

SPIRIT WORKERS

IN THE

HOME CIRCLE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC NARRATIVE
OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN FAMILY DAILY LIFE
EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY
YEARS

BY

MORELL THEOBALD, F.C.A

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PREFACE.



THIS book has been written in the intervals of a busy professional life, and I am aware it suffers somewhat from lack of continuous writing and from so frequently having had to "break the thread" of narrative. Yet in one respect, that has been an advantage: for while I am as careful as possible not to be carried away by enthusiasm, or by imagination, in a region wherein there is much scope for their action, the disjointed method of working has perhaps operated as a protection against a surrender to mere fantasy; the circumstances of busy life having, in fact, compelled me to resist its allurements.

No inducement whatever but love for truth and for its diffusion where, it seems to me, there are urgent demands for it, would have prevailed upon me to

publish this book ; necessitating, as it does, much revelation of very private life and thought, and causing many averted or disapproving glances, and exposing me to the injurious suspicions which are so easily suggested whenever any narration of uncanny events is ventured upon.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is published on my sole responsibility. Initials have been used in deference to sensitive friends where names would have greatly strengthened the force of facts recorded : but the phenomenal facts in this book have all been carefully and repeatedly verified by myself and members of my household, who are quite able to exercise severe scrutiny and are ready to say with me—

*I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.*

For the recital of facts I alone am responsible : but I wish to make special acknowledgment of the literary help I have received from my brother, Dr. R. M. Theobald, in many parts of the volume, especially in the Introductory Chapter. I have not shirked any difficulties which have presented themselves to me in my prolonged study of Spiritualistic phenomena ; believing, that even where my interpretation of them

is inaccurate or not likely to be accepted at present, the experiences will be valuable to other investigators into the boundless, and as yet scarcely explored, field of psychic lore. If I have succeeded in supplying good grounds for belief in these phenomena where doubt has previously reigned, and have commended to trust some of these marvellous but beautiful experiences, I shall have done something—my part perhaps—to assist in the inauguration of that interior Spirit life which is struggling amidst the resistance and conflict of Materialism to assert itself among us: while to some families whose Spirit friends stand at the door and knock, I may have made their recognition and entrance easier.

And as these experiences and the convictions which are involved in them enter through the family circle to the wider circles of social life, I would gladly foresee a glorious dethronement of some of the idols which are ignorantly worshipped and a firmer establishment of faith and hope on the basis of positive knowledge and living, current experience.

MORELL THEOBALD.

62, GRANVILLE PARK, S.E.

May, 1887.



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INTRODUCTION.



“Be tranquilized, townsmen ! The knowledge ye claim
Behold, I prepare to impart. Praise or blame,
Your blessing or banning, whatever betide me,
At last I accept. The slow travail of years,
The long teeming brains' birth,—applaud me, deride me,—
At last claims revelation. . . .
As I promised, behold I perform ! Apprehend you
The object I offer is poison or pest ?
Receive without harm from the hand I extend you
A gift that shall set every scruple at rest ! ”

BROWNING.



INTRODUCTION.



PIRITUALISM is no new thing : it is as old as human history ; it dates from the opening of man's spiritual nature. The earliest records of the "Genesis" of the Divine life in man tell us at the same time of angel visits, of heavenly visions, of the blending of the invisible with the visible worlds and other forms of Spiritualism. It is therefore earlier than theology, earlier than ritual, earlier than ecclesiastical organization, earlier than speculation. It lies at the basis of the history of the Divine life in man ; it supplies the axioms and postulates of all religion, and is traceable in all history. By its presence all history becomes sacred history, and testifies to the unalterable kinship between man as we know him and spirits unclothed, who are still men and women like ourselves. It is a witness for the deep affinities which unite earth with heaven, and establish an unbroken continuity between the life here and the life hereafter. What, then, is Spiritualism ? Primarily it denotes conscious communication in some form or other between ourselves, the corporeal

inhabitants of the earth, and spirits, the quasi-bodiless denizens of an invisible world, which we thus recognize as in close contact with our own. Thus defined, Spiritualism is always present, but always exceptional, and therefore always a target for scepticism. It often becomes more conspicuous when any new departure occurs in the religious development of societies or nations. It asserts itself in the earlier periods of most forms of religion, and doubtless is actually an essential factor in their constitution. Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, all start more or less avowedly from a germ of Spiritualism. It is well-known that periods of great religious excitement, what are called revivals of religion, are prolific of spiritualistic experiences. At these times religious life takes a new departure, and the minds of those who are exercised by it are exceptionally open to receive spiritual impressions. Also in times of religious persecution the same opening occurs, and it is a historical fact, well known, that the hunted martyrs of the Cevennes were constantly guided in marvellous ways, and thus enabled to elude the vigilance of their persecutors and defeat their fury. All these indications of the community of life between the Church Militant on earth and the Church Triumphant in the heavens is really not anomalous at all. It is the natural outcome of Christianity itself, and its absence would cast a serious suspicion on the reality of the Christian revelation. For the origin and sublimest expression of Christian life is also the inauguration of a supernatural order not so much attested as constituted by wonders and miracles. All that Spiritualism involves culminated in the life and teaching of One who made Spiritualism an orderly condition of life, because He abolished Death, He brought life and

immortality to light, He descended into Hell, He ascended up far above all heavens, and left open the path which He Himself traversed, which has never been really and permanently closed since. For He also left an abiding Spirit, to endow men with high and occult gifts, and thus to give permanency and consecration to the intercommunion between the visible and the invisible provinces of the heavenly kingdom. This is the Divine guarantee for the perpetual presence of spiritual gifts varying in quality according to the needs and capabilities of the recipients of them, and thus Spiritualism was divinely established. Our Lord therefore inaugurated a condition which comprehends all that Spiritualism asserts. His miracles are the signs and expressions in the highest degree of that occult force, which is seen in other phases and degrees in all the phenomena of Spiritualism; and from the spiritualistic standpoint, not one of the mighty works which He did is antecedently incredible; no miracle is a stumbling-block to faith; but is easily recognized as a natural outcome of the quality of the life out of which it proceeds. Thus modern Spiritualism, so far as it is new, is a re-affirmation, with added emphasis, of Christian laws and facts. It comes to confront the scepticism which denies miracle, and can find no avenue from the lower levels of nature to the higher walks of nature as known in the supernatural. It disturbs no positive scientific conclusions; it only opposes itself to the negations of science, to its denials, to its claim to judge all possible human experiences by the laws of matter and the tests of sense perception.

Obviously, if religion and Christianity are to exist at all, they must rest on some basis that is distinct from the teachings of merely natural philosophy, as expounded in

scientific schools ; they need the support of other facts than those which can be verified by historical criticism. This principle, self-evident as it is when distinctly asserted, is not recognized by many of the most distinguished teachers of science, history, philosophy, and even theology, and must be asserted with earnest and distinct polemical iteration. Hence the common folk, who know of no appeal against the confident assertions and denials of eminent scholars and savans, find their faith is losing its foothold on reality ; they need some protection against the destructive criticisms which fill the air, and make agnosticism the established negation of a church which threatens to overwhelm and abolish all the positive beliefs in which religion rests.

Now, without going so far as to assert that Spiritualism supplies the only possible positive and, in a true sense, scientific verification of religious faith and Christianity—for the logic of faith is too subtle to be shut up in any formula or organon—it may be safely asserted that such verification is actually afforded by Spiritualism and by nothing else, so portably and so conveniently, and that the Christian spiritualist sees the shafts of agnosticism flying all about him with an absolute sense of security ; he knows they can never reach him. The non-spiritualist Christian is put on his defence against scientific agnosticism and finds it a hard and painful task ; one, moreover, never completely accomplished. But the spiritualist has a perfect defence. The signs, and wonders, and miracles, and revelations, and visions, and inspirations, and all methods of influx which abound in the growing-grounds of all religion, and pre-eminently in Christianity, are parts of the familiar scenery of the world as he knows it, and so far from making Christianity incredible are the very credentials which

authenticate it as Divine and worthy of all acceptance. Without them Christianity would be merely a fair blossom of sentiment, a lovely flower to be added to the garland of poesy and philosophy which is the abundant outcome of all types of culture and civilization. Only under the spell of the sanction of Spiritualism does the teaching of Christianity rise above the level of ethics, philosophy, or poetry, into the higher stand-point of revelation and theology. Spiritualism, then, is really one of the permanent and essential forms of human experience, not always in sight to every one, but never far off, always within reach of those who care to seek it out. But it is characteristic of this age that this wandering and fitful light has been more focussed and concentrated than it has ever been before. And hence the abiding fact of Spiritualism takes a new place in human thought and puts forth claims to recognition, which it has never before made.

It is needed for various uses, and accordingly it is no longer an airy, floating phenomenon, half seen, half believed, much feared and rarely welcomed ; it is domesticated—it receives a “local habitation and a name,” and links itself to the theologies and philosophies around it, either for friendly alliance or hostile conflict. Thus understood, the various shapes it assumes may be classified as follows :—

1. Simple phenomena ; such as the movement of solid bodies.
2. Chemical phenomena ; such as suspending the action of fire, diminishing or augmenting the specific gravity of bodies ; modifying the solidity and interpenetrability of matter.
3. Complex phenomena, combining the characteristics of the first two ; such as conveying water from one vessel to another at a distance.

4. Direct writing, drawing, or painting; pictures or writings being produced without any known human intervention whatever.

5. The appearance of spirit lights and bodily forms, and the utterance by invisible organs of audible sounds—musical, vocal, articulate, or other.

6. Spirit photography; production of photographic pictures of objects not supplied by the artist or seen in his lens; often when other photographic conditions also are absent; notably, in complete darkness.

7. Mental states of infinite variety, producing interior voices or impressions; heightened periods of oratory, trance speaking, poetical or other composition, automatic writing, orderly or disorderly possession, impersonation, healing and curative gifts.

All these phenomena are real, and although few persons can become cognizant of all, or even of many, yet either by personal experience or investigation, or by testimony, any one may convince himself of their existence. And any perfect account of the facts of human nature must reckon with them. Accordingly, those who have mapped out a scheme of possibilities and impossibilities are exceedingly embarrassed when they find so many utterly impossible facts knocking at their doors and claiming admission. Men of science have framed admirable schemes of scientific law, have expounded multitudes of material facts, and thus obtained great mastery over nature. But their empire ceases when they try to bring will-force under the categories of fixed and unvarying law, and if will-force is not attached to any visible material embodiment of personal will, they are still more baffled; will-force operating on matter without the intervention of an ordinary material

organism is something not provided for by natural science, not anticipated in any organon it has hitherto constructed. Merely natural philosophy is thus confronted with the most impertinent impossibilities, and has no alternative but to eject the phenomena themselves by summary eviction, and pass a vote of annihilation upon them. It is impossible, they say, for one solid body to pass through another; and yet some object, say a book or sheet of paper, or a flower finds its way into a locked drawer, or is conveyed at an ascertained moment into a room when all the doors and windows are shut,—or suddenly falls from nowhere on to a table in the full sight of a family group of unsuspecting and uncontriving people,—or an iron ring is fixed so tightly on a wrist that it is too small to pass over the palmar expansion of the hand—or a chair is threaded so to speak on two clasped hands. What conclusion is possible except that some hitherto unsuspected laws of matter are in operation, or that the ordinary laws can in some way be suspended, or else that nothing is certain, least of all human perception, human testimony, human faith.

There is no doubt that such facts as these are in flat contravention of the ordinary laws of matter; the registered impossibilities of science are calmly ignored. Scientific men too often take refuge in a savage and wanton attack on the entire moral and intellectual force of the testimony on which these facts rest for those who have not seen them. It is easier to blast a character than to prove the negative of asserted facts, or to modify one's own views of nature. The conventions of society supply so many civil methods of charging falsehood upon any witness to unwelcome facts, that it is the easiest thing in the world to convey the lie circumstantial under the blandest and even most

complimentary phraseology. A dramatic assumption of modest incapability of finding any mental avenue by which the facts under view can gain admission, or of understanding the mental and (apologetically spoken) moral attitude of the recipient of such facts, or perhaps a profession that the astounded critic is struck breathless, and retires dumb and mute in courteous amazement at the hardihood of assertion that can indulge in a licence of romance from which Munchausen and Cervantes would shrink, or some other form of literary shrugging, shuddering, or shivering—some hint of the different standards of veracity adopted by different persons—and the smiling critic has taken to himself a monopoly of sanity and respectability, and has done his level best to dismiss the witness with an intellect politely discredited and a character politely blasted.

It has occurred to me that while isolated events may often be plausibly disposed of in this summary way, it will not be so easy to apply any such extinguishing application to a large mass of facts constituting almost a life-experience, not confined to a solitary individual and so consisting of facts "best known to himself," but shared by many, and modifying and colouring the whole plan and texture of their combined existence. Such a contribution I am in a position to offer. It has been my privilege—sometimes a sad, sorrowful, and perplexing one—to have received an unusually extended range of spiritual phenomena in my own household. At the outset, I started with a general impression that intercommunion between the visible and invisible world was possible, and under certain conditions probable. But the first method of intercourse by automatic writing, which came under my

observation, was more provocative of criticism than assent, and under a bias so formed, I was at first disposed to think that all forms of mediumship could be explained by a subservient and plastic imagination, and I may frankly avow that I still think that this fallacy is especially apt to intrude itself into automatic writing. If I had never received more convincing proofs of spirit action than this kind of mediumship supplies, my belief would have continued hesitating, and I should have had no public testimony to offer. Spirit identity would never to me have become a fact, as it is now, under such modes of exposition. But while mediums usually develop in one special direction more than another, few are shut up to one kind of evidence. In this, as in so many other cases, evidence is cumulative. Single facts may be resisted or explained away, but the accumulated force of a multitude gradually becomes irresistible, and this is the kind of evidence I wish to produce in this volume. Many of the facts to be now related have already been published in the columns of spiritualist journals. But even these gather new significance when they are seen to be merely isolated fragments of a larger whole, and if separate facts have been published, yet the whole narrative of which they form constituent parts, has never yet been fully given to the public. The method, or order of development, the gradual passage from one experience to another, is not seen in detached portions, but is distinctly exhibited when they are presented in their historic relation to preceding and subsequent phenomena.

If the facts here adduced are true—and they are given with all the accuracy and care of which I am capable—and are not dependent on my solitary testimony, but are confirmed by the evidence of all the members of my

family, who are no longer *in statu pupillari*, inexperienced in independent judgment, but capable either of confirming or contradicting me, and honestly ready to do either according to their view of my truth and accuracy ; they are also confirmed in separate portions by many others who do not belong to my family, and have no motive to spare my credit, if it can be fairly impeached—if, I say, these facts are true, two results follow :—

First. They will supply a positive and, I may safely claim the right of calling it, a scientific proof of an after life.

Second. They will correct some current notions relating to that life, its quality and occupations. They will prove that Death does not break the continuity of individual existence, or change the individuality of those who pass away from us, either exalting them to a state of miraculous perfection, or plunging them into an abyss of unnatural and undeserved degradation. They give no hint of re-incarnation, or any other fantastic changes which men have constructed in their dreams or speculations, or reasoned out of imperfect inductions.

It is with some hesitation and reluctance that I have resolved to give publicity to these facts. The sanctities of home may not be violated, but some of its arcana may be disclosed without undue exposure of its privacy ; and when important interests are involved, and vital truth is concerned, it is right to make some sacrifice of personal feeling, and allow outsiders to share some of the privileges we so much value.

I have kept back much which is too strictly personal for public use, and if some critical judgment is inclined to the opinion that the privilege of reserve should have been more

severely exercised, I can only claim the indulgence of my readers, and reiterate my assurance that I have endeavoured to select that which is capable of being useful in wider circles than our own.

Various portions of the narrative contained in the following pages have at different times been published in the pages of *Light*, or have been exposed to a certain modified publicity by being made the subject of critical and quasi-judicial investigation. The entire history here given may be taken as partly involving the replies which I wish to offer to some of the criticisms which have been made. It often happens that the best reply to criticisms relating to parts or details, is to tell the whole story without putting any apologetic shape into the narrative. Such is indeed the only self-defence I feel myself called upon to make. I have no intention of submitting myself to the judgment of any tribunal, and I cannot acknowledge the authority of any judge, or council, or court, or committee, to pronounce judicially upon the facts which I present. If it pleases them to do so, that is their affair, not mine, and whatever may be the satisfaction they find in the procedure, I should be very sorry to deprive them of it.

For it has appeared to me that much of the judicial investigation which is so current among persons and societies devoting themselves to Psychical and Occult Researches, is based on an entire misapprehension of the relative position of the subjects and objects of Investigation. In all search after truth it is not Truth, but the seeker that is on his trial. Spiritualism presents itself to our much inquiring age with a gift in its hands; it brings new facts, and consequently new truths or new aspects of Truth, for the benefit and instruction of men. It does not

crouch as a suppliant, much less does it kneel with clasped hands as a prisoner awaiting a verdict. All the facts of life and Nature are gifts from heaven, and however they may be tested, analyzed, or investigated, this cardinal principle must never be lost from view, that those who receive the light are debtors to the light, and owe it a tribute of reverence and thankfulness. It is too much the habit of investigators into Spiritualism to treat the case as one entirely of character or credit, as affecting the mediums through whom it is conveyed. Doubtless this side of the inquiry must be diligently and impartially pursued ; but when the whole process of investigation resolves itself into a laborious effort to prove trickery, or some sort of knavery or delusion on the part of the witnesses, then all intellectual docility, all the modesty of philosophic inquiry, all sympathetic regard for human character and feelings quickly vanish, and the inquirer degenerates into a hard, pitiless, self-glorifying intellectual sportsman, bent on running his victim to earth, and then decorating himself with the trophies of slaughter.

Spiritualists have sometimes been tempted to cower before these self-constituted judges, and to accept from them the position that Spiritualism is on its trial, and these critics its judges. It is true, in a sense, that Spiritualism is on its trial, and so far as that is the case, it is in the interest of all concerned that the case should proceed. The mistake is to suppose that the trial is being conducted by us, or that the critics as well as the criticized are not involved in the great assize. In truth, these researches are trying us all ; they are bringing into light the attitude we are taking and the homage we are paying to truth, fact, character—to the laws of nature, the laws of human

brotherhood, the laws of evidence, the laws of thought, the laws and conditions of knowledge and certitude, the laws of occult forces, the laws of spiritual life and its expression ; in a word, the supreme and eternal laws of God Himself. In this great cause how can we look for a verdict to any human tribunal, when all are alike awaiting a Diviner sentence than human lips, certainly in their individual utterances, can express? What place Spiritualism is ultimately to assume in the collective wisdom of humanity, and in the spiritual forces that vitalize society, it is not for any of us to say. We may dimly speculate, but the result is hidden in the unrealized evolution of the social organism. Meanwhile, it is above all things necessary that inquirers should be patient, modest, not attaching too much importance to their own conclusions, not dreaming that it is for them to contribute more than their own atom of evidence, or thought, or judgment, towards the result.

Much recent investigation is evidently only a trial of logical dexterity between mediums or their mouthpieces and investigators. The victory is with the keenest debater, and his place is usually to be found on the negative or destructive side. The warfare is a sort of casuistry which might just as well claim a column in the sporting journals, and become the occasion for betting, backing, odds and handicaps. Spiritualists need not compete in this game, where the chances of victory or defeat are spherically removed from the real facts and interests that are in conflict. The victory won is a scholastic one only, and inasmuch as in the present state of society the schools are against us, so also are the "odds."

For the real, but little acknowledged, law of the case is

this : Truth does not emerge as the result of the clash of contending assailants and arguments. Controversy may aid truth by bringing opposed tendencies and standpoints into relation and comparison, the ultimate result being that some element of truth is contributed by all the contending sides, but a monopoly belongs to none. Truth is an organic growth, and comes into living manifestation or expression as the mental and moral condition of those who, with or without battle, are seeking for it, gradually changes, and becomes a clear mirror in which eternal fact is reflected. We can wait patiently for the result—moving on in our course, without rest, without haste : not too much disturbed by the shafts of opponents, nor too much elated by the plaudits of friends. We learn alike by our successes and by our mistakes, and I am sanguine enough to expect that not the least attractive and instructive portions of the succeeding narrative will be those in which I have frankly reported the blunders we have sometimes committed, and the confusions and heart-searchings they have provoked.



PART I.



MDCCCLXIX—MDCCCLXXVI.

It will facilitate the understanding of this volume for
the reader to bear in mind that all names of
Spirits, as well as most Spirit Speech and
Writing, are printed in italics ; the
names of living people
in ordinary type.

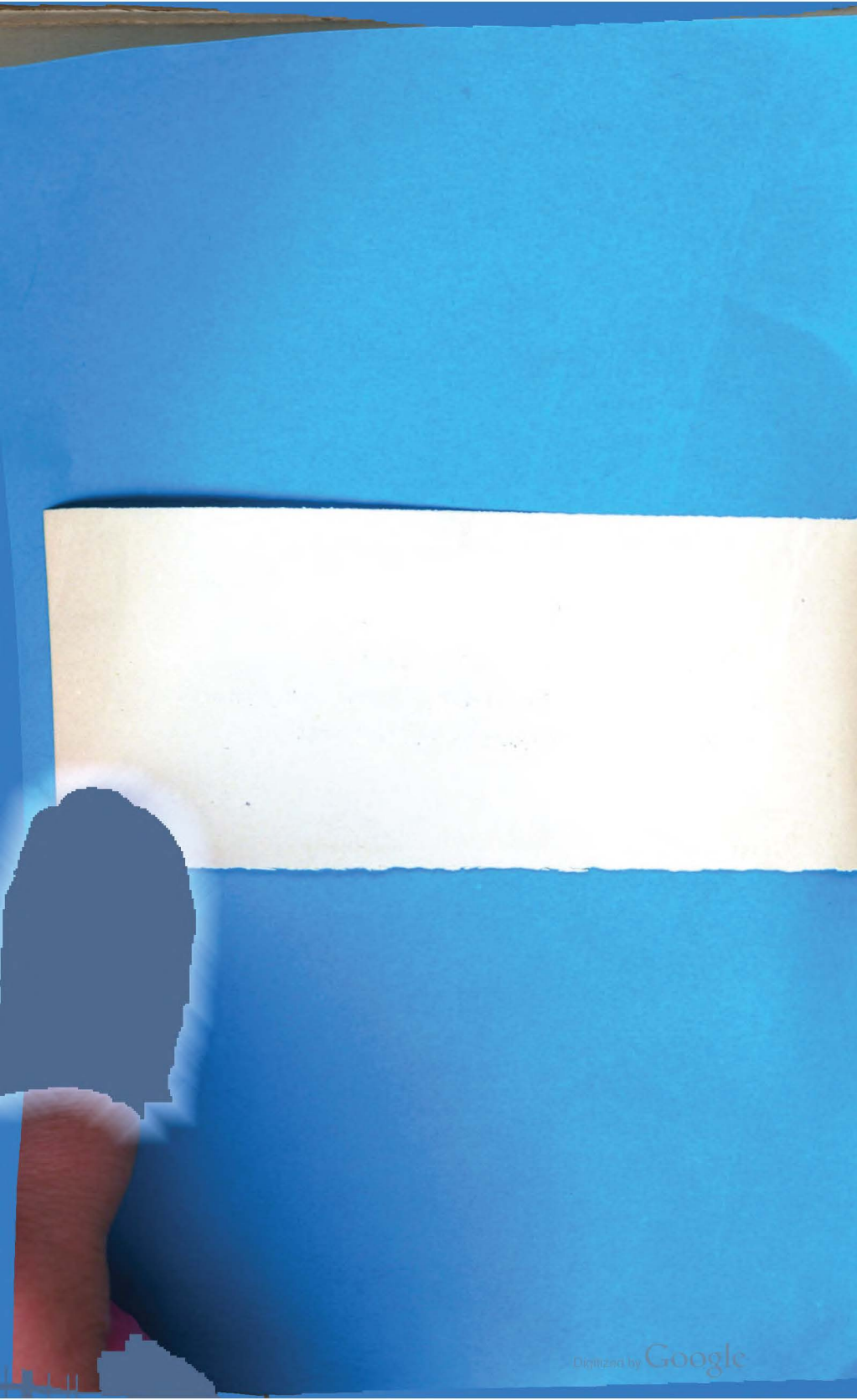


ERRATA.

In foot-note, at p. 18, add a final *s* to Teaching.

Page 73, 8th line from bottom—for *phenomena*, read *phenomenon*.

Page 123, 12th line from top—for *way*, read *away*.





CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

“God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are strong, . . . but he that is spiritual examineth all things.”

ST. PAUL.

“Strange glory streams thro’ Life’s wild rents,
And thro’ the open doors of Death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the Beloved going hence.”

GERALD MASSEY.



MEDIUMSHIP, as it is familiarly called, or what would be more correctly designated spirit - sensitiveness, has existed in our family as far back as I can trace. When I was a boy I smiled as my dear old grandfather, the Rev. Stephen Morell, told me of his seeing and holding conversations with the spirit of his son, Stephen, in the old manse at Little Baddow. At that time it was talked of with bated breath, for the recent outpourings had not then begun. And at my earnest solicitation—then a lad of seventeen—my father withheld from publication the record of his having seen my mother, who had then recently passed into spirit life—

in August, 1845. Then came a pause in the phenomena. My next experiences commenced ten years afterwards, from a friendship with the late William Howitt and his family, at that time living near us at Highgate. By them I was initiated into writing mediumship, which has continued with me, with more or less power, up to this day. But to the writings thus obtained I have never attached much importance, for two reasons.

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

2nd. Because the writings were mostly of too private a character, significant and valuable only to myself.

With many cases of automatic writing the first objection will not hold, notably with such as that of "M.A. Oxon," who tells us¹ that he cultivated the power of occupying his mind with other things during the time that the writing was going on, and was able to read an abstruse book, and follow out a line of close reasoning while the messages were written with unbroken regularity. Messages so written extended over many pages, and in their course there is no correction, no fault in composition, and often a sustained vigour and beauty of style. But in this record of our family mediumship I shall have very little, if any, of this phase to refer to.

It was in the year 1869 that the unmistakable wave of psychic power came to us *unsought*, and in the midst of family life; and ever since its benign and celestial radiance has streamed through life's chequered experiences as one of the gifts promised to the early disciples when the Comforter should appear. It commenced thus :—

¹ "Spirit Teaching," p. 5.

My wife and I had passed through years of sorrow ; and as I look back upon the time I wonder at the unbroken hearts which we carried with us through various consecutive chambers of sickness, worldly trials, and bereavements. The darkest hour precedes the dawn ; and while we two, after burying three little ones, sat wondering if these three whom we had lost, one after another, were lonely, and what was really the future into which they had entered, there came a sound which we had heard before, but had well-nigh forgotten. It was only like a bodkin tapping on the table—but our little ones stood at the door and knocked ! Had we not previously been acquainted with these tiny raps we might have left them unnoticed, but we had patience with the raps as they came upon the dining-table, until they grew in number and variety, and until each little one was recognized by his own distinct rap. They came at every meal and joined in our conversation ; the table was lifted up and moved about the room, often without physical contact, like a thing of life, and our four surviving children became thus first familiarized with what was to grow into mediumship in all of them.

It was our privilege later on to make the acquaintance (which has ripened into friendship) of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. We built two houses, the grounds of which adjoined each other ; for years we pursued our researches and continuously had *séances* together, many of which I, at that time, recorded in the columns of the *Spiritualist*. By direct voice, obtained in darkness, we now conversed by the hour together with our spirit friends and frequently received from them direct writing, which I have always regarded as the most wonderful of all the phenomena. This writing was also done in absolute darkness and the

process was *heard* as it was being done, and in the space of five or six seconds messages were thus written which would take about half-an-hour to copy. Frequently they commenced with a Latin quotation known to none of the sitters present. Of these Latin quotations we had several, and it is remarkable that on several occasions the quotations differed from the present editions of the Latin authors ; and antique words were used instead of those now published.

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

I purpose, however, first to refer to the spiritual phenomena and communion which we obtained *alone*, through our own family mediumship, and chiefly through that of the children who grew up under its presence, and to whom the spiritual world was as real as the material world about us, and so it is to this day.

Many of the spiritual experiences we had at this time were playful in themselves, although we felt that their actual existence was a very serious matter indeed. They were the return of spirit children to their earthly home,

and there was nothing incongruous in the blending, in such a circle, of the heavenly and the earthly life. The first endeavour of these little spirits seemed to be to prove their nearness and individuality, as well as their intense interest in all that was going on among us. As we chatted at meals their raps on the table chimed in affirmatively or negatively to our conversation.¹

One evening, on my way home from town, I had been reading with some amusement Dr. Carpenter's theories about the power at work, and sitting down to the tea-table I narrated what the doctor's dominant ideas were. While I was speaking we were almost startled by the emphatic joining in, by raps, of our unseen group. I at once took up the cue and said to them, "You seem interested, . . . but can you prove Dr. Carpenter to be wrong?" Three distinct raps in all parts of the table was their affirmative reply.

Dr. Carpenter's theory was that all the phenomena were the result either of "unconscious cerebration" or "unconscious muscular action." And it seemed to us that in order to disprove this explanation, so far as we were concerned, we had only to make our consciousness and our muscular power not passive, but vehemently active, so as to put all unconscious use of the brain or of the muscles entirely out of the question. Accordingly I suggested that we should all lean heavily upon the table, which we did from all sides—and one of the boys *sat* upon it—when lo! ignoring all the muscular and cerebral action that had set itself to *thwart* the phenomena, the table was lifted off the ground

¹ In spirit communications *one* rap means almost invariably NO; and *three* raps YES.

to about the height of nine inches, first on one side and then on the other, and so kept in position for some minutes to the peril of the crockery.

Our conversation with the unseen ones continued then intelligently for some time by means of raps.

About this time it was no unusual thing, when I stood up to carve the joint at the dinner-table, to have the table suddenly moved completely away from my reach and, upon my asking for it to be brought back to me, for it to return and push me back with it until I was tightly pinned to the wall !

Frivolous? Very ! some will say : but it was an immense amusement to our children, who knew that our little spirit group considered our dining-room as their play-room ; and I am not sure that it is not more rational to think of young angels thus occasionally employed, than as sitting on a damp cloud singing hallelujahs ! I am sure they would prefer it ; and we must bear in mind that this all mingled in naturally and *unsought* with daily life.

On another occasion, arriving home one evening, I found my wife and children sitting round the table at tea—a long heavy dining-table with moveable flaps in it—and what was *unusual*, the three servants all standing at the door, looking on at some unusually active power exhibited about the table. It had been moving freely about the room when no one was touching or even *near* it, and had been lifted up and down without injury to anything that happened to be placed on the table.

I sat down near the table, but well clear of it ; when at once the locks of one of the leaves of the table were unfastened in our *hearing* by invisible hands, and the leaf, thus liberated, lifted up and down continuously. I imagined

their wish was to take it out, and in order to guide it and prevent breakage, my wife at my suggestion partly removed the cloth and then put her hands gently on the *top* of the lively leaf, when immediately it was quietly lifted up, high *under* her hands, and so tilted on to the floor: it was so left upright by the side of the table. All this in full light and in sight of all.

Concurrently with these phases of Spiritualism came others, which because of the difficulty of associating them with psychic force to the uninitiated I shall only just mention.

I refer to taking pencil in hand, sitting thus passively until it was moved to write, either by automatic force or by brain power, or by *both* probably sometimes combined. In this manner some of us have received pages of most interesting matter, and this mode of communication continues with us still, though in a modified degree. Distrust of its origin in some of us has retarded its development, if not destroyed it.

Another form I only touch upon here was gained by sitting in circle when one was entranced, and controlled so as to become the mouthpiece of the communicating spirits. This entrancement was instantaneous. During the singing of a hymn, one of my children, who was joining heartily, would suddenly cease, the entire expression of face would change, and he would then speak "as the spirit gave him utterance." In this state he would narrate things entirely outside his own knowledge, and tell of matters unknown to any one present, which I always took care subsequently to inquire into, and was generally able to verify. He would personate spirits of whom he had never heard, and some of whom we ourselves not only did not know but never could

have known. Notably among the unknown spirits was that of an Egyptian, who gave his name and always maintained the same characteristics.¹ Such, of course, we could never prove; and we can only reason from those *known* to us, who proved themselves continually, that the *unknown* were equally authentic individualities.

Through such communications came some of the higher teachings of spirit communion. Thus were we taught of the continuity of life here and hereafter; of the many employments *there*, and of their modes of ministry *here*; of the continuity of the Divine plans, unbroken through the shattering of old dispensations; of the vitalizing influence of the *Spirit*-life and Christ-life, even when obscured by the errors and narrowing influences of creeds and theological systems, which often stand between the human spirit and its living Lord; how Spiritualism, notwithstanding the vulgarities which often encircle it, is the dawn of a new era, although it is received by the Churches with the same reluctance or hostility, which almost invariably opposes itself to the advent of new truth or new experience; how the dispensation of the Spirit *is* coming in power, even through babes and sucklings, and will grow until, silently and in unexpected ways, it establishes the reality of a spiritual kingdom by proofs which no materialism shall be able to gainsay; how the strife that surrounds its birth is but the conflict always attendant upon the development of truth; and much

¹ We always knew when this spirit was controlling the boy, because only under his control did he speak with his eyes wide open. The eyes were just as they were in his normal state, but they did not appear to *see*; if anything was placed before them it was unnoticed. He first spoke to us through E—in what we called gibberish; if it was genuine talk, it was in a language which we knew nothing about.

more which I cannot here touch upon. This teaching, irrespective of any phenomena, appealed to our reason, and may of course be accepted or rejected—as it will be—on its own merits.

But the teachings, such as they are, came to us at this time mostly through the mediumship of *young children*,¹ utterly incapable of such reasoning, or of transcribing, or speaking with so much mental force, while their descriptions of the other life were entirely outside their early teachings and, in fact, were in opposition even to our own notions at the time. And the exhibition of physical force now constantly used in our rooms, to proclaim the presence of the spirits who wished to communicate, was utterly beyond the power of these children. With three little children, the eldest only ten, the heavy dining table, with two leaves in it, moved about the room, when they had their hands only upon the top of it and could not if they would support it, or contribute to its mobility; sometimes one end was lifted up until the leg rested on a chair, which means that with children's hands on the *top* of the table it was lifted by an invisible force eighteen inches, and as gently as possible descended. In fact, so completely and visibly was the power under an intelligent and loving control, that no fear for a moment entered our heads when it was being used; while the children, who were *clairvoyant*, saw the controlling spirits at work.

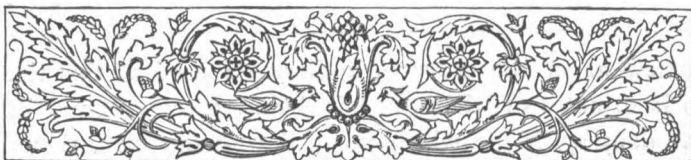
Nor did the children suffer, as mediums frequently do, when their own vital force is used in the production of physical phenomena. Absolute faith and trust, casting out

¹ Some of this mediumship is referred to in "Heaven Opened," a little book written by my sister, and published by E. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane.

fear, created a condition in which it seemed that "all things were possible." Little ones on *both* sides joined hands and played together literally, and those whose hearts had been well-nigh crushed with the sorrow of losing three, one after another, were introduced to a new life and experiences bright with the golden hues of immortality.

No doubts had then arisen prompting us to analyze, or cross-question these marvellous phenomena. When materialistic questionings step in and sceptical doubts are called forth, the life of the Spirit dwindles, and for the time is suppressed. It is now as of old; and were Christ again visibly among us He would repeat, "According to your faith be it unto you;" but *Faith* is a state of mind *supposed* not to be scientific, and yet faith in our perceptions lies at the foundation of all knowledge, and is the key to advancement in all science; and faith in the veracity and lucidity of others is a postulate of all historical investigation. Faith is apparently only unscientific when it is applied to facts which imply personal voluntary life dissociated from visible organisms and especially from ganglionic nervous centres!





CHAPTER II.

CHILDREN'S MEDIUMSHIP.

"How near, how real, the hidden scene !
Disclosure soon may come ;
Only a curtain lies between
Me and my final home."

T. T. LYNCH.



URING the years 1871-73, the presence of our spirit children was persistent, and was frequently accompanied with communications in one form or another from older spirits associated with them in the spirit world, and who, while thus ministering to us in a hundred ways, were at the same time teaching them and developing their spiritual life. Verily the unseen world was very different to that which we had depicted it. It was a continuation of earth life just where *it* had ceased. The spirit babes were in arms—the spirit children were at school, coming among us for experiences in earth life, and, in fact, learning their lessons among us. It is difficult to give a connected narrative of the various forms of spirit phenomena, where one form was continually overlapping and mingling with the other, without following

somewhat in the order of a diary. I used at this time to keep notes of what transpired during our *séances*; but the daily spirit life, which mingled with our own, though never to be effaced from our memory, was not at the time so continuously recorded as is the case *now*. I propose, however, to follow my records as made at the time, interposing remarks necessary for clearness of exposition to those who are not so happily familiar with the phenomena as we are.

The mediums, or sensitives, it should be borne in mind, were our own children only, carefully watched and guarded by my wife and myself who also possess *contributive* power. Welcoming as we did the marvellous outpouring, we were anxious that it should not, in the slightest degree, affect their health; and it was gratifying to find it frequently ministering to it. When health suffers it may almost always be traced to scepticism or disharmony of some kind. A small incident will serve to show that incidents which might have formed little sensational nuggets in a society romance came to us often as the most prosaic of facts. And with that I start:

Sunday Evening, July 2, 1871.—We were holding our usual Sunday evening *séance* with the children and the nurse alone, and were rather expecting Mr. and Mrs. E. to join us. As they did not come we began, and almost at once our spirit child, little *Percy*,¹ speaking through our boy-medium, who was in a state of trance, said—

"I am so glad Mr. and Mrs. E. are coming."

We at once expressed our doubt as to their coming at all.

¹ *Percy* had passed over to the higher life at the age of seven months, but he rapidly developed in intelligence and psychic power; had he lived he would now have been two years old.

"Go and see," said *Percy*; "*they are now at W—House*" (close by our own). And yet they came not.

We naturally concluded a mistake somewhere; but no! On expressing our regret the next day to Mrs. E. that they did not join us, she told us they had wished to come, and *had walked as far as W—House*, when, as it was late, they turned back! The place to which they walked could *not* be seen from our windows. But *Percy* saw!

On another Sunday evening soon after, September 17, 1871, our boy was controlled as usual during singing by *Percy*, and after speaking on family matters for a while in a bright, cheerful strain, his countenance completely altered, and we found at once that another spirit had taken the control. *Percy's* playful, childish style was gone, and an advanced intelligence spoke through the boy. The spirit said her name was *Sophia*, and I at once concluded it was a sister I had lost more than thirty years before, and addressed her as such. Questions and answers, however, would not fit. Further questions then proved she could not be my sister, for, among other things, she said she would now be sixty-three years of age had she lived. After a time we were able to recognize the new comer as the spirit of a relative who had passed out of earth a few years before, and of whom the entranced boy *had never heard*, nor was she known really to any one but myself. I knew her intimately, and loved her much. She was delighted to speak among us for the first time; but, being anxious at all times to prove the identity of the communicating spirit, I at once sought for some test. I said she had never before, to my knowledge, communicated; but now, having found the way into our family group, I asked her to go to my sister (F. J. T.) and write a message through her hand

which should be a test to us: this she promised to do during the week. After speaking pleasantly on old family matters, known to no one but myself, I suddenly referred by name to one of her sons who had gone wrong; when our boy medium assumed at once such an aspect of distress, even to tears, that I became alarmed, and I had to appeal to my *mother*, who then guarded our spirit circle, to interpose and calm him. Her gentle influence soon restored us to an atmosphere of peace. Now no one but myself knew of the faulty circumstances attaching to this spirit's earth-life which had contributed to her son's fall, nor had I the slightest conception that she, in the spirit world, could so blame herself and take it to heart as to cause grief in her present state. But thus it assuredly was. Another remarkable thing connected with this episode, was this: When my (spirit) mother had controlled the boy and came thus into our circle, she knew nothing of what had occurred to cause the grief. Being called upon, as we always did in difficulty, she had immediately come and found distress, but knew not the reason of it. Further, the boy on awakening afterwards to his normal state, was totally unconscious that he had given any indications of distress, and was astonished on being told of grief and weeping in which he had been plunged only a few minutes before. His *body* had been possessed while he was far away. To us it was a remarkable test, not only of spirit control, but of *personal identity*, and for that reason only have I here referred to it in such detail. As soon as the boy had come to consciousness, physical manifestations occurred in great force. The heavy dining-table, around which we were sitting while we were engaged in conversation, suddenly moved some two or three inches. We at

once noticed it, and asked the invisible friends to continue to move it. They did so, for some feet, taking it from the centre of the room to the window : then back again. This was *repeated* at our request. To complete the testimony as to the identity of my relative : a few days afterwards my sister (F. J. T.) came to see us. We were careful to say nothing of what had happened on the previous Sunday evening. But she told us, as a very remarkable occurrence, that she was sitting for automatic writing with two friends, and fully expected to receive a writing on *their* behalf, when Sophia, who had never written through her hand before, wrote the following message. (Parts of this message I must omit as of too personal a character, though it was more striking to *us* than what I now transcribe.)

"My dear F., I shall be happier for coming into your sphere, for it will help me to rise. I am earth-bound as yet for the sake of my poor boys : my boys whom I so loved, but with a foolish weak love, and not with the strong Christ-like love that (your mother) had for you all. Ah ! I see how she has helped you all, and I can do so little, for I need help. . . . Oh Morell, Fanny, Willie, and Robert, pray for me, it will help us all." . . .

And she went on to condemn herself for parental neglect to a far greater extent than *we* should have done. On another Sunday evening, soon after this, after a short scripture lesson with the children, E—— was controlled first by one of the little spirits, and subsequently, in turn, by eight others. When our eldest spirit child came to speak, she made E. take my hand and addressed me thus—

"Well, dear Papa, I am very glad to see you !" and, after some family chit-chat, she said : "I am going to Aunt Fanny (F. J. T.) to write a little message through her this

week, and she shall send it through the post to you" (which I believe she did, though I have not recorded it). This is the manner in which *Louisa*, our first (still-born) child,^{*} first communicated with us : she had before communicated through my sister as recorded in her book, "Heaven Opened." One of her first requests was to have her name placed in the *family register* with the others ! This we had not done, as she never breathed on earth. But we were taught through her that no germ of life is ever lost, and that young children dying are frequently about our earth-life with us, learning thus through life's experiences, until they can become in time our ministering spirits.

Louisa now frequently wrote automatically through my hand, and I have pages of such writing which, though I distrusted its origin at the time (and was frequently led, perhaps as a punishment, to write satirical comments on my own want of faith in her control), I now accept as partly—at any rate—from her and other spirits who wrote through my hand at the time. Others besides myself might have hesitated in accepting any communication from such an undeveloped personality as we had imagined our still-born child to be. She had been a sort of blank in our family reckoning ; but these messages came to enrich our life with a new member, and to teach us that the blighted germs of earth life find rich expansion in the more genial climes of heaven.

Another spirit at this sitting came to thank us for having prayed for him ; it had assisted him to rise to a better life. Here dawned upon us the truth that praying

^{*} This spirit child was still-born in 1857 : had she lived on earth she would now have been fifteen years old, and *as* of such an age she now came among us frequently.

for the so-called dead is always permitted, and may be a sacred duty ; and that most urgent reasons on the other side for the development of modern spiritualism may be inferred from these interesting and often tragic cases.

After him came the spirit of one I loved on earth, and whose ministry I had attended for many years. He spoke with more difficulty than the others through the boy-medium, although at this time he wrote rapidly through my own hand. He concluded by giving the children a prayer to use, saying, "*Tell E. (the medium) when he returns to consciousness to pray it as well.*" He closed the sitting by himself offering up a short prayer, one quite beyond the diction of the entranced boy. At this time the children received all these spirit utterances quite simply, and had an intense faith in the value of prayer. It manifested itself continually in their lives, and followed them into their unconscious entrancement. On one occasion this was very manifest. During considerable merriment, while E. was entranced, he suddenly looked terrified, clung to me and said most earnestly, "*Pray!*" Some dark-looking spirit had approached our circle, probably with no evil design, but rather, we may hope, to gain some good : but the boy at once recognized him as not of the same sphere as the happy holy ones usually about us. A few words of prayer calmed him, and he then saw *white horses*, symbolical probably of the power of prayer, running very swiftly, to convey strength, holiness, and intelligence.

Birthdays with us had nearly always had some special notice from the spirit group about us.

My wife's birthday was a gala day with the young ones—seen and unseen. This was before the time, which

afterwards came, of the long direct writings and epistles which now commemorate such days.

It was in 1871. As soon as we sat down to breakfast on the mother's birthday the table moved about in a lively manner, literally like a thing of life: then came raps all over the table requiring us to converse with *it*! If we left it alone the table would move until we were pinioned to the wall! The tedious process of repeating the alphabet¹ had now to be resorted to, and not until they had thus spelt out slowly "*Love to mama*" would the raps or movements cease. At dinner time and tea on this day the table was lively! even the footstools under the table were not quiet, and all over the floor were raps of sympathetic approval.

Verily it was a merry household! We sat *en séance* in the evening, but the unseen power had already expended itself, and the children all went to bed happy in the knowledge that they were—

“Hand in hand with angels,”

and that—

“Brighter eyes are o'er us
Than we blind ones know.”

¹ For those unacquainted with the phenomena I may remark that the spirit communicating frequently asks for the alphabet (this is usually done by giving *five* distinct raps). The process then is to repeat it slowly, and at the letter required one or more decisive raps come. You write down the letters thus indicated, one after another, until a sentence is formed. Frequently the letters thus taken down are a mass of confusion until they are divided into words; then chaos resolves itself into order and intelligence.



CHAPTER III.

CHILDREN'S AND OUR OWN MEDIUMSHIP.

" Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ? "

LONGFELLOW.



CONTINUE the record of phenomena, through the mediumship of ourselves and our *children* only, and the reader should bear this in mind in relation to many things which to adults may appear trivial.

