

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO HOLYROOD.

BY THE
COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS,
DUCHESS DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "OLD TRUTHS IN A NEW LIGHT," "SERIOUS LETTERS TO SERIOUS
FRIENDS," "THE MYSTERY OF THE AGES," ETC.



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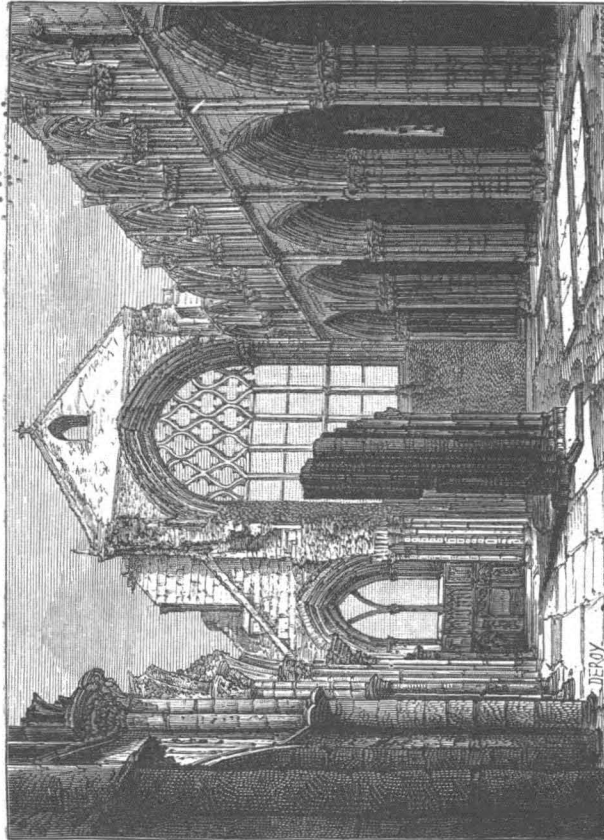
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From Mario, Countess of Bathness,
"With good wishes."



VIEW OF CHAPEL ROYAL OF HOLYROOD.

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IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING.

"*Impresas*" or Impresses (Mottoes) were much in vogue in the fifteenth and sixteenth Centuries, and Marie Stuart was considered to have great skill in the composition of these pictorial metaphors. Sir William Drummond, in a letter to the Earl of Perth, explains that although there was an affinity between an Emblem and an Impress, there was this difference—the Motto attached to the Emblem was to explain it, while the word or Motto of the *Impresa* expressed one part of the author's meaning, and the figures another—the whole being enigmatical.

"In looking upon her cloth of State (in her English prison) continues the observing diplomatist, I noticed this sentence, '*En ma fin est mon commencement*' (In my End is my Beginning), which is a riddle I understood not." This Motto, it may be remembered, had previously puzzled Randolph and other English spy Reporters when they saw it at Holyrood; not comprehending that the young and blooming Sovereign in her twentieth year, undazzled by the glories of her earthly State, testified thereby her hope of a better inheritance, when the mortal should have put on immortality. Chosen for her warning in the days of her prosperity, she re-adopted it in the season of her adversity as her consolation." (Miss Strickland, Life of Mary Stuart.)

“Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all which tears can move, with life is fled,
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not!—there is a large lone star
Now burning o’er yon western hill afar,
And under its clear light there lies a spot
Which well might utter forth—‘Believe it not!’

I sat beneath that planet,—I had wept
My woe to stillness; every night wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,
And the dark tree o’ershadowing me that hour
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
Whereon I gazed unconsciously;—there came
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
Or, like the light quick shiver of a wing,
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air;
And I looked up!—oh! for strong words to bring
Conviction o’er thy thought! Before me there,
She, the departed, stood!—ay, face to face—
So near, and yet how far!”

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Men said that I was mad—because I saw
A woman glorious, her veil withdraw
From off her lovely face, and a new law
Unfold, in snowy whiteness to mine eyes—
Because she said to me : ‘ Come forth, to be
A handmaid and a finger unto me,
And I will mother, sister, be to thee,
Come forth and speak my word and make man wise.’
And on her head there was a diadem,
And oh ! the tenderness of her sweet eyes !
They drew me forth from death with strange surprise ;
How could I but obey and quickly rise,
And putting off all fear go forth to them
And speak her words—speaking as one who dreams
In fiery phrases, and in molten streams,
Of thoughts unknown to me, of mighty Scenes
Of God, to perfect and make fair man’s soul.
I spoke in fragments—for the mighty whole
Was as a tossing sea with ceaseless roll.”



A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO HOLYROOD.

(Recorded at the urgent Request of a Friend.)

YOU say, dear friend, that the little I have told you about my midnight visit to Holyrood has interested you intensely, and that you will never be satisfied till you have persuaded me to tell you more of what I saw and heard during that never-to-be-forgotten night; and you propose that I should put it in a form in which, while making use of it for the pages of your annual, it may serve also to interest your readers, particularly those over the Border, who are supposed to take a deeper interest than others in that most interesting and unfortunate of historical characters who was once their fair and gracious Queen, and whom they have therefore the right to look upon as their own particular property.

So much is this the case, that the bright halo of tender and passionate feeling which ever surrounds her memory, giving so intense an interest to the pages of the history of Scotland, identifies her as much with the soil, so sacred to grand deeds of romantic and daring heroism in the far-off past, as do the poetical wreaths of vapoury mist that ever float around her

ringed mountains, enveloping them with a dreaminess and romance which is so peculiarly their own.

But the story I have to tell of my personal experience of the sweet and gentle influence of Scotland's former Queen in the present, is no longer invested with the romance of the days in which she lived and loved and suffered on earth, as few heroines of history were ever called upon to do; and, indeed, so much is the public opinion of this most materialistic age opposed to any account of what can only appear to the uninitiated readers as savouring most strongly of the supernatural, and, therefore, according to their ideas, the *impossible*, that I have long hesitated to comply with your request, and while now doing so, after your repeated entreaties, which almost amount to a supplication, I feel myself tied down and fettered by the certainty that all I have to relate so intensely interesting to myself, and which has therefore been hitherto so sacredly preserved even from the ear of *friendly* curiosity in the sanctuary of my own memory, can offer but little interest to the minds of others, who have never been brought into immediate and direct experience of the possibility of the return of a spirit to earth, and of the constant telegraphic communication which has been established between not only some, but many of the *so called living* inhabitants of this world, and of those of the spiritual spheres which immediately surround us.

I have used the words *so called living* inhabitants of this world advisedly, because from what I have

gathered from those dearly loved ones on the other side of the dense curtain which surrounds us, and conceals them from our mortal sight, I have learnt to understand that we are at present but the shadowy actors in a passing scene, and on a very little stage of our immortal career which we *call* LIFE, whilst they are the living realities ever lasting on. Only when we throw off our several disguises of queens, countesses, or country lasses, and passing through the dark waters of the death-like river that divides us from that land of the living whom *we call* the dead, shall we know how small has been the size of the stage on which we have played our several parts, and how insignificant all the troubles that have so heavily oppressed us—except in so far as they have answered the purpose for which they were dealt out to us by the love and wisdom of a beneficent and ever-ruling Providence, as a necessary means of forming our several characters, or rather of assisting to develop and perfect them; for if we will but reflect for a moment we shall perceive that the character of each individual is most distinctly marked from almost their first advent on this stage of so-called *life*, but which, in reality, is only an episode in the eternal career of the infinite and immortal spirit, and which really constitutes a fall from a higher state. Aye, a fall!—THE FALL—of a free eternal spirit into the painful bonds and limitations of material existence, which any one who has not fallen so low as to have lost all aspiration after their former spiritual state can easily verify for themselves, by observing their own feelings and desires for

only one week. He must, indeed, be an earth-bound spirit who will not, even in that short space of time, have felt his thoughts wandering far away from the spot to which he is confined by the stern and inexorable fetters of his earthly casket,—to which casket notwithstanding, he clings with so tenacious an affection;—for a journey to America and even far beyond that broad continent and across the bright waters of the Pacific to the fair and fertile regions of Australasia, is nothing for those wandering thoughts to undertake and accomplish in an instant of time. Nay, even a journey to the furthest constellation visible to the range of mortal vision may be taken in thought, and taken even in what we may call fact, through those only windows which have been opened to the imprisoned spirit—the human eye. And how many myriads of miles further may this extend its wanderings when aided either by the external assistance of the far-seeing telescope, or the still more powerful help of the interior and spiritual perception, which again is but a memory and reminiscence of its former happy state of freedom.

But why should I go on in this strain, when I am quite aware that all I could say would make no impression whatever on those intensely material edifices, built up day by day, in which the great majority of fallen spirits are enclosed; for they are impervious to all that fails to interest their material senses, which are as yet of the earth earthy, although given to them as the means and instruments by which to inform and cultivate that sixth sense, SPIRITUALITY, which they

are so slowly developing, and which is destined at last to gather up all the revelations of mere sensuous perception in the one grand realisation of its own spiritual nature, and its alliance with the Great Spirit.

It is only as the Divine Spirit within that stolid fortress shall be warmed and lighted by the Divine fire, by Him who is the true Light of the world, and from a little black and lifeless speck which it now is, and which dear Mary has often compared to a half withered-up chestnut—in, alas, how many!—shall kindle and expand, and finally burst forth into a living flame, filling the whole body full of light and love, that they will be able to comprehend and appreciate the things that belong exclusively to the Spirit; for, as we have often been told, “the natural man understandeth not the things which are of God; they are foolishness to him, because they must be spiritually discerned.”

But it is not for me, with my feeble pen, to attempt to kindle that slumbering fire. God alone, in His own good time, will awaken each of those who are now but feeding upon husks of the food provided for even lower capabilities on the animal plane, but who are destined eventually to become His children, “*being the children of the Resurrection*” (Luke xx. 36), although they are as yet, alas! but the children of man, and as such cannot enter into the Father’s Kingdom.

Spiritual literature already abounds on earth. There are public Societies in all countries, and well filled libraries dedicated exclusively to its promulgation, and it boasts of some of the finest writers of this or of any other day. Should my feeble words, or some of



the living ones which fall from the more spiritual lips of Scotland's now sainted Queen, and which I will here endeavour, with her assistance, to record, stir into life that fire which is now smouldering in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies, of anyone who may read what I now write, they will there find ample means whereby to fan the little spark thus illumined into the holy flame, which will not be long before it fills their whole body full of light ; and then I shall consider myself well repaid for the pain it costs me to make public an incident of so strictly private a nature, and which has had so remarkable an influence on my own life and feelings. May sweet Mary Stuart guide my pen and inspire my mind with some of her living words, that I may record them here to help on the good cause, to which she and the good angels of her band are so deeply and earnestly devoted.

You ask me, then :

1. Whether it is only at Holyrood that Mary Stuart has the power of appearing ?

2. Whether the personal phases of resemblance in character and in manner recorded in history, which you think you can discern in me, are the reasons why I have been chosen for an honour which you say must have been as terrifying as it was agreeable and gratifying ?

And you add that you could ask questions for ever, only do not know how far these questions are allowable, or in what degree they may approach impertinent

curiosity, and beg me to forgive you if you have erred through ignorance.

Dear Friend,—I have nothing to forgive, and most willingly would I satisfy you on each of these points were it possible to do so ; but your Spirit could not yet receive all I have learnt by slow and distinct degrees. Only step by step can we advance even in any earthly study or accomplishment ; and how many more difficulties does this far more sublime theme offer, even to the earnest and devoted student, than those in which we are assisted by all the outward aids and surroundings, which appeal so vividly to our five active senses.

You must remember that this is as yet a dormant SENSE *in itself*, which we have been placed on this earth for the purpose of developing and informing, and that only step by step can we advance up this steep and narrow path ; for the vista that opens out around us as we ascend almost takes our breath away, it is so wonderful and yet so glorious. At first we cannot believe it possible that such things can be, and then our loving guides stay their onward march, and bid us rest awhile, pause and reflect calmly on all we have seen and heard with the spiritual sight and hearing, and then they bring endless corroborations to bear upon their loving teachings in a thousand different ways, till at last our doubtings are dispersed, our tottering footsteps are sustained, and the willing Spirit slowly expands to the full perception of the truth of their teachings, and then they lovingly hold out a helping hand, and lift us a step further—Shall



I say it?—*out of the mire* of our material existence, and up the steep ascent of that wonderful voyage of discovery in the unknown regions of the Spirit's eternal progress—onwards, ever onwards, and upwards—*Excelsior!*

How then, could I at once, and in one breath, satisfy your second very natural inquiries, when I am only now beginning to perceive myself the wonderful causes that link me so mysteriously to the now pure and lovely Spirit once known on earth as Mary, Queen of Scotland? All I can tell you—although I know it will still more increase your surprise, and I fear also your incredulity—is, that I am not the only one now on earth to whom she is drawn by the ties of love, sympathy, and resemblance, although she invariably addresses me as her “dearest of all;” and on this subject for the present I may say no more.

To your first query I can give a fuller and a more satisfactory reply, and that is, that her power of appearing to, and communicating with those she loves, is by no means limited to the palace of her former kingdom, and that I have enjoyed many long interviews with her previous to that particular one which forms the subject of this letter, but none perhaps have made so deep an impression on my mind—the solemnity of the hour, and the historical reminiscences of the place, probably had this influence, and her address and the language she used was more than usually sublime and impressive. But I think I shall make the little I have to tell more interesting if

I explain how the singular interview was brought about.

It is now nearly eight years since I was first made aware of her connection with me; or rather, perhaps, I should better describe our relations as my connection with her—but only three, since I have enjoyed the happiness of communion with her. I often feel her presence. She makes it known to me in many different ways; and the oral communications I have received from her, and taken down at various times to the best of my ability, have swollen into the size of a small volume. These interviews have generally taken place in the quietude of my own room, and during the calm silence of the midnight hour. But she has also come to me amongst the wild hills of Scotland, or when seated on the high cliffs of Caithness overlooking the stormy Pentland Firth; but only when its wild waves have been comparatively at rest, and reflecting the intense blue of the sky as serene as that which usually overarches the sunny Mediterranean, and when there has been no sign of life around save the white sea-gull sailing majestically overhead between the earth and sky, and the crisp little white crested waves called "*The Merry Men of Mey*" tumbling over one another as if in mad glee at my feet—have I felt her gentle presence, which is ever bright and soothing as a sunbeam, and heard her precious words, which have appeared to me sublime in their beauty, and in their intent, ever urging me onward in the path of truth and progress, and opening out fresh vistas to me of my pathway in the future.

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On some of these occasions I have asked her to speak of her past life on earth, and still have her promise that she will do so, and that she will acquaint me with incidents and feelings of too private a nature ever to have occupied a place in history. These she calls the pearls of her Rosary, which she says she will drop into my hands one by one from time to time, and leave me to string them together.

It was under a promise of this kind that I was induced to seek her at the hour she had indicated at Holyrood, for when pressing her once on this subject she had said:—"Were I brought again under the influence of the old magnetism still clinging around the scenes of that sad past, I might, perhaps, be able to recall some incidents that would interest you; but believe me, I have but little remembrance of all those earthly dreams that have been played out. I have laid them aside as garments that have been outgrown, and there is pain to me in recurring to them even in memory. I care not to stoop down to gather the scattered petals of the withered roses that strew the ground. The past but conspires to bind your thought and limit your power. With God it is always *to-day*; the past is in the shadow; the hour, this one—the brightest of all others. The saint or sage you revere and quote here, *you are*. The roses in your vase whisper only—'I am borrowing no lustre from those of the past seasons; they exist with God to-day, and are what they are, simply roses, perfect each moment they exist—in the bud, in the full blossom, perfect from the beginning.' Live with nature in the present,

above time and all its lamentations, regardless of the past, or the soul's desire to foresee the future. Greatness concentrates, never roves.

