

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 180.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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[The Editor of "LIGHT" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and courteous discussion is invited, but writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

It may remove what seems to be a growing misconception, and save trouble to some correspondents, as well as to myself, if I state that I am responsible solely for what appears over the signature "M. A. (Oxon.)" in these columns; and that I have no part whatever in the editorial direction of "LIGHT." I do not contribute anything that I do not sign; and I have, of course, no authority to interfere in any way with the conduct of the paper. I should not have thought it necessary to state this were it not that it has been assumed, in some quarters, that I occupy a position of responsibility which does not belong to me, and that the policy pursued in "LIGHT," especially in reference to dark circles, has been suggested by me. My views on this subject are well-known, and I accept full responsibility for them. That they are shared by the editor of "LIGHT" is an independent fact which I am pleased to note. I hope in time to find them universally recognised as both true and expedient.

The *Church Times* (May 16th ult.) prints an account of "A message from the dead," furnished by the Rev. F. E. J. Lloyd, missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Flowers Cove, Newfoundland, which is vouched for as authentic.

"On the 2nd of December, 1883, there died in a settlement of my mission, called Savage Cove, an old man of 90 years, George Gaulton by name. He was confined to bed for several months before his death, during which time I visited him as frequently and regularly as possible. I repeatedly begged him to unburden his mind to me if his conscience were troubled with any weighty matter; but he often assured me that all was right. On the 4th inst. we committed his body to the grave. On the 15th inst. George Gaulton verily appeared in the flesh to a former acquaintance named James Shenicks at Port au Choix, fifty miles from where he died. Shenicks told every one of George Gaulton's death a considerable time before the actual tidings of it arrived. The following is the account of the strange occurrence given by Shenicks. 'I was in the woods cutting timber for a day and a-half. During the whole of that time I was sure I heard footsteps near me in the snow, although I could see nothing. On the evening of the second day, in consequence of heavy rain, I returned home early. I knew my cattle had plenty of food; but something forced me to go to the "hay pook" (a small hay-stack). While there, in a few moments, I stood face to face with old George Gaulton. I was not frightened. We stood in the rain and talked for some time. In the course of the conversation, the old man gave me a message for his eldest son, and begged me to deliver it before the end of

March. Immediately afterwards he disappeared, and then I was terribly afraid.' The man Shenicks since that time has journeyed to Savage Cove, delivered the message entrusted to him in so strange a manner, and only a few moments ago he called at my lodgings on his homeward journey. I was unfortunately some distance away when George Gaulton died; but his eldest son now says that a few moments before he died his father made several unsuccessful attempts to say something to him, and in doing so passed away.

"The above is authentic. I will make no comments upon the extraordinary occurrence, but will leave it thus with your readers. I may, however, add that the nature of the strange communication has not transpired, nor, I think, is it likely to be known by any but those whom it concerns."

The air has been full of the advertisement of rival thought-readers. Cumberland has had himself interviewed by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and delivered himself of more brag and bunkum than one would have thought possible in so short a time. It is his cue to abuse Spiritualism and to disavow superstition. By so doing he hopes to tickle the ears of the truly pious, whom he will confirm in a belief that Spiritualism is of the devil. He has also had a field-day at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, and a pin-hunt at Charing Cross. Not to be outdone by the "only English thought-reader," the "original thought-reader," Irving Bishop, dragged himself from the couch of suffering to which his disinterested labours in the service of science and the cause of human progress have consigned him, and had a pin-hunt, and bust-hunt on his own account at Westminster. He persuaded a well-known clergyman to be dragged about in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey at the end of a rope by himself, Irving Bishop, as "Thought-reader" with his head in a bag, and, under those conditions, he did succeed in informing the breathless cleric that he had thought of a bust in the Library of the Society of Telegraph Engineers. From this he tried to establish some connection between dynamite and muscle-reading. His cue is to be useful. The detectives cannot catch the dynamitards. Try Irving Bishop.

This sorry stuff, with its pretentious clap-trap of sham religion and science and philanthropy, imposes on the news papers, and advertises the astute persons who get up the sensations. The Society for Psychological Research has done all and more than this, but the daily newspapers do not find the facts scientifically and calmly proved by patient experiment to be sensational enough for them. Science in the person of "Physicus" writes to the *Times*, and is allowed to say in leader type, that there is "nothing worth calling evidence for the alleged psychological thought-reading." An "Amateur Thought-reader" on the contrary, avows in *Vanity Fair*, that he has, with very little practice, done at home all that the professionals achieve in public. Meantime science is becoming angry, and Maskelyne is thriving. It would not surprise anyone, who studies the signs of the times, if a wave of persecution were to follow this present wave of psychical activity which is passing over us. It may be that it will: but persecution is to Spiritualism what manure is to the growing tree. The gardener knows that he gathers his best roses from the tree that he manures most freely. Maskelyne is exposing Spiritualism of course. But the fatter the body the more vigorous the parasite. Ho

killed Spiritualism, according to his own account, years ago: and he has been slaying the slain ever since. Cumberland and Bishop! Yes: they produce phenomena with which we are perfectly familiar. The only wonderful thing is that they should get public attention from a certain part of the Press by such stale tricks.

The May number of the Journal of the S.P.R. has some quotations from an interesting letter sent by Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., pointing out that the absence of contact between subject and operator by no means excludes suggestion and guidance. Mr. Cumberland says there can be no such thing as Thought-reading without contact. But the world has got ahead of him there. The question that interests Spiritualists is one that we have no answer to as yet. The operator is said to interpret slight muscular suggestions with extreme rapidity. But how? And how many persons would be found to possess this power if we could take a census and get at statistics on the subject? About as many, I shrewdly guess, as possess the gift of mediumship. All operators find that they fail with certain people. Why? Because, it is said, people like Professor Lankester (who is a very hard nut for Thought-readers) give no muscular indication to guide the operator. It may be so: but it is more likely to me that it is because he is impervious to psychical power in every conceivable way. Spiritualists know that at séances some persons are veritable blank walls through which nothing psychical can penetrate. This analogy, coupled with other considerations, disposes me to think that this power of Thought-reading is a psychical gift, a species of mediumship, and that the muscle-reading explanation is only a half-truth. But this is not much more than a guess as yet.

The question is cognate to that of sympathy and antipathy, so little understood, and yet so great a factor in the lives of sensitive persons. The race is becoming more sensitive, and this is a question that will force itself on notice. We are becoming more and more amenable to "influences," magnetic, psychical, and even atmospheric, and we are dimly conscious of it (some of us) without knowing why. The old materialistic epoch is giving place to one in which there will be, if I do not read the signs wrongly, all sorts of spiritual developments; erratic and disorderly at first, no doubt: shocking to the scientific man, who has labelled and catalogued his facts in that little groove in which he works, and who finds the labels sadly mixed up by the new order of things: shocking to the religionist, who finds intrusive hands laid on his most cherished dogmas: and not least shocking to the man whose fossilised thought craves repose. But, for good or for evil, it is upon us, and the developments of the age will be sensational and strange. I presume that the border-land between an old and a new epoch was never a time of secure repose, or even of symmetrical order. "C. C. M." is right when he recognises the action of definite plan behind all this. The thing is going fast enough: the real danger is that it should go too fast. "Mankind must not be dragooned by facts for which he has no conceptions ready." If such evidence as he and I know to be producible, beyond the possibility of a perhaps, were brought home to intellectual London to-day, London would be in the throes of an intellectual revolution; and its intellectual leaders would be left wrecked as by an intellectual earthquake.

Mrs. Nichols' removal to what she will probably find a wider sphere of action, takes from us one of the most active and earnest Spiritualists comprised within our ranks. She took a very strong interest in the foundation of the London Spiritualist Alliance, of which she was a member from the first. Unable herself to come to the opening meeting she wrote me a very cordial letter, doubling her subscription, when she read the account of it in "LIGHT." She was in hearty accord with the principles laid down for the governance and direction of the Society, and wrote in enthusiastic terms of the work it might accomplish. Her experience in Spiritualism was wide and varied, and she united a deep experimental knowledge of its facts and philosophy with an adherence to the old faith of the Catholic Church, which she found her new knowledge strengthen and confirm.

'M.A. (OXON.)'

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Brothers" of Theosophy.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The matter which I subjoin may help us to impale ourselves on one or other horn of the awful dilemma which Mr. Sinnett offers us, between accepting the statements about the Brothers as "broadly true," or joining with the American enemies of Madame Blavatsky in assigning her the palm as "the champion impostor of the age."

Mr. Sinnett assures us that it is only within quite recent years that the veil of seclusion in which the Adepts shroud themselves has been even partially withdrawn; but it will be seen from what follows that the world's acquaintance with them reaches back almost to the first century of the Christian era. For there lived then one Apollonius of Tyana, whose birth is assigned to a date as nearly as possible contemporary with that of Jesus of Nazareth. From his childhood he displayed the most marvellous powers both of mind and spirit. At the age of fourteen his father removed him from his native city of Tyana, in the south-west corner of Cappadocia, to Tarsus, one of the great seats of learning of the ancient world, where he may very likely have rubbed shoulders against St. Paul. But the company generally was so uncongenial to him, and so unpropitious, in his opinion, to spiritual development, that he prevailed on his father, a man of wealth and position, to remove himself and his tutor Euthydemus of Phœnicia, to the neighbouring town of Ægie, where he attached himself to the Temple of Æsculapius, and adopted the rigorous vegetarian diet of the Pythagoreans. His early life at Ægie, and the wonders that attended it were related by one Maximus, a native of that place. His subsequent travels in the pursuit of wisdom, and the sentiments he expressed upon the way, were jotted down by Damis, a native of the ancient Nineveh, who performed the same service for him as the author of the Acts did for St. Paul; while, as in the case also of St. Paul, his own letters are extant, in partial corroboration of the narrative. These memoirs of Damis were preserved in the family, and brought by a subsequent member of it to the knowledge of the Empress Julia Domna, the accomplished wife of Alexander Severus (Emperor A.D. 222-235). By her they were entrusted to the rhetorician Philostratus, to be dressed up in a manner befitting the dignity of the hero. Hence, in due course, they have fallen into my hands, and may be obtained by anyone who is curious about the subject in the Trübner series of the Classics. The Greek style of Philostratus is graceful and easy, and, as he asserts himself, whoever reads his narrative will certainly learn things that he did not know before.

Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" is full of allusions to Apollonius. She is acquainted with his biography by Philostratus, and tells us that "as every Kabbalist knows, it embraces the whole of the Hermetic philosophy." (Vol. I., p. 19.) She admits that "it reads like a fairy tale," and adds that "the journey to India represents allegorically the trials of a neophyte." Yet she is constantly quoting it as sober history. But what is more singular is that while mentioning the visit of Apollonius to the Sages of India, she is silent about the peculiar characteristics of those persons, which might seem to lend so striking a corroboration to her own statements about the Adepts. This omission it is my present purpose to supply by a translation from the third book of Philostratus's Life of Apollonius, chapters 10-18, inclusive.

From thence* proceeding four days' journey through a rich and cultivated country, they tell us that they approached the Tower of the Sages. And the guide, having bidden his camel to go down on its knees, leapt off it in such a fright that he sweated profusely. But Apollonius understood where he had come to, and said, in ridicule of the Indian's fear, "It seems to me that this man, if he had sailed into harbour after a long voyage, would be put out at reaching land and afraid of being at anchor." With these words, he ordered his camel to lie down, for he was accustomed to such things on other occasions: but what caused the exceeding terror of the guide was their having come into the vicinity of the Sages: for the Indians are more afraid of them than they are of their own king, inasmuch as the king himself, to whom the country is subject, asks them about all that he has to say or do, as men consult an oracle, and they, by their intimations, ordain what is good for him to do and forbid what is bad.

When they were about to halt in the neighbouring village—it is not quite a furlong's distance from the Sages' Hill—they say they saw a young man come running up, the swarthest of all Indians, between whose eyebrows there was a gleam like a crescent moon. I have heard of the same thing at a later date in the case of Meno, who was brought up by the rhetorician Herodes. Meno was an Ethiopian; the appearance presented itself when he was a lad, but as he advanced to manhood this light faded out, and vanished when he attained maturity. But, to go back to the Indian, they say that he bore a golden anchor, which the Indians are wont to carry as an heraldic emblem of full security. And running up to Apollonius, he addressed him

* The geography is vague, but the place indicated is not very far from the Himalayas, which Philostratus calls the Caucasus.

in the Greek language, a circumstance which no longer caused them surprise, because all in the village also spoke Greek, and the words, "How are you, so-and-so?" had struck the rest with amazement, but inspired Apollonius with confidence about the success of his mission: for he looked at Damis, and said, "They are really sages whom we have come to, for they seem to possess fore-knowledge." At the same time he asked the Indian what was to be done, wishing still for company. But the Indian said, "These must put up here, but you are to come as you are, for they command it themselves." Now the expression, "themselves"* seemed to Apollonius already to convey a touch of Pythagoreanism, and he followed rejoicing.

The hill on which the Sages had their dwelling was about the same height, they say, as the Acropolis at Athens, and rose up out of the plain, and enjoyed the same natural advantage of a bulwark of rock all round. On this rock in many places they saw marks of cloven hoofs, and outlines of beards and faces, and backs, it might be, as of persons who had rolled down. For they relate that Dionysus, when he made an attempt upon the place along with Herakles, ordered the Pans to attack it, as being able to cope with the earthquake; but they were struck with lightning by the Sages, and fell, one this way and one that, and the rocks were engraved, as it were, with the figures of their offence. About the hill they say he saw a mist, wrapped in which the Indians dwell, and make themselves visible or invisible as they please. Whether there were gates of any other kind to the hill he did not know. For the cloud around him seemed to debar access, whether one were locked out or not. And he himself ascended chiefly by the south side of the hill, following the Indian, and first he saw a well four fathoms deep, from which a gleam of the deepest blue was sent up to the mouth, and when the sun at noontide rested upon it the gleam was drawn out by its ray, and shot up, presenting the appearance of a hot rainbow. He learned later about the well that the earth beneath it contained sandaraca, and that they looked upon the water as possessing mysterious properties, and no one would either drink it or draw it, but it was regarded by all India round about as a thing to swear by. Near this was a bowl of fire, from which there went up a flame like lead, and no smoke rose from it, nor any smell, neither did this bowl ever overflow, but its contents rose to such a height as not to boil over the cavity. There Indians receive purification from involuntary offences, whence the Sages call the water the Water of Detection and the fire the Fire of Pardon. And they say he saw two jars of black stone that held rain and wind. The rain jar, if ever India is oppressed with drought, is opened and sends forth mists, and waters the whole land; but if rains prevail over much, it keeps them shut up, and the wind jar acts in the same way, I suppose, as the skin of Æolus;† for they open the jar and let one of the winds blow in season, and hence the earth receives strength. They say also that he met with images of the gods. Now if they were Indian or Egyptian, it would be no marvel, but these Indians have the most ancient of the Greek images, that of Athena Polias, and of the Delian Apollo, and of Dionysus of the Marsh, and of the Amyclæan Apollo, and all the oldest we have here, and they live also after the Greek fashion. And they say that they dwell in the middle of India; and they regard this hill as the central point of this ridge; and they celebrate orgies to fire upon it, which fire they declare they draw themselves from the rays of the sun. It is to this they sing their daily hymn at noon.