The trance state often occurred now instantaneously to our most sensitive child, but it never took place when he was away from the family circle. It was frequently used by our spirit group, in this instantaneous way, just to convey a single message or direction, and the normal state of the boy as promptly returned.

One evening at tea time we were all very merry ; every one, in fact, was talking at the top of his voice, on games, rabbits, squirrels, and such like boy-topics. E. was perhaps the loudest talker of all round the table, when in the very midst of his conversation he was instantly controlled, and in an authoritative voice exclaimed loudly,

"*There's too much talking children,*" and instantly E. returned to his normal state laughing immoderately at this quick possession. In fact, we all laughed—could not help it—for such a sentence from the *child* was ludicrous: but the raps on the table were also asking for quietness—they had something to say, and said it.

Sitting *en séance* alone we used now often to put paper and pencil upon the floor under the table in order to obtain *direct* spirit writing, and we occasionally received a few words written under these circumstances, not in the handwriting of parents or children sitting around the table.

This was the beginning of a phase of mediumship which some years afterwards produced most astonishing results, *more remarkable* than any I have yet given to the public; or probably, unless the attitude towards Spiritualism alters, ever shall give. The writings at this time were usually a few words of direction or explanation; most of them were destroyed at the time—which I now regret. My wife and I had before this easily obtained writing through our *own* hands:—she very, very slowly, but unconsciously: I more rapidly; but my brain knew word by word as I wrote it—though I endeavoured to remain absolutely passive. This knowledge of what I was writing always militated against the power, and yet I was constantly being urged *through my own hand* to write—against my real will—which I did, and do occasionally to this day. Just after dear little *Percy* passed away we put questions relating to it. I now go back about a year—just before the time when the mediumistic power of the children came back in so much physical force. Sitting for automatic writing, we asked, "Who is easiest to influence for the writing—papa or mama?"

"Mamma, because she is weaker and more believing in our power."

"Who writes to-night?"

"Percy and Louisa—and Horace."

"Do you never get tired?"

"No, we never get tired in this world, because Jesus is our strength."

It struck us as curious that *Percy* who had just passed away as an infant should be writing; but we were told he was a new magnetic link between us: he was still asleep in *Louisa's* arms. The next day was written through my wife's hand:

"Dear little *Percy* is awake now and knows us: he was waking last night when you wanted us to write the end of that sentence (which had been suddenly broken off): he is playing with *Horace*¹ on the grass. Jesus teaches him, and gives him strength. Dear little *Horace* is so glad to have him to play with him in the beautiful gardens of the Lord."

"Will *Morell* soon write?" My wife was very anxious for me to continue—though I distrusted it and obtained very little.

"Let him yield passively, not thinking it is his own power, and he will write soon."

"Who will help him?"

"*Louisa* and *Percy*."

"How can *Percy* help?"

"His mesmeric power is stronger than ours because he lived last with you, and was longer with you."

"Do the other little ones help?"

¹ Another of our little spirit group a year older than *Percy*, who had passed away a year before *Percy* was born.

"No, they do not know anything about earth life."

The influence in writing now perceptibly changed, and we asked :

"Is it *Louisa* writing now ?"

"No ; your loving mother. *Louisa is gone away with all her little brothers and sisters to their pretty home in the gardens of the Lord. Louisa is gaining power over you rapidly, and will more and more.*"

We little thought then how true this would become. We had a curious message written through our hands now, relating to a concert that I was organizing at Hendon, with a promise of help for the bass part, which I needed. We distrusted the message, as we usually do any relating circumstantially to the future. No harm was done, but a lesson was learnt from its unfulfilment. The following message was given through my wife's more passive hand subsequently, and in reference to it :

"*You may notice the trial of the evil spirit to gain power over you by telling future events on earth. We are not permitted to see into the future, or the world would be in a state of confusion and rebellion. . . . Pray often that evil spirits may be kept away from you, for we cannot come when they are round you. Mistake not the influence of evil spirits with good : one tells you most of earthly things, and the other of heavenly and eternal : the one is stopped by prayer, the other is helped. Many are the powers that try to hinder your communion with us, but prayer will overcome all.*"

I tried now to get a little writing myself, but failed : not a stroke could I get. I had resolved not to let the pencil move of my own accord. Again they write through my wife's hand in reference to this failure :

"*Move your hand when you know what we want you to*

write : you resist our influence too much : you will write soon if you try to help instead of resisting."

This counsel we have found applies to all phases of mediumship, and not to writing only. I record these little difficulties for the benefit of novitiates, and as facts useful to be noted by those who are thinking out the philosophy and psychology of mediumship.

About this time I frequently tried the writing through my own hand, always endeavouring to maintain a perfectly passive state, so much so as to call down pleasant rebukes when it did not altogether hinder the process. One or two messages thus given I will record. The first was addressed to our medium boy :

" Dear E. We love to see you interested in good things. We will help you if you pray to Jesus. He still loves, dearly loves, all little ones. You will soon be tempted, but you must not forget that our help, through Jesus, is stronger than all evil. Pray and watch. Percy kisses you and says he should like to play and pray with you. Love God, and then you will come to our happy home in the gardens of God. There is no winter here. Flowers never die, they sing."

The next is through my wife's hand :

" My dear Mama. We are all here to help you. We are so very glad that our power is developing so rapidly—not so much in writing as in the inner feelings. We are trying to make you write with power, but there are so many things to hinder. . . . You must not be afraid of physical manifestations,¹ they help to develop our power, and will aid others in the belief. . . . Many little spirits are with us, and try to help you write. Be very thankful that E. is well again, and try to

¹ About this time they were very strong and continuous.

teach him of God's love in all things, for he is very dear to many of us, and we should be so sorry if he forgets how good and kind God is always."

Again, through my own hand, on my grandfather's birthday:

"Grandpa knows of your thinking of him to-day. He is not far off now, nor is heaven; it may be within you, but not in its full blaze of glory: that would scorch earth and create discontent. Love is the first great light—inasmuch as ye love one another ye are of God's own nature. Learn of nature wisely, and you learn of God. You cannot write often or much, nor need you. The voice you hear within so constantly is God's—cultivate that not blindly but believing, and you will grow to great joy, which no sorrow can ever dim: +¹ that is golden and assuages all griefs, trust it and be not afraid +. Christ helps us; His help to you direct would embarrass, not help + . . .

"Do write sometimes, dear mama and papa, because it brings us very near to you, and we have many, many things to say."

Three weeks after we had lost another little child, who lived only four days, making the fourth in the spirit world. I wrote, with some difficulty through my hand, as follows:

"Emily is awake and is such a pet. You will joyfully spare her for us. . . . Good-night. . . . Louisa."

We little thought then what a link this last little one was to create, nor how active she was destined to become in after years. She is now known as *Pompom*, a pet name which originated quite by accident! Referring to a spirit

¹ Meaning the cross, which is often introduced into writings of good spirits, and appears to be used as a talisman or as a sort of ritual of reverence.

appearance, soon after this, to our boy medium, I had written, through my hand, as follows :

" We gave you a very powerful sign to-night for dear little E.'s sake. Do not be fearful, the good Father of Spirits will be near you, but he must not use his very powerful mediumship much. Percy was under the table and Ernest saw him. The lights dear papa saw were spirit faces, but his mediumship is not yet developed enough to see more than the light and that very dimly. We like you to have singing, but pray. Prayer has a power you little dream of yet. It draws down the heavenly light, and expels sin from darkest corners. Spiritualism is growing, and will grow soon very rapidly, but be not over anxious to make converts. . . . You shall see us soon . . . and mama, too, if she is not too excited. Good-night. . . . No more to-night +. No evil spirit can draw that."

Again :

" We are gaining power, but we could not get sound to-night (referring to efforts to speak at the séance) ; we shall very soon, and leave off at the table, and get much more intimate converse. Go on in love and pray. Emily grows, and looks on in her dear mama's arms. She loves you all. Good-night."

" Great love is never wasted nor lost, it is all found here. . . . Had you no little ones here you would have lost much ; now it is gain on both sides, and is making the most of both worlds."

" Always pray. It calms the medium and purifies the power. . . . Be not fearful, you are well guarded."

On another occasion (1870) :

" Surely and certainly swells the wave of Spiritualism."

It increases, and will, until it leads you on to the Second Coming of the dear Jesus. Be not dismayed at any opposition. You dimly see already its promise of a glorious future of scientific lore, and of deeper and more intense spiritual life. It will make more real the hitherto cloudy spirit land. Cling to your mediumship prayerfully, and feel that you enter the portals of danger (to some) clad in the armour of light. It is intended only for true God-fearing souls, and they ever walk in the ways of truth. . . . + We do not want to interfere with earth's duties or even pleasures, so, dear papa, get your pipe and Percy will sit on your shoulder. Louisa writes to-night, and holds the dear little Emily on her lap. Horace plays. Good-night."

I was still dissatisfied because I felt the message coming through my own brain, and longed for the arm to be used automatically. On sitting down one evening thinking, thus I wrote, and I record it for others who have felt this same difficulty :

"The prostration of the arm is not a necessary condition for spirit writing—much is done impressionally, as through you. . . . The brain has most to do in your mediumship, and that is the reason you so often distrust it.

"E. may become a trance medium (this soon after happened), the rest will be seeing probably, but we cannot yet say (this really followed). Maintain a spirit of trust, devoid of all fear, and your household will receive largely of spirit life—mediumistic life we mean (these last few words were in reply to my mental question). Do not refuse to receive impressionally what we would write through you. Soon it will be more apparent that we influence you. Mr. — believes in his heart, but he is afraid."

Again :

"My dear mistrusting papa, how we love you, but your influence must be more passive and negative, and although we, your dear little spirits, would not even now presume to teach you much, yet we can tell you much which will interest you all from our glorious Home of light. Mama might write if she tried (she had nearly given it up), and we could more easily influence her than you, you dear old pa: we like a joke. . . ."

These early phenomena have a special value, and even charm, inasmuch as the mediumship required for their production was used, if I may so speak, dynamically and not operatively: that is to say, it was genuine spirit action with the forces derived from mediumship.

Moreover, it was all our own; not a report from a distance—not a paragraph in a newspaper tainted with the inexactness and uncertainty of penny-a-linerism.

These were the "seeds and weak beginnings" of what afterwards were stronger and more mature; and besides being the foreshadowings of subsequent developments, stand in organic relation to those developments, and give useful hints of the kind of progress that all spiritual growth, in all its discrete degrees, must pass through.

Spiritualism thus consecrates the day of small things—teaches the value of little, so-called, frivolous facts—and traces vital progress from its crudest elements up to its most ethereal and celestial attainments.

If the more startling events to be related excite scepticism, perhaps they may seem more credible when seen in their harmonious connection with the more infantile phenomena out of which they sprang.



CHAPTER IV.

DIRECT SPIRIT VOICE AND WRITING.

“ We speak what they have seen
Who on the hills have been ;
Pursue them not with scorn and reprobation
Who seek, in love, to raise
The veil ; to God the praise ;
To us the comfort and the consolation.”

A. A. in *Aurora*.



COME now to the more advanced mediumship we enjoyed when Mr. and Mrs. Everitt joined us in our researches.

And it is worthy of note that Mrs. Everitt's beautiful gift of sensitiveness or mediumship came to her, as it did to ourselves, *unsought*, in fact as a surprise.

It was in my own house, while only our own family were present besides Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, that I was introduced to that marvellous phenomenon, the *direct Spirit Voice* ; which, although somewhat startling at first, coming as it does out of darkness, led to many hours of happy and holy communion ; this, so far as it is my intention here to refer to it, grew out of our children's mediumship,

and was associated with it in this manner, as I recorded at the time in the columns of the *Spiritualist* newspaper.

At my invitation Mr. and Mrs. Everitt came to stay a few days with us in our rural home—then at Hendon—and the first sitting is remarkable.

One Saturday evening, after having had during tea spirit raps continually upon the table and around the room, replying intelligently to questions, and endorsing various parts of our family conversation, we sat down around a heavy dining-table. Our party comprised Mr. and Mrs. E., my sister, F. J. T., myself, my wife, and four children. Our unseen, but ever-active spirit friends, directed us to read the 12th chapter of 1 Cor., on spiritual gifts, and then to offer a short prayer. We invariably at set *séances* commenced with a short prayer. Lights were then put out by their direction, and the cool spirit breeze very soon was felt by all in the circle ; as also were very strong and delicious perfumes as of violets. Our little boy soon said, " I see a beautiful spirit with a bowl containing four different coloured waters ! Now she's throwing some over us : " and immediately we discovered a different scent—an *aromatic* one followed by others. We sang some little part songs with the children ; then spirit lights appeared—seen by all Small pure lights sprang from the table, rocket-like, leaving a thin trail of light in their course upwards. Stars floated about the room which suggested to the children to sing " Twinkle, twinkle, little star," upon commencing which a large blueish one floated about and twinkled to the song. At the end we asked for a greeting for each of the little ones ; when a shooting-star darted from the centre to each little face in turn. A very faint whisper of a spirit-voice was all we could obtain at this sitting, so the children, with

some little disappointment, but yet with glad hearts, went to bed. On opening the folding-doors into the adjoining room, we found perfumes strong even there.

After supper we sat again—the five adults only.

After lights and perfumes again in profusion, we heard the card-board tube, which we had placed in the centre of the table, tapping against the ceiling.¹ A cooler breeze came, followed by vibration of the table and atmosphere, and suddenly the Spirit, addressing F. J. T., said in a clear voice, different to any human one, and giving me the impression of a voice without *chest* force—

“*Good evening!*” (F. J. T. started, at which the Spirit said more softly), “*I thought you were so brave?*”

F. J. T. “So I am, but you came so suddenly.”

Spirit. “*I’ll be more careful another time. You have friends here to-night. Introduce me.*”

Upon this being done we all in turn had a most interesting conversation for over an hour. During this time one of the servants came into the adjoining room to make up the fire, and heard much of what transpired.

I asked if the children might sit on another occasion.

Spirit. “*Better not. It frightens children.*”

M. T. “But ours are accustomed to *séances*—will you come and talk to-morrow evening to them for a short time?”

Spirit. “*I’ll try. It’s getting late—I must go—the tube is rather clumsy!*”

¹ This tube was provided at the request of the Spirits, to assist in *focussing* the voice and direct it readily to the ear of the person addressed. Subsequently it was not necessary though it was generally used. It was of card-board and like an ear-trumpet or straight horn, and during the conversation, was suspended in the air, usually about a foot over the medium’s head. On the Spirit leaving, it was thrown down upon the table.

We promised a lighter one : and I asked him to *touch* me with the tube before he left. The Spirit then said, "*Good-night, friends,*" and the tube was thrown from above, and hit my shoulder as requested.

The following Sunday evening, all who were present on the previous evening sat, with the addition of my wife's sister and the two servants. I had previously provided paper upon which to take notes as well as I could in the dark, and from their help the following is written :—The passages of Scripture to which we were directed by the *much-despised* table raps were remarkable ; viz., Ezekiel, 8th ch., 1 to middle of 3rd verse ; 11th ch., half of 1st verse ; and 10th ch., 1st to 4th verse.

"And it came to pass in the sixth year, in the sixth month, on the fifth day of the month, as I sat in mine house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, that the hand of the Lord God fell there upon me. Then I beheld, and lo a likeness as the appearance of fire ; from the appearance of his loins even downward, fire ; and from his loins even upward, as the appearance of brightness, as the colour of amber." . . . "And he put forth the form of an hand, and took me by a lock of mine head ; and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem." . . . "Moreover the spirit lifted me up, and brought me unto the east gate of the Lord's house." . . . "Then I looked, and, behold, in the firmament that was above the head of the cherubims there appeared over them as it were a sapphire stone, as the appearance of the likeness of a throne. And he spake unto the man clothed with linen, and said, Go in between the wheels, even under the cherub, and fill thine hand with coals of fire from between

the cherubims, and scatter them over the city. And he went in in my sight. Now the cherubims stood on the right side of the house, when the man went in ; and the cloud filled the inner court. Then the glory of the Lord went up from the cherub, and stood over the threshold of the house ; and the house was filled with the cloud, and the court was full of the brightness of the Lord's glory."

Our first sitting was rather unsuccessful, but after perfumes in profusion, and fainter lights than on the previous evening, the Spirit came. His voice was much weaker, and he commenced speaking with more caution. As soon as he had established a freedom with the children, and said one or two funny things to make them laugh, he suddenly in a loud voice turned to little Nelly, who was laughing, and simply said, "Little Nelly." She is naturally very shy and timid, and this was too much for her—to be so addressed by a strange voice. She began to cry.

The Spirit voice turning to F. J. T., said, "*There—I'm sorry, but I told you so. I must go.*" And we broke up the *séance*, the little girl's timidity being, however, a powerful proof of the reality of the voice, and of its being *distinct from* Mrs. E.'s, with whom she was now on the best terms.

The next sitting, after supper, was the most interesting of all. It was protracted, and I can but briefly indicate the kind of conversation which occurred. Our nurse was the only addition to the five first named.

The Spirit appeared again after the perfumes and cool breeze, with a full voice *before* Mrs. E. was entranced ; so that at first we heard *her* voice distinct from his, which to me was very satisfactory, and disproves the theory of ventriloquism, were that theory admissible when only intimate friends, whom you can trust, are present.

He first said how sorry he was to have frightened little Nelly. He was going to give her little spirit brother's and sister's love, and tell her about them. He told us much of their happy home together, in a beautiful house situate in a garden : told us of some spirits with them known only to us, and not to the medium : spoke of my mother as a very beautiful spirit ; and, at our request, went away for a minute to see what they were doing, during which time another spirit spoke. His voice and accent were entirely different, and full of playful humour.

The first Spirit, on returning, said that my father and mother were together, sitting in a beautiful arbour, the seats of which were covered with crimson velvet. They were clothed with purple robes lined with white ; his was made of velvet, hers of satin, their usual evening dress. In the morning they were crimson lined with white. They had various dresses for different seasons ; and the dresses there were all made by love—in the Love Society—and were symbolical, as this description possibly may be. My father was reading. "What book ?" I asked. He went to see, and said it was "The interior meaning of the first book of John." We remarked, "How natural !" and he went on to tell us that when we reached Heaven *all* would appear to us most natural—nothing strange, for in deep sleep we often visited them, and we had experiences both here and there, the key to those to follow after.

After some conversation as to sleep, I asked about the raising of Lazarus, and how it was when he returned to life he could not—so far as is recorded—give any account of the scenes he had visited those three days. The Spirit said it was not permitted.

"Was it true that Christ died?"

"*His body died.*"¹

"Then I suppose the body He rose with was a different one—it could do as you do, and come through material substances."

"*Matter is nothing to us.*"

"But what became of the body?"

"*Part of His material body—the grosser parts, evaporated on the Cross; the remnant when the linen clothes were left in the sepulchre. The body He rose with was entirely Spiritual.*"

"Then during those three days a change went on which in our case will take many years to accomplish?"

"*Yes; it was an acceleration of chemical power.*"

"You are good chemists, I suppose, in the spirit land?"

"*Yes—chemistry is no hindrance to us.*"

"How do you manufacture that voice by which you speak now?"

"*I dissipate the materiality around you, and draw you for a time into this sphere; you help me by conditions, and I do much more by chemicals.*"

"Is darkness necessary?"

"*No, not necessary; we can sometimes speak in the light.*"

This has since been done.

He then spoke of the spheres of spirits above and below us, we occupying the middle sphere. We were being constantly watched over and assisted by our ministering spirits; and we in our speech, and a hundred other ways, influenced lower spirits who cling to us to be assisted to

¹ The spirits seem greatly to object to speak of death; to them it is a simple removal or change of state.

rise: thus teaching, as we remarked, the vast unconscious influence ever emanating from us.

The Spirit then offered up a short prayer to the Father of Spirits in parting, invoking a blessing and praying for our influence to be kept pure.

I was silent; and thinking with some degree of perplexity of what had occurred, and how real and near the spirit world is, when we heard rapid but slight tapping on paper, similar to the click of an electric needle, or the dropping of water. Mr. Everitt said, "That's some direct spirit writing"—and counted one, two, three, when pencil and paper dropped on the centre of the table. When a light was struck, we found the following message, written apparently within five seconds—a *physical* impossibility for us—which we preserve as a precious gift from the spirit world:

"You seem to be puzzled at our close proximity, but as regards your spirits you are living in our world. You only require your material body to move with in this your material world. Remove your atmosphere, you are then present with us; by giving us the conditions we are joined with you—in fact, we make a part of yourselves. We influence you to do and say things that you believe are from your interior selves. By-and-by we shall be able to make ourselves visible to you, so that we form part of your family. You are now the medium of earth and heaven."

We have had many hundreds of direct spirit writings since then, and many much more remarkable; but the sensations which accompanied this will never be forgotten. As regards the paper itself, it had been previously marked and placed in the centre of the table, round which we were all sitting, with a pencil on the top of it. I saw it there

when I turned off the gas, and thus created darkness—for the window had been carefully covered up previously, as was the case always when sitting with our friends, the Everitts. I had been much interested in the long conversation with the Spirit, and was thinking over the difficulties a Spirit must have to overcome before a voice could be produced, and other puzzling matters. But as soon as the paper was whipped up (as it seemed) into the air just in front of me, my brain felt for the moment in a most extraordinary state of ferment—quite indescribable—which state usually accompanies the process of these direct writings when I am present. This first time I was dazed : it was a *new* sensation ; but one I recognize now, and which, when it occurs, induces us to *search* for some writing—coming now, as they do, at all times—whether sitting *en séance* or not. But this piece I carefully preserved, and have it still, with the mark intact, though, indeed, without any mark, the conditions and circumstances surrounding it are ample testimony to its origin, it bears its own inherent proof of spirit origin.

About this time a strange spirit came and spoke in direct voice through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship. He gave a narrative of so much interest that, although it was not spoken in my own house, I may be excused if I transcribe it at length. It was as follows :—

"I do not know where I was born, nor who were my parents. The first thing that I remember was that I lived with Molly and Dick in a garret. Molly was kind to me, but one day she went to sleep and we could not wake her. She looked so white, and was so cold : they told me she was dead ; but I did not then know what death was : I had learnt nothing. When she was gone, Dick went away too,

and left me alone ; and as I had no money to pay rent with, the poor old landlady sent me away too. I wandered about, and I was cold and hungry, but did not know what to do or where to go. Presently I came to a crossing sweeper, and told him all my troubles, and he gave me some of his food (the poor are often kind to one another), but as he was very poor himself he could not keep me. But he gave me an old stump of a broom, and told me to go and sweep a crossing, pointing out to me where to go. Presently a gentleman passing by said, 'My boy, you cannot sweep with such a broom as that,' and placing a silver coin in my hand, told me to go and buy a new one. I did not know the value of money, but was pleased with the shining coin and took it, in my delight, to my friend the crossing-sweeper. 'You should buy a new broom with that,' he said, 'and some food, it is a sixpence'—which I did, and went to work again at my post. The kind gentleman often came past and gave me a penny, so I managed to get along pretty well at first. But after a time I missed my kind friend : he did not come. I waited and watched for him, but he never came again. Then I went with some other boys, about my own age, who said they could teach me to get my living, and they taught me to steal. I did not then know what stealing meant, nor that it was wicked to steal ; I was so very ignorant. One day I went into a shop which was full of people and stole something : the shopman saw me and ran after me saying he would put me in gaol. I did not know what gaol meant, but I was frightened, and ran away as fast as I could, right amongst the cabs and omnibuses. In my fright, and not looking which way I went, I got knocked down by a cab and run over. I don't know how long I laid there, but as soon as I could recollect myself I got up and ran away again—still remembering I was to be sent to gaol.

"I ran on and on along what appeared to me a strangely smooth and beautiful road, for days, until I came to a farmhouse, where I sat down to rest and they gave me some food. By and by I fell in with some more boys, just like those I had left; but among them was one, pale and sickly, whom the other boys tormented and teased, simply because he was sickly and not so strong as themselves. I stood up for this boy and took his part; and one night we determined together to leave the other boys. We did so. But the road now became rough and rugged, much more so than when we were with them. Still my pale little friend led the way and went on bravely. Ashamed to be outdone by such an one as he, I kept up with desperate energy. Still he got ahead of me, and, all at once, I noticed that he had a light shining about his head, and the further he got in advance of me the brighter shone the light. We went on and on, he getting brighter and brighter, but I still determined to overtake him. When at length I did catch him up, I found, to my surprise, that instead of the pale, sickly boy whom I expected to see, he was the kind gentleman who used to give me pennies. He then told me that when I was thrown down by the cab, I was killed, and that I had indeed passed the dread portals of death, though I knew it not, and that he who had already gone before me, hearing that I had arrived, appeared to me in the form of a pale, sickly boy, to draw me from the sphere I was then in, and to lead me higher and higher to brighter realms above." The spirit ended by promising more another time, adding, "*Never forget the poor crossing-sweepers.*"

I do not wish to spoil the beauty of this narrative by comments. I record it as showing the teaching we obtained as to the close connection which exists between this and the future life: and as a graphic picture of the con-

tinuance of benevolent work under the conditions of spirit life. Such a story was quite beyond the imagination of the medium to conceive ; and the *direct spirit voice*, which gave it, was absolutely distinct and apart from her own normal voice. She was in a state of deep trance the whole time the voice was speaking.

Apropos of this narrative I will now add a copy of a direct writing, written on marked paper in my own room during a *séance*, on January 5, 1871, at which our friends Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were present. The style is antique, and was said to have been written by the spirits of some old, but well-known, men of scientific attainments. It was done *within the space of five or six seconds of time* ; the paper being taken up from the table, and this followed by rapid tickings thereon like an electric needle, when paper and pencil immediately dropt down upon the *centre* of the table. The writing is perfectly distinct and well written, and no mark of pencil-impress is to be seen on the *back* of the paper on which the writing is given. This of itself proves an abnormal condition of writing. It is no disrespect to my friends to say that the message itself is not such as they could compose or would dictate under any circumstances.

The doctrine of angelic or spiritual ministration is not less agreeable to reason than to Scripture. What can be more reasonable to suppose than that a created being should be constantly indebted for life and all the derivatives of life, which are affections and thoughts, to the Creator, and that these should be conveyed to the lower by the higher intelligences. While man conceives that the source of these is in himself he makes himself a God, for he arrogates powers which none but the Divine Being can possess and exercise, the

production of an affection or a thought being at least as much the work of Divine power as the creation of an animal or plant, yea, of a world. The spiritual and natural worlds are generally supposed to be separated from each other by some inconceivable extent of space; we wish to show that space ought to be excluded altogether from considerations of this subject, and this is actually done in certain circumstances. You often remark on the passing away of a friend, that he has entered the eternal world and has passed out of time into eternity. The thought at such a moment does not occur that he has to traverse an infinity of space before he can reach his final destination. This clearly shows that although judging from appearance men think there is some (?)¹ difference or distance between heaven as the spiritual world and earth, yet they have an intuitive perception that they are in the closest connection with each other, and if the spirit of man is introduced into the spiritual world, simply by the dissolution of his body, and is thus present in one world simply by ceasing to be present in the other, then it ought on the same principle to be admitted that spirits do not require to make a journey from any remote part of the universe in order to be present upon earth, but are ever near you, even at the door. You are as much in the spiritual world during your life in the body as you are after your separation from it. You are an inhabitant of both worlds, the soul is formed from spiritual as the body is formed from natural substances, and each is in reality a part of the world from which it is derived, an epitome of the world whence it is taken. More another time.

¹ A word here cannot be deciphered, though the writing generally is good and easily read.

The above filled in close writing only a quarter of a sheet of paper ; it was continued on another paper of the same size four days afterwards, during the sitting of another circle in Holloway, at which I was not present. I have seen the paper ; it is as follows :—

Heaven and earth were created for the sake of man, and all their qualities and forces are concentrated in him. Man is therefore a heaven and earth in miniature, and the connection existing between the soul of man and his body may give you an idea, because it furnishes an exact image of the connection which exists between the spiritual and natural worlds. The spiritual world is the soul of the natural, and the world of matter is as much dependent on the world of spirit as the human body is dependent on the soul. The connection between them must therefore be of the most intimate kind, a connection as close as that of cause and effect, essence and form, and were this connection for a moment suspended the world would fall into ruin. With these ideas respecting the connection between the spiritual and natural worlds, it is not difficult to conceive how spirits can have the closest and most uninterrupted intercourse with man. Natural reason may say if these things are so how can we be utterly unconscious of the presence and operations of spiritual beings ? How is it that they are entirely unconscious of the Divine presence and operation when yet in God they live, move, and have their being, and from Him derive every good and perfect gift ? The difficulty may be removed by reflecting that you have no conscious knowledge of your own affections until they have acquired a quality and assumed a form in the thoughts of the understanding. If then spirits communicate immediately with the will and its affections and immediately with the understanding and its thoughts, or if they

flow into the affections of the will and by them into the thoughts of the understanding, it is evident that their presence and influx must be quite imperceptible to man. Besides they do not act upon man as a passive but as an active being, nor do they force the will but only strive to bend it, to lead man by his inclinations and with the consent of his reason, they do not in the least degree violate either his liberty or his rationality.





CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO CORNWALL.

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

MILTON.

“More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of !”

GEORGE HERBERT.



Our usual children's *séance* we had to-day (July 9, 1871) Mr. and Mrs. E. and their three children, also our nurse. As it was light we put a piece of blank paper on the floor under the table, being there comparatively dark, with a pencil upon it hoping, as we frequently did, to get something written upon it. The *séance* was short, consisting chiefly in good counsel given to the children through the pencil automatically writing while held by F. J. T. But on breaking up for the children to go to bed we found written on the paper under the table, “*We will come again.*” As soon as the children had retired the adults only sat—Mrs. E. being the medium.

Having now to take out one of the leaves of the long dining-table, we left a space of a few inches open, and put

the cloth over it. Immediately came the impress of little fingers lifting it up and down. We tenderly took hold of the tiny fingers which remained beneath the cloth and exchanged greetings in this singular manner. After talking awhile we put out the lights and sat in darkness. Soon we heard the voice of a spirit speaking faintly and evidently with some effort. Mrs. E. became nervous and I jokingly said, "Ye fearful saint, fresh courage take," when she was almost immediately entranced and another spirit voice spoke with much more power. Moving to my wife who was lying on the sofa and speaking close to her, he told us another short message had been written, which we found to be the case when we struck a light. It was from my father—" *My dear children, I will come as often as I can and talk to you.*"

Again we put out the light and sang ; during which three distinctly different spirit voices joined in with us. One I recognized as my father's by his style of singing, and from the fact that at one particular part of the "Evening hymn," he sang somewhat out of tune, just as we had often heard him do in his earth life, for this particular phrase he could never get in correct tune.

Mrs. E., on returning to consciousness, frequently told us of what she had seen in the spirit world. On this occasion she confirmed what had occurred by remarking to me, "Oh, I saw your father : and he said he had been singing with us and in one place he sang out of tune, so that, he said, Morell might recognize him." She had also met *I. W.* who had been, he said, speaking in the circle, and who said to her, "Ye fearful saint, fresh courage take," which she thought singular. We of course understood it.

It was while sitting at supper about this time that raps

came upon the table requiring the alphabet to be repeated that we might take down a message.

Through raps we were mystified by the following message : "*Many of us wish you to go to the World's End.*"

What could it mean ? After conning it over I suddenly said from impression, " Perhaps they mean the Land's End and that I am to go with Mr. and Mrs. Everitt to Penzance ? " which they had lately been speaking of doing. Very decided raps confirmed this version, which resulted in a party of eight, all spiritualists, starting for a fortnight's trip to Cornwall, and our spirit friends accompanied us the whole time.¹ Our journey down was pleasant and eventful. We were all together in a first-class carriage—and had no sooner started than our spirit friends intimated their presence by rapping loudly all over the carriage and upon the travelling boxes we had with us. When in the tunnels we had spirit lights and wafts of spirit-scented breezes in profusion. (There was no lamp alight in the carriage during the day.) In Penzance, our spirit guides took credit for having led us past many lodging-houses, where a separation of the party might have been necessary, to the village of Newlyn, where a fine old-fashioned house and a model landlady with her two daughters supplied exactly the accommodation that we required. In this house we stayed for a fortnight.

On Monday evening, August 7th, we arranged to have a *séance*, and at this first sitting, where some of us sat together for the first time, conversation by raps was carried

¹ In the *Spiritualist* for September 15, 1871, I recorded this visit at some length.

on with facility ; and scents, with deliciously cool breezes on that sultry evening were rich and profuse. We were directed by raps to read from 2nd Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and from Revelation i. which was followed by prayer. While sitting afterwards by candle-light a small stone was pitched lightly upon the table by an invisible power—door and window being closed, and the latter darkened by a thick travelling shawl fastened over it. We then put out the lights. One of the party sang, “Angels ever bright and fair,” and during the whole time was refreshed by cool-scented breezes, and at the last note a small stone fell down apparently from the ceiling, gently brushing my face, into my hands, which were on the table. Soon after the direct spirit voice of *John Watt*, with which we were familiar, spoke. Mrs. Everitt was still in her normal state joining in the conversation but subsequently was taken off into a trance when the power of voice increased.

But we had not said a word to our good landlady ; and she going outside to shut the shutters was astonished to find we were sitting in the dark and came suddenly rushing into the room with a candle. It was awkward, for any sudden awakening from trance of Mrs. E. always proved injurious, and we had to break the circle, and quietly tell the landlady to withdraw. She did so in haste, and for the moment I expect thought we were mad or doing something uncanny ! We took the matter as calmly as possible for the sake of the entranced medium, lighted a candle, and soon Mrs. Everitt awoke in considerable trepidation, saying she was sure something wrong had happened. We prevented the repetition of such a misadventure by telling our landlady and daughters afterwards

something of Spiritualism. They listened with astonishment, but not with incredulity, for *they* had also a story to tell us of a coach-and-four often heard by the villagers in the night, being furiously driven down "Jack Lane," a most precipitous pass near to the house, and other experiences.

On retiring that night we were all greeted with loud raps all about the old wainscotted walls of our several bedrooms.

Day after day during this visit our spirit friends accompanied us wherever we went; and more than one ghost story was told us, with bated breath, by the Cornishmen with whom we conversed during our excursions. As we sat on woodland slopes we had the curious sensations of rapping beneath the solid earth on which we sat. If we took a basket of sandwiches, that was moved about by our sportive invisible friends. At an inn where we stayed with our hamper of provisions we expected the waiter would be scared, for raps resounded on the windows, walls, and wainscotted pannelling, while our hamper was bodily taken off by invisible hands into one corner of the room and there opened and partly unpacked for us. Sitting on the rocks we were indulged, on placing a piece of rock to her forehead, with psychometric descriptions by Mrs. Everitt, though no one could prove that the descriptions of antediluvian monsters given by her at such time were correct or otherwise, nor that the boiling mass and upheaving rocks were facts in ancient history. But Mrs. E. was as astonished as any of us at the *camera obscura* she had opened. At home *séances* we received news of the dear ones far away, which was confirmed by subsequent inquiries, and on our return journey we had raps and scented breezes in profusion, together with spirit lights flitting about from face to face as

we passed through the tunnels. The conditions were perfect, for complete trust and harmony prevailed ; the satisfactory explanations of modern *savans* were forgotten. We did not inquire anxiously after one another's brains or liver, for it never occurred to us that spirit phenomena are merely varieties of secretion, and have their appropriate glandular or cerebral centres like all other functions ! We took the facts as they arose and, as it seemed to us, rendered unto spirit the things that were of spirit, and to liver and brain the things of liver and brain. And thus believing, simply and unscientifically, all things seemed to be possible, and the strangest occurrences, in their order and degree, only supernaturally natural.





CHAPTER VI.

DEDICATION OF NEW HOUSE TO SPIRIT COMMUNION, 1872.

"How much I know, yet know not how
The thing I know can be :
The Lord of mysteries art Thou,—
Lord, I believe in Thee."

T. T. LYNCH.



IN the year 1871, I built a new house at Hendon ; and upon the land adjoining our friends, the Everitts, also built one ; and now, living close together, our sittings for spirit communion were frequent, and the phenomena in various phases occurred constantly at all hours of the day.

One evening, sitting together in our new house, in January, 1872, the usual and various raps came upon the dining-table, indicating that they wished to give us a message through the alphabet. So we spelt out the following message :

"Have a dedication of the house ; sit as soon as convenient."

Meantime the bells were frequently rung from all parts of the house, sometimes one, two, or three different bells at the same time.

The "dedication" did not come off until Good Friday in March. It was a purely family gathering, as at seven o'clock my wife and I, our four children with their governess, and Mr. and Mrs. Everitt sat around our dining-table, in which I had purposely left a space of a few inches drawn out in the centre, and covered with the table-cloth.

As soon as intelligent raps were established we were directed to read from Ephesians the 6th chap. to the 18th verse (on the duties of children, parents, servants, and the "whole armour of God"). This was followed by a short prayer and singing. After which we noticed the table-cloth being lifted up and down over the space left between the leaves of the table. On putting our hands there each in turn received a friendly tap or grasp of the hand through the cloth, and this manifestation of spirit presence was continued throughout the evening, even after the circle had broken up. Lights having been extinguished we received the usual delicious wafts of scented air, and cool breezes, and spirit lights darting about the room. A paper tube was then taken up, and for about ten minutes tapped all about the ceiling and walls, and the gaselier over the table; each one was also touched in turn gently upon the head, and all this was so quietly and lovingly done as to make the children feel "at home" and dispel fear—it being unusual for them to sit at dark *séances*.

Softly then at first came the spirit voice of *John Watt*, who addressed the children one by one on home duties and kindness to one another, and on the duty of prayer to God for help at all times, "which was sure to come if asked for."

He then told us to sit later on without the children, and threw down the tube to E., who had asked for it, and was

gone. Mrs. Everitt, the medium on this occasion, had been joining cheerfully, with us all, in the conversation, and was not entranced, as she usually is, during the direct spirit voice.

After supper (during which meal our table was moved and rapped upon continuously) we five adults sat alone. Scents and raps came in great power : raps of our little spirit children, who each has his peculiar rap ; raps all over the room, some heavy thudding ones, but among them a new one to us, of a metallic character, sounding as if a paper knife were tapping on a hollow metal tube. We asked *John Watt*, who now came and spoke softly, saying he was conserving the power for some one else, who it was giving that peculiar rap—to which he replied, "*He'll tell you himself*;" and immediately another voice spoke very precisely and with evident difficulty. It was the first time he had spoken, though he had often written through my hand before. As a proof of his identity he referred to an incident known only to myself in the room—one distinctly private between him and me.

Then came a distinctly different bustling little voice.

"*My dear brother and sister, I'm here : Sophia.*"

While speaking of the pleasure of having these three voices one after another, we were almost startled by a piercing child-voice, one evidently delighted to speak for the first time.

"*Mama — DEAR mama and papa ! I'm here, too ! Louisa.*"

That was the voice of our first still-born daughter, who has since developed into such a beautiful and powerful spirit, and who now frequently manifests herself by direct writing, and by many physical phenomena.

Our parental hearts were welling over with joy, but they were not filled to the full. *Three more* little voices one after another delightedly told us "*I'm here.*"

We had then quite a long chat with little *Percy* about the secret they had kept so well, viz., their learning to talk!

Addressing *Percy*, I said,

"I suppose *John Watt* has been teaching you and helping you to speak."

To which *John Watt* himself replied, "*Of course I did or they could not have done it:*" probably they had accomplished all they could then do.

We immediately had a conversation with *John Watt*, for some length of time, who, at the conclusion of the *séance*, pronounced a benediction, threw down the tube in front of me and was gone. On lighting up we found Mrs. E. had been moved some distance from the table—as was frequently the case when she was deeply entranced. Before leaving the room for the drawing-room on the opposite side of the hall, we minutely inspected our marked papers, but found *no* writing had been done; so we rolled them up and put them back into the tube where we then kept them.

I was not strong at the time, and on going into the drawing-room I reclined on the sofa; Mrs. E. was in an easy-chair close by me. Mr. E. and the other two were on the rug playing with our crowing baby. Impatient little raps came on the table near me, almost immediately, demanding the alphabet, and telling us thus that we should find some direct writing in the tube which we had left on the table in the other room.

And there, sure enough, on one of the papers we had left blank a few minutes before, was written,

"Unity, peace, love, and harmony dwell here. We—a loving band—surround you. May the peace of God the All-father be with you for evermore."

By raps we were told afterwards that this was actually written after we had left the room, no one being present. This was to us then a new phase of direct writing by spirit power ; but since it has been of daily occurrence.

So ended our new house "dedication." We had felt the touch of "vanished hands," and heard voices for the first time of our little group of loved ones, who were destined yet to give us more remarkable testimony to a future life and to the reality of spirit communion.

But not yet. The facility with which we had, for a long time now, obtained hints of their presence and work among us began to decline, owing to the peaceful and harmonious conditions of unbroken family life being sundered. Naturally so, for our three boys, including the medium to whom we had been indebted for this outpour of spirit life, now went to boarding school. The circle was thus broken, and the spirit intercourse, when we were alone, was only kept up by means of automatic writing through our own hands.

At our special request the mediumship did not follow our boys into school life, beyond their own intuitional knowledge of being helped by the higher intelligences, of which they were often very sensible, and which remained with them continually, and also by occasional clairvoyance.



CHAPTER VII.

INTERMITTENT HOME SÉANCES.

“ The heavens most ancient,
 No new God declare ;
 Through a changing astronomy
 Beams on each star ;
 And in love-bright glory
 Still the Christ hath sway !
 He the Truth is eternal ;
 Creeds for a day.

“ Each new time its new thought
 Must in new words tell :
 And the old primary heart tones
 In new music swell ;
 And in grander theologies
 Higher truth be shown ;
 But unchanged 'mid all changes
 God's heart and our own.”

T. T. LYNCH.



IN December, 1872, we were sitting *en séance* at Mr. Everitt's house. We were directed by raps to commence by reading some very remarkable short extracts of Scripture, one after the other, viz.—

Zech. 1st chap., 8–11 verses.
 „ 2nd chap., 1–5 verses.

Zech. 2nd chap., from 10th verse to the end of chapter.

„ 7th chap., 9 and 10 verses, and being stopped very decidedly on commencing to read verse 11.

Malachi 3rd chap., 2nd and 3rd verses.

„ 4th chap., *part* only of 2nd verse.

I will quote these selections : they read as follows :—

“ I saw in the night and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the *shady place*, and behind him there were horses, red, sorrel, and white. Then said I, O my Lord, what are these ? And the angel that talked with me said unto me, I will show thee what these be. And the man that stood among the myrtle trees answered and said, These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth. And they answered the angel of the Lord that stood among the myrtle trees, and said, We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold all the earth sitteth still, and is at rest. . . .

“ And I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and behold a man, with a measuring line in his hand. Then said I, Whither goest thou ? And he said unto me, To measure Jerusalem, to see what is the breadth thereof, and what is the length thereof. And behold the angel that talked with me went forth, and another angel went out to meet him, and said unto him, Run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as villages without walls by reason of the multitude of men and cattle therein. For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and I will be the glory in the midst of her. . . . Sing and rejoice O daughter of Zion : for lo, I come and I will dwell in the

midst of thee, saith the Lord. And many nations shall join themselves to the Lord in that day, and shall be my people ; and I will dwell in the midst of thee, and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto thee. And the Lord shall inherit Judah as his portion in the holy land, and shall yet choose Jerusalem. Be silent, all flesh, before the Lord : for he is waked up out of his holy habitation. . . .

“ Thus hath the Lord of hosts spoken, saying, Execute true judgment and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother ; and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor ; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart. . . .

“ But who may abide the day of his coming ? and who shall stand when he appeareth. For he is like a refiner’s fire, and like fuller’s soap, and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, and they shall offer unto the Lord offerings in righteousness. . . .

“ But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.”

In thus reading such Scriptures as were pointed out by our spirit friends, they gave us the verse from which to *commence* reading, and we continued until stopped by raps, which, if disregarded (as in the 4th portion above) became very emphatic. I have cited these passages *in extenso* to give a specimen of the quality of the selections that were made for our contemplation. We often found that the Scripture selected became invested with new interest because of its singular adaptation to the circumstances and states of those who composed the circle.

After reading the selected portions of Scripture, lights

were put out. The tube was then quickly taken off the table and rapped almost simultaneously upon the ceiling and floor of the room and around the walls. Then a pause came, and we heard a scratching on the ceiling over our heads ; the pencil then fell upon the table, and the spirit voice of *John Watt* at once said—

“ There—I’ve written my name on the ceiling.”

On striking a light immediately, we all saw it just over the centre of the table, and quite out of the reach of any one of us even by standing upon it. Writing on the ceiling has been done since in our house on several occasions, and once (or more) under absolutely test conditions to which I shall refer subsequently.

During the holidays we had another sitting with Mrs. Everitt, the children of both our families being present.

The spirit friends now directed us to read the following Scripture portions, viz.—

Ephesians ... 6th chap., 1–8 verses.

St. John’s Gospel 3rd chap., 1–4 verses.

Ecclesiastes ... 12th chap., 1st verse only.

Prayer followed, during which raps emphasized certain portions.

On darkening the room, the usual spirit lights floated about in wafts of scented air. It is impossible to convey to any one who has not experienced this phenomena how refreshing it is and how satisfactory it is as an unimpeachable proof of the presence of a power and a presence which we cannot claim as our own.

After the feeble voice of my father who ended by giving the children his benediction, the spirit voice of *John Watt* came and addressed two of the boys by name as follows :—

“ You have heard some nice portions of Scripture read

to-night. I would advise you to commit them to memory so that they may always be in your mind. Never omit to pray to your Heavenly Father. You are going back to school : your earthly father will be away from you. He can tell you anything now that you want to know ; but remember, then you can talk to your Heavenly Father. He is always near. Be truthful always, even when you get into a scrape : if you are very unhappy think of what John Watt has said. Love one another : that is the great secret of life : make up your minds to learn with all your might."

The effect of this simple little address to tender-hearted children about leaving home was very marked. And we had many similar homilies as occasions offered, with the gentlest hint of any faults which had been committed.

Another spirit in quite a different voice now spoke and told one of them to get a song set to these words, which he repeated twice for me to take down—for they were new to us—

" I live for those who love me,
Those who are kind and true :
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the good that I can do."

Then adding, "*Don't forget to pray to your Creator, He is the greatest 'friend you have'*"—he departed.