"Sit in your pretty boudoir and *live divinely*; write, think, as the Highest inspires, and all the mocking scoffers and ignorant curiosity-seekers will enter your presence feeling God is there. When the soul has arisen into entire obedience to TRUTH, it has strength to resist temptation that chains it to covenants, customs, and usages. To all it says—'I belong henceforward to TRUTH; I obey no love less than the Eternal Love; I will endeavour to be the true wife and mother, the chaste devotee of a Divine ideal, but these relations I must fill after a new way. I must be myself, must have my tastes and my aversions respected; what is truly noble and lovable I will love and venerate; what my spirit rejoices in that I will do, but that which I know is false and hurtful I will shun, not selfishly, but humbly and truly. I will live the truth, and trust it will be so lovely, that many will be drawn to do likewise.

"Yes, dearest one, I will meet you at this hour (midnight), in the chapel of Holyrood, if that will give you pleasure. I will stand once more beside that altar before which I once knelt decked in all the bravery of a bride, so light of heart, the gayest of the gay, so full of love for the young bridegroom to whom I plighted my faith. Ah! Marie, my own, all do not believe in my purity as you do; many think because I was light of heart, gay in manner, and because the warm life-blood in my pulses beat high, that I could

so far forget my God and forfeit my eternal happiness as to sully my soul's peace for the vain dreams and pleasures of time. They do not pause to reflect upon my care and devotion to my young husband during his loathsome illness when he was helplessly and entirely at my mercy. But enough of this. Whatever may have been the faults and the mistakes of my too ardent youth, let them remember that I expiated them by long years of solitary confinement in dreary English prisons, and sealed my sad eventful earth-life with my blood, that was shed in the cause of Christ, for I was really a martyr to the Cross. But let us not dwell on those terrible times, all I suffered then helped to make me what I am now. What *we* are now, aye, remember that, my own Marie, remember that—and let nothing discourage you. God calls now, and WOMAN alone can answer *Him*; a new 'Christ' is at hand to claim His bride, and you and I must await His coming with lamps trimmed and burning."

So spoke Marie, or words to the like effect, for though I endeavour to preserve them in writing as soon as possible after their utterance, it is always difficult to recall the exact words she uses; and, once for all, I must say that they are invariably far more sublime than any I can summon to my aid wherewith to record their purport.

And it was in consequence of the promise given in words of this kind that I determined to seek the first opportunity for obtaining their fulfilment, and this was offered very soon afterwards when we accepted an invitation to pass a few days with some kind old

friends in the beautiful and most classical city of Edinburgh, which ever has so peculiar a charm and fascination for me. This was now more than two summers ago. We were on our way to our old castle in Caithness, which, by the way be it said, is the most northern residence in all Scotland, looking as it does on the distant hills of Orkney, across the stormy Pentland Firth, whose rough blasts it has firmly braved for the last eight hundred years, like a grim old giant of the past as it is.

It was a lovely bright summer day towards the end of July. I had spent the morning wandering amid the sweet wild woods and the picturesque old ruins of romantic Hawthornden, with the dear old friend whose kind hospitality I was enjoying, and whom I will call Maggie; when it occurred to me that such a glorious mid-day gave promise of a most desirable midnight for my purpose. Accordingly I said to her: "Let us go at once to the station, and send a telegram to Mr. —, the custodian of the Palace, to tell him to expect us."

I should here mention that two days previously I had visited Holyrood in the morning with the same dear friend, and had taken an opportunity to speak to Mr. —, and acquaint him with my desire of seeing the ruined chapel by moonlight, without, however, entering into all the particulars of the reasons that made that desire so vehement; and he had most obligingly acceded to my request, only begging me to let him know in good time that he might remain up to admit me.

But I found that, after all, I had counted without my host, or, rather, without my hostess; for here, quite unexpectedly, and much to my surprise, I was met by the most violent opposition.

"You do not mean to say you would really do such a mad thing?" inquired dear Maggie. "Why, you would be the talk of all Edinburgh to-morrow!" she added, in tones of warning, by way of frightening me from my purpose.

"No one in all Edinburgh will know anything about it," I said. "They will all be fast asleep at that hour, and when they wake they will have other things to think about than our visit to old Holyrood."

"Our visit!" exclaimed Maggie. "Do you think, then, that I would ever go with you?"

"Of course you will, darling," I answered her; "and will be too glad of the chance. You are as devoted to the memory of Marie Stuart as I am."

"Yes, there is no character in history I love better, or who interests me so deeply; but that is a very different thing from going to Holyrood at midnight, and making myself the town's talk. Why on earth did you make the appointment for such an unreasonable hour, when all the gates will be closed? Why," she added, "you do not know how silent the streets of Edinburgh are after twelve o'clock at night; there's not a soul stirring."

"It is precisely because there will not be a soul stirring at that hour that dear Marie fixed upon it, you may depend upon that," I rejoined. "Why, only fancy, you would not surely have had her appear rising

up amongst the tombs, in the broad and garish light of day, amidst all those dusty and tired-out looking tourists we saw there the other morning !”

The bare idea of such an appearance at such an hour, in such a place, and amongst such surroundings, won the day ; for dear Maggie could not but laugh merrily when she thought of it ; and she went rapidly through the whole supposed scene, giving me a vivid idea of how it appeared in her imagination as we took our way up the steep ascent towards the station.

Directly we reached it I ran in and gave my message before she could find further words of expostulation. And all the way home in the carriage she informed me that she intended to give me the protection of her company not only from the other ghosts that might haunt the ruins at the witching hour, but also from the thousand tongues of the good people of Edinburgh.

But as the fatal hour drew near all my dear Maggie's courage began to ooze out from the tips of her taper fingers, and I could see the diamonds upon them sparkling with more than their usual brilliancy as these began to shake with trepidation, and she again declared that I should not go, for that she could not accompany me.

“ Why, only look out and see how dark it is, and, besides, the horses have been out all the morning, and are tired to death with that hot drive. I tell you, Marie, I will not have them brought round again—no, not for Queen Marie !” she exclaimed.

“ All right, dear,” I answered her. “ I never ex-



pected you would order out the carriage when the hour came, and so I have given instructions to my servant to get us a cab."

"A cab!" she exclaimed. "Worse and worse. Do you think I will let you drive through the streets of Edinburgh in the middle of the night in a strange cab?"

"Certainly you will; and, with my good James on the box, there will be no cause for fear."

"Oh!" she said, "I never thought of James. Well, if James is going, I do not mind so much, and I do not feel so frightened. I think I will go with you. You do not think there is any real danger, do you?" she innocently asked. "Besides, I will take Tom's dark lantern. I'll go and get it at once, for the time is coming on."

And so at last we started, Maggie with the dark lantern in her hand, and a box of matches in her pocket, looking, as I told her, like a female Guy Fawkes; I with my heart beating at the thought of meeting Marie, and with the fear that all the obstacles I had had to overcome might cause her to fail me when the moment came, knowing how much her powers depended upon my own perfect passivity.

Dear Maggie's good spirits had revived by this time, and she seemed to be all agog for an adventure of some kind.

"What will our husbands say to us when they hear of our escapade in their absence?" she wondered. "Do you think they will be very angry?" "Oh," she exclaimed a few moments afterwards, "there is

such a gay cavalier riding beside us on a white charger, he wears a plumed bonnet on his head; . . . now he is doffing it to us as he gallops past; . . . now he returns again; . . . he evidently thinks that he is escorting Queen Mary and one of her ladies to the palace of Holyrood, as he did in times of yore."

"In a cab," I remarked, and dear Maggie's little romance could proceed no further.

By this time, however, we had reached the large iron gates shutting in the great outside quadrangle in front of the Palace, which at this hour had so often glittered with gay lights streaming forth from every casement on the midnight air, made sweet with melody of voice and lute at the loved command of her whose voice and smile was the sweetest of them all.

For, see, the Sovereign of the land
Has stayed her gentle foot,
Upraised her arm, and waved her hand,
And courtiers all are mute.
And well might Marie check the dance,
And list the light guitar;
For the lay was of love, and of lovely France,
And the minstrel was Chatelar.

The cab stopped, and James descended from his seat; he soon appeared at the door saying we should be obliged to walk across the outer quadrangle to the Palace, for that he found only the postern was open—and this, of course, had only been left open in expectation of our visit.

Maggie was very glad it was not moonlight as we crossed the great silent square, for now no one could

see us from their windows. "Oh," she exclaimed, "but the sentinels! I never thought of the sentinels; what will they think of us?"

They were silently pacing to and fro from box to box as we approached, and both stopped abruptly in their walk as we reached the Palace gate. I saw a bright twinkle in their eyes, and a merry smile overspread their faces as I inquired if we could see Mr. —.

"Oh yes, ladies," one of them replied; "Mr. — is expecting you,"—and he very civilly knocked at the door for us before continuing his march. We had prudently thought it better to leave James in charge of the cab, lest it might be lured away and fail us on our return; we were, therefore, quite alone. At this moment the small door within the large one slowly opened from the inside, and a bright light shot out from the porter's lodge flooding the outside darkness. There stood Mr. — in person, ready to receive us, and he conducted us at once under the long colonnade which runs along the left side of the inner quadrangle and under the archway to the well-known little gate that gives admittance to the ruined Chapel and its grass-grown graves. As it grated open upon its rusty hinges a cold sepulchral air issued through it, which, added to the deserted look of the scene it disclosed, fairly put to flight all my dear Maggie's enthusiasm, and drawing back, she exclaimed—

"I wish you would go alone, and let me stay here with Mr. —. I promise we will not go away and leave you; we will stay here by the door. Only we must close it because of the draught."

I desired nothing better than to meet dear Marie alone, and also thought she would thus be more likely to come to me than if I went accompanied by another. And so I gathered my dress around me, and stepped reverently and solemnly over the graves of my husband's family, which occupy the centre of what was once the nave, preferring this open space to the deeper shadows of the side aisles, which looked weird and awful in the darkness.

It was an intensely dark night, and the brightness and brilliancy of the stars above only served to make the earthly darkness more visible.

Never, never, I thought, could this once lovely chapel have looked more beautiful than it did at this moment; instead of the pealing notes of the organ, sackbut, harp, lute, and dulcimer, and all the lovely instruments that once resounded through its many arches, it was now pervaded by a still more solemn silence; instead of lighted torches and the innumerable wax tapers that once blazed upon its altars, it was now lighted alone by the stars of heaven, and these looked in upon me from all sides through each gothic window, and from the deep blue of the canopy that was my only roof, and their vast dwelling-place.

Thus thinking, I reached the glorious eastern window where the high altar once stood, but which now looks down upon the green grass and a few broken stones. On one of these I knelt, and lifting up my eyes and my thoughts to heaven, prayed long and fervently for my sweet guardian, who had once, as she said, knelt on this very spot, decked in all the bravery

of a bride, to plight her troth to the handsome Darnley. His *grave* now stood under the cloister close at my right hand, and that of the man he had made so celebrated, poor, murdered David Rizzio, I had passed near the entrance door.

"Where are they all now?" I exclaimed aloud, and "where are you, my own dear, ever beautiful, my precious Marie?"

"Here, with you," exclaimed a soft low voice at my side, and, as I turned, I beheld a faint and shadowy form, more like a cloud or a grey mist than a living being, but which gradually assumed a whiter and more tangible appearance.

"You see I have kept my word," she continued, and from that moment she commenced, and poured forth one of the most sublime and glorious addresses I have ever heard. Indeed, I have never heard or read anything like it. Vainly did I afterwards try to record what she had said, though the spirit of it will ever live in my memory, and must ever bear its influence on my future life; yet, the words in which it was uttered I found afterwards had quite escaped my powers of retention.

Suffice it to say, that no allusion to the past, not one word of the time when she had last stood on that sacred spot, the Sovereign of the land, sullied the calm midnight air, or the purity of the overshadowing heavens—not one word but what angels would love to listen to, and what they, doubtless, did listen to with advantage, fell upon my deeply reverent and attentive ear.

The Marie who spoke was the Marie of the Star Circle, of which she had before declared to me she was one of the messengers—a circle of pure, great, and holy ones, whose most earnest endeavour is to unite man to God—to bring heaven nearer to earth, by leading those who are ready for it out of the terrible mire of social evils, and inaugurating the era of universal righteousness prophesied of old.

I will make an effort to condense as much as possible some of the thoughts she conveyed to me, believing that the time has now come when these things should be made more generally known. But I must give you earthly language—not those sublime words which fell on my attentive and awe-struck ear on that solemn midnight beneath the bright stars of heaven.

And here your words recur to me, dear friend, when you alluded to this interview as an honour which must have been as terrifying as it was gratifying. Not for one moment was it the former, and the very thought that I was going to meet this beloved and gentle being, gave me courage and nerve enough to walk alone to the appointed place at this solemn hour, even over the graves of the ancestors of my family.

So perfectly soothing and powerful is her influence over me, that there is no danger I would fear to face, could I rely on her presence, which she has told me I may do; and on one occasion, faithful to her word, she awoke me from a deep sleep in the middle of the night, and sent me to a distant room to save my

husband's life from a fire, that threatened to consume him and the house also.

But to return to where I left off, and to the endeavour to fulfil my promise of giving you an idea of what I heard from Mary Stuart on that memorable night beside the ruined altar of Holyrood.

She stated that representative spirits from all times and all nations of the earth have organised in the form of a Star. They have a congress, which holds its regular and special sessions for deliberation upon mundane and spiritual affairs which come under its supervision. This Star organisation—"Star Circle"—began to be formed about the time of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and has since been perfecting. It is, she said, the Star that is to rule the development and destiny of the world from this time onward, throughout the New Dispensation. And here I will run the great risk of perhaps startling both you and your readers by saying at once, what Marie only ventured to declare to me very lately, and that is, that the more proper title for the glorious circle inaugurated on earth under the simple one of the *Star Circle* is that of the CHRIST CIRCLE.

It has been gaining more and more power continually, and the time is now approaching when it will be able more openly to assert its influence and its sway. It is proposed, by the union of spiritual and mundane forces, to develop a strong battery of power both in England and America, whereby the Anglo-Saxon race, the true Children of Israel, and the most advanced of all the races, may be made the har-

binger of a new and higher order of things throughout the earth.

I have since received a diagram in the shape of a large six-pointed star, with its six radii, surrounded by seven discrete circles, curiously setting forth its wonderfully perfect and universal philosophy, with its radial lines, circles, and spirals, showing courses, cycles, series, and discrete degrees of development in the different fluids of nature, mentality, human society, &c. This diagram, which I have had framed, you may have observed hanging ever beside my writing-table, near the large portrait of her whom you have so often admired as Scotland's Queen, and who comes to me as its messenger.

I have since met a few persons who seem to have received some idea of the principle of its formation, but who have not been able to apprehend it in its universal bearings ; but I continually meet with those who, I am conscious, belong to that glorious band, although, generally speaking, quite unknown to themselves. Sometimes I recognise them by suddenly perceiving a glittering six-pointed star hovering over their heads, which frequently descends upon them until it rests upon their brow ; at others I am warned by my sweet messenger that I am speaking to one of its earthly members, and thus induced to feel for them a warmer and deeper sympathy, of which, however, they are no doubt unconscious.

In this way I have been furnished with the outlines of the philosophy, or the intellectual form of the promised new order of things, which I am compelled



for the present to leave in obscurity, as a full exposition would require volumes, whereas I may only occupy a few pages, and, besides, all this would of course be perfectly useless without an interior heart, or love sphere, constituting its life.

