disappeared and the scenes around me commenced brightening. I felt as if on a journey in a new country, and as I traveled on, the magnificence and grandeur thereof continually increased. I could not realize how this could be. Without any effort I seemed to move on, and each step I took bewildered me the more. I saw no one-no one seemed to respond to my earnest appeals for help. I did not recognize the fact that I was dead. Those slimy serpents had disappeared, affording me great relief, still I realized that my condition was far from being desirable. Finally, I uttered a fervent prayer for assistance, appealing in tender terms to God, to send me relief. I could move only with great difficulty, I was so weak. I felt as if I had just awakened from a protracted debauch, with my system so enervated thereby that I could not sit erect. Finally, I fell into a gentle, refreshing slumber. When I awoke I found my darling sister and brother,

long since deceased, accompanied by a spirit physician, standing by my side. Oh! how sweet the expression of that sister's countenance! A halo of light encircled her features, and its. silvery, cloud-like richness made her have the appearance of an angel! What transcendent loveliness in her bewitching, tender smiles! She laid her hand upon my forehead, and said: "Brother, you are in the Spirit-world. This humble apartment that you are now in corresponds with your inner-life. Those pictures of loathsome animals you see yonder, represent the outward physical conditions from which you have just escaped. Those shadows of the same poisonous, slimy creatures, resting on the opposite wall, represent the fact that your spiritual body is tinctured with the fruits of your habits on earth, and that some time will elapse before the same can be eradicated. Life to you has been a terrific struggle. Your nature was educated for an inebriate, and in the maelstrom of passion you were swept along to the grave. Your taste for strong drink may still exist. You may yearn for that pernicious beverage which has made your life so miserable. organism is very gross and dark now; and be cautious, or a life of wretchedness will still be yours. You must resist all thought of returning to your old haunts of vice and demoralization. You are honest, noble, philanthropic, and tenderhearted in aspiration, and always desired to be strictly temperate, and those promptings are the redeeming traits of your character. They brought us to you this morning. They will enable you to conquer your desire for liquor. You are weak now and will remain so for several days yet."

My brother then said: "I rejoice to meet you on this occasion. The condition of your physical system drove you into a life of wretchedness. All our efforts to save you were unavailing,—down! down!! down!!! you went, until you were attacked by delirium tremens, resulting in your terrible death. In aspirations you were always angelic; in habits of life a profligate. Your aspirations were subordinate to your passion for strong drink, and the latter triumphed over you and ruled them. Your desire now to live a correct life, to do good and thereby progress upward, will triumph. We welcome you to the Spiritworld, though it will be many months before you can advance to a higher sphere?"

The physician said: "You are weak, I see, my friend.

Your spiritual body has been badly affected by its earth dress, or what is termed the physical system. Between the two there is always a close connection, and every glass of intoxicating liquor you drank transmitted its pernicious influence to your spirit. Your spirit is a storehouse of effects, and each effect is a chapter in your life, from which I can read to judge you. It is a grand old law that all the acts of life write their own history. No nefarious deed can be committed in secret, that will not eventually be known in Spirit-life. By looking at your spiritual organism, I can read your life-lines, tell the character of your earth-life, as well as you can yourself. You are now on the spiritual side of life, just having emerged from a heartrending sickness-delirium tremens. Your spiritual organism, mirror-like, reflects your earth condition. By indulging inordinately in intoxicating drinks, you molded your physical body, and the spirit being connected therewith, received its pernicious influences. In order to accomplish the grand work in view, you must never place yourself en rapport with the inebriates of earth, or remain long in the atmosphere where liquor is manufactured. I see you are strong enough to conquer eventually. A life of immortal bliss awaits you. Progression will in due time carry you to the sphere of your dear brother and sister. I have given them directions concerning you, and for a short time I must leave you."

I fully realized the truthfulness of my spirit friends' statements. I did, indeed, regret the wretched, dark appearance of my spirit. It told plainly of a miserable, dissolute life. I then fell into a calm, refreshing sleep, and when I awoke I was greeted by enchanting music, which thrilled my soul and animated me with an intense desire to make rapid advancement. That aspiration did not, however, remain permanent. was an attraction around the saloons of earth that would draw me thither at times in spite of myself, and had it not been for the unceasing efforts of my darling sister, I could not have triumphed as soon as I did. Her attention was uniformly tender and affectionate. Her smiles shed an illuminating influence over my pathway, and her encouraging words I always carefully treasured. For several weeks, however, I was compelled to keep quiet. So weak, so enervated, so borne down by the pernicious influence of my earth-life was I, that it seemed as if I was about to suffer the untold agonies of another death. I

have been in Spirit-life many years, and still my spiritual organization is marred by the debaucheries of earth. A century will not completely eradicate all the deleterious effects of my licentious acts. Those who saturate their physical bodies with poisonous liquors degrade themselves, not only on earth, but in the Spirit-world. It is horrible to pass to Spirit-life through the influence of delirium tremens. No one can die naturally who indulges freely in intoxicating beverages. I have suffered

for my misdeeds more than tongue can express.

The only hell that I have ever found or suffered from is the one that my mother and myself formed. During my prenatal existence, a tendency was given to my feelings and passions, and all the powers of my resolute will could not withstand its potent influence. The bad habits of my mother were all transferred to my infantile organism; deeply impressed on each particle of matter composing it, and I, of course, suffered from her transgression. Let each one read my narrative carefully, and feel kindly and tenderly toward the erring. You, perhaps, are pure and good. Your embryonic growth and development were suitable to mold you properly. Never point the finger of scorn toward the erring, but encircle them with your sympathy and love, and tenderly exhort them to reform. My darling sister never frowned on me once, when she was redeeming my spirit from a life of shame. Kindness alone can effect the reformation of the deepest-stained villain. Harsh measures towards those who have sinned can accomplish nothing towards refining their brutal nature. Those who spurn the unfortunate, or the criminal, can never progress while that feeling exists. Always bear that thought in mind.

The Experience of a Profound Scholar.

THE DAY AFTER DEATH BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE VIEWS OF AN EMINENT AUTHOR—HIS ADVENT TO SPIRIT-LIFE— THE GREETINGS HE RECEIVED—HIS RAPTUROUS DELIGHT— HIS ASPIRATIONS EMBODIED—HIS COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF DEATH—THE MILLIONS OF SOULS.

*The discourse to which you will now listen is suggested, in thought and in language, by one who has lately departed from earthly life, and who has been widely known among Spiritualists.

The diction will be his, but the rendering of it will be by the usual control of the medium, who speaks the thought and language of the departed friend, who is standing near.

Oh! in thought-sleep, what dreams may come!

There is no pain in dying. It is as the ebbing of a tide; as the flowing away of a stream; as the passing out of daylight into twilight; as the coming on of autumn sunsets, wherein the whole of the western sky is flooded with a glow of light; and yet it is a wonderful surprise, even to one who is accustomed to think of a future state when on earth; to one whose mind has been carefully trained in all the schools of thought concerning immortality; to one whose religion and intellectual conviction both hinge with absolute certainty on the spiritual state. To find oneself floating out from the fastnesses of time into the immeasurable space of eternity, is such a matchless experience that only those who pass through the portal of death can understand.

A discourse given by the Spirit Epes Sargent, through the mediumship of Mrs Cors L. V. Richmond, Mr. Sargent was distinguished for his profound scholarship.

The greatest surprise of all is that you feel the gliding away of human things without a pang, or regret, or grief, or pain. You feel that pain itself is departed, and that a pure, ineffable flood is coming to you just across the harbor's bow. The loosening of the human affections, the pang that comes to the heart when you hear the sob of loved ones close beside you, and cannot reply, is overbalanced by the thrill that accompanies this loosening of the mortal tie, and you feel glad of death even while it is upon you. One cannot understand, unless one has passed to mountain heights and seen the glory of the sun rise far out upon the sea; seen it suddenly come up, tipping, for the moment, the waves with crimson and gold, and then rise in full glory, as though never night had been there.

The realism of life besets one continually, and one longs to drag the mortal part into the immortal world, the shell into

pinions, the root and germ into the flower.

You forget that for every stage-of life there is preparation and growth, and it is as though you wished to take your baby garments with you and wear them in manhood. We cling to the rags of clay; we cling to the fastenings of time. The moorings of the senses beset us here and gird us roundabout. Oh, what a sublime thing it is to feel suddenly grown to full manhood—those barriers broken, the bonds of sense dispersed; to know that every inch of one's self is alive, and to feel not only all present consciousness, but all past consciousness, and I

might say all future consciousness, crowded upon you.

The greatest wonder of all is, that everything in material life remains the same, but transfigured. All sensation and consciousness grows more and more palpable, until the very heart-beats of one's friends are audible as the spirit is passing away. As an overstrung instrument responds to every sound, so the consciousness of the departing one, as you term it, is more and more exhilarated, until the very thought which you think becomes palpable to the one who is not dying, but about to be born. You stand in the presence of death. To you it is a receding wave. In my mortal past I have stood there many times, watching with questioning mind the receding wave of life, and the passing from the mortal to the immortal, and ere I knew the great splendor of spiritual truth, I watched with sadness and deep regret, with indefinable doubt and horror, the condition that men call death; but in the great measure of late

manhood, and in the full strength and power of the last years of life, I knew of spiritual existence, but I did not conceive

what it could be like.

If you have inhaled the perfume of a flower, but have never seen one; if you have read musical notes, but have never heard them expressed; if you have dreamed a dream of loveliness, but never saw it embodied or impersonated; if you have thought of love, but never loved, then you can imagine what the mortal state is compared to the immortal-awake, alive, active, the dull lethargy of pain and suffering departing as with a breath, and the strong strength of active life, with its full vigor, surging around, above, beneath; the ineffable rest, floating out into an infinity of certainty, while all material things, save love and consciousness, seemed evanescent—this was the experience. I could feel all thoughts of those who stood near me. contemplate the mind and heart wrung with bodily anguish, but glad for me, for the release. I could hear my friends thinking afar of: "This is now about the time that he must go;" and when the news spread with electric speed, I could hear them say: "One more worker is gone," though I knew thousands of miles intervened between them and where my body was. could hear my friends think the world over. There were silent heart-throbs answering to my life, and the ineffable questioning of what he is doing now that would rise to the lips of those who heard afar off that the mortal frame had ceased to breathe.

Oh, but the quickening of the spirit! I cannot tell you what it is like. It is like a symphony compared to one note: like an oratorio compared to the simplest melody; like the poem of Dante; like ineffable Milton; like the crowning light of Shakspeare, all-pervading and all-glorious; like love itself, that vanquishes the night of time and pain and death. I was presented to myself. My thoughts, all of my past life, were impersonated. Everything I had done or thought came before me in form-in beauty or deformity. Children, the waifs of my fancy, supposed to have been conjured out of the teeming brain of mortal life, were before me in reality. Characters whom I had supposed purely ideal and imaginative, drawn with fanciful pen and sent forth to illustrate a moral principle, came up before me as living realities, saying: "I was the one of whom you wrote. I was the spirit inspiring such and such thought," and every crowded fancy became impersonated, until, like little people seen in fairy visions, all ideals were realized, and I laughed with these children of my fancy to find them so real, standing around me, claiming me for their spir-

itual parent, and saying they were mine forever.

Could you believe this? It is no imagination, but a reality, that those of whom we write, and of whom poets weave solemn and grand songs, and that fairies who are pictured in vision, for children to read, become realities in Spirit-life, and are clothed with spiritual substance, peopling all the air with rich and varied images. Love itself, most populous of the peopled cities of the skies, and deities, as it were, of usurping splendor, come thronging around one as one awakens from the dream of life. Loves, told long ago, and seemingly half buried beneath the withering hopes of manhood, came up and claimed again their recognition. Friendship, that in the crowded and busy mart of human things had been well nigh forgotten, came up again as a living image and asked for its own return. All love survives, and how it peoples the space that elsewise would seem infinite and void!

I cannot think what death would be to him who has never

thought a truth, or dreamed a noble thing for humanity, or loved any one. I am told there are barren wastes in human souls devoid of love. I am told there are wildernesses in Spirit-life devoid of flowers and children's faces and sweet smiles, of grateful acknowledgment from those whom one tried to succor and redeem in outward life. I am told this, but I cannot think what the spirit would be without the peopled cities of the imagination. I cannot think what it would be without the created images of thought. Mine, crude as they were, unbeautiful as they seemed in the clear light of the spirit, dimmed somewhat by the faults and failings and fallacies of my material nature, seemed very dead to me; and this city is awake; its peopled habitation is my new world. I did not pass through space to find them. I did not go to a distant planet. Space seemed to come to me, and was at once inhabited. I saw all friends of the earthly life as really as I saw them before passing away, but from a different vision. I saw them afar off, on the line of light of memory. I saw them more clearly because I saw their spirits—this friendship that I had valued too little; another that I had valued too much. This mind that seemed a brilliant and shining light through

the human lens, grew, perhaps, less brilliant, while another that I had scarcely recognized suddenly loomed up before me

as a burning, shining planet.

In the spirit all things become real. We are no longer masked by selfish desires and impulses. We see things without the tinge of the external body. Even the material brain loses its power to delude us. We are no longer sophists. There is nothing upon which sophism can weave its web or tissue of falsities. All things are made clear. We are spontaneous. We grow to become what our thought is, and our light and life are made beautiful by the grandeur of the image that we have built for humanity. Upon a thin and slender foundation of goodness we rear the matchless fabric of immortality, and eliminate all faults, of which we instantly be-

come more aware than in material life.

I cannot veil from you the fact that it must be a disap pointment to him who has no conception of the immortal state. The realistic mind of earth will find things so much more real in the spiritual state that his shadows will vanish, and then for a time he is lost. I was grateful for the birth out of materialism that gave me consciousness of a spiritual life. I was grateful for the slight touch of fancy that could weave around human things the splendor of great thought for humanity. I know now why I have ineffable hope for every race beneath the sun, because all races are peopled from the skies. I now know why I had every hope for the uplifting of every child of earth to the highest splendor. I now know why womankind forever appealed to me with mute lips and longing eyes to be released from the thraldom of the subtle chain that the ages have woven around her. It was because of the spiritual firmament I learned that the angel of life is dual, and man and woman are fashioned in the image of God. I know now why every secret hope, whether veiled within the skin of the African, or bound down by the narrow limits of Oriental custom, or veiled in the red man, appeals to me as belonging to somewhat beyond what matter and man had bestowed. It was because of the spiritual life that foretells everything, makes speechless the wrongs of the nations, that they may rise one day in magnificence and be redressed through the power of ' the spirit. I know now why the world of politics, of struggles for mammon, of all things that men pursue for gain, had no

allurements for me—not because I was wiser or better, but because I was chosen to do some other thing, and that other thing was to hope always, ineffably and sublimely, that out of the darkness light would come, and out of the seeming evils and intricate threads of human existence there would rise the

blessed humanity of the future.

Coming toward me, space seemed to be filled with all I had hoped and prophesied, and in the very antechamber which I entered immediately after death I could see so much of eternity that it would take the mortal breath away, as it almost did the breath of the spirit. There was no low, dim twilight. There was no simple fading of existence and inanition. There was no uncertainty. There was no bewilderment. There was no pausing, as if in sleep, upon the threshold of that immortal side, while tender hands would prepare, as they sometimes do, the immortal state. Suddenly, and with full power, I sprang upright, and was aware immediately of being a form -a being whose intensity pervaded and thrilled me, until I seemed a part of the universe around—a form so like the one which lay at my feet that I was startled at the resemblance, save that one was shadowy, pale, and wan with disease and suffering and labor, while the other was more than crowned with the vigor of youth and manhood, so like myself that I was fain to put away one form, so distressing is it to see one's own very resemblance so near; and as one has sometimes seen oneself in a mirror and wondered who it could be, so I gazed upon the form, and I considered the reality and wondered for an instant which would endure; but as that was already the shadow, as no part of the individual me remained; as there was not even breath, nor warmth nor coloring, as it was really but the shadow, I was glad when it was laid away out of earthly and human sight, since it could no longer mock the eyes of the loved ones; and all the while I was there with the great longing of my heart, with the enfolding arms and the love that spoke audibly to the spiritual ear, yet they did not To talk forever to one's loved ones and not be heard was insufferable. To think forever in spirit toward those who are left behind and find no response would drive me mad. do not know what those spirits do whose friends put them away in the tomb or in heaven and never let them talk to them. If I were such a spirit, day and night I would haunt the chambers of their souls. I would speak out from the

silence of the air and compel them to hear.

Already I have spoken elsewhere; already I have reported myself, but my word must be received here. I must speak until the ears of the spirit shall hear, until the quickened understanding of the human brain shall know what a measureless thing is death, until you shall know what enfolds you, encompasses you, girds you roundabout, encircles you with its lifegiving arms; for the very thing that men call death is that which makes life endurable, and fills you with the possibilities of being. But for those who were dead to outward life, who existed in the air about me and in my consciousness, I would have had no peopled fancies of brain, no thought of philosophy, no aspiring hope; but for those whom you call dead, your days and nights would be void of ambition. You would have no mental air to breathe. The higher strata of existence would be cut off. The supersensuous nature would be starved. You would be stifled and famished in the prison-house, and the little, feeble spark of life would die out, leaving the bodies shriven, shrunken, lifeless automatons. But for that which you call death, that vital breath, that living condition of being, that sheltering and protecting power, that harmony and splendor of all things, you would not be here this night; there would be nothing to move you here. The spiritual impulses of the universe would be forgotten; there would be no fountains of inspiration, no thought of religion, no touchstone to immortality.

Men are played upon by spiritual beings as harps by the wind. They hear the sound, but they do not know the source, and as the red man turns his ear toward the pine trees, listening to the solemn music, and thinking it the voice of the Infinite, or of those who have gone to the hunting-ground afar off, so when you hear this solemn music in the air above you, you wonder what it is and turn away to your daily task, forgetting

that without it you were lifeless, cold, and dumb.

I am here to testify to death. As I once testified to humanity, as feebly and faintly as one human being might who hoped for the best, and strove always to find the truth, so now with a greater strength, and with this born not alone of thought but of being, I am here to testify of death. It is the living splendor of the universe. Without it there is no spring-time blossom. Without it there is no rare transmutation of things

that changes night into day. Without it there is no struggling of the atem toward diviner possibilities of being. Without it there is no removal of the relentless rule of nature, which is a hardened form, and dull tune, and space, and sense. Without it the ebb and flow of human affairs would become solidified and crystallized, and man to-day would be petrified in the midst of all his sin and crime, forever to remain a solemn mockery in the great book of eternity. Without death you could never rid yourselves of your errors. Without it you could not grow into diviner manhood and womanhood. Without it love would be voiceless; there would be no clasping of immortal hands, and no tremblings of immortal thoughts along the corridors of being. Without it all life would be meaningless, for there would be no love. You would be immured in sepulchers. Your bodily existence would be a bane and mockery. The breath of the spirit taken away, there could be no time and eternity.

In the midst of this solemn splendor, where all of life throngs around one, and where that which is basest and meanest departs and slinks away into the shadows; in the midst of this splendor, where every good thing survives and every base thing perishes of its own inactivity and inanition, where gradually the shadows, the infirmities of time and the deformities of sense give place to the perfections of spirit and mind, I testify that what has come to me is the result of death. I am transfigured. The being that was seen and known on earth is I; and I am more than this. I am all that I hoped to be. I am all that I aspired to be. I was not wicked or sinful. I was imperfect, as human beings usually are below; as they sometimes are, struggling for higher possibilities. But I am now more than I dared to dream. I am better than I dared to hope. I am the humblest in the kingdom of the spirit, but I am greater than the greatest aspires to be. So are you unveiled from your mortal elements, the worst side of which reveals itself in human life. You become also transfigured. You are no longer the weaklings that you seem. Humanity is no longer that which through time and pain and sense bears the mocking image of the divine, but humanity becomes divine. Even the slave-I do not mean him who wears the shackles in form-but even the slave in soul, who comes cringing into the world of spirit by the gateway of death, even he who creeps and crawls with terror toward the tomb, is greater in spirit than he seems,

greater than you would dare to dream that he might be.

Oh! what a revelator is death! I stand before you this night, not of you, but perceiving that which is highest and best in every soul, knowing that every thought, feeling and inspiration toward goodness has its prototype in splendor in the spiritual being; and I could show how, to your other selves, that which is the possession of your immortal part is as grand, as divine, as glorious as you dream, and the best of it is, death makes all this possible to be known. It gives you the key to the temple of your own life. There is but one other way by which you can know it, and that way dimly. I mean by inspiration or spiritual perception. It was denied me to have the direct inspiration that many have. I was obliged to take the testimony of others largely; but when I know that there are those endowed with windows, through which they can look heavenward, yet I know they cannot begin to see the glory that is mine, and I wonder sometimes that they do not burst the barrier and be free. But the restraining hand of life is upon them, and the higher restraint of that wisdom which forbids the bursting of a bond until you have won your freedom. He who seeks to avoid any difficulty in life by hurrying into the world of spirit, finds the same impenetrable barrier before him—himself! He has not escaped from himself, nor from any weakness that was within him. He must now meet it face to face. It comes nearer and nearer. It crowds upon him. He must overcome it in spirit as he failed to overcome it in earthly life.

Ah! do not think that death will lead you to escape any responsibilities. It brings you all your treasures. It yields to you all your possessions. It restores to you all your faded hopes. It gives back every blessed and good promise of life, but it will not relieve you from responsibilities. These are yours; you inherit them. They belong to you as part of the infinite plan, and sooner or later, in one world or another, in one state of being or another, you must meet and vanquish

them, one by one.

Sublime is death! Beautiful is the gateway! Intense as is the rapture of the spirit when conscious of being, and of form, and of life, there is nothing to allure one to the neglect of any duty, or the fulfillment of any promise, for your poverty

of spirit is revealed by death, as is your riches, and you must

bear the test which the divine scrutiny brings.

Again I encompass you with this life; again I stretch out the hands of my spirit in greeting to all who have known me; again I say that which I believed I knew and that which I testified to, is now mine. That which I bore evidence of through human intellect and brain, and such power as was given me, I now bear evidence of in the oversweeping and overwhelming power of spiritual existence. Through whatever brain I may best speak, in whatever form I may best manifest, I will come to those on earth whom I love. There is a need of the added voice—I must speak to their hearts in any way. They must hear my voice audibly in their souls. They must make room for me in their lives, for I would cry aloud and make them hear, though they were in the midst of the thunders of

Niagara.

To the world there shall be a voice; not one, but many; not feeble and faint, as of one man crying in the wilderness, but the voice of multitudes, millions upon millions of souls speaking audibly by the gateway of life, and speaking to the hearts of humanity. You will hear them. They cry, father. You will hear them. They cry, mother, husband, wife and child, and you pause in your daily career and wonder what voice resembles one long silent in death. I tell you they will crowd upon you until you must hear. They will speak to you until you cease to put them afar off. They will look into your eye from the spiritual world until you see that they live, and recognize them. They will parade your streets. image themselves in every form that is possible. They will manifest by signs and tokens to the senses. They will grapple with your understanding. They will make you aware of the philosophies of being. They will solve to you the mysteries that you have put far from you, and will not listen to. They will have you know that life, not death, is the destiny of man, and that the sweet messenger you have named Death is no longer noxious, dark and terrible, but the beauty of all existence, the crown of all being, the freedom of all slavery, the triumph of all vanquishment, the gateway beyond the walls of human limitations in which you live, leading to the celestial and eternal city where all are free in the light of their wisdom and love.

Oh! voiceless, yet audible sounds! Oh! millions of souls that come thronging out of space! Ye speak with a sound more mighty than the surging of the sea, more vocal than the voice of the thunder of Niagara, more potent than the sweeping winds over myriads of forests, more divine than the rushing melodies of the many mighty masters attuning their harps in sublime oratorios of existence. Death and life are one, and these voices are the voices of your loved ones.

Various Sensations of the Dying

SPIRITS AND MORTALS GIVE THEIR VIEWS.

A SPIRIT THAT WAS TIRED—I SEE A LITTLE BOAT COMING—A GOLDEN CHARIOT—BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE OF A. M. GRIFFEN —THE PROCESS OF DYING AS WITNESSED BY DR. KAYNER—THE SPIRIT PIERPONT.

A Spirit in the Olive Branch said: "After a spirit has dissolved its connection with the earthly tabernacle, known as the body, it is tired; especially if it has suffered long with the disease which sent it out. Then there comes a period of blissful peace and rest. You lie, as it were, in a dreamy state, such as you often experience in the morning when, between waking and sleeping, such pleasures come. The spirit friends hover about it, giving it strength from their own magnetic influences, comforting it, lulling it as the mother lulls her child to rest, until such time as strength is given it to think and act for itself. It was thus in my case. I went out suddenly, in full strength, consequently it did not take long for me to awaken to the enjoyments and delightful influences everywhere The shock was terrible, and it was very sad for about me. me to witness the grief of my friends on earth. It took a long time for me to become reconciled to this change of conditions. I was, so far as my presence was concerned, at home in my father's house as much as ever I was. I heard every word uttered, saw the sadness, and, as it were, lived it, and felt it as keenly as did any one of my relatives; but still I could not make myself known. The door of communication was shut, as they did not believe nor countenance this beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism. They scouted it, and their unbelief has been one of my hardest burdens to bear, for if they would only

open the door of their hearts and let me in it, would be so comforting to us all. The family would then become reunited through the bonds of spirit-communication, and we should all taste of the realities of immortality. But I must not digress nor be too particular. To resume: I remained about the house and followed the members of my family closely for a long time, and was very unhappy. The good spirit-friends did all they could for me, but I refused to be comforted. I wished to talk with father and mother, and hosts of other dear relatives. Others could talk to their friends, but I could not. One day, as this medium well knows, I succeeded in getting possession of Mrs. Fletcher, in Boston, and there made myself known. It was a joyful hour to me; but not so joyful as when I found that I could control the tongue and pen of the person now writing this. My sorrow departed. Gladness filled my heart. I could commune with earth-friends, and my possibilities of doing good were enlarging. Then I commenced to be happy, and to understand the philosophy and significance of this life, its duties, and its vast connections. In coming to the medium I found I was benefiting him as well as gratifying myself. My friends here noticed the change, and to me was imparted a duty of developing and helping him in every possible manner-a very pleasant duty, and one which I have performed to the best of my ability, and one which I always shall perform, as we are, in spirit, more to each other than he ever dreamed of. I see now clearly."

"I SEE THE ANGELS NOW."

The Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., related the following

touching incident in The Universalist:

It was Thursday, May 9th. I was called to the house very near my own at about half-past eleven in the forenoon. Mr. and Mrs. Norris were in a flood of tears. Mrs. N. ex-

claimed, as I entered: "Our hearts are breaking!"

It was manifest that their only remaining child, Julia, could survive but an hour or two. The truth had just been opened to them. The Doctor had said: "There is no hope." The quick ear of their bright little girl, just turned eleven years, had heard it. "Did you mean me?" she said. "I have a very sick patient at the Highlands," said the doctor, "who may not recover." Mature beyond her years, Julia compre-

hended it. "I think you mean me," she said. "Would you feel badly if you thought you should not recover?" asked her mother. "Oh! no!" replied Julia, "for I should then see little Henry (a brother who had died three years before). "I have always wanted very much to see him."

I had come, meantime, at her request. Turning to me she said: "I thank you for your coming." After a little, her thoughts turning again to the meeting of Henry, she added: "And I shall see Cousin Maria Vose and Grandma Avery, and a great many I can't now think of." The Savior, too, was in her thoughts. "If you do see Henry," said her mother, "swill you tell me?"

"Yes, I will tell you," she replied. "I want you to lay me at Forest Hills, beside Henry, and put just such a little monument over me as there is over him. I always thought that was lovely."

"We shall come out there often," added the mother, "and bring flowers to lay on your grave."

"For both?" suddenly responded the little girl. Turning to her mother, she said: "Don't cry; it will be but a little while before Henry and I will both come for you."

The minutes wore on. Her suffering was great. She threw herself from side to side, and could not rest.

Presently she said: "I see a little boat coming toward the shore; I guess I shall go now."

"Do you see Henry?" eagerly inquired her mother.

"No, I don't see him," she replied. A few minutes elapsed, when she exclaimed: "Now I see him in the middle of the boat. He has got to the shore. I shall go now. Good-by;" and calling father, mother, grandmother, uncle, pastor, and other friends in the room, she gave every one a parting kiss.

I had all this time watched her steadily, sometimes holding her hands, sometimes her head, listening to these choice sayings, to which she added, a few minutes later: "I see the angels now." At twenty minutes to one she breathed her last. Through all that hour not a single anxious look upon her face, nor one incoherent word. Such was the last hour of

Julia Avery Norris.

INCIDENTS AMONG THE SHAKERS-MOTHER ANN LEE.

"On July 21st, 1874," says a writer in The Shaker, "Wm. Lee, the noble brother of Mother Ann, died, more from injuries received at the hands of mobs, and from complete exhaustion than from any other noticeable cause. Immediately after this brother's decease, the physical breaking down of Mother Ann was particularly observed; and her oft-repeated expressions of: 'Brother William is calling to me;' and: 'Yea, brother, I am going soon,' caused her companions to feel great anxiety, and to question the cause of these remarks. She would answer that she often saw William beckoning her to come, and that she knew she must soon go. She grew weaker and weaker in body, yet stronger, if possible, in the encouragement of people to keep the faith, and to be more faithful after she had gone. On the eighth of September, 1874, a few minutes after twelve in the morning, she said: 'I see Brother William coming in a golden chariot, to take me home!' and then breathed her last without a struggle or a groan. Thus closed the life of a remarkable woman—a woman who was fully acquainted with unmerciful grief and worldly persecution."

THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO BE DYING.

The following, from the pen of A. M. Griffen, a young man of fine talents, and highly mediumistic, contains many thoughts that will be read with deep interest:

"For some time previous to the autumn of 1874, I had been considerably exercised in mind and spirit about the Spiritworld and its denizens. Many spirits came to me consciously through my own powers of mediumship, and I was almost daily and nightly in mental or psychic communication with some unseen human intelligence and love-nature. But my spirit father, the one dear spirit whom I most desired to commune with, seldom came to me. One evening, an earnest desire, mingled with a feeling of despair, possessed me. 'Oh, why did not my dear father come to me in some tangible and positive form and convince me beyond the slightest doubt of the reality of spirit life?' This was the one thought of my mind during the evening and until I retired. Soon after retiring for the night I fell into an unusual, drowsy condition, which par

tially obscured my intellectual faculties, but intensified the feeling of life (if I may use the term) which pervades the living being. Gradually an emanation of minute magnetic particles began to take place from every part of my body, which I perceived (with the psychic sense) to be forming a cloud-like appearance just over my body. I was now wholly conscious, but utterly powerless to move any part or member of my body. I was impressed from an intelligent source with the thought and belief that I was dying, and that it was necessary to compose my mind and pass through the transformation quietly; indeed, I was compelled to do so by a superior will, from whose influence I could not escape, nor even desire to escape. unconsciousness intervened, from which I awoke with spiritual arms entwined around the neck of a dear, loving spiritual form, and my lips could only utter: 'My dear, dear father!' and such a feeling of confiding, loving childhood pervaded me that the words, 'except ye become as little children,' needed no interpretation. A strong, yet soft and beautiful aura of paternal love, flowing from the breast and being of his spirit, enveloped me, and I felt within my innermost soul-'Oh, how blessed!' Then I was permitted to take note of matters with the 'scientific eye.' The seat of consciousness and thought seemed, as ever, to be in the brain; the respiration seemed to be very slight during the time that I took note of it, though I believe it to have wholly ceased during a large portion of the duration of the experience. My spiritual head and chest were not, so nearly as I could judge, separated from the physical; but of arms I possessed two pairs-two lifeless appendages, which seemed utterly useless and impotent to do the bidding of an immortal spirit; and another two, transparent, golden, soulful, intelligent arms and hands, which could perceive or feel the essential nature of substances and their combinations, with unerring certainty. These spiritual hands and arms I passed through material substances (bed-clothing, etc.), as though they were vacancy itself. Matter in itself possessed no attribute that the spirit hand which I possessed could feel or in any manner cognize, or sense; but the spirit body of my father imparted an exceedingly exquisite sensation through and to the fingers whenever I touched it. So intensified and exquisite was the sense of touch belonging to the spirit fingers, that to

compare it to the sense of touch as normally possessed by us,

would be like comparing daylight with darkness.

"After experimenting and testing the powers of the spirit for a little time, the beloved spirit form withdrew, and my mind was overshadowed by 'the superior will,' and I desired to return to the deserted tenement of clay, which I did, by a process of which I was unconscious.

"From this phenomenon I am led to the conclusion that the spirit possesses pre-eminently the sense of touch equivalent to an intelligent sense-perceptive faculty, radiating from the pivotal will-center of the being; and, secondarily, a sense of sight, which is but another form of the same sense-perception, less soulful in its activity; by which I mean that emanating particles from the spiritual form and from surrounding spiritual objects and substances do not so actively and profusely coalesce. These are, however, too meager data from which to construct a science of spiritual biology, and I simply drop them into the great reservoir of facts pertaining to the spiritual realms of life, with the hope that some day the giants of the earth and heaven may work out a glorious science and philosophy of man as a spirit."

THE PROCESS OF DYING, AS SEEN BY THE CLAIRVOYANT VISION.

D. P. Kayner, M. D., of St. Charles, Ill., an excellent medical clairvoyant, while attending Dr. Barnes Coon during his last illness, beheld the changes and spiritual scenes as portrayed in the following sketch, taken from his discourse delivered at the funeral, held in the Congregational Church at that place, February 12th, 1874. He said:

"Spiritualism furnishes the oil of joy for mourning! Friends, dry for the time your tears. Let your sighs of sorrow cease and your sobs of grief be hushed, and for a moment let the imprisoned senses of your souls be released, that you may

hear beyond the ken of the outer senses.

"Refer to the period when you were gathered around the bedside of our brother, whose remains now lie before us, palsied by the touch of the Death Angel's hand, and then extend your internal soul-powers beyond the shores of the mortal to the beautiful land of immortal day, whose evergreen shores betoken life and vigor, ever growing and eternal.

"And now, with me, look and listen. See, as I then saw,

that group of lovely children arrayed in white robes, with chaplets of flowers, and wearing wreaths which looked as beautiful as though they had been woven out of mingled sunbeams and roses.

"Behold the angel forms of beauty of those noble men and women, whose countenances shine with the beaming wisdom of that diviner life, gathering with those children in grand procession, arrayed as for some festive occasion.

"Listen! The bells of the glorious Temples of Truth are chiming with notes of gladness, and bands of celestial music discourse with harmonies yet unknown to earth the joyous

strains.

"What means this vision?

"Turn now for a moment and follow that golden ray of light shining through all the gloom of earth's sorrow down to the cottage of our departing friend, and you will find by his bedside a group of ministering spirits, such as are sent to minister to those who shall become heirs of salvation. They are there to assist in the process of separation and formation, and to bear the freed immortal spirit to the golden and evergreen shores of the Summer-land. And what we have before witnessed in that land, were the preparations to receive and welcome home our aged brother. It was an occasion of general joy and rejoicing, that one whose life in the form had been crowned with so ripe an age, whose days had all been marked by kindness, and whose spirit had been expanded by communion with the world of spirits beyond the transitory scenes of this life, was now to become an inhabitant of that land forever. Hence, they had congregated to 'meet him at the river,' and to manifest their universal respect for his integrity, uprightness, humanity and goodness; and they have given this vision to furnish 'the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

"Often, previous to his last illness, our aged brother had talked about the change through which he has now passed, with as much familiarity and with as little fear as he would converse about the ordinary affairs of every-day life, and has often expressed himself ready and willing to go whenever the death angel should come with his golden key to open before

him the gateway that leads to eternal life.

"And during his last hours on the earth, his resurrection

from the dead-the withdrawal of his spirit-HIMSELF-from the clayey tenement which belongs only to this earthly sphere. was witnessed by me clairvoyantly. The white-robed 'messengers,' of whom we have already spoken—six in number were seen standing around the bed as the spirit was passing from the head and chest. It looked at first like a vapor or mist, which gradually rose and took form above the head until our resurrected brother stood in our midst. When this process was completed, a beautiful female spirit, clothed in purest white, approached our now spirit brother, wearing a sash composed of wreaths of flowers, mostly white, resting upon the right shoulder and crossing to the left hip, bearing in her hands another wreath with a large and beautiful white flower in the center, and with this she crowned our RISEN brother. He then made an audible expression in his attempt to express his thankfulness, and severing his connection from the now to him useless body, they all floated away, to be received by the procession already spoken of, which had assembled on the other shore to welcome him home. Thus he put away 'the spirit of heaviness,' to be crowned with the wreath of undying love, and to be clothed with the garment of everlasting praise."

DEATH AND SLEEP.

There is a sort of dreamy consciousness attending the

dying, that makes it bear a close resemblance to sleep.

The dream that Governor Hampton (S. C.) had on one occasion bears a close analogy to scenes often witnessed by the dying. The editor of the Columbia (S. C.) Register, in the course of an account of a visit to him on one occasion when he was very sick, tells a striking story of a dream which the Governor had at the crisis of his case. The visitor, about to take his leave, said to the Governor: "At least, in all your serious illness, you had the devoted love of your own people."

"Ah, yes, sir," was the hearty, deep-toned reply, "never man more. I believe, as confidently as I do that I live, that the prayers of the people saved my life. I will tell you why I feel and believe it so firmly. While I was lying here at the point of death, and had become utterly indifferent whether I lived or died, I got a letter from an old Methodist preacher, one of my old friends. He wrote me word informing me of the deep and devout petitions in behalf of my restoration by the

Methodist Conference, then in session at Newberry. He then urged upon me to exercise my will to live in response to the supplications of the people of the whole State, who were praying for me night and day in every household in the State. My sister, who had tremblingly brought the letter to my bedside and read it to me, then urged me to listen to the kind, loving words of the man of God, and to arouse my will to live, and I promised to do so. I fell into a deep sleep that night, and the most vivid dream I ever experienced in my life crossed my slumbers. I dreamt I was in a spacious room, and that in it I · was moved to all parts of the State, so that I met all my assembled friends everywhere. I remember most distinctly of all old Beaufort, where I had last been. It seemed that there were immense assemblages, and as I looked down upon them a grave personage approached me, and touched me on the shoulder, and said to me: 'These people are all praying for you. Live! live! I never realized anything like it before. It seemed a vision. I woke the next morning feeling the lifeblood creeping through my veins, and I told my family the crisis was passed and I would get better."

THE FIRST STATE OF RESUSCITATION AFTER DEATH.

The Spirit Pierpont, in the Banner of Light, responds to this question: Can you tell what occurs to a spirit during its first state of resuscitation after death?

Answer-We will reply to that question by stating what occurred to ourself, individually, in the first stage of resuscitation after leaving the mortal form. A similar experience, we know, has been undergone by many others. After we found ourself separated from the earthly body, and realized our new condition, a sense of exaltation, of triumph, of perfect freedom, seemed to thrill through our entire being. Indeed, it appeared as though we could expand and fill the universe; our powers seemed unbounded. But as we passed away from earthly scenes, and came into association with ethereal beings of the higher life, and entered within the realm proper of the spiritual spheres, we found our powers unfolding more and more, until we were enabled not only to comprehend the instructions of those spirits of the higher life who were directed to teach us, but we could go beyond them, and take up lessons which appealed to the interior sense, and brought a comprehension of the divine laws of the universe to our mind. We have seen spirits who, upon awakening from the comatose state thrown upon their spirits by passing through the change which you call death, appeared startled and depressed; they could not understand their surroundings or condition. They did not feel glad they had been freed from the bondage of the physical form. They desired and struggled to enter the material body once more, in order to take up the old life where they had lain it down. Consequently they were unhappy, restless and discontented, and had no desire to learn the lessons which spiritual life afforded them. It would be impossible for us to attain and convey to mortals a knowledge of all the various experiences through which individual spirits pass upon awakening to their surroundings in the eternal world. Could we do so, we would indeed be worthy to be ranked among those who are infinite.

A Birth Out of Dark Conditions.

COULD NOT BE EASILY CONVINCED OF HIS DEATH.

A SPIRIT'S DILEMMA—HE DOUBTED HE WAS IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD
—HE WAS BROUGHT TO A MEDIUM—PERFUME IN THE ROOM OF
THE DYING—THE NEW BIRTH—EXQUISITE PICTURES.

On one occasion D. C. Densmore, an excellent medium, stated in his Voice of Angels that while quietly sitting in his office waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, and while contemplating the boundless sea of humanity struggling to better their condition, some in one way and some in another, he saw his angel-daughter, Tunie, coming towards him, followed by a fine, intellectual-looking gentleman; and although this stranger could neither see her nor hear her talk, yet he could both see and hear Mr. D.; and being entirely unconscious of her presence, it was thought that in coming he was actuated by his own mind; yet it was through her unseen influence that he came. Recognizing no one but himself and perceiving that he wished to communicate something, Mr. Densmore arose and received him in the same manner he would a stranger in the mortal.

After introducing himself, he hesitated as if in doubt what further to say. A few days previous Tunie had told Mr. Densmore she intended as soon as possible to introduce a gentleman to him who by accident passed into the Spirit-world in the full vigor of mature manhood, and that, having imbibed the idea before he died that there was no other life than the earthly one, he landed in the world of causes with that thought uppermost in his mind; and although he had been there many months, no one, as yet, could convince him he

liad changed worlds. To convince him of his error, Tunie said, was the object in bringing him to Mr. Densmore. This information partially prepared him as to his spiritual condition; and as she told him at the time he was so firmly filled with the idea that there was no other life after the death of the body, she doubted favorable results; yet she thought it best to try. Although Mr. Densmore had but few doubts of his being the one she referred to, still, judging from his intellectual appearance, he was not quite sure, as he hardly thought it possible that such a one could be carried away with such erroneous views. But through the suggestive expressiveness of Tunie's lovely face, he felt assured the gentle-

man before him was the one she had spoken of.

After getting his confused thoughts together, the visitant commerced speaking as follows: "I came here, sir, through the influence of some well-meaning, but deluded strangers, to ascertain whether I am dead or alive. They also assured me that my wife, who has been dead over ten years, was mostly instrumental, through others, in getting me here. Now, don't you think it a singular, not to say ridiculous, mission for a well, healthy man, in the full vigor of strength and manhood, as I am, to be running around to find out whether he is dead or alive? The idea is so supremely ridiculous and absurd I can find no words strong enough to express my surprise that there could be any one, claiming one iota of common sense, who can entertain such a palpable absurdity a single moment; yet it is so, for there are old and young, good-looking and had-looking, learned and unlearned, all telling me I am as dead as a pilchard; and while they are telling me this, I am telling them, in tones that can be heard five blocks away, that I am alive, and as well in mind and body as they are; but all to no purpose; for they keep repeating the same thing over and over again. Now, sir, how are we going to settle this matter—that is, find out who is right and who is wrong? If man can't tell whether he is dead or alive, I don't see how anybody else can. Look at me, sir; examine me critically [straightening up to his fullest extent]; feel of me, sir, and you if my muscles are not as hard and rotund as yours. Look at my teeth [opening his mouth], and see for yourself if they any not as perfect as anybody's. Hear that [stamping one of his leet on the floor], and then tell me, if you can, that a dead

man can make such a noise as that. I'll tell you what it is, sir, I have seen plenty of people carried away with all sorts of hallucinations, but never before heard of anything half so foolish and silly as this. Now, sir, after listening to what I have said and done in your presence, tell me, upon the honor of a gentleman, if you think I am in reality a dead man?"

This was a poser to the medium, Mr. Densmore. For here the visitant was, to all appearances—as far as his own sense of seeing, feeling and hearing was concerned—as much alive and in as good health of body and mind as he ever was, and he not only knew it himself, but demonstrated it to

others.

Happening to look up at this juncture, Mr. Densmore saw a well-dressed, intellectual-looking lady, about thirty-five years old, gently leading by the hand two children, apparently eight or ten years of age; they followed Tunie towards where the stranger was standing. Perceiving by Tunie's looks that the lady was the earthly companion of the incredulous gentleman, Mr. Densmore anxiously awaited results. Knowing that spirits on the lower planes in Spirit-life can neither see nor hear those on higher ones until they have thrown off some of the adherents of their earthly conditions-which can only be done by coming en rapport with those on the mundane plane—he knew that the unfortunate visitant could never be convinced of his error until his spiritual senses were opened, so far, at least, as to see and hear those around him. usually occupies two or three seances to accomplish. Happily, this was not the case with his strange visitor; for by this time his sense of hearing was developed. Perceiving this, his wife purposely engaged in earnest conversation with her friends relative to his life's history-which was a remarkable oneand which nobody but his wife and himself knew anything about.

Soon after she commenced talking Mr. Densmore noticed him listening intently to something which made him very nervous, as he kept looking first one way and then another, seemingly anxious to ascertain from whom and whence the talking came, and in the meantime edging nearer to where he was seated. At last, apparently unable to bear the suspense longer, he asked Mr. Densmore, in a suppressed tone: "Who is that talking?" He told him it was his wife, in conversa-

tion with her friends, naming them. Upon hearing this, he straightened up and said: "That can't be so, for my wife has been dead over ten years, and some of the parties you mention more than twenty. Hence it cannot be them. And yet [soliloquizingly], how came strangers with the secrets of my life?" Continuing his reverie, he said to himself: "This thing must be looked into. Say, stranger," addressing Mr. Densmore, "how came these ladies here, and where did they come from—one of whom claims to be my wife?"

He was told that his wife came there to meet him, through the law of mutual attraction, to assist him out of his low spiritual condition into a higher one, just as she always assisted

him in earth-life to gain a competence for his family.

At this time, although his sense of hearing was unfolded, he could not see. He then said: "I can hear people talking, and one voice sounds very much like my wife. I wish I could see who it is." At this announcement one of the party approached and made passes over his head and eyes, when all at once, seemingly as by magic, the film that obscured his vision was removed, and his spiritual eyes were opened; but by his motions, it was evident that the light was too strong for his new-found spiritual eyes; for he placed one hand over his natural eyes, to screen them from the light, as one would when coming out of dense darkness into a brilliantly-lighted room. After remaining thus for a few moments, with his head turned to one side to more effectually screen his eyes, the lady still making passes from his head downwards, he drew a long sigh, as if relieved of some great burden. He then removed his hand, and looking wonderingly around, said: "Where am I?" In answer to which the magnetizer replied: "You are at home once more with your family, whom you have mourned for many years as lost to you."

Up to this time, although he could see, he did not recognize the lady making the passes, although a sister of his wife; but after looking at her intently for a moment, he exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. M.! Is that you? I thought you died a dozen years ago." Then pressing his hand to his forehead, as if trying to collect his confused thoughts again, he said: "If you are alive, as you seem to be, why may not my wife and chicks, who were snatched from me ten years or more ago, be alive also?" Hearing this, his wife, who had purposely kept out of

sight until the opportune moment arrived, advanced with her two children towards him, when Mrs. M., his sister-in-law, said: "Allow me the inestimable pleasure of introducing to your special care and attention Mrs. K. and children," while tears of joy were streaming down the cheeks of all present, in the midst of almost oppressive silence, when he exclaimed: "Oh, May! May! Are you indeed my long-lost wife? And here (looking at his children), as my soul liveth, is little May, and Bessie, too."

In conclusion Mr. Densmore said: "Here language fails to depict the scene that followed the grand denouement, and I will not attempt it. Suffice it to say, I have witnessed many similar scenes before, yet this was the most soul-absorbing one, drawing out all the finer sensibilities of sympathetic souls, that ever fell to the lot of mortal to witness. After the first ecstatic greetings between husband, wife and children were over, and while the wife was leaning lovingly upon her husband's arm, with his other gently encircling her waist, with a child on either side, and while tears of joy were still trickling down the cheeks of all present, the happy united family group, followed by their relations and friends, quietly passed out of sight, all joining in singing the doxology, and then I found myself alone, meditating upon the scene I had just witnessed."

ROOM FILLED WITH A BEAUTIFUL PERFUME.

The Banner of Light contains the following question and answer:

Question—A young woman, after a long, painful illness (consumption), died. For an hour or more previous to the spirit leaving the body, and for some considerable time afterwards, the room was filled with a beautiful perfume, which was noticed by all present, and no one could account for it. Please explain.

Answer—We cannot explain this particular case, not having come in contact with any spirit who was present, but the phenomenon was undoubtedly of spiritual origin. Spirits may have brought quantities of flowers from the other world, and surrounded the inanimate form of the departed with those blossoms; or what seems to us to be most probable, the perfume noticed may have emanated from the spirits themselves, who were present at the hour of dissolution to welcome and bear

away the new-born spirit. Understand us when we make the assertion that spirits of an exalted degree emit from their persons a fragrance, a perfumed emanation, which, under certain circumstances, may be plainly discernible by mortals as well as by those spirits around them. All spirits and all mortals emit from their persons emanations; they are surrounded by a magnetic aura which passes through their being and envelopes them. This emanation has an odor of its own. Those who are crude, undeveloped, vicious, so to speak, in their natures, emit an odor which is intensely disagreeable and foul; those who are very high and exalted, spiritual in their tendencies and habits, emit an odor which is delightful to the senses, sweet and delicate. There are all sorts of odorous emanations between the two extremes of which we speak, consequently it may have been that those spirits who gathered together to welcome the new-born soul, emitted such a powerful fragrance as to fill the atmosphere and become perceptible to the senses of those in mortal form.

IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

In the light of modern Spiritualism, death is merely the cessation of bodily activities, the departure of the soul from the outer form. The body becomes so weakened by disease or age that it is no longer capable of responding to the spirit, and it withdraws its forces, rises out of the material. This is the new birth, the resurrection of the spiritual body. When it is completed, the outer form is dead, and weeping friends gather around, mourning the loss of one who looks in pity upon the grief it has no power to assuage.—Spiritual Offering.

HE SAW EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

The biographer of Dr. Norman Macleod states that the night before his death "he described with great delight the dreams he had been enjoying, or rather the visions which seemed to be passing vividly before his eyes, even while he was speaking. He said: 'You cannot imagine what exquisite pictures I see! I never beheld more glorious highlands, majestic mountains and glens, brown heather tinted with purple, and burns—clear, clear burns; and above, a sky of intense blue—so blue, without a cloud.'" On the day of his death he said: "I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered,

Thou art with me!' Not many would understand me; they would put down much I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight." Very shortly before he died he said to one of his daughters: "Now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven, that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe."

He Found Himself in a Desolate Desert.

AFTER-DEATH EXPERIENCES OF AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

SPIRITUAL MISERY—SEEMINGLY AN EXILE—THE MAN OF MEANS ONLY A STEWARD—THE TWO ANGELIC MESSENGERS—A VISIT TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD—SAW HIS DECEASED SISTER.

*Mutual responsibility exists between two persons sitting for communication with the spiritual life. One, to exalt his thoughts to those spheres of life and thought from which emanate truthful and exalting responses; the other (medium), to faithfully report all the thoughts and emotions he experiences while in the receptive state.

The medium should be very quiet and attentive, and in a listening, receptive, reverent state of mind. He must respond to that inner voice which urges him to express the thoughts and feelings born from within. He lives in a state of worldly care and doubt, but these must be put away from his attention during an attempted communion with exalted spiritualized beings. He should endeavor to close out and forget for the time being the external world, and all its varied forms and activities, and reach upward toward spiritual life. * *

I am one who was once a man of reputation and material resources. There was a hard look of cold disdain for all who had not reached that plane of material wealth to which I had attained. I knew the power of money, and sought by every means to acquire and retain it; my powers of thought were all concentrated on that one object. It was with delight I read and listened to every project that promised an increase to my

^{*}A spirit-communication through Louis Taussig, of Philadelphia, to Dr. Franklin Stewart,

already large accumulations. It was with such a state of thought and feeling that I closed my eyes on all things earthly, and awakened to find myself reduced to the state of beggary which I had so often treated with cold disdain or heartless indifference. You may imagine my surprise and mortification on awakening from my stupor of death, and coming to the consciousness that I had been deprived of all my earthly goods. It was stupefying, and plunged me in a state of despondency and distress which I cannot very well relate.

The moment I became aware that I had emerged from the chrysalis state of life to one of fuller expression of thought and feeling, I began to seek for the causes that had robbed me

of my money and position.

I looked around and saw myself surrounded by a vast desert that seemed almost without limit, and dreary to a degree impossible to describe. I seemed to be in the midst of boundless solitude, awful in its oppression, silence and vacancy. It produced no impression upon the mind but that of utter worthlessness, and was lacking in objects to attract and fix the attention. It was a weird domain of spiritual misery, and produced a sense of miserable and utter loneliness! No human being in sight to remind me of my relationship to, and necessity for, other human beings—a necessity which I now began to feel.

I seemed to be an exile from all that I had ever known or felt. An icy coldness pervaded the atmosphere; a chilling, oppressive sense of desolation, which no words of mine could even impress upon your consciousness. I seemed to be driven out from society, a vagrant wanderer over desert lands, that were completely lacking in all the essentials to human happiness and comfort!

This state of my mind was one of intense agony. I looked everywhere for something external to myself. A stone, a blade of grass, a stunted and withered bush, would have been to me beautiful and comforting indeed; but those, poor as they are in your estimation, were denied me. I was alone! An awful sense of oppression, solitude, and dreariness! My soul seemed to be shut out completely from all association with other things or beings. To my consciousness came the awful thought that I had become lost in some vast, boundless sea of sand, which never varied, even in the least degree, in its fearful mo-

notony; no variation in the leaden-colored clouds above; sky and earth were apparently of the same invariability of appearance.

Then came the memory of former days, when I had lived in pleasant lands, surrounded by beautiful and varied forms. Images of those I had known and met came back to me then, with startling clearness and vividness. I saw them with an intensity of life-like presentation that was truly startling, and awoke many strange and regretful memories in my soul. may imagine how grateful I felt for this relief-here the old world, with its teeming activities and broad and varied interests, furnished me with food for thought and feeling. I lived again my earth-life. I brought back from the dim recesses of memory every thought and act of my former state; even the most trivial and apparently unimportant act of my life was vividly portrayed before me; and, oh! the remorse that took hold of my soul when encountering the dark and base passions which had in a great measure made up my earth-life. How I groaned with agony as I contemplated the many acts of dishonor and calculating selfishness which I had perpetrated! Who were those whom I had treated with such disdain and heartless indifference, who had appealed with tears and entreaties for aid, or a stay of persecutions for that which the world said was my due from them? They were my associates. How plainly I saw all this. Then came brothers and sisters, who, by the force of circumstances often beyond their control, were unable to attain that degree of material resources which had been my lot. How plainly I then saw that the man of means is but a steward, whose duty it is to aid and comfort those who need his assistance. How grossly I had misappreciated and perverted the riches put into my hands for a noble and just purpose.

My mind now became convinced that my condition and surroundings were but a faithful reflection of the life I had led on earth. Nothing had I accumulated of a spiritual or enduring character. Utterly absorbed by the accumulation of material means, I had first neglected and then forgotten my duty, and consequent welfare. I had shut out completely the sunshine of spiritual life. I had banished from my thoughts all the kindly sympathies which should actuate human beings, and had completely engrosse myself in the accumulation of

that wealth which proved my degradation, and, instead of enriching, had beggared me completely. Never, perhaps, was there a human soul who felt so completely poverty-stricken as I did, on that eternal stretch of meaningless, mocking sand, with the persistent, icy bleakness of the clouds above my head, and the utter absence of anything to fix my mind upon. garments were filthy and tattered; filthy with a kind of living, mocking spiritual force of expression that is hard to convey in earthly language. The sand and clouds spoke to me in a way in which things in the material world do not speak to you; so close and intimate, so vivid and impressive, is the relationship between the disembodied spirit and its surroundings. Although we seem to see by the use of the senses, yet so great and so complete is the impression made, that it is almost impossible to shut out the meaning of the forms and surroundings present with each spirit.

I say there is a subtleness of plasticity in the spirit and its surroundings that is truly wonderful. If on the roadside you meet with a flower, you cannot shut out the lesson it teaches; neither can you blind yourself to the idea that it was placed there for your especial instruction and improvement. complete oneness and unity between spirits and their surroundings is a theme on which I love to dwell, and especially so, as it has been the means of leading and guiding me into ways of life conducive to my real happiness. You may realize, then, · how forcibly I felt my poverty, when this stretch of emptiness spoke to me in such unmistakable terms. I had accumulated gold and silver, but, alas! I had come to a land where gold and silver were not current-where only pure thoughts, generous motives and high-souled ambitions were the currency that procured the ways and means of happiness. The remorse I suffered was even a kind of selfishness in itself, for man cannot

separate himself from the desire to be happy.

Remorse and regret were mixed in my state of mind; remorse for the unhappiness and misery I caused others; regret that I had wasted the splendid opportunities of my life, and engaged in that which, while the world calls it "splendid success" and "prosperity," was in reality a burden and a curse! When I had spent a long time, apparently, in retrospection, I began to feel that there were in my soul, beneath the accumulated heaps of material rubbish, fountains of sparkling water—

the means of producing copious showers of rain upon this dry sand, which would eventually produce signs of life. Then I felt myself growing humbled, and a willingness to accept advice and sympathy. You may be sure that these were soon forth-coming; a change seemed to take place immediately in my surroundings; I beheld a slight moisture upon the earth, and soon the appearance of vegetation in several varieties; a general springlike warmth seemed to fill the air, and the icy, death-like cold had ceased to be.

I now arose, and, moving toward a point which seemed to attract me, I beheld two persons. They looked with apparent interest and sympathy at me, and seemed to comprehend my miserable condition, because spirits must outwardly appear as

they inwardly feel and think.

They reached forth their hands and said: "You have now had ample time to look back upon and examine your past life. You have the most vivid consciousness of what these surroundings mean. You have suffered, but for a purpose, and in strict conformity with the eternal laws of life. Simply cause and effect. Do you acknowledge the errors and mistakes of the past?" Yes. "We know that you do! Experience and suffering have humbled you, and from your soul hath gone forth an appeal for aid and sympathy; and we are sent to give you aid and comfort, and to bear you company for a time, until you are strong enough to stand alone. Do as your inward thoughts and feelings at this moment prompt you!"

They seemed to see through me completely. Immediately I yielded to the emotions that came through go my mind; and, falling upon the earth, there came through my lips a recital and confession of all the errors, crimes and mistakes of my life, and an humble appeal for light, strength and support; for a guiding hand to save me from my own inherent tendencies; with a full acknowledgment of my dependence upon a supreme ruling power, and the dependence of human beings upon each other for aid and assistance. No merely verbal confession this, but one made under the influence and illumination which lighted up the past, and showed its fallacies and evil results; and then also flashed upon my consciousness the true relation of man to man. How humble I felt; how all my worldly wisdom and self-esteem dwindled into contemptible insignificance! how my heart throbbed under the impulse of its new life! What a peace and

restfulness; and how insensibly there stole upon my wearied

soul a deep, calm slumber!

I awakened fresh, and full of an ambitious desire to remodel my life, and be about some labor that would be productive of happiness to others. My condition and surroundings have changed completely. I was then in the midst of a beautiful garden; delightful odors from flowers and trees, the songs of gladsome birds, the subdued murmuring of a flowery brook, seemed to fill me with fresh life and energy. My lips opened, and there came forth a song, spontaneously acknowledging my gratitude to that Divine power which had so thoroughly convinced and overcome the blindness of my former life. I, one on whom songs and music had formerly no pleasant effect, now seemed strangely filled with music and

songs, and pleasurable anticipations of life.

Then came the two who had met me in the desert, and for whom I seemed to feel a great love and reverence, because of the nobility and beauty that seemed to beam from their forms; and they said: "Already you feel the line of action you are to pursue—the duties you owe." And I bowed my head in acknowledgment, for I felt that I must again return to the earthly sphere, and use my influence in restraining and subduing that intemperate eagerness for mere external wealth which had so completely closed to my consciousness the whisperings of spiritual life. I acted in conformity with this prompting, and became active in strengthening those who had already formed good resolves; who were trying to restrain the inordinate passion for illegitimate speculation; fanning into life the weak and nearly extinct embers of former noble purposes and sentiments; whispering words of hope and cheer to those who were struggling with adverse circumstances; helping others to remove obstacles in the way of their spiritual or intellectual progress; identifying myself with the promoters of charitable undertakings; holding in restraint the violent and maliciously inclined; impressing beautiful thoughts and noble impulses upon the susceptible; and, in the quiet, peaceful night, rendering negative the silent sleeper; filling the mind with beautiful dreams and hopeful anticipations.

You can readily see the vast field in which I labor—the opportunity I have, the good I am enabled to do, the satisfaction I feel, and the thanks I render to Almighty God for this

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privilege. And yet it was not a privilege, for it is common to all human beings.

What I have said is but a bare, and may be disconnected, outline of my experience; yet you may infer from it what is best for human beings. From it you may learn the lesson that a lack of interest in the pecuniary affairs of others, a selfish grasping for all within reach, and a subjection of the spiritual element in man's life to the grosser, and an absorbing desire for material abundance—is a curse!

It is now my mission to help and encourage all with whom I come in contact; to seize every opportunity to do a good act or speak an encouraging word. This is both compulsory and voluntary—a labor of love and a work of necessity. It is that in which all spirits must engage in order to improve and render lasting and permanent their own growth and happiness. Those who have lived on earth as I lived, without rendering to the world the necessary amount of good which is incumbent on every individual, must of necessity return and make good this evil.

It is difficult to make clear my meaning now, and I have already exhausted the time allotted me for making this communication, and although it is brief and imperfect, I hope you may be able to draw from it some lessons of usefulness.

Give me your spiritual support and encouragement, and sometime you will realize the value of such interchanges, though you may perceive it very dimly at present.

A SPECIAL VISIT TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

"The writer of the following narrative," says the editor of the Banner of Light, "is Mrs. M. J. Jefferson, of Chicago, Ill., a lady well advanced in years, whose mediumistic gifts are, we are informed, many and very fully developed. She has a widely extended reputation as one to whom no destitute person applies for relief, either material or spiritual, and leaves empty-handed. She states that the time of her absence from the physical body, as herein mentioned, was about one hour, and that in her attempt to describe what she saw and heard, she finds human language wholly inadequate to give other than a very feeble conception,"

THE NARRATIVE.

On Thursday, January 5th, 1885, I was suddenly attacked by an illness that caused faintness, during which I left my earthly body, my controlling spirit taking possession of it, I at the same time being fully conscious of all that was transpiring. I ascended in a light, misty cloud until I reached an enclosure surrounded on three sides by a wall. While I was wondering how I could pass further, a large door was opened in front of me by an attending spirit, who was magnificently dressed in a long purple velvet cloak, trimmed with what appeared to be white fur. His hair was also pure white, braided, and hung down to the bottom of his cloak. The place occupied by this spirit was tinged with the loveliest blue I ever saw, and profusely decorated with the most beautiful blue flowers, beyond the power of earthly language to describe.

As I recovered from my surprise he turned to me and said: "You are now going through the dark vale." Then came four bright, beautiful spirits, all dressed in a pure white fleecy fabric, each wearing a wreath of white flowers, and carrying in one hand a large bouquet of the same. With the other hand each held a corner of a square platform, slightly elevated from the ground. This platform I can describe only as being composed of most beautiful white satin, trimmed with deep white lace, woven with and intermixed with silver thread, and flowers embroidered with silver tinsel. On this platform was a reclining seat, made of soft white down. On this seat they placed me, and said: "We will now carry you on to the next gate." As they bore me along towards the gate, the surroundings became more and more luminous, and when we arrived at the gate two lovely-appearing and kind spirits in attendance opened it.

The attending spirits each held in one hand a wand, similar in appearance to a shepherd's crook, so beautifully ornamented with jewels of a variety of colors, and of such intense brilliancy that my pen fails to describe the magnificence of the ornamentation. These spirits had dark hair and beards, and were attired in loose white robes of a most delicately beautiful fabric heavily trimmed with gold lace and jewels. They pointed to an arch beyond the gate, composed of four hundred and three bright and lovely spirits. One spirit on each side formed the foot of the arch, and from the shoulders of these two went up two hundred spirits on each side to a center spirit, who was stand-

ing, holding a crown of indescribable beauty. Upon seeing us the arch marched three steps toward us, and all spoke as with one voice: "We have come to meet you, my sister, and welcome you," at the same time presenting me with the crown! At this moment groups of spirits came in from all sides, singing and playing on various kinds of musical instruments, sweeter music than I ever before listened to. I was completely overcome with the grand and magnificent scene before me.

The names of the two spirits who formed the foot of the grand arch were given: One was Thomas Porter, my first husband, now in the Spirit-land. They each held in their outside hand a lovely banner most beautifully decorated, upon each of

which was inscribed these words:

"You have done your noble work of charity secretly; but

you shall be rewarded publicly."

When the singing and playing ceased a bright and beautiful spirit approached me. She was most elegantly attired in an exquisitely-fitting dress, the magnificence of which I will not undertake to describe, as all human language would fail me in any attempt to do so. As she took my hand she said: "I am Fannie Conant; I knew you not in earth-life, but now I know your worth; come with me and I will show you your reward." We walked side by side for a long distance, but from this starting-point I cannot portray the scenes which were continually being displayed on both sides—the indescribable scenes of grandeur and beauty, the transformation scenes, of all imaginable shapes and descriptions. The most beautiful of all were two fountains in front of us, the drops of water from which, as they fell, changed into diamonds and other precious stones, upon which we walked. At the commencement of our walk fountains of pure water were playing on both sides of us, forming a double arch, at the apex of which the waters changed into bright, transparent jewels, of all sizes and descriptions, of indescribable brilliancy; and as they dropped but a short distance in front of us, they formed the path upon which we trod.

As we journeyed along, witnessing the numerous transformation scenes, I recognized the familiar faces of many near and dear friends who had gone to the happy land before, all dressed in gay costumes of exquisite taste. As we journeyed along and neared the end of our walk, the surroundings became brighter and brighter, until too dazzling for me to look upon.

As she noticed this my companion, Fannie, remarked that once these scenes were too bright and dazzling for her to behold, but she had become accustomed to them. She then waved her hands to the right and to the left, and directed my attention to the beautiful transformation scenes displayed on all sides, each one more beautiful than the former, and all the surroundings beautifully festooned and decorated with rich, thin, almost transparent fabrics of all bright colors. She then said: "These scenes and what are soon to follow are your rewards." At this point, it being the end of our walk, a beautifully-modeled boat appeared, with sixteen bright and handsomely-uniformed spirits. Fannie said: "They will testify that these beautiful scenes are your rewards, and they will conduct you back to earth; tell our beloved Banner of Light what you have seen." Then she shook hands with me, bade me good-by, and vanished from my sight.

At this moment, and before the form of Fannie had entirely disappeared, there came in her place a spirit of angelic beauty, who spoke, and said she would aid in conducting me to earth. After seating me in the beautiful boat, which seemed to have been made of silver and trimmed with gold, it moved off as if propelled by an invisible magic power, without any apparent effort of its occupants. It floated along smoothly and easily over the pure crystal waters of a beautiful river, lined on each side with the loveliest foliage, upon the branches of which were suspended creeping vines, profusely loaded with the most beautiful flowers, that sent out an exquisite perfume which no language can describe. The air was filled with the music (both instrumental and vocal) of unseen spirits, and of all kinds of birds of beautiful plumage. Soon the boat stopped, and my spirit-guide said: "Now you must return to earth." I said I did not know the way. She replied, "I will show you," and as she waved her wand, and pointed downward, I saw a misty cloud opening to the right and left, and soon I beheld my material body.

It was not a pleasant scene for me. I did not wish to return. The spirit took me by the hand and said: "Your mission on earth will soon be at an end, and then you will return and dwell with us forever." Then she invoked a blessing upon me and vanished from my sight.

I then took possession of my body again, and I have been better since, my health being much improved by this pleasant visit to the Spirit-land. I have been taken to the Spirit-world several times before this, but have never before seen so many of its beauties as were exhibited to me on this occasion. The Spirit-world to me is a reality.

FRAGRANCE AT A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

*It is said that some flowers give forth their sweetest fragrance in death. I should like to tell you of a sweet little human flower, about whose passing away there was a circum-

stance that struck me at the time as very strange.

Nellie was the daughter of a dear friend of mine in Russia, and at the time she left us was five years and a half old. I had been present at her birth, and during her brief earth-life she had scarcely ever quitted me. She was a very delicate child, with a mind and affections far beyond her years, and towards her mother and myself she manifested such earnest thought, and deep love, as is rarely if ever met with in one so young.

In the autumn of 1874 she took cold, and her health began to be seriously affected, but although the little body was often sick and weary, the spirit seemed more active than ever; and she daily grew more thoughtful for others, and (if possi-

ble) more loving to us.

As is the custom at Christmas-tide in Russia we had a tree for the little ones, and our dear child was present. She came to me when she had received her gifts, and startled me by saying: "Auntie, dear, this is the last Christmas tree." I replied: "You mean it is the last till next year, dear." "No, auntie," she answered, with her lovely, earnest eyes fixed on mine—"no, it is the last." In a few days she was too unwell to rise from her bed, and I carried her to my own, which made her very happy. The best medical advice was given, but nothing could be done for dear Nellie, and in two weeks from the time I had lain her on my bed, God took her to himself.

I cannot write about that sad time, for she suffered very much indeed, and we never left her side. Before she became unconscious (the day before she passed out), she assured us of her love, and said such sweet and touching things that her poor mother had to leave the room more than once to hide her

^{*}Vairs, in Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng.

grief from the searching eyes of her child. After many hours of agony the change came, and our darling lay transfigured, at rest. The bells were ringing for the commencement of the Sabbath; for the sun was setting; it was four o'clock on Saturday, January 18th, 1875. Bowed down with grief as we were, it was only after some moments that I remarked the peculiar odor of incense that filled the room, and which seemed to rise from the bed where the little one was lying. stooped over her and kissed her face and hands; both seemed impregnated with the same peculiar fragrance, and the air became heavy with the perfume of spices. It resembled the incense used in the Greek Church, which has, I think, a more pungent character than that usually employed in Roman Catholic services; but there was something still more aromatic and delicate in the smell. The woman who came to assist me in my sad offices perceived it; the elder children who came to sit by the little marble form also remarked it; and as far as I can recollect the odor remained in the room for two or three hours.

When the Doctor came next morning I mentioned the fact to him, asking if there could be any natural cause for the strange odor. He assured me there was none, and seemed very surprised and interested in my account of it. I knew too little of Spiritualism then to ascribe it to its true cause, which was doubtless the presence of celestial angels of the highest "You may call me angel, now," said Nellie, on the Thursday before she left us, in reply to her mother's caressing appellation. And surely if love be the law of heaven, she was made perfect in that law, even while her spirit was held in captivity.

So our sweet flower faded from earth, but the remembrance of her pretty, loving ways and words lingers around our hearts, making sweet incense; for we know that our darling is blossoming into perfect beauty in the bright garden of our Lord in the fair Summer-land; and the tiny hands still clasp our own, drawing us upwards, the pure eyes still look lovingly into ours, and the voice no longer faltering, nor faint from weakness, speaks in angelic whispers, telling of the time when we shall once more behold the little one we love so well-not as child, but a fair maiden; not the bud, but the

flower. So be it, Nellie, the child! the sweet spirit!

A Message from the Higher Life.

THE VARIED EXPERIENCES OF A HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT.

MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD—HOW HUMAN DES-TINY IS DIRECTED AND CONTROLLED—THE GRANDEUR OF WOMAN'S MISSION—THE DIVINE DEVELOPING CIRCLE—AN-GELIC MAGNETISM—INFLUENCES EXERTED ON THE EMBRYONIC CHILD—THE SPIRIT'S MESSAGE—HIS APPARENT DEATH AND REVIVAL—HIS VARIED SENSATIONS WHILE DVING—HIS EN-TRANCE TO SPIRIT-LIFE—A GLORIOUS REUNION.

*There is life permeating every nook and corner of the universe, vitalizing each atom of matter, and unfolding into definite forms the millions of objects that greet the vision from time to time. The human organism, composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, floorine, chlorine, sodium, iron, potassium, etc., is worthy of your careful consideration. True it is, that the eyes, brilliant with emotion, and lustrous with indwelling genius, and the body all aglow with the impetuosity of a soul that realizes it is capable of almost infinite possibilities, are only composed of substances that can be easily enumerated. When molded into a dress for the human soul they form a fabric which is of a finer and more delicate texture than the art of man has yet invented, possessing within itself divine beauties that no one would willingly dispense with. Human life on this terrestrial sphere commences in a minute cell, and although at that time each one is unconscious of existence, yet then, even, the future man or woman is foreshadowed. My career, event-

The accompanying narrative, purporting to come from a Humanitarian who lived on the control of the exalted character of the lessons presented are some repetitions, but they seem to render the narrative more touching and implement of the property of the control of the control

ful in many respects, I will trace from the first existence of my embryonic life, as told to me, in the receptacle of a human soul, the womb of my mother! Oh! what a grand mission the mother has! Words are inadequate to express the divine grandeur of the station which she is called upon to occupy!

The philosopher who gazes among the stellar orbs-witnesses the pulsation of moving, throbbing worlds, and then with the hand of science points out the course of each-has his soul illuminated with magnificent thoughts. By comprehending the intricate laws of the star-dust of the firmament, he is enabled thereby to write his name high on the pinnacle of fame, and gain access to the secret realms of nature. His mission is noble indeed! The mechanic who constructs the engine that moves the majestic ocean steamer, and which obeys the mandate of a skillful engineer, is worthy of having his name written on imperishable parchment, in letters of gold! The man who presides over the destiny of a nation. who superintends the complicated routine of government, and sacrifices self in his desire for the welfare of the people, and the general who bravely drives back an invading horde of savages, are worthy of great praise. But their mission, grand as it is, sinks into insignificance by the side of that woman who materializes with her own divine developing circle (the womb) a human organism, the outer dress of a spark of divinity! Her work is angelic-God-like-towering in its grandeur, and her name should be engraved on the ever-enduring pages of history, while diamonds should shed their lustre thereon as long as time endures. The mission of the true child-bearing woman, who develops within the holy precincts of her own womb a human organization, which encloses an immortal germ that will ever live on the throbbing waves of time, is truly the highest, the noblest of all! There she sits! the glorious work going on while she is awake, still progressing when her soul is illuminated with a torch divine in the hand of an angel, though her body is calmly sleeping; yes, continuing to weave the web of life while her senses are locked in sweet repose, her spirit-form rambling in dream-land, among the rainbow-tinted flowers and ever green lawns!

What a glorious spectacle, a true and noble woman sweetly sleeping, while the jewel of her nature, a cherub child, is nestling within the holy of holies, the divine sanct-

tiary of creative energies! Blessed mother, the sacred citadel of an immortal soul exists within you! Harken! An angel band approaches the couch of the sleeping mother, and forms a circle around her prostrate body. With tender, beatific emotions, they baptize her soul with the very essence of their heaven-born magnetism, and place en rapport with her mind an enchanting picture which had been, for this especial purpose, delineated on spirit-canvas, and which represents a beautiful landscape in the Summer-land! That picture seems to animate and inspire her spiritual nature! Soon she murmurs: "Oh! what a magnificent scene!" and a smile of ecstatic pleasure illuminates her features, and then her soul awakens in Dream-land, to realize the grandeur of that spiritual presentation! But a grander object is in view than to merely afford her temporary pleasure. Her soul's pulsations touch the interior embryonic germ she is carrying, and impress upon its plastic nature a love of the grand and beautiful. members of this spirit-circle sing, and the sleeping mother dreams of heaven-enchanting music, and while she is animated with pleasurable emotions, her embryonic germ is indelibly impressed with a taste for the sweet melodies of song. vision is too grand for tongue to describe; word-pictures are inadequate for the task. These angelic messengers love that mother, and they see that soul nestling like a fairy queen in her interior "developing-circle," and they come to imprint on its plastic nature high and exalted aspirations, and their object is accomplished.

Blessed be that mother, calmly, sweetly suspended on the silvery cord of sleep, midway between the terrestrial and celestial spheres, and while angelic messengers breathe upon her the holy incense of their souls, and she is borne upward on the sublime emotions thus inspired, to those spheres that never have been sullied with impure thoughts; and while enjoying herself in this fairy Dream-land castle, her nature receives impulse after impulse of the divine harmony that reigns there, and the potent waves thus produced touch that interior soul, and prepare it for a brilliant life! And, at another time, a spirit bends over the sleeping couch and places her sweet lips to those of that mother, and breathes into her nature the very essence of love, and again she is transported to Dreamland, while her soul-chords vibrate in sweet unison with the

angels, and once more that little fairy she is carrying feels a divine baptism, and its body, mind and spirit are beautifully rounded out thereby. Each night for a few weeks, this group of angelic visitors assemble around the couch of that mother, and shower down upon her their heaven-exalted magnetisma divine incense that sparkles with diamond-like brilliancy, and which falls upon her plastic nature like sweet dew upon a flower. While her senses are locked in sweet repose, they act upon them with the skill of masters. One evening they conduct her through green lawns and flower-blooming arbors, presenting to her enraptured vision the picturesque scenes of a garden in the spiritual universe. They place upon her head a bouquet of different-colored blossoms; they ornament her person with flowers that seem to send a smile through their richly-laden hues. Her vision has a feast of rare spiritual treasures, and every impulse of gladness that sparkles on her features sends its counterpart to the embryonic germ within the sacred sanctuary of her physical body.

Through the instrumentality of my pre-natal culture, I was harmoniously organized, benevolence and a love of the beautiful being the predominating traits of my character. Knowing that I would fall heir to a large estate, the spirit-circle surrounding my mother fully developed that faculty regarded by phrenologists as Benevolence, and, in spite of myself, I was constantly engaged in spending my income in relieving the wants of the unfortunate. My greatest pleasures consisted in relieving the sorrows of those in distress, or in reforming the outcast. I illuminated the dark places, encouraged the despondent, cheered the unfortunate, clothed the naked, furnished homes for orphans and carefully attended to sick paupers—in fact, my life was continually employed in dispensing charity.

Since my advent into spirit-life, I have learned that I was, although not then aware of the fact, a mere instrument in the hands of those angels who assisted in my pre-natal unfoldment. My brain, while in its embryonic state, being completely saturated with their magnetism, I was subject, while on earth, to their especial influence; was a medium for them alone. During my earth-life, I was simply distinguished as a kind-hearted man, whose philanthropic impulses lined his pathway with

monuments of his benevolence.

As my mother was, during the impressible period of my

pre-natal growth, enveloped in a halo of spiritual magnetism, an emanation from an angelic band of philanthropic spirits, I was developed by two influences, receiving nutriment, not only from my mother—noble, pure woman—but from the organism of those high in spirit life. Indeed, I was, during my embryonic life, highly favored, bathed at times in a cloud of spiritual light, and at the same time animated by the pulsating thrills impressed upon my mother's mind. I was, then, not only unfolded through the instrumentality of material elements, but the invigorating aura or magnetism of angelic visitants infiltrated my whole nature, making me highly spiritual! I was simply a medium for those who had furnished their fine, spiritual forces in perfecting my physical and spiritual natures. Having assisted in my pre-natal growth, my spiritual organism was attended in harmony with their own, and they could easily place

themselve en rapport with me.

My life, then, was a double one, consisting of my own and that of philanthropic spirits. Their thoughts thrilled my whole being, animated me with high and holy resolves, and induced me to smooth the rough and rugged places in the life of the unfortunate. My organism was not my own exclusively. Twelve immortal souls had contributed their pure, sparkling magnetism in the formation of my physical and spiritual natures, while I had furnished nothing! True, my darling mother contributed the gross material, but they refined, purified and blessed it, and attuned it in harmony with their own exalted natures, making me an integral part of themselves. I realized their exalted pleasures, felt their pangs of sorrow as they gazed on the unfortunate ones of earth, and when en rapport with me, I, in part, represented them, and not myself exclusively. They had partial ownership, as it were, of me and feelings of ecstatic love constantly blooming in their nature for all humanity, their wishes quietly took possession of my mind, and dwelt there, I thinking that I originated them. The gardener loves the flower that scintillates with various colors, for he had fed it with rich soil; gave it a daily baptism of pure, invigorating water, and guarded it with scrupulous tenderness. How much more careful were my angel band of me, whom they had caused to unfold with spiritual beauties, and the chords of whose nature were in harmony with their own! Whenever a sympathetic impulse in their mind was touched, the tender thrills thereof were wafted

to me, and I sensed them, felt a very intense feeling of sorrow. Why should I claim an exclusive individuality? I contributed nothing toward my physical and spiritual formation, and why should I exclusively own myself? True, I thought I acted from my own promptings alone; that I alone was instrumental in accomplishing so much good, while, in fact, I was simply acted upon by my angelic band. My life and theirs interblended, I representing only one-thirteenth of the circle, and that the weakest link in it. Indeed, having been developed in the halo of their magnetism, I required daily nourishment therefrom, and had it been withdrawn I could not have survived My fine spiritual nature, formed to a great extent from them and by them, could not extract the nourishment required for it from material objects altogether, hence I was simply a pulsating wave of life, an offshoot, as it were, of a divine circle of light, and as such I was constantly subject to a power higher than myself.

I was ushered into the world, finely balanced, exquisitely attuned in spirit, and thoroughly adapted in every particular to illuminate dark places on earth. My life was to others a continual smile and benediction. I had wealth, and I carefully dispensed it where it would do great good. My life was characterized by one continual shower of philanthropic measures for alleviating the hardships of the poor, and for reclaiming the downfallen. I blamed no one! I chided none! Smiling encouragingly upon those whom misfortune had overtaken, lending those aid that required no absolute gift, and affording shelter, clothing and food for outcasts, in the hour of their extreme need, my life became brilliant with the noble promptings

that nerved me to perform the work.

As I look back on my earthly career, I see nothing to regret, only that I was not more effective in philanthropic labors. My mother, God-like in impulses, lived to see me reach the stature of man, and never did she utter a cross or unkind word to me. She was the embodiment of all womanly virtues, and she passed away, serene and happy, leaving her good works behind to testify in her behalf.

After my mother's spirit had taken its flight to the region of celestial love, where she could drink from spiritual founts, be fanned by soft, genial breezes laden with the aroma of flowers, and feast her vision on scenes of exquisite loveliness, my life



seemed, if possible, to expand with still more exalted emotions, and higher and nobler purposes. I now readily comprehended why this was so, for she came closely en rapport with me at times, and I not only felt throbbing within my soul my own aspirations to do good, but they were intensified by the presence of her spiritual nature. This is one phase of inspiration, and high and holy it is, too. Inspiration, like a flood of soft, silvery light, flowed in upon my soul, illuminating it only with a desire to alleviate the sufferings of humanity. Others, I found, were inspired to give utterance to thoughts, grand and beautiful; to produce poetry, laden with the sweetness of the higher life, or to present a scientific truth that would cause a thought to encircle the world, and breathe its potent influence on every

clime as it passed along.

My inspiration was emotional-of a deep affectional nature, that made my love exalted. I not only loved the erring, the unfortunate, those who were steeped in crime, with my own love, but in connection therewith was the love of an angel mother, and also that possessed by the twelve spirits engaged in my pre-natal development. My love, then, for earth's suffering children, was a mixture of the human and divine, and little did they realize that in my company, when I approached them, were those who had long been in Spirit-life. This, then, is the character of inspiration. It is not confined to the orator, whose brilliant sentiments burn and scintillate in darkened minds; nor to the author, whose pen emits a light from the torches of angels; nor to the inventor, who gives to earth's children a counterpart of a machine brought to light by exalted spirits; but it is manifested in the life of the philanthropist also, and in consequence thereof his presence among the sorrowing and disconsolate imparts a shower of blessings.

Since my arrival in Spirit-life, I have learned that inspiration, in order to be effective, is generally confined to one channel or set of faculties. The inventor is never an orator. He who is distinguished as a warrior is rarely successful as a writer of books. My inspiration was confined to the emotions. I had great wealth, and the spirits realizing that fact, were determined I should dispense it in doing good. I was not ingenious; nor was I gifted with eloquence. My inspiration led me to do good, not on a large scale, such as founding magnificent institutions of learning, or infirmaries for those demanding

medical treatment, but to assist those in trouble, so far as pos-

sible, and enable them to become self-sustaining.

In Spirit-life there is no recognized guardianship by exalted spirits over different individuals, and outside influence is rarely if ever, sought. I readily see now why such is the case. Twelve spirits, besides that of my mother, assisted in my embryonic development. I was their production—an unfoldment of their power. This fact entitled them to a recognized ownership in me; but as that will sound harshly to some, I will qualify it by saying exclusive guardianship! Inventors are sometimes also brought forth on the material side of life, with the same scientific and scrupulous care that I was. The guardianship of such minds rests entirely with the scientific circle, who assisted in their pre-natal growth, and spirits of different tastes have no inclination or right to interfere with their work.

After I had lived on earth until eighty years of age, I became extremely feeble, and was confined to my bed. I realized the fact that my earthly career was nearly ended. The fires of life burned but dimly, as I lay helpless on my bed. The consciousness of having devoted my time to ameliorating the condition of others, threw a sweet and hallowed serenity over my

soul, and the tide of life sweetly ebbed away.

Realizing the fact that my deeds of charity had germinated, producing a good crop, I seemed in my weak, declining condition, to be in a magnificent temple, where those my philanthropic measures had benefited were singing my praise. In this dreamy, half-conscious existence, I seemed to live my life over again. From every deed of benevolence that I had done there appeared to spring forth a sweet-tinted flower, from which the smiling faces of those I had made happy peered forth. In one, I recognized an old man, a cripple, whom I assisted to employment, and had given him a little aid otherwise, and such encouragement and advice as he seemed to require. Around him were little cherub children, neatly clad, while by his side stood his devoted wife. "Why," said I, "I never assisted your children or wife; you were single then."

"True," said he, "but this happiness is the result of your kind assistance, and we all thank and bless you. You are now on the pathway that leads to Spirit-life, and we come to return to you our heartfelt thanks and to cheer you on your way."

Then a little girl approached, whose mother I had aided

and made comfortable through life, and placed around my neck a beautiful garland of roses, in honor of that event. I seemed to live in a world of fairies, where I was the center of attraction. On all sides I saw the fruits of my labor assuming a thousand attractive forms. Oh! what cheer in the thought of a life well spent, and that you have done something to alleviate the sorrows of others.

Around me, in my dream-land state, I saw magnificent fields glistening with beauties that no pen could describe—no artist's pencil picture. "There," says an angel voice, "is a harvest; it is yours. A life well spent yields in return a rich legacy, that animates its owner with great joy. You are now

on the glorious pathway to Spirit-life."

During my dying moments I was impressed with this grand truth: "That which you sow, you shall also reap." I have since learned that good deeds or acts for the amelioration of the destitute and the advancement of humanity in the scale of morality, intelligence and happiness, generate an influence that refines the spirit, and prepares it for an exalted

position in the Spirit-world.

At one time during my last sickness, I stopped breathing, my pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, and a death-like pallor pervaded my features. I heard the physician pronounce me dead, and give certain directions in reference to my interment. I heard the piteous moans of relatives and friends, and the pathetic words of regret they expressed. Oh! what sensations I then experienced! I was conscious of passing events. I knew when my body was removed from the bed on which I was lying, felt the parting kiss of those around me, and realized fully that they were preparing for my burial.

"Am I to be buried alive?" thought I; "be a living witness of my own obsequies, and finally pass out of the body unattended, in the cold, damp ground?" I did not like this idea, and censequently exerted myself to break the unaccountable spell. I could not only see my attendants, but friends who had long since passed to Spirit-life. The latter held a consultation in regard to my resuscitation. Some seemed in favor of severing the spirit from the mortal body at once, but a spirit-physician present convinced them that circumstances required that I should live a little longer. I then saw them form a circle around my body, and concentrating on me a

powerful influence, they gradually brought me back to earth-

life again.

Oh! what a commotion it created when it was announced that I was alive; and when I told those present the means employed to reanimate my body, they seemed bewildered, and said: "It is a dream." After this incident, I seemed to swing alternately from earth to Spirit-life, and the scenes I witnessed were surpassingly grand.

When I would revive from a death-like stupor, and feebly whisper what I had seen, my attending physician would say: "He is delirious!" Some of the scenes I witnessed were real; others, mere psychological effects, intended to convey an important lesson. For nearly three weeks I was dying—my life slowly but surely ebbing away—and during that time

my experience was of the most interesting character.

In the final transit of my spirit, or in its separation from the body, I felt no pain whatever. The vital forces were then too weak to illuminate my eyes or give an animated expression to my features. My tongue could only give utterance to the lowest whisper, and my pulse could scarcely be felt. I was for several days too weak to lift my hand to my head, yet I was cognizant of the slightest sound, and could hear every movement that took place in my large house. At times I could see distinctly with my eyes closed, and during these cerebral illuminations, I beheld beautiful edifices, surpassing in loveliness and grandeur anything I had ever before observed, surrounded with flower-bearing lawns and arbors, bubbling springs, and fountains whose jets of spray sparkled with rainbow-tinted hues, imparting a brilliant tinge to everything that was near. I saw, in connection with these surroundings, angelic creatures, whose features manifested the most exalted happiness. Some were reading, some were rearranging the lawns and flower-beds, while others were gazing at distant planets through a curiously-constructed telescope. At times, too, when my sight was closed, and darkness enveloped me, I heard music from a spirit-choir. It was so melodious, so tenderly sweet in its thrilling influence, that my whole being seemed borne aloft as the expiring notes vanished in the dis-

I lived in neither world long at a time. I realized the fact that I was dying, that the vital forces could not much longer

retain my spirit, but I regarded my strange experiences as the result of delirium. I did not for a moment realize the truth of spirit-communion. True, I talked with my angel-mother, saw an angel-choir, heard the spirit-physician give directions concerning me, and noticed many scenes in the interior world, but when I awoke on the material side of life, they seemed like the result of a dream. As I approached the gateway of death, my mind appeared to grow more active-to be quickened in all its faculties, and had I then possessed the physical power, I could have startled the world with my eloquence. Not an event in my entire existence that I did not think of: not even a trivial business transaction that did not startle me with its presence. Apparently, I had the power to move mountains, to alleviate the sorrows of the world, and erect magnificent reformatory institutions; but when I endeavored to move my physical organization, the thought would flash upon me that I was dying.

Really, this transit from earth to Spirit-life, thought I, is very interesting, and I wondered at the extreme ignorance of mortals in reference to it. At first I could not understand the unusual activity of my mind, nor comprehend the nature of the glorious passage to the higher spheres. Of course, those who are dying never stop to philosophize. Had they the power to impart in writing the scenes that greet them, and the varied sensations they experience, the information furnished

would be valuable and interesting.

Standing on the material side of life, held there by an iron hand, the spirit is still subservient to matter, and the organs of the physical body are its means of communication with the outer world. My vital forces seemed to fluctuate like a gas jet whose supply is irregular, flashing up now, and then almost disappearing; or to oscillate like the pendulum of a clock between the confines of the two realms, each swing they made growing shorter, until the transit of the spirit was effected.

I have only detailed what I saw, but my feelings were equally interesting. At first my feet lost all sensation, and I could not stir them in the least. They seemed to weigh a ton. This feeling was very disagreeable, and, for a time, I thought if they were amputated, that I could move my body, but, of course, I could not. I then realized the fact that I could live

only a few hours, and I anxiously awaited the change. The dead weight attached to the lower portion of my system seemed to gradually increase. My hands then settled down by my side a lifeless mass, apparently of great weight. ually the vital forces of my limbs expired. My heart still beat feebly, but I could not stir my body, the weight of my limbs paralyzing all my efforts. My eyes were transfixed in my head, and not a whisper could I give, nor a glance of recognition to my attendant relatives and friends. Gradually, then, I lost my consciousness, seeming to glide into a quiet slumber. A chasm then occurred, that my memory cannot bridge. Oh! I have often wished that I might have remained conscious during the entire transit of my spirit, in order to give the world the benefit of my experience. But such was not the case. Until that period, the unconscious state, the only disagreeable feelings I experienced arose from the seeming weight of my extremities, which conveyed an idea to my mind that they had increased to enormous dimensions and weight. The loss of power to move my limbs was followed by that unpleasant sensation. No pain preceded the extinction of life in my body. The life of the vital forces appeared to vanish as easily as the evening twilight that gives a tinge of beauty to the departing day. Light faded from my vision, and an intense darkness enveloped me. This darkness impressed me with a vague fear, for I could not detect the least sound. I was simply conscious of my life, but the world to me was merely a desert, without light, sound, or objects of any kind. This condition -no power to move, see, hear or feel-did not last long. This state wherein the mind is simply conscious of its own existence, and nothing else, is very unpleasant, and conveys the idea that the whole being is vanishing—losing its identity.

While I realized the fact that I was dying, I seemed to be fading out of existence entirely. The loss of feeling, sight, hearing, and the power to move, impressed me with that thought. The last sensation I remember, I felt as if struggling to retain my life on earth, resulting in a confused state of mind, which gradually terminated in my losing all consciousness of self and the outer world. This occurred when I was on the outer verge of the material world, — which seemed to connect with the spirit-realms. There is where the two extremes partially blend, as nearly as I can realize.

I remained in this unconscious state for several hours, after which I had delightful dreams, which were impressed upon my mind by my devoted mother. My spirit-body had been laid on a couch in an arbor adjoining my mother's stately residence. I was surrounded by my mother, my wife and two children, and other relatives and friends, and their combined influence was soothing and invigorating. The sleep of the new-born spirit strengthens it, allows it to assimilate elements needed to give it more force. Under the influence of warmhearted relatives and friends, I enjoyed the most perfect re-

pose.

After lying in this condition for several hours, my darling mother aroused me from my deep lethargy by impressing on my mind scenes in Spirit-life, which she wished me to see. Her thoughts, directed towards my mind with deep, fervent affection, awakened it to conscious action, while my spiritual body or organism was still reposing in the arms of sleep. Her thoughts seemed to come in contact with my mind, illuminating the same as a lamp does a dark room. First, she impressed upon it the fact that my two children, whom I had not yet been permitted to see, were present. I seemed to absorb her thoughts, to indulge in her fancies, to see the scenes which she saw, and the effect on my mind was to stimulate it, and gradually prepare it for awakening among the celestial glories.

It is not always well to suddenly awaken the new-born spirit amid the scenes of transcendent beauty in the higher spheres, without first taking it through preparatory stages.

For several hours my mother, wife and children stood by my side, and directed my thoughts in Dream-land. At one moment I was playing with my little boy, Eddie, viewing his pets and playthings; then plucking flowers with Lulu, then holding sweet converse with my devoted wife, then sailing on some river, over whose sides flowers cast their fragrance and

smiled upon me beneath their rainbow-tinted hues.

Oh! those dreams were delightful; yet there was a deep reality in what I saw and heard. I now fully realize the importance of those dream-visions. They gradually illuminated the mind with the scenes of Spirit-life, and the impressions made thereon had a very beneficial effect. What a feast it was for me to ramble in Dream-land with my darling wife, and my little children, Eddie and Lulu.

I was finally awakened amid the transcendent beauties of the Spirit-world, surrounded by my friends, while near by stood a choir of little children, who sang a sweet song of welcome. The scene was grand indeed. My senses were dazzled, as it were, by the grandeur manifested on all sides. I had traveled, as it were, the pathway that leads from earth to Spirit-life, and

had arrived at my journey's end.

I found on awakening, and after I had fully realized the character of my external surroundings, that I would now have an opportunity to reap the reward that ever follows in the footsteps of noble deeds. My wife, children and mother, they with whom I had held sweet converse in Dream-land, were the first to welcome me to my new home. Oh! little Eddie and Lulu, my angel pets, whose smiles and presence I enjoyed but for a short time on earth, seemed to overflow with gladness, and in their exuberance of feeling they bestowed on me their innocent love and caresses, and told me of their pets, their play castle, their little arbors, their flowers, their books, schools and teachers, until they were called away for a time by those who had them in special charge.

In one sense, on earth I was only a machine; yet I was free to act, though many of my benevolent bequests were the direct result of spirit promptings. I could not resist the influence of any member of my spirit-band. Their thoughts could be made my thoughts; their desires, my desires. The greeting of this guardian band was warm indeed. Each one addressed me in endearing terms, and referred to some special work on earth which he alone had inspired me to do, and which had borne

abundant fruits.

"Your life," said one, "has been a continual summer, productive of grand results."

"Your life," said another, "has been a continual autumn,

ever bearing ripe fruits, and ever dispensing to the poor."

"Your life," said a third, "has been a continual winter, wherein your garnered stores have ever been open to those who required assistance from your hand."

"Your life," said a fourth, "has been a continual spring, constantly sowing and preparing for a grand harvest, which

you will now reap."

"Your life," said the fifth, "has been like a sparkling fountain, where the weary come to quench their thirst."

Thus each one approached me in succession, and compared the various incidents of my life to something in the material world, giving me thereby words of cheer and encouragement.

Then this noble band of philanthropists retired for a time, and I went forth in company with my wife, walked in the flower-adorned lawns, sailed on the crystal waters, reposed in the green arbor, or stood by a fountain whose jets of spray

were tinted with all the hues of the rainbow.

The cup of my happiness was indeed full. I had a taste of heaven then. True, the streets were not paved with gold. I did not see Jesus. I did not behold God, nor his winged angels. I saw no one thrumming harps or singing psalms around a throne. Everything was natural. The spirits around me had once lived on earth. None of them had ever seen the God the various churches worship. No one could find a hell burning with fire and brimstone, where wretched creatures could be punished forever. They had seen desolate places, sterile and barren, destitute of all vegetation, to which certain disreputable characters gravitated when the change called They said that abode was wretched beyond death occurred. the power of tongues to describe, but the spirits there were gradually emerging from their deplorable state and advancing to higher planes of life.

I now fully realize the benefits derived from leading a life on earth devoted to the best interests of humanity. Self is only a minute, integral part of a vast ocean of individualized lives, and he who lives for himself exclusively gradually isolates himself by natural repulsion from all others; his selfishness

repels everything that is beautiful.

The air you breathe is imbued with a philanthropic spirit; the water you drink is the very embodiment of benevolence; the beautiful flowers send forth their perfumes on the wings of the winds, to be inhaled by all; in fact, the material world is impartial in its bestowments. Nature smiles on all alike. To be selfish, then, is to be unlike nature, resulting finally in complete isolation from all her rich treasures in the Spirit-world. This is a natural result, flowing from grand, immutable laws. He whose life is barren of good results, gravitates to a plane exactly corresponding with his interior nature or aspirations. Even the aspiration to do good, with no power to carry out your noble purposes, is attended with grand results to the spirit.

In giving an account of my pre-natal development, and of the transit of my spirit to this sphere of existence, I hope I

have imparted a lesson that will benefit humanity.

I would exhort all to banish selfishness from their hearts, as they would a poisonous serpent from their presence, and they need not fear the future—it will be bright and glorious! In conclusion, I simply subscribe myself

HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

"When one is still young and in health it is natural," says Demorest's Monthly, "that death should be an object of fear, but it is not true that those who are very sick fear the grave. Dr. Griswold, an eminent physician who has seen many death-beds, declares that the dying do not fear death, but rather desire it. To pass away when the time comes is in the order of nature, and we all submit to the inevitable without a murmur. Nor is it true that death is attended with any superstitious terrors, for, strangely enough, all physicians agree that the dying think of the past, not of the future. Death itself is not painful; there is no pain or mental agony except in case of wounds or premature death. There is often terrible suffering from disease, but death is always a relief. It is idle as well as wicked to make death seem horrible or painful. Indeed, to myriads of human beings it is looked upon as a deliverer from pain and care. In one of the most popular religions of the East-Buddhism-Nirvana, or annihilation, takes the place of the heaven of the Christian belief."

Experiences in Spirit-Life.

THE IMPRESSIVE TESTIMONY OF AN EXALTED SPIRIT.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION: WHAT IS DEATH-INTERESTING JOURNEY IN THE REALM OF SOULS-THE MORTAL STATE BUT THE PORTAL OF LIFE-DEATH IS LIKE AWAKENING FROM A DREAM-THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF REST SUPREME AND DELIGHT-FUL-DRESS OF THE SPIRITS SEEN-SOME SPIRITS NOT HAPPY. BEING IN DARKNESS-DEATH NOT A DESTROYER.

*It is more than idle curiosity that seeks to know what death is, but reflection should teach that no general explanation can solve the mystery. To Socrates, for instance, it was the subject for experiment and philosophical observation; to Napoleon, stormy and apparently inimical. The human race has no truer friend nor an agent more sorely misjudged.

But it rarely comes to two persons with identity of effect in the initial movement upon the intellect, for no two intellects are precisely alike, and each is treated according to its needs, just as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. I can give little beyond that which my individual experience involves, and part of this is indescribable to mortal comprehension, for there are circumstances and conditions here for which spoken language supplies no names.

The mortal state is but the portal of life, and in it very little relating to the immortal environment can be made truly There is nothing with which to compare it, as intelligible. Swedenborg admirably illustrated, for its grandeur is that of

the illimitable universe and beyond finite grasp.

[&]quot;The above, from the Cincinnati Enquirer, was given, we are assured, through a finely developed medium.

I did not recognize death when it came to me, nor the spirit condition. I awoke from a dream that had been amplified many hundred-fold, and it was a foretaste of bliss. With congenial friends I have roamed through forest glens colonnaded by venerable trees, in green pastures irrigated by purling streams, among orchards in ruddy fruitage, beside vast fields heavy with ripened grain and protected by interminable hedgerows, bestudded with flowers so magnificent as to remind one of the star gems in the firmament of God. We visited the Hebrides and explored Fingal's cave; saw Florence and Venice. Rome and Munich in apparently a few hours, and gazed into the crater of Vesuvius when it was seething in fiery rage. Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and Alaska were comprehensively explored, and a leap made to Spitzbergen, as readily as one traverses great space in an ordinary dream, without special wonder. Through Russia and Siberia the pace was rapid, for before darkness overtook us we were upon the apex of "Cheops," the great pyramid of Egypt. Really, I have no memory of night in this whole excursion, but we saw opera at Berlin, comedy at Paris, tragedy in Austria's capital, and much miscellaneous deviltry at Lisbon and Madrid, and most of these were behind the footlights.

Description of all we saw would make a large and interesting book, and I mention these few items merely to demonstrate that the conditions are adapted to the individual mind. I had always felt a great desire to travel and personally inspect localities which were famous in history. Among other notable objects to which memory recurs we visited Pompey's Pillar, the Palace of Memory, Temples of Osiris and Diana, the Alhambra, Escurial and many obelisks. We passed in and out of seraglios without impediment, and explored all the mysteries of life in the harem at our ease. We discovered them to be places where fancy takes precedence of fact and makes truth of little value. Negligence of order and propriety and the ordinary courtesies in polygamous countries is the best argument ever found for

the grand institution of monogamy.

Upon the steppes of Asia our band prevented a murder by affrighting the bloody-minded Bedouins about to perpetrate it, and in London they saved a dear little child from destruction by causing a runaway team to swerve from its course, through means inexplicable except to the spirit. And, upon awaking,

all these things were mentally reviewed and regarded as a wonderful dream. From the reminiscent standpoint its duration seemed to have been through many months of industrious exertion and unalloyed pleasure, and it had enlarged the mind, given new wings to fancy and increased the thirst for knowledge.

After a long time spent in reviewing what I had seen and felt, it occurred to me that the surroundings upon which I then gazed were new and strange; that I was not in my own room: that the bed was not there, but I was reclining upon something so soft as to give back no sense of contact; and that the atmosphere rose and fell in little puffs of gold and purple like the aurora of a clear, frosty morning. Yet there was no sense of either cold or warmth. The consciousness of rest was supreme and delightful, and a delicious languor possessed me in an embrace too ecstatic to relinquish. I had no desire to get up, and curiosity as to this new environment was demolished by the peace and security it realized. mained in that position, the subject of the pleasantest sensations, without account of time or thought or care, wondering a little why friends came not, and marveling at the grateful silence.

Perhaps I slept again, but if so, it was only for a little space, and then the sound of sweet voices came through the curtains of iridescent nebulosity, arousing me to a sense of life and desire for companionship. As if responding to this sentiment, immediately two young men appeared at my couch and kindly saluted me. One asked if I felt completely restored. Not till then did remembrance come that I had been very sick. Yes, thank the Lord, I was well. Pain was all gone and strength had returned.

"But," I asked, "where am I?"
"Come with us and see," said they.

"Willingly, after I dress."

"You are clothed," was the answer.

Not till then had I noticed their raiment. It consisted of pearl gray robes as soft as ether, and caps of the same material encircled by blue bands, the whole giving a refreshing sense of airiness. I was correspondingly appareled and did not think of the wherefore, for all feeling of care and wonder was gone.

We sauntered into a path like a grand boulevard, but car-

peted with flowers of many hues, which sprang up through beds of moss as soft as silk, and dispensed their fragrance with the lavishness of nature in her best moods. And as we came to a place where thousands of men, women and children were entering a great arbor, flower-bedecked and illuminated by wonderful aureolæ, the young men turned and joined the swelling procession, and arm in arm we went in with the multitude. It was a countless host, and overflowing with songs, joyous words and merry laughter. Upon a dais in the center of the great amphitheatre were formed many groups in little circles, and making one of these I saw in garments white as snow and pure as heavenly love, the harbingers of life eternal, and then for the first time the sublime truth reached my soul that I was in the realms of immortal life.

Those who composed that special group were my father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, a dear sister, and one who would have sustained a tender relation to me had she remained longer upon earth, and there were others of various degrees of relationship with them, all smiling upon me and my companions and beckoning our approach. I went to them in haste, and received the welcome which only pure affection can emphasize. Mother said:

"You had a long and refreshing sleep."

"But not here," said I.

"Certainly, here in the Spirit-home," she answered.

"But I only came here this morning."

"True. Here it is always morning. There is neither yesterday nor to-morrow, never night nor gloom. Yet you slept long, when the interval was counted in a mother's heart."

"I traversed the whole world in a dream, and that re-

quired time," I said, by way of apology.

"It was no dream, but the astral body followed in the track of the mortal desire after the spirit came here. It is a law of nature and the final effort of all life that retains active sym-

pathy with the mortal part."

Each of the other little groups was welcoming a newcomer, and the air was vocal with notes of joy, and on every side there was proof that happiness is reflective, like the brilliancy of the planets, and all those countenances, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, furnished a mirror which transmitted to each and all the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

"Is this heaven?" I asked.

"Yes, if we make it so," replied mother.

"Can we make heaven?"

"It must be made by such as we are or its felicity foregone. Heaven is a condition, and many enjoy it in the earthlife and bring it here when they surrender the mortal incumbrance. This is not just as we were taught, but the teachers were conscientious and performed a glorious work. Those mortals who meekly submit to the guidance of conscience are the salt of the earth, and no one is condemned for an honest belief, even if it is founded in gross ignorance."

"Then there is no hope for the heathen?"

"Certainly. There is no discrimination in matters of abstract faith, nor intention of condemning Plato, Epicurus and Diogenes by any rule that would not apply equally against

Bishop Butler, Dr. Channing and the Prophet Isaiah."

This was a revelation. I have had many, but few were equally startling. Some here are not absolutely happy, for they are in semi-darkness, although in the immediate presence of those who have the blessed light. They are progressing and sure to reach the better condition through perseverance in good works, for the inducement to persevere is the motive

of all their hopes.

The world is fairly supplied with the truth that is adapted to man's nature and capacity, and he is not required to reach for that he cannot grasp and assimilate. Duty is by no means complex unless made so by finely-drawn abstractions and those gossamer lines between the two "tweedles," which so often have made theology a reproach rather than a sacred and dignified science, and when thus prostituted the sense of duty in intelligent men is succeeded by disgust. Spirits partake of the same feeling and deprecate it as disastrous to the highest interests of the race.

It is said that death is the end of woe. This is true with those who have led honest lives. Those who have not so lived will find that they have cheated themselves rather than the world, and that the result is tedious and perplexing discomfiture. Lives that if lived by some would be strictly honest and commendable, if lived by others would be a cheat and obnoxious to the severest condemnation. These two classes will certainly be judged according to their lights, and the intent of an act will have much to do in making the status of its performer. If there is such a place as hell, it is not paved with good intentions, but most likely with those of the contrary brand.

The latter portion of this message was in answer to questions by investigators, and is reported to make the account complete. There is no wish to provoke controversy nor desite to in any degree disturb honest belief. To the final question:

"What is spirit?" the answer was substantially as follows:

"Spirit is the living, moving and doing principle, immaterial to mortal eyes, but composed of a substance indestructible, and manifest in color, weight, feeling and action to spiritual apprehension."

WHAT IS DEATH? --- IS IT A DESTROYER OR BUILDER?

*Death, then, has taken nothing from the laboratory of nature; it simply takes up the elements that life has left, and arranges for another form of life. Thus her resources are never exhausted. The equipoise is always maintained, the supply is equal to the demand, and nothing is either lost or gained in the world of material, during all the cycles of time. The wisest man in the world has not the power of destroying a single element, but may change its form and displace the arrangement; for what is is, has been and always will be.

I hold in my hand a piece of wood; the elements constituting the wood are held in bondage and have not the power of acting independently of each other. I cast the bit of wood into the flame and watch it being slowly consumed thereby. When this process is completed, have I destroyed the wood? As a piece of wood, yes; but the elements that constituted it, and were enslaved, are set free by the action of combustion, and they start out on a higher career than that which marked their former existence. Destroyed? No. Changed, uplifted, set free? Yes. From this example, it will be seen that, through the law of evolution, death becomes a stepping-stone

^{*}Augusta W. Fletcher, M. D., in "The Other World and This."

of life, and that throughout all the physical universe these great processes have enabled this and all other planets to arrive at their present state of development, and will be the power whereby still mightier results shall be obtained. The ordinary mind will not grasp easily, or accept readily, the law of evolu-Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer are all personalities which the unthinking fear; whose hands have, with the wand of truth, during the present century, destroyed so many idols and temples. These men, great and wise as they are, and in whose praise too much cannot be said, have only taken one side of the subject. They have reasoned logically as far as they have gone, but have not completed the journey. They have all led up to human life; they have begun from the lowest point, have journeyed far and wide, until they reached man, and then stopped. That science that can read the story of the stars, the history of the planet upon which you stand, analyze the drop of water, aye, the very air you breathe, stands before the grave with closed eyes and sealed lips, without the ability to take one single step over its threshold into the future. But science, in the age that is to come, must cross this threshold and penetrate into the depths of the life beyond, so that the spiritual world shall be as logically understood as are the more material planets that make up the system.

Mankind to-day is looking toward science to solve the problem which, in earlier days, was relegated to ecclesiastical judges. Even the church, after preaching immortality for centuries, and assuming that man never dies, is endeavoring to find proof of its assertion entirely outside its own province. Science can, when it recognizes the spiritual side of life, easily accomplish this great purpose for the world, by remembering that the spirit is first; that matter is only a means of its expression; that this planet, this material world, is but the instrument in the hands of the spiritual world; that every blade of grass every singing bird, and every human being, is but an expression of the same forces, differing in degree of unfoldment, but, through the action of the law of evolution, forever creeping along the pathway of progress to the ultimate, which is but the turning-point of a newer and greater destiny. In man, we find the realization of matter and spirit. Without spirit, matter is expressionless and void; with spirit, it takes its place among the mighty realities of the world, guiding, shaping and influencing the destiny of all things and all persons that are

responsive to it.

During the younger years of life, the spirit is gaining possession of its machine; during the latter years, they work in harmony with each other, and the best work of life is accomplished between the years of twenty-five and fifty. In that time, in most cases, the spirit has become responsive to higher attractions than the earth offers, and the subsequent years, be they few or many, are passed in the effort of the spirit to gradually relieve itself from physical environments, so as to take on the higher spiritual ones, for which the experiences of life have finally fitted it, and when death comes it is simply the completion of a process which has been going on for a long time.

The Multifarious Processes of Dying.

AS DELINEATED BY MANY DIFFERENT MORTALS AND SPIRITS.

DEATH THE HERITAGE OF ALL—THE PROCESS OF DYING FOR ALL—
NATURE DISINTEGRATES, BUT NEVER DESTROYS—LIFE AND
DEATH—ATOMS OF MATTER AND THE DYING—DESCRIPTION OF
THE DYING—THE PROCESS OF DYING ANALYZED THOROUGHLY.

Most assuredly there is a process, a sublime and beautiful one, connected with dying, and it is as prominent, too, in some respects, as the growth, formation and birth of a child. Nature works only through the instrumentality of a method exclusively her own. You may dictate the precise hour and minute when you will commit suicide, and thus end your mortal career, but you cannot control the God-ordained process through which you must pass, until you shall have reached that point designated as "death!" The stages of death in all cases are self-existent, and, therefore, you can never predict very accurately the precise phenomena that may be manifested therein. You are as helpless and feeble then as when you quietly reposed in the mother's womb. The king, the queen, the senator, the high official, the peasant and the slave—the high and the low—must necessarily all pass through the varied stages of dying. No mandate can prevent that ordeal. The stern authority of an austere king is as puerile then as that of the humblest of God's children. The pauper and the nobleman are at one time in their respective careers—at the end of life-on exactly the same plane. The sun shines impartially for all, and the divine radiance of the star-gemmed heavens has no especial favorites. The stages of dying, too, are the indestructible heritage of all of God's children. That inestimable boon belongs to all humanity in common. You can-

not die like a pauper; nor can you die like a king. There are no conventionalities connected with the multifarious stages of death. Each one must experience for himself alone its sublime realities. The poor man, weary of life's toil, yearning for peace, rest and happiness, may die more calmly and serenely than the chosen ruler and favorite of a nation. The old woman in the poor-house, tottering on the verge of the grave, when dying, like all others, is simply reposing in the beneficent hands of Nature. There can be no aristocracy then; no favored class, who can receive special privileges; no one person who is entitled to more tender consideration than any other child of God. The wealth of an Astor, or Vanderbilt, cannot purchase any especial favors from Nature when the last moments of a poor mortal has arrived. Money, words of command, and austere, domineering feelings can avail nothing in securing immunity from dying. The process is for all alike, and it is one of the noblest ordinances of Divine Providence-whatever that may be-opening the doors to a more beautiful and higher plane of existence, and presenting to the enraptured vision the grandeur of the celestial regions, and drawing one nearer to God.

LIFE AND DEATH COMPREHENSIVELY ILLUSTRATED.

Fichte (Dr. Smith's Translation) says:

All death in nature is birth, and in death itself appears visibly the exaltation of life! There is no destructive principle in nature; for nature throughout is clear, unclouded life; it is not death which kills, but the more living life, which, concealed behind the former, bursts forth into new development. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to assume a more glorious and congenial form. And my death,—how can it be aught else, since I am not a mere semblance and show of life, but bear within me the one original, true, essential life? It is impossible to conceive that nature should annihilate a life which does not proceed from her; the nature which exists for me, and not I for her!

Yet even my natural life, even this mere outward manifestation to mortal sight of the inward invisible life, she cannot destroy without destroying herself; she who only exists for me, and on account of me, and exists not if I am not. Even because she destroys me must she animate me anew; it is only my higher life, unfolding itself in her, before which my present

life can disappear; and what mortals call death is the visible appearance of this second life. Did no reasonable being who had once beheld "the light of this world" die, there would be no ground to look with faith for a new heaven and a new earth; the only possible purpose of nature, to manifest and maintain reason, would be fulfilled here below, and her circle would be completed. But the very act by which she consigns a free and independent being to death is her own solemn entrance, intelligible to all reason, into a region beyond this act itself, and beyond the whole sphere of existence which is thereby closed. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision rises to a new life and a new nature.

Every one of my fellow-creatures who leaves this earthly brotherhood, and whom my spirit cannot regard as annihilated, because he is my brother, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave,—he is still, and to him belongs a place. While we mourn for him here below, as in the dim realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man bursts from them into the light of this world's sun, above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we denizens of the earth receive with joy those who are born unto us. When I shall one day follow, it will be but joy for me; sorrow shall remain behind in the sphere I shall have left.

The world on which but now I gazed with wonder passes away from before me, and sinks from my sight. With all the fullness of life, order, and increase which I beheld in it, it is yet but the curtain by which a world infinitely more perfect is concealed from me, and the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith looks behind this veil, and cherishes and animates this germ. It sees nothing definite, but it expects more than it can conceive here below—more than it will ever

be able to conceive in all time.

THERE IS NO DESTRUCTIVE, ANNIHILATING PRINCIPLE IN NATURE.

Nature disintegrates, but she never destroys, in the sense of annihilation. The atom will always remain an atom, equally potent during all eternity, in whatever relations it may be placed. Nature never recognizes any such word as destruction. There is nothing in all of God's vast universe that can be absolutely destroyed, so far as its atoms are concerned. That form of beauty, loveliness and grandeur may be dissipated

to-morrow, but its constituents will remain. The mortal body that undergoes the glorious process designated as dying, still has an important mission to the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and it may assume in the course of time a position far grander and more potent in some respects than ever before. The apple-tree, nourished by the decomposing remains of Roger Williams, furnished fruit that sent its life-giving properties to tingle in the veins of some of God's children. Nature can make and unmake, but she can never annihilate anything, however minute, or render it useless. The atom will do excellent service throughout all future time. when death approaches, ever remember that no absolute destruction takes place—only the disintegration of the body, to be followed, perhaps, by grander revealments. Think of the history of an atom! How varied, how grand, how peerless! To-day in the eye of a mortal; then again glistening in a flower; after that, entering into the composition of luscious fruit; then going to the blood, assisting in giving strength to some part of the body, and by and by hundreds of miles away performing another mission in its eternal career. Ever tireless, ever alive, ever active, it is as eternal and unchangeable as God himself. Atoms exist singly or in combinations, resulting in diverse structures, but in all cases each one retains its inherent life, and will do so throughout all eternity; hence Death is a term employed to express something that from the very nature of things cannot exist, for there is absolutely no such thing as death. Though a misnomer, one must necessarily employ it in discussing the nature of the transition of the spirit from earth to the other side of life.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE DYING.