During the speaking of these three spirit voices, Mrs. Everitt, who was the medium on this occasion, was in her normal state, frequently joining in the conversation, and the voice sounded over our *boy* medium who was sitting some distance from her ; possibly he was partly used as medium : and moreover the tube used in speaking was *seen* in the dim light afforded by a crack over the window floating along the ceiling. Several times during the sitting

we were touched by materialized hands and fingers, soft as velvet. Not a doubt could any one of us entertain at such sittings of the real presence of spirits. On this occasion we were promised that soon they would come bodily among us and "Take the vacant chair beside us." This would be about the only addition they could now make to the various phases which testified to their identity. In all promises as regards *time*, however, we had learnt to be cautious. What was near as spirit development, might be distant in the time measurements of earth. We trusted their *intention* to the full.

Our sittings now with Mrs. Everitt were frequent and interesting ; rendered more especially so from the long conversations we had with the spirits in the direct voice, and by reason of the many direct writings we had bearing frequently upon our conversations. Often these writings were preceded by a Latin quotation, in the midst of which antique words were used instead of those now found in the text used in schools. The writings were invariably done in the dark upon papers placed upon the table, which during the process of writing were caught up and held suspended in the air. The writing, while it was being rapidly done, produced sounds as of an electric needle quickly working, and in five or six seconds of time a message was closely and legibly written in small writing containing five hundred words or more. The impress of the pencil was never seen at the *back* of the paper, as it would be in ordinary human writing.

In 1873 our *séances* were frequent with the Everitts ; and always so in the holidays. The boys had a special one before returning to school. On these occasions good advice to them was never forgotten. Their school trials and tempta-

tions were frequently referred to, and I attribute much of their spiritual training and the high moral character which each of them have developed to the communion with these loved ones—unseen, but ever near. Unseen however, they were *not* to all, for the boy medium always retained his gift of clairvoyance as did the others in a lesser degree.

At the close of this year however the intensely intimate spirit communion we had enjoyed for many years was to be broken. My health gave way ; and these loving ones told me—and my own reason confirmed—that it was necessary to leave the pleasant surroundings we had gathered about us at Hendon, and remove to a house built upon a lighter soil, gravel or sand. Meantime, I clung to the old home and tried spirit healing, and while life streams were poured into me under the hands of Miss Godfrey who was specially gifted as a healer, I began to hope we might yet remain in Hendon. But no ; our spirit friends persisted in assuring us that go we must ; and occasional relapses of illness arising from the damp and cold exhalations of the clay soil proved to me they were right. Through their guidance we settled at Blackheath in a house on a stratum of gravel ; and my health slowly but surely returned. But alas the home mediumship we had had in such rich profusion was gone. The only trace of it that I retained beyond a consciousness of constant spirit ministry was automatic writing, which came by fits and starts through my own hand.

The next physical manifestation of spirit presence came on January 20, 1876. On that day, I had to go over to Forest Hill on a sad errand, to attend the funeral of my wife's mother. Between 9 and 10 a.m. as I was reading the morning paper there was a violent double knock at the

door. On opening it no one was there. Immediately after it was shut a long double knock was again given, and again on opening it at once no one was there, nor in the garden—nor could any one have had time to run away. I was at once impressed it was a spirit knock, and on looking into the time-table I found it was quite time for me to go. In fact by hurrying off, I only just caught the train which landed me at Forest Hill in proper time. The spirit who rapped was in earth life very punctual and fidgetty lest she should be *late* and no doubt, watching me on this occasion, saw the probability of my being late—a thing unusual with me. This is conjecture, but the phenomenon remains.

Another still-born boy (our last) came in March, and the old wounds were re-opened. Through my sister's hand on the same day came a short message referring to it, and to a curious humming sound, which had been frequent of late, observed by her, in the house when she was staying with us. The message was as follows:—

“Dewdrop is the name of the fairy darling who is now lying in unconscious slumber in the loveliest (flower) you can imagine. Dewdrop of living love. It has never breathed on earth, but the germ will be expanded here, and the refreshment that will thus be given to the union of the spirit-and-earth group will we hope prove a stronger bond of union between you all. Another link of love. Love that has been given to us, and to you in the midst of the grand law of sacrifice by the suffering of the gentle mother, but the honoured loved one: for her months of suffering will reap years of glory in the crown of motherhood. . . . Dewdrop in our midst is the focus of fresh love. Let not your faith fail you in our power to come. (Here came the humming sound F. J. T. had so often recently heard.) Yes, this is our visible

sign promised and now begins. . . . God be with you all. . . . Grandma M—— has the babe in her especial care. It is very precious to her and to us all. Think not of the perishing casket: think only of the immortal, the unblemished, the pure gem. . . . I will be with dear Nellie (the mother) in an especial manner. All is well. All will be well. Love from the loving group. . . ."

Three weeks after this another automatic writing, quite unexpected, was given through F. J. T.'s hand while living at a distance, and sent on to us.

"Dewdrop is reviving and is a pet plaything with us all. To me (your loving mother) he is so wonderful that I can but watch him hourly. I rejoice to find that these little fairies are truly the little ones we always thought were lost. In truth no germ of life is ever lost. Is he not well named 'Dewdrop,' for even as a dewdrop did he just rest in your midst, and then as unconsciously was his spirit absorbed back into the spheres from whence he came; for the spirit germ is an incarnation from the Holy Spirit spheres, and whether it is developed in the earth-body or no, it will always in the end return to the Maker God, and be with Him, His child. . . . I see now the beauty of the belief in Spiritualism.^x I see that it is often clouded, just as the spirit pure in itself becomes begrimed with earthly evil; but the truth is beautiful, and to know that I can still be with all I loved on earth is to me a far greater joy than I would let myself believe when I was on earth. I felt the teachings of my youth, to die and be present with the Lord,

^x In earth life this spirit was much interested in all our family manifestations and teachings, though the familiar style in which they were often given jarred against her early ideas of the future state, which was of the *nebulous* order, and was supposed to be a *perfect* or fixed state, as erroneously taught then by the churches.

should be enough; but the lesser loves (the love of God in Christ is the ruling love) maintain and strengthen—build up as it were—the fuller truer love. I desire dear — to be near you. I see the desire in his heart to know the truth as to whether I am still near him: he believes it, but not so fully as he would were he able to open his spiritual perception to the full truth. I go to see dear —, I cannot impress her with my presence, and this is one great use in believing in Spiritualism—even if you abstain from entering into the details of the physical phenomena the belief helps us to get to you all, and make known our presence, that we are as a cloud of witnesses around you. Your dear little N. wants much care; keep her with you if you can, for the spirit is fuller trained in the earthly sphere; this is one of the mysteries I am told, but like many others I cannot grasp yet. I awoke (here) in delight and vigour (after much earth languor) and found myself in the midst of my loved ones, —, —, —. I was a child at school. I have seen Jesus. I live in His presence as I did when on earth. . . .

“YOUR LOVING MAMA.”

This is a fitting time in our experiences to pause; for this was the end of our first series of family manifestations, which had now lasted long, though of late they had been interrupted; but the link was formed by little *Dew-drop* for fresh gathering power, which we all felt was to come. There is contained in a few words in these last two automatically written spirit messages a truth with which we were perfectly familiar, but which I can quite imagine any one educated in traditional orthodoxy would find strange if not incredible. What is the use of Spiritualism, he asks: have you ever received any good from it? Yes;

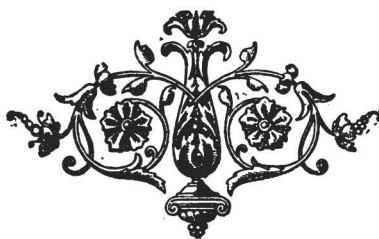
more than can be easily or shortly told ; for as in these messages there is contained a truth which completely alters all our previous vague impressions or speculations as to still-born children and the fairies of romance, so by spirit communion there comes a force, or a factor, which, though dimly recognized by the churches, is not quite so *real* to them as are the ghosts in Macbeth or Hamlet. Truth there is underlying both : but it is dim and shadowy, never plainly seen, never practically grasped.

The question of *cui bono* is constantly asked, both by scientific men and common-sense objectors. The answer comes at once to those who can make Spiritualism a matter of experience and not of speculative debate. They can see at once that if spirit communion is true results of incalculable moment follow : to them it is simply a question of evidence. But the churches, somnambulistically intoning their creeds which are no longer living but only records of a life that is passed, see in the approach of Spiritualism only a new foe ; ruthlessly upsetting doctrines of the future life to which they have clung so long that their very existence is bound up with them. To many of them however the evidence is sufficient : their most intelligent members are one by one acknowledging the truth of spirit communion, although on account of their inherited sentiments they must, for a while, give it a wide berth. And there is some reason in their timidity, though a different one from that which rouses their alarms. For Spiritualism is a dangerous power to play with,—and a dangerous research to enter upon in a curious or frivolous spirit. Those whose faith is strong and unwavering *need* not the testimony which comes through Spiritualism to the immortal life, though their vision is sweeter and wider when they do receive it : but it has a

mission to the world,—or the angels of Jesus and hosts of advanced ministering spirits would not now be found in the forefront entering so keenly into the interests and activities of earthly existence. We as a family certainly *needed* no more spirit communion than we have now recorded ; but having known its sweetness, and its unspeakable consolations, as well as its holy influences over our daily life, when the pause came we found ourselves again *longing* for and ready to welcome

“ The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that was still.”

THE END OF FIRST EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUALISM AT HOME :
HERE FOLLOWS A BREAK OF SIX YEARS—UNTIL 1882.



PART II.



MDCCCLXXXII—MDCCCLXXXVI.



INTRODUCTION.



WHEN I commenced writing this book I determined entirely to exclude from it my own automatic writings, although they clearly enter into the scheme, if I may so designate it, under which we pursued our spiritual investigations. Through my own hand I continually received directions and instructions and corrections in our conduct of home *séances*, the continuance or cessation of them.

Now in coming to the second period of spiritual influx I am first of all appalled at the mass of facts and direct writings before me. How am I to present them to the reader in an orderly fashion when there seems to have been no very direct order in their reception? The phenomena had slept for some years. We had occasionally sat *en séance* and constantly longed for, and asked our spirit group to give us again some hint of their presence—if only by rapping on our table as we sat *séance* fashion at meals: but not a rap came—not a sign that they were about us, except the knocking at the door recorded on p. 77 and my

own half-despised automatic writing. Yet in looking over my mass of notes and psychic facts I find that this second series commenced really with these writings from my own hand, and in order to present the facts in orderly sequence I must introduce some of the writings. They must stand on their own merit. I am bound to say that on reading them again I feel there is a *presence* in them outside my own, and I feel grateful to our patient spirit workers that they so persistently kept me to my study table during the years of what I may call their phenomenal absence.

And here it is worth remarking that the full import and value of these messages is often not apparent when they are first given. When they are taken up after having been laid aside, the reperusal often conveys an impression of wisdom, and careful thought, and tenderness which did not visibly shine in them at first. This is a quality which cannot easily be shown to others ; it is a sort of private secret for those who are addressed. This is indeed characteristic of Spiritualism in all its phases. Its uses are so many open secrets ; very open to those whose eyes are open—very secret to all others.

On April 23, 1882.—I sat down, pencil in hand as usual but could not obtain a letter.

April 30.—I wrote automatically—and with some difficulty—“ *Sit to-night if you can.*”

On referring to my diary I find that it was on this day (a Sunday) that two prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research came to my house to a midday dinner and we had together been rapidly reviewing some of the scanty records I had kept at Hendon of the phenomena recorded in the first part of this volume. After they had gone, we sat *en séance* but I have no record even of a rap !

On May 3rd, I next wrote. "*Louisa tries to write again, do not help her disdain! You may sit to-night—send N. to bed.* +” I presume we sat, but again I have no record of success. Was the work going on outside? Was the medium then in our house being prepared by concentration of power? It may have been so.

On June 27th, I went with two members of the Society for Psychical Research, at their request, to sit with Mrs. Jencken. Abnormal raps then were undoubtedly heard and some writing was given; it was written *backwards* requiring a looking-glass to read it, which as Mrs. S. said could be done by *practice* and which I do not care to dispute. Part was addressed to me, purporting to come from *Serjeant Cox* whom I knew during his life on earth. In the message he urged me to write again. (I had not done so now for seven weeks.)

Just after this we went to my “resting box” as we term it, at Haslemere. Here on July 2, 1882, my writing at greater length commenced. It was nothing particular but it came through my hand *and brain* easily—and was as follows (a new servant, who afterwards became the chief medium in our family, was now in the house as cook, but at that time we knew nothing of her medial powers and clairvoyance):—

“So you and dear mama walked in the wood this morning, but you did not see me with you although I went every step of the way, and heard the bees hum and you both speak. It seems so strange for me to be so sensibly in your presence and yet you to be often not always unconscious of it. Are you conscious, you dear old pa, of my writing now—or did you know it was me and not Serjeant Cox who told you to write again? You see I do not leave you alone in your

own dear scepticism, nor now mention it to upbraid you for it. You will never get anything with Mr. S., I think, to convince him so as to admit it in publication, though he now believes; but it does not matter. D. says reason from the known to the unknown—good, i.e. when he can, but now we have established spirit power no known law can be found to account for it. Better recognize first the facts and then reason from them. + ” (Louisa).

(*Louisa who was now about to come in great power would have been, had she lived, twenty-five years of age.*)

During this stay at Haslemere, I think, we first found out that our servant Mary was clairvoyante and it arose from our youngest son Tom having his hair pulled frequently and being sensible of other presences which Mary after a time described. We found thus that *she* could see what we could not: but which Tom could feel! Writing mediumship now developed in my daughter as also occasional clairvoyance. On my return home to Blackheath with my wife I was sitting in an easy-chair and in robust health when a bad headache suddenly came upon me without any apparent reason. My daughter said, “*Mr. L. is standing by you and wants you to write.*” I went into my study, took the pencil, and wrote off rapidly and without a correction as follows :—

“ Watch and pray. We are coming in great power—be not dismayed—you will be guarded and be the conservors of great good to the world. Let some regular time be appropriated for spirit communion, if no other time can be found let it be on Sunday evenings. + Louisa and L.”

My headache was gone when this writing was finished.

Some days after I was impressed to write as follows :—

“ Yes, dear friend, I am here and though you cannot see me

N. has eyes which you have not at present but will soon have. I want you very carefully to accept the guardianship of the mediumship now so strongly developing in your midst. Be truthful and wise, discreet and not too over trustful. Let prayer abound in your every-day life. Commence each day with a few words of family prayer and let it distil into your separate lives, so that each has an altar to God, the great loving Father and ever-present Spirit. Peace be with you all. You are destined to open up many new paths of research for others to follow. I am now coming often among the movers, but chiefly with you yourself. You will exert a permanent influence on the cause and I want you to reserve your power for it. Do not do more outside Spiritualism this winter than you feel absolutely necessary.¹ Let others take up work which you could do and do well—perhaps better than they—but this work is now all necessary and your mind exactly prepared to carry it out. We are all here—group spiritual as well as group earthly—all one now in Christ, the loving minister of all. Sunday evenings will not be misspent when you are sitting earnestly at this work. Never mind the music. T. T. L., Grandpa, Father, Mother, and all the young ones here. Glad you are home again. + + +

A few days afterwards similar counsels were repeated, adding what I felt to be true:—

“Now you half disbelieve this message I know because I wrote through your brain, but how else can I get at you? I know no other way at present. We will try and talk soon; then you will possibly not need faith, for your own ears will convince you of what is now so hard to learn—Our presence! why it is almost perpetual.

¹ This probably referred to some other plans I had laid for active work in other departments of life: musical, literary, and political, which I had to give up. My life was always a busy one!

"Mary wants much guiding and it will not do for her always to sit when you do, the duties of life will suffer, which is what we never permit. Good-night, dear OLD pa—younger than ever !!!"

Following up these instructions we sat every Sunday evening, sometimes with Mary, sometimes without. We obtained very little at first, yet just enough to encourage us to continue. One of the boys at the circle obtained a little automatic writing as also did Mary. On another occasion sitting for half an hour with apparently no result we were told to break up, "they had done what they wanted." Then one evening our dear friends the Everitts came when we had one of the old sittings with lights, cool and scented breezes, and the direct voice. Again we were told to sit regularly and not to let M's. mediumship run riot, nor to come to conclusions too quickly. On *Christmas Day*, 1882, we sat for an hour or more. On this occasion we had a few indistinct raps, but Mary and E. (our clairvoyants) both saw a large *dog* walking round the circle! and could not understand the others not seeing it. After this Mary and N. frequently saw it about the house and unknown spirits walking about and sitting in my arm-chair. The power seemed coming but it was undecided. We were told the dog was a guard! One evening Mary and another of our family were both entranced and four of us were told to sit later alone in my study in darkness. Mary was *not* one of the number. Here commenced very decided manifestations of spirit presence and power. Lights appeared which to *one* only (our boy-clairvoyant of former years, now a young man) grew into a form, with head and shoulders, followed by raps on the table, well defined but not loud.

Things after this were moved about the house but never when any one saw them, and on this account so far as outsiders are concerned they must be pronounced unsatisfactory and mysterious. The servants became curious, and to Mary disagreeable, which resulted in their leaving, upon which Mary and my daughter determined with the assistance of hired helpers, non-resident, to do the work of the house themselves. And as a usual thing we never had it better done. One more automatic writing here will help to show how our researches became more methodical:—

" You can if you like do as you have had suggested to you to-day BY US,¹ begin a sort of log-book or diary (not being however bound to write in it every day) with the new year. Write as you think and of what is occurring. Sometimes we could then write out of your own thoughts and thus you need not put down to us more than you like ! it would overcome the difficulty you now have, which seems hard to overcome, in writing under our control because the two controls—your own brain and our higher sphere—could both be admitted into partnership. God bless you all this last Christmas of being all under the old home-roof : we shall now soon have other homes to visit. All will be ours,

" Your Mother."

" You had better keep to writing in pencil, Lousia."

A few words about the principal medium in our midst may fitly conclude this introduction.

The experiences now related revealed to me—what I had early suspected—that we had a remarkable medium in our own family group. I refer to our servant, whom, however,

¹ This referred to my own impressions ! they encircled words for emphasis, which are here printed in small capitals.

been always unpalatable : and the phenomena have been tested and examined with a closer and more jealous scrutiny on account of the nature of the mediumship employed.

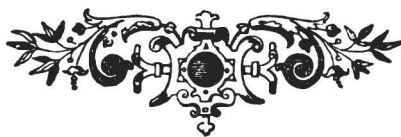
It took a little time to overcome our scruples but after a time we commenced regularly on Sunday evenings to sit together for psychic results. For some time we obtained nothing worthy of record, but on 21st October I find in my notebook that Mary was entranced, and it sounded curiously for her to address my wife and myself on this occasion thus : "*Good evening, papa and mamma.*" We are now familiar with salutations from our lost little ones, though one of them has now grown to womanhood. While she was thus entranced, another spirit wrote through my sister's hand a long letter, giving some directions, and saying how interested *he* was now in the spread of Spiritualism. As he certainly evinced little or no interest during his lifetime, I received this letter with caution, but Mary on waking up confirmed it by telling us that *E. M.* had been here, and written through "Aunt Fanny." We have since received several *direct* writings from this spirit.

Mary was never really a servant until she came to live with us. She is superior to the servant class in many ways, though from delicate health as a child she never received much education. She can write a decent letter and she has fair average intelligence, but that is all. She is quite innocent of any language but English, although we shall soon find she has been concerned in the production of messages in Latin, Greek, French, Welsh, Old Brittany, Hindu, Italian, and Raratongan ! One more remark it is well to put in. She cannot comfortably mount steps ; and to write on a ceiling even with a *broomstick* would occasion vertigo !

In our spiritualistic investigations one of the chief things we have borne in mind has been to prove the identity of the spirits communicating, and thereby to dispose of a number of theoretic explanations derived from presumable spooks, astrals, or fairies, whatever these vague entities may mean. In the case of spirits with whom we were familiar in earth life, this, though often difficult, is not an insuperable difficulty when well-known tricks of manner, modes of expression (both in words and construction), have been forthcoming; and having assured ourselves of some personalities which were unmistakable we have trusted them, and then accepted their testimony as to others whom we never knew nor could have known. It appears to me that no other method could have been followed. The consideration of this point will have to be resumed in a more advanced stage of the narrative. Further we have taken into consideration the character of the writings, and teachings (orally and by writing), which have been presented to us. We do not believe it possible to gather "grapes of thorns or figs of thistles:"—thorns and thistles therefore we reject when they have occasionally, by reason of disharmony or other imperfect conditions, appeared. We know the ring of goodness,—truth,—holiness, and godliness, and these are angels which must be admitted. Much that follows is dependent for its acceptance upon our character and ability to discriminate, and as I have never in my life's work found the motto, which I took from my father, play me false, viz. "*Character is wealth*," neither do I believe in its doing so in this most important research spread over so many years: nor have I and my family ever been regarded as deficient in intellectual competency except by those who look upon Spiritualism and lunacy as

synonymous. If my readers are not prepared to accept these standpoints they may as well save themselves the trouble of further perusal,—because I must draw upon them continually: the mistakes of so-called scientific investigators have arisen very much from ignoring this position—which is unhesitatingly admitted in every other research, but is pre-eminently required in such inquiries as these. Here if anywhere it is true, that opulence in regard to spiritual facts rests upon the basis—

“Character is wealth.”





CHAPTER I.

OCCULT FIRE LIGHTING.

“When they got out upon the land, they see a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.”—GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN xxi. 9.

“Whatever people may think to the contrary, the Friendships of those guardian Spirits . . . are of much greater use to us, even in our worldly affairs, than we are aware of. A night or two before my mother was buried . . . there was no fire in the room; there had been none in it for several weeks, neither were there any materials in the house to make one with. . . . I grew very cold. I cast my eyes on the fireplace and the tears flowed from them. . . . My heart was bursting. . . . I leaned my head against the wall and in a few moments raised it up again, when, to my great surprise, I saw as good a fire in the grate before me as to the best of my memory, I had ever seen there, . . . and heard a Voice speak distinctly in my ear, ‘You must not despair. God is able to raise you friends, when you do not expect them, and give you fire to warm you.’”—*Justice and Reason*, Faithful Guides to Truth, by CHARLOTTE MCCARTHY, dedicated to King George the Third, published by subscription, 1767.



IN November 1883 the difficulty of getting breakfast punctually at eight o'clock, which I desired, although Mary was never remarkable as an early riser, was solved by our spirit friends. I had begun to think of calling in further service, when one morning when Mary came down—late as usual—she found the fire already

alight, and the water in the kettle hot. Previously on coming down one morning she had found, standing upon the kitchen table, the milk can, which had been left *outside* the garden gate as usual: it had been spirited through both the gate and the back door—both being found securely fastened.

The next morning she found the breakfast-cloth laid and all the things on it ready for breakfast, which saved our reputation that morning for a punctual eight o'clock breakfast, and she (clairaudient as she is) heard the little spirit ones laughing as she stood and stared in amazement!

Of course, a fact like fire lighting by spirit intervention had to be carefully watched and *proved* before giving it to the public. My first impression, I own, was that it was due to somnambulism, although my daughter, who sleeps with Mary, and so lightly that the least movement wakes her, at once repudiated this idea as impossible. But *others* were in the house, why not one of them? Some sapient friends suggested that I should tie cotton over Mary's door; but that would only have proved that *she* did not do it. Others proposed that I should so tie up the kitchen door! as if that could not be re-tied? The proofs *now* accumulated are ample, but I will record some of my early efforts in endeavouring to obtain them.

Anxious to obtain personal proof, I have come down-stairs at all hours of the night, without actually "seeing the thing done," though after one record to that effect in my private diary I find written in minute *direct spirit writing*, "*Will do it yet, don't watch so closely.*"

But I continued these watchings.

On February 5th I went down very early, as silently as possible, but not sufficiently so to prevent a large dog

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

One morning my wife went down at six and saw no sign of fire lighting; she returned to our room and stayed there with the *door open*, so that no one could go downstairs without our knowing it. She went down again at seven, no one having been down since she returned to her bedroom, and *found the fire alight*, and the water nearly boiling, and also the gas alight in three rooms, *all of which were locked up*. That to us was sufficient proof, for it all had been done between six and seven while we were watching; but I still asked the spirits to let us *see it done*.

One morning, by appointment with the spirit *Louisa*, I went down to see the kitchen fire lit. The kitchen seemed full of tiny sparks, but after waiting in vain some time I returned to my room. I was told that in going down I broke the chain, and I asked her, "How could that be if it is carried through shut doors and walls?" *Louisa*, by automatic writing, replied, "*Human magnetism is much more difficult to go through than brick walls, or indeed any what you call material thing. You know so little of the subtlety of conditions in the transference of spirit presence and manifestation thereof to earth life that I fear I must leave you to go on and study it out. But be ever on the watch without suspicion: this I know you have not. We did wish we could have set light to the fire this morning. It was all there sparkling as you saw it—but we could not focalize it. Never mind. 'With patience all things are won.'*"

One morning I heard my daughter going down early with Mary; I called to her, and told her to watch closely, which she did, with this result. They both went into the kitchen together. The night previously my wife and I had together been round to see all the fires out. We had found the kitchen fire *laid*, but no paper under it. Soon we noticed the wood crackling, and thought it might possibly at last light under our eyes; we waited five or ten minutes in vain and left it, but we had not waited long enough, for in the morning, when both M. and N. went into the kitchen together, the fireplace was found *empty*, excepting a few embers, the fire having burnt completely out, and the grate was *cold*. The spirits had probably tried to light it before us the night before, and failed at the moment to do so. Mary laid the fire and went to the drawer to get a newspaper with which to light it, but

something in the paper catching her eye she stayed by the window to read it. While so engaged, and while my daughter was *watching the fireplace*, up burst the flames suddenly and the fire was blazing in a minute. Here were two witnesses of the phenomenon, and Mary also saw the spirit lighters themselves, and recognized who they were.

The next morning Mary was "alone" in the *dining-room*; she had laid the fire and taken the matchbox ready to light it, when lo! it lit under her eyes. This has been since frequently repeated.

At last I myself saw it done! I was in my study early one Monday morning writing, having, between six and seven o'clock, been round and seen cold embers in all the fireplaces. While there Mary and my daughter came downstairs together, and were together in the dining-room, where Mary laid the fire ready to light it. At this moment *Louisa* appeared by the side of the mantelpiece and said audibly to Mary, "*Now fetch Pa.*" On going into the room the fire began to smoke, and then suddenly burst into flames, which made a good fire in a much shorter time than is done by ordinary fire lighting. It was no slow process of kindling, but the grate was quickly enveloped in flames which proceeded quite into the chimney. But I have a still better proof, to my mind, that our spirit friends are the fire-lighters than that, for I can imagine an explanation *other* than psychic to this phenomenon. A fire had been laid in the drawing-room a whole week, ready for lighting. It was now summer and this fire was seldom required: but it was damp this afternoon; and as a music lesson was intended my wife was about to set it alight. But I stopped her and said, "Let our spirit friends light it."

We immediately went into the next room, and sat there with the doors of both rooms open, and thus commanding a full view of the drawing-room entrance, watching for it to be done. No one but our two selves were on that floor of the house; but in a few minutes we heard the wood crackling and on going in found a fire blazing up the chimney. There could be no question either of chemicals or accomplices here.

It seems scarcely necessary to add anything to confirm the fact of fire lighting by abnormal power, but as a repetition of such facts seems all that is necessary to establish them I may add that on June 10, 1884, four members of my family circle were standing at noon by the door of my dining-room, some distance from the fireplace, near which was no one. The fire had been laid that morning, but as the weather was warm it had not been lit but was covered over with the usual ornamental fire-screen. While these four were thus standing discussing a domestic matter, the screen was removed and placed against the wall, and in a moment the fire was alight without any human intervention. The four together can bear testimony to the phenomenon.

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

Since this we have had *many equally good* proofs so that I consider the fact established; and though many of my friends think it a very frivolous thing for spirits to do, I apprehend God will find a place for every fact. Good old

George Herbert, who believed in the divinity of service, would not have refused Celestial aid to light a fire, nor have been astonished probably at such homely proofs of spirit nearness. He wrote :—

“ All may of Thee partake,
 Nothing can be so mean
 Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.
 A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and th’ action fine.”

But having established the occult force of this fire-lighting let us further associate it with some intelligence and trace it to spirits. Soon after this and when the question of frivolity had been discussed by us, and while sitting for our usual Sunday evening *séance*, we had the following letter written by an old friend, one of our spirit guides. It was brought into the room when the door was closed, and the other half of the paper was found in my book-case cupboard, in the midst of a packet of *half a ream* of new crested paper, the edges of each exactly fitted.

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

Dear Friends,—Do not accuse us of being frivolous. What we do may appear childish to you, but rest assured it is not so to us. However small the things are that we do, we do them not in our own strength, and the smallest and meanest thing is done through the power of God. So we all ask you to take things as they come, and be thankful that we

are able to come to you in the spirit of love, to help you and guide you ; to keep your feet in the way of peace and holiness. Never mind what the world will say of you ; others before you have been counted mad, even Christ Himself, so surely you can stand against it. For if God is for us, what matters who are against us, and however small a thing you have, do not wish it was something else, but thank God that you and your house have been chosen for the work. Now, old friend, cheer up, we will help to sweep the cobwebs away, and to open the door that new truths may come in ; we can see now the good of the work ; we who have passed beyond the veil can see now clearly what was only before as through a glass darkly. Now our eyes are open and we wish to help others to see as well as ourselves, but the eyes of all are hard to open. The world is afraid to venture too closely to the unseen, but the time will come when the cloud of your darkness shall be rent in twain and you shall all see us as we are.

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

T. T. L.

In reference to this fire-lighting phase, I may now add that it is a marked *exception* when we come down in the morning to find it *not* done ; it has continued now, with few intermissions caused by absence from home or other circumstances, for over three years ! and it still goes on. Did it not we must have other indoor service which might interfere with conditions, and this we know our spirit guides wish for the present to avoid.

Speaking with one of our spirit friends at this time about this phase of spirit power and referring to what religious friends had said as to its frivolity, she said,

"Never mind! we know what we are about, there is more to come of it." So we at the time judged.

There was an intelligence connected with it which seemed to say, Vain will it be to light a fire unless it light up at the same time some torch of Truth ; that we will do.

The wrong fires are now never lighted, and frequently when a fire has been required for a particular purpose in a room not often used it has been lit during the morning almost as soon as it has been settled by my wife to have one there, and *before* she has given any order for it. When a little domestic washing has to be done, not only is the fire found already lit, but the copper is also found *filled with water*, and the window in the scullery opened at the top to let out the steam ! Nor has the soap and washing-powder been forgotten ! I have implied, if I have not already said it, that when the fires are lit in the morning the kettles always *left empty over night* have also been found filled with water and usually nearly boiling.

Nor have we, while this marvellous power has been all about us, had the least sense of fear. Though I hear I have been denounced at a neighbouring church as having to do with the devil, I fear no evil ; for if it *be* Satan he is certainly domesticated and changed into an angel of light, or certainly of fire-light. He has exchanged his mediæval tail for a nineteenth-century apron. Further development has proved him—or this intelligence I would rather say—to be as righteous as it is beneficent ; it is always on the side of that which "*makes for righteousness.*"

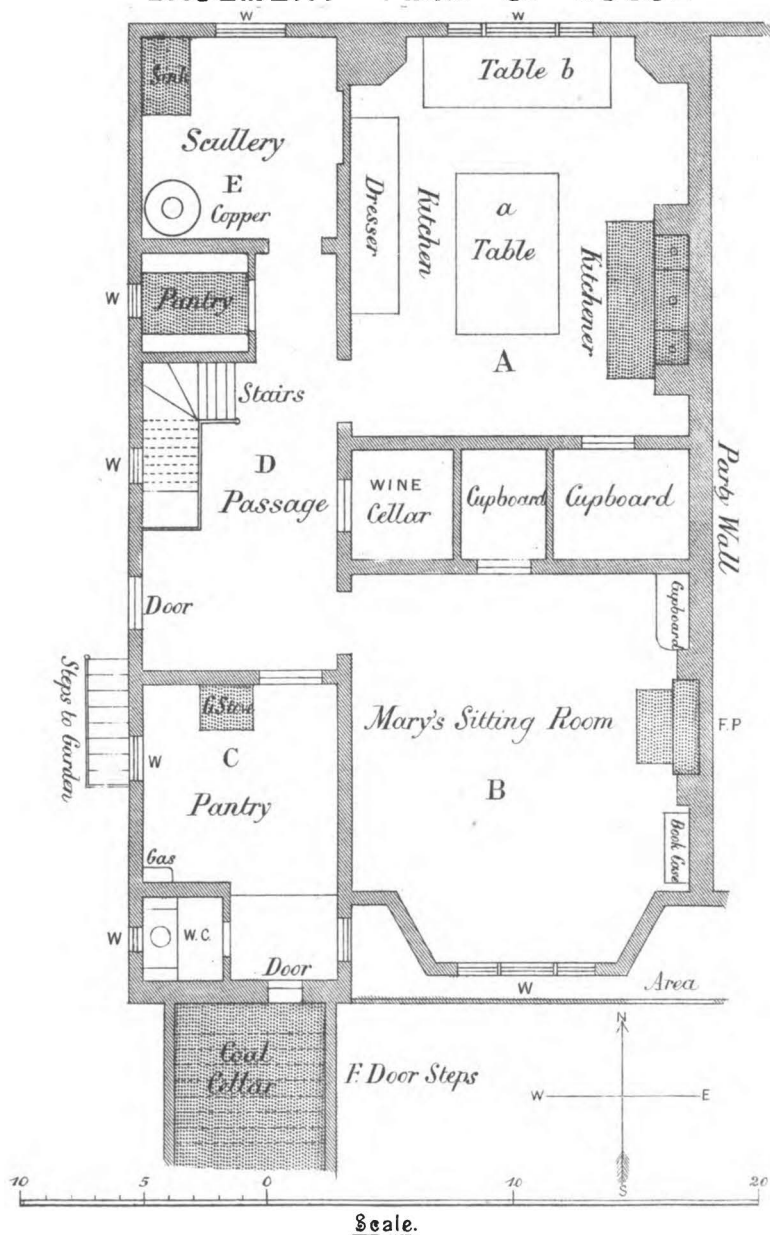
These phenomena are but as the trumpet blast demanding attention ; they, and such as they, are destined to crumble down the walls of materialism, so that spiritual light may enter and spirit helpers come in holy ministries to the weary ones on earth.

It may serve to show how beautifully this spiritual help has become part of our daily domestic life if I transcribe as a sample my notes of these phenomena as they occurred consecutively for one week. I shall make it clearer by inserting a plan of the basement floor of my house.

Monday, October 20, 1884.—M. and N. came down within ten minutes of one another, between six and seven, and found the gas stove alight in the pantry (in C) with two kettles, which had been left empty overnight, *filled* and well-nigh boiling. The kitchen fire (in A), which had been laid ready for lighting overnight, was fully alight. Upon the kitchen table (in A) a small tray was ready, with two cups and saucers upon it, to take up an early cup of tea to myself and wife, a luxury the spirits commenced some months ago when we were out of health, and have continued ever since, as we have made no objection! On the table, which I saw clear of everything overnight, were biscuits, sugar, and milk, and a fresh sardine box *ready opened* for breakfast; no means by which it had been opened by our invisible friends could be found, such as knife or chisel. The two kettles filled had been taken through a closed and locked door (at C), the said pantry door being invariably locked and examined by myself every night. In this apartment a dog keeps watch, but is never disturbed by what goes on.

Tuesday.—On coming down, the gas stove (in C) was found alight, with two kettles (filled) boiling. The kitchen fire (in A) was alight, and upon the kitchen table exactly the same preparation for an early cup of tea as yesterday. This being washing day, the copper fire (in E) was also alight, and the copper filled with water. The teapot was found on the mat outside the pantry door (*minus the lid*),

BASEMENT PLAN OF HOUSE



[To face page 106

and not filled, as it often is, and probably would have been, but for the reason that *there was no tea* in the caddy. The teapot on the mat was a hint of what they *would* have done.

Wednesday.—In addition to the gas stove and fire being alight this morning (in A and C), the tea *was made* in the teapot, and we had a cup of tea within a few minutes of hearing M. go downstairs, everything being found ready to hand (on table *a*).

Thursday.—This morning on going down the gas stove (in C) was, as usual, alight, with two kettles on, boiling. The kitchen fire (in A) was also alight, as was also that in the dining-room (in the floor above B). Two small trays were put out with two cups and saucers on each, one for us and one for Mary and my daughter. Milk and sugar on the table, and two biscuits only had been put out, upon which M. remarked to N., "Then I suppose your papa and mamma are to go without?" to which our little spirit daughter replied in a voice audible to M., who saw her laughing, "*They have got some!*" This was quite true; for the last two mornings we had not eaten them, and I had remarked on going to bed, playfully, "Emily need not put out any biscuits for us in the morning," which clearly *she had heard*. Such casual remarks are constantly being attended to. After breakfast, while M. was in another room (in B), she heard the knife machine going in the kitchen (A) where no one was, for the boy who cleans the knives was out, and on N. (my daughter) going in, she found all the knives which we had used for breakfast *cleaned* and put on the table. In the afternoon the kettle was again filled by our little invisible friends and put on to boil, and *while* both were *sitting in the room* the teapot was half filled with boiling water and the tea made.

We went to the conversazione of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the evening, telling the family not to sit up for us, and they went to bed at ten, leaving the dining-room fire *out*. They had tried during the evening to keep it in, but as they did not succeed and the room was warm, they had so left it. On our reaching home at eleven we found a large fire just made up, with the poker placed against the front to draw it up. Thoughtful watchers! the night had turned out damp and the fire was very acceptable!

Friday.—The same preparations for breakfast, and the *tea made*. When my daughter went into the dining-room (above B) she saw the things taken out of the sideboard cupboard *before her eyes*, and placed on the table; but as the sugar basin was empty, she took it herself downstairs to fill, and having done so put it upon the kitchen table; *before her eyes* it was taken away, and found upstairs on the breakfast table. Soon afterwards, as M. and N. were sitting at table (in A), N. saw the little brass kettle which was on the table move deliberately to the edge, when she seized it, and playfully exclaimed: "No, you sha'n't have that!" although no doubt, it was on its way upstairs; it was moving *away* from them towards the door.

Saturday.—The above interesting phenomena were to be capped on Saturday with something more remarkable. On coming down, all the things recorded, as done for early breakfast on other days had been done, and M. and N. were sitting at table *a* over their early cup of tea, which had been made for them by our spirit friends. The brass kettle, which is taken upstairs to the breakfast table, was standing *empty* on the table, just put there by my daughter, and while both were looking at it, it was then and there *filled with boiling water* from the larger kettle boiling on

the kitchener. I say filled from *that*, because on looking afterwards into it, it was found to be half empty. But the details of this phenomenon are exceedingly interesting. My daughter saw nothing but the brass kettle standing before her (on table *a*) *with the lid on*. M. saw two spirits standing by and the kettle suddenly enveloped in steam which went into, and as it seemed, *through* it. As soon as the steam had vanished M. said to N., "I believe that kettle is full." "Nonsense," said N., "I have just put it there empty;" but on looking, it was full of boiling water. In the *afternoon* our *bath-room* fire, on the first floor, was lit when no one was near. On *Saturday evening* this fire is usually lit by Mary. Our spirit friends anticipated her!

The Sunday evening previously we had received by direct spirit writing a long message in which these words occur:—(The message, I may add, was one of five, all written within a few minutes in inimitable writing, one being from a spirit who had never before written, whose coming was for an especial purpose, and has changed entirely the outlook of one life.)

"Be of good courage . . . the work and the cause is spreading rapidly, and soon you shall all see how much is really done. You have felt the power, and it is daily increasing. You pray to the Father of us all for more faith—keep on doing so, for you will need it. Watch, wait, and see, and you will get and have more than you ever have had. We never promise until we know we can do what we say, but now we say unto you all, prepare for a change and take care of our medium. Whatever comes take it coolly and calmly, and thank God, the great Spirit of all, for what comes. You have waited long, but your waiting time is nearly over, and

you will look into the great beyond not as through a glass darkly, but as clear as noonday. . . .

"Signed

JULES THEOBALD.

"by J. W. EVANS."

The above record of one week's phenomena (or rather a portion of them, for other phenomena and much writing also occurred) is only a sample of what is now continually going on in our house, and I have reason to believe that similar phenomena are to be found in other private families. When a multitude have been recorded it will be time to ask how soon human testimony is to be accepted ; for such things cannot be tested by scientific research, nor, I fancy, ever will be ; possibly, however, so much *may* so be tested as to lead to the inference that we who *know* of these things are testifying truly. But we can afford to wait.

Monday.—The same phenomenon as recorded on Saturday was this morning repeated, with additional clairvoyant sight, viz., that between the two kettles M. saw a stream of steam-like consistency, which was carried *round* the back of N., she being in a direct line between the two kettles ; N. was by this circuit of steam preserved from being scalded.

The small brass kettle on table *a*, in the kitchen A, is now frequently filled there from the larger kettle on the gas stove in C, a distance of about 20 feet. The actors "behind the scenes" are all now well known to us—thanks to their own direct writing and to Mary's clairvoyance. The same phenomena are recorded, at the head of this chapter, as occurring in or before 1767, when spirit helpers had the credit of the occurrences, but no clairvoyant eye saw and identified them. These phenomena appeal to the intellect

through *sight* of physical wonders: the next phase (concurrent also with these) appeals to the reason.

The first impression in many minds on hearing of these curious fire-lighting, kettle-boiling, tea-mashing performances, will be—How undignified! How frivolous! Now, while readily admitting that distinctions of rank, order, and degree are applicable to all spheres of action,—granting that lighting a fire is not a momentous and epoch-making affair like launching an Atlantic steamer, or signing a Berlin Treaty—yet there is an interior significance in all human work, which does not necessarily rise or fall with its secular importance. An action which on the surface is only a matter of water supply, not manifestly more important than the every-day routine of a New River turnkey, if it assumes the form of smiting a rock with a consecrated staff in an Arabian desert, becomes enshrined in sacred history as an event of quite infinite importance and inexhaustible meaning. In the measures of eternity every valley is exalted, every mountain and hill is made low, and the petty distinctions of social convention, the eminences and depressions which arrest the gaze and govern the emotions of all who pass by, are as invisible as are the hills and vales of our world when it is seen by a gazer on some remote planet. Lighting a fire is not always a simple act. It may assume a transcendent and mystic import if it enters into organic relation with the education and discipline of a human life. The words themselves—light, fire,—need only to be spoken with a pause of reverent contemplation, and the spirit is lifted into holy worship or kindled into poetic ecstasy. To us indeed it is abundantly evident that lighting a fire, whether done by visible or invisible agency, is a business which may be

small or great in all gradations, exactly according to the interior condition of the fire-lighter, or of those whom the fire lights and warms. As the eye sees only what it has power of seeing, so it depends on the gazer whether any fire which is lighted simply warms his skin or brings a ray of Divine benediction to his innermost heart. These wondrous fire-lightings by spirit hands seem to me to show all such works in a strange and mystic light; and as they are manifestly part of the great influx of spirit force into modern life, which sorely needs such a downpour, they are likely to be scorned only by those who wish to keep spirit force at a safe distance, and are unwilling to disturb the properness of household routine by any forces so remote and incalculable as those represented by the spirits of those whom we call the dead. At any rate, whether undignified and frivolous, or grave and serious, I feel it my duty to record the facts, and leave it to my readers whether they will censure them from a distance, or look more closely and curiously into their meaning and value.





CHAPTER II.

MISS WOOD'S VISIT—MATERIALIZATIONS.

(1883.)

“How pure at heart and sound in head
With what Divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within.”

TENNYSON.



GREAT deal of very unnecessary prejudice has been excited against public mediums. I am not blind to the fact that trickery exists among them; even among those whose genuine mediumship would make us astonished were we less familiar than we are with the conditions necessary for securing spirit manifestations. When we consider what mixed circles gather around them—what shady characters (seen and

unseen) assemble out of curiosity or from other motives—how under such circumstances the finest mediumship is liable to be handicapped if not entirely eclipsed, and yet life, dear life, depends upon success, the wonder is that *more* trickery has not been found out than there has been. Some of the so-called exposures have been nothing of the sort, but have simply shown lamentable ignorance, or prejudice, or both, on the part of the investigators. While the phenomena reported in the last chapter were going on a celebrated public medium, the late Miss Wood, was staying in my house. It was in July, 1883, when Miss Wood, who was sitting under test conditions of a very stringent kind for the Society of Spiritualists, was our guest. At the rooms of the Association comparatively little was obtained from her mediumship. True, we had the curtains of the cabinet moved without contact, and on one occasion at least a form could be traced behind the outstretched curtains, but our sittings under such strained and so-called test conditions proved really a failure. Yet at the same time, sitting with her in my own house, we obtained remarkable phenomena. As I recorded in *Light* at the time, sitting with our own family, with the addition only of two visitors, we had materializations of seven different spirits—six of whom came out in turn and walked among us. I did not record at that time that two of our own number were also entranced at this sitting, and from what has transpired since I have no doubt they, as well as the harmonious conditions which are to be found usually associated in family *séances*, contributed to the power on that evening.

Besides this, the domestic presentation of Spiritualism was very interesting to us during her sojourn at our house.

One evening we were all sitting together reading and talking when raps came upon the table, no one being actually sitting at it. The playful little spirit "*Pocha*" was there and spelt out the following sentence :

" *Would you like me to intrance the medium ?* "

I at first objected, not wishing to filch power which, as a host, I was conserving—more especially now as Miss Wood had kindly promised to sit at our family *séance* the next evening.

But in a few minutes Miss Wood was in a trance and speaking vivaciously—very different from her normal manner—on all sorts of family gossip. "*Pocha*" had entranced her.