Through my frequent intercourse with this sweet and gentle messenger, who comes to me from the glorious "Christ Circle," I have been made sensible of a love so tender and so intense, so beautiful, pure, and sweet, which animates all its glorious members towards us poor, frail, weak, and fallen children of earth, who are for this very reason confined to the lower plane of material existence, as to utterly transcend all conceptions of mortal man on earth. This love towards the inhabitants of earth is as the love of a divine mother for her children. Descending like gentle dew, it will penetrate thousands of hearts, and will give birth to all kinds of generous, kindly, loving, and fraternal sentiments. Under its sweet influence the once beautiful Mary of Scotland forgot all her triumphs, and also her sorrows of the past, even when brought, as she had suggested, under the immediate influence of its powerful magnetisms, on the very site of her former earthly splendour, and devoted the hour she passed by my side to tell me of the bright and happy future that awaited those who would yield a willing obedience to the sweet influence of that glorious "Star of the East," which was perhaps the one which once shone over the spot where the Divine Child lay, and guided the watching shepherds and the wise men to find Him.

Marie came to announce to me that it is still

there, shining on more brightly than ever, and that I have but to follow its guidance to find the same Divine Child, and to find Him growing up in my heart to the perfect fulness and stature that He afterwards attained on earth, and that by ever following the same bright and guiding Star it will lead me to ascend with Him as He ascended, and thus soon to meet Him when He shall come in the clouds with great glory, and with all His holy angels with Him.

The masses of course will not perceive or receive it at first; but those who are open to its influence, and to its corresponding inspirations of wisdom, will be drawn together in harmony and unity, and, under the direct guidance of the Spirit, will become the seminaries of the doctrines and life of the New Dispensation; for they will steadily follow the guidance of the Star, because it will now lead them to perceive the DIVINE LOVE and WISDOM as it exists in the upper spheres, and as it is destined to be ultimated on earth; for the power at work is the mighty power of God, penetrating everywhere, and burning into the hearts of those who are touched with the divine fire, and whose brains are illumined with the new light, forcing them to acknowledge the presence of the Angel-world, and setting them on fire with universal love.

All this is but a question of time. Let all, therefore, watch and pray, and labour, and wait, in patience and faith. Commotions, I fear and believe, may be expected, and I am not sure that the old order of things will not "pass away with a great noise" and its elements melt with fervent spiritual heat, for I am told

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that a wave of spiritual fire is to pass over this earth; but of this we are very certain, that God lives, and reigns, and that He will by no means cast out one, who comes to Him simply and confidingly, trusting in Him who loved us from the beginning with a love surpassing that of a mother.

When reverently, rationally, and philosophically viewed, all I have heard from the sweet and gentle messenger who so often visits me from the Star or Christ Circle, it would appear as if its members were at work to remove the veil of the covering cast over all nations, and to usher in the glorious epoch when death will no longer reign victorious on this planet—which will enter into a higher sphere, a higher phase of development—for planets follow the self-same course which, sooner or later, ripens each individual into that perfect perception which constitutes them a child of God, and the planet itself is thus destined to become an abode of righteousness and an habitation for these holy ones for whom death will be swallowed up in victory; but the high road must first be opened by these angel ones who come to earth as ministering spirits doing His will, and, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, bidding us prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight, that the King of Glory may come in,—or rather, this time—that the Bride, the Lamb's wife, may be made manifest, and that the tabernacle of God may henceforth be with men, and that He may dwell with them (Rev. xxi. 2, 3). And thus will all things be made new, and God will reign on earth, as He does in Heaven, and be ALL,

and IN ALL, the ALPHA and OMEGA, and "will give to all *who are athirst* of the waters of life freely."

This He is doing even now, and has ever done according to the degree in which they are prepared to receive it; for He is ever found of those who seek Him, and not one will He send empty away. "My Father which is in Heaven will give the Spirit to him that *asketh* Him," saith Jesus. And He also said, "ASK, and it shall be given unto you; SEEK, and ye shall find; KNOCK, and it shall be opened unto you." This would seem to imply, that in order to obtain we should ASK, and SEEK, and KNOCK. How sad it must be for God, who so loves us, to see that we are ready to ask for all and anything rather than HIMSELF—(*"The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside; they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no not one,"* Ps. xiv. and liii.)—forgetting that having Him we possess *all things*. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness (rightness) and all these things shall be added unto you."

It was while suggesting to me such reflections as these that Marie suddenly paused, and said—"It is now more than twenty years ago since you were first chosen by that grand Band of the Christ Circle—selected and chosen, because you have that particular rounded and well-balanced nature which enables you to see and embrace all varieties of truth. The Voice of the Eternal hath called thee from the depths: 'Come up higher, for I have need of thee. Hence-

forth thou shalt drink of the waters of life.' And from that hour truth has been brought to thee as rapidly as thou couldst receive it. We have placed in your hands all the most advanced thoughts on almost all subjects. We have not asked you to accept our teachings alone, but have given you all sides of truth that you might in your own spirit judge and be receptive of it. You will now understand me better, and you will also have more confidence in the deep and holy aspirations of your own pure heart, and realise that you are a greater spiritual power than you are aware of, or than the cold materialistic world can understand. The time has now come when I can ask thee solemnly, in the presence of the bright angels who surround us at this solemn moment, whether thou canst as solemnly promise to consecrate thyself to God's service from this hour."

Her words, and the tone in which they were uttered, had become so solemn that they impressed me most deeply—so much so, that I felt at once as if I was in the presence of a very superior being. My heart seemed full to overflowing with the deepest love to God, and my aspirations at the moment were such, that it seemed as if I could rise at once from the earth and soar away on the wings of that Divine Love that pervaded my whole being; but instead of rising I again sank on the green sod above the gravestones where I had knelt before, and looking heavenward, exclaimed—

"Here, in the presence of the angels and before God's holy altar, I swear to devote myself to Him, and to consecrate my life and all I have received from

Him to His service henceforth and forever. Amen!
and Amen!"

As I uttered these words I suddenly felt a long warm kiss imprinted upon my upturned brow, and as I rose from my knees and looked around to see from whence it had come, Marie's solemn voice again addressed me, close at my side, in words to this effect:

"I charge thee, as my earthly representative, to hold firmly the pure white banner of Truth I now place in thy hands. Let none wrest it from thee; let none trail it in the dust of the old, that is rapidly passing away; but work on, trustfully, lovingly. '*Not my will,*' but '*thy will be done,*' must be henceforth thy prayer, knowing that all will come clearly to thine own perceptions. Fear nothing but failing in this. All else will be plain, since His will is that which will give all purity, peace, and the sweetest blossoms that can ripen upon the physical and the spiritual sphere. We have laid upon thy shoulders the mantle of Truth, setting a SEAL upon thy forehead, as one upon whom the dews from higher spheres must continually descend, thus impregnating the physical with such elements as are essential to the unfoldment of all Divine qualities. The ways and means will be hidden from thee, since the Inner Circle demand trust and confidence, and ever upward aspiration, and ever increasing desire. Learn that aspiration is *Inspiration*, and it always brings growth, and without aspiration there is no growth. Inspiration is from God. Our every breath is an aspiration, and every inspiration is its reply. Our every act

should be a prayer, and there is ever something evolved from an act. The flower of the centuries is now ready to burst forth, and when it does so it will not take long for every one to see it. Thou art a chosen vessel to the Lord, and the Star we have placed on thy forehead will speak to all who approach thee, and bid them not enter into thy sphere with unclean hands and hearts."

Marie then said that she wished me to possess a Ring which she had always worn, and which she desired me henceforward to wear as her earthly representative—for so she called me—giving me at the same time minute instructions whereabouts in Edinburgh this ring could be obtained by purchase.

"And now, my own," continued the sweet and gentle presence at my side, "feel assured that as you can hold your Golden Life Cup steady, we will keep it full to the brim of the purest principles of Life, which will be given for the upbuilding of this Tabernacle of the Highest—this Temple of the Living Spirit—for the rounding out and perfecting of each stone of the precious Temple, where all on earth may come to worship. I do know that all of the Star Circle are souls who will create a Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, arisen purified ones, whose white wings even now overshadow us, consecrating you to this most sacred and sweetest of tasks; and no more will they forget their loyal adherents—their chosen ones—to sustain, strengthen, and give victory to them, than Infinite Love and Wisdom can forget to brood over the child of its highest inspiration. You who have

clasped hands with this band, representing Universal Truth, must learn that your work is presided over and stimulated by the Fathers and Mothers, who even at this hour sit in council seeking knowledge of the Holy Spirit—Inspiration from the Great Fountain—even as you on the outer sphere do, for evil is on the increase; and let me at once warn you that as the time draws nigh for the rising of the new dawn, the darkness which overshadows the earth will increase, and the spirits of evil will be let loose amongst men; might will trample down weakness and stifle love; right will be forgotten or wholly ignored; our best instruments will groan in spirit and call upon us, ‘Come to our aid, for we sink.’ But be of good cheer; for right *must* overcome; but it must first mingle itself with all the strong opposing animal elements, in order to purify and to elevate them. Know that there has been no introduction into this world of anything but of the Breath of the Higher Life—the *Christ* into the Adam—and of the Light by which it was quickened, through Jesus the Anointed at the First Coming. Ever listen to and be guided by this Vitalising Spark of heavenly flame—this light sown for the righteous, this *still small voice*, this Inner Voice of God, this Holy Spirit veiled as a little child in human flesh, but growing up to the fulness of the stature of Christ *in* those who believe and love. Seek to study the Supreme Book of Nature. It is the Book of Books, that for ever leads the loving, reverent student nearer and nearer the Omniscient Mind. Seek communion with the spheres that surround this your planet, and are far

beyond and in advance of it in intelligence and power. Court original thought and give truth new garments—even robes of exquisite texture and quality, woven from the secret stores of the elements, hidden buried in every mother's soul realm; all that has ever been written or spoken even by the most inspired—aye, even by the Holy One of All—is tinged with the material surroundings of the writer or speaker, is coloured by the peculiar individuality of the originator. Thus it is that 'the letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive,' because spirit is life. Court earnestly the gifts of the Spirit, the greatest ever given to earth; feed upon the gifts given unto thee by those grand Star-like souls who now seek communion with their children on this planet, who are their earthly representatives.

"Were the Apostles capable of doing remarkable deeds, that even yet are quoted, and seem to hold men's hearts spell-bound as they are recited and their marvellous import reaches the spirit? Was John transfigured and drawn into such close communion with higher spheres that he saw the changes that must needs come to this earth as progress was made? Even so mayest thou, my child and sweet charge, give utterance to truths that shall be to all thy sphere an anchor of hope, a beacon of pure white light in the midst of this revolution of thought. The whole atmosphere now teems with new ideas, rare truth-germs, only waiting receptive mind-beds to receive them, in which they may take root and germinate, and bring forth fruit in due season. The same great sphere of inspiration that covered John

when he wrote the word that so entrances you, is open even wider to-day, because knowledge has increased, and men know now what they then but imperfectly hoped for and caught visions of.

"Remember that none of the Apostles exhausted the possibilities of spiritual development upon the material plane. John was loving, but he did not exhaust Love, and now that he has joined the army of soul-workers above, he sends back the soul-wealth, the thought-seed upon all who can draw him—his written and spoken words being the point of attraction. What earth possesses as records of the past is not only instructive, it is also good in so far as it tends to draw near these world builders, after the spirit expands sufficiently to take in truth from *soul communion*. The old records are for the materialist, or the seekers after ancient land-marks. What the Omnipotent did for the children of the Old and New Testament, He is doing now, only in a clearer and more intelligent manner; humanity having risen out of the old *débris* of myth and of heathen mythology into the clear light of intelligence and intuition. All books are sacred that are given to earth for its unfoldment, but should not be used as wedges to shut out the living Light of the present, the living Fire of inspired thought of to-day; as well shut out the sunlight and expect to thrive and expand in the darkness of the coal mines, where the sun's rays of the past are shut up and stored away. Though every book that now exists were to share the fate of those stored away sunbeams of the past, and were burnt as that very coal is destined to be

consumed, and not one page remain, would progress cease? Would the higher spheres withhold their art treasures in every avenue of labour? Oh, no! Would growth in the million department of nature cease? Not so, for the Mighty One breathes out the spirit of ever unfolding life each hour, leaving the rapidly maturing nations and peoples to drink it in.

"Perfection cannot unfold aught that is imperfect, only by comparison we name it so, since every form must change, not one retains for ever, or even for one hour, the same; the future is ripe, the very aura you live in teems with grand thoughts—new truths even when seen through the flashing light that comes back to us from the ages. How the old prophecies flood and sparkle, as we feel ordained by those who uttered them, to send forth our scintillations, star gleams caught from the radii of the immortals—as we of earth-spheres can stretch our soul-feelers across the ages in advance of us, and see where our life-boats are drifting, where the ship of state and country is sure to wreck, or find safe harbour.

"Men are asleep over the material triumphs they are crowning their brows with, or so buried amid the burdens of life, they cannot be still and listen to the voice of Deific forces. But Woman, the earth's Mothers, must do so—must be earnest and active, or her feet will sink into the mire of revolutionary forces. Material burial is the fate of all who are not every whit whole, who cannot bring new bodies into the heavenly kingdom. These forms will be freed from the dominion of old things, bound to the spheres of

Love and Wisdom. Angels will sustain and keep them, putting into their hands golden keys that unlock all mysteries.

“Go not alone to the Word for life, but also to those who gave it, for they have added knowledge which is more appropriate, and better adapted to the present hour of spiritual growth and unfoldment. Reverently use the Bible for guidance and instruction. Use Nature’s great Bible even as reverently, but remember that the passive soul-inspired one will rise even to the beatitudes, gathering new thought-germs, watching the opening bulb and seed of original Heaven-inspired ideas; proving all things, holding fast unto that which will bear all the light which science, art, and reason, can bring to bear upon them. You, my child, have a mind capable of grasping truths that are destined to make all nations free and inspired. Aye! and this is accomplishing even now. Stand out before the world as one who dares think—one who courts the wisdom of the ages, and grasps the light of the universe to guide humanity forward, instead of holding to such disorganised, weary, sick-of-theology children. The sweet, ever-living truths given to the world by its inspired ones are to be revered, but let us not go backward with uncovered heads asking wisdom; let us rather press forward even into the inner courts of the temple where the Deific harmonies lull the soul into conditions of mind that admit of communion with the Builder of all worlds, the Origin of all life, all forms. Let us rise even to the holy altar where a John carried his gifts, and became filled with power.

“Marie, my beloved one, the faith you have espoused

possesses the richest and rarest casket of jewels the world has ever seen. Add something grand to its now fast-advancing literature, its steady tidal wave of sweetly unfolding inspiration. Be brave, be true as steel to the guard of honour appointed for you by the Star Circle. Listen to their counsels, advance into the very heart of the enemy's appropriations and sow the seed of well-tested truths. Covet earnestly the best gifts; even as He you name Master possessed them, so shall you. It is His Father and our Father who is ever ready to bestow them upon those who sincerely desire and seek them.

“Try to realise the joyful certainty that it is your destiny to expand beyond all the radii of your present conception, to go on, and on still; and the farther you go, the higher you soar, the richer will become your conception of your glorious inheritance, and the less you will care to inquire the details of the long past that has been played out, having served its destined purpose and made you what you are in the present; the less also will you care to hurry on to the future, for both the past and the future will blend into a beautiful, exquisite, and ever perfect *Now*, as you realise that you are not only an heir of, but a dweller in, Eternity. Thus do we all ever extend our hands to the past and the future, and stand between them the complete type of the Eternal Trinity; what is mind to-day becomes matter to-morrow, as its conceptions are worked out into form or outward manifestation; and that which to-day is called spirit comes forth and moves outward as mind, while the Divine Source from which it emanates is ever flowing and unquenchable;

and remember that in that Source we live, move, and have our being, even as Christ said, 'I am *in* my Father, ye *in* me, and I *in* you.'