The description of the dying, as given by Hippocrates

over 2,000 years ago, is as follows:

"The forehead wrinkled and dry; the eye sunken; the nose pointed, and bordered with a violet or black circle; the temples sunken, hollow and retired; the lips hanging down; the cheeks sunken; the chin wrinkled and hard; the color of the skin leaden or violet; the hairs of the nose and eyelashes prinkled with a yellowish white dust."

Commenting on the above The British Medical Journal

says

"This is as to the face; and when all observed, we may know that that face can never be lighted up to life again. But there are other proofs which do not leave the shadow of a doubt, as when the heart ceases to beat; the skin is pale and cold; a film is over the eye; the joints, first rigid, have become flexible; and a dark greenish color begins to form about the skin of the abdomen, the infallible sign of beginning corruption. But as we would have it done to us as the last request, let us with the utmost willingness allow the poor helpless, unresisting frame to remain at least forty-eight hours under the unfastened lid after the surest proof of all has been noticed, the cessation of all movement of the chest and abdomen, for then the breath of life has gone out forever. moments immediately preceding death from disease are probably those of utter insensibility to all pain, or of a delightful passivity, from that universal relaxation of everything which pertains to the physical condition."

INDICATIONS IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

Dr. Chiappelli says, in Lo Sperimentale, that he has frequently noticed in patients who were apparently very far from death an extraordinary opening of the eyelids, so as to give the eyes the appearance of protruding from the orbits, which was invariably a sign that death would occur within twenty-four hours. In some cases only one eye is wide open, while the other remains normal; here death will not follow quite so rapidly, but in about a week or so. It is easy to observe this phenomenon when the eyes are wide open; but when, as is generally the case, the eyes are half shut and only opened from time to time, it will be found advisable to fix the patient's attention upon some point or light so as make him open his eyes, when the phenomenon will be seen. The author is utterly at a loss to explain this symptom, and ascribes it to some diseased state of the sympathetic nerve.

THE PRIZE FOR A CERTAIN SICN OF DEATH.

*The Marquis d'Ourches offered, through the Paris Academie de Medicine, several years ago, two prizes, one of twenty thousand francs, the other of five thousand francs, for

^{*}Surginal and Medical Reporter, Philadelphia, Pa.

some simple, certain sign of death. The secretary, Dr. Roger, reported on the competition. He prefaces his account of these awards by a lively historical view, in which the various fables concerning premature interments are disposed of very sum-The old story of Vesalius also receives no credit from "Neither is it true," he says, "that men of art have committed cruel mistakes with regard to apparent death. Vesalius, the creator of anatomy, first physician to Charles V. and Philip II., directed his scalpel into the body of a gentleman while yet alive, and for this he was condemned to death. and by commutation to exile in the Holy Land. This is the way history is written. For this fact about Vesalius contemporary chronicles may be searched in vain. The autopsy of the gentleman, the capital condemnation, all is pure invention; and if Vesalius repaired to Palestine it was only for his health."

One hundred and two essays were sent in, but none was deemed worthy the first prize. The second was divided between six competitors. Five hundred francs were given M. de Cordue for his observations on the effects of the flame of a candle on the pulp of the finger. As long as life persists this burn produces ampulæ filled with serosity, while, when life is extinct, they contain nothing but vapor. The condition of the eye has long been constituted a sign, and of late the disappearance some hours after death of the dilating power of belladonna and of the contracting power of Calabar bean has been noted. M. Larcher has been rewarded with a recompense of five hundred francs for the discovery in the eye of what he regards a new sign of death. As the result of the examination of nearly nine hundred subjects, he has observed that a certain sign of death is the occurrence of a shaded and gravish spot, first at the outer portion of the sclerotica, and gradually invading its whole surface. It is a sign of local decomposition which precedes general decomposition by several hours. M. Poncet also receives an honorable mention for a sign as positive and more rapid in appearance, viz., a general discoloration of the fundus of the eye, this changing from the intense red seen by the ophthalmoscope during life, to a yellowish white. M. Molland, one of the official municipal verifiers of death, has obtained two thousand francs of the prize, in consequence of his observations concerning cadaveric lividity

of dependent parts of the body, made in sixteen thousand subjects. From these he concludes that such lividity is a constant sign of death, which is of the more practical value as it generally appears very soon after death. For investigations as to the temperature of the body after death as a sign of death, M. Bouchut and M. Linas have each received one thousand francs.

ATOMS OF MATTER AND THE DYING.

*Death is in reality the dissolution or separation of the atoms, the totality of which forms and makes the organism what it is; each atom composing that organism by this process is dissolved, and departing with or emerging from its grosser elements, ascends and mingles with other atoms suited to its state and condition, and made such by virtue of having formed part of the organism; for no greater fallacy exists than to suppose that matter, as it is called, is without life, or that it is nothing more than the conglomeration of particles destitute of The fact of the power of cohesion and repulsion, of formation and disintegration, possessed even by the densest and grossest of material atoms, is a proof to the contrary; and where is the instrument that can carry the process of division to the limit at which it can be affirmed that here ends the power of divisibility, and this is the real unit or atom, the multiples of which form the earth and all organized or unorganized forms upon and within its surface?

There is no such thing as a dead atom of matter; for, resolve and reduce a particle of density and opaqueness to its minutest dimension, it is still a part—small only by comparison—of the solidified bulk, which, if subjected to chemical action, becomes fluid or gaseous, as the case may be, and thus only appears material while in the condition of apparent solidity. Put into the fewest words, that which is called "matter" is spirit in a state of solidification, gaseous, fluidic, or dense, either in organic or unorganic structural forms in exact accord, corresponding with the highest form which inhabits the planet in physical human material form. Thus, both man and his dwelling-place is composed of one and the

same substance or material.

^{*}Wm. Oxly, England.

THERE CAN BE NO DEAD ATOMS.

Death is the term usually employed to express the final liberation of the immortal spirit from its earthly encasement. Of course, it should be regarded in no other light than a misnomer. There cannot, in the very nature of things, be an absolute death, or extinction, on the part of anything. If one atom cannot die, then a combination of them could not change the inherent nature of each. There is just as much actual life in matter after the change designated as death as before. All the life there is now, or ever can be, on this material side of existence, is embraced within the sum total of all atoms.

DON'T BE IN HASTE TO BURY THE DEAD.

Only in the case of the most malignant epidemic should the friends of the deceased be in haste for the interment of one who falls a victim thereto. While his eyes are closed, and respiration and pulse-beats are no longer apparent, and his form prostrate before you, then carefully consider what has occurred in cases of suspended animation, and that life is ever tenacious, and that even resuscitation may be produced by the operation of nature's forces alone. Like thousands of others in the past, who were mistaken in their judgment in pronouncing a verdict as to life or death-which?-you, too, may badly err, and, therefore, in all ordinary cases, where the body appears to be lifeless, don't be in a hurry for the final burial. Become perfectly familiar with the multifarious signs of death; be able to discern them clearly; weigh carefully all the evidence you have, and never pronounce a final verdict until every expedient at resuscitation has been tried, where there is a particle of doubt. In all sudden deaths, so-called, wait!-wait patiently! If your friend or relative has been stricken down, while apparently in the vigor of health, you have before you a subject for experiment and the most profound study.

DYING AS VIEWED BY AN EMINENT DIVINE.

*First—Death in average cases is a great spiritual experience, and involves a great decision for or against the light it brings. It may be that, under the natural laws of the soul, this decision is crucial, and becomes the rudder of all eternity. Second—Death is the separation of the soul from the body.

[&]quot;Rev. Joseph Cook in the Christian Union.

Third—Death is not over until the separation of the soul from the body is complete. Death does not end until the life

of the soul completely outside the body begins.

Fourth—It is in the highest degree probable, to reason from the observed experiences of the dying, that, however torpid body and mind may be in many approaches to death, the soul in the very article of death is often awakened, and receives, as if from an invisible world, an illumination unknown to it before.

Fifth—Even in sudden deaths, as the experiences of the drowning show, as my own experience in being thrown twenty feet down a rocky bank in a sleeping-coach on a swift railway train, and expecting instant death, and finding between the brink and the bottom my whole life passing before me in panorama, the chambers of memory and conscience illuminated as if a torch had suddenly been lighted inside of the brain—as all these experiences show, an instant may be enough to bring before the soul the record of its whole career on earth.

FEAR OFTTIMES PRODUCES UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

In the process of dying, nature manifests a beneficent spirit in a multitude of ways. When a man is precipitated from a high altitude, the extreme fear aroused induces unconsciousness, and I have reason to believe that the final concussion is not felt. Many have actually died through the wonderful potency of joy; others of grief; others of anger, and others, still, of fear, love or hatred. The process of dying, in case of falling from a high altitude, commences, probably, at the very moment the victim fully realizes his danger. Two flery, brutish, angry gladiators do not feel any pain arising from their wounds when first made. There is a very great potency in the action of the mind alone. A man falls dead through the fear of an impending danger. This is, indeed, a beneficent law of nature. Fear is equally potent, whether the danger be real or imaginary. Soldiers, apparently in robust health, have been found dead on the field of battle, and yet not the slightest wound or injury was visible. Fright alone undoubtedly killed many of them. In the process of dying, let us be devoutly thankful that unconsciousness often supervenes before the final end, and the victim does not realize the terrible ordeal through which he has passed, or sense any pain

whatever arising from the concussion of his body with the earth when falling from a great height.

TODT AND SCHEINTODT.

As is well known, "it has, in all countries, been difficult to ascertain the difference between total and scheintott—death and the semblance of death. Dr. Gandolfi, a learned Italian writer, whose work on 'Forensic Medicine' was revised by the illustrious Mittermayer, is of opinion that medical men are themselves liable to make mistakes on this important question. He says, first, that the organic phenomena which precede apparent death cannot of themselves be distinguished from those which precede real death, and that for a certain time it will be difficult to decide, scientifically, whether life be suspended, or extinct; and, second, that many phenomena which announce real death are the common and necessary indications of apparent death, as, for instance, the want of motion, of sense, of breathing, and of pulsation.

"These are terrible sentences. How many persons are pronounced as dead simply because they have ceased to breathe and move and show signs of a pulse—persons who, according to Gandolfi, may not, in all cases, be ready for burial! It is Gandolfi's opinion that persons 'pronounced as dead' may, in some rare instances, be the witnesses—the mute and fear-stricken witnesses—of their own funeral; that they may know perfectly well that they are going to be put into coffins, and thence into the earth, and yet be powerless, alive as they are, to avert the catastrophe of a legal murder."

TISSUAL DECAY IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

Professor E. Chenery, M. D., of Boston, in an able article in the Scientific American Supplement, gives the following:

"The theory assumes that the death and the discharge of the products of death are one and the same thing, and wholly overlooks the *medium* by which the elimination is effected. Now, nothing can be plainer than that tissual decay is one thing, and the removing of the products of decay is quite another. Any one can see that if there is no waste within, none can be thrown off; while on the other hand, it stands to reason that though there is an abundance of *debris* within, little or none can be cast out if the medium by which excretion

is effected is rendered inoperative.

"By winding a string tightly about my finger I do not necessarily destroy the life of my finger, nor will tissual change be arrested at once. I prevent the return of the blood from the part, which grows dark from the heaping up of the products of tissual waste which continues to take place but cannot escape. Indeed, a man with a rope about his neck does not die immediately, but his body becomes surcharged with waste carbon and turns black for want of air to take the carbon away. His heart continues to beat, and the tissual changes go on until the products kill him from within. Were it not so he would die scarcely sooner with the rope around his neck than with it under his arms, where the colored man wished it put in his case, as he said he 'was ticklish in the region of the neck.' A similar state of things is often witnessed by physicians in persons asphyxiated by drowning, croup, and various other suffocative diseases, in which the deprivation of air and its oxygen results in an accumulation of waste within, and consequently in failure of nutrition, nervous prostration, and, finally, in death, unless relief is afforded. In all these cases there is a diminution in the excretion of carbonic acid and urea, yet no candid man for a moment supposes that the tissues are in consequence conserved and the bodily condition made better by it."

A GENERAL PROTEST AGAINST HASTY INTERMENTS.

In all cases of sickness the various organs of the body seem to instinctively combine their multifarious forces in order to sustain life. Each one appears to earnestly protest against the ravages of disease, and when compelled to succumb, it does so gradually, but reluctantly. One after another of the various organs submit to the foreign invaders—for such are the various diseases—and finally life is considered extinct. The general tendency of the body is invariably manifested in the direction of life; it never succumbs to disease without a desperate struggle, and when it finally yields, a reluctance to do so can be plainly discovered by the critical observer. So strong is the inclination of the organic system to retain in action the vital forces, that when once brought under complete subjection by some agent foreign to itself, and respiration and

consciousness have ceased, it does not remain so sometimes, but when, perhaps, the body is about to be interred, its own innate vitality is manifested lifeward, and another victim has been "providentially" saved from premature interment. Knowing this fact, the skillful physician will invariably hesitate before he relinquishes all hope of restoring the unconscious, or those supposed to be dead. I believe the time will eventually come, when many of those who fall senseless—apparently dead—in consequence of heart disease, will be easily resuscitated, providing it is the first attack. It would be well for physicians to experiment in such cases.

PHYSIOLOGY OF DROWNING IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

Sir Benjamin Brodie sets forth that if a small animal be immersed in water in a transparent glass vessel, the phenomena of drowning is readily observable:

There is first a deep respiration by which bubbles of air

are expelled from the lungs.

There is then an effort to inspire; but the effort is ineffectual, there being no air which can be received into the lungs; and a spasm of the muscles seems to prevent the admission of water in any considerable quantity into the trachea.

The attempts to breathe are repeated several times; and after each attempt a small quantity of air is expelled from the mouth and nostrils, until the air cells of the lungs are completely emptied. Then the animal becomes insensible, and convulsive action of the muscles marks the instant when the brain begins to suffer from the influx of the dark-colored blood.

After the convulsions the animal is motionless, and gives no sign of life; but if the hand be applied to the thorax, the pulsation of the heart gradually becoming fainter and fainter, indicates that some remains of vitality still linger in the system.

Before the circulation ceases altogether, the muscles of respiration resume their action, and some ineffectual efforts are again made to breathe. It is a remarkable circumstance that the diaphragm continues to exert itself, so that the interval between the cessation of the attempts to breathe and the cessation of the motion of the heart, short as it is in animals that die of strangulation, is shorter still in those that perish

from drowning. These phenomena follow each other in rapid succession, and the whole scene is closed, and the living animal is converted into a lifeless corpse, in the brief space of a few minutes.

Mr. Brodie had never opened the thorax of an animal in which the heart was found acting in such a manner as to maintain the circulation of the blood so long as five minutes after complete submersion: and from the information which he has received from some of the medical attendants at the receiving-houses of the Royal Humane Society, he is led to believe that the period is very rarely, if ever, longer than this in the human subject.

THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF DEATH.

The idiosyncrasies manifested during the stages of death are numberless. No two persons dying experience precisely the same sensations. Nature is prolific in her peculiar, diverse manifestations. She seems to never become weary in modifying her actions with reference to those who are daily passing from this stage of existence. In the twinkling of an eye one apparently dies. In another, the "death-rattle" lingers, as if to solemnly chide the friends for some great wrong. Then again another, while apparently dying, revives for a short time, talks freely, is seemingly imbued with some extraneous force, and then drops back on the pillow, and without a single gasp expires. No two physicians can tell precisely the same death-bed experiences; but in all cases and under all circumstances, the greatest care, sagacity, skill, watchfulness and untiring energy should be manifested when life is supposed to linger in a person.

THE PROCESS OF DYING AS VIEWED BY MISS NIGHTINGALE.

"Miss Nightingale has pointed out how consistently the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases, interest in their danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting in regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a

Lundon (Eug) Spectator.

state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhœa, or fevers, the patient often dies in a state of indifference. Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battle-field, or in the streets, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died of gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says: "A rapid death by steel is almost painless. Saber edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates."

THE LAST THOUGHTS IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

The last thoughts or meditations of those who are dving seem to sometimes possess a remarkable potency, and, to a certain extent, give a peculiar expression to the features. The mother who is about to expire, and who must leave a dear child in care of the cold mercy of the world, has an anxious expression manifested on her countenance that is easily discernible. The one who has waged an unsuccessful battle with the exigencies of life, and who has been crushed under its burdens, will pass away with grim despair depicted on the careworn face. The warrior, infatuated with the idea that his heroic deeds on the sanguinary battle-field will be instrumental in crowning him in heaven, will have his features tinged with an expression of peace and self-reliance. The inmost thoughts of the dying invariably leave their impressive imprint upon the face. It may be dim, but it can be easily discernible by the close observer. Sometimes a vivid expression of extreme terror and dismay overshadows the features, the legitimate result of a great dread of the approaching dissolution. The villain, subdued, humiliated and powerless, will have malignant hate and ferocity portrayed vividly upon his face. The one who passes sublimely into the arms of death, imbued with a divine love for all humanity, will leave upon his countenance an angelic expression of peace and contentment. All the processes of dying can never be enumerated. The field for future exploration is still large, and numberless mysteries therein remain unsolved.

*The signs or indications of death are cessation of the

^{*}Dr. Wooster Beach, in a Paper on the "Inspection of the Dead."

respiration, arrest of the heart's action, loss of animal heat, rigor mortis, and putrefaction. Of these, cessation of respiration is looked upon by many as the surest indication. Sir Benjamin Brodie says it may be regarded as the decisive test of the extinction of life; and Taylor says "the visible cessation of breathing for a period of five minutes furnishes a certain proof that the person is really dead." The latter also says in regard to another sign: "It is impossible to admit that the heart can remain for even half an hour in a state of inaction, and then spontaneously regain its activity." Yet there are many cases that give the flat denial to these averments. Many tests to prove real death have been proposed, and to most of these there are strong objections. The tests upon which most pendence can be placed are auscultation, galvanism, and the nation by the ophthalmoscope. These can be used only

......ed persons, and it consequently follows that there is

possibility of a person being buried alive. '

In 1837 a prize of 1,500 francs was offered by Prof. Monni, of the University of Rome, for the best essay on apparent death. Afterward the Marquis d'Ouche left 200,000 francs to be given for the best means that could be applied by common people to detect death; 5,000 francs for the best method to detect death. In Germany this important subject has received much attention; in England but little. In this country there are no statutory laws governing this matter, except such as allow the Boards of Health in cities to regulate the burials within the limits of their jurisdiction. None of their rules lay down the time that dead bodies must be kept above ground, and the only verification of death required by them is the ordinary burial certificate. Our laws furnish no protection against the danger of burying persons while alive.

Dread of Death a Matter of Education.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH, FROM A LEADING SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL.

DREAD OF DEATH A MATTER OF EDUCATION—EMINENT PERSONS IN DYING HOURS—THREE ELEMENTS IN THE FEAR OF DEATH—HASTENING DEATH—NATURE'S ANÆSTHETIC—LORD COLLING-WOOD—DEATH FROM ASPHYXIA—THE WRITER IS MISTAKEN IN SOME OF HIS CONCLUSIONS.

*There seems to be no subject from which the mind so instinctively shrinks, few thoughts more repellent to the soul, and no dread vision of the night, however fantastic it be, that presents to the imagination so formidable an aspect as that of death. Indeed, with this all nature seems at variance. The English ivy creeping over fallen ruins, or the fresh moss covering the prostrate trunk of some forest oak, seems as if endeavoring to hide from view the havoc which death has made. Beyond the merely instinctive desire to exist, the dread of death is a matter of education. Never does the child forget his first sight of a corpse; the darkened chamber, the storm of grief, the white face and rigid features, all combine to form an indelible impression on the mind.

It is probably the extensive paraphernalia attending the funeral of the present day that renders death so formidable. In war—on the battle-field, where death assumes its most sanguinary aspect—the mind of the soldier, from constant association, becomes so inured, that it ceases to be impressed with natural terror, and death seems but another foe to be met and conquered. Although the consideration of this topic be repugnant to the naturally healthy mind, there come times in

Thomas D. Spencer, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly, Vol. 19, No. 8.

the life of every individual, that might be termed periods of self-consciousness, during which the mind brushes aside all the more vulgar affairs of life, and grapples with the awe-inspiring mysteries of death. As these phenomena are considered one after another in their manifold aspects, the mind, owing to the association of ideas, becomes involved in such an intricate labyrinth of thought, that, after wandering here and there, vainly endeavoring to solve the problem of death, it gives it up as a hopeless conundrum.

It is our purpose to discuss, as briefly as possible, some

of the most important aspects of dissolution.

Addison said that there was nothing in history more imposing than, nothing so affecting and pleasing as, the accounts of the behavior of eminent persons in their dying hours; and Montaigne remarks, while speculating on death, that of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those which attracted and delighted him most were the words and gestures of dying men. "If I were a maker of books," he continues, "I would compile a register with comments of various deaths, for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live." There are three elements presented in this fear of death: First, the extinction of life's pleasures, interests and hopes, to which the mind looks forward with a degree of apprehension proportionate to the amount of happiness they are capable of affording. With the young and vigorous the loss of these animal enjoyments is contemplated with extreme misery; hence the custom, among the Greeks, of bearing the lifeless body of youth to the funeral-pyre at the break of morn, "lest the sun should behold so sad a sight as the young dead." Second, the dread of the unknown future, also depending upon the nervous temperament. And, lastly, comes a fear more powerful than either, which is the dread of pain, inherent in nature. From time immemorial the actual moment of dissolution has been supposed to be accompanied by a throe of anguish known as the "death-agony." This is believed to occur at that moment when the spiritual and physical forces that have been so intimately blended for many years are torn asunder, the one to molder and decay, the other to take upon itself that new life beyond the ken of man.

This last element properly belongs to the physiologist, and as such we propose to consider it. Sir Francis Bacon, in one of his essays, published for the first time in the year 1577, gave to the world the following profound thought: "It is as natural to die as to be born, and to the little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other." In profundity of thought and depth of research Bacon stepped in advance of his contemporaries, and lived in the future. Thus we find that, contrary to the generally received opinion of even this latter day, Nature evidently designed that the end of man should be as painless as his beginning.

At birth the babe undergoes an ordeal that, were he conscious, would be more trying than a most painful death; yet he feels it not. Born in an unconscious state, the brain incapable of receiving conscious impressions, his entrance into this hitherto unknown world is accomplished during a state of

oblivion, known as Nature's anæsthesia:

"Painlessly we come, whence we know not-Painlessly we go, whence we know not!"

From the earliest period of history death has been considered as necessarily accompanied by pain; so general is this belief, that the terms "death-agony," "last struggle," "pangs of death," etc., have been in almost universal use in every age and under all conditions of society.

Nothing could be more erroneous; the truth is, pain and death seldom go together—we mean the last moments of life. Of course, death may be preceded by weeks or even months of extreme suffering, as occurs during certain incurable dis-

eases

So exaggerated has been this notion that it has been considered an act of humanity to anticipate the "death-struggle" by violence; for ages it was customary among the lower classes of Europe to hasten death by suddenly jerking the pillow from beneath the head of the dying, thus throwing the head backwards, straining the pharyngeal and thoracic muscles, rendering the respiration, already difficult, shortly impossible. A Venetian embassador, in the time of Queen Mary, asserted that it was a common custom among the country people to smother the dying by means of a pillow placed over the face, upon which leaned or sat the nearest relative. This was founded upon the pious belief that a short road was the best one. This custom was handed down from generation to gen-

eration, parents performing it for their children, and vice versa. But, perhaps, the saddest privilege ever allowed the near friends of a dying man occasionally occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when through executive clemency—in executions by hanging—they were permitted to grasp the feet of the suspended criminal, and by clinging to the extremities, precipitate their additional weight on the body, thereby hastening strangulation. It is needless to say that these theories are false in both conception and practice. Death is a physiological process, and like all other animal functions should be painless.

When the fiat of death went forth, Nature kindly provided an anæsthetic for the body. As the end of life draws near, the respirations become slow and shallow, interrupted now and then by a deep, sighing inspiration, as though the lungs were vainly endeavoring to throw off the palsy creeping over them. As the intervals between the inspirations grow longer, the blood becomes saturated with carbonic-acid gas—the same as that formed from burning charcoal, whose deadly fumes have so often aided the suicide to painlessly destroy

life.

While the power of breathing is gradually failing, the heart, which is in close sympathy with the lungs, begins to contract with less force, propelling the blood only a short distance through its arterial channels, thus causing the extrem-

ities to grow cold.

The blood sent to the brain is not only diminished in quantity, but is laden with carbonic-acid gas, which, acting on the nervous centers, produces a gradual benumbing of the cerebral ganglia, thereby destroying both consciousness and sensation. The patient gradually sinks into a deep stupor, the lips become purple, the face cold and livid, cold perspiration (death-damp) collects on the forehead, a film creeps over the cornea, and, with or without convulsions, the dying man sinks into his last sleep. As the power of receiving conscious impressions is gone, the death-struggle must be automatic. Even in those cases where the senses are retained to the last, the mind is usually calm and collected, and the body free from pain.

"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die!" were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, William Hunter; and Louis XIV. is recorded as saying with his last breath, "I thought dying had been more difficult."

That the painlessness of death is due to some benumbing influence, acting on the sensory nerves, may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the

dying.

On the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last, the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which had been the scene of his past glories rose and fell in swelling undulations, and seemed as if rocking him asleep. Captain Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all that love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." In the Quarterly Review there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging, by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appeared a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned, the prisoner coldly replied that it was not worth asking for. Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterward restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain. Captain Marryat states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over. the water closing round me assumed the appearance of waving, green fields. * * * It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadow."

Now, this is precisely the condition presented in death from disease. Insensibility soon comes on, the mind loses consciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly

ensues from asphyxia.

In spite of the natural antagonism to death, a moment's reflection will show that it is as much a physiological process as life; the two terms are correlative, the degree of vital activity depending on the extent of molecular death occurring at the same time. Strange as the paradox may seem, without death we cannot live; every thought emanating from the brain, every blow struck by the arm, is accompanied by destruction of nervous or muscular tissue. The bioplasmatic or living matter of Beal, which enters into the formation of every animal tissue, is constantly germinating into cells (the origin of all life), and as constantly passing into decay, their places being taken by other protoplasts, thus keeping up the "active dance of life."

The disassimilation or interstitial death occurs to such an extent that Nature, in her wisdom, has provided excrementory organs for the purpose of removing from the system the effete material thus produced. Every living structure, after passing through certain stages of development, maturity, and finally retrogression, must come to an end. This may be but the ephemeral existence of some of the lower forms of fungi, which, born in the cool of the morning, die as the sun goes down; or, like the famous dragon-tree of Teneriffe, may outlast the pyramids that keep watch by the Nile.

The last topic for consideration is the *pseudopia* of death, or visions of the dying. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the dying, after lying some hours in a semi-conscious condition, to start up suddenly, and, with glowing face, point eagerly to some object invisible to the bystanders, and with animated voice and gesture state that they behold the glories of heaven, or the familiar countenance of some friend long since dead.

The question naturally arises as to whether these visions are merely the fantasies of a disordered and fast-disorganizing brain; or are the dying actually permitted a momentary view of

those mysteries hitherto unknown?

The traditions and superstitions of the past have led to a popular belief in the latter theory. Shakespeare expressed the sentiment of his day when he placed in the mouth of the dying Queen Katharine these words:

> "Saw you not even now a blessed troop Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?"

Science, with its iconoclastic hand, has swept away these pleasing fancies [Not so, Mr. Spencer, nor can it do so.], and in their places has constructed a fabric founded on analogy. In the anæsthesia induced by chloroform, a condition is produced closely resembling that immediately preceding death (caused by the carbonic-acid poisoning), in which visions are constantly presented to the mind, the character of which de-

pends upon the natural temperament of the individual. Thus it often occurs that a patient, when under the influence of chloroform, has beatific visions [and they are often true in all respects] similar to those of the dying. It is my fortune to have at present a patient who invariably, when under the influence of chloroform, asserts that she sees angels [and she probably does] hovering around her bed. The impression is so strong that she becomes much annoyed if the reality of these visions is disputed. The asphyxia produced by burning charcoal is ofttimes accompanied by disturbed fancies, similar to those preceding death, and the natural inference is that they are the result in both cases of one and the same cause. so always, for in such cases it often happens that latent mediumship is brought out.] During the last moments of life, the mind gradually loses cognizance of external surroundings, and is rapt in self-contemplation. Though still in a semiconscious condition, the weeping of friends and the voices of attendants fall upon dull ears. The eyelids are closed, the pupils slightly contracted and rolled upward and inward. The dying man has forgotten the present, for he is living in the past. One by one the events of a whole life appear, its joys and sorrows, perchance long since forgotten, rise before him in startling distinctness, and then disappear in the swiftly moving panorama. The familiar faces of the friends of his youth are thrown upon the mental retina, their cheery voices reverberate in his ears, and the thought of meeting these friends in the near future is perhaps his last conscious impression. As this drowsiness creeps over the system, these images, molded from the past, become as realities to the disordered imagination. The germs from which originate these strange combinations have probably been lying dormant for years in the registering ganglia of the brain.

Dreams never surprise us, no matter how strange the scenery presented, or how great the violation of truth and reality; so it is in this last great vision of life. What wonder that a dream so vivid should be carried into action? The brain, with a convulsive effort, sends the message through the system, the muscles spring into activity, and the dying man, with outstretched arms, calls the attention of the awe-stricken bystanders to these fantasies [they are not always fantasies; often actual realities] of his ownb rain. Thus some pass away as though

falling asleep; others with a sigh, groan, or gasp; and some

with a convulsive struggle.

These death-bed visions are comparatively of frequent occurrence, and are generally accepted as realities [and many times they are what they are claimed to be]. The theory which we promulgate, though not new, will naturally excite prejudice; but it is better to know the truth than to cherish a belief, however pleasing it be, founded on error.

Life and Death Thoughtfully Analyzed.

PROCESS OF DYING, REAL AND APPARENT.

DEFINITION OF LIFE-ORGANIC TRANSMUTATIONS-THE ANIMAL FUNCTIONS IN MAN-THE HUMAN BLOOD-POST-MORTEM VES-ICATION-PUTREFACTION AND RIGIDITY-THE FLAME OF A CAN-DLE-DRINKING GLASS OR GOBLET, AND THE LESSON WHICH IS CONVEYED THEREBY.

A satisfactory definition of life should express conditions involved in every phase of vital development, but never iden-The transmutatified with any mode of inanimate existence. tion represents one such fundamental distinction between animate and inanimate objects; for, although some inorganic combinations possess a degree of permutability consistent with substantial integrity, this in particular cases is always uniform in character and limited in extent. Ice, for example, may become successively changed into the liquid and gaseous state without chemical decomposition, but there is an intrinsic limit to such permutation, for under similar circumstances of pressure, at an unalterable fixed elevation of temperature, it invariably becomes resolved into simpler constituents.

There are apparently no such inherent restrictions to organic transmutations, which may be perpetuated indefinitely, under appropriate supplementary conditions, without perceptible intrinsic exhaustion. Yet organisms are never sufficiently independent to spontaneously evolve such progressive results, but require the constant accession of extrinsic energy to de-

velop their included potentialities.

The sun is the physical source of extraneous energy for

^{*}Dr. William Fraser, in Popular Science Monthly, Vol. 18, No. 3.

every species of vital change occurring on the earth's surface, as through the immediate agency of its rays vegetables are enabled to abstract from the surrounding medium those elements adapted to their special needs; and, although animals cannot thus directly appropriate solar energy, yet they are enabled to utilize it by the assimilation of certain of these vegetable products which it has previously served to elaborate.

As all the progressive transmutations which indispensably constitute individual life are dependent on the constant incretion of material energy, integration is also a universal concomitant of vitality, so that for practical purposes life may be provisionally defined as the continuous individual integration and dif-

ferentiation of material energy.

While these two correlated processes pertain to every variety of life, the physiological expedients by which their respective activities are sustained must vary in conformity with the specific requirements of different structures. A simple unit of protoplasm effects all its vital purposes through direct interchange with its environment, without the necessity of any intermediate provision. But, in higher organisms, life is indissolubly associated with certain accessory processes, and, in these cases, though the molecular interactions on which its essential attributes immediately depend are directly imperceptible, yet it is possible to prove its existence or non-existence by sensibly demonstrating the presence or absence of these its inseparable concomitants.

Man with his powers unimpaired manifests his vitality in unmistakable terms, but conditions not incompatible with resuscitation may occur wherein all his functions are so reduced as to be directly imperceptible. In such cases, to prevent premature burial, it is important to discover some sign absolutely

diagnostic of real or apparent death.

An essential characteristic of living bodies is their power of actively maintaining a degree of varying integrity of constitution in opposition to destructive influences. This requires the incorporation of extraneous materials and their conversion into definite specific structures, and always involves the immediate apposition of ingredients, as well as a reciprocal state of the parts to be nourished. Although such intimate reciprocation of living structures and nutrient materials must always exist, the means whereby it is effected varies exceedingly in

different instances. In the lower order of beings it is accomplished very simply, the medium which they inhabit offering directly the requisite pabulum, which their own condition enables them to assimilate without any preparatory elaboration. In more complex organisms a definite correlation of parts is necessary to elaborate the crude materials of food, as well as to bring them into immediate relation with the various tissues.

In some simple forms vital action may be suspended indefinitely by desiccation, being restorable by moisture, and even in some higher cold-blooded animals a state of temporary negation may be induced by congelation, the vital powers returning concurrently with the absorption of heat. In man it is quite different; the animal functions may be suspended, and even some of the organic processes interrupted, without extinguishing life, but there are certain of his functions the cessation of which for a limited period must inevitably cause death.

As to their vital significance, man's functions may be classified into essential and supplemental—the former including such as cannot be discontinued beyond a brief interval without fatal consequences, the latter such as may be suspended or even destroyed without involving general dissolution. Thus, although sight is important to comfort, it may be lost without affecting vitality; the hepatic function may be vicariously performed; even the renal secretion may be suspended for a considerable period without death; but the complete cessation of any of the essential functions of circulation, innervation, or respiration, must be speedily followed by such a result. By the circulatory forces, a constant flow of blood is directed to and from all the parts; by the nervous system an alternating effect is produced on the tissue-elements, whereby at one time they assimilate, at another disintegrate; by the respiratory apparatus, certain of the resultant products are incessantly eliminated. These three complemental functions are so independent that the complete interruption of either necessarily leads to arrestment of all, and consequent death.

Human blood is of a highly complex nature, as through it the textures receive all the materials adequate to their continued maintenance and repair. Its chemical composition is never definite, varying in different individuals and in the same individual on different occasions. The relative uniformity, however, of some of its physical characters is indispensable to its vital efficiency. It is semi-solid, containing innumerable white and red corpuscles, the latter constituting nearly one-half its mass. The absolute number of these corresponds with the degree of general vitality; their local aggregation fluct-

uates with varying contingencies.

This fluid is the seat of two distinct modes of motion—a sensible circulation through the heart and vessels, and a subtiler interchange with tissue-elements. Several causes conspire towards its circulatory mass-motion, the heart's action being a sine qua non. The molecular motions being invisible, an explanation of their modus operandi must be partly hypothetical. There are, however, certain associated phenomena admitting of direct observation under certain circumstances which serve to throw light on the physico-vital relations of the blood. Thus, besides its general distribution, it is subject to local variations in the total quantity of its mass, and in the relative proportion of its various constituents. As there are means of artificially exciting preternatural activity of the circulation to a recognizable extent, in parts open to observation, during the minimum degree of vitality, such a possibility affords a reliable method of infallibly deciding in any particular case as to the existence or non-existence of this vital process.

Tissues are divisible into vascular and non-vascular, according to the mode and extent of their nutritive supply. The latter, being destitute of capillaries, receive their nourishment from the neighboring vessels by endosmosis. The former are pervaded by those minute vessels, which admit red corpuscles in a lesser or greater number, according to the degree of functional exaltation. The cutis vera being a superficial vascular tissue, the excessive accumulation of red corpuscles in its capillaries is readily perceived by the consequent floridity of surface. Such sensible reaction to direct irritation implies the concurrence of several determinate acts in the structures directly involved, as well as the co-operation of more remote parts. Thus the tissue-elements must possess a responsive power to become exalted in function, and to solicit a surplus of blood ingredients they must also retain a continuity with the presiding nerve-center, whereby the peripheral impression may be centripetally transmitted along the afferent nerve to this point, thence reflected along the vaso-motor nerve, causing relaxation of the arteriolar muscles, enlargement of caliber, and a freer flow of blood into the part. Cardiac contractions are also necessary to propel the corpuscles into the capillaries, as the attraction of the tissue-elements for these minute bodies can act only at insensible distances.

Man's structure conceals the changes which occur within the minute blood-vessels, but some animals admit the examination of the interior processes which accompany and conduce to the external manifestations of capillary congestion. Observing the circulation in the web of the frog's foot under the microscope, fluctuations in its current are noticed independent of the heart's action. The corpuscles, perhaps flowing uniformly at first, may slacken their speed, then oscillate or even retrograde. Apply an irritant to the part, the flow soon increases, and a greater number of red corpuscles pass through in a given time; they also show a tendency to cohere as well as to adhere to the walls of the vessels, which may proceed so far as to choke up their caliber and prevent the transmission of blood. As the effect passes off, the corpuscles gradually separate, move on, and at length circulation resumes its normal state. Such investigation explains the nature of the changes which occur in the capillaries of the human skin under artificial stimulation.

Heat, which is the most potent and available form of irritant, when applied to the skin so as to considerably elevate its temperature above the normal point, causes first an efflorescence of surface; deeper at the center and shading off gradually toward the circumference. This redness can be temporarily displaced, leaving a white impression, which disappears on removal of the pressure, the part resuming its floridity with a rapidity commensurate with the activity of the capillary circulation. By increasing the heat or prolonging its action the color becomes more distinct, till at the point of greatest intensity the cuticle becomes detached from its subjacent cutis by the gradual exudation and accumulation of a fluid which thus forms a true vesicle. A spurious vesicle may be similarly produced on the dead subject, but such is a purely physical and local effect, entirely different from the more comprehensive action and characters of the physiological process.

In post-mortem vesication the contents are generally gas-

eous from decomposition, and even if fluid, from infiltration in an ædematous of dependent part, this is always serum, unlike the vital fibrino-albuminous solution coagulable by heat. The pathognomonic distinction, however, is the difference presented by the underlying cutis on removing the loosely adherent cuticle. This, after death, has an unalterable yellowish white, crisp, horny appearance, in obvious contrast to the efflorescence of vital active congestion, which can be repeatedly displaced and renewed by recurrent pressure.

Although circulation is a vital necessity, the chemical products of its activity would of themselves speedily destroy life except for the concurrent exercise of the respiratory and other functions.

Tissues, such as the nervo-muscular, which perform some specific action, may be classed as active in contrast to passive. such as the osseo-fibrous, which merely subserve some mechanical office. When the ultimate particles of passive tissues are fully developed, they remain in that state for a longer or shorter period, and then gradually decay. Active tissues, during their development, appropriate a store of energy which. at maturity, they are capable of instantly expending in the manifestation of their special powers. Such exertions are inevitably attended by degradative transformations of their material elements. Cardiac movements and their associated vital co-ordinations involve the expenditure of nervo-muscular energy, and consequent production of simpler compounds, such as carbonic acid, the undue retention of which in the blood would cause certain death. Such a fatal contingency is prevented by the circulatory forces propelling the carbonized blood into the pulmonary capillaries, where an interchange with the oxygen of the air takes place through the intervening membrane till the vesicles become surcharged with carbonic acid, which is then expelled by the expiratory forces through the anterior openings of the air-passages, where its detention is evidence of vitality, while its utter absence under adequate tests is undeniable proof of the opposite condition. though certain cold-blooded animals can exhale a sufficient quantity of this product through their skin to permit a reduced vitality, in man such a cutaneous transpiration is exceedingly minute and altogether inadequate to the maintenance of life, and it may continue even after death as a merely

physical property of tissue.

Innervation is blended with and controls all the vital operation, sbeing conspicuously implicated with muscular contraction, an act primarily concerned in the various movements of respiration and circulation. The frequently-repeated transmission of intense electric currents is the most powerful stimulus of contractility, and, when such a measure fails to excite contraction in muscles essential to life, death must have occurred.

When rigidity and putrefaction are actually established, they may be accepted as infallible post-mortem indications. The former state arises from the muscles and other soft tissues becoming so stiffened as to resist flexion of the joints, the muscles of the lower jaw and neck being generally first involved, those of the lower extremity last. It might possibly be confounded with stiffening from extreme cold or spasms; but frozen limbs yield a creaking noise when forcibly flexed, from breakage of the congealed moisture, and spasmodic contraction resumes its morbid position on removal of the correcting force. Not so post-mortem rigidity.

Putrefaction succeeds rigidity as a bluish green tint of skin, commencing usually on the lower part of the abdomen and spreading over the body. Similar gangrenous appearances may occur during life, but, besides their more circumscribed extent, the invariable presence of a line of displaceable redness at the confines of the living tissues is a constant and

characteristic distinction.

The desideratum, however, is some infallible proof of death whereby this state can at once be decided without waiting for the more tardy supervention of these positively post-

mortem phenomena.

Neither the cadaveric aspect nor coldness and lividity of surface are constant or unequivocal signs. The cessation of the heart's action beyond five minutes is undoubted evidence, but it is impossible to acoustically determine this with absolute certainty, even when aided by the stethoscope, as the sense of hearing may be fallacious in delicate cases. Neither is the imperceptibility of the respiratory movements of the chest perfectly decisive. Conclusions from experiments on the eyes, by trying to excite the pupillary muscles by phys-

iological agents, or by examining the fundus with the opthal-moscope so as to observe certain changes supposed to be essentially post-mortem, are invalidated by the comparative unimportance of these organs to general vitality. The same uncertainty holds as to the effects produced by tightly ligaturing a limb, as there might be complete occlusion of its vessels and consequent arrest of its circulation without necessarily fatal results. The changes induced in a polished needle inserted deeply into the living tissues may be closely simulated by non-vital causes. Circumstances might also obscure the difference between the contents of vital and post-mortem vesication.

The possibility of absolutely deciding, in doubtful cases, as to the presence or absence of vitality depends on the possession of artificial means wherewith to sensibly demonstrate the minimum activity of each of the essentially vital processes, the utter negation of the various specific reactions under their appropriate tests being infallible evidence of death. The different available measures vary in their degree of simplicity and facility of application, but the results are all equally conclusive.

The validity of the respiratory tests results from the fact that even during the most reduced state of vitality carbonic acid is perpetually generated in the system, and extricated therefrom through specially adapted air-passages, where its

escape can invariably be detected by proper appliances.

Allowing a few hours to elapse after apparent death, so that an equilibrium may be established between the carbonic acid in the air-chambers and the atmospheric air, if death is real the amount of this product exhaled from the anterior opening of the air-passages will exactly correspond with that transpiring from an equal area of the skin; but, if the slightest vital action continues, the proportion thus expired in a given time will far exceed the whole cutaneous transpiration. Collecting it at its point of exit, by a suitable contrivance, into a small transparent vessel containing clear lime-water, its merest presence, in contrast to any other reagent, will change this fluid at once, on shaking, into an opaque, milky solution.

The innervation test is rendered practicable through the inseparable connection of this attribute with muscular contraction; for, even if contractility is inherent in muscle, its excitation is possible only through the incorporation of nerve-elements.

As this manifestation of nervo-muscular energy can always be sensibly excited by electrification during the persistence of the feeblest vitality, the utter failure to obtain such a result in parts the activity of which is essential to life, affords conclusive evidence of vital extinction. The respiratory arrangement of the glottis presents a favorable opportunity for prosecuting this special mode of experiment. At every inspiration the contractions of the associated muscles stretch and separate the vocal cords, thus nearly doubling the area of aperture. In expiration the muscles relax, allowing the parts by their elasticity to resume their natural collapsed appearance. These changes can be observed by placing the body before a bright light, and introducing a laryngoscope well back into the pharynx, so as to bring the superior laryngeal aperture into view. After death the rima glottidis presents the elongated, narrow form, from the close approximation of its cords. If, under the repeated transmission of intense electric currents, properly directed, there is no responsive contraction so as to sensibly widen the aperture, death is certain.

The circulatory test, or the attempt to excite an actively congested state of the cutaneous capillaries, is pre-eminently the best, as it requires only simple and easily procurable appliances, which always yield decisive results either in the living or dead subject. The application of heat and the act of cupping are both effective topical means for perceptibly arousing this preternatural activity of the cutaneous circulation, even in the most languid condition of the system compatible with vitality. The entire absence of such distinctive physiological reactions and the occurrence of merely physical alterations, under the proper use of these respective measures, is undeniable proof of death. Over the heart is the most suitable region whereon to operate, as there the skin longest retains its vital warmth; but corroborative experiments may be performed over

other parts of the trunk.

Hold the flame of a candle close to (but not in contact with) the skin sufficiently long to render the cuticle easily detachable from its subjacent connections; if the body is dead, the parts beneath will present a crisp, yellowish-white, horny appearance, unaffected by pressure; if alive, there will be readily perceptible a vital redness, distinguishable from all post-mortem discolorations by its repeated displacement and reappearance under

alternating pressure by tip of the finger or otherwise. Exposing the part to a bright light, and examining it through a magnifying-glass, will render the different phenomena more evident.

Kindle a piece of paper soaked in any alcoholic liquor, put it in an ordinary drinking-glass or goblet, and invert this over a part of the cutaneous surface where all its edge will come into accurate contact with the skin; if there remains a minimum degree of vitality, a state of superficial capillary congestion will be induced, with its unmistakably recurrent characters; whereas the absolute inability to excite such vital reaction in any part of the trunk's surface, and the production of solely physical effects by such potent agencies, are infallible evidence that all vital correlations are irreparably destroyed.

Is the Process of Dying Painful.

DEATH IN ITSELF CAUSES NO SUFFERING.

ALL DEATH MOLECULAR—THE DEATH OF DRUNKARDS—LIVING IN THE FIRE FORTY-FIVE MINUTES—DEATH IN THE FLAMES—AFTER DYING WHAT?—WHEN DEATH OCCURS—THE TEARS—DYING BY ASPHYXIA—WHEN DEATH IS COMPLETE.

*Death in itself is painless. The disease or accident leading to death may cause the keenest anguish, but death itself is painless. This must be so; if it were not, we would be in pain all our lives, since there is not a moment when death is not occurring within us-molecular death-and there is no death in the universe which is not finally molecular. No man ever feels death, for the senses fail as life recedes, and the struggle for breath is without pain. It is true that persons frequently die in a state of bodily torture. Drunkards dying in mania a potu are haunted to the last by terrific visions, and a man may die with a heart so oppressed with guilt and remorse that the light of heaven is transformed into darkness, and the common air peopled with demons; but all such phenomena are those of disease, and not of death. It is not certain that death at the stake is intensely painful, after the first scorch of the flame. In a curious article on the "Curiosities of Death," Mr. Dodge speaks of the endurance of Bishops Hooper and Ridley. Bishop Hooper lived in the fire forty-five minutes, and died with perfect calmness. His legs were charred, and his body blistered before the pile was entirely ignited, the wind blowing the flames aside. Ridley at first struggled in agony, but afterwards became quiet, as if the sense of pain was gone. Robert Smith, being well-nigh half burned and clustered together like

^{*}Dr. Frederick R. Marvin, in "Truth Seeker."

black coals, suddenly rose upright before the crowd. He lifted his arms as if in defiance of his enemies and clapped his hands together. It is a popular belief that sensibility remains a time after decapitation. The belief is fallacious. Bounafont had ready near the guillotine, under which two Arabs were to be executed, vessels with pulverized plaster placed on a low table. His friend associated with the experiment was provided with a small speaking-trumpet and a short pointed probe. At the instant the first head fell, it was placed in one of the vessels containing the plaster, in order to arrest hemorrhage. The speaking-trumpet was then applied to the ear of the head, and the man's name shouted through it, but there was neither motion of the eyelids nor corrugation of the brow; the eyes were dull and motionless, the complexion colorless, the expression of the face not indicative of pain. Neither were the muscles contracted upon being pierced with the tube. With the second head the results were the same. The syncope induced by the severance of the large arteries instantly produced death.

The lighting up before death, so often noticed in patients who have remained sometimes for weeks in a semi-unconscious condition, is often referred to psychological causes, when, in reality, it is due to the presence of venous blood in the brain, caused by the non-arterialization of the blood. Thus the mind often dwells on visions of coming glory or shame, and contemplates heaven or hell. Shakespeare makes Queen Catherine, in Henry VIII., say: "Saw you not even now a blessed troop invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces cast a thousand beams upon me like the sun; they promised me eternal happiness, and brought me garlands, my Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear."

The same phenomena mark the rise and decline of life. The circulation of the blood first announces existence, and ceases last. The right auricle pulsates first and does not cease until death. The mind loses the faculty of association; judgment gives place to recollection, and the senses vanish, as we have seen, in succession. The ruling passion, though concealed from infancy, is revealed in the hour of death, and the thoughts of boyhood bound into the sunset of declining age.

At the moment of death there become disengaged from venous blood certain gases which are normally confined therein, and which form a pneumatosis—a swelling of the veins. This action in the veins of the retina, says Mr. Bongchut, is easily appreciable by the ophthalmoscope, and constitutes an immediate and certain sign of death. The pneumatosis is induced by the interruption of the column of blood, and is comparable to that observed in an interrupted column of a colored alcohol thermometer.

A few hours after death, generally from seven to ten, a rigidity takes possession of the body. This rigidity, which physicians call rigor mortis, is not confined to the muscles, but is manifested in the blood-vessels and heart. The rigidity may be removed for a few hours by the injection into the arteries of the corpse of oxygenated defibrinated blood. If the body be uninterfered with, the rigidity will disappear after thirty-six or forty hours, when the body will be as pliable as at the moment of death. If the body be weakened or emaciated, from great suffering, or long sickness, the rigidity comes on sooner, but does not last so long. Physicians are not agreed as to the cause of this rigidity.

As the rigidity passes away, the beauty so peculiar to the human face in death, becomes more and more manifest, and is

nearest perfection three days after death.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PROCESS OF DYING .-- WHAT?

The undertaker's plea that bodies cannot be preserved unless they are immediately put away in ice is a mistake. It is a device for making exorbitant fees out of poor people as well as rich.

"After death there are three stages in the processes of decomposition," says Dr. Vanderpool, of New York City. "On the first day the features and the flesh are sunken in and the pallid shade of death is very ghastly. On the second day there is an improved look in every respect and the remains lose a part of the pallor of the first day. On the third day the flesh becomes full again, the skin clears up and the natural hue of life returns to a degree that in some cases is almost startling. At the end of this period discoloration sets in and decomposition does its work with great rapidity if the weather be warm. But these changes can be postponed without difficulty by the proper use of a very little ice on the stomach and some diluted carbolic acid sprayed into the nostrils. In 1848, when the modern ice boxes were unknown, I kept the

body of my mother four days in the hottest summer weather of July." Dr. Vanderpool complained of the general and growing practice of undertakers, without proper medical education, putting people into ice and freezing them beyond all possible recovery before the bodies had time to cool naturally. He thought that physicians, the board of health and the law should take measures to put a stop to such proceedings. There was no necessity for the practice, no excuse for it, except the sordid anxiety of the undertaker to make an exorbitant fee. He strongly favored the Neurological Society, which, he understood, was making efforts to have a medical expert especially detailed to investigate each case of reported death and to make a scientific examination as to whether the doctors themselves might not have erred and issued certificates before the vital spark of life had really fled

THE HOURS AT WHICH DEATH OCCURS.

In a paper contributed by Dr. Lawson to the West-Riding Asylum Medical Reports, England, for 1874, several interesting observations are recorded regarding the number of deaths which occur during the different hours of the day. Following up the researches of Schneider and others, who had shown that the greatest number of deaths take place during the ante-meridian hours, Dr. Lawson has been able to determine more closely the time of day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur. Supplementing the statistics of other institutions by those of the West-Riding Asylum, he finds that deaths from chronic diseases are more numerous between the hours of eight and ten in the morning than any other time of the day, while they are fewest between the hours of eight and ten in the evening. In the case of acute diseases. such as continued fevers, pneumonia, etc., a different result has been obtained. Following up what had been pointed out by other authorities, Dr. Lawson shows that the largest number of deaths from this class of diseases takes place either in the early morning, when the powers of life are at their lowest, or in the afternoon, when acute disease is most active. occurrence of these definite daily variations in the hourly death rate is shown, in the case of chronic diseases, to be dependent on recurring variations in the energies of organic life; and in the case of acute diseases the cause is ascribed either

to the existence of a well-marked daily extreme of bodily depression, or a daily maximum intensity of acute disease.

A DYING MAN SHEDS NO TEARS.

*It appears that in the act and article of dissolution, the sight that, pierces ether, faints and fails and fades, and tasteis dead, and touch is dead, and tongue, and feeling, and smell, all are dead. Not so the ear; it survives them all, for it is the last sense that dies; and it is the repeated testimony of those who have returned to life from the furthest limits beyond, that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with sounds so ravishing as to be indescribable by mortal words. It has been testified to by persons who have been drowned, and then brought to, that the very last perception was that of delightful music.

A dying man sheds no tears. He calls his wife and children, his parents, his best friends, to his bedside, and, though tear-drops rain from every eye, the contamination of tears never comes to him, never the one falls down his cheek. This is because the manufactories of life have stopped forever; the human machine has run down at last; every gland of the system has ceased its functions, and that is why death steps in, and, like a remorseless sheriff, takes posession and stops everything. In almost all diseases, the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one the others follow, and all the fountains of life are, at length, dried up; there is no secretion anywhere; the lips and tongue, how dry, as we have all seen; the skin, how dry; or, if moistened by the damp of death, it is from mechanical causes. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead in the heart, but because there is not a tear-drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip, which undying affection, when it can do nothing else, laves incesssantly with the little mop, or feather.

There is one sign of approaching dissolution. We have never seen it alluded to, and yet we have never seen it fail. When the extremities are cold, and the head, the very last part to lose all power of motion, is turned incessantly and quickly and restlessly from one side on the pillow to the other, death comes within an hour. It is worth the effort of a

^{*}Hall's Journal of Health.

lifetime to be able to die well, to die at a good old age, in peace with all mankind, and in a well-grounded faith of an immortal life beyond.

DYING AS VIEWED BY A SPIRITUALIST LECTURER.

In the funeral service of a Spiritualist in Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Emma J. Bullene preached a sermon in which she said: "In some cases the separation of the spiritual from the physical part is much more speedy and complete at the minute of death than it is in others. In cases of sudden and violent death, in full health, the process is slower, and often, in such cases, the soul has not severed its connection with the body for more than an hour after death has apparently taken place. To the subject himself death is exactly like a deep sleep. There is an interval of unconsciousness, during which the process of the separation of this fine spiritual part from the body is taking place. It rises like a silvery light, or luminous, magnetic mist, out of the brain, and is at first seemingly vague and unformed, but rapidly re-forms above the abandoned body, and develops into a perfectly-formed spirit—the same features we knew in the body, but more refined and beautiful. In cases of wasting sickness, the separation begins much earlier."

THE MIND DURING DEATH BY STARVATION.

N. E. Davies, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: The recent case of cannibalism at sea opens up some curious questions as to the effects of fasting on the moral nature of man. To the superficial observer, death by starvation simply means a wasting of the body, a horrible agony, an increasing weakness, a lethargic state of the brain, and a sleep from which there is no awakening; but is this all that it means? While this is going on, let us consider whether or not the intellectual faculty, and with it the power of distinguishing right from wrong, is not also undergoing a process of wasting and death, even before that of the material part, for, however dangerous it may be to received opinions to associate the material nature of brain with the moral nature of our being, we are bound to do so to elucidate some of the facts connected with this case.

Reasoning by analogy, we find that, in many cases of bodily disease, the state of the mind is the first indicator of the mischief going on in the system. Take even such a simple thing

as indigestion, which, as every one must know, is only a manifestation of a deranged stomach, and what do we find? That the lowness of spirits induced by this affection may vary from slight dejection and ill-humor to the most extreme melancholy, sometimes inducing even a disposition to suicide. The sufferer misconceives every act of friendship, and exaggerates slight ailments into heavy grievances. So in starvation, the power of reason seems paralyzed and the intellectual faculty dazed really before the functions of the body suffer, or even the wasting of its tissue becomes extreme. Such being the case, the unfortunate individual is not accountable for his actions, even if they be criminal in character, long before death puts an end to his sufferings.

THE PROCESS OF DYING BY ASPHYXIA.

A writer, in the Chicago Herald, says: "About twenty people lose their lives annually in Chicago by means of escaping gas. Some, undoubtedly, are suicides; others are ignorant in the handling of the favorite illuminating power, and still others are victims of defective gas fixtures. In every case they die a terrible death. It is one of the many popular mistakes that asphyxia caused by the inhalation of coal gas is only a form of sleep into which the doomed person drops to awake no more. The calm and peaceful appearance of the dead, indicating neither struggle nor pain in nature's final combat with her arch enemy, is belied by careful examinations made by the most expert physicians. Death from asphyxia begins at the lungs, almost simultaneously paralyzing the muscles of the body. The victim is deprived of the power of action, while still retaining consciousness. Not even an outcry is possible, and death approaches inch by inch-relentlessly entangling the agonized victim in its skeins, from which there is no escape unless timely help arrives before the last stage in the passive struggle. While still conscious, the brain, in its attempts to break the chains of death, pictures the past and present in vivid colors, flashing like lightning over the memory, which still has a conception that the end is coming.

"You may set it down, says an eminent medical practitioner, that the stages in asphyxia from coal gas are confusions of ideas, delirium, muscular spasms, convulsion and paralysis, unconsciousness, and finally failure of the heart's action. In other words, unconsciousness is one of the last stages, which leaves the natural inference that the victim knows what death is until the very last beating of the heart. The suffering must be terrible, because the duration of the last struggle, in which the body is entirely passive and prostrated. while the mind retains every impression more vividly than even in its normal state, is not less than thirty minutes, and in some cases longer than an hour. This medical view of asphyxia from coal gas is substantiated not only by the truthful relations of persons who have been rescued while nature was about to suc cumb, but also by the condition of the body after death. only irrational symptom disclosed by the scalpel of the operator is the presence of dark, venous blood in the right side of the heart and the venous system. The left chambers of the heart contain only a small quantity of dark-colored blood, while the vessels of the membrane and sinuses of the brain are filled with it. This demonstrates plainly that the brain was the last organ to succumb."

THE ODOR OF COMING DEATH.

An article in the American Journal of Medical Science describes a peculiar odor often noticed several hours before the final departure of life. The smell is said to resemble musk, and to be due to the liberation of ammonia and of the fatty acid which gives the blood its characteristic odor.

THE PROCESS OF DYING THOUGHTFULLY CONSIDERED.

It has been well said: "To be buried alive is a contingency the very thought of which fills the mind with horror; and yet it is notorious that instances have occurred, and may yet occur, through neglect on the part of those in charge to use even the most ordinary precautions."

The subject is of such importance that it is well to impress upon all a few of the signs which usually distinguish

actual from supposed death:

"The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a lookingglass placed before the mouth. The stoppages of pulse and breath may, however, under certain conditions, be reduced to so low an ebb that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are completely annihilated. Cases, too, have been known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or of the breath.

"The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death.
When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body the
edges of the wound close, while a similar cut made during life

presents an open or gaping appearance.

"An important change, termed the rigor mortis, takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half an hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must, however, be borne in mind that rigor mortis is not a continuous condition; it lasts from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. Commencing in the head, it proceeds gradually downwards, the lower extremities being

the last to stiffen; and disappears in the same order.

"One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered color of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur, from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers, with the thumb turned in. It is important to note that the slightest motion of the heart may be detected by the stethoscope, even though breathing and the pulse have ceased. If the heart, therefore, be silent to this delicate instrument, the vital spark has fled."

SIGNS IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

In determining whether the immortal spirit has taken its everlasting flight from its earthly home, physicians carefully inspect certain signs, or have immediate recourse to various experiments. "But it may be considered excellent advice," says an old physician, "to always distrust 'signs.'" At one time they may be correct in their manifestations, making no false reports; at another time they may mislead you, resulting in a

premature interment. If the signs of death are infallible, then there exists no necessity whatever for resorting to experiments, or any extraneous measures to restore life. If infallible, why so many premature burials? If they can be implicitly relied upon, then the attending physicians in certain cases where they have passed a dogmatic opinion that death had ensued on the part of their patients, which proved false, must have been first-class ignoramuses. It would be better to never regard any of the various signs of death as infallible. They should never be the autocrat to decide absolutely between life or death. Of course they may be approximately correct, and it is well to carefully observe them, but in every case all the known methods to effect a restoration should be employed, although they may be unavailing. Life and death may in some cases be so evenly balanced that some trivial circumstance may bring the patient back to life, or place him in a condition where restoration is impossible.

THE TIDES AND DEATH IN THE PROCESS OF DYING.

On Cape Cod and in many other districts along the New England coast it is believed that a sick man cannot die until the ebb tide begins to run. Watchers by beds of sickness anxiously note the change of tides, and if the patient lives until the flood begins to set in again, he will live until the next ebb. The most intelligent and best educated people, born and brought up on the New England coast, are not entirely free from this superstition, and to them there is a weird meaning in the words of Dickens in describing the death of Barkis: 'And it being high water he went out with the tide."

HOWARD'S METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

"We think it advisable," says the Canadian Journal of Medical Science, "to direct attention to the following rules for

resuscitating the partially drowned:

"First—Instantly turn patient downward, with a large, firm roll of clothing under his stomach and chest. Place one of his arms under his forehead, so as to keep his mouth off the ground. Press with all your weight two or three times, for four or five seconds each time, upon patient's back, so that the water is pressed out of lungs and stomach, and drains freely out of mouth. Then,

"Second—Quickly turn patient, face upward, with roll of clothing under back, just below shoulder blades, and make the head hang back as low as possible. Place patient's hands above his head. Kneel with patient's hips between your knees, and fix your elbow firmly against your hips. Now, grasping lower part of patient's naked chest, squeeze his two sides together, pressing gradually forward with all your weight, for about three seconds, until your mouth is nearly over mouth of patient; then, with a push, suddenly jerk yourself back. Rest about three seconds; then begin again, repeating these bellows-blowing movements with perfect regularity, so that foul air may be pressed out and pure air be drawn into lungs, about eight or ten times a minute, for at least an hour, or until the patient breathes naturally."

WHEN THE PROCESS OF DYING IS COMPLETE.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "There can be little doubt that premature burial does occasionally take place in France and Algeria, also in Germany, in consequence of the laws ordaining prompt interment. It is no wonder, therefore, that the following discovery, signaled in L'Electricite, has been received with great satisfaction. According to this journal, it has been ascertained that the application of an electric current to the body is a certain test of vitality. Such a test being applied five or six hours after presumed death, the non-contraction of the muscles will prove beyond a doubt that life is extinct. So, at least, we gather from the journal L'Electricite. All kinds of precautions are taken from time to time in France and Germany to avert the horrible catastrophe of premature interment, but we were assured in Germany nothing is trusted to but cremation. All who have witnessed the celerity with which the bodies of the dead, or supposed dead, are shoveled into the grave abroad, must cordially hope that the facts cited are incontestable and may be widely made known. Cremation is not a costly process, it is true, but it is not within every one's means to visit Milan or Gotha when living, much less to order urn-burial in either of those cities from fear of premature interment."

The Popular Science Monthly says: "The importance of having some readily-applied and indisputable test of the fact of death, is apparent, and many are the processes offered to

determine it. Nevertheless, such a test appears to be a desideratum—unless, indeed, we accept that offered by Kappeler. In the course of his researches on the electrical stimulation of dead muscles, Kappeler subjected twenty corpses to the action of various electrical currents, noting the time of disappearance of contractility. In persons emaciated by chronic maladies, it disappeared much more rapidly than in well-nourished individuals, or those who had acute disease. It disappeared seventy-five minutes after death at the quickest, and six and a half hours at the slowest. In cases where a rise of temperature is observed after death, electric contractility persists longest. So long as there remains the least flicker of life, the contractions continue intact. In the most prolonged faints, in the deepest lethargies, in poisoning by carbonic oxide, chloroform, etc., there is contraction so long as life lasts. But if the muscles make no response to the electrical stimulation, Kappeler . pronounces life to be extinct."

FREED FROM THE FEAR OF DEATH.

*When Mr. Fawcett, the late Postmaster-General, returned two years ago from the door of death, says the Pall Mall Gazette, he remarked that, whatever else his illness had done for him, it had at least freed him from the fear of death. Like many men of robust physique, Mr. Fawcett at one time entertained a dread that death would be preceded by a fierce convulsion—a veritable death-agony. During his former illness, as he lay for days in the last stage of prostration awaiting death, he felt entirely free from any physical fear. The heart would simply cease to beat, as a watch that has run out ceases to tick, and all would be over. Death would be no wrench, but simply the cessation of life. Such, at least, was the conviction which Mr. Fawcett brought back with him from the shadowy confines of the grave.

^{*}Chicago Tribune, November, 1884.

Over the Dividing Line, into Spirit-Life.

A CLIMPSE BEYOND THE VEIL, ON THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

A BRIGHT LIGHT—SPIRIT MUSICIANS—A GORGEOUSLY FURNISHED ROOM—A REVIEW SCHOOL—THE TRANSCENDENT BEAUTIES OF SPIRIT SCENES.

[The fact that in the trance state scenes in Spirit-life are often witnessed that are observed by the dying, may lead to the belief that in a measure it is similar to the stages of death. As, while dying, the spiritual faculties are often illuminated and spirit friends seen, so in the trance condition the same phenomenon occurs. The parallel seems to be complete.]

*A MESSAGE WHILE ENTRANCED.

On retiring one evening a short time ago, and while meditating on the grandeur of Spirit-life, my clairvoyant vision was opened to such a degree that I could see everything as distinctly as though it were material. I saw in the distance a bright light, and within that light there appeared a man, saying: "Come up and view the Sphere of Spiritual Purity." I made an attempt, but could not remain long, for my mind would revert to my body (which I could plainly see) and would cause me to lose my hold of the plane he was standing on. He said: "Your mind is a master of all your movements, and wherever you will yourself, there you will be. Now, sir, will yourself to remain with me and I will show you some of the beauties of Spirit-life." After several efforts I finally succeeded, and remained with him for a long time, while he explained a great deal that was grand beyond all preconceived ideas. "Now, sir," he said, "let us visit the Musicale." After passing up a

^{*}D. D. Glass, Columbia City, Ind.

spiral incline a short distance, I heard the most delicious music. In a short time we came in view of the musicians. There was an instrument resembling a piano, but much larger. There were three playing, while a dozen or more were standing near by singing. They were all females. I was completely enchanted with the music, while the magnificence and grandeur of the surroundings were beyond mortal power to comprehend. I was seemingly dethroned of my senses for a time, until I could master the situation, and realize that I was yet a mortal. We listened to the music for some time, which finally ceased, and the ladies, after paying respects to my guide (who seemed to be chief of the apartment) as well as myself, repaired to their separate apartments to again enter upon their respective duties as teachers and pupils—teaching those from a lower sphere, and receiving instructions from those of a still higher.

My guide said he must now leave me, as he had duties he must attend to, and he introduced me to a beautiful lady, who said she would be glad to escort me through some of the many apartments adjacent thereto. "Come, let us take a stroll down this beautiful walk." After passing down this beautiful walk, which in appearance was but a ray of light, for a short distance, we came to a magnificent structure. My guide said: "Let us enter this apartment, for I know when once within you will be

delighted with the enchanting effect."

We passed into one of the most gorgeously-furnished rooms I ever saw or read a description of. Those who have visited the Orient and drawn a pen-picture of the princely apartments, fall far short of a description of the grandeur of this place. The finest upholstered seats, chairs, lounges, sofas, etc.; carpets of the most gorgeous texture covering the floor; paintings of great and noble men and women adorned the walls; decorative paintings, plaster casts, with symbolical designs in endless variety, went to make up only a part of what was contained in this Eden of celestial grandeur. "This," she said, "is the apartment of Descriptive Knowledge and Eloquence. Within this room every attainment possible within you will be spontaneously brought forth. We visit this apartment to brighten up our dull and apparently lagging intellectual energies. This apartment is the last one visited before ascending to a higher plane, and that is why it is so thoroughly magnetized with the brightest ideas of those who have passed beyond, and have left

their influence so impressed here that all who enter are imbued with a keen perception that arouses every dormant intellectual vibration. Do you understand? While in this room we feel, in a slight degree, like those who have passed beyond. It would be impossible for us to experience what they do in our present state of development. We are only slightly impressed with the conditions of those who have entered the higher sphere."

I experienced a feeling in this room that would be impossible to describe. In conversing with my fair guide, I felt inspired with the eloquence of a Cicero or an Ingersoll. All things seemed easy and simple of explanation. Language flowed as easily as from the lips of a distinguished orator. My

guide said:

"You see, what is latent within, while in this room, comes to the surface, and you are no longer dull to comprehend anything you are capable of acquiring. But it is only temporary, for we must go back and learn thoroughly what we have passed over, by getting them permanently imbedded on the mind before we can pass this apartment and join the higher class. This might be rightly considered a Review-School. Everything we have learned in the past comes to us perfectly plain, so that when we ascend to the higher plane, we commencethere just where we left off here."

On leaving this apartment, we passed to within a short distance of the great piano, before seen, and then took seats on a beautiful ornamental sofa. In a few minutes there appeared before us about a dozen children, ranging from six to ten years of age. "This is my class from the Sphere of Childhood. They have come here for instruction in a higher grade of learning than is taught on their sphere. I must now be excused to attend their eager wants. I see fair Rhoda is at

leisure. She will be pleased to further entertain you."

Fair Rhoda, indeed! Oh, when will this earth, if ever, progress to that condition of purity that it will be possible to produce a being approximating the angelic loveliness of fair Rhoda? The widest stretch of the imagination of mortal man cannot picture such a being. A blonde of the purest type, whose skin was almost transparent, and the texture that covered her fair form was unlike in fineness the finest silken abrics produced on the earth plane. "Sir," she said, "if you

so desire, we will pass to you elevation (pointing to a beautiful retreat in the distance, covered with a gorgeous array of natural beauty, excelled only as nature ofttimes excels herself), where we can command a view of the surrounding country. I know you most earnestly desire an explanation on a subject which has caused much controversy on the earth plane, and I will be pleased to expound all you may wish to know."

On reaching that enchanted eminence and surveying the surroundings, I became awe-stricken for a moment with the grandeur of the place, and something about as follows passed

through my mind:

Oh! beautiful Nature! how the glories of thy fascinating splendor glow in the presence of the vivifying sunshine! Speak, oh! beautiful Nature, of thy perfect manifestations and great works, and in the presence of thy grand productions all is manifest good. Thou art the crown of all glory. Thou art the never-failing master of fate. Thou art the rock upon which all our hopes may be realized. Thou art the ruler of the heavens, whose pearly gates are ever ajar, and he who will may enter and become blest, for thou art the crowning

glory of all there is.

On arousing from my reverie my guide explained a great many mysteries of Spirit-life. I must confess here, as Paul did, I saw and heard things that would be "unlawful to tell." She explained the relation of the sexes in the higher spheres; the meaning of soul-mates, and how they unite and assimilate each other's magnetic aura, a pleasure beyond mortal conception. Here I learned the same pair do not as a rule remain together indefinitely. For instance: if one progresses faster than the other they will part, and seek one on their own plane. Soul-mates do not remain as such, only so long as there is compatibility, and this remains only so long as they have equal desires and aspirations on a progressive line, or in social relations. If one progresses beyond the other the one left behind becomes too crude and the other too refined for their auras to blend in harmony, and they are then divorced by a natural law of incongruity. They part as friends, very much unlike those divorced on earth. There is an inexplainable dislike between two spirits who have progressed to a state where they must separate. It is not a dislike as we understand it. They

are no longer attracted to each other, and each seeks a more

suitable companion.

I asked this fair one why it was necessary the sexes should be united after they had passed beyond the stage or sphere of procreation? What further use were they to each other as such? She answered: "Of what use are the two poles of a galvanic battery? Because they cannot exist separate, or are only in a quiescent state. The current cannot flow unless the circuit is complete. Just so with mortals or spirits, beings of a higher order, incomplete alone. The Bible says: 'It is not good for man [mankind] to be alone,' which holds good throughout the spheres. If this were not the law, spirits would mingle together promiscuously, seemingly without a purpose, in an inharmonious manner. While, on the other hand, they are similar to a fond pair on earth; they have a special object to love and care for, which gives them strength, and a desire to please, and instills in them an aspiration for a more exalted condition. There will come a time in the unfoldment of the spirit that they will be so strongly united they will have no desire to be separated. They will be virtually one, 'twain of one spirit,' as you have seen in a former vision. This is in accordance with the universal law of the positive and negative forces of nature, which is the harmonizing principle throughout the universe. In the earth sphere these seemingly two elements, as seen in the sexes, are noticeably distinct. They are separate and independent until attracted together by the common law of affinity, which is only partly understood.

"Now, sir, you begin to comprehend the use of the sexes even in Spirit-life. The sex principle-as understood by mortals-is, after successive unfoldments of the spirit, entirely lost, leaving the two (one) great animating principles that con-

stitute the dual life of all animate beings."

A Man Illustrating the Stages of Death.

THE RESULT OF AN OPIATE IN THE STAGES OF DEATH.

PECULIAR SENSATIONS—LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE EXTREM-ITIES—COULD SEE AS LIFE WAS EBBING AWAY—CONSCIOUSNESS LOST UP TO THE NECK—EVENTS OF THE WHOLE LIFE FLASHED FORTH—THE REVIVAL—DEATH BY FREEZING, ETC.

A writer in the New York Star gives a graphic account of the sensations which he experienced when he was in reality

dying, while under the influence of a powerful opiate.

He had been ill for some time, suffering from frequent returns of severe pains, which the doctors thought might be rheumatic, or might be neuralgic, or might be something else. At any rate, they could not hit upon the medicines, either to relieve these pains or to prevent their recurrence. Meantime, while they were experimenting, he was getting weak and thin, so it was determined to try to ease him of his misery, if even only for a time, in hope that nature would gather a little strength, and perhaps succeed in doing what the doctors had failed in—curing him.

One night before going to bed, several twinges, which had been at him for an hour or more, gave unmistakable warning of another night of sleepless torment, unless he could find relief somewhere. Of course he thought of the little syringe for the injection of morphine, with which he was provided. Then, according to instruction, he pinched up a piece of the calf of his leg tightly between the finger and thumb of his left hand, inserted the point of the tube under the skin, and gently introduced into his system the magic fluid which was to

relieve him of all suffering. It did it with a vengeance, and with unexpected rapidity, too.

The first sensation he experienced was as of something not belonging to him crawling under his skin, and mounting rapidly up his backbone, spreading thence all over his body as it went.

He could trace it as it moved; his limbs were beginning to refuse to serve him; he was obliged to totter to the bed without putting out his light. There he lay, eyes wide open, senses all alive, out of pain, but with no idea of going to sleep. When the crawling thing, whatever it was, reached the back of his head, it seemed to give a slight blow to that part, and immediately he lost all power over his limbs. Still he retained perfect consciousness. He heard the movements going on in different parts of the house. The only feeling of concern about anything that he remembers was a thought that arose in his mind like this: "What will Effie think when she finds me in this state?" Even this did not trouble him very much.

By degrees, but so slowly as to be hardly noticeable, he lost all consciousness of his extremities. At first, though he could not control them, he was quite aware that he had hands and feet, as a man in perfect health knows it without either touching them or feeling pleasure or pain in them. Now he seemed to lose them, to go from them, or rather shrink from them as from sensible contact with a foreign body, more into himself. This peculiar loss of consciousness extended very gradually up his limbs. Still he had his senses; his eyes were open; he could see everything around him; he could hear as well as ever; his mind was clear and perfectly tranquil. He was neither frightened nor agitated nor anxious, nor was he impressed with any peculiar solemnity attaching to the occasion.

Little by little he lost his body, and with equal indifference. Whether his heart ceased to beat and his lungs to breathe at this time, he cannot tell, for he had no means of knowing, but if they had, he did not seem to miss them. Soon he was gone up to his neck. Then, and not until then, his senses began to grow dim. First his sight, not as by the closing of his eyes, but objects disappeared, leaving only the impression of light upon the eye; then that, too, faded, and finally no consciousness of the organ remained. His hearing was still with him. Soon it, too, left him. Head, face, body, senses, all seemed gone—everything except a feeling of weight in his tongue, and a round spot in the back of his head, where he had previously felt the blow. Then his tongue went, and the round spot was all that was left, yet this seemed just as absolutely and completely him as ever his whole body had been.

This state continued apparently a long while, during which he remembers wondering what Dr. S. would say when he saw him, hoping he would not meet with any annoyance about his share of the transaction. As to anxiety about worldly or any other affairs, fears for the future, memory instantaneously flashing before him the events of his whole life down to the minutest particulars—as we are told it sometimes does—he had no such experience. Even the consciousness of existence went. The whole affair, from the first injection of the morphine to the complete loss of sensibility, seemed to him to last some five or six hours.

The next thing he had any idea of was the feeling of external warmth applied to his cold body. This he felt all over him at once. Then came a terrible struggle within him, but in which he seemed to have no will—it was probably the first attempt of the involuntary organs to commence their work again. It was very distressing, and if he had known how to get away from it he would have done so. At last he became aware of people moving about him and of warm sunshine around him. With a terrific effort he opened his eyes and saw where he was—out on the verandah, upon which his own room opened, with the warm morning sun and fresh breezes pouring their beneficent influences upon him.

Poor dear Effie was by his side, white and silent, vigorously rubbing him as if her own life depended on it, while Dr. S. was hovering over him, trying to restore respiration.

"Water! Doctor, water!" cried Effie; "he is alive. Dash it over his head and neck." She raised him in her arms as she spoke, turning his face to the breeze. A dash of cold water made him draw a long, deep breath, and set heart and lungs at their regular work again. So he "came to," as people call it, and a very disagreeable process he thought it was—much more so than "going off."

He was very ill all that day—as weak as a little child, and for days he could not walk across the room without staggering like one intoxicated. By degrees he got quite over it, but he thinks he shall carry with him to his grave the horrible impression of what he suffered in coming back to life.

DYING THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF FREEZING.

*During any rigorous winter, published accounts of many persons being frozen to death, in the Northern and North-western States, may be seen. Sad as these events must always be, yet there are commonly accepted notions relative to such a death which are entirely erroneous. To be frozen to death many suppose must be a frightful torture, judging of their own experience of the effects of cold. Here we fall into the usual error of thinking that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if the sensibility remained the same. The truth is, intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and thus fairly beguiles men out of their lives.

A case in point will illustrate this: A small party of hunters, accompanied by a Swedish doctor named Menander, in Northwestern Alaska, numbering in all nine persons, were at one time overtaken by a blinding storm, and remained so long exposed that five out of the nine perished, being actually frozen to death, and among them was the Doctor. During most of the time Menander, knowing well the deceptions of a rigorous climate, cheered on the little party, and, in defiance of the inevitable lassitude which overcomes people under such circumstances, made the men keep moving. "Whoever sits down will die," he said to his comrades, "and whoever sleeps will perish." The poor Doctor spoke as a well-informed and scientific student; but alas! at the same time he felt as a man, and, in spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die!

This calls to mind the famous retreat of the French army from Moscow, where the warning was repeated thousands of times by the officers to the staggering soldiers; but the terrible fascination to stop, if but for one moment, and rest, was too powerful to resist in a vast number of instances, and whole

^{*}New York Weekly.

army corps found a frigid grave upon the surface of the frozen snow. Allison, the historian, relates his own experience as to the cold. Desiring to understand the matter fully, he tried the experiment of sitting down in his open garden when the thermometer was six degrees below zero, at night, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing over him, that he declared he wondered how a single man of Napoleon's army, in that awful retreat, had been able to resist the treacherous influence.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH

The process of dying, arising from freezing and the consequent benumbed feelings and sleepy sensations, is undoubtedly painless. When a person feels exceedingly drowsy, he dislikes to be disturbed, and when freezing, he seems to be oblivious to the great dangers that await him. This, as a natural consequence, arises from the weakness of the will-however that may be caused—and a disposition to quietly submit to the domineering actions of the feelings. Sleepiness caused by freezing is enervating; the brain ceases to be stimulated in the proper manner, and vague dreams, accompanied with strange illusions, succeed the active energies and thoughtfulness of the mind. In extreme cold the physical system is outside of its sphere of normal healthy element, the same as it would be if thrust under water, or in a well where gas would stifle it, or in an oven where it would gradually roast. When the weather is extremely cold, and the system succumbs to its devitalizing influence, there invariably passes through the system sensations of extreme languor and sleepiness; the sleep once induced, the languor that follows will produce weird dreams, by no means unpleasant, until finally the unfortunate victim passes into an unconscious condition, from which he is rarely resuscitated. Freezing may be denominated "the sleep of death," for a sleep, calm and peaceful, precedes the final dissolution, and the awakening can only be in that region towards which all are tending. Of course such a death, after the first tingling sensations have quietly passed away, must be painless. Few, however, seek that method to commit suicide. The first exposure to the cold is very disagreeable, and those intent on self-murder hesitate before they expose themselves to its initiatory influence, hence they oftener use the pistol, or poison, or jump into the water.

FREEZING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.

The terrible winter of 1880 and 1881 was prolific in interesting experiences (as set forth by the Leadville Herald) in relation to freezing, and the weird effects thereof on the system. At one time during the exceeding cold weather John Wilson had moaned out the death-rattle under the snowy sepulchre at the bottom of the Alice Logan mine, near Chalk Ranch, There is an event in Wilson's career that will render it immortal, even from its horror. No one whose destiny has not engulfed him in a similar position and calamity, can realize the terror of being imprisoned in a mine, with the sounding winds above moaning out a dirge over the grave of one alive, but to all minds and the world dead. Mr. Wilson was given up by common conclusion of his friends as having sustained death in the snowslide near Chalk Ranch. But W. C. Chapman, who was Wilson's associate at the mine, arrived at Leadville, and, going to the Citizens' Mining Investment Company's room in the Merchants' Building, notified the friends of Wilson of the occurrence of the morning. In a moment they started to their feet, and, inspired by the recollection of their old friend, they determined to confront the opposition of the night and howling weather, and go to the rescue.

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Accordingly Messrs. J. W. Virgin, a trustee of the Citizens' Mining Investment Company, Charles Crews, Charles Downing, and Mr. Caldwell, mounted their horses, and were soon pushing their way through the storm along the Arkansas Valley to where their friend was entombed. Finally they arrived at a portion of the road where snow had drifted so as to render it almost impossible to proceed any further. Tired out and weary, they started to tramp down the snow, so as to make a path for their horses. Some time was spent in this, and they at last arrived at Chalk Ranch, where they went into the house and thawed out their benumbed limbs.

Stimulated, they resumed their march to what they supposed was Wilson's grave, and encountered the most discouraging difficulties. The snow had formed a most perfect stronghold against human invasions, and seemed to leap higher and higher at each step, upon the bodies of the men. They were instructed to take it slow and easy, and by this method much more would be accomplished. The horses would sink down

now almost to their backs, and plunging this way and that, were soon in foam. The men moved on, thoroughly fatigued and almost frozen, until they reached a little cabin that had formerly been employed as a saloon and road lunch-house. By this time the men began to grow sleepy, and the evidences of freezing began to assert themselves. Several times previous Virgin and Downing had lain down, and closed their eyes in perfect and pleasant submission to the cold fingers that were rapidly closing themselves around their victims. The two other companions witnessed the awful, ominous evidence of death, and, going to the men, began to kick and beat them until, opening their eyes, they struggled to their feet, and walked on, apparently unconscious, or at least indifferent to their course. Reaching the cabin above referred to, Virgin and Downing again surrendered and fell prostrate upon the

snow, utterly refusing to advance another step.

A short distance up the declivity of the mountain was the cabin, which Crews and Caldwell concluded to reach, and, building a fire, returnfor Virgin and Downing. First, however, they built a fire beneath a massive bowlder that was near the road, and, supporting the sleeping men to it, the men started toward the cabin. They moved on with much difficulty and made very little progress through the obstinate element that seemed to exert itself in delaying the men. At last, after a terrible struggle, the men attained a spot within thirty feet of the cabin. Here Crews, who had proceeded with such fortitude, yielded, and, sinking down upon the snow, was in a moment unconscious of the fact that death had conquered and soon he would be a subject of another sphere. Caldwell was now the only one left, and upon him hung the destiny of the three men who had lain down to die. He pushed on through the snow, at times almost consenting to the drooping lethargy, and again summoning his strength and animation. After some time he reached the cabin, and pushing the door open was soon bent over the stove starting the fire. Upon the shelf near by was a quantity of canned goods, and seizing a can of pork and beans he rushed from the cabin and ran to Virgin and Downing. After kicking, turning and beating, the men were aroused and started like a hungry wolf upon the sentinel for the pork and beans. After this, strength began to return slowly, and starting again they reached the

cabin, where they fell thoroughly exhausted upon the blankets. In the meantime Crews had been taken in and was sleeping soundly. No one knew anything until the following Sunday morning, when the men awoke and remembered their errand.

Eating a hasty breakfast they started for the mine and proceeded to digging for Wilson. They worked vigorously until about ten o'clock, when they saw Wilson in an upright position, the pick above his head and held by his left hand. Everybody was surprised to find the man alive, and the palpitations of his heart were scarcely perceptible. His face was terribly discolored, and his chin fell forward on his breast. His extremities were as cold as ice, and perfectly void of any sense whatever. The abode of the remaining spark of life was the breast, and even his head was benumbed and senseless. arms were rigid and stiffened, as were the limbs, and there was little hope. His eyes were fixed, and there was every evidence that death had taken possession of the man. elevated him to the surface, and wrapping his body in a blanket, started for the cabin. His teeth, which were set in the cold embrace of death, were pried open and some whisky administered to him. Finally they arrived at the cabin, and, cutting his clothes from his stiffened limbs, he was placed in bed and a physician sent for from Robinson's camp. The Doctor arrived, and set to work immediately at his restoration. After successive hours of work and careful nursing, Wilson recovered his consciousness, and, looking around, was apparently ignorant of the occurrence. When informed of what had happened, he said that he remembered being down in the mine, but thought when the snow had fallen in upon him that he had been struck violently with some instrument. He said that his consciousness held out about eight hours, and he knew nothing after that. He had survived in the tomb for about forty-eight hours.

THE BEAUTIFUL SENSATIONS WHEN FREEZING.

A Western woman, recently restored to consciousness, describes the sensations attending freezing to death, as follows:

"Thousands of colored lights danced before her eyes; the roar of a thousand cannons was sounding in her ears, and her feet tingled as if a million needle points were sticking into them as she walked. Then a feeling of drowsiness came over her. A delightful feeling of lassitude ensued—a freedom from all earthly care and woe. Her babe was warm and light as a feather in her arms. The air was redolent with the breath of spring. A delightful melody resounded in her ears. She sank to rest on downy pillows, with the many-colored lights dancing before her in resplendent beauty, and knew nothing more until she was brought to her senses."

INCIDENTS SHOWING DEATH BY FREEZING TO BE PAINLESS.

The sensations of death by drowning or freezing are generally regarded as delightful, especially when caused by the latter. That death by freezing is comparatively painless, is proved by many incidents. In the year 1775, "the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and 'lay to' until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it, but received no answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Coming alongside the vessel he saw through the porthole a man at a table as though keeping a log-book, frozen to death. The last date in the log-book was 1762, showing that the vessel had been for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found, some frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses—a drifting sepulchre manned by a frozen crew." If death by freezing is accompanied by unpleasant sensations, the man referred to above as sitting at the table, frozen, would certainly have changed his position, and there would have been some evidence of agonizing pain depicted on his countenance.

During the winter of 1872-3, a man was found dead in Chicago, Ill., sitting on the seat of an omnibus, frozen stiff. If his death had been accompanied with disagreeable feelings, he would not have remained in one position, as fixed as a statue. During the severe snowstorms that occurred in Minnesota at the same period, many perished. Those who approached death's door so near that they caught a glimpse of the transcendent beauties of the Spirit-world, and then were rescued, state that the first knowledge of freezing consists of a prickling sensation, followed by drowsiness, and then all desire to be saved vanishes from the mind, followed by enchanting

scenes, such as characterize a dream when one stands on a lofty pinnacle and surveys the grandeur of creation. There is but little pain experienced then, and that in the very first stages of the freezing process. A party of six young couples, happy in the anticipation of pleasures which they expected to enjoy, were out sleigh-riding, and were overtaken by a destructive storm in Minnesota. The snow poured down in such quantities, and the wind blew with such terrific violence, that they were compelled to halt, and when discovered after the carnival of the elements, they were found locked in the embrace of each other's arms, sweetly sleeping in death. What a scene! Six couples, joyous and happy, compelled to succumb to the piercing cold, and yield up their lives so full of hope, romance and mystic charms, to the devouring rapacity of the elements. But their parents and friends had the satisfaction of knowing that the transition was painless, and the visions and scenes accompanying the same delightful.

Of course, no one desires to die from the effects of a snowstorm, however agreeable the same may be. Death is never desirable, and should never be invited under any circumstances, while the vital forces are buoyant and vigorous. An inspired writer has well said: "There is nothing that man is so likely to be little acquainted with as death. He usually shuns what he has always been taught to believe the greatest of evils, and avoids the vision of the monster, even when it knocks at his friend's or neighbor's door. The great majority of men seldom see death until it has gone; except when it comes to them, they rarely recognize it, so different is the original from the hideous caricature. Thus death has been for ages, contrary to science and experience, depicted in its physical relations as a pang and

an agony."

Our fear of death, however, is to a great extent hereditary, is deeply impressed upon our nature thereby, and though experience and science may demonstrate the transition to be comparatively painless, and accompanied with pleasing sensations, yet there is within mankind a deep-rooted antipathy

against the final dissolution of spirit and body.

A paper published in Minnesota, where so many froze in the winter of 1872-3, gives the following: "The bitter cold does not chill and shake a person, as in damper climates. It stealthily creeps within all defenses, and nips at the bone

without warning. Riding along with busy thoughts, a quiet, pleasurable drowsiness takes possession of the body and mind, the fences grow indistinct, the thoughts wander, weird fancies come trooping about with fantastic forms, the memory fails, and in a confused dream of wife and home, the soul steps out into oblivion without a pang of regret."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DYING.

Is it because some of us "are nearing the holy ranks of friends and kindred dear," that our notions are changing as to the philosophy of dying? Dr. Eddy, when about to die, simply called it a fact which would take care of itself; and Bishop Ames most beautifully expressed the Bible idea when he said it was merely passing from one apartment of our Father's house to another. We live now in this tabernacle; we shall live to-morrow in the better house, not made with hands. Is it not a great triumph of the truth that our school books no longer contain rough cuts of a huge bony skeleton, armed with a scythe, labeled "Time cuts down all, both great and small?" What is there in the Bible, or in the fact of dying, which authorizes us to call death a "grim monster?" It should not be so preached from the pulpit nor so talked to our children. Death is as natural a thing as sleeping, and should be so regarded-T. A. Goodwin.

Do Not Dread the Great Hereafter.

DEATH IS MERELY AN EXTENSION OF LIFE.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM—ANCIENT TORTURES—THE HINDOO FAKIR
—CHLOROFORM—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG—HERMODORUS—EPIMENIDES—FEVERS AND DEATH.

*There is a purpose in life, whether we recognize it distinctly or not, and it is but fulfilled when we live out our time to the last. The attachment to life is a propensity implanted in us to hold us here and make us careful about unnecessary encountering of danger. It is recorded of the tumbrel-loads of victims of the first French Revolution, that they were usually very fearful of being hurt when on their way to the guillotine; and that at the supreme moment they were so overcome and insensible from terror, that at the severing of their heads from the body, the blood scarcely flowed. Madame Roland, however, was an exception—two streams gushed from her neck when the headsman did his office.

A healthy person is never eager to encounter death. The pagan votary who performs self-immolation voluntarily, if there is any such, is in a morbid or abnormal condition, and life has little value in his eyes. Disease, privation, or overwhelming trouble is the occasion of such things. The wording of life insurance policies, exempting the companies from paying in case of suicide, is manifestly unjust, and ought to be denounced. But life insurance is largely extortion at the best, as it is transacted. Suicide is a death from disease, and is no more a breach of trust with insurers than many of our social and dietetic practices.

Accepting the event of death as ordered by the same law

[&]quot;Phrenological Journal, Vol. 11.

as that which caused our existence to begin, the motive that impelled the establishing of both conditions must be alike God-like and equally benevolent and beatific. It is best for us, most fortunate for us, that having properly accomplished

our careers, we die.

We need dread no hereafter; whatever that is, it is in the same hands, governed by the same laws, and tending to the same goal as the present life. So far, we may die cheerfully and with confidence that is for better and not worse. Sudden death, without premonition, now so common, is a boon rather than a hardship. If we have "set our house in order," attended to all persons and matters requiring our care, and have not inopportunely hurried our end, there is abundant reason to welcome such a conclusion. It seems to us a glorious thing to live our life out full, exhausting its powers without disease, and then cease to exist from the sudden stoppage of the machinery. If destiny, which overrules our acts and purposes, has that end in store for the writer, he would in advance declare it the mode most acceptable to him.

In other days religious fanaticism induced men who had made God in their own image to think of him as a grand torture-master, who delighted in the seriousness and suffering of men, and was offended by mirth. They affected the life, sores, and filth of the beggar, Lazarus, because he was comforted, and pronounced the rich man in torment in the underworld wicked, because he had in his lifetime received good things. Hence, not only were the rack, thumb-screw, and burning alive inflicted on dissenters, but partial self-immolations, rigid scourging, and voluntary starving were resorted to, as wearing out a corrupt nature. The pangs and violent anguish of neuralgic and inflammatory diseases were regarded as direct afflictions from God for the welfare of the soul. A Hindoo fakir, swinging on a hook, or dervish, lying down on a couch of sharp nails, only carried out the idea to greater length. Certain Scotch clergymen once denounced the use of chloroform by child-bearing women, because the third chapter of the book of Genesis announced pain in bringing forth as the penalty of the first woman for eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

Emanuel Swedenborg explains the process of dying as follows: "When the body is no longer able to perform its functions in the natural world, then man is said to die. This takes place when the respiratory motions of the lungs and the systolic motions of the heart cease; but still man does not diebut is only separated from the corporeal part which was of use, to him in the world, for man himself lives continually." He goes on to define that the inmost communication of the spirit is with the respiration and with the motion of the heart, its thought being with the respiration and the affection with the heart; wherefore, when those two motions cease in the body a separation immediately ensues. These motions are the bonds which attach the spirit to the body, and their rupture is followed by the spirit's withdrawing upon the cessation of the heart's action, after which the body grows cold and begins to dissolve.

There is a likelihood and liability of such a separation where a person is in the habit of heavy dreaming or trance. The spiritual individuality in such cases becomes more or less concentrated in itself, and the physical capacity becomes in a great degree separated, and sometimes apparently dead. This was the case with the Swedish seer, who, however, possessed a prodigious vital energy as well as cerebral power, and could undergo these ecstasies with comparatively little peril. But others, reft thus from the body, fail to return; or if resuscitation takes place, nevertheless die shortly afterward from the peculiar shock. Passing by the clairvoyant and other analogous phenomena of modern times, part of which are arrant impostures, and all of them contemptuously disregarded by ignorant or uncandid scientists, we cite examples from the Orient classics. Epimenides, a poet living in the time of Solon, had trances in which his body exhibited the appearance of a corpse, and he seems to have contemplated it as a thing distinct from himself. Pliny relates that he was once insensible for fifty-seven years, but this is doubtless an exaggeration. Plutarch also mentions Hermodorus of Clazomene, who was many times in ecstasis, and had the power of inducing and of continuing the apparent death for a long period at pleasure. His wife, finally, finding or supposing him dead, placed his body on the funeral pile, although it had not begun to corrupt.

It is evident from such examples—which are more numerous than is imagined—that persons liable to trance are likely to escape from corporeal life painlessly, as a bird leaves a cage, or a traveler his inn. Persons sometimes die from having no desire or energy of will to live. The individual of healthy body who has avoided disease and unwholesome habits, goes to death as to sleep, from which for once he fails to awake. It is more like the insensibility from chloroform than a breaking up of the physical economy. The stroke of lightning, the blow of the ax, and the instantaneous crushing of the brain, end life at once without a pang. The terror constitutes the entire suffering. Those who die in syncope, if they have any sensation, experience one that is rather pleasurable than otherwise.

The rack and the fagot inflict tremendous torture, and execution by hanging is, perhaps, next as a means of torment, now that crucifixion has gone out of fashion. It has long been a subject of marvel with us that Englishmen and Americans, boasting of their superior enlightenment and Christianity, adhere so tenaciously to such a barbarous infliction. The gallows is simply an infernal machine, an invention worthy only of one of Milton's devils. Wild beasts seldom hurt their prey very much, and they never equal men in cruelty. Yet

hanging is not very painful.

Most diseases remove the source of pain as they approach a mortal issue. The "agonies of death" are but struggles or writhings, in which there is no suffering whatever. There are muscles which are moved or kept in quiescence by the influence of the will upon them. At the period of death, and sometimes on other occasions, this influence is withdrawn; upon which they quiver and exhibit appearances that unsophisticated spectators mistake for suffering. A bird with its head cut off struggles in the same manner. Those who die of fevers and most other diseases experience their greatest pain, as a general thing, hours, or even days, before they expire. The sensibility of the nervous system becomes gradually diminished; the pain is less acute under the same exciting cause; and so far from being in their greatest distress when their friends imagine it, their disease is acting upon their nerves . like an opiate. Many times, indeed, they are dead, so far as respects themselves, when the bystanders are more to be pitied because of the anguish which they endure from sympathy.

If we will look this matter of dying in the face, so to

speak, as critically and calmly as we consider other topics, we can escape a world of apprehension, alarm and misery. are perishing every moment, so far as the molecules of our bodies are concerned; the textures are constantly giving way, and even oxygen, the vital air, takes the life from whatever it touches, and sets it to decaying. Yet this never alarms; the crisis or culmination is what we regard as the serious matter. There are three modes of dying-from syncope, asphyxia and The latter is the suspension of the functions of sensibility by operating on the brain. The long-continued action of cold, reacting like opium and chloroform, lesions of the brain, as by fever or apoplexy, occasion this condition. There is little or no sensation. Asphyxia, or suffocation, occurs from suspension of respiration or the access of oxygen to the blood. At first the heart receives venous blood into the left side and transmits it over the body. This operates on the brain, suspending sensation; the medulla is paralyzed, and with it the pneumo-gastric nerve; the lungs refuse to transmit non-oxygenated blood, and the heart and other vessels cease action. Drowning, strangulation, and poisonous gases produce this condition. The partial stupor experienced in ill-ventilated rooms is of the nature of asphyxia. Syncope proceeds from the interruption of the circulation of the blood, and may occur through hemorrhage, weakness, or paralysis of the walls of the heart, as from the use of tobacco, or from injuries to the nervous system, as from concussion or shock, as from violent blows, lesions, violent mental emotions, a stroke of lightning, exposure to sun, or from poisons which disturb the rhythmical motions of the heart, or aconite, digitalis, veratum viride, gelseminum, etc.

The death of Socrates by drinking the juice of hemlock (Conium maculatum) illustrates the operation of narcotic poison. Having finished the draught and appealed to his friends to forbear lamentation that he might die with good manners, he walked about the room till the arrested circulation in his legs began to paralyze them. He then lay down. The man who had brought the poison examined his feet, proving them hard; then his legs and thighs, but they were cold and insensible. After this Socrates touched himself to ascertain how completely he was dead, remarking that when his heart was reached he would depart. Presently the parts around the lower abdomen

became almost cold, and ne uncovered his face to give the memorable charge: "Crito, we owe the cock to Æsculapius; pay it, and do not neglect it." He evidently was thinking of the offering made to that divinity at the Eleusinia Mysteries, just before the close of the initiatory ceremonies, as the candidate was about to become an adept. Shortly after speaking he gave a convulsive movement; the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed, which, Crito perceiving, closed his mouth and eyes.

A little knowledge of physiology is sufficient to show that neither of these modes of dying are attended with any considerable suffering, and generally with none at all. Disease, in its progress, when involving the nerves of sensation, or any violence to those nerves, will inflict pain to any degree of which the person is susceptible. Hence, man suffers more

from the same causes than the beasts, and they, in turn, more than the fishes and reptiles, and these more than insects and

worms, et passim. But death seldom occurs, if ever, while such pain endures.

Death generally occurs when we are asleep or unconscious, and so comes upon us insensibly, like repose upon a weary man. Nature strives to render us indifferent to, or desirous of, the end. While life is really precious, she intensifies the desire to live; but as its uses are accomplished, she makes us willing to leave. To the well-ordered mind it is evident that death is as fortunate an event for us as any that occurs.

"To die is one of two things," said Socrates to his judges; "either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever, or there is a change and passage of the soul from one mode of existence to another. If it is a privation of all sensation, or a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain; for thus all the future appears to be nothing more than a single night. But if, on the other hand, death is a renewal, to me the sojourn would be admirable. * * * The judges there do not condemn to death, and in other respects those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal. To a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead; nor are his concerns neglected by the divine ones. What has befallen me is not the effect of chance. It is clear to me that to die now and be freed from cares is better for me."

LORD BACON, WILLIAM HUNTER, LOUIS THE XIV., MONTAIGNE.

Lord Bacon says: "It is as natural to die as to be born, and to a little infant one is as painful as the other." A great deal of weight must necessarily be attached to his statement, a man with such a clear mind and comprehensive understanding of nature's laws. The imagination, ever on the alert, and biased by early teachings, always attaches a great deal of solemnity to the approach of that imaginary figure called death, ascribing to him the cause of the pain arising from the separation of the spirit from the body. Says Appleton's Encyclo-

pedia:

"By a natural association in the common mind, of fear with suffering, the act of dying has been commonly supposed to be painful. So general is this belief that the term agony, or the expression, the 'pangs of death,' and 'last struggle,' are almost universally applied to the termination of life, as if it necessarily involved violence and suffering. 'Certainly,' as Bacon says in his Essay on Death, 'the contemplation of death as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak.' So exaggerated have been the notions of the pain of the last moments of life, that it was long considered an act of humanity to anticipate nature by violence. For ages it was the custom in Europe to remove with a sudden jerk the pillow from the head of the dying, in order to hasten death and thus prevent the supposed agony of the last struggle. However painful the mortal disease, there is every reason to believe that the moment preceding death is one of calmness and freedom from pain. As life approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes-a numbness or disposition to repose, which do not admit of the idea of suffering. Even in those cases where the activity of the mind remains to the last, and where nervous sensibility would seem to continue, it is surprising how often there has been observed a state of happy feeling on the approach of death. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die,' were the words of the celebrated William Hunter during his last mo-'If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die,' has been uttered in the enthusiasm of many a dying person; and Louis the XIV. is recorded to have exclaimed with his last breath, 'I thought dying had been more difficult.' Those who

have been snatched from the very jaws of death, and have lived to record their sensations, have almost unanimously stated that the apparent approach of the last moment was accompanied by not only a sense of ease, but a feeling of positive happiness. Montaigne, in one of his essays, describes an accident which left him so senseless that he was taken up for dead. Upon being restored, however, he says: 'Methought my life only hung on my lips, and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and I took a pleasure in languishing, and letting myself go.' The pain in the case of Montaigne, and in that of others similarly restored, seems not to have been in apparent progress of death, but in the return to life. Cowper, when restored from his mad attempt at suicide by hanging, 'said in recovering that he thought he was in hell.'"

Death from a Christian's Standpoint.

THE VIEWS OF AN ORTHODOX MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

WERE APPARENTLY DEAD—SYNCOPE—FIRST STAGE OF INSENSI-BILITY—"AT AN ENTIRELY NEW PLACE"—PROFESSOR OF RE-LIGION—THE COWARD AND THE TIMID—VIEW OF HEAVENLY LIGHT.

*While attending medical lectures at Philadelphia, I heard, from the lady with whom I boarded, an account of certain individuals who were dead to all appearance, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, and yet recovered. The fact that they saw, or fancied they saw, things in the world of spirits, awakened my curiosity.

She told me of one, with whom she was acquainted, who was so confident of his discoveries, that he had seemingly thought of little else afterward, and it had then been twenty-four years. These things appeared philosophically strange to

me, for the following reasons:-

First—Those who, from bleeding or from any other cause, reach a state of syncope, or the ordinary fainting condition, think not at all, or are unable to remember any mental action. When they recover, it appears either that the mind was suspended or they were unable to recollect its operations. There are those who believe on either side of this question. Some contend for suspension; others deny it, but say we never can recall thoughts formed while the mind is in that state, for reasons not yet understood.

Secondly—Those who, in approaching death, reach the first state of insensibility, and recover from it, are unconscious of any mental activity, and have no thoughts which they can recall.

[&]quot;The Views of Rev. David Nelson, the author of "Cause and Cure of Infidelity."

Thirdly—If this is so, why, then, should those who had traveled further into the land of death, and had sunk deeper into the condition of bodily inaction, when recovered, be conscious of mental action, and remember thoughts more vivid than ever had flashed across their souls in the health of boy-

hood, under a vernal sun, and on a plain of flowers?

After this I felt somewhat inclined to watch, when it became my business, year after year, to stand by the bed of death. That which I saw was not calculated to protract and deepen the slumbers of infidelity, but rather to dispose toward a degree of restlessness; or, at least, to further observation. I knew that the circle of stupor, or insensibility, drawn around life, and through which all either pass, or seem to pass, who go out of life, was urged by some to prove that the mind could not exist unless it be in connection with organized matter. For this same reason, others have contended that our souls must sleep until the morning of the resurrection, when we shall regain our bodies. That which I witnessed for myself, pushed me (willing or unwilling) in a different direction. Before I relate these facts, I must offer something which may illustrate, to a certain extent, the thoughts toward which they pointed.

I was called, on one occasion, to see a female, who departed under an influence which causes the patient to faint again and again, more and still more profoundly, until life is extinct. For the information of physicians, I mention, it was uterine hemorrhage from inseparably-attached placenta. When recovered from the first condition of syncope, she appeared as unconscious, or as destitute of activity of spirit, as others usually do. She sank again and revived; it was still the same. She fainted more profoundly still; and when awake again, she appeared as others usually do who have no thoughts which they can recall. At length she appeared entirely gone. It did seem as though the struggle was forever past. Her weeping relatives clasped their hands and exclaimed: "She is dead!" but, unexpectedly, she waked once more, and glancing her eyes on one who sat near, exclaimed: "Oh, Sarah, I was at an entirely new place!" and then sunk to remain insensible to the things

of the place we live in.

Why she, like others in fainting, should have no thoughts which she could recall, when not so near death as she afterward was when she had thought, I could not clearly explain.

Why her greatest activity of mind appeared to happen during her nearest approach to the future world, and while so near that, from that stage, scarcely any ever return who once reach it, seemed somewhat perplexing to me. I remembered that in the case recorded by Dr. Rush, where the man recovered who was, to all appearance, entirely dead, his activity of mind was unusual. He thought he heard and saw things unutterable. He did not know whether he was altogether dead or not. St. Paul says he was in a condition so near to death that he could not tell whether he was out of the body or not, but that he heard things unutterable. I remembered that Tennant, of New Jersey, and his friends, could not decide whether or not he had been out of the body; but he appeared to be so some days, and thought his discoveries unutterable. The man who cuts his finger and faints, recovering speedily, has no thoughts, or remembers none; he does not approach the distant edge of the These facts appeared to me poorly calculated to advance the philosophical importance of one who has discovered from sleep, or from syncope, that there is no other existence. because this is all which we have seen. They appeared to me rather poorly calculated to promote the tranquility of one seeking the comforts of Atheism. For my own part, I never did desire the consolations of everlasting nothingness; I never could covet a plunge beneath the black wave of eternal forgetfulness, and cannot say that these observations, in and of themselves, gave me pain; but it was evident that thousands of the scientific were influenced by the weight of a small pebble to adopt a creed-provided that creed contradicted Holy Writ. I had read and heard too much of man's depravity, and of his love for darkness, not to see that it militated against any system of Deism, if it should appear that the otherwise learned should neglect to observe, or if observant, should be satisfied with the most superficial view, and, seizing some shallow and unquestionable facts, build hastily upon them a fabric for eternity.

In the case of those who, recovering from yellow fever, thought they had enjoyed intercourse with the world of spir-

its, they were individuals who had appeared to be dead.

The following fact took place in recent days. Similar occurrences impressed me during years of observation. In the city of St. Louis a female departed who had a rich portion of the comforts of Christianity. It was after some kind of spasm, that was strong enough to have been the death-struggle, that she said—in a whisper, being unable to speak aloud—to her young pastor: "I had a sight of home, and saw my savior!"

I was surprised to find that the condition of mind in the case of those who were dying, and of those who only thought themselves dying, differed very widely. I had supposed that the joy or the grief of death originated from the fancy of the patient (one supposing himself very near to great happiness, and the other expecting speedy suffering), and resulted in pleasure or apprehension. My discoveries seemed to overturn this theory. Why should not the professor of religion who believes himself dying, when he really is not, rejoice as readily as when he is departing, if his joy is the offspring of expectation? Why should not the alarm of the scoffer, who believes himself dying and is not, be as uniform and as decisive as when he is in the river, if it comes of fancied evil or cowardly terrors? The same questions I asked myself again and again. I have no doubt that there is some strange reason connected with our natural disrelish for truth, which causes so many physicians, after seeing such facts so often, never to observe them. During twenty years of observation, I found the state of the soul belonging to the dying was, uniformly and materially, unlike that of those who only supposed themselves departing. This is best made plain by noting cases which occurred.

First—There was a man who believed himself converted, and his friends, judging from his walk, hoped with him. He was seized with disease, and believed himself within a few paces of the gate of futurity. He felt no joy; his mind was dark, and his soul clouded. His exercises were painful, and the opposite of every enjoyment. He was not dying. He recovered. He had not been in the death-stream. After this he was taken again. He believed himself dying, and he was not mistaken. All was peace, serenity, hope, triumph.

Second—There was a man who mocked at holy things. He became seriously diseased, and supposed himself sinking into the death-chamber. He was not frightened. His fortitude and composure were his pride, and the boast of his friends. The undaunted firmness with which he could enter futurity was spoken of exultingly. It was a mistake. He was not in the condition of dissolution. His soul never had been

on the line between the two worlds. After this he was taken ill again. He supposed, as before, that he was entering the next state, and he really was; but his soul seemed to feel a different atmosphere. The horrors of these scenes have been often described and often seen. I need not endeavor to picture such a departure here. The only difficulty in which I was thrown by such cases, was: "Why was he not thus agonized when he thought himself departing? Can it be possible that we can stand so precisely on the dividing line, that the gale from both this and the coming world may blow upon our cheek? Can we have a taste of the exercises of the next territory before we enter it?" When I attempted to account for this on the simple ground of bravery and cowardice, I was met by the following facts:

First, I have known those (the cases are not infrequent) who were brave, who had stood unflinching in battle's whirlpool. They had resolved never to disgrace their system of
unbelief by a trembling death. They had called to Christians
in the tone of resolve, saying: "I can die as coolly as you
can." I had seen those die from whom entire firmness might
fairly be expected. I had heard groans, even if the teeth were
clinched for fear of complaint, such as I never wish to hear
again; and I had looked into countenances, such as I hope
never to see again while journeying on this earthly sphere.

Again, I had seen cowards die. I had seen those depart who were naturally timid, who expected themselves to meet death with fright and alarm. I had heard such, as it were, sing before Jordan was half forded. I had seen faces where, pallid as they were, I beheld more celestial triumph than I had ever witnessed anywhere else. In that voice there was a sweetness, and in that eye there was a glory, which I never could have fancied in the death-spasms, if I had not been near.

The condition of the soul when the death stream is entered, is not the same with that which it becomes (oftentimes) when it is almost passed. The brave man who steps upon the ladder across the dark ravine, with eye undaunted and haughty spirit, changes fearfully, in many cases, when he comes near enough to the curtain to lift it. The Christian who goes down the ladder pale and disconsolate, oftentimes starts with exultation and tries to burst into a song when almost across.

CASE OF ILLUSTRATION—A revolutionary officer, wounded at the battle of Germantown, was praised for his patriotism. The war was ended; but he continued still to fight, in a different way, under the banner of one whom he called the captain of his salvation. The applause of men never made him too proud to talk of the Man of Calvary. The hurry of life's driving pursuits could not consume all his time, or make him forget to kneel by the side of his consort, in the circle of his children, and anticipate a happy meeting in a more quiet clime.

To abbreviate this history, his life was such that those who knew him believed if anyone ever did die happily, this man would be one of that class. I saw him when the time arrived. He said to those around him: "I am not as happy as I could wish, or as I had expected. I cannot say that I distrust my Savior, for I know in whom I have believed; but I have not that pleasing readiness to depart which I had looked for." This distressed his relatives beyond expression. friends were greatly pained, for they had looked for triumph. His departure was very slow, and still his language was: "I have no exhilaration and delightful readiness in my travel." The weeping circle passed around him. Another hour passed. His hands and feet became entirely cold. The feeling of heart remained the same. Another hour passes, and his vision has grown dim, but the state of his soul is unchanged. His daughter seemed as though her body could not sustain her anguish of spirit, if her father should cross the valley before the cloud passed from his sun. She (before his hearing vanished) made an agreement with him that, at any stage as he traveled on, if he had a discovery of advancing glory, or a foretaste of heavenly delight, he should give her a certain token with his hand. His hands he could still move, cold as they were. She sat holding his hand, hour after hour. In addition to his sight, his hearing at length failed. time he appeared almost unconscious to anything, and the obstructed breathing peculiar to death was advanced near its termination, when he gave the token to his pale but now joyous daughter, and the expressive flash of exultation was seen to spread itself through the stiffening muscles of his face. When his child asked him to give a signal if he had any happy view of heavenly light, with the feelings and opinions I once

owned, I could have asked: "Do you suppose that the increase of the death-chill will add to his happiness? Are you to expect that as his eyesight leaves, and as his hearing becomes confused, and his breathing convulsed, and as he sinks into that cold, fainting, sickening condition of pallid death, that his exultation is to commence?" It did then commence. Then is the time when many, who enter the dark valley cheerless, begin to see something that transports; but some are too low to tell of it, and their friends think they departed under a cloud, when they really did not. It is at this stage of the journey that the enemy of God, who started with a look of defiance and words of pride, seems to meet with that which alters his views and expectations; but he cannot tell it, for his tongue can no longer move.

Those who inquire after and read the death of the wife of the celebrated John Newton, will find a very plain and very interesting instance, where the Savior seemed to meet with a smiling countenance his dying servant, when she had advanced too far to call back to her sorrowful friends, and tell them of

the pleasing news.

My attention was awakened very much by observing the dying fancies of the servants of this world, differing with such characteristic singularity from the fancies of the departing Christian. It is no uncommon thing for those who die, to believe they see, or hear, or feel, that which appears only fancy to bystanders. Their friends believe that it is the overturning of their intellect. I am not about to enter into the discussion of the question, whether it is, or is not, always fancy. Some attribute it to more than fancy; but inasmuch as, in many instances, the mind is deranged while its habitation is falling into ruins around it, and inasmuch as it is the common belief that it is only imagination of which I am writing, we will look at it under the name of fancy.

The fanciful views of the dying servants of sin, and the devoted friends of Christ, were strangely different, as far as my observation extended. One who had been an entire sensualist, while dying, appeared in his senses in all but one thing "Take that black man [a dark spirit] from the room," said he. He was answered that there was none in the room. He replied: "There he is, standing near the window. His presence is very irksome to me—take him out." After a time, again

and again, his call was: "Will no one remove him? There he

is-surely some one will take him away!"

I was mentioning to another physician my surprise that he should have been so much distressed if there had been many blacks in the room, for he had been waited on by them, day and night, for many years; also that the mind had not been diseased in some other respects; when he told me the names of two others (his patients)—men of similar lives—who were tormented with the same fancy, and in the same way, while dying.

A young female, who called the Man of Calvary her greatest friend, was, when dying, in her senses, in all but one particular. "Mother," she would say, pointing in a certain direction, "do you see those beautiful creatures?" Her mother would answer: "No, there is no one there, my dear." She would reply: "Well, that is strange. I never saw such countenances and such attire. My eye never rested on anything so lovely." Oh, says one, this is all imagination, and the notions of a mind collapsing; wherefore tell of it? My answer is, that I am not about to dispute or deny that it is fancy; but the fancies differ in features and in texture. Some in their derangement call out: "Catch me, I am sinking-hold me, I am falling." Others say: "Do you hear that music? O, were ever notes so celestial!" This kind of notes, and these classes of fancies, belonged to different classes of individuals; and who they were, was the item which attracted my wonder. Such things are noticed by few individuals.

The Mimicry of Death.

INCIDENTS IN THE WONDERLAND OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE ANIMALS' IMITATION OF DEATH—DR. DODS—A SPIRIT WITH MORTAL BEINGS—PREMATURE INTERMENTS—CEMETERIES IN GERMANY—ENGINES—DYING OF GRIEF—SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE TWO EXTREMES, LIFE AND DEATH, ETC., ETC.