However, Apollonius himself shall relate what sort of men they were, and how they dwell upon the hill. For, in one of his discourses to the Egyptians, he says, "I have seen Indians, Brahmans, who dwell upon the earth, and not upon it, and are walled in without walls, and have nothing, and yet have all things." These statements he has conveyed under a veil of wisdom, but Damis says that they make their beds upon the earth, and spread grasses beneath them on the ground, which they gather themselves; and that he has seen them walking in the air about two cubits from the ground, not for the sake of performing a miracle, for they deprecate any ambition of this sort, but that they may conduct in a manner befitting the God whose observances which they pay to the Sun, when they rise along with him from the earth. Indeed, the fire which they draw from the sunlight, though it has a bodily shape, is not made by them to burn upon an altar, nor kept in ovens, but is seen suspended above the earth and dancing in the air, like the rays that are refracted from the sun and water. Now they beseech the Sun on behalf of the seasons, whereof he is himself the steward, that they may come in fit time to the earth, and that India may prosper, and at nightfall they implore his ray not to be incensed at the night, but to abide as it was brought by them. Such, then, is the meaning of Apollonius's expression that, "The Brahmans are upon the earth, and not upon the earth." And the words, "Walled in without walls," signify the air under which they live; for though they seem to make their beds under the open sky, yet they raise a canopy over themselves, and when it rains they are not wet, and are under the sunlight when they please themselves. And the words, "And

have nothing and yet have all things," Damis thus interprets. All the springs that gush up from the earth for the Bacchanals, when Dionysus shakes them and the earth, visit also these Indians, when they are feasting others or being feasted. It is, therefore, natural enough for Apollonius to say that those who provide nothing beforehand, but everything on the spur of the moment, have what they have not. And it is their habit to let their hair grow, like the Lacedæmonians of old, and the Thurians, and Tarentines, and Melians, and all who hold Laconian customs in account; and they wear a white turban and walk barefoot, and the dress that they wore was very much of the shape of a sleeveless tunic. And the stuff of their dress was wool which grew wild from the earth, as white as that of the Pamphylians, but softer, and the fat that trickles from it is like oil. This they make into a sacred garment, and if anyone else besides these Indians were to pick it, the earth would not yield the wool. The virtue of the ring and wand, both of which they carry, is all-potent, and the two are held in mysterious veneration.

On the arrival of Apollonius the rest of the Sages advanced with out stretched hands to greet him, but Jarchas sat on a high chair—it was of dark bronze, and embossed with figures in gold, while the chairs of the others were of bronze, but without chasing—and when he saw Apollonius he saluted him in the Greek language, and asked for the letter from the Indian. And when Apollonius expressed surprise at his fore-knowledge, "Yes," said he, "and he has left out a letter in the epistle," mentioning the letter d, "for it escaped him in the writing." And this turned out to be so. When he had read the letter he said, "What do you think of us, Apollonius?" "What should I think," replied Apollonius, "but what is shewn by my having come for your sakes on such a journey as no man yet, from my part of the world, has taken?" "And why do you think that we know more than you do yourself?" "For my part," he said, "I consider your wisdom far greater and more Godlike; but if I were to find among you nothing more than I know already, I would have learnt that I have nothing more to learn." Then the Indian, in reply, said, "Other people, when visitors come to them, ask them who they are, and what they come for, but we think it the first proof of wisdom to know all about our visitor. Try us first on this point." On saying this he proceeded to give Apollonius his genealogy on the father's side and on the mother's, and related all that took place in Ægæ, and how Damis joined him, and any serious matter they had been engaged in or seen others engaged in on the journey, all which the Indian went through in a clear manner, and without stopping to draw breath, just as if he had been a companion of their travels. And when Apollonius was astounded, and asked him how he knew these things, "You too," he said, "have come with a share of this knowledge, but not as yet of all of it." "Teach me then all knowledge," said he. "Yes, and without grudging, for this is wiser than enviously to hide what is worth study; and besides, Apollonius, I see that you are full of memory, whom we love above all the deities." "Why? Have you discerned my nature?" "We, Apollonius," he answered, "see all the varieties of the soul, investigating them by countless indications. But since midday is at hand, and we must provide for the gods their due, let us now attend to this matter, and afterwards let us discourse on as many subjects as you please, but be you present at all we do." "By Zeus," he said, "I would be doing despite to the Caucasus and the Indus, which I crossed on my journey to see you, if I were not to take part in all you do." "Then take part," he said, "and let us go." So they came to a well of water, which Damis, who saw it afterwards, says was like the well of Dirce in Bœotia; and first they stripped themselves, and then anointed their heads with a substance like amber, and this made the Indians so hot that their bodies smoked, and the sweat ran off them in streams, as if they were in the hot-room of a bath. Then they flung themselves into the water, and having washed themselves, thus proceeded to the temple with garlands on their heads and absorbed in their hymn. And they stood round Jarchas in the form of a chorus, making him their coryphæus, and struck the ground with the tips of their wands, and it curved like a billow and shot them up two cubits high into the air. And they chanted a song like the pæan of Sophocles, which is chanted at Athens to Æsculapius. But when they came down to the ground, Jarchas called the lad who carried the anchor, and said to him, "Look after Apollonius's companions." And he went off and came back with far greater swiftness than the swiftest birds, and said, "I have looked after them." So when they had performed the main portion of their religious rites they rested in their chairs, and Jarchas said to the lad, "Bring out the throne of Phraotes for the sage Apollonius, that he may sit upon it and discourse with us." When Apollonius had taken his seat the sage said, "Ask us what you please, for you have come to men who know all things." Then Apollonius inquired if they knew themselves as well as everything else, but Jarchas turned round, to his surprise, and said, "The reason why we know all things is because we first know ourselves, for none of us could approach this philosophy without first knowing himself." And Apollonius called to mind what he had heard from Phraotes, and how he who intends to devote himself to philosophy puts himself to the severest tests, and so he dropped this subject, for

* In allusion to the famous *αὐτὸς ἔφη* or *ipse dixit* of the Pythagoreans, an appeal to authority which disposed of all objections

† See Homer, *Odyssey* X., 19, 20.

"Then flayed he off and gave me the skin of a strenuous steer,
And fast within it he bound the ways of the blustering winds."

indeed he had become convinced of this necessity in his own case. So he tried another question, "What they thought themselves to be?" and he answered "Gods," and when he went on to ask him "Why?" he said "Because we are good men." This answer appeared to Apollonius so replete with wisdom that he told it afterwards to Domitian in his speech in his own defence.

Yours truly,

Oxford, January, 1884.

ST. GEORGE STOCK.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I am permitted by a friend, for whose absolute trustworthiness I give you my own personal guarantee, to forward you the following statement, addressed, in the first instance, to myself.—Yours truly,

A. P. SINNETT.

No doubt you have seen Dr. Wyld's letter in this week's "LIGHT." I do not at all like its tone and style, and I do not know whether you will consider it worth answering; but I think I can supply you with material for a reply if you care to make it, for I happen to have had slate-writing, through Mr. Eglinton's mediumship, on the subject of the Mahatmas, and it certainly differs widely from that given to Dr. Wyld—a fact which surely strengthens the Theosophical position that the "spirit guides" usually echo what they see in the mind of the questioner.

On the afternoon of a day you will remember, I had a slate-writing séance with Mr. Eglinton, as I told you. Before the séance commenced, I asked Mr. Eglinton about the visit paid to him on board the *Vega*, and understood from him that although at the time he was greatly impressed and fully convinced that his visitor was what he represented himself to be, he had since begun to suspect that what he saw was merely an ordinary materialised form personating the Master; so that for the present he simply suspended his judgment in the matter and waited for further enlightenment. We then sat down at the table and soon obtained, under the usual test conditions, among other communications, a message from "Ernest," saying that he saw there was a great work to be done by co-operating with me, whatever that may mean. Soon after Mr. Eglinton passed into the trance-state, and was (to use the Spiritualistic phrase) controlled by a spirit giving the name of "Daisy," who at once referred to the previous conversation, and told me that I must not be influenced by the medium's doubts about the Mahatmas, since "we" (the spirits) "are perfectly aware of their existence, and Ernest is in constant communication with them." I then asked whether Ernest could take a letter from me to the Master and bring back an answer. Daisy thought it probable, but said I had better write a letter to Ernest making the request, and he would, no doubt, reply. She also told me to form a circle at home, and she would try to communicate with me there. I was asked to tell no one of the promise to take my letter to Tibet lest an inconvenient number of similar applications should be made, but I insisted on having, and at last obtained, permission to tell you all about it, which I did the same evening. On reaching home the next day I wrote a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Pardon me if through ignorance of your true style and title, I am not addressing you properly; correspondence with the spirit world is at present a novelty to me. I have to thank you for the communication written on a slate at Mr. Eglinton's on Thursday. I am as yet uncertain as to the nature of the great work in which you so kindly promise me co-operation and support, but I shall be heartily glad of your assistance as it develops itself. I am writing to you now, as you, no doubt, know, by the instruction or advice of one of Mr. Eglinton's guides who announced herself to me as "Daisy." I understood from her that you might possibly be able to put me in communication with the Himalayan Adepts known as "The Brothers," and especially with that member of this august fraternity named Koot Hoomi. Can you and will you do this? Could you convey a letter from me to the gentleman in question, and bring back his answer to me? If so, I shall be extremely obliged to you. One other point. Daisy suggested that I should form a circle down here and hoped that if I did you and she might be able to communicate with me direct. Can you give me any directions as to who should form this circle, when and where it should meet, &c.? There are considerable difficulties in the way of such a thing here.—With kind regards to Daisy and yourself, believe me, &c.

A few days afterwards I received this letter back *unopened*, but on cutting it open found the following answer written in pencil under my signature:—

I am willing and able, should you prove yourself worthy, to endeavour to bring your desire before our friend K.H., but we can promise nothing. Write the letter and we will, if the conditions favour the manifestation, endeavour to convey it to the august person with whom you seek to enter into correspondence. Regarding the other matters your own judgment will be better fitted to answer them than any advice we could give you.

(Signed) ERNEST.

The above was in the same handwriting as the letter on the slate. Hardly the same in tone as Dr. Wyld's communication, is it? But there is more to follow. About six weeks later I took some friends to Mr. Eglinton's and the subject came up again. "Ernest" was engaged elsewhere, but "Joey" conveyed his regrets to me that he had not yet been able to obtain an answer from the Brothers. Mr. Eglinton, becoming into-

rested, then asked, "Are there really such persons as the Brothers?" and the answer, given with more emphasis than usual, was "Yes." The following communication was then written between two slates, Mr. Eglinton holding one corner and I the other. The slates were held about six inches above the table, and as there was full sunlight the test conditions were perfect. The handwriting is neither "Ernest's" nor "Joey's," but a remarkably bold, firm hand. When I asked afterwards by whom it had been written, Joey wrote, "I am not permitted to say."

We are glad you are giving your undivided attention to the grand philosophy and teachings of the great Mahatmas, your Masters. The true principles governing this and other existences can only be sought in reverence from them, and your prayers will one day be answered.

I should think we had better have that glazed to compete with Dr. Wyld's specimen! I have the slate and also Ernest's letter and can send them up to you. . . . I can, of course, certify the exact truth of every detail stated above.

Theories of Slate-Writing.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The question as to the *modus operandi* of slate-writing raised by the Hon. Mr. Wyndham is of much psychological importance.

My first impression, when I sat with Slade, some six years ago, was that the intelligence present *might* be that of Slade's entranced soul acting as a disembodied spirit.

This autopsychic action I still believe is not only a possible but a probable method in certain cases, but it does not explain the method in Mr. Eglinton's presence, for he assures me that he is in no way entranced during the operation.

The "spook or elementary" theory I dismiss at once, because the intelligence is not only often beyond that of a Madame Blavatsky spook but sometimes beyond that of all present, and sometimes even beyond that of ordinary well-educated gentlemen.

I thus find myself more and more forced to admit that the operator is usually a spiritual being, a disembodied human soul, although the question of identity still remains difficult to solve.

One message I got through Slade was most *apropos*, and was signed with the Christian names of my father and mother.

The nature of the message was in no way previously in my thoughts, and the structure and tone of the message were quite unlike Slade's, and equally unlike my own modes of expression; but they were exactly like what my father and mother would have used on such an occasion, and yet I did not *feel* that they came direct from my parents.

These feelings or instincts are worthy of much consideration in spiritual matters, but must, of course, themselves be subjected to a discriminating reflection.

With regard to theories based on the idea that our actions and thoughts are photographed on the "astral light," I think it would be well in these days, to discard misleading terms founded on unscientific views.

The term *astral light*, as applied to spiritualistic facts, has no foundation.

When the term was first used, light was regarded as a substance, but it is now known to be a mode of motion, and motion cannot fix on itself a photographic-like impression of the mind.

The Babbage theory, that our thoughts may remain as eternal vibrations of the ether, would afford a more scientific basis in that direction, but that theory is quite unnecessary as an explanation of the Thought-reading theory of slate-intelligence, if we admit that departed souls live as *spirits*, and *thus* see and know the thoughts of like spirits in the flesh.

With regard to the ether itself it is important to know that some authorities regard it as a substance having a quality immensely more solid than that of so-called solid matter.

If so, then the spirit-world, if it exists in the ethereal medium, must partake of that solidity, and in this direction it may be a significant fact that some seers have said to me, "We know spirits from human beings by the fact that they seem to us, and the world that surrounds them seems to us very much more *solid* and real than the world of the senses."

So indeed one might say it must be; because so-called solid matter is heterogeneous and patulous, while the spirit-world of mind is a homogeneous unity, and thus, not only more consistent, but incapable of disintegration; and thus, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

"Bringing it to Book."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your last impression I notice a communication from "C. C. M.," under which initials I think I am probably justified—without any claim to Thought-reading—in recognising Mr. C. C. Massey, whose very interesting communications on the subject of Psychography have, I am sure, afforded to your readers generally as much pleasure as they have to myself individually.

Mr. Massey dissents from my expressed "assurance," that the same evidence which convinced me of the truth of the

phenomena of slate-writing is accessible to others similarly circumstanced; and he cites, in support of his dissent, the case of failure at variance with my assumption."

I cannot but think that the divergence of opinion between your correspondent and myself is one more of degree than of kind. I naturally spoke from the experience I have myself had of slate-writing sances with Mr. Eglinton. I have had six such sances, in each case with some variation in the rest of the sitters, and there has not been a single failure to obtain writing, on five occasions above the table, and on one occasion under it.

It is quite possible, of course, that I may have been exceptionally fortunate in these experiments; and I do not suggest, for a moment, that even with so powerful a psychic as Mr. Eglinton, success on any particular occasion can be calculated upon with absolute certainty. Still, I think that with a little patience and perseverance the required demonstration or verification can be obtained with sufficient regularity to justify my description of the slate-writing phenomenon as a repeatable experiment, and thus capable of being accurately described as a fact "scientifically demonstrable." Surely, we have all had experience of the occasional failure (owing to some undiscovered or accidental flaw in the conditions) even of the most carefully adjusted experiments in chemistry or electricity, although carried out amid the carefully prepared surroundings of the demonstrator's own platform, and in his own lecture-hall.

As a matter of fact, however, I am assured that out of 201 sances held by Mr. Eglinton since the 1st of January last, on only seven occasions have phenomena of some sort or other failed to produce themselves.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

An Experience with Mr. Eglinton.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your notice to correspondents you say that you will be pleased to receive brief notices of noteworthy occurrences at any sances, and having lately witnessed in the presence of Mr. Eglinton what I think noteworthy, I beg to send you a statement of the facts as they occurred.