"And so we go on, ever working outwards, ever throwing out and throwing off that which is first within, as we have received it from the living fountain; and as fast as we can work it out finding another springing up in its place. Thus does the ever-living trinity of body, soul, and spirit, in the true child of God ever continue to expand and radiate and flow outward, as the eddies produced by the pebble in the lake, and go on, and on, and on forever, never coming to the end of our progress and development, for the Father of all, whose perfection we are told to emulate, is ever inspiring, and ever before us, as the Divine model after which all must for ever strive. Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

And thus she left me; and all was silence around in that lonely spot, which was presently, however, broken by the voice of my dear Maggie calling to me from the doorway. I hastened to rejoin her, when she told me she had become quite nervous and alarmed, thinking that I had fainted, as she had called several times and I had given her no sign: the fact is, I had been too deeply absorbed to hear her.

"Look at this," she said, displaying as she spoke a large white Shetland shawl; "I was only restrained by Mr. — from throwing it over my head and rising behind you as the ghost of Darnley! How you would have screamed," she added.

But just then, Maggie, who had thus thought of

frightening me, gave a terrified scream herself, for the flickering light in her dark lantern had suddenly gone out, leaving us in complete darkness just as we were passing the open door of the grand staircase ascending to the well-known apartments of Queen Mary, she declared she saw a white figure standing on the stairs, and—

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Maggie hurried away, and I hurried after her, and a moment afterwards we rejoined our waiting cab and the faithful James, Mr. — escorting us until he saw us safely into it,—and so we drove away as the clocks were striking the hour.

“One, Two,” counted Maggie. “How dreadful!”

And here my long story ought certainly to come to an end, but it would thus lose what to me is a subject of frequent and happy remembrance were I to omit to record a circumstance connected with it which occurred the next morning, and which will only occupy a moment longer to relate.

I awoke, after a refreshing sleep, with a soothing and almost vague recollection of all that had passed the previous night. I called to mind while dressing, that I had gone from that room the night before with the conviction that Marie Stuart, amid the ruins of her former pomp and power, would be able to recall to mind some incidents of her earthly history which would not fail to interest me, I went, in fact, to hear of the perishable things of Time—the outward, the material, the mere clothing of the visible body—and she had given me instead the imperishable things

of Eternity—the inward, the spiritual, the golden tissue of her heavenly spirit,—and I remembered with pleasure that I had not even thought of interrupting her to remind her of her promise, much to the astonishment and disappointment of my kind friend Maggie, who had only been so patient under the expectation of the rich treat that awaited her in hearing the wonderful things I should have to relate.

I smiled now at the bare idea of interrupting her, as I thought of the profanation it would have been to have attempted to bring her back to the things of earth, or, indeed, to have returned thither myself, even in thought, from those bright and glorious regions whither my spirit had soared with hers, until the cessation of her sweet breeze-like voice had recalled me to the sound of earth once more.

Thus reflecting, and while endeavouring to call to mind some of her sublime and eloquent words, I finished my morning ablutions, and enveloping myself in my quilted satin wrapper I summoned my maid, and slowly seating myself at the toilet-table, commenced unbraiding my hair ready for her operations, when, on raising my eyes to the glass and meeting myself face to face for the first time, I was startled by seeing a bright round red spot in the centre of my forehead of the size and circumference of a shilling, and looking for all the world like a red Seal—and it was only as this remembrance occurred to my mind that I remembered the words I had heard, viz., that “I had been called, and chosen, and sealed on the forehead,” and recalled to mind the burning kiss she had impressed on my brow. I almost wished the mark

would remain there for ever, strange at it might appear and disfiguring as it might be considered, for to me it was the visible evidence of a most happy and deep truth; but even as I sat, resting my chin on my two hands and gazing earnestly at it, it commenced gradually to fade away, until, vivid and brilliant as it had been, it had quite disappeared from outward view; but never, never has it been effaced from my spiritual perception!

And now you will ask me, "Has Marie kept her promise to you?—and have you broken yours to her, so solemnly given?"

Have I broken my vows so solemnly sworn at the foot of God's holy altar,—ruined and broken though it be,—beneath the witnessing stars of Heaven, and in presence of that bright cloud of angel witnesses whom I felt had surrounded me? Never, never!

I will answer you, that both the Marie of the glorious Star Circle ("the Christ Circle") in Heaven, and the Marie of the "Christ Circle" on earth, have been true, true as steel to all they then offered and vowed to each other beneath those solemn stars, and in the presence of that cloud of holy witnesses.

As faithfully as in me lies, and with God's blessed assistance, I have obeyed to the utmost of my power every dictate of the Spirit; every high and holy impulse; every call that my Divine Saviour has made upon me. In what I may have fallen short, I know and feel I am forgiven, knowing with whom I have to do; for to err is human, to forgive Divine!

Marie, my radiant and heavenly counterpart, has been more than faithful to her promise; and, to use

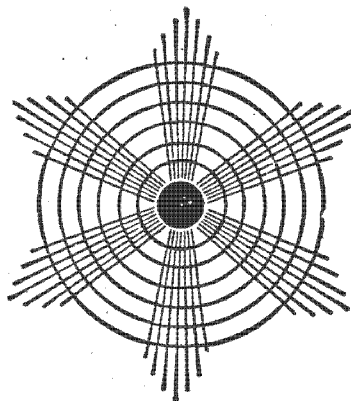
her own lovely words, just as I have been able to hold my golden life-cup steady, that blessed ministering spirit of Truth—"doing His Will,"—has kept it full to the brim of the purest principles of life.

Truth after truth has been poured into that cup with a steady hand; truths from all sides of God's wide universe have been literally *poured in* as fast as I have been able to receive them. Daily do I find my mind expanding wider and wider, and as my mind expands, so does that golden life-cup open which she used as its symbol; but even so the flood-gates only open the wider, and more bountiful, richer and richer still, becomes the supply. Just as the children of Israel received day by day their daily bread in the wilderness, does our Heavenly Father still provide for His children; and now, as then, those who have much yet have nothing over, and he that gathers little has no lack, but they gather each one according to his eating (Ex. xvi. 18).

With almost every draught of that pure water of life that is so bountifully poured into my earthly cup, a new state is opened out to me—a state of knowledge and of comfort from the Lord in the soul; and I need not say it is a state of bliss indeed, for each draught opens to me new heights of attainment and elevation, and all around seems sweet and happy. In my interior life there is such an intensity of light, such a new-found joy, such a blessing throughout my whole being, so far surpassing anything I had ever known before, I seem so lifted out of myself that I really enjoy full peace of heart and mind. No pleasures of sense, no pleasures

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of art, no pleasures of society ever opened up such feelings of deep delight. It is indeed "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." It is a foretaste of the joy of Heaven, of which it is said "*the Kingdom of God is within you.*" There is no other name for it. I had never felt it before; it is entrancing; it is heaven itself within; it is as Marie described it would be, the living in a bright ever-present, exquisite, and perfect *Now*, neither looking back to the past nor forward to the future, but feeling the conviction that I am not only an heir of, but a dweller in eternity—enabling me fully to understand the meaning of that remarkable text, "He who *believeth* shall not make haste." And so I can truly say that I am drinking from the Fountain of Eternal Life, which has been opened for me, that it is a Well of living waters, and that "he who drinketh of this water shall thirst no more."





A MORNING FLIGHT TO HOLYROOD.

THE sun was shining brightly over the lovely landscape stretched out before me, causing the winding lake in the foreground to shine and shimmer and sparkle, like burnished silver. A soft and gentle breeze was stirring the group of long pampas-grass on the lawn, and rustling amongst the large trees and evergreens in the park, as I sat at my writing-table, near one of the windows of what dear Marie calls my "pretty boudoir," at Stagenhoe Park, in Hertfordshire, on the morning when the foregoing pages were brought to me by the post for correction in proof.

While engaged in this work I was made aware of the dear presence of my gentle guide by the fragrant perfume of roses that invariably accompanies her approach, when, as if desirous of taking part in my occupation, she gave me the following sweet discourse, which I immediately transcribed; and as the little record of my never-to-be-forgotten visit to Holyrood is already too voluminous, besides being far too serious to permit of its having a place in your Annual, I no longer hesitate to extend it, and therefore enclose it with the proofs, in order that dear Marie may have the

last word in the little narrative, which is so peculiarly her own.

"Marie, darling!" she said, "I will take you out with our star-crowned group this lovely morning, and you shall share all our psychometric researches in the domain of natural history. Since we can only talk of it, never exhaust; we shall often clasp your outstretched hands, and, drawing your soul-life outward, wander amid the old ivy-crowned niches in nature's cathedrals; for here we find rarest elements of thought and infinite beauties garnered, outrivalling all that art and religious fervour can bring as decorations sacred to the beautiful marble cathedrals on earth—man's highest conception of Deity being love and admiration for these 'pillars of cloud,' that typify to *us*, departed spirituality, buried inspiration, slumbering aspiration.

"Never shall we forget the peace that stole into our uplifted soul as we stood that midsummer night by your side, in the dear little chapel of Holyrood, and saw that Omniscient Love had lifted the roof from it, and the light of millions of stars was now its illumining candelabra. Was it not beautifully typical of my life, darling one, and of God's power to call *His own* out of sleep, and prison-houses, into union with Himself, through *psychometric* sight?

"Then my soul burst the chains of material bondage, and soared away on the wings of celestial light, only to be quickly reminded that arbitrary conditions held *my own* in bondage, even as I was once held on earth. Then I folded my soul-wings and went out with you,

groping our way through the old corridors into the dear old *home*, where I once dreamed of happiness, and planned how dear Scotland should recognise my love for her, and how she should be delivered from ignorance and the fetters of narrow-minded bigotry, until we stood together in the little oratory, where my prayers had so many times been *recited*, and my cherished Rosary pressed to my heart and lips, while vows of eternal fidelity to the Mother Church were ever uppermost.

“Let us go there this sweet spring morning, dear faithful one, and listen to the voices of the past, present, and future ; but first let me kiss your loving lips, and thank you for what you are writing about me. Let us forget that winter and autumn have twice returned since that calm midnight hour when we stood side by side before the ruined altar at Holyrood ; or, if we remember, let us look at the riches left for us all, under the doubts and fears, dead and withered blossoms and leaves that have strewn the earth and our soul hopes, covering us sometimes with a robe of twilight hue, while new germs and life forces are called out of chaos, by Divine Love, to give the forthcoming lilies and roses aroma and beauty of form and colour.

“Let us forget all but the fidelity that has crowned our work, while sphere after sphere has been traversed until we can stand together on the *God plane*, surrounded with innumerable hosts, who chant the sublime anthem of ‘Peace on earth, good will to men’—reconciliation between all things visible and invisible—

God and matter one and indivisible, like the double Triangle emblem you always wear of our bright and perfect Six-pointed Star.

“We will take the same course we did on that memorable night, dear, the midnight hour—that witnesses the dissipation and bacchanalian revelry on earth among unthinking children, or the hour of most intense aspiration among consecrated watchers—an hour when millions sleep, and their spirits rising above the din and cares of earth mingle freely with the loved and gone before. We will enter the dear old chapel, and stand before the tomb of one whose soul now walks the streets of the Golden City of Truth; we will kneel, as you did, and ask for illumining power to interpret all about us, while the calm stars look on and encourage all our eccentricities.

“While kneeling, dear one, we are once more before the old altar, and see the dear old chapel as it was; but, as we rise, we see far out into the future, and forget all the sorrows, the persecutions, and hatreds in the unutterable peace that pervades the universe, in which our souls are but a mote, a star-gleam from Divinity. But this gleam, so pale and faint, is related to all the gems of Divine perfectness that float on the mighty cosmic sea of infinity; and as we catch the radiance of the stars above our heads, our minds float away and we are one with them all; our souls are held firmly bound by Divine Law, fixed and unalterable, all fear vanishes, all hatreds seem but clouds floating before the sun’s face that its radiance may not make our childish eyes blind; all condemnation and regrets are

lost amid the serene beauty that floats our life-boats far, far, out into harmonies of which we never even dreamed before.

"Poetry, art, music, all that soothes and uplifts, clasps us in an embrace of love, and Divine Law carries us into an ocean of worlds, all of which we pass before we reach the Heavenly City, the goal of all our hopes and aspirings.

"We cannot stop to take notes, darling, this morning, because remember you are not yet initiated into all the *Rose Mysteries*, and must be held blind for the hour. I must take you in my arms and carry you to my bower, where *Truth* awaits us—keeping your eyes closed, lest you lose your breath in this strange aerial voyage. I will wrap you in my mantle, and call you *my own*, because I recognise qualities embodied that so relate us. I seem to stand perfectly related to this earth through your body. *We are one soul and one individuality*; but as we rise into the rare ether, the river of life that connects earth with our world, I see you are not coming, even in spirit, with me. Alas! alas! your wings are still folded and bound by arbitrary influences, your soul alone follows me in simplest, most child-like devotion and love. As mother birds seek to teach the fledgling how to open its wings and fly, I seek to call your spirit with me, only to discover that my darling is too young, too much bound by materiality. Then I pour forth my song, and consecrate myself to the work of the future and to your soul unfoldment. *I seal your brow with my signet*, lay my symbolic flower on your

pillow,* and TIME drifts us on. Have I forgotten my seal of fidelity? Let it reply.

"Hark now to the voice of a daughter of dearly loved Scotia, reminding you that impatience is making positive appeals of haste. You linger a moment, and pass out of the beautiful chapel of prophetic symbolism while angels sing, 'God in His love will lift off the cloud from his Church. He will take the walls down, the roof away, and it will no longer typify departing spirituality, for "*I am the Resurrection and the Life*," and will crumble material walls and all that imprisons the Bird of Paradise, INSPIRATION, which builds anew every hour.'

"*'I am the Resurrection and the Life,'* is whispered from every atom on earth, sending waves of melody upwards, upon which angelic natures launch their life-boats and float into earthly conditions, where sorrow's sighs pierce the atmosphere, and show us the pale star of soul-life entombed in ignorance, consumed by want and neglect, in many who are thought rich, but who are only rich and great in the wealth and dignities of earth life, and are dwarfed by human materialism; there we bend our footsteps, and under the most dense atmosphere, find oft-times the rarest

* I omitted to mention that on awaking the morning after our mid-night visit to Holyrood, I found some white roses on my pillow. They had been gathered during our morning excursion to Hawthornden, and placed there by my dear friend Maggie on our return from Holyrood; at two in the morning, by a sudden inspiration she felt to go and fetch them as she parted from me on leaving me to my slumbers. Since Marie now mentions them, she no doubt inspired the thought and the act.

pearls of human embodiment, the most sparkling jewels buried with all God's treasures, away in the dark cabinet of materialisation, waiting Divine love to call them forth for manifestation.

"How beautiful is earth, viewed through the spiritual illumination, each embodiment sending out starry points, that quiver and glow until the scintillations seem to touch all other star radii, and in the sweet fraternal embrace of soul-life what melody and poetry passes out in waves, to consecrate the Inspired Ones.

"Universal love, reconciliation to God, who is 'The Resurrection and the Life,' *perfect trust*, which is *perfect love*, that casts out all distrust and fear, is the atmosphere that attracts these melodies. All physical matter must pass through all the transmutations of embodiment it does, in order to work out the Divine atmosphere, Inspiration. Let us go down to the nebula of a world, and trace it up to a human evolution; let us watch the embryonic conditions of all forms as they manifest, then as they lie engendered in the womb of the mother, or in the nebulous condition. How beautiful the vision presented, how just the guardian watcher, as the form is called out of nebula, through ideal correspondences caught in the scintillations of mind with mind upon older planets.