This child spirit was soon amusing herself with photographs, and after a while, said *she* could play cards, so we got a pack, and, at her request, we bandaged the medium's eyes with a silk handkerchief. This was very satisfactory to us and to "*Pocha*" who said "she could now see better." And, doubtless, she did ; she knew every card that was thrown down, and ended by playing a game at whist, in which "*Pocha*" was my partner, against my wife and son, the result being that we won, "*Pocha*" never playing a false card. Our servant coming in, could distinctly see "*Pocha*" playing cards, she being clairvoyante ; and she was amused at the gusto and mischievous look of "*Pocha*," the little black child-spirit, as she scored her tricks. So far as *we* saw there was Miss Wood completely blindfolded, who could deal out, and sort her cards into suits without any wriggling or other effort to see and then play absolutely correctly so as in fact to win the game against fairly good players. "*Pocha*" on leaving us assured us she had not exhausted the medium and begged

us to sit on Sunday evening, at which she promised "to do her very best."

On Sunday evening we all sat in our usual manner round the dining table, having extemporized a cabinet in one corner of the room, by means of a large clothes-horse covered with railway rugs and a pair of curtains opening in front. Outside, and by one side of the cabinet, we placed a chair upon which was a black cardboard box with marked paper and pencil inside, and lying on it a speaking tube which has seen good service; inside the cabinet I placed a musical box only. We commenced with a short reading and prayer, and then sang. "*Pocha*" soon came and talked away through Miss Wood's organs of speech for half an hour, then "*Benny*," the Scotch control, whose influence was very different. They said it was a bonny circle, and we should have a materialization. We now, at "*Pocha's*" directions, slightly altered places and positions, so as to form a horse-shoe round the cabinet, with Miss Wood in the centre *in sight of all*. The light, which had been full, was turned down so that we could just see one another and the objects in the room, especially Miss Wood, whose head and shoulders were covered with a white antimacassar. After about a quarter of an hour sounds were heard in the cabinet, then the box was taken in, and we heard it moved about, and the pencil writing; the tube was thrown about and then the chair, with a great noise, was taken in and knocked upon the floor. Then the musical box was started on its round of tunes, all this time Miss Wood sitting still, and "*Pocha*" continually returning to talk through her. Two of our circle who are clairvoyant could see the invisibles busy at work in one corner of the cabinet, which soon opened, and we could

then see a white hazy form for a considerable time. The white haze was distinctly visible to me and others ascending from Miss Wood's head, and going into the form at the corner of the cabinet; in fact, Miss Wood seemed to grow into the form as though she were its root! Some were getting tired, and one had to leave very soon, so as we were told it might be half an hour before the power was sufficient for the form to come out we broke up. The form was not one ordinarily coming through Miss Wood, but one of "our group" who has promised me ere long to appear in bodily form among us. On going into the cabinet afterwards I found the paper with the words "*my very best*" very badly written upon it; this was a small result from such audible pencil scratching as we had heard; the box also had some scribbling inside it.

On Sunday, April 29, 1883.—Miss Wood sat *en séance* with us in the evening, three friends were also present. I put up a cabinet in our dining-room, consisting of a large clothes-horse, but now with moveable opaque flaps, made for the purpose, fastened to the sides, and a wooden cup over the top; when fixed with curtains in front it made a dark room 6 feet high and 1 yard square; Miss Wood was controlled by her familiar little spirit "*Pocha*" outside, and at some little distance from the cabinet. We sat in light sufficient to tell the time on a watch.

Some distance from Miss Wood, and out of the reach of any of us, a cane-bottomed chair, upon which I had placed a box containing paper for writing and a tube to assist in speaking with the direct voice, was moved until it came close in front of the cabinet, when a materialized hand from within took up the tube and moved it about in front of the cabinet. Mary and Miss Wood were now both entranced,

sitting in the bay-window outside the cabinet, and in sight of all.

The physical power now exhibited was very great.

The cabinet was moved about the room bodily, and the wooden cap on the top lifted up and down by the power inside it. Mary on coming to her normal state said she had been looking in the cabinet, and seen four materialized spirits there. One, not of our group, was determined not to let *Louisa*, who was materialized, come out among us, as she wished to do. On the curtains opening at the bottom and upwards for about 2 feet, we saw white raiment or shining drapery—quite glittering. But confusion followed: the cabinet was banged about, turned right round before us; and I broke up the circle. The power was unusually great and, what was unusual to us, so was the annoyance.

Probably the disturbing elements from the public test-sittings she was now going through mingled with the more orderly ones at home.

But we tried with more success on another Sunday evening in July. On this occasion after Miss Wood had been in the cabinet a short time, and our circle outside larger than usual, for it numbered twelve, we heard some questioning going on apparently among the spirits materialized as to who should first appear. It was decided in favour of "*Pocha*," who came among us as a vivacious coloured little sprite about 3 feet high.

She came out of the cabinet, carrying in her little arms the fairy bells—an instrument 2 feet in length and 7 inches or 8 inches wide, weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. This she placed on the chair where Miss Wood had been sitting, and fingered the strings with her little dark hands as a child would to amuse itself. She then went to my wife who was sitting

4 feet or 5 feet from the cabinet, took her hand, and as my wife leaned downwards she put her tiny arms round her neck and kissed her. Crossing over the room she took my hands, then my daughter's, and afterwards my daughter-in-law's hands—fondled them a bit, and retired to the cabinet.

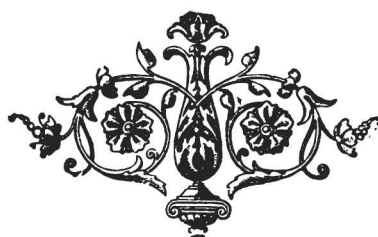
Again the curtains opened, and out came a tall female form with less power than "*Pocha*," nor was she able to speak as "*Pocha*" had done. But she was known to our clairvoyants, who saw her through the white drapery in which she was enveloped ; it was the promised form of *Louisa*, her first appearance thus materialized among us. Gaining power, she slowly walked up to her mother and gave her her hand, but had not sufficient power to embrace her as she tried to do. Walking then to the chair on which the fairy bells were resting, she took them up and brought them to me, leaving them in my hands. I took her hand gently, but, although fully materialized, it lacked the firm touch of little "*Pocha's*," and seemed too ethereal to be pressed. On her retiring another spirit—a male form—came out, but lacked the power to go to his father at the further end of the room. He was also known to our clairvoyants, and indicated his identity by bowing his head as they addressed him by name. Then three sweet little spirits in succession were materialized, and came into our midst for the first time ; delicate little forms of children radiant in light ; those who were daily among us and working with us, unseen *then* to all but the clairvoyants.

Miss Wood was now brought *out* of the cabinet and seated in front of it, in view of us all.

The curtains were then slightly opened, disclosing the

spirit light or aura used in the materializations. Some white papers had been pinned outside the curtains for more readily noticing their movements in the dim light. A hand now, seen by some favourably seated, took out the pins and threw the papers on the floor before us all. Then as the curtains opened all saw the light aura, and those on *one* side of the room the form of a tall spirit. "*Pocha*" said in her curious little voice, "*There's another spirit coming out with a baby;*" we heard afterwards it was *Louisa* with *Dewdrop*, our last little one. But a thunderstorm at this moment broke over us, disturbed the conditions, and the sitting was discontinued.

That Sunday evening we had indeed seen through rifts in the veil; but we longed for more intimate communion. This was to come in other forms.





CHAPTER III.

DAILY PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

(1883-4.)

“Daran erkenn’ ich den gelehrten Herrn !
Was ihr nicht tastet, steht euch meilenfern ;
Was ihr nicht fasst, das fehlt euch ganz und gar ;
Was ihr nicht rechnet, glaubt ihr, sey nicht wahr ;
Was ihr nicht wägt, hat fur euch Kein Gewicht ;
Was ihr nicht münzt, das meint ihr, gelte nicht.”

“By that I recognize the learned man you are !
What you don’t touch, is lying leagues afar ;
What you don’t grasp, is wholly lost to you ;
What you don’t reckon, think you, can’t be true ;
What you don’t weigh, it has no weight, alas !
What you don’t coin, you’re sure it will not pass.”

GOETHE, *Faust*, 2nd part, 1st act.



AFTER Miss Wood’s visit the spirit power in the house quickly increased. In the first chapter of this second part, I have a little anticipated one phase ; but so many now came overlapping one another, each supplying some foregone deficiency, that I purpose in this chapter to give a short summary, in the form of a diary which both my daughter and I now kept very diligently, and from the two records—written down at the time—the following extracts are taken. The phenomena are too numerous

and continuous to be *all* recorded;—also many very personal yet extremely interesting and convincing facts I am compelled out of regard to the feelings of some members of my family to omit. Some incidents, trivial in themselves, will be found by the spiritualist student pregnant with meaning. I have inserted no phenomenon without being satisfied of its actual occurrence and in the exact manner in which it is recorded. At this time we were all more or less on the alert for *tests* and proofs, not so much for ourselves as for outsiders; and this especially applies to the attitude of my own mind.

Dec. 21, 1883. — (My daughter's birthday). *Louisa* (spirit daughter) had promised if possible to give her a present. She entranced Mary the evening before, and through her hand wrote a letter which was put into an envelope, sealed up in Nellie's presence, who was told by *Louisa* to put it safely away—which she did.

On opening this envelope on her birthday she found in addition to the letter a piece of fine Indian silk (so it seemed) white, and about 3 inches square, which *Louisa* gave her as part of her dress! M. and N. talking it over got rather warm over it, and said it could not be what it professed to be. M. was especially indignant because she said we should think it was her deception and wasn't a bit like spirit drapery. It was, however, put away by Nellie and locked up, after first again gumming the envelope containing it. The next morning Nellie, at *Louisa's* request, went to look again at the piece of silk, and told me at breakfast time that it seemed shrivelling up and was at least an inch smaller than it was: but she had still kept it locked up in her desk. I asked her to fetch it: but when she opened the envelope this time it had entirely vanished.

We supposed it to be as *Louisa* professed a piece of materialized fabric to show the kind of dress she appeared in at the *séance* with Miss Wood ; but it could not, or *Louisa* would not let it, survive the dispute which it occasioned : possibly it was only intended for a physical test. We shall see ; it gave rise to much discussion among us at the time.

Sunday, Dec. 23rd.—At *séance* we had faint direct voices—Yes and No—in reply to questions, and the following *direct*¹ writing, *i.e.*, Spirit writing without human contact, referring to the dress.

"It was my dress. . . . Not from anything of earth. We took it away again. . . . Do believe in us more as we do try to do all we can. We are glad F. is here."

And on the reverse side in a distinctly different handwriting—

"My dear sons and daughters. I am so glad to be able to come to you like this. God bless you all. Keep on in the way you are now doing. S. Morell."

On opening the cabinet Mary's hands were found tied tightly together with her pocket handkerchief, and her legs twisted over the rail of the chair. The spirits, before we parted, promised to move the cabinet to the corner of the room where they wished it to stand.

At night I myself locked up the room and gave my wife the key to open it next morning. On doing so she found the cabinet had been moved, the chairs were all arranged round it in a circle, and on the curtain a paper with direct writing upon it as follows :

¹ When I use the term *direct* writing I mean writing done without human contact in any known manner. This writing is done often within our *hearing* more often apart from us and out of our presence,—occasionally within *sight* of Mary and in the presence at the same time of Nellie, who can then *hear* it being done and point out the place whence the sound proceeds.

"Chairs all around the room. (Signed) L——.
 Louisa.
 Harry."

It was not the writing of any one in the house, nor in the least like any.

Christmas Day, 1883.—A direct writing was given us from *E. M.* and they said they would try and move the cabinet again in the night. Mary was again tied on this occasion to the rail of cabinet! (Mem. cabinet was *not* moved.) As arranged previously, Mary did not get up early this morning but my wife went downstairs *first* at six o'clock. She found nothing had occurred!

At seven she went down again (M. and N. still upstairs) and found the kitchen fire alight, the kettle filled, and the water nearly boiling. The gas had been lit in the lavatory, in Mary's room (at B.)—which was locked—in my study (also locked). All had been carefully locked up and the gas put out by my wife and myself the night before. At this time we carefully watched conditions and positions of everything.

Dec. 26.—Nellie asked me for some writing-paper which I gave her after tea, and which she immediately put away in her writing-case. Soon after, on going to the case to use some, she found some direct writing upon one of the sheets which had been left blank a few, perhaps ten minutes before, for she and Mary had only put up the tea things in the interval.

The writing was as follows:—

"*Dear friends. You must not be so anxious for tests, it tries us too much. We do not try for outsiders, only for yourselves. We do all we can so do not be anxious for more than you get. Harry.*"

Dec. 29.—Overnight Mary had emptied the kettle into my hot-water bottle. In the morning she found the kitchen fire alight, the same kettle filled and placed upon the fire, just getting warm.

Dec. 30.—At *séance* among other things *Louisa* spoke through Mary when entranced, and in reply to questions told us that they brought their *own* fire to set light to our fires, and they could now only do it when Mary was asleep (this could only refer to this period; afterwards it was done when she was anywhere about the house and awake).

More direct writing came, after which all in turn went to the cabinet and were touched by soft spirit hands.

The direct voice was stronger. The fairy bells touched by spirit fingers and the curtains of the cabinet opened several times, disclosing white glistening drapery about 18 inches in length.

Louisa appointed Friday at 6.30 a.m. for me to come and see the fire lighted, in my presence only. (Mem. I went but there was nothing done.)

A direct writing from "*Tom*" whom we cannot recognize.

January 1, 1884.—I had given *Nellie* a new book for a diary of spiritual phenomena, and other entries.

She put it in a table drawer and on going to it to-day, a week after, found the first page written upon (in direct writing),

"*Little sister. Keep this book as a true record of the coming year and be not ashamed of it when you read it. Your brother, H.*"

Jan. 4.—*N.* had trouble in waking *M.* who was, it turned out, deeply entranced, and on being woke thus suffered much.

No fire lighting (probably in consequence): during the

morning N. found some direct writing in her collar box, signed by three spirit friends.

Jan. 6 (Sunday).—At *séance* had a message from L. referring to one he had written in his own direct writing and placed in my table drawer, which I had not found. It related to my attempt to see the fire lit and was written in mauve coloured ink pencil doubtless from one on my table. It runs thus :—

"Dear friend. . . . Be not in too great an hurry for things. With patience all things are won. Wait, watch, and you will be able to satisfy every one. Your old friend, L."

Spirit drapery again seen : also a materialized hand which grasped N.'s.

Jan. 7.—Fire alight on going down.

Jan. 9.—M. and N. oversleeping themselves, I rang the bell at 7.15, and heard M. go down at 7.30. Within ten minutes she brought me a jug of *hot* water. M. on going down, worried at being late found the cloth already laid for her, and the kettle boiling on the gas stove (in C) which was locked up. Raps also were heard in my bedroom in the early morning, which I was too tired to attend to.

Jan. 11.—M. went down late at 7.30, being woke by a ring at the door-bell. The new arrival was admitted by the front door, and at once unlocked the door at the top of the kitchen stairs, and went down to the basement, leaving Mary in the dining-room. He found the gas lamps all lighted and the gas stove in C, which had been locked, burning. The last person there was myself, overnight.

Jan. 19.—My wife on going to her housekeeping book, which is kept in a bag with a purse and tradesmen's books, found on the page facing her last entry (written the evening before), a direct communication written in a compact and small hand, and very neatly :

"My darling Nellie. I am so glad of this chance of writing to you. I do sometimes write myself, but mostly through a friend—he is writing this for me now. His name is —. I am. Your loving father —"

E. on seeing this was sceptical as he has been often. Some time ago when these writings commenced, it appears he put a piece of paper in his Bible and said to himself, "if they write on that, I will believe!" No one knew of this but himself. In addition to the above my daughter found one in her blotting case written in inverted characters, so as to be read by holding up the back of the paper to a light. This did not satisfy E. Nor alone would it any of us.

But on going upstairs, he found a similar style of writing in his own Bible, as he had secretly requested.

"My dear boy.—You want a test for yourself and we want you to believe in the quid non vides to you at present. You try us very much but we hope you will soon be brought to know us as we are, Your true friends.

(Signed) Michael Angelo."

We were puzzled by this signature, and settled among ourselves it may have been written by a spirit in Michael Angelo's sphere, as we have been taught that many spirits adopt the signature of their chief; and E. having some love for art may be overlooked by one of them. But on the same paper in a distinctly different writing and written in the ordinary way was this :

"My dear boy. Your future is in your own hands, take it and use it well. We would be your friends if you would only let us, but you try to drive us from you ; it is not right of you. Why do you not show your right colours and be brave ? We will bring you right and help you. I am your Guide. Farewell."

Sunday, Jan. 20.—At *séance* were told that these doubts among us hindered phenomena and communion very much. And yet this last week we had had many inimitable writings in locked-up places ; also direct voice increasing in power, and writings done in the cabinet.

Jan. 21.—My wife and I were on the alert continually for discoveries. We went round at night after all had retired to rest and locked up all the rooms, and put out the fires and lights in each. In the morning M. and N. went down *together*. *Together* they unlocked the rooms and found in dining-room three gas lights burning up fully (we use only two usually, and these were put out at night by ourselves).

Jan. 23.—This morning my daughter was first down, after we had ourselves, as usual, locked up overnight. She found my study locked as I had left it, and on opening it she saw the gas had been lighted, which I had put out. On going downstairs to the basement, she found the kitchen fire alight. In the evening she and Mary were sitting together reading, when, to Mary's clairvoyant eyes her *father* appeared, and she told my daughter he was there. Further, her father (who had objected to black-coloured fabrics in his lifetime) told her to take off a black handkerchief she was then wearing, to which Mary replied, "You can do it yourself." Nellie, amused and intently watching, though she could see no spirit form, saw the brooch unfasten and fall into Mary's lap, and then the handkerchief slowly taken away. N. felt a consciousness of spirit presence only : M. saw the whole operation of her father's hand removing the kerchief.

Jan. 24.—At *séance* I asked the spirits to give me some direct writing for a paper on Spiritualism which I had engaged to read this week to our Literary Society. I had

carefully locked up my MS., and looked night and morning expecting to find some spirit-writing, but up till the morning of the meeting it apparently had not come! I also asked that they would give unmistakable *raps* during the debate!

As soon as I had gone to town, *Louisa* told Mary I had not looked far enough! and on looking into my locked secretaire I found a beautifully written direct spirit-message as follows:

First in *Louisa's* small writing (see p. 236),

"Dear papa. We will let you have what we can, but it will not be much. Louisa."

And in different writing:

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

The discussion which arose disclosed the usual confusion, not to say frenzy that possesses people usually tolerant whenever incontrovertible or certainly unanswerable spiritualistic facts are brought before them. I need not here bring in narrow theological views and disputes, charging

Spiritualism with being debasing, and denying that it has added anything to our previous knowledge,—both manifestly untrue—but our spirit friends at home took a keen interest now in what was going on. Direct spirit writings reassured us of their help in the warfare which I had now introduced (quite unintentionally) into the assembly.

Jan. 25.—In the morning my wife *felt* that there was writing about somewhere. A discomfort comes upon us when something has been written and is not found. But after hunting about we found in a distinctly different handwriting to any we had before received the following—

*“ Mon Dieu protegez moi, mon navire
Est si petit, et votre mer si grand.”*

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

Although a critic might point to small inaccuracies in the French I could not feel this to be any valid objection to it, knowing as we do the difficulties of communication and the disregard spirits often show for details or spelling, so long as the spirit of the message is accurately conveyed. This morning the gas-stove was alight (in C) and the kettle, left overnight in the kitchen, was upon the stove, filled: the door of (C) was locked and in (C) slept a large dog who had shown no sign of disturbance.

Jan. 26.—The kitchen fire was alight this morning, with the kettle on, previously filled, and the water hot. In (C) the gas-stove was alight and another kettle which had been previously filled by the spirits was on it; both these kettles had been left empty overnight—and both kitchen door and

the door at (C) had been *locked* by me overnight, and found in the morning with the fires alight, still locked.

At *séance* this evening on questioning *Louisa*, when she had controlled Mary, I obtained the following information.¹ The French message was written by an ancestor of mine named *Jules Theobald*, and he was the same spirit as Mary had recently seen about the house. It was written in the night "*when you and ma were awake and feeling like a battery*" (this feeling often comes to us while writing is being done, and is often the means of our discovering it in unlikely places). *Percy* wrote E.'s message with ink: This was another of which we knew nothing. Also a second writing was referred to which he had kept to himself;—a writing inscribed along a paper which was fixed as a dust protector to his book-shelf:

"O ye of little faith."

Louisa further said they took the pencil for writing out of "Ma's bag"! (she had lost it!) and they could write *inside* a drawer and also in full daylight provided the house was quiet.

Further they could carry kettles through doors; they sometimes do; but sometimes they open them. They could not however do it now in my presence, but hoped to do such things before us all soon.

They tried to do something at my lecture on Thursday but could not: "*the conditions were dreadful*"! (so they were!) They used "*Ma's and my brains*" in writing, and were sorry it made us restless! but they used Mary's

¹ I never accept information or teaching *thus* given as necessarily correct. I always regard it as an instalment or hint or outline, liable to be revised, corrected, or extended.

physique. The dog can see us and is not afraid: the cat can and *is*, she doesn't like the brightness.

In reference to this I may observe that when a spirit enters a room the cat sitting on Mary's lap has frequently got up and "swore" in feline dialect with arched back, and sometimes she gets so terrified that she flies to the window and tries to escape. The dog watches and looks on calmly.

Jan. 28.—The curtains of the cabinet were found *outside* the door of the room in which they had been locked up last night (B). M. and N. together unlocked the door and found the cabinet itself had been taken to pieces. The kitchen fire was alight and the kettle on the fire hot. In my study lovely scents greeted them on opening the door: unlike the usual perfume of my tobacco!

Jan. 29.—Gas-lamps alight. Kitchen fire alight with kettle on boiling. Ten minutes after we had heard Mary go down, we had our morning cup of tea.

Jan. 30.—On opening the drawing-room door which had been locked up overnight, artificial flowers, taken from a large vase full of them, were found artistically arranged all over the room. Mary found written *direct in her* diary a message saying, "Jules Theobald *was a very good man and a monk, and in the times he lived the monks made the bells.*" But what did it mean? On another page she found a private letter from her *father*.

Jan. 31.—The kitchen fire alight. My wife had a "writing" headache:—searched for some time in vain until she found a private letter from a spirit relative in her house-keeping book. But this was not enough! In Nellie's private diary was found a curious writing as follows:

"*Vivos voco*

Mortuos plango

Fulgura frango

*Laudo deum verum : plebum¹ voco : congrego clerum :
defunctos ploro : pestem fugo : festa decoro.*

(Signed) Father Theobald."

My daughter, unable to transcribe this, tore out the leaf and brought it to me: and to me it was a puzzle; nor was any light thrown upon it until Mary had brought me the message written in *her* diary above referred to. I then sent a question to "Notes and Queries," as to where this inscription was likely to be found, and was directed to Longfellow's "Golden Legend." To this book, which was in my library, I referred and found in the opening prologue the last two lines as the spirit had written them and as printed above *but* arranged in six lines instead of two, like the first three above printed. Searching further I found the last of the above three lines was the second in a triplet as follows:

Funera plango!

Fulgura frango!

Sabbata pango!

but nowhere could I find the two opening lines of the spirit's writing or quotation.

But it was another marvel for our consideration. It was not done by any one in the house, as an inspection of the writing itself bore abundant proof. Yet it was done in the house for it was in Nellie's private diary. If it was copied by any person or spirit, where was it copied from? the *vivos voco* and the *mortuos plango* were still unaccounted

¹ Should be plebem.

for. The Lord's Prayer, as used in the twelfth century (see p. 192), had not then been written ;—but bearing in mind that this also was written in our midst later on by *Jules Theobald*, a monk, the Notes found at the end of Longfellow's "Golden Legend" are invested with an additional interest. "The old *Legenda Aurea* or Golden Legend was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by *Jacobus de Voragine*, a *Dominican friar*, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292."

Longfellow in his poem refers to these inscriptions as charms to keep away evil spirits, and the opening prologue represents Lucifer and his spirit attendants hastening to Strasburg Cathedral, to drag down from its place the iron cross, which, however, they are unable to do, as the bells summon all the guardian angels. Then follow various *portions* of this very inscription, which will probably be found to be actually graven on the bells of this cathedral. But the inscriptions written by the spirit differ from Longfellow's, and clearly enough they, although taken probably from the same source, are not copies, and as we see, two lines are missing. Remember, too, that the monks then made the bells. But why write this in my house? For the reason which follows: There was a little controversy going on at this time about these direct writings ;—and it rose with one member of our family to such a pitch that he insisted on it that Mary did them. As soon as this spirit of distrust entered, no reasoning was of any avail, and to point to Latin, French, and German sentences only drew forth the summary opinion that they could be copied and so on. Now this was just the frame of mind to admit disturbing spirits into our circle, as all who have had any practical knowledge of mediumship know quite well. As

soon as one little door of antagonism is left ajar, all sorts of complicating and conflicting influences will gain admission, and the manifestations will be confused, unharmonious, difficult, or even entirely suppressed. My impression is that the good old monk, retaining the habits of his earth-life, and *still believing* in the potency of his old bell inscriptions, came and wrote his charm to guard our circle from evil influences, and we bless him for it. The inharmony continued long enough for us to feel how utterly useless it is to sit in a spirit of distrust. However, writings on the marked paper of our doubting Thomas, found in his own locked drawer, where he had stealthily put them and watched them, and written, moreover, in a manner impossible for Mary to imitate (much less originate), converted him into a reluctant believer. Scepticism has its functions. The sceptic proper is only a looker, a questioner, and he has a right to be answered and satisfied. But the scepticism which is only interrogative, and can never find any termination to its queries, which hugs its doubts and tortures facts, and resists evidence, and wriggles away from conclusions,—which entrenches itself in a logical fortress, and has no vision for the matter of its propositions, but only syllogistic fetters for their form,—which is, therefore, “ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth,” will find that a spiritualistic *séance* is no place for its operations. A sceptic of this type will but prove a skeleton at the feast and frighten away the invisible guests. So we found it in our small contact with the resisting type of scepticism that gave us a brief passing visit. But as the hostility was not inveterate or rancorous, we, aided by the amiable tact of our gentle guides, were able to disarm it and prevent its assuming destructive or seriously damaging proportions.

Perhaps we may also acknowledge that it did some service among us in sharpening our already watchful observation of these marvels, and in keeping alive a salutary spirit of criticism.

February 1, 1884.—The fire was lighted as usual before any one was down. At 7.30 a.m., Nellie found a long letter in *Louisa's* small direct writing (similar to the fac-simile at end of chapter viii.), written on and filling two sides of her scribbling book—quarto size. She was told in the night that *Louisa* had written one to her; she accordingly looked for it on coming down. She had used this book five minutes before retiring to rest with Mary. It was, therefore, impossible for Mary to have written it, and equally impossible for any one *out* of the house to have done so.

Feb. 2.—I rushed down at 7 (hearing Mary getting up overhead) and found nothing “phenomenal”!

At 7.15, Mary went down and found the kitchen fire just lighting. While she was cleaning the dining-room grate, she saw with her clairvoyant eyes *Louisa* and *Pompom* bring the cloth out of the sideboard drawer, and spread it on the table, and afterwards saw *Louisa* bring in the bread-plate (left in the kitchen) and put it on the table. Mary was on her knees all the time by the grate, and says that the cloth seemed to be drawn out of the sideboard while the drawer was *shut*. She also saw the sugar-basin come from the closed cupboard-door—the spirit forms appearing to draw the things to them. At supper-time this evening, at 9.15, we were very anxious about E. whom I had seen off that day from New Cross to St. Leonard's, very ill, and I said to my wife, “I wish our spirit friends could tell us how he is after the journey.” Mary was downstairs, and at this time (not knowing what I had been

saying) heard sounds of writing at the table. Nellie went down at 9.30, and Mary at once told her she had heard writing, when on looking in the table-drawer, she found neatly written in her note-book, the following :

"Dear Ones,—E. is much better, the change is doing him good already. We have just left him. He will go on well now, but he must take care of himself in future ; tell him so. L. is rather troubled to-night, but she tries not to show it for her dear husband's sake. They are both very comfortable and happy. Do not fear for them now, we will look after them. —Your loving E. M."

A letter next morning confirmed this in every particular.

Sunday, February 3.—My wife and I lay awake last night, feeling as if writing were being done. Nellie (my daughter) found written in her note-book, "*haben sie gefund—*"

At *séance* we asked about it, and were told that Nellie took up the book while they were writing, and so stopped it, but they would finish it another time. They said there was still more writing, and turning to my wife added, "*You'll find it,—sure to find it !*" We searched everywhere in vain, until the next day my wife on going to her bonnet-box found a half-sheet boldly written :

"Dear Ones,—You will have still stronger proof of our power to do things yet. We do all we can for you now. Let not your heart be troubled about E., he is well. John."

My wife *should* have found this on Sunday morning before going to church : but at the last moment she felt so used up from the power taken from her in the night that she did not leave home.

But we were told we had not found all the writings yet !

And on taking the cabinet to pieces, we found written upon the canvas sides in large letters an inch long :

" Dear Ones,—Our Father in the Spirit says unto you, my grace is sufficient for you ; my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Singularly enough, that was the text our minister had preached from that very morning.

Mary was very hysterical after the sitting—much power had been used.

Feb. 5.—I went down in the dark very early, as silently as possible, but not sufficiently so to prevent rousing the large dog in C ; but the record of this morning ¹ I have recorded in Chap. I. Part II. I recorded in my diary my failure to see the fire lit on this occasion—and immediately after this entry is a *direct* spirit writing done during the day—

" Will do it yet : don't watch so closely."

Feb. 7.—Tom found a direct writing in his besique box ! It had been long promised him from our good friend in the spirit world, and was just suitable for a boy. It ran thus :

" Dear Tom,—You are a good boy to be so patient ; but at last you shall have what you want, my little namesake ! I and all of us are pleased to see you going on so well with all things. Never be afraid to do what is right. Set your face firmly against everything that is evil. Be brave and fear nothing. You will always have our help, and when you are old enough. . . . But you must live, not only for yourself,

¹ Some of these records made in order to show continuity, and the interblending of phenomena may be found where I have left *dates*, in order to follow up recitals of similar phenomena. This may occur in other parts of the book.

but for God. . . . Be kind to all around you and your reward shall be great. Farewell. Your true friend, T. T. L."

The full signature of this letter is exact as in earth life.

Soon after reading this, one of our number found a long letter in the exceedingly small writing of *Louisa's*, smaller than any of the fac-similes in this book ; it was essentially private, and it would be utterly impossible for any one in our house to imitate it.

I omit a few days here in which similar phenomena occurred, and abundance of *direct* spirit writings were found in all parts of the house, and come to,

Sunday, Feb. 10.—In the evening we all sat as usual *en séance*. The Bible happened to open at the 15th chapter 2 Chronicles, which I read as suitable. We then had a few words of prayer and sang a hymn, during which our medium was entranced by my daughter *Louisa*, who within a few minutes addressed me :

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

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

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

No, we could not see them, for our clairvoyant was en-

tranced ; but we listened and all distinctly heard the pencil writing on the wood, as clearly as on another occasion I heard it when sitting with Dr. Slade.

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

*" We know that we have passed from death unto life ;
Jesus Himself is always with us. Dear ones, good night.
Moggie."*

The medium asked who Moggie was : *we* knew. On the framework on one side was written a verse from Moody and Sankey's hymn-book.

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

" T. T. L.

" By J. W. Evans."

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

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

fight ^{the} fight of you

Sw

Sod

Dear
with P

[To face page 141.

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

"Dear Friends,—With patience all things are won.
T. T. L."

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

"Peace be to this house."
and near—

"Through God we can do all things."

On the study ceiling—

"Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts."

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

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

also—

"God, even our own God, shall give us the victory."

And in the cornice of ceiling above this—

"Fight the fight, Christians—Heaven is before you."

I have had tracings taken of some, which are here inserted (see Plate II.).

Now, as to these writings on the ceiling, they are, excepting the second, out of reach of any one to do, even on our house steps, which I mounted in order to try, and the suggestion that they could be done by a pencil tied to a long stick is simply preposterous, as an inspection and trial would prove. Nor could Mary do them on steps, as it is a physical impossibility for her to stand on the top of our house steps, whence alone can the ceilings be reached. But as a matter

of fact they were done when all in the house were shut up together in one distant room. Nor have I the shadow of a doubt as to their origin, because I had five minutes before looked at my study ceiling to see if there was any more writing than a solitary B, which was written as a beginning three weeks ago ; and I know there was none then, and Spiritualists will understand the many proofs of spirit origin with which such phenomena are hedged around.

After these writings had been done I remarked that although there was one over my usual arm-chair there was none over the one used by my wife, and I asked the spirit friends to *add* one.

This was done a few days after, and neatly written in a concave beading of the cornice, which rendered it almost impossible to take a tracing, and quite to write it with a pencil on the end of a broomstick !—it was this—

*“ Great is the work my neighbour cried,
And grand the power Divine,
Great is the work my heart replied,
And be the Glory God’s.”*

The *direct* spirit writings on paper (frequently marked) we are now receiving bear their own proof as to abnormal origin on the face of them—and taking also into consideration the circumstances surrounding them. (See fac-similes further on.)

They are, some of them, marvels of neatness, while among them there are *distinctly different styles* of writing, and some of them are so individualized that we know at once who is the writer. One signature is unmistakable, and compares exactly with many letters I possess, received from the writer in his lifetime.

About the time I am now recording I found written in

my Shakespearean daily text-book, probably referring to a *trouble*, then growing upon us, the following :

*"God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed:
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest."* (Signed).

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

Feb. 13, 1884.—This morning Mary on going down into the kitchen which was quite dark saw the fire suddenly light *as she entered the room*, and saw also the two spirits on this occasion who were lighting it (*Louisa* and her *father*). In earth life her father was addicted to getting up early and always lit his own fire.

Feb. 14.—This morning our spirit friends did not light the fire, but while Mary was doing this they laid the breakfast cloth (a heavy damask one 9 feet long) and put the breakfast things out of the sideboard cupboard, ready for breakfast, upon the table. Again adjusted artificial flowers about the drawing-room, and in my study placed a lamp shade (a red paper *owl's* head !) upon my table. This is a favourite plaything of *Pompom's*.

Feb. 15.—More direct writing to Nellie in her diary. *J. W. E.* gave us his history, which I subsequently partly confirmed.

Feb. 16.—This morning M. and N. going down together *both* saw the kitchen fire lit—laid overnight *without* paper. No paper was used in lighting it.

A ministerial friend slept in the house this night, and on

going away found a long message in his *hat*, giving him advice and counsel he much wanted and which he had been consulting me upon overnight privately. The writing was *Louisa's*, small and inimitable.

Sunday, Feb. 17.—At *séance* we were directed, by *direct* writing on the frame of cabinet, to read 5th chap. of Daniel, after which Mary was entranced and led into the cabinet. Told on this occasion to put out the light, to which I objected and left enough to see by. This was followed by great stillness for a short time, when flowers were pushed out of the cabinet. They consisted of three or four red azaleas and about a dozen double primulas, all wet and freshly gathered, but not all such as could be found in our garden or conservatory. Rapping followed very vigorously: then the musical box was taken off a table, quite out of the reach of any of us, carried into the cabinet, and there set playing.

On the following Wednesday (the usual phenomena daily meanwhile) M. and N. were sitting alone when *Louisa* came and entranced Mary so as to hold conversation with Nellie. Nellie then said, "Could you write me a letter on a piece of paper which I have just left upstairs locked up in my cash box?" After chiding her for so often asking for tests she said, "*I will try*," and in a few minutes added, "*It is done*." N. immediately went upstairs and found this test paper written upon on two sides, one from *Louisa* herself, and the other from *J. W. E.*—two totally distinct specimens of writing. It ends thus:

"*We do this so that all may see we can do things in locked places as well as in others. Trust us more and we can do better, but while we are doubted we cannot do much.*"

It seemed to us they did a good deal!

The next day as Nellie was walking from her chair Mary said, "Stop—don't walk through *Louisa*! She is writing at the table." Her presence intensely real to Mary was not seen by my daughter.

In a minute or two on going to the table she found beautifully written by *Louisa* :

"My darling sister,—We are always with you. It was my light¹ you saw this morning. Be brave, we have not forgotten our promise not to startle you. You shall see us soon, but not when you are alone. Your loving sister, Louisa."

In her note-book the same day was written :

"Unto Him who hath loved us to Him be the glory for ever. He has made us Kings and Priests unto Him and his Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

"Dear one,—Will you say the same. God bless you. L."

The next day we found, in a bedroom drawer where I had placed a packet of letter-paper for the use of our spirit friends, a long writing in the innermost fold of the packet, commencing—

"If thou can'st believe,—all things are possible to him that believeth. . . ."

Ending,

"My dear mama. We are all so glad to help you in any way we can, it does us as much good as you. With love from us all. Your loving daughter, Louisa."

¹ This refers to sparks of light N. had seen in a corner of the room while sitting at work.

Two sentences were also found written on the ceiling over E.'s bed.

Feb. 23.—After finding many writings about the house N. found in her note-book, "*We have not done yet.*"

I earnestly desired guidance as to the use I was to make of this marvellous outpouring of spirit life. In my bedroom I found three distinctly different writings bearing on this subject upon the same sheet of paper, written with exquisite neatness, and without a fault in composition, on my own paper. One from *Louisa*, a second from *E. M.*, a third from —.

" God listening must have overheard
The prayers, that, without sound or word,
Our hearts in secrecy have said !"

Golden Legend.

Feb. 24.—We had four direct letters, one in ink.

Feb. 25.—The kitchen fire was found alight although it was not laid overnight. Nellie on coming down found the breakfast cloth hanging half out of the drawer (probably in the process of coming out) for on leaving it so, and no one in the room, she found it afterwards laid on the table, most of the breakfast things placed in order, but *one* dropt on the floor. A milk-jug full of milk was carried from the kitchen on the basement and placed on the table of the dining-room (ground floor). A long letter in *direct* writing was also found by N. in her own note-book.

Similar phenomena continued to the end of the month, and on the 29th Mary reported having seen for the first time a venerable-looking spirit sitting in my study chair, apparently in deep thought. She left him there! He was dressed, she said, in primrose-coloured robes with blue

stripes. It was afterwards said to have been my *grandfather* doing something not then completed. It recalls to my mind words in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," which being *apropos* shall close this chapter.

"Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you.
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting."





CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUOUS PHENOMENA.

(1883-84.)

“What can men
Do more than in their practice, still obey
The precepts of the science of their day?
What you have from your father heard was then
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
You in your day extend the limit-line
Of science. . . .
The few who did know something and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded ;—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men ;
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.

FAUST.

“Men may construe things after their fashion
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.



FROM the preceding records it appears to me that I have arrived at the following conclusions; and from all that follows they will be abundantly confirmed.

That an intelligent force exists in our midst which is not capable of being identified with the will or mental characteristics of any visible beings who may be more or less closely connected with it. This force may

act upon,—in its own way and that a way which is quite inscrutable to us,—the nervous or vital force of visible persons in order to make itself known and produce the results at which it aims. But it is distinctly differentiated from all these visible persons whom it may be using, by manifestations of power and intelligence entirely outside the sphere of voluntary or conscious action in which alone their forces are ordinarily exercised. It can light fires, fill kettles, carry boiling water from one vessel to another some distance from it, and perform other domestic household duties at all hours of the day and night, and is not dependent upon any other condition as regards ourselves than that our organization should be in a condition to receive these manifestations of their action, and that there should be in our midst a condition of domestic peace and harmony. This is all done under intelligent direction other than our own. The same force or power which does these things can write intelligently and with complete relevancy to the circumstances transpiring in our midst—it can write on our own paper, in our own books, and on ceilings in all parts of the house, and can even write or leave its writings in locked rooms, securely fastened desks, or closed books and writing-cases. The power is therefore exercised *within* the house ; but it is not ours. It claims for *itself* to be the spirit force of our own departed children and relatives and friends whom we have intimately known in the flesh. We infer that these are the agents employed because in many cases we recognize their characteristic writing and habitual modes of expression and, if I may call it so, their tricks of movement or speech (much more than is possible to record), and further the forms are, many of them, recognized by *clairvoyant* sight.

Though objecting to tests, they have yet in many instances yielded to our desire to possess them, and those which they themselves have afforded have been to us absolutely convincing both of the power exercised and of the personality wielding it. The intelligence is invariably used for good purposes : and this would be even more apparent if I felt at liberty (which I do not) to record all the discipline, the gentle chidings and admonitions which we have all received during recent years. Although frequently the writings and "controlled" speech partake of the mind and opinions of the medium and sitters, yet in happy conditions the subjectivity of the medium seems to disappear, and the intelligence displayed frequently transcends that of the living persons through whom or to whom the messages are addressed, and chiefly in the production of writings in foreign languages with which we are either entirely unacquainted or have only a limited knowledge.

We think that we can accept these indications of personal identity where the spirits communicating were previously known to us in earth life ; and, relying upon these, we can accept what *they* tell us as to other identities who are necessarily unknown to us ; especially so when we ourselves have been slow and even distrustful in accepting them except under theories of our own which they persistently deny.

I am aware that I am now affirming convictions which will be combatted by some who readily admit all the phenomena. I do not expect, however, that my own persuasion, which is somewhat esoteric in its quality, can be fully shared by others, especially by those who have never had corresponding experiences of their own. I put my theo-

ries and those of my family forward here with all deference, and am quite ready to consider any other theories which may be suggested by those whose experience entitles them to judge and reason on these phenomena. I wish the number of such qualified critics was greater than it is. But to this standpoint we have by slow processes arrived and from that I proceed with my narrative.

Although I did not give any records of the phenomena recorded in the chapters preceding this until after many testings and provings, and until I was absolutely convinced of the truth of what I was recording, it is not surprising that the comparatively fragmentary records in *Light* were received in some quarters with incredulity, and, in some quarters, with scorn and derision. Even some of my own friends who trusted me and had had similar experiences of their own, questioned the wisdom of their publication. But the question how far "economy" or reserve should be exercised in the avowal of novel truths must be left to individual judgment. Professor Kiddle, in an able letter on this subject published in *Light*, November, 1886, says (and I fully endorse it): "It is a great mistake, in my judgment, to hold back truth from the world because mankind in general are not prepared to receive it, even though it may be scornfully rejected and its sponsor or witness may be hooted at, execrated, or persecuted for presenting it." Naturally at first I spoke of these things, and compared my own observations with those of experienced and sympathetic friends; and one such conversation led to further proof of identity, and to an interesting occurrence recorded in my diary, which I will here transcribe.

One evening I met a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, who was much interested

in what was going on in our house. So much so that he begged me to break through my reserve and to let the society have the benefit of my private experiences. He begged me to bring Mary to their own rooms, but as her mediumship could not possibly show itself in mixed assemblies and had never travelled a step away from home, this was entirely out of the question. I could not have taken her even to a company of friendly strangers, much less to one entirely critical, and to a great extent hostile. Accordingly I was obliged to refuse either to admit them to my house or to bring the medium to them. I regretted then, as I do now, such a necessity; and as I went home, reflecting on the position, I hoped the time might come when such limitations would be abandoned. On reaching home I found that Mary had been entranced during the very time of our conversation, and her *father* had, in *direct* spirit writing, put the following letter into her diary:

"My darling girl,—I help you all I can, do not be afraid of anything now. We are a very strong force and we wish all to see that God is able to do all things. Some will try to draw you from this house, but you must stand fast; be firm in refusing to go with them, and we will guide and help you. I am always with you in thought, but not in spirit. Your brother is with you now and helping me write this. God bless you, my child. Your loving Father."

The letter puzzled her exceedingly, and only became clear when I explained the nature of the applications which had been made to me. It was to me a remarkable proof of individual spirit knowledge of what is going on both in speech and thought; it justified my own hesitation and refusal.

The next day I determined to send an account of some of the *proved* phenomena to *Light*, and on going to my study I took out of my table drawer some paper upon which to write, and found already neatly written in *direct* spirit writing on the top—

“ *Keep on doing what is right. . . . T. L.*”

Meantime the early morning phenomena continued, with one remarkable addition, *viz.*, that one morning *Louisa* not only made and poured out two cups of tea for us, but carried them up two flights of stairs on a small tray into the bath-room adjoining and communicating with our bedroom, where these said things were discovered by my daughter on coming down that morning *first* (Mary being still in her bedroom).

This was an answer to a challenge I had given to *Louisa* to bring them herself to our bedside. It was probably the nearest she could then do with safety!

Curious interruptions to the complete phenomena now often occurred. On one occasion the boy who was in the hall getting boots together for cleaning, and was going down the stairs, was met by the tray coming up, and would certainly have run over it had it not been put down, to his intense consternation, upon the *top* stair! This experience is typical of what occurred more than once, and to other members of our household.

One more case of writing I will here mention. At one of our family sittings the spirit of a German was controlling our medium, and speaking with difficulty, but yet with curiously intelligent gesticulations. As I had had writings in *Latin* and in *French*, it struck me that this was a good opportunity to get some in *German*, of which language I may

say none of us understand sufficient to write a grammatical sentence. Addressing the spirit in English I said, "You seem to have difficulty in speaking English. Will you write us a letter in German?" "Yesh," he replied, "*I shall go now to de top of de hous and write in Frank's room.*" No one was in the house but those sitting around the table. After the *séance* I had the symptoms which I often feel when writing is *going on*, which soon suddenly ceased.

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

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

"*Dear Frank,—You must praise Gott (sic) and thank him for your power. Lutze.*"

This refers to the gift of healing which he possesses, and which, although as yet not fully developed, has a peculiar interest attaching to it to which I cannot now refer. I have not referred so fully as I should have liked to do to private family messages, which, though of absorbing interest to us, are, perhaps, not so much so to outsiders. The circumstances under which some of these writings take place may be interesting, and at risk of repeating what I have already recorded I may refer to the manner of their occurrence.

My daughter and Mary are sitting together reading, when Mary sees one of the well-known group approach the table; Nellie at the same time *hears* what Mary *sees*—the movement of the pencil, or frequently, as it turns out, a granule of lead which the spirit friends seem to carry with them! Occasionally one of us blind ones have taken up the book *while they were in the very act of writing*, and on more than one such occasion have found a granule of lead inside the

book. Sometimes while sitting *en séance* the larger messages have been written in another room apart from where we were sitting, and we have found them there afterwards; though usually they are brought and put into the cabinet.