By an appointment with Mr. Eglinton, myself and two lady relatives went to his residence in Quebec-street one morning at ten o'clock, and at his direction seated ourselves around a small table. We were close to a window, and the room was as light as sunlight could make it. There were three slates put on the table, and some pieces of wet sponge. We held each other's hands on the top of the table, the left hand of Mr. Eglinton being held by one of the ladies. Before commencing, the slates were all cleaned with the wet sponge on both sides, and then laid on the table before us. Mr. Eglinton then put a bit of slate pencil about the size of a grain of rice on the top of a slate, and holding the slate with his disengaged hand close under the flap of the table, obtained in writing several intelligent replies to questions suggested by us.

He then asked me if I would write the name of any departed friend on a slate from whom I should wish to have a communication, telling me not to mention to anyone the name I had written. I then took one of the slates from the table, and holding it so that no one present could see what I had written, wrote the name of a man who had for twenty-five years previous to his death, last July, been my most intimate friend in Australia. The name written by me was George Hamilton, with a question to which I asked for an answer, and after writing it I placed the slate by my side where it could not be seen by anyone. Mr. Eglinton then placed a slate underneath the flap of the table, and in a few seconds withdrew it with the word "Yes" written largely on it. Mr. Eglinton now said, "We will try if we can receive the communication by placing a slate on the table and covering it with another slate." This was done. Placing a scrap of slate-pencil between the two slates, Mr. Eglinton now placed his disengaged hand on the top slate and we immediately heard the scratching of the pencil. In less than half a minute three taps were given to intimate that the writing was finished, and on taking off the top slate the bottom one was found covered with writing perfectly legible, with stops and even the i's dotted as now copied:—

"And to think I should ever be able to return in this manner to you! It even seems incredible to me. I have asked the guide of Mr. Eglinton to convey to you this message, but I am nevertheless with you. How much happier this beautiful truth must make you. And think of the pleasure it affords us when the portals are opened by which we can communicate to you. There is much of importance I would like to say to you did the power serve me, but I must rest content. Good-bye. God bless you.—G. HAMILTON."

How this writing was produced I do not pretend to say, but that it was never made by a mortal hand I am fully convinced. The time occupied in obtaining it I do not think was really more than fifteen seconds.

With Mr. Eglinton's permission I brought away with me the slate with the writing on it, as a record of the most remarkable fact which has ever been brought before my notice during a life now extending considerably over sixty years.

As I am only a traveller in England, I give my home address.

—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Yarrow, Kuepara, South Australia.

W. FOWLER.

Influence at a Distance.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR, "Trident," in your number of June 7th, raises a point of issue which it may be of some public benefit to discuss further.

The difference of view between us is this:—I, in the previous week, had maintained that by our wills we make avenues of approach for higher and lower spirits to work in this or that part of the earth; and that this path is made, as it were; by clearly-conceived will, "projected" and strongly sustained by habitual and regular effort, until it has become, as it were, part of our unconscious cerebration. "Trident," on the other hand, admits our power to influence spirits by our wishes, but denies that we lend any help by "projection" of will; in fact ridicules the existence of such a thing as "projection" at all.

I admit, in our present empirical state of knowledge on these subjects, that the fact of any actual "projection" taking place has not been actually proved, but I maintain that there are enough phenomena already recorded in psychology to justify the employment temporarily, for convenience, of such an expressive phrase as "Projection of Will-force"; quite as much justification as when we talk about projection of light-force from the sun.

Is "Trident" prepared to deny that there is any evidence, attained or attainable, of a sensitive influenced at a far distance by an operator, without previous arrangement, to do such and such a thing? I have personal evidence to such a phenomenon, but I grant, so far, that this may be done by the medium of a spirit going to and fro. But how, then, when the said sensitive sees the "double" or "apparition" of the said operator bidding him do this or that? Granted this may be caused by the said spirit willing an "idea" of the operator on to the brain of the sensitive. But how, then, when the double of the operator is seen by several in the room at once? I have heard of an instance of this sort. A friend of mine, a very powerful magnetiser, once told me, and his evidence was corroborated by others present, that he is in the habit of looking in at the nursery every night as he goes to bed to see if his little ones are all right, and if he is away from home he does the same by "projecting" his double, and that on some occasions he has been seen by several simultaneously not only to come in, but to make his presence known by pushing the door ajar, or moving articles. Granted this may be explained by pre-conceptions of anticipation or habit in the minds of those seeing. But then I have a case which seems to over-ride the objection of anticipation.

I was once talking with a well-known clairvoyant, who was under control, as the phrase is, and the control suddenly broke off from what he was saying to remark that a friend of mine, still living, had just appeared in my surroundings or sphere, and he immediately, without help from me, gave the surname, described the age, appearance, character and mannerisms of a passing acquaintance of mine, whom I had not met for a year or so, and whom to my knowledge I was not thinking of at the time.

The control said he appeared because he was thinking or talking of me at the time, and that I would meet him again in the course of a few months. I did meet him again a few months afterwards, but he could not, unfortunately, recollect whether he was thinking of me on the said day: so that a loophole is left to explain this by the control reading a photograph of the past in my "astral light" or latent memory and guessing the future.

But is the explanation of the control so very absurd in the light of the fact that a person going to call at a house unexpectedly will make the people there begin to talk about him before he appears? Or a person dying will shew himself by apparition to the living friends he is thinking of?

Again, to take another class of facts, how does "Trident," denying "projection" of ideas, explain how a magnetised clairvoyant sensitive can be sent to a certain house in a place unknown to him, not only by connecting him through some magnetised object, such as a letter, but also by the operator holding his hand and fixing his ideas on the place?

This is not explainable by Thought-reading, because several instances are recorded (by Dr. Braid, amongst others) where a sensitive so sent describes circumstances going on in the house at the time unknown to the operator. Surely in such instances as these there is some "projection" from us, whether of mind, or soul, or spirit-body, guiding the loosened spirit of the magnetised one: why therefore, in a similar way, can we not guide the freed spirits of the departed ones?

I do not say that such projection goes necessarily in a straight line. Possibly, for all we know, the course our idea-force takes, when directed to reach some object, is first to go upwards (or inwards) into some subjective or ideal world, and then be reflected down again into the material world to the representation of the thing in matter which we call its reality. Thus, apparently, to our outer senses our "project" of will has been straight and direct, but like a bullet at a target really at a curve. This may be or may not be. But at any rate, so far as regards our present use of the term projection of will, I maintain that its use may be empirical, but it is not unjustifiable. As to how it is done we must wait for more light on the subject. I enumerated what has been discovered by some to be aids, and I might have added several others, such as the holding of the breath, the use of eidolons, posings, &c.

F. W. THURSTAN, M.A.

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BEDFORD ROW,
LONDON, W.C.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Reports of the proceedings of Spiritualist Societies in as succinct a form as possible, and authenticated by the signature of a responsible officer, are solicited for insertion in "LIGHT." Members of private circles will also oblige by contributing brief records of noteworthy occurrences at their sésances. The Editor cannot undertake the return of manuscripts unless the writers expressly request it at the time of forwarding and enclose stamps for the return postage.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"LIGHT" may be obtained direct from our Office, and also from E. W. ALLEN 4 Ave Maria-lane, London, and all Booksellers.

Light:

SATURDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1884.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday evening, June 18th, the ordinary monthly meeting of the Alliance was held in the New Room, St. James's Hall, Regent-street, when Mr. Morell Theobald, who has recently experienced a very curious and interesting outburst of spirit power in his own family circle, addressed the meeting, and gave a somewhat detailed account of the phenomena he has had an opportunity of witnessing. This he did in an admirable address of upwards of an hour's duration, a verbatim report of which will be found in the eight-page supplement issued with this number. Those present listened with marked attention to what Mr. Theobald had to say; and in the short discussion which followed many questions were preferred bearing upon the subject of his address.

Mr. W. Stainton Moses and Mr. T. Everitt also spoke briefly, the latter chiefly with reference to his own psychographic experiences through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, which, as many of our readers are aware, have been of a very remarkable nature.

The President announced that an afternoon meeting would shortly be arranged for, and that another evening meeting would probably close the summer session. At the latter he hoped Major-General Drayson would specially address the members of the Alliance, but full particulars would be duly announced in "LIGHT," where the notices of the Alliance would always appear.

After the usual vote of thanks, the meeting broke up into an informal gathering, and the company separated about ten o'clock.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will give inspirational discourses at Nottingham, Sunday, June 29th, and July 6th. Further particulars will be announced.

TO MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—The *Theosophist*, and the *Journal of the Theosophical Society*, are now kept on sale at the office of this paper. A few back numbers can be supplied.

ON the occasion of the thirty-sixth anniversary services in connection with the Queen's-road Chapel, Dalston (Rev. W. Miall's), on Sunday next, June 15th, the Rev. J. Page Hopps, of Leicester, will preach. The morning service commences at eleven, and the evening service at seven o'clock.

TRANSITION OF MR. W. H. MUMLER.—William H. Mumler, who has been regarded by Spiritualists generally as a genuine medium for the production of spirit photographs, passed to spirit life from his home in Boston, Mass., May 16th. For some time he followed the profession of engraver, and being highly mediumistic, he was undoubtedly assisted by spirits in discovering an excellent method whereby photo-electrotypes can be produced and as readily printed upon as an ordinary woodcut.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

REVIEW.

"FACTS."—A monthly magazine "devoted to statements of mental and spiritual phenomena." 6s. 6d. per annum.

This monthly has entered upon its third year. In association with it is a course of "Fact-meetings" for receiving statements of psychical facts, of which the magazine records the most striking, and also those coming within the personal knowledge of known observers. The April number, among many statements of interest, contains the following, which bears the signature of Dr. H. G. Petersen, 30, Somerset-street, Boston:—

Two slates, enclosing a piece of pencil and fastened together, were held by the medium, Dr. Henry Slade, with the finger and thumb of one hand, upon the arm of Dr. Petersen, while his other hand was on the table covered by the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Petersen. After sounds as of writing for two or three minutes the slates were untied, and on their inner surfaces were found, on one thirteen lines of Latin, and on the other four lines of Greek; the last being followed by a few lines in English from Dr. Davis, a spirit known to the medium, to the effect that the spirit was not able to keep control, but would finish some other time.

The above séance was at Onset Bay. A fortnight afterwards Dr. P. being with his wife at Lake Pleasant, met there Dr. Slade and had another séance with him. On this occasion the medium held a slate under the table, when it was presently shattered into small fragments. Another slate was similarly held, on which we heard the sounds of writing. On being brought up its upper side was covered with characters not known to Dr. P. (This writing has been subsequently reported upon by Dr. Cooper, a clairvoyant medium, and by a Sanscrit scholar; from which it would appear to be in some ancient Eastern dialect.)

At the medium's suggestion, Dr. P. now went out and bought a couple of new slates. These were tied together, with a piece of pencil between, and laid upon Dr. P.'s arm as at the former séance. Writing soon began and lasted six or seven minutes. On the inner surfaces of the slates were found, on one twenty-three lines of Greek, being the continuation, and on the other three lines, being the completion of that commenced at Onset Bay two weeks before. The remaining space on the slate was filled up by a communication in English from a deceased son of Dr. P.'s.

The writing on these two slates was done in six or seven minutes, but it could not be copied within twenty minutes. All the slates are still in Dr. P.'s possession. He has had them photographed; translations of the writing and copies of the photographs are given in "Facts." The subject of each writing is a very old ecclesiastical view of the Christian faith; and both are signed "L. De Mont."

The medium not holding the same ideas as those expressed in the communications, and not knowing the languages used, Dr. P. concludes that the facts shew that there was a power in operation which—similarly to electricity, set in motion by an intelligent operator, acting through a suitable apparatus—acted through this medium's body, conveying a knowledge beyond that possessed by him, who was merely the transmitting agent.

✓ We have received No. 9 of *The Carrier Dove*, a Spiritualist paper, published at Oakland, California. It announces, with satisfaction, the publication of another, also at Oakland, called the *Pacific Leader*.

W. J. COLVILLE had excellent and highly appreciative audiences at Neumeyer Hall on Sunday last, June 8th, when the subjects of discourse were "Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity as Revealed by Nature," and "Man as he was, as he is, and as he should be." On Sunday next, June 15th, the subjects will be, 11 a.m., "True Spiritual Marriage," and at 3 p.m., "The True Gift of Healing and the True Spiritual Physician." We understand these services will end on June 29th.

PLYMOUTH.—The services at the Richmond Hall on Sunday last, despite the fine weather, were well attended, Mr. W. Burt speaking in the morning on "Christ as our Prophet, Priest, and King," and Mr. R. S. Clarke in the evening in answer to the question, "Why should we be Spiritualists?" A very harmonious feeling prevailed, and the day's work was, we believe helpful to all. I may add that in the morning Mr. Clarke began a series of discourses in Christ Church, Devonport, and was greeted with a good congregation.—THEA.

SERVICES BY MRS. RICHMOND

AT KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.

The guides of Mrs. Richmond desire to announce that this series of discourses is not intended in any sense to be a phenomenal illustration of Spiritualism, but will be of a nature to invite thought concerning the *inner teachings* of spirit. Therefore they wish to announce that the subject for the next discourse, which will be given on Sunday, June 15th, at 7 p.m., will be, "The Dual Perfection of Life on Earth, or the New Name for Truth." Tickets for reserved seats may be had at the office of this paper, 2s. each.

The guides of Mrs. Richmond announce that they have a work to perform in the provinces after the series of discourses in London (which may extend to the end of June) has been completed, and suggest that four or five centres of work be chosen by the Spiritualists desiring their ministrations, as they will not be able to visit every place. These visits to the North and Midland counties will begin about July 1st.

THE NEW KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH.

A discourse given through MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, at Kensington Town Hall, Sunday evening, June 8th, 1884, Mr. Webster Glynes in the chair.

Music under the direction of Mr. J. C. Ward.

The Chairman read the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, to the thirteenth verse, and after an invocation Mrs. Richmond spoke as follows:—

The Discourse.

The subject of the discourse, as already announced, is "The New Kingdom of Heaven on Earth."

Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." And when you read the beatitudes of the promises that are given in this wonderful Sermon on the Mount, where Christ gives unto each of the despised and lowliest classes of earth, these sustaining and marvellous words, we must not forget His definition of the Kingdom of Heaven. Too literal, indeed, have been the Christian interpretations of that Kingdom; for, not content with accepting the simple declaration of Christ, the *rewards* in the Heaven of Christendom have been such as from the *senses* might appeal to man, *i.e.*, well-doing for the sake of reward, instead of interpreting closely with the scrutiny of Christ's Spirit the nature of this Kingdom. All promises have been withal unto the state of *rewards* and *punishments* after death, and man's life on earth has been simply the touchstone of eternal joy or misery. Not so our interpretation of Christ, not so our thought concerning the Kingdom of Heaven, and that which Christ endeavoured to reveal when He gave to earth the piercing and soul-searching lessons concerning the avoidance of evil within. Concerning that evil all this reference to the Kingdom which He revealed was within man.