"Ideals are procreations from higher planes, that in turn procreate upon the receptive and lower negative ones. All life is incarnated, all qualities and proclivities sweetly relating us all to Omniscience, and to Universal Life; and we cannot love or be in harmony

with self—God*—while condemning or distrusting another, or even self.

“We have said that all the vanguard thinkers—they who have come up out of the deep waters of material life, and are now born of the Spirit—live in an atmosphere of Universal Love, united to all visible and invisible things, and yet are only babes still, because earth cannot yet make an atmosphere that will permit

* We are too apt to think of God as being far removed from us, and as if dwelling apart in some distant star; this is because we are told that “He inhabiteth Eternity.” We thus lose sight of the fact that He is our Father, and that we, on becoming His children, are made partakers of His Divine nature, and are therefore also destined to inhabit Eternity, although while in the flesh we are the children of time and of men. God is a Spirit—the Indians beautifully call Him “THE GREAT SPIRIT,”—and we should understand that God is everywhere in His vast universe as our own indwelling spirit—which is of Him and from Him, and is therefore part of Himself—is everywhere in our own little universe or microcosmic kingdom, for man is a microcosm, or epitome of the universe.

In saying what she does, Marie alludes to this indwelling Holy Spirit which animates every heir to eternal life. It is the Godhead of the individual, the indwelling Christ, who shall come forth in the fulness of spiritual development—which is attained through the discipline of material trials in earth-life, even as the grain of wheat is quickened in the soil in which it has been planted,—and shall then redeem the organic body and restore it to immortality, when it shall be “a child of God, *being* a child of the Resurrection.” “They which are the children of the *flesh*, these are not the children of God.” (Romans ix. 8.)

It is at first but the selfish Ego of the *personality*, later on it becomes the governing and ruling power of the *individuality*, until at length it shines forth, and is lost in *identity*, as the true Christ, the Vice-Gerent of God in each individual microcosm, or miniature kingdom which we each are. Personality, individuality, and identity are relative terms, and are indicative of states. Personality belongs to the lower states, Individuality to the following, and Identity to the Celestial or interior

the children to walk out on the ocean of intelligence as full-grown souls, sun-souls, star-embodiments, for none as yet manifest to the *silent watchers* that psychometric perfection that will make them so. All things in nature are microcosms of yourself—nay, of God. Study the lower kingdoms, and grasp all unities and harmonies, for all life-forms are immortal in identity. All forms forever and forever born upon this planet will be yours—every one distinct in type and retaining its identity.

states, and this gradually intensifies and increases as the knowledge dawns upon us of what that *identity* is.

"The tabernacle of God is with man." St. Paul avers that the human body is the temple of the Living God. "*Which temple ye are;*" and He who announced this glorious fact over eighteen hundred years ago, and prayed to His Father and our Father, that we might all be one in Him even as He was one with the Father ("*That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us*"), admonished all men to pray to God, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Hence it is clear the kingdom of God must come in each individual through the unfolding of the indwelling Holy Spirit, which is the Divine spark lighted in each from the Great Source of all Light, and Love, and Wisdom, and Truth.

I have learnt that this microcosmic kingdom, which we each individually are, is composed not only of many members, but of an endless infinitude of spiritual and material entities, all destined to be developed and come forth to perfection, but all dependent upon the indwelling Godhead. "Not a leaf, not a drop of water, but is, no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world, and man himself is a world to other lives, and millions and myriads dwell in the rivers of his blood, and inhabit his frame, as man himself inhabits earth." When the will of the Godhead is done, that kingdom is at peace within itself, and in the words of our blessed Lord—"the kingdom of heaven is within you." But if that little kingdom be "divided against itself," and war rules amongst its members, "it will surely fall," and then it may equally be said that it is a fallen kingdom and a hell within you.

"Come into my dear old garden, sweet one, and watch while I place this little grain of corn in the soft mould I have prepared. The electric forces of all earth now make it pivotal. The tender, loving, magnetic sunbeams kiss its heart, soul-life, and lo, a delicate velvety shoot pushes itself out from the little seedling. Dews fall upon it; showers refresh it; every breeze caresses it; and soon we find unfolding the most lovely robes of emerald velvet and silk. Then comes fruitage as the coronation, the bridal of this little seed which we deposited here. The fruit is made into food to build up brain and muscle in all departments of life, and so goes on in its immortal task, but multiplying itself forever,—never losing its identity.

"Look now upon this little worm who feeds upon the leaf, working up its little, throbbing heart-life into this soft, silky ball. You shudder as I bid you touch it, and smile when I tell you it is immortal as yourself, or as a queen in her dainty robes of velvet and satin, who scarce dares touch her sensitive feet to the dear earth lest they touch some tiny worm or insect that will defile her silken attire, which was all made by these crawling germ-worms, so loathsome to the uninitiated. Watch the unwearied creature as it weaves its soul-life into a material out of which the most lovely fabrics are made,—is it not manifesting its immortality?

"We might go on in this school, which is so absorbing, but we will not, lest we weary you. An eternity lies before us, and nothing to do but see God 'face

to face,' in all embodied life, on all planes, and in all kingdoms, and thus mirror all the past and future forever.

"All life is *God's Word*, His expression to man of His bounty. The violet is His floral word, language, whose germ has been millions of years entombed in the sod. Oh! how sweet the language of God to those who can read His Word in all its embodiments, breathing forth from the soul at every exhalation and inhalation, *I am the Resurrection and the Life*—trust Me, love Me by loving Mine. My Word is revealed in Nature, in Ideality, in Poetry, in Art and Philosophy, Science and Religion, all the outgrowth of Nature.

"Watch the unfolding since the Angels first rapped out a few sentences through the 'manger home' of the little girls in America, thirty years ago—how long it took to prepare Earth for the expression of God's Word. And even now, see how this rare Angel-reared Lily, Spiritualism, is feared and condemned, though its perfumes are the loved souls of your dead, and its expression the waves of their rich ripe minds. All blended with the effete, it meets in the love embrace; but the offspring each month presented is of rarer beauty than the preceding; and so it will be, for the past index of the earth tells us so; and God cannot be stayed in His Work.

"Turn over every page of human life, every one of our earth, and see how similar they all are, how sweetly related to the Divine. Cling as we may to the thing or thought of the hour, it passes away as this fair spring will pass, and summer will succeed, then

autumn, all bringing their tribute of praise, each one a resurrectionary form.

"Let us, then, learn this lesson of love and trust. God is the Inspirer of all life, and He will do his Work well for all. We cannot progress and ripen in a moment. All life requires the spring rain, and the summer shower, and the autumn sun to expand into the ripeness of perfection. Leap out into the waves of Divine harmonies, breast the tides of hate and aggression, struggle with the elements *in love*; for hate and tyranny form the canvas upon which your life deeds will be reflected. Angels will see the picture, if none other do, and they will clasp hands with you every hour, and unroll the scroll of Divine growth to you, whereon THE WORD is written.

"We watch the life which attracts you, eating, drinking, in love; each atom whispers back as it enters your form, '*I am the resurrection and the life.*' I will build up atmospheres for sweetest inspiration, for the God of your temple is positive, and will blend with all the elements of food that can attract, and will work it up into *love, life*, if you keep the temple open to His tender influence—woo His love; but we may woo hatred, envy, malice, and all the reverse qualities. Watch the fruitage of the doubts you sent out a few weeks since in embodied thought; what a harvest of similar elements engendered in similar seed-beds, and all the fruit of personal life, not that of the one whom alone it concerned.

"Be wise, sweet Marie, and send forth *the Word* of love, tenderness, and trust, if you would gather lilies

and roses. Soar out into the waves of celestially; an ocean of it kisses the lovely infant earth as mothers do their babes, and will do so whispering to all, out of all forms, '*I am the resurrection and the life*,' until she shall roll out into this ocean a gem sphere and world builder. You are one of the beautiful conduits of Divine love. Let not your soul-life be mingled with elements that make you the reverse, for angels minister unto you, as you to earth from God. Beware of narrow interpretations, remembering the sun must shine upon all sides, to make all truth plain and clear from a Star soul; and now you are basking in celestial light, beware of condemnation to the steps that are behind you. See the Way and the Truth, then you will see God evolving all forms out of all below and above you—*condemning nothing*. With Him there is no mistake; only His little ones thus err by trying to read before they can clearly see, and this is the mistake most common on earth, arrogating power to interpret, then commanding God's children to abide by this interpretation, or be outcasts. The soul thus blinded is the outcast from oceans of beauty, while this state lasts.

"Read God's Word as freshly written every hour through inspiration; treasure no shells. Thought, once outwrought, uttered, or acted, has finished its work. When you come to see the vast oceans of inspiration waiting for you to engerm and pour out, you will not fill your mind with that of others any more than you would eat food masticated by another. Every thought partakes of the parents' peculiarities,

even as children do. Again I tell you, treasure no husks, for sufficient for the hour will be the Bread of Life.

"I have revealed to you the plan and outworkings of the Divine in nature, evolving for ever the life-elements that are the wealth of the earth. The kingdoms of nature evolve all thought-germs, human brain cells attract, procreate through their duality, and engender these minute, invisible, yet ever-living atoms of life, and give them forth in all life, deeds, and thought. When once engendered in the brain, these atomic germs have completed their work as far as their earthly parent is concerned, human thought and act evolving the results. Such minds as yours must be wedded to the spiritual—the shells of life cannot hold this soaring, yet all-comprehensive, soul-life; earth evolvments that human materialism would bind the spirit with, have no attraction for them. Rise, then, upon the snowy pinions of clairvoyance with me, and you shall behold splendours eclipsing all that the mind has conceived, for each thought-germ is a star, and there is an ocean of them dancing in their own light, or winging their way to earth, crowning and uplifting; for thoughts are living things, with hearts, and brains, and wings, and we can all rise into the sea of living fire through the eagle eye of clear-seeing, and bathe in the aura of Infinite Love, while the receptive brain procreates and woos her own to this earth-sphere.

"Marie, souls linked closely in love's bonds draw life from this infinitely pure ocean, while souls wedded

to souls upon planes of materiality drink from the waters of the Dead Sea, and live upon the shells that create appetites upon the plane of the animal kingdom alone. Into this troubled ocean the Christ Spirit descends, and, catching the helm of receptive souls, guides them outward into purer waters, breathes upon them, and clothes them with the silver-hued robes of truth. It has stirred the depths of thy spiritual nature while unfolding each hour the new and more rare systems of life, while revealing to thy spirit the glories of the New Heavens and the New Earth. I am but one of this vast Angel sphere, whose soul is moved by Divine love, and act in harmony with it, having no plans of my own, no will of my own, but one with the Father. I do His will.

"Growth is the law; nothing can retard it, or change Omnipotence in its decrees. Rest then, sweet pupils all, in the law, lean upon its tender loving bosom as upon that of a fond mother, and be ye loving even as Our Father is loving, even as the fragrant lilies and roses which so sweetly typify Mother Love, Father Wisdom. They simply obey the law of their being, evolving atmospheres that angels can robe their forms with, by throwing out the fragrance God has filled their flower-cups with. All life is predestined to become angelic, to pass through all changes, and incarnations, conceivable; but let us all covet the best gifts, and work for the grandest harmonies, thus hastening the advent of all the golden-mantled sisterhood from Paradise to this rapidly unfolding Earth sphere, where they will be your daily

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visitors, inspirers, and teachers—thus rapidly changing earth's aura, rendering it so pure in quality that all angelhood can come and go at pleasure; while even you, my dearly loved Marie, will be of us—laying aside the mantle of earth-life and taking it on at pleasure, materialising, dematerialising, even as angels will. We tell you changes mark even this epoch of earth's history that will bring in all the marvellous unveilings of law, but it will soon be the law of a higher life, for behold, He comes to welcome the Bride. Eighteen hundred years has He wrought with His humble followers, the poor fishermen of spirit spheres, to change earth's aura and fit it for her reception, that ignorance and all its terrible results may not blight and crucify His Lily Angel.

"Souls have wings, my sweet one, to fly with even to the uttermost parts of the universe on the beams of Divine light that relates you to all embodied life, and freedom is the oxygen and hydrogen of Deity. His atmosphere cannot be outwrought in musty chapels, creeds, dogmas, or human temples made with hands. He will unroof them all. Love's star-gleams shall kiss the debilitated crumbling atoms, and all error enrich the sod out of which the ivy of gratitude climbs to decorate old consecrated ruins; violets and lilies of the *Living Word* creep up to whisper hope, and prophesy the coming golden age.

"Dear one, I made a prophecy concerning the Mother Church. I will add to it this morning, lift the veil from future possibilities, and show you how *Justice* heralds her outworkings. Catholicism and Protestant-

ism are the dual, 'two in one,' soul of all truth. Catholicism is the Mother, Protestantism the Father. Catholicism the Love principle, Protestantism the Intellect that works up what Love evolves.

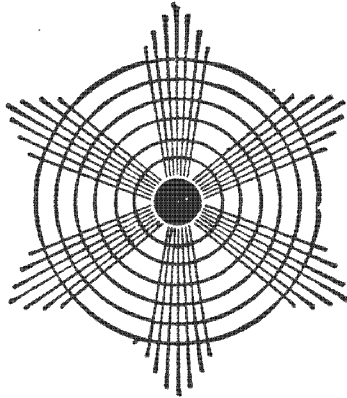
"Not always shall this conjugal pair stand in hostile attitude towards each other, for Love will be victor. She will evolve and unite until all shall acknowledge her divinity from the least to the greatest. Protestantism is might; the pair alone evolve the highest earthly interpretations of Deity. A pure and undefiled religion shall be outwrought through them, one that will draw both out of narrowness into universal life. This will be called the New Catholic Church—the all-perfect two-in-one. Disintegration must crumble old systems: the old must give way before the crowning, the bridal of Matter and Spirit. The Love and Wisdom, the Lily and Rose, coronet will extend its loving influence until all the Earth shall be swayed, and every system bear our starry signet.

"Even now, throughout every department of life, joy-bells are ringing as souls see the rapid incoming of TRUTH, the embodied LOVE and WISDOM centres, that control the Earth.

"My beloved one, the 'Star-circle' ('Christ-circle') would impress you with the purpose that lies behind all our blendings and interspherical communings. We would, as far as we are able to give it, carry your mind out into the cosmic ocean of life, and show you how Omniscience works—not as children do who doubt and tremble, dispute and evade, for we claim that the interpretations given thus far are the

basic thoughts upon which your feet must stand—they are bits chipped from the Rock of Ages ; out of them your mind will at least form a beautiful mosaic, and in all our communings we have nothing to change or regret.

“And now, Marie, my pupil and fountain of material life, let us come back to our beautiful earth ; together we will watch its unfolding. But I now leave you to your work. And so farewell, my beloved !”



ADDENDUM.

DEAR FRIEND,—I think it will astonish you when you see yet another and second addition to my record ; and you will say it is very wonderful when I tell you that almost precisely the same thing has happened again, while occupied this morning in correcting the proofs of the second part of the foregoing narrative, called, as you see, “A MORNING FLIGHT,” which my dear Marie took me while I was engaged in the same way upon the proofs of the first part.