I have had a direct message in the minute writing of *Louisa*, in reply to several queries I put as to how this spirit-writing was done, asking, among other questions, if they had to materialize a hand first to hold the pencil, and if the pencil were always used. The message is now before me, and may be given as a singularly lucid statement, as Dr. Lynn might express it, of "how it is done." It begins with rather an original way of dating a letter, which, like many ladies' epistles, does not fix the year or month!

(Dated thus !)

*" Nellie is playing in drawing-room,
" I saw her but a moment."*

" My dear Papa and other Friends,— You want to hear how this writing is done by us. First of all then, we choose our paper, and sometimes have to wait very long for it before we can use it, as in some conditions we cannot use it for a long time, as the influence around it is not good for us; it wants a calm and quiet influence, not rough and noisy or disturbing. Then again, some of us have to use pencil. By that I mean, take it in their own hand; and for that purpose they must have a formed hand, enough to take the pencil in their fingers. But I never have had to do so, as the paper I use is prepared for me by your power, and the power of Mary, also the strength of the house is quite enough for me, so all I have to do is to get what paper I want, and get all I want to tell you ready, not forgetting my pencil, which I draw the essence of; by that I mean, take it in my hand and breathe on it, also on the

paper ; than pass my hand over the paper, and what I want to come on the paper is then as you now see it. We all hope we have explained enough to satisfy you, but if we have not we must come and show you some time when we are able to do so, and, dear pa, as this is a public paper, I will not put anything private on it; but be, as a dear old friend of ours says, very discreet. I and others send our love and greetings to all old friends of the cause.—Your loving elder daughter, Louisa."

On the same sheet of paper, below this letter, is written another letter of equal length, and when I say that both these letters are neatly and clearly written on lines three-eighths of an inch apart, the writing being upon *nineteen lines only* (which in *print* would occupy more than double the number, for the above-printed letter occupies only half the page upon which it is written, leaving a margin also of 3 inches), it will indicate to those who cannot see the writing itself how minute it is and utterly unlike ordinary human writing.

Thinking over what had been written in the above letter by *Louisa*, dated in her original fashion, it struck me I would write to her some further queries on the subject. I wrote as follows, leaving blank spaces on the paper for her replies, which are now occupied by the *minutest* writing, as appears in italics. I have endeavoured, and taken considerable trouble, to have this letter produced in fac-simile for this book ; but it has had to be given up as impracticable. The original, mutilated in our endeavours to get it done, I have carefully preserved. The full letter and replies read thus :

"My dearest *Louisa*,—Why shouldn't I write to you ? I want you kindly to reply to the following questions, when you can do so conveniently—I am in no hurry. Please write on this paper if you can.—Your loving Pater."

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

3 seconds.

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

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

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

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

4. If so—what is the power ?

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

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

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

6. How do you use it ?

Dear pa, ask your head¹ and back that question for I cannot explain that properly, only that we do use it.

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

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

¹ Referring to my discomfort while the writings are being done, to which I have before referred.

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

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

June 11th, 1884."

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

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

"Louisa."

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

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

With all *Louisa's* explanations as to the *modus operandi* of her spirit writings, I am still perplexed as to the power used, nor do I think the spirits themselves are at present able, or perhaps willing, to enlighten us. *Louisa's* "explanation" looks more like a waggish bit of mystification, as if the invisible wonder-worker took some satisfaction in wrapping itself in a mantle of inscrutability, giving us a

mock-lucid disquisition, and expecting us to endorse it with a *Q. E. D.*!

All direct writings are not done in this manner, but sometimes a materialized hand is first formed for the purpose, and I have reason to believe other methods are used.

Louisa refers to a preparation, and getting ready what she wishes to write. It struck me once that she first prepared what I might describe as a spirit stencil, and when she (as our clairvoyante describes it) breathes on the lead and thus scatters innumerable particles of sparkling dust from the point (which appear to the *clairvoyante* like dust seen in the rays of the sun), these fall through this previously prepared stencil; but the difficulty then only assumes another form, and although I have suggested this mode to our medium she says she has never been able to detect any appearance of stencil or anything between the point of the pencil and the paper upon which the minute writing immediately appears. So the phenomenon remains a mystery to us and to the clairvoyante who *sees* it done!

Of one thing I am absolutely certain. No human being in our house could have produced under any conditions whatever the volume of *Louisa's* writings alone, which amount to hundreds, in the time in which they have been written; to say nothing of numberless others written on paper, on ceilings, on woodwork, and in books—in English and interspersed with others in various foreign languages utterly unknown to us.

An occasional mistake in spelling, or even in diction, under the circumstances of their production may suggest inquiries, but I do not myself feel that they are a stumbling-block, or give any ground for scepticism. These

little flaws are only difficulties for those who bring to them the preconceived notion that all spirit performances must be perfect and faultless. But as this is one of the matters for inquiry it is best to take facts as they stand, and allow our previous notions to be modified, if needs be, by them.

SAADI AND WAMIK.

I come now to a rather curious phenomenon, one which has led to a considerable amount of criticism, and some reasonable queries, which I will endeavour to meet. I refer to the direct writing from a spirit calling himself *Saadi*, whom we now know pretty well, but until this writing came it is not surprising that we none of us had ever heard even his name ; much less had we become acquainted with the writings of this celebrated Persian poet, who lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Two in our household have seen him, and describe him as having black hair, with a dark flowing beard, penetrating eyes, and a pleasing face. He constituted himself for a time one of our guides, and professed intense interest in the work of modern Spiritualism, and in its manifestations in our family life.

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

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

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

"Walk in grace that God ["who," omitted] is in Spirit may teach you."

About a month after, we had, on March 21st, two more writings, evidently by the same hand ; one or two words are indistinct, but the following is substantially correct :

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

Saadi,
of Persia."

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

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

We were told that this referred to many recently killed in the Egyptian war, where they had, with other spirits, been sent on errands of mercy, and for some days we had consequently missed their presence. On the fourth page

of the same paper was another distinctly different handwriting, from my father in the spirit world, but only of family interest. But this was not all :—the following was found written on the same day *in my daughter's note-book*, which she, I need scarcely say, keeps carefully to herself! The writing is not hers nor any one's in the house—nor does it appear to be the same as that headed *Ghazi*, although the signature is the same. The spirits often use one another as amanuenses as has already been pointed out; in such cases they frequently append their own signatures.

“ *Patience.*

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

Saadi
the Persian.”

There is more meaning in that quotation than I can here refer to. I need only say that the person addressed was just then having her patience rather severely exercised; but other daughters beside my own have had their patience sorely tried, though not all have had spiritual friends accessible, and interesting themselves in their private innermost life!

When this incident was first published in *Light*, I was referred to an old number of Chambers' "Respository of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," on Persian poetry, now out of print, in which this little poem on Patience is found.

The curious question of course remains how it was unearthed by the spirits. Is this professed appearance of

Saadi a dramatic impersonation, or has this ancient spirit availed himself of the existence of his poems in an English dress, and reclaimed them as his own,—or is the personal part of the business a riddle, with some symbolical solution not yet within our reach?

The writing was found in a private note-book belonging to my daughter, and appeared to be addressed to the mental condition which at that time belonged to her. As all the Persian poetry which follows as well as this is to be found substantially (with slight alterations which I shall point out) in the same tract, the inference that it was taken from that source appears to be irresistible. At any rate I do not care to put in any independent claim for it; nor is it necessary for my purpose that I should do so.

The copy is not exact, for the first line, as given in Chambers' tract is "That man of earth," *not* "Thou child of earth;" and as the words "*that man*" are the subject of the verb *gains*, I am afraid we must admit that the alteration—made in order to fit it personally to a young lady—is somewhat ungrammatical.

When it was done we were all profoundly ignorant of *Saadi*, and of Oriental poetry. Perhaps we may confess some obligation to our invisible friends for introducing such charming and thoughtful verses, even if done in a somewhat perplexing manner. The alterations are remarkable. The heading to the first poem, "Ghazi," I am informed, means a Mahommedan who fights for his religion—in the tract it is *Ghazal*, which bears quite a different signification, and means a short poem: to us one form is as good as the other. And this poem is made by a curious amalgamation of *two* poems; for the last four lines belong to a different poem from the first four; and

although there is a certain sequence of thought, there is a somewhat abrupt change in the rhythm, and the harmony of the versification is broken.

These writings were discovered by us on the 21st March, and were not written at one of our *séances*, but during the week.

On the succeeding Sunday evening, while my wife and I were at Haslemere, but sitting, as agreed, at the same time as those we had left at home, the following was written and placed in my secretaire, which is invariably kept locked.

"Sunday Eve, March 24th.

"At seven o'clock.

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

(Let me interpose and say I had had half-an-hour's conversation with a *Persian* spirit, through *another* medium not belonging to our circle, whom at the time I did not believe to be *Saadi*, from some remarks to which I need not now refer.)

"He was born in Shiraz, one of the cities of Persia, and was born in the end of the twelfth century. Saadi early embraced a religious life, and performed fifteen pilgrimages on foot to Mecca; he further proved himself a good Mussulman, by fighting against the crusaders of Europe, and fell into the enemy's hands, and worked for them in digging trenches at Tripoli, where he was recognized and ransomed for ten dinars by a rich merchant of Aleppo, and Saadi afterwards married his daughter. Saadi was a great poet, and the principal of his works are the Bustan and the

Gulistan. *At the end of his life he built a hermitage near the walls of Shiraz, and lived a very religious life, and only kept what was barely necessary for life. He gave away everything he possessed to the poor, and passed to the higher life at the age of 116.*

“ J. Evans,

“ *For Saadi the Persian.*”

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

On receiving this history, which I subsequently found to be contained (with slight alterations and omissions) in Chambers' tract before referred to, I thought it possessed incidents sufficient for testing its accuracy, and sent notes of it to my friend, M.A. (Oxon), from whom I received the following extract, which substantially agrees with the spirit's statement though taken from a different source.

From the Atish Kadah.

Sadi of Shirez, son of Abdullah, descended from Ali, son-in-law of Mahammad, lost his father when a child. He was educated at the Nizamiah College, at Baghdad, where he held an Idrar or fellowship, made the pilgrimage to Mecca fourteen times. Sadi was married twice. For an account of his first marriage see the “ Gulistan,” chap. ii., story 31. He had been made prisoner, and set to work to dig at Tripoli, when one of the principal men of Aleppo, an old acquaintance, recognized him, and redeemed him for ten dinars. He married his friend's daughter, whose portion was 100 dinars. She was very quarrelsome, so he said that her father redeemed him with ten dinars, and sold

him again for 100 ! He is said to have died A.D. 1291, at the age of 120. He published twenty-two works, the chief of which are the "Gulistan, or Rose Garden," and the "Bustan, or Flower Garden."

Then follows a list of books, and I am introduced for the first time to the title of "The Gulistan, or Rose Garden of Shekh Muslihu'd-din Sadi of Shiraz," by Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., M.A., &c., London (in Trübner's Oriental Series). This book I have since procured, but when these writings came I had never heard of it. Eastwick translates one of the above verses, which was written in direct spirit writing, as I have quoted, at p. 165, thus :

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

I cannot profess to explain all the puzzles that are wrapped up in these communications.

Was the spirit who was writing as *J. Evans* (long known to us now) himself misled by another spirit in the guise of an Oriental, or did *Saadi* himself appropriate the narrative given in Chambers' tract, and make it his own. Who can tell ? I cannot.

I do not care to discuss the explanations which have been given by hostile critics,—that the writing was passed through the chink into my locked secretaire, or the lock forced or picked, the lock being a very superior one—proof against ordinary picking. Even if this were admitted, I do not see how it explains the whole of the facts,—the inimitable writing, the absence of any copy of the tract within the knowledge or reach of any one of us, the solidarity of the whole series of communications,

one depending on or referring to another, and all belonging to a series extending over, not a few days, but many years. The scale of the thing is too immense for juggling explanations, made after an hour's inspection, or even without any, and as I am obliged to admit that there are some points which are quite beyond my power of explanation, all I can do is to state the facts carefully as they occurred, and leave isolated objections to be answered by the whole mass, which is too large to be manipulated and disposed of by arguments which might have some validity if they could be applied to a narrower range of facts and a more manageable collection of marvels.

Not the least curious part of the case is the apparent confirmation of the authenticity of *Saadi* by clairvoyant vision, and by references to him made by less remote and well-trusted spirits. Our *Louisa*, in her curiously microscopic penmanship, gives her testimony in these words: "*Dear Ones,—In papa's private drawer will be found Saadi's history.* Louisa;" and we have been told that *Saadi* has some work which he wishes to do through us. Certainly his influence, so far as we can separate it from that of the rest, is agreeable and holy.

After the above was written we all went down to Haslemere for Easter. On returning to Blackheath, my wife found the fire had been lighted by the invisibles, and by them had the room been carefully prepared to receive her, cloth laid, luncheon ready, all done by these dear ones while Mary and my daughter were busy together in another part of the house. On my study table was a letter of greeting, in the minute spirit writing of our daughter *Louisa*, referring to various phenomena, and our failure to obtain one particular test we had sought (see letter p. 181) and a

remark referring to a small piece of paper which dropped out of my newspaper as I was reading it, and which newspaper had been forwarded from home without being opened—*i.e.*, in the cover in which it had come direct from the *Nonconformist* office. On this small scrap of paper were a few words of greeting in the usual minute writing, which probably even the postal authorities might have passed unchallenged! On looking into my *locked* secretaire as I was directed, I found a sheet of paper, with the following writing upon it. It was written straight on, with few stops, just as it appears below, and it then appeared to me to be a translation (perhaps a bad one) of one of Saadi's Persian poems. I subsequently ascertained from the tract referred to that it is taken from the third Book of the *Bustan* "on Divine love."

"the love thou bearest to a being, made like to thyself of clay and water, mars thy patience and thy wonted peace of mind by day thou scan'st with microscopic eye Beauties minute as fragile, and by night vain fancies crowd thy dreams, and break thy rest on thy beloved's foot thou lay'st thy head And say'st sincerely that the universe compared with her is less than nought to the and since thy gold cannot allure her eye, gold and mere earth appear as one in thine on none beside doth thou bestow a breath, for with her hast thou room for none beside, thou say'st that in thy eye is her abode or if thou close it then within thy heart no fear hast thou of mortal frown beside no rest thy spirit for a moment gains she waves o'er the thou bowest thy humble head! So can'st thou wonder that the heav'n taught ones whose love is all divine oft lose themselves drown'd in a sea of mystic bliss and adoration life they despise through love of life's

bestower the world abandon for the world's Creator, they think of their beloved, and resign their all to Him this world and that to come in seeking God they shun mankind loud in their ears from vast eternity has rung the sacred word alesta and that beli all spirits cry aloud *Zend Avesta."*

To which is added :—

" Dear Friends,—For the love I bear you all, I write to you as often as I can. Your friend in spirit, Saadi.—By J. Evans."

In first publishing this, finding it read rhythmically, I think I made a mistake in altering the continuous writing (as given to me by the spirit) and myself putting it into what I conceived to be the proper lines and stops for blank verse. As it turned out I was not far wrong in my division into lines, although then I had not seen the tract in which it is so printed.

Several differences and omissions are to be found on comparing it with the tract,—which reads as follows :—

“ The love thou bearest to a being, made
Like to thyself, of clay and water, mars
Thy patience, and thy wonted peace of mind.
By day thou scan'st with microscopic eye
Beauties minute as fragile ; and by night
Vain fancies crowd thy dreams, and break thy rest.
On thy beloved's foot thou lay'st thy head,
And say'st sincerely, that the Universe
Compared with her, is less than nought to thee :
And since thy gold cannot allure her eye,
Gold and mere earth appear as one in thine.
On none besides dost thou bestow a breath,
For with her hast thou room for none besides.
Thou say'st that in thine eye is her abode ;
Or, if thou close it, then within thy heart.
No fear hast thou of mortal frown beside,
No rest thy spirit for a moment gains ;
If she demand thy soul, then to thy lip

Instant it hies ; or if a scymitar
 She waves o'er thee, thou bow'st thy humble head.
 If then a love so senseless, based on air,
 Over thy soul holds such despotic sway,
 O can'st thou marvel that the Heaven taught ones,
 Whose love is all divine, oft lose themselves,
 Drowned in a sea of mystic adoration ?
 Life they despise through love of life's Bestower—
 The world abandon for the world's Creator ;
 Inebriate with the melody of sweet complaint
 They think of their Beloved, and resign
 Their all to Him—this world and that to come.
 In seeking God, they shun all human kind ;
 Through love of the Cup-bearer spill the cup.
 No mortal panacea heals their smart,
 For mortals cannot know their malady ;
 Loud in their ears from vast eternity
 Has rung the sacred word *alest*,
 And that *beli*, all spirits cry aloud."

But where was this writing on a *very thick recognizable sheet of paper* found ? Locked up in the same secretaire drawer into which it *could not* have been placed except by opening the drawer. It has been suggested that this could be done by a false key—to which I reply that the lock was specially purchased and selected for security ; it is a good lock, has not been tampered with, and, I may add, that no one in my house would be guilty of the trick to which the criticism points. Whoever wrote it and put it there took my paper, and either had in his memory or copied it probably, with the many curious alterations, which will be noticed, from the before-mentioned tract. *Louisa*, too, as I have hinted already, must be a *particeps criminis*, for in my blotting-case on coming home I find again in her own inimitable handwriting a short message pointing out, amongst other things, where we should find it.

"*Dear Papa and Mama,—We are glad you are at home again. We could not carry what you wanted as the condi-*

tions were not right for us, nor were they here. N. was not well and spoilt it all this end. But never mind you have not been forgotten. Saadi has put something in your drawer. Our love to all of you. I thought you would be surprised to get my message the other day. Grandpa sends his love to all, and says, 'Be brave and have patience.' Don't be cast down because of our failures, but think to yourself others cannot get even this. All in this house are favoured more than the rest of the world, so be thankful and give God the praise. I do not like this pencil [a purple ink one], but Granny has taken the other one away. Harry and Mr. D. have lit the fire for Ma. Your loving daughter, Louisa."

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

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

"Yes—the Alphabet."

I found on going on with this slow process of communication that the spirit was spelling out something which was not English! and I said I must give it up. The letters I had taken down with difficulty were nearly right, as afterwards appeared, but no one will wonder at my perplexity when they appeared in my note-book thus:—W-a-l-m-i-k-z-e-r-d; the *l* is the only letter which was

wrong, and its presence is doubtless to be attributed to the difficult process of taking down the letters as they were indicated by raps.

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

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

It is headed thus :

FROM WAMIK, SAADI¹ FRIEND.

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

As without fire mankind is sunk to beast
So is he slime and senseless clay alone
If the ethereal spark of heaven at least
Fire not his mind to glories of its own.

¹ Apostrophe and s omitted.

*Reason and speech an earthly sign remain
Of the creations lord in light revealed
Thy Zend Avesta, thy living fire domain
Burns fiercely glowing now, now half concealed
As Genii blazing bright with adamantine shield.*

"Wamik.

"Zerdusht."

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

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

In Chambers' tract, to which I have before referred, and which I had the opportunity of referring to *after* receiving the above writing, there is also the following reference to Wamik:

"The oldest extant specimen of this literature (*i.e.*, Persian poetry) is the Romance of Wamik and Asrâ, which appeared in the latter half of the sixth century, while as yet the worship of fire had not been superseded by the religion of Mohammed. The theme of the poem is—

'Old as the rose, first into beauty *blowing*,
Old as the sun himself, first into passion *glowing* ;'

for Wamik and Asrâ—the glowing and the blowing—are personifications of the two great principles of heat and vegetation, the vivifying energy of heaven, and the corresponding fertility of earth. Their loves are related as models for our orchids and flower beds of course; but the reader will easily detect, even in the following isolated passages, that confusion and capability of double interpretation to which we have adverted.”

Then follow eight verses of nine lines each.

In his further discourse Wamik unfolds the mystic doctrines of Zerdusht: in which the second verse written by the spirit appears thus:

“ As without fire mankind is sunk to beast,
So is he slime and senseless clay alone,
If the ethereal spark of Heaven at least
Fire not his mind to glories not its own.
Reason and speech, an earthly sign remain
Of Thee, creation's Lord, in light revealed!
Thy Living Word through Vesta's fire-domain
Burns fiercely glowing now, now half concealed,
As genii, blazing bright, with adamantine shield.”

“For the English translation of the above passages we are indebted to the learned Von Hammer, who was happy enough to discover a Turkish version and transferred it to his native German. The ancient literature of Persia was rich, we are led to believe, not only in such fictions as these, but in heroic romances and historic records. These, however, met with no toleration after the Moslem conquest of the country in 636, and the introduction of the government and religion of the Caliphs.”

What shall I say as to this writing of Wamik's, found embedded in a long poem of 19 verses, but *not* verbatim (observe the passage in italics) from Chambers' tract. The alteration is very marked, and though destructive of the rhythm is clearly made intentionally and has doubtless an intelligent reason.

Now this last poem signed by *Wamik* will bear the closest scrutiny as to its occult origin, more than the others (if that were possible, where all are phenomenal). First it was written—in the cabinet presumably, but *certainly* on a

paper which I had myself brought into the house and kept in my study with care, for it is a *proof sheet of a new Time Account-book* which I had brought home from my office to examine for the printer and the *only one sheet of the kind* in the house, or I might add in any other house! The proof that this was verily spirit writing is to me indisputable. The paper was brought by the invisibles out of my study, where I had left it blank half an hour before, to the floor below and where every one in the house was sitting *en séance*. This is attested by the following heading written by *Louisa* in her well-known minute penmanship.

“Brought from Papa’s room at ten past seven—Sunday;”

and this writing is almost waggishly introduced in a space between printed words as follows: “Time account from Monday [] to Saturday,” she writing between Monday and Saturday, erasing the word Saturday and substituting Sunday! Then follows a letter from herself, then two short messages from two other ancient and good Spirits, while on the *reverse* side comes this writing of Wamik’s whom one of my critical friends says never lived! although he writes in this paper

“Wamik was burnt to death at
Abyssinia: he lived in this life before 636.”

Probably the true history of *Wamik* is wrapped up in the romance concerning Wamik and Asrâ, but to conclude that no man *Wamik* ever lived because his name is found also in fable is I think a palpable *non sequitur*. Names used in romance are usually borrowed from the current vocabulary. Our spirits say they *know* him to be the person he professes to be: but the next time he came into our circle after this

facetious criticism he announced himself to us as "*the man that never lived!*" which struck us all, after talking with him often, as so ludicrous that we fairly exploded with laughter. Probably our laughter helps the manifestations for he apparently courts it by his usually announcing himself now as "*the man that never lived!*"

I need not concern myself with the verbal alterations from the tract, nor are we careful to account for every mistake, where all the difficulties of writing and the whole group of marvels are so formidable. So far as we can tell by our own intercourse with them *Saadi* and *Wamik* are spirits absolutely good.

They are with us in prayer when no other ear is listening. I cannot refrain, even at the risk of being blamed for it, recording one little incident which, more forcibly than any arguments I can use, goes to establish these identities or personalities.

A trouble whose bitterness is not quite passed yet, though it is lightening, came into our family when *Saadi* was continually in our midst. We talked it over at home and we all determined to make it a subject of earnest prayer that the cross should be removed. One morning *alone* in my bedroom I had prayed silently with this intent, and within a few hours was found written in *direct* spirit hand on the margin of the book, at that morning's text: "*Don't worry about — we will look to her.* *Saadi.*"

In the same Shakespearean text-book was written *previously*, and probably referring to the *same* trouble then coming on, the writing I have already recorded :

"God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed :
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it rest."

Whatever problems may be involved in these occurrences yet are they indissolubly blended with thoughts, feelings, cares, anxieties, troubles, devout musings and earnest aspirations and petitions, which belong to the holiest side of life, and they seem to us to some extent to partake of their sanctity. I know that, as reported, they must be subjected to calm but severe and perhaps frigid criticism : but no criticism which omits to take note of this side of their complex characteristics can do full justice to their quality. I do not expect to win entire credence from those who are bent on reducing all the phenomena to matters of natural causation, but I believe that those who have learnt the value of Spiritualism and see in it a safeguard against a materialistic, unaspiring, earthly life, will find more in these facts than meets the eye—even the unsealed trusting eye that has been opened to the contemplation of the heavenly vision.





CHAPTER V.

CONTINUOUS HOME PHENOMENA AT BLACKHEATH.

(1884.)

"I have for many years *known* that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures: and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and, when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—Dr. ROBERT CHALMERS.

"My position therefore is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do *not* require further confirmation."—ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.G.S.

"One thing is clear: that is that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin."—Baron CARL DU PREL (Munich).



WHILE the phenomena described in the last chapter were proceeding I took out the book reserved for my own automatic writing with the resolve to write, and found the next page to my last writing (on April 2nd, 1884) was already filled with *direct* writing relating to the criticisms which had been passed on my published narrative.

It was as follows:

"*God bless you my dear son.*"

"Take care of yourself, and we will take care of you.

"We are allways [sic] with you in some way or another, and when you do not see or feel our presence it is not that we are not here, as some of us are always with you, but we have to do our Master's will and go where He sends us. Never you mind about outsiders—what they say or do is nothing to do with you or with us, the time is not quite here yet for all to see or have what you have. Yet you must have patience and you shall have more than you expect. My love to dear Nellie and little Nellie and the rest of the boys. Your loving father,

*"Robert Theobald,
by J. W. Evans."*

This is not at all equal to my father's style of writing when he was alive, and I may remark here that many of the writings from him and other spirits, although they accomplish the purpose for which they were written, are comparatively feeble compositions. Yet in spite of this recognized defect there appears in the writings often a turn of expression or a phrase which is characteristic and suggestive.

Whilst on the subject of difficulties I will record one or two more. Notwithstanding their frequent admonitions at this time, I was always, besides seeking for proofs satisfactory to ourselves, trying to obtain good physical proofs for *outsiders*—a risky quest, as I subsequently found to my cost! I was perfectly sure myself of many phenomena, and they were proved to us in innumerable little ways difficult to record. But it struck me at this time that I would, subject to their permission, try for *two* other tests—one relating to the fire-lighting, the other to the writings.

I have found failures often as suggestive as success, hence my record of them here.

The bath-room fire had been usually lit by our spirit friends on Saturday *afternoons*, and constantly so when I had been on the watch and *knew* that no one went into that room when the fire was being lit: and I was absolutely convinced for myself. I accordingly one Saturday determined (without informing anybody) to lock the door of the bath-room. On going up to do so I found the door *already locked!* and the key was, after some considerable searching, found in my own table-drawer! On unlocking and going into the bath-room I found the fire *had* been alight (the stove was then warm), but it had gone out again. There is a troublesome down-draught which had probably put it out: for the usual precaution we ourselves adopt of opening a window had not been observed. At the next *séance* I referred to this and told *Pompom* I should try again. Of course I had not obtained the test I sought for because I myself had not taken the key, but it had been appropriated by the spirit quaintly called *Pompom*, who thus also let out my secret! I have often tried this test since but have never yet succeeded in securing good all-round test conditions, for though it was once done when the key was in my pocket *I* had not put it there! It is remarkable; for although not in the least necessary for the sake of any of us, it would be a good one to record for others, in addition to other proofs. Of course the suggestion would then come that the lock might be picked; but as this involves the question of the honesty of all concerned it is outside my sphere—I leave it to any who prefer this class of explanations; however, I record the failure, and there leave it: but the failure of to-day may become the success of to-morrow.

The next is one in which I take a livelier interest, for it originated in a distinct compact on both sides. I wanted to obtain answers to questions *in a book* locked up in my secretaire. Now though we have many times had writing done in locked places and under conditions absolutely satisfactory to all reasonable persons, I have failed to get this done to my own order, after patiently waiting two years.

The compact arose thus. I wrote a letter to *Louisa* on July 1, 1884, in my private automatic writing-book as follows: and I kept it private:

"My dear *Louisa*,—Will you answer all the questions I put to you (of course to the best of your ability) if I get a book for the purpose? And do you approve entirely of such a thing? I might ask questions you would have to get other spirits to instruct you as to answering, but I fancy it would be an interesting book! Shall I get it? and have you any directions as to the mode and manner of keeping it—and where?

"This is a letter with a purpose, from yours, longing—to—see—you, PATER!"

I needn't explain further: within a few hours of writing this, and when no one in the house knew it was written, she replied, in the most minute writing, thus:

"Dear *papa*,—I will try to answer all you ask of me, as all approve of it, and will do our best to help you, although sometimes you may have to wait for an answer. Get it and do as you think best for the rest. Mine is also a letter with a purpose! Your own loving daughter whom you will soon see. *Louisa*."

I procured the book: the first question I put related to some recent direct writings (essentially private).

I left it in my *table* drawer (unlocked) and received an undoubted *direct* spirit writing, a whole page in length—

small and compact—but *not* Louisa's writing, signed by a new spirit as "*Your loving guide that will soon be—*." The answer was well composed and it was satisfactory in every way to me.

Having now got spirit *rapport* established on the book, I put four more questions leaving blanks for replies and locked it up. I constantly look at it, and have since added five more questions, but not a letter more have I received. In speaking to *Louisa*, as I do frequently about it, she says I shall get what I want yet! I probably shall, but two years is a long time to wait even under the motto of the house (written on the ceiling, see p. 141)

"With patience all things are won."

It is interesting, and due to my friend Mr. Eglinton, to add here, that I so much wanted a reply to *one* of the questions that on one of my visits to him I wrote it on a paper and gummed it to a slate—which I took *with five other* slates in a similar condition—each slate having a gummed paper question upon it, and I received replies to all without Mr. Eglinton seeing or knowing what I had written, and further without myself knowing which of the six slates at the time was put under the table in order to obtain the writing.

The reply to that in question is given in thirty-three words, and is rather a complex one; it is to a question which he could not have anticipated, and which he certainly never saw previously. I have already, in another place, borne testimony to the absolute genuineness of Mr. Eglinton's psychography; and I am amazed at the assumption of conjuring persistently put forward in face of overwhelming and "continuous observation."

The "brief" I thus hold for Mr. Eglinton is, I assure my readers, gratuitous!

But I will continue my references to my Diary, and I hope reply to my own difficulties, or they will be brought up against me!

SUNDAY EVENING SÉANCES.

On Sunday evening, April 27, 1884—the week before "*Wamik's*" writing was produced—a remarkable experience occurred at our *séance* which I can only refer to in outline. Every one remarked the calm influence which pervaded the room—only our own family circle were present. Mary was entranced in an unusual manner with her eyes *open*, and they were, apparently to us, riveted on something she saw; after a time tears fell. *Louisa* spoke soon after; she would not explain the unusual power which we all recognized as present, but said that on going upstairs into my own room I should find a paper written by a spirit who had not before written.

E. M. afterwards spoke through Mary, and made a remark as to presences in the room which we could not then understand. He told us, however, that one of the higher *healing* spirits had come into our midst, and that if we prayed and could induce a spirit of prayer in — (then sadly afflicted) she would in time be cured. It was after this that *Saadi* came and asked permission to bring *Wamik*.

After the *séance* Mary was reticent: she would not tell us whom she had seen but said that the light was so dazzling she felt it to be overpowering (which accounted for her tears). On going into my study I found the fold of letter paper, which I had left on the table, apparently untouched;

but on looking through all the folded sheets I found a long *direct*-writing from a spirit who had never before written. It was essentially private, and such a communication as no one in the house could have written. It was referred to on the sheet containing writing by *Wamik* on the next Sunday evening, but in an entirely different style of writing.

Our medium was much exhausted after both these sittings, but our spirit friends came to the rescue. They took upon themselves unusual work in the house. All the fire-lighting was done—trays were carried upstairs (M. was not fit then to carry them), a pail of water was also carried up to the top of the house, and an egg which Mary left in a saucepan on the gas stove to boil was carried to the top stair, and the gas put out; these two things of such unequal weight were each taken noiselessly and without attracting observation until done.

At 3.45 on Saturday the drawing-room fire was lit for my son's music lesson, and at the same time Mary and my daughter, who were then *together* and alone in the house, heard my organ playing. Nellie at once ran to my room thinking I had come in (I always let myself in with a latch-key), but to her surprise found *no one* at the organ! It ceased playing as she opened the study door. The next morning (M. being still weak) we all went to chapel, and *Pompom* opened the door for us on our return; Mary being downstairs on the basement floor.

Sunday, May 11.—At *séance* received some particulars as to the new spirit—*Wamik*. He was described as having long flowing bright hair and wearing a purple robe; he had come to look on at the work which *Saadi* had taken in hand among us. We were told that several spirits were associated together, and had chosen us for a special

work in Spiritualism. On this day I had had written in my text-book a rather remarkable sentence :

"Unto us a child is born : unto us a son is given."

Curiously enough, this morning I was woke up early by my son to inform me that I was a grandfather! and the above inscription to us had a double meaning.

At our *séances* now, in addition to continual writings during the week, we almost always received six or eight distinctly different writings: and if a relative or friend happened to sit with us there was usually one for him. Such messages were given to friends whom we had not expected to sit with us until a few hours previously, and they often referred to names and family matters of which the medium was entirely ignorant. It is impossible to enumerate all these, or to refer to them at length.

Whitsunday, 1884.—At *séance* we had many directions as to the healing gift. Thus we were taught that only *good* pure people could heal "through the spirit," but many possessed mesmeric power sufficient for the purpose. The healing spirits were able, from a circle sitting for the purpose, to carry the healing fluid to a distance. They wrapped themselves in it—encircled themselves in the *aura* drawn from the circle. People seeking to be healed should not at the time wear *silk* but soft materials. The healing frequently is retarded by the want of a proper frame of mind in the patient. Prayer is essential.

It was on the next day I myself saw the fire in the dining-room lit *under my eyes*, as before referred to.

June 5th.—Our wedding day. My wife and I, as usual, went to the Royal Academy. Came home some hours earlier than we had arranged in consequence of a storm, in

which we got wet. The dining-room fire was lit unexpectedly at 3.15—its summer screen having been removed by our watchful spirit friends—and *by this means* M. and N. were led to expect us earlier than we had settled to return. The June fire was very acceptable.

Sunday, June 8th.—On going to *séance*, I left a *marked* sheet of paper upon my study table, and went direct to the *séance* room, which I entered *last*, and when all others were seated.

I was *first* to come out, and went straight to my room, where I found the marked sheet written upon by an old friend, T. L.; and *at* the sitting we had had *six* other long letters: three addressed to F. on the healing power, one to my married son and daughter, who were present at the time, and two to our home circle.

Mary was now in the cabinet in darkness; we sitting around in lamp light. Within the cabinet we were told a form had materialized, but had not sufficient power to bear the light; but hands of *different sizes* were now materialized and put out of the cabinet, which three of us who were nearest the curtains felt. During this process the light (the gas taps being untouched by us) became dark and light alternately: it appeared as though this was *not* due to altering the gas light, but that the darker light was formed round the cabinet only: this phenomenon we have noticed on more than one occasion.

On Sunday, June 22nd, in addition to our home circle, a lady visitor was in the house: we had this evening a conversation with J. W. E. and two other spirits in *direct* spirit voice in addition to four other spirit controls who spoke through Mary's organs of speech.

After Mary had been in the cabinet five minutes *seven*

letters, which were written apparently then and there, were handed out by a materialized hand ; the musical box was also taken off the table out of our reach into the cabinet, and there wound up and set playing. The communications were very remarkable, both in the writings themselves and in their character, but mostly private.

Two were addressed to our lady visitor and referred to family matters of which we none of us knew anything : part of one signed *Saadi* and *Wamik* was as follows :—

"I think by now you have had sufficient proof of my identity, so that I need not trouble you with any more of my poetry at present. . . . The power is gaining in strength, and the growing of it has not reached its summit even now. We shall not stop until we have shaken the foundation of the infidel world and shown them that God is able to do all things.

"Your friends, Saadi and Wamik."

So the poetry, according to this letter, appears to have been given for the purpose of identifying the spirit. *Pompom's* letter seems somewhat contradictory, for she writes on this occasion—

"We do not trouble ourselves about the outside world, you know that papa, but we are glad to do all we can for you . . . and hope to do more in the future."

We were told at this *séance* specially to guard our mediumship and observe conditions of harmony: this arose out of a conversation in which we asked permission for two new friends to be allowed to sit with us on the following Sunday, which was granted.

Sunday 29th.—Our two new friends sat with us for the first time. The influence was calm and beautiful. *Saadi*

spoke for the first time through Mary's voice, after which she was taken into the cabinet. Within five minutes we had *eight* long direct writings, and afterwards speech with the direct voice of three different spirits, in which they told us that *B. B.* (who had recently passed away, and of whom Mary had never heard) was now asleep in the spirit world, and *T. T. L.* was with him. (In life they were friends.) We have often been told of those who are "asleep" in spirit immediately after death.

Again the communications were remarkable. Two on healing; one for a ministerial friend at a distance then in difficulty; one to his daughter with special directions referring to a new undertaking; one to a girl under healing process—of correction and counsel, and three to the circle, the last being from *Jules Theobald*, beginning—

"You have been doing good work lately. Your book¹ will do good in some places and in others will bring yourself into disrepute. . . . On no account bring Mary forward as she is not fit for that kind of thing, and to make her too public will do her far more harm than good, both in her health and her nervous system . . . she is too sensitive for outsiders. We have brought her to you so that we may hold communion with you—to you we shall look if any harm comes to her. This is to warn you. . . ."

These extracts serve to show how minutely we were guided by our spirit friends. A few words were also written at this *séance* on our friend's card, placed in a box in cabinet just before the sitting.

Sunday, July 6, 1884. — We had another remarkable

¹ "Spiritualism at Home." Published by E. W. Allen. 6d.

sitting alone, in which questions on four sheets of paper, with spaces left between for replies, were answered in *direct* spirit writing, and were placed afterwards by our spirit friends in my locked secretaire. No one could contend that four sheets, one inside the other, could by any possibility have been thrust through the *chink* through which a single note-paper can only with difficulty be passed.

These replies contained a Greek quotation, and a sentence in a language we had some difficulty in deciphering, and which was ultimately done by the spirits themselves (see next chapter); it was in one of the South Sea Island languages (Raratonga)—

"E enua te po : E takaroronga te ao."

In another long message the same evening came the sentences—

"You may now say 'Sat guru dikhlai' and in time will be astonished to find it is with you" (see p. 258),

and

"May God's blessing rest upon you, and Bennoz doüi d'och,"

while upon another paper was written a message containing some Welsh which we read as

"Dydd-llun-dechra-ly-mis,"

all sufficiently mystical for one evening.

The original sentences were written (and thus repeated) a few days after in my diary, in *direct* writing, with the translations to each (one signed by Saadi—that in Raratonga, and another by J. W. E.—that in Welsh : J. W. E.

was a Welshman), but they omitted to state what languages they were, so that I again appealed to them. The reply came in a most remarkable manner later on, at Haslemere (see next chapter).

The next *séance*, on Sunday, July 13th, was also remarkable: again we were entirely alone. As soon as *Pompom* had controlled *Mary*, she said, "*Pa—all the big boys are coming to-night,*" big boys being her irreverent way of announcing clever or lofty spirits, though she says, "*Louisa is almost a big boy, she is like one.*"

I have noticed that these higher spirits usually come to us either to develop the gift of healing, or to convey messages of unusual import; they came to-night for that purpose; but I will let *Pompom* introduce them in her own way.

"*Oh, here they come,*" and she seemed through *Mary's* face, though with closed eyes, to follow their entrance from the door into the cabinet, which was empty, "*There's Jules Theobald—the funny man, P., J., and a new big boy,*" and turning to him, said, "*What's your name?*"

No doubt the new big boy was as amused as we were at *Pompom's* frivolity, but he gave his name as P., after which *Pompom* said, "*I must go and see what they are all doing, and let Louisa come.*" *Louisa* then at once took the control of *Mary*, speaking through her in quite another style. She said they wanted special power to-night so as to construct a chain of communication between this and our Haslemere home, evidently for what followed. *Mary* was then taken into the cabinet and we, as directed, sang.

After singing a few verses *five* direct spirit writings were put out of the cabinet by a materialized hand: every one of these writings bear their own credentials.

One long message related to healing, one was written in a curious style of writing (similar to that at p. 237) by Saadi; two others from relatives, and one curious bit of psychography which puzzled us at first, of which the following is a *fac-simile*: it purports to be a copy of the Lord's Prayer as used in the twelfth century, as we were afterwards told.

(A)

Ures Fedyg, in heamen rich
 Thy name be halye ever rich
 Thou bring us thy mychel blisse
 As bit in heveny dove
 Ewear in graith from it alsoe
 That holy breade that lasteth ay
 Thou send us this ilke day
 Forgive us all that we have don
 As we forgive each other on
 We let- us fall into no Founding
 We shold our Bye the Foure thing
 Amen

Jules Schœwald

A.—This fac-simile of direct spirit writing in pencil I referred to in *Light* on the 23rd August, 1884. It was written upon the blank fly-leaf of a printed circular, of which I had

several copies in my study at the time, to use for waste or rough copy. At the back of the printed circular was also another direct spirit writing signed by *E. M.*, who very frequently thus communicates with us. The writings referred to were handed out of the cabinet, in which the medium was sitting in deep trance, by a spirit hand, with *five* other writings at the same time.

At the same *séance*, as I have said, we were told that this writing (A) was a copy of the Lord's Prayer as used in the twelfth century. With this clue I visited the British Museum, and, after four days' search, was shown a copy of Camden's "*Britannia*," published in 1657, wherein a *similar* copy of the Prayer is found with this introduction:—" *In the time of King Henry the Second, I finde this rime sent from Rome by Pope Adrian, an Englishman, to be taught to the people.*" Since finding this it has been published in *Scraps*, together with six other specimens of the Lord's Prayer at various dates ; but the one recorded by Camden is as follows :—

Ure fadyr in heaven rich
 Thy name be halyed ever lich :
 Thou bring us thy michell bliss
 Als hit in heaven y - doe,
 Evar in yearth beene it also :
 That holy bread that lasteth ay,
 Thou send *it ous* this ilke day.
 Forgive *ous* all that we have don,
 As we forgivet uch other mon :
 Ne let ous fall into no founding,
 Ac shield ous fro the fowle thing.

Amen.

But all things come to those who wait ! After waiting

for two years I came unexpectedly upon the source from which this writing, and also the Raratongan, was evidently taken, and it was in my house at the time. For looking through a volume of "Sunday at Home" of 1882—which I had given to Mary as a Christmas present—I came across the exact copy of this Lord's Prayer of the twelfth century at page 584, where it is given as a curiosity. No one appeared more surprised than the medium when it was pointed out to her : she had not remembered to have ever read it, though probably she had done so two years before on looking through the book.

Clearly here the spirit had used literature which was within reach ; but that the medium had really written this, with the *five* other writings done at the same time in distinctly different styles of hand-writing, could not be entertained for a moment by any one conversant with the medium's powers and the circumstances surrounding the productions ; the Raratongan writing, be it remembered, being written originally upon one of four sheets of paper placed one inside the other, and these four sheets found thus in my locked secretaire.

One of the higher spirits then spoke in *direct* voice (Mary being very deeply entranced and entirely passive) giving us many directions as to utilizing the power and the sacrifices necessary to be made for it. But we were never to neglect the plain, ordinary duties of life ; and the spirit added, referring to recent criticisms,

" Give up thinking about outsiders ; never mind what they say about you ; sacrifice all feelings for the good of the cause and the Great Master, for it is worthy of it. We are coming

to do a great work, a very great work ; we want helpers, and you have, among others, been chosen."

The voice was clear and one that was pleasing to us all ; and after a few more words the pencil was heard vigorously writing on the woodwork of the cabinet, on which we subsequently found, written very neatly :

" God so loved the world that He died for all.

" The Lord is a great God and greatly to be feared. All ye children praise the Lord.

" Go for your holidays in peace and gladness of mind, and God be with you.

(Signed)

R. Theobald.

Pompom.

J. W. E.

Jules Theobald.

T. T. L——.

Dewdrop [our last little one].

E. M——.

Percy and Horace.

Louisa and Harry.

And a host of us."

These names are all distinctly written in various styles of writing, many of them being obviously like the handwriting which the person indicated had during his life. Some are now partly erased, for the cabinet has homely duties to perform during the week ; if we could only have foreseen all this we would have reserved it specially and solely for this purpose.

Our home party now broke up for residence in Haslemere, my wife and I leading the way on the following Friday, with the burden of all these foreign languages upon us ! We shall see in the next chapter how we surmounted this difficulty.



CHAPTER VI.

PHENOMENA AT HASLEMERE.

(1884.)

“Men believe nothing now above the level
Of everyday experience. They are able
To disprove all things ; don’t believe a letter
That speaks of me. Are they for this the better ?”

MEPHISTOPH.

“At the mouth of two witnesses the matter shall be established.”

Ibid. FAUST.



ON Friday, July 18, 1884, my wife and I went alone to Haslemere, leaving the other members of our family, including the medium, at Blackheath. On coming down to breakfast the following Friday morning, among several letters on the table I found one, in one of my own crested envelopes, bearing the Lewisham post-mark as well as the Haslemere stamp, directed in the well-known spirit hand-writing of J. W. E., who confirmed our recognition by writing inside :

“Dear friends,—I am the postman for this. J. W. Evans”

And on subsequent inquiry at home, no one there

knew anything about this letter, except from information given to them by *Pompom*, the same day as we had received it, when she told them of it, adding :

• “ *They would hear of it soon.*”

In the last chapter I stated that we had, in the midst of messages in English, received several passages written in foreign languages unknown to us ; but which passages, a few days after, our spirit friends quoted and, at the same time, wrote translations opposite to each in my diary. But I still wanted to know *what* languages they were, in order to have the translations confirmed. The letter received in this mysterious way at Haslemere enabled us to clear up the question of translation, and at the same time it *added* to the marvels of the phenomena in question.

For I had brought down with me my private diary, and the original letters containing the foreign languages, with the exception of the Raratongan, which was in the charge of a friend at Croydon, and safe in his custody.

The following is an exact copy of the letter written, without exception I think, in the *smallest* writing we had then had, from *Louisa*, and we have had few since so small, yet every letter is distinctly read under a powerful glass. The foreign languages were now re-written for the third time, and translated.

