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SPIRITUALISM AT HOME.

BY

MORELL THEOBALD, F.C.A.

LONDON :

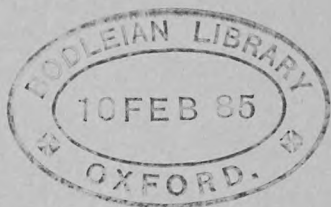
E. W. ALLEN, 4, AVE MARIA LANE, E.C.

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

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Reprinted from "LIGHT."

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1884

“In the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man’s hand ; it is modern Spiritualism.”
—LORD BROUGHAM.

“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . *In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.*”—
PROFESSOR CHALLIS.

“The essential question is this : What are the proofs of the agency of departed Spirits ? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honourable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging of the truth of the spiritual theory.”—
PROFESSOR GREGORY.

“My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do *not* require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts.”
—A. R. WALLACE.

P R E F A C E .

The publication of this paper is distasteful to me in so far as it discloses to the public, private life ; but inasmuch as I look upon the facts contained in it as having a wider appeal than to us as a family, and regarding ourselves but as stewards in the *Master's* service, I cannot forbear doing what I fully expect will bring down upon me no small amount of obloquy. I have, however, in a measure outgrown the fear of that. When I first carefully recorded some of these phenomena many years ago in the columns of the *Spiritualist*, I expected that such facts would convince everyone ; everyone, at least, who knew me and could trust to my intelligence and veracity. But it was not so. When I recorded some of the activities of spirit life religious people especially, with whom I had held sweet counsel for years, found out either that I was a fool or that I had admitted the devil into my house. It seems that these people are already quite familiar with the spirit world, this *terra incognita* to many; they know exactly what spirits do and what they would abstain from doing, and I learn from them that a spirit will on no account rap on a table!—move it, certainly not!—that such occupations would be considered by them to be very frivolous. I had heard them read and speak (speak, by the way, very gingerly) of a burning bush, of certain young men cast into a burning fiery furnace, of certain writing of fire on the palace wall of a king whose knees shook under it, of Jesus Himself lighting a fire and broiling fish on it, but when I said I had had my own fires continually lit by spirits, I found I must be mistaken, because *now* it would be *infra dig.*, and they were too far off. In fact, they were mostly engaged in singing at a distance !

I was dreadfully perplexed. What was I to do ?

But to be serious. If the facts here adduced are true—and they are carefully collated, and will be confirmed by any member of my family, who are by no means unfit to weigh evidence;—if a careful testing of them for many years, not only by me, but by a hundred or a thousand others, establishes them, there can be but two conclusions to start with.

First. They will give a scientific proof of an after life.

Second. They will considerably alter the orthodox view thereof.

Further, if the personality claimed to be connected with the facts is established, it will hint that Death creates no change whatever in character; the *surroundings* are at once changed, and a new life of progress begins. The spirit then sees things “with larger, other eyes than ours,” and fleshly hindrances are removed. Clearly, too, *other* occupations than those hitherto admitted enter into spirit-life, without adopting any theory of re-incarnation, which to me is distasteful, and *non proven*.

The first conclusion will, or should be, welcomed by the churches; the second, and its corollaries, will meet with every kind of opposition, from every degree of *doxy*, and from all but unbiassed minds. That these facts *will* be established I have not the smallest doubt; whether I contribute to their establishment in the following pages I am anxious to learn. Whence the churches have derived their elaborate ideas, and how those ideas have become fossilised into a doctrine of the future state, I cannot imagine, without looking back into darker ages than I am accustomed to penetrate; but the *facts* of the case are against them—shall it be, “so much the worse for the facts”? What is contained in this paper is but the fringe of holier manifestations which I cannot yet give to the public.

MORELL THEOBALD.

62, Granville Park, S.E.

June, 1884.

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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 with-

held 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 séances 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 band 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 séances, 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 (with a boy in the morning, and occasional extra help) alone 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 a 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 fireplace, 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.