This time the following lines have been breathed into my ear, and I record them as a further proof how earnestly I am watched over by the kind ministering ones of the glorious Star-Circle:—

“The angelic form, in its most perfect state
Of living beauty, is inferior far
To Truth, though clothed with raiment rough and worn.
We come with this premise, beloved one,
For Truth the fairest of the fair doth seek
To be embodied more and more in thee.
Truth is thine ideal, leave her not for aught,
However beautiful, for thou must grow,
Through Truth's embodiment, to perfect states
Of Love and Life, which will thyself surprise;

And from the Word such glory forth shall shine
Through thy clear eyes, that souls will turn thereto
As they have never turned in days gone by.
Deep down into the *Well* thy feet must go,
For Truth interior cannot else be found.
Let go all systems, creeds, and outward forms
Of earth's religions, for they all must die
And pass away, as God reveals His Light
In its own brightness to the quickened soul.
The stepping-stones must all be left behind.
Fear not the depths of the Eternal Sea;
Thou wilt behold within its mystic waves
The treasures that are hid from outward sight.
The natural mind can never there descend,
Because its deeps are heights, higher than Heaven,
Deeper far than Hell, wide as the universe,
And boundless as the light of the Infinite Eye.
Thou wilt not wander over shallow streams
When once thy spirit has plunged boldly in
To its own atmosphere of Truth, from Him
Who is the Origin of Being, and
The Life of Life, in all created forms.
The circles vast which round about thee flow
In their immensity, are specks compared with Him,
And all their bright inhabitants are nought,
Save as they draw thee to commune with God
Who is their Father, as He is thine own.
When thou dost yield thyself more fully to
The Lord's embrace, resting within the sphere
Of Love, forgetful of the world's comments,
Then shalt thou learn far more than can be given
Within the whirl of these external spheres.

Thy soul has risen and gone deeper far
Than many who may seem profounder in
Their wisdom; but the Lord desires to draw
Thy being into His, that so thou mayest
Receive what never yet has reached the earth—
TRUTH IN THE ULTIMATES OF WOMAN. Not
Through her, as through the Mary who gave birth
To Jesus when he first became incarnate on
The external plane, but knit into her form,
And in that form becoming mother to
Myriads of children, who will people earth
With living joys which shall increase, until
No shadow of despair or pain is left;
For Truth, embodied, bears all sin away.
Canst thou this comprehend, beloved one?
Partly thou dost, but not in full, for none,
Save by experience, can lay hold on such
Interior revelations as are now made known
To those who watch thee from the golden bowers
Of Heaven's celestial spheres, where Christ, the Lord,
Unfolds the rich arcana of His Word.
The coming of the Son of Man is here
Heralded unto thee, for Truth alone
Must reign in woman, ere God's Love Divine
Becomes supreme, when all the kingdom is
Delivered up to Love, and Truth is then
Indrawn, and God remains the All in all.
This is the consummation sure; and thou
Art being stripped of all the tinsel'd robes
Which have been thrown about thee from without,
That so the living Truth may naked stand
In native Purity thy form within.

Fear not to die, for Death an angel is;
And thou must meet with death in many ways,
Ere the finality of Life begins to be a consciousness
Which shall increase for aye."



THE following INSPIRATIONAL ADDRESS is so appropriate to the subject of this little Volume that it has been selected from several which were given through the mediumship of Mr. W. J. Colville, at the residence of the Countess of Caithness, in Paris. The speaker being, as usual, quite unaware on what topic he would be called upon to lecture until the moment he stood up to speak, when the subject was chosen by those present and made known to him.

THE STAR CIRCLE

AND

Coming of the Kingdom of God.

STUDENTS of spiritual things are like persons on a mountain-side: some are nearer the summit than others; some very near the base. Those who stand highest have the widest view of the gorgeous natural panorama spread out before them; those who have gained the summit can look all round, and view the scenery from all sides. Perhaps on one side there are hills; on another, water; on another, table-land; on another, a deep declivity. Those who look only to the north cannot see what is to the south; those whose eyes are turned westward cannot see what is to the east: and is it surprising, while all are climbing on the various sides respectively, diametrically opposite views should be taken of the surroundings?

Yet all these views are right, as relative or partial truths ; all are wrong, as absolute or final conclusions.

Students of religion, of the spiritual nature of man, or indeed of any natural science, are like these mountain climbers : one sees one side of a truth ; another sees from another standpoint ; and, like the men in the fable, who disputed over the colour of a chameleon, they all were right in declaring what they saw ; till at length a wiser man than any one of them interposed, stepped in and told them how the white chameleon was also red, blue, yellow, green, purple, grey, or any other colour they had seen it—it looked different in different lights. Science points you to the perfect ray of white light, and tells you white is the sum of colour. There are three primary, and a much larger number of prismatic hues, but altogether they form white. Some who only saw the blue ray, might declare light is blue ; some who saw only the red or the yellow, might declare light to possess only the one colour they perceived.

So with the jarring sects, so with divided schools of thought, wherein many men have many minds. The Christian, the Theosophist, the Jew, the Buddhist, the Spiritualist, and the controlling spirits,—all are right and all are safe when they confine themselves to declarations of what they know ; but just so soon as arrogant and negative assumptions are put forward as incontestable facts, and that is pronounced impossible or untrue which some particular individuals have not discovered, then the strife commences, the clash of weapons is heard, battle begins in darkness, and persons are often accused of bigotry and un-

charitableness, or folly or guilt, merely because they refuse to put out their eyes because some of their neighbours are blind, or to shut their ears to all the voices of the Spirit because some of their companions are deaf.

Should you visit Brighton, or any other South-coast town in England, and look across the Channel with the naked eye, you could not possibly discover France, while from Dieppe you could not view New-haven; and were it not for the traveller, who has crossed the water in a boat, or for the powerful field-glass which supplements your vision, those who had never seen across the waters, and had never crossed them, could not imagine what lay beyond. Facts are what we know; what we only guess at should be put forward most modestly and tentatively; while they who are assured of the truth of facts, no matter how stupendous, are always justified, when questioned seriously upon them, to give direct affirmative answers to their interrogators. Still there has always been need of secret orders and Occult Brotherhoods, to give special training to those who were prepared beyond others, to understand and exercise supernal powers of spirit over matter; and as dangerous weapons and sharp tools are only safe in the hands of the wise and mature, while the ignorant and infants would soon wrest them to their own undoing and that of others, so there have ever been but few upon the earth who have been capable of rending the veil and peering behind the screen of symbol into the inner mysteries of the Spirit. You are doubtless aware, that while Freemasonry acknow-

ledges three necessary and common degrees of initiation, viz., Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craftsman, and Master Mason; and while entrance into the blue lodge is needful to entitle to the advantages accruing from entrance into the brotherhood the world over, still there may be many higher degrees taken than these three; while the Past Grand Master of an ordinary order may not know anything of even the first principles of some higher and more secret brotherhoods beyond, the very existence of which may be unknown to the mass of mankind, ordinary Masons included.

Some years since, when a Theosophical Society was started in New York, it was declared that it was necessary to take nine degrees to qualify a member to enter into the full mysteries and powers of the order; that only three degrees could be taken in Europe or America, the remaining six could only be taken in the East. Since that time you have heard much of Koot Hoomi and the Himalayan Brothers, while "Isis Unveiled" and the "Theosophist," also "Ghost Land" and "Art Magic," have familiarized the reading public with some of the mysteries of Occult Science and Brotherhoods; but all the orders which are made mention of to the public at large are quite external compared with that most powerful and divine of all brotherhoods upon the earth, viz., the Order of Melchisedek.

This Order is composed of the Sons of God, or, as they have also been called, Sons of Osiris, or Sons of the Sun. This Order never varies from age to age. Its immediate inspiration is from the Guardian Angel

of the Planet who never changes, and who is the God or presiding Deity of the world. Under the dominion of this Supreme Archangel are twelve angels, who manifest to the earth through twenty-four embodiments, twelve males and twelve females constituting this Order, the very existence of which is practically unknown to all but those in communion with it. The members of this surpassing Order are the ruling spirits of the planet. The Order itself is in the spirit-world, but there are always upon the earth the perfect circle of chosen representatives, and these are they who have attained to oneness with celestial spheres of life.

Predicting a Messiah, the prophets of old declared that he should belong to this Order, while in the Epistle to the Hebrews, Christ and Melchisedek are identified. Jesus was always regarded by the early Christians, who were Gnostics and esoteric Spiritualists, as the earthly manifestation of this Divine Circle, while the entire radius of the circle comprised the 144,000 redeemed out of all the nations of the earth, and styled the first-fruits of the Heavenly Kingdom in the Apocalypse.

Tracing the progress of this Order through twelve dispensations of time, and allowing that 144,000 expresses the number of those ingathered in each successive dispensation, the number of souls who attain to oneness with this Order is 1,728,000 during the grand cycle of time, in which is accomplished the precession of the equinoxes, during which period of 25,840 years, or thereabouts, the sun travels through all the zodiacal signs, and completes its journey around

Alcyone, the far-distant star, or to speak correctly, the central sun of this universe, and often called the centre of the sidereal heavens.

It is to this sun that the apex of Egypt's greatest Pyramid was designed directly to point, and as Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, has suggested in his able and fascinating work, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," in the year 2,170 B.C., the polar star (*Alpha Draconis*) shone directly down the shaft of the Pyramid, while twice every year—once at the vernal and again at the autumnal equinox—the sun illuminated the entire disc of the stupendous fane with golden rays of glory. Whatever may be the meaning of the lidless sarcophagus in the King's Chamber,—granting the perfect demonstration in the Pyramid of many a mathematical problem, and granting also its proof that the Egyptians of old possessed a system of weights and measures vastly superior to the French metric system, now almost universally regarded as the best extant,—the Pyramid of Gizeh was evidently intended as a Masonic Temple, a temple of science and religion, a temple to the sun externally, and to the Deity esoterically; as the sun was ever regarded as the manifested presence of the planetary Archangel, while Alcyone was revered as the pivotal centre of the universe, or home of God.

Modern scientists may turn a deaf ear to spiritual interpretations of ancient Mysteries, if they will; but who is great in the scientific world of to-day who does not know that either the pyramidal form is a blank, or it is the expression of ancient, spiritual, and

scientific knowledge? Professor Smyth sees in it a prophecy of Christ, and predicts his second coming and the end of the present Dispensation; as the Grand Gallery, $1881\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, is by him understood to refer to the duration of the Christian era. This gallery then abruptly terminates; but following a tortuous passage, through which it is extremely difficult to crawl, what is the surprise of the explorer at finding himself in the magnificent King's Chamber, where all is light and beauty; but in that chamber, as in all other parts of the Pyramid, there are no hieroglyphics or inscriptions of any kind—the Pyramid speaks only in form in its simple expressive design, and to those who are altogether uninitiated, it speaks not at all. Its head corner-stone, the stone which is referred to in Scripture as the stone which the builders rejected, and typical of Christ, and is destined to become the head stone of the corner in the temple of material science; while viewed spiritually, the truths the great Pyramid symbolizes, and the spiritual facts it declares, are destined yet to be acknowledged as the keystone of the Arch, by all who, in the coming era, shall become Masons in the true Lodge of the Spirit.

It has been said by some interpreters, that the Pyramid speaks no more after 1881 or 1882 A.D. True it is, that about the middle of the year 1882, the $1881\frac{1}{2}$ years symbolized by the Grand Gallery came to an end; but it is difficult to compute with precise accuracy the true year of the commencement of the Christian Dispensation, especially as there are those who have studied the records deeply, who

believe that Jesus was born about 100 years earlier than Christian historians declare ; while others make a distinction between the culmination of astronomical and spiritual cycles, the latter being said to culminate about 300 years later than the former. It is useless to try and prove spiritual truths merely by reference to external history, as that history is by no means infallible or indubitably correct, and spiritual facts do not in any sense depend upon the letter of history. No one really lives the "Christ-life" by simply believing that a star shone over Bethlehem 1884 years ago and led the Persian Magi to a stable, where they found a babe in whom the predictions of Isaiah were fulfilled. Many there are who believe in the letter of sacred documents, who know nothing and care nothing for their spirit. These are not in communion with the Christ Sphere or Star Circle. These know nothing of vital union with celestial states. These have ideas about God and immortality, accepted blindly upon authority or tradition, but being destitute of interior light, they are in gross internal darkness : the light that is in them is darkness, for it is only the letter which killeth ; while they who have by celestial influx received the light of the Spirit, need not that any man should teach them, for the Spirit teaches them from within. The Holy of Holies, the Ark of the Covenant, the Mercy Seat, and the Shekinah are all within, and Solomon's true Temple of perpetual wisdom is enclosed within their shrine of outward life.

The religion of Jesus, considered esoterically, is the simple universal religion of the Spirit, which acknow-

ledges one universal Deity, and the manifestation of that Deity to man through the medium of his own soul. Who can read the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the two Great Commandments, upon which Jesus said hung all the Law and all the Prophets, without perceiving at a glance that Jesus insisted upon universal truths, and enforced the essential precepts of the Hebrews upon the minds of all his hearers?

What says the Sinaitic law? Nothing but what your best social reformers of the present day can heartily endorse. The recognition of one spiritual Deity; and the paying of undivided homage to the Eternal mind alone; the prohibition of all profane language and impious oaths; the observance of one day out of seven as a day of rest from labour, that man and beast alike may be refreshed and reinvigorated for the next six days' toil; the utter overthrow of murder, adultery, theft, false witness against one's neighbours, covetousness and all uncharitableness and injustice; surely this will be regarded as good by every intelligent utilitarian, who simply seeks the physical and worldly good of the human family. The commandments of the Decalogue are all wise and true, while the rigour of their enforcement, by imperfectly enlightened legislators, was completely set aside by Christ, who came not to destroy but to fulfil the *law*, by the introduction of the higher law, the Law of Love; for, as saith Saint Paul, Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

The whole doctrine of the Gospel hinges upon individuality and individual accountability. "No

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man can deliver his brother, or make agreement unto God for him." "Every man shall bear his own burden." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." These, and hosts of similar passages from the Old and New Testaments (as also the Law of "KARMA," or cause and effect of Buddhism, which shows how every thought and act of man necessarily and inevitably meets with its exact reward or punishment as a natural consequence), might be quoted to show how thoroughly the essential religion of all Bibles is in accord with man's intuitive sense of right, and how the really inspired "Christ of God" ever points man to his own indwelling soul, and teaches him there to find the Deity.

All foolish disputations about the personality of God are vain. God may be more than personal, he cannot be less. Every attribute we love and admire in man, as our spiritual being unfolds, must have its counterpart and original in the Eternal, whose offspring we are; and it will not be till spiritual culture is pursued with that assiduity with which physical and intellectual pursuits are followed, that there will arise upon earth a multitude who will unite in common brotherhood to make practical the teaching of the Golden Rule.

The word Christianity is unimportant, so is the use of the name Christ; but the Gospel, called the gospel of Christ, is eternally true, and practically beneficial to all minds in every age. That nominal Christianity is not essential, we have only to turn to Matt. vii., to hear Jesus say: "*Not* every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the

kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Jesus says that those who do his Father's will are truly his relations, "the same is my mother and sister and brother ;" and when we inquire as to what that will truly is, do we not find it beautifully set forth in that inimitably touching and graphic description of the judgment, recorded in Matt. xxv., where Jesus says as plainly as tongue can speak, if words mean anything, that the doing of God's will is all summed up in a life of pure benevolence. He who never turns a deaf ear to the mourner's cry, who never refuses to extend the hand of sympathy to the down-trodden and oppressed ; he who can call a Magdalen a sister and a prodigal a brother ; going in and out among the destitute, the sinful, and the sad ; compelling even the libertine, the drunkard, and the blasphemer to feel the power of all constraining love ;—he who does these things shall never fail. The fifteenth Psalm and the Gospel of Jesus describes the righteous man in precisely similar ways ; and should you turn to the Vedic Hymns, the Precepts of Hermes, the Law of Buddha, the Maxims of Confucius, or the Teachings of Zoroaster, you would find that there is in all theologies a golden thread of love, which truly glorifies them, and which justifies the esoteric interpretation of the old Hebrew declaration : "The Lord is one, and his name one ;" *name* being synonymous with outward expression or revelation of inward nature. Surely it cannot be derogatory to the dignity of Jesus to declare that he as a truth-teller revealed in many instances precisely what the ancient seers

had taught. Not the originality or newness, but the truthfulness of what is taught is the true touchstone by which we may try the spirits who communicate with us, and decide whether they are or are not of God. Truth, the same in every age, has appeared in many guises, been clad in many varying habiliments; but if we dig deeply enough we shall assuredly find a unitary basis for all the religions of the world, upon which they all rest secure for ever.