[Copy.]

“ 1st Hindu. *Sat. guru dikhlai = to show you the true teacher.*

“ *Brittany. Bennoz doiii d'och. The grace of God is yours.*

“ *Raratongan. E enua te po. E takaroronga te ao. Our*

true home is spirit land. This world is but the briefest resting-place."

"Lord's Prayer. 12th century. Ure Fadyr in heaven wick.¹

"Let us walk with watchful eyes.

"Dearest papa and mama,—I have tried to write this in your book, but have not succeeded, so write it at home with Mary in the house and Nellie. While I am doing it lots of them are in the bath-room (half-past ten on Thursday morning). Ask them what they were doing at that time. Grandpa and all send love to you both. Your loving spirit-child.

"Louisa."

Then follows a long letter in a different hand, ending "*I am, Pompom!*"

The above letter, then, was written at home on my own paper; and, with a special ink pencil to be found in my study, *directed* in a third hand-writing entirely distinct from the other two within it. It had then been stamped, with one of my postage stamps probably, and posted without human intervention; nor is this by any means the solitary case of a similar phenomenon, equally well attested.

The translations, as well as the news from home, were all subsequently confirmed. In Chapter X. I have given *in extenso* the letter connected with these quotations in foreign languages. But now that we are at Haslemere, we will return to narrate first an interesting phenomenon which has been omitted. It occurred on the previous Easter. We were all sitting, *en séance*, on Good Friday, for once with an object in view, which we accomplished, and to which I will presently refer.

¹ This is all written by the spirit in two lines, and in a space measuring only $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and is not to be read by ordinary eyesight! A fac-simile production is impossible as the writing is in pencil.

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

"What do you refer to?" I inquired.

"*You will soon know ; it has been done, but with much difficulty.*"

This proved to be the case, for Mary was very ill for some days after it.

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

I opened it, and inside was the key of the box, carefully wrapped up *in a piece of marked paper, torn off a sheet of paper which I had left in a box in my study ; the marked part (of which certainly the medium knew nothing) being torn off and used as a wrapper for the key ; the mark was so small that at first I failed myself to see the proof to which the spirit had drawn my attention*. The box when brought was put on Mary's lap under the table, she sitting with her hand in my daughter's, and perfectly still in her entrancement. As soon as this occurred I wrote to the woman who had charge of the house at Blackheath, asking her if she had *observed* on Good Friday a musical-box lying on a table which I indicated. Unfortunately she had not done so, or the proof of spirit transit would have been more

satisfactory for others. As it is, it is only so to spiritualists ; unless Mary's subsequent exhaustion and illness—of which there was no mistake—may be taken as an evidence that her vital force had been drawn upon to an injurious extent. But I cannot offer this as confirmation, unless the fact is accepted on testimony.

I will now relate a history, very interesting to us, which led to our then sitting *en séance*.

When I first took this house at Haslemere it was rather in a neglected condition. The papers were dirty and the garden completely grown over with weeds and thistles, the result of being unoccupied for some time. But the charming surroundings helped us to make light of these drawbacks, and I set to work at internal decorations and outside clearances and planting of serviceable stock, and when we went down to take possession, in the year 1878, I felt we had a home, in lovely country,

“ Calm and shut out from all the strife
That shakes a jarring world ! ”

The solitude, the quiet, and the scenery around were delicious after London life ; and to this “resting box,” as we called it, we frequently repaired, when overworked or weary, for a few days at a time, and for a three months' residence in summer.

But to some of those who are sensitive there appeared in the house at night something eerie which was most noticeable if we went upstairs in the dark, and in a particular room ! Of course we were not likely to be frightened by ghosts—we had had too much to do with them—so we took no notice of our feelings, or put them down to the quietude and the “peopled silences” of our solitude. We

did not use the house so frequently at first as we do now, and were away from it for months together.

But the eeriness grew into a sense of positive *presence*, and then came noises during the night. Still they did us no harm, and we took little notice of these occasional disturbances, nor did we mention them to any of our friends.

But time passed—years passed; and my sister and another lady (both sensitives) were staying in the house together, occupying different bedrooms. In the morning they compared their experiences: both had not *seen*, but had been *conscious* of, spirits walking about their rooms at night! neither of them was frightened, and as the visit was repeated, one of them addressed the spirit and told him to go away. She also prayed. But our visitors departed leaving the ghosts behind. Whenever sensitives, however, came to stay with us, their presence was detected though the ghost was not seen by any one: it was simply annoyance, and to such people as could recognize the presence it was not even startling. But the thing grew; later on my son (the medium of years ago, as narrated in this book) came to stay in the house; and on one occasion was standing in front of the toilet table covered with muslin when he saw the cover move out and a *hand* about to grasp him, as he thought, by the leg. On looking under the table there was nothing to account for it. This brings us to the year 1884, and to the object of our sitting *en séance* with Mary: in order to establish communication with the spirit. Mary had been the first, and was the only one, I believe, who actually saw him: she met him on the stairs the first day she went into the house and talked with him. The *séance* I am about to refer to was held under the direction of our spirit guides. We had represented to them the

annoyance we had experienced (although they knew all about it) and asked how to remove the influence, more in the interests of visitors than our own. They told us that the disturbance proceeded from an ignorant earth-bound spirit—with no evil intention—and we must reason with him and assist him to rise to a higher life. This we therefore determined to do. Meantime our own spirit children with *Mr. L.* (a spirit) had taken the ignorant spirit in hand; and a few days before we sat for the purpose of meeting him as arranged, one of our children had told us that he was already improving; had discarded *black* and now wore *grey*—a sign of improvement in character, for dress in the spirit world is symbolical of state. Further, he was not now so averse to our coming into the house as he had been, and he was looking forward to know us.

Louisa controlled Mary first, at this sitting, but for a few minutes only, as she said she was wanted elsewhere (probably to help in the musical box business), and she said that a strange spirit wanted to come.

Mary's face then completely changed; and nodding across the table in a curious way to me began to speak in a gruff voice and in a broad country dialect.

"*Good evening, sar,*" and we found ourselves in communication with the unseen ghost of the house! He told us his name was *J. B.*: that he had built the house but did not live long in it, and for a time he seemed very reticent. I complained to him of his annoying some of our visitors, and especially *E.*, by endeavouring to seize his leg. He said he meant no annoyance, but he saw he was a medium and he wanted to communicate. Asked how he could tell who was a medium, to which he replied: "*They're more shining-like and easier to get at.*" We had a long chat then

on a *secret* connected with the house; he told us he didn't like any one coming into it, but he liked *us* all now, and he wouldn't annoy us any more. "*Maybe*," he said, "*yu'll hear me walking about a bit longer—but don't be afeard!*" Nor are we. The history of the house haunting lies in a nutshell—as I afterwards confirmed. He had built it for himself and wife (who was alive at this time) to live in: she disliked the house on account of its loneliness, and wouldn't live in it. Then, said the old man in a temper, "*No one shall live in it.*" It was accordingly locked up, and used as a barn until he died. Soon after the property was sold, and I took possession: this annoyed him and accounted for his haunting us, probably unintentionally at first, and arising out of his earth-bound state and his clinging to the old house. The power to make himself known increased until he obtained his ultimate object in communicating the secret of his life to us. I reasoned with him, telling him he should seek now to advance towards a better state, and find some good work to do. He replied, saying, that our dear children and Mr. L. had already pointed out this to him, and had helped him to rise. He referred to other matters connected with some of our visitors (which we knew to be true, and which proved him to be a discerner of character), and thanked us for praying for him (as we had done). He spoke of feeling a sense of loneliness when he first entered into the spirit world, "*as many be that lead foolish lives.*" Spiritualists, he said, seemed, when they came over there, *to go straight on!* We parted on good terms—he leaving as he came with a nod and a "*Good evening, sar.*"

It was after this conversation, and when we were all talking together about it—in full light—that the musical

box announced its presence by playing under the table!

A few minutes after a high spirit announced himself by first asking me to lead the circle in prayer for the outpouring of the *healing* power. He said his province was to attend healers, and for a time he would assist F., who had from his birth been destined to use this gift. After this *séance* F's. power as a healer increased in a marked degree: since which it has been intermittent. But while staying at Haslemere in the following August, I have recorded in my diary *six* remarkable cases of healing under his hands; two of which had been given over by the doctors, and one woman seemed really to be at death's door. She had been seen the day F. went by two doctors, who said she could not possibly recover. It was a case of heart disease and dropsy: and in those early days I felt uneasy at his undertaking it. But my object in this chapter is to continue *J. B's.* narrative, with a view of showing to *spiritualists* the beneficial influence they are able to exert over lower spirits, who so frequently are earth bound from unfinished work or on account of faults which need to be corrected and abandoned.

There is no need—it would be wearisome to readers less interested than ourselves—to record the numberless little daily reminders and proofs of the nearness of our spirit friends (among whom from this time we number *J. B.*), although the *little* things contain often some of the most suggestive spiritual lessons.

It was a curious and interesting experience now, when we went to Haslemere, to *interview J. B.*; and when Mary went with us, as she usually did on holiday occasions, it was easy. At family devotions *B.* was always to be seen by Mary's clairvoyant eyes standing near me, and

my own feelings accepted her report. In the night M. and N. would hear him occasionally walk about the house, though this experience was not confined by any means to them ; but when it came to conversation Mary had it all to herself ! One night my daughter had toothache ; and, in order to relieve her, Mary was engaged in rubbing outside the cheek with a "toothache pencil." While thus engaged J. B. appeared to Mary and spoke (neither sight nor speech being within Nellie's consciousness) and said, "*That be'ant no good, put it on the jar,*" which Mary understood rightly to mean jaw, and accordingly she applied the remedy to the gums with success.

At our *séances* at Haslemere J. B. was able to come : but although he often tried to manifest himself at Blackheath our spirit circle there interposed and told him it could not be permitted *until his dress was lighter* ; symbolical then of a progressive character. When he came to us at Haslemere he noticed various little acts of kindness which we naturally took pleasure in doing for the cottagers ; and especially on one occasion when we took in a stranger who had come to grief on his bicycle ; at which he was astonished, remarking, "*things here aint as they used to was,*" but he thus learnt moral lessons, if not grammatical ones, and so advanced. This was evident from one interesting experience which occurred on 2nd November, 1884.

Sitting at Blackheath *Pompom*, who had entranced Mary, said that an old man was present who had come for a particular purpose. He had come with *Mr. L.* and was going to write a letter to us. As soon as Mary went into the cabinet the papers containing direct writings were shaken about and soon after handed out to us—seven in number : one was a large quarto sheet full of writing in

four different hand-writings, but the one to which I am now drawing attention was signed in a scrawly hand *B*—while the letter, written by our well-known spirit friend *J. W. E.*, was as follows—

(The paper had a private mark of my own upon it by which I identified it at the time as *having been blank a few minutes before*. No human hand could possibly have filled it, as given to us, in the interval.)

“ Dear Sir and Madam,—You will be glad to know I am improving, and with God’s help I will continue to do so. All is well at Dene House :¹ my dress is changing. I am going up higher. I shall not be able to be so often at the old house, but may come sometimes. God bless you all for what you have done for me. Thank Mary, your medium, for first showing me light in my darkness. Farewell for a time.

B—— by J. W. E.”

When he says : “ I shall not be able to be so often at the old house, but *may* come sometimes,” it seems to indicate that although he was no longer bound to it, as a haunting, undeveloped spirit, only half detached from its former conditions and associations ; yet he retains his affection for the familiar spot, and is able to visit it without being degradingly chained to it ; he comes as a visitor, no longer being riveted to it as a prisoner.

He still comes to us occasionally when we are at Haslemere, but his presence is really agreeable : and he is to the sensitives a pleasant companion. Our visitors however are now never conscious of his presence.

¹ Haslemere.



CHAPTER VII.

PHENOMENA AT BLACKHEATH.

(1884.)

“Those who affirm that they have seen faith-staggering occurrences are of course supposed to be impostors or dupes. . . . In many ways it is intimated to them, in effect, that they ought to come forward with something less extraordinary, in order that they might have been believed. This is a principle of danger, when applied, as it is every day in our courts of law. The examining counsel draws himself up, and—with that fearful moral elevation which it is given to none but brief-holders to attain—thunders out, ‘Do you expect the jury to believe?’ . . . Honour to the first judge who shall stop the volley with, ‘Brother Buzfuz, the witness is to mind the *truth*; the jury will take care of the *credibility*.’”—Professor DE MORGAN.



At the end of September, 1884, we were all again at home at Blackheath; and in my study I found a greeting in the minute writing with which we had been so long familiar.

“Dear Papa and Mama,—Welcome home we are glad to see you. By our works you shall know us all.”

“Yes—dear ones,” I mentally replied. “I don’t see how else.”

Again we all—visible members and invisible—fell into

our regular work. Household duties were often divided pretty equally between the two groups. The spirit friends seemed to take any amount of trouble to help, and especially so when physical strength had been exhausted by *their* use of it—in a way which, although felt, we cannot understand.

We had some very remarkable but very private experiences at this time, and among them were one or two letters carried to great distances.

Troubles came at this time which these spirit friends shared with us and helped us continually by their advice or comfort.

At this time all our private diaries bear testimony to the presence and intimacy of our invisible watchers, for they are thickly interspersed with private messages in direct spirit writing. Nearly every day was marked by acts of domestic service done by unseen friends, while not unfrequently puddings have been entirely *made and cooked* when all the family were sitting together on Sunday evening *en séance*.

Invisible help was persistent, and real as the ordinary domestic help. We seemed to be *too* much favoured, but it all helped our spirit workers in what they were doing on their own account, and in fact these homely acts rendered it possible for them to do what otherwise would have been difficult if not impossible. For given a certain fixed allowance of vital force, it is capable of a corresponding amount of work and no more: and if all the necessary household work of the family had been done by ourselves in the ordinary way, there would not have been sufficient vital force left for the spirit manifestations. It seems therefore to be a singular piece of vital economy showed

by the invisible agents who worked through the mediumistic organisms existing in our household, that they managed to combine their own aims with ours ; killing two birds with one stone, making themselves manifest by taking upon themselves domestic work which must have been neglected if they had expressed themselves in other ways. Taking this into consideration, it may appear that the fire lighting and other useful performances undertaken by our unseen attendants were not the undignified business that may at first appear ; for by doing this they saved us from the reproach of pursuing Spiritualistic Phenomena at the cost of neglecting the ordinary duties of life ; they did not merely take our work upon themselves but they put their own significance into it.

At the end of October one of our sons went to America and I recorded in *Light* at the time (p. 482 of 1884) the active part our spirit friends took in the voyage : how our friend *Jules* wrote to his mother a charming letter commencing in antique style as "*Dear lady*" and *J. W. E.* also as "*Dear lady friend ;*" how we were informed of the ship's safe arrival at Quebec 48 hours before the telegraph appeared in *The Times* — a Sunday having intervened. Since then I found (in January, 1885) a long *direct spirit letter* upon my office table one morning (among a heap of other letters), announcing his return to Liverpool when at the time *we thought him still in America, and had received no hint of his returning.*

Such records must, I know, appear amazing to any but those who have had similar experiences. But from private correspondence I know that many have had analogous occurrences in their own houses, and although they shroud themselves in privacy, it appears to me that it is time such

experiences were given to the public. Nicodemus must avow himself and Zaccheus come down when Truth comes self-invited to his house.

On Nov. 21, 1884.—I received a letter from a friend who is an old spiritualist—written in evident haste—inviting me to join a select party of spiritualists, eight in number, to sit for a materialization. I seldom sit except with our own circle at home, and my first impulse was to decline with thanks. But I sent the letter down to Mary, asking her to try and get directions from our own guides.

Louisa soon decided for me by saying—

"Tell pa to go: he will know why when he gets there."

And the result proved that they had had some share in the arrangements. I had been sent to see the first materialization of one of our spirit circle M., but I was never more surprised than when I saw him open the curtains and come from the dark room into the lighted room where the circle of eight were sitting. I instantly recognized him: the figure was exact as in life, even to the beard, not an ordinary one.

But as I knew that others who were then present would also know him I remained perfectly silent and watched him closely.

He then walked across the room, passing under the gaselier, to a spot immediately in front of me. Involuntarily, as I looked at him, I exclaimed, "Oh you dear fellow—can't you speak to me?" He at once, but without a word, took my right hand and gave me the same nervous grip and short shake of the hand as he was wont to do in life; after which he patted me lovingly on the shoulder. But it seemed so strange to me that he did not speak.

I knew him so intimately and it was impossible for me to mistake him : and he knew me and had come straight to me, singling me out in presence of all. There was, as I have before noticed in these forms, a certain lack of complete nervous life in the working of the features, but I had not a doubt as to whom it was intended to represent.

The gentleman sitting next to me now recognized him, without a hint from me as to who he was, and another friend in the circle on hearing his name said, " I knew you, Mr. M. Come to me." The form at once walked across to him and was recognized. Dr. W. who was present but who has imperfect sight in dim light also recognized the dim form, as also did a *fourth* friend present.

The spirit now retired into the dark room for a short time (about a minute), returned once more for a second recognition, and then de-materialized behind the curtains. A spirit voice from the inner room addressing me, said,

" You now know why you were sent for, Mr. Theobald ; it was for Mr. M. to materialize in your presence here so as to learn how to do so in your own home circle."

Five other forms, each of very different appearance—two of whom *spoke*—materialized at the same *séance* ; the last, taking one of our number by the hand, led him into the dark room, and showed him the medium entranced on the sofa, at the same time as he saw also dimly the spirit who had led him, standing by his side. He both saw and touched the medium. It will not escape the reader's notice, that although in this instance I am reporting manifestations which occurred at a distance from home, and did not strictly belong to our circle, yet they are inseparably associated with the indoor experiences, by the nature of the

manifestations there given, as well as by the fact that I was influenced to go by the suggestions of our domestic guides.

During this month (December, 1884) I was engaged in writing a few notes of an address which I had promised to deliver before our Literary Society in Lewisham: and I asked our spirit friends to write me a direct message which I could show to this meeting. The writing was given and I was disappointed in one respect with it: it contained several little errors in spelling which I care less for on our own account but which outsiders immediately and naturally seize upon as indications of trickery. I don't know that I should even have used it under the circumstances except for the fact that it contained a line of *Greek* which I, who have well-nigh forgotten the very little Greek I knew forty years ago, was unable to understand excepting that I could recognize the undoubted Greek letters, which I may say I could in some respects have written *better* with my own hand: for, unlearned as I was, I could at once notice the careless formation of the Greek *ν* and *υ*. The message all through showed signs of haste in writing, and this was no doubt due to the fact that I only asked for the writing a day or two before I wanted it. But as I am not called upon to account for errors, and I am as anxious that these should be reported as well as the more advanced and correct writings which we have since received and are now receiving in rich profusion—absolutely correct when written under calm conditions—I will transcribe the whole letter just as it was written. I found it on my study table at 8 a.m. on the day I wished to use it, and it was written upon a *marked* sheet of paper which I had seen *blank* overnight. The Greek, we have since been told, was written by an *Indian* spirit who was unacquainted with the language,

under some sort of direction given to him by *Saadi* who a few days afterwards wrote a free translation of it.

The Greek has been subjected to much criticism, and has been employed in attacking me, impeaching my veracity, and so forth. It has been *misread* to suit such attack; and I transcribe it with the benefit of any doubt as to the letters which are indistinct or misformed; in every case however a careful inspection with friendly eyes will give the rendering found below.¹ The whole communication thus written hastily to show to a public audience is as follows. The assumed writer was a Welsh itinerant preacher, and probably not well educated. I give the punctuation exactly as it stands.

"My dear friends,—You have asked us to give you a message you could show to-night to any one who would like to see it.

"Now whoever reads this must bear in mind that I who write this is (sic) what you of this life call a Ghost² or a spirit of one who lived on this earth and who passed to an higher life before you were born (1782). Now dear friends if this was written to you by one who was across the sea you would all read it with great pleasure as from one you all take interest in: Now as you read this, think to yourself may be one who is very dear to you may be standing beside you now—even as you read this. Some of you—I may say all of you—have at the least one or even two dear friends who art (sic) with us of the spirit life. Some of you have a fond mother, or a father, a wife or an Husband, or may be a darling child, are they never to come to you again, are they

¹ Very slightly different from my record thereof in *Light*, 1885, p. 34.

² The discussion was on Ghosts.

never to take interest in what concerns you, or what is for your happiness. Do you think that because we have left the earth and all its cares, we are never to come back, or if we do so, at all we must be bad spirits was Christ a bad spirit. Some of you think, your friends when you once put them under ground—you see no more of them untill you go yourselves to join them—but it is not so. Do you think if a fond husband leaves a wife down here, that he is never able to help her, after he has once passed away, No God forbid that it should be so.

"God in his tender mercy and lovingkindness to all, lets his children help one another, and encourages your friends to help you, and come to visit you on earth at all times, whoever you are one dear friend spirit is allways with you. You who read this scoff no more at spiritualism—for it is true and mighty—and even as Christ came into this world he will come again.

"Dear friends we who art (sic) passed away all take a new name in our new home. Read Rev. *μεν πρωτον Ουτιν εαυτον επικαλει επειδανδε διεφενγε και εξω ην βελους Οδισσυν ονομαζεσθαι εφη this, English of this I shall leave you wise ones to find out. Good night all friends also those who do not believe in us, but all the same we are, what we say we are, friends of some of you on earth. Some here to-night have seen one of us, on earth life, and I dare say some have read the life of one of us. this is written by an old Welsh man who some of you may have heard of but it is dictated in great part by M. J. W. E."*

On the last page came the following characteristic letter of one of the spirit children :

"Now me am doin to write some for you papa.

"You tell all the big men your little Emily, Pompom, Chatterbox, is not a Ghost, and she am not a phantom grim and tall, but she is a little girl who likes to help you when she can, and if peoples would let their little girls and boys tome to them, they would do so. Louisa and big boys say so. dood night everybodys, be dood peoples. Me am Pompom."

Three days after, at our usual Sunday evening *séance*, we received five or six direct writings (one sealed up, to be sent to a friend at a distance—which we sent under protest!), another stating they hoped soon to materialize among us—this was partly done that evening—and another writing referring to the "phenomenal" Greek as follows :

"Nellie's Paper.

"English of Greek.

"At first he was called Outis, but as soon as he had escaped and was out of the javelin's reach he said he was named Odussens—Ulysses.

"We meant by it on earth we are known by only one name, but when we enter to our higher life we change or have a new name, and if you read Rev. you will see that all have a new name in the lamb's book of life. By J. W. E. for Saadi."

It would not be necessary, but for the captious criticisms which have been passed upon this affair, for me to explain that I am not myself responsible either for the Greek, or for the syntax, or translation. I am simply a reporter. I give the facts as I receive them. If the Greek is bad, why then the spirits write bad Greek, and deserve all the pedagogic rebukes which my critics have administered to me. I fail however to see why the castigation or the imposition should fall upon poor me! who act simply as a clerk or transcriber,

making no pretensions to Greek scholarship at all. And even if there is a wholesale massacre of every law of syntax,—with orthography and etymology thrown into the bargain,—I know of no inference touching the honesty or good faith either of myself or my invisible associates, that can be lawfully deduced from the supposed grammatical carnage.

Perhaps the spirits are quizzing the pedants, giving them a red herring on which they may flesh their critical teeth, till they make the non-critical discovery that they are after all on a *wrong scent*, and that the case is not one of grammar in any degree!

So far as I am concerned if I had set to work to construct such a message as this, I should probably have hunted up a little decent Greek that would bear academic inspection. But, indeed, if left to my own devices I should have eschewed Greek altogether, and confined my young ambition within the pale of such home-spun English as I am capable of.

I shall have occasion later on to refer to some more Greek writing—in which the transcription is faultless, probably because the mediumship had become more manageable.

Christmas, 1884, was spent at Haslemere, whither we all repaired on the 24th December, leaving the house in charge of a woman (whom we have since found to be a *sensitive*) and a child as her companion. I left my study locked up, and the table drawers within it also locked, containing ruled paper specially procured for our spirit friends to use in writing. No one entered this room until I myself returned and unlocked it on the 29th.

On Christmas Day, while sitting in the evening at tea, raps, such as we were familiar with under the mediumship

of our children—years ago—came freely all over the table, joining thus in our conversation and replying vigorously to questions as they were put.

Sitting afterwards, *en séance*, as soon as Mary was entranced and taken away from the table into a corner of the room, we were directed to put out the lights.

When this was done we had conversation in the darkness with *direct* spirit voices ; spirit forms flitted about the room drawing their soft drapery over the hands of some of the sitters in order to indicate their presence.

After this we heard a rustling of paper apparently, which *slowly* fluttered down from the ceiling and finally settled in front of myself while I was sitting at the end of the table, and furthest from the medium.

On lighting up we found a blue pencil with the point broken off, wrapped round by a sheet of ruled note-paper, such as I had left in my table drawer locked up at Blackheath. On it was written in five different coloured crayons the following, and in the colours indicated—

In Brown “*Xmas Day* (ruled under in blue).

Blue *taken from drawer in your study at Granville Park, written with chalks downstairs and brought here to-night, the pencils you will find with all the points broken.*

Green *We all*

Blue *wish you a*

Brown *Merry Christmas and*

Red *a bright new year,*

Yellow *and may every thing*

Blue *prosper with you all and all*

Brown *happyness attend you all wherever you may be.*

J. W. E.

Signed in blue by	Louisa, T. T. L., Harry,
„ red by	Emily, Pompom,
„ brown by	Saadi, Wamik,
„ blue by	William D.”

And inside the paper is written in a child's style—

In Blue “*Dear Mamma,—Me am taken care of this house with Harry. Pompom.*”

After considerable questioning of our spirit friends they told us the paper then before us was written at Blackheath as it stated, “*while the bells were ringing for church,*” about a quarter to eleven, and no one was then in the house (this was found to be correct). The power was obtained from our own medium, then at Haslemere, about eight o'clock a.m. (at this time we found she had been suddenly entranced in her bedroom, my daughter being with her). The power was “stored” until the message was written, and it was done in the room downstairs, at Blackheath, because Mary usually sits there, and it always retains a large storage of influence from past *séances*. The signatures were appended while we were sitting (probably when we heard the rustling). All the signatures are in their own writing and accurately resemble those of earth life so far as we knew them.

On arriving at home I went straight to the box of crayons (a new box given to Tom) and found *all* the points broken off. As I was walking up to the front door *Pompom* opened it for me (of course unseen by me) as she had promised to do, and when I went in, only *two* people were in the house, and they *together* in the drawing-room singing. These two persons had recently passed the hall door and it was *shut*; they had noticed the door of my study which

was, as I had left it, *locked*; and the dust lay thick on my table, as might be expected, having been shut up nearly six days. Clearly the table had not been touched since I left it.

Considerable weakness followed the above incident, both to the medium and to another member of our home circle.

December 26th.—A fire (which had been laid in the morning) in our bedroom at Haslemere was lit by *Pompom* at 4.15 p.m. just as M. and N. entered the house from a long walk. No one was in the upper floor at the time.

On the last day of the year, 1884, on coming down into my room I found written on a large foolscap sheet of paper in direct writing, "*Your friends have got what they want. Saadi*;" and on looking further I found in my blotting case seven more direct writings, our psychic scribes probably thought it well on the last day of the year to clear off all debts; for these were on different cards or papers, given to me by friends upon which to obtain a writing for themselves: all were specially marked on recognizable papers, given to me for the purpose, and which I kept in my study—not locked up, because I wanted success! but frequently inspected. "*To one who had waited long*" was written by *Louisa* and the "*spirit who never lived!*"

"*Friend R.—You would have had this sooner if time would have been spared us but we have other duties to attend to. We know that altho' you are kept waiting for what you want it does not hinder you from spreading the cause and working for Christ your King. Dear friend be faithful in well doing and your reward will be great when you come into*

the home that is already waiting for you. Many friends join with me in a New Year's greeting. I am a spirit friend Louisa."

"GOD'S BLESSING REST ON YOU AND YOURS. Wamik."

On the last pages of this Diary of Psychic Phenomena for the year 1884 I have made several memoranda of other forces which seemed to us to be coming on though as yet they were undeveloped. But I have found it well to note *changes* and growing phenomena or even new *physical* feelings, which occur among us and especially in those most sensitive, *before* the full meaning is ascertained. From my records I find that during the last six months of this year the results as to fire-lighting phenomena stands thus—*omissions* to enter are more likely to have occurred than otherwise, especially of those in the middle of the day :

- In *July*. Either the gas-stove in C (see plan p. 106) or the kitchen fire in A was lit by our spirit helpers every morning and during that month fires were lit four times during the day by the same power.
- In *August*. We were only at home three days, on each of which the fires were lit in the early morning.
- In *September*. Every morning without exception, and in the middle of the day on three occasions.
- In *October*. Every morning without exception, and 25 times also *during the day time*. (Fires in sitting-rooms being now in requisition.)
- In *November*. Every morning without exception, and every *day* during some part of it also, without exception.

In December. Every morning excepting the five days we were at Haslemere and *there* once in the afternoon as before recorded. Every day when at home has one fire also been lit *during the day* time—by our spirit friends.

Mary has frequently seen them lit under her eyes while in the act of laying the fire: twice under my own observation, constantly under that of my wife's, and frequently before my daughter's eyes. In making these early morning records I have taken them from my daughter and Mary, for whom I claim absolute care and truthfulness in their reports: outsiders, with their many suggestions, will trust for proof of the phenomena more to those records which occur *during the day*. One of these records is confirmed (as already referred to) by *four* persons seeing the thing done while they were standing in the room talking together.¹

The writings referred to have been very numerous, I am afraid to say how many, but they certainly amount to *hundreds*: for the most part domestic and private. Birthday letters were never omitted—they were usually placed on the breakfast table—perhaps a sheet full of writings in seven or eight various styles from well-known spirit friends. The movement of physical objects has been frequent, much more than it is possible to record, and the stream of intelligent purpose in all seems to be growing as our sense of the marvellous grows dimmer.

The *dramatis personæ* now in our midst consists largely of our own family: Fathers and mothers and grandfathers on both sides; our children *Louisa, Emily, Percy, Horace,*

¹ "Spiritualism at Home," p 36.

and *Dewdrop*; dear lost friends or relations, *T. T. L.*, *H. T.*, *M. L. T.*, *M. M.*, *W. D.*, *M. W. D.*, *J. T.*, and old ancestors of ours, *Jules Theobald*, *R. Morell*, to whom must be added *J. W. Evans*, *Saadi*, and *Wamik*, and other ancient spirits who do not wish to be identified: in truth a goodly number.

END OF 1884.





CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY EVENING SÉANCES.

(1885.)

“ The spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues are open
To the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go : and we perceive them not,
Save by their influence ; or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.”

LONGFELLOW.



THE YEAR 1885.—Throughout the whole of the year the presence, and domestic help in household duties, of our spirit friends has been persistent ; and its *daily* manifestation was continued without interruption until the end of July, when it was somewhat broken by our temporary removal to Haslemere, of which I shall say more later on.

It would be wearisome to recount day by day the numerous records in my diary of early morning fire-lightings and breakfast preparations, of midday fire-lightings, and the carrying up of trays at meals, &c. ; but one thing was very noticeable, viz., that when unusual vital force had been

abstracted by our spirit friends to the weakening and sometimes temporary illness of Mary and other members of the household, at such times their services were unusually numerous, and twice in the week when a violin lesson had to be received by a son at the early hour of 8 o'clock a.m., the fires were lighted unusually early, and breakfast preparations were more numerous. The statement that the help given in domestic work was more abundant when an unusual demand had been made on our medium's vital forces may seem a little paradoxical, because these domestic operations had to be performed by drawing upon the same vitality which was already suffering from excessive demands made upon it. Whatever explanation of the anomaly may be given, it has seemed to us that different operations required different degrees, and perhaps different orders of vital force. If long messages were being written and secreted in hidden places, we were conscious of the drain made upon us as of something unusual and excessive: whereas the fire-lighting, and the small matters of kitchen business seemed to be comparatively easy, and could be supplied, so to speak, cheap and wholesale. Moreover in all cases the vital force was derived from all members of the family in different proportions including those of lower degrees of mediumistic development, and it is probable that the most sensitive medium was more hardly used in proportion as the manifestations were more difficult or occult. It seems then that for the more ordinary works—to which perhaps long practice has made our invisible friends familiar—there is scarcely any limit to the amount of available mediumistic force; but for the more select class economy was necessary. Such minor operations were now continually carried on before my daughter as well as Mary, though it

was also noticeable that when physical objects were carried upstairs from the kitchen or *vice versa*, our friends chose a moment when my daughter's eye was not resting upon the objects which were to be conveyed, though on one or two occasions she has caught them in the very act! Under Mary's eye they seem able to do anything. It may be that on these occasions part of the mediumistic force was drawn from my daughter, and that her state, while looking for phenomena and watching for them was too positive, in an antagonistic sense, and that her power could be best used when she ceased to be critical and active and became simply passive. This explanation may of course apply also to my own attempts at detective work, which are almost invariably defeated.

The year opened with several long messages in direct spirit writing; messages of correction, and on rare occasions of sharp censure; we naturally keep these to ourselves—perhaps it is our fault that we cannot always manage to make the cap of censure fit the head for which it is said to be prepared; but we have received the rebukes as meekly as we could, and have, I trust, profited and improved our spirit communion through them: some of them open up problems not as yet fully solved. Some of them also are very long and very convincing as to their *abnormal* origin: some have never been seen except by my wife and myself: such were found sealed up and usually in locked places, inaccessible to any one but myself. They disclose the most intimate knowledge not only of our words and actions, but even of our very *thoughts*.

Verily, we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, and of ministering spirits who concern themselves with all our affairs. We were told at this time to

avoid controversy as it upset the harmonious conditions and peaceful atmosphere of the house, and I was requested not for a time to publish so freely in *Light*, as I had been doing, the new phenomena which were now being developed in our midst: this, as I understood it, was in order to avoid controversy which necessarily led to a good deal of discussion. That will account for a period of comparative quiet in my communications.

In the midst of daily phenomena, those at our weekly Sunday Evening *séances* became sometimes very remarkable. Besides conserving and purifying the power for writings, now voluminous throughout the week, we had curious additional experiences on these occasions, some of them pointing to forces not as yet fully developed or even defined.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 8th, sitting quite alone, we received four letters in *direct* spirit writing—*Louisa's*—referring to the work at the time. One of them contains the following. Speaking of the power, she says:—

"It is stronger but of a different kind, and so much is taken from all of you to help other sittings, that you do not get as much here as you ought. We could do more here, only we do not want to make our medium fit for nothing else. You all in this house have your daily task to get through, and we do not want you to have to make Mary give up her work for us, as we all want to see home duties can be as well done by a medium as not: we like to see you all at your home duties. . . . We in our band are helping four new circles, and we are trying to bring you all in communication with others, so that you may all be able to hear from each other. . . . You will know more in the future that is not far off."

On questioning *Louisa* and getting replies, by raps on this occasion, we were told of the above-mentioned circles; two of them have since developed and are now developing remarkably, one has failed to develop through its own conditions being adverse, and one is abroad; I have heard nothing of it as yet, but I expect to know all about it in time.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—My daughter was directed to go into the cabinet *with Mary*; she placed a second chair, and having seated herself, took both *Mary's* hands in her own—*Mary* being deeply entranced. While thus seated, and all four hands locked together, the card tube was taken out of the box under her feet, and with it she was stroked and tapped gently over the face and head. *Pompom* said three spirits were very busy upstairs, which was confirmed immediately after by a very long letter, signed by *J. W. E.*, *E. M.*, and *T. T. L.*, brought invisibly into the room, partly relating to the "Podmore" controversy then going on, and incidentally endorsing the puzzling and rather hypothetical personality of *Wamik*. Extracts of this letter may be interesting to some of my readers:

"You are hard pressed now by the outside world, . . . but the right will always prevail and truth will always shine as clear as day-light; be firm in your faith and truth, but do not be brought to do as P. and others will want of you. . . . they want to press you so hardly that you may in a moment of anger say you may come and do as you please, and as they would like! . . . So be on your guard against them We will help you. . . . They who say Wamik never lived on this earth know nothing whatever about him. What he has said of himself, and we have said about him, is quite true,

and a faithful account of him. We would not bring you spirits who are not of us, neither would we bring untruthful ones. . . . God who is the father of all spirits would not permit His children to be led by a wrong road. . . . Some will come shortly and profess to be friends, but they will be wolves in sheep's clothing, beware of them, we will warn you if we are able. . . . This is from three of us whom you may depend upon. (Signed) J. W. E., T. T. L., E. M."

And we were warned more than once of very plausible and friendly people, who came, ostensibly with interest, to interview us ; by whom we ourselves might have been deceived ; and subsequent experience has proved that our spirit watchers were right ! It seems to us that any contact with falsity or suspicion either stops mediumship, or else damages it in a way that soon manifests itself,—and although we can detect sincerity ourselves as well as most people, we are not sorry to be doubly guarded. A detective is doubtless a very useful personage, *in his place*, but we have always found that his method and spirit of investigation is unsuited to our phenomena, and that any inquirer who is looking first of all for trickery will probably never find anything else. But all the muddle and confusion resulting from a chase after tests will be amply illustrated by later experiences, which will be related in their order.

Sunday, March 1.—For the first time for fifteen months, I record that *no* fire was lit in early morning ; it did not matter on the day of rest, but I asked *Pompom* why it was omitted ? In her curious way she said : "*A boy was at the gate, ringing the bell, and M. was not well* [quite true] : *they didn't want to take from Mary a lot of her 'well' !*" At which we naturally laughed, when she asked what she ought

to have said—and I suggested “power.” But a good deal of power had to be abstracted from Mary that morning, as will be seen from the following incident. When we were all at church except Mary, a respectable-looking man knocked at the door, which Mary opened with tremor, for one of the spirit guides said clairaudiently to her as she was going to the door, “*Take care.*” On opening the door the man said, “Good morning,” and was walking in but Mary stopped him. He said he had an appointment with me—which Mary knew to be unlikely, as I had not mentioned it—and would wait. “No,” said Mary, “Mr. T. will not be home until one. No one is at home.” The man pleasantly persisted; he had come down by train purposely, and so on; and was again trying to push his way in, when a tremendous noise came, as Mary says, like a Dutch cheese rolling down the stairs, which startled both, and a loud voice, audible to both, called out, “*Shut the door, Mary, Pa didn’t invite him.*” The man stared, and said, “You said no one was at home;” he then turned on his heels and fairly bolted! Mary hastily shut the door and nearly fainted. Afterwards she went upstairs, but could see nothing to account for the noise; she found, however, one of our most powerful spirit friends, who said *Pompom* had fetched him and told him what to do! Of course, I have only Mary’s word for the occurrence—but her state on arriving home confirms it; and besides, *we* can believe her.

We had four direct writings that evening:

1. From Mary’s father, thanking us for our care of her.
2. From *Saadi* and *Wamik*.
3. From *J. W. E.*,—a long letter in which occurs:

“*That man that came this morning was a thief and an*

impostor. We all helped Mary to send him away as she could not by herself,—it was your son H. who called out. You need never fear leaving the house: we are always on guard."

4. From *Pompom*, to whom I gave a lesson in spelling as the result of reading her letter!

These four letters were given out of the cabinet a few minutes after Mary went in, *and were all written on paper left in my study*, and given out as usual, perfectly smooth and uncreased in any way.

A few days after, Mary being unwell was lying down, when she was entranced for over an hour. During this entrancement she heard a conference of spirits—among whom were *E. M., Saadi, Wamik*, and a new bright spirit who would not give us his name for some time because, he said, he did not wish to involve me in any more trouble on the question of identity. They wanted to do all their work quietly. The conference ended by their saying, "*I think she, or they, are ready now for what we want.*" A black nurse also came at this time, and gave Mary a message for a Mrs. G., of whom Mary had never heard; but it was interesting to us as we had then in the house a sheet of paper—specially marked by our friend, Mrs. G., on which she hoped to receive a writing from her old black nurse, or a message from her. Here was proof of identity under difficulties. Two months after the paper specially marked was written upon as follows—note, it was from a nurse who barely spoke English to her old mistress:

"Dear lady,—I send you greetings. I cannot write myself, but I am with friends and am very happy, doing a work I like and that you would like me to do. I am often with you, and I hope you may be spared to do your earth work for long

years. Your Opu will wait to meet you when you come to your home, with all your loved ones.—Your faithful Opu, by Louisa.”

Sunday, March 8.—*Pompom*—the little lady president of our *séance* room—announced that many “big boys” were here! We had a little speech in *direct* voice and an attempt at materialization which proceeded only so far as to show us, through opened curtains, white shining drapery covering a form. My daughter was afterwards taken into the cabinet to be touched by the forms, which could not sustain themselves in the presence of light. We had then a note-paper (which had been left in my study and marked) put out of the cabinet, filled with writing—one being in *Louisa’s* very small writing, beginning rather facetiously thus:

“*Mr. P. cannot write so small as this without a glass, neither can he read it afterwards without giving himself a head-ache!*”

The truth of which I cannot vouch for, though I can for most that follows. On the cabinet was written:

“*I am here to do my Father’s work. . . . All things are possible to God if ye believe in Him.*”

Sunday, March 15.—On coming home from church the front door (having been *chained* after former experiences) was opened for us by *Pompom*, who drew the chain and opened the door while Mary was downstairs.

At *séance* in the evening we had five direct writings, one being addressed to a friend who was sitting with us and who came in about an hour beforehand. One to Tom on school life, and telling him not to work so hard for his *exam*, as it

tried his health too much, with a page of good advice, and others of great interest to us. Spirit voices now frequently joined with us during the singing at *séances*.

Our friend sitting with us was told by *Pompom* of two of his spirit guides by *name*—neither being known to Mary nor, as such, to any of us. He was so struck with it that he wrote to me two days after, as follows:—

“What was known *to me* individually was actually corroborated at the circle last Sunday. The spirit child could not have guessed that those two spirits were present with me, *S.* and *B.*, although I was aware of the fact—it is a most conclusive test to me—*Pompom* had probably never heard of such names, for you remember how she spelt them letter by letter, and the first she could not pronounce. *Pompom* was right! I think one of your guides was with me yesterday, and filled me with the freshness of heaven, it is a most delicious aura, cooling and strengthening.”

We had such visits to this friend confirmed at home.

Hands were now materialized and put outside the cabinet, frequently at the very top (out of Mary's reach: though, I may remark, she was at these times deeply entranced). A long list of spirit workers in our midst and then present was given (twenty in all); and we were told that while sitting, there was a band of spirits, dressed in white with coloured scarfs, taking hands and forming an outside ring. Still beyond were many interested, looking on. Clairvoyants have confirmed this.

Easter, 1885, was spent at Haslemere, where our spirit friend *J. B.* (see Chap. VI.) put in an Appearance. Seen by Mary, he was heard at night walking heavily about one of the bedrooms. This noise at the time woke one of our number, and disturbed a second in his sleep. He spoke

afterwards in *direct* voice, and promised to walk less heavily in future! which promise has been kept.

The usual greetings from spirit friends were found on returning to Blackheath.

Sunday, 19th and 26th April.—Had a long conversation on re-incarnation with the *direct* voice of *E. M.*, who said he had been living on earth once, and should never again; neither he, nor *Saadi* and *Wamik*, who had been there in the spirit world hundreds of years, ever heard of one case of re-incarnation; he would endeavour to get at the truth of it and write fully (this he has not yet done), but on January 31st, 1886, we received the following *direct* writing upon the subject:

"We will not yet write on the subject of re-incarnation, as you of the world are not yet ready for it, and at the present time (it) would do more harm than good, but in due time you shall have it. E. M. and Saadi."

Speaking as to work in the spirit world, we were told that they speak both by voice and thought—thoughts could be *seen* there; some had the special work of receiving strangers from the earth-life, and assisting them to find their friends: they knew mediums by their *aura*: described ours, some as blue—which marked those who were most developed—some purplish blue, or *less* developed—some white tinged with red, and so on.

May.—Having workmen in the house for painting, &c., the conditions for mediumship were somewhat disturbed: any new person introduced into the house is liable to alter these conditions. A planchette recently obtained was put on the table sometimes during the *séance*, and it was put on one side during the week. On one occasion we had a few

writings, done during the week, outside a thick pad, composed of several sheets of paper, fastened together by string passed through two corners (top and bottom), and tied closely together. I said jokingly, "Any one could do that!" So they did something which would be very difficult, if not impossible, for any one to do. They wrote a sheet *full*, from top to bottom, in the *middle* of the pad, to which three names are signed. The writing is clear and distinct, but belongs to no one in the house, *i.e.*, to no one in the *body*! This mode of writing was repeated during the week inside a *private* pad belonging to my daughter, and fastened up at *four* corners. Space would fail me to tell of every-day occurrences at this time, in which not only fires were frequently lit under the *eyes* of my daughter, but cookery of all kinds done to the amazement and amusement of all! Much power was used for new phases of mediumship, and Mary was frequently unfit for much work.

In June we were told they would again write on the ceilings, which had been newly whitened; and we watched daily for the reappearance of writing. At our *séances* we had materialized hands, arms, and feet; but the power drawn from Mary so seriously affected her that we ceased sitting for a time, and sent her with my daughter to the sea-side for a week or ten days, whither our spirit workers followed them.

Sunday, June 28th.—I noticed my pencil had been cut very badly, nor could I find that any one had done it: after which the long exposed lead was found broken off. I said nothing, but watched! This morning I examined all the ceilings before I went to church, at a quarter to eleven, and found all the newly whited ones blank. We were home at a quarter to one. Sitting at dinner, I said

I should like writing done round the ornamental centre, and in and out of the pattern! But I cannot get them to do all I want, though at this very moment probably they were busy on the ceiling over our heads. For my daughter, on going downstairs during the meal, found Mary, just below us, *entranced* at that unusual hour. *Pompom* was responsible for this, and as my daughter entered the room she said to her, "*Tell Pa to look under the stone in his room*"—which puzzled us. But we found that by the *stone* was meant a round earthenware paper weight upon my table. On lifting it up, I found underneath a small piece of paper containing one of *Pompom's* original directions, of which the following is a *fac-simile*.