Long and weary ages man has hoped for some millennial period to come as the outgrowth of some miraculous change. No doubt, there are to-day many faithful followers of Jesus, many devout Christian worshippers, who expect the literal "Kingdom of Heaven" will be revealed in some sudden and marvellous change, some "rolling away of the heavens and the earth in a scroll of fire," and some assemblage of the righteous in the presence of God, the entire transformation of all things upon the earth and in Heaven. That this must be accepted as figurative, we have long believed. And that men and women must look within for their Heaven, or its opposite, you can judge from the teachings of Christ, for not only when He was questioned concerning the letter of the law did He declare in favour of the letter, but *beyond* it—in favour of the *spirit* of the law, for He said, "Whomsoever is angry with his brother hath already committed murder," shewing that the spirit of the deed constitutes the act, and that the Kingdom of Heaven or Hell must be the state of the individual.

What have we, then, upon the earth to-day? No expectation that the Son of Man will come in great power and glory to adjust the sons and daughters of men to His Divine Kingdom in an instant; no sudden uplifting of those who are in darkness and degradation to the height of angels without effort on their part; no doing away with the daily toil and daily weakness without earnest endeavour and seeking of the Spirit of Truth—none of these miracles are to be wrought.

Far be it from us to declare that the New Dispensation that

we announce is to do this in any sudden way. But this it must do, when it declares that every human being is equally valuable in the sight of God; when it declares that one soul is as eternal and priceless as another; when it gives unto every child of earth equal promise and opportunity in the sight of God and angels for unfoldment; when it distinctly announces the law of spiritual happiness, as the result of moral growth and spiritual unfoldment here, and that you make your Kingdom of Heaven, or the opposite kingdom (Hades), by the knowledge or ignorance of moral and spiritual laws, and their application; when it enters every department of human life, and says distinctly that these errors of ancient time (that all in Christendom concur in agreeing an evil) must be outwrought by unfoldment of the spiritual powers of man—when it points the way in which those spiritual powers may be unfolded, it certainly must form a very important stepping-stone to that Kingdom of Heaven that man has heretofore sought in vain.

The Christian religion, bringing as it did the knowledge of the Love of God, instead of His hatred; teaching mankind that through love instead of fear there was salvation, gave promise of this boon. But man has turned that law of love into the law of hatred; that law of promise into a law of rejection; has made a line of division between saint and sinner, so deeply defined that neither can have much hope of salvation if the test is to be literally applied. Meanwhile, what has been accomplished? Sin and darkness and evil in the world go on their weary round. The wrongs that men are striving to redress remain, the wrongs that oppress humanity to the very level of the earth. Whence comes this longing for a state of happiness that is co-incident with the true promise here given? Whence this desire to gain the Kingdom without deserving it? To do so is impossible. To deserve it is to accept the promise that Christ has given in the Christ-Life, and the leading of such a life as far as is possible; the way is plain, the pathway is clear. But as in the material world, man worships at the shrine of mammon, crucifying oftentimes the pangs of conscience and remorse,—the blind worship of this blind god, so, in the realm of spirit, men hope that their ill-condition will be condoned, that in some nameless or singular manner, they can escape into the Kingdom of Heaven without the effort of bringing that Kingdom into their lives, and that by accepting the name of Christ they can wear the robes of grace, that by pleading in the name of Christ with the lips, they can escape the heart service, and can, in return, receive the reward of the just. This never will be. Those who hope thus to gain this Kingdom of Heaven on earth, or in the realms of the departed, will find themselves in the narrow house of their own selfishness, hedged around by the walls and darkness of their own material conditions of bondage, for whomsoever would bear the honours or reap the rewards of the "Kingdom of Heaven," while his fellow beings are suffering must plead only for self. Selfishness is the greatest of the offences against the Kingdom of the Spirit.

Whatever man may have done, or failed to do in reference to the message that past time has revealed, it is not, perhaps, our province to criticise; but all classes of worshippers and unbelievers agree that something is needed in the world, that it needs to be truer, broader, and more free and pure, that there is need of more enlightenment. This being the case, every one should strive to seek by all means possible that which will bring these, and if the New Dispensation offers better opportunities for the attainment of these conditions, and see whether in these respects the world will be better for this new Light, this new Truth now dawning on the earth.

As stated, the declaration that all human beings are equally valuable in the sight of God is an important portion of the new light. It enters the dungeon cell of the felon; it appeals to the criminal, who is an outcast under the laws of man, and tells him that under the laws of God there is still hope for him—that he has only to turn to the light, and the light will release and redeem him; it declares to those who are suffering the pangs of poverty and degradation, the results of the unequal conditions in human life, that for each wrong there is redress, and that it is not by returning injury for injury, violence for violence, and force for force, but in the mighty law of appeal and protest, and growth into the love and condition of that which is higher and more exalted in humanity. And when it is declared by those who seek for human redress, for the release of those who suffer from the bondage of unequal caste and conditions of human life, that mankind cannot be fed by moral precepts, nor clothed with religious or theological doctrines, we answer, that is perfectly true, but man can be so imbued with the spirit of love that the bread he eats under its dominion is better than a

feast in the house of hatred, and can be so pervaded that the simplest robe is acceptable if it is the result of honest endeavour rather than revel in earnings of others, the result of usurped power, or the poverty and bondage of millions who bend beneath that power. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and ancient is the restlessness of kings and those who are in power. Cannot humanity learn that the *appearance* of splendour is not splendour; that outside the glamour and glitter of external power is the thorniest pathway that human feet can tread, and that the cottage or the simplest home, adorned with loving faces, and blest with loving light, must constitute the happiness of the time that is to come.

But the New Kingdom gives also, not only promise to the spirit, but to the body of man, by releasing him from that greater bondage, the bondage of selfishness, and pointing, as the moralists many a time have done, but as the moralist cannot do without spiritual growth and unselfishness, to the life that finally shall take the place of selfishness on earth.

We promise you in this dispensation which recognises neither caste, nor condition, nor power of mortal creation, neither king, nor potentate of earth, nor any other authority beneath Heaven, save that of truth, justice, and love, that man is to be redeemed only by that Spirit within him that shall vanquish selfishness, that not only shall make the king lay down his sceptre, crown, and sword, but make the man at his feet not covet the crown, nor sceptre, nor sword; for there can be no actual establishment of man's perfect liberty until you shall cease to covet powers that have been wrested from you by wrong-doing; for does it not necessarily follow that if you instead wish to be king or usurper, you therefore would only exchange one form of tyranny for another, and man would still be the subject of human selfishness? But if in pity you say to the one who rides roughshod over millions of people, "Poor being, he is enslaved by the paltry dominion of power, while I am free to be humble, just, loving, and true to my fellow beings," this is greater and larger freedom, this broader, wider humanity will do more to level the distinctions of class and tyranny than all the violence that the world has ever seen.

We do not say that violence can cease in a moment, but we say that every voice and tongue and pleading that angels can bring to earth at the present time, will not only warn those who feast in halls of revelry, like those in the vision of Belshazzar, who cease to remember their fellow beings, with words like those written on the walls of the ancient king, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," but they will do more: they will write the words of peace and love in all human hearts that will listen, and lowliest lives will become exalted, places of poverty and want will become cleanly and full of comfort and lovely flowers. Children will no longer be taught either to cringe or fawn at the feet of power in servility, or to covet with pride the pomp and display of those who seem to be above them, but will turn to the broad blue sky above, the earth beneath your feet, and the bright and beautiful fields that are giving to the hand of man the reward of his labour. We see in the coming time that every human being must be entitled to a home of beauty, a place of loveliness, to the instruction that will enable him to enjoy that home and help to make its loveliness, to the industry that is his right, and to the reward of that industry, which is his own.

Heretofore, and by slow degrees, the power of individual might has given way to the great moral and spiritual strength of man, but let it be hereafter more moral and spiritual strength that shall triumph than heretofore, and let nations that have won their power in pride and arrogance of might and bloodshed, learn the lesson from their children, not of pride and arrogance and bloodshed again, but of the majesty and might of truth, the dominion of spiritual powers, the intelligence that shall exalt, shall protest against all wrong, that shall cry out against every injustice, and the moral force that shall win humanity to the exaltation of Divine and perfect self-government.

In the past, one force alone has dominated—save where, in certain periods of human history, as in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, the influence of woman sometimes prevailed. In modern society, at this very hour, to your credit be it said, men and women sit together in places of worship, in places of public instruction, appear together upon the streets and promenades, and all places of social or religious civilisation. Wherever it is *proper* for man to go, woman is admitted also. In Greece and Rome (notably the former), the places where men—statesmen, warriors, philosophers, and fashioners of the Government were accustomed to assemble, were places where women could not go.

But to the honour of Christian civilisation be it said that step by step, notwithstanding the precautions of St. Paul, woman has gradually taken her place by the side of man—not only in the home but in the schools, in the libraries, in Literature, in Art, in Science, upon the stage, and in the lecture-room or rostrum. And it will not be long before she will appear in places of religious instruction (is so appearing even now), for woman is considered the natural instructor of little children, and as the wisest men turn to the mother for advice and counsel—in later life not too wise to seek her advice—so in the halls of legislation you miss the same gentleness that you now have by the fireside, in the church, in the lecture-room, in Literature, and in Art; and we predict it will not be long before this voice and gentleness of woman will also take its place in legislative halls. It is not, nor would any who advocate this view imply it, our purpose to proclaim that woman shall become like man; but it is quite necessary that *womanly* qualities shall be felt in legislation as in every department of human social life. This room, were you here for a political meeting, and only men present, might be a noisy scene; with the presence of your wives, daughters, and sisters it is changed to one of gentleness. Instead of anathema, imprecation and violence, which sometimes even desecrate halls of legislation, there will be the prevalence of gentle behaviour, that is customary in the best society and in your homes. Not only will this become true, but it will be true in the most exalted sense, that those pursuits and pleasures that cannot be enjoyed together will not be enjoyed at all, and that Christian men, and the men of the new life will visit no places where their wives and daughters and sisters cannot with propriety accompany them. This civilisation is not only because it is necessary, but because in the very beginning of things (Eden time) it is announced that these two lives, pledged to one another to support and sustain, must also by mutual exaltation and attestation, renovate and redeem the world. Therefore in this, the New Dispensation, we have said that there will be the dual expression of life (in the Messiah) on earth.

What the Church has done in the past to glorify the Madonna in the Christ-Mother, was some prophecy of the realisation or fulfilment of that which has been promised in the coming new life—in the dual expression of being. Gentleness will supplement wisdom, and love which is to interpret and swell the force and power that encompass and sustain as well as to go forth to conquer. All civilisations where this exaltation is equal of man and woman, must be preserved. Wherever this has not been the case the civilisation has perished, and the nation also. The degradation that overtook Greece as the result of a philosophy that had its expression in the intellect instead of the moral nature of man (in matter instead of spirit), must be traced to this cause alone, the downfall of one of the greatest periods of enlightenment that man has ever known.

In the coming time also the hardships and constant struggles ensuing from the partial administration of Justice and Religion by those who are dependent upon authority, will be partly removed by the pleading of children for the right of every life to be surrounded by the best conditions. The fact that children have no voice to claim those rights must appeal to all who have the power, and who, having intelligence, must control the waifs of human life. Into the world of human existence the child-life will come, appealing to the highest social and moral states, the best conditions that you can offer, and claiming with the love of God all the love of humanity; and the blooming flowers of earth and the surroundings of home are its just rights, and it must receive them. Now men and women pursue fashion or pleasure, mammon or pride, government or serenity. The child is neglected and relegated to the domain of ignorance—the care of the servant. And the generation that is expected to take your places in the world is brought up without consciousness, oftentimes, of parental guidance and care. There will be no orphans. Not only will there be none in palaces, neglected, but there will be no orphans in the New Dispensation—those who cry out upon the streets for bread, or who are sent to the humane institutions to forget the name of love. Perhaps you remember that it was in London that the Commissioners of the Orphan Asylums found that something was the matter with the orphans in the various asylums and places of refuge. They appointed a very noble-hearted and worthy lady to inquire into the cause of their pining away. When she had conscientiously accomplished her duty, she reported that they needed "Mothering." "I asked a little girl about three years old to give me a kiss," said the lady, "and she did not

know the meaning of the word." If there are thousands of children in the world brought up from infancy not to know the meaning of a loving kiss—not to know that there is a mother's love in all Christendom—what would the Mother of Christ say, or what can you say, or what can the angels say, leaning from their heavenly home, when, in a Christian land, you feed and clothe your orphans, but starve their hearts and spirits? We do not cry out against your benevolent institutions—those of charity; but it seems to us that true charity has a deeper meaning than this, and that to feed and clothe the body is not enough, that there must be an individual, kindly responsibility brooding over each life. Therefore, that as in Heaven there are no orphan children, so in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth you will not permit it, Christian parents, that any shall feel themselves to be orphans; besides, Spiritualism reveals the fact to every mother that her child (the darling she has wept for) is cared for in Heaven by some guardian or angelic ministrant, some teacher or loving spirit friend is chosen from the realm of spirit, best adapted to teach the child. No little waif goes wailing through the streets of the celestial city asking for the Bread of Life and receiving a stone. Now, you, in the midst of crowded earthly cities, and haunts of misery and woe, can do little less than repay the love that the angels give your children in Heaven, by such love as your mother-heart can give here to some orphan child; and it will help you also to realise that "Kingdom of Heaven" that you so much expect to enjoy, when you join your babes in Paradise, for if any of "these little ones" have not been remembered, how can gleaming eyes, those lovely forms, be perceived by your vision?

There is also one step further; it is claimed by those who seek for the elevation of mankind upon the basis of Social Science, that you must find in *material* things the solution of all these problems. I beg their pardon. It is just here that the great mistake has been made. You must find from spiritual sources the reason for all these conditions, and in spiritual states the remedy. Money will not do it; material wealth will not. The laws of hygiene may help to some extent, but the proper basis of all reform must begin from within. You cannot expect to regenerate the earth, nor that mankind shall be fitted to receive the angels of light, when they come to take up their abode upon the earth, unless you make your lives also pure, and begin within to receive the angel messenger. Let it pervade your lives, for if the Spirit be quickened within you, if you discover these wrongs and then still abide in the midst of them and encourage them, is not that also wrong? Can you hope that there will be any bridge builded between human society with its wrongs and the Kingdom that is expected shall come on earth, unless you apply your individual hand and your individual spirit in aiding to build it?

The angel world has given you the plan, in the expression of God's love; has given you the method, in the golden rule inscribed upon the archways of human temples, the true triumph of the Millennium. And still you seek for that Kingdom in the petty avenues of outward science, and in the narrow walks of pride, and in the grovelling domain of fear.

The new Kingdom will call upon you to fulfil that which you profess; to live that which you claim to believe in; to exalt your lives to the measure of the exaltation of your professions, and make your daily existence as much in accord with spirit as matter is capable of being subjugated by spirit; and will ask of you to build up no dome or temple of worship, no external formulas of prayer or praise, save those that you build in daily life. Your oracles shall be of your own household; your priests shall be within your own hearts; your shrines shall be the daily offerings of goodly deeds. Then whatever temple shall rear its dome in the presence of God will be filled with the loving voices, beaming eyes, and the smiles of children, and the rejoicings of the sons and daughters of men. The arid places will be made to blossom as the rose. The desert will respond to the encouragement of the hand of man. And the wilderness will yield up its treasures, while cities, the haunts of crime and misery, will vanish before the green fields and verdant mountain slopes, peopled with the homes of the joyous and pure in heart, which will be the altars and shrines unto the loving God. And the angel of harmony will descend and dwell in your midst, and the promise that God and the Comforter shall abide with you shall be realised if you each at this hour and hereafter say, "I will do my part to bring this Kingdom of Heaven upon earth."