Can any one read the Gospels, and declare that Christianity must needs be founded upon what these say Jesus taught, and then identify the religion of Jesus with those accessories and excrescences which, notably since the days of Constantine, have disfigured the simple Gospel of Truth? The accretions which are hiding truth are like the eclipsing vapours which, rising from the earth, obscure the sun; and unhappy indeed are they who worship the earthly miasma, and imagine they are paying homage to the divine light.

Christianity to-day is in precisely the same predicament that Judaism was in 2,000 years ago. The light of the Spirit has been quenched by sensuality, dominant tyranny, and the worship of Mammon, which is the grossest of all idolatries. The spiritual significance both of the Law and Prophecy was hidden from the people. They engaged in empty forms; they prayed like parrots, heathenishly using vain repetitions; they made an ostentatious display of devotion in synagogues, and in corners of the streets, that they might be seen of men; and they

had the only reward such mock religion can ever win: they were applauded by their fellow Pharisees, and had the satisfaction of recounting, avowedly to God, but really to be heard and admired of men, their many virtues, in the holy temple which they profaned by their self-laudation and idolatrous self-complacency and wicked despising of their fellow-men who, though outwardly more sinful than they, by reason of humility and desire to improve, were nearer to the kingdom of heaven, even though publicans and harlots, than were these self-satisfied formalists.

These outwardly pious people condemned Jesus bitterly, and pronounced his mission from Beelzebub, because he cast out devils and worked miracles of healing on the Sabbath-day, thereby transgressing in their eyes unpardonably the letter of the Decalogue. But Jesus says, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-day." No outward observance which stands in the way of charity can ever be of divine appointment. There must ever be a misconception of the divine will whenever any command is considered divine which does not always stimulate every pure and ennobling wish of the human heart. Jesus even justified his followers in plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath to satisfy their hunger, though some would see in that act of theirs a breach of two commandments. He even justified the action of David and his companions, who ate the shew-bread, which none but priests might eat; and when discoursing on the law of love, he attributes every

asperity of the olden law to the men of old, and not to the Eternal Parent.

True Christianity is therefore the religion of the Spirit. Compare it with esoteric Buddhism, or any other system of spirituality you may please, and it will be found in perfect agreement with the spirit and intention of every truly-inspired teacher, through whose ministry the world has caught glimpses of the eternal right.

To return, for a moment, to the Pyramid and the mysteries of the ancient world, we must ask you to observe the very great difference which exists between the spiritual religion of Egypt, expressed mathematically and geometrically in solid masonry, and the animal worship which savours more of fetishism and idolatry. The grandest structures have no animal representations at all. The lotus flower, the cross, the ibis, the apis, the anubis, etc., etc., are all exoteric, and form no part of the symbolism of the Grand Pyramid. This is perfect unity in trinity, a perfect whole, a compact unit, resting upon a perfectly square base. The Square means Universal Brotherhood, and signifies the primal and ultimate unity and brotherhood of man. The Triangle represents Father, Mother, and Son; or, proceeding esoterically, the Love, Wisdom, and Power of the Eternal. The Father (Osiris), the Mother (Isis), the Child (Horus), signify respectively the Father-Love and Mother-Wisdom of the Eternal, as in the eighth chapter of Proverbs, Wisdom, personified, declares: "I was with *him* in the beginning." Wisdom is spoken of as *she*, while Love is the Word or *Logos*,

by whom all things were made. Love in man has unfortunately degenerated into lust and passion, but wisdom in woman has never become quite corrupt. Woman's wisdom is *Intuition*: it is the hidden wisdom, the wisdom of the veiled Isis. In the coming days, all over the civilized world, and eventually over the whole earth, will this hidden wisdom unite itself with love, and then there shall be a perfect birth of Truth, the Christ-child, or the Horus of the ancient days.

Love originates, wisdom carries to perfection, all truths throughout the universe. The motive must be loving, the execution must be wise, and then the law is perfect and all-powerful. Then the children born on earth will not be born in sin nor conceived in iniquity. They will not need a baptismal font to cleanse them, they will not need to be born again of water (the emblem of matter); they will bask in the sunlight of the Spirit, and on the altars of their hearts will leap high the divine flames, the fires of the Holy Spirit, which will not only purify from dross but will enlighten and illuminate the inmost mind.

The most ancient philosophy of Hermes, upon which the old Egyptian rites and emblems are based, teaches these truths most explicitly, and they are symbolized in all the ceremonies of Egypt and of Greece; while in India, the Vedic or Vedantic philosophy inculcates precisely the same spiritual truths; and so closely do the books of Hermes and the Vedas correspond, that many scholars regard them as transcripts or probable copies of each other. The student who is searching for the cradle of man, and

is wading through a mass of antique lore, assisted by the modern sciences, comparative theology and philology, cannot but think that either India gave birth to the Egyptian faith, or Egypt to the Indian.

But it is not needful to arrive at any definite conclusion on a mere matter of history like this, to perceive the grand spiritual oneness of all ancient faiths; it is not needful to infer that one nation borrowed or copied from another, or that by means of immigration and emigration spiritual facts were made known to nation after nation: the Spirit speaks in every age and every tongue. The true *illuminati* have ever been led by the *inner light* and the guardian angels, who have been their inspirers; all alike have seen the sun, the stars, the constellations in the heavens above them; all alike have felt the breath and heard the voice of the Deity within; all alike have held communion with the angels, who visited them in the starlit towers or shaded retreats among the rocks, upon the mountain-sides or in the valleys; all have been knit together in a fraternity of Spirit, which makes all members of the Star Circle.

And these are they who can read in the heavens above them, and in the earth beneath, the signs of the coming of a new Messiah; these can trace the king in humble guise, by the light of the Pentagram in one age, and the Sexagram in another; but all acknowledge the perfect Circle as the only absolute emblem of Deity, and that circle is Truth itself, the sum of all perfection.

Modern Spiritualism, with its physical phenomena and divers utterances (sometimes apparently conflict-

ing), is only the harbinger of the New Era. Signs and wonders are envelopes : or letter-carriers, telegraphic messengers, rappings upon your doors, ringing of your bells merely to arrest your attention. Phenomena can never be the ultimate, and it is indeed entirely useless, unless it conveys a truth to your minds ; and it is worse than useless, it is positively evil, when perverted to unholy ends.

And here we draw a very clear and well-marked line of demarcation between mere magic and genuine spiritual communion. Simple magic is not divine ; it can, however, become so, if employed for holy ends. Jesus underwent the temptation in the wilderness, when he knew how fierce the struggle was which wages in the medium's or initiate's breast, if he is ever called upon to choose between devoting his powers to self-glorifying magic, and a work of pure self-sacrifice and devotion to the interests of his fellow-men. We are told that the devil requested Jesus to convert stones into bread to satisfy his personal hunger in the desert, and that Jesus withstood the tempter, and replied to him in these words : "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Then we are told that Jesus did produce bread, and with it fed several thousands of hungry congregants who had assembled to hear him, and had travelled far without thinking of their material wants, and who were famished with hunger.

Taking these stories literally or figuratively, the careful student cannot fail to see the lesson which they teach. In the one case selfishness says, Work a

miracle to gratify your own appetite ; in the other, Love for suffering humanity prompts the exercise of miraculous power to feed a starving throng.

The second temptation endured by Christ was somewhat like unto the first, though the first appealed to the flesh, and the second to the mind. When carnal appetite had been resisted and restrained, then the temptation was to vain-gloriousness, to love of display, to self-aggrandisement in the eyes of the people. Imagine a man throwing himself down from a pinnacle or parapet, and, being sustained by invisible power, falling to the ground unhurt ! How great would be the consternation among the people, how willingly would those who sought a sign, and could track the Messianic deliverer only in deeds of magical prowess, have come forward and crowned him as their king ! But miracles performed for selfish ends are only questionable magic. Angels do not stand by to protect those who rashly imperil their lives for no good end ; whereas, when one is on the path of duty and is obliged to encounter danger on some errand of mercy, he may rest assured that loving angels protect him on his way ; and even though the earthly form should perish, the spirit would have conquered in life's fray, and be prepared for entrance upon purer and brighter fields of being in the life beyond.

The third temptation of Jesus was to the spirit. Worshipping the devil literally means worshipping Mammon, sacrificing principle for policy ; and should any magician or student of the occult undergo even such rigorous discipline as Jesus underwent in the desert ; should he fast forty days and forty nights ;

should he succeed in completely subduing the flesh to the will ; should he be able to work miracles innumerable ; yet if he worked only for popularity and fame, for selfish interest and worldly gain, he would be but a Simon Magus withstanding the apostles of truth ; a black magician, a wizard, a sorcerer, an enchanter or worker of spells,—exercising an unholy, unhealthy, baneful influence upon mankind, and forming such alliances with spirits of darkness, as led people in the middle ages to believe that persons signed compacts with the evil one, selling themselves to the devil that they might win earthly conquests.

Goethe has illustrated the baneful effects of all such spurious courses in his “Faust and Mephistopheles.” This learned poet and philosopher was no doubt acquainted with the Rosicrucian and other secret Orders prevalent in Germany in the 17th and 18th centuries, and existent still, though of course veiled in the garb of secrecy from the intrusion of the vulgar. The fables of the Rosicrucians concerning the philosopher’s stone and *elixir vitæ*, were not simply childish tales or imaginative dreams, as many persons imagine them. The transmutation of metals is scientifically possible. The crucible of the mystic foretells the triumph of chemistry in future years, while alchemy itself is a true science, when spiritually as well as physically understood. The philosopher’s stone and the elixir of life will only be discovered in the moral world, however, when man has learned to govern will by spirit, as matter is governed by will.

The Kingdom of God will not have fully come, the reign of the Prince of Peace will not in reality have

begun, until man has passed beyond the Science of Magic, wherein the power of human will is made manifest, to that divine estate where the lower will says to the higher: Thou, not I, must rule! Theosophy in its modern Indian guise, and in its purely wonder-working phases, is but the exercise of human will over man, beast, and matter; over elementary kingdoms of life here and in the unseen world; but the divine theosophy of Buddha, or the holiest of Lamas of Thibet,—of all who have truly followed in the wake of the most gifted of the world's true sages—is what the word Theosophy really means: the Wisdom of God, divine wisdom, which will enable the devotees at heavenly wisdom's pure and sacred shrine to literally fulfil the predictions made by Christ concerning his followers: They shall heal the sick, and cast out evil or obsessing spirits; they shall cure insanity, and relieve those oppressed by sin from its enslaving power; they shall take up serpents and drink of poisons, and yet shall remain unharmed,—because they are filled with the Spirit's resistless might; and the soul having subdued every form of matter by having perfectly controlled the human organism, which epitomizes all the forces of the three material kingdoms of nature, and having completely subdued the will of the mind to that of the Divine Soul, shall pass unscathed through every fiery ordeal of persecution and temptation; shall be able to demonstrate to a wondering and awe-struck people such supreme triumphs of the soul as Daniel made manifest in the lion's den, and Shadrach, Meschach, and Abed-nego in the burning, fiery

furnace, heated seven times beyond its ordinary heat, at Nebuchadnezzar's cruel command.

If any Materialist should cavil at such wonders and pronounce them impossible, we can only say they are impossible to him and to all in his plane of thought. But is not navigation impossible to many? Can every one steer ships across the ocean safely? Are not the feats accomplished in the chemist's laboratory impossible to many? But shall any deny them because they are exceptional, and can only be proven by men of special training? The lion-tamers of the East, the serpent-charmers, who toy with venomous creatures whose fangs have not been removed, can fascinate and control the lower life of nature, which corresponds to what they in themselves have overcome. No one can tame and control any beast or bird, insect or reptile, until he has first subdued that in himself to which that creature corresponds.

And when at length man shall be perfect on the earth, the planet shall be perfect also. Slaughter will be unknown, ravenous beasts and deadly plants will become extinct, as the earth no longer affords means for their development and subsistence. As the mammoth, mastodon, and other monsters which roamed primeval forests are now extinct, because conditions are no longer offered for their perpetuation, so will the earth at length outgrow all that is destructive and unsightly. The supreme will of mind over matter, and of soul over mind, will at length convert the whole earth into a paradise. Then will the Golden Age have come; then will diseases and death itself be unknown; then in place of death will there be peace-

ful and glad transition, and the soul no longer needing its earthly tabernacle will dissolve it.

Flesh and blood will never enter heaven, the material forms will never pass to spirit-life. Still, the ascension of Jesus into heaven is typical of the translation which will at length be in place of death ; for those whose earthly careers are ended will glide painlessly and imperceptibly from their material forms ; becoming invisible to mortal sight, it will appear as though their bodies went beyond the clouds, though every particle of material will gravitate to its place in the material kingdom, while the spirit, in a spiritual form, will ascend to its native element, and appear in outward guise upon earth again, only if such reappearance be needed to demonstrate immortal life to the dwellers upon some outward orb. Death shall be swallowed up in victory ! There shall be no more death, and no more sea (emblem of materiality) ; no more division, no more strife or wrong. The lamb of gentleness shall lie down with the lion of strength ; the little child of peacefulness, docility, and love, shall be the guide ; and the coming rulers of the world shall be those who, in gentleness and child-likeness, are prepared to occupy supernal thrones and judge the tribes of Israel.

The predictions of Jesus with regard to the future glory of his followers refer to that divine estate of angelhood when the twelve powers of the mind, called the twelve tribes of Israel, in Kabalistic phrase, shall be governed absolutely by the soul within ; and those in whom this soul-life is manifest are more than adepts, initiates, or magicians,—they

are numbered among those in whom the Christ has been born, and, like Jesus, the Christ of Galilee, or Gautama, the Buddha of the East, used all their powers solely for conquest over wrong, disease, and death; and who, therefore, with every magician's power, have beyond all this the invincible might and majesty of the Divine Soul. This at length must conquer. Hells there may be, hells there must be, hells there are, till this divine result shall be accomplished. A spiritual gehenna must burn outside the gates of earth, and outside those of Paradise, till every weed is burned, every iota of alloy consumed, every scrap of chaff burned in the unquenchable fire. But Dives in the flame is there for correction, for the burning away of the sin of selfishness, which made him on the earth forgetful both of brethren and the poor. He must suffer, and all must suffer, until by spiritual effort they span the gulf, bridge the yawning chasm, and through love to the brethren become themselves the angels who will do what as yet Moses and the prophets have not done.

Everyone who has done a wrong on earth must return to rectify it; every spirit who has wronged another must meet that other again and make restitution. The fires are ever burning, the crucible never grows cold, the law is eternal, the means of purification everlasting, the fire which cleanses never goes out; and into the everlasting fire, not that they may everlastingly remain in it, God plunges all his jewels, and only takes them out when all their alloy has been burned away!