The Detroit Free Press gave an account some time ago of a little boy by the name of Ned Baker, who would, for a small compensation, stretch out on the floor, cease to breathe, grow white in the face, affect the rigidity of a corpse, and his pulse become so feeble that the beating could only be detected by a practical finger. On one occasion he went through this performance in a saloon, and so much like genuine death was his counterfeit, that the men who put him up to the trick became badly frightened, and bribed him to come out of his deathlike stupor. His breathing was so faint that it could not be felt on the hand or cheek, and hardly dimmed the glass held down to his lips. He says that the performance does not injure his health, and he can make himself so nearly lifeless that it is only by a great mental effort that he throws off the lethargy. His imitation of the final transit is worthy of careful consideration. How is it accomplished? Has the mind such a wonderful influence over the involuntary nerves and functions of the body as to compel them for a time to suspend action? Is the complicated machinery of our system, the voluntary and involuntary parts thereof, under the complete control of the will in certain individuals? Such seems to be the case. Of course, there was an unaccountable torpidity of the system induced by this remarkable boy. It is a well-known fact that snakes, various kinds of insects, and alligators, during the severe winter,

become torpid-to a limited extent, dead-and when the vitalizing influence of spring approaches, their latent energies are quickened into life again, they assume their normal state, and no one would suppose that they had been in such a comatose The raccoon presents a peculiar example of this when it burrows on the approach of winter, partially suspends its animation, and without any sustenance whatever, remains until invited forth again into the active world, on the arrival of spring. Like Ned Baker, it, too, can mimic death, and protract the imitation for months, and then awaken therefrom in perfect health. Man, being an epitome of the universe, embodies within his physical organism certain peculiarities of the animal kingdom. The torpidity of the raccoon and many other animals is self-induced, or caused by climatic conditions; it is a species of trance, or syncope, that continues while a congealing state of the atmosphere exists. The suspension of consciousness on the part of the raccoon may possibly be voluntary, as much so as the seeking of its burrow for rest and sleep. It is a partial death—the lungs cease to throb, the blood to circulate freely, and the nervous system to transmit sensations to the brain. Dr. Dods claims that in those animals that become torpid during the winter, the foramen ovale, the opening between the auricles of the heart, never closes, consequently they can live without breathing. In infants, the foramen ovale generally closes immediately after birth. He says, further, that there is occasionally an individual in whom it never closes, and that he is liable, when disease or pain exhausts the voluntary powers, to sink into a torpid state, which has been mistaken for death. The lungs and heart suspend their motions, the blood no longer circulates, and the limbs grow stiff and cold. Thousands in this condition have been prematurely buried, have come to life, struggled, turned over in their coffin, and perished. On being disinterred, they have been found with their face downward. Some placed in tombs have revived, been accidentally heard, and fortunately recovered.

WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES OF ALBERT BENNETT WHITING.

Albert Bennett Whiting gives the following account of his experiences in the death-trance:

"I was a spirit with immortal beings. I could see my body as it lay upon the bed, cold and lifeless. I thought of

my mother and sister at home, dependent upon me; of their deep sorrow when they should hear of my departure. spirits around me were conversing together. Some said: 'Let him stay with us!' Others said: 'No! let him go back to earth and fulfill his destiny.' Then my guardian spirit said: 'He shall return to earth.' I recognized, among those around, the tall Indian chief—one of the first four spirits who appeared to me-and a number of others whom I knew; but soon one approached whom I had never seen-a man of venerable and majestic aspect. He was attended by a numerous company of spirits, and eagerly greeted, as if expected, with the request, 'Aid us to restore to earth this wandering mortal.' I saw a green and yellow light fall upon my dead body, and I knew no more till I awoke in the form. I was cold and stiff, and could not move for a long time; but gradually warmth and feeling returned, and the next day I arose and told my astonished friends that I was going home. They said I could not possibly live to get there, and, indeed, gave me no hope of recovery if I remained. I knew I must go; so I coolly replied, Well, I won't die here,' and started on Thursday morning. I arrived at Niagara Falls Friday, where I found my old friend, Judge Manchester-formerly of Providence-and in his excellent family rested until Monday. Then, though even more feeble, and against the wishes of my kind host, I continued my journey, and reached home the Tuesday following, more dead than alive."

DEATH OF A BOY AT SALT LAKE, WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE.

William Blackhurst, a boy living at Salt Lake, attended a picnic, June 18th, 1874, not very far from his home. After going in bathing he entered a large swing. In a few minutes, having ceased to exert himself, he was taken down in a lifeless condition. Ceasing to breathe he was taken home, and preparations made for his burial. On the next morning many persons who were present observed that the remains were yet warm, one of whom, a lady of the neighborhood, called particular attention to the warmth of the neck, just before starting to the cemetery. Medical advice was had on the case, when the physician pronounced the youth dead, notwithstanding the singular appearance of the body. The funeral took place, and more than fifty hours after what appeared to be the death of William Blackhurst. Several persons who had known the de-

ceased in life, went a few days after to the cemetery, where, upon opening the coffin, they were met with a spectacle most fearful to contemplate. The boy, coming to life in that narrow prison under ground, struggled to escape the horrible incarceration, and in the effort had torn the skin and flesh from his face, and dragged his hair out by the roots. In that dark conflict, the poor creature had turned over in his coffin and died!

One neighbor, present at the funeral, insisted that the boy was not dead, but a subject of suspended animation. This same person related that he had himself passed through a similar condition, having been at one time apparently lifeless for the space of eight days, with much less evidence of dormant vitality than he saw in the warm body of the boy before him. But there was no doubt in the minds of the friends and attendants as to the death of William Blackhurst, and he went into the grave alive.

CUSTOMS IN CERMANY.

"In the cemeteries of Mainz, Frankfort, Munich, and other German cities," says Harper's, "the dead are exposed for a certain number of days before interment, to guard against premature burial. The bodies lie in the coffins, with the lids removed, in a large dead-house, a wire attached to the extremities of the corpse, and connected with a bell, so that the least motion would reveal animation, and bring aid and succor at once. Certain medical watchers are within call both day and night, should the bell be rung, and thus every possible assist-

ance is secured toward resuscitation.

"Marvelous tales are told by the common people of sudden resuscitation and premature burial, and these tales are widely and firmly believed. They have, however, very little foundation, as it is extremely rare, at least nowadays, that persons prepared for the grave are not actually dead. But still signs of death are so fallacious that the customs adopted by the Germans must be regarded as a wise precaution. A celebrated anatomist, Winslow, had two such narrow escapes from antemortem sepulture that he published a treatise on the subject, expressing the opinion that incipient putrefaction is the sole trustworthy symptom of physical dissolution. I have made diligent inquiry in Germany respecting cases of suspended animation, and I have learned that in not a single instance has

a body placed in the dead-house proved aught but a corpse.'

PECULIAR CASES OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Dr. Dods, the celebrated psychologist, relates an incident that occurred in New Jersey, where an individual was apparently in a state of death. He was cold and motionless. The lungs heaved not; the heart in its pulsations was stilled; the blood was stagnated in its channels, and ceased to flow. His funeral was two or three times appointed, the friends and neighbors assembled, and through the entreaties of physicians, it was postponed to another time. He at length awoke from this state to life, and was soon restored to health.

A man is supposed to be dead. The eyes have lost their brilliancy, the countenance becomes pale, and the nervous system refuses to transmit its accustomed messages. The body is being carried along by four pall-bearers to be interred, when one stumbles and falls, and instantaneously life again throbs in the veins of the one they were conveying to the grave.

Abbe Menon cites a very peculiar case, that of a cataleptic girl who, supposed to be dead, was selected for dissection. An incision of the knife on the part of the operator put the involuntary organs of her body in motion again, and she soon

regained her usual health.

The facts collected by Bruhier and Lallemand in two works that have become classic, compose a most mournful and dramatic history. These are some of its episodes, marked by the strange part that chance plays in them. "A rural guard, having no family, dies in a little village of Lower Charente. Hardly grown cold, his body is taken out of bed and laid on a straw ticking covered with a coarse cloth. An old hired woman is charged with the watch over the bed of death. At the foot of the corpse was a branch of box, put into a vessel filled with holy water, and a lighted taper. Toward midnight the old watcher, yielding to invincible need of sleep, fell into a deep slumber. Two hours later she awoke surrounded by flames from a fire that had caught her clothes. She rushed out, crying with all her might for help, and the neighbors running together at her screams, saw in a moment a naked spectre issue from the hut, limping, and hobbling on limbs covered with burns. While the old woman slept, a spark had probably dropped on the straw bed, and the fire it kindled had

aroused both the watcher from her sleep and the guard from his seeming death. With timely assistance he recovered from

his burns, and grew sound and well again."

In these cases there was a suspension of the action of the various organs of the body; they were exactly intermediate between animated life and actual death. There only existed a hair's breadth in either direction. In one instance a fall restored to full life the dormant functions; in the second, the dissecting knife; in the third, fire. As the reader well knows, certain organs of the body cannot be controlled by the will—the lungs, heart, etc. A suspension of their work is considered death. But it may not constitute the final dissolution—the individual may be reposing between the two extremes—life and death—and the most careful observation may fail to detect his true status. In one case, with which I am familiar, a red-hot iron applied to a drowned man, the functions of whose system had been suspended for about three hours, restored him to animation.

A strange incident is related in the "Library of Mesmerism and Psychology," where a lady fell into a cataleptic condition after a violent nervous attack. It seemed to her as if she was in a dream, that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her. tinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she even felt them when putting on her shroud preparatory to laying her in the coffin. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on the body. She had the contradictory feeling, as if she were in her own body, and yet not in it, at the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her soul was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on she revived.

PECULIARITIES OF THE PHYSICAL ORGANISM.

Engineers were accustomed to experience much difficulty with their engines, in the early days thereof, being sometimes unable for a time to start them, in consequence of the piston not being in a position, in connection with the driving-wheel,

to exert its power effectually-it could as easily start the wheels in one direction as the other-if it could be moved at all-forward or backward. But just raise or lower the piston a trifle in connection with the driving-wheel, and immediate motion was the result. The cases I have enumerated resemble the engine in this particular—it is almost impossible for the life currents without assistance to move; some outside assistance is required, or death actually results. True, there are, occasionally, cases where the efforts of the mind alone, exerted with peculiar power, can reanimate the vital forces, or even cause death itself to ensue-as often the latter, perhaps, as the former. The organs of the system, under such circumstances, are not dead, but in a condition somewhat analogous to that of sleep, only a complete suspension of their action has occurred. If the stomach absolutely refuses to digest food, and the liver to secrete bile, then two organs of the body have stopped business in connection with the beautiful machinery oflife. All the senses, however, are awake—the eyes still brilliant, and the countenance expressive of the beaming animation within. The bowels, sensing the difficulty, will not perform the duties required in their department. neys, hearing of the rebellion, become perfectly passive. The blood meandering around in various parts of the system, meeting with hostile obstructions, will no longer move. Various other organs of the body unite in making the disaster complete. The tongue fails to give expression to ideas; the features assume a ghastly expression, the lustre of the eyes then vanishes, and friends surround the remains, and pronounce the body dead—declare that the unfortunate one was seized with apoplexy. A vein was opened, but the blood would not flow. He was placed in a room with two watchers, who slept, alas! too long, for in the morning the bed was deluged with blood from the punctures, and his life was lost. (See p. 101, Library of Mesmerism and Psychology.) He was not dead when the vein was first opened; in fact, had not commenced to die. The spirit was firmly attached to the body, inhering there as in vigorous physical life. True, a suspension of work had occurred, the vital forces were suspended, standing midway between life and death, perfectly quiescent, and the distance to final death was as near as that to animated life-a blow, a sudden jar, a shock from the battery, a flash of lightning, a red-hot iron, or an intense effort of the mind, might revive to action the dormant energies, or, indeed, might cause death itself. In this condition of the system, the internal forces of the organs are so perfectly balanced that a trifling in-

cident may start them lifeward, or deathward.

It is difficult to determine what remedies to apply in these cases, knowing that under some circumstances they are as apt to kill as to cure. The causes which can suspend the energetic action of all the organs of the body, or place the forces thereof exactly between two extremes, life and death, are indeed numerous. A startling incident is related where an accomplished French lady was to be united in marriage to the man she did not love or respect, while all the tender emotions of her girlish heart were concentrated on another. Under the influence of the doom that awaited her, she apparently died. True to her womanly instincts, and devoted to one she so passignately loved, the grave had charms for her compared with deserting him for another whom she loathed. She was finally prepared for burial, and as the father gazed on her remains, so calmly sleeping, her features wreathed in flowers, from which there seemed to emanate a sweet, angelic smile, he regretted that he had been so cruel. The remains were finally buried, when the devoted lover, animated with strange hopes, opened her grave, when the organs of her system were fortunately started into motion lifeward, and afterwards she was married to the one whom she so devotedly loved. Grief on her part became so intense that this strange condition of her system induced that of apparent death, and being conscious when her lover stood by her side as she reposed in the coffin, joy, the opposite of grief, fortunately started the machinery of her system again into motion, and she lived many years in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Died of grief!—who can utter that phrase without tender emotions thrilling the whole being? The flower withers when no longer kissed by the sweet dew-drop or laved in the ambrosial light of heaven, and so does the system often languish when deprived of a dear friend, whose affection was incense to the same, and whose presence shed an animating influence that wove a fairy web of happiness and joy. Grief—oh! what a cheerless-sounding word, reflecting tears and feelings of sadness that flow in upon the inner nature, stirring up the deep

fountains of the soul. Young ladies, whose lives seem to be baptized constantly in sunshine, and whose footsteps make gladsome music; young men animated with lofty ambition, and whose aim is starward; old men tottering on the verge of the grave, where they catch a glimpse of the lambent beauties of the Spirit-realms; matrons, whose work has been adorned with deeds of benevolence, that shed a glorious light over their pathway—they meet with disappointment, a calamity, perhaps, and deep grief takes possession of their minds, and the complicated machinery of their system ceases its action—

perhaps, they die.

It is not unusual to see human beings die of grief, but an animal-a dog, who ever thought of that animal pining its life away. There was Peter Bean, of Memphis, Tenn. He was a well-digger, a strong and swarthy man, yet within that frame of his was as noble a spirit as ever animated a king. Not very brilliant; not cultured in science or philosophy, yet he was animated with honesty! Beautiful word, that moves from the lips in tremulous accents, and up, up, it goes, to be recorded in the Book of Life! Honesty is the diamond of one's nature, and he who has it is better off than an Astor luxuriating in wealth, or a Stewart fluttering among his silks and satins. Peter Bean's occupation was humble, and no brighteyed sweetheart ever threw her arms around his neck, and breathed upon him the aroma of her love, or imprinted an affectionate kiss upon his lips. His wealth was within his soul -deep down-and this dull world of ours had never seen it. Angel eyes, beaming tenderly and keen, had dwelt with pleasure at his evidence of intrinsic worth, and they flashed toward heaven their approval. But his affectional nature must have something about which to twine its sweet tendrils, and so he selected a dog. That dog loved him, too. Its eyes, its joyous bark, its frantic motions, all attested that his love was reciprocated in full. One day Peter was digging a well-down deep he was-and his dog came, and gazing in upon him, barked affectionately. Peter looked up, and it then instantly became dark to him, and his spirit was ushered into the beautiful realms of the supernal regions. The faithful dog, eager to salute his master, had displaced a bucket, and it fell crashing upon Peter's head, killing him instantly. His body was dragged to the surface, and then what a scene! We have seen

friends shed tears brilliant with love, and their tones of anguish were heartrending to hear; but Peter's dog showed equally as much grief, and his cries of sorrow were exceedingly touching. The faithful animal licked his master's wounds, caressed his inanimate form, and sung a requiem that thrilled the soul with deep regrets. Yet he could not reanimate the lifeless remains. There, by the side of his master, the dog moaned out his life in tender manifestations of grief. Oh! what a silvery lining this sad narrative has. "If we celebrate in verse the death of Panthea, who slew herself upon the corpse of her beloved Abradatas, why should we not drop a word of sympathy for the dog that refused to live because his master had died?"

That, indeed, is a curious incident, and teaches us to deal gently with the brute creation, for thereby we may under certain circumstances develop a tender, loving nature in our-

selves.

Indeed, "died of grief" has a heartrending, melancholy sound, creating within the soul a train of desponding thoughts, that rise up like so many spectres, that, armed with shovels and picks, dig deep graves in which to bury our fondest hopes. Even when applied to the animal kingdom, it has a very tender expression, as in this instance, related by the Paris correspondent of the New York Times. He says: "I have a little dog story to add to those which you publish from time to time. Some years ago Mme. Cavaignac, widow of the General, found a small dog in the street dying of hunger. It had grown too weak to stand, and turned its pleading eyes into her face as she paused to regard it lying in the corner. Mme. Cavaignac had the dog taken home and nursed, and ever after it had a strong affection for her. Miraz was never happy when out of her sight. One day Mme. Cavaignac died. For a time Miraz watched constantly before the door, but then she seemed to give up in despair. When called to dinner she gave a long howl, turned again to the door, then rushed away to her bed and never left it again. She refused all food, and nothing was dainty enough to tempt her to eat. For eight days Miraz lived without food, mourning constantly, and then died. What would we not give to have a transcript of Miraz's thoughts during this painful week?"

Was not that an interesting, though sad spectacle, worthy

of being recorded in golden letters on the pages of history? Affection was not foreign to Miraz's heart. There, beautifully developed in magnificent proportions, and delicately attuned, it was too tender to endure the loss of a dear friend.

There are thousands who die yearly from the effects of deep grief. They cannot withstand the terrible storm-clouds that surge irresistibly against them, and thrill their whole being with the pangs of despair. Oh! what despondent feelings linger in the minds of the grief-stricken, each one being a coffin full of misfortunes and lost hopes, and each little noise sounding like the tolling of the funeral bell. Think of the case of poor Adolph Lessure, a foreigner, who landed in New York. Oh! what a devoted wife he had. Her heartstrings were too tender for Misfortune's hand to play upon, and their repeated touch induced a deep and lasting grief. He had two children, around whom a delicate web of affection had been woven by their mother. Adolph was a skilled cabinet-maker, but could get no work. They consumed the little money they had, of course, and then Adolph begged. Finally he got something to do, and he went home joyfully to his wife to tell her that, at least, they had their bread assured. She asked him what the wages were, and he told her, and ran away to his newly-found work. What thoughts entered that woman's mind! She carefully computed the cost of living; angels' eyes were only gazing upon her. She then realized the startling fact, that, after paying the ordinary expenses of rent, just enough would remain to properly take care of her husband and children. Oh! grief-despair-then took possession of her, and she resolved to die, that her children might live. When Adolph returned from his first day's work, he found his children crying for their mamma. Half suspecting what had happened, he rushed into their wretched bedroom, and his worst fears were realized. On their poor bed lay his wife, dead, a pan of charcoal explaining the cause, and on the stand a note addressed to him with these words:

"Dear Adolph:—The wages will just feed and clothe you and the children. I go. Farewell! Marie."

Rather than deprive her children of the necessaries of life, she resolved to commit suicide. She died to save her children, but many pious mothers kill their offspring while serenely reposing within the womb, calmly waiting the auspicious moment to be ushered on the material plane of existence. Oh! we had rather be that unfortunate mother, with the stain of suicide resting upon her soul, than that woman who is reveling in luxury, but who has destroyed her embryonic child, the rarest and most precious jewel of woman's nature, before it was ready to

be sent forth into the outer world.

Thousands are buried every year (being seized by what is termed apoplexy), whose systems are not fatally injured thereby. and who are not dead, the various organs of their body being simply in a state of suspended animation. Bourgeois furnishes an illustrative incident. A medical man, through the instrumentality of grief, apparently died, but his consciousness did not for a moment leave him. He heard the remarks of his friends, the manifestations of his wife's deep sorrow, the preparatory arrangement for the burial, and he was aware that the funeral cortege was moving toward the newly-made grave. When the coffin was lowered into the ground, his mind was animated with terror, which reached its climax when the first shovel of dirt was thrown over his remains, which brought the organs of his system out of their distressing condition, that of perfect passivity, and he was enabled thereby to utter a shrick, and his life was saved.

A poor, friendless girl, after repeatedly swooning, was pronounced dead, and was to be used as a subject in a dissectingroom in Paris. During the night moans and sighs were plainly heard in the room where her body was deposited, but were not considered of sufficient importance to attract the immediate attention of any one. The morrow, however, disclosed the startling fact that the girl had made a feeble attempt to liberate herself from the sheet inclosing her remains. Had assistance been present at the time, she would probably have recovered entirely. She was not dead—her system was so acted upon by the disease that the vital currents were obstructed, and life and death were equidistant. This condition of the organic structure is but little understood by medical practitioners generally. Accustomed to watch the throbbing of the pulse, when that ceases its action, they do not hesitate long to pronounce the patient dead, when he is, perhaps, serenely reposing equidistant between the two extremes-life and death. Under these distressing circumstances, what should the physician do? is a question of paramount importance. When all the bodily

functions and forces are moving with the energy of health, and all at once cease their labors, partially extinguishing the fire that burned so brilliantly in them, it is, indeed, opportune to examine the case with a critical eye, and determine, if possible, what subtile agent has interfered with the complicated machinery

of the organism.

The world was very much astonished when, at the restoration of Charles II., joy caused death; but no more so than when the doorkeeper of Congress died under its exhilarating influence at the capture of Lord Cornwallis's brave army. hilarating deaths are easy, for the system, before the final release of the spirit, is temporarily suspended between the two extremes-life and death. Indeed, such deaths, under all circumstances, appear to be pleasant, though at the same time they baffle the skill of the medical practitioner to understand their real nature. Even when gambling, surrounded with all the environments of hell, the process of dying seems to be painless. The London Daily Telegraph, of March 7th, 1870, reports a curious case that occurred at a gaming table of Kothen, in the Principality of Anhalt: "A middle-aged man entered the room and sat down to play. After a run of great luck, winnings had augmented to the sum of a thousand ducats, equal to nearly five hundred pounds sterling - which the croupier pushed over to him. The fortunate gambler did not appear very anxious to have the gold and notes, and made no response when he was asked if he wished to continue playing. One of the servants of the establishment touched him upon the shoulder to draw attention to the unheeded winnings, and to the croupier's question, but the man remained strangely immovable; and when they came to look close, they found that he was dead. Was it his good luck that had been too much for him? A thousand ducats is a pretty sum, the thought of which varies, doubtlessly, in proportion to the state of the pocket, but it seems hardly adequate to kill a man, under any circumstances. At all events the gambler was dead-some sudden 'click' in the mechanism of life had spoiled the works and made the subtile pendulum of being stop in its mid-swing. Even such a grim comment upon the worship of Mammon did not take away his presence of mind from the chief priest of the temple. The croupier no sooner perceived that death had backed 'Zero,' and won, than he took the dead man's gold."

Odor Mortis, or the Smell of Death.

SUCCESTIVE PARTICULARS IN REGARD TO IT.

THE CHARACTER OF ODOR MORTIS—IT IS PLAINLY DISCERNIBLE—
THE ODOROUS MOLECULES—CURIOUS SENSATIONS OF A MAN
IN DANGER—NO FEAR OF DEATH—MISS ROSE MILLER—EXTINGUISHING CONSCIOUSNESS—APPARENT DEATH—DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPERIENCE.

*In the Cincinnati Clinic of September 4th, 1875, was published a paper on "Odor Mortis, or the Death Smell," read by me before the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine, August 30th, 1875. This paper was based upon observation made while an inmate of one of the surgical wards of the Stanton Hospital, Washington, during the summer of 1863, as well as upon instances in which the odor had been met with in private practice. The character of the odor was moschiferous, yet it appreciably, though almost indescribably, differed from that of musk. In this paper I desire to present two recent instances where this odor attracted notice, together with some new observations concerning it.

Instance 1.—July 13th, 1878, on the eve of Dr. Bartholow's departure for Europe, I was requested to assume charge of his patient, Mr. —. The patient was unconscious, with irregular, noisy respiration, with only a feeble trace of pulse, indistinguishable at times, and was dying slowly from effusion within the membrane of the brain, the result of chronic alcoholism. I was with him through the middle of the night, and during the time noticed upon my right hand a smell resembling

^{*&}quot;Odor Mortis, or the Smell of Death." By A. B. Isham, M. U., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, Cincinnati, Ohio, in the American Journal of Medical Sciences, Vol 81.

that of musk. This hand was exclusively used in examining the patient's pulse, and in noting the temperature of the body. Earlier in the night there had been no smell upon it. The left hand acquired the same smell from handling the body, and it was also communicated to the handle of a fan held in the hand. A gentleman from Chicago, who had volunteered as a night watcher, and whose attention had been called to the odor, without any suggestion as to its character, promptly distinguished it. The ladies of the household did not use musk, and no perfumery had been in the room or about the patient. Neither had I handled or come in contact with anything other than the patient, from which odor could be derived. Death occurred thirty-three hours later.

Instance 2.—About midnight, May 11th, 1879, I was called to see Mrs. G. She had several months previously been under my care with acute duodenitis, but with impaired digestion and defective assimilation. In consequence she had passed into the hands of an irregular practitioner. I found her in articulo mortis, with general anasarca, the result of blood dilution. Upon entering the room there was a plainly perceptible musky odor. There was no musk about the house, nor had any other perfumery been employed. Death ensued in about an hour and a half.

The smell, as said, was closely allied to that of musk, yet the impression upon the olfactory organs was more delicate, more subtile. Besides, there was an indescribable feature pertaining to it, which seemed to impress the respiratory sense, and trouble respiration—a vague sensation of an irrespirable or noxious gas. To the convalescent loungers of sharp olfactory sense about the wards of Stanton Hospital, the smell was familiar, and was termed the death smell. It was not uncommon to hear the expression: "Some one is dying, for I smell him."

It was rare to find the odor widely diffused, and where it appeared to be, it was probably due to a continuance of the first impression upon the olfactory organs. As commonly encountered, it has suggested the idea of gaseous aggregation or body containing odoriferous particles possessing an attraction for each other, and so held together. In the hospital ward, while present in one location, it was not experienced in another slightly removed. It also quickly disappeared from the first

location, likely moved along by atmospheric waves. The vapor in which the odorous molecules were suspended appeared, in some instances at least, heavier than the atmospheric air. Thus I have sometimes recognized the smell in lower hallways, the patient occupying the upper portion of the house, and in Instance 1, already detailed, it was only detected on handling the body. This affords one explanation why it may not more often claim recognition. From its heaviness it subsides, and does not enter the organ of olfaction. Other reasons why it may escape attention are, that the olfactory sensibilities may be blunted by long continuance in an illy-ventilated, badsmelling sick-room; or the air currents may carry the odor in a direction not favorable to observation.

The only mention of an odor which may be analogous I have seen in literature, is by Dr. Badgely, of Montreal, in a report on "Irish Emigrant Fever." It is thus quoted by Drake in his work on the "Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of America," as taken from the British American Journal:

"I hazard the idea that the ammoniacal odor emanating from the living body, so strong on opening the large cavities, and so striking on receiving some of the blood out of the vessels, arteries as well as veins, into the hand, were all due to the same condition of this fluid, the actual presence of ammoniacal salts, one of the surest proofs of the putrescent condition of the vital fluid; in fact, to speak paradoxically, of the

existence of death during life."

Here the source of the smell is indicated as coming from the development of ammonia in decomposing blood. It is known that musk contains ammonia largely, together with a volatile oil, which has never been isolated. Robiquet holds that its odor depends upon the decomposition of the ammonia, liberating the volatile matters of the oil. The blood also contains a volatile oil, and it is familiar that it possesses odor. This odor may be developed by adding sulphuric acid to blood and boiling. This process was formerly resorted to in order to distinguish blood in questionable cases, but it has been rendered obsolete since the discovery of the blood corpuscles by the microscope. Such a method would be well suited to drive off the ammonia, free from decomposition, together with the volatile oil—to which substance the odor is very likely due.

In my paper referred to at the commencement I was in-

clined to limit the occurrence-of the manifestation to within a very short time of death. That it cannot be so restricted, is evidenced by "Instance I," when it was noticed thirty-three hours before death. The conditions here were not unfavorable for its development. From the state of circulation, chemical changes were evidently proceeding in the blood, elevating its temperature, and liberating those fugacious matters to which we would ascribe the origin of the death smell.

Richardson and Dennis have shown by experiments that ammonia salts added to blood preserve its fluidity, by preventing the decomposition of fibrin. This is not without a bearing upon the origin of the odor mortis. In gradual death, coagulation commences first in the capillaries and proceeds towards the heart. The escape of ammonia from the blood in the peripheral vessels, liberating the volatile principles and engendering smell, permits local decomposition of fibrin long before the heart has ceased its action.

But Lange has more recently investigated the action of ammonia in living and dead blood. He found that carbonate of ammonia added to living blood was only given off at a temperature of 176° to 194° F. When, however, ammonia was added to blood from a dead animal it was evolved at a temperature from 104° to 113° F. It is well ascertained that in many diseases, just previous to death, the blood temperature is raised above the lowest given by Lange. In some diseases, too, the blood heat falls below the normal body temperature. This affords another and principal explanation why the odor mortis may not be appreciable. These experiments of Lange also show why this smell is not developed by diseases characterized by great elevation of temperature—simply because the blood has lost none of its vital properties.

DEATH'S ALARM, CURIOUS SENSATIONS OF A MAN IN DANCER.

The editor of the Gardiner Journal had a narrow escape from death, his horse running away as he hung in the wheel. He thus describes his sensations:

"'Oh, can't some of my spirit-friends do something to help me out of this scrape?' beseechingly I said or thought. It was a prayer not laid down in the books, and perhaps the form was not staid or formal. Short as it was, it did me good. I saw then crowds of spirits around me—part of whom I

knew. I do not see what they can do, I thought, and as they seemed to hover round the front part of the wagon, and over the horse, I wondered how they kept up with him. Then I thought, perhaps they will take the old horse's strength away. but I couldn't see very clearly how they were to do this, for Old Robin was a hard customer to manage. I probably should have lived but a few seconds longer. The reins had worn off upon the wheel just when my strength was all gone. Had I died, people would pityingly have said, it was a horrible death; but, really, I suffered very little. The shock was such that my nerves of sensation were benumbed. I had no fear; in fact, there was a physical sort of feeling that it was a bundle about three feet long, with a sort of handle to it (which was my left leg, probably), that was bouncing along over the ground, which I was trying to untangle. I had often heard that in such a crisis as this, one's whole life passes in review before him, and I thought of that fact, but had no such experience. [He passed through one of the multifarious stages of death, but was fortunately saved. I had only one regret for deeds done or left undone, and that was that I had neglected my usual custom of taking accident tickets, and this regret I felt ashamed of. My only thought was of my wife. knowledge that I have faced death unflinchingly is not without satisfaction to me, and there is a something that I feel, which I cannot describe, that assures me that there were more powerful influences than my own aiding, comforting and sustaining me. My religious friends will say it was the Good Father, and it matters not what we call it, the feeling is the I do not feel of sufficient consequence to merit God's special providence, but that loving friends from the other sphere may have comforted and sustained me is not repugnant to my common sense, and does not lessen my idea of the goodness and greatness of the Creator."

NO FEAR OF DEATH IN THE DYING.

"A striking fact," as related by Prof. O. R. Cowling, "inconnection with the dying is, that they are not afraid of death. You notice this even in executions. The majority of men who are hanged are reported to die 'game.' Death, following disease or injury, is, with the rarest exceptions, unaccompanied with fears. Disease dulls the intelligence so that the situation is not fully comprehended; or there may be pain, and death is looked upon as a relief. Nature, by a kindly provision, seems to prepare for the flight of the spirit; as the hold of life grows weaker, so does the desire for life grow less; and in scarcely a single instance, within my own experience, or within that of my professional brethren, with whom I have conversed upon this point, has not the dying man relinquished

life at the last without seeming reluctant or fearful.

"The several physical phenomena which accompany the act of dying vary considerably in the earlier stages with the causes that produce death; there is much similarity in the later steps. Death offers them a physiognomy, which, once witnessed, is not hard to recognize again. Among the more constant signs are the failing pulse, which gradually becomes imperceptible, first at the wrist, and lastly at the breast itself; the extremities grow cold; the countenance changes, as the venous blood courses through the arteries; the skin grows clammy as the vessels relax; the eye glazes; the jaw drops; the fluids accumulate in the windpipe, causing the "death-rattle," so called, as the air passes through; the breath comes short, and finally ceases.

"As the red blood leaves the brain, judgment becomes obscured, and the senses deficient. Speech is incoherent. Strange sights may be seen, and sounds heard, as occurs sometimes in the still twilight. The hallucinations of the dy-

ing may often be explained upon natural causes."

It is sometimes the case that the body, when not badly afflicted with disease, retains for a considerable time a vivid lifelike expression, even when the spirit has been completely separated therefrom, and then it is often supposed, of course, that life is not extinct. Such was the case with Miss Roe Miller, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who died after an illness of about one week, at the age of fifteen. It appears from a Fort Wayne paper, that the funeral rites were performed according to the Catholic ritual, and upon their conclusion the coffin was opened and the relatives and friends were allowed to take a last look at the departed, previous to the consignment to the grave. As one after another filed up and gazed upon the body, an expression of amazement and surprise escaped the lips of each, which was elicited by the remarkably lifelike and natural appearance of the corpse. The skin was not cold and

clammy, but the lips and cheeks bore a healthy color, and there were numerous indications that life was not extinct, but that blood was circulating, however sluggishly, through the veins. Of course, this discovery produced intense excite-Father Koenig expressed his conviction that the girl was not dead. By his advice it was decided not to move the body to the cemetery until it could be ascertained beyond a doubt that the girl was dead. The hearse left the church and the procession disbanded. The body was removed to the schoolhouse on the next lot, where it was viewed by hundreds of people, the rumor having spread like wildfire, that during a funeral at St. Paul's church the supposed corpse had come to life. Several physicians viewed the body, and while admitting indications of life, they expressed the opinion that life was extinct. Dr. Bruebach being called, stated, after a careful examination, that the girl was unquestionably dead. He made hypodermic injections of ammonia, regarded by some as an infallible test, but no signs of life were apparent, and he advised that the body be interred.

Though the spirit had probably been separated from the body, the animal life was so tenacious and active that it illuminated her features with an expression that seemed to indicate that she was sweetly sleeping. Unconsciousness, however, does not always constitute death, although the state produced may so closely resemble it that the body is interred, only to have the flame of life return to be finally extinguished.

EXTINGUISHING CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is wonderful potency in that agency which can, with the rapidity of thought, extinguish the consciousness that renders a person cognizant of the external world, yet not destroys the vital spark of life. It is said that during a thunderstorm on one occasion in Ohio, Mr. Sanford Ticknor and his hired man were crossing a field when they were struck down by a bolt of lightning from the clouds. The hired man was made insensible for twenty-four hours, when he became conscious. His only remembrance of the shock was that "suddenly the ground raised up and buried him"—at least so it seemed, but no trace of any disturbance of the earth could be found, nor any mark on the man. Mr. Ticknor was not so badly stunned; indeed, he was not made unconscious at all.

He describes his feelings as though he had been hit a severe blow with a stone on the head and one foot, accompanied by the feeling that a shower of gravel had been thrown on him. He remembers a blinding flash of light succeeded by smoke. Both recovered.

The young man was instantly, so far as his own consciousness was concerned, annihilated. The flash of lightning instantly paralyzed him, as it were, and the spirit, still connected with his body, was powerless for a time to either act on the material or spiritual side of life. He was not dead. The vital forces were benumbed, stagnated, and rendered dormant by the infinitesimal pulsations of the lightning. On such occasions, cold water dashed suddenly on the head is often attended with excellent results.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS PRODUCED BY DISEASE-APPARENT DEATH.

Disease often produces gradually what lightning accomplishes with the rapidity of thought; that is, extinguishes all consciousness. There was Charles Hueston, as set forth by a Fort Wayne paper, who was suffering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, and who became unconscious and was pronounced dead by the attending physician. In the meantime his relatives, living at Forest, Ohio, had been apprised by telegraph of his illness, but they arrived at Monroeville too late to see the loved one alive. They were much affected at his sudden death, and the grief of his sister, a beautiful young lady, whose age was near his own, was distressing to see. She remained almost constantly by the body, and gave vent to her deep emotions in tears and sobs. Preparations to "lay out" the body were made. The barber was shaving the corpse, when the razor slipped a trifle, and a jet of dark-colored blood burst forth. Some of the bystanders, upon seeing this, asserted that life was not yet extinct; but little heed was paid to these speculations, and they were not repeated to any of the deceased's relatives. The body was dressed and placed in the coffin, but as a precautionary measure the lid was not screwed down. The remains were placed on board the passenger train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, to be taken to Forest, Ohio, for interment. The grief-stricken parents and sister accompanied the remains. The latter refused to go into the passenger coach, but remained in the express car, to

be close to the body of him she loved.

It was nearly an hour before the train arrived at Forest, when a loud, unearthly shriek was heard, and in a second the young girl was prostrate upon the floor in a swoon. Several persons hastened to the rescue, when they, too, were nearly paralyzed by the discovery of the cause of her singular con-The supposed corpse of Charles Hueston was living, moving, and breathing. The head was thrust above the coffin, and the face, with its deathly pallor, presented a weird and ghastly spectacle. The young man was evidently amazed at his surroundings, and the first returning gleam of consciousness found him in a position of bewilderment. Loving hands and kind hearts devoted themselves to the care of the man who had, as it were, so suddenly risen from the dead, and of the young girl who so suddenly had been brought to the very portals of the grave. Hueston was taken from the coffin, restoratives applied under the direction of physicians who were on the train, and when he reached Forest was removed to his father's residence.

Unconsciousness is not death. The vital spark of the body may so stealthily conceal its presence that not even the most skillful physician can detect its existence, and, of course, he is utterly ignorant of the agency he should employ to cause the same to throb again with active, energetic life. In the case of the common laborer in Ohio, a flash of lightning instantaneously closed his senses, and rendered him oblivious to all things. Disease produced the same result with Mr. Charles Hueston.

Prof. Tyndall states that in the Theater of the Royal Institution, and in the presence of an audience, he once received the discharge of a battery of fifteen Leyden jars. He felt nothing; he was simply extinguished for a sensible interval. He claims that death by lightning is accompanied by no pain whatever—the entire loss of all consciousness being instantaneous.

A movement of the organs of the body is not always an indication of consciousness or life. Dr. Brown-Sequard in one of his lectures has even said that "muscular motion by no means indicated life. He referred to well-known cases of snakes, tortoises, and other lower forms of animals, moving on the slightest stimulus several days after decapitation. He says

he has seen the iris of an eye contract on exposure to a strong light, sixteen hours after death. He had also witnessed pulsations in the heart of a dog forty-eight hours after its removal from the body, and in the human heart thirty-six hours after decapitation. An arm fourteen hours after amputation was injected with fresh blood, when it immediately contracted and extended the muscles, giving every sign of life. The Doctor startled his audience by recounting the case of a patient of his in New Orleans, who died of the cholera, and whose arms, for a long time after the vital spark had unmistakably fled, continued to rise and clasp the hands as if in prayer, falling and rising as if in a sort of rhythmic beat."

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, relates that on one occasion he saw a lion which was just in the act of springing upon him. "He was on a little height. The animal caught him by the shoulder as he sprang, and they both came to the ground together. Growling horribly close to his ear, he shook him as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by the mouse after the shake of the cat; it caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, although he was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like, the Doctor said, what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operations, but feel not the knife. He claims this condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror on looking around at the beast. Fortunately the Doctor was rescued from his perilous condition without receiving any serious injury."

UNCONSCIOUSNESS PRODUCED BY AN EFFORT OF THE WILL.

It would be strange, indeed, if the numerous agents that can render a person unconscious, or insensible to any pain or fear, were superior in all respects to the action of the mind itself. Mind is superior to matter—matter is the subject. But like many earthly kings who are ignorant of those grand principles of government that connect them with the people, they have no control over them—cannot rule them, and as a consequence anarchy reigns. So the mind, in its ignorance, cannot always by a mental effort produce an unconscious state, the

same as lightning and disease often do. Ned Baker, as previously related, possessed the power of imitating death. So did Col. Townsend, whose case is recorded as follows by Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, an eminent physician. He says: "He could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon us seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse; first it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time, while I held his right hand. Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skreine held a clean lookingglass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skreine perceive the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance, as well as we could, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning. He began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."

We Should Not Fear Death.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER FROM THE FRENCH.

THE PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE MOST DELIGHTFUL—IT IS PLEASANT TO CAST ASIDE THE PHYSICAL BODY—THE VIEWS OF A LEARNED FRENCHMAN—HE HAS AN EXALTED VIEW OF THE CHANGE CALLED DEATH—THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

*It is of deep purpose—that is to say, for the preservation and perpetuity of the species—that nature inspired the heart of man with a terror of death, even as she made the desire for reproduction from the pleasure of the senses; but science and philosophy can dispel the fears which man feels at the mere idea of death.

It is an error to believe that the instant of the separation of soul and body is accompanied by acute sufferings. The anatomist Bichat, in his "Researches Concerning Life and Death," clearly establishes that at the approach of our final moment the brain is the first organ affected, and that hence the dying are spared all pain. At that supreme moment moral terror is, therefore, the only impression against which we have to contend in the dying, as there certainly is no physical pain. The bystanders and relations suffer far more than those about to expire.

The sleep which every night takes possession of our being steals over us without our being conscious of it, and the transition from a waking to a sleeping state is imperceptible to us. Here we have a faint image of death. The dying have

[&]quot;This chapter, "We Should Not Fear Death," filustrating the beauty and ease of death, is taken from "The Joys Beyond the Threshold," a sequel to "The To-morrow of Death," by Louis Figurer. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger, Boston; Roberts Brothers, publishers This is, in many respects, a most fascinating work, and one that will prove refreshing reading to all thinking minds.

no more sense of the passage from life to death than the liv-

ing have of the passing from waking to sleeping.

It is unfortunate that painting and sculpture should represent death in the form of a hideous skeleton, armed with a scythe, mowing down mankind, or of a spectre wrapped in the melancholy winding-sheet of the tomb. They should have shown him to us with the features of a messenger of joy, who comes not to destroy, but to bear us away to another and a happier sphere. Death should be pictured as a beneficent spirit, who aids us to cross the bounds set by nature between the earthly and the celestial voyage, and who introduces us to ethereal spheres beyond which rises the mysterious throne of the God of the universe.

Instead of adorning cemeteries as we do, with darkleaved cypress, the symbol of mourning and affliction, the Orientals were quite right to plant them with varied trees, to fill them with groves and flowers—to make them smiling gar-

dens, places for promenade, recreation and pleasure.

Lamartine ("Death of Socrates") most perfectly expresses the idea which we should have of death in the follow-

ing lines:

"To die is not to die, my friends; it is to change. While he lives burdened by his body here below, Man towards his God but languidly doth go; Forced his vile wants to feed no progress makes; Moves with a tottering step, or truth forsakes. But he who, verging on the end which he doth pray, Sees glorious glimpses of the eternal day—Like sunset rays ascending towards the skies, An exile, thence, in God's own arms he lies, And quaffing eagerly the nectar which doth rapture give, That day on which he dies he first begins to live."

The Queen of England, Victoria, after the death of her husband, Prince Albert, as we all know, wrote a very eloquent book, entitled "Meditations Upon Death and Eternity." In this work, filled with most profound and touching thoughts, may be found many pages which we would gladly quote, for they uphold the ideas which we developed in the "To-morrow of Death." We will merely cite what the august writer says to dispel the terrors with which death inspires most men:

"The terrors with which we clothe death," says Queen Victoria, "come largely from the erroneous and revolting descriptions of it given to us. Thus, it is sometimes styled decomposition or corruption; but we do not, speaking exactly, fall into either one or the other of these states.

"Some say that to die is to leave the world; but we never

do leave the world, that being in itself impossible.

"Others again claim that death is synonymous with destruction; but we cannot be destroyed. No; to die is to return unto our Father. Our souls merely cast off garments which do not become them, to put on others more worthy of them. The shudder caused by the usual description of death is due to the fact that these descriptions are largely borrowed from the state of the inanimate body. Every false conception is justly repulsive to us. So soon as the reason is wounded everything in us is wounded, and the imagination strives in vain to make that which is irrational seem becoming. The state of the corpse in the tomb is not our state, but simply that of the covering which we have stripped off. And what is our earthly covering if it be not the worn-out or damaged garment of the immortal spirit?"

And now let us hear Young, the poet of "Night

Thoughts." Says the English writer:

"But were death frightful, what has age to fear? If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe, And shelter in his hospitable gloom. I scarce can meet a monument but holds My younger; ev'ry date cries: 'Come away!' And what calls me? Look the world around, And tell me what? The wisest cannot tell. Should any born of woman give his thought Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field, Of things the vanity; of men the flaws-Flaws in the best; the many flaws all o'er; As leopards spotted, or as Ethiops dark; Vivacious ill; good dying immature (How immature, Narcissa's marble tells) And at his death bequeathing endless pain. His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight, And spend itself in sighs for future scenes," " * * * Why cling to this rude rock, Barren to us of good and sharp with ills, And hourly blackened with impending storms, And infamous for wrecks of human hope— Scar'd at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath."

" * * * The thought of death indulge; Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,

That kind chastiser of my soul, in joy!

And why not think of death? Is life the theme Of ev'ry thought, and wish of ev'ry hour, And song of every joy? Surprising truth! The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange. To waive the num'rous ills that seize on life As their own property, their lawful prey, Ere man has measured half his weary stage His luxuries have left him no reserve, No maiden relishes unbroacht delights; On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists, And in the tasteless present chews the past—Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.

Live ever here, Lorenzo?—shocking thought! So shocking those who wish disown it, too— Disown from shame what they from folly crave.

A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust:
'He sins against this life who slights the next.'
What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!
Life has no value as an end, but means
An end deplorable! a means divine!"

Death, far from being a scarecrow, since we all must inevitably yield to it, should be regarded as a supreme benefactor, who comes to remove us from the misfortunes, deceptions and despair peculiar to life, to lead us to the splendor of realms above, where all is happiness, power and peace.

Queen Victoria, in the work already quoted, thus ex-

presses herself:

"What is death? Nothing but the separation of the soul from its earthly case. What becomes of the case when it is

cast aside? Does it vanish from God's creation? No; it falls to dust and ashes, and is mingled with the rest of the earth, whose nutritive elements formed it in the beginning. It does not leave creation, but remains there awaiting another destiny.

"But what becomes of the soul stripped of its veil? Does it vanish from God's creation? Oh, no! How could it be possible for the nobler element to cease to exist when the viler

is imperishable?

"Must we believe that it has been removed from the infinite multitude of created beings, because it has thrown off the veil through which it alone could reveal its presence to our senses? No, it lives; for its very dust which once served to enwrap it still exists. It lives; for God creates and does not annihilate. It lives; for in his sovereign wisdom he could not repent in any sort for the high destiny for which he gave

it being.

"Is it then so painful to cast off this earthly veil? In truth, the natural love of life which the Creator has so deeply implanted within us, inspires us with fear at the idea of parting with our mortal form; but the power of the human mind can triumph over the terrors of nature. How many generous men have faced death for their God, their country, their faith, and their friends? Death had no terrors for them. How many poor, weak, degenerate beings, driven by despair, have voluntarily laid down the life which had become a burden to them?

"Dying men do not dissimulate, and we can judge by their features what is going on in their mind. From such study it would seem almost as if the soul must experience an agreeable sensation at the moment it lays aside its mortal spoil, for it has been often observed that the features of persons dying of painful maladies assume at the final instant an expression of calm serenity, while a peaceful smile quivers on the lips of the lifeless body, left there by the departing soul—a smile which seems to say: 'Ah, what relief!'"

Victor Hugo has aptly translated this idea in the follow-

ing verses in his "Contemplations:"

"Oh, death! O, moment grand! O, mortuary rays! Hast thou ne'er turned the sheet from dear, dead face, While others wept and stood beside the bed—Friends, brothers, children, mother with hanging head,

Distracted, sobbing, of wild grief the prey—
Hast seen a smile across the dead man's features stray?
He groaned, he choked, he died just now;
And yet he smiles. Dread gulf, oh, whence and now
Cometh that light seen on the face of death's unwilling slave?
What is the tomb? Whence cometh, O thinker grave,
The awful calmness on each dead face we see?
It is that the secret is out, it is that the spirit is free;
It is that the soul, all-seeing, all-shining, all-burning, so
bright,

Laughs aloud, and the body itself takes part in its fearful de-

light."

Further on the poet reflects as follows, in the cemetery of Villequier, where his daughter lies buried:

AT VILLEQUIER.

Now, O my God! I have the calmer woe; Able the while I weep

To see the stone where in night well I know She does forever sleep.

Now that made softer by these sights divine— Plain, forest, valley, river, rocks and sky—

Viewing myself by these vast works of thine, Reason returns before immensity.

Father and Lord, in whom we must believe, I come, perverse no more;

Shreds of the heart thy glory fills, receive, Shattered by thee of yore.

I come to thee, O Lord, who art, I know, O living God! good, merciful and kind.

I own that you alone know what you do,

That men are reeds that tremble in the wind.

I say the tomb in which the dead is shut Opens the heavenly hall;

And what we here for end of all things put, Is the first step of all.

Now, on my knees I own, O Lord, august! The real, the absolute belong to thee;

I own that it is good, I own it just,

My heart should bleed, since such is God's decree.

Whate'er may happen, I resist no more,

But in thy will comply.

The soul from loss to loss, from shore to shore, Rolls to eternity.

We never see more than a single side;

The other plunged in night's dread mystery.

Man feels the yoke: thou dost the causes hide—

Brief, useless, fleeting, all that meets his eye.

Thou makest a perpetual solitude,

Wrap all his steps around; Thou hast not seen it fit that certitude Or joy should here be found.

Whatever good he has fate takes away;

Naught can he call his own in life's quick flight,

So that he here can make a home or say,

"Here is my house, my field, or my delight."

All sights he may but for a moment see,—

Must age, unhelped, alone, Since things are thus, 'tis that they so must be;

I own it—yes, I own.

Dark is the world! The changeless harmony,

O God, of cries as well as songs is made.

Man but a speck in dread infinity;

Night where the good mount up and sink the bad. He asserts still more clearly his belief in the resurrection of the human being, the *individual*, in the following passage,

which we quote, concluding with them these thoughts from

great authors:

"Some day, soon perhaps, the same hour which struck for the son will strike for the father. His turn will come. He will wear the look of one sleeping; he will be laid between four boards; he will be that unknown quantity called a dead man, and he will be carried to the great, gloomy opening. There the new-comer is awaited by those who went before. The new-comer is welcome. What seems the exit is to him the entrance. The eye of the flesh closes, the eye of the spirit opens, and the invisible becomes visible. While shovelsful of earth fall on the dark and echoing bier, the mysterious soul forsakes that garment, the body, and rises in light from the gathering shadows. Then, for that soul those who have vanished reappear, and those truly living, whom in earthly darkness we call the dead, softly call to the new-comer, and bending over his dazzled

face, wear that radiant smile worn amid the stars. Thus shall the laborer depart, leaving, if he has played his part well, some regrets behind him, and at the same time being received with joy in eternal day.

"Everything ends under six feet of earth? No; everything begins. No; everything germinates. No; everything blossoms,

and grows, and springs up, and bursts forth.

"I believe in immortality—not in the immortality of the name, which is but smoke; but in the enduring life of the individual. I believe in it, I feel myself immortal.

"Yes, I believe in God and in another life.

"If I face death with a calm smile, it is because I believe in a future life. And note that I am on my guard against the caresses which we bestow on our ideas to the end that they may become opinions. But here is an absolute conviction. I believe—I say more, I am sure—that we do not utterly and wholly die, and that our ego survives.

"Yes, I believe profoundly in this better world; it is far more real to me than this wretched chimera which we devour and which we call life. I believe in it with all the strength of my conviction; and after many struggles, much study and many trials, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the

supreme consolation of my soul."

Therefore, let us have no fear of death. What is laid in the tomb is not ourselves, but simply the material wrapping of our souls. This wrapping perishes in obedience to the laws of chemical decomposition; but the soul, which is our true individuality, does not disappear—it goes on to pursue a fresh career in the skies. The body is the cloak of the soul; the body is changed to dust, the soul is changed to light.

Sometimes during stormy nights, which cover the abode of the dead with darkness, light flames escaping from the soil flicker in the heavy air. Naturalists call them will-'o-the-wisps; chemists, carburetted hydrogen gas; spiritual philosophers and poets, as well as the common people, regard them as souls of

the dead rising from the tomb.

We do not shudder when we see various parts of our bodies perish. If we cut our hair or our nails, or if we lose a limb by a surgical operation, we do not disturb ourselves about those lopped-off portions of our personality which are left to decay. Why, then, dread its total destruction? Our bodily substance is perpetually changing; and physiologists, such as Buffon and Flourens, have ascertained that the human body is renewed in all its parts once in every seven years. These are so many bodily deaths, which do not alarm us in the least.

If you dread death, it is because you have, at some time, gazed on a human corpse with terror, and told yourself that you would some day enter the same state. But if your eyes had never beheld this sad sight, you would be free from the agonies that you feel at the idea of death. For, we repeat, that which is laid in the tomb is not you, but only your earthly garment; and you have too often renewed that fleshy garb, without suspecting it, to dread its final destruction.

When the worm, become a butterfly, leaves on the ground or on a branch the frail shell which once contained it, does it trouble itself about the worthless remnant which it abandons to the wind?

It is important, besides, fully to take in the idea that the instant of the separation of soul and body is inappreciable. Just as we pass from a waking to a sleeping state without any knowledge of the precise moment when the change is effected, so, too, we pass without knowing it, and without pain, from life to death. The sort of pleasant prostration which we feel when we fall asleep gives us some idea of the vague and happy sensation which must prevail at the supreme moment when the torch of our existence is extinguished.

Our last moments are so far from painful that many persons have been able coldly to describe the successive symptoms proclaiming their speedy death. We may quote the case of Professor Richet (of the Institute), who died in January, 1892, of inflammation of the chest, and described to those around him with the greatest precision the successive phenomena which revealed the effusion of the lungs and the growth of the disease, and who predicted, with assured and peaceful look, the instant when he should draw his last breath.

Dr. Trousseau's death was most singular, for up to the last he described the progressive phases of his disease, and ceased to give a sort of clinical lecture of himself only when he ceased to live. Haller, the famous physiologist of the nineteenth century, felt his own pulse as he lay dying, and said quietly: "The pulse still beats—the pulse still beats; it has ceased to beat!"

and he expired without another word, without a groan.

Chirac, a physician of Montpelier, in the eighteenth century, fancying on his death-bed that he was himself called to a patient, seized his own arm, felt his pulse, and exclaimed: "You sent for me too late! You should have bled this man; you should have purged him; now he is a dead man!" and he

closed his eyes never again to open them.

Dr. Baillarger, a member of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, who died in 1891, faded away gently and almost without pain. He retained complete possession of all his faculties up to the last moment. A few moments before he died, having talked with Professor Potain, who, together with Desnos and Guyon, had charge of his case, he asked one of his daughters to read him an article from the medical dictionary upon a certain morbid symptom which he felt at the moment. The reading over, he made a brief remark about the symptom in question, and turned on his pillow. A few seconds later he was no more.

"I feel the approach of death, and I feel it with joy," said Berthollet to his friend Chaptal, who was trying to reassure him. "Why should I fear it? I have never done any evil, and in my last hour I have the comforting thought that the friendship which has united us for more than forty years, and of which you have given so many proofs to me and mine, has never been troubled for a single instant. It is given to few men to pay such homage to themselves! That is enough for me: I desire no other."

This fine funeral oration, uttered by dying lips, far outweighs the words repeated by the physiologist, Claude Bernard, in his last agony: "The game's up."

Here is a touching anecdote of the last moments of the

celebrated surgeon, Philip Ricord, who died in 1889:

Sinking beneath an inflammation of the chest, Ricord awoke suddenly towards midnight, half rose in bed, and moved his hands in cadence, as if playing on the piano. The doctors, Horteloup and Pigrot, who were watching beside his bed, were greatly amazed, and took this gesture for an outbreak of delirium. Ricord, after repeating it several times

without the power to pronounce a sound, fell back exhausted, the doctors unable to divine what he wanted. Soon he died.

Next day his granddaughter, a child of ten, reached Paris with her mother, who had hastened from Algiers at the first news of his illness. "What a pity," said the child, "I could not keep the promise which I made to poor grandpapa." And she told how she had learned to play on the piano "Mary Stuart's Farewell," by Niedermeyer, because her grandfather had made her, and also Batta, the great violinist, promise that they would play for him when he came to die, this piece which he loved above all others.

This was the idea which haunted Ricord's mind at his last hour. The family obtained permission to have the much-de-

sired melody played at his funeral.

Death may come during a fit of hilarity. We are told that the stoic philosopher, Chrysippus, died of irrepressible

laughter caused by seeing a monkey eat figs.

Reydellet, in the article on "Laughter" in the "Great Dictionary of the Medical Science," relates that a nun seized in the refectory with forced laughter all at once became as motionless as a statue. This was thought to be some new jest; on approaching her she was found to be dead.

Set aside, therefore, all those hideous images of death which arise solely from the sight of a motionless and icy human body. Let those who surround the dead shed no tears; for they may see on the colorless lips and in the dim eyes a vague smile at the delights perceived by those who have

just entered into a better world.

NO PAIN AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "Generally there is no pain at the last moment, for it seems that the body suffers in proportion to its remoteness from death. It is commonly supposed that evil men die in great horror of their doom. They don't. Wicked men usually pass out of life as tranquilly as anyone else. Tranquillity is the law of decadence. Pain or exquisite pleasure at the last are only experienced in exceptional cases. Men suffer more every day of their lives than they do in dying. Every man subject to the incursions of rheumatic affections, or to the pangs of toothache, suffers a hundred times more than he will when he is on his death-bed. No

death is more painless than sudden death. Livingstone records his experience when sprung upon and struck down by a lion. The moment when the beast was on him was one of the most exquisite tranquillity. No death is too sudden for him who is doing his duty. Not the stroke of the lightning; not the fall from the precipice. Right living is the correct road to right dying, and no man need fear death."

No one could possibly brave the successive stages of death, if not in perfect harmony with God's laws. When the vital forces are waging a resolute warfare, then there is sometimes great pain experienced; but when they cease their efforts death comes as peacefully and tranquilly as sleep to the infant re-

posing on its mother's breast.

NO CONSCIOUSNESS OF PAIN.

Dr. James M. Peebles says: "Accidental death being a shock of nature, usually commences at the heart or brain. This condition is technically called coma, and the dying first lose control of their physical sensations and volitions. The muscles lose their power of action; the heart fails to get its nervous supply from the brain; the physical contortions increase till death closes the scene. And yet in these last hours there was probably no consciousness of pain. The physical organism is so constituted that it can endure only a certain amount of pain and suffering; when these limits are reached unconsciousness mercifully ensues. There is no pain in physical death. The dread of death is educational—the fear is only comparable to the fear of the young bird to trust its wings. The spasms, throes and seeming anguish attending the last hours of earthly life are no proof of pain, but rather do they show the strugglings of the spirit to release itself from the impaired, outworn body.'

DROWNING DELICIOUS.

Says Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in a printed sermon on the paternal aspect of providence: "One who narrowly escaped death by drowning told me that the process of it after the first moment of agony was too delicious to describe. To die of cold," he continues, "is, when the first pangs are over, a luxury, for the senses are steeped in slumber, a soft numbness taking possession of the brain, an irresistible lethargy overpowers the will, ravishing visions float before the imagination, and in ecstasy the spirit takes its flight."

A POEM OF RESIGNATION.

In the course of a message given through Mrs. Danskin, the communicating spirit said: "Emily Ward was my name, the wife of George Ward, the daughter of Samuel Joyce. It was at Rye, New York, that I died. A beautiful poem is the resignation of death. When no clouds flit over the vision of the one to whom death comes, truly may it be called the poem The lips may be silent when death is unclosof resignation. ing the prison-house, but the brain is active in thought. freedom which is given to the spirit in the land of no death is more beautiful than I have words to describe. Before deep consideration was mine, I thought death was terrible, but after I learned that God was love, that wisdom was His, that all his attributes were good, I then knew within myself that what He had fashioned with His own hand He could not cast wholly from Himself, and I have not been mistaken."

THE SENSATION OF FREEZING.

It is certainly painful and disagreeable to be sick, but it is an intense satisfaction to know that the last stages of death are accompanied by no pain whatever, only so far as regrets may be experienced. Even the various stages of freezing to death do not seem to cause any very uncomfortable sensations. The pleasures of freezing are set forth by a Canadian physician who at one time enjoyed them. His tongue and then his arms became stiff, sharp chills ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body had congealed, causing an almost entire cessation of the heart's action. This condition of suffering speedily gave place to a grateful warmth, which seemed to suffuse the system and cause an exhilarating glow. He was driving, and by this time had reached a house, but he went on, thinking that nothing was now to be feared. sleigh appeared to him to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses seemed to fly like birds. A sense of exultation filled him, and he urged the beasts to greater speed. The woods on each side of the road were passed so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the jingle of bells sounded further and further away until they passed out

of hearing in the distance. He fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep of death.

DEATH NOT DREADFUL.

Rev. C. Ware, in *Medium and Daybreak*, England, says: "Man dieth and wastes away, man giveth up the ghost."

"This is according to appearance; the fact is that man does not give up the ghost at all—he gives up the body. Man has a threefold nature—the divine principle of life called the spirit, then the refined spiritual form consisting of subtle elements, which for want of a better name we call magnetism, called by Judge Edmonds the electrical body; lastly the gross outer physical system. The purpose of the physical body is to be a basis for the development and growth of the inner life from babyhood to manhood; it is merely the husk to protect the real being while it is ripening for the spiritual kingdom; and the meaning of death is that the spiritual form has served its purpose and drops off, ushering the spiritual man into a spiritual world—opening his eyes to a world of realities which surrounded him, though unseen, whilst living the earthly life.

"Death, then, is a simple transition, taking place in the order of nature, in analogy with what we see taking place in the lower forms of organic life, such as the dropping of the husk from the ripened fruit, the liberation of the beautiful butterfly from its chrysalis form. When the person has lived rightly this event is anything but dreadful. The change is usually accompanied with the most agreeable and delightful sensations, our information on this matter being received from spirits themselves, and this being their uniform testimony. They compare it to the passing from a dark room into a bright one; awakening from a troubled dream to the realities of life; emerging from a dark tunnel into the splendor of day. death of the body is neither a king of terrors nor the penalty of sin; these terms are only applicable to the condition of the spirit when degraded by a coarse and vicious life. Physical dissolution is a natural event in the economy of existence, the throwing off of the outer covering, to set the spirit free to enter its own proper realm."

SUFFER NO PAIN.

Dr. Edward Clark, in "Visions," says the dying suffer no pain. "The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends

the final act. To the subject of it death is no more painful than birth. Painlessly we come, painlessly we go. Nature kindly provides an anæsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspiration and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated, At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble and often irregular pulse. As this progress goes on the blood is not only driven to the head with diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded more and more with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anæsthetic, the same as that derived from charcoal. Subject to its influence the nerve centers lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system, then stupor, and then the end."

Dying Words of Distinguished Persons.

THE RESULT OF MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF LABOR.

A WONDERFUL STUDY, THESE LAST WORDS—THEY CARRY THE READER BACK TO THE DYING-BED—THEY REVEAL HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS IN A MARKED DEGREE.

*We have several requests of more than a year's standing to publish a collection of the "Dying Words of Noted Persons." The following collection has been the result of more than a quarter of a century, gathered from various sources. Several of the persons are credited with different words, and some of them as having been uttered under different circumstances. We have generally given all the words, though from different authorities. It is the largest collection ever published, so far as we know, containing those of two hundred and fifty-eight persons.

CHARLES ABBOTT (Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench)—Gentlemen of the jury, you may re-

tire.

ABIMELECH, son of Gideon, (when hit in the head by a piece of millstone thrown by a woman, he called a man to slay him with his sword)—That men say not of me, a woman slew him (Judges ix.,54).

Dr. Adams, rector of Edinburgh High School, (in a de-

lirium)—It grows dark; boys, you may go.

JOHN ADAMS-Independence forever.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS-It is the last of earth.

Appison—See how a Christian can die,

ALEXANDER II., of Russia, (when wounded)—Take me to the palace, there to die.

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ALEXANDER III.—This box was presented to me by the Emperor of Prussia.

ALFIERI-Clasp my hand, dear friend; I die.

DAUGHTER OF ETHAN ALLEN—Shall I believe what you have taught me, or what mother has taught me? (Mr. Allen, answered: "Believe your mother.")

Anaxagoras—Give the boys a holiday.

Andre—I pray you bear me witness that I met my fate like a brave man.

Major John Andre (hanged as a spy)—Must I die in this manner?

ARCHIMEDES (when ordered to leave Syracuse)—When I have finished this problem.

Arria-My Pætus, it is not painful.

Augustus (after asking how he acted his part in life)— Vos plaudite (You applaud).

Augustus Cæsar—Have I not played the farce of life well?

THOMAS AVERY-Never mind, father!

M. Bailey (the French patriot, who was about to be decapitated)—It is cold.

JOHN DE BARNEVELD (to the executioner)—Be quick, man,

be quick.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT—And must I then die? Will not my riches save me? What! is there no bribing death?

CARDINAL HENRY BEAUFORT—I pray you all, pray for me. THOMAS A BECKET—I confide my soul and the cause of the church of God, to the Virgin Mary, to the patron saints of this church, and St. Dennis.

THE VENERABLE BEDE—"Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the—."

BEETHOVEN (deaf)-I shall hear.

MADAME DE BOIS BERANGER (to her mother, who w's executed, together with her father, brother and sister)—Why are you not happy? You die innocent, and all your family follow you, to partake with you the recompense of virtue.

MADAME DE BERRY-Is not this dying with true courage

and true greatness?

Boileau—It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue.

Anne Bolevn (clasping the neck of her daughter)—It is small, very small.

J. WILKES BOOTH-Useless, useless!

MARCO BOZZARIS-To die for liberty is a pleasure and not

a pain.

HON. DAVID C. BRODERICK (to Col. E. D. Baker)-Baker, when I was struck, I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me and I could not.

Bronte (Charlotte's father), who died standing-While

there is life there is will.

JOHN Brown (to the hangman)—No; I am ready at any

time. But do not keep me needlessly waiting.

BISHOP BROUGHTON-Let the earth be filled with His glory. ADMIRAL BRUEYS-An admiral ought to die giving orders.

OLE BULL-Please play Mozart's "Requiem." JOHN BUNYAN-Take me, for I come to thee.

ROBERT BURNS-Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave.

LIEUT. WILLIAM BURROWS—I am satisfied; I die content. Byron-I must sleep now.

[ULIUS CÆSAR—Et tu, Brute! (And thou, Brutus!).

COL. JAMES CAMERON (killed at Bull Run)-Scots, follow me.

GEN. WILLIAM CAMPBELL—I die contented.

CASTLEREAGH, the English premier, (said to Dr. Bankhead)—Bankhead, let me fall into your arms.

CATESBY (one of the gunpowder plot)—Stand by me, Tom,

and we will die together.

Dr. Robert Chambers-Quite comfortable; quite happy;

nothing more.

CHARLEMAGNE—Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit!" (Luke xxiii., 46).

CHARLES I., of England, to William Juxon, Archbishop of

Canterbury—Remember.

CHARLES II., of England-Don't let poor Nelly [Nell Gwynn] starve.

CHARLES V.—Ah! Jesus.

CHARLES IX., of France-Nurse, nurse, what murder! what

blood! Oh! I have done wrong. God pardon me!

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE-You make me drink. Pray leave me quiet. I find it affects my head.

LORD CHESTERFIELD-Give Day Rolles a chair.

CICERO (to his murderers)-Strike.

Col. CILLEY-I am shot.

SIR EDWARD COKE—"Thy will be done" (Matthew vi., 10). COLUMBUS—Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit!" (Luke xxiii., 46).

CONDE, Duke of Enghein, (shot by order of Napoleon)-I

die for my King and for France.

PRINCE CONSORT-I have such sweet thoughts.

ALFORD COOKMAN—I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

COPERNICUS-Now, O Lord, set free thy servant.

COUMOURGI-O, that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!

CRANMER—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit" (Acts vii., 59).

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER (holding his right hand in the flame)—The unworthy hand. "Lord, receive my spirit." (Acts vii., 59).

CRATESCLEA (wife of King Cleomenes, her children just having been murdered before her own eyes)—O, my children!

Col. Crawford (to Wingenund, an Indian Chief)—My fate in then fixed, and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form.

LIEUT. CRITTENDEN (shot on being ordered to kneel)—I

will kneel only to my God.

JOHN CROME—O Hobbima, O Hobbima, how I do love thee! CROMWELL—My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone.

CROMWELL—Then I am safe.

Darius—Friend, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think that I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness. But Alexander will not let thee go without a recompense; and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, to my wife, and to my children. Tell them I gave up my hand, for I gave it to thee in his stead.

DELAGNY (being asked to square twelve)-One hundred

and forty-four.

Demonax-You may go home, the show is over.

EARL DERBY—Douglass, I would give all my lands to save thee.

DESOTO—A draught of water! Quick! Quick! for the love of heaven.

Count Donor-I die a victim and an avarice to my sovereign.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS-Death! Death! Death!

EARL DOUGLASS-Fight on, my merry men.

MADAME DUDEVANT [George Sand]—Laissez la verdure (leave the green) [meaning, leave the tomb green, do not cover it over with bricks or stones].

KING EDWARD, of Great Britain-Jesus!

EDWARD, the martyr, (one of the six boy kings)—Health.

EDWARD VI.—I am faint; Lord have mercy on me; receive my spirit.

JONATHAN EDWARDS—Trust in God, and you need not fear.

Col. E. Ellsworth—He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

EDMUND (one of the six boy kings)—No!

LORD ELDEN—It matters not, where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot.

Queen Elizabeth—All my possessions for a moment of time.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, of France, (when her handkerchief fell from her neck on her way to the scaffold)—In the name of modesty, I entreat you to cover my bosom.

ELPHAGE—You urge me in vain; I am not the man to provide Christian flesh for pagan teeth, by robbing my flocks to

enrich their enemies.

Erasmus—Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem! FARR—"Lord, receive my spirit" (Acts vii., 59).

JOHN FELCON-I am the man.

FONTENELLE—I suffer nothing, but feel a sort of difficulty in living longer.

Franklin—A dying man can do nothing easy,

FREDERICK V.—There is not a drop of blood on my hands. GENERAL FRASER—Fatal ambition; poor General Burgoyne!

Gainsborough—We all are going to heaven, and Vandyke

is of the company.

DAVID GARRICK-O, dear!

ELIZABETH GAUNT—I have obeyed the sacred command of God to give refuge to the outcast and not to betray the wanderer.

George IV. (to his page, Sir Wathen Waller)-Watty,

what is this? It is death, my boy. They have deceived me.

GIBBON-Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, lost at sea, (to his companions in another vessel)—We are as near heaven by sea as on the land.

GOETHE-More Light!

GOETHE-Let the light enter.

GOLDSMITH (in answer to the question: "Is your mind at

ease?")-No, it is not.

GOLIATH, of Gath, (to David)—Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field (I.Samuel xvii., 44).

GREGORY VII.—I have loved justice and hated iniquity,

therefore I die an exile.

Lady Jane Grey-Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii., 46).

GROTIUS-Be serious.

KING GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS-My God!

NATHAN HALE—I only regret that I have only one life to

lose for my country.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (to Bishop More and Rev. Dr. Mason)—I have no ill will against Colonel Burr. I met him with a fixed determination to do him no harm. I forgive all that happened.

HALLER-The artery ceases to beat.

HANNIBAL—Let me now relieve the Romans of their fears.

THOMAS HANSFORD—Take notice, I die a loyal subject to,

and a lover of, my country.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON—Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of government; I wish them carried out; I ask nothing more.

HAYDN—God preserve the Emperor! HAZLETT—I have led a happy life.

Hedley Vicars—Cover my face.

HENRY, of Montfort-Is any quarter given?

HENRY II .- Now, let the world go as it will, I care for

nothing more.

PRINCE HENRY, son of Henry II.—O, tie a rope around my body, and draw me out of bed, and lay me down upon the ashes, that I may die with prayers to God in a repentant manner. HENRY III.—I am Harry, of Winchester. HENRY VIII.—Monks! Monks! Monks!

HERBERT-Now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul.

GEORGE HERBERT—Lord, receive my spirit (Acts vii., 59).

CAPTAIN HERNDON—I will never leave the ship.

Hobbs—Now I am about to take my last voyage—a great leap in the dark.

Andreas Hoffer (shot at Mantua)—I will not kneel!

Fire!

HOOPER—Lord, receive my spirit (Acts vii., 59). Com. ISAAC HULL—Bury me in my uniform.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT-How grand these rays; they

seem to beckon earth to heaven.

DR. WILLIAM HUNTER—If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.

IRVING-If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen.

JOZEN—Brethren, there is no hope for us with the Christians, who are hammering at the gates and walls and who must soon break in. As we and our wives and children must die, either by Christian hands, or by our own, let it be by our own. Let us destroy by fire what jewels and other treasures we have here, then fire the castle, and then perish.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON—Send A. P. Hill to the front.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON—Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees.

JACOB THE PATRIARCH—I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; there I buried Leah (Genesis xlix., 30).

JAMES V., of Scotland-It [the Scotch crown] came with

a lass, and will go with a lass.

SERGEANT JASPER, wounded at Savannah, (to Major Horrey)—I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for defence of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father and tell him I have worn it with honor. Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life in supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment.

Thomas Jefferson—I resign my spirit to God, my daughter

to my country.

JESUS CHRIST-It is finished (John xix., 30).

JESUS CHRIST—Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit (Luke xxiii., 46).

JOAN-OF-ARC-God be blessed.

JOAN-OF-ARC (at the stake, ending her eventful and stormy life)—Jesus.

Dr. Johnson (to Miss Morris)—God bless you, my dear!

JOSEPH THE PATRIARCH—God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence (Genesis 1., 25).

JOSEPHINE-Isle of Elba. Napoleon.

BISHOP KEN-God's will be done.

PHILIP BARTON KEY (to Daniel E. Sickles)—Don't shoot me.

Knox-Now it is come,

CHARLES LAMB (after the most self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend)—My bedfellows are cramp and cough; we three sleep in a bed.

BISHOP LATIMER (to Bishop Ridley)—Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be

put out.

CAPT. JAMES LAWRENCE—Don't give up the ship.

ROBERT E. LEE-Have A. P. Hill sent for.

LEICESTER-By the arm of St. James it is time to die!

LEOFF (murderer of Edmund)-No, by the Lord.

SIR GEORGE LISLE—Ah! but I have been nearer to you, my friend, many a time, and you have missed me.

Dr. David Livingstone-I am cold; put more grass on the

hut.

JOHN LOCKE (to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms)—Cease now.

JOHN LOCKE-"O the depths of the riches, both of the

wisdom and knowledge of God." (Romans, xi., 33).

Louis I. (turning his face to the wall)—Huz! Huz! (out, out).

Louis IX.--I will enter now into the house of the Lord.

Louis XIV.—Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever. I thought dying had been harder.

Louis XIV. (on the scaffold)—Frenchmen, I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me. I pray that my blood may not fall upon France.

Louis XVIII.-A king should die standing.

MALESHERBES (to the priest)—Hold your tongue; your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them.

HON. E. D. MANSFIELD (of Morrow, Ohio,)-O death,

where is thy----.

Mirabeau—Surround me with perfumes and the flowers of spring; dress my hair with care, and let me fall asleep amid the sound of delicious music.

MARAT, stabbed by Charlotte Corday, (to his house-

keeper)—Help; help me, my dear.

AVMERIGOT MARCEL—Why should I make a long story of it?
MARGARET, of Scotland, (wife of Louis IX. of France)—
Fi de la vie! qu'on ne m'en parle plus.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Farewell, my children, forever.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—My God, enlighten and affect my executioner. Adieu, my children, my beloved ones, forever! I am going to your father.

Marmion-Victory! Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stan-

ley, on!—(Canto vi., Stanza 32).

BLOODY MARY—When I am dead, and my body is open, ye

will find Calais written on my heart.

Mary, Queen of Scots—"Into thy hands," O Lord, "I commend my spirit." (Luke xxiii., 46).

MASSANIELLO (to his assassins)—Ungrateful traitors!

Charles Matthews—I am ready.

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, of Mexico, (concerning his wife, who was afterwards insane)—Poor Carlotta.

CARDINAL MAZARIN—O my poor soul, whither wilt thou go? SERGEANT McDANIEL—Fight on, boys; don't let liberty die with me.

MELANCTHON (to the question, "Do you want any-

thing?")-Nothing but heaven.

MICHAEL ANGELO—My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly goods to my next of kin.

HUGH MILLER-My dear, dear wife, farewell!

MIRABEAU—Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.

Mohammed—O Allah, be it so! Henceforth among the

glorious hosts of paradise.

Mohammed—Lord, pardon me; and place me among those whom thou hast raised to grace and favor.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY-Come on!

Moody (the actor)--"Reason thus with life, if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing that none but fools could keep" (Measure for Measure, Act iii., Scene 1). SIR JOHN MOORE-I hope my country will do me justice.

SIR JOHN MOORE—I hope the people of England will be satisfied and the country do me justice.

HANNAH MORE-Patty; joy!

SIR THOMAS MORE (on the scaffold)—I pray you see me up safe; as for my coming down, let me shift for myself.

SIR THOMAS MORE—Let me put my beard out of the way, for it, at least, has never committed any treason.

OLIVER P. MORTON (U. S. Senator, of Indiana,)—I am so tired, I am worn out.

Dr. Valentine Mott (to Mrs. Isaac Bell)—My daughter!

Mozart—Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and my delight.

Napoleon Bonaparte—Mon Dieu! La nation Francaise! Fete d'armee! (My God! The French nation! Head of the army!)

Napoleon III. (to Dr. Conneau)-Were you at Sedan?

Nelson—I thank God I have done my duty.

LORD NELSON—Kiss me, Hardy.

LORD NELSON—Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor.

NERO-Is this your fidelity?

NERO-Quails artifex pereo! (I die like an artificer.)

REV. B. T. ONDERDONK, D. D., (to Dr. Vinton)—Of the crimes of which I have been accused and for which I have been condemned, my conscience acquits me in the sight of God.

OPCEHANCANOUGH—Had it been my fortune to take Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I would not have meanly exposed him as a show to my people.

ORSINI (to his fellow on the scaffold)-Try to be calm,

my friend, try to be calm.

THOMAS PAINE (to Dr. Manley, who asked him: "Do you wish to believe that Jesus is the Son of God?")—I have no wish to believe on the subject.

PALMER (the actor on the stage)—"There is another and better country." [This was a line in the part he was acting.]

Pascal-May God never forsake me!

Pericles, of Athens—I have never caused any citizen to mourn on my account.

GASTON PHŒBUS—I am a dead man. Lord, God, have mercy on me!

WILLIAM PITT-O, my country, how I love thee!

WILLIAM PITT-Alas! My country.

Pizarro-Jesu.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKY (when the bridge over the Pleisse was blown up)—Gentlemen, it now behooves us to die with honor.

BILL POOLE-I die a true American.

POPE-Friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

PORTEUS (dying at the setting of the sun)-O, that glorious sun!

COM. EDWARD PREBLE, U. S, N., (to his brother)—Give me Enoch; I am going.

RABELAIS-Let down the curtain; the farce is over.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH-It matters little how the head lieth.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (seeing the ax prepared to decapitate him)—It is a sharp medicine, but a sure cure for all ills. (In answer to the question, how he would have his neck lie on the block—If the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (to the executioner)-Why dost

thou not strike? Strike, man!

RICHARD I. (referring to Bertrant Goueden)—Take off his chains, give him a hundred shillings, and let him depart.

RICHARD III .- Treason!

ROBESPIERRE (being taunted at the guillotine with having caused the death of Danton)—Cowards! Why did you not defend him?

HENRI DE LA ROCHIJACQUELINE, the Vendean hero—We go to meet the enemy. If I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I die, avenge me.

MADAME ROLAND (passing the statue of Liberty on her way to the scaffold—Oh! Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!

Rousseau (to his wife)-Open the window, that I may see

the beauties of Nature.

Rufus, the Red-Shoot, Walter! shoot in the devil's name!

SALADIN—After I am dead, carry a sheet on the spear's point to the grave, and say these words: "These are the glorious spoils which Saladin carries with him! Of all his victories and triumphs, of all his riches and realms, nothing now remains but this winding-sheet."

Samson — Let me die with the Philistines (Judges xvi., 30).

Scarron—Ah, my children, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time.

Schiller—Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—I feel as if I were myself again.
SIR WALTER SCOTT (to his family)—God bless you all!
SIR WALTER SCOTT (after having heard the xivth chapter of John read)—That is a great comfort.

JANE SEYMOUR-No! My head never committed any trea-

son, but if you want it you can seize it.

Archbishop Sharpe—I shall be happy.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—I am absolutely undone. SEVERUS—I have been everything, and everything is nothing; little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little.

ALGERNON SIDNEY-"I know that my Redeemer liveth"

(Job xix., 25). I die for the good old cause.

SIR ALGERNON SIDNEY (just as his neck was laid upon the block, his executioner asked, "Sir Algernon, will you rise again?")—Not until the general resurrection; strike on!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities; or, I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.

Joseph Smith-O Lord, my God!

Socrates-Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius.

Philip Spencer (son of the statesman Hon. John C. Spencer)—I cannot give the word.

MADAME DE STAEL-I have loved God, my father, and

liberty.

STEPHEN (the first martyr)-Lay not this sin to their

charge (Acts vii., 60).

STRATFORD—I thank God I am no more afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragement arising from any fears,

but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.

JAMES STUART, the California thief-I die reconciled; my

sentence is just.

Swedenborg—What o'clock is it? (He was told.) It is well; thank you, and God bless you.

TALMA—The worst is, I cannot see.

Tasso-Lord, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit!" (Luke xxiii., 46).

ZACHARY TAYLOR-I am not afraid to die; I am ready; I

have endeavored to do my duty.

Tewksberry (a noted London martyr)—Christ is all.

LORD THURLOW—I'll be shot if I don't believe I am dying. TURNUS—And shalt thou from me hence escape, clad in the spoils of my friends? Thee, Pallas, Pallas, with this wound a victim makes, and takes vengeance on thy devoted blood (Æneids Bk. xii., l. 947).

WAT TYLER-Because they are all at my command, and

are sworn to do whatever I bid them.

WILLIAM TYNDALE (strangling at the stake)—Lord, open the ears of England's King.

SIR HENRY VANE—It is a bad cause that cannot bear the

words of a dying man!

VESPASIAN, the Roman Emperor—Ut puto deus fio. (I think I am becoming a god.)

VESPASIAN—A king should die standing.

GENERAL W. WALKER (to the priest)—I am a Roman Catholic. The war which I made on Honduras, at the suggestion of certain people at Ratan, was unjust. Those who accompanied me are not to be blamed. I alone am guilty. I ask pardon of the people. I receive death with resignation. Would that it were one for the good of society.

WASHINGTON-It is well.

RUDOLPH VON DER WART, the German, (to his wife, who attended him)—Gertrude, this is fidelity till death.

DANIEL WEBSTER-I still live.

JOHN WESLEY-The best of all is, God is with us.

JOHN WESLEY-Pray and praise.

WILLIAM, of Nassau, (when shot in 1584, by Balthazar Gerard)—O God, have mercy upon me, and upon this poonation!

WILLIAM, the Conqueror—I commend my soul to Mary.
WILLIAM III., of England, (to his physician)—Can this
last long?

ARNOLD WINKELRIED-Make way for liberty.

GENERAL WOLFE-I die contented.

GENERAL WOLFE-What, do they run already? Then I

die happy.

CARDINAL WOLSEY—Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.

CARDINAL WOLSEY-Father Abbot, I am come to lay my

bones among you.

THOMAS WYATT (to the priest who had reminded him that he had accused the Princess Elizabeth of treason to the council, and that he now alleged her to be innocent)—That which I then said I unsay, That which I now say is true.

JOHN ZISKA-Make my skin into drum-heads for the Bo-

hemians.

The Views of an Eminent Divine.

IS IT PAINFUL TO SEPARATE THE SPIRIT FROM THE BODY?

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS—LOUIS XIV.—DR. HUNTER—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—FRANKLIN—JOHN WESLEY — STONEWALL JACKSON—HOW IT FEELS WHILE BEING COVERED WITH EARTH.

*Many people, through fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage. The questions—How shall we die? When shall we die? and Where shall we die? are continually worrying them. Indeed, there have been several suicides caused by this haunting terror of death. The thought of it made their lives insupportable, and they killed themselves in order to know the worst. And yet it is quite possible that in respect to the physical sensation of dying we resemble Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches!

When Louis XIV. lay dying—"Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his death-bed. "Did you think I should live forever?" Then, after a pause: "I thought dying had been harder." Dr. Hunter was another who was agreeably surprised by his experience of dying. His last words were: "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." A charming actress, who had been twice almost drowned, told a friend that dying was the nicest sensation that she knew. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked:

"It is really nothing much, after all."

[&]quot;"Is Death Painful?" by Rev. E. J. Hardy, M. A., in "The Sunday Magazine."

Hundreds of other last, or nearly last, sayings of dying persons might be cited to prove the truth of Pliny's remark that the departure of the soul frequently takes place without pain, and sometimes even with pleasure. If the dead could come to life again, they would all, or nearly all, we have no doubt, tell us that Walt Whitman spoke the truth when he said that

"Whatever happens to anybody it will be turned to beautiful results,

And nothing can happen more beautiful than death."

And again-

"All goes outward and onward, and nothing collapses!

And to die is different to what anybody supposed—and luckier!

Every moment dies a man; Every moment one is born."

The first experience—at least, in the case of death by old age—is as natural as the second; why should we think that it must necessarily be more painful? Certainly, if some men died, and others did not, death might be considered an enemy; but being universal, it cannot be.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last day of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—

he who hath done this can hardly fail to see evidence that in the case of the majority of people (most dead persons, even those who perish by violence, as, for instance, in battle, have this expression of rest and peace), death is not painful, or, at least, not as painful as it is generally supposed to be. Perhaps, as there is said to be a sort of numbness which takes hold of an animal (Livingstone felt it when in the grip of a lion) falling into the clutches of a beast of prey, so, by the arrangement of a merciful Providence, the swoop of the last enemy may have a narcotic effect upon its victim. I am, myself, much of the opinion of the ancient thinker who said that "death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence

never discommoded anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence."

A man said to Socrates: "The Athenians have condemned you to death." "And Nature," he replied, "has condemned them." We do not think that death should be looked upon as the condemnation of nature, but rather as its happy release. This was the light in which Columbus viewed it. When he was old and chained in prison it was a relief to him to think that soon he would "sail forth on the last voyage." Though more happy in her life than the great discoverer, the famous mathematician, Mrs. Somerville, could thus speak of the same voyage: "The Blue Peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator."

By the ancient Greeks death was considered simply as a destroyer. To them it was the last and most bitter of foes. Achilles in Hades says to Odysseus: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death. Rather would I live upon the earth the hireling of another than bear sway over all the dead that are no more." The Christian is saved from this "inward horror of falling into naught." To him death is not the king of terrors, but the tender consoler; not the end of life, but the beginning of a higher and nobler state. And surely to an overwrought and weary age this conception is very soothing:

Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas,

Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

"I look upon death," says Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

"Death once dead, there's no more dying then." It is a friend and not an enemy, coming, as it does, from the love that loves on to the endless end. One by one God calls those bound to us by natural ties into His silence; He prepares a home and kindred for us yonder, while giving life to us here; and thus, in His tenderness, He delivers us from the fear of death. For many, when the "last enemy" comes, to shake his insolent spear in their face, Agag's question is their answer: "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," When Bunyan in his immortal allegory draws a picture full of pathos and dignity, of Christian and Hopeful wading through deep waters to the Celestial City, he puts these words into Hopeful's lips to soothe the tremors of his friend. Every day thousands of God's true servants are sustained in their last earthly experience by being able to realize this Presence.

When death is bitter, it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remorse than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely die easily if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been made. The medical man who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that there was. Debt was upon his mind. To some it is riches and not poverty that renders death painful. When Garrick showed to Dr. Johnson his palatial residence, the latter said: "Ah, David, these are the things that make death terrible." Yet, even in a palace life may be well led, and I have known rich men who had learned to sit loose to the things of earth and to be quite ready to give them up. A clever medical man once said to me: "You persons do much harm by making people afraid to die. You should rather teach them to look upon death as their best friend." Of course, I told him that it is not clergymen but their own consciences that make people afraid to die, and that it is our business to point to Him "who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Think not I dread to see my spirit fly
Through the dark gates of fell immortality;
Death has no terrors where the life is true;
'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

"'Tis living ill," and not parsons, that makes people fear to die.

A minister in a remote part of Scotland was once visiting the death-bed of an aged member of his congregation. "Well, my friend,,' said the minister, "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir," was the calm and solemn answer. "Very weel, but just a wee bit confused with the flittin'." It even a good man is in this way confused with the flittin', how

can those who in youth and health and strength have never given a thought to that part of life's business which consists in preparing to leave it—how can they expect to be calm and collected on their death-beds, and to have peace at the last?

John Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madame," he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my bed at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The mother of the poet Goethe, who was a strong-minded and humorous woman, happened to receive an invitation to a party when on her death-bed, from some one who did not know she was ill. She thus replied to it: "Madame Goethe is sorry that she cannot accept your invitation, as she is engaged dying." It is not only when we come to our death-beds that we are engaged dying. It is a physiological fact that death borders upon our birth, and that our cradle stands in

the grave.

From hour to hour we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

In this sense we all "die daily," whether we like it or not. Well for those who can use these words in the higher sense in which St. Paul used them—who can feel that they are ready to die every day they live. This was the aim of the Christian soldier, Havelock, who said: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Let us think for a moment of the view which He who is the example of a godly life, and therefore of a godly death, took of departing from this world. One of the seven last sayings of Jesus from the cross was: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." It is the free, spontaneous, unhesitating surrender of one who did not look upon death as an irresistible necessity, but as something that comes from a Father's love.

This was the feeling which enabled the American General'

Stonewall Jackson, to die as he did. When told that he had only about two hours to live, he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—" Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed away. We should all be able to pass over the dark river of death bravely if we hoped and trusted as truly as did this Christian soldier, to rest under the Tree of Life upon the other side.

IS DEATH PAINFUL?

So live that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, which moves To that mysterious realm where each shall take His chamber in the Silent Halls of Death, Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave As one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

PROCESS OF DYING WHILE BEING COVERED WITH EARTH.

W. K. Morehead (says Science Siftings), a geologist, was recently buried alive while excavating a mound of the mound-builders in Ohio. He fell with his head resting a little above his feet and suffered little beyond a sensation of strong compression due to the weight of the earth, which pressed the buttons of his light costume into the skin and caused his watch chain to mark his body.

The pressure of the soil on his straw hat caused him to teel as if the skin of his brow were cut. A knife in his pocket seemed to burn into the flesh, and finally his backbone seemed slowly to break. Then he became insensible to pain, though still able to think. His thoughts succeeded each other like flashes of lightning, and related to the past, the future, and his home. He did not think of his condition, except to wonder if he would be able to breathe when he was taken out of it. He tried to move his hand, even his finger, but failed. He could not lift his chest, and the only part of his body he could

move was his lower jaw, which the clods permitted to be done. He remembered how warm the earth before his face had be-

come when the breath was pressed from his lungs.

He kept his mouth shut to exclude the earth, but after a time it opened in spite of him, and two pieces of clay entered and caused him a horrible sensation of trying to eject them. He felt that he was lost and became indifferent. The workmen who were digging him out cleared the earth from his face and eyes, but when they stopped a little the pressure on the rest of his body drove the blood to his head and swelled the veins so that he was afraid they would burst. Moreover, he could not breathe yet, because the thorax was still compressed by the soil.

He never lost consciousness, and as the men carried him away he saw a little wild yellow canary sitting on a spray and heard it sing. As the bird flew off he fancied he was flying after it and perching on one twig or another, just as it did. The sky seemed of a different color than usual; it also seemed grander, and the country more beautiful, and he was so much affected by the wondrous beauty of the spectacle as to shed

tears.

It Is Only a Step to Heaven.

TO DIE IS GAIN IN A VERY BROAD SENSE.

*And he said: Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said:

I am Jesus whom thou persecutest (Acts, ix., 5).

The incident referred to opens a very wide door, and introduces us to a series of thoughts which are not more start-

ling than they are helpful.

St. Paul was apparently a man of strong prejudices as well as strong convictions. He had a courage which extended to rashness. A conservative of fierce temper, he could tolerate no invasion of the old-time Hebraism which had been sanctified by the sufferings as well as the victories of many generations.

When this new religion of the Nazarene began to stir the people, it had a tendency to lessen their allegiance to the synagogue, its doctrines and its forms of worship. Paul, therefore, perhaps without inquiring into its merits, hated it with a deadly hatred. "Breathing out threatenings and slaughter," armed with letters from the high priest giving him authority over both men and women, he was on the road to Damascus with a boundless fury in his heart and a determination to crush the spiritual rebellion by the most heroic measures.

Just before he reached the city a light shone round him which seemed to be supernatural, and the stillness of the air was broken by a Voice which came from the lips of some invisible personage. A communication was made to him which he evidently regarded as coming from the other world, for from that instant the whole plan of his life was changed. His desire to persecute the followers of the Master was trans-

^{*}Written by the leading editorial writer in the New York Herald,

formed into a vow to defend them at the hazard of his own life.

It is safe to say that this incident is as reliable as most others which have come to us from remote times. There is no good reason why we may not accept it as veritable history.

Moreover, it is corroborated by similar experiences which have occurred from time to time since the days of Paul. There is hardly a household which cannot relate an occurrence of a like nature, and we are forced to the conclusion that there are more beings who are invisible than there are beings visible, and that the visible and invisible are supplied with means

of communicating with each other.

It is useless for the Christian to declare that such miracles, if they are miracles, were confined to the limits of a given period. He must accept what happens to-day as well as what happened centuries ago. God has not changed His relations to men, and the necessities of human nature are just as urgent as ever. If angels talked with mortals from the time of Adam to the days succeeding the crucifixion, it is folly to suppose that the curtain dropped and we have ever since been left without the companionship of "a cloud of witnesses." We must either throw the Bible overboard as a tissue of imaginary events, or believe, as every generation has believed, that the great falsehood of history is that there is "a bourne from whence no traveler returns."

If God is really a presence in the world, then He must be a continually-revealing presence. There is a kind of absurdity in the statement that He has spoken, but refuses to do so any more. If He ever spoke, it is certainly true that He still speaks. He has neither become indifferent, nor has He retired to some distant corner of the universe whence His voice cannot be heard except as a dull and uncertain echo.

The upper air is peopled by the departed. Death does not destroy the whole of us; it simply separates, by mysterious alchemy, the mortal from the immortal, and it is only a short journey from this world to the other. While we are saying our Good Night to the dying they are listening to a Good Morning from those who have joined the majority.

We suffer from a sense of separation, but they enjoy the pleasures of a reunion. To die is gain in a very broad sense for it is an exchange of hampering conditions for a life with out limitation. Death is merely the transportation of a peasant to a palace, the environment of which gives him opportunities he never dreamed of. We shed bitter tears at a grave, but there is more or less selfishness in our grief. If we had full faith in the future the muffled sound of sighs would be followed by a solemn conviction that, while we are somewhat the worse off by what we call bereavement, the departed loved one is much the better off.

This is the ideal religion, and because we have not yet attained to it we robe ourselves in mourning, as though some great disaster had befallen those who go as well as those who remain. If we had no thought of self we should dress in white rather than black, for the dead have won their victory and become importal.

Still further, it is an inexpressible loss to the religious life that we do not realize the radiant fact that solicitous and helpful influences are round about us in our struggles with circumstances. Every loved one who has gone is as conscious of our doubts and fears as when he was at our side. Neither his affection nor his power to aid has been abated. In a thousand ways unknown to us he gives us strength for the conflict and peace of mind in our perplexity. By unspoken words he talks with us, and our souls and his hold intimate communion. Were that not true, then our lives would be heavily and darkly overshadowed. But it is true, and we are compelled by many an unexplained experience to believe it. It is a doctrine of Holy Writ; it is verified by the history of every home; it is a component part of practical religion; it is a statement of fact which redeems us from despair and gives us good cheer because heaven and we are not far from each other.

A General View of Death.

SIN, NOT DEATH, WHICH STALKS ABROAD IN EVERY LAND.

VARIOUS SCENES OF LIFE—DEATH AS A DREAD PERSONAGE SEEMS
TO HAVE BEEN UNTHOUGHT OF BY THE ANCIENTS—THE GREEKS
HAD NO GOD OF DEATH—KING OF TERRORS—PLUTO AND
CHRONOS—DEATH NOT A PERSONAGE—OUIDA.

*Lovers, or bridegroom and bride, or happy husband and wife—each couple regards death variously, as they feel variously toward each other. Look at the couple on the extreme right of the spectator: Love in her eyes sits glancing, and he responds with ardent gratification. They are so occupied with each other—so entirely are they all in all just now to each other that death passes by them unregarded. For

"Who grieve when the bridegroom is with them?
Who weeps when the wine-chalice flows?
When the aureole of life shines around us,
Who then of death's cold shadow knows?
When we stand on life's throne, crown'd and sceptred
In love's own most regal attire,
Can we think of the day when the triumph
Of life and of love will expire?"

Next to this joyous couple sits, alone, a little maiden to whom, as yet, love and death are both mysteries. Wonder is the predominant expression on her childish face; wonder crossed with a dim pity. But how can death be sad or be joyous to those who know not what love is? For life is not life till love vivifies it; as life, when love is gone, relapses into mere existence, unless the eternal impersonal love supply the

^{*}G. T. C. M., in "The Spiritualist," London, England.

place of the mere personal and transitory emotion; and then life has already become immortality. This little maiden is seated next to the master and mistress of the feast, a couple who reveal a lovely phase of human affection. Hand clasped fondly in hand, passion ripened into love, and love into friendship, they think that death cannot sever the life which has resisted the more powerful attacks of passion, of weakness, of faithlessness, and of disappointment.

The third couple represent a less united condition of love. The man gazes callously and with folded arms at the mummy; stolid philosophy and critical thought are in his eyes, whilst she, wholly engrossed in the thought of his love for her, is terrified at death, the separator, and she clings to her one

beloved, turning from death to love.

Most startling is the old woman who sits beside her aged husband in the angle of the room. Her withered cheeks and dingy skin she has tried to adorn with a wondrous head-gear of lovely light-hued feathers. She is, I fear, a worldly old thing, and death appears to her horribly real and near, as it

comes to her amid all this youth and feasting.

Next to this poor old lady, whose life-story is well nigh at its last page, sit a young couple who are but beginning the oft-told tale. She is young, coy, and timid, frightened at the approach of love and its ardent powers. Her lover finds in the reminder of death a new argument for urging her to relent: "See," he says, "death will come; let us love while we may." He seems to whisper George Macdonald's eternity:

"Love me, beloved! for I may lie Dead in thy sight, 'neath the blue sky. Love, beloved! for both must tread

On the threshold of Hades, the house of the dead."

Further on, considerably, sits a "used-up" voluptuary, between two girls. He looks bored at that thing coming round, and seems indifferent alike to love and death, himself being

more deadly and dead than the mummy itself.

These are only a few among the numerous figures and faces in the picture—a picture which requires a prolonged study for its due appreciation. In the Academy Catalogue there is a recondite note on this curious Egyptian custom—a note which leads the reader to speculate about the views of death held by the ancients, and to consider how different were

their notions to those of the moderns. Death as a dread personage seems to have been unthought of by the ancients. The words-"Gaze here: drink and be merry," are like the words of the Hebrew preacher-"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way of thy heart and the sight of thine eyes." They meant that youth and bodily existence will not continue long; therefore they should be enjoyed while possessed. Youth and vitality are given by our Maker; it is our duty, therefore, not to waste them, neither by a dreary melancholy nor yet by a reckless career of gross living. The Hebrew sage added the words-"Know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment; therefore remove sorrow from thy heart. and put away evil from thy flesh." That is, in other words, waste not thy god-given youth and its capacities of enjoyment in morbid or religious asceticism; so remove sorrow from thy heart. And waste not thy youth neither in excesses in which the beasts would not indulge, but put away evil from thy flesh; for excesses and fleshy evils will bring their own penalty on thy body, thy intellect, and thy soul. Every act has its inevitable result, a result often called the judgment of God.

There is one remarkable thing in this Egyptian ceremony; it is the only personification of death to be found among the The Greeks had no God of death. Pluto and Proancients. serpine presided over Hades, the world of those who had gone through the process of death and had crossed the river Styx. They had been ferried over by Charon, a lesser deity, in subservience to Pluto and the other Gods. Æschylus, the sublime, recognizing neither time nor death, makes no such dramatis persona as Thanatos. Euripides in the Alkestis introduces a personage called, in English translations, Death. But in the Aldine edition of 1567 he appears as Charon; whilst Sertius (in his notes on Virgil) says that Euripides put him in as Mercury. And as Mercury he appears in an edition of Euripides, printed in 1471, and in another of 1532. But under whatever name, Euripides personifies him as slightly as possible and makes Alkestis and Hercules speak of him as if he were Pluto. Hercules calls him "The Priest of the Dead," and Alkestis,

talking as she dies, says she-

"Beholds a boat and him who ferries o'er the dead, By Charon I am summoned hence," In Sophocles there is a short invocation to death, in Ajax's last speech; but the mere personification is unimportant, and does not raise Thanatos to any rank like the deification attributed to even Aido, Orcus (oath), or Nemesis. Atropos, that one of the Destinies who cuts the thread of life, in effect performed the duties of Death. And to Iris also is given the work of cutting that thread which binds the soul to the body.

Nowhere among ancient literature do we find that dread king of terrors who-with scythe and hour-glass, with crowned skull and bare jawbones—is the modern idea of death. grim image is the production of the creed which professed to reveal life and immortality. It is a Catholic mediæval conception, perhaps a monkish rendering and blending of Pluto and of Chronos. Chronos (the Latin Saturn or Time) was represented with a scythe and hour-glass by the Greeks. mummy of the Egyptian feast was decorated as Osiris, the God with whom men entered into happy union after death; and so it was to them a reminder of immortality; the Greeks supposed that those who had entered the nether world were at once judged by Rhadamanthus, and abode in the Stygian fields or in the Isles of the Blest; but the mediæval Christian supposed the dead lay rotting in their graves until the last trump. He deemed that for them was neither pleasure nor pain any more; for them action and happy repose were alike over. Death, the most powerful of all beings (scarcely excepting Deity itself), cut short the only career of happiness given to man; for after the grave he would go to either an eternal fire or to a petrified heaven. And so arose that stalking skeleton, suggesting so many false ideas, which has become the popular image of death. "The founder of Christianity," wrote Isaac D'Israeli, "everywhere breathes the blessings of social feelings." The horrors with which Christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of Christianity among those insane ascetics who, misinterpreting the word of life, trampled The dominion of mankind fell into the hands of on nature. those imperious priests who ruled by the terrors of the ignorant. Life was darkened by penances and pilgrimages, alternating with murder and debauchery; spectres started up amid the midnight vigils; the grave yawned, and Death-in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy-paraded the universe. After they had sufficiently terrified men with this charnel-house figure, a

reaction in public feelings occurred, and death, which had so long harassed the imagination, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humor. The Italian love of the beautiful forbade their art to sport with deformity, but the Gothic taste of German artists delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; it put an eye of mockery into its hollow sockets and made the shank-bones of Death dance gaily. And "The Dance of Death" traveled through Europe. It even became enacted as a religious ceremony in churchyards. A popular poem on it was composed by one Macabre, of which the English Dance of Death (erroneously attributed to Holbein) is an illustration. Groups from this dance were copied as house and as furniture decorations, and at Luzern there still exists a bridge (a covered bridge) on which is painted the Dance of Death.

It would have been happy for English people if this ludicrous view of it had been allowed to end the gross and materialistic conception of man's career. But, unfortunately, Milton restored to the figure of Death its first awe and majesty. Milton, profoundly read in Virgil, transferred all Virgil's classic lore to the Hebrew myths, and changing Prometheus into Satan, he transformed also Virgil's Pluto, Rhadamanthus, and Hades, into Death, Hell, and Judgment. Milton has made the theology and colored the religious imagery of Englishmen for two hundred years now, and so long as the following lines remain household words, neither fact nor philosophy will obliterate the false and popular conception of death:—

"Black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies; terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Yet fact, and philosophy founded on fact, tell us that death is not a personage; scarce even an event; naturally it is but a process, a process slow and sure, aye, surer than physical birth. The spiritual doctrine, and one incessantly reiterated by every spiritualistic teaching, is that death is but an exact repetition, in less material organs, of the process of physical birth; but that there are a multitude of deaths; and that we have to undergo—and we do undergo—far more painful deaths while still in the body, than our physical dissolution will be. Aurora Leigh knew this, when she spoke of the slow death of young

souls, so often "bound by social figments, feints, and formalisms, and then crucified head downward, on the cross sticks of the world." Ouida knew it, too, when she made the soul of Signa to be extinguished and killed by contamination with vice long before his body departed from its shattered life. And preachers know it when they repeat the words, "Fear not him who can kill the body; but I say unto you, fear him who can kill both body and soul." Fear sin. Thank God, nowadays preacher, poet, novelist, philanthropist, doctor, and man of science, all perceive that sin is a far more hideous and more powerful thing than death. It is sin, not death, which stalks among us, as Blake saw the sin-plague of Egypt, a livid, monstrous, green-hued, poison-radiating, spear-darting power. It is sin, not death, we have to fear, aslurking secretly to catch the young, and as leading us in the wild "dance Macabre."

Our popular theology and religious conceptions have not yet entirely recovered from that low and selfish phase of former generations. The idea of man's future existence was formerly one of selfish happiness, so far as petrified existence and petrified perfection can be happiness. "It looked," as Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "only for the performance of the consciousness which can enjoy itself; whilst the modern and better idea of man's future existence is permanence of those activities which can give happiness to others." With this opinion the physiologist neither courts nor fears death. He will not address it as "most beloved, most lovely;" nor yet as "dread king of terror," for he regards it as a natural process, as growth toward a new birth. The pain of the process is felt generally long before we are conscious that the process has begun in us; the sorrow of it lies in separation from those we love; but that sorrow is felt more by those who are left than by those who are departing, for death brings hopeful consolation to those whom it touches. We have all heard of dying people entreating their friends to "let them go," and not keep them by their yearning love; but who ever heard of a dying man entreating to be kept in the body; to be kept back, in fact, from dying into life? It is true that the new life into which we die is very different to this life in some respects. For, with the loss of the external body of matter, will cease those mere physical functions whose due action gives physical pleasure now. Therefore "let the young man rejoice

in his youth;" and let Edwin Long's happy lovers quaff the wine cup while they have palates to taste with, and while love gives tone and flavor to all around. Let love reveal life, that we may know and enjoy life; and let the reminder of death come as the reminder of immortality.

CREMATION OF FALSE TEETH.

A dentist calls attention to an interesting fact suggested by the possible adoption of cremation. False teeth as now made are entirely unaffected by the most intense heat, so that if the body of a person who had used false teeth be incinerated, the teeth would come out of the retort uninjured and pearly white, although nothing of the body might remain but a small residuum of ashes.

BIRTH AND DEATH IN CUBA.

Pittsburg Dispatch: You can be born without the assistance of a doctor in Cuba, but it is necessary to have the aid of a priest to make your birth legitimate. The law does not recognize your existence unless your nativity is properly recorded in the records of the church. Nor can you be married without the padre, because civil and Protestant ceremonies are not accepted as legal in Cuba. Much less can you be buried, because all the cemeteries belong to the church, and a heretic has to pay well to lay his bones in one of them. The church is recognized in Cuba more completely than in Rome, and exercises jurisdiction over the life there as well as that which is to come.

Strange Features of Death.

EXPERIENCES CONNECTED WITH THE PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

EXPERIENCES OF A STARVING MAN—ENOCH—ELIJAH—EMPEDOCLES
—THE WONDERFUL BUTTERFLY—STRANGE EFFECTS OF THE
MIND UPON THE BODY—JUSTICE AND DEATH—A MAGDALEN'S
DEATH.

The following narrative throws some light on this interesting subject. It appears that in a hurricane passing over the Ohio river and down the Miami Valley on the night of the Fourth of July, 1873, a splendid grove of oaks on the "old Anderson farm" of a Mr. Rogers, in the latter locality, was almost wholly prostrated, and here is an amazing story derived therefrom and gravely communicated to the Miami

County Democrat, by one J. F. Clark:

"Upon the morning subsequent to the storm (Sunday) Mr. Rogers, in company with a hired man, proceeded to inquire into the extent of the damage inflicted upon his premises, and the first objective point was the ruined grove. The centre tree of the plat was a noble oak, the king over his fellows, and a tree which had stood the ravages of time seemingly unscathed for several centuries. This tree had been snapped and felled by the storm. Upon examining the fallen giant for the purpose of ascertaining its worth as rail-timber, Mr. Rogers made a startling discovery. This was nothing less than the fact that the tree in falling had disgorged a skeleton. The bones were disconnected, yellow as gold with age, and scattered promiscuously over several square feet of pasturage. The skull was almost intact; all the teeth save two-molarswere still in their places, and there was a scar on the left parietal bone which looked like the memento of some fierce cavalry charge. The humerus of the right arm was shattered,

and save the three defects just mentioned, the skeleton, when put together, was without blemish. The tree in falling, I should have mentioned, was rent asunder-a task not difficult of accomplishment when I refer to the fact that an examination found that at some remote date the very heart of the oak had been cleft by lightning. From a spot twenty feet from the ground upwards to the first great fork—a distance of ten feet-a hollow extended, and from this cavity the skeleton had been hurled. If we but knew who he was, thought my informant, Mr. Rogers, and, strange to say, a few minutes later the twain discovered that the tree had also disgorged a thrilling history. An old-fashioned leather pocket or memorandom-book lay in a remarkable state of preservation, which no doubt had been dropped into the tent made by the lightning, and had been preserved while its master decayed. A few brass buttons of old and unique pattern were found near the memorandum, but it is with the latter that we have to deal. This old leather purse, entirely moneyless, contained sundry papers covered with rude pencilings quite difficult to trace, as they were written on the backs of army passes and military consignments which dated as far back as 1776. Mr. Rogers conveyed the bones to his house, and set about to read the memorandum of the captive of the tree. But owing to his failing eyesight, he could decipher but little, and this little a conglomerate mass of disconnections. But still he read enough to learn that the eyes that once shone in the now orbless sockets, often looked upon Washington in the heat of battle, and amid the snows of Valley Forge; and the skeleton arm, covered with flesh and muscle, had struck many stalwart blows for our country. The man's name, as gathered from the papers, was Roger Vanderberg, a native of Lancaster, Pa., and a Captain in the Revolutionary army. He was an aid to Washington during the retreat across the Jerseys, and served a time in Arnold's headquarters at West Point. In 1791 he marched with St. Clair against the Northwestern Indians, and in the famous outbreak with that General on the Wabash, November third, of the year just written, he was wounded and captured. But while being conveyed to the Indian town at Upper Piqua-a historical place well known to your readershe effected his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his starving foes. He saw the hollow in the oak, and despite the

mangled arm, and with the aid of a beech that grew beside the giant then, he gained the haven, and dropped therein. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. O, the story told by the diary of the oak's despairing prisoner! How, rather than surrender to the torture of the stake, he chose death by starvation; how he wrote his diary in the uncertain light and the snow! Here is one entry in the diary:

"November 10.—Five days without food! When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery! It is snowing now. I freeze while I

starve. God pity me!""

"'The italicized words were supplied by Mr. Rogers, as the trembling hand ofttimes refused to indite plainly. Never was such a record of suffering traced by human hand before. The entries cover a period of eleven days, and in disjointed

sentences is told the story of St. Clair's defeat."

The last moments of this unfortunate man must have been accompanied with untold agonies of mind and body. Dying through the instrumentality of artificial means cannot be as pleasant as when the dissolution takes place through the quiet operations of Nature's forces, after a well-spent life. Then the separation of the soul from the body is accompanied from the beginning with exalted feelings and sensations. As soon as the will ceases to resist, the transition is easily accomplished, and the splendor of the supramundane scenes gradually bursts in upon the enraptured vision. While dying by the slow and tedious process of starvation, it is not strange that the senses are frequently impressed with scenes through the instrumentality of dreams, that, if tangible, would quickly respond to the demands of nature, and relieve the suffering. The desire then for food and water predominates in the mind -is the leading exciting cause therein, prompting it to dream of "luscious fruits and flowing streams." It is well understood how the psychologist acts upon the mind of his subject, by exciting to action certain desires within his body, such as love, fear, hatred, bravery, cowardice, etc. How much easier for the body to affect the mind through the action of the intense wants of the same, resulting in dreaming of that which will supply the urgent wants; hence Mr. Vanderberg

had his slumbers annoyed by the presentation of that which, while confined to his earthly prison-house, he could never attain.

TRANSLATION OF ENOCH, ELIJAH AND EMPEDOCLES.

History informs us that certain distinguished characters have been translated. The Bible says: "By faith Enoch was translated that he might not see death; he was not found because God translated him; for upon his translation, he knew that he had pleased God." Elijah was favored in like manner by God. "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire. and parted them asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Ancient history mentions the translation of Empedocles, who was born 444 years B. C., and who proclaimed himself a God, and was so received by many, and he was transferred to heaven, it is said, amid a flood of great effulgence, during a sacred feast. I am inclined to doubt these extraordinary statements, although I do not believe the instantaneous dissipation of the human body an impossibility. These isolated cases of translation, if true, give no person any ground for hope that he will be so highly favored, or that a chariot of fire, or horses of fire, will convey him to a seat in The common method of entering the supramundane spheres, through the instrumentality of death, is still desirable, and we do not believe that any of the gods of the various religious sects can improve thereon.

THE WONDERFUL BUTTERFLY.

In connection with death many beautiful incidents have occurred, the most peculiar of which will be given. The Jersey City Journal speaks of a physician who resided in that city at one time, who had won considerable fame from the successful cures he had made in medicine and surgery. Whenever one of his patients died, no matter where he was, what time of day or night, a small white butterfly came to him, and flitted about until it attracted his notice, when it departed. The moment the Doctor saw the little winged messenger of death, he was at once made aware of the demise of the patient; and if at night the warning came to him, he invariably remained in his office in the morning in order to give a certificate of death. The first time the Doctor ever saw this but-

terfly, was while he was looking at the form of a deceased child; the butterfly alighted on its breast, and there remained, slowly raising its wings up and down until the body was closed in its little coffin. On one occasion, while the Doctor was attending a patient in Park Place, the butterfly entered the window and commenced flitting about his head. He looked up at it, and one of the ladies in the room, thinking it annoyed him, said: "Oh! let it alone; it will soon burn its wings by the blaze of the gas." "No, it won't," replied the Doctor. "It has come on a mission, and will soon disappear. I have just lost a patient, and in the evening I will be called upon for a certificate of death." Sure enough, the next morning the father of the child that had died the night before called, and notified him of the loss of his little one. This is only one of the many instances where the Doctor has received this strange visitation, and kept a record of the circumstances, besides that of calling the attention of those present to the fact of the butterfly's warning of death among his patients. Premonitions of death are of common occurrence, being usually impressed upon the mind through the instrumentality of dreams or visions.

STRANGE EFFECTS OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY.

We find in the work entitled "Influence of the Mind Upon the Body," that "Juventius Thalma, to whom a triumph was decreed for subjugating Corsica, fell down dead at the foot of the altar at which he was offering up his thanksgivings. Fonquet, upon receiving the intelligence of Louis XIV. having restored him to liberty, fell down dead. To these may be added those of Diagoras, an athlete of Rhodes, who died from seeing his three sons returned crowned from the Olympic games; and Dionysius, the second tyrant of that name, who died on hearing the award of a poetical prize to his own tragedy."

These incidents we have related show that death from joy has not been wholly unknown to the world. The transition to the celestial regions, when caused through the instrumentality of joy, is probably delightful in the extreme. All the vital forces, physical and mental, of the system, are then intensely stimulated, and so powerful is their influence that the physical organism cannot endure the pressure, and yields as easily to death as, under favorable surroundings and condi-

tions, it does to sleep; for joy always excites, modifies, or even sometimes entirely suspends the functions of the body. We have reason to believe that no unpleasant feelings whatever accompany the transition under these circumstances, and

that it is the easiest and most pleasant of all.

Cold contracts; heat expands. Intense grief, like cold in some of its manifestations, causes a concentration of the vital forces, resulting in death, while excessive joy causes an inordinate expansion of the same, with a like fatal result. The fact that deep grief sometimes causes hair that naturally curls beautifully, to become straight, is an evidence of the powerful influence that it can exert on the vital forces of the organism. When the emotions are grandly illuminated by transcendent joy, death becomes a poetic dream, more pleasurable than any picture that the imagination can conceive. The features retain the brilliant tinge that only a superabundance of ecstatic joy can impart, and you think that they who are so calmly reposing in the arms of death, are only sweetly sleep-They die as naturally, beautifully, and easily, as the sweet dew-drop is kissed heavenward from its bed in a flower. by a genial ray of light from the morning's golden sun; and as the dew-drop returns to strengthen other flowers, to animate them with rainbow-tinted hues, and impregnate them with a divine aroma, after it has taken its voyage among the clouds, so do the souls of the departed come back to earth to do good to others, and to stimulate them to the performance of noble deeds!

JUSTICE-ITS DEMANDS AND ITS METHOD OF CAUSING DEATH.