BENVENUTO CELLINI'S VISION OF THE SUN. (1539.)

(Autobiography of) "Benvenuto Cellini," writes Carlyle, in his "Note-Book," "a very worthy book; gives more insight into Italy than fifty (Leo Tenth) would. A remarkable man, Benvenuto, and in a remarkable scene. Religion, Art: Art with ferocity and sensuality; polished respect with stormful independence; faithful, obedient subjects to Popes who are not hierarchs, but plain scoundrels! Life was far sunnier and richer then, but a time of change, loudly called for, was advancing, and but lately has reached its crisis."

Thus, in a few of his accustomed graphic, incisive sentences does Carlyle grasp up the main features of this celebrated autobiography of one of the most extraordinary men of that extraordinary age. He has, however, omitted to refer to the ever-present element of the spiritual, which forms one of the most peculiar characteristics both of the man and of the book.

Benvenuto, like all who possess the artist's nature, was a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions.

His highly mystical experiences of dream-life he has embodied, not alone in poems scattered throughout his autobiography, but introduces them here and there in plain prose.

For a considerable time Benvenuto was confined in the castle of St. Angelo, falsely accused of having secreted certain jewels belonging to the Pope. The dungeon in which he endured the most painful portion of his imprisonment, is one of a group of similarly pitch-dark cells situated in the centre of the mountain-like mass of ancient masonry which forms this celebrated fortress of the Popes, called, since the Middle Ages, the castle of St. Angelo; originally, however, having been built by the Emperor Hadrian as his own tomb. Such a venerable relic of ancient days might be expected to possess its crowd of haunting, earth-bound spiritual denizens. From the account preserved to us by Benvenuto of his experience, such probably was the case.

Worn in body and mind by long suffering in prison, and at all times of a highly sensitive temperament, Benvenuto became at this period specially open to spiritual influences. Evil spirits contended for mastery over him. The dungeon, with its darkness and isolation, afforded every requisite for the manifestation of spirit-power and spirit-forms. The cell-like, dark dungeon, with its one sensitive inhabitant, might be regarded as a "dark cabinet" with its medium inside.

An evil spirit-presence, as may well be conceived probable in such an age and place, manifested with extraordinary power. It sought to bring Benvenuto to the point of self-destruction.* In the depth of his despair a beneficent spirit, however, appeared and "ministered unto him," and as by miracle his life was saved. This spirit of comfort and salvation manifested its presence in various ways, and on more than one occasion.

This episode in the life of the famous Italian artist deserves careful consideration from the standpoint of the psychologist. These trials appear as a scene in the great drama of his soul's regeneration, and are a type possibly of experience, more or less veiled, yet for ever in progress, for the cleansing of humanity. The suffering, sharp and terrible, was not without its salutary results in the case of Benvenuto Cellini. The gross and vindictive nature of the man appears through this suffering to have become partially stripped from off him, revealing glimpses of the true substratum of his genius, strength mingled with tenderness, and true piety of heart united to lofty imagination.

"I continued," says Benvenuto at this particular time:—"to put up my usual prayers, kept writing my stanzas, and began to have every night the most joyful and encouraging

* In the early portion of our own century another celebrated Italian, of quite other order of genius, Silvio Pellico, patriot and poet, enduring a not less frightful incarceration beneath the leaden-roofs of St. Mark's, at Venice, became also cognisant of the physical manifestation of evil spirits. As in the case of Benvenuto Cellini, the evil spirit sought to destroy Pellico, but each time was arrested in his attempt.

dreams imaginable. I likewise constantly thought myself visibly in the company of this Divine person whom I had often heard whilst invisible. I asked but one favour of him, that he would carry me where I could see the sun, telling him that was of all things what I desired most, and that if I could see it but once, I should die contented, and without repining at any of the miseries and tortures I had gone through; for I was now inured to every hardship, all were become my friends, and nothing gave me any further uneasiness. The strongest, almost the only, desire which animated my breast was an earnest longing to see the golden orb of day! So continuing to pray with the same earnestness of devotion to Jesus Christ I thus expressed myself: 'O Thou true Son of God! I beseech Thee by Thy birth, Thy death upon the Cross, by Thy glorious resurrection, that Thou wouldst deem me worthy of seeing it with these mortal eyes. I promise to visit Thee at Thy holy sepulchre!' These vows did I make, and these prayers did I put up to God on the 2nd of October, 1539.

"When the next morning came I awoke at daybreak, almost an hour before sunrise, and having quitted my wretched couch, I put on a waistcoat, as it began to be cool, and prayed with greater devotion than ever I had done before. I earnestly entreated Christ that He would be graciously pleased to favour me with Divine inspiration. When I had uttered these words, some invisible being bore me away, as by a wind, into an apartment, where he shewed himself to me in a human form, having the figure of a youth, with the first down upon his cheeks, and of a most beautiful countenance, on which a particular gravity was conspicuous. He remained with me, and shewed me what was in that place, saying, 'Those numerous men whom you see are all who until now have been born and died.' I then asked him why he brought me thither. To this he answered, 'Come forward, and you will soon know the reason.' I had in my hand a dagger, and on my back a coat of mail: he led me through that spacious place, and shewing me those who travelled several ways to the distance of an infinite number of miles, he conducted me forward, and went out at a little door into a place which appeared like a narrow street, and pulled me after him. Upon coming out of this spacious apartment into this street, I found myself unarmed, and in a white shirt, with my head uncovered, standing at the right of my companion. When I saw myself in this situation I was in great astonishment, because I did not recognise this street, and raising my eyes I saw a high wall in the front of a house, on which the sun darted his refulgent rays. I then said, 'O my friend, what shall I do to raise myself so as to see the sphere of the sun?' He then showed me several steps which were upon my right hand, and bade me ascend them. Having gone to a little distance from him, I mounted several of those steps backwards, and began little by little to see the approaching sun. I ascended as fast as I could in the manner above mentioned, so that I at last discovered the whole solar orb; and because its powerful rays, as usual, made me close my eyes, I, upon perceiving my error, opened them again, and looking steadfastly on the great luminary exclaimed, 'O brilliant sun! whom I have so long wished to behold; henceforth I desire to view no other object, though the fierce lustre of thy rays blinds me.' In this manner I stood with my eyes fixed upon the sun, and after I had continued thus gazing for a short time, I beheld the whole force of his united rays fall on the left side of his orb; and the rays being removed, I, with great delight and equal astonishment, contemplated the body of the glorious luminary, and could not but consider the concentrating of its beams upon its left as a most extraordinary phenomenon. I meditated profoundly on the Divine grace which had manifested itself to me this morning, and thus raised my voice: 'O wonderful power! O glorious influence Divine! How much more bounteous art thou to me than I expected!' The sun divested of his rays appeared a bath of pure melted gold. Whilst I gazed on this noble phenomenon, I saw the centre of the sun swell and bulge out, and in a moment there appeared a Christ upon the Cross, formed of the self-same matter as the sun; and so gracious was His aspect that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle! God! O Clemency Divine! O Goodness Infinite! what mercies dost Thou lavish on me this morning!' At the very time that I thus meditated and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentrated; and the middle of the sun swelled and

bulged out as at first. The protuberance having increased considerably, was at last converted into the figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her Son in her arms in a graceful attitude and even to smile; she was between two angels of so divine a beauty that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw in the same sun a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes; this figure turned its back to me and looked towards the Blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms. All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and with a loud voice continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me for about eight minutes vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus: 'It has pleased the Almighty to reveal to me His glory in a splendour which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld; hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favour with God. Know that I am certain on All Saints' Day (on which I was born in 1500, the night of the 1st of November, exactly at twelve o'clock), know that on the anniversary of that day you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my eyes. It was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest who looked towards Christ, and had his back turned to me was St. Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. So proclaim it everywhere, that no one has any further power to hurt me,' &c., &c., &c.

As Benvenuto had foretold in his ecstatic state, that he should be liberated (he brought forth to the light of day) upon his birthday, All Saints' Day, the 1st of November—so did his liberation upon the said day fulfil his prophetic words.

The sun, as sign and symbol of Divinity in this vision, is assuredly highly significant. The "correspondence" of the sun of this world with the Divine Sun of the Spiritual and Celestial realms—with our human conception of God, Creator and Sustainer of Man, is worthy of very special note.

"That first of facts," says Swedenborg, "God as Creator and Sustainer of Man, is displayed in the appearance (in the Spiritual World) of *God as its Sun*: the Divine Love is felt as Heat; the Divine Wisdom is seen as Light."*

This sublime and radiant symbol shines forth in every sacred writing since the world began, in all the visions of prophet, saint, and mystic of every age and race. We meet with it equally in the recent revelation of the Seeress of Prevorst, in her "Sun of Grace," in her "Sun-sphere" (or most interior celestial realm, or state of supernal illumination), and amongst the ancient Indian seers and prophets.

"As is the sun, so is Nirvana—there is no darkness, no death. As the sun was regarded to be the source of the vital and enlightening spiritual power, and of the highest wisdom as the throne of the God of Light, so is it the longing of all Sons of the Wisdom from above."†

The Scriptures of the Hebrew Prophet-Poets are radiant from first to last with its Divine illumination; it is the kindling flame of the faith of ancient Persia; and our Lord Jesus, the Christ, in His manifestation of universal Truth and Love, is expressly described as "The Sun of Righteousness" and "the Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

"The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do, or even imagine ill,
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

Whatever lamps on earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I am the Eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself Divine;
All harmony of instrument, or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of Art, or Nature—to my song
Victory or praise in their own right belong."‡

A. M. H. W.

* Emanuel Swedenborg, "His Life and Writings," by William White, Second edition, 1846, Page 429.
† Ernest de Humon's "Angel Messiah" (centre of supernatural light), pp. 31-32.

‡ Shelley's "Hymn to the Sun."

SPIRITUALISM AT HOME.

Read before the London Spiritualist Alliance,
June 10th, 1884.

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BY MORELL THEOBALD, F.C.A.

I have been asked to introduce the subject of spiritualistic research as seen in family phenomena, and to refer more especially to those recent experiences which it has been the privilege of our family circle at home to welcome during the last few months. I must necessarily repeat myself in some records, but as I wish to gather hints from old investigators, while at the same time I place at the disposal of this Society facts interesting to us all, I will do so as briefly as possible. It will also be my endeavour to-night to trace the initiatory processes of some of the remarkable developments already recorded in the pages of "LIGHT," and to do so it will be convenient to go back to what we may playfully call ancient history!

Mediumship, as it is familiarly called, or what would be more correctly designated spirit-sensitiveness, has existed in our family as far back as I can trace. When I was a boy I smiled as my dear old grandfather, the Rev. Stephen Morell, told me of his seeing and holding conversations with the spirit of his son, Stephen, in the old manse at Little Baddow. At that time it was talked of with bated breath, for the recent outpourings had not then begun. And at my earnest solicitation—then a lad of seventeen—my father withheld from publication the record of his having seen my mother, who had then recently passed over into spirit life. Then came a pause in the phenomena. My next experiences commenced ten years afterwards, from a friendship with the late W. Howitt and his family, at that time living near us at Highgate. By them I was initiated into writing mediumship, which has continued with me, with more or less power, up to this day. But to the writings thus obtained I have never before referred in public, for two reasons.

1st. Because I always felt my own individuality was mixed up with the power, and I have never been able to say where one began and the other ended.

2nd. Because the writings were mostly of too private a character.

But the unmistakable wave of psychic power came to us long afterwards, in 1869, in the midst of family life; and, ever since its gentle dawn, it has streamed through life's chequered experiences, as the gift promised to the early disciples as the *Comforter*. It commenced thus:—

My wife and I had passed through years of sorrow; and as I look back upon the time I wonder at the cheery heart which we carried with us through various consecutive chambers of sickness, worldly trials, and bereavements. The darkest hour precedes the dawn; and while we two, after burying three little ones, sat wondering if these three whom we had lost, one after another, were lonely, and what was really the future with which they had become acquainted, there came a sound we had well-nigh forgotten. It was only like a bodkin tapping on the table—but our little ones stood at the door and knocked! Had we not previously been acquainted with these tiny raps we might have left them unnoticed, but we had patience with the raps as they came upon the dining-table, until they grew in number and variety, and until each little one was recognised by his own distinct rap. They came at every meal and joined in our conversation; the table was lifted up and moved about the room like a thing of life, and our four surviving children became thus first familiarised with what was to grow into mediumship in all of them.

It was our privilege at this time to make the acquaintance (which has ripened into friendship) of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. We built two houses, the grounds of which adjoined each other; for years we pursued our researches and continuously had sances together, many

of which I, at that time, when it required some courage to do so, recorded in the columns of the *Spiritualist*. By direct voice now we conversed by the hour together with our spirit friends and frequently received from them direct writing, which I have always regarded as the most wonderful of all the phenomena. I have brought with me two specimens of the writing received at that time, and they are here before me. You will observe that the paper was specially marked. This writing was done in absolute darkness and the process was heard as it was being done, and in the space of five or six seconds messages were thus written which take about half-an-hour to copy. One of those I have brought commences with a Latin quotation known to none of the sitters present. Of these Latin quotations we had several, and it is remarkable that on several occasions the quotations differed from the present editions of the Latin authors; and antique words were used instead of those now published. I mention these matters to shew the care we exercised in our early investigations.

During these experiences, conjointly with the Everitts, phenomena of many kinds occurred; in fact, we lived among perpetual hints of spirit presence, and the children, who then possessed the clairvoyant faculty, could see the spirit friends continually about us. But, in order to preserve the purity of the intercourse, at this time of such activity, we had specially arranged with our spirit guides that no visible mediumship should occur, and no trance should be permitted to the boy then so easily entranced, apart from myself or the family group. It was too serious a thing to play with, as we had learned, and our sittings then, and always, commenced with prayer.

The phenomena with which we were then familiar were continued for some years, but I have only referred to this period as introductory to one even more remarkable. For now boarding-school time came, and the boys grew apace and gradually all the marvellous phenomena ceased. For about ten years not a rap, nor a movement came. We sat for them, longed for their old charm and companionship, but nothing could we obtain. Sitting with Dr. Slade we had written, "*Your hand will come again.*" And through my own hand I had written repeatedly that they would return in greater force, and do things far beyond what we had yet seen, and more than we expected. But when? Ten years was a long time to wait "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

I come now to July, 1883, when Miss Wood, who was sitting under test conditions of a very stringent kind for the C.A.S., was our guest. At the rooms of the Association comparatively little was obtained from her mediumship. True, we had the curtains of the cabinet moved without contact, and on one occasion at least a form could be traced behind the outstretched curtains, but our sittings under such conditions proved really a failure. Yet at the same time, in my own house, sitting with Miss Wood at home, both inside and outside the cabinet we obtained on one occasion remarkable phenomena. As I recorded in "LIGHT" at the time, sitting with our own family, with the addition only of two visitors, we had materialisations of seven different spirits—six of whom came out in turn and walked among us. I did not record at that time that two of our own number were also entranced at this sitting, and from what has transpired since I have no doubt they, as well as the harmonious conditions which are to be found usually associated in family sances, contributed to the power on that evening.