This is the truth taught alike by esoteric Chris-

tianity, by modern Spiritual revealments, and by true Theosophy. Nirvana, the Kingdom of God, of Christ, or of Heaven, means not extinction of being, loss of entity or individuality; it implies oneness with all in love. As the globules which form the ocean and the sand-grains which make up the hills are all individual, as the crystal dew-drops never lose their entity, so the soul, individual once, is individual ever. The soul that says, I AM! will never be less than the self-conscious *ego* it now is. The outward frame may change, ever so often; the astral body or spiritual form may change, as does the material envelope, but these are neither immortal nor individual: they are but ever-changing agglomerations of moving forces, which the spirit attracts, dissipates, and repels. Memory, affection, understanding, will,—these are of the soul, the primal unit only; and this four-fold nature of man is immortal, while the purely earthly part may but appertain to the elementary kingdom of nature, and be transported through the universe to other worlds, as they require what the perfected earth will have rejected.

This Golden Age, or epoch of perpetual harmony, has been heralded by Spiritualism. Already the knockings have been heard, and thirty-three years after 1848 there were those who told you that the purely initial stages of the Movement were passed through, and that from 1881 the calendar should recommence with Woman's Era, *Anno Domine* instead of *Anno Domini*; but the perfect era is that of the Divine Duality, when the Christ and the Madonna, the lady and the lord, must rule together.

But as man has had his special period of dominion, woman may also have hers; and perhaps therefore it was through two little *female* children that the Rochester knockings were first produced, in the self-same year when the first Woman's Rights Convention was held in the United States.

To-day the English Parliament is agitated with the ever-recurring question of Woman's Suffrage. Protests against taxation without representation are growing more numerous and influential daily, and surely no one who can read the signs of the times can fail to see that the next great event in all civilized lands will be the acknowledgment before the law of woman's perfect equality with man. No longer veiled in the harem or even in the cloister, no longer compelled to sit tacitly by, and, while taxed as heavily as her brother, have no voice with him in controlling affairs of State; no longer refused admission to the priestly or prophetic or ministerial office, compelled to bow in submission to the will of lords and masters, she will take her place on earth as queen of society, even as the Catholic Church has declared that Mary Immaculate is queen of heaven.

But how anomalous is the spectacle of crowds bending low in fervent adoration at Mary's shrine, exalting womanhood by pronouncing a woman "mother of God and queen of heaven," while the priesthood declares that through woman's intercession the Son of God receives the prayers of men, and through his mother answers their requests, while she is called the spouse of the Holy Spirit, the daughter of God the Father, and the bringer-forth of God made manifest

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in flesh. Jews call this supreme devotion, and Protestants idolatrous; and how anomalous it seems, while woman is still forbidden to approach the altar to offer the sacrifice on the people's behalf, or to enter the pulpit to exhort both men and women to repentance!

All over the world the cry is going up to-day, that men, and young men especially, do not and will not go to church. A moral *interregnum* is feared and predicted, by reason of the present wide-spread indifference to religion. Morality is at a discount, vice at a premium, in the highest places of State. The law sanctions woman's degradation, but even in polite circles the male delinquent forfeits no right or privilege, except for unusually dastardly conduct; while the female sinner is ostracized and condemned. Where is the justice of a man-made law, permitting man a liberty denied to woman? Where is the justice of condemning one sinner and altogether exculpating her *particeps criminis*? Where is the justice of a state of society which underpays female labour and imposes in many parts of Europe the hardest labour upon woman, and compels young men to devote some of the best years of their early life to the indolent and demoralizing life of members of a standing army?

If to-day the nations are embroiled in warfare, and the best blood of the countries is shed on the battle-field; if civil service and other reforms be the great cries of the age; if present forms of government are so distasteful to the people that Nihilistic insurrection and Communal strife are the rule and not the excep-

tion all over Europe ; if the cry of alarm goes up from England because of Venian outbreaks and dynamite explosions, which neither the arm of the Civil Law nor the Church can quell ; if the Russian Emperor is in hourly danger because of the detestation in which the office of Czar is held by the bulk of Russia's population ; if Absolutism in Germany is threatening with forcible disruption, and England's policy with Egypt is more than questioned on every hand ; if the French Republic be as yet insecure ; and across the ocean America is fast becoming a prey to bribery and corruption, while only her immense size and her vigorous youth are her protection,—surely the time has come when, after 1,800 years and more of masculine monopoly yielding so bitter a fruitage of crime, pauperism, vice, persecution, and war—the new Era may be inaugurated with the voice of woman pleading for justice.

We do not say that woman will be sole ruler in the New Dispensation, but we do pronounce this dawning age the age of woman's supremacy. That it would be so, Henry Bulwer (Lord Lytton) foresaw, when he penned the "Coming Race," and portrayed the women among the Vrîl-Ya as superior to the men. *Anno Dominiæ*, the year of the Lady, introduces to the world that female portion of the Spirit of Truth, which remained in spirit-life unknown to the earth, for the holy Jesus could but express one-half the Messianic angel to the world, which was not then ready to receive more. But ultimately, and even now wherever the highest culture is to be found, men and women will rule and work together. For in

the highest parts of the earth the era of harmony, of true duality, which is the highest state, is dawning ; but where the single ministration is all that can be given, it will be woman's voice and woman's influence that will cause the wilderness to bloom and the arid waste to sing. It will be woman, who, by moral suasion and the power of right over might, will put down intemperance and fraud, abolish war throughout the earth, and lead the nations to a commonwealth of peace, while the governing body will be composed of persons from all the annexed nations, and there will be a Universal Parliament.

The dream of the near future for Europe, for America, for the Colonies—Australia, South Africa, and British India—is the establishment of independent governments first, then the amalgamation of the various races and nationalities into one great united and pacific nation. As many streams may run into one great sea, and lose themselves in the vast body of water, though they take their rise in many sources and flow distinct until at length they empty themselves with many mouths into one great ocean, as the Amazon and its tributaries do, so to the prophetic eye of Spirit the time e'en now draws nigh when all the most enlightened nations shall become one people, and the differences between races will be forgotten, as they were forgotten in old Rome, when she became the mistress of the world ; because a Roman had in his veins the mingled stream which bespoke for him an origin among long-disaffected and disunited tribes.

Even now the fusing process is in progress in the

United States, even more than in Europe; and when this blending is complete, war will be impossible. You will have no enemies, and no people will be foreign to you. You will have opened all your ports to every nation. Absolute free trade will everywhere prevail. The rights and welfare of humanity, not of a single tribe, will be considered; and to be human will be enough, while patriotism will mean universal fraternity. The Crescent and the Cross will retire from Europe, and be no more the signs of civilization. The Circle will be the emblem of united life, while the Sexagram (or six-pointed star), emblem of the Christ Circle, will be the symbol of that actualized progression which will give to half the globe, redeemed from strife, a foretaste of the yet far-distant age of *universal* peace. Let us, then, always endeavour to keep our eyes fixed on that bright star which led the Wise Men of old, and by which alone can any wisdom be gained.

Africa may yet be convulsed. The worship of Allah may lead the Fetish tribes to the acknowledgment of one God, while the earth, commencing its career through the second half of the Grand Cycle, at the middle point of which we now stand, will through the next six ages pass on into the embrace of those bright dual souls who will yet perfect their form upon its surface. Then when every atom of the globe is harmonized; when human Will controls matter utterly and absolutely, and the intellect, no longer proud and overbearing, bends before the Spirit, will *God's Kingdom have come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

And who are the workers who, like John the Baptist, are preparing the way for this glorious consummation? Divers and singularly different are they. All those who in any branch of science, art, literature, religion, or reform, are seeking to raise the human mind, even though it be by purely material means, are among the heralds of the New Messiah. Those who know not of immortality even, as they also who are aware of it, are working for this glorious end. And most of all they who would emancipate Woman, and thereby unfetter the soul, and thus give reign to intuition ; let affection rule the earth ; make the law loveable, and, because beloved, obeyed. All those who join in this work, each in their sphere, have entered upon the

GOLDEN AGE OF HARMONY.

In the New Age about to dawn upon the world it will be for woman to go to the root of all evil, for woman's spiritual nature alone will correct it : here lies her true power ; but not with her physical forces can she hope to carry the mighty stronghold of male influences. Let her resolve to act in harmony with the spiritual wave which is coming in from the Star Circle, where all the true patriots and statesmen are in council who once took part in State affairs, and the task will be a light one as well as a success in every sense.

The Star Circle in the Heavens is composed of souls who are working to create a Kingdom of Heaven on earth,—arisen purified ones, whose white

wings even now lead them here to sustain, strengthen, and give victory to those who are of their Band and who are working with them on earth. No more will they forget their loyal Instruments than Infinite Father Love and Mother Wisdom can forget to protect their loved children of earth. You who have clasped hands with this heavenly Band, who represent Universal Truth, must learn that your work is presided over and stimulated by these Fathers and Mothers who, even at this hour, sit in council seeking knowledge of the Spirit and inspiration from the great fountain, even as you of the outer sphere do ; for evil seems to increase, might to trample down weakness and stifle love, and right seems to be forgotten or ignored ; but right must prevail, must overcome and mingle and blend itself with all the strong animal elements, the *might* influences of this infant sphere, and of all others.

To all our true and earnest helpers one word of counsel,—seek to understand all the pure principles that guide and give strength to the loved Councillors, your unseen helpers. Each of you are vehicles of power for the solving of all the intricate problems that now so vex and bewilder the inexperienced mind. Though your life-boat seems to be at the mercy of every wave, and the tempest shakes your whole foundation, let this voice convince you that even you who are angel-endowed and overshadowed must put your feet upon the everlasting Rock of Eternal Law. Oh, children, reach out into the future, go back into the past, wander whither you will in search of knowledge, only clothe your spirits with the Omnipotent

Powers of Love and Wisdom. Obey your Spirit, for the Spirit is Master of our whole realm, and will lead everyone as purely and harmoniously as it did a Jesus, "*I and my Father are One*"; your spirit is his, therefore cannot lead you astray.

Oh, live the life of the Spirit; do not look backwards for the Christ, but forward to his second coming in the humanity that is to be; and the divine perception of this Spirit, quickening the world with its holy flame, will so purify the souls of men that War shall cease on the earth, and with it all the evil passions that are akin to war, envy and hatred, and scorn and satire, backbiting and contempt, which are the inversions of the Golden Rule of Love that fills the heavens; and unto the souls whose conflicts shall thus have ended shall come that peace and contentment which shall bring such a dawn of happiness and light as shall make all partakers of the blessings of the glorious Star Circle and draw this angel-world nearer and evermore near. Thus will the Father's WILL be done on earth as it is in Heaven, and His Kingdom will come for which you pray.*

* The Inspirational address of Mr. Colville concludes with the words THE GOLDEN AGE OF HARMONY, on page 98. The few passages which then follow form part of a long and very beautiful communication received by the writer of this little Record, whilst correcting the last proofs, at two o'clock of the morning of the 8th of February, 1887,—the morning of the third hundredth anniversary of the execution of the martyred Mary Queen of Scots.

The Star Circle.

At the unanimous request of those assembled, the Medium then improvised the following Poem :—

THE STAR CIRCLE.

FAR from the earth ! Beyond its atmosphere, where planets roll !
Majestic through all space, where brilliant worlds of light,
Unseen by mortal eye, shine in their places bright ;
On their glad heavenly way, there can our eyes behold
A Circle of Bright Souls arrayed in robes of gold,
Midst glittering worlds unnumbered, whose music onward rolls,
Outward towards the earth, and inward towards the sun,
That distant orb, Alcione, round which all courses run.

Each planet guarded is, by a Celestial Soul,
Who, taking charge of it, as though upon a scroll,
Writes all its history ; and, by the potent will
That angels all possess, this angel, up the Hill
Of Progress,—howe'er long, with mingled wail and song,
With mingled peace and strife, through life and death, and life
Re-born, grown more divine through earth's experience,—
Leads up the Human Soul to Heaven's sweet recompense !

The light of that pure Star, abode of Love and Peace,
Where Truth alone must reign, and earthly struggle cease,
Shone over Bethlehem once, when Orient Magi stood
Before a new-born babe, to offer treasures good ;
And 'twas on Indian plains, where pure Gautama found
The life of perfect rest, in heaven did most abound.
Confucius too, did point unto a Western Star,
Which shone in Buddha's eyes ; while Galilee afar
Did hear its valley's ring, and hill-tops sweetly sound
With that divinest voice, through which souls peace have found.

That Star, in ancient times, was unto Egypt known,
And kings and nobles bowed before its light alone,
While priest and prophet caught from heaven that living flame,
Which gave them the design their ancient structures claim ;
Worship was offered to Osiris, God of Light,
And Isis counterpart, who ruled with mildest might

The Star Circle.

Of justice, bathed in love and wisdom, robed in peace.
There was the primal Star, whose light can never cease,
The matchless Central Sun, round which all planets run
Through Constellations Twelve, while man must ever delve
On earth, through every state which leads to heaven's own gate.

The Circle of the Stars must needs a centre find,
An all-controlling force must all in union bind.
That centre is pure rest, where all is calm for aye,
Where peace and order rule in love eternally.
Though there is strife around, that centre is the same,
Past, present, and to be, it shines with steadfast flame.

There, at the centre, dwells the Angel of the space,
In which Twelve Planets move in orbits full of grace.
Twelve Systems, each with twelve mysterious Orbs of light,
They shine in union pure, harmonious to the sight
Of angels evermore, while to their uttermost,
One hundred-forty-four bright ones this Star doth boast.

There are Twelve Systems, which revolve in ceaseless day
Around Alcyone circling, while on their earthly way,
And one of these includes the system where ye dwell,
And takes in Planet Earth, to whom the tale they tell,
That she is but a part of that mysterious whole,
Which answers to the voice of the Great Central Soul !
In man one central Orb—one Centre—too is found ;
That Centre is the Soul, all else revolving round,

In this most glorious whole—the circuit of the sky,
In this interior grace of soul ye may descry
The bonds which knit ye all together in one race,
Assuring each and all of future dwelling place,
Among those glittering orbs, among those stars so bright,
Ye gaze upon with wonder, when visible at night !

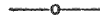
Now ministering to earth, we watch a Martyred Queen,
One who, in earthly form, has persecuted been ;
One who, at Holyrood, did sorrow, strive, and turn
Ever to God in need : to him whose love doth burn,
Bright as that central fire, though all else should expire.

She, and a mystic band of virgin souls most white,—
Clad in the purity which victors from the fight
Have won, through trials o'ercome, temptations dashed to earth,—
As Vestal Virgins watched the temple fires of earth,
When Rome was Queen ; so now, unseen by mortal eye,
The souls of many watch, and guide earth's destiny.

She, this poor martyred Queen, is chosen at this day,
To give an outward form to truth's surpassing ray,
At one point of the Star ; and there are many, see,
She holds her light to earth, in love and purity.

And there are other souls, who work in other ways.
The Star, the Sexagram, with undiminished rays,
Will be the typic Star, for this New Age to be.
The Star Circle in Heaven must shine eternally,
Twelve pointed ; and when all earth's periods shall be run,
Then from the Tree of Life, twelve fruits securely won,
Shall be the harvest growth, the yielding of the whole,
Which the Twelve Angels brought from the Region of the Soul.

This Star shines with the light of every martyred soul,
Of every lowly life unrecognised below ;
While every genius pure, and prophet's radiant light,
Give form unto this Star, as downward flows its light.
It is the Dual Star of Wisdom and of Love ;
Its perfect name is TRUTH, high in the Heavens above.
Its outward shimmerings, near the confines of the earth,
Are breathings from those friends who wake, into new birth,
Whate'er is pure within. Follow ye all this light ;
To others be ye stars ; then will life's path grow bright,
And heaven's immortal peace your spirits will infill,
And Truth, your amulet, will guard you from all ill !



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the perfect ray which shines from this Heavenly Star
or Christ Circle, be your constant guide through time,
and your crown in Eternity !

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