Fetches 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 sententie*. 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.

* See Appendix A.

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 : plebem voco : congreo 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 2 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 clairvoyante 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 dis-entrance 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 anyone 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 Shakespearean 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 note-paper 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 Trübner’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 shew,
 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,
 Mars 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 have since found the original source of this quotation, and that two lines
 are here omitted, ending, "Her scimitar," which completes the sense.

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 untill 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 adamantine 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

* 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. (See Note, p. 27.)

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

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 adies' 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 Psychological

* See Appendix B.

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.”

APPENDIX.

A.

It seems scarcely necessary to add anything to what has already been written, to confirm the fact of fire-lighting by abnormal power, but as a repetition of such facts seems all that is necessary to establish them I may add that on the day on which I read the foregoing address, four members of my family circle were standing at noon by the door of my dining-room, some distance from the fireplace, near which was no one. The fire had been laid that morning, but as the weather was warm it had not been lit but was covered over with the usual ornamental fire-screen. While these four were thus standing discussing a domestic matter, the screen was removed and placed against the wall, and in a moment the fire was alight without any human intervention. The four together can bear testimony to the phenomenon.

The same afternoon a fire in another sitting-room was lit—no one being on the same floor. The wood was heard crackling by my wife, who immediately, knowing that that fire was not wanted, ran to see it, and found it blazing fully up.

B.

Thinking over what had been written in the letter of Louisa, dated in her original fashion, it struck me I would write to her some further queries on this subject. I wrote as follows, leaving blank spaces on the paper for her replies, which are now occupied by the *minutest* writing, as appears in italics. The full letter and replies read thus:—

MY DEAREST LOUISA,—Why shouldn't I write to you? I want you kindly to reply to the following questions, when you

can do so conveniently—I am in no hurry. Please write on this paper if you can.—Your loving PATER.

1. How long did it take you to write that letter for the public, as to the writing?

3 seconds.

2. When you breathe on pencil and paper, do you then hold the pencil or lead over the paper, while passing your hand over it?

Yes, in left hand, and hold right hand over that.

3. Does the lead thus become precipitated on the paper by the power?

Yes, by the aid of spirit light and influence of our power.

4. If so—what is the power?

What was the power in the olden time but the Spirit of God, which is in all mankind, but it is not the ordinary spirit power working with you all, but the true Spirit of God working with us and you all. You will know more later on.

5. What power do you refer to when you say you find the paper prepared for you by my power and Mary's?

By your power of magnetising. Mary's is stronger than yours, therefore most power comes from her, if you were not very strong in mediumship we could not write at all.

6. How do you use it?

*Dear Pa, ask your *head and back that question for I cannot explain that properly, only that we do use it.*

7. When do you think you can shew us how it is done? or any of us?

We will shew you how it is done but not yet, and you shall all see it.

8. Does it matter whether the pencils are cut to sharp points or not for your use?

No, it does not matter, for you need not put any point at all if you like to try us like that.

June 11th, 1884.

* At séances I feel power drawn from head and back; also when direct spirit writing is being done.

On the reverse side of the paper, written over the back of my own letter to Louisa, she has written the following:—

DEAR PAPA, —*As you write to me I will write to you, my dearest pa, and thank you for it, but don't you think it was rather a shabby letter. I have answered your questions so far as I can, but you will see more very soon, and be quite satisfied as we want to satisfy you, but we do not care about others just yet.*

YOUR LOVING BIG LOUISA.

I will only remind the reader that "*little Louisa*" was for a long time her pet name among us—we having never seen her other than as our first *stillborn* babe, twenty-seven years ago.

I put my letter of questions in a table drawer, and at night when I went to bed left it there. In the morning the paper was *gone*, and I found it *locked up* in my secretaire that day. The spirit writing (in italics) is so minute that it requires a strong magnifying glass to read it.

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