Justice, the avenging hand of Justice, which seeks to stay the progress of crime, causes death in a variety of ways. Sustained by law, which is deemed sufficient, it devises various instruments whereby death is caused. There have been, however, isolated cases where imprisonment for life has been substituted for the death penalty. In the early history of the world, cruelty—extreme cruelty—was always practiced in carrying out the demands of Justice. The quartering and burning of criminals was not, at one time, an uncommon practice. Justice, supposed to be an emanation from heaven, ordered that criminals be dealt with in such a manner. One peculiar feature prevailed, however, as late as the sixteenth century—

the Medical School at Montpelier received its annual tribute of a criminal to be dissected alive for the benefit of science. According to Appleton's Encyclopædia, "Ravaillac, assassin of Henry IV., was torn limb from limb by horses, while yet alive, and during the agony his flesh was pulled away in bits by red-hot pincers, and boiling oil poured upon the raw wounds. As late even as the time of Louis XV., Damiens met with a fate similar to that of Ravaillac. Even in England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, traitors were disemboweled during life; and in the time of her father, Henry VIII., boiling to death was an occasional punishment. It was only within the last century that in Great Britain, Justice, in dealing with treason, so far tempered punishment with mercy as to spare the traitor the agonies of a cruel, lingering death. In all civilized countries, where capital punishment has been retained for certain crimes, ingenuity has been exercised to render death as speedy and as little painful as possible. Loss of life without any added horror is supposed to be sufficiently effective for the ends of justice. Hanging is the mode of punishment in the United States and in England. The guillotine is the instrument used in France, and the garrotte in Spain." "A criminal who escaped," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "by the breaking of the cord, said that after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenues of trees. Henry IV., of France, sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking." The garrotte of the Spanish simply consists of a band of iron placed around the neck, which, on being tightened by the executioner, causes strangulation, and sensations, probably, similar to hanging. The guillotine, an offshoot of the brain of Dr. Guillotine, is invariably associated with torture and extreme cruelty. A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

There are certain conditions of the human mind when all things on earth seem to wear a gloomy aspect, and every sound thrills the soul like a funeral knell—then it is that death often becomes desirable, fear vanishes, and a strange, reckless daring takes possession of the human soul. This condition of mind is beautifully illustrated, though sadly, in the following narrative:

"One day," said the narrator, "as we were starting from

New York, a trim little girl stepped aboard and took a stateroom, saying she was going through to Boston. She wasn't dressed lewd, but neatly and richly, wearing a Turkish hat, velvet sack trimmed with lace, a dress with a lot of scallops and trimmings around it, and about the most bewildering foot I ever saw on a human.

"She was standing on deck about seven o'clock, after having horrified the ladies and amused the gentlemen by her rollicking manner, and became quiet for a few minutes, while she looked far out at sea. She turned round to the Captain, and putting up her small white hands and taking him by the whiskers on each side of his face, she looked up to him, and said, very solemnly: 'Did you ever want to die, Captain?' 'Well,' said he, 'I don't think I ever did.' 'And if you did,' said she, 'what would you do?' 'Well, in that case,' said the Captain, loosing her hands and turning away, 'I think, as I have plenty of opportunity, I should jump into the Sound and drown myself.'

"The words were hardly out of his mouth before she turned round like a flash, and putting one hand on the railing, leaped overboard! She was gone before a person could stir to catch her, and a terrible scream arose from the passengers who

saw it.

"I was standing aft when I heard the shouts, and looked out and saw her come to the surface. She had taken off her hat, and her splendid brown hair, which she wore loose down her back, floated in a mass on the water. I fancied she looked straight at me with her girlish face as she came up, and there was nothing wild or struggling about her, but she seemed to smile in the same jaunty way that she did when she was plaguing me half an hour before. In another moment she was swept rapidly astern and disappeared. We put about and lowered the boats, but we never found her.

"It is strange how the women who had been so shocked at her conduct before, now pitied and even wept for the little girl when they found what a load there must have been in the foolish child's heart while she was laughing the loudest.

"She had left a small reticule in the cabin, and when we opened it we found some verses, written in a little cramped hand, on a folded sheet of note paper. They ran about this way, and were headed: 'A Magdalen's Death.'

"I can no longer endure this polluting, this festering breath.
Gladly I fly to the refuge that's left me—

Merciful death; Not sadly, tearfully, But gladly, cheerfully, Go to my death.

"Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial there unto me. Father, I thank Thee! a blessing is always held

Over the sea.

Aye, in its wildest foam,

Aye, in its thickest gloom,

Blessed is the sea!

"Welcome, oh! Sea, with thy breaking and dashings
That never shall cease;

Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters,

Oh, hide me in peace!

Say to the weary face,

Come to thy resting-place,

Slumber in peace.'"

This young woman was, undoubtedly, partially insane. A dissolute life had dethroned her reason, and nowhere in this broad world of ours could she discern a single oasis where she could secure peace for her troubled mind. Death to her was a welcome messenger, or she would not have sought it. However great one's troubles may be, we would never recommend suicide as a panacea therefor.

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Analysis of Life and Death.

DEATH FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE CELLS, ONE OR MORE,

THE UNICELLULAR AND THE MULTICELLULAR—THE AMŒBA—DEATH NOT AN ATTRIBUTE OF ALL BEINGS—THE PROTOZOA—THE METAZOA—THE HYDRA—CALLS OF A CARP.

*The universality of death among the visible living creation is so striking a fact that it is not surprising that death has been through all time regarded as one of the properties which characterize living matter. Living bodies have often been distinguished from non-living bodies by the mode in which their existence is terminated, and hence a termination by death has been considered one of the characteristics of life.

Any one bold enough to attack the general proposition that 'death is the end of life,' is likely to be rather severely criticised, for if he succeeds in proving this statement to be false, what will all those poets and moralists do who never seem to tire of reiterating the mortality of all living beings? In spite of such considerations, a distinguished German philosopher, Professor Weismann, has been recently led, in a series of most interesting speculations on the nature of heredity, the duration of life, etc., to throw some doubt upon the generally assumed statement that death is dependent upon causes lying in the nature of life itself, or that all living beings bear the seeds of death. In these speculations Professor Weismann points out the fact, which naturalists hitherto seem to have overlooked, that death is by no means an attribute of all living organisms. But before considering the accuracy of this statement, it will be advantageous to clear the ground by some preliminary considerations as to the nature of the organic world.

^{*}Arthur E Shipley, in "The Nineteenth Century "

All living organisms, whether plants or animals, consist of one or more cells, and in accordance with this fact they may be classed in two great divisions: the unicellular and the multicellular. The unicellular animals are termed protozoa, the unicellular plants protophyta; the multicellular animals and plants metazoa and metaphyta respectively. It is unnecessary to point out that the unicellular organisms present the phenomena of life in their simplest and most elementary forms, but in order to clearly understand Professor Weismann's views, it will be worth while to review the life-history of some such

typical unicellular form as the amæba.

The amœba is an animal of such a simple nature that it may be looked upon as the biologist's unit. It forms the starting-point from which both morphologists and physiologists set out to study the structure and functions of the more complicated organisms. It consists of a small particle of more or less granular protoplasm, part of which may be differentiated into a nucleus. It lives in water, and creeps slowly over the surface of any support on which it happens to be resting, by pushing out a protuberance in front of it, and then slowly flowing up to the protuberance; hence its external configuration is constantly changing. At times, however, when the surrounding conditions become unfavorable-when, for instance, the water in which it lives dries up-the amœba assumes a spherical form, and surrounds itself with a wall or cyst. process is termed the encystment. After a longer or shorter time the amœba resumes its former mobile condition. It lives by taking in any particles of food with which it comes in contact, and these, by the wonderful power protoplasm possesses of converting foreign matter into itself, add to the size of the animal. When it has reached a certain size, it divides into two, the resulting halves being in all particulars exactly alike. and quite indistinguishable. Each half will then pass through a life-history similar to that of the mother individual.

Such a life-history may be taken as a type for the unicellular organisms. Many of them pass through more complicated changes, being modified by their surrounding conditions, by parasitic habits, etc., but in essentials they do not differ from the amœba. It is this great division of unicellular organisms to which Professor Weismann refers when he says: 'Death

is by no means an attribute of all organisms.'

It is perfectly obvious, when it has once been pointed out, that in such a life-history as that of the amœba, there is no permanent cessation of the vital functions comparable with the death of the multicellular organisms. But so universal is the presence of death amongst the multicellular beings, and so widely spread is the conviction that death is the necessary consequence of life, that the attempt has always been made to force the protozoa into accordance with other living beings; some observers maintaining that death as found among the metazoa is represented in the process of reproduction, whilst others consider the encystment of the protozoa is comparable to the death of the metazoa.

Before considering these objections which have been urged against the view of the immortality of the protozoa, it will be advisable to clearly define what is meant by death. Our conceptions of death have been acquired almost exclusively from the higher animals, and may possibly be too one-sided. The death of the cells and tissues which follows upon the death of the organism they compose must be included in order to differentiate clearly between genuine death and trance, or other conditions of suspended animation, when the vital functions are reduced to a minimum. Death may then be defined as a 'definite standstill of life;' it is an irretrievable loss of life.

Some of those philosopherswho hold that death is a necessity inherent in life itself, have seen in the process of encystment among the protozoa a phenomenon analogous with the death of higher organisms. They consider that during this process the structure of the individual undergoes a dissolution into organic, non-living matter, and that this matter is able after a certain period of quiescence to give rise to a new indi-

vidual of the same species.

The idea of death is inseparably associated in our minds with something that dies, but in an encysted protozoon what is it that dies? where is the corpse? If the animal within the cyst really dies, then in the birth of the succeeding individual an animal is raised from the dead, a phenomeno i infinitely more startling than that it should never cease to live, and only comparable to the palingenesis of the fabulous phænix. Further, it is a well-known fact that after death an organism undergoes a rapid oxidation, but in the case of an encysted protozoon no such decay occurs. It is even possible to perform

experiments demonstrating the error of this view. An encysted protozoon placed in fresh water produces a living individual; one which has been killed, in the same circumstances produces only decomposition of the dead organic matter. Here the same external conditions produce different results because they act upon bodies in two different conditions, and it is inconsistent to designate by the same name conditions so entirely different.

One of the most important reasons for regarding encystment as death is the cessation of vital activity and the simplification of structure which accompanies the process. But these are by no means universal accompaniments of the encysted condition; one of the larger infusoria, when encysted, retains not only its complex organism, but its mobility, continuing to rotate vigorously whilst within the cyst. It is surely

absurd to speak of this as death.

A more reasonable explanation, and one which is accepted by the majority of biologists who have especially devoted themselves to the study of unicellular organisms, is that encystment is an adaptation for purposes of protection against drought, cold, any or other external influences which might prove fatal to the life of the mobile form. It is a device to

enable the organism to tide over unfavorable periods.

Another class of critics who have attacked Professor Weismann's views maintain that though the protozoa do not die, still the individual ceases to exist at the moment of the fission which will produce two daughter individuals. It is impossible here to enter into a discussion as to the significance of the term individual, and the relation which a unicellular individual bears to a multicellular. But it is worth while pointing out that "the identity of a living person depends not upon the identity of matter, but upon the continuity of the independent living body." If this were not the case, the man of to-day would be a different individual from the boy of twenty years ago, for it is a well-known fact that the actual matter of the body is undergoing a continual change. On the other hand, loss of substance involves no change of individuality; a man who has lost an arm, or a leg, or both, is the same individual as he was before the loss of his limbs.

The protozoa, then, are endowed with the potentiality of eternal life. This does not imply that they, like the gods of the ancients, cannot die, but only that, if a kind Providence shields them from all fatal accidents, they do not die a natural death, but live on and on, growing continually in size, and when the limit of the size is reached, dividing into two or more protozoa. Thus, every protozoa of the present day is infinitely older than the human race, almost as old as life itself.

The metazoa or multicellular plants and animals, however, do die a natural death. The greatest care and foresight which can be exercised in protecting them from such accidental deaths as arise from diseases, etc., will only succeed in staving off the inevitable dissolution for a very short time. But multicellular organisms are without doubt descended from unicellular ones, which are endowed with the capability of everlasting life; hence the multicellular beings must have developed the power of dying when they ceased to consist of a single cell. This power is closely connected with the physiological division of labor, which is one of the most advantageous results of a multicellular manner of living. Certain cells in these more complex organisms are grouped into organs which have certain definite functions to carry on in the economy of the plant or animal, to the more or less complete exclusion of other functions.

In the unicellular animal, the whole body is engaged in feeding, moving, respiring, reproducing, etc.; but in the multicellular organism certain groups of cells are set apart to perform these functions for the whole animal. This division of labor becomes more marked as the organism becomes more specialized; the number of functions a cell performs becomes more and more limited as the body becomes more complex.

The cells of the multicellular beings reproduce, like the protozoa, by division, but only a certain group of them possess that power of unlimited division which characterizes the protozoa, and these are the reproductive cells. The remaining cells of the plant or animal possess only a limited power of division, and it is to this limitation that we owe the phenomenon of death. The cells which compose the complex body of the metazoon can, from this point of view, be divided into two categories—the reproductive cells, and the somatic cells. The former have inherited from the protozoa the capability of unlimited reproduction; the latter have but a limited power of reproducing themselves, and, since they com-

pose the organism, with the attainment of that limit the individual dies. The reproductive cells are the essential fac-

tors for the species, the somatic for the individual.

The separation into these two kinds of cells is very gradual; among the lower animals the somatic cells still retain considerable power of reproducing the organism; very small pieces of a hydra or a sea anemone will grow up into a new hydra or sea anemone; but as the complexity of the body is increased, the power of reproducing large portions of the organism is lost, though it is a well-known fact that a lizard can replace its lost tail, or a frog its lost toes.

Death was thus rendered possible among the metazoa by the division into reproductive and somatic cells, and as we see, it has made its appearance. Among the unicellular organisms it was not possible, since the individual and the reproductive cell were one and the same, and the death of the former would involve the loss of the latter, and with that the extinction of the species. But so far only the possibility of death has been shown; the advantage of such an arrangement

is perhaps not quite so obvious.

At present no physiological reasons can be given to explain why the somatic cells divide a certain number of times and then cease to do so-why the cells of a carp divide such a number of times, and at such a rate, as to enable it to live over a century, whilst those of a mayfly multiply only to such an extent as to allow it to exist for only a few hours. But when viewed from the point of view of the species and not of the individual, the advantages of death become more appar-It cannot be too strongly insisted that the individual exists for the good of the species of which it is a member, and not for any selfish and private ends. And any arrangement which promotes the interests of the species and which is compatible with the structure of the individual is likely sooner or later to make its appearance in the life-history of the latter. The advantage which death possesses for the species is rendered apparent by considering the consequences which would ensue, were one of the more complex animals endowed with the potentiality of immortal life. Such an animal would lose all value for its species. Even supposing it was able to avoid all fatal accidents so that it was not killed, it would be impossible to avoid minor accidents, each of which would permaneutly affect its welfare. Time would injure it as it injured Tithonus—

"But thy strong hours indignant work'd their wills, And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me, And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd."

An immortal animal would but cumber the earth, occupying the place of younger and more vigorous forms which are better adapted to fill the place in nature set apart for the species in question. Organisms become injured by their surroundings, and it is therefore advantageous for them to be replaced by younger and more perfect forms, and this substitution is

rendered possible by death.

These considerations do not apply to unicellular organisms; the simplicity of their structure renders any such arrangement as death superfluous. When slightly injured, they can replace the part affected in such a way that their structure becomes as complete as before. Each half of an infusorian which has been bisected can reproduce its complemental half. If, however, the injury is too severe, they are killed, the alternative is always perfect integrity or total destruction. Thus to insure a succession of perfect and healthy organisms any such arrangement as death is unnecessary among unicellular beings; but it is necessary among the more complex multicellular organisms, and it has made its appearance. Having once appeared, it has become hereditary, and, although, as the above considerations are intended to show, death is but a secondary adaptation, it can no more be avoided by the more complex organism than if it were a phenomenon inherent in the nature of life itself.

Dying at the Top.

THE GRADUAL DECAY OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN.

JUDGE CLIFFORD—HIS DEATH COMMENCED AT THE TOP—SECOND CHILDHOOD—THE DRUNKARD AND SPIRIT-LIFE—THE OLD MAN AND HIS REVERSED CONDITION—DYING AT THE TOP PECULIAR TO AMERICA.

"In the pride of intellectual greatness and physical strength, no man can say he is safe," says the Chicago Express. "Ahead of him there may be the awful doom of senility, the death of the mind while the body lives on, a dismantled hulk, a ship without a helmsman and without a headlight. Clifford, of the Supreme Court at Washington, furnished one of the most melancholy instances of that awful travesty on manhood, second childhood. His fine mind slipped away from him so gradually, that his associates never noticed it until the opinions he sent the court became mere incoherent babblings. Like a splendid tree which had stood against the storms of centuries, proud in its power, secure in its strength, he 'died at the top,' and for a time still lived on-if it could be called living to exist without a mind—a spectacle for pitying souls to weep over; a sight to remind the proudest that in their highest exaltation they may be humbled."

It is, indeed, a very sad sight to witness a man of towering genius, brilliant intellect and sound judgment, failing, gradually, losing his magnificent intellectual powers, and dying at the top. When such is the case, however, the mind fails to observe its own defects, and chides others for realizing its exact status or condition. When the faculties begin to decay, the judgment becoming imbecile and ideas confused, the brain filled, as it were, with a mist, it is well, perhaps, that the

affected one does not sense his own inherent weakness. If he fully comprehended his exact condition, realizing that he was gradually dying at the top, life would become a burden and a curse to him. The fact that he does not observe the advancing symptoms of death, enables him to overlook his defects, and imagine himself still crowned with greatness. While dying at the top, one side of the brain may be paralyzed, and still the other side perform its functions quite well, enabling the mind to take cognizance of the external world.

He who is in his second childhood is gradually dying at the top. Life in his brain is incessantly fading away, and in proportion that it does this, the childishness becomes more complete, and the playthings of the babe often amuse the

veteran of eighty.

It is very rarely that the brain retains its full force and vigor at extreme old age. It may have been dying, probably, for years, but the change had been so exceedingly gradual, that at the age of one hundred the possessor vainly thinks he has

the vigor of youth.

By dying at the top, men are brought face to face with the dreaded change, yet do not realize the fact. Old age creeps upon them; they become enfeebled in body, imbecile in mind, and exceedingly petulant, but the change has been so slow that they cannot fully comprehend it has taken place. To such persons death is never a welcome visitant—never expected,

and constantly held at arm's length.

To die at the top in a good cause, in efforts to ameliorate the condition of humanity; to make the world better and happier—falling, as it were, in the battle of life, engaged in philanthropic purposes, verily great shall be the reward of such a person. But the debauchee, the licentious and depraved—those whose brains have been addled and softened through the instrumentality of intoxicating liquors,—in fact, dying at the top in consequence of leading a pernicious life—will all be compelled in the Spirit-world to walk through the Valley of Humiliation, and learn lessons of wisdom therefrom.

There are thousands in all the walks of life dying at the top. Such a death does not consist in the hair turning gray, but the brain has lost its functional activity; the blood no longer distends to their natural capacity its blood vessels, and

decay has commenced.

An old man, whom we often met on the streets, was a few years ago wealthy. Vigorous then, spirits buoyant and intellect active, he was successful in all branches of business; but he commenced dying at the top, and then reverses came one after another, and he could not beat back the tide of impending ruin, and he was overwhelmed by it—lost all! Once he was an excellent musician, tidy in appearance, sprightly in action, and possessed fine conversational powers. Now he is filthy, dressed in the cast-off garments of others, and is a first-class professional beggar. We have frequently stopped him on the streets and talked with him. Poor man, dying at the top, he has but a dim recollection of his former greatness.

Men fail in business, the shock shatters their constitution, and they cannot rise again. Perhaps, poor souls, they are dying at the top, and must henceforth act a subordinate part in all the affairs of life. Bad luck follows them—they know not why. It is because they are dying at the top, and cannot perceive clearly the methods that lead one grandly on to success. Younger minds, those not impaired by wrecked brains,

go bravely forth to conquer.

To die at the top first is inverting the order of nature. The brain should be carefully guarded, but in order to do that all other parts of the body should be attended to with scrupulous care. Intemperance should be avoided; all bad habits should be banished at once, and every effort made to give the brain the advantage. Every drop of liquor that enters into the sacred precincts of the brain, prepares it for an early death. The brain should be the last to yield up its powers—the last to relinquish its hold on earth—the last to become unbalanced. Men dying at the top are not responsible morally; they are not competent to conduct their own business; they have not the requisite ability to make a will; in fact, they should be under the guardianship of some one.

It has been well said that "old age is the foe of human life, far more to be dreaded than death, because it may hold the nameless terrors of imbecility. Death is the destiny of all, and it is met with submission, with courage and with faith that its unknown portals may open to something that will be a recompense for the unknown failures and disappointments of life. Men face danger unflinchingly, and endure pain and sorrow with fortitude, but the strongest tremble in terror at the

thought of the seventh stage-that awful period of impaired faculties, of an idiocy which mocks and burlesques the colossal mentality it has supplanted. Nature, even in her grimmest moods, is not wholly unmerciful. She mitigates this phase of her wrath by making the subjects of it unconscious of their pitiable condition. They never know of their own decay; and though this makes them more pathetic objects of pity to others, it is to them the divine grace of heaven. They always work on, believing that they fill the same place they always did. Judge Clifford still sent his opinions to the court which he served efficiently for years. The activity of a lifetime is not to be destroyed even by second childhood. The lunatic asylums are full of preachers who continually write sermons, lawyers who are always pleading at the bar, doctors who diagnose imaginary cases, poets who fancy the world reads their poems with rapture, and authors whose novels never see the light. Intellectually, people never experience the delights of . leisure. The machinery of the brain once started never stops while the heart beats. After reason has been dethroned and sense has gone glimmering, it only works in a weak and childish way, to no purpose, but it works, all the same, like the mill in the fairy story, which was set in motion by the hand of a child, who was soon afterward imprisoned, and which must grind on until the spell was removed or the child died. And so the machinery of the gristless mill kept in motion, the millstone turned, and year in and year out the useless work went on, until the child, who had become an old man, died in his prison. Then the grinding stopped, and the people who came to look at the ruins of the mill found only a wreck of matter which had been held together for so long by a force they could not understand.

"Dying at the top is peculiar to America. It is not common in other lands. Softening of the brain belongs by right of monopoly to this nationality. It is cultivated here, though not consciously. The rapid gait at which intellects are made to travel and the way they are overburdened are responsible for much of it. The wastefulness which characterizes us as a people extends even to muscle and mind. We are as lavish with our mental strength as with our food and money; and as reckless with our physical force as with our brains, and we pay the penalty. There is a malady, far too frequent, which

has become known over the world as 'The American Disease.' It is nervous prostration, and comes from the same wicked waste of the intellectual energies which causes people to die at the top. Young men endowed with health and ability start in the race for fortune and honor, and after a few years' restless activity, die of nervous exhaustion, and their friends lament that they died prematurely. School-girls and boys, ambitious to crowd the time and accomplish a great deal in a little while, use up their nerve strength before they know it, and are 'prematurely' put into graves. The American disease gathers its victims from the middle-aged also. It is sure to get the men and women of bright minds, those who are known as 'promising,' and for whom great successes have been prophesied. The idle and the commonplace never fall within its grasp. Those whose brains outwork their bodies fill its ranks. Nature is merciful in these cases also. She spares the mortals who have outraged her laws by overtaxing their own strength the misery of living on with clear heads and crippled bodies. Not often does she mete out severe justice by this means. Mercifully she lets them die. The duty of rest is something America has yet to learn, and until she does learn it she will have an army of imbeciles who were once intellectual giants, and an appalling number of graves which contain what might under less pressure have lived to bless society."

Try to avoid dying at the top, but if you ever should, bear in mind now, please, that the ordinances of nature are overflowing with mercy and kindness, and that in such a sad condition there is a pleasing illusion that drives away in a

measure its dark side.

The Dance of Death.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF PAST AGES EXHIBITED TO VIEW.

DEATH SYMBOLIZED—DEATH THE ELDEST BROTHER OF SLEEP—HERODOTUS—THE EGYPTIANS—THE LARVÆ AND LEMURES—PETRONIUS AND SENECA—THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

*The manner in which the poets and artists of antiquity have symbolized death has excited considerable discussion; and the various opinions of Lessing, Herder, Klotz, and other conversationalists, have only tended to demonstrate that the ancients adopted many different modes to accomplish this purpose. Some witnesses have maintained that they exclusively represented death as a mere skeleton; while others have contended that this figure, so frequently to be found upon gems and sepulchral monuments, was never intended to personify the extinction of human life, but only as a simple and abstract representation. They insist that the ancients adopted a more elegant and allegorical method for this purpose; that they represented human mortality by various symbols of destruction, as birds devouring lizards or serpents, or picking fruits and flowers; by goats browsing on vines; cocks fighting, or even by a Medusa's or Gorgon's head. The Romans seem to have adopted Homer's definition of Death as the eldest brother of Sleep; and, accordingly, on several of their monumental and other sculptures, we find two-winged genii as the representations of the above personages, and sometimes a genius bearing a sepulchral vase on his shoulder, and with a torch reversed in one of his hands. It is very well known that the ancients often symbolized the human soul by the figure of a butterfly, an idea that is extremely obvious and appropriate, as well as

[&]quot;Holbeln's Dance of Death.

elegant. In a very interesting sepulchral monument, engraved in page seven of Spon's "Miscelladea Eruditæ Antiquitatis," a prostrate form is seen, and over it a butterfly that has just escaped from the mouth of the deceased, or as Homer expresses it, "from the teeth's enclosure." The above excellent antiquary has added the following very curious sepulchral inscription that was found in Spain: "Hæredebys meis mando etiam einere vtmeo volitet ebrivs papilio ossa ipsa tegant mea," etc. Rejecting this heathen symbol altogether, the painters and engravers of the middle ages have substituted a small human figure escaping from the mouths of dying persons—as it were, breathing out their souls.

We have, however, the authority of Herodotus, that in the banquets of the Egyptians, a person was introduced who carried around the table at which the guests were seated, the figure of a dead body placed in a coffin, exclaiming at the same time: "Behold this image of what yourself will be; eat and drink, therefore, and be happy." Montfaucon has referred to an ancient manuscript to prove this sentiment was a Lacedæmonian proverb, also occurring in the beautiful poem of Coppa, ascribed to Virgil, in which he is supposed to invite

Mæcenas to a rural banquet.

The phrase of pulling the ear is admonitory, that organ being regarded by the ancients as the seat of memory. It was customary, also, and for the same reason, to take an oath by laying hold of the ear. It is impossible on this occasion to forget the passage in Isaiah 22:13, afterwards used by St. Paul, in the beautiful parable in Luke 12. Plutarch also, in his banquet of the wise men, has remarked that the Egyptians exhibited a skeleton at their feasts to remind the parties of the brevity of human life. The same custom, as adopted by the Romans, is exemplified by Petronius's description of the feast of Tremalchio, where a jointed puppet, as a skeleton, is brought in by a boy, and this practice is also noted by Sillus Italicus.

Some have imagined that these skeletons were intended to represent the larvæ and lemures, the good and evil shadows of the dead, that occasionally made their appearance on earth. The larvæ, or lares, were of a beneficent nature, friendly to man; in other words, the good demon of Socrates; the lemures, spirits of mischief and wickedness. The larvæ in Petronius was designed to admonish only, not to terrify; and this is

proved from Seneca. There is, however, some confusion, even among the ancients themselves, as to the respective qualities of the larvæ and lemures.

It is among Christian writers and artists that the personification of death as a skeleton is intended to convey terrific ideas, conformably to the system that death is a punishment

for original sin.

The circumstances that lead to death [in a Christian point of view], and not our actual dissolution, are alone of a terrific nature; for death is, in fact, the end and cure of all the previous sufferings and horrors with which it is so frequently accompanied. In the dark ages of monkish bigotry and superstition, the deluded people, seduced into a belief that the fear of death was acceptable to the great and beneficent author of their existence, appear to have derived one of their principal gratifications in contemplating this necessary termination of humanity, yet amidst ideas and impressions of the most horrible and disgusting nature; hence the frequent allusions to it in all possible ways, among their preachers, and their personification of it in their books of religious offices, as well as, in the paintings and sculptures of their ecclesiastical and other edifices.

There are, indeed, some exceptions to this remark, for we may still trace the imbecility of former ages on many of our sepulchral monuments; which are occasionally tricked out with the silly appendages of death, heads, bones, and other useless remains of mortality, equally repulsive to the imagination and

to the elegance of art.

If it be necessary on any occasion to personify death, this was surely better accomplished by means of some graceful and impressive figure of the Angel of Death, for whom we have the authority of scripture; and such might become an established representative. The skulls and bones of modern, and the entire skeletons of former times, especially during the middle ages, had, probably, derived their origin from the vast quantities of sanctified human relics that were continually before the eyes, or otherwise in the recollection of the early Christians; but the favorite and principal emblem of mortality among our ancestors appears to have been the moral and allegorical pageant familiarly known by the appellation of the Dance of Death, which it has, in part, derived from the grotesque and

often ludicrous attitudes of the figures that composed it, and especially from the active and sarcastical mockery of the ruthless tyrant upon its victims, which may be, in a great measure, attributed to the whims and notions of the artists who were

employed to represent the subject.

It is very well known to have been the practice, in very early times, to profane the temples of the Deity with ludicrous dancing and ludicrous processions, either within or near them, in imitation, probably, of similar proceedings in Pagan times. Sirabo mentions a custom of this nature among the Celtiberians, and it obtained also among several of the northern nations

before their conversion to Christianity.

These riotous and irreverent tripodists and caperers appear to have possessed themselves of the churchyards to exhibit their dancing fooleries, till this profanation of consecrated ground was punished, as monkish histories inform us, with divine vengeance. The well-known Nuremberg Chronicle has recorded that in the time of the Emperor Henry II., while a priest was saying mass on Christmas eve, in the church of St. Magnus, in the diocese of Magdeburg, a company of eighteen men and ten women amused themselves with dancing and singing in the churchyard, to the hindrance of the priest in his duty. Notwithstanding his admonition, they refused to desist, and even derided the words he addressed to them. priest being greatly provoked at their conduct, prayed to God that they might remain dancing and singing for a whole year without intermission; and so it happened, neither dew nor rain falling upon them. Hunger and fatigue were set at defiance, nor were their shoes or garments in the least worn away. At the end of the year they were released from their situation by Herbert, the Archbishop of the diocese in which the event took place, and obtained forgiveness before the altar of the church; but not before a daughter of the priest and two others had perished; the rest, after sleeping for the space of three whole nights, died soon afterwards. Ubert, one of the party, left this story behind him, which is elsewhere recorded, with some variations and additional matter. The dance is called St. Vitus's, and the girl is made the daughter of a church-warden, who, having taken her by the arm, it came off, but she continued dancing. By the continual motion of the dancers they buried themselves in the earth to their waists.

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Many princes and others went to behold this strange spectacle, till the bishops of Cologne and Hildesheim, and some other devout priests, by their prayers, obtained the deliverance of the culprits. Four of the party, however, died immediately; some slept three days and three nights, some three years, and others had trembling in their limbs during the whole of their lives. The Nuremberg Chronicle, crowded as it is with wood-cut embellishments by the hand of Wohlgemuth, the master of Albert Durer, has not omitted to exhibit the representations of the above unhappy persons, equally correct, no doubt, as the story itself, though the same warranty cannot be offered for a similar representation in Gottfried's Chronicle, and that copious repertory of monstrosities, Boistuau and Belleforest's Histoires Prodigieuses. The Nuremberg Chronicle has yet another relation on this subject, of some persons who continued dancing and singing on a bridge while the eucharist was passing over it. The bridge gave way in the middle, and from one end of it two hundred persons were precipitated into the river Moselle, the other end remaining so as to permit the priests and the host to pass uninjured.

A sort of Death's Dance was not unknown to the ancients. It was the revelry of the departed souls in Elysium, as may be collected from the end of the fourth ode of Ana-

creon.

In the year 1801 several fragments of sculptured sarcophagi were accidentally discovered near Cuma, on one of which were represented three dancing skeletons, indicating, as it is ingeniously supposed, that the passage from death to another state of existence has nothing in it that is sorrowful, or capable of exciting fear.

At a meeting of the Archæological Society at Rome, in December, 1731, M. Kestner exhibited a Roman lamp, on which were three dancing skeletons, and such are said to oc-

cur in one of the paintings at Pompeii.

In the Grand Duke of Tuscany's Museum at Florence there is an ancient gem, that, from its singularity and connection with the present subject, is well deserving of notice. It represents an old man, probably a shepherd, clothed in a hairy garment. He sits upon a stone, his right foot resting on a globe, and is piping on a double-flute, whilst a skeleton dances grotesquely before him.

Notwithstanding the interdiction in several councils against the practice of dancing in churches and churchyards, it was found impossible to abolish it altogether, and it therefore became necessary that something of a similar, but more decorous, nature, should be substituted, which, whilst it afforded recreation and amusement, might at the same time convey with it a moral and religious sensation. It is therefore extremely probable that in furtherance of this intention, the clergy continued to introduce the Dance or Pageant of Death, or, as it was sometimes called, the Dance of Macabre.

or, as it was sometimes called, the Dance of Macabre.

M. Barenta, in his history, The Dukes of Burgundy, ad-

M. Barenta, in his history, The Dukes of Burgundy, adverting to the entertainments that took place at Paris, when Phillip le Bon visited that city in 1824, observes that these dances were not solely made for the nobility, the common people being likewise amused from the month of August to the following season of Lent with the Dance of Death, in the churchyard of the Innocents, the English being particularly gratified with this exhibition, which included all ranks and conditions of men, Death being, morally, the principal character. When these exercises terminated on the part of the peo-

ple, cannot easily be traced.

The Chinese and Death.

THEY VIEW DEATH AS A VERY LIGHT AND TRIVIAL OCCURRENCE.

EXECUTION GROUND AT CANTON—BURIAL PLACES FOR THE DEAD—HUNGRY 'SPIRITS—RENEWED MOURNING — ANCESTRAL TEMPLES—FORMS OF ELEGY.

A writer in Temple Bar says: The Chinese are almost indifferent to the phenomenon of dissolution, and frequently compass their own end when life becomes wearisome. A wife sometimes elects to follow her husband on the star-lit road; and parents will destroy their offspring in times of famine and great distress rather than allow them to suffer. Still more remarkable is the custom of selling their lives in order that they may purchase the superior advantage of obsequies which are considered to insure the body in safety for the future resurrection. A wealthy man condemned to death will arrange with his jailer to buy him a substitute for a certain sum of money, to be spent upon the poor wretch's interment and preservation of his body. Should he have parents, so much is usually paid to them in compensation for their son's life. Chinamen invariably support their parents; filial respect and devotion is the great Chinese virture and religious precept, in which they rarely fail. Regarding death as inevitable, he makes the best of a bad bargain, and cunningly and comically gets paid for dying. The wholesale destruction of life in this country is greatly the result of indifference. Hence the massacre of Europeans, so terrible to us, seems to them a matter of little moment, and they cannot comprehend why we should make such a fuss about it. They regard our indignant protestation very much as we might treat our irate neighbor whose dog we had shot. "Well, well, be pacified; if it was such a favorite, I am

sorry; but it is only a dog, and there are plenty more. How much do you want to be paid for it?" "You English think so much of a life," argue the Chinese; "have you not plenty of people at home?" Death in China is awarded as the punishment for the most trivial offenses, and frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way. A story was told as a fact that, during the visit of one of our royal princes, a theft was committed of a watch and chain belonging to the royal The unfortunate attendant was caught with the property upon him, and, without further ceremony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in attendance immediately announced the tidings to the Prince as a delicate attention. showing how devoted he was in his service. To his astonishment the Prince expressed his regret that the thief's head had been taken off. "Your highness," cried the obsequious mandarin, bowing to the ground, "it shall immediately be put on again!" so little did he understand that the regret was for the life taken and not the severed head. In times of insurrection or famine the mowing down of human life like corn-stalks at harvest time is appalling to European ideas. I must confess to a nervous shuddering when I stood upon the execution ground at Canton—a narrow lane or potter's field—where so many hundreds had been butchered per diem during weeks together, the executioner requiring the aid of two smiths to sharpen his swords, for many of the wretched victims were not allowed to be destroyed at one fell swoop, but sentenced to be "hacked to pieces" by twenty or fifty blows. I was informed by a European who had traveled much and seen most of the frightful sides of life, that witnessing Chinese executions for offences was far more than his iron nerves could stand; and in some of the details which he was narrating I was obliged to beg him to desist. And yet he said there was nothing solemn about it, and the spectators looked on amused. was the horrible and grotesque combined.

CHINESE "FUNERAL BAKED MEATS"-CUSTOMS IN CALIFORNIA.

*There is much that is sentimental; indeed, there is true poetry in the manner of burial which some of our American Indians give their deceased friends, in the place and occupations which their fancy paints in the realms where the departed

^{*}Overland Monthly, Vol. 8.

spirits live again, and in the longings of their own souls still to commune with the dead. In this way they cultivate the habit of day-dreamers, encouraging their imagination to surround them with their lost loved ones, or in the solitudes of the forests, where there are no sounds but the moaning winds, they fancy to themselves their own spirits taking wing to soar away amongst the clouds and beyond the azure sky. When the young brave follows to her long resting-place the remains of her who but recently was his bride, and while a congregation of Indians, young and old, stand around as erect and as mute as the trees in those dark woods, the widowed husband lumself fills up the grave, and builds over it a little hut, apparently unwilling that any other hand should share with his in these last offices for the departed.

There is something affecting in the sight of a decrepit, gray-haired Indian going daily to kindle a fire beside the newly-made grave of the wife who, having served him for scores of years, has now gone over to the happy huntinggrounds before him. Here, for many days after the decease, he spreads her morning and evening meal, and here he waits for her, and seems to be conversing with her. There was sentiment also in that nature which suggested the hut itself as a fifting tomb for the wife-which suggested that the house number desolate and dark by the going out of that life which had been the light of this solitary cabin in the little clearing in the wilds, should be closed forever, and be never more pro-I subjecting it to the uses of ordinary life; and thereher grave is dug beneath the floor, the door and windows Inthered up, a high fence built around this mausoleum. while another cabin is constructed for the bereaved family.

In like manner there is much that is pleasing in the care bestowed by the Chinese upon the burial-places of their dead, and in the various devices for preserving the fragrance of their numory. The deceased are spoken of as "having departed," "passed from this world," as "not here," or as "having left this dusty earth," and as "gone to heaven." So delicately do they touch upon the subject of death. Various devices have been invented to perpetuate the memory of departed ones; such as by portraits hung up in the house; by tablets on which are inscribed the names and titles of the deceased; the tomb itself and the inscription upon it; the room or niche in the

dwelling entirely devoted to the spirits of ancestors and departed members of the family; the remembrance of these departed spirits at all times of family rejoicings; the provision made for them at the season of the New Year's festival the same as though they were present and personally participating in the festivities; but especially by the annual festival in the spring of the year called the "pure and resplendent festival;" when the gates of the tombs and of hades are supposed to be unbarred and left open for the space of thirty days, to give liberty to all the spirits to revisit the earth, to mingle once more in former scenes and to be regaled by the feasts which the living may make for them, and to carry back with them to the reign of shades supplies which it is supposed they will need till the gates shall be opened again. season all who can command the means visit their ancestral burial-places in families, spend much time in repairing them, and sometimes in planting flowers and trimming the trees and shrubbery; and people who only see these marks of respect for the dead, and know not how much idolatry is mixed with it, see nothing which is reprehensible, but much that is commendable. When, however, we become acquainted with some of their superstitions respecting the dead, and when we know that they not only presume that the souls of those who have left the world need to be fed and clothed and amused the same as while in the body, but that they also fear their wrath or seek their aid, and therefore worship them with religious rites and address petitions to them, our admiration changes to pity. Some of these superstitions the residents of California have had opportunities of observing, but the exact meaning of many of these funeral ceremonies may not be generally understood.

In the treatment of those nigh unto death there is sometimes that which seems inexplicable, for in one case those about making their exchange of worlds are waited upon with great tenderness, and the best room in the house assigned them as the place in which the last act of life's drama shall be performed; while in another case the dying one seems to be almost abandoned by former associates, and some desolate corner, a place in the cellar, or an out-house, is given him as the place where his dying bed shall be made.

It is, indeed, sad to see what we sometimes have to witness—poor, friendless mortal that has fought life's many bat-

tles, and fought them to the end, to find himself at last without a comfortable place to lay his worn-out, aching body; no friends to minister to him during the days of increasing weakness and in the old hour of dissolution. And why is there such treatment of some of the sick who are supposed to be near to death? The reason is, because those within whose house or upon whose premises a person may die will be under the necessity of making provision for his burial (if there are no relatives or friends to do it), for if they refuse to do this they may expect to be troubled by the spirit of the deceased. There are also bad omens connected with death, which none are willing to have about their houses if it can be avoided.

The body after death is laid upon the floor. The precise reason for this very few can tell; but when an aged Chinaman accounted for the practice by quoting from some of their books the phrase, "Born of the earth and changed back again to earth," we fancied that we saw a trace of tradition following down through all the generations since the guilty pair in Paradise heard their sentence: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." While lying on the ground or on the floor it is that the soul or souls are supposed to be taking their departure from their original tenement. The Chinese speak of the "three souls and seven spirits" of a person. The first, or three Wan, are the spiritual soul, and are supposed to be the energy of the Yang or the male principle of the Dual powers; while the seven Peh, or the animal soul, are supposed to partake of the Yin or the female principle of the Dual powers; these are sometimes defined as the "powers or faculties of the senses, nervous perceptions, and animal spirits, as distinguished from the reason."

No Chinaman can give a very clear account as to the disposition of all these souls and spirits after death; but in some parts of the country there is this belief, viz.: that of the three souls, one abides with the body and the coffin, and hovers about the tomb; the second takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet, and is the spirit which is worshiped in the hall of ancestors; and the third goes direct to appear before the king who is represented as holding his court in the infernal regions. There this soul is judged, and the sentence is passed according to the character and deeds of the person while living, or

according to the intercesssions and offerings made for it by survivors.

Rites for the dead vary somewhat in different parts of the country. In some places while the body is on the ground and the souls are departing, a Tauist priest is employed to chant portions of their ritual, accompanied with the beating of gongs and drums and the explosion of powder-crackers. The noise of drums, gongs, and crackers is for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits. The firing of guns and crackers, however, is not common amongst the Cantonese at their funerals, we are told.

After death articles of food are placed near the body; abundant or meagre according to the ability of the friends. These are supposed to be for the supply of the departed spirit. Some of the provisions are presented to the mouth of the deceased by the oldest son, or if there is no son present, then by some other relative or friend, who kneels beside the body while feeding the spirit.

Large sums are often expended in dressing the body for its journey to the world of spirits. The best suit is put on, or new garments are provided throughout, and of costly materials where there is sufficient means to meet the expense; and where there are not means, cheaper materials are used, and even garments of paper have been employed, which may be put together in such a way as to resemble clothing very closely.

Much solicitude is expended on the subject of the "longevity boards," or coffin, the desire being to procure that which is most durable. In China the aged often provide coffins for themselves beforehand, or sons make presents of this article to their parents, thus furnishing a proof of filial regard, and putting at rest any solicitude of the parent, lest when dead, there might not be funds sufficient to procure "longevity boards," and furnish them a becoming burial.

When the body is washed, dressed, and prepared for the coffin, and covered with a white cloth, tables of provisions are set for the regaling of this particular spirit, and also to appease such other spirits as may be hovering around. Among these provisions there must be five kinds of animal food uncooked, and then five kinds which are cooked; also a variety of cakes and dishes of vegetables, with fruits, wine and tea.

The spectator may notice whole fowls and fish fantastically ornamented; also a pig's head, or an entire hog; with pyramids of cakes and fruits, and vases of flowers. All these are borne to the grave at the time of the interment, where they are again arranged in order, and suffered to remain awhile as an offering to the dead, and are then brought home to furnish a repast to the family and friends.

Before the body is placed in the coffin, and while the offerings remain upon the tables, mourning women are gathered around, who cause the air to resound with their wailings. The wife, concubines, and daughters-in-law, or any friend, may join in these wailings; but often there are only hired mourners.

These lamentations are exceedingly lugubrious, and are a mixture of sobbing, of eulogies of the dead, and of regrets for the bereavement, and deprecating the sad lot of those who have been robbed of a friend, or of a support and provider. The speeches are generally improvised; but sometimes are according to formulas which have long been wailed over myri-

ads of corpses.

Any relation or friend who is so disposed may contribute his quota to these audible demonstrations of grief; and one will say: "O, thou departed one, I am thy relative; this day hast thou suddenly deceased. Never can our affection perish; it is impossible to restrain weeping; from this time never more may we behold thee. In the parting our heart is torn; but we hope that after death thy soul has joy and peace, having ascended to the heavenly palace, there continually to confer prosperity on thy children and grandchildren. While in life, all thy dealings with men were benevolent and righteous; with an upright heart dwelling amongst men, performing thy business with wisdom. By right, heaven ought to have prolonged thy age to a hundred years. Wherefore, then, by this one sickness art thou already dead? We are thy relatives, we are thy friends; and how shall not our bowels be sundered by the force of our distress and lamentations!"

When one mourner ceases another commences and chants his or her dirge, and says: "Alas, alas! Why was it not I that had died rather than be doomed to remain in the land o' the living, an inheritor of trouble and grief, while thou ar removed? Thou, so talented and wise; thou oughtest to have been spared to become an officer of the empire, even as a pillar

of the royal palace." And perhaps another adds: "O, thou oughtest to have been spared to thy active town, the hope of the inhabitants, and to whom they look. Thou wast one who wert able to teach thy sons all righteousness, and all upright

measures. But now thou art gone. Alas, alas!"

We have been told that it is not an uncommon occurrence for old family troubles to be referred to in some indirect way, as when a secondary wife (with no occasion for the use of counterfeit sorrow) will wail out: "Ah, me! Who now will take my part when oppressed by the mistress?" and as when the daughter-in-law sobs out her apprehensions of increased tyranny from the mother-in-law, by saying: "Alas! what will become of me since my only friend is departed?"

At Chinese funerals in San Francisco these hired mourning women are sometimes put into carriages to follow the body to the grave. They may be known by the white garments and white hoods which they wear—white being the funeral color.

In many cases a band of Chinese musicians is employed to join in the procession, and escort the deceased to his last resting-place. Whatever may be the design in furnishing this music, we outside barbarians are apt to regard it as better adapted to frighten away evil spirits than to furnish entertainment to a disembodied soul.

Funerals of aged men, or dignitaries, which are designed to be very impressive, often have one or more young men following the hearse on foot. These represent the sons of the deceased, and are dressed scantily in some coarse fabric of dirty white; they are barefooted, leaning upon a cane, and go bowing down with their face towards the earth, being supported by a friend on either side. All this is emblematical not only of their crushing sorrow, but also of the irreparable loss sustained by the family; intimating that now, as the head and support of the house is removed, the survivors will be left without a provider, and must therefore pursue the remainder of life's journey in poverty and sorrow, which to them is very unpleasant.

Those strips of brown paper, pierced with holes, to represent strings of copper coin, and which are scattered in such profusion as a Chinese cortege proceeds to the place of inter-

ment, are denominated "money for buying the road."

The theory is, that everywhere there may be hungry or

ill-disposed spirits who have it in their power to stop on the way the spirit of the deceased, or by other means to interfere and prevent his peaceful settlement at the tomb provided for him; therefore this paper, representing money, is scattered everywhere along the road to buy from the vagrant spirits the

right of way.

At the place of sepulture those provisions previously mentiened are again arranged before the grave; and libations of wine and tea are poured out; and large supplies of money, clothing, and other things, supposed to be needed by the deceased in the world to which he has gone, are sent on after him. The money is paper, cut and folded so as to represent gold and silver bars, or copper cash; and this is burned in large amounts. Paper is made into boxes to represent chests of clothing. There may be paper servants; also a sedan chair with its bearers; and all these are burned and thus sent over into the world of spirits. While the corpse remained in the house, before the funeral, these images and paper representations of furniture were arranged around the body; the servants being represented as in the act of waiting upon their master.

We have mentioned but a few of the most prominent and common customs of the Chinese in the burying of their dead, as they are witnessed in San Francisco, Cal. Were we to give a full account of all their superstitions and practices, in relation to their dead, as they are learned by living amongst this people in their own land, a good-sized volume would be needed to contain the record of them. After the death there are at certain intervals days prescribed for renewed mourning; and

each day has its prescribed ceremonies.

We have noticed that the fourteenth day after the decease of a friend is often observed as a day of renewed mourning; then each recurring thirtieth day, for the space of a year; and then afterwards each anniversary is remembered by the family as a day of mourning and of making offerings to the dead. It is, however, necessary to remark that the mourning rites are varied according to the age and relative position of the deceased. Parents are most lamented, and the offerings to their names are the most abundant, and the anniversaries of their death longest remembered; while the young members of family are buried with comparatively little ceremony; are

young girls and infants receive very little attention, either in the burial or afterwards.

Children wear mourning for parents for the space of three years; and this badge of mourning is whitish or slate-colored garments, with a white collar, and a white cord braided into the cue. During the latter part of this season of mourning the white collar and white cord are exchanged for those which are colored blue.

During the first forty-nine days of mourning there may be seen suspended on the wall of the room formerly occupied by the deceased some form of elegy, such as the following: "While thou wert living we rejoiced; but now, being dead, it is impossible for us not to wail. We are cut from the hearing of thy voice, and thy form no more we meet again. How many times we cry with mournful voice and lacerated hearts, and pearly tears dropping to the earth." Another is like this: "After thy departure we remember what thou wast while living. It shames us that we are not able more fully to record thy virtues. Approaching thy funeral car, we only have grief and tears to offer."

It is not uncommon to mingle with these expressions of praise for the dead and grief for their own bereavement, some petitions to the deceased, that as he has opportunity he will personally aid or employ his intercession in behalf of his surviving relatives or friends. Prayers are addressed to ancestors, imploring them to appear for the curing of diseases, to avert calamities, and in whatever way they may be able, to bestow

prosperity and happiness upon their posterity.

A full discussion of this subject, viz: the care bestowed upon the dead and the provisions made for the souls of the departed, would require us to give an account of the Buddhist doctrine, of purgatory, and of the transmigration of souls; of the Tauists' notions respecting spirits—their agency and interference in human affairs, and the methods of dealing with them. It would require, also, that we describe the whole manner of, and the reasons for, ancestral worship, which is older than the religions of Buddha and Tau. No such task, however, do we propose to undertake at present.

The religion of which we have spoken as more ancient than either that of Buddha or Tau, included the worship of heaven and earth, the gods of the land and grain, and the hills and rivers, and the spirits of ancestors. The worship of the sages and of the Emperor has been added to the list of objects worshiped. While, however, there are these separate sects, still it is very seldom indeed we may meet with a Chinaman who has not his head full of the superstitions of all the three. All Chinamen worship ancestors; all live in the dread of the spirits; scarce any are sure that there may not be purgatorial torments, or that they may not be doomed to myriads of births in the unending series of transmigrations. Without enlarging upon either of these topics, this much it seemed necessary to say in order to furnish a clue to reasons for the various rites performed for the dead, and we will in what follows speak merely of two or three additional ceremonies of the Chinese in behalf of the deceased, and respecting which questions are so often asked.

On the second month of the Chinese year, and twenty-fourth day, corresponding to April 4th of our calendar, which day this year occurred on the Sabbath, every man, woman and child in the Chinese quarter seemed to be excited about something. Great numbers of hacks and baggage-wagons were standing at their doors, and all day long there were streams of vehicles going and returning on the Lone Mountain road; and every wagon, beside its load of human beings, carried a baked hog, with trays of provisions of various kinds, and baskets of paper money, candles, and incense.

What was the cause of that extraordinary excitement? That was Tsing Ming, the pure and resplendent festival. It was the day on which the doors of the tombs and the gates of Hades were thrown open, and all the spirits were set at liberty, and granted an entire month's holiday; therefore all their surviving relatives, friends and neighbors hastened to meet them on their coming forth, with congratulations, with feasting, and

presents, and gayety.

One hundred and twenty hogs had previously been selected at the butcher's for the occasion; these were baked whole in their large ovens, having been previously prepared by boning and spicing. The chickens, ducks and fish made ready for the day were in much greater numbers, with an unlimited amount of pastry, fruit and wine.

A visit to the Chinese burying-ground on the following day would give one some idea of what had been done by the worshipers at the tombs on Sunday. Before the vault in which some of their dead are deposited, and all around amongst the graves, were piles of ashes, where had been burned the paper money; half-burned candles and stumps of incense-sticks standing everywhere, showed what an amount of money must have been expended on these articles; heaps of boiled rice lay here and there; for it seems that a more abundant meal was provided than the spirits were able to consume. Each company of worshipers had spread out their provisions before the graves of their own dead, had poured out libations of wine upon the ground, had repaired the tombs, and had prostrated themselves, and bowed in the various attitudes of worship before the graves, and had said some form of prayer. Before leaving the place they had scattered broadcast many handfuls of rice, and sprinkled wine upon the ground around them, which might be appropriated by any forlorn spirits who had no friends or kindred to meet and feast them.

The Chinese spirits at Lone Mountain appear to be as clannish as are their surviving relatives in the city; for the dead

of the different companies lie in separate enclosures.

Those poor women, the courtesans, while their bodies are buried amongst the people of whose district they were natives, yet there is a separate tablet and a rude altar erected to their memory; which tablet and altar are enclosed with a wall; and here also were the evidences that expensive sacrifices had been offered to feast the spirits of these unfortunates.

This worship at the tombs is designed to be not only for the benefit of those who have recently deceased, but for the many ancestors, reaching back to the very beginning, even to

the original parents of the family.

The sacrifices and prayers are offered and the worship rendered to the entire line of ancestors in the one ceremony. Written prayers are sometimes laid upon the tomb, and left there till the spirits may have sufficient time to consider them, or until the winds tear them to fragments. We add here a specimen of such prayers: "I, — — (say, I, Wong Ah Ching), in behalf of this family (or this company of individuals), with sincerity of purpose, present these hogs and sheep and fowls, and the five cooked sacrifices, together with fruit, candles, incense, and money, with the prescribed ceremonies; and we presume to announce that — and — and — (men-

tioning the names of the several worshipers) are now before thy tomb, and are saying thus: 'Ages following in their order, a flowing stream of years, it has come so quickly to the second month of this present spring; following down far from the origin (from the head of the ancestral line), yet not so far as to obliterate our memory of our ancestors. With exceeding circumspection we take now the offerings and presents, our annual sacrifices, praying and expecting that illustrious blessings will be conferred upon us, your posterity. Our ancestors have souls; let them now descend and accept these offerings.'"

The worship being ended, the tombs having been repaired, the barbecued hog and other provisions are gathered up, and the party returns home to spend the remainder of the day in feasting upon that portion of the meats which the spirits have been unable to devour; and not unlikely some portions of the "golden pig" may find their way back to the butcher's shop

again, to be "sold in the shambles."

The belief that the disembodied spirit needs such attentions from survivors, leads the Chinaman to make provision, should he die away from home, that his remains may be conveyed back to his native village, where kindred to remote generations may visit the resting-place of his ashes, and minister to the wants of the spirit, which it is hoped may be called home by the ceremonies appointed for this purpose, and which are employed in the case of those who die abroad.

In their native country also is the ancestral temple, in which are deposited the ancestral tablets of the family, or the clan, and which is thrown open for feasting, or worship, or theatrical performances, at certain seasons which are memorable in that particular family. Such entertainments are supposed to be

gratifying to the spirits, and will propitiate their favor.

The want of ancestral temples in California is, to a certain extent, supplied by a provision which is made by the several companies. In each of the Ui Kuus, or company houses, a room is devoted to the dead. Instead of separate tablets for each individual that has deceased, the name of the person whose death has been reported is inscribed on one common tablet, and before the constantly increasing mortuary recount altar is erected, and above the altar a lamp is suspended the light of which must never go out. Here relatives an fellow-villagers come to drop a tear, and to present the offer

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ings to the souls of those whose fathers and mothers, wives and children have long been waiting their return, but who wait in vain.

Besides the attentions paid to their own dead, there remain, as is supposed, myriads of souls who have no surviving friends to care for them. "Orphan souls," "wandering souls." Not only does the feeling of benevolence prompt them to devise measures to meet the necessities of such friendless spirits, but self-interest also; because these souls, as is believed, have it in their power to torment and harm whomsoever they may harbor spite against; and if allowed to remain houseless, or hungry and naked, they may follow with persecution those who might have relieved them but did not. For this reason the fourteenth day of the seventh month of every year is set apart as the festival for vagrant, orphan, and pauper spirits, when the streets of every Chinese city, village and borough are decorated with miniature garments made of paper; when feasts are spread by the roadside; when bands of music are employed to regale the ears of the spirits with notes they once delighted in, and which they are believed still to love; and when priests are employed to chant prayers for the release of any friendless souls still shut up in purgatory. Such occasions do not pass without the consumption of large amounts of firecrackers, paper money, incense, and candles, accompanied with ceremonies and noises already too familiar to the ears of all who have resided long in the neighborhood of these people so mad upon their idols.

Partly because of the Chinaman's love for his native land, and the desire that his last resting-place shall be where the ashes of his kindred lie, but principally in order that his bones may receive from his relatives and descendants the attentions which are above described, it is that so much solicitude is exhibited that the remains of those who die abroad may be returned for final interment in the ancient tombs. Consequently a large number of the Chinese in California have secured this object by the prepayment of a special sum to their Ui Kuu, or to some independent association, which guarantees to find the body wherever it may be buried, and at the proper time to send it to his friends. The reception of the body, or the ashes, and its reinterment when it arrives in China, involve a considerable expense. Also there must be religious cere-

monies to lure home the spirit, as well as the care in bringing home the body, so that, as we see, it must cost a large amount for a Chinaman to die and get finally laid down where "the

weary may be at rest."

Perhaps there is no thought more prominent in a Chinaman's mind than this which concerns his future condition. In China, as before remarked, old people in some instances buy coffins for themselves long before they need them; and filial sons present coffins to their parents against the day of their departure. Likewise many prayers are said, alms given, and good works performed, in order to procure a favorable reception in the world of spirits; but above all there is a desire for male children, and descendants who may perpetuate the family line, and so secure the ancestral offerings from generation to

generation, and thus on forever.

From the evidence here presented, few, we think, will doubt that the spirits of the Chinese dead, if they still retain the animal appetites and human sensibilities unrefined, have any ground of complaint that their surviving friends or descendants have not done all that was in their power to secure for them an eternity of bliss according to their estimate as to what constitutes the essence of bliss; nevertheless, much as we ourselves might relish a savory dish of pig and chicken, none of us, we think, would be willing to exchange the anticipations of a paradise in which hunger, thirst, and carnal desires may never more torment us, for a heaven of tinsel money, tallow candles, paper garments, boiled rice, and samshu, with Chinese theatricals and Buddhistic mummeries intermingled. Neither is there one of us who does not admire the earnestness with which they endeavor to make provision for a future state, while at the same time it makes us very sad to see how utterly mistaken they are. There is room for them in that place where "the many mansions be," and there is a power which is able to fit them for companionship with prophets and apostles.

A Scientific View of Death.

IT ILLUSTRATES THE FACT THAT IT IS PAINLESS.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL—DEATH AND LIGHTNING—HELMHOLTZ'S EX-PERIMENTS—NERVOUS TRANSMISSION—THE WHALE—A LUMI-NOUS IMPRESSION—A COLOR TOP AND LIGHTNING—PROFESSOR DOVE—THE REV. DR. BARTOL.

*In one of his lectures Professor Tyndall spoke of the probabilities in favor of the entire absence of pain accompanying death by lightning. It is popularly supposed that an impression made upon the nerves—a blow or puncture—is felt at the precise instant it is inflicted; but such is not the fact. The seat of sensation is the brain, and intelligence of the injury must be transmitted to this organ through a certain set of nerves, acting as telegraph wires, before we become conscious of pain. This transmission or telegraphing from the seat of injury to the brain requires time, longer or shorter, according to the distance of the injured part from the brain, and according to the susceptibility of the particular nervous system operated upon.

Helmholtz, by experiments, determined the velocity of this nervous transmission in the frog to be a little over eighty-five feet per second; in the whale, about one hundred feet per second; and in man, at an average of two hundred feet per second. If, for instance, a whale fifty feet long were wounded in the tail, it would not be conscious of the injury till half a second after the injury had been inflicted. But this is not the only ingredient of delay. It is believed that to every act of consciousness belongs a determinate molecular arrangement of the brain, so that, besides the interval of transmission, a

^{*}Medical National Review.

still further time is necessary for the brain to put itself in order for its molecules to take up the motions or positions necessary to the completion of consciousness. Helmholtz considers that one-tenth of a second is required for this purpose. Thus, in the case of the whale, there is, first, half a second consumed in the transmission of the intelligence through the sensor nerves to the brain, about one-tenth of a second consumed by the brain in completing the arrangement necessary to consciousness, and, if the velocity of transmission from the brain to the motor nerves be the same as that through the sensor, about half a second more is consumed in sending the message to the tail to defend itself. Therefore, one second and one-tenth would elapse before an impression made upon its caudal nerves could be responded to by a whale fifty feet

long.

If we regard as correct the calculations representing the average velocity of transmission in the human nerves, and if we estimate the distance from the origin of the filaments in the brain to their termination in the foot as five feet, the time required, in case one steps on your favorite corn, for the news to be telegraphed to the brain, for the brain to prepare a message and to telegraph the same to the muscles of the leg to draw the foot away, would be about one-twentieth of a second. Now, it is quite conceivable that an injury might be inflicted which would render the nerves unfit to be conductors of sensation, and if this occurred, no matter how severe the injury might be, there would be no consciousness of it. Or it might happen that the power of the brain to complete the molecular arrangement necessary to consciousness would be wholly suspended before there would be time for the transmission of the intelligence of the injury. In such a case, also, although the injury might be of a nature to cause death, this would occur without feeling of any kind. Death in this case would be simply the sudden negation of life, without any intervention of consciousness whatever.

Doubtless there are many kinds of death of this character. The passage of a rifle-bullet through the brain is a case in point. The time required for the bullet in full velocity to pass clean through a man's head may be roughly estimated at a thousandth part of a second. Here, therefore, would be no room for sensation, and death would be painless. But there is

another action which far transcends in rapidity that of the rifle ball. A flash of lightning cleaves a cloud, appearing and disappearing in less than a hundred-thousandth part of a second, and the velocity of electricity is such as would carry it in a single second of time over a distance almost equal to that

which separates the earth and moon.

A luminous impression once made upon the retina endures for about one-sixth of a second, and this is why we see a ribbon of light when a glowing coal is caused to pass rapidly through the air. A body illuminated by an instantaneous flash continues to be seen for the sixth of a second after the flash has become extinct; and if the body thus illuminated be in motion, it appears at rest at the place where the flash falls

upon it.

The color-top is familiar to most of us. By this instrument a disk with differently-colored sectors is caused to rotate rapidly; the colors blend together, and, if they are chosen in the proper proportions, the disk will appear white when the motion is sufficiently rapid. Such a top rotating in a dark room and illuminated by an electric spark appears motionless, each distinct color being clearly seen. Professor Dove has found that an illumination by a flash of lightning produces the same effect. During a thunderstorm he put a colortop in exceedingly rapid motion, and found that every flash revealed the top as a motionless object with its colors distinct. If illuminated solely by a flash of lightning, the motion of all bodies on the earth's surface would, according to Professor Dove, appear suspended. A cannon-ball, for example, would appear to have its flight arrested, and would seem to hang motionless in space as long as the luminous impression which revealed the ball remained upon the eye. If, then, a rifle bullet, passing through the brain, move with sufficient rapidity to destroy life without the interposition of sensation, much more is a flash of lightning competent to produce this effect. We have well-authenticated cases of people being struck by lightning who, on recovery, had no recollection of pain.

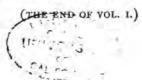
The Rev. Dr. Bartol, who was lately nearly killed by lightning, expressed the belief that if the stroke proved fatal, it must produce the most agreeable mode of death; but to be stunned, as he was, is very unpleasant. As soon as consciousness returned he experienced a terrible sense of oppression,

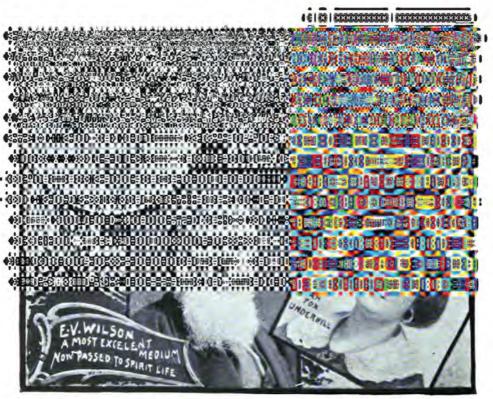
and an irresistible weight seemed passing through him, while his mind was dazed so that for awhile it seemed he had suddenly been precipitated into Wonderland. His recovery was

attended by headache, continued for a week.

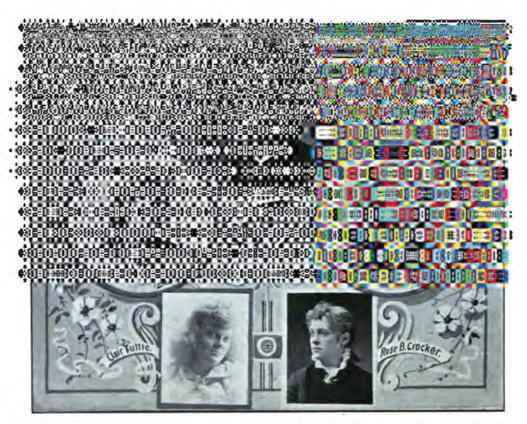
The following case is described by Hemmer: On June 30, 1788, a soldier in the neighborhood of Mannheim, being overtaken by rain, stationed himself under a tree beneath which a woman had previously taken shelter. He looked upward to see whether the branches were thick enough to shed the rain, and in doing so-was struck by lightning, and fell senseless to the earth. The woman at his side experienced the shock in her foot, but was not struck down. hours afterward the man recovered, but remembered nothing about what had occurred, save the fact of his looking up at the branches. This was his last act of consciousness, and he passed into the unconscious condition without pain. ible marks of a lightning stroke are usually insignificant, the hair being sometimes burnt, slight wounds occasioned, or a red streak marking the track of the electric discharge over the skin.

Professor Tyndall relates—standing in the presence of an audience, about to lecture—that he accidentally touched a wire leading from a charged battery of fifteen Leyden jars, and the current passed through his body. He says life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In another second or so consciousness returned. He saw himself in the presence of the audience and in contact with the apparatus, and immediately realized that he had received the battery discharge. The intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not so the optical consciousness. To prevent the audience being alarmed he stated that it had often been his desire to receive, accidentally, such a shock, and that his wish had at length been grat-But while making this explanation the appearance which his body presented to himself was that of being in separate pieces. His arms, for example, seemed to be detached from his body and suspended in the air. Memory and the power of reasoning and speech were complete long before the optic nerve recovered from the electric shock.

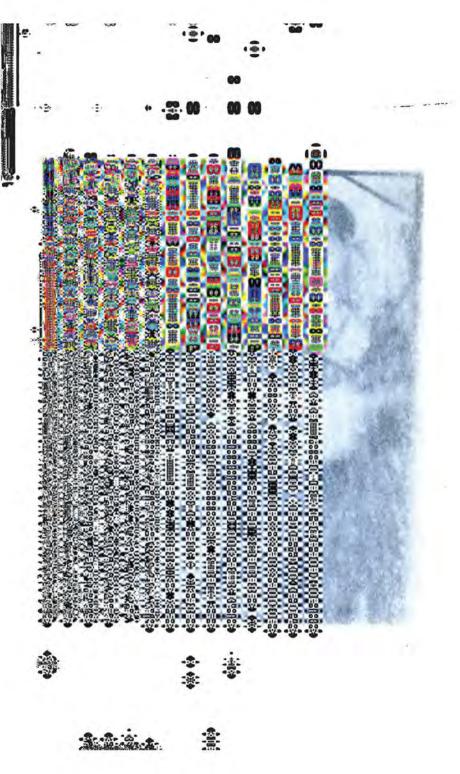




What is known as Modern Spiritualism originated with the three Fox Sisters, at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848. E. V. Wilson was one of the early pioneers in Spiritualism. He was unexcelled as a psychometrist and test medium.

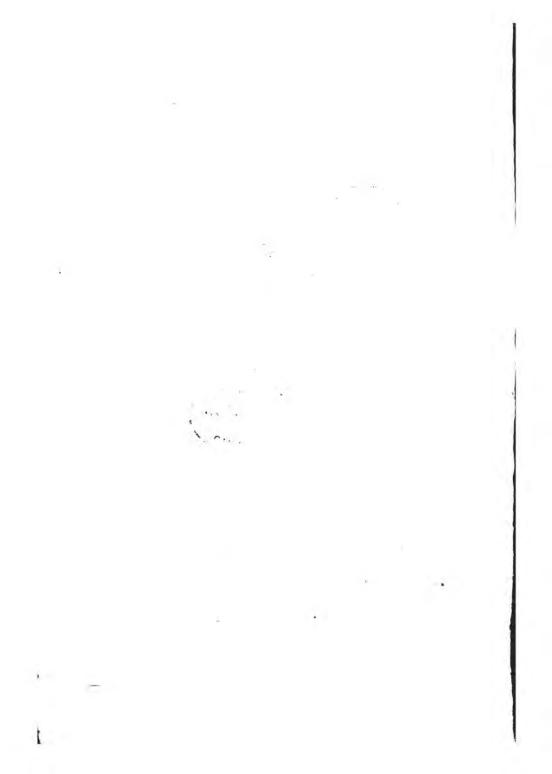


This group represents a typical American Spiritualist Family, residents of Berlin Heights, Ohio. Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle are known the world over.





This group represents a typical American Spiritualist Family, residents of Berlin Heights, Ohio. Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle are known the world over.



AHT

Encyclopædia of Death

AND

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCES FROM EMINENT SOURCES.

By J. R. FRANCIS,

Author of "Search After God," "Is the Devil Dead?" etc.

VOLUME II.

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BY

J. R. FRANCIS.

INTRODUCTION.

Judging from the cordial reception given to Volume I. of The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, we are certain that people generally take an exceptionally keen and lively interest in everything that relates to the grand and glorious change whereby the spirit is divested of its physical garments, and is thereby able to enter a new sphere of existence and realize more fully than ever the fact that so-called death is as natural as the birth on the material plane, and in accordance with those divine laws that permeate every part of the universe.

What is known of death in all its varied and comprehensive details is scattered through many volumes, hidden on the shelves of various libraries, public and private, and in countless magazines, papers and scrap-books, all inaccessible to the masses, and the collation of these facts in a series of volumes, and furnishing them at a nominal price, cannot otherwise than prove a great boon to mankind generally. The careful perusal of the first hundred pages of this volume will open up to the analytical student a vast field of thought, and carry him into a realm which has been but very little explored, even by physicians themselves. The extreme subtilty of the multifarious phases of death, the varied phenomena connected therewith, and the strange symptoms (often deceiving the physician) that frequently greet the one who witnesses the final change, make it of special importance that the public generally should devote more careful, critical and painstaking study to the nature of that wonderful evolution which all must

in ascending to the higher spiritual plane.

have devoted considerable space in this volume to the er elucidation of the dark spheres of Spirit-life, in order re fully impress upon all this grand truth—that whatthey sow, they must reap the legitimate fruits flowing

While one enters Spirit-life in precisely the same

INTRODUCTION.

mental and moral state he possessed on earth, he will be confronted with conditions there that will bring prominently before him all the pernicious results of an evil life, if such has been his course, and in consequence he will be most miserable. The one who rests quietly under a load of licentiousness and bad habits on earth, and who is regarded from a worldly standpoint as "happy," will realize fully when on the Spirit-side of existence that his sins have brought around him dark conditions which are almost equal to an orthodox hell, and which are the legitimate fruitage of his own earthly acts. We are indebted to the peerless Emma Hardinge Britten, of Manchester, Eng., and that critical, keen observer, E. T. Washburn, of Buffalo, N. Y., for valuable data on this subject, a knowledge of which should be familiar to every one.

In presenting Volume II. to the public, we do so with the firm conviction that the interest in a full and complete analysis

of death remains unabated.

J. R. FRANCIS.



Examined.

Circle, united toand ever aspiring to he welfare of each annot consistently fully considering the that change comsignated as death. a specificater, to pass through stages, preparatory the fisht of the soul to the regions. However by 1000cc, cultured or useful entry may be, and how-essary as a factor in two 12 may Circle, the time will cultivation when, through operation of a natuliar manifestations ably accompany the collegatof the soul from its of extructure. The first garagergo the transitionthe outer shell, and which is a control of a body is carefully placed in a coffin, by those who sincerely love it, and to whom it appears to be sweetly sleeping; and they reluctantly convey it, in a very solemn manner, to its final resting-place in the cold, damp earth, and with deep feelings of regret leave it there to become the food of worms. They shed tears of sadness as they see the soil heaped upon their precious darling, knowing that it will soon present an appearance too horrible for a human being to survey. One after another of the Home Circle, in the progress of time, is compelled to succumb to the debilitating influence of advancing age, and funerals succeed each other in rapid succession, and now, perhaps, nearly all have passed through the various stages regarded as death.

Possibly, however, some one of your number, whom you have carefully consigned to his final resting-place in the earth, was not dead! Perhaps the child you loved so dearly, and who seemed to be calmly sleeping in its little coffin, was not dead—was simply suspended midway between life and death, and if the proper efforts had been made it might have been restored to full consciousness and vigorous life, and been a

blessing to its parents.

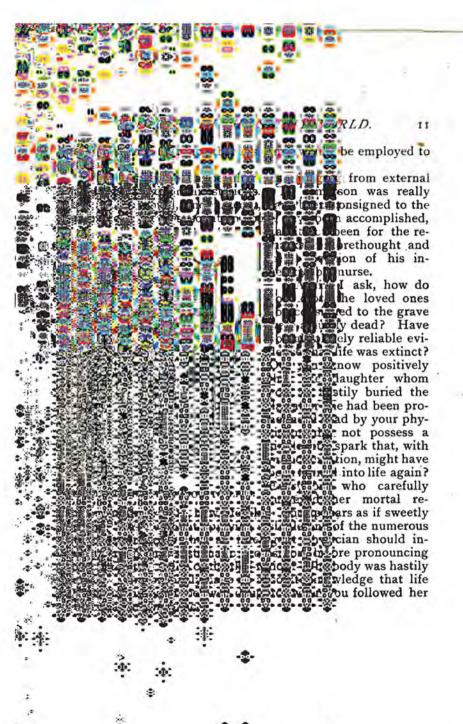
Really, what absolute proof have you that your devoted wife whom you consigned to the coffin was actually dead? Did you have any scientific tests brought into requisition by the attendant, physician? Or did you take his statement that because respiration had ceased life was actually extinct, and without any further consideration summon your minister, have a funeral sermon preached, and then consign her body to a grave which would soon terminate every vestige of life that might have remained? Would you have the evidence to assert that your son, daughter, wife, father, mother or friend, whom you conveyed to the tomb, did not possess one vital spark of life, because, forsooth, respiration had ceased? It is not uncommon for respiration to cease entirely with those who are sick, but such an occurrence should never be regarded as a sure indication of death. Take, for example, the case of Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Stratford, Conn. At a meeting of the Science Society, in New Bridgeport, Conn., on one occasion, a few years ago, the remarkable experiences of this gentleman were related, showing conclusively that the stopping of respiration does not always constitute an infallible sign of death.



here Dr. Emerson , and, sending for had what the docy fatal after a few e was nursed careexperience in such given up as hopeond recovery. so low that to all es life was extinct. dus efforts to asceric condition, the docunced him dead, any were sick and the neighborhood, anged that his fu-uld take place the Inemorable of all his history—two were selected to : 25 pearances it was a The Doctor's eyes his teeth were gether, mouth firmand no breathing But his hear-Sisterore acute than ever since, and so control is mental faculties. n, who watched in on the second of been for what he king with great impropriety. He was impressed with the idea that he should not die, but live, and that in the morning he should be resuscitated by his former nurse. And Dr. Emerson always thought that

this was a revelation to him directly from God.

Early in the morning the villagers came to see the family and the watchers, and to assist in the arrangements for the funeral. About seven o'clock another knock at the door was heard, and instantly-before the door was opened-Dr. Emerson was very sure of its being made by his old nurse. entering, she anxiously inquired concerning his condition, and learning it exclaimed: "I don't believe he is dead, and I'll try to revive him." Immediately she called some of the people to help her, collected various stimulants, applied them all simultaneously to different parts of his body, and all this accompanied by violent rubbing of his whole body. These efforts were persisted in, notwithstanding some remonstrated, and the remark was often made: "You might as well give it up." But in about half an hour, to the astonishment of all the skeptical friends, his eyes resumed their natural appearance, his teeth were unlocked, his mouth opened, and he began to whisper, then to speak, and all saw clearly that he was alive. The news of this wonderful occurrence quickly flew through the village and vicinity, and the people flocked to see Mr. Emerson, and among them the physician, who, with them, praised the nurse for her perseverance and success. She then related her remarkable experience of the preceding night, which had impelled her to visit him. In the middle of the night she was awakened by a dream "that some one was in extreme danger and she alone could help him." Disregarding it, she fell asleep, but again awoke with the same impression and in great alarm. She arose, looked at the clock, and aroused her daughter, and both decided that as they had heard nothing respecting Dr. Emerson for two days, and as she had taken care of him at the commencement of his illness, in the morning she would visit him. At daybreak she arose, provided for her family, walked two miles through the mud and water, the effect of a recent rain, and on reaching the house was astonished on hearing that her friend was dead. Of this she was incredulous, from the supernatural impression of her dream, and worked zealously upon him, confident of success. She was startled from her slumbers at the same time that Dr. Emerson was per-



A Young Lady Saved from Burial.

THE WONDERFUL RESUSCITATION OF CLARA MUNCE.

PLACED IN THE COFFIN AND PRONOUNCED DEAD BY THE ATTEND-ING PHYSICIAN—SAVED BY AN OLD LADY.

A curious case is related by the New York Sun of a young lady, who apparently died. When the reporter of the Sun called upon her, she was diligently engaged in sewing upon a dress; but she laid aside her work, and, going to a drawer in the sideboard, took out a silver coffin-plate, which she offered for inspection. It bore the inscription: "Clara Munce: Died June 3, 1864, aged 16 years."

"Why, to whom does this refer?" asked the reporter.

"It refers to me," replied Miss Munce quietly. "It was on my coffin—at least I suppose I may call it my coffin, though I was not buried in it. I occupied it, however, for several hours, and had it not been for the intelligence of a lady who came to attend my funeral, I should have been in it now. My uncle took it to his home in Chicago, where he is fond of showing it to his friends and telling my story. I kept the plate, which I seldom allow any one to see, for the recollections it awakens are not pleasant.

"When I was a young girl I was in very delicate health. I used to fall into trances, in which I knew all that was going on around me, and I heard every word said in the room where I lay, but I could not speak or make the slightest sign of life. My body grew gradually colder, but ordinarily I aroused myself with a start within ten or fifteen minutes. The doctor said it was a form of epilepsy, and warned me that some day or another an attack might be prolonged and mistaken for death. It always affected me under the same conditions.

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DEATH

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old lady, worth all of the rest of the visitors put together, elbowed the others out of her way and stood beside the coffin. She was her Aunt Jane, and she had come from Albany to see her favorite niece for the last time. Her presence seemed to calm the unfortunate girl, for they loved each other so well that she could not think it possible that she would allow her to be buried alive. The aunt was stooping to kiss her, when she suddenly started back with the very simple and homely remark: "Why, her nose is bleeding!"

It was perfectly true, though up to that time nobody had noticed it. The mental agony of the sufferer had made her

nose bleed.

Now, the doctor knew quite enough about his business to be very much startled at seeing fresh blood flowing from a body that had been "dead" two days. He examined the patient's face and said hastily, as he for the first time noticed the color: "Take her back to bed."

The suddenness and immensity of the relief restored all her faculties, and as the men took her up she said, with hardly an effort, and in perfect natural tones: "Thank you, doctor. How are you, auntie?"

The young lady recovered very quickly, and has never

had a death-trance since.

Burned Within.

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r," says Lady Fanshawe in

her memoirs, "her friends and servants thought her deceased. and she lay in that state for two days and a night; but Mr. Winslow, coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly in her face said: 'She was so handsome, and looked so lovely, that he could not think her dead;' and suddenly taking a lancet out of his pocket he cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this he immediately caused her to be removed to the bed again, and to be rubbed. and such means used that she came to life, and opening her eyes saw two of her kinswomen standing by her, Lady Knollys and Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and she said: 'Did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again already?' which they, not understanding, bade her keep her spirits quiet in that weakness wherein she was; but, some hours after, she desired my father and Dr. Howlesworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said: 'I will acquaint you that during my trance I was in great grief, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face in the dust, and they asked me why I was so troubled in so great happiness. I replied: "Oh, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman," to which they answered. "It is done!" and then at that instant I awoke out of my trance.' And Dr. Howlesworth did affirm that the day she died made just fifteen years from that time."

This case, related by Lady Fanshawe, is an interesting one. Her mother was not dead. True, she approached so very near the spirit side of life, or the boundaries of the celestial regions, that she had the pleasure of observing two angelic beings — God's holy messengers—who seemed to have the power requisite to grant her earnest appeal, for she survived the vicissitudes of life after that notable event just fifteen years.

What must be the agony of the surviving relatives and and when the startling discovery is made that through their in ignorance and stupidity, they had consigned to the grave larling child! On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, from ignia, went to Little Station (on the Owensboro and Rustville Railroad) near Livermore, Ind., to visit their old

OF DEATH

removed, which had years old at the time he body was as per-The eyes were wide ony was depicted on and the other was a buried, the child's came to her senses

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anddenly afflicted with in England, and a practitioner being in, stated, after some d elapsed, that the was actually dead.

List co, she was to all appearances, as no flutter of the and not the faintest position from nose or lips, the perceived by the small gathered around the The body of the girl, the room where she can be deceased, was the room where she can be deceased, and the family was a called in a downstairs a project in a downstairs are recent. Some hours later, it is a fitted, one of the house-later are a faint cry or call, and the passage, who was believed to a subject to the stairs in the call which the stairs in the stai the call which and the chief the call which the chief the chief the call which th the horrible stories

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which have been told of persons who were imagined to bd dead, and who yet have come to life again after a prolongee period of total inanition. The tales of men and women who may possibly have been buried before they were dead, as in the instance of the young woman interred close to Shakespeare's grave in Stratford-on-Avon Church, are really too shocking to allow thought to dwell upon them. In the example to which we have referred, the reason given for the terrible occurrence was that the girl had died of the plague, and in such cases the survivors were glad to bury the bodies out of sight as quickly as possible for fear of contagion. In England, where burial does not take place until some days after decease, it is considered well-nigh impossible that any such horrible accident should occur, though it is highly probable that many do occur. Catalepsy and kindred illnesses, however, are known to produce states of coma which so closely resemble death that in certain cases a careless physician might pronounce life to be extinct when it was not so in reality. The story of the girl who rose from the bed on which she had been "laid out" is a modern reproduction of the accident that befell Vesalius, one of the fathers of modern medical science. He was, so the history goes, called in to attend on a young Spanish nobleman, who seemed to have succumbed to death, being in reality in a cataleptic condition. After the great anatomist had actually commenced his post-mortem examination the heart once more began to beat, and the indignant relatives denounced the learned Vesalius as an infamous murderer. Nor could the protection of Philip II. save him from the condemnation of the Inquisition, and in consequence he was obliged to perform several expiatory pilgrimages to the Holy Land, in the course of one of which he was wrecked on the desolate island of Zante, and died of starvation and exposure.

An ignorant physician pronounced the young girl dead! Respiration had ceased, and that was sufficient evidence for s doctor, who did not understand even the elementary lessis with reference to the various stages of death. She was estrated on a bed, and appeared as if dead, and that was ficient evidence to enable him to pronounce a verdict. He is bably did not apply a single test—but relied simply on rearances, which every one knows are not reliable guides.

A MAN IN TRANCE ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

The Medium and Daybreak (London, Eng.) of September

26th, 1884, contained the following:

"A thrilling sensation has occurred at Bridgewater. A man named George Chelcot, laborer, living in close proximity to Wembdon Church, fell into a trance on Friday, the 5th. The man has a wife and large family. On the day he fell into a trance they thought he had died very suddenly. They ordered a coffin for him, which was made, and the supposed deceased was put into it. They next communicated with the Vicar of Wembdon, the Rev. A. Newman, who expressed a wish to see the supposed corpse, on their telling him the facts. After seeing the body he said it was not cold enough to satisfy him of the actual death having taken place, and he declined to allow it to be buried. The family was intent on fixing a day for interment, but the vicar would not give way. However, the supposed corpse was allowed to remain in the coffin, and was taken into the church, where it was visited frequently by the reverend gentleman and others. The body continued warm, and about eight o'clock the following Monday morning, the 9th, there were some slight movements of the body in the coffin. At last it was deemed prudent to take the man and the coffin away from the church to his house, where he was taken out of the coffin and placed in the bed. slowly recovered."

SINGULAR SOMNOLENCE-A NARROW ESCAPE.

Leon Newton, a farmer, living at the time three and a half miles from Snow Hill, Md., went to sleep one Wednesday at 10 P. M. and slept until 6 o'clock on the Thursday morning following. He arose for an hour, and then slept from 7 A. M. on Thursday until 5:30 A. M. on the next Sunday. "I attended church at Snow Hill on Wednesday evening," said he, "and when I went home to bed as usual I did not feel remarkably sleepy. When I got up at 6 A. M. Thursday I went to the stable and fed my horses, knowing that my breakfast would not be ready until 8 o'clock. I looked at my watch, saw it was only 7, and decided to take a nap, and I crawled up in the hay-rack in the corner and soon fell asleep. I was aroused by John Watson, my next neighbor, who stirred me up with 2



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was received with incredulity, and all of Sunday evening the country folks flocked to the Newton residence to discuss his remarkable experience.

A FUNERAL ARRANGED TWICE.

In 1885 there resided in Richmondville, N. Y., an aged and respected lady who had two silver plates that were purchased and inscribed to be placed on her coffin. In April, 1846, at Central Bridge, she was supposed to be dead. Her body was prepared for burial, the funeral was announced, and a minister from Cobleskill had arrived to preach the funeral sermon. An hour before the funeral was to occur her body was observed to move. Restoratives were administered, and she was soon able to be about. In the fall of 1863 she had a similar experience, and at that time her body was placed in a coffin, but she recovered.

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have lost her mind entirely, as her face was disfigured in every possible manner. Her long black hair had been plucked from her head, the lining was torn from the sides of the casket, and the pillows were in shreds. Her hands and arms were torn and bleeding. Her clothing consisted in part of a light summer dress, which was literally torn from her body. Her lips were bitten through."

"And that set the old man crazy?"

"Mildly so, as you see."

"I don't wonder at it. It was terrible; but why don't his

relatives restrain him?"

"That would make him worse. He is inoffensive, and I am reliable, and they are quite willing I shall follow him about and set him straight."

"But doesn't he ever object to your presence?"

"No; we formed an attachment in Baltimore, and he doesn't suspect that I am anything more to him than a chance

acquaintance."

The above narrative illustrates in a most vivid manner the profound ignorance of the physicians in charge of this unfortunate young lady. Why, in the name of reason, did they not insist that her body should be retained until decomposition commenced? If that simple, reasonable and common-sense demand had been made, this young lady would undoubtedly have been saved from a horrible death, and her father prevented from going hopelessly insane. The physician who officiated in that case should have been arrested for gross malpractice, and all like him should be presented with a leather medal, with the above pathetic narrative engraved thereon, and they should be compelled to read it three times a day. Her final death was horrible to contemplate—painful to think of-yet the probability is that the death struggle was only momentary, and she did not fully realize the awful condition she The father, shocked by the unfortunate occurrence, and disgusted at medical ignorance, became partially demented,

le those who read an account thereof shudder in horror

feel like kicking the attendant physician.

e difficulty of determining with absolute certainty ra person is dead or not, is vividly illustrated in the of Mrs. Charles Bollensen (of Mount Clemens, Mich.), a n of seventy, who suddenly expired, as it was supposed,

of heart disease. Her death was announced and the funeral took place the following Tuesday. The lifelike appearance of the body excited much comment, which increased rather than diminished after burial. Finally the interest grew so intense that it was thought best to disinter the body. This was accomplished the next Thursday afternoon, the body having been in the grave two days and two nights. It still bore the same lifelike appearance. It was placed in a room in which the temperature was kept steadily at 75 degrees. Not the slightest indication of decomposition was apparent, and the physicians declared themselves unable to determine whether Mrs. Bollensen was dead or alive. The case created much excitement.

Under the circumstances, this lady should not have been interred until her death could have been established without a doubt. The very fact that not the slightest indications of decomposition had set in, indicates the presence of an abundance of animal life that was perhaps gradually vanishing—dying out like an expiring taper, or else it was a case of suspended animation—which it was I never learned.

Then, again, there was Michael Neville, a Pittsburg ironworker, who was declared dead. As the undertaker cut into his arm to embalm him, he came to life, illustrating what an exceedingly trivial circumstance will sometimes call back the

ebbing tide of life.

A NEGRO CIRL APPARENTLY DIES.

One Saturday evening, in 1885, there occurred a strange case of suspended animation at Eureka Garden, says the Mobile Register. During the afternoon Octavius Slater, a negro girl, went down to the park and amused herself as children generally do—in the swings and romping about the grass. About 6:20 o'clock she was standing with her head upturned watching the balloon, which was ascending at Frascati. She suddenly fell to the ground insensible, and lay like one dead. She was picked up by her friends and carried to her home on Wilkinson street, showing no sign of life or animation, respiration even being imperceptible. She lay in this state for about six hours, when she began slowly to revive, and was soon restored to her normal condition. The sudden lethargy into which she was thrown is ascribed to some effect of the

balloon which she

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timal fight, involving junty, Missouri, is April, eight promand for lynching an ber named Hilde-Mancock, in 1872. was taken from anged to a tree, and buried by the men were tried at Missouri, and Hardly had the as received from stating that the a ក្រាក់ was supposed to and well. It was in that well well in the well well in the well in the well well in the we

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part of this State on one occasion, on who had remained are several days, was

really dead or only in a condition of trance. It seems that she appeared to die suddenly of heart disease; but when the body was being prepared for burial it was found that the cheeks were flushed, and the flesh seemed natural and pliable, as if she were only asleep, and not cold and stiff as in death. The case excited great interest throughout the country, and people were anxious to know what the result would be. After several days of suspense it was announced that the question had been settled by burying the poor girl. This was all the information to be had in relation to a case in which thousands of people had taken a great interest.

"There is a natural fear on the part of every human being of being buried alive. The question is seldom discussed in the family and among friends without mutual requests that in case

of death they may not be buried too soon.

"When Washington realized that death was near, he requested that he might not be buried under two days from the time of death. Decomposition is the only infallible sign that life is extinct. Without that—except in cases of injuries that destroy some vital organ—no one can say positively that the spirit has flown. It is probable that premature burials are very rare, except during some terrible epidemic. It is not pleasant, however, to think they are possible at any time.

"When a member of the family dies, the relatives are often so stricken down with their sorrow that they are incapable of directing affairs. Too much discretion is given to the undertaker. It would generally be better to delay a little before sending for him and his ice-box. I have often met a gentleman named Bell, who, during the season of cholera in 1832, made his escape from a coffin while being conveyed to the cemetery. He said that he never lost consciousness while they were placing him in the coffin, but he had not the power to move sufficiently to show that he was alive; and so great was the panic that patients were not carefully examined to see if they were really dead, and the disease was so generally fatal

the undertakers seemed to think if their patients were not a when they started for the graveyard they surely would be the time they got there. Mr. Bell lived many years afterd, and, indeed, may be living still. We occasionally hear a grave has been opened and that the occupant has been bying on the side or face. There is nothing astonishing

about that. It may easily occur by the coffin being tilted as it is lowered into the grave; but the most astonishing thing is the explanation that is often sought to be given: that the muscles had been contracted by galvanic action and the body turned in that way. If a battery is applied, that is possible; but who can believe in spontaneous galvanic action on muscles that are rigid in death. But to set all doubts and fears on this subject at rest, it would be well to prohibit by law all burials, until competent physicians had examined the bodies and found un-

mistakable signs of decomposition."

An inability to move the physical organization is not always accompanied with a loss of consciousness. When respiration ceases, it is then frequently the case that consciousness becomes greatly quickened. A whisper in an adjoining room is then often plainly heard. Every word that is uttered makes a deep impression on the mind; the rumbling of a wagon a mile away vibrates on the ear with terrible force. When the shroud is put on, the victim realizes every movement, and fully comprehends the situation and the superlative ignorance of attendants and physician. Then it is that the power of mind over matter is sometimes suddenly manifested. The agony of the situation, and the deplorable fate of being buried alive, frequently arouses the mind to superhuman action, and all at once the vital forces start the machinery of life in motion.

Alive.

BONT EDISH HOTO LIFE.

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fred in Maryland, S. Keifer, of the that he was summoned edside of a dying So his great regret, has reached the house, distant from the the mountains, he memermed by the attendthis ician that the man saw lying on the the departed, the departed, the departed, the ashy body cold. It was time clock in the evenhe family were ter-be ef-stricken. A son d on his father, agor was thinking of death so much to

heart, was seized with another paroxysm of grief, threw himself on the body of his father, embraced him, called him, bathed the cold face with tears, shrieking that he could not let him go; that he must say one word, look at him just once more; that he must not leave him without just one more word and one more look. As if the agonized voice had penetrated the silence of the other world, the lips of the father moved, the eyes opened and cast a sad, reproachful look on the weeping son, and in the well-known voice came distinctly these words: "Oh, why did you bring me back?" As soon as the awestricken group could regain their presence of mind after this appalling scene, they immediately administered restoratives to the patient, when the minister left him, very weak but still alive. He was sent for by the father the next day, who gave him an account of his death (as he evidently believed it had been) and his experience to the time when he was apparently recalled to life. He said:

"When I died I first felt a sinking sensation. I knew everything going on in the room, but I could not speak or move my lips. Then all was blank. The next thing I remember was being in dense darkness, seemingly in a tunnel, through which I was being pushed. There seemed to be two forms, one on each side, pushing me along through the tunnel, and I appeared to move as if I was floating, touching nothing above or below. At last it appeared to get lighter, as though we were nearing the end of the passage. It grew brighter every moment, and then I seemed to observe two shining, beautiful forms on each side of me. I had a feeling of perfect peace and well-being, and heard, as though it were a part of the space I floated in, the most soothing and delightful music. I had been a great sufferer, and the feeling of rest and freedom from pain was the thing I noticed most in my new state. I remained a short time in this blessed state, when it seemed to be disturbed by a voice in pain calling on me to come back. If they had known how much better I was, they would never have wanted me back in this weak and suffering body."

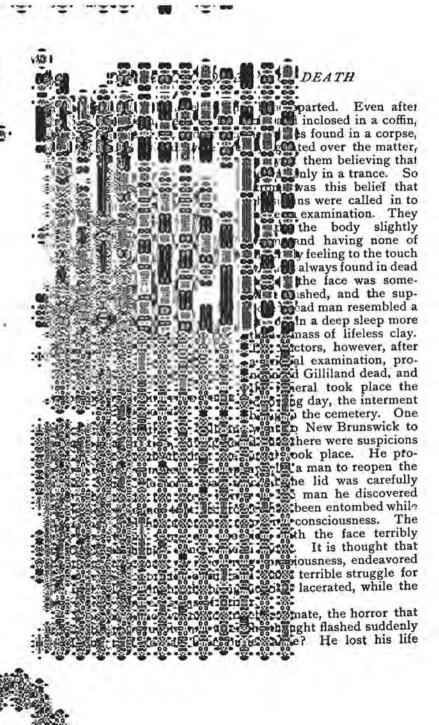
The man lived several days and then died, as his family sincerely believe, a second time, and, remembering his solemn words as to his first experience, did not call him back. Whether the man was in a syncope, from which the piercing lamentations of the family aroused him, or whether he had

indeed been permitted to return after a glance at the glories of the great unknown, none can answer. But one thing is certain: that for the space of several hours, to all intents and purposes, so far as the doctor, the pastor, and the family were concerned, and so far as all outward indications are agreed, the man was dead.

Respiration had entirely ceased on the part of this man; his form was rigid and cold, and there was every indication to the careful observer that he was actually dead. The affectionate son, however, could not realize that his dear father had ceased to live. He was not prepared to relinquish him to the embrace of the cold clods of earth. He would not admit that the father whom he had loved so tenderly was to leave him then; and all the potent energies of his young, ardent nature were concentrated in one grand effort to resuscitate him. who has analyzed a noble deed, an unselfish effort, or a kindhearted determination to accomplish a philanthropic purpose, will find therein an exhilarating, Godlike influence, which is capable of accomplishing some great good. As there is a subtile, penetrating energy in a ray of light, so in the hearty goodwill of a relative or friend there is a benign influence that is capable of doing a grand work. True, we cannot handle it, nor touch it, nor take cognizance of it with our normal sight, any more than we can see the penetrating action of the warmth of the stove on the atmosphere of the room. This son, as he affectionately caressed the prostrate form of his beloved father, undoubtedly imparted to him a healing, energizing influence, that started again in action the vital forces of life. The father probably would never have been resuscitated had it not been for the son's determined efforts, illustrating in a marked degree the necessity of patience and perseverance in dealing with the so-called dead.

SCRATCHES HIS FACE WHILE IN THE COFFIN.

In 1882, a most lamentable premature burial took place at New Brunswick, N. J. The account sets forth that James Gilliand, residing there, apparently died after a brief illness. was a carpet-weaver by trade, and was well known in the ghborhood. After his death his house was visited by symhizing friends who were anxious to look once more on their parted comrade. There was a peculiar appearance about body, which was the subject of comment, and many of the



through the inordinate ignorance of the supervising physicians, which illustrates in a marked degree the necessity on their part for a more thorough understanding of what death really is.

A DYING BOY'S QUESTION.

On one occasion Dr. Irenæus Prime had just returned from the funeral of the eldest son of his friends, the Rev. George Nixon and wife, of Tremont, New York. His sympathies were tenderly moved by the letter the father sent him, with a request to come to them in the hour of their great affliction. Dr. Prime says: "Though but thirteen years and five months old, he had a mature mind and was an earnest Christian. He had no fears of dving, and we talked constantly of his possible departure. His last night on earth was spent in intense agony. But in his rational moments his faith failed He rose up at a time we thought him sleeping and said: 'Now I want to say the Lord's Prayer.' He repeated it with a strong voice until the close, when his strength failed. About half an hour before death he looked up to his mother and with a smile said: 'Mother, is this the other world?' Perhaps he was half waking, half sleeping, when he looked into his mother's face, and wondered whether he was in this or the other world! The pain of dying had ceased. The eyes of a loving mother met his as he lay in perfect peace. was full of love, and, for the moment, it was so unlike the anguish he was suffering, that he was at a loss to know where he was, and he made the natural and beautiful inquiry: 'Is this the other world?""

In the multifarious stages of death, which are never repeated precisely alike in any two individuals, the dying one sometimes stands poised, as it were, midway between the two realms—earth and heaven—and during those precious moments is allowed to hold sweet communion at the same time with the friends of earth and the angels of the celestial regions. This, indeed, is very consoling; this, truly, is a grand and beautiful privilege that is allowed to only a few of the children earth. I have reason to believe that nearly all, before the all dissolution between the soul and body has been accomshed, are favored with a glimpse of their future home—nether it be one of angelic loveliness and beauty, where are supremely happy, or a miserable, desolate waste, corponding with the detestable acts of those who have led a

ne physical organization of the efforts of the what it sees. This was highly spiritual, around him what he essed induced him to the engels.

EAST DURHAM, N. J.

reported a case of The victim was Imman girl, who lived illage. A few months she engaged herself le went, so the story Pennsylvania, soon e engagement, and mployment in a mine On New Year's Eve reached Miss that there had been dent in the mine and noticeably shocked noticeably shocked news, and retired to her her bereavement. Mrs. her a heart action, but her her heart action, but her her heart action, but her her heart action had been her heart action had been her heart action. he's second pulseless. He ap-he's se

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Horrible Details of Premature Interment.

ILLUSTRATING THE DENSE IGNORANCE OF PHYSICIANS.

TODT AND SCHEINTODT — LUCIA MARINI'S NARROW ESCAPE —
BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE DURING DISSECTION—A THRUST OF
THE KNIFE BRINGS A MAN BACK TO LIFE—EXPERIENCE OF
PETRARCH—TWOFOLD BURIALS—A CHILD BORN IN A TOMB.

*The difference between death and a state of trance—or, as the Germans put it, todt and scheintodt—has never been quite clearly understood by the generality of mankind. Society, which sometimes does its best for the living, does not always do its best for the dead (or those who appear to be dead), and he would be a bold man who, without statistics, should assert that men, women and children are never, by any chance, buried alive. Are the bodies of the poor always examined with care before burial? Are deaths properly verified in days of epidemic—that is to say, in days of social panic?

I propose in this article to call attention to a few instances of premature burials on the Continent of Europe; instances which involve stories of trance, or scheintodt—a trance, the semblance of death, holding its sway over the human body for hours and days, and not merely for minutes, as in the case of ordinary fainting-fits. In days when land is dear, and burial rights are less sacred than the rights of builders and contractors, coffins have been opened with the pickaxe, in the ct of converting cemeteries into streets and gardens. Here a rave has been discovered whose inmate has turned in its iroud; here a corpse clutching its hair in a strained and untatural position; dead men and dead women lying in their raves as dead men never lie in a Christian land at the moment

^{*}G. Eric Mackay, in Belgravia.

of burial. The presumption is, that these people have been

legally murdered.

A few months ago a young and beautiful woman, on the eve of her marriage with the man she loved, was buried in the neighborhood of Lodi, in Piedmont, in accordance with the doctor's certificate. The doctor was of opinion that the girl had died from excitement—overiov, it is said, at the prospect of being married, but the legal name for the catastrophe was disease of the heart, and with this verdict her place in society was declared vacant. When the first shovelful of earth was thrown down on the coffin, strange noises were heard proceeding therefrom, "as of evil spirits disputing over the body of the dead." The grave-diggers took to flight, and the mourners began praying; but the bridegroom, less superstitious than the others, insisted on the coffin being unnailed. This was done; but too late: the girl was found in an attitude of horror and pain impossible to describe; her eyes wide open, her teeth clinched, her hands clutching her hair. Life was extinct; but, when laid in her shroud the day before, her eyes were closed, her hands were folded on her breast as if in prayer.

The "Medical Academy" of Milan, in one of its weekly reports, published on Wednesday, March 22d, 1848, quotes a case of trance which occurred to an ex-nun of the suppressed convent of St. Orsola, named Lucia Marini. The lady was taken ill, and, to all outward appearance, died; she was known to be subject to a peculiar kind of fit, which required peculiar treatment, and was staying at the time of the catastrophe in the house of a friend, who had been a nun. The becchini (grave-diggers, who in this case were the undertakers) insisted on burying the body before night; the surviving ex-nun remonstrated, urging that she must first try the effect of friction and mustard-plasters applied to feet and stomach. Fearing to lose their fee, the men of death waxed wroth in their contention, and, seizing the body by the shoulders, were about to drag it out of its bed, when the "dead lady," moaning and muttering inarticulate sounds, turned restlessly on her pillow. The friend of Lucia Marini broke out into prayers, interrupted by tears; the men let go their hold, and one of them (the elder of the two) crossed himself devoutly. The other, with a great oath, declared it was "spasms;" the dead, in his opinion, being liable to convulsive movements if not properly straight-



ened. But humanity prevailed over ignorance, and cupidity gave way to medical skill. The lady was thoroughly revived by a medical practitioner of the neighborhood, and lived for many a long day to tell the story of her escape from the tomb.

Another case in point is that of Cardinal Espinosa, sometime President of Castile. Philip II., King of Spain, one day, in a moment of irritation, addressed him as follows: "Cardinal, take heed! You are speaking to the President of Castile." The Cardinal understood that he was dismissed from office (the King being his own President), and fell to the ground as if stunned. The pulse showed no signs of life; the parted lips emitted no breath—the King's wrath had slain his minister. It was decided that the unfortunate Cardinal should be cut open and embalmed. The surgeon arrived and commenced his operations, when lo! in the midst of the cutting the patient awoke, and, with screams of agony, attempted to struggle with his operator! But it was too late. The wounds were mortal, and the Cardinal expired before the comforts of religion could be administered to him.

But let us go back a century or two in these inquiries. We come upon the story of the Abbe Prevot, author of "Manon Lescaut," and, earlier still, upon that of Petrarch.

Prevot was found in a forest, one fine summer's day, in a state of complete unconsciousness. The village doctor, who examined the body, declared that life was extinct, and commenced what he was pleased to term his post-mortem examination. But at the first thrust of the knife the unlucky author awoke, and, with a piercing shriek, gave up the ghost. Bruchier, the biographer of Prevot, deplores this event as a serious loss to literature. "Manon Lescaut," which Jules Janin complacently calls the "Paul and Virginia" of vice, might, he opines, have had a successor, if not a rival, from the same pen.

Petrarch, when a middle-aged man, lay in Ferrara twenty hours in a state of trance, and was to be buried on the comletion of the time laid down by law, that is to say, in four ours, when a sudden change of temperature caused him to art up in his bed. He complained of the draught and repimanded his attendants. They had allowed a current of cold ir to fall on his couch! Perhaps if the door had been kept ut, the poet, showing no signs of animation, would have een buried that day. Petrarch would have been defrauded

of a large portion of his life, and the world would have lost, in

consequence, some of its finest sonnets.

Mission, in his "Medical Anecdotes," tells a story of a lady who, in 1577, was buried alive in Cologne. This lady was the wife of a consul, and was placed in the family vault in gay attire, with rings on her fingers and a golden chain around her neck, as on her wedding-day. Robbers repaired to her grave at dead of night to steal her jewelry, and were taking the rings from her fingers, which were damp and swollen, when the lady awoke, and, sitting bolt upright, as if galvanized, stared and smiled at her visitors. One of the three men fell down in a fit, fearing the devil or his agency, and the others took to their heels "as if pursued by fiends." The lady walked home, and was received by her husband, first with fear, and afterward with transports of joy, and lived for many a long day in health and happiness. In the Church of the Holy Apostles at Cologne is a picture of the consul's wife waking from the tomb, but the event is ascribed to a miracle, and death, not a trance, is the subject of the picture.

But the resuscitated victims of apparent death do not always return safe and sound-hale in body and mind-from the land of shadows. A carbinier in the Pope's service, named Luigi Vittori, was, not long ago, conveyed to the Roman Hospital, and there, after a few days' acute suffering, registered as dead, his disease being "asthma." A doctor, glancing at the body, fancied he detected signs of life in it. A lighted taper was applied to the nose of the carbinier—a mirror was applied to his mouth; but all without success. The body was pinched and beaten, the taper was again applied, and so often and so obstinately that the nose was burned, and the patient, quivering in all his frame, drew short, spasmodic breaths-sure proofs, even to a non-professional witness, that the soldier was not altogether dead. The doctor applied other remedies, and in a short time the corpse was declared to be a living man. Luigi Vittori left the hospital to resume his duties as carbineer, but his nose-a scarred and crimson beacon on his face—told till he died (which was soon afterward) the sad

story of his cure in the very jaws of the grave.

Stories are told of men who, after sentence of death at the hands of the doctors, returned to life blighted in intellect. Some of these victims of medical incapacity were men of position in society, but others—the great majority—were poor and friendless. Hospital cases have principally to do with the poor, and, in hospitals in warm countries, patients who show signs of approaching dissolution are quickly disposed of. Camillo de Lellis, the founder of an order of hospital monks, or Brothers of Charity, speaks in his memoirs of the frequency of premature burials in Italy. "Ah, merciful God!" he exclaims piously, "how many living men and women are annually taken to their graves in this Christian country!" Camillo was of opinion that the victims might be numbered by many scores—nay, by hundreds—in the course of a single year.

One day, after visiting the beds of the sick in a certain hospital in Lombardy, of which the name has been left in blank, Camillo entered the morgue, and found strewed upon the floor a great number of corpses, one of which was bleeding profusely from the head. "A dead man cannot bleed in this way," thought Camillo, and had the body taken to another room, and there examined. The man was alive, and but for an accident would have received burial. He had been thrown to the ground with some violence a short time previously, and, then and there receiving the wound above alluded to, recovered consciousness. But he only survived his sentence of death three days; he died of the blow which had awakened him from his trance.

But there are double deaths—twofold burials—which are, perhaps, the most horrible of all. Society thinks it is burying one person, but the "deceased," being a woman, may, from the point of view of maternity, include two lives, or even more. Gasparo Rejes tells the story of a child born in the tomb, whose mother was buried alive. The lady was the wife of a man of property, named Francesco Orvallos, and "died" while far advanced in pregnancy, during her husband's absence. Orvallos, returning home the day after the funeral, had the tomb opened, not because he suspected foul play, but because he wished to gaze once more on the face of his beloved. The

ly was in truth dead, but death had transpired in the grave. child, struggling into existence, met the gaze of the bereaved 'sband, and was removed without difficulty by a medical istant. The mother was once more consigned to the dust, it the child lived to be a man, and, carrying till his death a name of "Fruit of the Earth," occupied for several years

the post of Lieutenant-General on the frontiers of Cherez. This story is reproduced by the late Professor Comi, in his treatise on "Apneology." Those who doubt it have only to read the following account of what is called "Involuntary Homicide," which happened in the south of Italy (at Castel del Giudice) in November last, and of which accounts were published at the time in the Neapolitan and English papers:

A poor woman at Castel del Giudice, in the province of Molise, was taken ill with the premonitory symptoms of childbirth, and, having fainted away while the doctor was being sent for, was, on his arrival, declared dead. Burial follows death very rapidly in southern countries, especially in Italy: it is the night of the tomb setting in without the twilight of the death-chamber; and eight-and-forty hours in the north of Italy, and four-and-twenty in the south, is the time allowed by law. If the "dead" awake in that time it is well. If not, they are doomed, and no one-not even a father or a mother, a husband or a wife—can save them from the hands of the grave-digger. This was the case with the poor woman of Molise. Her friends had doubts as to one, at least, of the deaths-that of the unborn babe-but the doctor was inexorable. He refused to operate on the "corpse" to save the infant-life, and the syndic, approving of his conduct, ordered the body to be buried. The funeral took place exactly at the twenty-fourth hour—that is to say that the body (being a poor one) was thrown into the ground like a dog. Dog-like, too, it had no rights, for a few days afterwards it was unearthed to make room for another corpse-that of a girl-which was to be thrown in over it. But the becchini (the grave-diggers) perceived while doing their work that the woman buried the week before "had moved in the grave." Her hands were up to her mouth; her eyes were wide open and staring frightfully—she had been trying to bite the bands by which her wrists were fastened. But the bands of her legs were rent asunder, and there, in the dust beside her, was a dead child! The woman and the babe (a boy), whom law and medical incapacity had slain, were taken out of the earth to be medically examined and legally provided for, and the new corpse (was it a corpse?) was thrown in in their stead. The doctor and the syndic were arrested and condemned to three months' imprisonment, and the mother and child were buried again with two medical certificates instead of one. The



legal authorities—somewhat late in the day—wished to do everything in "proper form," and the child, born in the grave,

procured for its mother a second burial.

This horrible crime—the crime of burying a woman alive and murdering an unborn babe five or six feet underground by medical sanction—could with difficulty have occurred in England. English law provides an interval of a week (more or less) between death and burial, and the seeming-dead may in a week's time return to life—that is to say, that the body, with the suspended life dormant within it, may, by chance or by medical treatment, reassume its functions, or a portion of its functions, before burial has become a legal or sanitary necessity; but it cannot be stated with certainty that all persons buried in a northern climate—such a climate, for instance, as England—are in reality dead after the delay of a week has been accorded. Hasty and sudden burials are not always a question of climate or of temperature. In times of pestilence the week's delay is in many cases, even in northern climates, reduced to a few hours; and in Italy, where the minimum interval between death and burial is a day and a night, and the maximum two days and two nights, the victims (or the supposed victims) of epidemic are buried as soon as dead-that is to say, as soon as they appear to be dead, which, in exceptional times, amounts to much the same thing. The manifest blunder is that of supposing all dead persons-i. e., all persons dying in days of pestilence-to be dead of that particular pestilence; and the excuse for it, if excuse it be, is the desire to remove from the living all possibility of contagion from the bodies of the dead, dispensing with experiments with a view to reducing risk; and making sure, so to speak, of the corpse without giving it the benefit of a doubt.

The fact is, that the modern inhabitants of Italy—i. e., modern Italian legislators—are extremely intolerant of what may be called the romance of the death-chamber. Reverence or the deceased, a craving for the companionship of the unuried corpse, is not encouraged in Italy. As soon as life is xtinct, or is believed to be extinct, the human being ceases to be sacred. It is earth or clay, and nothing more, and the lamour of a beloved face which no longer smiles does not, to n Italian mind, speak of a soul hovering near the body, a soul sleep, not dead, which haunts the chamber of woe, and makes

itself felt, as it were, instinctively, in the presence of the mourners. Theology teaches Italians that the soul of the deceased is in purgatory, and that the altar, and not the death-bed, is the place to kneel at; so that, by kneeling and praying, and doing penance (by fees and masses), mourners may be able to comfort the souls of the departed in the limbo they inhabit. Corpses belong in the first instance to the priests (who, after the unction by sacred oil, light tapers by the bedside); and in the second instance to the legal or sanitary authorities, who employ the grave-diggers. The death-chamber is abandoned by the mourners, who flock to the church; and the room, and sometimes the whole house, is furbished up, and even whitewashed, as if the death of a near and dear relative had brought contamination upon it.

Now, it would be interesting to discover at what period of history the Italians began to be so severe in their treatment of the dead. The ancient inhabitants of Italy were by no means so rigorous. They were tender in the death-chamber, and careful at the funeral-pyre; though pagans, they were merciful in matters of life and death. Their burial laws were to a great extent similar to those of England—similar as regards the interval between death and the funeral, and only different as

regards the funeral itself.

The Romans had, indeed, many experiences of official and medical blundering, and that is perhaps the reason why they were, at certain periods, so careful in their funeral rites. Pliny tells the story of the Consul Acilius, who, being reputed dead, was placed on the pyre, and started up to shriek for assistance while the flames were gathering round him; but too late to be saved. Lucius was burned alive; and Tuberus, waking from the trance of death while preparations were being made to burn him, was removed by his friends and others from the stake. The interval between death and the funeral was fixed at eight days. It was seldom less, and it was sometimes more; for Lycurgus, in his anxiety to prevent accidents-i. e., medical and judicial murders-fixed the interval at eleven days. Why do the modern Romans, and all the modern inhabitants of Italy, insist on burying their dead within forty-eight hours? Simply—say the legislators—because the climate requires it; i. e., because it would not be fair to the living to allow the dead to remain unburied for a longer space than two days and

two nights. Query: Was the climate of Italy under Julius Cæsar very different, in point of heat or moisture, from the

climate of Italy under King Humbert?

But it has always, and in all countries, been difficult to ascertain the difference between todt and scheintodt—death and the semblance of death. Dr. Gandolfi, a learned Italian writer, whose work on "Forensic Medicine" was revised by the illustrious Mittermayer, is of opinion that medical men are themselves liable to make mistakes on this important question. He says—1. That "the organic phenomena which precede apparent death cannot of themselves be distinguished from those which precede real death, and that for a certain time it will be difficult to decide, scientifically, whether life be suspended, or extinct;" and, 2. That "many phenomena which announce real death are the common and necessary indications of apparent death, as, for instance, the want of motion, of sense, of breathing, and of pulsation."

These are terrible sentences! How many persons are pronounced dead simply because they have ceased to breathe and move and show signs of pulse—persons who, according to Gandolfi, may not, in all cases, be ready for burial! It is Gandolfi's opinion that persons "pronounced dead" may, in some rare instances, be the witnesses—the mute and fear-stricken witnesses—of their own funeral; that they may know perfectly well that they are going to be put into coffins, and thence into the earth, and yet be powerless, alive as they are, to avert the catastrophe of a legal murder! The following illustration of this point is authenticated by Bruhier, and is

quoted, in slightly different words, by Dr. Gandolfi:

A schoolmaster in Mohlstadt, named Wenzel, was legally pronounced dead, and got ready for burial. He was to be buried on a certain fixed day, but his sister, who lived far off, had not arrived; and it was decided that the funeral should be postponed. The "deceased," in his winding-sheet unable to move, and apparently unable to breathe, heard with joy of this delay, and tried, but utterly in vain, to open his eyes, which were fast closed. His sister arrived, and, finding him dead, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and seizing his hand, reproved him passionately for thus dying without one word of farewell. She took his head between her hands, and, pressing it wildly, tooked at him with a fixed and half-demented scrutiny. The

eyelids of the "deceased" were seen to quiver; the eyes half opened; he was saved! He had succeeded in putting his latent self in communication with the outer world; and what he himself had begun the doctors completed. Here was a man who, but for his sister's delay, would have been buried alive! Bruhier's story is, in fact, the confession of Wenzel. It is the story of a patient describing his horror on finding himself a dead man; and, without much confusion of terms, it might fairly be called the "Confessions of a Corpse." Dr. Gandolfi asserts that many such cases have been recorded in various parts of Europe, and that in most instances the cases have been "proved and authenticated." Gandolfi is an authority; and all persons of a quibbling or skeptical nature would do well to consider the matter thoroughly before condemning his evidence.

But it is needless to prolong the list of examples. Enough has been said to show the wickedness of hasty funerals, and the necessity of establishing a proper system of tests. these tests, so long expected, are not forthcoming. Many physicians are, indeed, of opinion that no such system is obtainable in the present state of medical science. There are, they affirm, a great many ways of proving death, if sufficient time be allowed for experiments; but during the experiments, or before the experiments have begun, the supposed corpse may, they declare, pass from apparent to real death, and thus, without sign or warning, frustrate all inquiry. Celebrated physicians cannot be at the death-beds of all sick persons. The poor, and even the rich, must oftentimes content themselves with the services of doctors who are not famous either for learning or intuition; and the medicines and appliances by which distinguished physicians might succeed in testing the existence of life, in persons suffering from trance, would, in the case of poor people, cost too much; and no one is willing to guarantee their final success. For it is important to bear this point in mind: it is one thing to certify that a "corpse" is not really dead; it is another thing to revive that corpse after the inner life-latent and slow to assert itself-has been properly recognized. No; what is wanted is a simple test, and not a complicated test, or a complicated series of tests, which would be out of the reach of the poor, and beyond the power of inexperienced or badly-paid doctors. Let us have



that test as soon as possible! No doctor deems it an impossibility. It is a matter of difficulty, and that is all. But difficulties seemingly greater than this have been mastered over and over again by modern science.

onfront Us.