But these experiences revealed to me—what I had before suspected—that we had a remarkable medium in our own family group. I refer to our servant, whom, however, I wish to say we treat now more as a friend; and it would be well if such relationships existed in every family. But this relationship came about so naturally and was indeed, as we afterwards learned, arranged for us by our own spirit group, that its recital will form an

interesting introduction to what is to follow. Mary has been a sensitive all her life. Seeing spirits about her as a child, and playing with them, she took it as the most natural thing in the world and thought everybody had the same privilege; and it was not until she had received many a scolding for her *fancies*, and been whipped as a young witch, that she deemed it prudent to keep these matters to herself. She grew up with these clairvoyant and clairaudient faculties fully developed, but heard nothing of Spiritualism—mark that—until she came to live with us as cook. She had been told clairaudiently that she would have to go and live in Granville Park when she was still at Brighton, and had had a description of myself and wife and family circle given, which she wrote down at the time. Many a vain hunt all over that seaside town did she make to find Granville Park. Long afterwards, seeing our advertisement for a cook, and referring to the address so well known to her, she replied; and out of many replies hers was the only one, I think, which we answered. She came, she *knew* us, but kept her own counsel. The ladies will be glad to know that she gave us references for *two* characters, one of five and the other of three years' duration, both of which places she left through force of circumstances and to her employers' regret.

I feel I must be discreet in referring to purely private matters, but I have said enough to lead to one other family arrangement. After Mary had been with us about a year, the housemaid left, and my daughter, who was now learning domestic work, suggested that for a time she and Mary alone (with a boy in the morning, and occasional extra help) should undertake the work of the house. Other circumstances led to their occupying the same bedroom, which proved afterwards an important factor in our investigations. Please now, therefore, to look upon Mary as we did—no longer as a mere servant, but as a friend, tried and trusted; with conditions in the house for investigation almost perfect; all being sensitives and all interested.

Rather coyly at first, after I had proposed it, did we commence regularly on Sunday evenings to sit together for psychic results. For some time we got nothing worthy of record to outsiders, but on 21st October I find in my note book that Mary was entranced, and it sounded curiously for her to address my wife and myself on this occasion thus:—"Good evening, papa and mamma." We are familiar with this now from all our lost little ones, though one is now grown to womanhood. While she was thus entranced, another spirit wrote through my sister's hand a long letter, giving some directions as to writing his memoir, and saying how interested *he* was now in the spread of Spiritualism. As he certainly evinced little or no interest during his lifetime, I received this letter with caution, but Mary on waking up confirmed it by telling us that E. M.— had been here, and written through "Aunt Fanny." I am happy to say his memoir is now being written, but as it will not extend to spirit-life, this may remain. We have since received several writings from this spirit direct.

It was on November 8th that Mary on coming down found the first of a series of psychic interpolations into domestic life which have now become chronic. Standing on the kitchen table was the milk can, which had been left *outside* the garden gate as usual; it had been taken through the garden gate (it might have got *over* that!) and the back-house door, which in Blackheath, I need not say, is always carefully locked at night! The next morning, on coming down late, she found the breakfast cloth laid and all the things on it ready for breakfast, which saved our reputation that morning for a punctual eight o'clock breakfast, and she (clairaudient as she is) heard the little spirit ones laughing as she stood and stared in amazement!

On the 24th November, as dark days now ruled, commenced a series of fire lightings, which I recorded in "LIGHT" many weeks afterwards, for, of course, a fact like

that had to be carefully watched and proved before giving it to the public. My first impression, I own, was that it was due to somnambulism, although my daughter, who sleeps with Mary, and so lightly that the least movement wakes her, at once repudiated this idea as impossible. But *others* were in the house, why not one of them? Some sapient friends suggested that I should tie cotton over Mary's door; but that would only have proved that *she* did not do it. Others proposed that I should so tie up the kitchen door! as if that could not be re-tied? The proof *now* to us is absolute, but I will read some of my early efforts in this direction.

Anxious to get personal proof, I have come downstairs at all hours of the night, but as yet I have recorded in my note-book no actual "seeing the thing done," though after one record to that effect in my private diary I have it written in minute *direct spirit writing*, "Will do it yet, don't watch so closely."

Let me give an account of one of these close watchings.

On February 5th I went down very early, as silently as possible, but not sufficiently so to prevent a large dog, which is locked up in the housemaid's pantry in the night, barking furiously. In the pitch dark I entered the kitchen, which seemed full of tiny sparks: I retired to the stairs and watched, but with no further result. On retiring to my room I met the servant on the stairs, and asked her to call me if anything occurred. Two minutes after she came rushing up to call me. I ran down and found, during that short space of time, the breakfast-cloth had been laid (not by Mary, she said), several things taken out of the side-board cupboard (which was shut) and put on the table, and one silver sugar basin on the floor, left there *in transitu* as I appeared on the scene; while in the drawing-room, which I then unlocked, I found a curious arrangement of all sorts of ornaments in their wrong places!—and in my study, which I then also unlocked, a similar indication of abnormal power. What I *watched* for I failed to obtain, but I received proof to my mind of presence *outside* our own. This kind of reply to my watching has been frequent: I seldom get exactly what I seek, but something equally satisfactory in the way of proof. Finding I could not myself obtain proof of the fire lighting, I adopted other means.

One morning my wife went down at six—no sign of fire lighting; she returned to our room and stayed there with the *door open*, so that no one could go down without our knowing it. She went down again at seven, no one having been down since she returned to her bedroom, and found the fire *alight*, and the water nearly boiling, and also the gas alight in three rooms, all of which were locked up. That to us was absolute proof, for it all had been done between six and seven while we were watching; but I still asked the spirits to let us *see it done*. We had many tests absolute to us. One morning I heard my daughter going down early *with* the servant; I called to her, and told her to watch closely, which she did, with this result. They both went into the kitchen together. The night previously my wife and I had together been round to see all the fires out. We found the kitchen fire *laid*, but no paper under it. Soon we noticed the wood crackling, and thought it might possibly at last light under our eyes; we waited five or ten minutes in vain and left it. This morning, when both went into the kitchen together, the fireplace was found *empty*, the fire having burnt completely out, and the grate was cold. The spirits had probably tried to light it before us the night before, and failed. Mary laid the fire and went to the drawer to get newspaper with which to light it, but something in the paper catching her eye she stayed by the window to read it. While so engaged, and while my daughter was watching the fire-place, up burst the flames suddenly and the fire was blazing in a minute. Here were two witnesses of the phenomenon, and Mary also saw the spirit lighters themselves, and recognised who they were.

The next morning Mary was alone in the *dining-room* (query alone!); she had laid the fire and taken the match-box ready to light it, when lo! it lit under her eyes. This has been repeated more than once.

At last I have myself seen it done! I was in my study early on Monday morning writing this address, having, between six and seven o'clock, been round and seen the embers in all the fire-places. While there Mary and my daughter came downstairs together, and were together in the dining-room, where Mary laid the fire ready to light. At this moment Louisa appeared by the side of the mantel-piece and said audibly to Mary, "*Now fetch Pa.*" On going into the room the fire began to smoke, and then suddenly burst into flames, which made a good fire in a much shorter time than is done by ordinary fire lighting.

I consider the fact established, and though many of my friends think it a very frivolous thing for spirits to do, I apprehend God will find a place for every fact. Good old George Herbert, who believed in the divinity of service, would not have refused to help light a fire, nor have been astonished probably at such homely proofs of spirit nearness. He wrote:—

"All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

Since writing the above, while sitting for our usual Sunday evening séance, we had the following letter written by an old friend, now one of my spirit guides. It was brought into the room with closed door, and the other half of the paper was found in my book-case cupboard in the midst of a packet of half a ream of new crested paper.

Fetch'd from cupboard	Sunday eve.
in your room. Clock struck	Two past seven began,
seven. The other half is up there.	finished five past seven.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Do not accuse us of being frivolous. What we do may appear childish to you, but rest assured it is not so to us. However small the things are that we do, we do them not in our own strength, and the smallest and meanest thing is done through the power of God. So we all ask you to take things as they come, and be thankful that we are able to come to you in the spirit of love, to help you and guide you; to keep your feet in the way of peace and holiness. Never mind what the world will say of you; others before you have been counted mad, even Christ himself, so surely you can stand against it. For if God is for us, what matters who are against us, and however small a thing you have in future, do not wish it was something else, but thank God that you and your house have been chosen for the work. Now, old friend, cheer up, we will help to sweep the cobwebs away, and to open the door that new truths may come in; we can see now the good of the work; we who have passed beyond the veil can see now clearly what was only before as through a glass darkly. Now our eyes are open and we wish to help others to see as well as ourselves, but the eyes of all are hard to open. The world is afraid to venture too closely to the unseen, but the time will come when the cloud of your darkness shall be rent in twain and you shall all see us as we are.

Dear friends, I cannot stay longer with you this eve, my time is short; I will come again.—Your true spirit as well as earth friend,

T. T. L.

To this fire-lighting phase, as published in "*LIGHT*," I may now add that it is a marked exception when we come down in the morning and find it *not* done. In the month of April I find there was no exception whatever when we were at home, but it ceased naturally during Easter holidays, when we were for a few days at Haslemere. Frequently the fire is *not* alight when Mary and Nellie come down, but it is either lit now under their very eyes or while they are away on some other matter, and it has been lit at all hours of the day in other rooms when needed. It may be well to complete my record of this phenomenon by

adding that on two occasions not only have the usual fires been lit, but, on what is known to family men and women as washing-day, the copper fire has been laid and lit—the first time to Mary's fright, as she imagined that a hole would be burnt in the bottom of the copper. But no—the invisible friends know what they are about. The copper had been first *filled*, and it was now nearly boiling; and the ladies will be glad to hear that the soap and washing powder were also put in! In fact, nothing was forgotten, even to the opening of the top of the window to let out the steam. Frivolous, is it? "Now, I call that really beautiful and helpful," said a lady, on first being told of it. *Quot homines tot sententiae.* Exceedingly interesting, thoughtful, and helpful, I say, and a good many would be as glad as Mary is of such help, even if they put it down to a brownie!

But anyone can light a fire, so let us now turn to another phase of spirit power, Psychography. There must be something dignified in a word derived from the Greek so hard to spell! Of all the phases of Spiritualism which have as yet been presented to us in our family circle, I give the preference in point of interest, if not of intelligence, to this direct spirit-writing. The messages or letters frequently come with such a distinct purpose, and are so *apropos* of circumstances transpiring around us, that they possess an absorbing and often a growing interest not for the moment recognised. In February I recorded in "*LIGHT*" a few messages possessing that character. Let me quote again from that paper, as I then carefully wrote.

I had written a paper to read before the Literary Society at Lewisham, and on finishing the paper which I was about to read, there was a blank page left at the end, and I asked the spirits if they would write on that page a message to the meeting for me to read and shew to them. I then kept the MS. under lock and key in my own private room. The morning of the day came on which I was to read the paper, but no sign of direct writing was there. I left for town, a little disappointed, for although I am aware of the difficulty of getting the exact test sought, I had been promised some writing, and even now my faith in their promise, though shaken, dimly remained in the region of hope.

I had no sooner gone to town than my spirit daughter, Louisa, appeared to our medium, and said, "Papa has got what he asked for—it is locked up!"

The moment I came home I was told this, and I went into my study to search for the longed for message. It was *not*, however, on the locked up MS. I then opened my private secretaire to which no one had access but myself, for I carry the key always about me. Here I found on a sheet of notepaper, beautifully written in very small handwriting, much smaller than I could myself now write, the following:—

"Dear Papa,—We will let you have what we can, but it will not be much."—LOUISA.

And in different writing:—

"Dear Friends,—We will try and keep our promise to you on Sunday night. We have not much to say, only hope your lecture will prove a grand success. If we can do anything for you, when there, we will, but of course the conditions will be slightly different, but plenty of those who have passed over will be with you, and one in whom some will find an old friend (T. J.). He wishes all well. I myself you will hear more of. E.M. and all hope to help you; John Theobald and your own father. The children cannot do much in this case, it is beyond them. Still go on with the good work; the cause is worthy of it, and when your work on earth is done, the crown is bright that is waiting for you. Farewell.—J. EVANS."

This writing I have brought with me to-night, as also those referred to shortly.

Besides the above writing there were found two other writings in another room, one in a locked

drawer of which my son only had the key, one written in ink. These were essentially private. Nor was this all. There was only a servant left in the house that evening, all having gone with me to the lecture. I returned home, disheartened for once at some things which had been said, because they came from a quarter where I had hoped better feelings would have prevailed. True, I could have torn to rags the flimsy assertions, for they were not arguments, but still I was *grieved*.

The good spirits, however, always come in time of need. On going to the blotting case I found this writing in a totally different handwriting :—

“ Mon Dieu, protegez moi, mon navire
Est si petit et votre mer si grand !

“ The cause that none can overthrow,
The cause that must prevail,
Because the promise of the Lord
Can never, never fail.”

It was just the tonic I wanted then !

Many family letters were thus received, found in drawers, locked and unlocked, in books and curious places, but my wife and I could always tell from our feelings when the *writings* were being done, or, if we went into a room, that some were there. In my daughter's private diary, sacredly kept from the vulgar gaze, which even I am not allowed access to, the spirits were good enough to write the following curious inscriptions :—

“ Vivos voco :
Mortuos plango :
Fulgura frango :

Laudo deum verum : plebum voco : congreco clerum :
Defunctos ploro : pestem fugo : festa decoro.”

FATHER THEOBALD.

My daughter, unable to transcribe this, tore out the leaf and brought it to me ; and to me it was a puzzle. While asking myself why this should have been written, and if among my Huguenot ancestors I numbered a Catholic father in God, another sentence was written in another place as follows, but in totally different writing, and this threw some light upon it :—

“ Jules Theobald was a monk, and was a very good man ; in the times he lived they, the monks, made the bells.”

The following Sunday all sat as usual *en séance*. The Bible happened to open at the 15th chapter II. Chronicles, which I read as *apropos*. We then had a few words of prayer and sang a hymn, during which our medium was entranced by my daughter Louisa, who within a few minutes addressed me :—

“ Pa, you have got what you want. Messages written on the ceilings upstairs ; there is one over your chair in the dining-room written by Mr. Lynch, two in the drawing-room by someone else, one in your study, and two in the hall by the arch ; all have been done while you were singing, go and see.”

“ No,” I said, “ we will not disturb the conditions, we will wait till afterwards.” Soon afterwards, while I was still talking to Louisa, she said :—

“ Hark ! they are writing on the cabinet—on the wood. Can't you see them ? There is a spirit outside—writing.”

No, we could not see them, for our clairvoyant was entranced ; and although we are to see *soon*, it is not yet. But we listened and all distinctly heard the pencil writing on the wood, as clearly as on another occasion I heard it when sitting with Dr. Slade.

After sitting and holding conversation for an hour, on all kinds of matters then interesting us, we asked them to disentrance the medium, and went on our voyage of inspection, with this result. On the horizontal side beam of the clothes-horse (*i.e.*, the framework of our cabinet) was written :—

“ We know that we have passed from death unto life ; Jesus Himself is always with us. Dear ones, good night.—MOGGIE.”

The medium asked who Moggie was : *we* knew. On the

framework on one side was written a verse from Moody and Sankey's hymn-book.

“ To the work, to the work,
We are servants of God,
Let us follow the path
Our Master has trod ;
With the balm of His counsel
Our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might
What our hands find to do.
Toiling on—toiling on—let us hope and trust,
Let us watch and pray and labour till our Master comes.