Dear papa
look at your
Pump tops
Pompom

I concluded from this very original direction that I was to look carefully—as I had done three hours before—to certify to their *blankness*; and that they probably intended, at the *séance* in the evening, to write upon them as they had promised.

But on looking then, we found the writing already done, the first in a most awkward concave corner of the ceiling. The following is a tracing I afterwards made with some difficulty of what we found. The first is in the dining-room; the second, on the side of the hall passage in a convenient place for writing; the third, on the beading of the

We are all here
and for

Peace. Faith,
Reverend

Go

ceiling over my study door. The ceilings are 11 ft. high ; the highest point of our rickety house steps is 5 ft. 8 in., but no one *alone* could stand there and write on a ceiling !

Near to the first were also sundry signatures of our spirit friends. All these are there at the time I am writing. (Plate III.)

At the *séance* that evening we were alone.

The power seemed unusually active, and instead of *Pompom* entrancing Mary first, as usually occurs, this was done by *Jules Theobald* (an old French ancestor of mine, according to his own account), who spoke for some time through Mary. He said at the close of his conversation, and referring to the one link I had pointed out as wanting to prove to outside hostile critics the abnormal character of the writings on the ceilings just done,

"It is of no use trying as yet to convince everybody ; only few are really prepared to accept the marvellous phenomena we were receiving ; he would for us do anything he could, and outsiders must receive or reject our testimony : they would not work for them until modes of research were altered, and especially until they exercised trust in other reliable people. He would now, he said, write a message for Nellie."

This he did shortly after at this sitting,—in her private diary, and writing it in French, the book being then in a drawer of the table at which we were sitting, and immediately under my hands which were resting upon it. I felt at the time power drawn from me. Mary was at this time in the cabinet : soon after she entered it, a *rose*, probably plucked from our garden, was handed out by an apparently materialized hand to F., then sitting near, and four more

rosebuds were also given to each of us at the same time. On Mary coming out of the cabinet we found two more roses clasped in a locket she was wearing.

We had put out lights for a short time in order to receive conversation with other spirits in *direct* voice, during which time *Jules* was writing: on lighting up we found a second chair, which we had put in the cabinet, had been taken out of it to some little distance, and the speaking tube which had been used in speaking, was found standing on the seat of the chair.

On July 12th, after obtaining materialized *faces* in dim light; we had a letter, together with five others, put out of the cabinet. It shows how carefully at this time, when our physical strength was being severely tested, and our vital force greatly expended, we were being watched and protected by the disembodied members of our household.

"My own dear papa,—I am writing this from Grandpa and myself to tell you to take dear mama away at once. You also ought to go, and the best place for both of you is the sea. Grandpa says you ought both of you to go away to-morrow . . . but we will give you a few days' grace. . . . You are overworking yourself, so as Grandpa says the wheels of your life want oiling, or you will be worn out before you ought to be. . . ."

We were not able to go until nearly the end of the month after all; and August found us at our "resting-box" in Haslemere.

I insert here a few fac-similes of direct writing, so often referred to in this book, of which we have now a large number—many hundreds. They do not appear in print so clearly as in the original writing; and some of the

PLATE IV. PART II. CHAP. 8.

My dearst to me and mine

I know you are waiting with anxiety to hear from me, and you know even when I am out with you still I am with you, and I am with you just the same, dear one I know how hard it is for you to bear the uncertainty of the world the crosses and joys of your exposure but you know if you would do as your father we know would do you, you must also take up your cross and fight the good fight of faith, and then you will triumph and glory, and again we say, and you do not discourage at small failures or others when you have had more cross to bear, you will not make the world believe at once in us and in our power, but will have to be left for time to do, as only time can break into power and trust in Christ your power will be that to do and will go on in your good work and Christ that power in weakness now shall be made them as daylights to you all.

your loving spirit. Child Lovers.

[To face page 236.

PLATE V. PART II. CHAP. 8.

My Dear P. & M.

April 18

We will do what we can for you in money, & make of themselves but we can not say we will do it
we can not have you without grace but we will try but do not think of it with us if it is paid
we will do what you are worth as we can & we will hope the change will do you all good
it is a help for grace make the world not have a longer stay but we hope happiness will
make up for it now for us, go in peace and enjoy yourselves and God bless you all and

are your loving children Harry & Louisa

My Dear Friends

We do not intend doing much this week but we will do our best for
you the last survey of your stay here for some time
we have heard you ask if you cannot have writings through
your own daughter's mediumship I as one who knows how
small power say no you cannot, but as Louisa has said
she would try you may do so and we will all do
what we can but it will not be a success.
But still try you will only value. The more
the only chance of the writing you now
have got we are yours in spirit. Jules, Justin

& Sadia

[To face page 237.]

smallest are too small to print at all. I have tried and failed. It will be seen at once that no ordinary person could write some, and *no one* person could write *all* the varieties of style we possess, and *keep to the same style for years* ; some few only of the different characters of writing are here given. (Plates IV. and V.) See also *fac-similes* in Chaps. IX and XII.





CHAPTER IX.

PHENOMENA AT HASLEMERE AND BLACKHEATH.

(1885.)

“ Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.

• • • • •
And with them the Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.”

LONGFELLOW.



AUGUST, 1885, at Haslemere.—During this month although we had occasional hints, or more than hints, of spirit presence, the power was very weak, arising from one cause only. The “man and wife,” who were our servants at our country house, had, since we last saw them, become decidedly prejudiced against Spiritualism, and antagonistic to its indications among us. Hitherto they had shown great interest in all that

concerned us, and had sat with us *en séance* when at Dene House ; but now all was changed, and we could only, after inquiry, attribute it to the influence of some *very good* people who had been staying at Haslemere when we were away. It ended in their voluntarily leaving our service.

As soon as they were out of the house the atmosphere was changed ; fires were lit as at home ; and the new mode of lighting fires familiar to us at Blackheath was again established in Haslemere.

Two days after we were sitting *en séance* alone, and after a long conversation, through Mary's organism, on matters quite beyond her powers of thought, they promised to write on the dining-room ceiling *before Wednesday*, when Mary was to return to Blackheath ; but we were cautioned not to tell our medium what they had promised to do. Accordingly we kept the promise to ourselves, and determined that the writing, if it came at all, should come under absolutely test conditions ; my wife and I were especially watchful for events. Tuesday came, and I had to go up to town, which I did after carefully examining every part of the dining-room ceiling, and left my wife in the room as I drove off to the station. She not only remained in the room the whole morning but, after the cloth was laid for an early dinner, carefully examined the ceiling all over, and found it clear of any writing. Six persons were sitting around the table at dinner, conversing in a lively manner on the sudden clearing up of bad weather, and how much they had enjoyed the morning roaming and sketching. While thus talking, Mary, who was at the table, saw two well-known spirits in a reclining position, immediately over the table, and knew that they were writing. She however said not a word for fear of spoiling the phenomena by

causing other eyes to be directed to it. Tom's young eyes however caught sight of the writing as soon as it was finished, and he called out—

“Look, ma!”

All eyes were at once turned to the spot indicated, and saw above their heads writing, of which the following is a *fac-simile*.

many hours wet + dull
bring a morning Beautiful

> > L

The writing is by *J. W. E.*, who would probably in his time have spelt the last word as he has written it; the signature, which I have abridged, is well known to us all. Both spirits were recognized by Mary at the time the writing was going on.

I cannot myself conceive of a better proof of the origin of this direct spirit writing, nor at the same time of spirit identity. The sentiment was exactly relevant to the conversation which was going on at the time among *six* people of perfectly sound organization. One of them, a visitor, *had* been up to this moment a complete sceptic as to the truth of the phenomena.

SUNDAY SÉANCES AT BLACKHEATH.

September, 1885.—Our home sittings were again renewed at Blackheath, and at the first *séance* we had a long letter urging upon us the importance of mutual trust and harmony, notwithstanding all adverse influences. Daily domestic help, of such kind as already recorded, continued without intermission; but I will confine myself at present to Sunday evening *séances* and to such *only* as indicate progress in old and new phenomena. While sitting on Sunday, October 4th, another attempt was made at materializations in the cabinet while Mary was *outside*, but with only partial success. When she was entranced and taken into the cabinet she saw, and afterwards described to us, some of the initiatory processes. She described a double aura of light as apparent all round the sitters at the table, extending from the head to the waist of each, which in an unbroken stream entered into the cabinet. From this aura, it appeared to her that, the spirit clothing was made. She saw also several *unformed* bodies! One was complete in outline, but incapable of development into a manifest materialization. She could see through its impalpable, filmy essence. Another had only one side of the face perfect, the other side remaining cloudy or vapoury; a third was only a face, or if there were a body it was so ethereal as to be invisible even to her. Of course I can only record what she reported; but it seemed to us that she was able to see those phantasmal bodies in the condition in which they probably then were, for we ourselves could see occasional light, vapoury, and unsubstantial substances, which did not possess sufficient self-sustaining power to endure such light as came upon them when the curtains were opened.

Pompom, on this occasion, also showed her how the raps were produced ; viz., by throwing from her finger tips *light*, which rapped as soon as it touched anything. The most substantial raps were produced by *Pompom* in this manner, such as sounded to us like a hard fist or knuckle striking the table. No further progress in materialization was made that evening ; but at the end *Jules* wrote a message in English and Italian in my daughter's diary, while it was *in the closed table drawer immediately under my hands*. No one in our house is acquainted with the latter language, but we have ascertained that it is correct. The Italian writing in *this* instance, proved to be simply a quotation from the New Testament. No copy of the Bible in Italian was in our house at this time. The writing however was done then and there in the dark, for the book had been used by my daughter just before the *séance*. My daughter's diary contains now *numerous* entries from spirit friends, in Latin, French, and Italian ; none of which are to found in current literature. They are all private and relating to circumstances passing at the time.

During this month materialization advanced slowly ; feet, hands, and drapery only were shown from the cabinet when Mary was inside. The feet were those of small *children* ; the hands, both of men and women.

November 1st.—Sat *en séance* with Dr. M.

A new process of materialization was here displayed, viz., a small child's hand was put out of the cabinet, which *grew* larger, as we looked at it, till it reached the size of a full-grown hand. This was a left hand, and the wrist was enveloped in white drapery. Dr. M. was now placed nearest to the cabinet, and lights were extinguished. During singing a hand came out of the

cabinet and stroked Dr. M. in a gentle, coaxing fashion, all over his head and face. A form then came, went to my daughter, took her hand with firm grasp and lifted it high above her head and kissed it. Considerable breezes continued during these manifestations, though there was no cause for them visible to us. At the close of this *séance* the medium was much exhausted. At the next *séance*, November 8th, we had, in addition to these phenomena, *scented* breezes, during which I was 'stroked' by a warm soft hand, which I believe was attached to a full form; for in addition to feeling a presence near me, the hand fetched a musical box from off a table, wound it up in our hearing, and set it playing as it was placed in my hands. The table from which it was taken was at the opposite side of the room to the cabinet and inaccessible to any person proceeding from it, on account of the intervening sitters and furniture.

A new spirit, we were told, was then in my study writing; soon after which a writing was put into my hands of a private nature, signed "*Trusty and True.*"

During the week I had had a short sharp attack of neuralgia, and on going to bed I found a petroleum stove had been placed in the room in order to warm it,—warmth being necessary to relieve pain. It was a heavy stove which, when it is moved, is usually divided into pieces. It had been brought down from the upper floor. No one knew anything about it; but we were told at this sitting who my thoughtful helpers were,—*Louisa* and *Harry*: my study fire (a gas stove) had also been lit by them on the same occasion.

November 22.—Two friends sat with us at our *séance*. I had put a new box into the cabinet, containing papers

for writing—the other having become dilapidated. This was thrown out and rejected because it was scented strongly with soap! and a tube in it for the same reason was destroyed. The power was feeble, though some of the sitters were stroked by spirit hands.

In December we were told to rest awhile, and not sit for materializations until we had received further instructions.

Reverting for a moment to the record of materialized hands, &c., on November 1st, I may here reproduce an account which I sent to *Light*, of more perfect phenomena of the same kind which were given through the mediumship of Mr. Eglinton, to whom I have been more than once indebted for valuable supplemental aid during our researches. When we have sought Mr. Eglinton's aid, it has usually been at the suggestion of our unseen guides.

Dr. M. had been so struck with the form of one hand which had been materialized among us, that he wished for another observation, to confirm his own impression that he could recognize it. In order that he might see this phenomenon in its full development, Mr. Eglinton kindly gave us a sitting. The notes of that sitting, as now recorded, were read and approved by five of those present, three of whom have signed the report for publication.

In an upper room, carpeted all over, and opening into a smaller room, eight of us sat down at 8.20 p.m., having first carefully inspected both rooms, locked both the outer doors, and placed securely a gummed paper over the opening crack of the door in the inner room, which led on to the landing where gas was burning. The paper so gummed was initialed by Dr. M., and was found intact at the end of our sitting at 10.20. We sat in dim light, sufficient, however, to see one another and Mr. Eglinton plainly, and

those who had good sight could tell the time on their watches.

I should say that during the evening four or five distinctly different female spirits came and walked among us, and also two male spirits: probably there were eight or ten appearances, but some were duplicates, *i.e.*, the same spirit after retiring into the dark room returned.

One of the female spirits came to a lady who sat next to me, and placing her hands on her shoulders drew her towards her and kissed her. In doing this I distinctly saw a beautifully-formed hand and arm, quite bare up to and above the elbow, and it was not so large as any man's arm. Another form saluted a gentleman present, and spoke to him. A third female spirit, which appeared to have less power, approached Dr. M. She evidently tried to put her arms about him, but not succeeding, she stretched out both hands towards him and repeatedly kissed one hand (*similar to the one he had seen at our home circle*) and threw kisses to him. This was a clearly-formed female figure, and the arms, bare to the elbow, were distinctly seen by us all.

One of the male forms, who appeared to have gathered up much force, was recognized at once by my wife as a near relative. He came up to us (sitting together), shook hands with us both, then kissed my wife on the forehead, covering her face with his beard in so doing. He then turned his face towards the light and to Dr. M., who observed a resemblance to his friend whom he had known during his earth-life, and shook hands with him. We all three noticed the physical power in the hand; bones and muscles all felt as natural as in life; there was no timidity in his grasp; he retired three times into the dark room, and coming out

again walked firmly about the room, being clearly seen by all the circle.

The last materialization was remarkable, inasmuch as we saw the spirit-form *developed in our midst*. The medium, Mr. Eglinton, was made to come out in deep trance, and in evident distress; he walked about the room rapidly, during which time frequent bright lights were seen flashing from his left side. He said in urgent, excited tones: "*Talk—talk or do something.*" We, at once, sang all together, "*Shall we gather at the river,*" which seemed to give the necessary power for what followed. Where lights had been seen flashing, now appeared white drapery, at first looking like a very fine white handkerchief hanging from a pocket, but higher up than Mr. Eglinton's pockets actually were. Mr. E. now pulled away at this gauze-like drapery, and nervously or excitedly drew out and laid upon the floor some five yards of this light fleecy material. First coming out of his side as a broad ribbon, it spread speedily over the floor just under our eyes. Watching intently this heap of fine white drapery, we saw a figure *forming under it*; a head first, then shoulders, until a full form six feet high was developed, some two or three feet distant from the medium, who now seemed attached to the form by the drapery only. Mr. E. now pulled away at the latter, and disclosed a fine head of curly black hair and dark penetrating eyes. The medium was apparently thoroughly exhausted, and his own strength seemed as it were transmitted to the spirit-form, who now sheltered the medium, put his arm about him, I think, but anyhow supported him, and gradually led him back into the dark room and placed him on a chair.

Soon after I was called into the dark room, where I found

the medium much distressed, and after receiving a few directions from the spirit, in a direct voice, I retired. Mr. E. soon returned to consciousness, and wanted water, which I gave him, and last of all a female form, of about *four feet* high, materialized, and in glistening white, stood for a few seconds at the opening of the curtains, and then faded away into darkness.

Recorded by MORELL THEOBALD, F.C.A.

Confirmed by { ELLEN M. THEOBALD,
JOHN DANIEL MORELL, LL.D., &c.,
Late one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

Christmas in 1885 was spent by all of us in Haslemere.

On Christmas Eve my wife and I were the last to retire to rest for the night ; the last thing we did was to arrange a number of packets containing presents entrusted to us from each member of our household ; these had been gathered together and done up by each donor with mysterious secrecy, so that while we placed presents for *ourselves* we were unaware of the contents ! Naturally, some family excitement exists on Christmas morning, and there is a competition to reach the table where these gifts are arrayed. I was down among the first, the two others being my daughter and our domestic help and medium, but the presents were all as I had left them, with the exception of *their* packets, over which they two were then busy. I took mine into the breakfast-room to open, and when I went in I carefully examined the table in that room, half expecting to find, as usual on such occasions, a spirit greeting. But nothing was on my plate, and I concluded that the compact for rest was observed among our spirit friends as well as among us. I was standing by the table *alone in*

the room, and again looked over the table, when there seemed to *grow under my sight* (I cannot describe it in any other way), a sheet of paper folded in half, which on being taken up I found to contain greetings in seven distinctly different handwritings. I took it from my plate which had been empty a minute before.

Looking closely into the paper I found it was a ruled sheet which had been marked by my wife a year ago, and which had been left at Haslemere—in a drawer, it is true, accessible to all. But the writings are all well known to us, and each one was written in exactly the same style as our several spirit friends have adopted for years now, with perhaps some slight variation in one only. The writings are inimitable by any one of our circle, but in addition to this fact I lay stress upon the mode of its discovery. I could not be mistaken in seeing an empty plate where I *looked* for some such paper ; nor was I mistaken in observing the thing *growing into sight* while I was alone in the room. Were I even imaginative, which I am *not* in that respect, the paper exists, and can be seen by any one.

I here append a fac-simile of the sheet of writing I now took up from the plate (Plate VI.), empty a minute before.



PLATE VI. PART II. CHAP. 9.

We Wish you all a merry
Christmas, and a very
Happy New Year

god bless you all this christmas

[To face pa¹

Yours
as you the
efforts of the season
of J. W. &
for bridge

unication professes to come from the spirit who was earth-bound
we first took it, some years ago, and whose history I have given
this book.



CHAPTER X.

SPIRIT TEACHINGS AND WRITINGS.

(1871.)

“Beloved, believe not every Spirit, but prove the Spirits, whether they are of God. . . hereby know ye the Spirit of God. Every Spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God, and every Spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God.”—ST. JOHN.

“There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.”—ST. PAUL.

“All around the heavens are watching
With their thousand eyes.”

KEBLE.

“Well may your hearts have faith that blessings come,—
(Streaming from founts above the starry sky,)—
With angels, when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers.”

WORDSWORTH.



AMONG other questions put by inquirers into Spiritualism which have a right to be answered, is one which I will endeavour partly to reply to by placing before my readers a few—and it must be only a few—specimens of the writings we have obtained from our spirit friends. The question to which I refer is “What do they teach, or what do they say of their own state?”

Of these writings, as I have said, we have received some hundreds. Many of them, and those containing some of their most beautiful teachings, are essentially private. Some few have been brought into the text of this narrative ; but there are some others which I can detach from their surroundings, and which possess an interest even in that state of disjunction.

These I will now give without any preface, merely asking my readers to judge of them upon their own merits, and by the light of their own reason.

Some few are *Automatic, i.e.*, written by my own, or some other human hand ; others are *direct, i.e.*, written without human intervention, except such as the spirits use (unknown to us) in the process of what is familiarly known as mediumship. They could not be written without a sensitive, or sensitives, being near, and usually within the same house in which they are produced.

The *direct* writings here given are all in the well-known hand-writing of our ministering spirits, and in the style they have each individually maintained for years. Many are on papers previously marked, and thus recognized from whence they came.

The first four were written rapidly through my own hand, at a time when the psychic power in the house was very strong, and was manifested continually in physical force through our own children.

I have already stated what value I attached at the time to my *own* Automatic writings. I believed much more in the genuineness of others about me, than in myself as an abnormal scribe.

I could prune these writings, so as to convey more clearly possibly than they do, the thoughts which came clearly

to my own mind as I wrote them ; but I will leave them exactly as they were written, not necessarily, thereby, endorsing all they contain.

January 27, 1871. Automatic.

We come down the chord of light which is spirit life, and communicates the heavenly aura to your otherwise benighted and desolate Earth. Can such be of minor importance as good Mr. F. said last evening. He little knows how he lives in the very atmosphere he disregards, while he imagines a spectral spirit life which never is real except we bring it. Live up to your privileges, dear Papa, and let no words you heard last night cause you to resist inspirational prayer, for by prayer we often teach, and teach most effectively. You are not responsible for all you say in prayer—woe to the world if you were. Thrice happy the spirit life which lives in its inspiration. We are misty to-night, for you are not sufficiently passive to become truly mediumistic. Go on in faith and prayer, hope on and inquire diligently into all new manifestations of the new outpouring of spirit life ;—examine all well before you accept any, for now more than ever you must “try the spirits” ; many idle ones linger near. The good Father of all will protect those who simply inquire and trust. +

January 31, 1871. Automatic.

When we say keep to your boyhood faith in the old gospel we do not intend you to believe you cannot outgrow it. The gospel of our dear Jesus was but the beginning of a more glorious development of the Christ life—all that will ever remain, but Spiritualism shall considerably add and expand it—the same truths, dear Papa—do not shrink from our mes-

sages. Science advances and Religion must. It would not be worthy of God if it did not, nor carry out Christ's promise that greater things shall ye do—when He has gone to the Father. Which is the greatest, think you? Christ or His Spirit? The former was the seed corn, the latter will bring on the second coming in power—the true spiritual harvest—go in and reap—shrink not—be not dismayed so long as the spirit of Christ leads the way—onward ever, dear Papa. Good-night.

February 15, 1871. Automatic.

He, the Invisible, is the central Life of all. He is the way, the truth, and the life—the Life is the light and the darkness knows not of it. Imagine the great central fire radiating millions of miles before it reaches any habitable world, and there sits the Great Father, enthroned in love. No eye has yet seen that Holy of Holies. It is a mystery none in the Heavens have yet fathomed, though all in some measure understand, worship, and bow down. From this centre comes forth the Sun of Righteousness, the dear Jesus, and He reveals the heart but not the full glory of the Father, which is yet to be revealed. No alloy can live in that pure and purifying Heavenly fire; as we draw towards it the dross is consumed, the soul refined and purified as by fire—but with no pain. All is a development as pleasant as life itself which is here intensely real and delightful. I fail to convey to you, dear grandson, all I myself know. What I could tell you would only confuse were I to say more than the bare hints I have here given. But prayer goes straight to the centre and the answers come forth and are borne on the wings of seraphs who have never sinned, thence conveyed to the poor sufferers of earth by their own loved and sympathizing ministering spirits,

sent forth by them to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation—to all. Oh, the depths of the riches of the love enshrined in light at present inaccessible, but which is reserved for them who are kept by His mighty radiating power. Bow down and worship, but fear not. All is love. +

February 19, 1871. Automatic.

Jesus is the manifestation of the central Love: God came out in His life to show men His heart, and He did it in the only possible way by taking our nature. He spake by the angel to Mary, and the Word became a living life took form and grew to man—perfect man without any sin; the chord of love-light was never sundered from the time it issued from the central God. It was God, and when man it was the same essence of God—the life continually flowed through the love-chord, and spirits could always see it. It was impossible for Christ to sin, for His life was direct from God—was God—and so can He ever return to the central life. The Spirit was the life between the two, and in forming the connection between them was the necessary link—but all made one God. Does this in any way show you the Trinity simply? Christ now moves in the heavens and earth as the visible embodiment of God the Father, who is in the centre, enshrined in mighty glory, and the Spirit is His life, and the Chord is disseminated, so to speak, from Christ a million million times to every Christ-like heart. Minor chords go to sustain the spirit life from spirit to spirit between heaven and earth, but all focus in Christ, and Christ is joined to God—and is God—God the Father come out of His enshrinement to be visible to us and His loving family everywhere—"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." +

August 20, 1882, Automatic (by my own hand ;
rapidly written at Haslemere).

Friend Morell,—You little know how near I have been with you to-day: you and Mr. E. [an old earth friend of both] have formed a bond to draw me very near. On Hind Head, with the sunny valleys [below], and in the darkened lanes so sweetly restful, there was I:—on hill and dale, by the sweet tinted flowers which you and I love, in the sun-streams of glory and the hastening clouds, all so typical of human life—with all was I with you. We commenced the day with prayer, and the spirit of prayer and praise has been welling forth all day from you and from all around. Oh that you could see me here in such glorious surroundings and sweeter songs even than those of Zion which I loved and still love. Be wise, good and trustful ever; faint-hearted never, and the Great Father will Himself guide you ever by His counsels which are unerring. I will try and speak again with you when Mrs. E. comes, if she does come [we were expecting her but she did not come]. Peace and love be with you all ever more, so says L. and S. M., now together in the Lord.†

October, 1882. Automatic (after reading Roden
Noel's poems),

*Sweet songs of Death
Within whose very breath
Breathes peace and strange, sad love.
Ye rest awhile
Yet only for a while
Till we embark into the land of spirit love.
There are we ever,
Ever with the Lord.*

November, 1882. Another automatic message.

Let not the mysticism which may contain or enshrine a truth confuse you in your pursuit of all truth. Jesus Christ is the way—walk ye with Him. There is much error commingled with much truth in the book you are reading called the P—W—. But you yourself have sufficient light not to have truth obscured by such darkness. It was given by spirit mediumship, and as such, and more than many such, has been obscured by the mysticism of the medium. Take all the truth you find in it, and especially pray to the Great Father to be led into all truth. We will be near you, and we are not elementals, nor astrals, but those you have loved and not lost, but who now see no more through a glass darkly, but face to face. Much, very much is there for us all to learn. God bless us all. Amen.

T. L. and S. M. +

The reason is and must be the ultimate appeal in all things—where the reason cannot go nor penetrate you will be wise to refuse to follow.

April, 1883. Automatic.

You can write a paper for "Light" on Pocha playing cards with you, which Mr. J. probably would call "frivolous"! Is the fact a frivolous one for professors who deny an after life?

+ Louisa,

September, 1883. Automatic (extract).

Good, if reading that masterly book of spirit teachings induces you again to take up the pencil . . . [I had not written for some time]. You remember when you thought of dear T. L. in the garden: the longing for his presence brought him, and he is now here. The teachings are entirely such as

he and your dear other guardian S. M. approve—they are not such as can be generally accepted yet for many years, but their light is dawning, and the weary earth is thirsting to receive them. Be not over-anxious about hurrying them on, or protruding them to the vulgar narrow gaze. . . . What blissful quiet is it here [Haslemere], how much sooner would spiritual life quicken in such an atmosphere than in that of the busy money-grubbing London. Yet when these truths pierce through London fog they will abide more surely than if they came in the times of great peace. . . . Oh the work to be done! what glory to help it on, and the great God is patient.

“He never is before His time,
And never is behind.”

T. L. and S. M. and Louisa too!

October, 1883. Automatic.

“Never direct”—we wrote some time ago to your great amazement (referring to the work of the Holy Spirit), but you can see now, dear papa, how the Great Spirit can influence you surely, though not in the way you were led to think of through ordinary teachings years ago. But you know the influence is real. It is just as if you gave your child some food and told him God sent it; and truly, for He is the Giver of all good things, and yet you were the instrument through whom He gave food;—and more—He couldn't give it to the child direct. That is a very simple illustration of how the All Good Spirit acts on men now. It is through the angels, and it is their privilege and blessed work to be ministering spirits, as you and dear mama together will work here one day—day! how curiously we mix spirit and earth language! It is all one unclouded noonday here, and God is the Light thereof.

Good night. +

October, 22. Automatic.

The resurrection is a continuous process of spiritual life. It may commence here with you, but will continue yonder, as you call it ! There is no such thing as a resurrection of flesh, for that corrupts and cannot live apart from the spirit. Now record¹ in your diary—it is the beginning of new power. +

July 6, 1884. Direct ; at a *séance* (beautifully written on lined paper—signature exact).

My dear ones all of you here to-night.

May God's blessing rest upon you and Bennoz doüe d'och. May the work you are now upon be good to all of you and do you all good. You know we are, some of us, always with you to guide you and yours from harm, so fear nothing from adverse ones who say you should not interfere with such things. Many are so because they know naught about the things and about what concerns us of the spirit world. These are all strong reasons for and against us, and God, but there is another thought which presents a reason stronger than all. Seek God and His works and His power, because He seeks you. God is the King who sends us His servants out into the world to bid as many as we shall find willing. Go on seeking after the truth of His word and power—because He is seeking you.

Tell F. no true prayer is lost ; though he may have forgotten it himself, yet God the Father has not forgotten, and in His own time F. will see the good of waiting with prayer and patience, and others also will see the good of it. You may

¹ A remarkable phenomenon, purely personal.

*now say Sat guru dikhlaï and in time will be astonished to find it is with you. Know you not that our true home is spirit land, and this world is but the briefest resting place ?*¹

We all wish you joy and love and holy communings.

All spirit friends who are here to-night join in love.

God bless you all—Morell and Ellen, Ted, Frank, Ernest, Louie, Tom, little Nellie, and Mary through whom we come—for without her, at present, we could not come.

L. (in fac-simile), through J. W. E.

This message is given mainly to show how the foreign sentences were incorporated, and as containing the translation of one over which we were then puzzling. It is by no means one of the best as to composition or teaching ; though far beyond the powers of our medium.

September 11, 1884. Direct (not at a *séance*—written at Blackheath in a private Diary at the ascertained date (signature exact).

Let patience have her perfect work. James 1st chap. 4th ver. Patience supposes trials and troubles, it signifies to remain under a burden, it is opposed to fretfulness, murmuring, haste, and despondency. It produces submission, silence before God, and satisfaction with His dealings. The Holy Spirit produces this grace by means of afflictions ; tribulations work patience. Every Christian is supposed to possess it and is required to exercise it. Yea, to let it have its perfect work. Impatience dishonours your profession and grieves the Holy Spirit—then dear (ones) be patient—trust in God who is all

¹ These words are the translation of a Raratongan proverb which we had just had written ; we could not, of course, understand all the signification of its introduction here ; it is interesting and curious.

good and who hears your cries, and your prayers and hearkens unto you.

Be brave and God even our own God be with you, keep you in truth and in the love of his Holy Spirit.

Your spirit friend, L. by J. W. E.

September 13, 1884. Direct ; not at a *séance* ;
found in a bedroom.

Be ye also patient. James 5th chap. 8th ver.

Our God is a God of patience. The Lord Jesus is the great example of patience : trials, troubles, and disappointments are the means which exercise and strengthen you. The patience required is a disposition to bear all that God has appointed for you ; to bear without complaining, yea with resignation and hope, to wait God's time for the mercies you need, or for answers to prayers you have put up. Patience is the daughter of Faith, and it is only as you believe God has appointed, overrules or commands for our good and His glory that you can be patient. Patience produces self-possession, shuts the mouth from complaining, keeps back the heart from seeking revenge, and is a principal point in self-government. Watch against impatience. The coming of Christ draweth nigh,—look at Jesus and be ye also patient, in your patience possess ye your souls. Dear —, this is not for you only but for all of you. Take counsel of it when ye are faint of the worry and troubles of this life : live for Christ and He will dwell with you all. Your guides in Spirit —. —.

September, 1884. Direct, at a *séance* with four
other writings. (On Healing.)

The Great Physician presents Himself to you this evening and says submit yourself unto Him—put yourself in His

hands and without hesitation. He performs all the cure and receives all the glory ; so do not fancy any case is hopeless, but look to Jesus who will heal all. Open the whole case to Him and consult Him daily. Trust Him implicitly and expect to shine before the Father's throne as a proof of His skill and kindness. No case can be desperate while Jesus heals, for He is a skilful Physician and brings health to all. He says to all the world—Come and be healed. He restores the faint and the dying ; but the dead will only be restored in the Spirit world. Touch, trust, and be happy for Jesus is Jehovah Rophe¹ therefore look for strength to no other. Be grateful for the healing power and wait with patience for Jesus' healing hand, as diseases will fly at His command, and let His sovereign touch impart life health and vigour to all the earth. . . .

(Directions follow as to particular cases.)

October, 1884. Direct ; not at a *séance* ; found somewhere about the house.

To my wife.

Dear Lady.—Do not fret yourself about your boy going from you, but think it is for his good. It will make a man of him and help to bring out his good parts.

You know, dear lady, every thing is in the hands of your Heavenly Father. He guides His children and brings them by paths that they know not of. Cannot you go to Him with all your deep motherly feelings and leave your . . . child in His hands who doeth all things well ?

We promise you to look after your boy for you and you may

¹ This word was a puzzle until my friend, Mr. Bennett, informed me that it was a Hebrew word signifying a Healer or Physician. Isolated foreign words and short sentences are continually interspersed in our direct spirit writings, thus adding to their credentials.

hope for great changes in him. Poor Mother cast all your cares upon One who careth for you and is ever ready to help and render aid in time of need ; Ah ! even before you ask it the help is given.

So dear lady be brave for the sake of the good man your husband and the children you will have with you yet a little time longer.

Yours truly in Spirit

Robert Morell, by J. W. E.

*" Be the day never so long
At length cometh the even song."*

This was supposed to come from a very remote ancestor, and the style is curious and antique.

At the same time was found another letter addressed to my wife, in a curious antique style, commencing, "*Dear Mother of Sons*" !

Several letters to her about this time were found in drawers, bonnet boxes, housekeeping bag, &c., where she continually went.

November 30, 1884. Direct (at a *séance*, with four other long writings).

Dear old friend,—Our purpose was gained in sending you to that sitting the other evening, for in that you saw the folly of going against conditions. It is a foolish habit of some people to always want to find out the ways and means of things at a sitting ; this should not be, for if you do not trust the medium you are with, you should not sit with him or her, whoever it may be, it is both hurtful to us and to the medium, and it is in your power to stop much of this ; those who are so-called seekers after truth should do so in a truthful manner, not seek

to injure the cause by doubts of who they are with, but you who know how much harm is done by doubting at sittings should be the last to enter into a discussion at the time. Do what you want of that after a sitting, not before or at one, but come with a calm and thankful spirit, taking what is given unto you, and thank God your heavenly Father for His great kindness in letting you see behind the veil, even although it is at present through a glass darkly.

Your true spirit friend and household guide,

(Signed) ———.

This message is inserted because of its reference to "conditions," containing as it does valuable hints which, the reader will observe, are needed even by experienced investigators. It arose from a criticism I had passed upon a direct writing received during a *séance* in which the occult power was manifest ; but the writing (one of many done at the same time) was inferior in style and composition to my spirit friend's writing in earth life,—so much so as to occasion from me just a passing comment. It is well to reserve such remarks until the *séance* is over !

October 1885. Direct. At a *séance*, with four writings.

To a relative sitting with us, from his boy.

My own dear papa,—I will try to write you a few words of cheer. I am well and doing the work my Father has given me to do. Dear papa, you are often troubled and anxious about many things—try not to be—leave all in God's hands, who doeth all things well, for if sorrows and troubles are borne with an humble submissive spirit, they will purify and subdue the heart ; it is through affliction that you will rise to

perfection. If you look back, dear papa, at the great grief you felt when I was taken from you and which nearly overwhelmed you you will see how strong was the hand that led you through, and when our heavenly Father's grace is in your heart, sorrows are borne with the loving trust; that is God's way of dealing and providing stepping stones to a purer and better existence; so bear with all things, dear one, as sent from God, and bear with me in the words I have said unto you as a messenger sent from heaven. My work is to carry the glad tidings of peace. I am often with you and see you when you do not know I am near. I cannot write much more. I have not power to draw much from the pencil I use. I hope you will understand what I have written. With fondest love dear father, I am, your son both in life and spirit,

L.

October 29, 1885. Direct. Found on the breakfast table in the midst of other presents on my wife's birthday—with six letters in different writings, and 18 signatures of Spirit friends, on the same sheet of paper, folded and put into a directed envelope.

MY BIRTHDAY GREETING.

*How time flies on
A year has gone
Once again your birthday bringing;
And many a thought
With friendship fraught
Now to you its way is winging.

Many a friend
To-day will send*

*A graceful greeting, sweetly spoken ;
But none more true
Will come to you
Than mine which comes with this love token.
Composed by T. T. L. for his dear friend E. M. T.*

August, 1886. Direct. (To one in trouble). At a séance with five other writings, three being to visitors then sitting with us. At this séance, on going into the room we found the name of each person on a piece of paper placed upon the table where each one was to sit. The order of sitting frequently assists or retards conditions. Scents were very profuse through this sitting, with materializations in darkness.

*Hold on, there comes an end to sorrow ;
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise :
The storm foretells a summer morrow,
The Cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth, cease all doubt ;
He wounds himself who braves the rod
And sets himself to fight with God.*

So you see, my dear one, what is wanted of you is Faith, Trust and Hope, and all will be well : we and God know what is good for you, and as an old negro preacher who is here to-night says—Whateber de good God tell you to do, dat you am gwine to do. If you see you am to jump troo a stone wall, you am going to jump at it, going troo it longs to God—jumping at it longs to you. Do you see dear — what is meant by this : think over it and do not give way to hopeless

thoughts, but expect great things from God, who, in His own good time will give it to you. Yours in Spirit,

Louisa. Sadia.

It is strange to see the nigger lingo issuing from the invisible world. Still, from the other-world point of view, one language may be as good as another, and our prepossession in favour of classic English, and our distaste for *patois* may be itself a provincialism when seen in the light of celestial civilization. Doubtless the old nigger preacher speaks the language of his new abode without any eccentricity; but when he puts himself on our level he reverts!

January, 1886. Direct; at a *séance*, two friends being present. One of their relatives signed this writing. *Cui bono.*

Dear friends,—We come to you all this eve to talk a few words with you and to welcome those who are strangers in the circle (Mrs. G. and her son) and yet not strangers in spirit. Many ask you what is the use of Spiritualism? Why do you need your furniture moved by supernatural power? And how does that benefit mankind? You say, you believe in a future life, and that is all you wish to know, and faith in Christ supplies the rest. But we tell you from the All-wise and Mighty God, who is the ruler of all things, that spirit intercourse is to give that comfort to the heart that faith alone cannot give. It demonstrates the fact of continued life, and shows what life that is, and teaches the way to make that future life one of usefulness and joy. Once again you ask, but how can this be done by raps or moving tables, &c.? Why will the spirits not come to us another way—more worthy

of their mission to bring souls to Christ? We say unto you, because they cannot come to all. Materialism envelopes the spiritual, and we cannot be heard: we have stood at your side and have striven to awaken you to our presence, but you would not heed;—No—our voice could not be heard, so our warning had not been heeded. Your dear ones, who have passed away beyond the veil, are daily by your side, trying to make their presence and life known to you: they come and whisper words that would give you hope and comfort, but they are unseen by you: if perchance a voice or thought be inspired by them, you think it is only imagination, and turn aside from the loving one who brings it to you. But all are not so. Some of you here to-night can both see and feel and rejoice in the knowledge of the ones who have gone before, returning unto them with words of comfort, hope, and joy. We want it to be a happy time with you. Now may the grace of God in Christ rest upon you all. We are yours in the bonds of love and Spirit power.

T. T. L., E. M., W. G. (written by J. W. E. for all).

April, 1886. Direct; at a séance.

To Tom on going to school.

My dear young friend, also namesake, and grandson,—We are all giving you a message of loving advice and counsel to-night, for we may not be able to again. You will shortly, dear child, be in a strange country, amongst strange companions and customs, and you will be tried very much, but with it all never forget your home teachings, and never once forget to ask God's help both night and morning. You are but young yet, and do not know the trials and temptations of the outside world, but if you resolve with God's help never to

let your dear mother be ashamed for her boy, and walk up-rightly, you will never go far wrong. Your (Spirit) brother and guide will be with you continually, and you will have many chances of doing good to those around you. Never be afraid of the truth, and let all see that the English boy Theobald is a boy to be depended on and trusted. Never be led away from the house of the Lord: always go, for you are now at that age that will form your whole life—so let it be for good, and let your parents have cause to be proud of you, their youngest son. We will all come to you at times, and will bring you news of your loved ones at home if we can—but we want you in all things to love your God, to never take His name in vain, and be honest, loving, and true in all your ways: do nothing you would be ashamed your heavenly Father's eye to see and be patient and trustful under all trials. In all circumstances of doubt write at once to your father and never forget home training. We will try and write again before you leave.¹ . . .

We are your loving guides and friends,

J. W. E., Grandpa M., T. T. L.

God for ever bless the boy.—His loving Grandma.

Dear Tom,—In all things when you want help I will come to you. . . . Jules.

For Tom,—With all our loves; and blessings rest upon him, and give him grace and power to walk in the footsteps of his fathers.—Justin.

¹ This was done. The several signatures to this were exact and in very different styles.



CHAPTER XI.

ON TESTS AND CONDITIONS IN SPIRITUALISTIC RESEARCH.

"Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish :
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs :
They are black vesper's pageants."

ANT. AND CLEOP. IV., xii.

"We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning."

HENRY VIII.

"But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers
Presuming on their changeeful potency."

TRO. AND CRESS., IV., iv.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear what *Spirit* saith unto the Churches."—ST. JOHN.



any modicum of credence can be attached to the narrative of facts which I have given in the preceding pages,—if after winnowing out all that may be attributed to prepossession, credulity, gullibility, fanaticism, simplicity, stupidity, moral frailty,

leaking veracity, hasty assumption, deficient scrutiny, porosity of memory, the ornaments and plumage of eager narration, there is no residuum of genuine fact not to be gainsayed or explained away,—I am indeed the most unfortunate autobiographist that ever presented himself in print.

After making all these deductions and allowances, surely there are to be found here some few tests of the reality at least of spiritualistic phenomena: if a reader of ordinary discernment cannot find these, my statement must be a very faulty and misleading report of my own experiences.

Of course there is the alternative of fraud—I may be writing fiction with fraudulent intention; but this is, I humbly suggest, a difficult explanation.

There are limits to the license of the most unscrupulous mendacity, and if my narrative is pure invention I cannot be credited with sufficient character to pass muster as a respectable householder, or to maintain a tolerably reputable position in my own very responsible city business, where a bias towards fraud would find innumerable opportunities and irresistible seductions.

Unfortunately I am obliged to rest my case to some extent on my own average honesty and capability of distinguishing a cloud from a dragon even in the twilight. For the introduction of any detective agency into our circle would upset everything and blast our mediumship. It has been seen that even our own too eager watching hinders or delays the phenomena, and that the best things are done when we are not expecting them, or when we have turned our gaze in another direction. And we have been repeatedly told that tests as such are disapproved by the spirits.

It is an offered violence, a free-handling of their dignities which they resent. Shakespeare told us as much nearly three centuries ago :

“ We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence ;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.”

It may seem from this repudiation of tests that evidence of a strict, scientific character is not to be expected in a case where the resistance of scepticism is the most determined, and the demands made upon faith the most ample, perhaps extravagant. It appears as if Spiritualism must construct a logic for itself, and stand apart from the ordinary laws of thought by which beliefs are formed and sustained.

May it not be however that the laws of certitude—one of the most recondite and difficult of all branches of philosophic speculation—are not themselves yet fully worked out, and that a perfect induction of all the facts on which such laws are to be based, must admit exactly such cases as those which Spiritualism presents? We are too apt to think that the canons of criticism and of investigation and the laws of evidence which are applicable to one subject are applicable to all. But this is very far from being the case. In a true sense man is an essentially supernatural being. No one can write his own name without calling into operation laws which rest on a different plane from the ordinary laws of matter. And in all phenomena in which the will, emotions, desires, beliefs of man or any such spiritual being are among the factors to be taken into consideration, the stringent canons of material or logical inquiry must be very loosely held, being liable to be con-

trolled or superseded by forces arising from the presence of intelligence, emotion, and will.

The logic of non-credence is much simpler than the logic of faith ; any caviller can find reasons for resisting an unwelcome conclusion on any subject ; attack is always more easy than defence, because (among other reasons) it almost invariably happens that the last resort of an assailant is to compel his adversary to prove a negative.

We know by painful experience how the laws of legal evidence, which are found quite satisfactory in most criminal cases, break down completely when the facts of Spiritualism enter into the merits of the case. Without mentioning names, every Spiritualist carries in his memory some few cases in which legal conviction and punishment have fallen upon quite innocent persons, simply because the evidence of innocence is invisible to magistrates, judges, lawyers, and juries who have no knowledge of Spiritualism, and therefore whose logic is not broad enough for the case. Here again it is seen what a prodigious advantage belongs to the negative side, and how easily shutting up (by incarcerating walls or incarcerating cavils) may be the inevitable result of investigation, judicial or other, when the logic of the prosecution is different from the logic of the defence. Perhaps we may partly explain the difficulty which Spiritualism finds in proving its case by distinguishing between the belief of assent and the belief of faith. Belief which is only of the nature of assent, which is reluctant, resisting, and has to be won by battle, is a belief which Spiritualism cannot command ; and if candidates for conviction come to us with this attitude,—claiming to take all our facts, to analyze and dissect them, to put them into their crucibles and stretch them on their racks, wishing to start detectives,

and empanel juries, and apply the most approved methods of hermetic sealing, and submit the case to the arbitration of chemists and Old Bailey lawyers, and professors who can see nothing except upon their own conditions and through their own deeply coloured spectacles,—the best thing is to retreat from their company altogether.

What good end can be attained by their compelled assent—supposing it could be compelled—given in despite of themselves and with inward gnashing of teeth?

The belief which Spiritualism seeks is of quite another order; it is not enforced assent but willing faith,—not the victory of logic, but the happy surrender of the entire man. And belief of this sort does not come by the hunting up of evidence or slaughter of logical foes; it is rather of the nature of organic growth, which is not held by the mind but holds and possesses the mind and becomes part of its own texture.

Belief of this kind is not a matter of traffic or commodity,—you cannot purchase it, and sell it, and pack it up in logical parcels, and pass it on by ordinary modes of conveyance,—it grows, both for the individual and for society. Spiritualism must grow in this way, and its annals and records are to be taken not as proofs, but as seeds, which will germinate in their proper soil, but will take no root elsewhere. Its appeals are to the inner spiritual life, and no response can come where that life is absent.