EER FREAK OF LIGHT-LADY-WORDS FROM

The second night and extraction of the second night are to have being a desire to have being and if exempted a desire to have being and if exempted a desire to have being and if exempted to away, until her are going and the second night are interment a white are and exhumed her body being being being took fright and range and the white man what he search that where the search him what he was and the white man whom the search him to the requested him to

go home with her. He did so, and when she reached the door she knocked. Her husband opened the door, but fainted when he saw her, thinking it was his dead wife's ghost.

A LITTLE GIRL BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

It was sometime in 1876, I think, when Mr. Evan Stover, of Spring Valley, Bates county, Pa., while working in his mill, noticed that the machinery was not working as it should do, and kept getting slower. Finally it almost stopped. He immediately proceeded to investigate the matter and ascertain the cause. He raised the stones, inspected the machinery, and did other things, without avail. Finally he went to the watergate and raised it up. Finding that the water did not flow as fast as it should, he inserted his arm in the race, and to his horror pulled out one of his own children, aged about three years. It was, to all appearances, dead, but as he was carrying it to the house its nose began to bleed, and the color came back to its face. After a little effort the child was resuscitated. The vital forces of her body were sufficiently elastic to bear the terrible strain, and when removed from the water, they asserted their supremacy.

A QUEER FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

Stamford (Conn.) Journal: Dr. Reid tells of a very strange freak of electricity on the person of Robert Burdett, colored, Sunday afternoon. He and the family were seated in the house, when a bolt descended the chimney, struck him fair in the forehead, then glancing, burnt his arm, and running down his legs tore his pantaloons in strips, and after demolishing his great toe passed out of the bottom of his shoe, leaving a hole as if made by a bullet. A portion of it then passed through the floor, splitting it, and the rest taking effect on a large dog near by laid him out forever. The boy remained as if dead for awhile, but recovered, and when the doctor called to see him he was able to go about, though complaining some of numbness.

TERRIBLE FATE OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

One of those ghastly stories of interment before life has become extinct, which cause an involuntary shudder of horror to pass through the reader, was current at one time in Wheeling, West Virginia, a few years ago. The victim, so the story goes, was a young married lady of twenty years. In May of the previous year, three months after her marriage, the lady was taken violently ill, and after lingering for ten days, apparently died. There were certain peculiarities about the appearance of the supposed corpse, however, which caused a suspicion in the mind of the attending physician that his patient might be in a trance, but after keeping the body for four days with no signs of returning life, the remains were consigned to the grave, temporary interment being made in the family lot in an abandoned graveyard. Finally the body was disinterred prior to removal to another cemetery. To the surprise of the sexton the coffin-lid showed signs of displacement, and on its being removed the grave-digger was horrified to find the remains turned face downward, the hands filled with long tufts of hair torn from the head, and the face, neck and bosom deeply scratched and scarred, while the lining of the coffin had been torn into fragments in the desperate efforts of the entombed victim to escape from her terrible fate.

STARTLING CASES REPORTED BY THE REFORMADOR.

We extract the following from the Reformador, of Rio Janeiro, the organ of the Spiritualist Society of Brazil:

"At Petropolis, last April, the body of M. Diniz was about to be conveyed to the tomb, when it exhibited signs of life; it

is supposed that he had been in a cataleptic trance.

"Let us consider a little this peculiar state; it comes on spontaneously, in subjects of a certain constitution, from a deficiency or irregular distribution of the nerve-fluid; it differs from death only from the spirit not being entirely separated from the body. In this state the action of the heart and arteries is barely perceptible; if the quantity and distribution of the nerve-fluid are restored to the normal degree, there is a return of the manifestations of life. The nerve-fluid of healthy human beings can be transmitted to others in whom it is de-Some years ago a lady of our acquaintance, while on a voyage to Europe, was seized with a cataleptic trance. described her experience thus: She perceived that those about her regarded her as dead, while her spirit took cognizance of everything. She was agonized at finding herself unable to say that she was not separated from her body. There were physicians on board, who regarded it as a case of sudden

death, all except one, an Italian, whose experience led him to advise that the consignment of the body to the deep should be delayed until signs of decomposition appeared. His adviceprevailed. She was watched for six days, when there were

signs of returning animation, and she recovered.

"Mothers, wives, daughters, when death appears to have suddenly invaded the household, if physicians decline to magnetize, do it yourselves; lift your soul to God; lay one hand upon the region of the heart and the other on the forehead of the patient, and with all your love pray that some of the vital fluid animating you may be imparted to the patient. Do this, and if the spirit is not quite departed you will obtain palpable proof of it. You will not be hurt by the loss of the vital fluid imparted by you; your organism will soon elaborate more by aid of elements which it will draw from air, water and aliment."

The above, in the Reformador, is translated by Dr. Wahn,

who makes the following comments:

"Sudden deaths are continually reported in the journals, mostly ending with the stereotyped phrase, 'A physician was summoned in haste, who certified that death was caused by disease of the heart.' But are all such cases from disease of the heart? Are not some—like the above, stated in the Reformador—cases in which the patient recovers, in common

language, only when six feet under ground?

"Nervous shocks from various causes, incessantly operating in our present artificial state of society, have produced a tendency to disorders and diseases of the heart. There are patients really suffering from such who present recurring symptoms of these disorders; with these sudden death may be reasonably anticipated. But in cases of death without such previous recurring symptoms, there should be no prejudging of the cause.

"In cases of cataleptic trance the functions of the heart and lungs become so subdued as to be nearly or quite imperceptible; the skin gradually becomes cold and the limbs rigid. When there is doubt, the shade of a doubt, we should act as though we had before us a case of this kind, and proceed at once to magnetize. For this it is not necessary to be a professed magnetizer. Act as above recommended by the writer of the *Reformador*; and remember to keep the hands in the position indicated, firmly and constantly, without allowing

your gaze and thought to wander for a moment from your patient. Let there be no rough handling, no rough practice of any kind whatever, which may kill, not help to restore.

Keep at the magnetizing.

"If people of a sensitive, nervous constitution have been killed by the shock of fear, they can be thrown by it into a cataleptic trance, which is incomplete death; such cases have occurred. It is beyond doubt that such cases have been confounded with deaths from 'cholera poison.' To be safe there should be no burial until after signs of physical decomposition are manifest—the only real signs of complete separation of the spirit from the body."

A CURIOUS CASE IN FRANCE.

The grave-diggers at Les Omergues, France, on one occasion, during August, 1884, noticed a slight movement on the part of two supposed corpses. By the application of friction circulation was restored and the persons recovered.

EXTRAORDINARY CASES OF PREMATURE INTERMENT.

*Of all the horrible and appalling calamities that can befall mortal man, we can imagine none more ghastly than that of being buried alive, and well-authenticated records have placed beyond a doubt that it has occasionally happened. The case of the lady whose ring, cut from her finger by midnight violators of her tomb, was the means of saving her from a dreadful fate, has been often told. Her son, the eminent Dr. L., born many years after his mother had been buried, was the physician and friend of the family of the writer, one of whose earliest recollections is the hearing of the story from the lips of an aged relative, while forming one of a group of small listeners gathered around and hanging with 'bated breath on the narration. Children love to have the same stories told over and over again in the same words. They like to know what is coming-to watch with thrills of expectation for each detail. And these details, graphically given by one who had them from the very actors in the scene, were weird and vivid. The vault at midnight—the cutting off of the finger—the ghastly terror of the ruffians, when the dead woman sat up in her coffin and blood began to flow—the familiar knock coming

^{*}Chambers' Journal, April, 1884.

eard by terrified was there, buried limie bereaved husto, and started at "If my dear wife one," he thought, ay that was her when, more faintsmote his ear, and going to the is confronted by emarated woman. All ened to with an masified by the fact coincidence reis event is that an sprilar story is rethe annals of the Earls of Mount-In them we read Cooking created first Baron their seat, Co-Plymouth. She will be case of Mrs. L., sterwards she gave of burying alive ick of bulying alive beginning to be a farmer, re-beginning of the conduct, wealth wealth or conduct, wealth mayor. He had owthing a me the cause of a



made him frantic; and on one occasion, when the dispute ran higher than usual, he became so infuriated that he rose up and pronounced a fearful malediction upon his family. No sooner had the words passed his lips than his whole frame suddenly collapsed; his face grew livid, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiffened, and he fell to the ground. Medical aid was called in; but all pulsation had ceased. Soon the body became cold, and his death was decidedly pronounced—the cause, stoppage of the heart's action, produced by violent excitement. This occurred on the 13th of January; and on the 16th the interment took place. There had been a severe frost, and the extreme hardness of the ground prevented the grave from being properly dug. It was therefore left shallow, with the intention of deepening it when the thaw should come. By the 23d the ground became sufficiently softened, and men were set to work to raise the body and finish the grave. On lifting the coffin, they fancied that they heard a sigh, and on listening attentively, they found the sounds of life repeated. Breaking open the coffin, and perceiving that faint actions of pulsation and respiration were going on to a certain extent, the men hurried off with the body to the house of the parish doctor, by whose efforts Marbois was at last restored to consciousness.

When the resuscitated man was able to recall what had taken place, he became overwhelmed with contrition, regarding the fate from which he so narrowly escaped as the deserved punishment of his sin. He sent for the clergyman of Sisoy, whom he entreated to mediate with his children, expressing his anxiety to make peace with them and to recall his malediction. The result was a return to mutual understanding and

the re-establishment of harmony in the household.

The distinguished physician, Sir Henry Marsh, used to describe an event which occurred at the beginning of his medical career, many years before he had reached the eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was called in by the family doctor—a country practitioner—to attend upon Colonel H., struck down suddenly by apoplexy. The fit was a severe one. All efforts to save the sick man proved unavailing; he never rallied, and at the end of a few days, to all appearance, breathed his last. On the morning of the funeral, the two medical attendants deemed it right, as a last attention, to go and take leave of the remains of their patient before the coffin

was screwed down. The family doctor, a jovial, florid personage, on whom professional cares sat lightly, had been a friend, and ofttimes boon companion, of the deceased. A bottle of

port and glasses stood on a table near the coffin.

"Ah, my poor friend!" he said, pouring out a bumper and tossing it off, "this was his favorite drink. Rare wine, too. He knew what was good, and never spared it. Many a generous glass we have had together. I'll drink another to his memory," he cried; and another, and another followed, until the wine rapidly gulped down, and at so unwonted an hour, began to tell upon the man, and make his eyes glisten and his speech grow thick.

"Why should you not pledge me now for the last time!" exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the corpse, and, to Sir Henry's inexpressible disgust at such revolting levity, pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went

down the Colonel's throat!

Sir Henry stood amazed; his eyes, which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle, were riveted on the corpse.

The jovial doctor, sobered in a moment, staggered back.

"Can a dead man drink?" he cried.

"Give him more-more!" exclaimed Sir Henry, recover-

ing his presence of mind and seizing the bottle.

A tinge so slight that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his hand upon the heart. There was no movement; but they lifted the body out of the coffin and proceeded to adopt the measures proper for resuscitation.

Meanwhile, the hearse stood at the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside—carriages arriving; while within all was commotion and suspense—servants hurrying to and fro, fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives, in obedience to the doctors' commands; the latter plying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out; and the startled family, half paralyzed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in anxious, silent groups.

Breathlessly they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtful—doubtful whether the hearse before the door, the gaping coffin, the grave-clothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot, all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope—might not yet be needed to fulfill their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, consciousness, were slowly returning.

Colonel H. was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five-and-twenty years had passed away after that memorable morning, were his friends summoned—this time to

pay him the last tribute.

A young officer returned from China related:

"On our passage home," he said, "we had in our transport, besides our own troops, a large draft of French soldiers. Disease soon broke out among the closely-packed men, and deaths were of daily occurrence. The French dealt summarily with their dead. As soon as a poor fellow had breathed his last he was stripped, a twenty-pound shot tied to his heels, and his body thrust through a porthole into the sea. John Bull's prejudices rebelled against such rapid proceedings. When we lost any of our comrades, they were allowed to lie for twelve hours covered with the Union-jack, and the burial service was read over them before they were committed to the deep. One day a French sergeant, who had just fallen a victim to the pestilence, was brought up on deck in the sheet in which he had died, to be thrown overboard. The twenty-pound shot had been fastened to his feet and the sheet removed, when, in pushing him through the porthole, he was caught by a protruding hook or nail at the side, and stuck fast. A few more vigorous thrusts sent the body further through; and in so doing the flesh was torn by the hook, and blood began to flow. attention of the bystanders was attracted to this; and, moreover, they fancied that they saw about the corpse other startling symptoms. 'The man's alive!' flew from mouth to mouth. In an instant willing hands were pressing eagerly to the rescue, and before the body could touch the water it was caught and brought up on deck. The French sergeant was one of the soundest men on board the transport-ship when we landed."

INVOLUNTARY SUSPENSION OF RESPIRATION.

In the phenomena manifested by those who simulate death, or in whom life is apparently extinct, an important



lesson can be learned. It shows conclusively that the complete suspension of respiration and consciousness, together with all the signs known that life has vanished, does not always constitute death. Respiration is liable to cease at any time. under certain circumstances, but even then life may in no wise be extinct; it may exist in a latent state, or be held in abject abeyance, and a thousand incidents may occur whereby it will be revived into full action again, and perform all the functions of the system. December 1st, 1883, at Bell-Ore, W. Va., Sarah Druse died suddenly, as it was generally supposed by those in attendance, of dropsy of the heart. A few minutes before her death she had prepared dinner for the family, and while engaged in the dining-room immediately after dinner dropped lifeless to the floor. The body received the usual preparation, and was placed in a coffin. Friends of the family were present and remained during the night with the corpse. The next day, as the last sad rites were about to be performed. the corpse began to breathe and move very perceptibly, turning on its side. The pulse was found to be full and strong. At the first sight of renewed life every one was dumbfounded. The women screamed and the men stood stiff with fright looking at the ghastly spectacle. As soon as the family and friends recovered from the fright medical aid was summoned.

SHRIEKS FROM A COFFIN.

During October, 1883, a great sensation was caused at Black River Falls, Wis., by the return to life of a young lady who, to all appearance, had been dead three days. The young woman, the daughter of a wealthy German, had been very sick for some weeks, and died, as was supposed, and her body was prepared for burial. There were fears in the minds of some that the appearance of the woman's face did not indicate death, but the fourth day after death the funeral was held. While the ceremony was in progress a doctor named Baxter, from Milwaukee, was there with a friend, and seeing the face of the sposed corpse, he asked that the ceremony might be inter-

en permission, and in a few minutes was so successful that young woman arose in the coffin with a terrific shriek. She ted that while in the trance-like condition she realized that was being prepared for the ground, but could do nothing.



Cases.

TURE INTERMENT.

W ESCAPE—SAVED FROM
WEST APPARENTLY DEAD—
KTRAORDINARY CASES.

and son of Rev. William Armagh, Ireland, and hirteen years of age he came to America. received a fine educaof theology was preres for his examination by esbytery as a candidate to ministry. His intense cation to study affected and lith, and brought on a full by his breast and a slight He soon became ated, and at length was test living skeleton. His area now threatened. He tended by a physician, figudship. He gradually left. In this situation entertain doubts of his y serious matter to him.

this account of his singular trance of his Blias Boudinot, LL. D., and Dr. but authenticity of the facts

He was conversing one day with his good brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician and friend returned from a ride in the country. and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain, and on being told that one of the persons who assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his hand into warm water to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, although no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to attend the funeral be requested not to come. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunken, the lips discolored, and the whole body stiff and cold. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery but by the doctor, who never left him, night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral.

The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request to an hour, then half an hour, then a quarter of an hour. Having discovered that the tongue was swollen and threatened to crack, he was endeavoring to soften it by rubbing upon it some emollient ointment, when the brother came in, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, said: "It is a shame to be feeding a lifeless corpse," and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical moment, to the surprise of all present, the body suddenly opened its eyes, gave a deep groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thought of burying him, and every means was again employed in hope of bringing about a speedy restoration. In about an hour he again revived, and instantly sunk away. In another hour life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great astonishment of all present, who had been ridiculing the idea of bringing back to life a dead man.

Mr. Tennent continued so very weak for six weeks that great doubts of his recovery were entertained. However, after that period his recovery was faster, and in about one year he was After he was able to walk the room and take fully restored. notice of what was going on around him, on a Sabbath, his sister, who had stayed from church to attend him, was reading her Bible, when he took notice of it and asked her what she had in her hand. She replied, "The Bible." He said: "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean." On her reporting this to her brother, on his return, Mr. Tennent was found, upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, nor did he seem to have any idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention he was taught to read and write as children are usually taught, and he afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day, as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. He said he felt a sudden shock in his head, and now it seemed to him as if he had read that before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived that he had an accurate recollection of all the past transactions of his life. This event at the time excited deep interest, and afforded not only matter for serious contemplation to the devout Christian, especially when connected with what follows in this narrative, but furnished a subject of deep investigation and learned inquiry to the real philosopher and curious anatomist.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said Mr. Tennent, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had of my future welfare, I found myself in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who bade me follow him. I was accordingly whirled along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—"Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears." I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory in acts of adoration and joyous worship, but I did not see any bodily shape of representa-



tion in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable and full of glory. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of praise and thanksgiving with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. But when I asked to join the happy throng my conductor said: "You must return to earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart in an instant. recollect to have seen my brother disputing with the doctor. The three days in which I had appeared lifeless seemed to me not more than ten or twelve minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly. Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard that, if it be possible to live above the world and the things of the world for some time, I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I had heard, and the very words uttered, were not out of my ears when I awoke, for three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity, and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention.'

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE AFTER TWELVE HOURS.

Several years ago the Joplin (Mo.) Herald had the following: A lady traveler relates a very peculiar case of resuscitation that occurred during the winter of 1878-9. She had just arrived at the St. James Hotel, Joplin, Mo., from the central portion of Arkansas. She had left her home at the beginning of a cold snap, with the intention of going to Joplin, and there being no other conveyance, was compelled to make the entire The only passenger in the stage with her was a trip by stage. man very thinly clad. While crossing the Boston Mountains he complained very much of the cold; and in fact the weather was remarkably cold, even for the top of those mountains. After a while he apparently fell asleep. Arriving at the station on the north side of the mountains, the driver attempted to awaken the passenger, but to his horror found him frozen stiff and apparently dead. He was taken out of the hack and placed in a room which was rather cold, though not as low as the freezing point by several degrees. The lady remained at the station until next day, and, just as she was preparing to resume her journey, was surprised to learn that signs of life had been detected in the supposed dead man, who was to have

EATH signs of life were with flannels sat-Il was able to speak, the effects of his 湖畔川西 GRAVE. ut I once knew a rland trail to Calafterward made his in the placer mines Pear City—and it ghost, either, but he flesh." This was hich a well-known Helena, Montana Helena, Montana porter of the Helena) Independent, in the spring of '49,' the citizen, "when the height, in company the cholera broke the height, in company the height, in character the height, in character the height, in character the Eborter of the Heland clothing. As he showed signs of life they applied restoratives, and the result was that he was brought back to life and health. He lived among the Indians for years, and afterward came to Montana. At the time I met him he was working for Jerry Embry. There is absolutely no doubt as to Clark's identity, and he is now living at Prescott, Arizona, I believe."

STIRS IN HIS COFFIN.

A startling incident is related of an English artillery officer who, in a fall from his horse, had fractured his skull, and was trepanned. He was in a fair way to recover, when one day he fell into a lethargy so profound that he was thought to be dead, and, in due time, was buried. The following day, beside the grave in which he had been interred, another citizen of London was buried, and at last one of the assistants chanced to stand on it. Suddenly the man cried out that he felt the ground move under his feet, as though the occupant of the grave would find his way to the surface. At first the man was thought to be the victim of an hallucination, but the earnestness with which he persisted attracted the attention of a constable, who caused the grave to be opened. They found that the officer had forced the coffin-lid, and had made a partially successful effort to raise himself up. He was entirely unconscious when they got him out, but it was evident that the effort to extricate himself had been made but a short time before. He was carried to a hospital near by, where the physicians, after a time, succeeded in resuscitating him.

He stated that, for an hour before his last swoon, he was fully conscious of the awful situation he was in. The grave had fortunately been very hastily and lightly filled with clay, and here and there the continuity of the mass had been broken by large stones, which allowed the air to penetrate as far down as the coffin. He had tried in vain to make his cries heard, and finally, partly in consequence of having an insufficient supply of air, and partly in consequence of the mental agony he suffered, he had fallen into the unconscious state in which

he was found.

Another Englishman describes what he experienced, while lying in a coffin in a perfectly conscious state, in the following words: "It would be impossible to find words that would express the agony and despair that I suffered. Every blow of

RF DEATH may coffin-lid went atleath-knell. I would and and are such by heard the noise the last the sides of the eache knife of a doctor.

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ONSCIOUS LIFE.

thy of being recorded the recorded ges of history: "Mrs. thy of being recorded t passed through that her way home from n to see her husband, was stopping there for e e a dispatch from Hot saying her husband would. She hastened to sorely stricken with compared to receive the expecting to receive the expecting to receive the expecting the expectation of the Transferent dispatches con-There the series of the series her, and she hastened to the body, and im1

mediately it began to show signs of life. Bringing the dead back to conscious life was a slow process, but was eventually accomplished."

A YOUNG LADY RESTORED TO CONSCIOUSNESS BY A SHRIEK!

The recall of a country girl to life by a sister's shriek, was at one time one of the local topics of the Journal, of Evansville. Ind. It is stated that the young lady had been quite ill for weeks, and was thought to be dying of consumption. She had grown so weak and emaciated that her strength was no more than a child's. One afternoon, while lying upon her couch, her sister came in from a walk and sat by the bedside. A conversation began, and the invalid began to speak. As she uttered the first word, she felt a bewildering weakness, and a sinking flutter of her breath. Her eyes became fixed, the lower jaw dropped as in death, and the body became motionless, while consciousness disappeared. The sister leaped from her seat, and ran to the door shrieking to her mother that her sister was dead. The sound of the shriek penetrated through the veil of death and roused the sinking faculties. The blood which had congested in the lungs was sent back by the nervous shock, and gathering her strength by a strong effort of will, the invalid opened her eyes and awoke to life again, breathless and amazed at the thrilling peril she had escaped. Here we have an illustration of the exceeding flexibility of the various organs of the body. Of course, here was evidence of the approach of death; but the downward course of the vital forces was probably arrested by a direct effort of the will, and finally set actively at work again. The will exerts a potent influence over the body, for good or ill. Indeed, sometimes the will of one person can completely subjugate the mind and body of another.

A SUPPOSED CORPSE SPEAKS.

It being possible for every characteristic of apparent or simulated death to be caused by disease or accident, or some sudden shock, or by an effort of the will, life should never be concurred extinct in any one until a most thorough and critul examination has been made. Knowing with absolute cernty that thousands have been buried each year within whom vital spark of life still lingers, ready with a little systematic ort to be fanned again into life, about thirty years ago I commenced gathering data to fortify my views, and through the instrumentality of this record, I hope to save many from an untimely grave. Physical life is not fleeting nor flickering; nor is it at times easily extinguished. It is tenacious, and never willingly relinquishes its positive hold on the human system. Often, when apparently held in abject abeyance, animal life is able, without any external influence whatever, to assume active control of the human organism again, as illustrated in an interesting incident that occurred in East Boston, Mass., as related in the Banner of Light: "A young lady by the name of Hattie G. Craig, twenty-four years of age, an active member of the Wafren Avenue Baptist Church, found relief from the sufferings of a long period of sickness by what to all appearances was death, at II A. M. on the 12th of May, 1882. The usual manifestations of grief by the family followed, and the eyes of the young lady were closed by the sorrowing grandmother. All then withdrew with the exception of the father, who remained in the room with the body of his dead child for about half an hour: he then reluctantly arose to leave. At the moment he did so he was startled by a movement of the body, and the voice of his daughter, 'Papa! papa! please don't leave me!' and turning, he beheld what he supposed a corpse, an actual, living and conscious being. As might be expected, joy and consternation filled the household. Quiet being partially restored, Miss Craig, with a smile, and countenance beaming with the peace and joy of the Spiritworld, within whose confines she had entered, and from which she had returned, said:

"'Oh! papa, dear, do you know where I have been? I have seen heaven, and I am to have my health restored to me

on certain conditions.'

"Being inquired of by the overjoyed father what the conditions were, she replied: 'I cannot reveal them to you now, papa; but, oh! I saw such beautiful things in heaven.' Upon further questioning as to who and what she saw, she said: 'Oh! I saw them all; I saw them all, papa; and I'm going to heaven again; and when I do go don't let them put me in the ground until you are sure I am dead.'

During the day she was alternately in a conscious and trance condition. In the former she reiterated her statements of having been in heaven, but though in general terms imply



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nama and fascinating indying moments of t ones, which, when ed, impart a very nt and significant No two individuals rough the various death in precisely me manner, and if ould fortunately refter their demise, Mamunicate with their on earth, giving details of their reexperiences during The tishsition to the climes their narratives but with reference Etimo 18: 13: ir spirits from their or unloubtedly, have the well as stubborn fact that how the vibrige of life has de-The state of the s under the salat Brest, France.
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reclaimed by her father. She grew up, however, unclaimed, and extraordinarily lovely; but her intellect appeared to be weak, and she suffered from fits of nervousness. At twelve she was sent into the streets to sell flowers, until her health failed, and she died. According to a custom in the district, she was buried in a wicker basket, and, it being winter and the soil hard, a very slight excavation was made and the sand thrown lightly over. During the night she revived from the trance which had been mistaken for death, and at length crept from the grave. In crossing the grounds between the cemetery and the fortifications she was stopped by the sentinel, and, not answering, fired at, very slightly wounded and brought into the guard-house. Her beauty made an intense impression on a rich voung officer named Kramer, who sent her to school in Paris. For four years he was tossed about in the war, but on returning to Paris found Solange an accomplished girl, without a trace of the nervous debility which had afflicted her. They married and lived happily in Paris. At length Capt. Kramer learned that inquiries were being made at Brest as to what had become of the girl at the foundling hospital in 1801, and that these inquiries were made at the instance of the Swedish Ambassador, with whom Capt. Kramer communicated. result was that a month later Mme. Kramer received a formal acknowledgment from Marshal Bernadotte, afterward Charles XIV. of Sweden, that she was his daughter. They subsequently settled in Stockholm, were ennobled, and their son became an attache to the Swedish legation in Paris."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF DEATH.

I am free to admit that it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to determine the exact status of the physical organism, when respiration has entirely ceased; but the fact that respiration has completely stopped, the blood no longer circulating, and the body apparently cold and rigid, one should not come to the instant conclusion, judging therefrom, that the individual in that peculiar state or condition is dead. The data on which to then base such an opinion is insufficient, and the physician who would dogmatically declare that life is entirely extinct in such a person, may be guilty of causing the inhumation of one who could have been easily resuscitated. It is recounted by a Swedish periodical that on one occasion a landed proprietor in the neighborhood of Christiania apparently died, after a short illness. His body had been laid in the coffin, the lid of which, however, was not screwed down, in a room where some firewood happened to be kept. The evening of the same day the widow sent her daughter, a child ten years old, into the room to get some firewood, and as the child was hastily gathering an armful she heard her name called in a low voice. She sprang downstairs in alarm, and several persons hurried up to the room to find the supposed dead man in perfect possession of his senses, and apparently quite well, although dreadfully shocked at finding himself in a coffin. He described his sensations on recovering consciousness as those of awakening from a pleasant and refreshing sleep.

A LITTLE BABE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Sometimes, without any apparent cause, a watch, seemingly in excellent condition, will suddenly stop. The different little wheels, which, a moment ago, were industriously performing their allotted duties, causing the hour hand to designate the correct time, have suddenly ceased their regular motion. A simple shake of the watch may, perhaps, cause it to perform again its accustomed duty, and you then wonder at its sudden cessation of action. Very true it is that the intricate human system is not a watch, nor is it a machine made by the deft hand of an artisan; nevertheless there are certain organs therein on the accurate movements and functions of which one's life depends. Sometimes they suddenly, and without any apparent cause, cease their action, and then the opinion is generally entertained that death has occurred. accident happened in the New York City Morgue which illustrates my position. In June, 1880, as set forth by the New York Times, a girl baby, about a month old, was found on the stoop of No. 289 East Ninetieth street. A policeman carried her to police headquarters, and she was cared for by Matron Webb, as was customary; then a girl carried her to the office of the Commissioner of Charities and Correction, and a nurse vas engaged to take her to the Nursery, on Randall's Island. The nurse carried the baby to a wagon of the department, and on the way to the pier, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, the infant gasped, had a convulsion, and appeared to die. The wagon stopped at the Morgue, the bell was rung, and an

handed the child don its way to the n the dissectingd Dr. Nolan, of Ama having just com-The attendant child on a slab dead body. Dr. nen saw the baby, Drs. Finlayson if they could dehe age of a baby ming the umbilical ney said that their was limited in ct, and Dr. Water-pel in hand, walked size slab, and, with way the limbs of asp came from the Dr. Waterman's Changed. "Why, have the manded the strings ந்திக்கிர் bath in the dead-

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desire to show Drs. Finlayson and Nolan how to determine the time of her birth, she would have filled a little pine coffin and been buried on Hart's Island.

"RESCUED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH."

When a person is fortunate enough to be rescued from some impending danger, the ejaculation is frequently made by those in attendance-"Rescued from the jaws of death!"-as if death had jaws like the tiger, lion, rhinoceros, alligator or serpent, and took especial delight in crunching any human being that could, through the aid of any stratagem, be brought within its grasp. Under the above heading, it was reported, March 22d, 1885, that a singular affair occurred at Freeport, Ohio, twenty-five miles south of Toledo, in Wood county. Benjamin Forsythe, aged sixteen, had died, apparently, and was prepared for burial, which was to take place the next day. He preserved a lifelike appearance, and at the grave, to satisfy the mother, the coffin was opened. A slight moisture was noticed on the body, and it was taken to a house near by, where, after several hours' labor, the boy was restored to consciousness.

Under the circumstances, as above detailed, the expression, "Rescued from the jaws of death!"—was, indeed, appropriate and opportune, furnishing an important lesson that it would be well for members of the Home Circle to thoroughly peruse. Even before being taken to the grave the prostrate form presented a "lifelike appearance," yet, under the guidance no doubt, of what was considered "wise counsel" from physicians and friends, the burial services were hastened. "To satisfy the mother!"—that saved the immolation of her darling son, and triumphed over the lamentable ignorance of physicians and friends, adding another chapter to a history of the stupidity of those who should be able to realize-approx-

imately at least—when a person is dead.

DYING EIGHT TIMES.

If the case of Benjamin Forsythe was puzzling and perlexing, misleading physicians and attendants, it was really no ss so than hundreds of others that have occurred. Take the ise, for example, of Augustine D. Guitteraz. He was, cording to the statement of the San Francisco (Cal.) Alta

(1855), a miner, employed at New Almaden, and was taken very sick, and in a few hours was pronounced dead. His coffin was ordered, and final arrangements were made for his interment, when he exhibited unmistakable signs of life, and was soon so far restored that hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery. But, strange to say, during the course of two weeks after his first restoration from apparent death, he was pronounced dead seven times, and came back to life again each time. At last resuscitation seemed to be impossible, and he

was pronounced dead by the physicians in charge.

In this case there were seven apparent deaths, and yet life returned each time to surprise those in attendance. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the knowledge of mankind generally will have become so advanced in the art of prolonging the age of man, that restoration and death will follow each other in rapid succession, for several times, before vital life finally yields its supremacy. Guitteraz died seven times, apparently, because protracted efforts, skillfully manipulated, were made by the physicians. We have excellent reasons to believe that thousands who are pronounced dead might be temporarily resuscitated if the right agents were employed and systematic attempts made. In such cases, discouragement should not follow a single puny trial, but the greatest patience should be manifested. Carelessness or negligence should not for a moment be tolerated when the question of life or deathwhich?—is under consideration.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Between the two extremes—life and death—a person is frequently suspended; then becoming, of course, an object of extreme solicitude on the part of physicians and friends. The case of a little daughter of Joseph Renner, of North Hope, Pa. (1855), affords an illustration. She was taken ill with colic, and went into a trance state, being to all appearances dead. The heart ceased to beat, the pulse was extinct, and respiration ceased. In this condition the body was kept for two days, and then the family began discussing the necessity of making arrangements for an immediate funeral. After everything had been settled therefor, the child showed unmistakable signs of life. The doctor was again called, and restoratives were applied. Although respiration returned and the action of the

heart begun, consciousness did not return, and all efforts to restore the child were fruitless. She remained in this state for twenty-six days. On the evening of the twenty-sixth day she opened her eyes and feebly asked for a drink of water. From that time on she rapidly gained strength. From the time she took sick until the hour she gained consciousness, twenty-eight days passed, and during that period she partook of no food. Whenever an attempt was made to administer food, the muscles controlling her jaws became rigid, and her mouth could

not be opened.

In all cases of apparent death, no two resembling each other in all respects, the greatest diligence is demanded, and the methods of resuscitation should be modified so as to meet the demands of each particular person. Nature never exactly repeating herself, the physician should be mobile enough to adapt himself to every emergency. If a careful student and a conscientious disciple of his profession, his mind will be crammed, not wholly with precedents, but with cases that have been formulated in his own mind, and which may occur at some time when he least expects them. The careful physician should not always dwell on what has occurred, but he should be prepared in part for exigencies not generally known, and which may arise from time to time, and particularly is this required in cases of apparent death. After it had "been settled" that Mr. Renner's child was dead, it then exhibited unmistakable signs of life, and was soon fully restored. A "decision" rarely settles anything. It has been "settled" that thousands were really dead, yet they have been, or could have been, easily restored. Take, for example, the remarkable case of Dr. Leland, who died (1885) in Georgia. He was a great sufferer from asthma, and to all appearances died several times before the final dissolution took place. On more than one occasion his family made preparations for his funeral, and a day or two before his actual death he told a remarkable story of how he witnessed the arrangements. "Unable to lie down,

passed through all my sickness in an easy chair. My body 'ed several times. I, that is, my spirit, would go away from and standing in an opposite corner of the room would look ack at the flesh and blood in the chair and wonder how I was ver induced to pass so many years in its company. 'Poor ld body,' I thought, 'your troubles are nearly over. They

will soon put you away under the ground, where you will be at rest forever.' I saw my family gather about my old frame as it leaned back, dead, in the chair, and it gave me pain to see them weep. Then I would feel something pulling me toward my body again; I could not resist it, I was powerless, and in a moment I had taken possession of it. Then there was an instant of pain, and I opened my eyes and breathed. Each time this was repeated I was more reluctant to return to my body."

A DEAD WOMAN SAID TO HAVE REVIVED AND SPOKEN.

Mrs. Jane Fossett apparently died (1885), at Portland, Me., after a brief illness. The body was prepared for the grave and lay in the best room in the house. One of Mrs. Fossett's lady friends was "watching" by the corpse, as is customary still in Maine. She tells the following story of her

remarkable experience:

"I was sitting near the body and looking intently upon the features that had been so dear to me in life. I could not restrain my tears, and said in a low voice: 'Where are you now?' At the sound of my voice the apparently dead body moved, turned on its side, and at last sat up. The eyes opened, and in a thrilling voice the woman, who had been dead, but who lived again, spoke. Mrs. Fossett said she had been in heaven; that she had there enjoyed a happiness that was beyond her power to describe; that she had met and talked with her mother, long dead, and with other friends. For some time Mrs. Fossett talked, giving me a description of her experience in the Spirit-land. Gradually her voice grew fainter, and she fell back upon the bed clad as she was in her grave-clothes. As the last word was spoken the spirit took its final departure and returned no more."

AN UNDERTAKER'S BELIEF THAT PEOPLE ARE OFTEN BURIED ALIVE.

*"The world would be horrified," said William S. Mc-Carthy, an undertaker of New York, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before life is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases comes to light, but no steps whatever are taken to prevent their recurrence. Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man in Division





street. The man was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about forty years of age, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. The body was warm and the limbs were limp. I did not believe the man was dead, and said so. His friends told me that a physician had pronounced him dead. I was ordered to put the body on ice at once, but I delayed this operation, on one pretext or another, for hearly two days. During this time the body lay on the bench in the little shop. Finally I could delay no longer. The limbs were still as limp as when I first examined the body. I prepared the body for burial, and the next day it was buried. I do not believe that man was dead when the earth was shoveled in on his coffin. If the same thing were to happen again I would let somebody else do the burying.

"About the same time a young woman living up town was supposed to have died very suddenly. A physician was called in. He said she was dead. An old woman who was present thought otherwise, and insisted upon it that she was in a trance. The body was buried. A few weeks later the old woman determined to satisfy herself about it, and bribed the grave-diggers to disinter the coffin. The lid was removed and a horrible sight was seen. The young woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out, and her face was frightfully scratched. She had

turned over on her face.

"A person is generally believed to be dead if there is no action of the heart or pulse. But if a person is in a trance there is no action of the heart or pulse. A vein should then be opened. If blood flows the person is not dead. This operation would take about thirty seconds, but it is not often resorted to. Suppose the person is suffering from a temporary suspension of animation. Before he can recover the use of his faculties an undertaker comes in, and he is put in an icebox, where whatever life there may be in him is frozen out.

e Board of Health should take hold of this matter and dese some means of ascertaining beyond all doubt that life is inct before the body is buried. I have thought of a good ny different means. A receiving vault could be built in ry cemetery, where bodies could be placed until decom-

ition had begun, when they could be buried."

A Study in Apparent Death.

THE MYSTERIES OF APPARENT DEATH FURTHER ELUCIDATED.

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BURYING ALIVE—COURT OF RUNJIT SINGH—A FAKIR RESUSCITATED AFTER BEING BURIED FOR SIX WEEKS—CURIOUS PRACTICES OF THE FAKIR—EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENTS IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

*To persons unacquainted with the wonderful feats of imitation death practiced by the fakirs of Persia and Hindustan and by Oriental mystics in general, many of the stories related by English officers resident in India will appear incredible. There is no reason, however, to doubt the authenticity of the observations published within the last half-century, whatever may be the fate of the hypothesis that traces many of the mysteries of transmigration and metamorphosis, prevalent among the ancient races of Europe, to the antiquity of this practice. In addition to the testimony of the Acting Secretary of the British Government of the Punjab, Mr. Lepel H. Griffin, who has given considerable attention to the subject, numerous high officials, besides officers and physicians, with eyes trained to careful observation, have witnessed the phenomena under test conditions, and any person willing to pay the sum demanded may witness them.

Several sects in Persia and Hindustan regard the art of apparent death as a part of their religious ritual, and practice it with the assiduity of devotees. In the ancient books of the Hindus, particularly in the "Shastras" and the "Sikh Grouth," it is mentioned and described as puranayam, or stopping the breath. It is also spoken of under the same name in the manual of the Yogis, a very ancient sect. This manual is



known to students of Hindu literature as the "Gogacastra." The "Kacikbanda," another curious volume, describes it as retention of the breath. The Persian designation is habs-i-dom, which frequently occurs in the "Dabistan" (manual of manners), and, literally translated, means hold-the-breath. volume is numbered among the translations executed under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Translation Fund, and includes many curious notes as to the physiological regimen necessary to perfection in so strange an art; and from legends handed down in classic lore, such as the story of Epimenides, who lay long in mystic trance, it is evident that the Greeks carried the art with them, as an element of the mysteries, when they occupied the Hellenic peninsula, and that it fell into desuetude with the decay of the religious ritual that had made considerable progress when Pindar lived and was the lion of the festivals in the fifth century B. C.

Again, this art crops out in many an ancient Gothic and Celtic legend, and in many a German tale of transformation, as a kind of border-land between sleep and death, peopled with visions and trances. How important the investigation of its facts and their literature, as now existing in India, the parent-land of the European races, is to the study of mythology, from the critical point of view, may be discerned without explanation. This, however, is not the only aspect from which the subject is important. On the contrary, in its physiological relations it bears upon the singular phenomena associated with modern mesmerism. Finally, as a species of morbid sleep, the investigation of the facts may possibly conduce to a better understanding of the nature of sleep as a normal function and a perpetual habit of the nervous system.

Simple as the process seems, because of its familiarity, it is nevertheless true that the physiology of sleep is a mystery that scientific men have not yet been able to penetrate thoroughly. It appears to be settled that the molecular processes associated with the discharge of force are conducted less rapidly; the rapidity of circulation and even the amount of blood in the brain are lessened, the general result being cessation of conscious activity in the encephalic mass—although, at this ery time, the nutrition of its tissues is being effected. The imary cause of the lessened activity of the vital centers, that us, by means of communicating nervous filaments, contract

the blood-vessels of the upper brain and suspend consciousness, is the withdrawal of the physiological action of light, which in man, as in plants, is the great parent and promotive of the vital operations; and the question, whether the origin of sleep is to be sought in the necessity of the faculties to rest, or whether it is a habit of the nervous system, having its cause in the alternation of light and darkness, is one upon which it would be rash to offer a positive opinion.

Bearing in mind the propositions stated in the preceding paragraph, the reader is prepared to study intelligently the various singular phenomena, vital and psychical, that observation has grouped about the mystic art practiced by the fakirs

of Hindustan.

One of the most wonderful cases of imitation death on record occurred at Lahore, in 1837, while Sir Claude M. Wade, who tells the story, was political resident at Ludianah and agent of the British Government at the court of Runjit Singh. The fakir was buried alive for forty days, then disentombed and resuscitated.

"I was present," commences Sir Claude, "at the court of Runjit Singh, at Lahore, in 1837, when the fakir mentioned by the Hon. Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and though I arrived a few hours after he was interred, I had the testimony of Runjit Singh himself, and others, the most credible witnesses at his court, to the truth of the fakir having been so buried before them; and, from having been present myself when he was disinterred and restored to a state of vitality, in a position so close to him as to render deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact that I have related."

When the forty days were ended, by invitation of Runjit Singh, Sir Claude accompanied the rajah and his suite to the spot where the fakir was buried. It was a square building, styled a barra durri, in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore. An open veranda encircled the structure, of which an inclosed room occupied the center. On arriving at the barra durri, Runjit Singh, who was attended by a retinue of court officials, dismounted from his elephant and requested Sir Claude to join him in the examination of the building, to satisfy himself that it was exactly as he had left

it forty days before. Sir Claude acceded. Of the four doors,



Aree had been herle the fourth was h mud up to the besprivate seal, in his ince, at the date kir was entombed. exterior of the resented no aperver by which one ibly be admitted, unication held, or conveyed to the rimentalist. doorways bore no having been dis-Linjit Singh idenhamimpression of his one he had affixed; e was personally skeptical as to the ad during the forty cort stationed near protect the fakir 1 10518 s was also detailed green result of his inspecclosed the noie of the and duly com-

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thibited, inclosed in

a white linen bag, drawn together at the top, and securely fastened with a string. The grand salute now shook the garden air, and the hovering multitude came crowding to the door to witness the spectacle. The servant first removed the body of his master from the box, and placed it against the closed door of the receptacle, in a squatting posture. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude then descended into the cell, which was so small that, when they tried to sit down on the ground in front of the box, their hands and knees came in contact with the person of the seeming corpse.

The servant now commenced to pour warm water over the body of his master; but as it was the purpose of Sir Claude to detect any fraudulent practice, he objected to this, and proposed to Runjit Singh to have the bag torn open, so as to inspect the person of the fakir before the process of resuscitation was initiated. This was accordingly done, the bag being so considerably mildewed as to render it but the work of a

moment.

The legs and arms of the fakir were shriveled and stiff, but the face was full as in life, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. Sir Claude called to the medical gentleman who was in attendance to descend into the cell and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples or wrist. There was, however, a heat about the coronal region of the brain, which no other part of the person exhibited. This is one of the facts which establish a resemblance between the imitation death of the Hindu fakirs and catalepsy. In this disease, flushing of the face has often been noticed, while the trunk and extremities remained cold. In perhaps the majority of cases, however, the face is pale, and at least as cool as the rest of the body.

The servant now commenced bathing his master in hot water, the arms and legs gradually relaxing from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjit Singh assisted the servant by rubbing the legs and arms of the dead man, while the latter put a hot wheaten cake on the top of the fakir's head—a process which was twice or thrice repeated before any result

was apparent.

He next removed from the nostrils and ears of his master the wax and cotton plugs with which they had been sealed, then opened the rigid jaws by inserting the point of his knife between the teeth and prying them apart. Then, holding the jaws open with his left hand, he drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of his right, that usually flexible member flying back to its curved position, so that its tip closed the gullet repeatedly during the process. He now rubbed the fakir's evelids with clarified butter (ghi) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening one of them. The eyeball was still

glazed and motionless.

The next process was to renew the hot wheaten cake on the top of the head. At this instant the body heaved convulsively, the nostrils became violently inflated, respiration was resumed, and the limbs began to assume their natural fulness. The servant, at this stage, placed some clarified butter on the tongue of the fakir, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs began to dilate slowly, recovered their natural color by insensible gradations, and gleamed with intelligence; and recognizing Runjit Singh, who sat facing him. the fakir commenced to articulate in scarcely audible tones, inquiring whether he was now convinced.

Runjit Singh answered in the affirmative, and then began the ceremony of investing the daring experimentalist with a pearl necklace, a pair of superb gold bracelets, shawls and pieces of silk and muslin, forming a full khilet, or regalia.

The period that elapsed between the opening of the box and the recovery of the voice was about half an hour; and in half an hour more the fakir was able to talk freely, though

feebly, with those about him.

Sir Claude remarks, in concluding his narrative, that he now took some pains to investigate the manner in which this result was effected, and was informed that the rationale of the process rested on the view of the Hindu physiologists that heat constitutes the self-existent principle of life, and that, if the functions even be so far interrupted as to leave this one in perfect purity, life can be continued for long periods, without air, food, or other means of sustenance.

The tale of Phul, who was Rajah of Puttiali, in Punjab, terminates more tragically, and might be wrought into a Hindu society drama. Previous to his succession to the rajahship, ie had been the pupil of one Samerpuri, a celebrated fakir, who taught him the art of imitating death. Phul lived for ome years the life of an exemplary vassal of the British authorities, taking care to be on good terms with all rajahs mightier than he, and with those whose possessions were not worth fighting for; but, in other respects, like an excellent business man, losing no opportunity to improve his financial condition. At last he came to the conclusion that he would not pay tribute, and, as the Governor of Punjab was a little punctilious on that point, Phul was arrested and incarcerated. Having no confidence in the justice of his cause, he died very suddenly; and his people in grand procession came clamoring for his body, that they might burn it according to the ritual of their religion. As it was impracticable to sell the body, and not worth the trouble to keep it, the remains of the defunct rajah were delivered to Rajji Bali, his wife, who carried it back to Puttiali.

Now, Rajji Bali was a woman of penetration, and knew that Phul had once been a pupil of Samerpuri, the most famous fakir in Punjab. Knowing, also, that her husband was by no means lacking in *finesse*, and must have learned the art of feigning death from its celebrated master, she suspected a trick on the authorities in this sudden demise of a rajah afflicted with no hereditary predisposition. Besides, Bali was

mistress of the art of restoration.

The consequence was that within an hour after his arrival at Puttiali, Phul was a living man again; and, having no mind for further intractability, like a good business man he made good the irregularities in his accounts, and the proceedings

against him were amiably discontinued.

But by and by arose another Governor of Punjab, whom Phul knew not, and he deemed it advisable to forget the stated remittances of tribute-money, which, since his former arrest, he had religiously regarded as necessary to his happiness—and no man can make a virtue of necessity more cleverly than a Hindu, whose necessities are in the main responsible for his virtues. So, having paid tribute without intermission for ten years, it occurred to the business-like Rajah of Puttiali that it would be very comfortable to omit the stipend for one year and try the mettle of the new governor. Besides, Phul was of haughty spirit, that quality running in the family with hereditary Hindu princes, and as on this occasion it was an excellent business venture to demonstrate his royalty of race, and might save money, he concluded to venture the experiment.

Y.

But, alas, the vanity of princeliness of spirit, when not supported by the necessary regiments! The new governor was obdurate, and the adventurous rajah was again arrested and imprisoned.

Again he died suddenly, confident that, under the circumstances, it was the very best way of securing his liberation. But the new governor, who had heard of his former trick, to make sure of his demise, kept his body for ten days under

guard before delivering it to his anxious people.

Even then he might have escaped, but for a trifling domestic error he had committed ad interim—that of marrying a second wife, who made the palace of Puttiali so uncom fortable for the ancient Bali, that the latter returned to the huts of her fathers in Dilanisi, a town in the distant province of Nabha. His body was accordingly delivered into the hands of the disconsolate second wife, who, knowing nothing of his former adventures in the way of dying and coming to life again under the proper manipulation, hastened, like a pious widow, to initiate the proper ceremonies and to reduce his person to ashes.

News travels slowly in Hindustan. But at length the loving Bali was advised of the tragic end of the husband of her youth, and hastened to Puttiali, accompanied by a retinue of the disciples of the great Samerpuri. She was too late, however, except to inform the weeping rajji, with all a woman's bitterness, no doubt, that she had burned their common husband alive. Horrified at the terrible error she had committed, the latter sought consolation in flight, and went to live with her brother-in-law, leaving Bali in possession of the beloved ashes. Thus ends the tragic tale of Phul, the rajah.

The discipline essential to the practices of the fakir, and especially to proficiency in the art of imitating death, is not of a type that would be likely to fascinate an epicure. The very first condition of success is to learn to live without eating. The incipient fakir commences by abstaining from food during

day, and taking a very light meal at night. Salt must be cluded from the diet. Meat and fish, wine and oil, mustard lonions, garlic and turnips, and all acid and pungent cles, ginger excepted, are rigorously forbidden. The perted staples are rice, wheat, milk and sugar, honey and 'a (melted butter), and a few other dishes known to

Europeans only by their Bengal names. Among them are kalakasunda and kanthanatija. The disciple must also abstain from drinking water, though some sects permit alcoholic beverages. The next condition of proficiency is to live underground, and in a perfectly even temperature, preference being given to a subterranean cell (known as a gulha) with a small hole for an entrance, which is closed by an attendant as soon as the necessary standard of perfection has been attained. The essentials are absolute exclusion of fresh air and light, and perfect silence. The bed must be a warm one, and is generally manufactured of cotton, wool, furs, or kuca. Squatted in this cell, the Hindu mystic repeats the mysterious Om and waits

for the final nirvana, or absorption into the universe.

In addition to the dietetic preliminaries, there are others which are partly gymnastic and partly emotional. The disciple must habituate himself to walking very slowly, in order to lessen the frequency of his respiration; he must lie down and rest as often and as long as possible. He must keep eternal silence and meditate incessantly on the nature of Om, the ocean of being into which, as a grain of salt, he is by and by to be absorbed. He must indulge in incessant prayers, in order to keep his whole system in a drowsy condition. Cases are on record in which Hindu devotees have repeated, but as inaudibly as possible, the mysterious syllable Om no less than twelve thousand times a day. There are certain other words. however, with which the monotony is varied, and which are regarded as sleep-inducing. Among them are Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam and Ham-all pronounced with the a open, as in the English all, and repeated in different orders of succession as many as six thousand times per day.

After these exercises have been thoroughly practiced, the disciple must learn to remain for three hours in a position styled siddhasana, which consists in sitting with the left heel under the body and the right heel advanced, and holding the big toe of the right foot with his right hand, and that of the left foot with the left hand, which causes the lower part of his face to rest firmly against the breast-bone. He must also accustom himself to standing on his head, and to other gymnastic exercises of a type specially calculated to develop an obstinate endurance in maintaining himself in one given position. Simultaneous with this regimen, he must habituate

himself to the practice of inhaling the air and retaining it for as many minutes as possible, taking care to breathe in very slowly, and to expel the volume with double deliberation. The inhalation must consume twelve seconds; the exhalation twenty-four seconds. He next learns to breathe only through the nostrils; then to inhale and retain atmospheric air; finally, to inhale with one nostril and exhale with the other.

It will be observed that one of the main tendencies of the fakir system of gymnastics is to bring the involuntary processes under the control of volition. These respiratory exercises are not particularly difficult, as the curious student may ascertain from a few experiments. I have personally had very little practice in exercises of this kind; but I can repeat, without inconvenience, and slowly and distinctly, two stanzas of Poe's "Raven" at a single breath, the whole amounting to about one hundred and seventy syllables, involving an equal number of vocal impulses, and occupying about three minutes in pronunciation; and I presume that there are many elocutionists who are able to transform a single expiration from the lungs into three or four hundred separate vocal impulses.

Having perfected himself in these minor exercises, the disciple must submit to twenty-four incisions of the ligatures of the tongue, one every week. Immediately after these incisions the tongue is stroked and pulled, and carefully rubbed with astringents. The object of this cutting and manipulation is to lengthen the tongue and render it pliable. He now practices turning that member over and backward, and closing the throat with its point, having previously inhaled as large a volume of air as the possible distention of his lungs and epigastrium will admit. The next step is to habituate himself to living with the nasal passages and the ears stoppered with wax.

These are the main exercises upon which the fakir relies for perfection in his art. Upon examination of them, as constituting a regimen, the inquirer finds them to consist of three separate groups, all tending to a single purpose.

The first group, including the dietetic rules, is strictly physiological, and tends to establish a nutrition abounding in leat-formatives, while very unexciting.

The second group, which includes the surgery of the ngue, tends to develop a peculiar obstinacy and persistence volition, and to bring the involuntary processes under the

control of consciousness. The extent to which the latter may be carried is illustrated by the case of Colonel Townsend, an Englishman, who was examined by the best physicians of his day, and whose ability to arrest the vital functions so completely as to present in his own person a perfect similitude of death, and to recall himself to life by mere effort of will, is scientifically attested. "Man doth not yield himself to the angels," says strange Joseph Glanvil, "nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his own feeble will;" and facts occasionally occur which serve to intimate that there is a kernel of truth in the apothegm of that ancient mystic-one. by the way, that Poe had an affectation of quoting. Physiologically, the question resolves itself into this: Can the nervecenters of the unconscious life be brought under control of volition? Theorists say they cannot. Facts say they can. Of the two, it is generally better to credit the testimony of the facts.

The third group of exercises practiced by the fakir has a special tendency to induce a nervous state analogous to that known as mesmeric slumber. The curious reader who will experiment as to the physiological effect of the regular and measured pronunciation of the vowel o, followed by the labial liquid m, will find that the Hindu mystic by no means overestimates the sleep-inducing property of the combination, and that the full a (as in the word fall), similarly followed by m, is scarcely less potent in its nervous action. Observe, also, how deftly the fakir intermingles a vigilant volition with these sleep-inducing exercises, by prescribing for himself a mathematical accuracy as to the number of repetitions of the mystic Om, and by taking care to arrange Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, in different ways, and to allot a given number of repetitions to the different permutations. Let the reader who is curious to verify the effect of continually repeating these syllables, try a single series of the permutations—thus:

Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Ram, Ram, Ram, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham, Bam, Lam, Bam, Lam, Ram, Yam, Ham, Soham.

Let him pronounce these six permutations over and over, until he nods with the drone and monotony of the rhythm, which, if his nerves are sensitive, will occur within seven minutes. Let him then draw out on paper the seven hundred and twenty permutations of which the six words are susceptible, and attempt to repeat them all in their order, without a single slip. He will thus be able to form some adequate idea of the sleepless vigilance of consciousness that the fakir carries into his exercises.

The tendency of a culture of this special type is to induce that lethargy of the vital and muscular functions which is the primary condition of sleep, while maintaining in normal intensity the activity of those centers of the brain appropriated to consciousness and volition; and, with what is known of the results attainable by morbid culture in any given direction—witness the phenomena of Spiritualism—it would be wholly unsafe to prescribe the limits of morbid function to which the Hindu mystic may attain. Sir Claude M. Wade testifies that in the case examined by him there was no indication of life, except that the coronal region of the brain still developed heat.

Before proceeding further, note one point in the dietetic regimen incident to this culture of morbid nervous function, which illustrates the careful adaptation of the dietary table to its purpose. The great staple of the fakir's diet is melted butter, ten grains of which in combustion heats 18.68 pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit, while ten grains of dry beef heats only 13.12 pounds one degree, and ten grains of albumen only 12.85 pounds. The heat of ten grains of butter would lift 14.421 pounds one foot high, while the same quantity of beef lifts only 10.128 pounds, and the same quantity of albumen only 9.920 pounds. As compared with other cereals, wheat and rice have like superior potentialities in the generation of heat.

To return now to the psychological aspects of the regimen under consideration. As every student of the nervous and physical phenomena associated with the action of anæsthetics is aware, it is not altogether unusual for consciousness to be retained in the midst of such complete motor paralysis as renders manifestation of consciousness impossible, and of such benumbing of sensation as completely annihilates pain. Cases are on record in which, though both sensibility and consciousness had apparently ceased under the action of the anæsthetic, and important surgical operations involving some minutes had been performed, the victim was afterward able to enumerate

every step in a very complicated operation, from having consciously witnessed it by means of a persistence of consciousness and of simple tactile sensation. Of all anæsthetic agents. ether has, perhaps, the most distinctive tendency in this direction, and leaves most distinct vestiges of its action in a wellmarked mental aura of a peculiarly trance-like cast. Indeed, after the habit is once established, in many cases a single whiff of sulphuric ether results in the immediate supervention of There can be no doubt that different portions of the nerve-centers are unequally affected by agents whose ultimate effect may be provisionally represented as consisting, in various forms, of molecular vibrations induced in the elements of their The mode of action of such substances-as, for example, ether, which must pass into the blood and thus elude our direct observation-may perhaps be inferred from that of agencies of another kind, whose influence upon molecular vibrations is initiated in massive and visible movements. Thus the action of passing "the tips of the fingers," etc.

In like manner, to pass the tips of the fingers slowly across velvet induces a state of comparative lethargy in a very few To lift the eyes at an angle and retain them in that position, without special fixedness of attention in other respects, has the same physiological action. To sit on the rim of a laterally-revolving disk, so as to move slowly in a circle, produces slumber of the mesmeric type with a rapidity that an accomplished professor might elucidate. To fix the eyes upon a wheel revolving so rapidly that the spokes give the impression of waves of blur, has the same effect; yet if the rapidity of the revolution is so lessened as to render the spokes distinctly visible, or so augmented as to destroy the impression of successive waves, the nervous action is imperceptible, no matter what the fixedness of attention. On the same principle, given sound-waves, impinging upon the nervous filaments of the harp in the ear, and communicating given vibrations to the auditory nerve, are potent in the production of a nervous state that eventuates in lethargy.

These are facts that tend to negative a proposition long insisted upon by those who have studied the phenomena of mesmerism, to wit—that fixedness of attention is the specially important element concerned in artificially inducing the nervous state of which trance is the exponent. On the other hand,

vibratory phenomena, of regular and rhythmical pulsation, are far more active in this direction than concentration of the mind, or of the vision, upon any particular object; and in concentration of the vision, even upon an object so criard as the disk of scarlet morocco, if the experimentalist will wink as often as he pleases, he may postpone the physiological action as long as he pleases. Again, when, the condition of not winking observed, the action supervenes and the experimenter glides into somnolence, the result is, no doubt, directly due to the effect on the optic nerves of the continued exposure of the eyeball to atmospheric action, without the frequent lubrication that dropping the lid produces—not to fixedness of attention, as has been so ingeniously urged by metaphysical speculators. So on to the end.

It would require a volume of observations and experiments in this department of psychology to construct a coherent theory of the nature of mesmeric action; but it is very obvious that, whether addressed to the optic, olfactory, gustatory, auditory, or peripheral nerves, these vibrations inducing lethargy lie within certain limits of rapidity, and have certain qualities in common.

If we turn from this class of phenomena to another, even more subtile, which indicates so-called clairvoyance and somnambulism, we involuntarily ask permission to extend to their interpretation these laws of elementary molecular vibrations. It would, however, be premature to grant this permission. We do not know whether there exists between the brains of two human beings any medium of transmission for molecular vibration. Still less, therefore, could we undertake to measure and describe such vibrations as might be characteristic of certain kinds of influence—and which, initiated by the molecular processes of one man's brain, could ultimately infringe upon the sensitive elements of that of another, in such a way as to accelerate, retard, or suspend its activities. It is not, however, inconceivable that the ether which serves for the transmission

light may also be a medium for vibrations emanating from ne entire periphery of the nervous system of human beings. he impressions which furnish the basis for our most distinct tellectual conceptions—for the strongest amount of psychic istence, are those made upon the retina. This is equivalent saying that the vibrations of this ether, constituting rays of light, are capable of initiating, through long intermediate series of changes, the thoughts of the brain. We may figure to ourselves the process reversed—and a series, initiated in the thoughts of the brain, or the molecular changes which coincide with them, descending through radiating fibers and sensory ganglia and optic nerves, and finally starting ethereal vibrations up that strange and indefinable boundary line, where the soul of a man seems to look out of his eyes. This is conceivable, but it is far from being demonstrated; and until much more is known about it than at present, we can but guess at the medium through which the nervous system of one person is sometimes able to exert such a powerful influence upon that

of another, below the sphere of his consciousness.

Again, that the restoration of light is an important factor in the process of resuscitation, is evinced by facts. Drown flies in wine and cork them in a bottle of Madeira for a period running into months; then lay them in the sunshine to dry, and they will "come to," perform their toilet with their fore legs, trim their wings with their hinder ones, and walk away about their business again. Bottle cerastes in dried sand for years; then put the withered creatures in the sun, and they will crawl off. To ascend from insects and serpents to higher organisms, cats have been resuscitated after lying frozen stiff for ten hours; and it is very probable that a man might be resuscitated under similar circumstances, provided that the attempt was begun before the cardiac ganglion and other nerve-centers indispensable to life had become disorganized. The difficulty with human beings, or with any adult among the higher animals, lies in the unstable equilibrium of their nervous systems, correlative with the extreme complexity of the latter; and, consequent upon this, in the extreme facility with which those centers become damaged beyond possibility of repair.

This conclusion is strictly scientific in its terms, as may be ascertained by following out the history of experimental investigation in this special department, as commenced by Leeuwenhoek in 1719, and continued by Turberville Needham, Dumeril and Treyer, Henry Baker and Buffon, Spallanzan. Bonaventura Corti, Dr. Gillies, Dr. Franklin, Lefebvre, Voss. Home, Sternberg, De Candolle, and more recent experimentalists; one result of which has been an insight into the conditions of life and death, and into the laws ruling in the

border-land between them, that enables the physiologist to venture confidently upon many a vexing problem; although, practically, no modern physiologist has yet been able to adjust ail these conditions with a precision so nice and exact as to lie consciously moored for months at the very docks of death, and then steer back his devious way to life, as an effort of consciousness and volition imprisoned in a body whose nutritive processes have been mysteriously arrested, as it would seem, almost to the point of extinction. The torpor of hibernation and the vital suspension of catalepsy, though similarly dependent upon the exclusion of light, are as twilight to midnight in comparison.

The case of Miss Bonney, who, in November, 1872, predicted the date of her death, and of her return to life after a period of suspended animation, and who appears to have actually terminated her life at the appointed day by an effort of will, but to have been unable to resuscitate herself, presents an instance near home of an attempt to practice the apparent death of the fakirs, but one in which the training seems to have

been too imperfect to admit of the experiment.

Not that it is absolutely essential that consciousness should be carried into this lethargic state, in order to insure the action of volition at the expiration of the set period. On the other hand, as is demonstrated by authenticated instances, it is possible so to impress the nervous system, on going to sleep, with a determination to awaken at a given hour and minute, that the impulse of volition shall act even in unconsciousness. Many persons, whose business affairs have necessitated the formation and culture of the habit, are able to awaken punctually at a given hour, by impressing their minds with the determination of doing so before dropping to sleep. No limits can be set to culture of the will in this aspect of its activity; and the fact proves that, so long as the brain lives, unconsciousness is never quite unconsciousness; in other words, that there is a species of cerebral intelligence that persists and is indued with a dusky cognition, even in the unconscious processes of perfect slumber.

It is possible, also, to carry an imperfect consciousness into the process of sleep. I once tried a series of experiments on this point, by vigilantly and determinedly persisting in consciousness to the last moment, while in other respects sub-

necessary to the Ingthened struggle ansformed into a apped about in a cted and logical, Nor did this dreams came and atiful or haggard and to elude the the psychological ants was the condejous of it. I disof a ton, after verifying were accommey were dreams, mounted, I had usory experiences.
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sculptor who finally transforms all men into marbles. Muscular rigidity has been shown, by the most recent physiological researches, to be really analogous, in many respects, to cadaveric rigidity. Not the least important point of resemblance lies in the association, in both cases, of apparently exalted muscular irritability* with entire loss of innervation to the muscle. If this loss be voluntarily induced, by means of such intense mental absorption as we have seen to be assiduously cultivated by the Hindu mystic, we may approximately understand the secret of the fakir.

APPARENT DEATH IN TRANCE PHENOMENA.

Dame nature is continually gratifying our appetite for the strange and wonderful, manifesting her unbounded capabilities, and displaying her freaks and fancies in the most unaccountable ways, puzzling alike to the learned and unlearned. Thus she entices man to study her laws more intensely, to unlock her hidden secrets, and ultimately to confess that she is under the direction of one to whom nothing is impossible. For this end she is continually working miracles, not those only which her ordinary phenomena present to our senses every day, but in occurrences and productions so completely at variance with all the systems under which philosophers have arranged her laws, that man is compelled to confess how little he yet knows of her mysteries.

Recently we were astonished in this country with the discovery that she could produce living insects from pulverized flints, and now we are even more wonderstruck at learning that in India, that land of wonders, she has brought forth a man capable of sustaining life for a month, although bricked up in a tomb for the whole of that time. This miracle is described in the *Indian Journal* † by a Lieutenant A. H. Boileau, an engineer in the Hon. East India Company's service, and his testimony is corroborated by Captain Trevelyan, of the Bombay Engineers, and by Lieutenant Macnaghten, of the Fifth Regiment of Light Cavalry.

It appears that this singular being, who allows himself to be buried alive for weeks or months by any person who will

[&]quot;This depends on coagulation of the contractile substance of the muscle.

[†]Account of a man who submitted to be buried alive for a month at Jalaulmer, in the East Indies, and who was dug out alive at the expiration of that period. Abridged from the Indian Journal of Medical and Physical Science, Calcutta, 18M.

pay him handsomely, is a young man about thirty years of age, born near Karnaul. By long practice he has acquired the art of holding his breath, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue. He abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach while pent up in his

narrow grave.

The place in which he was buried at Jaisulmer is a small building, twelve feet by eight, built of stone, and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half wide, and the same in depth, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewn up in a bag of cloth, so that the white ants and other insects might not easily molest him. His feet were turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands pointed inwards towards his chest. Two heavy slabs of stone were placed over him; the door of the house was then built up, and guards were

placed outside to prevent collusion or deception.

At the expiration of a full month the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man was dug out of his grave. He was found in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together that, before a little water could be poured down his throat, his mouth was obliged to be forced open with an iron instrument. He gradually recovered his senses, and, though presenting an appearance of extreme emaciation, his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated. In proof of this, he told Lieutenant Boileau and Captain Trevelyan that they might

bury him again for a twelvemonth if they pleased!

It is said that he has undergone the process of burial and disinterment six or seven times. In one instance, at Pokhur, he was suspended for thirteen days in a wooden chest, hung from the ceiling, which, he says, is the best method of putting his powers to the test, as the box is open to inspection on all sides, and the white ants, etc., can be better excluded from getting at his body while he remains in a state of insensibility. Lieutenant Boileau says that he fully believes that the man is no impostor, but that he really possesses the powers described. For seven or eight days preceding the burial at Jaisulmer, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give employment to

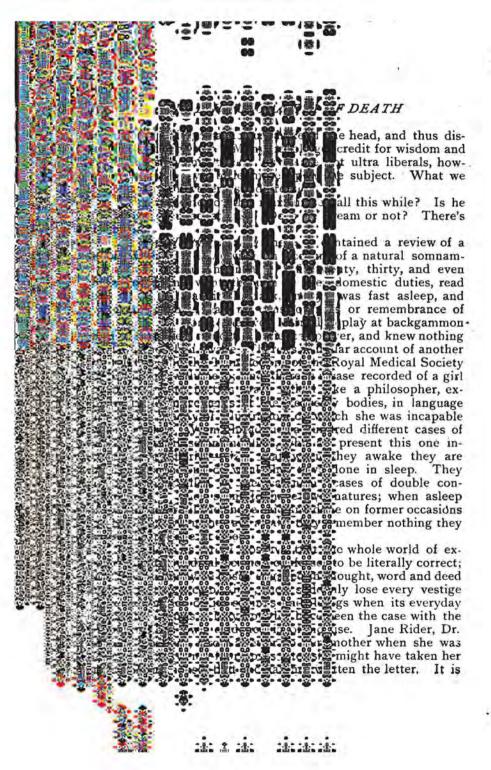
the excretory organs. Lieutenant Boileau understood that the man soon regained his strength; and that, being disappointed in not receiving the promised reward from his patron, he had stolen a camel and decamped. This generous patron was one of the ministers of the Muharawul of Jaisulmer, who certainly deserved a similar inhumation by way of teaching him humanity. Our newspapers have recently teemed with deprecations of the enormity of one of our theatrical managers pandering to a vitiated taste by hiring a female to risk her life by ascending an inclined rope in one of our playhouses. What would they say to the spectacle of burying a man alive?

The editor of the journal quoted remarks that, until further information be obtained, it might be precipitate to theorize on the probable means by which this extraordinary creature maintains the mastery over the functions of life. He states that it is now well known that the slaves in South America exert the power of forcing the tongue into the larynx, and retaining it there to obstruct respiration and occasion death, when desirous

of committing suicide.

Once we read an account of a somewhat similar case of torpidity in puppies. It was extracted from the Tyne Mercury. The puppies had been immersed half an hour in water, and then buried in a dunghill; they were all alive twenty-two hours But Dr. Franklin's fly is much more marvelous still. It had been soaked for twenty years in a pipe of wine, and on being exposed to the rays of the sun it flapped its wings and flew away without even evincing the symptoms of intoxication. The Omnibus, a Neapolitan paper, contains an account of a diver in Naples, called Lorenzo Giordano, a native of Fiumara, in Calabria, who is able to remain six hours under the water in the deepest places, and to walk at the bottom at the rate of a mile an hour. Mother Nature is always playing some prank to make philosophers stare vacantly at each other, more especially those sages who are so very dictatorial in telling the world what is and what is not contrary to nature. If Mr.

ime's philosophy be correct, if it be more probable that the nesses are mistaken in their testimony than that the fact is e, i. e., if it be more probable that other men are liars than it Mr. Hume's experience is fallacious, then there is no truth the report, and you may have an opportunity of looking erably wise by merely curling the lip, making a contemptu-



very possible that this miserable, shriveled Hindoo, whilst bodily he was sitting coiled up in a hole and tied in a sack, was mentally reveling in fairy fields of vision, where neither the fear of white ants nor the want of money beclouded the sunshine of the vivid enchantment. When they dug him up and rubbed his stomach, and forced his jaws open, and poured some of the life of this world into his throat, the enchantment ceased, and the memory vanished along with it.—The Shepherd.

A STATE THAT BEARS A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO DEATH.

That there is a state that bears a close resemblance to death, and which has been designated as "suspended animation," no one for a moment can doubt, who has investigated the matter carefully. The power to apparently die exists , within certain individuals; the state produced is sometimes called "trance, or coma." The following account of suspended animation, or the burial and resuscitation of a magician in the East Indies, was given by Edwin Wyndham Lawry, at the request of Colonel H. S. Olcott, who at the time of the occurrence held a position on the general staff in the British army. It appears from the account given that when in India he visited the Rajate of Puttiala, wherein resided a rich and powerful Baboo, by name Lall Chunder. This gentleman was fond, occasionally, of entertaining his friends with various exhibitions of native cunning, including genuine necromancy, and to this end he invited a magician of note, one Meechum Dess, to give an exhibition of his powers of being buried alive, and then exhumed and resuscitated after some time had elapsed. Meechum Dess was to receive a considerable sum in silver roubles for the performance, and the time named by himself to be "quietly inurned" was four weeks.

On a certain day, the Baboo having called his friends together in durbar, or court, they came from all parts, on elephants, camels and horses, to witness the show. The divan of the Baboo was in the center of a circle, while all the greater and lesser magnates sat around enjoying their hookahs, and elated with the noise of the tumtum wallahs and the excitement of the nautch dancers, which were preliminary to the main object of the exhibition. Near the center of the circle a grave, zealously guarded, some five or six feet deep, had been prepared, and by it a coffin was placed. In due time the

blowing of trumpets and the sounding of gongs announced the advent of Meechum Doss. He was dressed, as magicians usually are in the East, very plainly, but very well; a middle-aged man, in fine linen, who looked as if he fared sumptuously every day, though cured rice eaten with the fingers was doubt-less his only food. He descended from the gayly-caparisoned elephant on which he had traveled, and made many gracious salaams to the assembled crowd. Having invited a full inspection of himself, the coffin and the grave, he proceeded to perform various incantations by the aid of a fire which he kindled, and into which he threw what appeared to be aromatic spices. He then spread over himself a garment, on which he pronounced magical words.

All this time a committee, of which the narrator, Mr. Lawry, was a member, appointed for the purpose by the Baboo, was watching his every move very closely. At length, after various turns and twists of his body, which were sometimes very violent, he appeared to lapse into a rigid state, with his eyes and mouth closed, after which he fell back into the arms of an attendant, Mephistopheles, who accompanied him. He was now placed in the coffin, which was securely closed and sealed. Then commenced the process of lowering the casket some five feet, which was done in a manner that would have excited the envy of the New York undertakers. The hole was filled up and well battered down, guards provided by

Baboo Lall Chunder being placed over it.

After the interment, notice was given that exhumation would take place four weeks thereafter, at which all were invited to be present. The tumtum wallahs and the nautch girls resumed their operations and noise, and the immense crowd dispersed in a very orderly manner on the camels, elephants and horses.

At the time appointed Mr. Lawry was again present, when the same initiatory ceremonies were enacted as at the burying, and everything was as before, except that the people looked solemn and talked in whispers, wondering among themselves whether necromancy could make the grave give back the dead.

The sentries who had kept guard and watch were paraded, and testified that they had done so faithfully for four weeks. The grave was then dug into until the coffin was reached.

Everything was found in order, and upon the coffin being



raised, the seals, which were of metal, were found untouched. The box was opened, and there reclined Meechum Doss, looking tranquil. He was taken out. His body and face presented the chillness and rigidity of death, but there were no signs of decomposition. According to orders given by him to his familiar before burial, he was well shampooed from head to foot, and given some decoction to swallow upon returning to animation, which occurred in a very short space of time. External heat appearing, the limbs became gradually relaxed, and then the opening of the eyes, which had a sort of somnolent appearance.

Shortly after the elixir had been given him, he stood up in his right mind and salaamed to the committee and those around him. When asked how he felt, and where he had been to, he said that Brahma was good, and that he had enjoyed close fellowship with their Godships Brahma and Vishqu, in the bosom of the sacred rivers and on the tops of the mountains.

Meechum Doss was now escorted in triumph before the assembled crowd, and the noise on all hands was somewhat terrific. The magician made many salaams and affectionately embraced his attendant.

Baboo Lall Chunder then caused sweetmeats and pipes to be sent around, while the magician was seated upon a special divan prepared for him. His handsome buckshis, or present, was presented to him with much ceremony, after which a herald declared the games closed. The multitude which had been seated upon the ground tailor-fashion, now rose as one man and salaamed to the wonderful necromancer, and then to their host, Baboo Lall Chunder, who took delight in providing entertainments of no ordinary character for the people. In concluding his description of the affair, Mr. Lawry says: "I believe that everything was conducted in a fair and square manner, but of course I was not present the whole time of interment; I eannot bear absolute testimony that Meechum Doss was not taken up during that time and resuscitated."

THE TRANCE STATE, OR SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

 *The mysteries connected with the trance and other forms of apparent death are phenomena that cannot fail to appeal

^{*}A late writer, Mr. Ainslee, reviews this subject, now becoming a topic of interest in adoptific circles, and puts together several well-authenticated cases. From his article we topy the statements under the above head.

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flames were lighted, and Aviola was placed upon it. Quickly animation, which had only been suspended, was revived by the heat, and he attempted to arise. The spectators, who had retired a little to witness the spectacle, rushed to save him, but they were too late. He was killed by the flames. The prætor Lamia had a similar fate; and the life of Tubero, who had formerly been prætor, was saved by signs of a return to life being discovered just as he was about to be laid upon the pile.

In consequence of these examples, the Romans increased the interval between death and burial, and scrutinized more closely the signs of dissolution. Custom as well as law required that after decease the nearest relative should close the eyes of the deceased. The body was then bathed with warm water, with the twofold purpose of rendering it fitter to be anointed with oil, if really dead, or reanimating it if the principle of life was merely suspended. Tests were from time to time applied to see if death had taken place, and after a variety of ceremonies, which were continued for seven or eight days, the body was carried to the funeral pile and burned in the midst of a concourse of relatives and friends, who marched thrice around the pyre, and frequently offered libations to the gods, asking their aid quickly to consume it.

Cases are occasionally recorded by physicians where persons have been restored to consciousness by the probing of the anatomical knife, and who recovered their health and lived for years thereafter. One medical writer, Bruhier, in a dissertation upon the uncertainty of the signs of death and the danger of precipitate burials, has collected one hundred and eighty cases in which persons still living were treated as dead. Fifty-two of these were actually buried alive, four were opened before death, fifty-three revived spontaneously after being placed in their coffins, and seventy-two were supposed to have

died when they really had not.

In Greece at the present day the last journey follows quickly upon death. The next day at dawn the white-robed priests and choristers may be seen winding along the road toward the church. There, dressed as in life, and having the face uncovered, the dead lie at rest before the altar until the moment arrives when they must be committed to the earth. It is in the church that the last farewell is given. What of that terrible last journey in the cold North, where the dying

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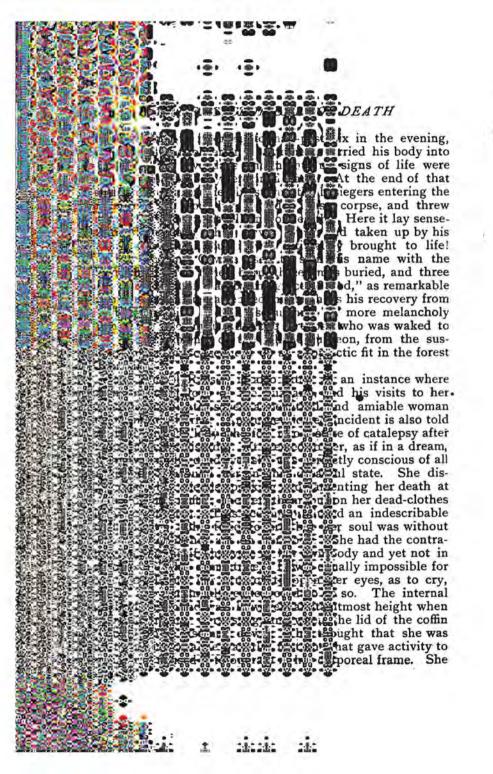
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prophet's room. Elisha came; he went in alone; he prayed to God, and then he went to the couch and bowed over the child, to impart his own warmth and vitality; and restored the boy to health. So in the case of Eutychus, the young man who fell asleep while Paul was preaching, being wearied, and fell from the third loft and was taken up dead. Paul went down and fell on him, and embracing him, said: "Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him," with the result to his restoration. In neither of these cases is a miracle claimed to have been performed; but in both of them we see an unshrinking embrace of the lifeless body, and a perfect quietness of procedure, a pious and Christian presence of mind.

The conditions of persons in sleep are four: Unconscious and passive, as in sound sleep. Conscious, yet passive, as in dreaming. Conscious and willing, yet powerless, as in nightmare. Unconscious, yet active, as in somnambulism. And yet beyond this there seems to be a state of apathetic body and oblivious mind, while life is still present, running like the far-hidden stream whose existence only the poet imagines. Such are some of the cases where premature burial has taken

place. Every medical work that has a chapter on trances and death gives unquestionable cases of persons buried alive; persons who, like John Scott and the Emperor Zeno, came not only to life, but gave evidence of power of action. Among the ancients a certain time was appropriated during which loud noises by cries and musical instruments were made by the side of an inanimate body. Plato, Asclepiades and Pliny relate instances of the seeming dead being restored in the sepulchre or on the funeral pile. The lews had many regulations, for though, from fear of pestilential diseases, inhumation was decreed by the Talmud to take place before a night should pass, many rabbis maintain that the utmost care should be taken to ascertain the actual presence of death, and that it was an erroneous interpretation of the Talmud that clung so close to the letter.

Among the most singular instances of remarkable recovery cited in many works, is that of Francois de Ceville, a French captain, who was missing at the siege of Rouen. At the storming of the town he was supposed to have been killed, and with others he was thrown into a ditch, where he remained



Such facts as these ought to induce more caution in the disposition of persons supposed to be deceased than is now customary in the community. The appearance and condition of the bodies should be more closely observed, and a longer delay in burial practiced. We are compassed about with mysteries, and the God of our being holds in His own keeping the key to a thousand secrets in our formation. The secret things belong to Him, the revealed to us, that we may be cautious, prudent, and always live in that simple manner that is best for a true enjoyment of life.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION AS A PRESERVING AGENT.

John McCurdy, M. D., has the following article in the Scientific American, which is worthy of a careful perusal:

"On page 225 of volume 33 of the Scientific American there is an article on the above-named subject in which you give three different lines of investigation for future experiment. These are: 1. The power some animals have of rendering their natural prey utterly insensible for an indefinite period. 2. The peculiar effect of cold on some of the lower animals, which reduces them to a state not death, nor yet the ordinary torpidity caused by low temperature in other organisms. 3. Hibernation. In considering each in turn, you give as an instance of the first the complete torpor or anæsthesia produced by the sting of the female of the 'digger' wasp upon its prey; of the second, the well-known torpor produced by cold in the case of serpents and other fish, with subsequent return to activity on the application of heat; and lastly, hibernation is explained by the fact that 'the muscular irritability of the left ventricle of the heart, highly increased, permits it to contract under the weak stimulus of the non-oxygenated blood. It is this exaltation of a single vital property which preserves the animal life.' One or two quotations from recent lectures of Dr. Brown-Sequard in your city will serve to indicate several other The learned doctor gives an inmethods of investigation. stance of a dead ox having been kept fifty-six days without putrefaction. M. Flourens considers that a spot in the medulla oblongata is the focus of vital force. There is, you know, a spot which is pierced by the matadors in Spain when they rush o kill a bull immediately. Death occurs instantly. * * It is interesting to know what becomes of the nervous force in these

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CASE OF APPARENT DEATH AND PREMATURE INTERMENT.

The Messager du Midi relates the following dreadful story where a young married woman residing at Salon, France, died shortly after her confinement. The medical practitioner, who was hastily summoned when her illness assumed a dangerous form, certified to her death, and recommended immediate burial in consequence of the intense heat then prevailing, and six hours afterwards the body was interred. A few days after her death, the husband having resolved to re-marry, the mother of his wife desired to have her daughter's remains removed to her native town, Marseilles. When the vault was opened a horrible sight presented itself. The corpse lay in the middle of the vault, with disheveled hair, and the linen torn to pieces. It had evidently been gnawed in her agony by the unfortunate The shock which the dreadful spectacle caused to the mother has been so great that fears were entertained for her reason, if not for her life.

AN ADDITIONAL WARNING AGAINST HASTY BURIALS.

In Chapmanville, Penn., several years ago, Martha Coggswell, wife of Anthony Coggswell, a drover, died, as was supposed, and was buried. Her husband was absent at the time. When he returned home, almost wild with grief, he insisted on her body being exhumed, so that he could see the remains. This was done, and, to the horror of all, the body had changed its position in the coffin, showing that Mrs. Coggswell had been buried while she was in a trance. The body was lying on its face, and evidences of a fearful struggle made by the unfortunate woman when she recovered consciousness in the coffin, were visible. Mr. Coggswell fell senseless across the coffin, and became a raving maniac.

A very curious case of a woman being in a trance is reported in a Welsh newspaper. It appears that the wife of a rockman, named Vren Crysilte, in a village about three miles from Llangollen, had been in delicate health for some months, and a few days prior to the 3d of January, 1874, her life was

paired of. A person living in the neighborhood acted as a se, and the sick person was a patient of Mr. Williams, of wen Deg, Trevor. Early on the Friday morning following t date she seemed to be rapidly sinking, and between thred I four o'clock she apparently died. At this time the nurse

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ago Tribune gives the line quick succession, line persons have been was taken out in time. The other two met cartifications are cases of the kind are, something is to be proposed to construct tray be deposited, surproposed tray be deposited, surpropo

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have visited the little farmhouse in which Stipple does his slumbering, from time to time, for the purpose of making a study of his case. The man is now about fifty years old, and but for the fact that he looks haggard and pale his face has the same appearance that it had thirty years ago, when John was

a hearty youth of twenty years.

Stipple's long sleep began under peculiar circumstances. It was in the winter of 1865. He had married the daughter of a farmer who lived in the vicinity of Copper Hill, and the wedding party, consisting of a dozen or so young friends of the couple, decided to take a sleigh-ride on the Flemington River, which was frozen over and supposed to be safe. During the trip Stipple's horse stepped into an air-hole, and in floundering around broke up the ice so that the sleigh containing the bride and groom went into the water. The young woman was saved with some difficulty, and Stipple was at last got out, but he was unconscious and to all appearances dead. He was taken to the home that had been prepared for the bride, and after a couple of physicians had worked over him several hours in the hope of restoring him, they declared that he was beyond human aid, and in less than twelve hours he had apparently ceased to breathe. Stipple was supposed to be dead, and he was prepared for burial. The day was fixed for the funeral, and the young widow was nearly crazy.

The night before the man was to be buried, Henry Wilcox and Jason Dalton, two of his friends, were sitting up with the corpse. They had a euchre deck, and were doing their best to pass the time pleasantly with the cards. About one o'clock in the morning Wilcox had picked up the cards to shuffle, when a voice in the room where Stipple's remains lay shouted, "Whoa, there." That was all, but it was enough to bring Wilcox and Dalton to their feet with their hair in the air and their eyes hanging out. They finally braced up and went into the room with the purpose of finding out where the voice came from. There was nobody in sight but Stipple, and to the mazement of the two men he had turned over on his side. e was apparently dead, and after trying all the ways with rich they were familiar to discover if the man breathed, and ling, the watchers straightened Stipple out on his back, overed his face again, and left the room to talk it over. No

re sounds came from the room that night, but in the morn-

on his side again. and seen was told, musband's body to be co co as known to the promking, declaring again of e refused to believe,

festing signs of life, attending to house-ard somebody shout, oom where her hus-his arms extended, his arms extended, dat the sight, Mrs. and fell to weep-thition, but called for bought him some meat the food, but drank the food, but drank sumed his apparently

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ment of the night when he and his bride broke through the ice on the Flemington River seemingly remained with him. Whenever he awoke he would drink large quantities of milk, and refused to eat solid food.

One day, about twenty years ago, Mrs. Stipple was engaged in sweeping out the room in which her husband lav. when he suddenly cried out: "Thank God, Susie, you was saved!" Mrs. Stipple was wild with joy, believing that the spell upon her husband had at last been broken. He appeared to be in full possession of his mental faculties, and talked with his wife about the occurrences of the eventful night ten years What had taken place since then was a blank to him and he talked as if he had awoke from a night's sleep. He asked if the farm-hand had milked, and how long before breakfast would be ready. Fearing the effect that the knowledge might have on her husband, Mrs. Stipple did not tell him how long ago it was that those affairs he had been talking about took place. She told him that John was then doing the chores at the barn, and that she would have breakfast ready in a short She sat on the edge of the bed, with her arms around her husband, her heart brimming over with thankfulness that he had been restored to her with his reason, when his head suddenly fell forward and he was once more in a profound slumber.

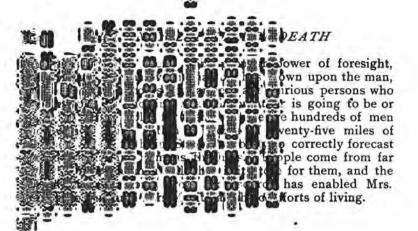
At this stage of the case a remarkable change occurred. The next day Mrs. Stipple and the farm-hand were in the room, talking over the affairs about the farm.

"Orrin Whiting wants to buy the Jersey heifer for forty dollars," said the farm-hand. "What shall I do about it?"

"Sell her," said Stipple, before his wife could answer.

Mrs. Stipple rushed to her husband's side, thinking that he was awake again, but he appeared to be deeply asleep, and all efforts that she made to arouse him failed. He would converse with her, however, answer her questions intelligently, and give her advice about the affairs of the farm, but no efforts of hers could make him open his eyes.

As before, at irregular intervals he awoke, sat up in bed and drank milk, but on these occasions he gave no evidence that he remembered what had transpired or what he had talked about while asleep. His spells of wakefulness never lasted more than three-quarters of an hour, and there were frequently



What Do You Conclude?

GREAT IMPORTANCE ANALYZING THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

OUTWARD SIGNS OF LIFE—THE SIGNS OF DEATH—PREMATURE IN-TERMENTS UNDOUBTEDLY COMMON—IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

We have presented a vast array of evidence showing conclusively that a large number of unfortunate persons are buried alive each year. Resuscitation has generally been attempted only when some outward sign of life was manifested-just as if life must necessarily be extinct because it presents no external sign or indication of its presence. Even if respiration has ceased, the circulation stopped, the eyes become "set," and the form cold, clammy and rigid, yet sufficient life may remain, which, if properly nourished and sustained, will reanimate the prostrate form. The signs of death usually brought into requisition by the skillful physician to determine the exact status of an individual supposed to be dead, are not always reliable; in fact, the same signs are manifested in a paramount degree in apparent death, in the death-trance, in the simulation of death, and in the cataleptic state. Nearly all the numerous incidents in connection with this subject which have been related, are of modern origin. Thousands of cases of premature interment have undoubtedly occurred that have escaped notice altogether; hence the number, if actually known, would swell to enormous proportions. What a frightful spectacle! human beings inhumed alive-murdered is the proper term-by their relatives and friends! Wars, riots, famines, pestilence, earthquakes, cyclones and inundations, are very destructive to human life; and, from the data at command, we are compelled to add another source of danger to the worldremature interment, arising, mainly from the ignorance of

immediate friends and relatives of the unfortunate person who is apparently dead, and the lack of skill, perhaps, on the part

of the physicians in attendance.

Very true, it is not often the grave speaks, giving absolute indications that its unfortunate inmate was buried alive; but if one solitary grave presents unmistakable evidence of a premature interment, how do we know that tens of thousands of graves, if examined, would not present the same absolute proof?

Undoubtedly, among the thousands who are deposited in coffins each day, there are some in whom life is not yet extinct, and who, if the proper effort had been made, might have been resuscitated. Life seems to be easily suspended, under certain circumstances, and sometimes, when held in abject abeyance for a time, it suddenly finds but little difficulty in assuming its normal action, as illustrated by a cook named Mumby, who was employed on the fishing smack Bonny Lad. When the vessel had been at sea a short time Mumby was seized with a fit, and afterwards had a series of fits. One morning about three o'clock the man was found in his bunk, apparently quite The skipper made a careful examination of the man, and concluded that he was dead, and had him put into an icebox and the lid closed. Some five or six hours afterward the crew were alarmed by hearing a knocking in the box in which they had placed the man Mumby, and on opening it the cook was found to be fully recovered from his death-like fit.

In remote ages of the world, when a person had ceased respiration, and the heart no longer beat, he was considered dead; hence only by chance could one be resuscitated who had passed through the ordeal of being drowned. Now, even after a person has been pronounced dead, having been, as supposed, drowned, it is possible to restore him to consciousness though several hours have elapsed. The importance, then, of the subject which we have been so long investigating, cannot be

overestimated.

It is self-evident that the restoration of those who are apparently dead, but in whom the vital spark is still believed to exist, should not be left exclusively to the care of the physician. One may not be easily commanded; and even then, very possibly, it may be too late. "Run for the doctor," is certainly a commendable order, and on certain occasions should be made imperative; but should you, as a member



of the Home Circle, remain ignorant of the simple methods of restoration that ought to be promptly employed in cases of apparent death, and thereby, perhaps, lose one who is very dear to you, and a necessary factor to promote your happiness in your daily life? As remarked before, you have no absolute evidence that all of those whom you have already buried were dead at the time they were interred; you did not . then apply a single test to determine their exact status as to life or death. You made no effort whatever to resuscitate them. Your physician, probably summarily, pronounced them dead, and you, supposing his decision to be infallible, consigned them to the cold grave. There are sins of omission as well as those of commission. If you fail to save a life when it would have been in your power to do so if you had sought assiduously for the requisite information, then in a measure you are responsible therefor. We are all component parts of one great family, and those who are intimately associated in the Home Circle owe a sacred duty to each other. Not one would see the others starve, or drown, or perish in a snowstorm, or suffer from a great calamity, without cordially extending a helping hand. But should the attending physician pronounce one of your most loved and revered members dead, without a proper understanding of death in all of its multitudinous details on your part, you would accept his decision with the complacency that a young robin receives the proffered worm; but in case you have thoroughly investigated the subject yourself, you will carefully and critically examine the body of your dead one, which is about to be interred, subject it to various tests, and examine in detail every sign of death, before you consent to an interment. This is too important a matter for you to leave exclusively to the opinion of your physician, although his presence on all such occasions may be absolutely essential; but you have a mind yourself, and should exercise it; you have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a judgment that may enable you to be of great service to the one supposed to be Exercise all your senses; be on the alert; bring the knowledge to bear which you can glean from these pages, and I assure you that you will have absolute knowledge that your friends are dead before you agree to have their remains interred; but always avail yourselves, in every emergency of this character, of the advice and assistance of a physician, whose

practiced eye should be, and probably is, more experienced than your own.

JAMAICA SUPERSTITIONS IN REGARD TO DEATH.

There is a curious superstition that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poisoned at once, and must be thrown away, the reason given being that "Death" cools his "sting," after destroying life, in the first water he finds; and as no one can tell—Death being invisible—what jar he may choose, it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people, to save trouble, even carry all water out of the house immediately

before a death is expected.

A mulatto girl told me of one woman who was brave or curious enough to stoop down over a water-jar immediately after a death had occurred. She was rewarded by hearing a curious noise; but, although she knew it must be Death, she dared not look up. She described it as the faint fluttering of a "bat," which it probably was—a "bat" meaning in Jamaica any flying creature that is not a bird. Very possibly it was a huge moth; but, if the kind known as the "Black Witch," the sight would only have increased the woman's fear, for to have a "Black Witch" flying about the room is a sign of death. It may be mentioned, by the way, that there is a similar superstition to this last in many parts of France about the "Hummingbird Hawk Moth."

It is customary to remove the pillows from dying persons, so that they may die lying quite flat. For what reason the negroes do this I know not, but I am told it is always done by them. I have heard that the same thing is done in some country districts in England under the belief that it makes "dying easier." It probably has assisted to help some unfortunates out of the world in the West Indies, for I have heard that the pillow is in many instances positively snatched

away .- National Review.

Beautiful Scenes as Death Approaches.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

MR. BEECHER'S VISION BEFORE THE FINAL CHANGE—THE ROOM FILLED WITH A HEAVENLY SPLENDOR—LITTLE DAISY'S DEATH —SEEING WITH DYING EYES—THE OTHER SIDE VERY BEAUTIFUL—A PATHETIC DEATH-SCENE.

The stages of death are exceedingly many, and they vary very much in nature and characteristics. You may die within an hour, or many years may be required to render the life in you entirely extinct. Dr. Lyman Beecher, one of earth's noblest men, grand and comprehensive in thought, deed and aspiration, while he was gradually dying was allowed the ineffable privilege of having a foretaste of heaven. Without a prominent manifestation of heaven in his own nature, his vision would have been so obtuse that he could not have been favored with a glimpse of the spiritual regions of God's glorious kingdom. As set forth by W. H. Bidwell, for many months previous to his death his brilliant mind and memory had been in an almost total eclipse. He had nearly lost the power of utterance. As Mr. Bidwell entered his room on one occasion, Dr. Beecher rose from the sofa near the front window and gave him his hand, looking him full in the face, but could not remember his name. Mr. Bidwell was struck with the radiant expression of his face, such as he had never seen him have before. In order to test his memory, after asking how he was, Mr. Bidwell said: "Dr. Beecher, you remember your old friend Dr. Chapin?" There was not the slightest indication that he heard his question. "Well, you remember your old friend Dr. Taylor?"

"Yes, yes. Part of me! part of me!"

"Dr. Beecher, how about that wonderful vision you have had?"

After a manifest effort to recall something, he placed his

hand on his heart and said: "Good! good! very good!"

On coming down to the room below, Mr. Bidwell inquired of his daughter-in-law, who attended him, about the vision which he had had. She replied that some days previous she was in an adjoining chamber, when suddenly she heard the voice of Dr. Beecher saying: "Come here! come here! come quick! come quick!" She hastened, and found him standing in the middle of the room, his face radiant with intense excitement, and his voice completely restored. He exclaimed: "I have seen the King in His glory!" repeating this three times. The continued outburst of prayer, praise and thanksgiving lasted about an hour, when the mental vision gradually declined, faded, and disappeared.

The impression which Mr. Bidwell received from Mrs. W., his daughter-in-law, was that, in the scene which Dr. Beecher had witnessed, the room was filled, apparently, with a heavenly splendor and intense radiance, and in the midst of

it a personage appeared like unto the Son of God.

Dr. Beecher's death was fully completed January 10th, 1863, his age being eighty-eight years. He died with the beauty and grandeur of heaven illuminating his magnificent soul.

PATHETIC EXPERIENCES IN LITTLE DAISY'S DEATH.

It is no uncommon occurrence during the stages of death for the spiritual senses to become so enlivened or quickened that the magnificent scenes of God's heavenly kingdom are disclosed to them. No stronger evidence of the existence of a celestial home for each of God's children could be given than that often presented to the vision of the dying.

The following was written by the mother of the child whose experiences during her last days on earth it describes. It was sent to the pastor of a Baptist church in California, who read it at a church meeting and sent it to *The Evangel*, a Baptist paper of San Francisco, in which it was published:

"Daisy Irenc Dryden, the subject of this little sketch, was ten years old at the time of her death. She had been ill of typhoid fever for five weeks, and was slowly recovering, when she was taken with a relapse and only survived three days. She seemed to be dying those three days, while she conversed with us and took note of all that passed. She could tell us, also, of what she saw of the Spirit-world. I have not time to

write all she said in those three days.

"It was about a week before her death, and we felt almost sure of her recovery. Her father was sitting beside the bed and I was standing on the other side, when all at once her countenance lighted up and a sweet rapture shone in her eyes. I said: 'Daisy, what is it?' She held up her hand, and in a low whisper, filled with awe, said: 'Oh, mamma, it is a spirit! It is Jesus, and he says I am going to be one of his little lambs. I shall not get well now, but will be in a few days. time Dr. Cory thought her out of danger. Three days later dangerous symptoms occurred and she was beyond hope. She very frequently spoke of her little brother (who had died a year before, aged six), as telling her about the Spirit-world. Once when she was speaking about it I said: 'Daisy, how do you talk with Albion? I do not hear you or even see your lips move.' She smiled and replied: 'It is because we talk with our think; but I know what he says much better than if I heard him speak.'

"Once when Mr. Towner, her Sunday-school superintendent, came to see her, she wished him to pray with her, as she always did when Christian people came to see her. On going, he took her hand and said: 'Daisy, you'll soon be over the dark river.' After he was gone she said to her father: 'Why do they say the dark river?' There is no river to cross; there is not even a curtain; no, not even a line,' and with a gesture of the hand she said: 'It's here, and there, it's there. Albion says heaven is not away off; it is all around us. It is a state,

not a place in particular. I am not going away off.'

"She was very fond of hearing her sister Lulu sing out of the Sunday-school book. At one time she was singing the hymn whose chorus is 'Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings.' She said: 'Don't you think it strange, but the angels don't have wings at all. They don't need wings, because they don't fly; they just come.'

"She spoke of a number of persons who came to her, whom she had never seen in her life, but she knew them and escribed them perfectly. Among them were Mrs. Henry's

children, who had been dead some time; but children who

had been dead some years, she spoke of as grown up.

"In speaking of her poor body she said: 'I have had it ten years, but I will not need it any longer; I will have no more use for it than the angels have for wings.' When we asked her why it was that we could not see as she saw, she said no one could unless permitted of the Lord, and because she saw with dying eyes-that she did not see with her natural eyes, but with the eyes of her spirit. In trying to tell us about heaven, or, as she always said, 'the other side,' she said it was very beautiful, but it was not like anything in this world, so she could not make us understand about it. One of our neighbors had recently buried a little boy, who was always called a bad boy, but his surroundings were such that he could hardly be expected to be good. When his mother came to see her, Daisy told her that her boy came with her, and that he said to her that he was 'all right.' Afterward, when we asked her how it could be all right with the boy when he was such a bad boy, she said 'the Lord said he didn't have half a chance here, and that he was good sometimes.'

"I do not think she saw wicked spirits, as she never said anything about them. She did not, during all her sickness, express the least fear of death. She seemed to have an unswerving trust, and she was never sad. Once I asked her how the angels came to her. She replied: 'I mostly hear sweet music, and then the walls of the room go away, and I can see miles away, and there are thousands of beautiful angels, some I know as having lived on earth, because I know their folks, and others I will soon know.' The morning before she died she requested me to open the shutter, that she might look on the world once more. She said: 'To-morrow I will not be here, so good-by, dear old world; good-by, trees and flowers and grass and sunshine! the world to which I am going is so much more beautiful! That will do, mother. Don't look sad-I am not going to leave you. We will be around.' One favorite position was to be helped up and to lay her head on her father's breast. On one of these occasions she said: Papa, I want to die this way, and I will tell you in time, so you can take me up.' In the evening, about eight o'clock, she looked up at the clock and said: 'It is now eight o'clock; at fifteen minutes to eleven I'll be gone.' When asked how she

knew the time so exactly, she said: 'Albie has told me that he will come for me then.' So, just at half-past ten she said: 'Now take me up, papa.' Then she asked us to sing, and looked around for Lulu; but remembering that she had retired, she said: 'I should like to hear her sweet voice once more, but don't call her—it does not matter.' So she quietly passed away.

"'She is gone,' broke from her father's lips, 'but, thank

God, she has left us her testimony.'

"I could not weep; I was too happy for tears. How could I weep in presence of the angels? It may seem singular to you, but I have never mourned for her as I did for the others. Her dying words, 'We will be around,' are a great comfort, and, though it seemed against the creed' had been taught, how could I doubt the remarkable words o. heir teaching? I know I have climbed higher and have gained broader views of the infinite loving Jesus, and that it is easier to trust him than before she passed into the Spirit-world."

An Appallingly Heartrending Scene.

DEATH THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF BURNING.

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT PESHTIGO, WIS. — THE HORRIBLE DEATHS THAT OCCURRED THERE—A VIVID DESCRIPTION BY PHINEAS EAMES—WHILE SEVERAL OF HIS FAMILY ARE LYING DEAD HE IS VISITED BY THE ANGELS.

Death by burning is regarded as particularly appalling. The imagination is not vivid enough, seemingly, to picture its intense horrors. One of the most singular cases of preservation from death occurred during those memorable fires that took place in the fall of 1871, when Chicago was burned, and beautiful sections of country in Wisconsin and Michigan were nearly ruined. We witnessed the fire in Chicago, and the thrilling grandeur of the scene still continues to vibrate our soul-chords, and the charred remains of the dead are still vividly pictured in our mind. No one in Chicago was carried near to death's door by the raging destructive fire, and then restored to active life; therefore we must look in other quarters for an example. While the great fire of Chicago was gorgeous-grand beyond the power of tongue to describe or pencil to delineate, the one that occurred at Peshtigo, Wis., was appalling—the heavens and the earth seem to have been engaged in a demoniac dance, where all the devils of every imaginable pandemonium had become tangible, and were participating in a carnival of fire and wind! According to the New York Tribune's correspondent, whenever a building seemed to resist the fire, there the roof would be sent whirling in the air, breaking into clouds of flame as it fell. A shower of sparks, cinders and hot sand fell in continuous and prodigious force, and contributed quite as much in killing the people as

the first terrific sirocco that succeeded the fire. The wretched throng, neck deep in the water, and the still more helpless beings stretched on the heated sands, were pierced and blistered by those burning particles. They seemed like lancets of red-hot steel, penetrating the thickest covering. The evidence now remains to attest the incredible force of the slenderest pencils of darting flame. Hard iron-wood plow-handles still remain, perforated as though by Minie-balls, and for the main part unburnt. When the hapless dwellers in the remote streets saw themselves cut off from the river, groups broke in all directions in a wild panic of fright and terror. A few took refuge in a cleared field bordering on the town. Here, flat upon the ground, with faces pressed in the sand, the helpless sufferers lay and roasted. But few survived the dreadful agony. The next day revealed a picture exceeding in horror any battle-Mothers, with children hugged closely, lay in rigid groups, the clothes burned off and the poor flesh seared to a crisp. One mother, solicitous only for her babe, embalms her unutterable love in the terrible picture left on these woeful With her bare fingers she had scraped out a pass as the soldiers did before Petersburg, and pressing the little one into this, she put her own body above it as a shield, and when the daylight came both were dead-the little baby-face unscarred, but the mother burnt almost to cinders. Long after the flames had died out, when there was no more to feed on, the hot sands rendered moving about an exquisite torture, and long into the dismal midday the survivors were confined to the narrow circuit near the river. As the day wore on, help came in slowly from the northward. Several railroad gangs had escaped annihilation, and one gang, led by an ex-prize-fighter named Mulligan, came with promptness and efficiency to the rescue, through miles of burning prairie and blockaded roads. On Sunday night something over two thousand people were assembled within the confines of this industrious, prosperous city; the dreadful morning light came upon a haggard, maniacal multitude of less than seven hundred. When the work of rescue began it was found that a great number had escaped by the bed of the river and the northern road to the port, and as the day advanced, half-naked stragglers, unkempt and blackened, began to stream into the sparse settlement. As the molten sands cooled off, the woeful work of recognition began.

Peering into blackened faces, mothers, fathers, brothers,

tremblingly sought out missing ones.

There was one man by the name of Hanson, who firmly believed that the judgment day had come, and while the fire rained down, he began to walk composedly up and down his spacious parlors, and he and his family were consumed.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT BY PHINEAS EAMES.

At Peshtigo, where this destructive conflagration occurred, a man by the name of Phineas Eames resided, and his experiences were so remarkable and heartrending, and the final dissolution of his spirit and body so nearly accomplished, that the incidents connected with his final preservation should be recorded on the pages of history, for they not only demonstrate the power of spirits over matter, but exhibit the character of death when induced by fierce, angry flames. We give his own description of his narrow escape, as furnished by the lamented E. V. Wilson. He says:

"Oh! the horrors of that night! No pen can portray it, no language express it, and we who suffered can hardly realize

what we have passed through.

"Sunday, October 8th, 1871, was a cold, chilly day. The atmosphere was remarkably still, and filled with a dense, blinding smoke, increasing greatly toward night. Still, I felt no real alarm, as I was confident that if the woods were on fire and the fire approaching, I could save my family and buildings, as I had prepared for such an emergency, being in a clearing of twelve acres. Through the day I had been out in all directions, looking for fire, or any signs of one approaching, but there was none; therefore, on my return home toward night, I felt no more alarmed than usual; and yet I could not rest on account of the dense smoke and peculiar scent accompanying it, making it very unpleasant to inhale. However, my wife and children went to bed as usual. I laid down on a lounge and watched, as had been my custom since any talk of fires. At a quarter to ten in the evening I was up and out in the darkness. Nothing was to be seen or heard, hardly a leaf stirring; but, oh! the smoke. The scent-one could hardly endure it! I feared—I knew not what. I laid down until the clock struck eleven, when I was aroused by seeing lights approaching my house. I awoke my wife and children, and told them to dress themselves, and then went out to see who was

It proved to be my nearest neighbor, Mr. Blauvett, and family. By the time they had reached my house, my family were up and waiting-fearing the approach of some unseen foe. We knew not where to look for danger, and yet we felt that this ominous stillness, this dense smoke and stench, together with the cold and intense darkness, all combined, portended something fearful, and we waited in silence its approach; Mr. B. and myself outside, our families inside. I had closed the doors to keep out the cold and smoke. While standing a few feet from the door, all at once I saw a bright light coming, in size as large as a half-bushel measure, and as it approached it appeared like a ball of fire, coming from the southeast, and I saw it pass directly over my house to the northwest. The night being very dark, as it passed over it dazzled my eyes, and I watched it go out of sight. All in the house saw the same light, from the window, as it approached and disappeared. Next, I heard a tremendous explosion, which was so great that I can compare the sound to nothing I ever heard. The ground shook and trembled beneath my feet; the house jarred to its foundation, and the window-panes rattled in their place; and while I stood in breathless silence, not knowing which way to look or turn, or from what quarter the danger would appear, for as yet I saw no fire approaching, I heard a low, rumbling sound—a sullen roar like an earthquake; this lasted only a few moments, after which came a change of atmosphere, with slight puffs of wind, which grew warmer every moment. Suddenly my house caught fire overhead. Bear in mind I was out of it, in the midst of this intense darkness, and as I looked I discovered that my large barn was also on fire-the fire crawling along its surface like a snake-a rising flame of fire on the top of it, on the roof of the house, in the branches of the trees, and in the air, and yet no fire on the ground!

"I opened the door, and all in the house came out and started for the hill. There is a ridge west of my house. We had selected this place to go to in case of fire. House and barn on fire—we must go somewhere. All this took but a moment, and then we left our happy home forever, only to be united again beyond the River of Death. Mr. B. and family, together with my children, proceeded ahead. At this time the atmosphere became as light as day, darkness had disappeared,

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Such a and the whole heavens became a vast sheet of fire! scene as then presented itself cannot be described. Not only in an instant had my house and barn commenced to burn, but the whole air became one bright wave of flame-fire, and as yet no fire on the ground, only as it caught from this shower of fire in the air. We hastened on. When about sixty feet from the house my wife said: 'Pa, Lincoln is in the house—our only son.' I placed the baby in her arms, saying: 'You follow the rest to the hill, while I run back and see, and if he is there I will bring him to you, dead or alive.' I entered the burning house, which was all ablaze overhead, the sparks falling through in every direction, so rapid had been its progress. My search was sharp and rapid, but he was not there. I ran back to the place I had left my wife, supposing she had gone on, when, to my surprise, I found her standing just as I had left her. I said to her: 'He is not in the house. Give me the baby. He must have gone on with the rest.' I took the baby on my left arm, and just then saw our boy coming toward us. He came running up to me, saying: 'Papa, I shall be burned up. What shall I do?' I replied, saying: 'Give me your hand, my boy, and we will go to the top of the hill, but don't try to get away from papa.' I saw that his terror was very great. I feared for him. I also said: 'See, papa has got the baby and mother here, and we will go together.' Having him by one hand, and baby on the other arm, I said to my wife: 'Take hold of my vest collar;' I had no coat on. She did so, but never spoke from the time she thought our boy was in the She was perfectly paralyzed with fear for his safety, and stood gazing at the terrible fire in the heavens. I noticed, as we hurried along, that the wind was increasing at a fearful rate, great trees bending like tiny rods before it. A few steps more, and we would have reached the top of the hill, where the children and Mr. B. and his family were. At this point my son let go my hand and bounded away like a deer toward his sisters, and at the same instant there came upon us, from what quarter I know not, a wave of devastating fire, completely enveloping us in its embrace, and prostrating us all to the ground. It struck me in the face, blinding me in an instant, and setting my long beard and hair in a blaze. I fell forward, with my baby in my arms, all on fire-wife falling across my feet and rolling over on her back-not a sound from her or

baby-myself still in the flames. The roar of the fierce tornado was more than deafening-it was appalling; it was like the sound of a cataract, the noise of thunder and the roar of the sea combined! It was fearfully sublime! I laid my baby down drew up my feet from beneath my wife, and in the midst of this fearful ruin prayed Almighty God to let me die with my family. Why had he passed me by? 'Oh! take me too,' I I had no desire to live, for I supposed that all was gone, and that this sheet of devouring flame had swallowed all, and in agony of spirit I prayed to go too. But I was not allowed to die. A voice came to me, so distinct and clear that I plainly heard it-I am not mistaken-saying: 'Get up, get up, and look for your children!' I could not resist. I rose up, went forward a few steps, and there at my feet lay a little form roasted to a crisp. I supposed it was my darling boy. I cried aloud. My senses were suspended for a moment-I knew nothing. I groped my way along, I knew not where. I thought I saw some object moving. I pulled my eyes open, called my oldest girl-brave child; she came to me into the very face of death, saying: 'Oh! where are mother and baby?' I replied: 'Mother and baby are dead!' 'And where,' I asked, 'are Mary and Lincoln?' She answered: 'Mary is here with me. Lincoln is dead.' I was blind and still on fire. She led me where Mrs. B. s children and Mary were. Mr. B. and part of his family were gone, we knew not where. I said to them: We must all lie flat on our faces, that we may breathe,' the air being full of fire falling all around us. The wind had increased to a hurricane, the largest trees being uprooted before The appalling roar of the wind, the blazing and falling timber, the brilliant glare of the fire, the whole heavens being one vast sheet of flame-oh! one must have seen it to fully realize and understand the horrors of that terrible night. There is no use for me to attempt to describe it; it cannot be There is no danger of any pen or speech exaggerating the scenes of that fearful hour, for all this happened in less time than I could tell it. In less than one hour my wife and children were burned up at my side, my property all destroyed, only the ashes of my home left, and this was the foe that had come upon us! No one could guard against fire from over our heads, and we fell before it. Can you imagine my feelings, as, with my girls, now motherless, and myself still burning, we lay

rough such a night! rough such a night:

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could yet hear its We now began to We now began to By to the soles of in, felt that I could bf burns; my hands, were tucked instantion which is the letter of the letter o bies? I then called to them: 'Here is do to them: 'Here is one if it is pur of sorrow, let us pray earnestly to we did before, that we pain I was suffering and as our voices and as our voices in the pain I felt that I was surget with the presentation of the pain I felt their presentation in the pain I felt their presentation in a moment and from that time sensation from my had been presented in the power to heal the power to heal the power of a church for sings were. I recognize the professed to be a sensation my soul. They are sensation my soul. They are not there in those charred and marred bodies; they have passed on, and are now resting in the Summerland, and will be with you soon. They suffered not, as you think, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the tornado's trumpet, they were born to the immortal life. Turn now to the living; there is your duty. Mourn not for those who have

passed on; you are to live and go from here.'

"From this prayer I rose up, strengthened to endure my Morning light finally came, and I wished once more to look, with my motherless girls, upon our lost and loved ones. They led me back to where their mother and baby sister lay. I pulled my eyelids apart, for my face was so swollen and blistered that I could see only as I opened my eyes by force, and looked upon their features for the last time on earth. Somehow their faces were not much burned. But I cannot dwell here; they were dead; their bodies roasted. My wife lay as she fell, with arms extended toward heaven, as if imploring A little further on I found my darling boy, the one on whom I had hoped to lean for support in my old age. was not burned as the others were, but he died, as I suppose, from inhaling the hot air. We turned from our dead in silence: passed on by the ashes of our home—no longer a home to us. All, all, had vanished! I turned with my children, and started for the Menominee, seven miles away. We reached it about seven o'clock in the evening. On Tuesday night, the 10th, while lying at the Taylor House, I saw my wife in a vision. Others came with her, and it was said to me by these spirits-I could not distinguish whose voice—'You will live, and go to Illinois.' I awoke and felt refreshed, and have felt ever since that I am surrounded by unseen friends, assisting me all the time. I can see, thank God. My hands and feet, at this date [some two months after he was burned], are slowly improving, and I am gaining strength and can move about the house a little. I feel confident that I will regain the use of my hands the course of time. The nails are coming off, butnew ones vill soon appear in their place. I trust to retain all my fingers, and the use of them. I thank God for allowing me to testify that I have been relieved of pain through the ministration of angel friends, and I here desire to add my testimony to thousands of other witnesses, that I know our loved ones do return o us, and that men and women are prompted by them to help

DEATH ultifarious directions. mes, illustrates most our constant attendilleviate the pangs of died by fierce flames, hundreds of hissing my pain left me." levement, and shows wer of angelic beings ands, legs and feet deep into the flesh of pants-they were rapis feet burned to a www.ve not right in conthe grandest achievecurred? Do not the man so badly burned, pags of death under all to may happen? And a great extent the terthe last change, and angels?

A Dark Picture in Spirit Life.

THRILLING SCENES BEYOND THE MATERIAL VEIL.

AN IMPORTANT AND IMPRESSIVE LESSON TAUGHT, INDICATING THE DARKNESS IN SPIRIT-LIFE,—AND THAT HEAVEN IS JUST WHAT ONE MAKES IT—THE TERRIBLE CONDITION OF BARONESS M.—THE DIVINE LESSON SHE IMPARTS—YOU WHO ARE INCLINED TO EVIL, CONSIDER WELL HER WORDS.

*Some few years ago there resided in New York, U. S. A. an aged lady of German birth, the widow of an eminent American merchant, by name Madame Walter. This lady having become deeply interested in Spiritualism, communicated to Mrs. Hardinge Britten the particulars of her own early experience, at a period of her life when she had been a patient of the renowned German physician, philosopher and writer, Dr. Justinius Kerner. The circumstances of her case were so remarkable that Dr. Kerner had noted them down with a view of incorporating them with other narratives of a kindred character in a forthcoming volume. At Madame Walter's earnest request, her experiences, which seemed to her at that time too sacred to be entrusted to a cold, materialistic world, were simply recorded in manuscript, but not published. At the time when the strange tale was communicated to Mrs. Britten, the narrator deemed it her solemn duty to offer her record as a contribution to an age better prepared than formerly to receive it. It need only to be added, that in addition to the high and unimpeachable character of the venerable lady from whom Mrs. Britten received the history orally, she is also in possession of Dr. Kerner's manuscript, from which she has



^{*} By Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, of England, eminent as an author, lecturer and medium.