“ T. T. LYNCH.

“ BY J. W. EVANS.”

On another part of the cabinet was written a little letter to young Tom.

“ Dear Tom,—We are glad you sit with us and try so hard to be as you know we like you to be, for you know every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above. “ LOUISA.”

On coming upstairs we found written on the ceiling over my chair, in good round-hand, seen from the floor—

“ Dear Friends,—With patience all things are won.”

“ T. T. LYNCH.”

In the hall, written very small in the centre of the arch—

“ Peace be to this house,”

and near—

“ Through God we can do all things.”

On the study ceiling—

“ Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.”

In the drawing-room (our music-room) over the door on the lintel—

“ Sing praises unto God the King, all ye people ; it is good to praise the Lord.”

And in the cornice of ceiling above this—

“ Fight the fight, Christian—Heaven is before you.”

Now, as to these writings, they are out of reach of any one to do, even on our house steps, which I mounted in order to try, and the suggestion that they could be done by a pencil tied to a long stick is simply preposterous, as an inspection would prove. Nor could Mary do them on steps, as it is a physical impossibility for her to stand on the top of our house steps, whence alone can the ceilings be reached. But as a matter of fact they were done when all in the house were shut up together in one distant room. Nor have I the shadow of a doubt as to their origin, because I had five minutes before looked at my study ceiling to see if there was any more writing than a solitary B, which was written as a beginning three weeks ago ; and I know there was none then, and Spiritualists will understand the many proofs of spirit origin with which such phenomena are hedged around.

A word more as to the writings themselves, of which I have now a large number. The first were written in the cabinet whilst we were sitting *en séance* (in the light so far as we outside it were concerned) : on these occasions we frequently and distinctly heard the writing going on, and subsequently saw the paper, on which it was written, pushed out on the floor in front of the cabinet. All these writings are badly written, without any even lines, and sometimes lines over-lapping one another. Those done subsequently are, some of them, marvels of neatness, while among them there are *distinctly different styles* of writing, and some of them are so individualised that we know at once who is the writer. One signature is unmistakable, and compares exactly with many letters I possess, received from the writer in his lifetime. I only state these things as matters of fact ; it would not surprise me to find the writing, done, as it is, through such manifest difficulties, absolutely bad, and totally unlike that of the writers.

I have had some from my late father-in-law, written by an amanuensis, which, although signed by him, I knew (and subsequently ascertained) were written by another spirit : while some which he asserts to be written by him

do not bear such a resemblance, except in neatness, as would lead me to expect he was the writer. Latterly the writings have been so minute as to require a strong glass with which to read them.

Once more: I found written some weeks ago, in my Shakespearian daily text book, probably referring to a *trouble*, then growing upon us, the following:—

“God’s help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed:
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.—T. T. LYNCH.”

It is written upon the birthday space of our deceased daughter, in which I had written, as a memento of her, “*Little Louisa*” (for she died in birth); she has added in minute writing “*Big Louisa!*” She would now be twenty-seven, and to our *clairvoyante* appears a tall, lovely woman.

But let me now take you to Haslemere, where we were sitting, *en séance*, on Good Friday, for once with an object in view, which we accomplished, but to which I cannot here refer.

When our medium was entranced, her father came and spoke through her, I think for the first time in our circle, though he naturally often speaks to her *clairaudiently*. He told us to tell the medium she must not ask for such difficult things to be done!

“What do you refer to?” I inquired.

“You will soon know; it has been done, but with much difficulty.”

We were all puzzled as to what it referred; when, while talking, we suddenly heard *our own musical-box playing, the one we had left in Granville Park the day before*. We knew its peculiar sound, but to make assurance doubly sure our medium, taking up the box and handing it to me, said, or rather the spirit then entrancing her, “*Open the box and you will know we have brought it from Blackheath.*”

I opened it, and inside was the key of the box, carefully wrapped up *in a piece of marked paper, torn off a sheet of paper which I had left in a box in my study; the marked part (of which certainly the medium knew nothing) being torn off and used as a wrapper for the key; the mark was so small that at first I failed myself to see the proof to which the spirit had drawn my attention.*

Considerably more transpired at this *séance*, but the remainder belongs to other phenomena to which I need not now refer.

I come now to a rather curious phenomenon, viz., the direct writing from *Saadi*, whom we know now pretty well, but until this writing came it is not surprising that we none of us had ever heard his name; much less had we become acquainted with the writings of this celebrated Persian poet, who lived in the twelfth century. Two in our household have since seen him, and describe him as having black hair, with a dark flowing beard, penetrating eyes, and a lovely face. He has constituted himself for a time one of our guides.

On the 23rd February we found shut up in one of my wife’s toilet cases a sheet of notepaper containing three distinctly different writings. On the first page was a loving letter from our spirit daughter, ending with a reference to the present ignoring of spiritual forces, thus:—

“Dear ones, still go on waiting, watching, and hoping with prayer. Be brave, mind not what the world will say of you; the fight will be hard and long, but truth must win the day.”

On the back was one from our spirit father, and under that in a curious quaint writing, different from any we had before had, a few words from a spirit whose communications have since grown in interest, as will appear. The words were as follows:—

“Walk in grace that God (*who*, omitted) is in Spirit may teach you.”

Just a month after, we had on the same day of the week (March 21st) two more writings, evidently by the same hand: one or two words I cannot be sure of, but the following is substantially correct:—

“*Ghazi*”

Pants thy spirit to be gifted with a deathless life,
Let it seek to be uplifted o’er earth’s storm and strife.
Faith and doubt leave behind thee, cease to love and hate,
Let not time’s illusions blind thee, thou shalt time outdate.
Then think not lowly of thy heart, though lowly,
For holy is it, and there dwells the holy.
God’s presence chamber is the human breast,
Ah happy Spirit with such inmate blest.

SAADI,
of Persia.

The above was written on the third page of notepaper which was found *locked up* in my private secretaire, the first page being occupied (as before) with a letter from our spirit children, the last sentence of which is as follows:—

“We are still in the Master’s service, dear ones; many have to be helped, many have to be put in the right road and guided and led by the hand, and made fit to meet our King when he comes for them.”

This referred to many recently killed in the Egyptian war, where they had, with other spirits, been sent on errands of mercy, and for some days we had consequently missed their presence. On the fourth page of the same paper was another distinctly different handwriting, from my father in the spirit-world, but only of family interest. But this was not all:—the following was found written on the same day in my daughter’s note-book, which she, I need scarcely say, keeps carefully to herself! The writing is not hers nor any one’s in the house—nor does it appear to be the same as that headed *Ghazi*, although the signature is the same.

“*Patience.*”

Thou child of earth whom meek-eyed patience trains,
Beyond the grave immortal pleasure gains:
On Providence below the virtuous rest,
And deem whatever heaven appoints is best;
Thus resignation smooths life’s thorny way
Through death’s dark vale to realms of endless day.

SAADI
the Persian.

There is more meaning in that quotation than I can here refer to.

These writings were on the 21st March—written not at one of our *séances*, but during the week—and on the succeeding Sunday evening, while my wife and I were at Haslemere, but sitting, as agreed, at the same time as those at home, the following was written and placed in my secretaire, which is invariably kept locked up.

“Sunday Eve, March 24th.

At seven o’clock.

“DEAR FRIENDS,—On behalf of our friend Saadi, I write now to tell you it was not he who spoke to you on Friday eve, but one of the wrong spirits. . . . Saadi himself is telling me what to write, as he wishes to undeceive you.”

(Let me interpose and say I had had half-an-hour’s conversation with a *Persian* spirit, whom at the time I distrusted as Saadi, from some remarks to which I need not now refer.)

“He was born in Shiraz, one of the cities of Persia, and was born in the end of the twelfth century. Saadi early embraced a religious life, and performed fifteen pilgrimages on foot to Mecca; he further proved himself a good Mussulman, by fighting against the crusaders of Europe, and fell into the enemy’s hands, and worked for them in digging trenches at Tripoli, where he was recognised and ransomed for ten dinars by a rich merchant of Aleppo, and Saadi afterwards married his daughter. Saadi was a great poet, and the principal of his works are the *Bustan* and the *Gulistan*. At the end of his life he built a hermitage near the walls of Shiraz, and lived a very religious life, and only kept what was barely necessary for life. He gave

away everything he possessed to the poor, and passed to the higher life at the age of 116."

J. EVANS,

For Saadi the Persian.

"How easily may soul and body part,
But to unite them mocks the power of art :
When the swift arrow once has taken wing
Who can recall it to the quivering string ?"

On receiving this history I thought it possessed incidents sufficient, probably, for testing its accuracy, and sent notes of it on to my friend, "M. A. (Oxon.)," from whom I received the following extract, which substantially confirms this spirit's identity, and is on that ground alone of interest :—

From the Atish Kadah.

Sadi of Shirez, son of Abdullah, descended from Ali, son-in-law of Mahammad, lost his father when a child. He was educated at the Nizamiah College, at Baghdad, where he held an Idrar or fellowship, made the pilgrimage to Mecca fourteen times. Sadi was married twice. For an account of his first marriage see the "Gulistan," chap. ii., story 31. He had been made prisoner, and set to work to dig at Tripoli, when one of the principal men of Aleppo, an old acquaintance, recognised him, and redeemed him for ten dinars. He married his friend's daughter, whose portion was 100 dinars. She was very quarrelsome, so he says that his father redeemed him with ten dinars, and sold him again for 100 ! He is said to have died A.D. 1291, at the age of 120. He published twenty-two works, the chief of which are the "Gulistan, or Rose Garden," and the "Bustan, or Flower Garden."

Then follows a list of books, and I am introduced for the first time to the title of "The Gulistan, or Rose Garden of Shekh Muslihu'd-din Sadi of Shiraz,"* by Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., M.A., &c., London (in Trubner's Oriental Series). Eastwick translates one of the above verses, which was written in direct spirit-writing, as I have quoted above, thus :—

"It is very easy one alive to slay,
Not so to give back life thou tak'st away,
Reason demands that archers patience show,
For shafts once shot return not to the bow."

We are told that Saadi has work to do among us, and his influence is most agreeable.

After the above was written we all went down to Haslemere. On returning to Blackheath, my wife found the fire had been lighted by the invisibles and by them had the room been carefully prepared to receive her, cloth laid, luncheon ready, all done by these dear ones to greet "Mamma." And on my study table was a letter of greeting, in the minute spirit-writing of our daughter Louisa, referring to various phenomena, and our failure to obtain one particular test we had sought, adding :—

"Never mind, you have not been forgotten; Saadi has put something in your drawer. . . . I thought you would be surprised to get my message the other day."

This latter remark referred to a small piece of paper which dropped out of my newspaper as I was reading it, and which newspaper had been forwarded from home without being opened—i.e., in the cover in which it came direct from the *Nonconformist* office. On this small scrap of paper were a few words of greeting in the usual minute writing, and which probably even the postal authorities might have passed unchallenged ! On looking into my locked secretaire as I was directed, I found a sheet of paper, with the following writing upon it. It was written straight on, with few stops, so that the divisions I have made into lines and stops may or may not be always correct ; and it appears to me to be a translation (thereby suffering) of one of Saadi's Persian poems :—

The love thou bearest to a being
Made like thyself, of clay and water,
Mans thy patience and thy wonted peace of mind.
By day thou scan'st with microscopic eye
Beauties minute as fragile ;
And by night vain fancies crowd thy dreams
And break thy rest.

On thy beloved's foot thou lay'st thy head
And say'st sincerely that the Universe
Compared with her is less than nought to thee !
And, since thy gold cannot allure her eye,
Gold and mere earth appear as one in thine ;
On none beside doth thou bestow a breath,
For with her hast thou room for none beside :
Thou say'st that in thy eye is her abode,
Or if thou close it, then within thy heart.
No fear hast thou of mortal frown beside,
No rest thy spirit for a moment gains :
She (? waves) o'er thee—thou bow'st thy humble head !
So can'st thou wonder that the heav'n-taught ones,
Whose love is all Divine, oft lose themselves,
Drown'd in a sea of mystic bliss and adoration ?
Life they despise through love of life's Bestower ;
The world abandon for the world's Creator ;
They think of their beloved, and resign their all to Him,
This world and that to come.
In seeking God they shun mankind ;
Loud in their ears, from vast Eternity,
Has rung the sacred word, *Alesta*,
And that *beli* (? bids) all spirits
Cry aloud *Zend Avesta*

To which is added :—

"Dear friends, for the love I bear you all, I write to you as often as I can. Your friend in spirit, Saadi.—By J. EVANS."

Saadi asked at one of our sittings if he might bring a friend with him, and on receiving his assurance that the friend was a good spirit, and would not create any confusion, permission was given. Had it not been given I don't see how we could have prevented it ! The introduction was curious, and took place in this wise.

One Sunday evening in May, soon after the medium was entranced, a knock came on the floor of the room, some distance from the circle. Not having these knocks or rappings often, we noticed it, and I asked if *it* wanted anything.

"Yes—the Alphabet."

I found on going on with this slow process of communication that the spirit was spelling out something which was not English ! and I said I must give it up. The letters I had taken down with difficulty were nearly right, as afterwards appeared, but you will not wonder at my perplexity when they appeared in my note-book thus :—W-a-l-m-i-k-z-e-r-d ; the *l* is the only letter which was wrong.

The spirit then spoke through the medium and said he would *write* in the cabinet, where we had placed paper and pencil. The medium was then taken into the cabinet, and we soon heard the paper fluttering about, after which it was very soon handed to us by the medium. She had been only a few minutes in the cabinet, certainly not long enough to write *one* of the communications which now appeared upon a specially marked paper.

There are four distinct messages ; one from our spirit daughter Louisa, followed by two writings by two other ancient spirits who sign their names, and on the reverse side is a communication clearly written in every respect excepting the figures at the end, which Saadi tells us are meant for "636." The writing is as follows. I give it as it is even to the pointing and spelling :—

From Wamik, Saadi (s) Friend.

"At home the point of junction is the hearth
For there you find the family collected,
O heavenly happiness ! still upon earth,
Best in domestic happiness reflected,
Fire to no-guest its friendly warmth denies,
But forwards every act of hospitality
Heats ovens, dresses food, melts ores and ice
And man until he learned its usefull quality
Ate acorns raw, and flesh in all undressed reality

As without fire mankind is sunk to beast
So is he slime and senseless clay alone
If the ethereal spark of heaven at least

Fire not his mind to glories of its own,
Reason and speech an earthly sign remain
Of the creations lord in light revealed
Thy Zend Avesta, thy living fire domain
Burns fiercely glowing now, now half concealed
As Genii blazing bright with adamant shield.

WAMIK
ZERDUSHT."

"Wamik was burnt to death at Abyssinia; he lived in this life before 636."*

The conceit of this poetry is not English, but those of you who have read the "Gulistan" will at once recognise it as Eastern. Especially notice the first four lines of the second stanza: it is exactly similar to the phrases constantly occurring in the "Gulistan," and Saadi tells us Wamik was one of the earliest Persian poets. It is curious, to say the least, that in this nineteenth century, we should have direct spirit-writing in an English home from two Eastern poets who lived in the seventh and twelfth centuries respectively, and who come together to earth as friends, and who profess to be acting in concert with spirit-friends of ours who have passed into spirit-life in the nineteenth century! The reference to fire seems not inappropriate, in a house, too, where for the last three months the fires have been *more often lit by spirits* than by the inmates of the house themselves!