So far as this is concerned the law of belief in Spiritualism is not peculiar to itself, it is characteristic of all high thinking and absorbing conviction in many regions of thought. Even in literary matters it is a familiar experience that the most potent convictions,—which may govern the pursuits and studies of a life-time,—may come by an instantaneous

flash, like a sudden evangelical conversion. Proofs come afterwards, and are only probable or probative because the mind is prepared to receive them, and has already accepted the conclusion to which they point.

It is not difficult therefore to understand why so-called tests are not generally applicable to spiritualistic phenomena. The test-devising critic is not as a rule seeking to prove, but to disprove: he is not prepared under any condition to believe,^{*} but upon almost impossible conditions to assent: he cannot be held by the truth, because he does not love it, often he hates it, and this kind of truth is incapable of being held, by a merely logical grip, by him; and indeed declines, in the person of its authors and exponents, to be so held by any one. It is no wonder therefore that tests fail: but how they fail, and what confusion and perplexity they occasion, cannot be found out except by dearly bought and often painful experiences. It may be instructive both to inquirers and to spiritualists if I give the history of some of our excursions into this perilous region, and show how we have been caught in its snares.

At the end of January, 1886, I had in my possession two envelopes which had some time before been carefully sealed up and entrusted to me by my friend Mr. E. T. Bennett. I had repeatedly asked our spirit friends to decipher the hidden contents of these envelopes, and as often been refused. At last however I thought I had obtained the test he wanted. Upon the outside of No. 1

^{*} One member of the S. P. R. has said "he did not think anything whatever could convince him of the action of Spirits." This candid explorer is still engaged on occult phenomena. Of course his inquiries are fenced off by, if not foregone conclusions, yet foregone *non*-conclusions, which perhaps amounts to much the same thing.

envelope (apparently intact) was a fairly good counterpart of what was written inside upon the middle piece of three pieces of paper—one being a Hebrew word which though copied indifferently was yet an easily recognized imitation of the Hebrew written within the sealed envelope.¹ And a few days afterwards I found written on envelope No. 2 two replies to questions contained in this sealed envelope, replies which were relevant to the questions put.

At the time I reported in *Light* what had occurred, and it was soon afterwards ascertained that the writing within could be deciphered by the aid of strong transmitted light when the envelopes were carefully shaded. I was not then aware—nor until quite recently, as the result of closer inspection suggested by “No. 3” failure, that both these envelopes had been then, or have been since, opened and gummed up again. In ignorance of this I accepted a third envelope, protected from outside inspection by the use of *card*, instead of paper; for I sympathized with my friend’s wish to obtain such a test for the Society to which he belongs.

I append a *fac-simile* of the writings inside and outside of this envelope “No. 3.” This also was for some months in my careful keeping; *no one in the house besides myself and my wife knowing of its existence*; for we had determined to keep this test to ourselves, and this is an important circumstance to bear in mind. (Plate VII.)

In September, 1886, the full record of “No. 3” envelope was printed in *Light*. After it left my hands it was discovered that it had at some time been opened and gummed up again, and the test if accomplished by our spirit friends was thus rendered valueless.

¹ For a fuller account see *Light* May 8th.

I. ⁰
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 — 10
 W'X'Y 77 W'X
 Psalm. l. l. —

⁰
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 — 10
 W'X'Y 77 W'X
 Psalm. l. l. —

But the fact remains: in the midst of strong protests from my spirit friends, I foolishly, but with an anxious wish to obtain for outsiders evidence of *their* devising, persisted in demanding these tests, ignoring the fact that the every-day phenomena transpiring in our midst, given voluntarily by our spirit friends, devised by them, not dictated by ourselves, were the special kind of tests which it was our function to supply; and clearly we have been punished for departing from the very primary conditions of our household mediumship, *i.e.*, either to take what comes in a trustful spirit, without cavilling or cross-questioning, or if we ask for other manifestations to do so with absolute submissiveness.

Fraud there has been without doubt—but where? Those who know the members of my household will not attribute it to them, nor though we at first suffered from the annoyance have we the shadow of a suspicion resting upon any; and yet the *prima facie* case against us is so bad to strangers and outsiders, that if there were anything shady in our antecedents I should expect even my friends, and certainly strangers, to give the most easy explanation, and call us, *sans phrase*, convicted swindlers!

But even in these apparent failures the cardinal truth of research is prominent, and I will take a little trouble to point it out.

Envelopes Nos. 1 and 2 contain two distinctly different hand-writings—one being an exact imitation of the very minute writing which is being constantly given as that of our spirit daughter *Louisa*. The outside of envelope “No. 3” (*v. fac-simile*) is apparently written by a *third* scribe, distinctly different from the other two, yet in exact imitation again of the style of the spirit *Jules* from whom we

have received numerous beautiful and, as it seems to us, trustworthy writings in *six* languages: and on the back of envelope "No. 3" is a *fourth* variety in imitation of, if not really, *Pompom's*, saying, "*We are not going to do more for your old Society*"! adopting not only her writing, but the style of contempt she has always used when we are trying for these tests for our friend, the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research.

The *abnormal* origin of the writing is thus proved; for it was done within the house where no one among us would, even if we could, write in all these different styles.

There is thus a double side to the facts connected with these envelopes. On the one hand, the writing itself is given in the same occult and mysterious way as *hundreds* of other communications which have no suspicion attaching to them. On the other hand, the envelope itself has clearly been tampered with, and a vitiating quality has been as it were foisted upon it. Both sides are alike mysterious; and it seems to us that the simulation of fraud is an event which it is hopeless to explain except as a malicious manifestation, intended to baffle us. To us the only conclusion is, that having broken essential conditions of trust, we have opened the door to mischievous or fraudulent but clever spirits, who have in their own way manipulated the tests and carefully *spoiled* them. We know such influences can gain admission if we are off our guard; for on one or two occasions when disharmony has crept in among us we have detected and had to endure somewhat similar annoyances. Nor is it to be wondered at, if in such a long course of mediumship as we have now enjoyed, occasional flaws and imperfections should exist, reflecting the fallibility and infirmity of all concerned, both visible and

invisible. If I chose to refer to circumstances of a very private character I could make this more apparent to every reader: but on some experiences my lips are sealed. All that concerns "No. 3" envelope rests entirely with the two heads of the household, my wife and myself, so far as *human* intervention could be suggested, for no one else knew of its existence, and it never left my charge for a moment: and I am glad it is so, for we can sustain any suspicion which may attach to it. There are several theories which could be adduced to account for these tests breaking down; the first and most natural, that of fraud on our part, it would of course be futile for me to attempt to answer. Friends have suggested others.

a. That our own trusty spirits have themselves been overmatched by other evil-disposed spirits, who have been able when the envelopes have been dealt with and dismissed from our own control or care to spoil the test and virtually destroy it.

b. That such have either done it themselves directly, or else by controlling our medium to do it for them—first giving the test and then wrecking it or both together. This is an alternative which seems to us simply impossible, but it is a horn of the dilemma which some who are strangers to us may prefer to accept—and they have my free permission to do so!

I am myself disposed to believe that the phenomena were completely accomplished, but under conditions which, admitting the element of suspicion, rendered it easy for the subsequent entrance of mischief as suggested under *a*: or it may even have been permitted as a *protest* against the whole system of tests, against which our guides are perpetually cautioning us, as my records abundantly dis-

close ; and what would have been fraud on our side becomes policy or discipline from theirs.

But we have obtained other light which may contribute to an interpretation of these very perplexing experiences. As a spiritualist, and to some extent committed to its investigation, I felt other resources besides mere speculation were open to me to clear up this mystery : and spiritualists only will appreciate the value of my records in this direction. I myself framed no positive theory as to how the fraud occurred ; and although it annoyed me, I never for a moment entertained any suspicion, either of our medium, or of our *own* spirit group with reference to it : but this position really aggravated the mystery. We determined to wait awhile, and in fact were directed to do so. We waited some weeks. At length my wife and I together took the incriminated envelopes to a remarkable medium and *clairvoyante* of our acquaintance. Without saying a word as to the object of our visit we had appointed a sitting with her simply for clairvoyance, and not until she was cast into a deep *clairvoyant* sleep did I produce the envelopes.

On taking them out of my pocket-book and placing "No. 3" only in her hand, I took notes of what followed.

First I had to be placed *en rapport* with her, before she could even *hear* what I spoke to her : and I wished, for obvious reasons, that the gentleman who controlled her should allow me to conduct my own case ; in fact he knew nothing of the object of our visit, nor of the facts I wished to bring under the notice of the *clairvoyante* in my own way.

The following record is from notes taken down at the time. Placing the envelope in Mrs. B.'s hand, I said—

"This envelope has been written upon, I am told, by some one while it was sealed up; probably since it was written upon, it has been opened and gummed up again; I want to know *by whom*."

She felt the envelope all over (her eyes not being used at all during this time) for about five minutes: her brows were continually contracting and she looked confused, until she said very quietly—

"No mortal hand wrote this—but it was written by some one in the room now."

I asked her to describe his appearance.

"He looks like one of olden time: he has buckles on his shoes and knee breeches—he has a long garment, and has a bald place on his head like a tonsure—he seems to be a monk:" and she went on fully to describe *Jules Theobald* as seen by our own *clairvoyantes* at home: adding, "his work is with you just now, and you give him plenty to do!"

I then pressed the question, "By whom was the envelope opened? Did *he* do it?"

No; it was not opened by any of those you know. It was done by two interfering spirits.

I asked *when*?

"It was done when it was *in a box* in your own room, and *after* the writing was done. If it had been done before, your own spirit friends would have detected it and not have written, as they have done."

I expressed my surprise that our own spirit friends should have allowed the mischief to be done by these two interfering spirits, and asked how they got into our usually well-guarded circle.

Mrs. B. then told us they got in when we were away from home, the cause being partly from playing with

mediumship,¹ and partly from the influences round the envelope ; adding, " For your spirit friends objected to such tests. The object was pure mischief, and to throw a slur upon your home phenomena. There are plenty of the lower order of spirits who seek to interfere with the good work."

Jules was still present—as were others of our group (who gave us directions as to future precautions), notably one whom Mrs. B. described exactly, referring to his special idiosyncrasies ; one whom she had never either seen or heard of.

To us the whole thing bore the impress of truth. This lady had been only once at my house—never at a *séance*—knew nothing as to the *box* wherein I had placed the envelope, and gave many more little hints which showed us that she was reporting what she saw, not drawing upon her imagination. My wife and I kept this to ourselves and determined to pursue the inquiry upon the same lines.

A few days afterwards, another very remarkable private medium, a lady, was coming to my house, and we determined to use exactly the same means with her in order to track the fraud to its origin.

In this case a gentleman accompanied her who has remarkable power in inducing in her the clairvoyant state. As soon as she was put into this state (and not before) I produced the envelope, and then for the first time referred to it in her presence. The influence seemed to her utterly distressing. She said all around was darkness which she could not penetrate. This continued some time until another spirit controlled her—who said at once, referring to

¹ On inquiry I found that a wrong use of mediumship had been made during our absence from home,—perhaps ignorantly. I was unaware of it at the time.

the test envelope—"You have made a mistake by admitting an influence which has overpowered your own spirit friends, but I can get only a feeble impression of what it is. The envelope itself has contributed to it. There are workers for evil as well as for good on our side, and in some cases they get all powerful."

On coming to her normal state this *clairvoyante*, knowing nothing of what had occurred, felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and it was some time before we ventured even to show her the test envelope. As soon as she touched it she became convulsed—described the influence about it as very disagreeable, and we ceased further inquiry.

I still wished further confirmation of what we now believed to be the truth ; but I waited for another month. Having tried two private mediums I wished (now that the first agitations arising out of this episode had subsided) to sit with my friend Mr. Eglinton, with whom I had had no communication for some months, to whom I wrote as usual for an appointment. I determined to give him no clue as to the *subject* of my inquiries. Taking two slates closely and securely tied together, with a sheet of my own special note-paper previously inserted between—but leaving a quarter of an inch for inserting a piece of lead without removing the string, or at all interfering with the position of the slates and paper, I gave these as they were thus secured to Mr. Eglinton.¹ My wife sat next to him and I opposite. *We never lost sight of the slates ;* they were guarded by what we considered to be "continuous observation." I now took out of my pocket a sealed envelope.

¹ One slate was smaller than the other, and then when both were tightly bound together there was the small gap for inserting a granule of lead.

This contained the test envelope and a question written by me previously upon another piece of paper, as follows—

“When, where, and how was the test envelope opened and gummed up again—and by whom?”

Louisa soon wrote on the paper within the slate.

“*My dear papa,—I am here with you to-day. We are all trying to give you the information. L.*”

The two slates had been now, of course, separated ; or we could not have read this writing which I myself took out from between them, after cutting the string which bound them together. This reply was general and inclusive.

Mr. Eglinton now took one of my own slates and put it under the table with a crumb of slate pencil upon it. The power was felt to be strong and conflicting ; and it proved to be so very uncomfortably ! For in a few minutes while the slate was being held in position it was *smashed to atoms*, and even the frame was broken, an unusual episode to happen in our presence. Mr. Eglinton was now put into a trance condition. His usual guides addressed us saying that *Ernest* would have written, but the influence of *two opposing spirits* was so great, he feared the message might be distorted and therefore valueless. The envelope had brought the influence with it ; had it been left at home they could have written. But *Ernest* wished us yet to have every detail, and to tell us how these two spirits had manipulated the envelope. It was a set purpose on their part to turn us away from the work we were doing for Spiritualism.

We were directed to ask Mr. Eglinton to visit us at home, where the power would be strong enough to resist and remove evil influences.

It was not easy to get an appointment with so busy a man as Mr. Eglinton ; but he was good enough to make one a week later on.

On reaching home our spirit friends told me to get rid of these envelopes from the house, which I accordingly did.

On Saturday, December 18, Mr. Eglinton was our guest. We had provided slates—but had forgotten the pencils ! Nor had Mr. E. any with him.

Under these circumstances we resorted to note-paper placed upon and over the slate, and held thus between it and the table ; and in this manner we had sheet after sheet written—leaving off at the end of each paper in the middle of a sentence and once in the middle of a word—until *nine* half-sheets were thus filled. The paper was all my own, of an unusual sort, and provided by myself sheet by sheet as it was required.

It was the longest writing probably Mr. Eglinton had ever had at one sitting, and it confirmed in every particular what the two clairvoyants had previously told us. It referred also to private family matters *unknown to Mr. Eglinton*, and was signed by *Ernest* and our own band of spirit guides. I would transcribe this message but for the peculiarly private references interwoven in it.

One word more and I will close this long record of a painful though very instructive incident.

Long before the fraud occurred we had been told by Mary, and we had made a note of it at the time, that *two strange spirits* were frequently about the house, and she could never make out what they came for. This confirms the clairvoyance of Mrs. B. Now we knew why they came, and we knew also how necessary it is carefully to guard

a circle where the mediumship is so sensitive. The test envelopes have done their work ; and we do not intend to repeat the experiment. We shall much prefer to work on quietly amid the congenial influences of home life, where spirit presence of another and more innocent kind presents itself.

But unsought tests, where the phenomena are all more or less spontaneous, come when least expected.

A curious test of spirit knowledge, if not of identity, occurred to me thus.

We have had numberless letters from one spirit *J. W. E.* and as he was unknown to us I naturally wished to trace and identify him. I did so partly through his friends here, but not sufficiently to satisfy me.

After gathering information with some trouble, from this side and from the spirit side together, I thought I might ascertain the fact and the date of his death, which was said to have taken place at Woking ; and I determined one morning, without saying a word to any one, to go down to Woking and inspect the registers. I did this and returned home without success. Directly I entered my study, which I did immediately I entered the house, I found written in my private automatic-writing book—which I was strongly impressed to take out and open at once—the following sentence in *direct spirit* writing, following my last entry ; it rather staggered though it amused me :

“*J. W. E. passed to the higher life in the year 1782, aged 71.*”

My search had been in vain ; necessarily so, for it had not extended so far back. I had been on a wild-goose chase ! It was evident from this that our silent watchers

knew of my movements, and their purpose. I interpose it here simply as another illustration of that perpetual cognizance of our unspoken thoughts, which marks all the communications we have received.

I know that in detailing thus fully and frankly the history of those perplexing events, I am giving opportunity to a quantity of very damaging criticism. Some even of my own friends think that these things ought not to be published, and that by laying bare the vulnerable parts of my experience, I am bringing even the stronger facts into discredit. I do not think so. Of course those who cannot accept my explanations as possible, must conclude that there is fraud somewhere, and that my wits are not keen enough to detect it. And even of those who are generous enough to assure me that they will not for one moment attribute the fraud to me, some are yet unable to resist the conviction that there must be a trickster somewhere in my household. More experienced spiritualists, who know that fraud and malign dealing may, and constantly do, come from the other side, yet shrink from the misunderstanding and misconstruction that the free exposition of these ambiguous phenomena must occasion.

Let me first of all express my thankfulness for the kindness and fidelity—I am inclined to say—of *all* those who belong to our own camp. Those who have the largest practical knowledge of Spiritualism have most readily accepted the occult explanation of the frauds, knowing as they do what bitter foes Spiritualism has to encounter here, and still more on the other side. Even those who deprecate publication, yet do not swerve from their friendly loyalty to myself, and with their support, I can cheerfully meet the suspicions and accusations and censures of less-instructed critics.

But indeed I do not feel that I have any choice in the matter. Perhaps I was too hasty in the first instance in bringing the case under public notice in the columns of *Light* before all preliminary inquiry was completed. I am afraid, in this case, I must plead guilty to the blunder of having attempted to make up the statistics of my poultry yard before the process of incubation was completed. The discovery of fraud—*somewhere*—was sprung upon me by surprise, after I had fondly assured myself that my triumph was complete. But as so much publicity has been given to the facts, it is not possible to go back. Hostile critics would most assuredly taunt me with these suppressed *fiascos*, and make the more effective use of them in their destructive criticisms, because they would in that case have the double advantage of telling the story as well as commenting upon it. If an indictment must be brought against me, I will at any rate draw up the pleas for myself, and supply all the nine tails of the cat that is to scourge me!

Moreover I am inclined to think it is a mistaken policy to give publicity to merely selected portions of a continuous narrative like this, the principle of selection being to record successes and suppress failures, or to produce palatable facts which awaken pride, exultation, satisfaction, and hush up those which are attended with a measure of disappointment and humiliation. My own impression is that a very attractive story, all light and no shadow, is on that account suspicious, and that in such a life-story as this, the mixture of brighter and darker features gives verisimilitude to the whole case. It is another application of the very profound apostolic aphorism—"When I am weak then am I strong." Unbroken success, unalloyed satisfaction is not human; it belongs to poetry, or romance, not to history; and if I

were to embellish my narrative by giving it the appearance of a triumphal march, critics would have some excuse for quoting against me *nec vox hominem sonat*, and relegating my story to the limbo of fiction and mythology. The learned and judicious Hooker enunciated this principle in his large and majestic style, when referring to extravagant claims made on behalf of Scripture; and no very great change or extension is required to bring Spiritualism under the scope of his words. He writes :

“Whatsoever is spoken of God, or *things appertaining to God* [and here may spiritualism put in its claim for inclusion], otherwise than as the truth is, though it seem an honour, it is an injury. And as incredible praises given unto men do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendation; so we must likewise take great heed, lest in attributing unto Scripture [&c.] more than it can have, the incredibility of that do cause even those things which indeed it hath most abundantly to be less reverently esteemed.”

On this principle I will even hope that the recital of this weak part may add to the strength of the whole narrative.

Other considerations also present themselves. We know quite well that all mediums are exposed to failure, and to the intrusion of bad and injurious influences. It has often happened that an honest medium, suffering from some mediumistic misadventure, has found it almost impossible to escape imputations of fraud and even crime. In such a case as this, it is of the highest possible importance that he should be able to quote analogous experiences happening to other persons, and shield his endangered reputation by an appeal to like events in the case of those whose

character is not so badly impeached. In this case the old motto, as old at least as Marlowe, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, has a most important application. For here *solamen* may come to mean *tutamen*; solace becomes rescue and deliverance. And in view of such cases I even think I have no right to withhold those portions of my narrative which may serve to throw a helpful and healing light on the unhappy adventures of mediums less fortunately secure than I am.

Spiritualism is an intricate, complicated, often bewildering subject, with strange mixtures of good and evil; the good rising to the celestial and divine, the evil sinking to the infernal and satanic. Those who pursue it must seek for light from all quarters, and if we are to understand it at all we must not only ascend the heights of good, but fathom the depths of evil; we must know where the ground is solid and where the soil is shifting or shelving. We who wish to make some contribution to the elucidation of its mysteries, must not prophesy only smooth things, and keep back passages of misery and danger. Even if the evils to be guarded against are the commonplace human disasters that arise from deficient caution, easy credulity, or shallow investigation, the necessary cautions need to be proclaimed as well as those of nobler rank. In the case of Spiritualism where a too eager quest for proofs and tests, and over hasty assumptions of error, trickery, legerdemain, or fraud, are apt to induce a state of mind that renders the access of good manifestations impossible, it is easy to understand how the opposite extreme of unreasoning acquiescence is apt to intrude itself. Every good quality has its obverse or counterpart on the evil side, and as an unhealthy faith generates superstition, so unwise confidence may lead to a

weak habit of unsuspecting credulity. Let this be granted, and it follows that to understand all the psychology of mediumship it is most essential that the failures which depend on mental bias and infirmity should hold their place in its annals, as well as those which are dependent on more esoteric causes. It is not for me to say dogmatically where the explanation of the unsatisfactory phenomena, which I have related, is to be sought. But it is clear that those who wish to derive from the whole narrative any guidance in forming a philosophy of Spiritualism, may find advantage in bringing these facts into evidence, as well as others of a more positive and palatable description.

Whatever other conclusions may be drawn by differently constituted minds from this many-tinted picture of ordinary and superordinary events, there are some considerations which present themselves forcibly to my own mind. It is evident that all the mortification and discomfiture arising out of these test envelopes might have been avoided, if we had simply accepted the many tests involved in the phenomena, *as they arose naturally and spontaneously* in our midst, without asking for others of an entirely different description, which might or might not be in harmony with our own special type of mediumship.

Thus it once more appears that healthy and innocent Spiritualism cannot be reached unless it is approached in a trustful and reverent spirit; and this trust must be accorded both to the seen and the unseen workers. As a pursuit it can only be safely entered upon in a calm, religious, and recipient frame of mind. Any "discouraging wit" who simply seeks material for gossip, or curious entries for his anecdotiana will assuredly be baffled, mocked, and brought to merited confusion. Here, as elsewhere, nature will not

be commanded, but must be obeyed. Some I have known have become so accustomed to the ministries of the spirits, that they have sought to command or control them ; and invariably then has confusion and unreliable mediumship followed.

Is it reasonable to suppose, if we have, as we know we have, high intelligences among us, coming as teachers, with their own aims and plans fully matured (even when their plans involve the use of the most trivial physical phenomena), that they will abandon their own methods and take instructions from us who dwell in the dark, and whose benefit is their chief design ? Are we to suppose that they will condescend to work on our lines instead of their own ? Thus formulated the very notion of dictation on our part is absurd ; and any test which implies pliancy or subordination on their part is *ipso facto* absurd. It is worth while to suffer some mortifying defeats that this much needed lesson may be fully impressed upon us.

As then the first condition seems to be docility and trust, so if this cannot be conceded, the hard resisting unbending mind, however great its capabilities or accomplishments, will be the last to receive the hidden lore which is seeking for entrance among us ; and so long will unsophisticated believers in their own experience be scorned and condemned by them as anti-scientific, and basely credulous.

Spiritualism is not simply a study, and I would not recommend any one to have anything to do with it except as a serious and faithful disciple, who is waiting and willing to be taught. The student of this lore has to bear many disappointments and to submit to much discipline ; he must put up with much inevitable derision and some fierce

denunciation. Many conventional notions and habits must be modified or even abandoned. I should not have been able to offer these records to the annals of Spiritualism. had I obeyed my first impulses in the *later* series of family revelations here recorded, and refused to allow our servant to sit with us *en séance*. It was a trial, to which I have before referred, which pointedly put before me the alternative which I valued most,—the pursuit of psychic truth upon its own terms, or the clinging to ancient notions of social inequality. I chose the former and thereby shocked some of my friends. Had I listened to them, the writing on the ceiling recorded at p. 240 would never have been done under the absolute test conditions I have recorded, which no explanations or suggestions can upset. There is only one way of putting out of court the testimony of six or seven honest persons; what that way is may be suggested by such investigators as the Society for Psychical Research have usually employed; it is an unlimited belief in the roguery or trickery of all concerned, however indirectly, in the production of these phenomena—a truly “unlimited belief” which my own honest scepticism lacks nerve and force to accept. Such phenomena can never be received until faith in accredited narrators and reliance on the commonplace integrity of ordinarily reputable people, is admitted as one of the canons of scientific attestation.

The advice I would venture to offer, after much observation, is not to go into the matter at all with a view to *mediumship* unless the spirits themselves and the circumstances of life *single you out* for the purpose. Wait for mediumship till it comes spontaneously, or in obedience to an irresistible control; and in that case let it select you rather than that you should eagerly grasp after it. Mean-

time a knowledge of the laws of its existence is spreading and will be still more elucidated, with or without the co-operation of learned and cultivated people, from the at present comparatively obscure workers in the cause. Its literature is well worth the serious attention of all, but especially of Christian men ; and they will assuredly find, sooner or later, that it is a friend to be welcomed, not an enemy to be shunned.

Outside and unsympathetic investigation is worse than useless. Very curious are some of the explanations which have been learnedly expounded and authoritatively proclaimed by very able, but very futile, investigators ; these explanations cannot be confuted, but they seem to me to raise greater difficulties of a moral character than the occult ones which they are seeking to dispose of. They will sooner or later die and be forgotten ; at present they have a wriggling, vermicular life, and are admirably adapted to serve the purposes of those who are disposed to darken counsel by words without knowledge.

The Society for Psychical Research, formed for the very purpose of investigating spiritual phenomena, has made one cardinal error from the very first, in determining to pursue its investigations as though its inquirers were dealing with phenomena subject to known physical laws. They seem to forget that their search should be not only for facts but for laws also, and especially for the laws governing these facts. On the face of them, these facts, if they are true, are *not* obedient to the ordinary laws of matter, as formulated in books of natural science. Trust in character and reasonable faith in testimony—such trust and faith as a jury of sensible men would exercise in any ordinary case for judicial inquiry—are the essential starting-points in this quest. But this

does not appear to me to be the attitude of the Society for Psychical Research in regard to Spiritualism. They have an irresistible bias towards conjuring, legerdemain, and trickery. They believe in no one outside their own council, and in no facts which go beyond a "telepathic" hypothesis. All testimony to psychic facts from men of character, even among their own members, is suspected or shelved, and they have in some cases endeavoured much more to blast character than to elicit truth. Consequently they have been "blind leaders of the blind." Spiritualists cannot easily co-operate with them unless methods of inquiry are introduced more adapted to the phenomena. We cannot submit ourselves to all their tests, which even if they succeed as tests miserably fail as proofs, or as instruments of teaching; much less can we admit into harmoniously constituted circles those antagonistic influences which come in the wake of hostile critics, usually producing discord and ending in failure. Probably some of the elementary phenomena of physical mediumship may be learnt under a paid sensitive, and this may lead on those who are *prepared* to deeper studies.





CHAPTER XII.

GREEK WITH FAC-SIMILE—CONCLUSION.

(1886.)

“O God, our spirits unassisted
Must unsuccessful be ;
Who ever hath the world resisted
Except by help from Thee ?
But saved by a Divine alliance
From terrors of defeat,
Unvauntingly, yet with defiance,
One man the world may meet.”

T. T. LYNCH.



HAD hoped before closing the records of spirit life among us to have brought my narrative to a point which has been promised us by our spirit guides. They have promised that they will some day come out bodily among us and take the vacant chairs placed for them, and talk to us through materialized bodies in the light as they have done often in the dark, and in this state, by means of the photographic art, add another kind of attestation to the many already supplied by their direct and characteristic writing and other phenomena. But there are many indications that these unful-

filled promises are not likely to be accomplished at present. We know by repeated experiences that the time-measurements of our state cannot be safely applied to the time-language used by spirits. They may announce as immediately impending that which may actually remain undeveloped for years. They see the germinating seeds of things, and perhaps cannot themselves tell the length of time that the unseen underground stage in the evolution of events may require : or this consideration may not enter into their minds, when they see so distinctly the ultimate issues that are involved in present facts. Time, however, is an element which *we* cannot afford to ignore, if they can; and as many of the detached fragments of this narrative, which have already been published, have given rise to some controversy and many misapprehensions, I think it better to give the complete story without further delay.

Many explanations of these phenomena, which seem plausible when applied to isolated facts, are evidently unsatisfactory when the same facts are seen in relation to the continuous experiences of twenty or thirty years. And many of the objections which criticism raises are answered in anticipation by considerations which the entire mass of evidence plainly suggests, and irresistibly establishes.

I could have considerably enlarged this book if I had given a greater number of records belonging to the period over which I have already travelled (1869 to 1885). Moreover, the year 1886 has been equally rich in psychic phenomena, most of which I leave unrecorded, in order to avoid tedious or needless repetition, though, of course, the repetition of the same phenomena under continuous observation is a factor in their establishment. We have had to discontinue the endeavour to obtain materialized forms in the light because

we found that sufficient physical power does not exist in our present reduced home circle, for recently we have lost one or two *pro. tem.* from our family circle : this, where all are contributive, involves weakened conditions. The attainment already made has somewhat taxed the strength of all, but especially the medium : we break off therefore for a time after having obtained, as instalments in this direction, materialized hands, feet, and faces in the light, and full forms in total darkness, as recorded.

While seeking mainly to obtain an accurate record of *facts* as the proper and only data by means of which we may hope ultimately to reach spiritual laws, I have been struck with the orderly procedure in which they have been given and the manner in which each succeeding stage carries forward the teaching of all that has gone before. They have thus, incidentally as it were, begun already to assume the form of an orderly and rational system ; and especially to bring before us very clear rules and laws as to true methods of research, and some of the fallacies and dangers into which inquirers may fall through false modes of investigation. Wherever these truer methods have been departed from, weakness or confusion, in some form or other, has found entrance. I have recorded the most prominent examples in our own experiences of such failure.

During our *séances* in the year 1886, in our endeavours to obtain the materializations desired by our spirit friends, we have often been directed by them to sit in complete darkness—a condition they considered necessary in the outset, but one which will be dispensed with when sufficient power has been gained. It is a condition of sitting we usually object to, and always avoid if strangers are present. But it is only in darkness that the spirit lights can be seen :

and these have been produced at our *séances* varying in size and quality. They have appeared small as a pin point, floating or darting about the room in all directions, and as large as a closed hand, which often seemed to open out or expand into a cloudy substance. At such times spirit forms have appeared to our clairvoyants so manifest that they wonder I cannot see what they can. On these occasions, though not usually at the same time, strong wafts of cool breezes have filled the room, coming usually from the direction of the cabinet, but by no means always so. They have been noticed as coming from *every* direction, and with such force as to carry off the card or paper shades placed over the lamp-glasses, and blow papers off the table. Within such breezes have come also the most delicious and varying scents—such as came when sitting with our friends the Everitts, as already recorded—these are not only highly refreshing, but the exhilaration they produce seems to me always to contribute vital force and psychic power : and it may be that this is one reason why they are brought into the circle. These scents saturate the sitters and the furniture in the room ; and the box which I use for carrying into the *séance*-room paper for writing, is often so charged with it as to scent my study for a week.

At such times we have been fondly patted or stroked, or our hands have been taken by spirit hands, and we have had the materialized forms moving among us and giving many other indications of their presence ; such as moving articles of furniture, taking up the clock from the mantel-shelf, carrying it all about the room and ceiling, winding it up, stopping and setting it on at our request ; taking up the musical box and treating it in the same manner : making magnetic passes over any of the circle who required

them for incidental ailments, or for conveying mediumistic power ; and, frequently, during such operations, brushing the head and face or resting their hand on the head to impart vital force. During this time the medium is passively seated in the cabinet, in a state of trance.

Recently we have had various birthday text-books, belonging to relatives, given blank into our charge, in which spirits have written their names at the appropriate days, *many of which have not only been unknown to the medium but also unknown to any of us.* These signatures have been written within the space of a few days and in *many* various styles of writing ; so many as to preclude the suggestion of imitation, or forgery, supposing we were capable of such baseness.

During this time the phenomena of fire lighting, &c., referred to in Chapter III. and elsewhere have been continuous. My daughter records during this year many occasions in which she herself has seen the fires lighted and of having observed the filling of a small brass kettle on the table, at which she and Mary were taking their early cup of tea.

On one occasion while Mary was out in the garden, the brass kettle was filled and carried half way up the kitchen stairs ; and my daughter happening at this time to be going down the staircase *met it in transitu.* As usual on such occasions it was put down before her eyes upon the stairs !

She has had many specimens of spirit writing in her private diary : among them six lines of correct German beautifully written and signed by our polyglot spirit *Jules*, commencing, "Endlich blüht die Aloe." But I will content myself with this reference, and to the records already

April 5th 1886

Justin Martyr. saith.

ὁ προσεὺς εὐχὰς ἐκούσιαι καὶ εὐχαριστίας ὅαν θύναμις αὐτῶν
ἐνεπρέμει, τοὶ δὲ λαὸς ἐπεφθηνεὶ λέγοντες τὸ Ἀμήν.

pray unto god. do it from the heart. and god will
hear and answer your prayers. Yules.

Dear friends

we are here to meet in a great company
we are here to help you & all who would
look to one who is higher & mightier
than we. do not cease to look unto
him in all your needs. for help &
strength. many things look dark
& dreary just now. but even as
the sun shines upon the earth on a
bright & beautiful morn. so will it
shine upon you all. in the brightness
of the coming day of light. when all

things shall be made plain. & when
the day of trial is over.

When we oft times tempted to say it is
no good what ever we do is wrong. but
yet a little while of your bread cast
upon the waters will be returned to you
have more patience. Trust in god your
father who rules all things

we are yours in
Spirit & truth
J. W. E. 772

E. M.

Said? I a host of others

say not unto us come ad quid venisti, which means
Friends why comest thou thither

For we come to help where we can do so. &
where the spirit of grace & love reigns

[To face page 299.

made ; and, in conclusion, only narrate shortly what took place at a *séance* on April 4, 1886 ; an account of which was also furnished to *Light* of May 8th, but without the *fac simile* which lends to it additional interest.

We were all sitting in full light around the table ; Mary and my daughter sitting at one end of it, in their usual places, close to the cabinet behind them. Mary was entranced and under the control of little *Pompom* who was talking through her vivaciously (and I may remark in parenthesis that Mary, who has normally a slight stutter in speaking, never on these occasions shows this weakness or impediment in speech). We heard writing proceeding within the cabinet, when *Pompom* turned her, *i.e.*, Mary's, head round, saying she would look over the shoulder of the spirit who was writing. Turning subsequently to me she said—

“ *O pa ! he is writing such funny letters ! like this !*”
(imitating, and writing with her finger on the table.)

I gave Mary a pencil, for *Pompom*, through her, to write a copy of some of the funny letters ; when Mary's hand immediately wrote $\pi \rho \epsilon \chi \eta$ as specimen letters of what she saw. It was a novelty for us to see Mary's hand tracing Greek characters, and the contrast between her style of writing Greek, in servile imitation of what she saw, and that of the communicating spirit writing spontaneously and in its own characteristic way, was not without interest and suggestiveness. A few minutes after we had a sheet, written on three sides, of which the following is a *fac simile* of two : the date being afterwards added by one of ourselves. (Plate VIII.)

Pompom had remarked that it was written by, or in presence of, an ancient spirit ; but *Jules* was there, and his

name is appended to the English sentence which follows the Greek.

I do not profess to be able to criticize the Greek, but it has been submitted by me to several Greek scholars, and it is curious to note how learned pundits differ. And though I regard any criticism of the *Greek text* as a matter apart, not related to the *crucial* estimate of the phenomenon as such, it is quite as well to see what critics have to say, and especially if two or more report differently about it. One who is well known to be a good Greek scholar, and especially well read in patristic literature, offers the following:—

“The Greek words quoted at the top of the paper you send me are part of Justin Martyr’s well known and often quoted description of the Sunday worship of the Christians of his time. The words are copied correctly enough, and do not require any alteration. You will find them in the 67th section of Justin’s ‘First Apology,’ addressed to Antonius Pius, his son, and the senate and Roman people generally. Their literal interpretation is as follows :

“‘Likewise the President (or presiding minister) sends up prayers and thanksgivings with all his heart (or to the best of his ability—ὅση δύναμις αὐτῷ) and the people assent saying, Amen.’

“The Greek words in the paper are all correctly written. Any one who knows Greek would be able to read them at once.”

Another friend, also a Greek scholar, giving a similar translation adds:—

“This was unquestionably written by some one who is

not used to the Greek character. The letters are frequently wrongly made, or made in such a way as a copyist might imitate them. In no, or only one, case are they made freely as a practised writer would make them. The accents are good and right except one 'breathing' which is placed where no Greek scholar would put it unless by accident.

"There is a very significant use of a symbol (combination of s and t in the word *ευχαριστίας*) which is characteristic of old Greek, *i.e.*, old printed books, and would not be used by any one now, or in a book printed recently. The symbol is mal-formed in your Greek, and the writer has not understood it I fancy.

"These points are not intended to cast any doubt on the *bonâ fide* character of the writing, but to aid you in arriving at conclusions in your investigations into these perplexing matters. Any one, I think, looking at this script would say that it was the work of an unskilled hand: the question is whose? It may well be a *bonâ fide* work of 'spirits' and yet be what it is."

Then follows a copy of the Greek as it *should* be, in which my fourth-form knowledge at once detected two inaccuracies of transcription, acknowledged by my friend on my pointing them out: so that even good scholars are occasionally caught napping!

Now the remarks of these two friends are very suggestive. I concluded from the first criticism that the writing is accurately done, and from the second that it was done probably by a mediæval spirit who uses the style of writing current *in his time* (note the significant symbol not now to be found in recent writings, and which was also pointed out to me by a third critic whom I consulted) and written fluently. It was probably written by *Jules*, who in every

writing, in English, Latin, or Italian, has a habit of forming one or two letters inaccurately (see the u for w in *fac-simile* of the English lines following the Greek ; this he seems frequently to adopt), and I conclude that he is likely to use analogous variations in writing Greek.

There is no special interest that I know of in these criticisms unless it be remembered that even, as in English writing, manuscripts of the sixteenth century differ in style of penmanship from those of the present day, it holds equally with Greek. Probably most of my readers have seen *fac-similes* of Bacon's writing or of Milton's (who both lived about the time when *Jules* reports himself as having lived among the Huguenots), and I think they will agree with me that my conclusions are logical. I would venture to remind my readers also that very clever men are often very bad writers, and that personal qualities may appear even in the style of writing words in Greek or other foreign languages.

It is, I repeat, quite unnecessary to enter upon any scholastic criticism of these Greek writings ; for their worth as phenomena does not depend upon such considerations.

It is rather amusing to see how pedantic critics, as soon as a bit of doubtful Greek is presented, instantly mount their pedagogic rostrums and begin to lecture me on inaccuracies and my ignorance : and because they can "take me up" on a question of Greek scholarship suppose they can, by the same process, stamp out the psychic manifestation out of which the whole case arises ! In truth, they only reproduce the madness of the mob who, wanting a better motive for violence, cried out upon Cinna, "Tear him for his bad verses ! Tear him for his bad verses !" and show rather the irrational temper of the rabble than the philosophic calm of scientific investigators.

I have dwelt in this volume chiefly with the phenomena ; exhibiting facts carefully recorded at the time by two members of our household, because facts must be first absolutely proved and accepted before we are in a position to enter into the philosophy of Spiritualism. But we have made some attempts also in this direction, and numerous have been the lessons which we have received as to the pursuits and occupations of the "ministering spirits." Though they often stand at the door and knock, their power to influence is by no means "cabined and confined" by physical phenomena. Inspiration from the spirit world is as persistent now as of old, and where direct writing cannot be obtained direct *influence* over the mind and thoughts can.

We are on the threshold, it appears to me—and so we are taught—of much more remarkable spirit communion ; hence these early records will, by and by, assume intense interest.

In this materialistic age, naturally the first appeal is to the senses. Those who open their mind to the reception of merely external phenomena will soon find that interior influences *accompany* these merely sensuous ones, and that the power which can act upon material objects has its own way also of speaking to the inner perceptions, and of influencing and teaching the entire man.

Our yearning all through the marvellous succession of psychic mysteries has been to gain a closer contact with the *Divine life* under and sustaining all, and we trust we have in some measure attained it : but our own infirmities and the subtle conditions necessary to ensure absolute trustworthiness will for long prevent the teachings advanced by our spirit friends from claiming any overwhelming

authority over the hearts and consciences of those who are addressed.

Communion and fellowship and pleasant intercourse and interchange of ideas and sentiments is not *worship*; and we cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that there is no rivalry between the friendly, and sometimes even reverent, attraction which we are conscious of in reference to our invisible guides and friends, and that higher, inalienable worship and entire prostration of spirit, which is to be given to the Supreme and Divine personality alone.

Spiritualism is not a religion, and does not supersede any of the offices and sanctities of faith. It simply enlarges the atmosphere in which the mind and spirit ranges, and gives vividness and actuality to the supernatural plane of life, in which all religion must find its abiding home. All that claims authority over the spirit must do so by virtue of its inherent divinity, and not by any merely external credentials.

Nor is this surprising when we remember that the question of authority or inspiration is still a much-debated problem in connection with the Holy Scriptures. The most thoughtful teachers are those who recognize the human element as mingled with the Divine, and that each man must for himself, by the inner light of reason and conscience, educated by all the discipline of life and the teachings of sacred experience, find out where authority resides, and how obedience and worship are to be expressed. To this same tribunal also must all spirit teachings be referred. From the very conditions under which they are given, from the obstructions which must be surmounted before any communication is possible, obstructions resulting from human infirmity on our own side, and

from other impediments or infirmities which we can but guess at on the other side, it must be so. For this reason our advance must be slow and fluctuating, often checked and dashed by failures and mistakes. Our constant aim is to confirm the harmony between the old and the new ; and not cease to listen to the prophets of olden time because other, but not contradictory, light has dawned upon us now. The validity of each is attested by the harmony that exists between them.

The time has not yet come for all to enter upon any investigation into Spiritualism—much less into its philosophy : many would do much more harm than good both to themselves and the cause : but the time has come for a recognition of psychic life appearing with new force if not in new forms, among us : and *prepared* minds, entering into its research, will soon discover some of the uses that may be derived from it.

Spiritualism seems to me to make its first appeal to the Agnosticism which is so diffused among us, and which influences even those who do not pronounce its dogmas of negation.

This is a spirit which the Church has failed to reach because the phenomena to which *it* appeals are matters of history,—not of present observation. Spiritualism lifts all who receive it into a higher plane of experience, in which all the ancient teachings of religion find their correspondences in the events now passing among us.

Where it develops in family life—its happiest home—it enters usually through the dark door of sorrow, as the Comforter, remaining to teach and bring to remembrance all that the Great Teacher unfolded.

Meantime we are enjoined to cultivate and desire

earnestly spiritual gifts. For centuries have these fruits of the spirit withered ; but again we now find these gifts, and notably those of healing, coming unmistakably among us. To this healing gift I should have liked to refer at greater length but for the difficulty of giving individual cases containing absolute proofs of its successful exercise in private life : these are not so easily defined or authenticated as most of the phenomena to which I have confined myself. Yet the signs of an outpouring of spirit power in this direction—of which there can be no doubt to any earnest inquirer—will come with a stronger force to many of those who are already friendly in their attitude to spiritual facts, than many of the purely physical phenomena whose appeal is to an entirely different class of mind.

The first truth established is a positive assurance of a future personal life and its boundless activities. The beauty of that life can only be dimly imagined by those who can add to the anticipations of faith some of the certain knowledge of such Perception as Spiritualism creates.





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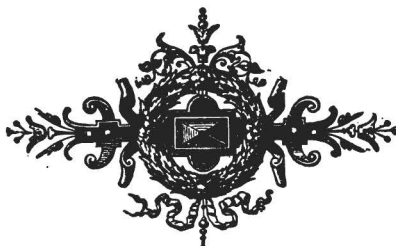
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Notices of all meetings will appear regularly in "LIGHT."

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt

Advice to Inquirers (*continued*)—

may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

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

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

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

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

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

PROFESSORS TORNEBOM AND EDLAND, THE SWEDISH PHYSICISTS.—“Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone *can* explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages.”—*Aftonblad* (Stockholm), October 30th, 1879.

BARON CARL DU PREL (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—“One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.”

J. H. FICHTE, THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR.—“Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent.”

What is said of Psychical Phenomena (*continued*)—

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.”

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—“I have for many years *known* that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and, when fully accepted, revolutionise the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters.”—*Extract from a letter to A. Russel Wallace.*

PROFESSOR HARE, EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—“Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months” (this was written in 1858), “had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question.”

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, THE LATE PLUMERIAN PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY AT CAMBRIDGE.—“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . *In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.*”—*Clerical Journal*, June, 1862.

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

LORD BROUGHAM.—“There is but one question I would ask the author. Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's

What is said of Psychical Phenomena (*continued*)—

highest faculties ; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand ; It is modern Spiritualism."—*Preface by Lord Brougham to "The Book of Nature."* By C. O. Groom Napier, F.C.S.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE FRENCH ASTRONOMER, AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.—"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic,' 'sommambulic,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about ; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception." . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues : "Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science ; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts ; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence."

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.G.S.—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do *not* require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates ; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief

What is said of Psychical Phenomena (*continued*)—

that they have witnessed them ; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.”—*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*.

DR. LOCKHART ROBERTSON.—“The writer” (*i.e.*, Dr. L. Robertson) “can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of *so-called* Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing any one by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is open to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which, even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.”—From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the *Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism*, p. 24.

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.—“No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phrenology, Homœopathy, and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded, and arranged ; and whether we call by the name of mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this, is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there may be careless observers, prejudiced recorders, and rash systematisers ; their errors and defects may impede the progress of knowledge, but they will not stop it. And we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the wonders which perplex almost equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science.”