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of seership made no other impression on her mind than to furnish food for ridicule, and denial of spiritual agency.

It was on a certain night in October, 1827, that Mdlle. Olga was left by her physician in a peaceful sleep, her maid, Anna Matterlich, occupying a couch in an adjoining apartment, to restrain—as her mistress gaily alleged—any undue flights of her somnambulistic wanderings.

At a very early hour the next morning, Dr. Kerner was summoned in haste to attend his patient, and he then received

from her pale lips the following astounding statement:

"Dr. Kerner," she said, "the sleep in which you left me must have been of very short duration, for the moment after your departure I became so wide awake that I heard and could have counted the number of your retreating footsteps. At the instant that you closed the door behind you, I felt irresistibly impelled to rise from my bed, throw on a dressing-gown, and seat myself by my writing-table. Whilst I sat, abstractedly gazing at the still blazing fire, to my unspeakable astonishment, my door was opened noiselessly and my mother entered the room, and without attempting to salute me, took a chair, and sat down by the fire on the opposite side to myself.

"If I was astonished at her unexpected appearance, I was still more so at the extraordinary change manifested in her

person.

"Her dress—the splendid lace in which she was married to the Baron M., gave me the idea of a cold so intense that it froze my very marrow to look at her; indeed, I felt—though she did not complain or shiver—that she was perishing with cold. I had always been accustomed to hear my mother spoken of as a very beautiful woman, and I had often gazed at her myself with admiring wonder; but oh! what a contrast did she now present to the loveliness which had so fascinated all beholders! Her hair was loose and hanging around her shoulders in disorder; but to my amazement I perceived that it was nearly all false, and from its lack of arrangement failed to conceal the gray locks which it was designed to hide. One cheek was coarsely patched with rouge, whilst the other was deadly pale. A set of false teeth was in her hand, and her neck and arms were only half smeared with enamel.

"I had never seen my mother at her toilet, and these disclosures fairly overwhelmed me; yet all this was totally ove



looked whilst gazing on the unutterable expression of woe which marked every lineament of that wretched face. I had never seen despair, rage and remorse so awfully depicted on a human countenance, nor did I deem it possible that those passions

could find such a fearfully vivid expression.

"I seemed to see, moreover-and wonderful it was for me to perceive it-my mother's entire past history, all written-I could not tell how or where—yet impressed clearly upon her and obvious to every eye. And, oh heaven! may I never again witness the naked deformity of an ill-spent life, thus indelibly imprinted on the form!

"Aghast and speechless, I listened in silence, whilst my mother spoke to me! but her very tones were changed, and instead of the soft, silvery accents of other days, her voice was hollow and faint, and seemed to come from an illimitable distance off, and in no way to proceed from the forlorn figure that

sat before me. It said:

"'Olga, I have come to tell you of a very, very terrible dream I have had; a dream you ought to know, and one which, if I had realized before, I should have been happier—happier now!' She sighed—and, oh, what a sigh of anguish was that then motioning me to the writing-table at my side, she bade me take down the words she was going to speak.

"Mechanically I obeyed her, when she continued as follows, speaking so slowly and with so many pauses that, though I never seemed to possess the courage to address her, I was enabled to transcribe her words faster than she uttered them:

"'I was dressing, as you see, to go to court, when a sudden faintness seized me, memory fled, and consciousness only returned in the form of this horrible dream.'

"Here a shudder of agony seemed to shake her frame,

and a long pause ensued.

"'I found myself on the brink of a dreary, high cliff, overhanging a wild and stormy sea. The air was thicker and heavier than night; yet it was not night. All was lonely, wild, black and dreary. It seemed as if I had stood in that awful solitude for ages, yet why or how I came there I knew not.

"'Suddenly the ground rocked and parted beneath my feet. Shrieking in mortal terror, I caught at the earth, blades of grass, the very motes in the air, to stay my fall; but all in vain. Down-down-I was hurled! oh, how long I was in



falling! Surely I must have spent years in that awful descent, for the whole of my past life; even to its minutest details, passed in solemn march before me as I fell. Not the vivid flashes of sudden remembrance, but the stately panorama of every year, hour and minute unrolled itself before me as clearly as in the time when each event was enacted. I saw my own pale mother sinking into an early grave, but the bitter causes of that untimely death came with her; my disobedience, ingratitude, and desertion. Every unkind word or act of folly I had committed against her, was engraved on the funeral pall from which her faded form seemed to emerge.

"'I saw dim effigies of young, timid hearts that my idle coquetries had broken. I saw the charms of beauty and intellect with which God had endowed me, first adorning, then disfiguring my own phantom likeness, with the semblance of reptiles and loathsome animals. I saw faces of many a weary drudge whom I had sacrificed to my service; and those who had bowed to me and cringed before me, now reviled me and

pointed with foul grimaces to my unfinished toilet.

"All this and more, more than tongue can speak, I saw,

and knew, and felt, during that tremendous fall.

"I tell you, girl, a thousand years must have passed in that downward flight. At length I landed-landed on a distant shore, where thick haze clouded at first my straining vision, and the cold winds swept around me with such a pierc-

ing, icy chill as I never dreamed to exist before.

" 'As I shrank and shivered in their tempestuous cruelty, myriads of ragged forms flitted before me, and I knew they were wretched creatures whom I had passed by in my town drives, and then I wept to think I had never done anything to alleviate their misery. They mocked at me now, and then they passed away. I would have helped them, but the bitter blast sighed out: "Too late! Too late!"

"'Lies I had spoken, and trivial follies long since forgotten, seemed now to assume tangible shapes, and rose up to meet me so palpably that I felt with shame and horror they were fastening themselves upon my form-my very dress, and

would be seen and known by all beholders.

" 'I strove to hide myself for very shame, but millions of eyes were upon me, and all seemed to read me through and through.



"'Then arose the wild and agonizing wish, since I could

not conceal my true self, that I were changed.

"'I screamed aloud a frantic prayer to return to earth and lead a new life-do something, everything, over again; and be a better, truer and purer woman. But again the bitter winds sighed out the doleful cry, "Too late! Too late!" In my despair I cried to those who surrounded me that I was not fit to be seen. I must and would be something better. And then I remembered what the priests had taught—how they had preached that the blood of Christ would cleanse the worst of sinners, and redeem all who believed in Him from the penalty so justly due to ill-spent lives. I had never believed this. had never been taught to believe, but I would do so now; and then with frantic haste I sped on to find a priest. With the wish came the realization. A celebrated minister of the Christian church, long dead and gone, started up suddenly in my path, alive again, and offered me a crucifix. But oh, horror! As I gazed upon this man I saw he was worse than I was. He was a hypocrite, a base deceiver, and his changing form was marred by the wild, despairing images of thousands of shipwrecked souls whom his false teachings had misled. Still, a shadowy hope was left. I would cling to the crucifix. Pictures of faithful believers thus redeemed flitted before my eyes; but even as with outstretched arms I strove to clasp the image, it spoke, and in sweet, though relentless, tones it said: "Not everyone who saith unto me, Lord, Lord! but he who doeth the will of my Father, who is in heaven, he shall be saved." Then I shrieked out, "Is there no salvation?" The answer came, "Work out thine own salvation." "But how?" "In action." "But," I cried again, "I am dead. There is no hope, no repentance after death." "There is no death," answered the voice, so still, so soft, yet so full of power that it seemed to fill the spaces of infinity. Confused and overwhelmed, yet still aroused and stirred by the strange new thought that there might be progress even beyond the grave, I asked, "Where, then, is hell?" No answer came, but yet I felt that answer, and it impelled me to look around through the murky air on the bleak and barren prospect, and the dreary, stunted forms of beings on whose faces I read images of misspent lives like my own. Then I cried, "Lo, I am in hell, and I myself have made it!"



"Then I thought, but did not dare to ask, of heaven.

"'Thought in spirit-life is action, reality, and with the thought came a view! Oh, that I could speak of the radian.

visions that one brief glance presented!

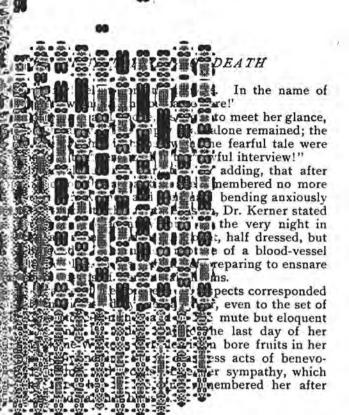
"The brightest and highest flights of ideality on earth fall short, far short, of that blooming, sunlit land, and the happy, lovely people that inhabit it. And yet I saw what they had been, as clearly as I saw the evil lives of my associates. Some had been crippled, blind, starved, worked to death, or worn out with cares and toils, but all had been true and faithful unto death, and good to one another. All those that dwell in those heavenly spheres, those lands of light and beauty, that even to look at for a single instant is worth a thousand years of suffering, had been kind, patient, brave, or

helpful.

"'Oh, what a glory it was to look upon the good! Oh, that I had been good, ever so little! Oh, that I had left some record behind, to bless mankind! That single blessing would have saved me! But whilst I sighed in heaviness, with Milton's fallen angel, "Me Miserable!" the sweet, soft voice breathed in my ear: "Up and be doing! Prepare, and commence thy Work out thine own salvation. Arise, and go to life anew. thy Father." I thought, for it was but a dream, Olga-I thought, and I said, I will arise; and I did go, and I came here, as the first fruit of my new life and new resolution, for I found—that is, I thought I found—that the only way to help myself was by helping others, and so I came hither to warn my child; to tell'her that not in church, in pulpit, or in the good deeds of another, does the path to heaven lie; but in her own strivings after good; in her deeds to her fellow-mortals; in pure thoughts, good acts, kind words, and the motives for good which move us through every second of our mortal pilgrimage. Heaven and hell are states, my child. No foot can tread the path by which we reach them but our own; no mouthing hypocrite can teach us how to find the way, or save, or guide us, only the impulses to good and truth which God has given to every human soul, if we would but heed them. These are our saviors, Olga. Arise! and save thyself!'

"She ceased, and gaining self-possession from the cessation of the agonizing tones that had so long rung in my ear, I

cried out:



The Three Worlds We Live In.

THREE KINDS OF REALITY AND THREE ORDERS OF FACTS.

A COMPREHENSIVE ANALYSIS OF THE WORLD OF MATTER AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

*We have an idea, more or less clear, of three kinds of reality, three orders of facts, which we may call three worlds. We find it possible to think and speak of matter, finite spirit and infinite spirit; or nature, humanity and Deity. We do not understand either very well; and the more we ponder the more we wonder; but we are at least able to distinguish these three as objects of thought.

The world of matter appears to be unconscious; it does not know and cannot know itself. It is also inert; it cannot act of itself, though it can be acted upon. The river does not know that it runs, the sun does not know that it shines; my hand does not know when I make it move. But all matter is the plaything of force, and is, therefore, subject to change. It is unfixed. The substance which yesterday was solid as rock, to-day may be liquid as water or fluid as air. Our first childish impression is that other material world is permanent; but later we learn that

The hills are shadows, and they flow From form to form, and nothing stands; They meet like mists, the solid lands; Like clouds they shape themselves, and go!

The force by which matter is moved or transformed may reside in the matter, or may work on it from without; but the force does not seem to be identical with the matter. The physical world is a curious mystery.

Next, there is a world of spirits, or a kind of existence

^{*}From a sermon in Boston by REV. C. G. AMES, illustrating the fact that ministers of the Gospel are becoming more liberal.



us, and in some ting on matter as his own being is te under the conherefore it seems a world of mind, rocks and trees, of existence still knowing everyan do everything of a soul of the immensity as I ime fully than I can of a soul of the amensity as I immensity as I i

A Control by Napoleon I.

HE GIVES HIS EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

THE GREAT GENERAL BECAME AWARE THAT IN SPIRIT-LIFE HE WAS NO LONGER GREAT.

*In accordance with the desire expressed by the guides of the medium (whom, by the way, I find to be a very susceptible instrument) I return to earth once more to briefly describe my experiences in the world of spirits. Although I have controlled several sensitives, yet I find that the one whom I have now under influence is better suited for the expression of my spiritual powers than any I have hitherto entranced. Whatever I may unfold with respect to my spiritual life must not be regarded as an experience which all spirits necessarily undergo. The transmission of men from the earth-plane, their reception in the Spirit-world, and their mode of living and surroundings are as varied as the customs, laws, manners and government of people in the flesh. But what I am about to make known is a plain, unvarnished narrative of actual facts which have occurred since I crossed the threshold of the material sphere.

My mortal-life was one constant struggle for victory over self. I believed in fate, and knew that the circumstances of earth, over which no man has absolute control, were greatly the cause of my military success. But I also knew that I was frequently acting under the inspiration of invisible agencies; indeed, all men who move the world by sword, voice or pen, are simply instruments through whom advanced spirits mould the destiny of human beings. The fact that I was mediumistic, and, therefore, susceptible to spirit influence, was fully con-

^{*}Communicated through the editor of the Spiritual Review, London, England,



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firmed when, on entering Spirit-life, I was made aware of the truth that whatever I had accomplished was the deliberate result of the controlling power of political rulers and conquerors who had fled from earth before me, to take up superior labors for human progress. My first experience on dying was to find myself welcomed by two of the leading generals of the world's history. It was difficult at first to realize that I had actually passed from the body. I knew that I had been suffering from an internal complaint, and I also knew sometime before that I was about to die. But the process of the separation of the soul from the body was so gradual, so imperceptible, that it was not until I was requested to take a glance at my worn-out frame lying behind me that I really knew that I had passed from earth.

When I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise and astonishment, I became aware of the fact that I was no longer The knowledge that the glory, power and triumphant splendor which characterized my progress on earth had sunk with my death into insignificance (at least so far as myself personally was concerned), filled me with a keen disappointment at the apparent failure and vanity of human life. The majesty and worldly pride of my military achievements, attended by all the usual display of external manifestations, consequent upon such a course of action, inspired me with a keen sense of utter hopelessness and disgust. I found I had to begin life afresh. However feared and admired I might have been on earth, I was simply as a new-born babe in the hands of those who had come to greet me in spirit. And yet I was conscious of the interior force which belonged to my own personality. deep desire of vaunting ambition; the intense determination to surmount and subdue whatever stood in my way; the craving for the activity and excitement of warfare, still constituted a part of my emotions and mental aspirations. But I found, much to my regret, that in this new region I was powerless to carry out my plans, or even to see the slightest opening that would enable me to perform the part of a warrior. One would think that death would have removed all such thoughts from my mind. But no. The termination of my earthly career appeared to me to be but the beginning of a mightier work my spirit was destined to perform. The liberation of my soul from the body made me feel a new being entirely. I had the will,

but not the means, to execute what I had left undone on earth. When my spiritual senses had become more alive to the new state to which I had been called, I recognized amongst a number of spirits (who seemed to have come to greet me out of curiosity more than anything else) a tall, angelic being. She was a bright and beautiful woman. Advancing towards me with an air of heavenly majesty, she courteously enquired if I was aware of the fact that my separation from the body was not yet complete. I replied in the negative. She then began to inform me that my connection with earth was not quite severed, and that if I wished to thoroughly free myself from the body I must relinquish the thoughts I had then in my mind, and think more of my own spiritual welfare rather than of strife and conquest. At first I looked at her in doubtful amazement, but, on looking more closely into the crowd of beings who stood around me, I noticed some of my nearest friends and relatives amongst them. I could scarcely distinguish either their forms or their features. They were mourning by the bed on which lay my earthly form. The only difference in the appearance of my mortal and spiritual friends was that the former appeared as if enveloped in a mist, which prevented me from seeing them distinctly. I then saw that the lips were in motion, and, apparently, were under the control of a mental influence. I was informed that though my spirit had actually passed out of the flesh, yet the means of communication with earth, through the dying body, had not been cut off; that the life-principle was still remaining, and that all the elements which served the purpose of expressing the will and desires of the mind were now responding to, and obeying the injunctions, the thoughts and feelings of the soul.

As soon as I directed my attention from the affairs of earth, and began to entertain some serious thoughts with respect to my spiritual condition, I found that the absence of life in the physical body became more apparent; until, at last, I found I had indeed absolutely severed my connection forever with the flesh. The more conscious I became of my spiritual existence the less visible did the material things appear. Finally, my mortal friends vanished from my sight like vapory bodies, and I stood at once an inhabitant in the world of immortal souls.

Flesh and Blood and Spirit.

THEIR RELATION ANALYZED BY A MASTER MIND.

FLESH AND BLOOD CANNOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN—
PHYSICAL RESURRECTION—THE CREMATED BODY—THE HUT
FOR A PALACE.

"It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."—
I. Cor., xv., 44.

*It seems profitable to say one more word on the subject of the resurrection of the body.

We are entirely free to hold any opinion we choose, since

the matter has not been definitely settled by authority.

All that can be required of us is that we shall keep within the limits of reasonable speculation, and base our arguments on such scientific knowledge as will assist us to reach a conclusion.

It is safe to say, therefore, at the very start, that no one can possibly wish to re-occupy the body from which he makes his exit at death. We have so large a conception of God's power and wisdom that it appears to be an insult to both to declare that He has nothing better in store for us than these poor tenements of flesh, of which the Psalmist says that "they die and return to their dust."

If it be true that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him," surely the cottage of the flesh, thatched with fresh straw and glorified with new beams and ceilings, will hardly be a fitting residence for the recipient of such unspeakable glories. There is a kind of incongruity between these material bodies and what we hope to be and to do



^{*}By the leading editorial writer on the New York Herald.

in heaven that we shrink from with inexpressible disappointment; but, on the other hand, when we hear it said that flesh and blood will not enter the kingdom, we feel a sense of relief and gratitude as when a peal of bells rings out a longed-for

victory.

So repugnant to most of us is the thought of a physical resurrection that we cannot accept it unless an explicit statement to that effect can be found which has the gravity of revelation. If there were no Bible we should certainly repudiate such an assertion as a libel on the power of the Creator. No man could fashion arguments strong enough to persuade us of its truth. We should boldly declare that it was both an unreasonable and an unworthy dogma—a dogma not befitting the dignity or destiny of the soul, and not in accord with the boundless resources of Deity.

The church may command us to accept it, but the church is not a final authority. We follow no one blindly, but put everything to the test of our personal judgment. It is folly to nod assent to a doctrine which does not commend itself by its own merits, and the pulpit must give us liberty to dissent from its statements when we are not convinced by its arguments.

Then, again, such a resurrection, besides being repugnant, is fraught with difficulties which render it improbable to the very verge of impossibility. We use the word impossibility with mingled reverence and courage, for if any one asserts that the Almighty will pursue a certain course, and we know that that course involves an absurdity, we are disloyal to Him if we do not declare that He cannot pursue that course. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to declare that it is impossible for God to do anything that involves an absurdity, and we do it with boundless humility, reverence and firmness.

Let us take, for example, a poor worn-out body that has been cremated. The fire has done its work thoroughly. The original particles have lost their relation to each other. The handful of ashes which result is no longer the house of the soul. Certain elements of which the body was composed are absorbed by the air, and in time become a component part of other human beings and of plants of the field. The more solid atoms are scattered by the winds, borne hither and thither,

iter various forms of life, are held in the treasury of nature be used for new purposes. The spirit has no longer any



need of them; it has done with them. That body as a body

has been literally annihilated.

Suppose that by some stupendous miracle these chemical elements could be collected and these atoms gathered and reconstructed, would it be the body of your friend's youth, or of his middle life, or of his old age—which? Surely it would not be the body which he left, because it was no longer habitable. It might be a new body resembling his, but it is inconceivable that it should be absolutely identical with the one which was laid on the altar of flame.

If, then, we are to have practically new bodies, are the Almighty's resources so slender that He must needs reconstruct the new out of the old? The absurdity is complete, and

we must look for some other solution of the problem.

It is easily found. The farewell to the flesh at death is happily a farewell forever. The laws of the universe declare it to be so. Neither flesh nor time has anything to do with eternity. We leave our residence for a better one—the hut for the palace. When death knocks at the door it is because our bodies have accomplished their mission and will thereafter be used for other ends.

Your physical theory is not tenable. It is intolerable and illogical. It demoralizes our high idea of God, and forces us to accept the incredible. God has given us the ability to reason, and we have no right to attribute to Him an act which

is in itself unreasonable.

But to be clothed upon with a spiritual body is a different matter. We may not understand what that body is to be, but we have no difficulty in believing it possible. Our reason may be transcended, but it is not contradicted. It is all a mystery, but one in which we rejoice. The soul will have a habitation, though not of flesh, and it will be quite worthy of our occupancy. What it will consist of no man can tell, but that it will be a new expression of infinite love and wisdom no one can doubt.



Ponder Well the Very Dark Picture.

VISION OF THE DARK OR INTERMEDIATE SPHERES.

IT IS THERE THAT THE SELFISH AND THOSE WHO DO NO GOOD TO THEIR FELLOWS ARE AWAKENED TO A REALIZATION OF THEIR SAD CONDITION—SURVEY THE SAD SCENE, AND THEN SHAPE YOUR LIFE SO AS TO AVOID IT.

*Of Mme. Sardou in lethargic sleep and her voyage in space I must quote a little. Mme. Sardou, sixty-two years of

age, made the following statement to the narrator:

"About twelve years since I was in the hospital at Lyons, and died, to all appearances, and so remained for twenty-four hours. I had no consciousness of what was passing around me. During this time I went up, up, till the earth appeared blue, like the heavens, and then was out of sight. On I went: Finally I arrived in front of a magnificent chapel, gleaming with indescribable beauty, and in which there was a light of surpassing brilliancy. Attempting to enter, I was warned that I was not yet pure enough; that I had to return to the earth and suffer much, and then I should be admitted to this paradise. I then went on without knowing what impelled me. till I looked upon a vast, arid, boundless field. There I saw a prodigious quantity of persons all bent towards the ground, which they were scratching vigorously with their two hands, as

og scratches with his paws. I saw here priests of all ranks; ple well and ill-dressed. I was astonished. Looking on side I saw una dame blonde; it was a very beautiful woman re is none upon earth like her. She did not speak to me, said: 'Madame, what is this; all this multitude?' 'My

^{*}Vision of the Dark or Intermediate Spheres. Translated from the French, "Revue"," of June, 1875, by Emma Hardinge Britten,



child,' she replied, 'this is purgatory.' 'Where, then, is hell?' I asked. 'There is none,' was the reply; 'it is here that penitence is made. See, my child, these had upon the earth all they needed, but were never satisfied, wanting always more, and never doing any good to their fellows. Look yonder,' she said, extending her arm, 'see those down there, down there afar off; it is two thousand years they are there, two thousand years!'"

When some dissent was expressed to Mme. Sardou respecting her vision, she replied with much vivacity, "Oh! but I sawit!" (She had once before made a like asseveration when

some doubt had been expressed.)

These earnest replies, continues the writer, prove abundantly the sincerity of her recital. When the spirit of Mme. Sardou returned to her body and awoke it, she found her friends were about enwrapping it for its final disposition. She screamed and drew many persons about her bed. To these she related her voyage and experience, and she was assured that she had seen the Virgin Mary. She suffers, as was predicted by the angel; and, not unmindful of her vision, she says sadly, when she sees a person in affluence withholding a farthing from the needy: "See, still another who is going to scratch the earth."

Suffice it to say, the woman was persecuted for her faith, and even threatened by the clergy; and her house, No. 54 Rue

de la Reine, was named "The Folle Bretonne."

Dark Spirit Scenes in a Haunted House.

THEY HAUNT A HOUSE, AND HAVE THE APPEARANCE OF ANIMALS.

SPIRIT-LIFE IS DARK AND DISMAL TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES ARE

STEEPED IN CRIME OR DEBAUCHERY.

*As a final example of hauntings, especially of that kind which subsequently connected itself with the intelligence manifested at spirit circles, we shall cite a history furnished to the author some years ago by a party of her personal friends, amongst whom was a gentleman of probity and scientific acumen, well remembered amongst dramatic writers and musicians as Mr. Lenox Horne. This gentleman being in somewhat embarrassed circumstances about the year 1829, took up his abode temporarily in apartments offered to him at a very moderate rent in an old house near Hatton Garden, long since pulled down. At the period of which we write the house was large, the rooms spacious, especially one, supposed to have been a banqueting chamber, which Mr. Horne used as a music As all the lower chambers were either appropriated to the storing of goods, or rented to legal gentlemen as offices, there were no persons sleeping in the house except Mr. Horne and a porter, who occupied a small room on the ground floor. The building had long borne the reputation of being haunted; it was fast falling to decay, and the former occupants of Mr. Horne's chambers were seldom known to remain long within the gloomy precincts. Report alleged that the place had once been the residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, and the weird reputation that attached to the antique domicile connected

^{*}This remarkable narrative is taken from Mas. Emma Hardings Britten's popular and exhaustive work, "Nineteenth Century Miracles," page 95. It teaches a lesson that every one should carefully consider, illustrating the important fact that there are dark spheres in Spirit-life.

itself with the magical practices attributed to his unfortunate

lady.

Mr. Horne had tenanted these apartments some months before he was aware of the phenomena occurring within his own premises. At length he was apprised by Mr. March, a police officer with whom he was acquainted, that for several consecutive nights he and a number of persons invited to share his watch, had remarked that long after the hour when Mr. Horne was accustomed to retire to rest, the great banqueting-room, which he had no means of lighting up, and therefore never entered except in daylight, could be seen from the court below brilliantly illuminated. Whilst acknowledging that he had often been disturbed by strange noises, odd music, loud laughter, and footsteps, for which he could not account, Mr. Horne—at once the most fearless and least superstitious of beings-strenuously combated the idea of the lights, and it was only when, after watching for several nights with March and his associates, he himself beheld every window of his own apartment, one that he had left closed, locked, and in total darkness, lit up as if by a multitude of gas-jets, that he could be brought to believe in the story his friends narrated to him. On several succeeding occasions the same party beheld this spectacle repeated, and whilst some of their number remained below to watch that no intruder passed out from the one entrance of the house, the others would hasten to examine the apartment, to find it enveloped in thick darkness. One of the curious features of this appearance was the invariability with which the lights disappeared from the eyes of the watchers below, at the moment when the apartment was opened by the searchers above. Only on one occasion was this rule reversed. and that was on a certain night in February, when a larger number of persons than usual had assembled in the court below to watch for the phantom lights.

They blazed out suddenly and in full radiance about one o'clock in the morning, when, after observing them for some five minutes, Mr. Horne, Mr. March, and a nobleman whose name we are not at liberty to mention, determined to ascend the stairs and open the door of the haunted room; and as they did so they agreed to give the signal of a whistle to those in

the court below.

At the moment when Mr. Horne threw open the large



door of the room in question, he and his companions were

thunderstruck to perceive that it was full of company.

One of the three observers had given the signal agreed upon of the whistle which he held in his hand, as he gazed upon the extraordinary scene that met the eye. The vast company seemed to be in the act of dancing. They represented ladies and gentlemen, arrayed, not in the Elizabethan style attributed to the Hatton period of the mansion, but in the costume of the reign of Charles the Second, and the whole air seemed to be full of waving plumes, fluttering ribbons, and sparkling jewels. The three witnesses, who subsequently compared notes with each other, and found their own observations fully corroborated by those of the others, affirmed that the particulars of the whole scene as above related were plainly, clearly defined, in addition to which all three declared that every one of these splendidly-attired revelers were, or appeared to wear, a mask, resembling some disgusting animal.

Before the astounded witnesses could sufficiently collect their senses to take any action on what they saw, the lights began to pale and shimmer, the whole scene quivered, melted out slowly and gradually, as in a dissolving view, and at length—that is, in the space of a few minutes—the apartment was seemingly empty and in total darkness. The watchers below reported to those above, when at last they had sufficiently collected themselves to descend, that the lights were stationary for about five minutes after the whistle sounded, and dis-

appeared more gradually than usual.

Immediately after this vision the house became wholly aninhabitable, even to Mr. Horne and the two friends who

volunteered to share his quarters with him.

Heavy poundings were often heard during the day, for which no account could be given. But these were nothing to the saturnalia which ensued as soon as darkness had set in. Tramping of feet, clashing of arms, the clinking of glasses, the crash of broken china; all the sounds attending drunken revels, ide brawls, and even murderous fights, were heard, at times in horrible distinctness. Low moans, wails, and bitter sobs, re still more frequent, and the rushing as of blasts of winds, im unknown sources, was a frequent feature of these frightful eturbances.

The witnesses, and they were many, represented their ex-



periences to their friends only to encounter the usual sneer of incredulity and scornful derision. Two or three clergymen volunteered to offer prayers, and one zealous Catholic went through the formula of exorcism in the possessed mansion; but always to encounter such a storm of blows, laughter and hideously derisive sounds, as drove them in horror from the place, a retreat in which they were shortly imitated by the tenants, who never after recurred to their painful experiences without a feeling of deep awe, solemnity, and an earnest entreaty that their narration should not be met with the ordinary methods of rude denial and insulting jest.

Despite what he had already witnessed, Mr. Horne had no knowledge of, or belief in, the reputed modern spiritual manifestations, the spread of which, since the year 1848, he

had noticed but never investigated.

About the year 1853, being invited to spend the evening with some musical friends residing in Holloway, London, Mr. Horne was there introduced to Madame Albert, a French lady, who was accompanied by her little daughter, a child of some eleven years of age. During the evening the hostess proposed that they should try the experiment of "table turning," which was at that time the technical expression used for evoking

spiritual manifestations.

Madame Albert had, it seemed, become developed for mediumistic powers, whilst little Josephine was reported to be a fine somnambulist or trance medium. When the seance was first proposed Mr. Horne laughingly alleged his entire ignorance of the subject, but at once placed himself in position at the table, under the direction of the attendant sybils, "to see what would come of it." No sooner were the party seated than Mdlle. Josephine, seizing the pencil and paper which had been placed on the table, wrote in an incredibly short space of time, in a large bold hand, the following communication, addressed "To Mr. Lenox Horne," a name which the child up to that moment had never heard. The writing was given in English, a language, it must be remembered, of which the little medium was entirely ignorant.

"You say you know nothing of spiritual existence or the soul's power to return to earth. Oh, my friend! Why will you reject the light that has already dawned upon you? In your own house you have heard the sounds, and seen the

sights, which bore witness to the presence of human spirits. Have you forgotten the phantom dancers, whom you and your companions thought wore animal masks? Those dancers were my companions in vice and wickedness. They and I lived amidst scenes of revelry too shameful to be detailed. We were associates of the frivolous roue that occupied the throne of England, Charles the Second, and in the house where you found shelter we often used to hold such revels as demons alone could take pleasure in. When we became spirits, the base passions with which our lives on earth were animated became so engraved upon our spirits, that all who looked upon us from a higher plane, beheld us transfigured into the semblance of the animals whose natures we partook of. Shocking as this disclosure of our true natures may be, it haply may help future generations to account for the idea of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Unhappily, that doctrine is We might be happier as the animals whose limited instincts we represent, but oh, unhappy that we are! we are at once the human beings we ever were, with the additional humiliation of knowing that we take to others the semblance of the lower creatures whose passions we have imitated. Friend Horne! Our hell is, not to pass into other states, but to live in our own, and by the knowledge of what we have made ourselves, to grow into higher conditions. You thought we wore masks. Alas! We had only dropped them, and exchanged the mask of seeming for the face of reality. In the Spirit-world, all its inhabitants are known for what they are, and the soul's loves take the shape of angelic beauty, or brutish ugliness, according to the tendencies of the life within. On the night when you beheld our revels, we were obliged, by the law of our being, to go through the earthly scenes which we had taken too much delight in. On earth such revels were our heaven; in the spheres they are our hell. Their forced enactment was part of our penance; but thank God I have seen the errors of the past, and henceforward I am atoning for it, and living my wasted life over again. I am on the road of progress, and even this humiliating confession will help me forward, and aid me to become stronger to save others and myself from the vices the memories of which still cling to me like a garment. Farewell! My earthly mission is done; there will be no more haunting spirits in the old house in Hatton Garden."

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Spirits Confined, as it Were, in a Prison.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN THE GOOD AND THE BAD OF SPIRIT-LIFE.

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF SPIRIT-LIFE VIVIDLY PORTRAYED THE SAD CONDITION OF SPIRITS STEEPED IN CRIME-AN IM-PRESSIVE SCENE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

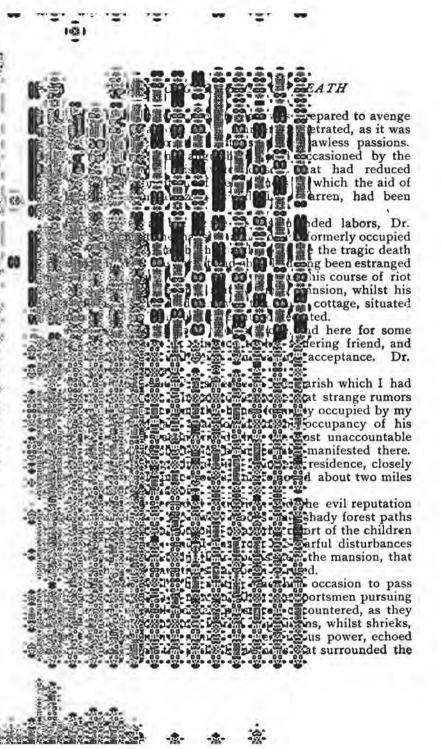
*The following narrative, from the pen of Dr. Joseph Warren, D. D., of Tennessee, is not only vouched for on the authority of its enerable author, but has been carefully investigated and testified to by several living witnesses, one of whom (Squire Fisher) was actually present at the seances described in the narrative. Dr. Warren, now a resident of Rome, favors the author with permission to publish his narrative in full, reserving only the real name of the family chiefly interested, for reasons which will appear sufficiently obvious to every intelligent reader.

It was in the year 1830 that Dr. Warren was solicited to fill the pulpit of a dear old friend, and former college companion of his, who had been suddenly struck with paralysis. The doctor had secluded himself from his ministerial duties for several months, from an ardent desire to devote his time to liberary pursuits; but deeming that the change from his city residence in N., to the quiet of his friend's country parsonage might prove congenial to his present condition, he determined

to comply with the invitation in question.

The Rev. Mr. W., the friend whom he desired to oblige, had been the father of a son, whose wild and dissolute career had recently been terminated by self-destruction. Rumor alleged that if the unhappy young man had not put an end to

[&]quot;Narrative communicated by the chief parties interested to EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN and by her published in the great historical work of "Nineteenth Century Miracles,"



building, 'making night hideous,' and compelling a strict but fruitless search to discover the source of these disturbances. On more than one occasion I was informed by reliable witnesses that the mansion had been seen through the woods at night brilliantly illuminated; figures had been discerned passing before the windows, and flitting along the terraces; but when a determined body of the villagers sallied forth to determine who had thus invaded the solitude of the place, the lights vanished, the forms disappeared, and the most profound stillness succeeded to a loud hum of voices and a chorus of sobs. next morning, when I and four of my most skeptical acquaintances visited the house,' added one of my informants (Deacon Harvey), 'I pledge my honor there was not a footprint to be found in the dust that covered the rooms, passages and stairways, and that, too, in the very chambers and galleries which I had with my own eves seen blazing with lights, and crowded with forms of men and women passing and repassing.'

"As time rolled on, the reports of the hauntings became more frequent and circumstantial. Numbers of persons, in whose good sense and veracity I had entire confidence, visited the place, and gave me accounts of their alarming experiences. The affair at length began to assume a serious aspect, and this was confirmed by a cautiously-written account which appeared in the G- Citizen, in which the editor detailed his experiences in visiting the possessed mansion, in company with Reuben Jacobs, Esq., a magistrate, and Mr. Stephen Moss, an engineer. As both these gentlemen were personally known to me, and their statements respecting the sights and sounds they had encountered were boldly affirmed over their own signatures, I began to attach a degree of importance to the case which I should never else have associated with a tale of the so-called 'supernatural.' My final resolve to enter upon an investigation of these mysteries for myself, was confirmed by an account given me of several days' exploration in the haunted dwelling, by my friend and parishioner, Mr. Fisher, ex-mayor of N., and a man upon whose calm judgment and power of observation I felt able to rely. This gentleman assured me he had several times confronted the spirit of young W., and the forms of two girls supposed to have been murdered by him, and that in the open light of day, and with a tangibility of appearance which admitted of no doubt or question. He affirmed that he

DEATH Harvey, had sat in a simultaneously seen i od, rise up from the ued by the shadowy only by themselves, followed the gentlethem. They added, on the very planks as much force when below, in which he heard the knocks but In the same eemed at the same scene of the hauntbefore I felt justified safe ground of increwisiting the earth and wisiting the earth and wisiting the earth and search to have the haugh the strange and wisiting the earth and reality, but who could have a sone who had vendant to avail myself of any ance of the doctrines knowledge. Besides through in a visit to the practical wisiting the earth and earth 靈 # em. more to the same

glorious forms, shining apparel, and beautiful faces. Some of these divine-looking beings I perceived wore the identity of those I had once known on earth, but whom I had long since regarded as dead. Amongst them was the form of my blessed and much-loved mother; also a lovely little sister, who, marvelous to relate, still preserved her identity, and was known to me, although she had grown up into a peerless and angelic-looking woman. There were several other well-remembered and dearly-loved sojourners of earth, none of whom I should

have ever looked to meet again.

"These glorious beings filled me with a wondrous sense of delight, and one or two of them spoke to me, though it was the misfortune of my after-life that I could not remember what I beheld one wonderful thing in this scene of paradise which perplexed me more than all others. At times I saw human beings of a most horrible and repulsive appearance, and of different degrees of blackness and density. These wretched-looking objects were all surrounded by an atmosphere which seemed to correspond in color and thickness to their own bodies; and what was most astonishing, was the fact that I often saw them, and the bright beings surrounded by light and bloom, advance toward each other with inconceivable swiftness, and such a terrific momentum that I looked to see them shivered to pieces by the shock; but instead of this, I perceived that they literally passed through each other's forms, and that without betraying the least consciousness of meeting or even being aware of the others'

"In subsequent seances—for I practiced with these mesmerists for several months—I saw the solution of this singular
problem. I perceived that the degrees of density of every
world or atmosphere corresponded to the beings who dwelt
within it, and that finer and more sublimated spheres and
spirits penetrated and inherited the grosser and denser; thus a
vast number of spheres and spirit-people inhered together, invisible to each other, yet related like water in a crystal, microcopic creatures in water, gases in the creatures, electricity in
ne gases, and the innermost invisible life-principle in all. I
could see world within world, spheres of sublimated refinenent, brightness and beauty, penetrating within and within,
and still within the grosser and denser. I could see the forms



DEATH

heres piercing each per to look upon them on a quiet summer's ramble in the pine per king, deserted manda, it is broad verandas, and the look upon them to look upon the look upon them to look upon the look upon them to look upon

as no human being resolved to explore to explore a fearless

ough the open doors had once been used a sensation of fear, a sensation of fear, and a strongly-defined in the sense of th

Brown with the weemed to make me something of the property of the immortal and live.

It is the property with a nameless and with a nameless and with a nameless and with a nameless and with the place, and yet I will be the place, and yet I will be

they had been traversing on the opposite side to that from which the spirit had borne down upon me. The pang of horror on the one hand, and the relief of mortal companionship on the other, served to produce a shock which threw me instantly into the mesmeric condition to which I have above alluded, and one which my French experiences had rendered familiar to My friends subsequently informed me they were horrorstruck to perceive me lying on the ground cold, and as they at first deemed, lifeless, but when one of the party strove to raise me, I threw him off, and standing upright, I began to speak in a decided and unfamiliar manner, bidding them have no fear, for that I was 'entranced,' and should converse with the spirits who inhabited that possessed mansion. By my command. some rude seats were improvised, and, lighted only by the rave of the full moon streaming in brightly through the broken panes of the shattered windows, the amazed visitors remained listening to the revelations which I poured forth under what purported to be the influence of the risen soul of the unhappy suicide, the son of my friend Mr. W.

"Speaking not as myself (Dr. Warren), but as Marcus W., I declared that I was as much a living man as I had ever been, and moreover that I dwelt in that same house still, and should continue to do so until my spirit was freed from the bonds which chained me to it. I desired my visitors to speak to me, and when, in awe and confusion, they at first began imperfectly to question, but finally to press their queries with eagerness and intelligence, they learned from me, still speaking as the spirit of the unfortunate suicide, that there is no real death, only a change of bodies, or outward coverings to the soul; that with every one of these changes the soul enters upon an inner sphere to the place, scene, and surrounding's which it formerly occupied; that its ability to change its locale, or place of abode, depended wholly upon the power it had acquired in its previous state of existence. That where the moral excellence of the soul was great and exalted, its condition was correspondingly pure, beautiful and refined; that where the spirit was mighty in intellectual and moral worth, its powers were almost unbounded; whilst its capacity to roam through and master the various conditions and many spheres of being were so enlarged that such spirits appeared to men like gods, and were in reality, tutelary spirits, or 'guardian angels.'

"Being urgently questioned why the spirit of Marcus W. continued to haunt and disturb that place, I replied, in his name, that I was compelled to do so. That the strongest part of my earthly magnetism had been poured out in that place; that crime was strong passion; strong passion ever liberated strong magnetism; and that human magnetism formed 'tractors,' or magnetic points, which drew the spiritual body and bound it as forcibly as chains forged of the magnetism of the universe. They asked of the possessing spirit if it had companions, and who were the female forms so often described by affrighted watchers; also what produced the frightful noises that pierced the awful solitude. The possessing spirit replied that thousands of wretched beings like himself were attracted to his society, and that it was a part of the law of their lives that, as the remembrance of their crimes returned to them (and when was it ever absent?) they were surrounded by the images called up by their thoughts, and seemed madly impelled to deal blows at those images, and repeat again and again, in frenzied misery, all the scenes which crowded in upon their minds. It was at such times, he said, that their cries, groans, and acts resounded through the heavy atmosphere of their prison-house into the atmosphere of earth, and became palpable alike to the senses of sight and hearing.

When asked if he was sorry for the wrongs he had committed, he replied he was, sometimes, but at other times he was possessed of an uncontrollable desire to repeat it all again and again, and that that was hell, and he could not escape from it. Here he was questioned as to whether the idea had any foundation in fact that prayers and penances performed by others could avail him. He answered eagerly in the affirmative, assuring his hearers that the strong sympathy of human spirits, when directed towards the earth-bound soul, gave it psychological strength, and aided it to pray for itself, and ultimately to repent and rise out of its bonds into a condition of change analogous to death; that when the imprisoned spirit had passed through this second death, it entered into a finer. purer, inner sphere, and he believed would have the opportunity to progress, as he had been told, eternally; but he didn't know; he was not ready for death for his part. He kept on repeating and repeating the scenes of earth, and he supposed. until he had outgrown them, he could not escape from the horrid necessity of going over them. He only knew he was infinitely wretched, and longed for, but could not die, this second death.

"One of the interlocutors here asked if he and the unhappy spirits around him had any teachers with them any guardian angels to help them progress. Here a violent shuddering shook my frame, and the obsessing spirit replied, with bitter curses, that often and often they saw bright lights flashing amidst them, and they knew they were the spirits of purer and better spheres, come to try and reform them. Sometimes, he added, they heard celestial voices urging them to pray, and

strive to banish the horrid desires that oppressed them,

"There were some, the spirit added, who followed these lights with weeping, wailing, and penitential tears; then they lay down to sleep, and melted out of that sphere-that is, they passed on higher. But others, like himself, saw the lights, and heard the voices; and though for the moment they felt remorse, and a wild aspiration to overcome their miserable propensities, they generally returned to them with added fury. and then they mocked and gibed at the angels, and bade them go hence with curses. He added, all such angels as penetrated into the sphere in which he dwelt were called 'Christs,' but he believed they were only good and pure souls of men and women that had once lived on earth, and many wise, though wicked spirits, he conversed with had said that was what 'Christ,' 'Mediator,' and 'Savior' meant; also that the great love and pity which good men felt towards poor earth-bound spirits did at last give them strength, and help them to rise; 'and so,' said this intellectual but morally degraded spirit, 'this is what is meant by a Savior bearing the transgressions of many, and thus it is that "with His stripes we are healed."

"It was far in the night when I awoke from that place of dread. My three friends were kneeling around me, praying fervently, with streaming eyes, and hearts wrung with anguish, for pity on the miserable spirits who were there bound in the prison-house of their earthly crimes. As for me, I neither comprehended their pious occupation, nor my own share in the terrible revelations to which they had been listening. led me to my home, but it required several days of rest, and calm communion with my deeply-moved companions, to restore my mind to its wonted peace, and make me apprehend the full

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A Very Impressive Scene.

A MAORI CHIEF RETURNS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

HE COMMUNICATES WITH HIS FRIENDS, AND DESCRIBES THE SPIRIT-COUNTRY AS BEAUTIFUL.

*A popular young chief, who had acquired a fair knowledge of the English language, and with whom General Cummings was very intimate, had been appointed register of births and deaths.

General Cummings occupied a portion of his office, but they were about to remove to a more convenient place, when the young Maori encountered a violent death. In changing the office the book of registries was missing, and much inconvenience was occasioned by its loss. A short time after the decease of his friend, General Cummings was informed that his relatives intended to invoke his spirit, and that as the "Pakeha" (white man) had been much beloved by him, he might, if he chose, be present.

Notwithstanding his inveterate skepticism, the General accepted this invitation, mentally resolving "to keep his ears and eyes wide open." The narrator then continues as follows:

"The appointed time came. Fires were lit. The Tohunga repaired to the darkest corner of the room. All was silence, save the sobbing of the sisters of the deceased warrior-chief. There were thirty of us, sitting on the rush-strewn floor, the door shut, and the fire now burning down to embers. Suddenly there came a voice out from the partial darkness: 'Salutation, salutation to my family, to my tribe, to you, pakeha, my friend!' Our feelings were taken by storm. The oldest

^{*}Representation of the life hereafter among the Maoris of New Zealand. Transcribed, in part, from General Cummings book on "Old New Zealand," and verified in person to Mag. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, of Manchester, Engiand.

sister screamed, and rushed with extended arms in the direction from whence the voice came. Her brother, seizing, restrained her by main force. Others exclaimed, 'Is it you? is 'it you? truly it is you! aue! aue!' and fell quite insensible upon the floor. The older women, and some of the aged men, were not moved in the slightest degree, though believing it to be

the spirit of the chief.

"Whilst reflecting upon the novelty of the scene, the 'darkness visible,' and the deep interest manifest, the spirit spoke again: 'Speak to me, my family; speak to me, my tribe; speak to me, pakeha!' At last the silence gave way, and the brother spoke: 'How is it with you! Is it well with you in that country?' The answer came, though not in the voice of the Tohunga-medium, but in strange, sepulchral sounds: 'It is well with me; my place is a good place. I have seen our friends; they are all with me!' A woman from another part of the room now anxiously cried out: 'Have you seen my sister?' 'Yes, I have seen her; she is happy in our beautiful country.' 'Tell her my love so great for her will never cease.' 'Yes, I will be as the message.' Here the native woman burst into tears, and my own bosom swelled in sympathy.

"The spirit speaking again, giving directions about property and keepsakes, I thought I would more thoroughly test the genuineness of all this, and I said: 'We cannot find your book with the registered names; where have you concealed it?' The answer came instantly: 'I concealed it between the tahuhu of my house and the thatch; straight over you, as you go in at the door.' The brother rushed out to see. All was silence. In five minutes he came hurriedly back, with the book in his

hand! It astonished me.

"It was now late, and the spirit suddenly said: 'Farewell, my family; farewell, my tribe; I go.' Those present breathed an impressive farewell, when the spirit cried out again, from high in the air, 'Farewell!'"

Power and Influence of the Spirit.

IT CAN BE TEMPORARILY LIBERATED FROM THE BODY.

THREE SUBJECTS UNDER MAGNETIC CONTROL—THEY ARE PLACED IN THAT CONDITION BY VITAL MAGNETISM AND NITROUS OXIDE GAS—THEIR SPIRITS VISIT DISTANT PLACES AND MANIFEST GREAT POWER—THE SUBJECT'S SUGGESTIVE EXPERIENCES WITH CONSTANCE—HIS WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE WITH A TELESCOPE—OTHER REMARKABLE NARRATIVES.

*On one occasion, the society having thrown me into a profound sleep by the aid of vital magnetism, and the vapors of nitrous oxide gas, they directed my "atmospheric spirit" to proceed, in company with two other lucid subjects, to a certain castle in Bohemia, where friends of theirs resided, and then and there to make disturbances by throwing stones, moving ponderable bodies, shrieking, groaning, and tramping heavily, etc., etc. I here state emphatically, and upon the honor of one devoted only to the interests of truth, that these disturbances were made, and made by the spirits of myself and two other yet living beings, a girl and a boy, who were subjects of the society; and though we, in our own individualities, remembered nothing whatever of our performance, we were shortly afterwards shown a long and startling newspaper account of the hauntings in the castle of Baron von L., of which we were the authors.

In a work devoted to the relation of occult narratives I ave in my library at this moment an account of the "manistations," as they were termed, which occurred, on three veral occasions, at a certain castle in Bohemia. The writer

From "Ghost Land," Researches into the mysteries of Occultism. Translated and ited by Emma Hardings Britten. This is a most remarkable work, and the extracts are "ms for the purpose of illustrating the nature of Spirit-life and the dark apheres thereof.

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ed spirits, but in the atmospheric spirits fors of the facts rete ave gentlemen were solely with a view to ence, I must confess ence, I must confess without remorse or and as we were all and as we were all the ty, there was little or mysteries that origic charmed precincts. It is a century after the propose of the chance to retain a prevailed about fifty and another much alleged to have put an another my retain a little or the purpose of the continue hovering the continue hover the continue hover without remorse or

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he had evoked, his mind succumbed, and became a mere wreck. At the time when I commenced my experiences with the Brotherhood, this man, who had once been an honored member of their society, was confined as a hopeless lunatic, whilst his castle and estates were abandoned by his heir to the possession of the dread haunter and the destructive spirit

of neglect and dilapidation.

It was by the command of my associates that I one night visited, in the magnetic sleep, the cell of the lunatic; and being charged by the power of the Brothers with their combined magnetic force, I threw it on the maniac, and by this means, whilst his suffering body slumbered tranquilly, I returned to our "sanctuary" with his spirit; and from the records of that night's proceedings I extract the following minutes of what transpired. He whose office I am not permitted by my honor to name, I shall call "Grand Master," and he thus questioned what was always called on those occasions the "flying soul" of the maniac:

Grand Master-Did you kill the body of A. M.? Answer

truly.

Flying Soul-I did.

G. M.-For what purpose, and how?

F. S.—To ascertain if the atmospheric spirit, being full of life, could remain with me. I killed her by a sudden blow, so as to let all the life out at once, and I drew out the spirit from the dead form by mesmeric passes.

G. M.—Did you see that spirit pass?

F. S .- I did.

G. M .- How did it look?

F. S.—Exactly like the body, only it wore an aspect of

horror and appeal terrible to behold.

G. M.—Did the spirit stay with you, and how long? Did it obey you, and act intelligently, or did it act a merely

automatic part?

F. S.—Mortals, know that there is no death! I did not kill A. M. I only broke up the temple in which her soul dwelt. That soul is immortal, and cannot die. I found this out the moment after it had left the body, for it looked upon me, spoke to me, and reproached me. O God of heaven, saints and angels, pity me! It spoke to me as intelligently, but far, far more potentially than ever it had done in earthly



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the professors and which I became a

ignate Professor Muller. This gentleman held a distinguished place in the ranks of science, and was also one of the secret society associated with myself and Professor von Marx. was a sullen, cold, ungenial man, and though esteemed for his scientific attainments, and regarded by our society as a powerful mesmeric operator, he was generally disliked, and was particularly repulsive to the "sensitives" whom he occasionally magnetized. Professor von Marx had always carefully isolated me from every magnetic influence but his own, and though I was consequently never required to submit to the control of Herr Muller, his very presence was so antipathetic to me that it was remarked my highest conditions of lucidity could never be evolved when he was by. He did not often attend the seances, however, in which I was engaged. although he belonged to our group, as well as others to which I was not admitted. Professor Muller's chief interest in my eyes was his relationship to a charming young lady, some years older than myself, but one for whom I cherished a sentiment which I can now only liken to the adoration of an humble votary for his saint; and truly Constance Muller was worthy to be enshrined in any heart as its presiding angel.

She was beautiful, fair, and fragile-looking as a water-lily; gentle, timid, and shrinking as a fawn; and though residing with her stern, unleving uncle in the college buildings, and fulfilling for him the duties of a housekeeper, few of the other residents ever saw her except in transitory, passing glances, and none of the members of the university, save one, enjoyed the privilege of any direct personal intercourse with her. That

solitary and highly-favored individual was myself.

I had made the acquaintance of the lovely lady on several occasions, when I had been sent from my friend, Herr von Marx, on messages to her uncle; and deeming, I presume, that my boyish years would shield our intercourse from all possibility of scandal or remark, the lonely fairy had deigned to bestow on me some slight attention, which finally ripened into a friendship equally sincere and delightful.

Constance Muller was an orphan, poor, and dependent on her only relative, Herr Muller. Young as I was, I could perceive the injustice, no less than the impropriety, of a young lady so delicately nurtured and possessed of fine sensitive instincts, being brought into such a scene, and subjected to such

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made no complaint. leath of her father, techer of music, to her remarks on secret convictions had brought this had brought this other point of my sted, nay, actually sted, nay, actually in their very first timate or heal thful the sted of Professor von affection for and think is the same of my

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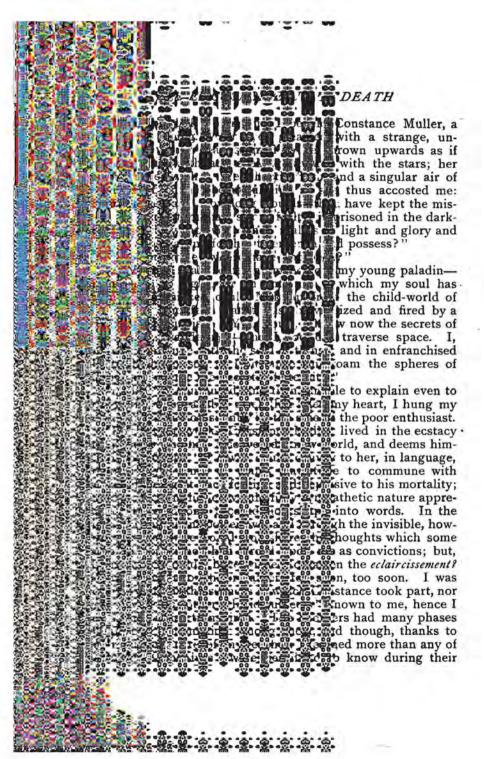
Cole aled tas indeed a reality,

there were times when I deemed it was neither good nor lawful for man to possess it. I often envied the peaceful unconsciousness of the outer world, and would gladly have gone back to the simple faith of my childhood, and then have closed my eyes in eternal sleep sooner than awaken to the terrible unrest which had possessed me since I had crossed the safe boundaries of the visible, and entered upon the illimitable wastes of the invisible.

And now, methought, Constance, the fair, gentle, and loving-hearted orphan, Constance, who so yearned for affection that she was content in her isolation to cling even to a young boy like me, was to become their victim; be inducted into the cold, unearthly realms of half-formed spiritual existence; lose all her precious womanly attributes, and with fixed, wild glances piercing the invisible, stare away from the faces of her fellow-mortals to the grotesque lineaments of goblins, the forms of sylphs, and the horrible rudiments of imperfect being that fill the realms of space, mercifully hidden from the eyes of Constance, I knew, longed for this knowlordinary mortals. edge, and whether prompted by the suggestions of her remorseless relative, or fired with the sphere of influence which he projected from his resolved mind, I could not tell; certain it was that she had obtained some clew to the pursuits in which I was engaged, and was perpetually plying me with questions and attempts to elicit information concerning them.

To this, though I felt as if I were betraying the interests of my beloved master, I invariably returned answers clothed in discouraging words and hints of warning. All would not avail. On a certain evening when I was myself off duty, but when a special meeting to which I did not belong was held by the Brothers, I saw Professor Muller cross the college grounds, supporting on his arm the closely-veiled and ethereal form of Constance. I saw them enter a coach which was waiting for them at the gate, and running hastily in their track, I heard the professor directing the driver to set them down in that remote quarter of the town where the meetings of the Brotherhood were held. "Gone to the sacrifice!" I mentally exclaimed.

'Constance, thou art doomed! sold to a world of demons here and hereafter—if, indeed, there is a hereafter." Two evenings after this, as I was taking my solitary walk in the college grounds, a quick step pursued me; a hand was laid lightly on



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we will be a supposed the cheek and her will be a supposed by the charting like a thread and me out, and like a starte wo feet above the

ground in bodily form and presentment before me. Accustomed to the phenomenon of the "double goer," this phantom neither surprised nor disturbed me. Mý spiritual experiences enabled me to perceive that during the few moments that the spirit of the "sensitive" was passing into the magnetic sleep, and before her magnetizers had yet full control of her, the instinctive attractions of her nature drew her to the boy whom she had already discovered to be her worshiper, the only being, perhaps, to whom she was drawn by the ties of affection, with which her loving nature was replete. All this I knew, and should have rejoiced in had not the phantom of the victim presented unmistakable tokens of being a sacrifice, and that an unpitied one, to the dark magians with whom she was so fatally associated.

In the vision of the "flying soul" of Constance there was no speculation in the fixidity of the lustrous eyes; the form reposed as if on air, and the long, sunny curls would almost sweep the ground at my feet; but the look of hopeless sorrow and blank despair, which had grown to be a permanent expression on her waking features, was even more piteously depicted on the magnetic shade. She did not see me, touch, or know me, but the bruised spirit fled unconsciously to the shelter of the only presence that would, if it could, have saved her, and then passed away, to do the bidding of the remorseless men that had possessed themselves, as I then thought, of

her helpless soul.

One evening, when we had been strolling out together, and had sat on a lone hillside, watching the sinking sun setting in gorgeous, many-colored glory over the outstretched gardens, meadows, and plains beneath, Constance broke a long silence by exclaiming in low yet passionate tones: "Louis, you think the men who have entrapped us, both body and soul, in their foul, magical meshes, are good and pure, even if they are cold and ungenial in their devotion to their awful studies. Louis, you are mistaken. I bear witness to you as the last, and perhaps the only act by which I may ever more serve you on earth, that some of them are impious, inhuman, and, O Heaven, how monstrously impure!"

"Constance, you amaze me!"

"Do not interrupt me, Louis. I am injured past all reparation. You may be snatched from the vortex which



pollutes the body and blasts the soul; but for me, oh! would the end were come!"

The indescribable tone of anguish in which this lament

was uttered pierced me to the quick.

I threw myself at the feet of the beautiful lady, protesting I would die to save her. For her sake, to do her good or even to please her, I would crush the whole nest of magicians as I would so many wasps. I would kill them, denounce them to the authorities—anything, everything she bid me do. All I

asked was to be permitted to save her.

To this wild rhapsody the low tones of the gentle Constance only responded in stifled whispers, entreating me to be still, calm, patient, and to be assured that neither I nor any other living creature could be of the slightest assistance to her. "I have seen the end," she added, when she had succeeded in calming me, "and I know that, impatient as I am for its coming, it will not be long delayed. I shall enter into the realms of light and glory, for these dreadful men have only abused my helpless spirit so long as it is imprisoned in my weak body and its connecting forces; they have not touched its integrity, nor can they maintain their hold upon it one instant after it has severed the chain which binds the immortal to the mortal. When that is broken I shall be free and happy."

"Constance!" I cried, "is it then given you to know what new form you will inhabit? Surely one so good and true and beautiful can become nothing less than a radiant planetary

spirit!"

"I shall be the same Constance I ever was," she replied, solemnly. "I am an immortal spirit now, although bound in material chains within this frail body, and in magnetic chains still more terrible to the power of you base, bad man."

"Constance, you dream! Death is the end of individuality. Your spirit may be, must be, taken up by the bright realms of

starry being, but never as the Constance you now are."

"Forever and forever, Louis, I shall be ever the same. I have seen worlds of being those magians cannot ascend to—worlds of bright, resurrected human souls upon whom death has had no power save to dissolve the earthly chains that held them in tenements of clay. I have seen the soul world; I have seen that it is imperishable. Louis, there are in these grasses beneath our feet spiritual essences that never die. In my

moments of happiest lucidity, that is "-and here a strong shudder shook her frame-"when I could escape from my tormentors and the world of demons amongst whom they delight to roam, then, Louis, my soul winged through space and pierced into a brighter interior than they have ever realized-aye, even into the real soul of the universe, not the mere magnetic envelope which binds spirit and body together. Louis, in the first or inner recesses of nature is the realm of force, comprising light, heat, magnetism, life, nerve, aura, essence, and all the imponderables that make up motion, for motion is force, composed of many subdivisible parts. Here inhere those worlds of half-formed, embryonic existences with which our tormentors hold intercourse. They are the spiritual parts of matter, and supply to matter the qualities of force; but they are all embryonic, all transitory, and only partially intelligent existences. Nothing which is imperfect is permanent, hence these imperfect elementary spirits have no real or permanent existence; they are fragments of being-organs, but not organisms—and until they are combined into the organism of manhood, they can outwork no real individuality, hence they perish-die, that we may gather up their progressed atoms, and incarnate their separate organs as the complete organism of man."

"And man himself, Constance?"

"Man as a perfected organism cannot die, Louis. The mould in which he is formed must perish, in order that the soul may go free. The envelope, or magnetic body that binds body and soul together, is formed of force and elementary spirit; hence this stays for a time with the soul after death, and enables it to return to, or linger around the earth for providential purposes until it has become purified from sin; but even this at length drops off, and then the soul lives as pure spirit, in spirit realms, gloriously bright, radiantly happy, strong, powerful, eternal, infinite. That is heaven; that it is to dwell with God; such souls are his angels."

"Constance, you speak with assurance. How know you this—not from the Brotherhood?"

"The Brotherhood, Louis! Why, they are but groping through the thick darkness of the material world, and just penetrating the realms of force,

"I tell you those realms are only peopled with shadows,

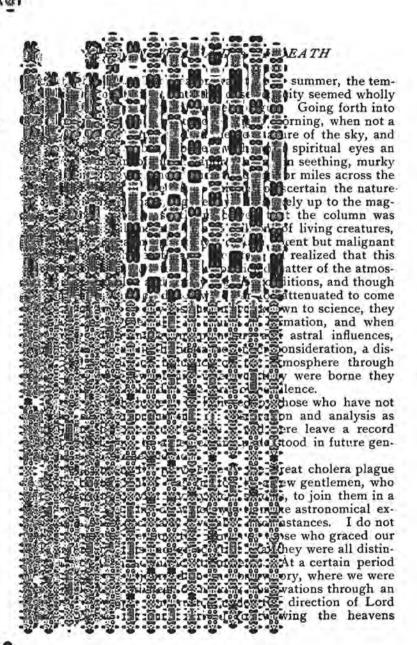
ghosts, phantoms.

"The hand is not the body, the eye is not the head; neither are the thin, vapory essences that constitute the separate organs of which the world of force is composed, the soul. Mark me, Louis! Priests dream of the existence of soul-worlds. the Brotherhood of the beings in the world of force. priests call the elementary spirits of the mid-region mere creations of human fancy and superstition. The Brothers charge the same hallucination upon the priests. Both are partly right and partly wrong, for the actual experiences of the soul will prove that beings exist of both natures, and that both realms are verities; only the elementary spirits in the realms of force are like the earth, perishable and transitory, and the perfected spirits in the realm of soul are immortal, and never die. Louis, I have seen and conversed with both, and I know I do not dream. Here, miserable that I am, I am bound to earth; my soul is imprisoned by the chains of force; I am compelled to minister to the insatiate curiosity of the spirits who cannot ascend beyond those mid-regions, and oh! the horror of that bondage would have bereft my soul of reason, had it not been redeemed by foregleams of the more holy and exalted destiny reserved for the soul in the blest sphere of immortality. Dear boy, ask me no more, press me no further. My sweet brother, dearly, fondly loved by Constance! when I am an enfranchised spirit, I will come to thee, and prove my words by the very presence of an arisen, immortal soul. Remember!"

During the months succeeding this memorable conversation, I only encountered the "flying soul" of the dying Con-

stance but once.

I understood that this recession of her spirit was from no decrease of the experiments, whatever they might be, that she suffered, nor yet from any cessation of her attraction to myself, but the bonds of earth were loosening, the vital forces waning, and I knew that the pale phantom was losing the earthly essence necessary to become visible even in the atmosphere of invisible forces. My beautiful saint would soon be taken from me, my earthly idol would be shattered; and oh! were it possible to believe her words, and think that she could still live in a brighter and better state of being, I might have been comforted; but driven from this anchor of hope by the emphatic



through this wonderful piece of mechanism, I confess I beheld a sight which for a long time held me breathless. At first I saw only the glorious face of the spangled firmament, with that sense of mingled awe and reverence which never forsakes the mind of the most accustomed observer when he exchanges the view of the black vault of midnight, with its thinly-scattered field of distant lamps checkering the heavens, for the gorgeous mass of divine pyrotechnics which bursts upon the sight through the dazzling revealments of the magic telescope. Breathless, transfigured, whirled away from a cold, dim, cloudy world to a land-not of fairies or angels, but of gods and demigods-to skies burning and blazing with millions of suns, double suns, star roads, and empyrean walls, in which the bricks and mortar are sparkling suns and glowing systems, miracle of miracles! I hold my breath and tremble as I think, for the sight never grows old nor familiar to me, and every time I have thus gazed, it has only been to find the awe and wonder deepen.

Absorbed as I was in contemplating the immensity and brilliancy of this ever new and ever gorgeous spectacle, in about forty seconds from the time when I first began to look through Lord Rosse's telescope, I found a singular blur coming between the shining frame of the heavens and the object-glass. I was about to draw back, deeming some accidental speck had fallen upon the plane of vision, when I was attracted by observing that what I had deemed to be a blur actually assumed the shape of a human profile, and was, even as I gazed, in the act of moving along in space between the glass and the heav-Fascinated and thunderstruck, I still retained the calm and fixed purpose of continuing my observations, and in this way I saw, yes! I distinctly saw, a gigantic and beautifullyproportioned human face sail by the object-glass, intercepting the view of the stars, and maintaining a position in mid-air which I should judge to have been some five miles above the

earth's surface.

Allowing for the immense magnifying powers of the instrument, I could not conceive of any being short of a giant whose form would have covered whole acres of space, to whom this enormous head could have appertained. When I first beheld this tremendous apparition, it seemed to be sailing perpendicularly in the air, intercepting the field of vision just between myself and the planet to which the glass was pointed. I have subsequently seen it four times, and on each occasion, though the face was the same, the inclination of the form must have varied, sometimes floating horizontally, at another time looking down as if from a neight, and only permitting a partial view of the features, greatly foreshortened, to appear. Still again I have seen it as at first, and finally, it sailed by in such a fashion as to permit the sight of an immense cloudy bulk which followed in the wake of the beautiful head, the whole apparition occupying at least a hundred seconds in passing the glass, during which period the sight of all other objects but this sailing dense mass was entirely obscured. On the occasion I at first alluded to, I became so fixed with astonishment and doubt that I should not have mentioned what I saw had not the figure returned, and from the side where it had disappeared I beheld it slowly, gradually, unmistakably float by the object-glass with even more distinctness than at first. This second time I could perceive as unequivocally as if I had been gazing at my own reflection in a mirror, the straight, aquiline cast of features, the compressed lip, and stern expression of the face, the large, glittering eye, fixed like a star upon the earth beneath, and long lashes, like a fringe of beams, falling upon the side of the face. A vast curtain of streaming hair floated back from the head, and its arrangement seemed to imply that the form was moving at an inconceivably rapid rate through a strong current of opposing winds. When I had fully, unquestionably satisfied myself that what I had seen was a reality, I withdrew from the instrument, then requested one of the company present to examine my pulse and report upon its action. "Moderate and firm," was the reply, given in a tone of curious inquiry; "but you look somewhat pale, Chevalier. May we not know what has occurred to disturb you?" Without answering, I proceeded carefully to examine the glass, and to scrutinize all its parts and surroundings, with a view of endeavoring to find some outside cause for what I must else have deemed an hallucination.

I was perfectly familiar with the use, capacity and arrangement of the telescope, and as neither within nor without the instrument, nor yet in the aspect of the cloudless sky, could I find the least possible solution to my difficulty, I determined to resolve the occurrence into the convenient word I have just

used, and set the matter down as hallucination. But my friends were not so easily satisfied. Some of them were personally acquainted with me, and fancied they perceived in my manner a thread of interest which they were not disposed to drop. At last, one of them, an old and very venerable scientist, whose opinions I had long been accustomed to regard with respect, looking steadily in my face, asked in a deep and earnest tone: "Will you not tell us if you have seen anything unusual? We beg you to do so, Monsieur, and have our own reasons for the query." Thus adjured, but still with some hesitation, I answered that I certainly thought I had seen the outlines of a human face, and that twice, crossing the object-

glass of the telescope.

Never shall I forget the piercing look of intelligence interchanged by my companions at this remark. Without a word of comment, however, the one whose guest I had the honor to be, stepped to a cabinet in the observatory where he kept his memoranda, and drawing forth a package, he thus addressed me: "What you may have seen to-night, Chevalier, I am not yet informed of, but as something remarkable appears to have struck you in the observation you have just made, we are willing to place ourselves at your mercy, and provided you will reciprocate the confidence we repose in you, we will herewith submit to you some memoranda which will convince you some of us at least have beheld other bodies in space than suns and planets." Before my honored entertainer could proceed further, I narrated to him as exactly as I could, the nature of what I had seen, and then confessed I was too doubtful of my own powers of observation to set down such a phenomenon as an actuality unless I could obtain corroborative evidence of its "Receive it, then, my friend," cried my host, in such deep agitation that his hand trembled violently as he unfolded his memoranda, and raising his eyes to Heaven, gleaming through an irrepressible moisture, he murmured in deep emotion, "Good God! then it must be true."

I dare not recall verbatim the wording of the notes I then heard read, as they were so mixed up with details of astronomical data, which have since become public property, that the recital might serve to do that which I then solemnly promised to avoid, namely, whilst publishing the circumstances I then heard of, for the benefit of those who might put faith in

he parties who furends then (five in red me that during meir observations at wo other telescopes emal occasions, seen ing by the objecthe fashion and with on as the one I had t he had seen three ter the other, their ween them, nearly was ks this party had given periods of would appear to memoranda which consecutive nights

Took

s: same into view at 2

o'clock precisely, sailed by in 711/2 seconds, upright, and face

in profile, moving due north," etc., etc.

Some of the observations recorded by the spectators of this phenomenon were full of emotion, and as the venerable gentleman who first questioned me read over the comments this strange sight called forth, my companions were so deeply moved, and manifested such intense feeling on the subject of what they had seen, that the reading was several times interrupted, and one of the party remarked, he believed he should be disposed to shoot anyone who should presume to cast doubt or ridicule on a subject which had affected them all so deeply.

For the next fortnight I enjoyed the privilege of spending a considerable portion of each night in that observatory. Twice the strange phantom sailed before my view in one week. By permission of my friends, I changed my station and continued my anxious watch with another instrument. On the second night I beheld the Titanic head with even more distinctness than before, and three of my fellow-watchers shared the weird spectacle with me from different posts of observation. One week later, although greatly fatigued by my long and close vigils for so many nights, I determined to avail myself of a final observation with one of the most superb instruments ever constructed. For many hours my exhaustive watch was unsuccessful; but just as I was about to take my leave of the enchanting fields of fiery blossoms that lay outstretched before me, two faces of the same size and expression, the one slightly in advance of, and measurably shading the other, sailed slowly, very slowly, into view. They passed on with such an unappreciable, gentle motion that I could almost have imagined they were stationary for some seconds of time. Their appearance so completely surprised me at the moment when I was about to retire that I omitted to take note of the time they occupied in passing. The companion who shared my watch had pointed his glass a little more to the east than mine, and I had but time to murmur an injunction for him to change it as the figures came into view. He saw them, however, just as they were passing out of the field of vision, and exclaimed, with a perfect shout of astonishment: "By heavens, there are two of them!"

Some years after this memorable night I received a letter from one of my associates in this weird secret, according to

me the permission I sought, namely, to publish the circumstances I have related thus far, but carefully to withhold the . witnesses' names. In answer to my query whether my correspondent had again seen the tremendous phantom of the skies, he replied in the negative, adding: "Call me superstitious, or what you will: the whole history lays us open to ourselves and to each other, to such wild suggestions and inconceivable possibilities, that no hypothesis can seem so improbable as that we should all be correct. I will venture to hint to you, one of us, you know, that I have somehow always connected the apparitions in question with the prevalence of the cholera. It was immediately in advance of this pestilence, and during the time when it raged, that we all saw them. Since that period we have never again beheld them, that is, none of us who now remain on earth. These appearances ceased with the pestilence, and came with it. Could they have been the veritable destroying angels, think you? You, who are a mystic, should be able to answer me. I, with all my materialism, am so terribly shaken when I recall the terrific reality, that I endeavor to banish its remembrance whenever it recurs to me."

Again, I have anticipated the experiences of later years, and been guilty of wandering from the line of narrative which the march of events prescribes. I feel as if I should attempt too, to render the explanations of the foregoing circumstances which my astronomical friends looked to me to supply them with, but looked, as the reader may do, in vain.

It seems to me as if a vain and egotistical fear of a sneering and skeptical age keeps many others besides my astronomical associates silent on the occurrence of events which are chiefly remarkable because they are unprecedented, and which encounter jeers and denial chiefly from those who strive to measure eternity by the foot-rule of their own petty intellects. The buffets of such small wits as these have done me the good service of making me at least wholly indifferent to their opinions; hence I have in this instance, and shall in many more throughout these papers, recorded what I know to be true, without fear or favor. I cannot always explain what I have seen, heard, and taken part in, but the favorite motto of a very dear friend has now become my own, and "the truth

against the world" will be the ruling inspiration in the dictation of these pages.

THE CAUSE OF DEATH IN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

The theory of the disintegrating effect of the electric current upon brain and nerve tissues in persons electrocuted has been controverted by Dr. A. M. Bleile. Dr. Bleile holds that death in electric shock is entirely owing to the constriction of the arteries produced by the current through its influence on the nervous system. The effect of this constriction is that the heart fails in its attempt to overcome the mechanical impediment arising from the greatly retarded flow of blood. In the course of investigations on this subject, it has been found that where drugs have been given to counteract the constrictive effect of the current, much larger doses of electricity than the ordinary can be borne. This fact cannot but have a bearing upon the much-disputed question of resuscitation after electrocution. Notwithstanding the apparently conclusive testimony which has been given on this subject, it is still believed by some medical experts that given a criminal who has an exceptional capacity for resisting the electric shock-and this capacity varies in every one-and his power of resistance be still further increased by a dose of the drug mentioned, the effect of the electrocuting current would be so far modified as to make it possible to resuscitate the body after the execution, even though signs of apparent death were exhibited.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wonderful Narration.

ILLUSTRATING SPIRIT-LIFE AND THE CHANGE CALLED DEATH.

AN EVENT WHICH OCCURRED IN 1858, THE TRUTHFULNESS OF WHICH IS SUSTAINED BY SEVERAL AFFIDAVITS — LIFE AND DEATH VIVIDLY PORTRAYED, TOGETHER WITH REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER.

*We have received the following letter from Dr. John Morton, a gentleman of veracity and high professional standing, formerly from Cleveland, Ohio, and an old schoolmate of ours. We think its perusal will convince our readers of the entire truth of all that is said about modern Spiritualism:

GRAND TRAVERSE, Mich., May 24, 1858.

EDITORS REGISTER:—I send you the following account of a most extraordinary event or transaction—or what you will—because in my opinion it ought not to be suppressed; but, on the contrary, thoroughly investigated. In the midst of the excitement here, such a thing as calm and unbiased examination is altogether out of the question; nor would it be safe to attempt it, inasmuch as the determination of the people is strongly to "hush up." As I myself am one of the chief characters concerned in the affair, I dare not attempt, if I possessed the ability, to determine the character of what I am about to relate.

I left Cleveland to establish myself here, as you will remember, some time last July—a young and inexperienced physician. Almost the first patient I was called to see was a Mrs. Hayden—a woman thirty-five years of age, a strong constitution, and a well-balanced mind (apparently), and (apparently) with little or no imagination. She was, however, a "Spiritualist," with the reputation of being a superior

^{*}The above narrative, sustained by several affidavits, was published in the Crown Point Register, Lake County, Indiana, in 1858,

"medium." Her usual physician, Dr. J. N. Williams, was absent—hence her application to me. I found her laboring under a severe attack of typhus fever, which threatened to prove fatal. Having prescribed for her, I left, promising to send Dr. W. as soon as he returned. This was on Saturday morning. At night Dr. W. took the patient off my hands, and I did not see her again until Friday evening of the ensuing week. I then found her dying, and remained with her until her decease, which took place precisely at midnight. She was, or appeared to be, rational during the whole of my visit, though I was informed that she had been delirious the greater part of the week. There was nothing remarkable about her symptoms; I should say the disease had taken its natural course.

At the time of her decease there were in the room besides myself, her husband, Mrs. Green (her sister), and Mrs. Miles (a neighbor). Her husband, whom I particularly noticed, was very thin and weak, then suffering from a quick consumption, already beyond recovery. He bore the character of a clear-minded, very firm, illiterate but courteous man, and a most

strenuous unbeliever in Spiritualism.

There had been some subdued conversation, such as is natural in such scenes, the patient taking no part in it except to signify, in a faint and gradually diminishing voice, her wants, until about an hour before her death, when a sudden and indescribable change came over her features, voice and whole appearance—a change which her husband noticed by saying, with, as I thought, wholly unwarranted bitterness:

"There go those cursed spirits again."

The patient here unclosed her eyes, and fixed a look of unutterable emotion on her husband—a look so direct, searching and unwavering that I was not a little startled by it. Mr. Hayden met it with something like an unhappy defiance, and finally asked of his wife what she wanted. She immediately

replied, in a voice of perfect health, "You know."

I was literally astonished at the words and the voice in which they were uttered. I had often read and heard of a return of volume and power of voice just preceding dissolution; but the voice of the patient had none of the natural intonation of such—it was, as I have said, perfectly healthy. In a few moments she continued in the same voice, and with her eyes still fixed upon her husband;

"William, in your secret soul, do you believe?"

"Wife," was the imploring reply, "that is the devil which has stood between us and Heaven for so many months. We are both at the very verge of the grave, and in God's name let him be buried first."

Apparently without hearing or heeding him she repeated

her words.

"You dare not disbelieve."

"I do," he replied, excited by her manner, "while you are dying—nay, if you were dead, and should speak to me, I dare not believe."

"Then," she said, "I will speak to you when I am dead! I will come to you at your latest hour, and with a voice from

the grave I will warn you of your time to follow me!"

"But I shall not believe a spirit."

"I will come in the BODY, and SPEAK to you; remember!"

She then closed her eyes, and straightway sank into her

former state.

In a few moments—as soon as we had somewhat recovered from the shock of this most extraordinary scene—her two children were brought into the room to receive her dying blessing. She partially aroused herself, and placing a hand on the head of each, she put up a faint prayer to the throne of grace—faint in voice, indeed, but a prayer in which all the strength of her great unpolished soul, heart and mind was exerted to its utmost dying limit—such a prayer as a seraph might attempt, but none but a dying wife and mother could accomplish. From that moment her breathing grew rapidly weaker and more difficult; and at twelve o'clock she expired, apparently without a struggle.

I closed her eyes, straightened and composed her limbs, and was about to leave the house, when Mrs. Green requested me to send over two young ladies from my boarding-house to watch with the dead. All this occupied some ten minutes.

Suddenly Mrs. Miles screamed, and Mr. Hayden started

up from the bedside, where he had been sitting.

The supposed corpse was sitting erect in the bed, and struggling to speak! Her eyes were still closed; and, save her open mouth and quivering tongue, there were all the looks of death in her face. With a great heave of the chest, at last the single word came forth;

"REMEMBER!"

Her jaw fell back to its place, and she again lay down as before. I now examined her minutely. That she was dead there could be no further possible shadow of doubt; and so I left the house.

On the following day Dr. Williams made a careful and minute post mortem examination of the body. I was prevented by business from attending, but I was informed by the Doctor that he found the brain but slightly affected—an unusual fact in persons dying of typhus fever—but that her lungs were torn and rent extensively, as if by a sudden, single and powerful effort, and suffused partially with coagulated blood. These were all the noticeable features of the case. She was buried on the afternoon of the same day.

About two weeks after the death of his wife I was called to visit Mr. Hayden. On my way I met Mr. Williams and told him my errand, expressing some surprise at the preference of the family for myself, as I knew him to be a safe and experienced practitioner. He replied that nothing could hire him to enter that house. He "had seen things that—well, I would find out when I got there."

I was considerably amused by the Doctor's manner and warmth, and beguiled my way by fancying what had alarmed him, a physician, from his duty.

On my arrival I found no person present with the patient except Mrs. Green, who informed me that the spirits had been playing such pranks that not a soul, Dr. Williams included, could be induced to remain. The children had been gone for some time. They were at her house.

I found the patient very low, and with no prospect of surviving the attack. He was, however, quite free from pain, though very weak.

While I was in the house I noticed many manifestations of the presence of that power called Spiritualism. Chairs and tables were moved and removed, billets of wood thrown upon the fire, and doors opened and shut without any apparent agency. I heard struggles and unaccountable noises, too, and felt an unusual sensation, caused, no doubt, by the mysteries which surrounded and mocked me.

Noticing my manner, the patient observed:

"It is nothing. You must get used to it, Doctor."

DEATH d explain them, as Conting which but without detection, during which but without detection, he said:

Continue to die?"

Contin things. Her body

The state of footsteps of Mrs. Green like a demon echo, but paused on approaching that room, as if debarred by a superior power

from entering there.

I found Mr. Hayden was worse and sinking very fast. He had passed a bad night. Doubtful whether he would survive to see another morning, I left him, promising to call at evening and spend the night with him, resolved, in my secret thoughts, to be "in at the death." If there was to be a ghostly warning, I meant to hear it, and, if possible, to solve the strange enigma.

The day had been exceedingly cold and stormy, and the night had already set in, dark and dismal, with a fierce gale and a driving storm of rain and hail, when I again stood beside my patient. The moment I looked at him I perceived unmistakable indications of the near approach of death upon his face. He was free from pain, his mind perfectly clear; but his life was ebbing away with every feeble breath, like the

slow burning-out of an exhausted lamp.

Meanwhile the storm rose to a tempest, and gloom grew black as death in the wild night without. The wind swept in tremendous gusts through the adjoining forest, rattling the icy branches of the trees, and came wailing and shrieking through

every crack and cranny of the building.

Within there was yet wilder commotion. All that had been said or sung, written or dreamed, of ghostly visitations, was then and there enacted. There was the ringing of bells, moving of furniture, crash of dishes, whispers, howls, crying, laughter, whistling, groaning, heavy and light footsteps, and wild music, as if in very mockery of the infernal regions. All these sounds grew wilder with the rising gale, and toward midnight they were almost insufferable.

As for us three—the patient, Mrs. Green and myself—we were all silent as death itself. Not a word passed our lips after nine o'clock. As for the state of our minds, God only knows. Mine, in the wild whirl of thought and event which followed, forgot all the past, save what I have recalled and penned, bit by bit, above. I remember only looking for the final catastrophe, which grew rapidly nearer, with a constant endeavor to concentrate all my faculties of mind and sense upon the phenomenon which I, at least, had begun to believe would herald the loss of my patient.



As it grew closer upon twelve o'clock (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration), my agitation became so great that it was with

extreme difficulty I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer grew the fatal moment—for fatal I perceived it would be, to the patient at least—and at last the seconds trembled on the brink of midnight; the clock began to strike—one—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again. The last lingering echo of the final stroke had died fairly away, and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

All was silent. The wind had lulled for a moment, and not a sound stirred the air within the house. The ghosts had fled. I arose and approached the bedside. The patient was alive—drawing his breath very slowly—dying. The intervals between his gasps grew longer—then he ceased to breathe

altogether-he was dead!

Mrs. Green was sitting in her place, her elbows resting on her knees, her face buried in her hands. I closed the open mouth and pressed down the eyelids of the dead. Then I touched her on the shoulder.

"It is over," I whispered.

"Thank God!" was her fervent reply.

Then we both started. There was a rustling of the bedfoleths! Mr. Hayden was sitting erect, his eyes wide open, clotheest heaving in a mighty effort for one more inspiration his chblessed air. Before I could reach the bed he spoke:

My God! she is coming!"

At the same instant the wind came back with a sudden and appaling, gust and a wild shriek as it swept through the crevices of the building. There was a crash at the outer door—then a staggering and uncertain step in the outer room. It approached the sick room—the latch lifted—the door swung open—and then—my God! what a spectacle!

I wonder, even now, that I dare describe it—think of it—remember it. I wonder I believed it then, or do now—that I did not go mad or drop down dead. Through the open door there stepped a figure—not of Mrs. Hayden, not of her corpse, not of Death—but a thousand times more horrible—a thing of

corruption, decay, of worms and rottenness.

The features were nearly all gone, and the skull in places gleamed through, white and terrible. Her breast, abdomen and neck were eaten away, her limbs putrid, green, and inexpressibly loathsome. And yet to those putrescent jaws there was born a voice—smothered, indeed, and strange, but distinct:

"COME, WILLIAM! THEY WAIT FOR YOU! I WAIT!"

I dared not turn my eyes from the intruder; I could not if

I dared, though I heard a groan behind me and a fall.

Then it—the thing before me—sank down upon the floor, in a heap, dark and loathsome—a heap of putrescence and dismembered fragments.

I remember that I did not faint—that I did not cry out. How long I stood transfixed, fascinated, I knew not; but at last, with an effort and a prayer, I turned to the bed. Mr. Hayden had fallen upon the floor, face downward, stone dead.

I raised and replaced him—composed his limbs, closed his eyes, and tied up his chin; crossed his hands upon his breast and tied them there. Then I bore out the body of his sister, insensible, but not dead, into the pure air—out of that horror and stench into the storm and darkness—out of death into life again.

County of Grand Traverse, Michigan, ss:

Mrs. Josepha H. Green, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that the letter of Dr. John Morton, hereunto appended, which she has read, is strictly true, so far as it goes, though much of the history of what occurred at her brother's (the late Mr. Hayden) house is omitted, and thus she deposes of her own knowledge.

JOSEPHA H. GREEN.

Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on

the 25th day of May, A. D. 1858.

JAMES TAYLOR, Notary Public.

County of Grand Traverse, Michigan, ss:

James Hueson, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that he, in company with George Green, Albert J. Bailey and Henry K. Smead, on the 1st day of April last past, in the afternoon of said day, did go to the house of William H. Hayden, then deceased, and that they found upon the floor of the room, in which the body of the said deceased lay, and near

the door of the said room, the putrid remains of a human corpse—a female, as the deponent verily believes and avers; and that they carried away and buried the body of the said Hayden, deceased; and found the grave of the wife of said Hayden, deceased in the month of August last, open at the head of said grave, and that the said grave was empty of the body of the said wife of said Hayden, deceased, being gone from said grave; and that they returned to said house wherein said Hayden died; and, after removing the furniture from said house, the deponent did, at the request of Mrs. Green, sister of said Hayden, deceased, and of Mr. Green, brother-in-law of said Hayden, deceased, set fire to said house, and that said house was entirely consumed, with all that remained in said house, and burned to ashes. This I aver of my own knowledge. IAMES HUESON.

We aver and solemnly swear that the above affidavit is

strictly and entirely true, of our own knowledge.

GEORGE GREEN, H. K. SMEAD, A. J. BAILEY.

Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Grand Traverse, State of Michigan, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1858.

James Taylor, Notary Public.



Rhythmically Pulling the Tongue.

IN ORDER TO BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE.

NEW METHOD TO RESTORE TO LIFE THOSE ASPHYXIATED—DIREC-TIONS GIVEN BY DR. LABORDE.

*The Hellman horror, through which six human lives were lost, is too fresh in the public mind to need a recounting. An entire family, father, mother and four children, was killed by asphyxiation. Not one was saved! This is the particularly sad feature of the terrible tragedy, which would make any thoughtful man exclaim, "What was done to resuscitate these unfortunates?" The answer is, "Nothing!"

In the excitement attendant upon the discovery of the lifeless bodies, nobody thought of resorting to means to recall the apparently extinct spark of life. The report of the calamity, after describing in what positions the victims were found, "looking, except the father, as if they were enjoying a peaceful slumber, from which they could be awakened," ended by simply stating that "it was evident that life had been extinct for some hours, and any effort at resuscitation would have been fruitless."

The subject of resuscitating persons from asphyxiation, whether it be through drowning or otherwise, is just now receiving considerable attention from the faculty of the Paris Medical Academy. A number of doctors expressed their opinions that a large percentage of people who have apparently suffered death from suffocation might have been recalled to life by patient and scientific treatment.

It remained for Dr. Laborde to startle the learned body by his decidedly novel way of treating cases of suffocation. His bizarre method seemed to both amuse and frighten the

[&]quot;These important statements are taken from the Chicago Herald of July 21, 1895, and should be familiar to every one.

assembled doctors. Dr. Laborde insists that the most effective and, as far as he has found, successful way of resuscitation is obtained by the rhythmical pulling of the tongue of the person suffocated. The modus operandi, he explains, is simple. victim is laid on the ground, table, or any sufficiently large flat Most people dead, or apparently so, have their jaws firmly set. The mouth is forced open as wide as possible and kept in that position. The doctor or other operator seizes the tongue with a firm grip. Then, while pressing down the base of the tongue with a spoon or similar object, he commences to pull it out to its full length toward himself with a steady but strong motion. This must be kept up at the rate of fifteen or twenty pulls an hour. The tongue is very liable to slip through the fingers, and this must be carefully prevented. Dr. Laborde advises the persons performing this operation to wrap a handkerchief around his hand, by which means he will secure a very firm hold on the tongue. "There need be no pulling too vigorously," he says, "so long as it is done with the regularity of clockwork, this being imperative to insure success. must also be taken that the operator always pulls the tongue toward himself, thus getting all the muscles in play, which would be prevented if the pulling was done sideways. possible, it is beneficial for the person who is being resuscitated to have somebody vigorously rub both the chest and the lower extremities."

Dr. Laborde says that the idea of this process suggested itself to him while trying some laboratory experiments. He had noticed that animals asphyxiated by means of chloroform, for the purpose of vivisection, were strangely sensitive when their tongue was pulled out. They became restless and showed other signs of returning consciousness. This set Dr. Laborde to experimenting. He pulled the tongue a number of times, and invariably caused the animals to break into a loud hiccough, first rather passive, but soon becoming spontaneous.

The Doctor claims that he has made almost innumerable experiments with dogs, which he has suffocated, and which to all appearances were dead. He feels confident, through the success he has had, that this method of pulling the tongue is invaluable. In one case he mentions a man who had been given up by everybody as dead, through the inhalation of charcoal fumes. Dr. Laborde happened to pass the house,

was called in, and succeeded, after working not less than two

hours, in bringing the man back to life.

This method has met with the strong approval of leading medical men, and may be used not only in cases where suffocation from drowning or the inhalation of noxious fumes has ensued, but Dr. Laborde says it is as effective in cases of strangulation, lockjaw, and similar afflictions. One man who had, by accident, swallowed the contents of a bottle of bromide, and with whom respiration had entirely ceased, was brought back to life and completely cured by having his tongue pulled in this fashion.

The Rationale of the Death Change.

AS CONSIDERED BY A LEADING LITERARY LIGHT.

DEATH COMES BY ONE OF THREE GATES—PHYSICAL MANIFESTA-TIONS AFTER DEATH—PROTOPLASM LIVES FOREVER—STRANGE PHENOMENA CONNECTED WITH BILL STERRIT'S GRAVE—RE-MARKABLE EXPERIENCES IN THE SOUL LEAVING THE BODY— OTHER IMPORTANT FACTS.

*The nature of death we conceive from our knowledge of it in man and the higher animals, and conceive it erroneously. For with the higher animals, what we call death is a sudden cessation of the gross functions of the body. There is a moment at which the watchers say, "this, that was alive, is now dead." Death has come by one of the atria mortis, the three gates; by the failure of the heart, or the lungs, or the brain, the mechanism has broken down and stops suddenly and visibly. Even in old age, when there has been a slow degeneration of all the organs, the final arrest of their funciotus comes sharply, at a critical moment. But this suddenness si no part of the real nature of the event. The point of time varies with the skill of the surgeon, and with the appliances it his disposal. It is not until long after the moment at whichta seems to us that the spirit has left the body that the tissues are dead. For hours afterward the skin remains alive, the hairs grow, the sweat-glands are in repulsive activity, while the muscles respond to electrical stimulation by nightmare contortions. The body of a man is a highly integrated structure; each organ has a communion so intimate with each other that failure of any part is reflected upon the whole, and the breakdown of heart, or lungs, or brain, brings slow but irre-

^{*}From the London Saturday Review."



mediable disaster upon the whole body. In this we have to distinguish two things: what we call death—the sudden arrest that is an accident of the complex harmony of the body, as when a steamship is stopped in midocean by the rupture of a valve—and the actual death of the living protoplasm of the cells and tissues.

In the descending scale of human life, the relations between the organs are less and less intimate, and the misleading suddenness of the arrest of their machinery fades away. heart of a turtle from which the brain has been removed, will continue to beat for days. A worm or a starfish may be cut to pieces, and each piece remains alive, sometimes even reproducing the whole. Who shall name the point of death of an oyster, or of a sea-anemone? No stoppage of a single organ causes sudden death and conspicuous change in the whole; when protoplasmic death of a part occurs, either the part is sloughed away and replaced, or the ripples of destructive change spread slowly from cell to cell, each unaffected part remaining active to the last. In the simplest animals of all, organisms that consist each of a single cell, death may be seen at its lowest terms. There is no composite multicellular body, no bodily mechanism to break down, no possibility of the failure of one set of cells gradually creeping upon others. Each organism is alive or dead as its protoplasm is alive or dead.

Here, in their simplest forms, are life and death; and here, asking if death be inherent in living matter, we find surprising Violence of heat and cold, mechanical forces and the assaults of chemical affinities may destroy these single particles of life; but if not overthrown by rude accident, and if provided with food and drink, their protoplasm lives forever. Each particle feeds until, outgrowing a convenient size, it cleaves asunder and the one life becomes two lives. So far as reason and observation can inform us, the living particles in the ponds and seas of to-day have descended in a direct continuity of living material from the first dawn of life. No other solution is open, save the possibility of a spontaneous generation of living matter so continual and so common that it could not have eluded the search of science. This is that "immortality of the protozoa" hinted at by Lankester in England, blazoned into fame by Weismann.



DEATH

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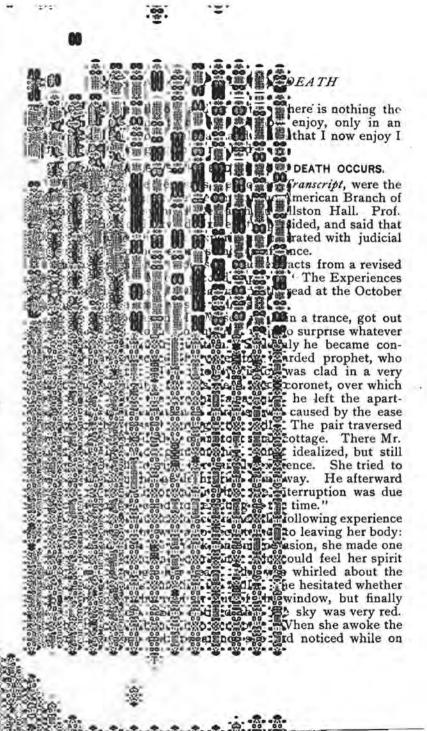
almost forgotten. His wife, leaving naught but the little wooden headboard to mark his grave, sold the ranch and moved to town. A few weeks since some new settlers, in excavating for a well on what had been the old Sterrit place, unearthed the petrified remains of a man in a standing posture. Old inhabitants identified the remains as those of Sterrit. Depositions made by them established the fact beyond a doubt; but no one could account for his being in a standing position, when they had the evidence of their own eyes to prove that he had not been thus buried.

Herein appears the strange part of the affair, which must. of course, forever remain a mystery. Mr. Masters said that while the figure, even the features, of Sterrit, are preserved almost in a state of perfection, the hands are mutilated, the knees very much scarred, and there is a considerable abrasure upon the forehead, running back into the hair. Persons who knew him have concluded that Sterrit must have been buried in a trance, and that when he regained consciousness and found himself buried, he first drew his knees up to their utmost extent, pressing upon the coffin-lid with all his strength. This would account for the disfigurement of his knees. Further, he must have beat his head against the top, finally clawing and tearing the lid with his hands. He managed to stand upright, and then died and was slowly petrified, to remain a perpetual defiance to his termagant wife, who lost her wits when she learned that Sterrit had thwarted her even in his grave, and is now in the asylum.

THE SPIRIT-WHEN IT LEAVES ITS MORTAL BODY,

Mr. Stead's "Julia" in Borderland: When the soul leaves the body it is at the first moment quite unclothed as at birth. The spirit body disengaged from the physical body is conscious—at least I was, almost from the first. I awoke standing by my dead body, thinking I was still alive and in my ordinary physical frame. It was only when I saw the corpse in the bed that I knew that something had happened! When the thought of nakedness crosses the spirit there comes the clothing which you need. The idea with us is creative. We think, and the thing is. I do not remember putting on any garments. There is just the sense of need, and the need is supplied. No, if I might come back and live on earth as I used to do, I would





her strange excursion. Mrs. Connor conveys the gratifying assurance that the passage from the body was attended by no pain or discomfort, but was much like putting one's arm in a sleeve."

Still another experience was as follows:

"A private soldier in a Kansas regiment was once taken sick, and reluctantly went into a hospital, where he apparently died. His friend, Dr. Chandler, despite the regimental surgeon's ridicule, tried to restore him, and succeeded, after pouring some ammonia through his lips. The soldier stated that all the while Dr. Chandler was working at his body his spirit was seated on the mantelpiece, trying to decide whether to return to the body or take its final departure from it. Noticing how anxious Dr. Chandler seemed, he at last determined to re-enter his body, and did so."

DECEASED RELATIVE RECOGNIZED BY THE DYING.

Boston Herald: Another addition to the list of instances where deceased relatives have been recognized by the dying, comes from Dexter, Me. A man who recently died there had been so ill for weeks that he was unable to lift a hand or even turn his head. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his attendants, he raised himself in bed with apparent strength and ease a glad look overspreading his features, and, pointing into space, with upraised hand, exclaimed: "There he is! There's Ben!" Then he fell back dead. Ben was a brother, who died sever I years previously.

INTERESTING "FACTS "IN TELEPATHY.

London Tid Bits: "Dream Sceptic" writes: "A friend of mine was sitting in his drawing-room when he thought he saw a certain man (a relation) walk in. He felt very much disturbed, as he knew that the man had not come in the flesh. His trouble was increased when he learned the same day that the man had died just about the time of the ghostly visit. his friend of mine is, I believe, telling me the absolute truth. could give you another instance which occurred to an actaintance, whose word I should not care to doubt. What put of common-sense explanation can be given?" Some years to the subject was discussed in these columns, and certainly time remarkable instances were given of the communication

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low-roofed church, and from the far-off chancel and through the dimly-lighted aisles I saw my nurse approaching. I could see the Gothic arches and painted windows, and the urns and monuments to those long dead; and to my fancy it seemed that this old church reached far away behind me, where I could not see, but still I knew that it was there, for I could smell the damp, sepulchral air, and feel the chilling wind that blew among the tombs." Referring to the period of convalescence, Dr. Preston King says it was almost worth being ill for the pleasure of getting well again.

After the Change Called Death.

THE VARIOUS STATES AND OCCUPATIONS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

SPIRIT-LIFE COMPREHENSIVELY ANALYZED BY ONE WHO UNDER-STANDS ITS EXACT STATUS—THE PRINCE MAY BE A SPIRITUAL PAUPER IN SPIRIT-LIFE, WHILE THE POVERTY-STRICKEN ONE IS OFTEN FOUND TO BE A SPIRITUAL PRINCE—THE OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE STATES CAREFULLY COMPARED.

INVOCATION.

*"Infinite God, Spirit of all life, Giver of every gift, divine, perfect, ineffable, we turn to thee in praise for the abundant blessings of the year, that, under the touch of the glad spring-time, reveals anew the life-giving power for every form of beauty and loveliness that abounds on earth; the blooming flowers, the songs of birds, the sound of murmuring waters, and the symphony of wind and waves, the beauteous green carpet decked with myriad flowers, the bending azure sky pillared with clouds, and the sound of groves-for all these thy children rejoice. Yet they turn to the inner life, and since they know that the outward must change and pass; that the visible becomes invisible, and forms of beauty fade or are transmuted to other forms, so they would turn to that inward life that, beyond disappointment, brings perpetual renewal of hope; that above every sorrow brings eternal joy. From the darkness of death and sorrow in the human state, every departed friend brings the knowledge of immortality, of the real life beyond the grave and the spring-time of immortal love. Oh! may every heart learn the lesson that nature brings; but chiefly may each heart learn the lesson of the spirit; by the

^{*}An address delivered at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Sunday, May 5, 1895, by ONE WHO KNOWS, through his instrument, the noted poet and inspirational speaker, Mrs. Cors L. V. Richmond.

inspiration of past time, by the glory of that which is revealed within the spirit, and by the revelation of to-day, these altars are not deserted, the fires of the spirit are not quenched. We praise Thee that upon many altars, beneath many sacred trees, by many shrines, the gifts of the spirit are still abundant. May every heart learn the lesson of this inner and higher voice; see the beckoning hands of those who have vanished from human sight, but who are on the wondrous shores of immortality; may they feel, perceive and understand; even though baffled by the senses, may they still know that the greater realization is within and above, and turn, as did those of old, to the Mounts of Transfiguration and Olivet for the life divine and perfect. Amen."

DISCOURSE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Paul said: "Now we see through a glass darkly—then

face to face." He might have said soul to soul.

Doubtless the reality of spiritual existence will be a surprise in its experiences, even to those who consider themselves prepared by faith or knowledge of the future state. That the spirit will not be what man is, may be evident from the fact that the human body dies, and no human body is seen to take its place. Whatever be the spiritual body, form, or state, its attributes and functions may essentially differ from the physical This all will admit. Then, whatever that state is, it must be just as well adapted to the needs of the spirit as is the physical organism to the needs of earthly life. This being philosophically admitted, and with human beings, having knowledge by the attestation of spirit friends of an existence beyond death, of visions and revelations concerning angels and ministering spirits, of what different writers and seers have written and stated concerning the other life, and the especial revealment in this modern day of modern Spiritualism, the nter-communion between the two worlds, one would think there could be an intelligent idea concerning the life beyond death. So there could be if people were willing to set aside physical ensation and substitute intelligence, mental and spiritual nowledge. But people are not willing to do this. They are villing to do so in reference to science, since mental postu-



lates must always be substituted for physical sensation. They do this in the realm of mathematics, since it is utterly impossible to illustrate with physical figures or physical things that which mathematics fully states in numbers. They do this even in chemistry, since it is possible to make invisible that which is visible, and make visible that which is invisible. People are contented to know that oxygen, hydrogen and carbon are in the atmosphere invisible, and yet form the air and vitality that you breathe. They are even willing to go farther, to know that the vibrations called electricity may be evolved and used, and under certain conditions and circumstances be rendered visible and then invisible; that all the activities and potencies of life are hidden from external sight, yet they are not satisfied to suppose that the spirit realm is a realm separate and distinct, a realm entirely different from the multifarious and greatly varied manifestations of matter on earth; that the realities of the "Beautiful City," the Kingdom of Heaven, are not realities in a physical sense; that the substances of which the sacred city was said to be composed were not substances in the sense of gold, precious stones and alabaster of earth; but that these stones, and the gold and alabaster, were symbols of pure thoughts, fervent aspirations, and whatever in the ancient symbolism sufficed to make the heavenly kingdom beautiful. They are not even satisfied that the trees, flowers, mountains and rivers shall be subjective instead of objective, organic bodies. They would have law; not only law, but the attraction of gravitation, ponderous bodies, houses built with human hands, therefore not eternal in heaven. Many would have an exact reproduction of the earth, so as to be spoilt or improved by the hand of man. In some sort of way all religions do this. The physical interpretation of a spiritual idea has been the bane of past religions. The paradise of the Mohammedan is simply an enlarged sensuous existence; and even in India the purely metaphysical state which the scholar, seer or adept can comprehend, is utterly lost sight of among those Brahmins, who think to participate in the sensual luxuries of the kingdom of Brahma. Nirvana, which is beyond the senses, is not the possession of the average mind of India.

We need not say that the inheriting of the earth, which the Hebrews, until recently, almost universally expected, was the literal inheritance of the literal Jerusalem, and the literal possession of the earth. Others, more spiritual in their interpretation, have come to think of the New Jerusalem as unreal, or a state within the kingdom of the spirit; but there are heretics in the Hebrew Church, as there are liberal Chris-

tians in the evangelical orthodox Christian Church.

The literal Kingdom of Heaven, which the Christians have expected to enjoy, has been interpreted too much after the manner of the senses. When closely pressed our evangelical orthodox friends have been constrained to answer that they believe in a literal heaven, and a literal lake of hell fire, as Hades. If many do not accept this, it is not considered orthodox evangelical, and if, as in the recent revealments, many in the ranks of the orthodox clergy do not accept the literal interpretation, it still is not evangelical, and the churches are on the verge of continually trying the clergy for heresy for interpreting the Scriptures according to their own ideas, instead of the ideas of the founders and interpreters of the church.

Spiritualists are not exempt from this criticism. One would think that a religion based upon the spirit, and having its manifestations from spiritual sources, would know the difference between reality and matter, between that which is real to spirit, and that which is material to the senses; but the larger proportion do not, and consider that the realities of spiritual life will be as material as the realities or materialities of earthly life. It is in this respect that spirits find their chief difficulty in communicating the nature, states and occupations of spirits. It is not because spirits do not usually know, but it is because the people are not usually ready to understand; the messages must be adapted to the comprehension of the people. In doing this, in building block-houses for human children, for the children of the senses, spirits are obliged to use words that will be intelligible to your understanding, but which may be' interpreted entirely wrong. This would be obviated if the people were only willing to consider the subjective existence as real as that which is denominated objective. The generic forms of life are not all the realities there are. Human life would be very limited if human life were simply sensation and nothing more; but even sensation, in order to derive its functions from anything that is potent, must be, after all, the result of intelligence. The sensitized human being, that is

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actuality upon the consciousness. If the consciousness is such that the manifestation is not required to be objective, but is the result of subjective conditions, then that which is subjective must be more real, as it is in Spirit-life. If you are dominated, say by a great idea, or by a purpose, or by a passion, or by anything that takes complete possession of your mind even here, the objective existence in which you are now placed makes little impression upon you; you go through life, as far as the outward appearance is concerned, mechanically; you are dominated by the thought, aspiration, feeling, or purpose within you; that is the reality, and that would be the reality without the physical form.

So often have we endeavored to explain, but so futile does it seem while you are still environed in time and sense, that we have deemed it not wise always to endeavor to explain that which spirits do, or that which they are really employed in, since the occupations and states of spiritual existence seem, for the time being, to be so remote from human consciousness. But there are certain classes of minds: scholars, esoteric students, those who have investigated the realm of mental philosophy, who can form a clear understanding of the position we take, and the reason why the spiritual realm is not

more palpable to human consciousness.

The manifestations of spiritual beings through physical objects to reach the senses of man are not, of course, manifestations that are usual and ordinary, and are not manifestations which, under certain conditions of human progress, would be desirable. The fact that these manifestations accompany great outpourings of the spirit, and the fact that every new revealment of spiritual power amounting to a dispensation of religion is accompanied by such manifestations, by no means indicates that these physical phenomena ever will become usual and ordinary. It simply means, in the present condition of the human race, when objective presences are more palpable and real than those of the mind and spirit, these manifestations become necessary to awaken thought, to attract attention, to show that spirits have power over substance, even though rganically not connected with substance; hence the vibrations alled "raps," all the manifestations of "physical phenomena," re but the bending to human conditions, and must necessarily cease to be satisfactory as soon as the human consciousness is

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tions of the senses are barriers, as far as the spirit is concerned, but they are necessary while in human form for expression in the senses; and when it shall be finally understood that the spiritual existence is the setting free of the spirit from the barriers of time and sense, withou, depriving the spirit of having the possible control of things in time and sense; there will then be an intelligent perception of what transpires when the spirit throws off the mortal body, "shuffles off the mortal coil."

Of course all spirits do not at once awaken with equal spiritual perception or equal spiritual glory, or equal happiness or lack of it; whatever the condition of the individual is—we wish you to bear this in mind and emphasize it—whatever the condition of the individual is in time and sense, and in the earthly state, that condition is improved to that individual by throwing off the physical organism; because it is that much of a release. While the lack of unfoldment in spiritual ways is, of course, still a lack, there is not the organic difficulty of the temptation in and through the senses; while there may not be a sudden awakening to the knowledge of what the conquest should have been, there is still the throwing-off of that which was a physical barrier, and every spiritual state is better for the individual than the human state, although all spirits are not, of course, equal. This does away with the ideas which some may entertain, that the change called death may immediately change one from shadow into light, or that some spirits may be worse after that change (of death) than they were as human beings.

We have frequently said that there could be no truer picture of Hades than the conditions of the crowded cities; than the states of darkness, degradation, vice and crime seen in the high and low places of earth, high and low being very frequently transferable terms in human consciousness. There can be nothing in spirit existence that will express or manifest such abhorrent scenes as are found on earth, since there is no diguise and mask of the senses. The environment of earth creates the conditions which the spirit is required or expected to overcome; not having overcome those conditions, the spirit enters into the state of—what? Not of active crime, sin or evil in Spirit-life, but the negation, the shadow of not having conquered. Spirits are much less active in inducing people to

no the sales of their own evil h th-life, for theirs llows the earthly dal There will by passing into by passing into this the human state the human state state, and cannot state state, and cannot even those who even those who theless, in a state and helplessness ss of Hades; of accomplishment ss of Hades; of accomplishment ou do not believe such occasion as such occasion as such occasion as confailed in the overmass at the confailed in the passing to the spirit,
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confailed the confailed th minds and geniuses are spiritually shadowed; not in intellect, as earthly intellect is measured; not in brilliancy of human achievement in the realm of matter, but in the way of self-conquest. He or she who has most of this victory, being usually among the most lowly of earth, has, therefore, greater freedom, greater knowledge, greater spiritual possessions. Princes of earth are often found to be spiritual paupers; not because they were princes, but because of not having conquered self. Paupers are often found to be spiritual princes; not because they were paupers on earth, but because, beneath the rags, beneath the buffetings of fortune, there is often found a truly unselfish nature.

Between these two extremes of human conditions are found all other human states. The great giant in intellect, who, nevertheless, has not spiritual perception, does not love his kind, has not given something of his intellectual possessions for the benefit of others, cannot be said to be spiritually exalted. Exaltation is not measured, nor are we permitted to measure the various conditions of one or the other. One passing out of the earthly form is perfectly aware of his own shortcomings; he is not permitted to judge of the shortcomings of others. He is amply occupied in overcoming those of his own individual existence. Neither is he allowed to say, "See to what heights I have attained." We do not stand on tiptoe, like boys, to show how much we have grown; but, having reached the spiritual condition, endeavor to make ourselves aware of the conditions which are within ourselves. We cannot take with us through the spiritual state our various pursuits of selfishness in human life. We do not require those things that were requisite while in the senses. Physical habitations, physical raiment, physical forms are not required; therefore the occupations and states must be such as pertain to spiritual existence.

The vast industrial system of earth, concerning which there is so much agitation now, the vast interest in capital, concerning which there is so much discussion, cannot be primal factors in Spirit-life as they are here, excepting so far as they relate to human selfishness; and whatever adjusts those questions on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number, or the greatest amount of human fellowship, will be in accordance with the spiritual possessions, however much it may be

criticized as optimistic and transcendental by those who con-

sider themselves thoroughly versed in human affairs.

It may be that spirits are not qualified to judge of the state of finance, yet mediums are often sought, are most frequently sought by many who refuse to accept or acknowledge that they are Spiritualists, for the sole purpose of finding out some way of material gain; points on prices upon 'Change; the rise and fall in stocks; of what will be the lucky or favorable number in the great lottery of human speculation; and this is sought by very serious and devout church members who are forbidden to have any dealings with witchcraft or sorcery. Yet if the spirits can see-and doubtless the spirits might knowaccording to the ancient records, there is a certain class of people who are answered according to their folly. Perhaps you know who they are? It is not always for the purpose of answering the fool according to his folly that these answers are given; it is for another purpose. If spirits can foresee and do make truthful statements, as they often do in this direction, it leads the mind so seeking to other questions, and the day comes when they will seek for other purposes. As a rule, those who are now Spiritualists have not sought the spirits for such purposes, but have sought them because they wished for the answer to the question: "If a man die shall he live again?" And they find the question is answered by the spirit: "All that is valuable in man does not die, but lives." They find that the life the consciousness, the intelligence, passes through and beyond that which is called death, not losing, but gaining in its possessions by that one degree or change; that the spirit parts from many faculties that were fetters while in the form; rejects those that are purely earthly and belong wholly to the senses; that the spiritual perception takes the place of human sensation; that the spirit can perceive more than all the senses of man put together, unless these senses are quickened by a very active, unfolded perception. In other words, the spirit state is the state that is the next step for each human life. If there were not a place or state in spirit existence adapted to each human condition, what a sublime failure life would be, since the untrue, unfortunate conditions would be swept out of existence, and no one would be certain that any could be saved.

According to spiritual consciousness, according to spiritual knowledge, these states are simply a continuation of the existence of the human being without the continuation of the physical surroundings. The mind or spirit communicating knows what the conditions of an individual will be by the state of

mind or spirit of that individual.

We make these words plain and primitive, because we wish them to be understood by all: That each individual takes his or her state, but does not take with him his or her physical surroundings. If, however, according to law of subjective existence, the state or condition of the spirit is such that no other surroundings excepting material surroundings, or excepting those that resemble earthly conditions, will be considered life; if the human being passing away, as you call it, has been not only dominated, but wholly governed by the idea that there is no other standard of life or existence excepting the standard of the senses, unquestionably that spirit, for the time being, will be surrounded by that which he thinks is life, and will be the fulfillment of—"As a man thinketh so is he."

In one sense our friends the Christian Scientists are perfectly correct that: What an individual thinks is a reality. course it is in this sense, that while dominated by time and sense, if that domination is the actual and only preponderating power; if the individual is wedded to time and sense, and the conditions of earthliness; if by no imagination, or poetry, or philosophy, or science, he or she has been made aware that the realm of consciousness is not the realm of sensation; if there has been nothing to awaken any thought excepting that which is of the earth, then the spiritual state that immediately follows must be that which resembles, to the individual, the earthly state; but to all other spirits there would be no such resemblance. On approaching the condition of that spirit, all other spirits would say: "Why, the poor man is in the toils of his own lack of spiritual consciousness!" Take, for instance, as an illustration, the greatest possible human selfishness. We do not ask you to hunt for it outside of yourself, but if you know of a state that is more selfish than your own; that is, a state that is utterly destitute of consideration for others; which never loves except in the most supremely selfish way; which never thinks of any individual except as that individual can serve him or her, as the case may be; which builds its earthly possessions on the basis of aggregating to one's self all that is possible of earthly possessions—in spiritual states would be nothing—simply a negation, with the consciousness that what ever was the dominant force that culminated in victory on

earth, materially, is weakness in spirit.

There is no sudden revulsion of feeling; there is no sudden illumination of the mind on passing from the earthly to the spirit state: nevertheless we have known instances of those who had great victory in selfish human ways, where there was intelligence and perception enough on entering the spirit state to know that the power which constitutes the greater victory in human ways is utterly valueless in spirit. Such begin at the beginning, as people do here. They are willing to learn of spirit teachers. They understand that they do not know the first conditions and methods of spirit-life, and are perfectly willing to accept the knowledge that the first act of self-forgetfulness is the first step to spiritual unfoldment and victory. This knowledge, coupled with great powers and energy of mind, would soon bear the spirit forward. But when there is absolute turpitude of mind as well as of spirit, it would not be any wonder if some spirits seem to pass through long years of human time before awakening to this consciousness, that there is an added step of growth that must be taken before there can be spiritual perception.

These darkened states of Spirit-life are exceptional. The states of individual victory are universal. The desire to overcome that which was not overcome in earth-life must be universal. As the average human being is not very degraded, so the average spirit finds release in spirit states from the depressing condition of earth-life; and most spirits are glad to be released. To the one addressing you it was as passing from a dungeon into the open air, into the light. Not too much light can be perceived even by the best at first. spiritual glamour is turned on from the higher realms, but the light must come from within; so even the light is tempered to the condition of the spirit. The light comes, as it must, from To the one addressing you it was a release of powers instead of the fettering of such powers as had, perhaps, been too little active in human life. There was greater range of vision; greater activity of attributes and faculties; a sense of freedom that a bird might feel on being released from the prison bondage of the cage. It is not possible to know what transmuted intelligence there is between the worm, the chrysalis and the butterfly, but the human spirit takes along with its changed condition some knowledge, and between the worm of earth, and chrysalis of change and the unfolding wings of immortality, there is conscious joy, an added possession, greater power and perception. That which was vague and unreal on earth becomes plain; questions that seem to be difficult of solution in human states become immediately solved to the spirit; subjects that are here put away as speculative, transcendental and vague, become themes in Spirit-life of the greatest import. Instead of inter-commerce between nations, the state of trade, the political condition between governments, the great question becomes that of the intercommunion of spirits; the relation of souls, their attributes and powers as related to each other.