Before I leave this phase of direct spirit-writing I should like to say just a few words as to that curious Latin inscription, or as it is probably, two inscriptions. Since I published it in "LIGHT" and in "Notes and Queries," I have been directed to Longfellow's "Golden Legend," in which he refers to these inscriptions as charms to keep away evil spirits, and the opening prologue represents Lucifer and his spirit attendants hastening to Strasburg Cathedral, to drag down from its place the iron cross, which, however, they are unable to do, as the bells summon all the guardian angels. Then follow various portions of this very inscription, which will probably be found to be actually inscribed on the bells of this cathedral. But the inscriptions written by the spirit differ slightly from Longfellow; and clearly enough they, although taken probably from the same source, are not copies. Remember, too, that the monks then made the bells. But why write this in my house? I'll let you into the secret for it is interesting and shews its significance.

There was a little controversy going on at this time about these direct writings;—and it rose with one member of our family to such a pitch that he insisted on it that Mary did them. Once admitting this spirit of distrust no reasoning was of any avail, and to point to Latin, French, and German sentences only drew forth the summary opinion that they could be copied and so on. Now this was just the frame of mind to admit disturbing spirits into our circle, as

* Since writing the above, I have had my attention called to an old tract, called "Persian Poetry," published by Chambers many years ago, in which every particular relating to Wamik is confirmed. Sir W. Jones refers to the oldest extant specimen of Persian poetry as the romance of Wamick and Asrâ, which appeared in the latter half of the sixth century, while as yet the worship of fire had not been superseded by the religion of Mohammed. Wamik here unfolds the mystic doctrines of Zerdusht, and has several stanzas on the world of fire, in the midst of which come the two he wrote direct in our midst; but in the tract the last line but two differs, and reads thus:

"Thy Living Word through Vesta's fire domain,"

and in a note we are told that the word in italics is *introduced by the translator*. The spirit of Wamik, in writing it now, uses Zend Avesta, and otherwise corrects the translator. The slight variations, as a test of spirit identity, are important and interesting.

I have also been referred to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," where Wamik is mentioned at p. 18, and the burning of a literary curiosity, in the following words:—

"When Abdoolah, who in the third century of the Mohammedan era governed Kherassan, was presented at Nishapoor with a MS. which was shewn as a literary curiosity, he asked the title of it, and was told it was the tale of Wamik and Oozra (Asrâ), composed by the great poet Noshirwan. He then ordered this and all Persian MSS. to be burnt, and much of the ancient poetry of the Persians perished by this fanatical edict."

In this same tract are also very interesting references to Saadi; and some of the poems written by the spirit of Saadi, as quoted above, are given *with similar variations*, which preclude the idea of their being copies, if such were admitted possible.

Spiritualists will at once understand: one little rift will admit complications and retard, if not prevent all phenomena. My theory is this:—The good old monk, still believing in the potency of his old bell inscriptions, came and wrote his charm to guard our circle from evil influences, and we bless him for it. The inharmony continued long enough for us to feel how utterly useless it is to sit in a spirit of distrust. However, writings on the marked paper of this individual, found in his own locked drawer, where he had stealthily put it and watched it, and written, moreover, in a manner impossible for Mary even to imitate (much less originate), converted our Thomas into a reluctant believer! There are some natures which are born cavillers and to be sceptical at every new position:—it is well perhaps for the world there are such, and well for us with such a string of phenomena to have one in our very midst, to call each one in question, and make our records more carefully exact. But if investigations are to be a *success* and grow, any such conditions must be banished. They are not necessary for an intelligent or competent inquiry.

One more case of writing I will simply mention. Recently at one of our family sittings the spirit of a German was controlling our medium, and speaking with difficulty, but yet with curiously intelligent gesticulations. As I had had writings in *Latin* and in *French*, it struck me that this was a good opportunity to get some in *German*, of which language I may say none of us understand sufficient to write a grammatical sentence. Addressing the spirit I said, "You seem to have difficulty in speaking English. Will you write us a letter in German?" "Yesh," he replied, "I shall go now to de top of de houz and write in Frank's room." No one was in the house but those sitting around the table. After the séance I had the usual symptoms which I feel often when writing is *going on*, which soon suddenly ceased.

Frank then went up to his bedroom, and after looking about found written on a small piece of paper in his Bible the following:—

"Er regiert auf ewig du nur allein bist Gott."

"DEAR FRANK,—You must praise Gott (*sic*) and thank him for your power."—LUTZE.

This refers to the gift of healing which he possesses, and which, although as yet it is not fully developed, has a peculiar interest attaching to it to which I cannot now refer. I have not referred so fully as I should have liked to do to private family messages, which, though of absorbing interest to us, are, perhaps, not so convincing of personality to an outsider as are such proofs of identity given by Saadi. Further, most of these are of too private a nature to bring before the public, even through so sympathetic an audience as I have before me. The circumstances under which some of these writings take place may be interesting. They occur thus:—My daughter and Mary may be sitting together reading, when Mary sees one of the well-known group approach the table; Nellie at the same time hears what Mary sees—the movement of the pencil, or frequently, as it turns out, a crumb of lead which the spirit friends seem to carry with them! Occasionally one of us blind ones have taken up the book while they were in the very act of writing, and on more than one such occasion have found a crumb of lead inside the book. Usually while sitting *en séance* the larger messages have been written in another room apart from where we were sitting, and found there afterwards, though sometimes they bring them and put them in the cabinet.

While writing this address I have had a direct message in the minute writing of Louisa, in reply to several queries I put as to how this spirit-writing was done, asking, among other questions, if they had to materialise a hand first to hold the pencil, and if the pencil were always used. The message is now before me, but as it is too small probably for you to read it, I will read it for you. It begins with

rather an original way of dating a letter, which, like many ladies' epistles, does not fix the year or month!

(dated thus!)

"Nellie is playing in drawing-room"

"I saw her but a moment."

MY DEAR PAPA AND OTHER FRIENDS,

You want to hear how this writing is done by us. First of all then, we choose our paper, and sometimes have to wait very long for it before we can use it, as in some conditions we cannot use it for a long time, as the influence around it is not good for us; it wants a calm and quiet influence, not rough and noisy or disturbing. Then again, some of us have to use pencil. By that I mean, take it in their own hand; and for that purpose they must have a *formed* hand, enough to take the pencil in their fingers. But I never have had to do so, as the paper I use is prepared for me by your power, and the power of Mary, also the strength of the house is quite enough for me, so all I have to do is to get what paper I want, and get all I want to tell you ready, not forgetting my pencil, which I draw the essence of; by that I mean, take it in my hand and breathe on it, also on the paper; then pass my hand over the paper, and what I want to come on the paper is then as you now see it. We all hope we have explained enough to satisfy you, but if we have not we must come and shew you some time when we are able to do so, and, dear Pa, as this is a public paper, I will not put anything private on it, but be, as a dear old friend of ours says, very discreet. I and others send our love and greetings to all friends of the cause.

Your loving elder daughter,

LOUISA.

On the same sheet of paper, below this letter, is written another letter of equal length, and when I tell you that both these letters are neatly and clearly written on lines three-eighths of an inch apart, the writing being upon *nineteen lines only* (which in *print* would occupy more than double the number), it will indicate to those who cannot see the writing itself how minute it is and utterly out of the range of ordinary human writing. It might form a pleasing pastime for one of the members of the Society for Psychical Research to endeavour to write these two letters, not on *one* but upon *four* sides of a sheet of paper,—the lines being the same distance apart, leaving more than an inch margin on the top and bottom of the paper to spare!

More writing, however, has been done when not than when actually sitting for the phenomena.

This is not the place nor the time to speak of the holy influences which attend these ministrations and their gentle chidings when they see anything wrong going on; and it would be distasteful to me to speak of religious life thus evoked. Most remarkable, however, is it to find that where family Spiritualism might naturally look for its cheeriest welcome, in the homes of Christian people, there does it meet with the most persistent banishment under cover of the most varied objections.

"Oh yes, we know our dear ones are always near us," we are told, but bring the dear ones into active life and—well, just this, our *preconceived notions* of a future state are utterly disarranged. It does not enter into these conservative Christian heads that they may be radically wrong, and that the "other side of Jordan" is not all in nubibus. Ministering spirits, are they? Oh, yes: but how do they minister? Well, we won't push the matter further, but simply place before them *facts* which we know are not to be accounted for except upon the Spiritualist's theory.

And *facts* cannot be stifled; even when they demand a re-adjustment of cherished beliefs as to the future,—that wondrous "future" whose golden light streams now into our chambers with its sweet reasonableness and inspiring revelations. We need calm judgment even in greeting the new light, and a wide charity to remember that however much human error has crept into the Churches, the very truths now taught have been really cradled there; and it is too often forgotten that much of the teaching of old, and of that given now, is *symbolic*, and we find it true that the *letter* killeth while the *spirit* only giveth life. It is

not so much new truth that is wanted as a new fulcrum to force home the old pure teachings of Jesus (or, if you prefer it, the Christs), which can never become antiquated. Supplemented they may and will be.

Spiritualism, if it has done nothing else, has given us an intelligent account of the continuity of life and its future progress. It has proved what I heard a minister the other day say, it had been the *great longing of his life* to prove; and yet he calls the proofs degrading! It has taught us that no germ of life is ever lost. It has given us back our lost ones, and made real the Church's shadowy talk of the ministration of spirits, and lit up into a glorious *presence* the *cloud* of witnesses. It comes with no dogma, but in the name of Truth itself, bidding us give up nothing that is true. It does homage to the wondrous Christ-life, but utterly disregards man's interpretations of many of His doctrines, and in all it is

"Familiar, condescending, patient, free.

Comes not to sojourn, but abide with me."

What the full development of the spirit forces now at work will be it is not for us to say, but we look for this spiritual dawn to brighten into an immortal day. The night is departing—the golden day approaches: let reason's eye be kept clearly watching from the vantage ground of home, but never without faith, hope, and love.

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call

The spirits from their golden day,

Except, like them, thou too canst say

My spirit is at peace with all."

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[ADVT.]

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CONTRIBUTED BY "LILY."

[A portion of these testimonies will be published weekly, until the series is ended. They are translations from the Latin and Greek Fathers, and have been made directly from the original texts, where these have come down to us. This remark, perhaps, is necessary, as translators are frequently content with a second-hand rendering from some modern language, and often, in the case of the Greek Fathers, from the Latin. The translator is Joseph Manning, Esq., who was specially selected for this work by one of the principals of the literary department of the British Museum.]

XVII.—CLAUDIUS APOLLINARIS.

"Claudius Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, in Asia," says St. Jerome, "flourished under the Emperor Marcus Antoninus Verus, to whom he presented an excellent book in defence of the faith of Christians. There are also extant five books of his, 'Against the Gentiles,' and two books 'On the Truth,' and 'Against the Cataphrygians,' who, with their mad prophets, Priscilla and Maximilla, then first sprung forth under

the leadership of Montanus." The works of this father are lost. In the preface to the "Paschal Chronicle," the following fragment occurs, from a book of his on the Pasch: "There are some who through ignorance raise disputes about these things, and they say that on this fourteenth day our Lord eat the sheep with His disciples, whilst on the great day of the Azymes He Himself suffered. And they declare Matthew to have spoken thus as they interpret him. Wherefore their interpretation is contrary to the law, and against them the Gospels seem to revolt."

Another passage runs: "On the fourteenth day was the true Pasch of the Lord, the great Sacrifice. The Son of God Who bound the strong was bound instead of the lamb; the Judge of the living and the dead was judged and delivered into the hands of sinners that He might be crucified. He poured from His side, once again, two purifiers, water and blood, word and spirit, and He was buried on the day of the Pasch, a stone being placed against His monument." (From the same book.)

(To be continued.)

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N. B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; *C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; *Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; *Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; *Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; *Dr. Ashburner, *Mr. Rutter, *Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., &c., &c.

*Professor F. Zöllner, of Leipzig, author of "Transcendental Physics," &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Göttingen; Professor Hoffman, of Würzburg; Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and Butleroff, of Petersburg; Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; *Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; Mons. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Captain R. Burton; Professor Cassal, LL.D.; *Lord Brougham; *Lord Lytton; *Lord Lyndhurst; *Archbishop Whately; *Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; *W. M. Thackeray; *Nassau Senior; *George Thompson; *W. Howitt; *Serjeant Cox; *Mrs. Browning, Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A.; *Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness von Vay; *W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; *Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A.; *Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; *Epes Sargent; *Baron du Potet; *Count A. de Gasparin; *Baron L. de Guldenstübbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. S. H. the Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; *H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; The Countess of Caithness; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairoz, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of *Russia and *France; Presidents *Thiers, and *Lincoln, &c., &c.

Is it Conjuring?

It is sometimes confidently alleged that mediums are only clever conjurers, who easily deceive the simple-minded and unwary. But how, then, about the conjurers themselves, some of the most accomplished of whom have declared that the "manifestations" are utterly beyond the resources of their art?—

ROBERT HOUDIN, the great French conjurer, investigated the subject of clairvoyance with the sensitive, Alexis Didier. In the result he unreservedly admitted that what he had observed was wholly beyond the resources of his art to explain. See "Psychische Studien" for January, 1878, p. 43.

PROFESSOR JACOBS, writing to the editor of *Licht, Mehr Licht*, April 10th, 1881, in reference to phenomena which occurred in Paris through the Brothers Davenport, said:—"As a Prestidigitator of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the medianic facts demonstrated by the two brothers were absolutely true, and belonged to the *Spiritualistic* order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these said facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena, and it would be only ignorant and obstinate persons who could regard the questions seriously as set forth by these gentlemen. . . . Following the data of the learned chemist and natural philosopher, Mr. W. Crookes, of London, I am now in a position to prove plainly, and by purely scientific methods, the existence of a 'psychic force' in mesmerism, and also 'the individuality of the spirit' in Spiritual manifestation."

SAMUEL BELLACHINI, COURT CONJURER AT BERLIN.—I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade, in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have *not in the smallest degree* found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus; and that any explanation of the experiments which took place *under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining* by any reference to prestidigitation is *absolutely impossible*. It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace, in London; Perty, in Berne, Butleroff, in St. Petersburg; to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen as to the "How" of this subject to be premature, and, according to my view and experience, false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a Notary and witnesses.—(Signed) SAMUEL BELLACHINI, Berlin, December 6th, 1877

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

The Conduct of Circles.—By M.A. (Oxon.)

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only uggery and imposture, try it by personal experiment.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist, on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and, if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct séances, and what to expect.

There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded. The bulk of Spiritualists have gained conviction thus.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament, and preferably of the female sex; the rest of a more positive type.

Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, and in comfortable and unconstrained positions, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestations. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential; and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times, at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. Guess at the reason of your failure, eliminate the inharmonious elements, and introduce others. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful séance.

The first indications of success usually are a cool breeze passing over the hands, with involuntary twitching of the hands and arms of some of the sitters, and a sensation of throbbing in the table. These indications, at first so slight as to cause doubt as to their reality, will usually develop with more or less rapidity.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held *over* but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this, ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this, if there be a real desire on the part of the Intelligence to speak with you. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means; if the attempt to communicate deserves your attention, it probably has something to say to you, and will resent being hampered by useless interference. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous, and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, or by means of form-manifestations, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer. Increased light will check noisy manifestations.

Lastly—Try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning Spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your Reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before death is the best and wisest preparation