Every spirit that passes from earth-life would be ready to communicate if human beings were ready. There are very few spirits so blinded by prejudice, so fettered by material shadows as not to know that they can see or perceive more than you can. That which is blindness to you is perception to them. The barriers are all on the mortal side, excepting such as are the result of ignorance. It is you who "see through a glass darkly." It is the human state that is the darkened glass. Time, sense and physical surroundings constitute the barriers. The removal of these constitute the perception of spiritual existence.

That which is most astonishing to the majority of spirits is, that they do not have to go anywhere to arrive at the Spiritworld; that they are not taken through miles and miles of space, over valleys and lakes and mountains, on wings of angels, to find the Spirit-land or the Kingdom of Heaven; nor through tortuous ways, down, down forever, to find Hades. On the removal of the physical body which wraps the spirit, seemingly, in the tethers and swaddling-clothes of the senses, the spirit is aware of a larger realm; it finds there the friends once known on earth; in other words, the coming to and fro om the spirit-realm, or the "Spirit-land," is a figure of The "Spirit-realm," the "Spirit-land," is around ou, is within you, above you, wherever the affections are. low often this has been told, and yet so many people think that they will have to climb some ethereal "ladder," some irway, like that symbol presented to Jacob of old, to find the spirit-realm. It is all about you, but not you; pervading your spirits, but not dominating your bodies; performing what can be accomplished in benefiting human conditions, acting upon your thoughts, your intelligence, your affections, where it is possible, through attraction, to do so; biding the time when the barriers of time and sense shall be removed.

You will look within instead of without for the answer to the question about the condition of spirits. When we say, look within, we mean you will not look out of your human eyes, nor listen with your human ears, nor desire and touch with your human senses, to make you know that spirits are near you. In those hours of communion when you talk with yourself (a great number do this audibly) and review the work of the day, there is censure if you have not done well, and praise if you have. And all the time you are talking to yourself it is a discussion between reason and intuition, between the reason and impulse, and, metaphorically, the chastisement that you give to yourself, if you have not done your best, you would not submit to from any one else. Now that realm in which you can talk to yourself, in that realm where the ego abides, in that realm of consciousness where you solve your problems in philosophy, in mathematics, in that still higher realm of truth, love and wisdom, through the silent chambers of the spirit, you can meet and hold converse with your friends without interruption, or any other fraud than that which you perpetrate upon yourself. You can meet there, and if to satisfy you that it is not imagination, that you are not perpetrating self-deception, they condescend to enter into the realm of time, space and substance to reach you from an objective standpoint, it is only that these barriers may be removed, and they sometimes hold converse with you soul to soul, instead of "through a glass darkly" by the senses.

Do not think by this that we are underrating the "signs and tokens," the manifestations that must come to the senses. On the contrary, the whole spirit-realm, all who hold converse with mortals to-day, are intent upon breaking down tho superficial barriers of mind and body by such manifestatio as cannot be denied, by such tokens as cannot be ignored Physically, if you must have them, they give you proof of the powers. Intellectually, if science must have them, they give you evidence of these "psychic or occult" forces, in order

that you, being satisfied on the physical plane (there is no external law of nature that has intelligence without the consciousness of your friends), they may question and make sure of an audience with you in the inner chambers of your lives, close to their own realm, where no disturbing human conditions are found, and where you will find, when you put off the veil of outward environment, put off the barriers of time

and sense, your beloved ones have been waiting always.

It is their occupation to do this; it is the occupation of spirits to impart this knowledge; it is their occupation to improve in knowledge, wisdom, love and excellence, and to unfold those powers that were not sufficiently unfolded while here, so that into the shadowed spirit states, into the shadowed conditions of earth-life, this greater knowledge may be borne. Because we are not making watches when there is not any time to be kept on our calender; because we are not engaged in spinning and weaving when our raiment is woven of such substance as thought and aspiration; because we do not build houses in which to cramp ten, twenty, one hundred thousand or a million human beings while the sunshine and fresh air are without; and because we do not build palaces for ourselves while the poor must be content with hovels, people think there is no occupation in Spirit-life. But if the building of such things as make for truth, the bearing forward of the message that takes away the primal fear of death from the world of mankind; if undermining, by showing the light that is within and above the dark chambers of doubt and materialism; if throwing the searchlight of the spirit upon the conditions that are false, and revealing that which is true; if strengthening each exalted resolution, bringing the conquest by the spirit more to the front, and declaring that this is a greater victory than all battles won by armies; if to do this and to wipe away the tear of the mourner by a correct knowledge of Spirit-life, be no occupation, then why do you hire clergymen to teach spiritual things? Why are thousands of lives spent in endeavoring to find the real philosophy of existence? Why does science strain a point now to stand on tiptoe and peep over into the occult, psychical realm, unless it is an important occupation to know what spirit is, and its relations to other spirits in the world?



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excessive attention is given to music that the future seems like an eternally prolonged chorus of vocalism, and where the soul will no longer take delight in those intellectual pursuits which have heretofore given it both its enjoyment and its individuality. In a word, it was regarded as so undesirable a residence that the longing for an extended life here became painfully intense. We did not wish to go to Heaven, partly because it was a region peopled by strange beings, and partly because it was impossible to see how we could be contented there.

All this was demoralizing spiritually, and we clung to life, not only with the tenacity that God implanted in our constitutions as a necessity, but with an added tenacity which was morbid and unnatural, since we felt ourselves wanting in the capacity of adapting ourselves to the peculiar kind of happiness

which the angels are supposed to enjoy.

But these legendary notions are a fragment of the past, and a more rational view has taken their place. Our present faith is not based on the imagination merely, but on a superior knowledge of God's providence and on a wider view of the soul's requirements. We now know that eternity for us began when we were born, that the future is only the present prolonged, and that Heaven will simply furnish us with added opportunities for spiritual and intellectual development. Eternity is nothing more than a Now indefinitely repeated, and the laws which govern us to-day will also govern us to-morrow. Death is removal from a lower sphere of activity to a higher one, with no change whatever to mark it except the loss of bodies which have achieved their purpose and can no longer be made useful.

It becomes easy, then, under the regime of this new thought, to decide in at least a general way what are the relations between the two worlds. We may make grave mistakes if we deal too largely in details, which is the tendency in this age of reaction from the formal and cold and unnatural speculations of other times; but we can venture upon some generic statements which must certainly contain the gist of the whole matter, and these statements come to us like unexpected strains of cheering music to the weary traveler. The soul is so fortified by them that the direst bereavement has a modicum of comfort in it, and the profoundest sorrow, like the cloud at

sunset, a silver lining.

They who have gone have not gone far. They have not been transported to such a distance that their interest in and love for us have been interrupted or intercepted. Those who were dear to each other are still dear, and will remain so until changes are effected by mutual consent. They are not asleep, awaiting a summons by the archangel's trumpet, for the trumpet has already sounded for them. They will not arise from the grave, for they never went into the grave. From here to Heaven is only a step, and those who have taken the step to Heaven can also take the step from Heaven. The soul without a fleshy body can do what a soul hampered with a body cannot Heaven, as a literal fact, is all round about us, and not a cry goes up from earthly misery that is not heard there, and not a loved one has gone but finds it possible to return to influence'in some degree those who are left behind. If we have the power to think of them, they certainly have an equal power to think of us, and though, imprisoned in this tabernacle of flesh, we may not visit them, they have no such impediment, and not only may but do throw themselves into our interests just as they did when they lived in this lower house.

It is a mistake to suppose that a soul becomes enfeebled simply because it has crossed the river. Its intellectual and spiritual powers are greatly enlarged, it can love with a deeper love, and it can help us in many ways to bear our burdens.

That kind of faith is a healthy stimulant. It glorifies this life and irradiates the other life. Religion becomes a joy forever, the most desirable thing in the world, as necessary to our comfort as our daily bread. They see you, they sympathize with you, they help you. The dear Lord said, "I will come unto you," and can it be true that He always comes alone, or is He accompanied by those who still pray for our welfare and love us as deeply as ever?

She Dies, and Comes to Life Again.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO DIE-EXPERIENCES OF DIANA POWELLSON-SHE SEES HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN IN SPIRIT-LIFE-IN DYING SHE DID NOT LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS.

*Mrs. Diana Powellson, widow of the late Thomas Powellson, resides upon land rented from Mr. William Chick, seven or eight miles southwest of Kansas City. She is forty-one years of age, and the mother of nine children. Up to three years ago she had been a remarkably vigorous woman. On the 1st of August, 1876, a premature labor induced the disease which has now culminated as described below. Dr. Thorne was first called to her in December, 1877, and found her laboring from severe spasms, the head and heels being drawn together in a backward direction. The attacks came on every day about four o'clock, and would not leave her till about two or three o'clock the next morning. This had been going on for several months before Dr. Thorne saw her. He found what he then and still presumes to be cancer of the stomach and ulceration of the liver, also spinal irritation in the cervical region. Under treatment, the spasms were allayed; in a few days the spinal irritation seemed to give way, the liver ulcerated and discharged its contents into the stomach. She then became easy for several months, was enabled to walk around and moderately enjoy herself. Attacks, however, of irritation of the liver would at times supervene. Upon five occasions extensive ulcers have discharged themselves into the maschot. Upon all such occasions, until such discharge took

place, the spinal irritation and spasms would recur, though in

^{*}Kansas City (Mo.) Times, 1879.

a less marked degree than at first. About the 1st of last May she, for the first time since her illness, left her home to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Kittie Powellson, in Rosedale, Kansas. She, in a few days, experienced attacks of spinal-irritation spasms and the usual swelling of the liver. The spasms continued without remission (complete) from the 3d of May to the 27th, during which time she took but little nourishment, and

suffered agonies beyond description.

On the 24th of May she vomited large quantities of pus, the enlarged liver receding, and her physician expected at least a temporary convalescence. He was summoned, however, on the 27th, at 11 P. M., to Mrs. Powellson's bedside; he found her unconscious; there were no spasms except of the muscles of the neck and the arm; the head was thrown back upon the shoulders with such strength that the hand could not be introduced between them. The hands were clenched so that the strongest man could not bend them; from the peculiar nervous condition, Dr. Thorne, supposing his patient would soon die, remained with her. The pulse was then ranging at 140; the respiration 16 per minute. Cold, clammy perspiration all over the body; eyeballs thrown back and upward; no action whatever of the diaphragm; she had been blind for several days; things continued in this course without much change until one o'clock in the morning, when she died. The spasms of the neck and hands now relaxed, the head dropping forward upon the breast; the eyelids opened, the eyeballs resumed their normal position, the pupils were dilated and the film gathered The woman was dead. upon the eyes.

A current of electricity passed from the base of the brain

to the lower portion of the back failed to revive her.

She remained in this condition thirty-two minutes, at the end of which time she sat up in bed and called for coffee, which she drank; after drinking it the spasm returned as before, and continued until five minutes before three, when she again died. For a period of over three hours, or till eight minutes past six, there was no sign of life. The large stethescope of Dr. Thorne was applied to all positions of the lungs, heart and chief arteries; no sound whatever could be detected, except at intervals of six to eight minutes, when a slight motion of air could be heard under the thyroid cartilage. This was so slight that it could not be detected by the unaided ear;

no sign of respiration appeared to the eye, the instrument only revealed it. The arteries at this time would give a long, thrilling sound, more like a quiver than a pulsation, when all would be still again; from eight minutes past six until about ten she lay in a spasm as before, the teeth violently clenched, when the spasms suddenly relaxed and she died again.

Dr. Thorne was not present at this time, but being hastily summoned, he found the room cleared of furniture and all preparations made for laying her out. She continued in this

spasm about forty-five minutes.

For over forty-eight hours from this time she was continuously in spasms, except when she ceased to breathe and her heart to pulsate, which was a frequent occurrence, the attacks lasting from five to thirty minutes.

On the 2d of June she was free from spasms and free of pain, conversed with her friends and with scores of people who

came to see her.

On the 3d of June, at 4:30 P. M., she again sank away; she continued to all appearances dead twenty-nine minutes, and again, at 7:50, and continued forty-five minutes. She had many more attacks, lasting from five to thirty minutes, for the next forty hours. From that time until July 5th she was free from pain, received her friends, and all the functions of the body were carried on complete.

The physician found only debility to contend with. On the 5th of July, without warning or premonition of any kind, at three o'clock in the afternoon, she again passed off, remaining apparently dead about fifty minutes. She had several such spells during the night, of longer duration, which have been

repeated every afternoon till now.

Our reporter visited the bedside of the lady, in company

with Dr. Thorne. Her story is as follows:

"I have been a professed Christian for many years. Some time in 1877 I joined the Methodist Church South. I am a full believer in Christianity. The statement that I am about

to make is stranger to me than it can be to you.

"On the night of my first dying, the more I died the less pain I felt. I was so happy at going (oh! sir, I suffered so much). I felt no misery of any kind; pain in the head all gone. It seemed that I lost all consciousness but for a moment. When I came to my senses again I knew I was dead,

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thought I was still ating the worst. My er, took hold of me. where of my departed kness suddenly vaniers, seas, lakes and escribe. The people were ordinary men iful, and others were homes. They lived autiful than any we be there. I saw many we others. I saw many be there. I saw many we have that they had no

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was of the flowing or robe kind. No voice, such as we have on earth, is used by spirits. I understood them more perfectly without words. I read their thoughts; it is more perfect language than ours. They told me to come back to earth for three or four years with my little children who are here. I promised to do so.

"I expected to meet Christ, but did not do so. I now know that I must depend upon myself. We are over there as we are here. We make our own happiness. I did not find any heaven or hell, only life, more perfect and beautiful than this. This is not life at all. What I now relate is as clear to

my memory as anything in life can be.

"In dying after the first time I did not lose consciousness. I seemed to fade from one life into another. I now often see spirits around me, but cannot speak to them or they to me. They show me flowers, which are more beautiful than ours. Spirits told me they had to repent of their sins over there before they could advance. Till they did this they were unhappy. I was much surprised when I first went there at seeing a spirit which I took to be God, and I afterwards supposed it was Jesus Christ, but it was only a bright spirit teaching others. I saw many such afterwards; they don't seem to belong to the rest at all. Everybody is engaged in learning and growing brighter, so they told me."

The facts and particulars of this strange death were verified by the people of Rosedale generally. More particularly was the account substantiated by Mrs. Kittie Powellson, sisterin-law to the lady, and Miss R. Powellson, the daughter; Mrs. John Haddock, Mrs. James Wilson, Mrs. Callenburger, Mr. Baird, practicing physician in Rosedale, and many others who

have been constantly attending her.

Dr. Thorne called in consultation Dr. Halley, of Kansas City, who made a thorough investigation of the case. Dr. Baird has also been a witness of many of the phenomena.



Death Is Only a Most Beautiful Change.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE GREAT SEER, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

HE GIVES A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE—PRO-GRESSING TOWARDS PERFECTION—NO ARISTOCRACY ON THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

*My Friend and Searcher After Truth:-In communicating with you respecting the destiny of man I shall endeavor, according to the extent of my capacity and highest perceptions of truth, to give you as correct and definite a view as possible of the all-important subject in question, viz.: The location, life and destiny of man in the future and after what you call death. The Spirit-world lies between sixty and one hundred and twenty miles from the terrestrial surface. The whole intermediate space, including that immediately over the earth, the habitation of mortals, is divided into seven (7) consecutive regions, called spheres. The regions next the earth, the primary scene of man's existence, are known as the first, or rudimental sphere; the remaining six may be distinguished as the spiritual spheres. The six spiritual spheres are concentric zones, or circles of exceedingly refined matter, encompassing the earth like belts or girdles, and the distance of each from the other is regulated by fixed laws.

By this, then, you will understand they are not shapeless chimeras, or mere projections of the mind, but absolute entities—as much so, indeed, as the planets of the solar system, or the globe on which you now reside. They have latitudes, longitudes, and atmospheres of peculiar vitality, whose soft and balmy undercurrents produce the most invigorating effect.

^{*}This communication was written by EMANUKL SWEDENBORG on a slate, through the hand of Mrs, F. P. Kingsbury, a medium in St. Louis, Mo. It was addressed to Capt. Joseph Brown, ex-Mayor, and then Auditor of the city.

Their surfaces are diversified with an immense variety of the most picturesque landscapes, with lofty mountain ranges, valleys, rivers, lakes, forests and the internal correspondences of all the higher phenomena of nature, on your earth. The trees and shrubbery are covered with exquisitely beautiful foliage, and flowers of every color and variety give forth their grateful emanations. The physical economy and arrangement of each sphere differs from the other, new and striking scenes of grandeur being presented to us in each, increasing in beauty

and sublimity as they ascend.

Although the spheres revolve with the earth on a common axis, forming the same angle with the plane of the ecliptic, and move with it around the ponderable sun, still they are not dependent on that body for either light or heat, receiving not a perceptible ray from that ponderable source, but receive those dispensations wholly from his internal or spiritual correspondence, being a spiritual sun, concentric with the sun of your earth, from that great luminary whose native brightness and uninterrupted splendor baffle description. We have, therefore, no division of time into days, weeks, months and years, nor alternations of seasons, caused by the earth's annual revolution, those periods being observed only with reference to the affairs of the earth. Although we, like you, are progressing constantly toward perfection, our ideas of time and the seasons differ wholly from yours. With you it is time; with us it is eternity. In the terrestrial sphere a man's thoughts are bounded by time and space, which are limited; but with us they are extended in proportion as we get rid of those restrictions and our perceptions of the truth become more accurate.

As order is a primary object in the spheres, there are, of course, laws for its preservation. Fundamentally, these proceed through His ministering angels from the divine law-giver; who commands the angelic hosts of Heaven and rules the inhabitants of earth; who employs myriads of ministering angels as the means of intercommunication between their supreme master and His creatures throughout the universe. So far as legislative subordination supplementary to that of supreme legislation is required, the government of the spheres is republican, exercising legislative, judicial and executive powers; but these functions are not embarrassed by the necessity of codes, indited or printed, nor by that of physical



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than the air you breathe, like it, they have no marketable value. There is no one who has occasion to buy, all being supplied from the common stock. Hence it will appear that we have no occasion for gold or silver, which perish in the using, but for the currency of moral and intellectual worth, coined in the mint of divine love and assayed by the standard of purity and truth. Our bank, whose charter is eternal and whose notes are never subjected to fluctuation and always payable on demand, is none other than the great Bank of Heaven, whose capital stock consists of an infinitude of love, mercy and benevolence, and of which our Heavenly Father is president and director, and in which His beloved children, the whole human family, are shareholders.

With regard to the social condition of the spheres, or constitutions, each is divided into sex circles or societies, in which kindred or congenial spirits are united and subsist together, agreeably with the law of affinity. And although the members of each society unite as near as may be, on the same plane, agreeing on the most prominent moral and intellectual features, it will be found, on careful analysis, that the varieties of character in each are almost infinite, being as numerous as the

persons who compose the circle.

Each society has teachers from those above, and not unfrequently from the higher spheres, whose province it is to impart to us the knowledge acquired from their instructions and experiences in the different departments of science, and which we in turn transmit to those below. Thus, by receiving and imparting knowledge our moral and intellectual faculties are expanded to higher conceptions and more exalted views of the great Creator, whose almighty power is no less displayed in the constitution of Spirit-worlds than in that of the countless resplendent orbs of space. We do not, as many in the rudimental state imagine, abandon the studies which we commenced on earth, which would pre-suppose the loss of our reasoning powers and our consequent inferiority to yourselves; but, on the contrary, we go on, progressing in knowledge and wisdom, and shall progress throughout the Loundless ages of eternity. You, being chained down to earth by the law of gravitation, are comparatively limited in your resources for information; but we, having arrived at a higher sphere of thought and action, and having a more extensive field of vision



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forms, with well-rounded limbs, and yet so light and elastic that we can glide through the atmosphere with almost electric speed. The forked lightning may flash and the thunders roll in awful reverberations along the vaults of Heaven, and the rain descend in gushing torrents—nevertheless, by the mere act of volition, we may stand, unalarmed, by your side.

For your clearer understanding of the modus operandi of our intercourse with man, you must remember that by our transition to the world of spirits we part with our body only; we lose none of our intelligence by the transfer, but, on the contrary, become more and more developed in our knowledge of and power over the forces of nature. And although advanced spirits are much more conversant with the forces operating in nature than the most intellectually developed man in the form, still they do not, nor can they ever, as long as eternity rolls on, understand the hidden sphere of cause, the operation of the will. That is impossible to understand; that is hidden in the center of the great eternal cause. Hence no man can see God and live.

I have given you a general outline of the leading facts connected with the destiny of the race. I have endeavored to show you that man is a progressive being, that he possesses a refined material organization, which, going with him at death, leaves him as a media through which he may communicate with the visible world; that under certain conditions this spiritual organization has the power of reflecting the rays of light so as to be rendered visible to the natural eye, as are certain gaseous bodies. I have attempted to show you, also, that the spirit on entering the spheres, being governed by its affinity, takes its position in that circle for which it is morally and intellectually adapted. Hence the first sphere is the abode of all the most undeveloped spirits, and yet their advancement, however slow it may be, is nevertheless sure, since upward and onward is the motto emblazoned on the spiritual I have endeavored to show you, also, that the spirit is a finite being, like man in the form, therefore fallible. as he advances in knowledge he grasps more of the truth and drops more of error. I have endeavored to show you that the Spirit-world is a counterpart of the natural world, and that we, no less than you, are subject to surrounding conditions and circumstances; that spirits of congenial minds and opinions

are drawn toward each other, and thus "like attracts like."

Now, in conclusion, I will say that I have tried to unfold to you this important truth: If a man die to the external world, yet shall he live again, which I think I have done. My friend, you will yet in this earth-life convince many of these glorious truths; and when you come to lay down this mortal body you will find there is prepared for you by your own life career a condition that will far transcend your most sanguine expectation. I go, but will come again.



Pictures in the Eyes of the Dead.

THEY HAVE BEEN FOUND IN SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES,

BUT NOTHING YET KNOWN TO SCIENTIFIC MEN TO LEAD TO THE SUPPOSITION THAT & MURDERER COULD BE IDENTIFIED BY THE PORTRAIT ON THE RETINA OF HIS VICTIM'S EYE.

The New York Sun: Much discussion has been caused among scientific men by the Lakewood (N. Y.) murder, and the subsequent attempts to discover the image of the murderer in the eye of one of the victims. Occultists and doctors agree that it is scarcely possible that under such conditions as prevailed in the Lakewood case an image should have been found in the retina of the dead woman's eye, but on the question of whether, under any conditions, images of objects remain impressed on the retina for an appreciable length of time they differ. Many physicians say that the image disappears as soon as the object which is reflected in the eye is cut off from the line of the vision.

This view is not held by a well-known physician of this city, who has made a special study of the eye, and who does not at present wish his name brought into the discussion. It is probable that in the coming year he will enter upon a series of experiments, in conjunction with a well-known amateur photographer, to photograph images retained on the retina of the eye after the vision has been cut off. By these experiments he hopes to prove that, under certain conditions, impressions are retained in the eye just as they are retained on a sensitive plate in the camera. He states positively that it has been proven that images are retained on the retina after death. When seen by a Sun reporter he said:

"Images are actually found in the retina of the eye. During life the retina contains in its outer layers a reddish



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the object must be looked at for some time, and under such conditions as I have mentioned. Finally, if all conditions are right, a single figure, as that of a man, would leave such an irregular impression on the retina, on account of the irregularity of the surface, that it could scarcely be distinguished as a man's figure when magnified. Experiments will be made, probably before long, with a view to photographing such impressions, but the experiments will require months of hard work, as the operation is an extremely complicated one."



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Benjamin Franklin used to stand half a dozen men, each with a hand on the hand of the other, and by sending a small charge through their hands drop them all as if struck dead; and instead of falling over full length they would sink down in The passage of the their tracks, like so many empty bags. charge seemed to instantly clear the whole brain and nervous system of power to control the muscles. But as instantly the flow of blood through the brain gave fresh power, and the men would be on their feet again without knowing that they had Any charge taken through the brain, whether a mild charge or a terribly rending and burning charge, abolishes sensation to begin with, and so instantly that the victim cannot be conscious of anything. Even if on suspending the current there followed an intensely painful sensation, it would be from the returning life, and would not prove that the entrance of the current had been felt.

It is wholly unnecessary to keep on with a killing charge. The right charge does the work in a flash. But it may be advisable to take some simple measures for preventing natural resuscitation, such as a wet cloth over the mouth and nostrils, and placing the body in a laboratory closet from which the air

can be withdrawn and carbonic acid gas substituted.

But the execution itself, to be absolutely without shock and without pain, ought to be carried out by means of such a laboratory closet, a cell in which carbonic acid gas can be made to displace the air. The withdrawal of the air, to begin with, would bring on painless insensibility, and the admission then of the noxious gas would in a perfectly harmless way secure the completion of the death process. As the victim would not under this arrangement breathe the noxious gas, resuscitation would be a thing of so absolute certainty, perhaps for a day or two even, as to be a ready means of either defeating justice or remedying a mistake.—Edward C. Towne.

PROFESSORS BURTON AND BARRETT ON ELECTROCUTION.

The Chicago Evening Journal: One of the vexed questions of the electrical world is whether or not the electrical current kills. The people as a rule accept the belief of the majority that electricity, when received in sufficient quantities, will cause death, and the establishment of the electrocuting process for legal executions in the Auburn prison has confirmed them



in their belief. Certain phases of electrical experiment have always caused unceasing argument, and the last instance has brought about a lively dispute among electrical authorities. It is a difficult matter to convince a man against his will, and all the experiments of ages could not convince an electrical expert of the error of his judgment.

Medical authorities differ in respect to the tobacco habit, and the world is divided in its views on the subject. Experiments alone can bring about any definite conclusion, and while one-half the world smokes and snuffs and chews, the other half

looks on and observes the effect.

Unlike the believers in tobacco, the followers of the school which declares that electricity, as applied in electrocution, does not kill, do not feel like experimenting, and the occasional unfortunate who is forcibly immolated upon the altar of electrical science is the only one who can decide the vexed question, and

he is most often unable to make known his decision.

One of the best-known scientists in the country is George D. Burton, of Boston. This gentleman is positive in his opinion that electrocution does not kill, and his views have received such wide circulation, and his arguments are so plausible, that many people have been converted to his belief. He has startling ideas on the subject, contending that electrocution is a barbarous custom, and one which no civilized nation should countenance. He argues that the electrical current has never killed a condemned man, but that the surgeon's knife is always the cause of death. Recently Mr. Burton was interviewed on the subject of Lake's electrocution at Auburn prison, when he said: "Lake's death was not due to the current. The first voltage was 1,700, and the contact was only for a second Then the current was reduced to 200 volts, and continued for nearly a minute. The 1,700 voltage was put on for a couple of seconds more, then turned off, and the man declared dead. Lake was not dead. The electricians simply filled him up with electricity and turned him over to the surgeons to cut up. There was not even a mark on his body, as was the case in some of the earlier electrocutions, indicating burning of the flesh. The use of wet sponges at the points of contact prevented the burning of Lake."

Mr. Burton believes that if the body of Lake had been placed on wet earth and saturated with water, after being taken from the chair, the electric fluid would have been drawn of the body and he would have recovered. The temporary suspension of the heart became permanent after he was released from the chair. Mr. Burton brings forward many cases which have come under his personal notice in proof of his statements. One case is that of a man whe had received a shock of 2,400 volts, and then, after four hours, recovered. This man's statement was that during those four hours he never lost conscious-

ness, but was incapable of the slightest motion.

A Journal reporter showed an account of Mr. Burton's interview to City Electrician J. P. Barrett this morning, and in reply to the question, "Does electrocution kill?" Professor Barrett replied: "Certainly it does. We have the authority of the greatest electrical experts to convince us that death from the electrical current is as certain as death from the bullet or knife. There is nothing in the statements of Mr. Burton," said Mr. Barrett, turning to the published interview; "the experience of hundreds and thousands who have met death in the current speak more strongly than mere theories. We had an instance in this city only this week in the case of the man who met death through coming in contact with a rail of the Metropolitan elevated road. In the case of this man the voltage in the rail was only 500. Mr. Burton takes only electrocution for his subject here, but he might as well have spoken on the electrical current generally. We have the statement of the great English scientist, Sir William Henry Thompson, that 300 volts of electricity will cause death. Now, if 300 volts can cause death, the uselessness of further voltage is apparent. When a greater voltage is used the body is burned, and death is not caused any more quickly. This thing of electrocution being unable to cause death is all bosh."

A MAN REVIVED AFTER SUSTAINING A SHOCK OF 4,600 VOLTS.

James E. Cutler, who recently received 4,600 volts of electricity while working in the testing-room of the Stanley Electrical Manufacturing Company, in Pittsfield, Mass., was interviewed by a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He said:

"I have no doubt the doctor was right in saying that I was practically dead for some time, as everything became dark and I lost consciousness."

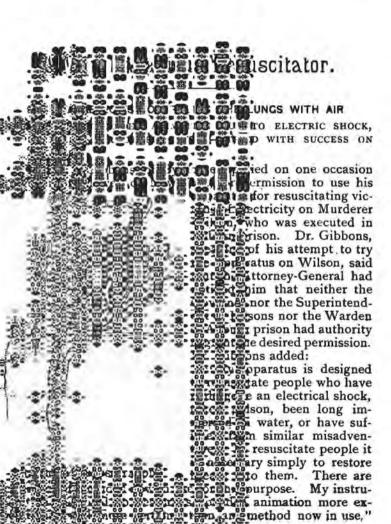
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Death and Spirit Power Illustrated.

ANGELS CARE TENDERLY FOR A MURDERED GAMBLER.

RELEASE OF A POOR HUMAN SOUL—REANIMATION OF THE BODY AFTER LIFE HAD DEPARTED—ITS STARTLING ECCENTRICITIES AND FRIGHTFUL DEMONSTRATIONS—A CHAPTER IN THE OCCULT EXPERIENCE OF REV. ARETUS LEWIS, IN SUBSTANTIALLY HIS OWN WORDS.

*"I had finished my theological course, married a wife, visited Europe, and preached the gospel more than seven years before the spirit of Gale returned to pay its promised visit," resumed Mr. Lewis in his narrative. "He passed over to the shores of immortal life some eleven years previous to the time of which I now speak, and the idea that he would or could return had been expelled from my mind, although the facts related in the first chapter of this narrative remained as vivid in my recollection as when originally impressed there.

"In the course of my clerical duties I was called to many deathbeds, and frequently urged to make peace between great sinners and their offended Maker after the faces of the poor mortals were damp with the sweat of dissolution. Quite late one afternoon in May, 1850, I was asked to attend the bedside of a dying gambler, who lived three miles from town upon a beautiful homestead farm. The house was hidden among fruit trees, flowering vines and neat hedge-rows, and as I looked across the soft velvet grass and the flower beds at this earthly paradise, it seemed incongruous indeed that death could here so easily march to conquest. But he is no more a respecter of places than of persons.

[&]quot;This highly interesting narrative is from The Enquirera, of Cincinnati, Ohio. It illustrates startling incidents easily within the range of possibility, as will be fully illustrated in the pages that will follow, and which will relate even more wonderful phenomens, which are known to be based on the solid rock of truth.

"The poor man had been fatally wounded by a pistol-shot. It was fired by an antagonist at the gaming-table as the finale of a dispute over cards or dice, and as I entered the room, the victim was vomiting blood and exhausting his little remaining strength by an attempt to talk, while a surgeon strove to locate the bullet.

"'No use, doc,' said he, 'I'm a goner whether you find the lead or not. I know it, and so do you. Let me tell you the truth. I was to blame for this whole business, and it will not be right to punish Hank. I was a fool, and he did right to plump me through and through. Ah! here's the parson. Good evening, sir. If a prayer'll do me any good I need it awfully; not that my life may be spared, for that is past hoping for, but that I may not be dealt with too harshly. I've been a tough customer all my life, and must take a lot of punishment, of course; but I'm sorry for a good deal of meanness I've d ne, and want to own up and ask forgiveness.'

"Hereupon he was overcome by a fit of coughing and vomiting, at the conclusion of which I offered a fervent prayer for the forgiveness of the dying man, who appeared so truly

penitent. He seemed grateful, but said:

"Looks cowardly, doesn't it, to ask a favor now from one I've always abused? Expect I'll get a heavy dose over there, for I've earned it, and may as well take it like a man. But a thief was let off by Christ himself, and I never stole a cent in

all my life, so help ---'

"A great rush of blood came from his mouth, he groaned in agony, went into severe spasms, and soon was still in death. As apparently I could render no more service there, at about eight in the evening I started for home. Passing through a forest and reflecting on the darkness of the road, suddenly a light appeared in front of me, at which the horse, ordinarily a gentle creature, shied and plunged so that I had much trouble to manage him. Distinctly I heard these words spoken within a few feet of my ear:

"'Return to G-'s; you are wanted there.'

"Well did I understand that was no mortal summons, and all the more gladly I returned. The house was in confusion, for after the surgeon had pronounced the man dead, and was about leaving the premises, the supposed corpse had turned completely over, and greatly terrified the attendants,



The surgeon was making a careful examination of the body as I entered.

"'Most curious thing I ever saw,' said he in half monologue. 'The man is dead, and so he was when the body moved and flopped over. An electrical motion, undoubtedly. Well,' he continued, turning to me, 'there'll be no more of it; that was the last kick.'

"He sat by my side, and had just begun what promised to be an explanation of such electrical phenomena, when, with a jerk, the corpse sat up in bed and glared at us! Those attendants who were getting ready to wash the body and prepare it for sepulture fled in terror, and the surgeon would have followed them had I made a movement to do so. For a few minutes he was dumb, and then blurted out, explosively:

"'By G-! a stiff never scared me till now. What do you think of it, sir? Please excuse the oath; I was taken

unaware.'

"Before I could reply, these words were whispered in my ear: 'Elbert Gale is present. Keep your own counsel; we want to astonish the M. D.' Then I said: 'There are natural causes for everything like this, of course, and explanation will come in due season. We may as well return the body to its hor-

izontal posture and recall the men.'

"As we reached the bed to perform this duty, the arms of the corpse were spasmodically raised and the clinched hands shaken in our faces. The doctor retreated a few paces, but when I took hold of the body and sought to return it to a recumbent position, he lent his aid and our purpose was successfully accomplished. The situation was curious and embarrassing. While the doctor had lost his self-possession, and was amazed at the unusual and inexplicable occurrence, I, having a fair inkling of the cause, remained cool and collected and ready for any contingency that might be presented. With my friend Gale in charge of the exercises there was nothing to fear, and I felt equal to a face-to-face contest with anything that presented itself. But was I acting an honest part with the doctor while he groped for causes without the least prospect of a discovery? I was at the point of giving him a scrap of information when another message was whispered: 'Let him be taught by events.'

"They came fast enough—too fast for the doctor. The

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the vision by a lightning stroke, and its brightness at the first impression was little less dazzling than the transplendency with which the electric bolt sometimes spans the summer sky. It gave us no attention, but at once devoted itself to the passe individual on the bed. How two other bright figures emerged into view was as mysterious as anything that had occurred. They were also ministering to the deceased gentleman when first discovered, and came into our range of sight like two strong beams flashed from a Fresnel lens. Unquestionably they had been present from the first, but as invisible as those ministering angels which sacred legend nominates to take charge of all mortals. I saw that they were more potent to my senses than to the doctor's, but he saw form and movements, 'as through a glass darkly,' and so announced, but yet he was full of suspicion.

"I do not understand what is going forward,' said he, but this is too serious a matter for trickery. That which has already happened must have been to some extent in the nature of a rude joke, and this is a sorry subject for frivolity, as everybody with the least sense certainly knows. This man has been abused by the indignity already done to his remains, and I

trust there will be no more of it.'

"Still the forms before us worked silently, as if unaware of our presence. The dead man was the object of all their anxiety, and in his remains they evinced an absorbing interest, and labored with a zeal which a mere mortal would say was worthy of a better cause; but to a large degree 'good' and 'bad' with men are the subjects of quite limited definitions. The cause was as good as it could be under any conditions, else it could not have elicited the kind care of these heavenly messengers.

"Giving rein to thought in this kind of reflection, and watching the tender ministrations of the strange beings at the bedside, I was startled by a familiar voice, which accosted me

in about these words:

"'Hello, Reety'—Gale's old, affectionate diminutive for my name—'what are you doing here? Oh, I see; another poor mortal has bid adieu to his troubles without the aid of a physician, as we used to say at school.'

"We exchanged greetings, and I introduced the doctor. Gale was dressed much after his style in mortal life, and appeared as really a denizen of earth as either of the other persons present.

"'Doctor,' said he, 'do you believe in miracles?'

"'Not of the modern sort,' answered the doctor. 'Some of those old wonders may have occurred as stated, but we of to-day are not equal to their performance. Some deviltry has been going on here—'

"The doctor was powerless to proceed, for just then a change in the illumination of the room made everything rosy red, and, as I afterward learned, enabled the good doctor to

see plainly what was transpiring in his presence.

"'You remarked that some deviltry has been going on

here,' prompted Gale. 'What was it?'

"The doctor made no reply, for all his senses were immersed in what he saw. A pretty cloud, rosy red, was revolving immediately over the dead man at an elevation of about four feet. This seemed to be fed with a bright powder from an antique cornucopia in the hands of one of the attendant spirits. A small column of mist arose from the head of the deceased, and also entered the cloud. Another attendant manipulated the head caressingly, while a third stood with a bright saber bare in his hands, appearing to await an emer-

gency that would demand its use.

"A second cloud ere long formed above the first, and revolved in a contrary course. It was of a different color, light gray. Whence it came we did not see. Its revolutions were as rapid as thought, and threw out myriads of white ribbons formed by gleams of pearly light. The picture was pretty, and so entrancing that for a while I really became oblivious to the gravity of the occasion. But when a motion from one of the guides called the saber into action, we were awakened to a sense of the reigning conditions. The upper cloud was severed midway at one sharp blow, and the halves fell and enclosed the red globe below it with a concussion like that of muffled explosives. Very soon a number of small globular clouds surrounded the larger mass, and rapidly increased in size and density. Some of these were cloven by the saber, whereupon they united with others, made them spherical, and changed their motion in many eccentric ways.

"Directly the doctor exclaimed: 'It's assuming the form

of a human being."



"He saw the change before I did. Gale corrected him,

however. 'It is forming an immortal soul,' said he.

"But it looked like the gambler before he was killed, except it was not yet awakened, and we learned that it might lie dormant for a long period.

"How long?' I asked Gale.

"'Possibly for a longer time than the man has lived on earth,' was the answer. 'A great effort has been made to eliminate his grossness, and I know there has been partial success, and that he has been cleansed of much that might have kept him in darkness for ages. He was a better man than one who professes to be good before the world, and commits a thousand enormities in secret. He was no hypocrite, and that counts largely in his favor. He gave to the poor, and that will materially abridge his period of darkness. truthful, and nothing elicits a more eager and substantial blessing. Your reflection is that he was a gambler. half the male members of your church gamblers, and of almost every church they are the same. What have you done about it? What are you going to do? Nothing. Any action you might take adverse to those people would ruin your church, and that you cannot afford. I do not press the matter. Were I in your place, I would probably do as you are doing, and make the best of a great calamity, but at the same time I would not insist that this poor fellow must be utterly condemned because he did in public that which hypocrites practice behind the door.'

"The doctor applauded, and thanked Gale for his 'manly

independence.'

"The released soul, more helpless than a new-born infant, was now in the arms of two of the tender guides, and as they were bearing it away to the Great Beyond, we heard the beginning of a distant chant in these words: 'Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish.' The three bright forms with their charge were lost to sight with that instaneity observed in the extinguishment of an arc light, and Gale at the same instant receded from his mortal shape, and appeared before us in bright robes and a shining countenance.

"'I can stay no longer on this occasion,' said he, 'but will soon find you two gentlemen again in company, and will then explain and apologize for some of the events of this



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part he took in the conference and the advice he gave against his better judgment had also been discussed, at first he said that Gale was unquestionably a mind-reader, for he had on a few occasions merely wished him to do certain things, and before the wish was expressed in words they were done!

"'Yes, said I,' continued Mr. Lewis, 'but he predicted things of which you had no hint or conception, to the more important features of which you were opposed, as he told you and as you have since admitted, and yet you did them exactly in accord with the letter of his prediction. Was that mind-

reading?'

"The doctor said he was yet studying that part of the subject, and expected to have an answer ready in a few days, but it never assumed form in my presence. Other events crowded in, and it was left to be picked up by some other inquirer or by us, if we ever traverse that road again. The next visit from Gale was opulent with good things. It took place in Dr. S.'s office, and seemed quite accidental. We were discussing some of the phenomena I have already described, when the doctor said:

"'I wish that fellow were here now, for I want-

"'To ask him a question?' said Gale, and he stood before us. 'I've been here quite a while, and know you are in doubt about the electrical treatment in paralysis. I bring you this answer: Moderately applied it may prove beneficial, and certainly can do no harm.'

"'Is this information from the same source as that you

have heretofore brought?' asked the doctor.

" 'Yes.'

"'Then why is it not positive like the other?'

"Because it is theoretical, while the other resulted from experience. The theory is a safe foundation to build upon, and it is left for you to find out how large a structure it will sustain. You understand that?"

"'Certainly; I can distinguish between a needle and a

crowbar.'

"'Under all circumstances?'

" Doubtless.'

"'Please let me experiment with the two articles you mention, and test your powers of discrimination.'

"'Seriously?"

" Yes.

"They were brought in-the bar, large and clumsy: the

needle, small and delicate.

"'Now, doctor, please turn your face to the wall,' said Gale, 'and I will drop one of these on the floor and ask you to tell which it is by the sound. All ready! Listen.'

"He dropped the crowbar, and it struck the floor with a

thud and then went bounding off in a clatter and a jingle.

"'That's one of them, and I'll follow it up with the other,"

said Gale. 'Here goes.'

"He dropped the needle, and it struck the floor like a hundred pounds of solid steel, causing the floor to vibrate and the chairs to dance.

"'Which was first dropped?' he asked.

"'The crowbar first and last,' answered the doctor. 'Only the last time it was thrown down with force.'

"'That was the needle,' replied Gale, 'and it was not thrown, but merely dropped.' I confirmed him.

"The doctor insisted upon seeing a repetition of the feat. Gale said he would make it yet more wonderful, and tossing the crowbar upon the table it struck as lightly as a ball of cotton, while the needle dropped upon the floor elicited a cracking sound from the tumblers and made everything rattle He raised a chair above his head and left it suspended a few seconds, when it floated down to the carpet as gently as a falling leaf. Borrowing the doctor's handkerchief, he tossed it to the ceiling and it came down like a slug of lead, with a whizzing note as it cut the atmosphere. He asked for a knife lying upon the table. The doctor essayed to have it, but found it immovable. In a pet he applied both hands to the work and tipped over the table, but the knife remained immovable.

"'Let the table alone a moment and it will right itself.'

said Gale.

"Directly it went back to an upright position, by a very deliberate movement, with the knife still in place, but immediately that instrument was wafted to Gale's hand like a feather upon a breeze. He raised it high and caused it to make an eccentric and apparently endangering circuit of the room in mid-air. Then he said:

"'That's a very good knife and worth an effort to retain. In the higher branches of a large apple tree in your garden, doctor, you will find it when wanted.' It had already disappeared from the room. The doctor replied:

"There let it stay. I will not go after it."

"I volunteered to go, and found it with the point driven into a branch more than twenty feet from the ground. It was vibrating violently and gave me a slight electrical shock as I grasped it, and there was an eerie sensation all through my frame as I carried it to the house. When I entered Gale was swinging in a chair, which levitated some seven feet above the floor. He invited the doctor to take him down, but that gentleman refused to make the attempt. I tried it, and moved the chair a little, but it seemed to be held by several strong hands, invisible, of course, yet quite determined in their work. length Gale said he would get down without help, and he came to the floor as lightly as if man and chair were made of rubber. Upon his invitation I sat in the chair, and was conveyed to the ceiling and returned by a movement as smooth as that of a skiff upon the water, but the doctor would not risk the trip. He wanted to know how it was done, and didn't find out. Then Gale floated up to the ceiling without the chair, reached down and asked the doctor to clasp his hand, and the doctor did it, and was lifted off his feet and raised several inches while he struggled for release and spit out a great volume of bad adjectives, and in the end he had a solid drop of half a foot, which shook him up from the foundation and made things rattle once more. At that date he weighed fully two hundred pounds.

"'Now, doctor,' began Gale, 'I want your help-'

"'Get some other - fool!' shouted the medical man.

"I do not mean active assistance,' explained the other. Just keep your eye upon this piece of silver,' indicating the polished handle of a surgical saw, 'and tell me when you see an electric spark, even the smallest, fly from it, and I will show you something specially interesting. Please give this matter close attention and it will repay you.'

"The doctor fixed his eye upon the object and kept it there not to exceed two minutes, when he began to talk

strangely-that is, for him.

"'Tennyson is right,' said he; 'we know not anything. Yet knowledge might be easily acquired if we were not so self-conceited and miserably stubborn. The best opportunities are

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with no notes nor grocers' bills to pay, and a continuous picnic for those who want it. He doesn't know whether he's in Heaven or not. Some say it is, and others think it only near by Heaven—a suburb like.

"The doctor continued in this vein for near ten minutes,

and met several old friends. At length he said:

"There's Sam D. His presence settles the point about Heaven, for if he did not go to hell there's no use in having

such a place.'

"The person thus referred to and the doctor were fierce rivals for the affections of a lady in their younger days, and Sam was preferred. We laughed loudly at the doctor's outbreak, and he awoke. When told that he had been entranced and what sentiments he had expressed when in that condition, he was incredulous for a while and then silent, and finally he begged me not to mention it to any one likely to spread the report among his friends. One point was gained toward silencing his opposition to the esoteric philosophy, and so much he understood as well as did I.

"The gas had been lighted for a short time, but now Gale

turned it down quite low and said to the doctor:

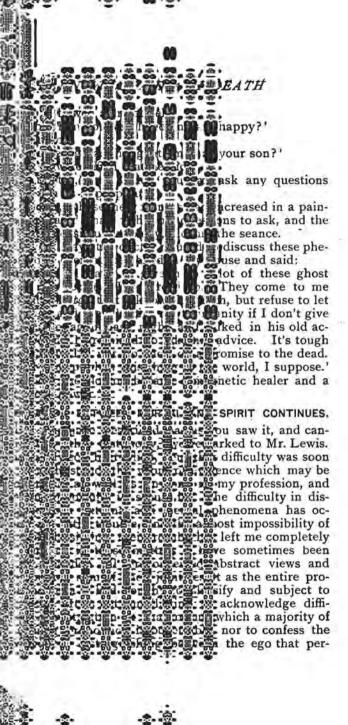
"'I believe I can enable you to see your father in this room just as he appeared to you while entranced, provided you want his spirit to come here.'

"'I would be glad to have him come, if he can."

"Five youthful spirits became immediately visible in the room, and Gale introduced them simply as his assistants, adding that they had been present all the time, but not apparent to mortal sense. These, assembled closely in one corner, were silent. Gale stood near them and pronounced an invocation replete with beautiful language and eloquent conceptions. At its conclusion we saw a faint light surrounding the assistants, and it seemed to have motion. They enlarged the circle and the light brightened. After a very short interval they moved across to an opposite corner, leaving the light, and out of the midst of it walked the form of a man and stood before the doctor. He examined it intently, and then announced in a strained voice, scarcely above a whisper, 'It is the spirit of my father'

"'Then let me ask him if he saw you in the City of Knowledge,' said Gale.





ceives and the non-ego that is perceived. Philosophers profess to know all about the unity and permanence of force, the convertibility of so-called mind and matter, the ultimate identity of the phenomenal and complex, and a whole lot of similar luxuries, but frequently they are mistaken, and it would not be strange if those who are investigating the mysteries of a future life were quite as frequently found to miss an adequate corollary. Still the work proceeds and cannot be abandoned, for forces on both shores of life have determined that the question shall be pursued till it is finally resolved, and there is no one else to consult in these premises.'

"We saw the force of this argument and so said. 'But established facts are the foundation of all real science,' we added, 'and most of these you have yet to hunt down and

secure.'

"'They are pretty well hunted down,' replied Mr. Lewis, 'and some are fairly secured, but they are secure to the few rather than the many, and none can really know these truths if they are received through an intermediary. You, I, everybody, must obtain them from the original sources, or they will fail to challenge belief. I could have no confidence in the narrative portions of this interview were they not part of my life, and necessarily the chief employers of my mental machinery, and I do not ask others to have faith in things which would in me arouse the most serious doubts. Perhaps but few would perceive them with exactly the mental impression I receive, and the most I would ask is that every person look into the matter for himself or herself. I have been greatly assisted by good friends in the Spirit-world, and when such help is offered it should be cordially welcomed. My friend Gale has offered me exceptional advantages, and many times he has introduced me to spirits of great intelligence and wonderful insight into the principle of immortality. Several weeks subsequent to our meeting at the bedside of the murdered gambler, he came to Dr. S. and myself while we were ministering to a sick lady in one of the most prominent families of the city. Manifesting himself to the doctor first, he whispered a prescription sent by a prominent physician on the further shore, and then he made himself apparent to me and delivered a friendly message from my father and mother, who have occupied a mansion in the skies for many years. Apol-



ogizing for the brief visit, he said that the lady's condition would not permit her to behold him with safety, but he engaged to meet the doctor and myself, with any friends we choose to invite, on the succeeding evening in my study.

"We were there with three friends (gentlemen) when Gale came through the open door and shook hands with me and the others. He was duly introduced to the guests, and for a time was regarded as one who was there by courtesy, as were they. He carried upon his countenance a comical smile, and joined in discussing the news of the day like one who understood it thoroughly. He even indulged in a bad pun and proved otherwise companionable. At length he asked, turning to me:

"'Reety, what do you keep in that closet? I hear something moving, and the sound comes from that direction. Nothing dangerous, I hope?'

"'Nothing but miscellaneous odds and ends,' said I.

Certainlynot anything alive.

"'Well, I must relieve my curiosity by looking,' he rejoined, and suiting the action to the design, he advanced and

threw open the closet door.

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' quoted the doctor. The guests set up a shout of laughter, of course suspecting a trick, for as yet they had no idea of the fact which had been brought to such an issue.' Within the closet stood the semblance of a pretty girl, dressed like a bride, and beaming upon us through the sweetest smiles. She took Gale's hand and was led into the room. He returned to the closet and led out two girls closely veiled.

"'Probably the bridesmaids,' he commented. 'Where is the groom? Rather a neat arrangement, Reety, to keep wedding parties on hand for the amusement of your friends. When are we to witness the ceremony? Perhaps the gentleman will soon arrive and we can behold the happiness of the youthful pair. By the bye, what if he is also hidden in the

closet?'

"The ridiculousness of such a notion was sufficiently plain to those who had noticed the size of the place, from which three persons had already emerged, when there was barely room for one, but Gale once more looked in, uttered an exclamation, and handed out a good-looking young gentleman!



His appearance was greeted with exclamations of astonishment, which finally subsided into laughter. Gale arranged the parties in line, removed his coat, took from the unfailing closet a suit of fine white vestments, in which he arrayed his form, and then asked the new-comers to sing. The oddity of the request increased the general hilarity, but it was promptly complied with, Gale leading in that grand hymn by Morris, of which I will repeat the opening and closing verses:

"Man dieth and wasteth away.
And where is he? Hark! from the skies
I hear a voice answer and say:
'The spirit of man never dies.
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod,
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,
'Returns to the bosom of God.'

"Oh! Lord, God Almighty, to Thee
We turn as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But not from Thy fountain of love.
Oh, teach us Thy will to obey,
And sing with one heart and accord,
'He gave and He taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord.'"

"At the conclusion of the hymn Gale requested perfect silence in the room, and we heard, faintly at first, but soon full and clear, from a great number of voices in the far distance, an enthusiastic repetition of the singing. It came to us distinctly, as did the sweet singing in our immediate presence.

"To whom are we indebted for this second treat?' I

asked.

"'To our temporary guides in this evening's work,' said Gale. 'Zelida,' he addressed the young lady in bridal array, 'can you place your hand upon the ceiling above your head?'

"She floated to the top of the room and touched the ceiling with head and hands. Upon his invitation the other ladies followed her and did the same.

"'Pass through into the room above,' said he, 'and I will

send a sure guide to bring you back here.'

"Slowly they melted from sight as if absorbed into the

ceiling, and when they had entirely disappeared he told the groomish gentleman to bring them via the window and door. In less than a minute he brought them in as fresh and orderly as when they first came.

"'Now,' said Gale, 'I wish you ladies to secrete yourselves in that closet in a way impossible of detection by mortal

eves.

"On the instant they became invisible, and in a few seconds Gale opened the closet and led them forth in the same precise raiment they were covered on their initial appearance.

" 'Please let us hear our quartette in "The Star Spangled

Banner" from the cellar,' was his next request.

"The words had but barely escaped his lips when the beautiful song was heard beneath our feet, loud, clear and harmonious.

"'Very spiritedly rendered,' was the doctor's comment at

its conclusion.

"'Now,' said Gale, 'we must resolve ourselves into a quintette, for we are going to give you some music on the cathedral chimes. You mortals will only begin to just realize we are away when you will hear the notes of "Yankee Doodle," to be followed by such additional pieces as may strike our fancy, mostly patriotic. We are in that mood to-night. Now we're off.'

"All went outside to listen. The cathedral clock tolled the hour of ten as we reached the yard, and its last reverberation had not stilled when the promised tune was rattled off like a gallopade. Then it was repeated in common time and followed by the soul-thrilling 'Marseillaise" and 'Charley Over the Border.' 'The Camphells Are Coming' was just started when one of the gentlemen opined they had already arrived, for we heard a babel of voices as if from an excited multitude, and realized that the unaccustomed tunes from the chimes had brought a lot of people together. The final piece rendered was 'Croppies, Lie Down,' and the excitement was at the highest pitch. More than 5,000 men and women surrounded the cathedral, and a score of armed men went in to secure the sacrilegious villains who were ringing profane songs from the blessed bells. Next morning's papers gave the particulars as far as they were known, closing the account with the statement that the ringers were experts, and although they escaped



detection for the time being, their superior style of perform-

ance must eventually disclose their identity.

"The quintette appeared in my study while the cathedral was being searched for them, but had they remained ringing the chimes they would not have been discovered. Gale announced that they were a string band as well as tintinnabulators, and said they would now proceed to supply themselves with instruments. Where they found them I cannot surmise, but they had been out of our sight not more than three minutes when they reappeared with a harp, 'cello, guitar and two violins. Little time was required for tuning, and when they really got down to work the echoes of the street responded to the most exquisite melody. I thought some of the airs too gay for the clergyman's house, but Gale said no expression of joy could be too emphatic, and that this was the rule in the Spirit-world.

"Finally Miss Zelida sang 'Sweet Home' to the accompaniment, and all joined in 'Adieu But Not Good By,' when the musical programme was ended. Gale remained to explain the mystery involved in the strange movements of the gambler's remains, in which the doctor was greatly interested.

"'The man's soul was not only asleep then,' said Gale, but it had been paralyzed and somnolent for years. When the physique which held it in subjection had expired, it moved spasmodically, and the attendant spirits encouraged and assisted this movement, and at last impelled it to eccentric acts by the help of the electric current, which they control to a limited extent at will. Take my hand; you find it returns your pressure very much like a mortal hand. Take it again; you feel a moderate shock. I can make it much stronger, and as a medical man you understand what a power this is to give animation to one deceased. The matter was carried to extremes for the purpose of giving you certain evidences of spirit power, and I think on this head you were satisfied."

"'Yes,' said the doctor, in a reluctant tone.

"'Ah! You need more evidence. Well, you shall have more, and in good measure when an opportunity presents. It will not be a long wait. I find the prescription brought you last night was promptly used and your patient is rapidly improving. Do you give proper credit to spirit power for this result?'



"'The prescription was good and I approved it. Probably without the suggestion your message brought I would

have changed the treatment at the time.'

"Then let it be understood that to this time you have not benefited through spirit agency,' said Gale, with an unusual show of impatience. 'I will furnish you a mild surprise. Generally spirits are not permitted to see anything in the future, but in a day or two, probably to-morrow, you will be called in consultation on a case of great moment. You will be impelled to advise a certain line of treatment quite different from anything your judgment approves. It will be vigorously opposed, but you will carry the point by logic and insistence, and it will prove brilliantly successful. All this will happen, as I have stated, through spirit influence, with yourself as the instrument, and you will be powerless to prevent it or shape its course. What will be your view of such an event?'

"'That most becoming a physician and a gentleman, I trust,' replied the doctor. 'I am interested in such a demonstration as we have had this evening, and would like to see

more of them. When will you come again?'

"A time was fixed and the seance closed."

It was at about this stage of his experience that our acquaintance with Rev. Mr. Lewis began, but not till a few years afterward did we know of his observations along the border lines of a future condition.

T. P.

Grand Philanthropic Missionary Work.

CONDUCTED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF DARK SPIRITS.

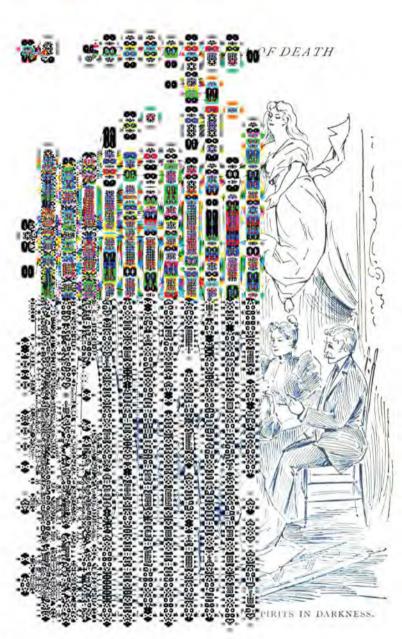
SPIRITS WHO RESIDE ON THE LOWER PLANE—A SYSTEMATIC EFFORT TO REDEEM THEM—PATHETIC SCENES AND DETAILS—DIVINE LESSONS FOR THE ADVANCED THINKER TO CONSIDER.

*When we endeavor to interest people in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, we are frequently met with the query: "Well, supposing that it is true that spirits can communicate with mortals, what good can such intercourse accomplish?"

Without considering the value of the moral teaching, or the knowledge imparted in relation to that life which we must all enter, sooner or later, there is opened to those who desire to assist their fellow-man an avenue through which an incalculable amount of good may be done.

We have heard much of missionaries and of mission work among the heathen; of the hardships endured and the privations suffered by those who consecrate their lives to the work of spreading the gospel of Christianity in lands where other religions are prevalent. But there is a missionary work that may be done in our own homes that has a greater power for

[&]quot;These articles were prepared by E. T. Washburn, of Buffalo, N. Y., and have been carefully revised for "The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World." They impart a highly valuable lesson. They give a graphic account of the efforts made to redeem dark spirits, and the facts therein stated should be familiar to every reflective mind. They illustrate the important part which those philanthropically inclined can, under certain circumstances, take in assisting those less fortunate than themselves, and who have passed to the Spirit-side of life. There are hells on the Spirit-side of life—dark, deep and dismal—where those who are deeply dyed in sin are punished; but it should be known that each one there has made his own hell, and he feels the torment thereof keenly, and there he must remain until a disposition is awakened within the mind to advance to a higher plane. While hell, however, is only a condition—a state—yet it is in a certain sense a real place of forture. Carefully study Mr. Washburn's narrative, and you will learn a divine lesson therefrom,





good than can be found in the dispensing of false doctrines

among the Chinese, the Zulus or the Hottentots.

The mission-work to which I refer is that of assisting unprogressed or earthbound spirits. The field of operation is limitless; the number engaged in the work is very small, and the good results are so far-reaching as to be beyond human comprehension.

It has been my privilege to be selected, with a few others, to help in establishing a condition into which spirits who are in need of assistance are brought, that the necessary aid may

be given them.

Those who are brought to us are gathered by the bands of spirits with whom we work, from various classes and conditions of human life. We have had all grades and classes embraced in the criminal, the social, and the religious strata of earth-life. Occasionally one comes who has some knowledge of the teachings of Spiritualism; but it is rare that those who have any considerable knowledge of its phenomena and philosophy stand in need of the assistance which those without that knowledge seem to require.

The phase of spirit manifestation through which our work is accomplished is that known as the "independent voice." And to those readers who are unacquainted with that phase of mediumship, I will explain that the seance is held in a dark room; the spirit or spirits who manifest are clothed with material to enable them to speak and converse with each other, or with members of the circle, in voices that are as clearly and distinctly heard and understood by those present as is the audible conversation of any two individuals in mortal form. In producing the independent voice full form materialization is unnecessary. Very frequently there is little materialized beyond the brain and the vocal organs necessary to produce the articulate sounds.

The various needs of the spirits brought to us are understood by those who bring them, and are attended to in divers ways. In cases where the spirit has been ejected from the body in a sudden, violent, or unexpected manner, some earth-conditions adhere so tenaciously that, unless the spirit can be brought into certain environments, where those retarding influences may be thrown off quickly, they are held near to earth for a long time, unable to penetrate the higher spiritual atmos-

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of intoxicants or narcotics, and some in anger; many have been called suddenly, when in the midst of social enjoyment or the

daily routine of duty.

Others come who realize that they are in Spirit-life, but not finding that happiness which they desire and which they expected would be theirs, are directed to us for such assistance as we may be able to render them that will aid in their pro-

gression.

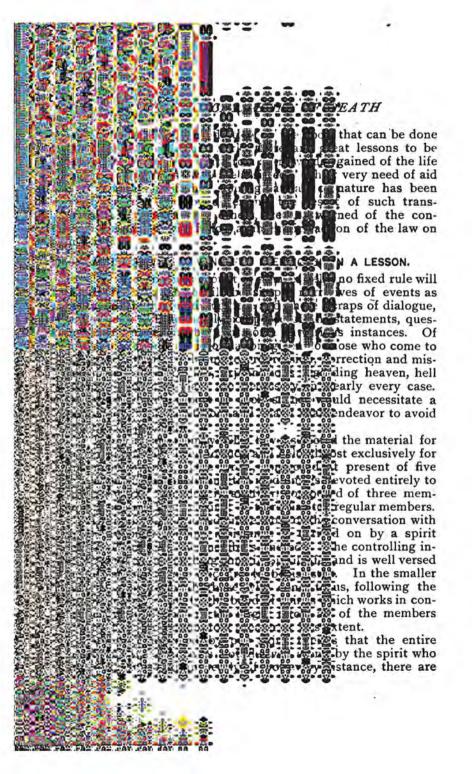
There are vast numbers of spirits who, for various reasons, are held near to earth; so near, in fact, that they are almost as inaccessible to the higher and brighter spirits as is the average mortal; and it is in reaching that class that the great need and benefit of this mission-work lies. By being brought into the conditions with us, they are enabled to throw off, through materialization, much of the earth condition which has adhered to them; and, through the information given them, they are led to discard erroneous ideas and beliefs. Thus they become accessible to the higher and brighter spirits, whose mission it is to point out to them the beauties of the life which they have entered, and to teach them how to overcome the obstacles which past error has placed in the pathway of their progression.

Each spirit who is aided becomes, in turn, a missionary, going out to do his or her work for others. It is like the ripple on a broad expanse of water. Started near one shore, perhaps by a pebble thrown from the hand of a child, the ripple expands, and never ceases in its continuous growth

until it has spent itself on the furthermost shore.

Those in the Spirit-world who are engaged in this missionwork are anxious that Spiritualists should have a more general understanding of the work and its results.' Realizing as they do the vast importance of the work, they desire the co-operation of as many mortals as can possibly become interested in it.

An account will here be given of various seances held, and it is hoped that therein a clear idea of the work may be presented. And if there are any among the readers of "The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World," who have felt to utter the query mentioned in the opening paragraph of this article, it is hoped that in the presentation of the benefits of this mission-work they will be enabled to realize that there is an immense field in which "good" can be



many present who are in a similar condition to that of those who manifest, and that by listening to the conversation all are benefited alike. The following account of a seance illustrates the workings of revenge:

A spirit came to us not long since who was in a terrible

passion with one whom he called "Bill B."

The immediate circumstances leading up to this fit of passion were sufficient to have angered almost any human being, and were as follows: A horse had been stolen, and the man who came to us had been accused by the person whom he called "Bill" of being the thief. It was in vain that he protested his innocence; the crowd would not believe his declaration, and he was lynched.

When his spirit left the body his mind was so filled with anger against the one who had falsely accused him, that no thoughts entered there other than those of anger and a desire for revenge. He was not even aware of the fact that he had

entered Spirit-life.

In our talk with him we first ascertained the cause of his pitiable condition, and then we endeavored to calm his mind. After we had succeeded in quieting him, and had gotten him in a condition where he could forget his wrongs long enough to give his attention to that which we wished to say to him, we explained the change that had taken place in his life.

When he became fully aware that he was, indeed, an inhabitant of the Spirit-world, he stepped aside, and there came in his stead one who seemed weighed down with remorse. He prayed for annihilation—anything that would bring rest

and peace of mind.

We asked him what it was that pressed so heavily on his conscience. At first he was loth to acquaint us with the cause of his distress, but upon our assurance that we only desired to aid him, and that we knew that a free and open account of the whole matter would be conducive to his peace of mind, he told us his story.

There was an acquaintance of his who had in many ways aggravated him, until a desire for revenge had taken possession of his mind. A horse was stolen, and he felt that an opporunity had arisen that would enable him to "get even" with his tormentor, so he aroused in the minds of the people a suspicion that "Harry" was the person who had stolen the horse.

Events followed one another so rapidly that before he had realized the gravity of the situation, the man whom he had accused of the crime had become a victim of lynch-law. When the full knowledge came to him that his false accusation had resulted in the summary execution of an innocent man, he was stricken with remorse.

We asked if his name was "William B.," and he replied that it was. Then we understood that the two principal actors in one of life's tragedies were present with us, and, realizing the benefit which would accrue to each through such action, we asked William to call upon Harry to forgive him. At first he demurred, saying that Harry was dead, and could not communicate with him anyway, and even if he could communicate it was impossible that any man could forgive so great an injury.

We asked if Harry's forgiveness would make him happier, and upon his replying that it would afford him more happiness than any other boon that could be bestowed upon him, we told him that if it were a boon worth having, it certainly was worth asking for, and he could do no less than make the attempt. We also assured him that we felt positive that even though Harry had passed into the life beyond the mortal, he could make himself manifest to him; and thus urged, he called aloud: "Harry! Harry! If you can speak to me, will you—can you forgive the great injury I did you?"

There was silence for a few seconds, and then came the reply: "Bill, I forgive you freely and fully. I should not have

treated you as I did. Come, we will be friends!"

William's joy in receiving the forgiveness of Harry for the terrible wrong he had done, was too great for me to depict in words, and after we had informed William that he, too, had made the change called "death," and he had been given time to fully comprehend the truth of our assertion, the two departed together the best of friends.

Here were two human lives made, for a period, intensely miserable through desire for revenge. Both had passed through important and wonderful changes and experiences, the great lessons and advantages of which they had been unable to realize because revengeful thoughts had obscured

their reason.

What were the great lights which, like meteors, burst through the dark clouds that surrounded them, and, by restoring to them the reason which they had lost, made it possible for them to step out from the dark spots wherein they had halted, and press onward in the grand march of progression? One was repentance, the great purifier—that which helps to prepare the way for a full application of that holy attribute,

forgiveness.

Here, then, we have, first, revenge, which may be likened to a sword without a hilt, which will, when used, wound the one who wields it even more deeply than him against whom it is turned. Beware of it! Next, repentance, that which must follow each wrong act, speech or thought, and after that comes forgiveness. We find that as we more clearly understand the workings of nature's laws, it is much easier to forgive others their trespasses against us than it is to forgive ourselves when we have injured another.

A RECRETFUL SUICIDE MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN.

"Well, it is done! I wonder who will find me in the morning! What will they say? What will Laura say? I would like to stand by and see how she will take it! I wonder

if she will be sorry or glad that I am gone?

"What an ending of a life that once held promise of so much happiness! I was the only child of wealthy parents. No pains were spared in educating me, and everything possible was done to add to my enjoyment. I did not take advantage of the opportunities offered me, and grew into a careless, selfish man.

"I became acquainted with Laura. She, too, was an only child, and, like myself, had become willful and selfish. After a time we were married, and when two people with dispositions like ours attempt to live together as man and wife, the result is easy to foretell. Unhappiness could but ensue from such a union. We could not meet without reproaches and bitterness. At last our life has become so unhappy that I cannot bear to go home. Home! It is mockery to speak of it as such.

"I have resolved to put an end to it all! I have opened this vein in my hand, and my life is slowly ebbing away with the blood that trickles from the wound. I am growing weaker. Have I done right by Laura? Have I been as patient with her as I might—as I should have been? Alas! no. I must go to her and beg her forgiveness; tell her that I have been a brute



to treat her so unkindly. Oh, God! my strength is going fast. I cannot rise! Oh, Laura! I would go to you if I could. I realize that I have been unmanly, and I would that I might make amends for all the pain that I have caused you. Is this death? I am growing so weak! The end is near! Laura,

f-o-r-g-i-v-e!"

The foregoing was listened to by the writer, and was the soliloquy of a spirit who had been brought to us for assistance. It was a brief outline of his earth-life, and a re-enactment of his last moments after having taken the step that was to launch his spirit into the life beyond. That which follows is the outline of a conversation between the spirit and myself when he had again taken up the conditions:

He complained of a feeling of weakness, and I told him to give me his hand and I would strengthen him. He declined to do that, saying that there was blood on his hand, which

came from a slight wound.

To draw his attention from himself for a time, I asked his idea of the life after the change called "death." He said he had never given much thought to the subject, and had no very definite idea as to what that life would be. I told him that I was a Spiritualist in belief, and that I had often conversed with those who had entered Spirit-life; that I had learned that the change called "death" is but a stepping-stone out by the spirit from the mortal form; that the spirit takes with it the same ideas, passions and appetites that it held before the change; that the Spirit-life is so real, and the spirit so tangible to itself, that many who have entered the state do not realize that they have made the change.

The spirit became restive, and begged leave to withdraw, saying that his wife was ill, and that he must hasten home. But he stated that he had become interested in the recital of my experiences, and would be glad to listen to me at another time.

I inquired the nature of his wife's illness, and he said that she had been informed that he had committed suicide, and, being in a delicate condition, the shock had thrown her into convulsions. I asked if there was any ground for the report that he had committed suicide. He reluctantly admitted that he had attempted to take his life, but said: "You are witness to the fact that the attempt was futile, as you can see that I am still alive and active.

"Oh, how wrong it was of me to attempt such a thing! I will hasten home at once and beg Laura's forgiveness for the suffering I have caused her, and I will show her that I am capable of being a good, true and loving husband. I will make amends for all the wrong that I have done her, and her

life shall be joyous, happy."

I was so moved by his talk that I could not immediately open his eyes to the true situation, but sought to gain time by asking if he did not fear that his sudden appearance, as of one of the dead returned, might prove another severe shock to his wife and increase the gravity of her condition. He said that that thought had not occurred to him, but that he could see the wisdom of being careful, and must adopt some means of gently breaking to her the intelligence that he still lived.

Being unable to further delay acquainting him with his true condition, I cautiously told him that this attempt on his life had been successful; that his spirit had indeed left his body. He could not realize the truth of my assertion, argued that he was just as much alive as he ever was—in fact, he felt that, as regards a true realization of life and its duties, he was more alive than before his attempt at suicide. I assured him that I could believe that such was the case, but that he had made the change called "death" nevertheless, and that I would prove to him the truth of what I had said.

I asked him how he knew that his wife had been thrown into convulsions when informed of his rash act? "Because," he replied, "I was there, and saw her go from one spasm into

another."

"Did you not speak to her, and tell her that you still lived; that you were by her side?"

"Yes, I told her that and much more; but she was in no

condition to understand what I said to her."

"Were there not others with her? If you had spoken audibly would they not have observed your presence, especially

as you were believed to be one of the so-called dead?"

He saw the point that I was aiming at, and said: "Indeed, I fear that what you tell me is true, and that I am the victim of my own rash cowardice; and now what is to become of me? How am I ever to be at peace with myself again? Oh! would that I had better understood life and its duties, its responsibilities! How can I make restitution to her whom I have

so cruelly wronged?" I tried to comfort him with the assurance that we are afforded opportunity in Spirit-life to outwork all the mistakes of earth-life; and commending him to the care and teaching of those of the spirit-band who are associated with us in our work, I bade him "good night."

Poor man! Had he been possessed of a true understanding of life he would have realized that to seek to escape the petty annoyances of earth by taking the course which he did was an act of cowardice, and could only result in great suffer-

ing for himself and others.

Why can we not understand that each experience which comes to us is the effect of a cause, and that by carefully analyzing our experiences and arriving at their causes, we can place ourselves in a position to avoid much that is unpleasant?

A SPIRIT WHOSE BODY WAS PLACED IN A CASKET BEFORE DEATH

A few months since a spirit was brought to us who requested that he be released from the box in which he was enclosed. He was in a state of nervous excitement, and it was some time before we could get him sufficiently calmed down to enable us to convince him that he was not then confined in a box. After having thrown off the excited condition which he took on at first, we learned something of his past history. He had been a lawyer, residing in New York. Having been ill for some time, his physician recommended a trip to Europe as a means of restoring his health. Accordingly he sailed across the ocean and landed upon the other side. The needed change and rest seemed for a time to renew his lost strength, and he felt that he was fast improving in health.

But finally he was stricken with that which those about him supposed to be death. The body was placed in a metallic casket preparatory to its transportation across the water to his family. The man had passed into a condition which gave the body all of the outward appearance of death, and while in that state the body had been prepared for shipment. While the man was seemingly dead, his spirit had not been released from the body, and he was conscious of everything which took place about him, but was incapable of making the least sign to

attract the attention of those present.

Picture to yourself, if you can, the horror of his position. The mind—the man—fully alive to all that was being done about him, but unable to make known his condition through the avenue of any of the senses. He knew when they first pronounced him dead. He understood their conversation when the question of the disposition of the body was being discussed; and he realized what was taking place when his body was being laid in the casket, and when the lid of the casket was being fastened. Imagine the terrible mental suffer-

ing of that man as he lived through those awful hours.

The spirit was at last freed from the body, but not until after the casket had been placed aboard ship and a part of the journey across the water had been accomplished. There was a brief space of time during which the physical functions were restored, and the struggle at that period must have been terrible; but one horrible feature could have been added to increase the intensity of his suffering, and that would have been to have passed through the ordeal of funeral service and burial. The first excited condition which he displayed was due to the fact of his having taken on the condition immediately preceding the dissolution of the spirit and the body; and for a few moments he fully believed that he was in the casket. He realized my presence, and would call upon me to assist him in getting out of the box in which he believed himself to be confined.

After a time we succeeded in getting him into a state of mind where it was possible to interest him in questions that did not pertain to his own personal experiences. I then began to talk with him regarding the truths of Spiritualism, and explained to him that the life beyond this was so entirely different from that which the majority of mortals had been taught to believe, that many made the change called "death" without being aware of it or understanding what change it was that had come to them. I told him, too, that it is possible, under certain conditions, for those who are in Spirit-life to communicate with those in earth-life; that communication between the two worlds can be carried on in many ways; that through one avenue of communication I had many times conversed with spirits just as intelligibly as we were then talking Not realizing his condition at the time, and never before having had the experience himself, he was unprepared to admit the possibility of such intercourse. He considered my past experiences interesting, and expressed a determination to investigate spirit phenomena on his own account. I explained to him that, according to the teachings of those who had experienced life in the Spirit-world, "there is no death; what seems so is but change," a mere separation of the immortal spirit of man from the mortal body; that life is taken up by the spirit in the Spirit-world just where it is laid down here; that is, we begin the Spirit-life at the same point of mental or spiritual development that we had arrived at in mortal life; that opportunity is afforded in Spirit-life to rectify and outwork all the errors of earth-life; in fact, that all must work out their mistakes or they cannot progress, and that we

are taught that sooner or later all do progress.

The reasonableness of the philosophy of Spiritualism appealed to him, and he felt that if we were convinced of the truth of that which had been given to us, we could not be afraid to enter Spirit-life. I asked him if he were prepared and willing to make the change, and he replied that he felt he was neither prepared nor willing. There were many things he had done that needed re-arranging, and there was much knowledge of the future life which he hoped to acquire preparatory to making the change. He was unwilling to depart from this life, because there were those dependent upon him whose lives would be seriously affected by his being taken away. There was his mother, who, while she owned the home in which they lived, was dependent upon him, in a measure, for support. There were two sisters who were attending school and a brother whom he was educating. He felt that he could not be content to leave them, even though he had made some provision against such a contingency in the way of life insurance.

When, at last, I informed him that he had indeed left the form; that his terrible experience in the casket had ended in the separation of the spirit from the body, he could not for a time realize that I was telling him the truth. I called his attention to that which I had previously told him in relation to spirits not being able to understand that they had made the change, owing to the fact that they had been incorrectly taught regarding the condition of the spirit after the birth into Spirit-life; and by persuading him to note his own appearance and that of those surrounding us, I was enabled to convince him

of the truth of my assertion.

At first he could not be reconciled to the change, but after



I had reasoned with him a little, and had commended him to the care and teachings of those bright and beneficent intelligences who work in connection with us, he saw the wisdom of a graceful submission to the inevitable, and, thanking us for

the assistance given him, he withdrew.

There is but one lesson which I shall endeavor to deduct from the above-mentioned experience, and that is: Be careful that you do not, through ignorance of the truth, place any person in a like position to that occupied by this man in his awful experience. Have a care that there be no question of the fact that dissolution has really taken place before permitting a body to be laid away in the earth or otherwise disposed of.

EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITS WHO EXPECTED TO MEET JESUS.

During one of our seances, held about a year ago, after I had talked for some time to a spirit who was unaware that he had entered Spirit-life, a lady addressed me, stating that she was aware of the fact that she was a spirit, but that she could get no clear understanding of the life on which she had entered.

She said that, having been reared in the orthodox faith, she had expected to see Jesus on entering the Spirit-world, and that she and others, together with their pastor, who had joined them, had traveled far and wide in their search for the Savior. But, although they had passed through many scenes of beauty, and had found much to admire and enjoy, they had failed to find him of whom they were in quest; nor could they find any person who had seen him.

They had been attracted to us on this evening, and, having listened to the conversation between the gentleman and myself, she had addressed me, hoping that I might be able to enlighten her on some points that were not understood by her or her companions. She said that the ideas which I had expressed were new to her, and she was anxious that their pastor

should discuss them with me.

The man who had been designated as "our pastor" then spoke to me, and repeating much of that which the lady had uttered regarding their experiences in Spirit-life, he added: "I, having been the spiritual teacher of these people when we were in mortal, and having taught them of the beauties and splendors of Heaven, and of the Savior whom we were to meet,



they are asking me why it is that the life which we experience is not as I taught them that it would be. We have traveled far and long, searching for Heaven, for the Savior, and for God, but we have found no city with pavements of gold; neither have we found the Son of God, who was to take away all our sins; nor have we been ushered into the presence of God the Father. And when these, my people, ask me regarding the fulfillment of the promise contained in my teachings, to them I can only reply that I do not know. I am as ignorant as they. And now, my friend, having listened to your conversation of a few moments since, I feel that through you we can gain some information regarding the life which we have entered that will aid us."

I then said to him: "You are a minister of the gospel. It was your mission to teach the people how to live on earth and what the life would be after the change called death. You seem an honest, straightforward man, and there is one question which I would like to ask you. Your life having been devoted to the ministry, you were afforded opportunity to study and inform yourself in regard to that vital question: 'If a man die shall he live again?' Were there ever any doubts or misgivings in your own mind as to the truth of that which you taught? Everything being accepted on faith, and no proof whatever offered in support of the orthodox teachings, I have wondered how it is that an honest, intelligent man can teach the Christian religion in its entirety, as founded upon the Bible."

He replied: "I did, at times, have doubts; that is, I would begin to wonder if that which I had been taught, and was then teaching, were all true; and for a moment I would be sore troubled. But then the thought would come to me that I was being tempted of the devil, and I would fall upon my knees and pray God to forgive the thought, and to sustain me in the

hour of temptation by restoring to me my faith."

I then said: "We are believers in Spiritualism, and you have proof of the fact that the spirits of the so-called dead can communicate with mortals, as you are demonstrating that fact now. We know that man lives beyond the grave. We believe, for we have been taught by our own friends who have proved their identity, that man begins life in the Spirit-world at the same point of spiritual development that he had attained in mortal life; that there is no 'change in the twinkling of an



eve,' so far as the spiritual nature is concerned. He-the mind, the man-has but stepped out from the environments of the mortal into the limitless realm of the spirit; and he enters the Spirit-life knowing no more, nor no less, than when he left the mortal body, except that, in some instances, the mind may be enriched by the one experience of making the change. Instead of being met by a Savior who bears away all his sins, he has to work out his own salvation. Opportunity is offered him for the outworking of all the errors and mistakes of earth-life; and instead of being a bankrupt, whose liabilities are assumed and forgiven by Christ, he is obliged by nature's law to pay every debt which he has incurred. We believe in a progressive life for all mankind, and that all will, in time, attain a state of spiritual unfoldment that brings with it a condition of pure happiness. By a progressive life we mean a life of constant spiritual unfoldment; a dropping off of the grosser appetites and passions, and a taking on of the divine attributes of love, charity and wisdom. We believe that the life of the spirit is one of active employment, not in endeavoring to advance personal interests, but in working for the advancement and happiness of others, the highest enjoyment being attained by promoting the happiness of our fellow-men. We believe that progression does not begin with all individuals immediately upon their entry into Spirit-life, because some are not sufficiently developed, spiritually, to take up a life of advancement; their tastes and inclinations are for material things, and until a desire arises within them for something higher they must remain upon the earth-plane.

"We believe these teachings of our spirit friends, because they accord with the working out of nature's law, as illustrated by the life of man here on earth. From the day of a child's birth into mortal life, to the time of his transition to the life beyond, each day brings its lessons and experiences; the transgression of a law of nature brings its punishment, and the transgressor suffers, sooner or later. There are times when the innocent are forced to suffer with the guilty, but there is no instance where a man can come forward and suffer for the misdemeanors of another, while the wrong-doer goes free. Such is frequently the case in matters governed by the laws of

man, but in those governed by nature's laws, never.
"Now," said I, "let us consider some points in your

religious belief. You believe that God made the earth in six days and rested upon the seventh; while geology teaches that the earth must have been thousands of years in forming. You try to reconcile the six-day statement with the geological fact by saying that the word 'day,' as used in reference to the creation, means a longer period of time than the twenty-four hours to which it is now applied. When we discuss the longevity of the man of the present time, as compared with the mortal life of man as recorded in the Bible, we find that whereas few of the present day reach the age of one hundred years, it was a common occurrence, in the early days of the world, for man to attain the age of seven, eight, and even nine hundred years. This comparison is reconciled by the explanation that the years were shorter periods of time, in the days of Methuselah, than is our period of three hundred and sixty-five days. The Bible is full of accounts of various occurrences where communion was held between spirit and mortal: spirits. or angels, as they were called, were frequently seen, and that which is to-day termed spirit phenomena was then a common occurrence and accepted as a matter of fact. Such acts, at that time, are conceded to have been according to natural law. and to have been the work of God. Similar manifestations at the present time, according to your religious belief, are supernatural and the work of the devil. To carry a point in argument you overlook the fact that like conditions produce like results always, and that what was once a law of nature is always nature's law.

"You claim that man's salvation depends upon his belief in the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, and you tremble when you think of the terrible position of the heathen, who is condemned to eternal damnation because he never heard of Christ. Then, too, you say the elect only, or those who accept Christ and his atonement, are the children of God. If a man have several children, and some of them love and obey him, while the others are wayward and disobedient, are they not all his children just the same? And are not those who are wayward and disobedient in greater need of his charity and his love, to reclaim them from their evil ways, than are the good children who are treading the pathway of righteousness?

"Your God is a God of love and also a God of hate. He is a merciful God and a merciless God. A just God, and still

condemns a man to punishment because he does not love a being of whom he has never heard. In fact, He blows hot or He blows cold, just as it may please your religious fancy.

"You believe that yours is the true religious doctrine, and that those who do not accept your faith are in error. You believe that God is all-wise; and you also believe that all things are possible with God. Then is He not a monster of the most diabolical type? For has He not created a part of His children to enjoy everlasting bliss, while the others are consigned to everlasting punishment even in their creation? Such barbarity in an earthly parent could only be possible in the lowest type of humanity; and when we ask a believer in the Christian faith how it is that he can endure such an unreasonable doctrine, his answer is: 'God's ways are not man's ways.' There are many other points that I might touch upon, but what say you to those which I have mentioned?"

"I must say," was his reply, "that I have never looked at the matter in the light in which you put it. I have no argument with which to meet you, as you have already used those which we have always kept in stock. I fear that I have been in the wrong all through my life, so far as my religious convictions were concerned. And now, if that be true, what course ought I to pursue to set myself right with my fellow-men and

with myself?"

"I would advise you," said I, "to first give the whole subject your serious consideration. Discuss our conversation with your people and see what conclusion you can arrive at. If convinced that you have been in the wrong, acknowledge it and earnestly, sincerely desire that the truth may be made plain to you. When you have discarded the erroneous ideas which you have so long entertained, as I feel that you will do, you will be ready for progression, and will find those who are far advanced in Spirit-life, who will surround you with their loving kindness and teach you how to pass onward and upward."

In conclusion, I will say that this friend afterward came to us and stated that he had become convinced that the teachings of Spiritualism were true, and that he had begun to outwork the unconscious wrong which he had done to the children of earth in teaching them the man-made doctrines of theology.



THE TERRIBLE ACONY OF A MURDERER.

At a seance held some time ago there was brought to us a spirit who, being in a dazed condition, seemed not to notice our presence. After having thrown off, through materialization, certain conditions consequent upon the manner of his, passage from mortal to Spirit-life, he became conscious of his surroundings.

Simultaneous with his perception of the members of the circle, an object claimed his attention which caused him great uneasiness. We were made aware of this fact by his imploring us to remove "that barrel." The barrel seemed to be everpresent to his vision, and his anxiety to rid himself of it was an indication to us that a crime had been committed, and that

the remedy in his case was confession.

As he continued to ask for the removal of the barrel, we requested him to inform us what the barrel contained. For a long time we could get no word out of the man, other than his prayers that the barrel be taken from his sight; but after promising that if he would tell us what were the contents of the barrel it should be taken away, and impressing upon him the fact that its removal could only be effected in that manner, he told us that concealed therein was the body of a man.

After he had once begun his story he told it willingly and rapidly, seeming anxious to share with us the secret that had caused him so much distress. It seems that a quarrel had arisen between an acquaintance and himself, and, being goaded beyond self-control by the taunts of his companion, he seized hold of him, and before he fully realized what he was doing

he had strangled the man who had angere I him.

Then fear of detection took possession of him, and to conceal the crime which he had committed, he dismembered the

body, placed it in a barrel and set it afloat.

Our questioning, which brought forth the recital of his story, was prompted, not by curiosity, but by a knowledge that he could not be released from the condition of darkness and distress which surrounded him except through his voluntary confession. Hence we did not attempt to locate the affair, to ascertain his name, or to find out through what agency his spirit had been released from its mortal tenement. These details would, no doubt, have made this narrative more complete, but they were unnecessary to the work which we had in hand.



Sufficient it was to us to know that a stranger was present who was in great trouble, and in sore need of sympathy, love and instruction. After having listened to his self-accusation we assured him of our sympathy, and desiring to fully gain his confidence asked if the barrel had disappeared as we had promised that it would do if he followed our advice. He answered that it had gone, and seemed immeasurably relieved that it was so.

We encouraged him with the information that in the "life beyond the mortal" opportunity would be afforded him to overcome and outwork all the errors of his earth-life, and as our teachings were at variance with those that had been imparted to him in his early days, he asked what authority we had for our belief as we had expressed it to him. We explained to him that we were in frequent communication with those who had been our friends and companions in this life, and who had passed on into the Spirit-world, as well as with many others, who, in mortal life, had been well-known and highly-respected individuals; that the promises of future usefulness and happiness which we had given him were based upon the teachings imparted to us by those who had experienced the truth of that which they had taught us.

We told him that as there was no unforgiving God to fear, he must seek the forgiveness of all persons whom he had wronged. And last, but hardest of all, he must earn the forgiveness of his own accusing conscience. We explained to him that as each individual extended that forgiveness which he must seek, a weight would be removed from his conscience that would enable him to rise higher and higher on the ladder

of progression.

Our sympathetic interest in his behalf, and his confidence in us, acquired through the fulfillment of our promise relating to the removal of the barrel, seemed to lighten the load of trouble that had pressed so heavily upon him. And when we suggested that he call upon the man he had slain to come and forgive him the great wrong which he had done, he only hesitated while we informed him that the conditions existing with us were such that his old friend could and would come to him if called upon to do so.

"Earl!" he called; "Earl, will you forgive the wrong I did you? I was crazed with anger, and knew not what I did



until the act which has caused so much misery was committed. If you can hear me, if you can understand what I have suffered, I pray that you will not withhold that forgiveness which

I so sincerely crave!"

For a time no answer came, and the spirit was beginning to fear that the pardon which he so earnestly desired could not be granted, when a voice said: "Henry, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart! It was I who drove you to it with my gibes and taunts! I angered you beyond endurance, and the fault was mine! It was well for me that I went when I did, as I was only growing worse and worse each day, and had my life continued in the grooves which I then followed, I should have become unfit for anything useful. Instead of injuring me, you did me a kindness. I can now see in what direction my life was tending, and I am thankful to be spared the great suffering which must have resulted from such a life as mine would have been. The great wrong was done to yourself, and I have tried to reach and make you feel all that I am now telling you, but you have been so lost in your sufferings through remorse that I could not gain your attention."

After a little more conversation between the two, they thanked us for our assistance, and we believe that they are earnestly endeavoring to follow the bright and beautiful path of progress, which leads upward toward the seat of love, truth

and wisdom.

VICTIMS OF FIRE COME FOR STRENGTH AND CONSOLATION.

At near the end of one of our seances held after the great Milwaukee fire, there was brought to us a family, consisting of husband and wife and their daughter. They were permitted to manifest that they might throw off with the material certain conditions which had clung to them in consequence of the manner of their passing from mortal to Spirit-life.

At their first meeting with us their manifestation was confined chiefly to materializing and dematerializing, but we conversed with them long enough to learn that they had been residents of Milwaukee, and that their home had been situater

in the district laid waste by the fire.

They had no understanding of that which had befallen them, nor did they realize where they were. Our energies were bent toward making them feel that the welcome which



we extended them was genuine and toward gaining their confidence. The husband came bearing his wife in his arms, and they were attracted to us by being impressed with the idea that they were entering the office of a physician who would render medical assistance to the woman. When we ascertained what it was that they desired, I requested the wife to place her hand upon me, explaining at the same time that I cured the sick in that manner. But I had first to prevail upon the husband to test the truth of my assertion by getting him to place his hand upon me, and note the result of such contact. When he found that he was strengthened by touching me, he urged his wife and daughter to do likewise, and both of them came and placed their hands upon my shoulder and arm.

At our next sitting they came again, and were better able to converse with us from their experience at the previous

meeting.

I asked the man if he knew there had been a great fire. He replied that his wife had told him that she noticed a bright light, and that she thought a big fire must be raging in the city. This conversation had, he stated, taken place after he had returned home very tired from a hard day's work, and he had exten his supper and gone directly to bed. He had not paid much attention to the remarks of his wife about the fire, being too tired to keep awake. We subsequently learned from a member of the spirit band that the fire had swept down upon their home while all were asleep, and that they were suffocated in their beds, without being aware of their peril.

After a little I explained to them that they had made the change from mortal to Spirit-life, but for some time could hardly convince them that such was the case, as their experiences were different from what they had been led to expect through the religious teachings given them. When at last I had shown them that they were indeed outside the mortal form, the man began to lament that they had suffered such great misfortune. At first I had to smile at his ideas of death, and could understand how little there is in the teachings of theology that is calculated to make a man face the future life

with any degree of confidence.

"Why," I said to him, "it seems to me that you are peculiarly fortunate. I gather from the conversation which we have had, that you were a poor man, forced to labor very



hard to procure a scanty subsistence for yourself and family. Your life, then, was one of trial and privation, and there was little prospect of brighter times in store for you. Now, let us suppose that either your wife Mary, or your daughter Aggie, or both, had been taken, or that you had been taken and the others left, would that have been any better than what has taken place? Or if you had even lost your little home and its contents, escaping with your lives, would you have been any more fortunate? Here you are, a whole family, who have passed over the dark river together. You would have had to make the change sooner or later, and that, perhaps, one at a time, after long and painful illness. As it is, none are left behind to mourn. You are still united, and can enjoy the experiences of the beautiful life which you have entered without a sorrow for loved ones left behind. You and Mary and Aggie need worry no more for fear that you may suffer from hunger and cold, for you have entered a life where you will be surrounded by loving friends and companions; where you will be taught how to live that the most enjoyment may be extracted from your daily experiences. If you will closely follow the instructions which will be imparted to you by the kind spirits who were instrumental in bringing you here, you will soon realize the beauty and happiness of the life which you have entered, and may peace and love go with you as you journey onward and upward."

He had closely followed all that I said, and when I had finished my remarks he said: "I had not looked at the matter in that light, but I can now see that it is as you have said—better that we are all together. Oh! it would have been terrible had a part of our family been taken and a part spared. I thank God that we are still united; and I thank you, kind

friends, for all that you have done for us."

A CATHOLIC PRIEST MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN,

During the winter of 1892 and 1893 we had an experience with a spirit who came to us that was very interesting to the members of the circle. We had been sitting for some time, and there had been manifestations of a general character, when the medium exclaimed that her chair was being moved backward from the circle! The movement of the chair by an unseen force made her feel nervous, and she threatened to vacate the seat unless the annoyance ceased. Fearing that the medium



would become so annoyed as to disturb the conditions and interfere with further manifestations, the members of the circle began to reason with the spirit who was causing the trouble, stating that unless the disturbing actions ceased, the seance would have to be terminated. That line of argument seemed to tend toward an increase of the annoyance, and we realized that the influence at work was either mischievous or malicious. Then we resorted to firmness, and called upon the spirit to speak, and in a manly way give us an understanding of that which he desired to accomplish.

After considerable persuasive effort on our part we elicited the assertion that he would put a stop to such doings. Being asked why he desired us to discontinue our sittings, he replied: "Because they are undermining the church!" And to the question, "What church?" he answered: "The Holy Catholic

Church."

Then we knew (having had previous experience with spirits of his persuasion) that we had a difficult case on hand, and that the spirit must either be won over into a knowledge and acceptance of the truth, or he would annoy us and retard our work for some time.

At first his animosity toward us and his prejudice against spirit manifestations prevented him from treating us in a manner which would naturally be expected from one who was educated for and had occupied a position in the priesthood. He was angry, intolerant and abusive, by turns; and his position in the Spirit-world was so near to earth that he was unaware that he had made the change from mortal to spirit.

During the time that I e was present with us at our first meeting, our efforts were directed toward convincing him that he was indeed in Spirit-life. For a time he was sullen, and would hardly reply to our questions; but our continued good temper and the entire absence of any feeling displayed toward him, other than that of friendliness and an evident desire to gain his confidence and esteem, at last forced him to admit that of late there had seemed to be a change in his surroundings, and in the manner displayed toward him by his former friends and associates. It had seemed strange to him that when he addressed his friends they made no reply, and gave no evidence of having heard him. So, too, he did not understand why a brother priest had taken his place in the church



service, and in the affairs of the parish, even though he had not been officially deposed or removed by those in authority over him.

We assured him that he had passed into the life beyond the mortal, and suggested that he investigate the matter with a view of ascertaining the truth or falsity of our assertion.

On the following evening he again came to us, and said that he found that we were correct in our claim that he had entered the life of the spirit. His feelings toward us savored less of animosity than on the preceding evening, but still he had little patience with that which he felt to be an obnoxious practice on our part in holding spirit seances. The practice seemed obnoxious to him because the actuality of the phenomena appeals to and convinces the children of the Catholic Church as no other belief or religious doctrine does or can.

There are few people born or reared in the Catholic faith who abandon Catholicism for any of the Protestant forms of belief. Occasionally there is such a case, but they are rare indeed as compared with those who, becoming convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, through the proofs afforded by the phenomena, drop out of the church and adopt a line of liberal thought based upon an absolute knowledge of the future life

of the individual.

To our inquiries: "If he believed in the infallibility of the Pope? If he believed that God would only grant forgiveness promptly to those in purgatory whose relatives or friends pay to the priests a stated sum of money to enlist their intercession through masses said for the repose of their souls? If he believed that power had ever been or could be delegated to him through any agency, mortal or divine, to forgive the sins of others, or to grant absolution for wrongs committed against others than himself?" His reply to each question was in the negative.

Being asked what it was that appealed to him and held him loyal to an institution in whose principal tenets he had no faith, he replied: "It is the power over the minds and action of others, the life of ease, and the opportunity to gratify taste and passions, that led me to remain in the church. Besides having no faith in the doctrines of the Catholic religion, i which I was educated, I could have no faith in the doctrines of other denominations, which I had always been taught were

heretical, inasmuch as that originally they were offshoots from the mother church."

Having been carried one step forward, by being convinced, through his own experience, of the fact of communion between spirits and mortals, he was the more ready to listen to a brief outline of that which has been taught us regarding the experiences of the individual in the future state. We told him of the life of progression; of the ability inherent in and of the opportunity afforded each and every individual to overcome and outwork all the errors of earth-life. We told him of the power of love, which makes man work, not for self alone, but for the welfare and happiness of his fellow-creatures; for it is only in forgetting self, and in remembering others, that true happiness and progress is found.

After having given expression to other ideas which have been impressed upon us by spirit teachers, relating to life, its laws and its aims, we suggested that he take time to consider his position in life, in connection with the thoughts which we had imparted to him, and at a later meeting advise us what conclusions he arrived at.

During the interim between this and the next meeting I was often conscious of the presence of the priest, and at such times would render him what assistance I could by giving him thoughts upon the plane along which it was desirable that his consideration should extend. He, in that time, manifested at a seance at which I was not present, and showed by his remarks that the thoughts which had been given him had taken root in his mind

At our next meeting he came deeply regretful of his past error, and filled with despair for the future. Realizing the enormity of his action in having taught as truth a doctrine in which he had no belief, and remembering the advantage which he had taken of his capacity as priest to wrong others in the gratification of his personal desires, his spiritual vision could discern naught but darkness.

We did all in our power to encourage him, by assurance of opportunities that would be presented through which he would be enabled to work himself into the higher spiritual atmosphere. The spirit friends also assured him of their assistance, and admonished him to remain strong and steadfast in his determination to advance, humbly willing to undo all



wrongs committed, and ever on the alert to aid any with whom he came in contact, who could be benefited through his instrumentality.

And thus there was started upon the highway of truth one who had long been traversing the dark paths and byways of

superstition and error.

AN OUTLINE OF THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE WORK.

This paper being designed to form a dividing line in the series of communications on "mission-work among the spirits," will be devoted to a mere outline of the advancement of the work in the circles hereinafter specified, and to a brief mention of the mediums and members thereof.

The earliest record of such mission-work that the writer is familiar with, is that of the experience of Judge Edmunds, as related in the work entitled "Spiritualism," by Judge Ed-

munds and Dr. Dexter, published in 1855.

An account is given therein of several seances with a trance medium, where the manifestating intelligences were from the dark sphere, and were in search of knowledge as to the manner in which a higher and happier condition might be attained.

The first circle to be devoted exclusively to mission-work of which I have any knowledge, is that which was formed by Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Reiley, of Buffalo, N. Y., with Mrs. M. A. Swain as medium, the other members of the circle being Mrs. Sarah Fisher and son, Mr. Leander Fisher. It was six or seven years ago that Miss Eva, the spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, requested that the work of the circle be confined to the advancement of those poor, darkened souls who, through the workings of ignorance, inhabit the earth sphere but one remove from mortals.

Miss Eva has been in Spirit-life about twenty years, and is only seconded in her philanthropic efforts by Mrs. Dora, daughter of Mrs. Fisher, who passed to the Spirit-home some sixteen years ago. Both have advanced to a high state of spiritual unfoldment, as have the other members of the band who are associated with them in the grand work of redeeming souls from darkened conditions, and starting them upward in the higher spiritual atmosphere.

The other members of the band best known to us (because



they have manifested most) are: Mr. Fox, so-called, whose name in the mortal was Nabis. He was of the time 250 B. C., and is an historic character. When he was in earth-life he was tyrannical and cruel, and the glorious work in which he has been long engaged is a beautiful illustration of the truth that man can and must work out his own salvation. Jim Black is an Indian spirit, strong in intellect and in spirit-power. During the earlier stages of his medium's development he exhibited wonderful power in physical manifestations, and some of the accounts given of his feats during that time are indeed marvelous. Our young friend "Jimmie," bright, kind and of great strength in assisting those who come for aid, was unfortunate in his earth experience. His lot in life was cast amid adverse surroundings, and, perhaps, fortunately for him, considered in the light of events subsequent to his entry into Spirit-life, he was early called from mortal sphere to the Spirit-world, where he was rapidly advanced.

"Tom" and "Mogazona" are controls of Mr. Fisher, and are of incalculable aid in the work, owing to their ability to unfold the record of those who come to us for help. Both are progressed spirits, and the lessons which they impart are instructive and entertaining to the members of the circle, as well as to the individuals whom we are endeavoring to assist. Space permitting, I might mention others on the spirit side of life who are giving their time and attention to the mission-

work in connection with this band.

The recognized mediumship of Mrs. Swain dates back forty years, and has advanced from table-tlpping and rappings through the various phases of automatic and independent writings, trance mediumship, clairvoyance and clairaudience to a very high and satisfactory phase of independent voice—two or three spirits manifesting at one time on many occasions. Mrs. Swain has been a medium all her life, though unconscious of the nature of the powers which she possessed in earlier years. She was known as a medium long before the people were as liberal in their religious views as they now are, and at a time when to be a medium meant that you must be subjected to much that was unpleasant and painful. But she has stood firmly through it all, seeking to glean a lesson of life from each experience, be it sad or be it joyous; and ere many years she will be called to that brighter land, there to receive the



reward that must come to those whose earth-lives have been

spent in assisting others.

Of the members of the little circle, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, I must say that they always stand ready, eager to extend their sympathy and aid to all who come to them needing assistance, relinquishing much of social enjoyment with their fellow-mortals that they may devote the more time to this good work; and at the end of each evening spent in this labor of love they realize the satisfaction of having contributed their mite toward the advancement of their fellow-men. It has been my privilege to be associated with them in this work for two years past, and I feel that I have

good reason to rejoice in that I am thus favored.

Mrs. E. S. French is another medium with whom I have been permitted to be associated in the mission-work. She, like Mrs. Swain, has been a medium from childhood, and strong manifestations date from a period about twenty-five years since. Her development has also carried her through the various phases of physical, mental and independent manifestations, and there are now produced through her mediumship remarkable manifestations of the phase of independent voice, even under adverse conditions. Mrs. French's mediumship dates back to a time when but few congenial souls could be found who were in harmony with her and with the work which the Spirit-world was trying to perform through her instrumentality. She has, like all other known mediums, been persecuted and maligned by those who had not accepted the truth; but those experiences, while they have always hurt her sensitive nature, have tended to broaden her spiritually, and have taught her to be sympathetic, kind and charitable; and when she enters into the Spirit-world there will be many to greet her with words of love and gratitude, for she has been instrumental in the conveyance of many a message of love and cheer from dwellers in Spirit-life to their loved ones on earth.

Of the spirit band surrounding Mrs. French, I wish to speak of the great Indian chief, "Sa-go-ya-wat-ha," better known as "Red Jacket." He is now, as he was in the mortal, renowned as an orator, and it is indeed a pleasure to listen to the grand thoughts to which he gives expression. There there is Dr. Hosack, who was eminent as a physician ir Brooklyn early in the present century, and who now enjoys

the love and confidence of those who have formed his acquaintance since he passed to Spirit-life. Many a mortal has cause
to be thankful to him for advice and counsel in an hour of
need. There is, also, our genial and whole-souled friend,
Captain Dan Bromley, who always has a pleasant word and a
loving thought with which to greet those with whom he comes
in contact; and last, but not least, in the band of which she is
a member, I will mention our dear friend "Aunt Abbie." She
is always present with us when there are children to be assisted,
and her love for the dear little ones draws all toward her.

The mission-work carried on through the mediumship of Mrs. French was begun some two years since, at the request of the members of her band and of numerous other spirits. They could see the urgent need of such labor, and had no difficulty in enlisting the sympathy and hearty co-operation of a sufficient number of mortals to establish the conditions necessary to the advancement of their philanthropic project; and although there has been much opposing force brought to bear by those on the spirit-side of life who are governed by ignorance, superstition and bigotry, still the work has gone steadily on, and we can all realize that no small amount of benefit is being derived by those who are suffering the effects of ignorance, selfishness and false teachings.

Among those in mortal-life who gladly devote much of their time to aid in establishing conditions into which the poor, darkened souls are brought for assistance, I am pleased to mention Mrs. Sully-Chick, Mrs. Anna M. Shaver, Mrs. Caroline Washburn, Mrs. E. T. Washburn, ex-Judge George W. Cothran, Mr. Charles W. Bigden and Mr. Fred G. Scott. All are deeply interested, and realize that much good is being done the spirits who are brought to us, and that we, also, are benefited by the knowledge gained of the experiences of those whom we assist.

The various accounts of seances given in the papers preceding this were, with one exception (part second), condensed reports of some of those held with Mrs. French as medium, and while they do not give the whole of the conversation in any case, they are intended to give a comprehensive idea of the line of argument which we adopt in dealing with "our visitors from across the border."

The papers following this, and so noted, are from sten-

The second of th

ographic notes taken at the circles held at Mr. Bailey's, with Mrs. Swain as medium, and will, I think, be perused with interest by the readers of "The Enclycopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World." Many thoughts may be gleaned from the remarks of "Tom" (a control of Mr. Fisher's), which are well worth being treasured by those of us who are still on the mortal plane, and I hope that they may be widely and carefully read. It is due to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey that I am permitted to use these full reports in this series of papers, and I am very happy to secure them for the purpose, as they give a much more comprehensive idea of the scope of the work than do the articles which I have prepared from memory.

GRADUALLY LIFTING A SPIRIT FROM ITS DARK CONDITIONS.

Eva (spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—The atmosphere is very bad to-night, and we will not keep you very long. We have made a selection of not very rough ones to-night.

Spirit—Where is this fortune-teller?

Mr. Fisher-What do you want of a fortune-teller?

Spirit—Well, I would like to consult one. Where is he?
Mr. Bailey—That gentleman who just spoke to you sometimes tells fortunes.

Spirit-I saw the sign over the door: "Tom, the Fortune-

Teller." Where is he?

MRS. BAILEY-He is right here-this young man.

Spirit-What would be your charges?

Mrs. Bailey—Oh! I think they will be very reasonable.

Spirit—Well, no matter! In matter! I have a little business on hand that I would like to know about. You treat business matters, don't you?

MR. FISHER-I presume that Tom does.

Spirit-Where is Tom?

Mr. Fisher—I will place myself in a condition so that Tom can take possession of me, and then he can answer for himself.

Spirit—Oh! that's it! Well, now, I would like to get a little information.

MR. BAILEY-You would rather have it come authentically,

would you not, like that?

Spirit—It doesn't make any difference how it comes, if I only get something that is satisfactory.

MR. BAILEY—But if you had your mind made up how you wanted it to come, it wouldn't make any difference how much truth was told you, you would not be satisfied unless it came a certain way, and that would not be giving the fortune-teller a fair chance.

Spirit—Well, if it is the truth, it will be satisfactory

enough.

MR. BAILEY—Tom is a spirit, and when he controls this young man, what he tells you will be true. This young man

doesn't know anything about what he is saying.

Spirit—It doesn't make any difference! I don't suppose it will amount to much, but, at the same time, I would like to try the thing, because I have heard that there is fortune-telling that gives very good, accurate things.

MR. BAILEY—I guarantee that you will be satisfied with what he tells you. He will tell you things that you know he

doesn't know anything about.

Tom—Well, how do you do, sir? Spirit—Is this the fortune-teller?

MR. BAILEY—That is Tom.
Spirit—How do you do, sir?
Tom—Well, what will you have?

Spirit—I would like to get a little information.
Tom—What kind of information do you want?

Spirit-I want some information in regard to business.

Tom-All right! State your case.

Spirit—If you are a good fortune-teller you cantell me what I want.

Tom-How could I tell you what you want?

Spirit—Well, that's the way they generally do, I believe.

They tell you what it is you want, and tell you about it.

Tom—I don't know that I can tell you what you want, but I will begin by calling you by your name. You were christened John, but most people call you Jack.

Spirit-That's all straight enough.

Tom—There is a woman here, and she says that you will remember her very well. Her name is Lucy. She says that if you had done as she told you to do, you would not be hunting around for fortune-tellers regarding your business; but you didn't follow her advice.

MR. BAILEY-Is that right?



Spirit—That is right, yes. Well, if she can tell you that

much, can't she give me some more advice?

Tom—I presume that she can. I don't think I would bother my head about business. You have got to die and you can't take anything with you.

Spirit-You have to live until you die.

Tom—That is true, you have got to live, but you can live on much less and be just as comfortable, and perhaps you would be much better, because you wouldn't be using your brain, tiring it all out to make more money.

Spirit-You know we want to make all we can, and I

would like to get a little information.

Tom—I will tell you, in the first place, that you had no business to sign those notes for Dick; you know he fooled you two or three times—but you have got a soft spot like some other people.

Spirit-Yes, I have got an all-fired soft spot! Is there

any way out of it?

Tom—If you hadn't signed those notes for Dick you wouldn't have been in the tight place that you are in now. But I'll tell you what it is, Jack, I don't think I would bother my head about business.

Spirit-I am obliged to! I must get out of this fix, you

know.

Tom-Don't you know that you can't take anything with

you when you die?

SPIRIT—That may be; I don't expect to take anything; but, at the same time, we have got to leave something for those

who are dependent upon us.

Tom—Yes, that is true; but don't you know that your life is very short? And you know, Jack, you were warned the last time that you went to the doctor's to be very careful about getting excited, because you know that you have heart trouble.

SPIRIT-Yes, I know; but do you mean that I am going to

die soon?

Tom—Oh, yes. A great many people die with heart trouble, or die suddenly, and after they make the change called death, they are not aware that they have died. And whatever they had on their minds at the time of their death they take with them. And they can't take any notice of anything in Spirit-life, because those thoughts dwell in their minds and they are completely absorbed in them. You know that, for some time past, you have been completely absorbed in your business.

Spirit—Yes, I had to be! It has been wearing on me pretty hard. Now, what you have been telling me is strange. It is a fact about Lucy; she did warn me, but it is so strange that you should tell it to me. Now, if she told you that much, couldn't she tell you how to ease this thing up some?

Tom—Yes, I will tell you. When I get through talking to you, you will see that, under the circumstances and the run things have taken, it won't be necessary for you to bother any more about business.

Spirit-Well, I don't understand that at all!

Tom—No, I know you don't. You remember my saying to you a short time ago that sometimes people make the change called death and are not aware of it?

Spirit—Yes, I know you said that.

Tom—Don't you suppose that when you leave your body you will be Jack just the same? Why, of course you would be, because it would be Jack that moved out; and wouldn't you take your thoughts and experiences with you? They belong to you.

Spirit—Well, I guess we don't have much of the bother we have while we are here. If we took all of the bother and perplexities with us it would be a very sad thing indeed.

Tom—Oh, yes, for a time you do take them along with you, because they are a part of you—until you are aware that you have made that change and cast them off, you take them up just the same. There's a little girl here, Jack, and she says that her name is Gertie, and that you are her papa. She says she loves papa, and she wants papa to come to her. She says: "Papa, don't bother any more about business now, because you can come to me."

Spirit-Is it because you see that I am going to die that

you talk in this manner to me?

Tom—It isn't because I see that you are going to die, but—now don't be startled—it is because I know that you have already made that change.

SPIRIT-Made the change?

Tom-Yes; for it is only a change-only a step from the

old life to the new. The beginning of the new life lies just outside of the body.

Spirit-Well, you startle me! I feel very strange!

Tom—Don't be startled; it is all well with you. In order to gain your attention, I was obliged at first to humor your fancies; that is the way we have to get the attention of spirits who have made the change called death and are not aware of it, and who have taken with them their thoughts, desires and inclinations of their past lives, and are wandering about trying to give expression to them and work them out. You have entered Spirit-life!

Spirit-Can it be possible?

Tom-It is true! Would you like to see me as a spirit?

SPIRIT-Yes, I think I would.

Tom-Now look! (Tom leaves Mr. Fisher.)

Spirit—Dear! that beats everything!

Mr. Bailey—That is Tom, the spirit who has been talking to you.

Spirit—The fortune-teller?

Mr. Bailey—Yes. You can understand now how he can tell fortunes, can't you?

Spirit—Dear! that gives me a strange sensation!
Mr. Bailey—There's nothing to be frightened at.

Spirit—No, sir, I am not frightened; but it seems yery remarkable and very strange; away beyond my comprehension. Oh! that is strange! He has gone back into him!

Tom (Returns to Mr. Fisher)-I am not a fortune-teller,

as you suppose.

Spirit-You mustn't blame me; I saw the sign!

Tom—That was to attract you to this place, so that you would come into these conditions and be instructed pertaining to the change you have made, because you did not understand it. I have been in Spirit-life some time, and my pleasure and happiness consists in aiding and assisting poor, benighted spirits like yourself, who have lately come into the soul-land as strangers, having no conception or idea of the future life; so they have to be instructed pertaining to the duties of the new life. It is a beautiful life which you have entered, a life of growth, progression and beautiful unfoldment, where the soul expands and grows in knowledge, and through that knowledge it reaches the higher realms of thought.

Spirit-Well, I am lost!

Tom—Come with me, all of you, friends, and I will take you where you will receive the necessary instructions for the proper development and growth of your spirit, where you will be taught how to reach and where to find your friends, those who love you and those who have gone on before.

Spirit—That will be delightful!

Tom—And where, after you are sufficiently prepared and instructed, you will be taught how to return to earth and administer to those whom you have left behind, those whom you love—for you can return. Now I will leave the young man, and you go with me.

Spirit-Well, I will!

EXPERIENCES OF A SPIRIT WHO ON EARTH WAS WEALTHY.

The experiences in the Spirit-world of those who have been considered shrewd business men in earth-life, furnished us much food for reflection. I remember a spirit who came to us a short time since, and accosted me as follows: "Why do you not speak to me?"

I replied: "Because I was waiting for you to address me

first."

"Well," he said, "I have found that none of my former friends will recognize or speak to me. If I approach them, they stare straight at me without appearing to see me, or they seem to gaze right past me; and when I accost them, they make no reply, but turn on their heel and walk away. And strangers, too, whom I address, turn away without noticing me. I was curious to see if you would speak to me, and as you said nothing for some time I began to think that you were going to treat me as the others had; but you did answer when I spoke to you."

I asked why it was that people had treated him in the manner which he had described, and he replied: "Well, I don't know just why it is, unless it is because they are envious of my position in life. You see, I am a rich man and people

seem to be envious of me. I guess that's all."

"You say that you are a rich man, and that the reason people treat you so coolly is on account of their envy. Now, is there not some other reason? How did you come by your riches? Was there anything in connection with the accumulation of your wealth that would cause people to look upon you with an eye of disapprobation? My motive in asking these questions is not that of curiosity, but a desire to get at the truth of the matter, so that I can assist you, if possible. It seems to me a sad thing for a man to be in the position in which you find yourself, and now let us look into the matter

with a view of bringing about a better state of affairs."

"You seem to be a fair kind of a fellow," he replied, "and I don't mind telling you that I have been a little sharp at times in driving a bargain with others, and there have been times when I pressed people who were in my debt a little hard, perhaps; but I am not the only man who has done those things, and there is no good reason why people should make such a fuss about it all of a sudden. I began life a poor boy, but I was determined that I would not always be poor. So I commenced to save and accumulate, and as I grew older and possessed more my cravings for wealth increased and my scruples grew less, until I would stop at nothing to gain the coveted dollars." (Speaking to another spirit.) "What the devil do you want here? Get out of here! I don't want to see you! Turn those eyes away! Will you turn them away, I say!"

"What is the matter now?" I asked. "Do you recognize

those eyes? Why is it that they trouble you?"

"I don't like to have her look at me like that!" he said,
"and I won't have it, either. Turn your eyes away, I tell you!
Of course I know the eyes! I turned her out of doors once,
because she couldn't pay the rent; but that is no reason why
she should follow me around like this with those everlasting
eyes. I had to have my rent, and if she could not pay she had

to get out, that's all!"

"Well, now," said I, "let us discuss another subject, and forget, if we can, for a time, those unpleasant things. For several years I have been interested in that vital question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' and I have investigated sufficiently to convince myself that there is a life beyond the mortal. I have ascertained that the change which we call death is but the birth into a higher life; that our home or condition in that higher life depends wholly upon our life here; that if we lead good lives, full of love and sympathy for our fellow-man, full of unselfish effort to brighten the lives of those about us, we find awaiting us on the spirit side of life a home

correspondingly bright and beautiful. But, on the other hand, if we live dark, selfish lives, striving only to gratify desires of a selfish nature; if we crush down others that we may raise ourselves, we find that our habitation in the Spirit-world is as dark and forbidding as were the deeds of our mortal life."

"You say," he interrupted, "that you have ascertained these facts through investigation. Will you please explain how it was that you ascertained them? Who knows if there is a life beyond this? The church doctrines teach that there is, but you must accept it all on faith, as they prove nothing

whatsoever of a life beyond the grave."

"You ask me to explain to you how I have ascertained that there is a life beyond the mortal? I will tell you! I have in various ways, that were entirely satisfactory to me, communicated with those who have been my friends or relatives in this life, but who have passed through the change called death. They have proven their identity to me, so that I have confidence in them, and in that which they tell me. It is they who teach me of the conditions of Spirit-life. They tell me of their own experiences and of the experiences of others whom they have met or seen; and their teachings accord so well with the laws of nature, as they come before our observation here, that I cannot doubt the truth of that which they impart to me."

"What do they tell you regarding the death and subsequent conditions of the individual? Is there any 'change in

the twinkling of an eye'?"

"They say that the change called death is but the stepping-out of the man, the mind, the spirit, from the mortal body, which, through accident or disease, has become unfit for further occupancy. That the spirit takes with it into the Spirit-world the knowledge and ideas which it has gained in earth-life; and that its condition, as I have before stated to you, depends upon the life which was led in the mortal."

"What do they teach you of heaven and hell; of God and the devil; of the atoning power of Christ; of the judgment

day, and of eternal punishment?"

"They teach us that heaven and hell are conditions of mind, and not locations. That a heavenly condition is produced by a life of unselfish devotion to the good of humanity, by forgetting self and laboring for others. That hell is a condition of mind consequent upon an earth-life on exactly



or self-gratification. We are taught rsonal Devil. That mine, but ourselves. a nons. That punishkim of the law of cause bg deed, knowingly, 出職fou. At last a time ominate in your memory You ask: 'How can which I have done?' Then will those s, those who under-

Then will those who underly that in working bu bear; and as you have have been appier. The degree the carries and mistakes the earnestness and have been reasonable here. I like the teachings hey seem reasonable how can I undo the like he work of the wrongs how can I undo the like he work of the work of the work of the work of the work of restitution!"

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ness so generously extended by the person whom he had wronged, and was inclined to doubt its genuineness; but when I informed him that in harboring animosity, hatred or revengeful feelings towards others, no matter what the provocation may have been, we are wronging ourselves and forming a condition that will react upon us, and debar us from that happiness which can only come through a full forgiveness to all humanity, he was brought to a right understanding of the matter, and was glad to avail himself of that forgiveness which had been extended to him.

"Now," said he, "I will begin at once to undo the wrong which I have done. I have a sum of money in my safe sufficient to repay many small debts. I will dispose of my property as fast as I can, and reimburse some whom I have defrauded of larger sums. So excuse me, please, while I set

about the work at hand."

I explained to him then that he had made the change called death, but was for a long time unable to convince him of the truth of my statement. It was only when I called his attention to the fact that it was on account of his being spirit that his friends and acquaintances did not notice him—simply because they did not see him—and asked if he did not know that the woman who spoke to him was in Spirit-life, and if she did not appear to be clothed like himself, that he began to realize that he was indeed in Spirit-life. When he fully comprehended the fact that he had no further control over the wealth he accumulated, and that he could not use it in outworking his earthly

mistakes, he was greatly distressed.

He prayed that we would inform him how he could rectify his past errors, and at my request one of the spirits of the band spoke to him in substance as follows: "My friend, early in your earth career you became imbued with a love for wealth, and the powers it confers on earth upon those who possess it. You loved it, not for the good that might be wrought with it, but simply for itself; and you gloried in the knowledge that you possessed it. You were unscrupulous in its acquirement, and through the wrongs committed in amassing your riches, you have builded about yourself a wall of darkness. But thanks to the laws of nature, it is within your power to undo all the wrong which you have done; though the unloading may take you a long time. Follow closely the instructions that

will be given you from time to time, and falter not. At first it will be your mission to approach those who are still in the mortal, and who are possessed of a disposition like your own. When you find them doing as you did-enriching themselves at the expense of others-endeavor to impress them to pursue a different course. I will take you to a man who is sitting at this moment engaged in deep study, endeavoring to formulate a plan whereby he can add something to his already vast acquirements without rendering an equivalent value. turn the current of his thought into a different channel, and thus help him to avoid adding another wrong to many preceding ones. Press forward in the work that is given you to You will ever find those about you willing to extend love and charity. And as you see your past errors slipping away, one by one, your reward will come in the ever-increasing happiness which you will enjoy."

INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH A SPIRIT.

Eva (Spirit-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—We bring quite a number of persons to-night, who are not very bad, but they are light, jovial and hard to reach.

Spirit—Say, what's up? What's the matter with you?

Mr. Fisher-Matter with whom?

Spirit—All of you. What's the matter with you, anyhow? Mr. Fisher—Why, nothing. You are happy and jolly, aren't you?

Spirit-Yes, sir.

MR. FISHER-Where did you come from?

Spirit—Well, I came from down town; and I'll tell you there's a funny thing happened to me. I suppose that I am just as dead as anybody can be.

MR. FISHER—You are? You don't act like a dead man.

Spirit—No, that's just where the fun comes in, because,
do you know, my folks think that I am planted five or six feet

below the ground, but I am not.

MR. FISHER—I don't see how they could think that. Themight have planted your body, but I don't see how they couplant you.

Spirit—Well, they think that they planted me, and that where it's so jolly, you know. The fun comes right in their

MR. FISHER—They think that they planted you, but you are not there at all.



Spirit-No, sir,

Mr. FISHER—You can have a good time now, going about.

Spirit—Yes. I don't see a bit of difference, do you?

MR. FISHER—I don't know, because I haven't died. It's very interesting to me, to have you come and tell me these things.

Spirit—I suppose it is.

Mr. Fisher—Yes, because I would like to know something about it.

Spirit—I don't know anything about how it is going to come out. I have no sort of an idea.

Mr. FISHER—It's all right, so far? Spirit—Oh, yes. Jolly! jolly!

MRS. BAILEY-It will get better and better all the time.

Spirit-I hope so.

MR. BAILEY-Did you ever hear of Spiritualism?

Spirit—Oh, gosh, yes! It was regular fun! Do you know, we used to sit around the table; and the way we used to fool those girls; we used to tell them all about their fellows.

Mr. Bailey-Didn't you believe anything in Spiritualism.

Spirit-No; do you?

Mr. Bailey-Yes; we are Spiritualists.

Spirit-Oh, well, that's all right.

Mr. Balley—You are proving Spiritualism to us now, because you are a spirit, and we are mortals.

Spirit-A spirit! Oh, the devil! I never thought of

that.

Mr. Bailey—Haven't you died?

Spirit—Why, yes, I suppose I have.

Mr. Balley—Of course you are a spirit, then.
Spirit—It's a fact, but I didn't think of it before.

MR. BAILEY-Spiritualism is a fact, too, isn't it?

Spirit—Yes, I guess it is; but, you know, I never paid much attention to it.

Mr. Bailey—You have entered now where you can realize more of what life is than we can. You have entered an eternity, a life of progression.

Spirit-Well, I never made a great deal of progress; so I

hope to God I shall begin!

Tom—I should think you would want to be looking around and trying to find some of your folks.

SPIRIT—I don't know as I care anything about any of my folks. I never had a great deal of—what do you call it? Never mind, we won't discuss that.

Tom-I know one you used to like. I should think you

would want to find her.

Spirit—I am not hunting up people. I never found it very profitable to be hunting up people. I just take them as they come, and then let them go; that's the best way.

Tom-That's all right; but don't you remember your old

Aunt Rosy?-your old colored nurse?

Spirit—Yes; I'll tell you what, that was a good old critter!

Tom-Why, of course she was.

Spirit-She had a face that was as black as the devil, but

she had a heart that was good.

Tom—Yes, I know it, for I can see it now, that she had a real good heart. I tell you she thinks lots of you. She says that you are her Massa Charles. Is that your name?

Spirit-Yes, sir.

Tom-I don't know only what she tells me, because I am a stranger to you.

Spirit-Has she been talking to you?

Tom-Yes.

Spirit—Well, why don't she come to me?

Tom—She can't just yet; because, I'll tell you, Charles, when people die they progress out of the earth atmosphere, and go up into the spiritual atmosphere; and then those spirits cannot go directly to those who are "just planted," as you are.

Spirit-Oh, that's it! All right, McCovey.

Tom—It's all growth and progress where you are now. You have got to grow to get to where Aunt Rosy is, because, you know, she has been in the Spirit-life a good while. She loves you so much, and she will be so glad to have you come to her, because there's lots of things she can tell you pertaining to the new life that will be a great benefit to you.

Spirit-Well, I wish she would come to me.

Tom—She is right here, but you can't see anyone only those who are in the same condition that you are in at the present time. She can come down to you, and realize you, but you can't realize her right away.

Spirit-Well, I never thought-it's no matter. I guess I

won't say it.

The second second second

Tom—I know what you were going to say. You might as well say it if you wish to, because this is where every one can express themselves just as they feel.

Spirit-Well, I hadn't forgotten it, but it didn't just come

to me.

Tom-You never thought anything much.

Spirit-Well, there's no use in fussing, getting sorry, and

all those kinds of things—no use at all!

Tom—There's no use in fretting, but there is a good deal of use in thinking; because there is a great deal in Spirit-life to see and learn, and the more you learn, and the farther you advance, why, the better you will be.

Spirit—Do you know, boy, if I were to think I would be crazy in a little while? God! I would be as crazy as a bedbug!

Tom—Oh, no, you wouldn't. It would do you good to think; and you will have to think, because there are lots of things to think about. This is a wonderful life—a wonderful universe—and to think that you are out of your body, now, in this great, broad universe, and that you have a whole eternity to grow in.

Spirit—I will be a good deal bigger than old Goliah, if I

keep on growing a whole eternity!

Tom—I don't mean that you will grow in size; I mean in knowledge and wisdom; there's lots of things to know. Think of all the planets, and this wonderful universe, all working together in such beautiful harmony.

Spirit—Well, do you know, they will work just the same way whether I know about it or not. If I were to understand all about them it wouldn't make a bit of difference—they would

go on just the same.

Tom—Just the same; but still, wouldn't it be nice to understand all those wonderful laws of the spirit? And there's a great deal of good that you can do. Don't you think it is nice to make people feel good?

Spirit-Why, certainly. I never tried to make people

feel bad.

Tom—No; but I'll tell you: There are a great many people who go into the life you have now entered, who are very sad and sorrowful because they don't find things exactly as they expected; and then, again, they didn't live just the right kind of lives.

Spirit—It serves them right if they didn't do right.

Tom—Yes; but at the same time it's a duty for any one to help these poor creatures out of the darkness and suffering, because they all have good friends who love them.

Spirit—Well, why didn't they live as they ought to?

Tom—You must take into consideration their conditions, surroundings and disposition; for they all have a great deal to do with it. If you had been born under the same circumstances, and had the same disposition, you would have done the same.

Spirit-I wouldn't have the same disposition; I wouldn't do it.

Tom—You would, because it would be natural for you. You would have been just the same if you had been born the same.

Spirit-I don't care if I had been born of a pig, I wouldn't

have been anything of the sort.

Tom—Now, don't talk that way, because you would be just as it would be natural that you should be. It is natural for you to be the way you are now, and you couldn't be anything different; and if you had been born under the same surroundings as others, you would have been just as they are. It is all nonsense for people to say that they wouldn't be so and so, because they would be just the same! You were Charles before you were planted, and you are giving out Charles now. If you were some one else after you were planted, you wouldn't be yourself. You have entered a natural life now. I know from experience, because I have been in Spirit-life a long time.

Spirit-How do you find it?

Tom—Very beautiful.

Spirit—What does the beauty consist of?

Tom—The beauty consists of the wonderful country, the wonderful beauties of scenery; and, oh! the beautiful flowers! Do you know, the flowers that grow in the Spirit-land are so full of the bright spirit that they nod to you, and you can see them grow!

SPIRIT—Where are the gardens where these flowers grow Tom—They are up in the higher spiritual realms. You are

now right on the earth-plane.

Spirit-How do you get up there?

Tom-By working.

Spirit-Say! what was that? Do you know my head went off?

Tom—Well, I'll tell you. In order to enable you to talk and hear, your spirit has been clothed with earth-conditions by higher spirits who understand this wonderful process; and when that material is removed from your spirit body you feel as if your head was going off, as you say.

SPIRIT-I did feel so.

Tom—That was when that material was dissolved from your spirit body. You cannot speak the way you are speaking now without your spirit being clothed with that material. You know, when you enter the new life you have to be taught and shown something about it.

Spirit-Yes, I suppose so.

Tom-You don't suppose that you are always going to be like this?

Spirit-Well, I don't know.

Tom—You have duties to perform and you have work to do. Spirit—Well, I hope it won't be piled on very hard.

Tom-Oh, no.

Spirit—But I suppose that if I have to, I have to.

Tom—Yes, you will have to. That is the law of your being, and those laws have to be obeyed, because you wouldn't always be satisfied to go on exactly in the manner you did before you were "planted." You would be tired of the same thing always; and I want to tell you, Charles, your old nurse has lots of things to tell you and show you.

Spirit-What does she want to show me?

Tom—I couldn't tell you now, because I don't exactly know; but I know that she is very anxious.

Spirit—Well, I am ready.

Tom—She says the Lord has been very good to her soul. Spirit—I know she was always prating about the Lord being good to her. Do you know that dear old soul, she took me to meeting one time, and she thought the Lord was going to bless me for it. And she thought I was going to get religion; but I'll tell you the thing didn't stick at all, and I felt, for that dear old soul's sake, that I would like to have it, if there was any such thing; and I guess I came as near praying as I ever did, but I couldn't make the thing stick.

TOM-Of course, Aunt Rosy didn't find things as she ex-



pected; but everything is all right, and she is very happy. She loves you, and is so anxious to have you come up into the spiritual realms—for you know she has been in Spirit-life some time.

Spirit-Oh, yes, a good while.

Tom—She is right here, and she says that she wants to help her Massa Charles.

Spirit—Bless the dear old soul!

Tom—And you are being helped to-night by coming in contact with me; because I am a spirit controlling this young man.

Spirit—Do I understand that the young man is a medium? Tom—Yes.

Spirit-All right; go on.

Tom—I am controlling him, and I am going to show you myself as a spirit; and then afterwards, when I come to you, you must go with me. I will take you to a place where you will learn and see new things, and be led up to where your Aunt Rosy is.

SPIRIT-Is it far?

Tom—Not particularly far, but it will be all right—you will be satisfied. Now, this will amuse you.

Spirit—All right; I like anything that is amusing. What

are you going to do?

Tom—I am going to leave off controlling the young man, and you will see me as a spirit. Now, you look right at the young man's head.

SPIRIT-I will.

MRS. BAILEY-Tell us what you see.

SPIRIT—Oh, shooting stars! How is that for high? Well, sir, that's funny! What is it? As sure as I am a living critter, he has skinned out of the fellow and stands there beside him!

Mr. Bailey-That's Tom.

SPIRIT-The one that was talking to me?

Mr. BAILEY-Yes.

Spirit—I tell you that's a manifestation worth seeing.

Mr. Bailey—We'll make a Spiritualist out of you yet.

Spirit—I wouldn't wonder. He'll go back into his

won't he?

Mr. Bailey-Yes.

Spirit-All right; come on, old boy, let's have it out.

Tom (returns to Mr. Fisher)-Well, now-did you see me?

Spirit—Well, I did. That's a good thing!

Tom—Why, of course it's a good thing! I will tell why, Charles, this gentleman's daughter is doing what is called missionary-work. You know sometimes spirits are crushed out of their bodies, and sometimes people are run over by the cars, and are in a terrible condition; and they are brought here to this place to get righted. And, then, there are those who are in a terrible condition through not having lived the right kind of lives, and through heedlessness, and it is very hard to reach them. I am trying to reach you to-night.

Spirit-That is real good of you. I suppose that I ought

to be reached.

Tom—Yes; and now I want you to go with me, and I will take you to a school.

Spirit-I don't like the sound of that.

Tom—It isn't exactly a school, but it is a place where there are bright spirits who have been in Spirit-life a long time; and they will explain everything to you, and you will be shown the way to get to your friends. Now, Rosy is very anxious about you; I tell you she loves you.

Spirit-Well, if there is anyone who can help me, it is

dear old Aunt Rosy.

Tom—Yes, she took good care of you. No mother could have cared for you as she did, and there is a strong tie between you two, and that tie will be a great benefit to you. She can help you, because you have confidence in her.

Spirit—Well, I loved poor old Aunt Rosy. She's a darling! I would give a great deal to see that dear old soul!

Rosy can never say that I wasn't good to her.

Tom—Yes, and that will be a great help to you in the life that you are now in; because every good thing you did, and every kind act of your life, you will see.

Spirit—Well, that's encouraging; but there aren't a great many to present themselves to me. I am glad that I have laid

up a little for dear old Aunt Rosy.

Tom—Yes; I wish she could speak to you. Do you know, she is listening to all this conversation?

Spirit—Is that so?

Tom-Yes; you speak to her, and maybe she will answer you.



Spirit—Hello! Aunt Rosy! Are you here? Say, dear old mamma, how are you? A long time since we met, ain't it, Aunt Rosy? No, sir, she don't speak. Maybe she can't.

Tom—Just wait a little, she will try. You know, she has been gone some time, and she never spoke in this way. Speak

to her again; it will encourage her.

Spirit—Hello! Aunt Rosy! Aunt Rosy! Here's your boy,

Aunt Rosy! I thought I saw her then.

Tom—Yes, perhaps, if she can't speak to you she may be able to present herself to you. She is trying very hard to do something, so that you will know that what I have been telling you is true.

Spirit-Hello! Aunt Rosy, is that you?

Spirit (Aunt Rosy)—Massa! Massa Charles! Massa Charles!

Spirit—God bless her! Well, come on; for God's sake let's go! I want to go where she is. I catch a glimpse of her once in a while, for an instant.

Tom-Yes; now, my friends, we will all go.

Spirit-Yes, let's go.

Eva—We have reached nearly a hundred to-night. They were all thoughtless, and just enjoyed life the best they could. We got them interested in the conversation, and then got them under our magnetic influence.

UNAWARE OF THE GREAT CHANGE TO THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE.

Eva (Spirit Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—There will a lady speak to you this evening, who is quite peculiar; one whom people generally call cranky. She doesn't know that she has made the change. We have gathered together as large a class as we could, of people who led lives similar to hers.

SPIRIT—Say, Mister, I have sent for you, and sent for you, and I don't know what in the world is the reason that you haven't come to see me. I am not fit to come here. I am

almost dead with my head.

Mr. Bailey-You know doctors can't at all times com-

mand their services.

Spirit—Well, you should have come to me. I am feeling

badly. This has almost upset me.

Mr. Balley—You will soon feel better. I am very glad that you came to see me, because I can fix you up very nicely.

Spirit—Do you think there's any chance for me to get any better?

Mr. Balley—Certainly; I know there is. Don't be discouraged about it. How do you feel to-day?

Spirit—I am feeling very badly indeed.
Mr. Bailey—Where do you feel bad?

SPIRIT—It's my heart, and I do think that sometime I shall go right out.

Mr. Bailey-Well, that's a good way to go, because it

saves suffering.

Spirit—But I do suffer. I suffer all the time.

Mr. Balley—But when people go with heart trouble they go so quickly that their suffering isn't prolonged.

Spirit-My head troubles me, too. Sometimes I really

think that I am going out of my mind.

Mr. Bailey-Oh, no.

Spirit—This has been too much for me, but I wanted to see you, because I heard that you were such a wonderful doctor.

MR. BAILEY-You will feel better, now, in a very short time.

Spirit-What do you think I had best to take?

Mr. Bailey-I will give you something to take that will

relieve you.

SPIRIT—I would be so glad to get relief, but when I get to feeling a little better, then something always comes to upset me. I think if you could have come to me, perhaps you might have helped me; but this is going to kill me, I am sure.

MR. BAILEY-Oh, no. I think you are feeling better than

when you first came.

Spirit-No, I don't think so.

Mr. Bailey—You know the mind has a great deal to do

with it. You should be cheerful.

Spirit—That is what my folks are everlastingly telling me, but how can a poor, sick person like me be very cheerful? I feel so weak.

MR. BAILEY-You will feel stronger in a little while.

Spirit—I think it is a dreadful thing to get sick, and then have your own family act as if there was nothing in the world the matter with you.

MR. BAILEY-That is too bad.

Tom (controlling Mr. Fisher)-Yes, I tell you that's too bad



MR. BAILEY—That is Tom. I would like to introduce you to him.

Spirit—Is he a doctor, too?

IR. BAILEY-Yes.

Tom—Say, I want to ask you a question. Tell me who Dan is?

Spirit—Well, I can't tell you. Tom—Don't you know Dan?

Spirit-Why, I don't know that I do.

Tom—He says that you used to know him. Why, you have been married twice, haven't you? He was your first husband.

Spirit—Oh! Do you mean my Daniel?

Tom-Yes, your Daniel, then. Spirit-How did you know it?

Tom—I can't tell you now, because it would kind of scare you.

Spirit—I don't want to be frightened.

Tom-No. I just got it that you were married twice, and that he was your first husband.

Spirit—To be sure, that was my husband's name.

Tom-Did you like him?

Spirit—I guess I did! Who ever heard of any person asking such a question?

Tom-What made you marry again, then?

Spirit-Because I wanted to.

Tom—Your second husband's name is John. Did you like John as well as Daniel?

THE SPIRIT FEARS SHE MAY GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE.

Spirit—Why, yes. You don't get me into any scrape! You are just trying to get me into trouble. I am not going to

do anything to get myself into trouble.

Tom—I am not going to get you into trouble. I just want to get your mind off a little bit. Say, you used to live in the country, didn't you? You lived on a farm with Daniel, and then, when you married John, you went to the city to live. Didn't you?

Spirit-Yes.

Tom-How did you like the city?

Spirit—Not at all. I never had much health in the city. Doctor, don't you think it would be beneficial for me to go into the country to live again?

MR. BAILEY-I guess it would.

Tom-Now, I will tell you, Mary, you will be all right after a little while. Your name is Mary, because Daniel says so.

Spirit—Yes.

Tom—Now, I am going to hold out my hand, and you come and put your hand close to it, and you will get some magnetism from it, and you will feel better.

Spirit-Yes, I will. Oh my!

Tom-Do you feel that?

Spirit—Why, yes! That is an electric battery, isn't it. Tom—Yes; that will make you feel so much better.

Spirit—Well, I am a great deal better. Well, I declare! I think it is beautiful and grand to do those things. It helps me, I am sure; I am feeling so much better. I haven't talked so long at a time for months, and I haven't been at all troubled with my heart.

Tom—I am afraid that you thought too much of your heart; but you couldn't help it. Say, Mary, would you like to

see Dan?

Spirit-I would be frightened to death to see him!

Tom-You know how you love your Jennie? You love her, don't you?

Spirit-Why, yes, certainly!

Tom—Now, if you were to die, don't you think you would want to look after her a little bit, and see how she is getting along?

Spirit—Well, if I knew about it—but I can't say.

Tom—Now, supposing that you had died, and you would go to Jennie and she would be afraid to see you, and you would want to make yourself known to her and tell her that you lived; wouldn't it make you feel real bad if Jennie should shut the door against you and say that she was afraid to see you?

Spirit—Yes, I suppose it would.

Tom—Of course it would make you feel real bad. And, Mary, it makes Daniel feel real bad to think that you would be afraid of him.

Spirit-Do you think he knows?

Tom-I know that he knows. I can prove it to you.

Spirit-Has he been dead a long time?

Tom—He has been dead over twenty years, he says.

Spirit—Yes.

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Tom—It makes him feel real bad, because he loves you. You don't suppose that when people die they stop loving those whom they loved before, do you?

Spirit-I can't tell you. I don't know.

Tom—Do you suppose that if you died you would forget to love your Jennie? You couldn't do it. You know there is nothing like a mother's love, and certainly a mother won't forget her children, will she?

Spirit—I guess not. But you know the Bible says we are changed in the twinkling of an eye, and I can't tell you how it will be. You don't suppose that we take our human feelings

with us. do you?

Tom—Of course you do, or you wouldn't be Mary. If that means anything in the Bible, that we are "changed in the twinkling of an eye," it means that we are changed from earthlife to Spirit-life, into the spirit-body. Don't you know that you have a spirit-body when you die? St. Paul says: "You have two bodies, a physical body and a spirit-body." Do you know, Mary, that Daniel is just as happy as he can be?

Spirit-Well, I hope that he is.

Tom—Yes, he is. He says that he didn't take much stock in your religion.

Spirit-Well, he was a good man.

Tom—You don't suppose that he went to the bad place, down below, do you?

Spirit—No. I think that the Lord would be kind to him.

Tom—Why do you think that the Lord would be kind to him?

Spirit—He wasn't a bad man, you know.

Tom-Did he believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Spirit—I don't know how he felt the last few moments. You know they are forgiven at the last moment—we trust that they are.

Tom-Yes, we will hope they are, too; but I doubt it. I

don't believe in this deathbed repentance.

THE SPIRIT CARRIES HER BELIEF TO THE SPIRIT-SIDE OF LIFE.

SPIRIT—. t is better to seek the forgiveness of the Lord at the last moment than not at all.

Tom—Well, now, let me tell you; I think that the Lord has something else to do besides trotting around from place to

place for people to ask his forgiveness. I don't think that it makes any difference to the Lord.

Spirit-I don't think that you talk as you should talk.

Tom-Don't you think that the truth should be told at all times?

Spirit-But you are so derogatory. "The Lord trotting around," don't sound well. Doctor, I am sure that you are

not disposed to ridicule sacred things, are you?

Tom-Not things that are sacred, but I have very peculiar ideas about those things. I am not orthodox, by any means. I believe that God is a God of love, and saves all of His children.

Spirit—Yes, I think the Lord is love.

Tom-Yes, and He never gets angry. Don't you know that it says in the Bible, Mary, "I am the Lord thy God, and I am an angry and a jealous God." I don't think that is a very good example for Him to set for His children on earth, do you?

Spirit—We have to obey the commandments.

Tom-Don't get out of it that way, now, Mary. Do you think that it is a very good example, and do you think that is a very nice thing for any one to say? That's no kind of an example for any one to set for others.

Spirit—There's a spiritual meaning to it. Tom-What is the spiritual meaning?

Spirit-The Lord is all righteousness. He has no sym-

pathy with sin.

Tom-If he is all righteousness, he couldn't get angry and jealous. And he said: "I am an angry and a jealous God, and you must have no other gods but me.

Spirit—We shouldn't have any other gods.

Tom-According to that, there must be other gods.

Spirit-We must not worship idols, or make gods out of anything.

Tom-Every one has their God, according to the state to

which the mind is developed.

Spirit-I do think this man will make me crazy.

Tom-You will think that I am the best friend you ever had before you get through with me. Do you know, Daniel tells me that was all stuff and nonsense that you believed.

Spirit—He tells you so?



Tom—Yes, he does. He says he's found out that it isn't true. Now, what do you think of that? He says he is happier than he would be sitting around the throne of God, telling God how good he is.

Spirit—Mercy!

Tom—He says God doesn't need to be told how good he is; he knows how good he is without being told. What do you think of that?

Spirit—It's very strange how you can talk that way!

Tom—I can't help it, you know. When I get these things I must tell you. You wouldn't want me to tell you stories, would you?

SPIRIT-No. But I am afraid that I will get so excited

that my heart will trouble me again.

Tom-No, it won't. Say, Mary, did you ever hear of spirits?

SPIRIT—Yes, I have heard of them.

Tom-Are you afraid of them?

Spirit—Yes. I wouldn't like to have anything to do with them. It is forbidden.

Tom-Oh, pshaw! It isn't forbidden. Where is it forbidden?

Spirit—In the Bible.

Tom-What does it say in the Bible?

Spirit-You must not have familiar spirits.

Tom—And then in another place it says you must "try the spirits." Mary, you are not afraid of me, are you?

Spirit-No, I am not afraid, but I think you talk very

strange.

Том-Didn't I help you by giving you magnetism?

Spirit—Yes, and I feel very grateful to you, too. I thank you so much.

Tom—You needn't thank me, because I love to do it. Do you know, there's nothing in the world so beautiful as making other people happy. I asked you if you were afraid of me.

Spirit—No, I am not afraid of you.
Tom—Do you know that I am a spirit?

SPIRIT-No.

Tom—Yes, I am; and that is the reason I know you name, and know that you had two husbands.

Spirit-I know that is queer. I think he is crazy.

Tom-Say, Mary, would you like to see me?

Spirit-I am looking at you.

Tom—No, you don't see me, you only see the young man I am talking through. I control him.

SPIRIT-You control him?

Tom—Yes; I am using his powers of speech to speak to you, and now I am going to leave him, and I want you to look at me; then you will see him and see me, too. Now, you look!

Spirit—I think you are just making fun of me.

Mrs. Bailey—Oh, no. You just watch as he tells you,

and tell us what you see.

Tom-I think you will like me when you see me.

THE SPIRIT BADLY FRIGHTENED.

Spirit—Will you let me stay with you, please, doctor? I am frightened to death of that man!

Mr. Bailey-There's nothing to be frightened at. When

you see him you will see that he is beautiful.

Spirit-Look at him! Look at him!

Mr. Bailey—Isn't he beautiful? Just see what a fine face he has.

SPIRIT-I am frightened!

MR. BAILEY—There are other ladies here, and they are not

frightened.

Mrs. Bailey—Oh, no. He is beautiful; we have known him for years. He is a spirit who comes to our home and shows himself to those who are to be helped.

Spirit-That is dreadful, isn't it?

Mr. Bailey—Oh, no, it is beautiful. He will be a good friend to you. Don't you think that he looks beautiful!

Spirit-Yes, but it is so strange!

Mr. Bailey—He will go back into the young man again, and explain things more clearly to you.

Spirit—He told me that he controlled the young man.

MR. BAILEY—Yes, he enters the young man and uses his organism to speak to you. The young man is unconscious. He doesn't know what he is saying. I'll tell you, we are Spiritualists. You have heard of them, haven't you?

Spirit-You are?

MR. BAILEY—Yes, we are Spiritualists. We sit here, and spirits come and talk to us just as you are talking now. We



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have a lovely daughter who comes and talks to us. Don't you think that is beautiful?

Spirit-Yes, if you are not frightened.

MR. BAILEY—Oh, no. It is nothing to be frightened at. Tom (returns to Mr. Fisher)—Now, what was the matter? Why were you afraid of me?

Spirit—It looked so strange.

Tom—I think that it is beautiful to be able to see a spirit. I don't know what you will do when you come to die.

Spirit—I can't help being frightened!

Tom—You will get over it pretty soon, because I am going to help you a great deal.

Spirit—I had almost forgotten that I was ill.

Tom—I wanted to make you forget. I think that after a time you will forget all about it. Why, Mary, here is little Freddie! Don't you know?

Spirit—Yes, I know.

Tom—He was your little boy. He is your boy now, but not little now, for he has grown up to be a fine man. Don't you know that they grow up in Spirit-life?

Spirit-No, I didn't.

Tom—Yes, they grow there just the same as they would have grown on earth. Don't you think it will be nice, when you come to die, that you can see all your friends, and be real happy with them?

Spirit—I suppose it will.

EXCELLENT SENTIMENT GIVEN TO THE DESPONDENT SPIRIT.

Tom—I think it is beautiful that, through the good, allwise power, there is no one banished eternally; for all have a chance to rectify and correct all the mistakes they made while on earth, after they die. Don't you think that is nice?

Spirit-Yes, it must be.

Tom—I'll tell you what it is, Mary, it is nothing to die. It is just like going to sleep, and waking up in another life. And sometimes people die and they do not know that they have died, because they take their thoughts with them that they had before they died; and those thoughts cling to them so that the don't take any notice of anything else. And when people die there are lots of kind spirit friends who go to them and try an help them, and make it better for them. There's a good many

who make the change called "death," and don't know it, be cause they feel so natural—just the same, almost, as they did before they died; so that they cannot think that they have died. Now, if you were to die, I don't think that you would take any notice of anything, because you would be thinking all the time of your heart and your head. Say, Mary, what would you do if you found out that you were dead?

Spirit-I can't tell, I am sure!

Tom—Well, I can tell you. If you were dead, you would do just as you have been doing. You would not know that you had died, because you would feel so natural. Those spirits who make the change called death, are very often brought in contact with earth conditions, in order to acquaint them with that fact, and they talk just as you have been talking to-night.

Spirit-I hope that you are not deceiving me.

Tom—I am not deceiving you, Mary, because I am a spirit. I have died, you know. I have been in Spirit-life a long time, and it is beautiful. If you knew, Mary, what a beautiful life there is before you, you would want to die right away.

SPIRIT-Do you think so?

Tom-I know so.

Spirit—I have such a dread of death!

Tom—Oh, it's nothing to die. Don't you think it would be nice if you found out that you had died, and it was all over?

Spirit-I sometimes think if it were all over I would be

glad.

Tom—Well, now, Mary, don't get at all startled, because it is all right. You know that Daniel is near by, and he is going to help you; for you have made the change called death and you don't know it.

Spirit-Oh, dear me! Have I?

Tom-Yes.

Spirit-Well, I feel very strange!

Tom—It will make you feel strange, of course, because you had no knowledge of it; but I will take you and show you such beautiful things. You will go with me, won't you? You won't be afraid of me?

SPIRIT-I don't think that I will.

Tom—Of course you won't. You won't, because I want to help you. I will be just as good and kind to all of you as I can. And I will take you where you will have such beautiful,

bright teachers, and where you will learn something so beautiful.

Spirit-I have lost all pain.

Tom—Of course, you won't have any more. Say, Mary, you have a spirit-body now, and the good spirit friends have clothed your spirit-body with material, so that you can talk. Pretty soon that will be taken from you, but don't be frightened, because I will be right with you, and will take you by the hand.

Spirit-Oh, thank you.

Tom—Don't you know how good you felt when you took that hand?

Spirit—Oh, yes. It made me feel so much better.

Tom—Now, I think that we will bid the friends good night, and we will go. When the material is withdrawn from your spirit, and I leave the young man, you will see me; and you will know that I am going to help you, won't you?

Spirit—Yes, I guess it is all right. Tom—It is all right with you.

THE SINS OF A SPIRIT ARE ARRAYED ALL AROUND HIM.

Eva (Spirit-Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey)—We have brought some very unhappy spirits to-night.

Spirit—Well, I don't know! I am at a loss, an entire loss, to know which way to turn, and how and what to do.

Tom—What seems to be the trouble? Have you lost your

Spirit-I don't know that I have lost the way. I don't know the way.

Tom-What has happened to you?

Spirit—I'll tell you, my friend, as well as I can. I don't know that I shall be able to make you understand, but I am perfectly miserable. I am wretched! I have struggled to get out of this condition, but how? Every wrong thing I ever did (and God Almighty knows my life was full of wrong) is arrayed all around and before me. Oh, it is terrible! It is most awful!

Tom-It belongs to you. That is your property, and yo

must expect to reap what you sowed.

Spirit—But must it always be thus?

Tom-No, not always.

Spirit-I can turn no way-if I go out; if I come back;



I go to the right; if I go to the left, it is always there, haunting, pursuing me, tormenting me!

Tom-Well, my friend, I sympathize with you in your sad

condition, and I will do all I can to aid and assist you.

Spirit—Take it away from my sight.

Tom-That I cannot do.

Spirit—Then how can you help me?

Tom—You must take it away yourself, by labor. I will give you some of my experience, which I think will be of assistance to you at the present time.

Spirit—Have you passed through this experience, or is it

your experience now?

Tom—I have passed through an experience, but not just like yours.

Spirit-There's no turning away.

Tom—Well, my friend, it is what you created, or sent on before you. What could you expect, after leading the selfish life that you led?

Spirit-I prayed and asked God to forgive me.

Tom—That doesn't matter. That doesn't change the effect of wrong doing. If God—such a God as you prayed to—existed, and would pardon and forgive the deeds you committed while in your earthly body, would that take away the suffering and wrong from those you injured and made unhappy, many times, by your sefishness?

Spirit—Well, what can I do? I have fought this thing; I have struggled to get away from it; I shut my eyes, but still I see it! I have lain upon the ground and buried my face; but still it is there! I have run; I have tried to flee away, but still

it is always before me!

Tom—It is only part of man's extreme selfishness to cry out to a God to be forgiven for wrongs which he has done—begging and praying God to forgive him for the injuries which he has done others; because, if that forgiveness were granted, it would not take away the suffering and sorrow that you caused many by your selfishness. Now, the only way is to labor and make restitution as far as you can.

Spirit—I have tried to make restitution to some whom I have wronged. It is a hard word to say; it is hard for me. I tried to make them feel that I regretted it, but I cannot do it;

they believe me not.



Tom—It is hard for you to say that you wronged any one, because you were of such a nature that you only considered yourself, and everything and everyone must conform to your opinions. So, you see, you must begin by making full acknowledgment of your wrong. Should the wrongs not rise up before you as you have seen them, you would not realize the life you led while in the body.

Spirit—I think you are right there, my friend, because there were things that were quite forgotten; but to me they seem not such enormous sins that they should pursue me day

and night.

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Tom—Man will, many times, excuse great mistakes and great errors which he has committed, but should others commit those errors he would not excuse, but would condemn very harshly. These things, in one respect, will be your savior; for this reason: They will show you your condition through the reflection of your past life. Now you have entered a new life. Avoid any repetition of those acts of selfishness. Try and cultivate unselfishness. Reach out in the condition which you are now in, toward some who are still more weighted down by the effects of their past life, and try to assist them when you are prepared to do so.

Spirit—But, my friend, I am discouraged. Never would I come to you with this tale of my misfortunes and my sad

condition, were I not discouraged.

Tom—You must not be discouraged, my friend, for the Star of Hope is shining above you. There are many bright, loving, sympathizing souls who have passed on and up through earth conditions, who will reach down their helping hands to you, and aid you to cast off those conditions which so cling to your soul and prevent you from progressing as you should; for you have entered a life of progression. When you sincerely and earnestly desire to repent and make restitution, unselfishly, you will have help extended you, and you will get thoughts in various ways, which you must follow. They will help you, step by step, out of these terrible conditions which so stain your soul at the present time.

Spirit—Yes, they are terrible. I would be willing to do almost anything, if these dark, terrible presentations could be

removed.

Tom-You must brighten them up by deeds of unselfish-

ness. Some of those whom you wronged are in Spirit-life, and you will have opportunities, in the course of time, of coming in contact with them, and asking their forgiveness.

Spirit—Will you please, sir, to tell me what must be the

first step?

Tom—When I leave this young man (for I am a spirit, controlling him), I will tell you what the first step is. I, too, have passed through the change called death, and have been in Spirit-life some time.

Spirit—Have you, too, suffered?

Tom—Not in the way you suffer. I only suffered from false teachings.

Spirit-How could you suffer from false teachings if you

were honest?

Tom—Because I did not find Spirit-life as I expected to find it. It was a disappointment to me for a little time. I wanted to see the saints whom I had prayed to. I was looking for them. Your education clings to your spirit for some little time after you make the change, until it is worked off. Now, it makes me very happy to try and bring sunshine into these souls who are in such darkened conditions as you are.

Spirit—Oh! I pray you, give me a little sunshine, for it has been so long—I have been so lonely—I have suffered. I cannot rid myself of these things! I have asked forgiveness, which is something new for me, yet here I am, surrounded by

everything that is unpleasant.

Tom—My dear friend, I wish to put a question to you now; and I wish you to answer me honestly. Do you not think, after living the life that you lived, when you had so many opportunities to do so much good, that you deserve just what you have experienced?

Spirit—That may be, but must a man be forever in darkness of soul, of spirit—nothing but the dark deeds of his life before him every moment? No way out of this misery and

suffering?

Tom—By laboring, and following the advice of the spirit friends who wish to aid and assist you, you will rise out of these darkened conditions, and be able, in time, to labor and assist others; for there are many in sad conditions like yourself; and you, having passed through this soul-purification by suffering, will feel more keenly for others than you possibly



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kness! The darkne:

Will the shadows ever pass away? Wandering, wandering, and no companionship; nothing but desolation. The very fountain of life seems dried up. Ah! a glimpse! gone! gone! Why is this?

MR. BAILEY—That is the result of your earth-life.

Spirit—How could I hinder my earth-life? How could I make it different? I believe the path is laid out for us, and we must travel it.

Mr. Bailey—That is an orthodox idea, but you will find out that it is a mistake.

Spirit-Is there no sunlight? Is there no joy?

Tom-You will attain joy by working for it.

SPIRIT—How work? There is nothing to do but to wander, wander!

Tom-Do you not find others in a worse condition than you are?

Spirit—How can they be worse? Rocks, roughness and dryness—all solitude!

Tom—Through these experiences thought is brought out.

It is well to be left alone with your own conditions.

Spirit-But it is most depressing at times.

Tom—Very true, but you must face the reflections of your own life. If you were to attain that which you have not labored for, you would not appreciate it. It would not be a benefit for the growth and devolopment of your soul, as it would if you had worked for it.

Spirit-I have always labored. I have never been idle.

Tom—Very true, my dear sir; you labored on the material plane, for material gain, and for selfish, worldly ends. I look about me and I see many who never did a kind or unselfish act in all their earth-life.

Spirit—Well, are we not placed on earth for that purpose—to toil for the physical?

Tom-No.

Spirit—Then why are we beset with these wants and these cravings? We must have raiment, we must have food and shelter, and to gain it we must labor; not alone for ourselves, but for those who are dependent upon us.

Tom-Very true; but there is much that you labor for that is unnecessary. People surround themselves with that which

only tends to make them more selfish.



Spirit—I have sometimes thought so, and yet it seems that we are placed in positions where we are forced to move

ust so.

Tom-That may be; but, my friend, take lessons from Each tree and each beautiful flower only draws and nature. takes from the earth that which is necessary for its growth and development; and thus, one tree does not seek to draw all the sustenance from the earth, to the exclusion of the others. It only takes that which is necessary for its own growth, development and unfoldment, leaving the rest for others to grow and thrive upon. Now, what a beautiful world this would be if the human kind would take that lesson, and each one take only that which is necessary for his own growth and unfoldment, leaving the rest for other souls, who are suffering for the bare necessities of life. Why, my dear sir, there is enough wasted in many households to feed and clothe many who are on the verge of starvation; and if each and all would strive to give to others that which is going to waste, how different the conditions in earth-life might be made.

SPIRIT—That is all very true; but of what use can one individual be? It would not be so much as a drop in the ocean.

Tom—Still, the ocean is made up of drops, and each drop helps to make the whole. And so it is with every good deed, every good thought, and every kind act, one toward the other. Some, to obtain the proper growth and development, must be left to themselves. There must be a strong, earnest, sincere, unselfish desire for growth and betterment of condition; and that desire, when sincere and unselfish, will be responded to by those whose mission it is, and whose happiness consists in aiding and assisting poor, sin-sick, earth-bound spirits (due to their having lived false and selfish lives), and helping them up out of the darkness into the light. You could not expect growth in the caves of the earth. Flowers would not bloom and flourish there. So there are mental conditions that are far worse than the caves of the earth, which retard spiritual growth.

SPIRIT—I believe you, sir; but in order to reach something better, what is to be done? How is this growth to be arrived

at? What are the conditions?

Tom—First of all, to realize that your condition is the result of your life on earth; perchance much of it through ignorance.

Spirit-My life on earth! Certainly I am on earth. What

is the meaning of those words?

Tom—Yes, you are on earth at the present time, but many who are here now are what I would term earth-bound. They have passed through the change called death and are not aware of it.

Spirit-Can such a thing be possible?

Tom-Yes, it is possible.

SPIRIT—After the soul, the spirit, the mind has left the body, it does not know that it has made the change? and has

its reason and identity?

Tom-Yes, for identity is preserved through all eternity. Their mental condition is owing to their having formed erroneous ideas of things on earth. They thought that by believing certain things, and subscribing to certain creeds, that they would be saved from what they term sin; that the Son of God came upon earth and died to save them from those sins; and that by so believing they will be saved. When those people come to make the change called death, in various ways-some by accident-and their spirits are thrust violently from their physical bodies, they find themselves outside of their bodies (they have a spiritual body which corresponds exactly with their physical body), and they do not find things as they expected. They do not see God or find themselves in the arms of Jesus, as they supposed; consequently, though they realize that something has happened, many of them do not think that can be death, because they do not see and experience that which they thought they would. Then, again, there are those who reason that such doctrines could not be-they would be contrary to reason, and they are not aware when this change called death takes place.

Spirit-Well, sir, I beg your pardon, but it does seem to

me contrary to all good sense and reason.

Tom—When people of that class leave their bodies, they find their identity the same, but they do not realize that they have made that change, because they were so sure that when that change took place they wouldn't have any life. And they are surrounded, many times, with the conditions they made by the lives which they led while in the body. Sometimes people of that class have led very good lives, and it takes only a very short time for the higher spirits to help them up out of their

darkened condition into the light, where they can take up the duties of Spirit-life and progress.

Spirit-What are those duties?

Tom—The duties of Spirit-life are many and various. They must in each case be adapted to the growth and development of each individual soul. You know that the trees and the flowers do not all absorb the same chemicals from the earth. Some spirits may have been well developed in the physical body, in various ways; they may have developed generosity, love and kindness, toward their fellow-beings, while other things will be lacking; consequently their spirit would have to have additional training in those qualities that are lacking.

SPIRIT-Yes, I think that I understand you.

Tom—The interchange of thought, and the interblending of ideas, and working together—each working for the other—that helps the growth of the spirit. We get our instructions and thoughts from those above us, and we in turn extend our experiences and our development and growth to those poor earth-bound spirits when a desire is awakened within their spirit for a change. There is great brightness and beauty in Spirit-life; there are smiling faces and beckoning hands. The loved ones who have gone on and up extend their love and sympathy to those poor souls in darkened conditions, and they will aid and assist them up into the bright sunlight, where their spirit may expand and be made ready to receive the great knowledge of this great, grand universe. It is only a matter of time, and the spirit's desire.

Spirit-Well, it is my desire. I would advance; I would

go up into the light.

Tom—Growth must come from desire. If those on the physical plane would desire, earnestly and sincerely, that only which develops the spirit—but most of the desires on the physical plane are to gratify the physical. Many desire to have great wealth, that they may surround themselves with that which wealth alone can bring.

Spirit-But that leaves the heart and soul so hungry-it

satisfies not. I have passed through that.

Tom—That is so, for those things are but fleeting. How much better it would be if they desired only that which would promote the growth and development of the spiritual, and not let the demands of the physical dwarf the spiritual growth; for then there is so much more to be done.

Spirit-That has been my case.

Tom-And that is the case with many.

Spirit—I would take hold of something that will give me life and liberty. This darkness, this barrenness, I would get from me if I could.

Tom—You can get rid of much of these unpleasant conditions through desire, and helping others; for the greatest happiness is in making others happy. And the spirits who have passed on and up through these conditions will return to you and aid and assist you out of these unpleasant surroundings into the beautiful sunshine of growth and soul-unfoldment. They will help you where your soul can be warmed and brought into a new and glorious life; where you can receive instructions from those rich in experience of the soul life, who will hand their wisdom, love and sympathy down to you through others who are nearer your condition; and you, in turn, in time, can hand the same down to others still below you. And so, then, onward and upward, aiding and assisting, and receiving aid and assistance as you assist those who are below you.

Spirit-Well, I will try. I must try. I must get out of

the darkness and find better conditions.

Tom—Yes, and you all, dear friends, will be aided and assisted to the beautiful soul-land beyond.

CONCLUSION-STATEMENTS WORTHY OF CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

When we are born into this mortal stage of existence we are dependent for the state and rapidity of our development upon the conditions, circumstances and surroundings preceding our birth; and upon those conditions, circumstances and surroundings among which we are placed at birth. In fact, the earlier stages of our existence are beyond our control, and many feel that we should not be held to a strict responsibility for our acts or thoughts which have naturally grown out of those conditions; but that we are so held would seem equally as reasonable and just as that we should suffer for the indiscretions of our ancestors, and that we do so suffer is a well-established fact.

If, then, conditions, circumstances and surroundings enter



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so largely into the proper unfolding of the bud of humanity as it blossoms on the material plane, so must they have their influence when the material stage shall have reached conclusion, the petals shall have dropped away and withered, and the individual shall have been born into the next or more spiritual stage of existence. Realizing that this is true, what, then, is there for us to do, if we would perform our duty toward our fellow-man and toward ourselves, but to exert all our energy in the direction of establishing such conditions as will give to the unborn child, or to the new-born spirit, the better opportunity for the unfoldment of the good that is within it.

As time passes on and the dark ages roll away in the dimdistance of the past, humanity realizes the great necessity of enlightenment; and various and many are the institutions established and being established, all intended to elevate the standard of human knowledge. This work is being done by certain of earth's children, that each rising generation may receive more of the light of truth and knowledge than its predecessors, thus improving mortal life in its every walk. Human enlightenment tends toward the extinction of drunkenness, vice and crime, with their attendant accessories and consequences; and by stimulating the aspiration to higher things than those demanded by the baser part of our natures, it raises mankind higher and higher in the scale of moral development.

It seems to me that this advancement must tend toward the betterment of the physical and material, as well as of the spiritual condition of the race; as it teaches us how best to control the circumstances and conditions which surround us.

The provisions made for the advancement of educational endowments are being continually added to, as are the various charitable and reform institutions which are provided to care for the welfare of the mortal. And all of the philanthropic efforts toward advancement in knowledge, and in the betterment of the material conditions surrounding our mortal life, have their influence in producing a better condition for those who are to be born into this plane of life.

The various religious sects, bodies and societies claim to have been established for the purpose of propagating a code of morality here, and to teach us of that life beyond the mortal which all must enter; but to those who have had long and varied experience in the investigation and study of spirit return and Spiritualism, it has become thoroughly understood that, however much of good there may be in the moral teachings of Christianity, as applied to our earth-lives, it falls far short of

the mark when it attempts to teach of the future state.

The system of religion as taught by the various denominations, which makes the atoning grace of Christ the foundation of salvation for the human family, has, by its promises, raised up a race of people, many of whom owe their very unhappy condition in the Spirit-world to their erroneous ideas of life, and to the false doctrines of the religious denominations to which they belonged while in the mortal. Having received such earnest and solemn assurance of forgiveness, through Christ, for all sins of omission and commission, and selfishly desiring to gratify appetites and passions that are inconsistent with right living, they go on from year to year, always intending to lay hold of the Christ-principle, but always delaying the coming of the day upon which their lives are to be regulated by that principle, because they are too weak to lay aside their selfishness. They believe that they have faith in the redeeming power of Christ, but they lack strength to forsake their sins and follow him. Thus, then, they go on, and one day awake to find themselves beyond "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and behold the Christ comes not to them, and neither are they in the presence of their God. Being met with a condition that is entirely new to them, they are at a loss how to proceed; but, realizing more clearly than in earth-life their own unworthiness, they plead more and more ardently for that forgiveness for their sins which will allow them to enjoy the blessings of Heaven without having to pay the debts which they have incurred.

Thus, one condition especially established for the uplifting of the human race has in this vital particular proven abortive in its efforts. Had the Christian denominations contented themselves with teaching a high code of morality for the government of the mortal life of man, and omitted the speculative theories on the future life which have been taught as fact, it would have been much better for the human family. And it is to aid in counteracting the effects of the false teachings of theology, as well as to assist those poor souls whose lives have

become warped and misshapen from other causes, that I call upon the good Spiritualists of this land to give a helping hand.

Who is there among us, whose investigations and study have been carried on over any considerable period, that has not come in contact, in one way or another, with spirit intelligences who exhibited evidence of a malicious or mischievous intent to mislead or do harm? Few of us there are who have not had experience with what are commonly termed "dark spirits;" and many firm Spiritualists will argue that the only proper course to pursue when a dark spirit makes himself manifest to us, is to firmly and decidedly drive him away; and if he should persist in manifesting after repeated efforts to drive him out, then the conditions should be broken, thus depriving the spirit of the power to manifest. Experience has proven to me that in at least ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the dark spirit is amenable to kind and courteous treatment, and it is almost always possible to interest them in some line of thought bearing upon spiritual affairs, that will tend toward developing within them a knowledge of the life which they have entered, and the responsibility which rests upon them as individuals endowed with an inalienable right to eternal advancement and progression.

Each and every time that a dark spirit manifests in our presence, an opportunity is afforded us to aid a human being; and we should have a care how we trifle with these opportunities to do good, lest that by-and-by we be forced to question ourselves, asking: "Have I made the best of the opportunities that have been presented to me? Has not my brother come to me for aid, and did I not turn him away empty-handed?" A patient and kindly temperament should always be maintained in dealing with unprogressed spirits, and truth should always be spoken to them. Let a malicious or mischievous spirit understand that you always tell the truth, and let him see by your patience and perseverance that you are sincere in your desire to aid him, and it is rarely the care that you will fail in winning his confidence and esteem. step gained, and a little idea given him of the fundamen' principles of life, according to the teachings of our spiriti philosophy, and you have placed the spirit in a position to reached by the higher and brighter intelligences, who c teach them how to throw off their darkened conditions '

earnest and persistent labor.

Much precious time is lost to the darkened soul when impatiently driven from your presence without having been given that aid which he needs; precious time to him, because it dooms him to a longer period of darkness and unrest; precious time to him, because the harshness which he has met with from you has stirred him to greater bitterness, and may cause him to add other errors to the record of his life; and as he must outwork and undo all of his wrongs which he may commit, we are making ourselves responsible for a share of his transgressions, and we will, undoubtedly, be called upon to wash away the stain thus made upon our own mantles.

Always bear in mind that anger is one of the strongest conditions which you can furnish a malicious spirit, or one who tries to persecute you. They always come in an angry mood, and if you throw off the same condition toward them, you are simply providing them with ammunition with which to fight you; therefore, be patient, charitable and kindly in your treatment of them, and your efforts will be rewarded by the

good results which will follow.

The individual who enters Spirit-life imbued with the idea that Christ in any way possessed the power to forgive his sins-no matter if he be an earnest and consistent Christian, or a hypocritical believer—is at once handicapped in the race of spiritual progress by the possession of that erroneous impression. One is so wrapped up in the desire to meet his Savior and receive that heavenly reward for a life well spent, and the other is so filled with fear that all may not be well with him and that he has delayed too long sincere repentance, that neither can be reached by those higher spirit intelligences who are qualified to lead them upward into the light. unless they can come in contact with some mortal or mortals who can turn their minds into the proper channels, they must drift along until, becoming wearied of searching and finding not-weary of praying and receiving no response, they ask: "Is this all of life? Is there nothing higher? Oh, give me truth, if I have it not!" Then the positive condition born of their firm belief in Christ, having given place to a passive or receptive condition born of aspiration, they can be reached by the higher teachers.

And while this class of spirits does not suffer the torments of conscience which rack those who are bound in darkness



through degradation and vice, still they, too, lose much of time that is precious to them, if they are unable to enter a condition where the pathway of progression can be pointed out to them.

Enjoyable as it is to converse with and to receive instructions from those in the Spirit-world whom we love and in whom we have confidence, still to those who are endowed with a sympathetic nature there is vastly more pleasure to be derived from the same time spent in aiding some poor soul who hungers for sympathy, and who is desirous of attaining a higher position in Spirit-life. To very many people who have not investigated Spiritualism, and whose only ideas concerning it are gathered from others almost equally as ignorant as themselves regarding the subject, the idea seems prevalent that there is nothing to it beyond the claim that our friends who have passed from mortal life can communicate with us, and that part they do not believe. Now, if it were clearly understood that our conversation with those dear ones whom we love so much are but a small, though a very delightful, part of our experience, and that there is a field for work within the limits of our grand truth, sufficiently large to give employment to all who can possibly become interested, and a work, too, which brings light and joy to all concerned, there would be a very different feeling on the subject.

When we listen to an ethical lecture, we can appreciate, to a certain extent, the sentiments expressed; and while we may agree with that which is said, still it does not impress us so strongly as do actual facts with which we come in contact in our daily experiences. For instance, the drunkard and the conditions surrounding him teach us a much more forcible lesson of the evils of intemperance than can any lecture that may be delivered before us. So it is with the mission-work among the spirits who are in need of assistance. By coming in contact with them, and observing the result of the mistakes which they made while in the mortal, we are forcibly reminded of the consequences which must follow similar errors on our part. Thus while acting in the capacity of teachers in the primary stage of Spirit-life, we are also gaining grand and useful lessons, which can, if we will permit them, exert a mighty influence for goo

upon our lives:

In the preceding papers giving accounts of seances held have selected a variety of cases, so that the readers migh

become conversant with the mode of procedure which we adopt in dealing with the various classes of spirits whom we endeavor to assist. As there are never two people exactly alike in every particular, so there are never two cases which we treat that are just the same. No two individuals of any class that have been brought to us have been just alike. The manner of their passing out may have been the same, but there is always a difference in the characteristics of each, and in the causes which have led up to their being in need of aid after having passed out of the body. Thus there is a never-ending variety, which is always interesting, while it is also instructive.

In concluding these papers on mission-work, I realize more vividly the vastness and importance of the subject, and my own lack of capacity to properly place it before the people; and if my literary abilities were on a par with the deep interest which I take in the mission-work, I believe that I could have so filled the hearts and minds of the readers that they would rest not until they, too, should experience the pleasure and satisfaction of assisting some poor, darkened soul into a brighter and happier condition.

E. T. WASHBURN.



Death by Torture Vividly Portrayed,

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

IT IS AN EXCEEDINGLY SAD COMMENT ON RELIGION, THAT THE MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL DEATHS HAS BEEN CAUSED BY IT, A PERVERSION OF NATURE, BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE.

(Exprelssy prepared by Mr. A. M. Griffen. He is a resident of Chicago, leading an active professional life, and has made a special study of matters of history pertaining to the various churches.)

*It was the theory of the civil law of Ancient Greece and Rome, which was perpetuated in the laws of the European nations until about the middle of the last century, that men could be made to tell the truth by inflicting upon them severe bodily pain; and thence arose a general system of torture, or, as it was termed, "putting to the question," in criminal, and sometimes in civil, legal proceedings. But this system did not contemplate the death of the subject; nor was the torture often employed as a punishment directly for crime; but the chief object was the discovery of evidence in regard to the criminality of the accused, or as to his accomplices in crime. This was the theory of the law; but there were forms of punishment employed by some of the ancients which were intended, by the intensity of physical suffering entailed, to make the crimes for which they were inflicted not likely to be often committed. Of such forms of punishment were crucifixion, and exposure to wild beasts in the arena, and other cruel modes of inflicting death, so commonly employed by Nero in the persecution of the early Christians.

Although torture existed as a fact in all of the European countries, and as a part of the law and authorized procedu of those countries (excepting England, Aragon and Swede

^{*}We are indebted to THE CORMOTOLITAN, a most excellent magazine, of Irvins, N.Y., for the illustrations in this chapter on "Death by Torture." In that magazine are produced under the head of "Salvation Via the Rack," a thrillingly interesting an



fice to reduce it to the chief means h, both in the contax property and in ersion" of souls. strange anomaly it e law of nations, s civilized, for ages le been that of the amind of the highway-# easonably enough, es would seem to the origin of toring the old Romans of torture was said e to rest originally (mores majorum)." that quaint old former who boldly telzed the French the most cruel of eies, presumably on the many cruelresced by them in the deligion, makes the boservations in his cal Dictionary re-cal dictionary re-"They were not, ted it; there is earance that this legislation owes The two a highwayman.

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laws and proceedings this Holy Office, which professed to act under the influence of the doctrines of the Redeemer of the World." This from the pen of the compiler and translator Llorente's History of the Inquisition of Spain.

Perhaps next to burning at the stake, the instrument which played greatest part in the methods of torture is the rack, which seems to have been

tizens, as well as nishment of none

In frame, without a nicele to support the back within and then fastened by



ropes to rollers at each end of the frame, and these rollers were turned by means of a ratchet wheel until the sufferer's body was brought to the level of the top of the rollers, and in many cases until the joints were completely dislocated. cords binding the victim were drawn so tight that they cut through the flesh nearly to the bone. Furthermore, as an accompaniment of this terrible torture, the prisoner, while thus bound, "was forced to open his mouth, a fine wet cloth was spread over his face, and water was then forced into his mouth from an earthen vessel with a hole in the bottom, in a steady stream, which fell so slowly that more than an hour was required to consume a pint. This constant flow of water into his mouth and nostrils, joined to the unfavorable position, added to all the other torments of the sufferer the agonies of an incessant struggle with suffocation, and made the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs a very frequent result of the infliction of the cruelty." [Evan ap Gwalia, in Primitive Catholic, May 20, 1893.]

The object of this proceeding was torture, and it will not be questioned that it was accomplished! Torture by the rack was no idle ceremony; it was a dread reality to hundreds of thousands of victims, and stands as a monument of infamy—not to religion pure and undefiled, but to that system of idolatry, superstition and fanaticism which men in their blindness and ignorance believed, as some still believe, to be the

true religion of Christ.

Another form of the rack was called the "Pulley." The victim's hands being bound behind his back, heavy weights of wood, or iron, or stone, were fastened to his feet; he was then hoisted up to the roof of the chamber of torture by means of a pulley, or windlass, the ropes being attached to his bounden, hands. Then his body was allowed to suddenly drop within a few inches of the ground, which often dislocated every joint of his limbs. Thus heresy was supposed to be jerked out of the wretched creature in an expeditious and most thorough manner. Sometimes the same "holy" end was attained by stretching the heretic's body horizontally in the air by ropes secured to the feet and wrists, at the same time fixing underneath the back, at the base of the spine, a sharpened stake, the office of which was to prick the tender part and thus prevent "sagging."

Other methods of racking or wrenching the body, par-

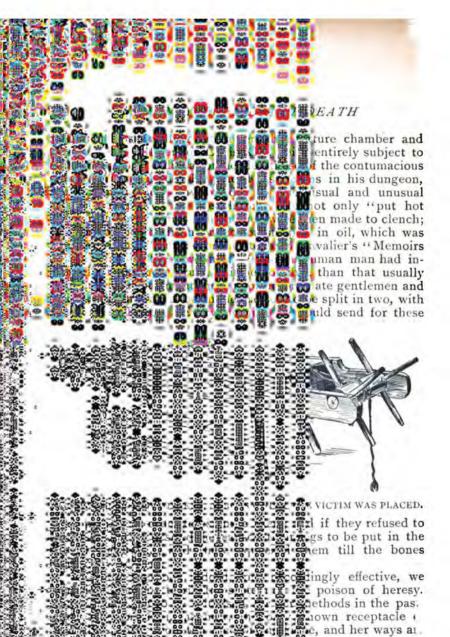


tially or completely asunder, were also employed, one of which in particular strikes the imagination with intolerable horror. It is described by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, of February, 1895. It consists of hitching a horse to each of the four limbs of the wretched culprit's body, and then "the horses were started up, but immediately checked, after a single wrench had been given. The tendons, sinews and muscles which bind the limbs to the trunk are of great strength and elasticity, and will sustain an almost incredible strain without actually parting. After a short intermission the drivers once more whip up their steeds and another wrench is This process is continued for a longer or a shorter time, according to the toughness of the subject; it was not infrequently prolonged for five or six hours. At length, when the spectacle had become monotonous to the spectators, the horses were sent on their way for good; there was a moment's tug, and then all four limbs came away at once, in as many different directions, leaving the still breathing trunk in the The limbs were now hastily collected and placed upon the body, and the whole ghastly heap was laid upon a pile of wood and burned alive."

Sometimes the victim was simply suspended by the arms while weights were attached to the feet. Again, if thought advisable by the masters of the ceremonies, trees of suitable size and flexibility were forced together and the limbs of the heretic fastened to them. The trees being then suddenly loosened, flew apart with sufficient force to tear asunder the wretched being who had been courageous or foolish enough to incur the wrath of the ecclesiastics by asserting some degree of independence or freedom of thought.

One special device for torturing, called the "Squeezers," is deserving of special mention, and particularly as it was the invention of one of those "holy men of God" who graced the Church of Rome in its palmiest days of power. This was a certain archpriest named Du Chayla, who was stationed at Pont-de-Montvert, in the territory of the Cevennes, that hotbed of Protestantism in France, during the reign of the celebrated Louis XIV. This redolent functionary of Rome had for his assistants eight young priests. Having failed in his efforts to convert the Huguenots by preaching, he deemed it advisable to resort to force, and for this purpose converted the arched





 pulling out the hair, for tearing the flesh and pinching out the nails; irons for singeing and branding; iron gauntlets for crushing the hands; knives for skinning the living body, and numerous other instruments and devices for torturing the body for the good of the soul, the mystery of which anomalous proceeding, however deep to the modern conception, seems to have been quite clear to the mind of the mediæval Christian.

The horrible torture of deprivation of sleep was sometimes inflicted upon Protestants by Catholics, and especially by the dragoons billeted upon the Huguenots of France by Louis XIV. at the dictation of his Jesuit confessors. The horrors of this mode of cruelty can better be imagined than described.

Passing on to other methods of inflicting torture, we have two forms of the "iron boot," both horrible in the extreme; one, a favorite one in France, consisted of passing rings of iron around the legs and then driving wooden wedges between the rings and the flesh till the muscles were reduced to a jelly; the other was an actual pair of iron boots, into which the feet were put and boiling water then poured in, so that often when the feet were removed from the boots nothing but the bare bones remained.

Breaking on the wheel was likewise much practiced upon the Huguenots, but not especially under the direction and supervision of the Inquisition, since the Holy Office did not in the later days of French persecution flourish there—the Catholic League, Louis XIV., the Jesuits, Madame de Maintenon and the dragoons amply supplying the pious needs of Rome in that kingdom. While the ordinary apparatus used in this punishment consisted of a framework, upon which were fastened sharp-edged boards, whereon the victim was tied, who then was broken and crushed by heavy wheels which the executioner rolled back and forth over him, the method employed in France, as described by Samuel Smiles in his "Huguenots in France" (page 58), was as follows:

"To be broken alive on the wheel was one of the most horrible of tortures, a bequest from ages of violence and barbarism. It was preserved in France mainly for the punishment of Protestants. The prisoner was extended on a St. Andrew's cross, with eight notches cut on it—one below each arm, between the elbow and wrist, another between each elbow and the shoulders, one under each thigh, and one under each



leg. The executioner, armed with a heavy triangular bar of iron, gave a heavy blow on each of these eight places, and broke the bone. Another blow was given in the pit of the stomach. The mangled victim was lifted from the cross and stretched on a small wheel placed vertically at one of the ends of the cross, his back on the upper part of the wheel, his head and feet hanging down. There the tortured creature hung until he died. Some lingered five or six hours, others much longer. This horrible method of torture was only abandoned at the French Revolution in 1790."

Many of the Huguenot, or Protestant, preachers of France were tortured to death in this manner. An example illustrating the heroism of these preachers is given by the same author

(page 40), as follows:

"Homel (formerly the pastor of the Church of Sovon) was taken prisoner, and found guilty of preaching to his flock after his temple had been destroyed. For this offense he was sentenced to be broken to death upon the wheel. To receive this punishment he was conducted to Tournon, in Viverais, where the Iesuits had a college. He first received forty blows of the iron bar, after which he was left to languish with his bones broken for forty hours, until he died. During his torments he said: 'I count myself happy that I can die in my Master's What! did my glorious Redeemer descend from service. Heaven and suffer an ignominious death for my salvation, and shall I, to prolong a miserable life, deny my blessed Savior and abandon his people?' While his bones were being broken on the wheel, he said to his wife: 'Farewell, once more, my beloved spouse! Though you witness my bones broken to shivers, yet is my soul filled with inexpressible joy.' After life was finally extinct, his heart was taken to Chalencon to be publicly exhibited, and his body was exposed in like manner at Beauchatel."

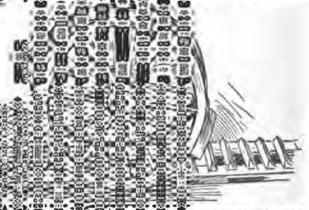
Another cure for the sin, or crime, of heresy might not inappropriately be called the "Water Cure." The poor victim was placed in the "Water Cell" in the chamber of torture, and firmly tied in a sitting posture in the center of the vault, while high above him was a small pipe from which the water dripped, drop by drop, upon the same spot of the head, until insanity or death relieved the soul from its torments. At other times the heretic was fastened to a bench, on his back,

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was that of the "Pendulum." Llorente, in the preface to his history, before referred to, describes this torture as follows:

"The following fact shows that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada. * * * was present when the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the order of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was: some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly

the nature of the crime of which he was accused.

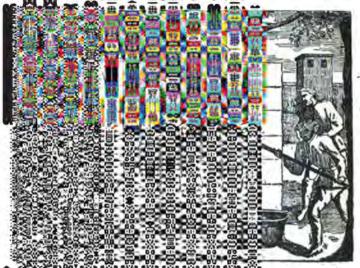
"One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the 'Pendulum.' The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows: The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer: at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on, until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the Holy Office, in its mercy, ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!"

This assuredly was the inspiration of a fiend. Roasting over a slow fire—another form of torture often practiced by the same delectable institution—would strike the imagination as tame compared to the torture of the Pendulum; and thus of those other gentle and humane methods, such as "pouring melted lead into the ears, immersing one or more limbs or the whole body in boiling oil," skinning alive, piercing or tearing out the tongue, putting out the eyes, cutting off the hands, crushing the body with heavy weights, and otherwise mutilating the form divine.

None were so high, none so low, as to escape the inquisitorial office. Created by the papal authority, and permitte and sustained by the secular government, it assumed jurisdiction over both ecclesiastical and civic officers. Kings, princes, magistrates, archbishops, bishops, priests, learned men, lay men in all stations of life, the pure and saintly, age, youth no



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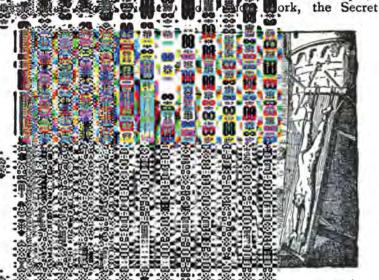
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must have been produced in the minds of these young people by this abominable sign, which reminded them of the captivity, despair or death of their relations, and the punishment with which they were themselves menaced? They wandered about like shadows, scarcely caring for an existence so precarious; reading in every glance pity or hatred, and already bearing the mark of the fatal blow. Bigots have at times singular inspirations."

Strange as it may appear, it would seem that the peculiar office and function of the "church militant" in the world has chiefly been to make life for man as miserable and death as terrible and dreadful as possible. Contemplate for a moment the punishment and torture of the galley-slave, which continued for the space of a hundred years in France, ending in 1775, just before the outbreaking of the so-called Reign of Terror, which in truth was the breaking of the chains which held the people in subjection to the priesthood of the Church of Rome. Samuel Smiles, the author of "The Huguenots in France," thus describes this lifelong and dreadful torture

(page 194):

"The punishment of the men found attending religious meetings [that is, Protestant meetings], and taken prisoners by the soldiers, was to be sentenced to the galleys, mostly for life. They were usually collected in large numbers, and sent to the seaports attached together by chains. They were sent openly, sometimes through the entire length of the kingdom, by way of a show. The object was to teach the horrible delinquency of professing Protestantism; for it could not be to show the greater beautifulness and mercifulness of Catholicism. Sometimes it was punishment of the Chain varied in degree. more cruel than at other times. This depended upon the driver of the prisoners. Marteilhe describes the punishment during his conveyance from Havre to Marseilles, in the winter The Chain to which he belonged did not reach Marseilles until the 17th of January, 1713. The season was bitterly cold; but that made no difference in the treatment of Huguerat prisoners.

"The Chain consisted of a file of prisoners, chained a to another in various ways. On this occasion each pair t fastened by the neck with a thick chain three feet long, in t middle of which was a round ring. After being thus chaine

the pairs were placed in file, couple behind couple, when another thick chain was passed through the rings, thus running along the center of the gang, and the whole were thus doubly chained together. There were no less than four hundred prisoners in the Chain described by Marteilhe. The number had, however, greatly fallen off through deaths by barbarous treatment before it reached Marseilles.

"It must, however, be added, that the whole gang did not consist of Huguenots, but only a part of it—the Huguenots being distinguished by their red jackets. The rest consisted of murderers, thieves, deserters and criminals of various sorts.

"The difficulty which the prisoners had in marching along the roads was very great, the weight of chain which each member had to carry being no less than one hundred and fifty pounds. The lodging they had at night was of the worst description. While at Paris, the galley-slaves were quartered in the Chateau de la Tournelle, which was under the spiritual direction of the Jesuits. The gaol consisted of a large cellar or dungeon, fitted with huge beams of oak fixed close to the floor. Thick iron collars were attached by iron chains to the beams. The collar being placed around the prisoner's neck, it was closed and riveted upon an anvil with heavy blows of a hammer.

"Twenty men, in pairs, were thus chained to each beam. The dungeon was so large that five hundred men could thus be fastened up. They could not sleep lying at full length, nor could they sleep sitting or standing up straight; the beam to which they were chained being too high in the one case and too low in the other. The torture which they endured, therefore, is scarcely to be described. The prisoners were left there until a sufficient number could be collected to set out in a Chain for Marseilles.

"When they arrived at the first stage out of Paris, at Charenton, after a heavy day's fatigue, their lodging was no better than before. A stable was found, in which they were chained in such a way that they could with difficulty sit down, and then only on a dungheap. After they had been there for a few hours, the prisoners' chains were taken off and they were turned out into the spacious courtyard of the inn, where they were ordered to strip off their clothes, put them down at their feet, and march over to the other side of the courtyard.

"The object of this proceeding was to search the pockets of the prisoners, examine their clothes, and find whether they contained any knives, files, or other tools which might be used for cutting the chains. All money and other valuables or necessaries that the clothes contained were at the same time taken away.

"The night was cold and frosty, with a keen north wind blowing; and after the prisoners had been exposed to it for about half an hour, their bodies became so benumbed that they could scarcely move across the yard to where their clothes were lying. Next morning it was found that eighteen of the

unfortunates were happily released by death."

As the author remarks, "it is not necessary to describe the tortures endured by the galley-slaves to the end of their journey." But hear the description of their torments in the galleys: "The royal galley was about a hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet broad, and was capable of containing about five hundred men. It had fifty benches for rowers, twenty-five on each side. Between these two rows of benches was the raised middle gallery, commonly called the waist of the ship, four feet high and about three or four feet broad. The oars were fifty feet long, of which thirty-seven feet were outside the ship and thirteen within. Six men worked at each oar, all chained to the same bench. They had to row in unison, otherwise they would be heavily struck by the return rowers both before and behind them. They were under the constant command of the comite, or gallev-slave-driver, who struck all about him with his heavy whip in urging them to To enable his strokes to tell the men sat naked while they rowed. Their dress was always insufficient, summer and winter-the lower part of their bodies being covered with a short red jacket and a sort of apron, for their manacles prevented their wearing any other dress.

"The chain which bound each rower to his bench was fastened to his leg, and was of such a length as to enable his feet to come and go whilst rowing. At night the galley-slave slept where he sat—on the bench on which he had been rowing all day. There was no room for him to lie down. He never quitted his bench except for the hospital or the grave; yet some of the Huguenot rowers contrived to live upon their

benches for thirty or forty years!

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Nantes, by Louis of Nantes

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Under the reign of the clergy France had not become religious; it had become brutalized and dehumanized. It could only be aroused from its spiritual torpor and all but physical death by the Voltaires, the Diderots, the Marats and Robespieres, and the shock of revolution. The same horrid regime of inhuman cruelties and torture would in all probability have continued had the clergy kept their way, for it only ceased because the secular government would no longer respond to their bloodthirsty commands.

If men whose heads were whitened by age, nor those of learning, morality, wealth, position and influence were spared by the fierce tiger of religious persecution, neither were old and decrepit women nor helpless babes. During the devastating persecution that raged under the direction of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, at Utretcht, a widow of eighty-four years was beheaded because she had lodged a

Protestant preacher over night.

We have read of the cruelties and the insane and barbarous orgies of Fiji Island savages, and the blood has run cold in the veins, and the heart has sickened in the reading, but the doings of savages have never eclipsed those autos-da-fe, or deeds of faith, of Christians. Witness the following as typical of the proceedings of Spanish Catholics in the Netherlands:

"And many women were put to death, because they received their husbands in the night, that were fled for religion; yea, they have killed women great with child, and ripped up their bellies, and taken out the child and killed it; and some they have flayed alive, and covered drum-heads with their skins; and some they have tied to a post, and made a small fire around about them, and so roasted them to death. * * * The young children that lay in the cradle, they quartered them and took them upon their pikes, and so went up and down rejoicing in their cruelty." [Harleian Miscellany, Vol. V., p. 178.]

This was before the peaceful Dutch took up arms to resist the Spaniards and their fierce "Council of Blood," or I quisition, and is a fair example of the deeds of those Christia gentry in the Netherlands in the middle of the sixteenth cer tury, when they were there to convert or to exterminate the Dutch because they would not bow down to the idol at Ron



In six years 180,000 victims were inhumanly slaughtered by the Christian barbarians in the Netherlands, and more than a hundred thousand householders fled from the land of their birth because of the cruelties practiced upon them.

Again, an occurrence took place in Spain, in 1557, which would also seem peculiarly fitted to draw all men most tenderly

toward the "bosom of the Mother Church."

Mary de Bourgogne, at the city of Murcia, in 1552, had attained her eighty-fifth year. She was supposed to be of Jewish descent, which was a fact sufficient of itself to incur the suspicions of the Inquisition. Being accused of favoring Judaism, the old lady was apprehended and cast into prison. "It will no doubt appear incredible," remarks Llorente, "but the trial proves that in 1557 she was still in prison, waiting until sufficient proof was found to condemn her. After having waited in vain, the inquisitors commanded that Mary should be tortured, though she was then ninety years old, and the Council had decreed that in such cases the criminal should only be intimidated by the preparations. The inquisitor Cano says that the moderate torture was applied, but such were the effects of this gentle application that the unfortunate Mary ceased to live and suffer in a few days after."

Misericordia et Justitia (mercy and justice) was the motto of the Inquisition. The mercy in the above instance probably consisted in the fact that Mary was subjected only to a moderate torture; but what justice would have demanded, by the same standard, may be clearly inferred from other examples so

abundantly afforded by history.

The fate of the Bohorques sisters, of Seville, in Spain, will perhaps serve to illustrate the truly impartial and relentless manner in which the Inquisition dispensed its cruel and inhuman justice. It was the custom of the Holy Office to celebrate an auto-da-fe once a year, on which occasion sentences were pronounced and immediately carried into execution. Llorente thus describes the torture and burning of Donna Maria de Bohorques at the auto-da-fe on the 24th of September, 1559, as well as the character, position and attainments of the young lady, and the circumstances attending her destruction (page 216):

"Donna Maria de Bohorques was the natural daughter of Pedro Garcia de Xerez Bohorques, one of the first families of



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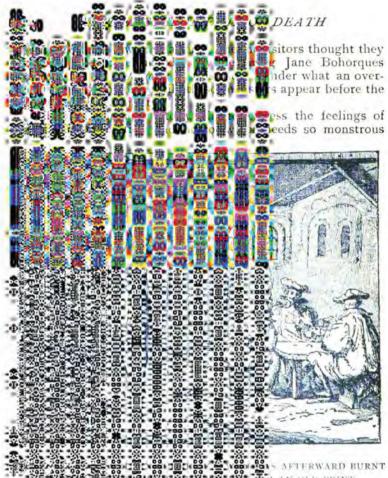
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death of their Redeemer, to reanimate the faith by which they were to be justified and saved. Although she was so obstinate, several priests, and a great number of monks, earnestly entreated that she might be spared, in consideration of her extreme youth and surprising merit, if she would consent to repeat the Credo. The inquisiters granted their request; but scarcely had Maria finished it than she began to interpret the articles on the Catholic faith, and the judgment of the quick and the dead, according to the opinions of Luther; they did not give her time to conclude, the executioner strangled her, and she was afterwards burnt. Such is the true history of Maria Bohorques, according to the writings of the Inquisition."

In the following year, 1560, the Secret Tribunal dealt with the sister, Donna Jane Bohorques. Llorente tells the sad tale

in these words (page 226):

"She had married Don Francis de Vargas, lord of the borough of Higuera. She was taken to the secret prisons, where her unfortunate sister declared that she was acquainted with her opinions, and had not opposed them; as if silence could prove that she had admitted the doctrine to be true. Iane Bohorques was six months gone with child; but this did not prevent the inquisitors from proceeding in the trial. a cruelty which will not surprise, when it is considered that she was arrested before any proof of her crime had been obtained. She was delivered in the prison, her child was taken from her at the end of eight days, in defiance of the most sacred rights of nature, and she was imprisoned in one of the common dungeons of the Holy Office. The inquisitors thought they did all that humanity required in giving her a less inconvenient cell than the common prison. It fortunately happened that she had as a companion in her cell a young girl, who was afterwards burnt as a Lutheran, and who, pitying her situation, treated her with the utmost tenderness during her convalescence. She soon required the same care; she was tortured, and all her limbs were bruised and almost dislocated. Jane Bohorques attended her in this dreadful state. Bohorques was not yet fully recovered when she was tortured in the same manner. The cords with which her still feeble limbs were bound penetrated to the bone, and several bloodvessels breaking in her body, torrents of blood flowed from her mouth. She was taken back to her dungeon in a dying state,



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f Austria, "a real the of the Counter-acrity, whose judg-s presided over by

the Archbishop of Prague." To record, or to read, the details of the transactions of this diabolical Inquisition is to excite feelings of inexpressible horror and indignation. Jesus Christ had said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Assuredly the Archbishop of Prague must have been a Christian, as Christianity was understood in those days, but it was not the teachings of the gentle Nazarene that inspired the following deeds of diabolism recorded by the author of the Secret

History of the Austrian Government:

"When threats, blows, spoliations and torture were not sufficient to convert the heterodox, they were assailed in the noblest and deepest of human feelings; their children were torn from them and martyred intheir sight, in order to tame their resistance and overcome their courage. Parents could not behold theirboys and girls mutilated without yielding, and then a priest dictated to them the form of abjuration. Two officers, on one of these ferocious expeditions, seized a naked child, and, each holding it by a foot, cut it in two with their sabres; then they offered the father and mother the bleeding halves. 'Here you have both sorts,' they said, with'a jovial air, as if quite delighted with their jest."

Upon another occasion, the soldiers being billeted upon a Protestant family, as was the custom according to the method of "conversion" so commonly employed by the Catholics in power in those days, they seized the mother of a young infant, bound her to a post, placed the little one on the floor at her

feet, and there let it starve to death!

In all the annals of human, and inhuman history, no parallel to such diabolical cruelty can be found—but these were monsters from the region of the Inferno, which by some inscrutable providence were permitted to infest the fair regions of earth in those dreary days of fanaticism, atrocity and rapine.

It is stated by Sir James Mackintosh, on the authority of Lord Burleigh, that during "Bloody Mary's" reign in England, "more than three-score women and more than forty children were purnt; that among the women 'some were great with child, out of whose bodies the child by fire was expelled alive, and yet also cruelly burnt." (Mackintosh's History of England, Vol. 2, p. 328.)

Though the list of abominable cruelties perpetrated upon

tender and helpless humanity in the name of him who said "of such is the kingdom of heaven," might be much further extended, the reader is no doubt quite fully prepared to appreciate Shelley's apostrophe of religion itself as a—

Burning at the stake has been a form of torture and mode of execution almost exclusively practiced by the Romish Church, and that to an almost incredible extent; and torture by the application of fire in every conceivable way has also frequently been resorted to by the same agency—such as the use of hot irons for branding, the tearing of the flesh by hot pincers, piercing the tongue with hot awls, boiling in oil, pouring melted lead in the ears, etc., etc. But for brutal atrocity the following modes of torture, the description of which is extracted from the work of Alfred Michiels, can

scarcely be excelled (p. 206):

"The pious butchery [of Hungarians] commenced on the of February, 1687. * * * The most noble persons, the 20th of February, 1687. men of highest reputation, and the brave captains who had fought in the war of independence, were led on the scaffold, either together or separately, with victims of the lower class. Some were dragged out and lengthened on ladders expressly made to dislocate the limbs; others had their heads bound with cords or fillets of metal, until their eyes started from the sockets. They were hanged by the hands to gibbets, and enormous weights attached to their feet, while the hangman burned their armpits with wax tapers, or shook over the unhappy men torches of pitch and resin, which bedewed them with a liquid shower of fire. They were tortured with redhot pincers, and steel blades or nails raised to a white heat were thrust beneath the nails on their fingers and toes. Many, half roasted and half lacerated, died under the tortures. Leopold's delegate offered six hundred florins to any one who invented " new punishment, and one of these tortures, the most atrociou of all those described by the historians, makes our hair stand on end. Large wires at a white heat were introduced into the natural passages of the body, after the victims had been stripped of their clothing!"

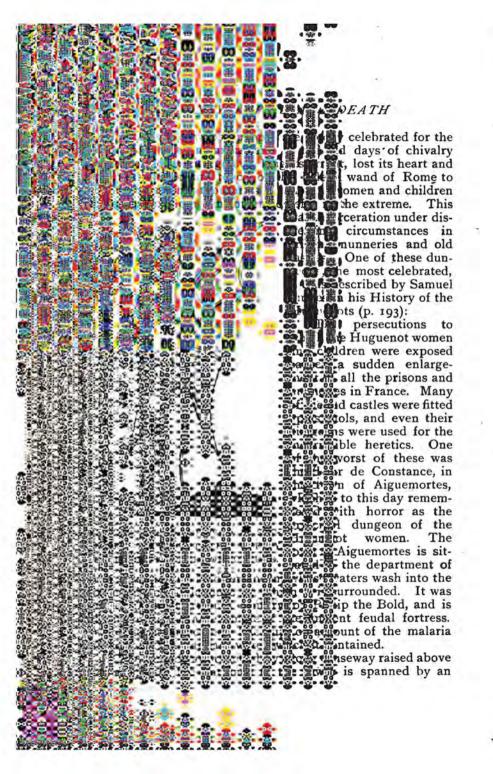
Incredible as it may appear, the agents of the Holy Roman

Church not only applauded and approved, but instigated such hellish deeds as these! Torture was a part of the religion of these inhuman creatures, who, by a strange perversity of reasoning, are by some apologists of the mediæval church, still accounted as defenders and preservers of the true faith! The present incumbent of the so-called St. Peter's chair, Pope Leo XIII., boldly and without apology, expresses himself as desirous of a return to the "more robust faith of the Middle Ages," which, by fair implication, means that the Pope would, if he could, bring the world back to such a coercive and brutal policy and practice as that which prevailed during the Roman Catholic domination in the Middle Ages.

Reverting to the torture of women, it is curious to note that Charles V. of Spain, who was also the Emperor of the Netherlands, in his laws for the punishment of the heretics of that country, provided that the men should be burnt alive and the women buried alive. What prompted the distinction may not be easy to conjecture, but it is of no importance in the presence of the dreadful fact that the decree was often literally carried out, and helpless women, for no other crime than reading the Bible and interpreting it for themselves, were actually

buried alive!

The massacre of Protestants in Ireland, in 1641, when, according to Sir William Temple, 154,000 were slain in cold blood, and according to the positive evidence existing to-day in the form of depositions in Trinity College, Dublin, no less than 27,000 perished, afforded multitudes of instances of cruelty and torture, beside which the cruelties of the Turks and savage tribes all but pale into insignificance. This massacre was remarkable for the torture of women, as well as for the extreme severity and fiendish brutalities of the procedure in general. Besides burning to death, hanging to the gibbets, butchering with the sword, etc., etc., the inhuman wretches tied some of their victims to horses' tails, and, setting the animals to a gallop, dragged them to death; they scourged others and then set savage dogs on them to tear the bleeding sufferers to pieces. But perhaps the acme of savage cruelty was reached when the inhuman monsters tied women with their backs to strong posts, and, stripping them to their waists, cut off their right breasts with large shears and there left them to die from loss of blood!



ancient gatehouse. In advance of the tower, to the north, in an angle of the wall, is a single large round tower, which served as a citadel. It is sixty-six feet in diameter and ninety feet high, surmounted by a lighthouse turret of thirty-four feet. It consists of two large vaulted apartments, the staircase from one to the other being built within the wall itself, which is about eighteen feet thick. The upper chamber is dimly lighted by narrow chinks through the walls. The lowest of the apartments is the dungeon, which is almost without light and air. In the center of the floor is a hole connected with a reservoir of water below.

"This Tour de Constance continued to be the principal prison for Huguenot women in France for a period of about a hundred years. It was always horribly unhealthy; and to be condemned to this dungeon was considered almost as certain, though a slower death, than to be condemned to the galleys. Sixteen Huguenot women confined there in 1686 died within five months. Most of them were wives of merchants of Nismes, or of men of property in the district. When the prisoners died off the dungeon was at once filled up again with more victims, and it was rarely, if ever, empty, down to a period within only a few years before the outbreak of the French Revolution

(p. 273).

"It is not known when the last Huguenot women were liberated from the Tour de Constance, at Aiguemortes. It would probably be about the time when the last Huguenots were liberated from the galleys [in 1775]. An affecting picture has been left by an officer who visited the prison at the release of the last prisoners. 'I accompanied,' he says, 'the Prince de Beaureau (the intendant of Languedoc under Louis XVI.) in a survey which he made of the coast. Arriving at Aiguemortes, at the gate of the Tour de Constance, we found at the entrance the principal keeper, who conducted us by dark steps through a great gate, which opened with an ominous noise, and over which was inscribed a motto from Dante—"Lasciate ogni speranga voi ch'entrate" [Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here].

""Words fail me to describe the horror with which we regarded a scene to which we were so unaccustomed—a frightful and affecting picture, in which the interest was heightened by disgust. We beheld a large circular apartment, deprived

of air and light, in which fourteen females still languished in misery. It was with difficulty that the Prince smothered his emotion; and doubtless it was the first time that these unfortunate creatures had there witnessed compassion depicted upon a human countenance; I still seem to behold the affecting apparition. They fell at our feet, bathed in tears, and speechless, until, emboldened by our expressions of sympathy, they recounted to us their sufferings. Alas! all their crime consisted in having been attached to the same religion as Henry IV. The youngest of these martyrs was more than fifty years old. She was but eight when first imprisoned for having accompanied her mother to hear a religious service, and her punishment had continued until now!"

Thus the fearful record might be enlarged into volumes; but the lesson would be the same, namely: that it has remained for the Christian religion, more than any other agency or power, to fill the cup of human life with wretchedness and woe; and, instead of having been the evangel of heaven to smooth and make pleasant the pathway to death, it has seemingly been the office of this religion in the past to put thorns and brambles in the way, and to make of death a monster with visage more hideous than any Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, and to transform God the Father into a veritable demon, whose vindictive malevolence was indeed surpassingly perfect.

But the Christian apologist will say that it was not the spirit of true Christianity which inspired the dread cruelties of the past, but was only a perverted conception of the true teachings of the church and of the "Holy Scriptures." If this be so, then Christianity came to the world too soon; the world should have first become civilized and humanized, for evidently God made the mistake either of giving his revelation prematurely or confiding it to a most unworthy keeping; or there has

Whatever may be the merits of the "true Christian doctrine," men's conception and understanding of that or of any other doctrine, must always be colored and limited by quality and degree of their intellectual and moral developme and when, in a barbarous, or semi-civilized age, the domina or ruling classes, believe, or affect to believe, that they h received a revelation from God, or from some infallible sou of wisdom and truth, there will necessarily be tyranny, i

hose who do not for the authority of

by the history of religious persecution is which involves a psychological analysis of human nature at a time when the rational and morfaculties of man were not the controlling agencies in human affairs. When men are guided by reason, they cease to be controlled by any form of belief which is not based upon, or in accord with reason; and hence, in our age, when an unreasoned belief actuates human conduct, the practical life of mankind will be accordance with that belief. Therefore it is, that a belief, or esse of divine justice, the non-conformworks will be of a God punishes the



heretic and the infidel in his spiritual world; he is also the ruler of this world, and we are his representatives and agents in this world, and lest we incur his displeasure we will likewise torture and punish his enemies, who are our enemies. But when reason begins to assume the sway, man becomes less and less certain that he knows the will of God and begins to act in accordance with natural principles of justice and right as between man and man; instead of in fulfillment of the mysterious and imaginary decrees of a supernatural and mythical potentate.

That death, the liberator of the human spirit, has been made hideous, and that life has been made wretched, by the church in the past, is due to the ignorance and superstition of the masses, to the inherent cruelty of the doctrines of the church itself, and to the rapacity, greed and fanaticism of the ecclesiastics made efficacious by the subserviency of the civil powers. Not until the ecclesiastical authority had lost its influence over the secular governments did the cruelties of torture cease.

There has been, under the beneficent influence of the doctrine of one brotherhood, one race, one common destiny, a steady growth of the humane idea and sentiment in the world, until now it is beginning to be recognized that he who is most humane is most divine, and this feeling of humanity alone would prevent a recurrence in any civilized nation of the barbarities of the past. But the doctrines of the church, and especially of that church whose doctrines, being infallible, can never change, would still perpetuate, if men were but true to their faiths, the same old policy and practice of coercion of religious belief. But men are better than their creeds, and the light of the supernal world shining in upon all human hearts, is fast bringing forth that era of brotherly love, knowledge and co-operation which is to be the fulfillment of the destiny of man on earth, which has so long been foretold by prophet and sage.



Death by Accident Vividly Portrayed.

TESTIMONY OF THOSE WHO HAVE HAD NARROW ESCAPES.

SENSATION IS PAINLESS—INSTANTANEOUS DEATH PREFERABLE TO ILLNESS—DR. HEIM TELLS WHAT HE THOUGHT WHEN SLIDING DOWN THE ALPS—SOME VERY REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

*It is reported from the Tyrol town of Valcomannica that parts of the body of W. Ruth, an American tourist, who was lost two summers ago on a tour over the Presena Pass in the Adamello Alps, South Tyrol, have been recovered in a mountain crevice at the foot of the Pizgana Glacier. Ruth had been a well-known character among the Alp climbers in that neighborhood. Hs was last seen in August, 1893, at the village of Pinzola. He then informed the innkeeper that he meant to travel to Ponte di Legno, over the mountain mentioned above. Several guides offered their services, but Mr. Ruth declined on the plea that he knew the way, as, indeed, he was familiar with every pass and precipice in South Tyrol.

He started in fine weather, but soon afterward it became foggy, and when the American tourist had not arrived at Ponte di Legno two days later, many of the expert guides of the district went out to search for him, dead or alive. They were unsuccessful, and the case of the American attracted much attention, not only in the neighborhood where he was supposed to have died, but all over Europe. Mr. Ruth came from one of the Western States of America, and was apparently well-to-do. Alp climbing had been a mania with him for years, and he had the reputation of a fearless and well-experienced tourist.

A few days ago, says a dispatch from Valcomannica, a

^{*}Special correspondence of the Unicago Inter Ocean, October 6, 1895,



chamois hunter shot a buck on the Pizgana Glacier, and the body of the animal happened to fall in a deep crevice. The aid of some herdsmen was invoked, and one of them let himself down into the crevice on ropes to get the chamois.

He found the carcass at the bottom of the rent at the side of what appeared to be a human skeleton and remnants of clothing, which he gathered up and brought to light. The head had been well preserved in its icy inclosure, and was recognized as that of W. Ruth, the likeness being re-enforced by the finding of the peculiar clothes which the American was known to have worn.

The supposition is that the tourist lost his way in the fog and happened to strike the dangerous pass of Lagoscuro, leading to the ice-fields of Ritgana, instead of the pass of Presena,

and was precipitated into the deadly depths below.

The finding of Ruth's body brings the known Alp disasters of 1893 up to the round number of fifty; the average number of persons succumbing annually on the continent to the climbing sport being thirty-three. This season fourteen tourists died in the Alps by falling off precipices, an unusually large percentage, for violent tumbles are among the less frequent accidents peculiar to Alp climbing, the devotees of which are more often threatened by lightning, avalanches, rain of stones, high winds, snowstorms, intense cold, exhaustion, followed by deathly sleep and famine.

The relatives of these fourteen unfortunates are clamoring for special laws prohibiting, or, at least, restricting, this dangerous sport, which counts among its enthusiastic supporters persons in all stations of life, the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Italy, and the Crown Princess Stephanie and her young daughter being the most noteworthy royal Alp climbers, or Bergfexs, as they are called here. The fact that these imperial women adhere to the sport would probably have little weight with legislatures; but now comes Dr. Heim, the celebrated geologist, and professor of the Zurich University, and declares that sudden death by a fall, by being run over, or by being swallowed up by machinery, water, or by snow av anche, is the most beautiful way of leaving this life—is indepreferable to any other mode or fashion of departure for unknown regions.

"To drop from a precipice," says the doctor, "mear



subjectively speaking, as glorious an end to the victim of accident as death on the battlefield. It strikes man suddenly, without asking one to become acquainted with those nasty emissaries of bodily dissolution, sickness and pain, while the mind is clear, and during increased mental activity he takes

flight, without the least feeling of uneasiness.

"I have looked into the faces of many Alp climbers who met death by unlucky falls," said the professor, "and, like others, failed to read of previous sorrows, or fear, anxiety. pain or terror. The relatives and friends of persons having suffered sudden death often lament their fate for a special reason that has no existence in fact. They dream of horrible tortures to which the departed, in their opinion, have been subjected. Others get over the shock by saying to themselves, 'Thank the Lord, it was all over in a jiffy.' In reality, there was nothing to overcome. The death agony-if, indeed, we can speak of such under the circumstances-did not last a minute, neither was it of a second's duration. If it had been, its photographic counterpart would appear on the victim's face; but if you take ten people who died in their bed, and ten who expired in their boots, and contrast their features, you will find that the facial expression of the latter is far more pleasant, more tranquil, more hopeful, than that of persons who apparently departed this life well prepared for the long journey, and, in many cases, resigned to their fate.

"I have viewed the bodies of the brothers Wettstein, who recently died by falling off the Jungfrau. The faces of both these young men bore the stamp of serene happiness. I am quite sure that, as they were rolling to their graves, they experienced the same lofty feelings that I and others underwent while standing at the threshold of eternity. Their happy and composed features indicate that at the time of death they were above physical pains, that they had made their peace with God and the world; a conciliatory feeling dominated their minds; they were rushing down into a blue, rosy heaven, so soft, so

blissful-and then suddenly all was still.

"In case of accident, followed by sudden death, the state of unconsciousness is not preceded by any pain, and while the body is approaching this condition a second is equal to a thousand years in duration to the mind of the stricken person. When the loss of consciousness occurs, it does so with infinite



DEATH

Me e of unconsciousness, y perceptible by its painless expunction, of paralyzing terror in sudden death, which ager. Neither myself Alps climbing whom I enced anything of the cheed anything of the ings—those of myself inded in all respects, thinking was uncomself-possession.

'how it feels to die,' well-known Alps wandrard fall off the crown his is Herr Sigrist's

his is Herr Signst's the tremendous height, hoccasionally attacks atts; on the contrary, I you giant wings that the whole duration of thout feeling the least will my situation and the wires of my own life and a see a least will my situation and the wires of my own life and a see a least will be a least with the glacier I became the glacier I became what will be a least with the glacier I became what will be a least with the glacier I became the glacier I became what will be a least when I stood at the limbs received during the limbs received during the limbs received. I would be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which dear who will be a least with the glacier I became which will be a least with the glacier I became which will be a least with the whole duration of the least will be a least with the whole duration of the contract with the whole duration of the contract with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duration of the will be a least with the whole duratio

in certain death: "I was coming with two friends from the summit f the Santis, in St. Gallen, when, at the height of 5,400 feet, we found ourselves opposite a snow field lying between wo mighty rocks that had to be traversed. It was a peculiar path, running apeak for several miles, it seemed. My companions hesitated to take it, but I decided to slide down on both feet, standing up boldly. I went down with unequaled velocity, but there was no danger until I made a movement to save my hat, which the current of air was carrying along. I

fell and lost all control of my limbs.

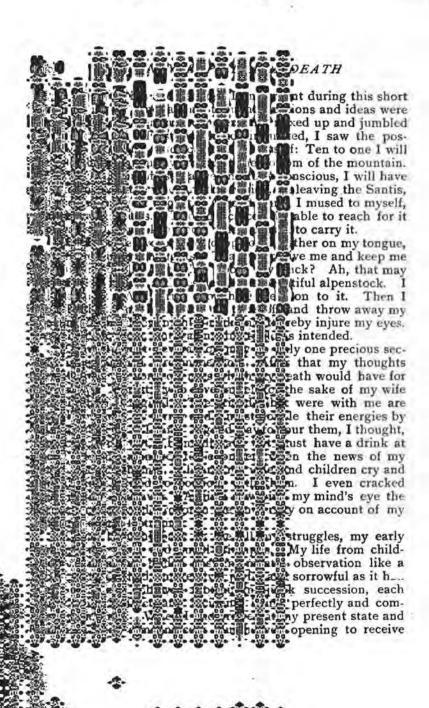
"Quick as the wind I flew against the rocks to my left, rebounded, and was thrown upon my back, head downward. Suddenly I felt myself carried through the air for at least a hundred feet, to finally land against a high snow wall. At the instant I fell it became evident to me that I was to be thrown against the rock, and I did my utmost to avert that calamity by diggi... with my fingers in the snow and tearing the tips of them ho ribly without knowing it. I heard distinctly the dull noise produced when my head and back struck against the different corners of the rock; I also heard the sound it gave when my body bounded against the snow wall, but in all this I felt no pain; pain only manifested itself at the end of an hour or so.

"For this reason, I say, the victims of more or less sudden death by accident, such as falls, drowning, explosions, by being run over or swallowed up by machinery, die a happy death. They know their fate, but have no time to regret it. They know that pain is in store for them, but have no time to feel it. Their main feeling is one of surprise, but not unpleasant surprise. In all cases where death follows the unconsciousness produced, immediately, without interval, the victim should be envied. This summer an old lady, whose two sons had been accidentally killed, said to me: 'Oh, if they only had opened their eyes once while I held their bleeding heads in my lap.' Poor woman, unconsciously she wished her beloved boys a moment, or moments, of the most excruciating

in, of dread, and terror. I explained the case to her as ove outlined, and made her poor old heart rejoice instead

"I reckoned that my descent down the mountain side sted five or six seconds; it would take me two hours to de-





me. All was serene happiness, while rosy and violet clouds marked the horizon. Into this heaven I floated with perfect equipoise, with beautiful anticipation, while my mundane eyes perceived my body flying through the air and saw the snow field below. I heard a dull thud; I had struck ground.

"It is an open question to me whether the above-described sensation of going to heaven is not a very strong argument for the teachings of the Christian religion. The mind of man becomes clear and pure on the threshold of eternity; it becomes the most wonderful machinery for thought and observation. Its retrospective faculties are marvelous—can its prognostics

be waved aside?

"After finishing off all earthly affairs, making peace with man, the independent soul sees the heavens open, all around is beauty and happiness, a world steeped in blue and roseate tints. I should say here that I am far from being a pronounced religious man. No period of my life have I been given to speculating much on the teachings of the church, but when about to die I experienced all those sensations which are ascribed to deeply devout persons during their last moments on earth.

"I have heard a man say on his deathbed: 'I see the angels; I see Christ opening his arms to receive me,' and classed these utterances with other delirious ravings I wit-To-day their significance, to my mind, is no longer doubtful, especially as the testimony of Sigrist, above quoted, and that of many others, proves that my experience was not an exceptional one. Reconsider the following facts: I, like the others, had about made up my mind that I was to die, which means that I was to enter upon a new lease of spiritual life in eternity. The rapidity of perception peculiar to a person in that state then placed me into my new sphere even before I was ripe for it, which is a perfectly natural psychological process; but if there be nothing beyond this life, as atheists assert, why the heavenly phenomena? Why not a blank instead of a paradise? When consciousness left me a black veil flitted across my eyes. My mind's eyes were filled with heavenly visions to the last. Who will explain it all?

"To return to actualities, I will repeat that during my downward journey time seemed to stretch indefinitely, and the faculties of objective observation, subjective feeling, and



erfering with each mity; my calculations in to cry out, as inyords to that effect; out the least mental hour before I gave ho had watched me for a considerable the vinegar bottle acles, that rested at to find out if any notice my friends, inable only on the I had left off in I had left off in ss overcame me; it is so o era Edgethe: Ercur to you, also?" The second of th

The Transcendent Beauty of Death.

AS VIVIDLY PORTRAYED BY A MASTER MIND.

DEATH THE BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND—THE LOWEST RESULTS OF FORMATIVE TENDENCY—CRYSTAL LIFE—THE LICHEN—THE GREAT TREE FERN PERIOD—DEATH AS ESSENTIAL A FUNCTION AS BIRTH—"IF THIS BE DYING, NOTHING COULD BE EASIER."

*Humanity has a faculty for ignoring and abusing its benefactors which amounts almost to a genius. Scarcely an age
can be mentioned which has not starved its Homer, poisoned
its Socrates, banished its Aristides, stoned its Stephen, burned
its Savonarola, or imprisoned its Galileo. Nor is the strange
perversion of sentiment confined to our fellow-mortals. The
great, calm, stern, yet loving forces of nature have constantly
fallen under the unjust stigma, and though we have outlived
many earthly misconceptions or misrepresentations of most of
these, a ghastly, repulsive, lying mask is still permitted to
conceal the kindly, though stern features of Pallida Mors,
albeit both religion and science are striving hard to tear it
away. Let us endeavor to lift up a tiny corner long enough
to catch a glimpse of what lies behind it.

I regard the prevailing conception of death as false in three important particulars: First, that it is in some way an enemy of, or opposed to, life; second, that it is a process of dissipation or degeneration involving and associated with a fearful waste of energy, time, and material; third, that it is a harsh, painful ordeal, from which every fibre of organic being

shrinks in terror.

I am aware that my first contention will seem like a flat contradiction in terms, but a few illustrations will probably

^{*}Th's splendidly written article is by Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D., in Open Court, Chicago, Ill., Dr. Paul Carus, editor and proprietor.

A SOUTH EATH

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bled upon the faculty of dying, and improved thereon unto the fifty-thousandth generation, a lichen spore, drifting along the surface of the rock. It glances forlornly off from the flinty faces of the living crystals, but finds a home and a welcome at once upon the moist surface of the clay. Filmy rootlets run downward, tiny buds shoot upward, the new life has begun. It ensnares the sunlight in its emerald mesh, entangles the lifevapors of the air in its web, and grows and spreads until the valley of crystal death becomes transformed into a cushion of

living green in the lap of the gaunt, grey granite.

But what as to further progress? The lichen is green and beautiful, but as an individual it can never develop into anything higher. Here again progress is absolutely barred by life, and must call death to its aid. The lichen dies, and its dust returns to the earth, carrying with it the spoils of the sunlight, the air, and the dew, to enrich the seed-bed. A hundred generations follow, each one leaving a legacy of fertility, until the soil becomes capable of sustaining a richer, stronger, higher order of plant-life, whose rootlets push into every crevice and rend the solid rock; the living carpet spreads; grass, flower and shrub succeed one another in steady succession, until the cold grey rock-trough is transformed into the lovely mountain glen with its myriad life. As the poet sings, the crystals have risen "on stepping-stones of their dead selves to nobler things," and of any link in the chain the inspired dictum would be equally true that "except it die, it abideth alone."

But, says some one, this is all true as to the surface of Mother Earth; but how about the deeper structures, her ribs

and body bulk?

Every layer of the earth was part of the surface at one time, and the more intimately death has entered into their composition, the more highly organized the corpses of which they are composed, and the more useful and important they are.

Come back with me a few hundred years to the great treefern period, and gaze upon the matted jungle of frond and stem, thirty to sixty feet in height, which covers mile after mile of swamp. Here, indeed, is life in all its glory, yet it is a living shroud. No hum is there of insect life or twitter of birds that build their nests in the branches; for there is neither flower, berry nor seed to support the tiniest life. No animal can live on its stringy, indigestible fodder. The rank growth



EATH renerous plant-life. heaves and sinks. drown it, crush it. and it is numbered stumbles upon a sea cliff, and coal, lower of latter-day Alive, it was a amonds." in point, indeed, inday-school literation of sermons, that emplary being, the cors himself to the astry and devotion could for a moment that of a constant that a constant that of a con in point, indeed, noncet are i stany an organism is

that loseth his life shall save it," in the world to come. Without this power of the lower life to forward the higher life by dying, progress of any sort would be absolutely impossible. There be forms which, when they are devoured, refuse to die, but we call them parasites, and should hardly choose the tapeworm as a symbol of progress.

Even when we reach the human stage where no such direct digestive transformation into higher forms is possible,

the same necessity is still apparent.

To permit progress in the social, political, or moral worlds, it becomes ultimately just as sternly essential, cruel as the fact may seem at first sight, that the old generation should die, as that the new should be born.

Now, let us look for a few moments at the second prevailing misconception of death as a destroyer and waster. This is apparently supported by a vast array of facts, ranging from the tremendous loss of life among the eggs or young of the lower forms to the sudden cutting short of existences in which meet the labor and preparation of generations of the past and the hopes of the future. What is the use of being born only to die, of laboriously building up an organism or character only to have it destroyed, annihilated, scattered like smoke?

To the first part of the question the answer almost suggests itself, viz., that this destruction is only apparent. Nothing is really lost at all. Merely the form is changed, and as it is necessary that life should be produced in great abundance in order to give nature, figuratively speaking, a wide field for selection, some method becomes absolutely indispensable by which the elements of the unfit, incompetent, non-elect forms can be promptly returned to the great crucible of nature, there to be available for use in new and improved patterns. So far from being a waster, death is the great economist of nature, enabling her to conduct her most extensive experiments with a mere handful of material.

But, you will reply, this accounts only, so to speak, for the materials used. Are not the vantage grounds so hardly won, the wonderful organizing power, the long years expended, utterly lost and hopelessly wasted? I answer, no; but rather secured thereby. They become an immutable part of the history of the race. The upward growth of the race is not an even, continuous line, but a series of ever-ascending, tiny curves, each the life of an individual, and the tiny shoot of the curve of the life that is to follow is given off from near our

highest point.

Death is the great embalmer, the casket into which our loved ones are received in the very flower of their beauty and the glory of their strength. A sheaf of corn fully ripe is a beautiful, dignified, inspiring sight and memory, but it must be reaped to make it so, and not left on the stem to rot and freeze.

And it should not be forgotten that so long as life lasts, not only is gowth possible, but degeneration also; and that the further the zenith of power is passed, the more probable does the latter become. Nothing can imperil the good that a man has done save his own later weakness, treason or folly; and when the mortal dart pierces him it transfixes him where he stands and secures the vantage ground he has won. Death's function here is, as it were, a ratchet upon the notched wheel of human progress, to secure every inch gained as a starting point for the life to come.

But the crowning beauty and noblest impulse of the process is that it is intrinsically a burying of the old life to enrich the new. The parent form falls with all the scars, the weariness and grime of the conflict, into the gentle lap of Mother Earth, in order that the new life may rise, fresh, pure, triumphant. Old errors are buried, old failures forgotten. The good of all the past is inherited, the evil falls by its own weight. The race takes a fresh start every generation. We are all but drops in the grand stream of life, which flows with ever-

widening sweep through all the ages.

We are immortal, if we but form a true, sturdy link in the great chain of life. It is this unbroken continuity of life, ever rising to nobler levels from the ashes of apparent death that is so beautifully typified by the Phœnix and similar traditions. We should cheerfully pay the debt of nature, proudly confident that she will be able to invest the capital to better advantage next time, from the interest we have laboriously added to

There need be no shrinking dread of the "pangs of solution," the "final agony," for such things have no exister save in disordered imaginations. Ask any physician wh head is silvered over with grey, and he will tell you that wh disease is often painful, death itself is gentle, painless, natur

like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. It is literally true that there is a time to die as well as to live, and when that time comes the event becomes not only tolerable, but, like all other natural processes, desirable; every fibre of our tired, worn-out being demands it.

The overwhelming majority of such records of authentic "last words" as we possess, re-echo the saying of Charles II. on his deathbed: "If this be dying, nothing could be easier."

Even in such an extreme case as death under the fangs of wild beasts, all those who have gone very near the Valley of the Shadow from this cause, unite in testifying, incredible as it may seem, that after the first shock of the attack there is

absolutely no sensation of pain.

For instance, Livingstone, upon one occasion, was pounced upon by a lion, which felled him to the ground, and, making his teeth meet in his shoulder, dragged him a considerable distance into the jungle before his followers could come to his assistance. Livingstone asserts most positively that he was perfectly conscious of what was happening when he was being carried, could hear the cries of his friends, and wondered how long it would take them to reach him, but that he felt no pain or fear whatever, nothing but a strange, drowsy, dreamy sensation. And yet his shoulder was so severely injured that he never fully recovered the use of it, and his body was identified after death by the scars.

Sir Samuel Baker reports a similar experience with a bear which he had wounded. The great brute felled him by a stunning blow from its paw, and he was aroused to consciousness by its crunching the bones of his hand; it continued the process up his arm, and had almost reached the shoulder before the rescuing party could reach him, and yet Sir Samuel declares that he felt no pain whatever, and that his only sensation was one of intense resentment against the beast for seeming to enjoy the taste of him so much. Nor are these by any means exceptional instances, as many other such reports

Id be collected, and it is almost an axiom with surgeons t the severer the injury the less the pain. Many a man has eived his death-wound and never knew it until his strength on to fail.

But nature is even more merciful than this. Contrary to lar impression and pulpit pyrotechnics, the fear of death,

which is so vivid in life and health, absolutely disappears as soon as his hand is laid upon us. Every physician knows from experience that not one person in fifty is afraid or even unwilling to die when the time actually comes, and in the vast majority of instances our patients drift into a state of dreamy indifference to the result as soon as they become seriously ill. So universally is this true that we seldom feel any uneasiness as to the result of a case in which a lively fear of death is exhibited. The highest sensibilities are the first to die; so that both pain and fear are usually abolished, literally rendered impossible, hours, days, or even weeks, before the end comes. Our dear ones drift gently out into the sea of rest, on the ebbing tide of life, with a smile upon their sleeping faces.

For every minor injury nature provides a remedy; for

every hopeless one, a narcotic.

In not a few instances this indifference becomes changed into positive longing for death. Days of suffering and nights of sleepless weariness quickly bring men to stretch out their arms to the great rest-bringer. Fever-parched and pain-weary men and women long for death as tired children long for sleep. Ask your own family physician, and he will tell you that as a matter of fact he has heard five prayers for death to one for life, when fate is trembling in the balance.

Because the thought of death in the noon-tide of life sends a chill through them, people never stop to think that their feelings may entirely change with the circumstances, and will not understand, as the good old Methodist elder shrewdly expressed it, that they "can't expect to get dying grace to

live by "

The ghastly in articulo mortis, or "death-struggle," of which we hear so much in dramatic literature, religious or otherwise, does not occur in one case in ten, and then usually long after consciousness has ceased. When death comes near enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his twin brother, sleep.



A Very Startling Confirmation.

OF STATEMENTS MADE PREVIOUSLY ON APPARENT DEATH.

AS FROM THE DEAD — REAPPEARANCE BEFORE PARENTS OF A DAUGHTER MOURNED FOR A YEAR—SHE WAS ONLY IN A TRANCE, AND HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE COFFIN BY A LOVER—DRAMATIC SCENE AT THE REUNION—OTHER INCIDENTS.

*A girl, who a year ago was pronounced dead and prepared for burial, has reappeared before her astonished parents and friends as the wife of George E. Thompson, a young

farmer, living with his mother near this place.

Mrs. Thompson was Miss Ellen Norman, the nineteenyear-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Norman, living just on the outskirts of Hope. She was the belle of the neighborhood, and was engaged to marry Thompson, who came here with his mother a few years ago and took up a farm. In October of 1894 the girl was taken ill with a malady which puzzled the doctors, and on October 24th she died; at least the doctors pronounced her dead, after subjecting her to numerous tests.

In a few hours the face of the dead girl began to turn black, and the doctors at once ordered the body to be placed in a coffin and the coffin tightly closed, as they feared that the disease was something contagious. The funeral was set for the next day, October 25th, and the coffin containing the body was kept over night in the Norman house.

The only watcher was Mr. Thompson, who declared that was not afraid of the disease, whatever it was. It was due his watching that the young woman is alive to-day.

After the Norman family had retired, leaving Thompson

^{*}Special telegram to the Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch, from Hope, N. D., September 14, 1895.

d of the coffin in his fiancee. As he white hands folded chest of the body at ay, as though the ie was bending low

her chest. There her chest is the recome rigid, in the about his shoulders kening the family, explained all to his defended by the girl would come

ding her with hot sworn to secrecy.

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fairly natural manner again. She remained unconscious or delirious for several days, according to Dr. Mullan, who remained almost constantly at the bedside, and then awoke as from a heavy sleep. She was very weak, and was therefore not informed as to the true state of affairs. She was simply told that she had been quite sick, and that she must remain absolutely quiet. As she became stronger all was explained to her. She wanted her parents sent for at once, but this Dr. Mullan would not listen to, saying that the least excitement might bring on a relapse.

About the middle of December, Miss Norman was spirited away from Hope by the doctor and Mr. Thompson, and since that time she has been traveling in the South and West, where she has fully regained her health. Soon after leaving here she and Mr. Thompson were married, and shortly after that Mullan returned to his home here, leaving his patient in charge of her

husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson arrived here a few days ago over the Great Northern road, first having advised Mr. and Mrs. Norman that the daughter they had mourned as dead was alive and well, and on her way home to them as the wife of Mr.

Thompson.

There was a dramatic scene when Mrs. Thompson met her father and mother. The townspeople at first refused to believe that the young woman was the one they had seen buried as they supposed, and would not be convinced that it was really she until the grave where her body was supposed to be lying was opened and the dummy body taken from the casket.

Mrs. Thompson looks as well and happy as a woman can, but does not care to talk of her strange experience, although her husband is ready at all times to discuss the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are now living on their farm, a short

distance from the town.

CLIMPSES OF THE OTHER WORLD.

The experiences of Gail Hamilton with death and the ner world, remind me forcibly of an able physician I knew en I was a boy, who experienced the sensation of death ore than once, says a writer in the New York Press. His sital of what it was to die made a terrible impression on me. was a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form, and on

if going out peace-His first death that fact, and the we arrived at his elling of things he described his soul ent off to weep. I oul standing there, k upon me before I really leave that hat fifty-three years? or Can it be made to leave it. Somehow g a good old friend. no ch it a little longer. once more." appeared genuine. The state of the control of the After his return

