

REASONS FOR THE HOPE THAT
IS IN ME:

OR,

WONDERFUL AND IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE
OF A FUTURE LIFE.

BY

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PREFATORY NOTE BY EDITOR "TWO WORLDS."

THE great interest awakened by Mr. H. J. Browne's striking experiences in Spiritualism, as given at the recent Bradford Conference, has induced in many of the listeners present the wish that his exciting narrative, together with such other of his wonderful experiences as constitute marked events in his life, should be presented to the public in the form of a series of articles. In view of the Editor's acquaintance with this estimable gentleman and his family during her visit to the Australian Colonies, she ventured to urge upon him compliance with the above-named very general request. As Mr. Browne and his family were only tourists through England and the Continent prior to their return to Australia, Mr. Browne felt some difficulty in complying with his numerous friends and admirers' request, but at the solicitation of Dr. and Mrs. Britten, during a brief visit paid to them, the promise to do his best—as far as travel and change of scene permitted—was most kindly made. As a series of irrefutable arguments to which no answer could by any possibility be given in disproof, this pamphlet is amply worthy the attention of every thoughtful reader.

Manchester, July 31, 1891.

REASONS FOR THE HOPE THAT IS IN ME ;

OR,

EVIDENCES OF A FUTURE LIFE.

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PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE relating some of the many wonderful experiences I have had in the investigation of spiritual science I shall make a few preliminary remarks.

Without, I hope, being deemed egotistic, I may state I was reared in the strictest of "orthodox" schools, my father having been a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland. Until I was about forty years of age I adhered to the "orthodox" faith, notwithstanding that frequently during that period I had felt that the reason with which God had endowed me was at variance with many of the doctrines which I had been taught to revere as divine verities. About this time the green spectacles of superstition seemed suddenly to drop from my eyes, and the irrationality and God-dishonouring character of many of the orthodox doctrines became at once apparent to me. I could then look back at the many struggles between truth and error my mind had gone through during the years alluded to, in my earnest endeavours to dispel doubts, which would involuntarily spring up through my moral consciousness revolting against doctrines which, even then, seemed to me derogatory to the character of God. When, however, these doubts arose, such passages as "He that doubteth is damned"; "He that believeth not is condemned already," would rise up in my mind, and for the time silence these doubts. I was at that

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time unconscious of the fact that doubt was the great lever by which the world had been raised from savagery to civilization, and that it was not only the right but also the duty of every one to doubt whenever anything clashed with his divine gift of reason. Blind faith, however, at length, as I have stated, gave way to reason, and I then and have ever since felt a deep sense of gratitude to God for my emancipation from mental bondage.

As one would feel who had been a slave all his life and suddenly set free, so on my emancipation from the thralldom of superstition I felt much like a ship at sea without a compass to steer by.

For the purpose of satisfying the craving of my mind for some sure foundation on which to rest, I commenced to read all the books I could lay my hands upon relating to the various religions of the world, but although I found each of these contained some sublime truths, none of them appeared to me to be soul-satisfying. About this time I was induced by a friend to read a work on the Spiritual philosophy, and though, like all others who are ignorant of the subject, I was then much opposed to anything connected with Modern Spiritualism, I was truly delighted with the theories set forth therein. I must confess that I wished they were true, but I thought they were too good to be true. Modern Spiritualism I looked upon as only suitable for people of a credulous disposition and of an imaginative turn of mind. The fact that such men as Professors Crookes, Wallace, Varley, and other almost equally eminent men had publicly acknowledged the reality of Spiritual phenomena, seemed to have had no effect on my mind, as it should have done were it not for the obstinacy which prejudice engenders. I had no idea then that Spiritual manifestations were capable of proof by the positive evidence of demonstrable facts, as I afterwards found them to be. I was, however, so fascinated with the Spiritualistic theory, as I then termed it, that I read with eagerness all books on the subject that I could procure, and the more I read, the more rational, beautiful, and soul-elevating did the Spiritual philosophy appear to me to be. During what I now term my transition period—that is from darkness to light, or from blind belief in ancient

superstition to knowledge resting on facts capable of demonstration—I still paid my pew rents and sent my family to church, not having anything of a definite character to give them in place of the old priestly superstition. So soon, however, as I obtained what I never expected to do, namely, scientific demonstration of the truth of Spiritual manifestations, I at once discouraged my family in continuing to believe what I now term and am prepared to prove is popular blasphemy. It was not long, however, before they all adopted similar views to mine, having, like myself, obtained irrefutable proofs of the truth of Spiritual phenomena.

In looking back at my past life I am truly astounded to think how I, as a rational being, could have so long believed in doctrines which are as God-dishonouring as they are false and absurd. I maintain that when once rationally analysed many of the doctrines of the popular faith prove themselves to be absurd, and that belief in them is a disgrace to the intelligence of the age in which we live.

I may here observe that every one who believes in a future spiritual state for man is a Spiritualist. The only difference between the manifestations recorded in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures and those of our own day is, that the former occurred in ignorant and superstitious times, while the latter have occurred, and are taking place, in all parts of the world in an age of inductive reasoning, when astronomy has taken the place of astrology and chemistry that of alchemy. I am aware, however, from personal experience, how difficult it is for those who are ignorant of the subject, and who are biassed against it through life-long misrepresentation thereof, to realize that Spiritual manifestations are capable of demonstration in our own day. I can therefore sympathize with those who now occupy a similar position to that which I did twenty years back. Let me remind them, however, that it is popularly but erroneously taught that God, who is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, has, within the last two thousand years, altered His laws regarding the ministry of angels and communion between the unseen and the visible worlds. In other words, it is popularly taught that formerly those who had passed through the change called death did, at times, manifest themselves in

various ways to men, but that for many centuries past God has closed up the thoroughfare between the two worlds to all except to an imaginary evil spirit called Satan, whom He allows to go to and fro like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. In corroboration of this, I need only refer to the appearance of Samuel to Saul; to that of Moses and Elias on the Mount; and to that of the bright Spirit on the island of Patmos, who declared to John that he was the Spirit of one of his brethren the prophets; coupled with the popular teachings regarding a personal devil, who is represented as the ubiquitous tempter of mankind. The fallacy and God-dishonouring character of such teachings would be palpable at once to every rational being were it not that the judgment of the great majority of the people has been warped on this subject in their childhood, before they were capable of using their reason. They have been taught *what* to think, not *how* to think; that to use the reason with which God hath endowed them, in that which is the most important matter of life, is sinful; that he that doubteth what cunning priests, from interested motives, have branded as of divine authority shall be eternally damned; and the masses have thereby been deceived and misled by priests and parsons, their self-constituted spiritual teachers.

These so-called spiritual teachers must be either cognizant that they are deceiving their followers, or else they are culpably ignorant on that subject which they profess to be capable of teaching. In the former case, they are wolves in sheep's clothing; in the latter, they are blind leaders of the blind. Which they are is only known to themselves individually, for, as a rule, they keep their counsel to themselves on this subject, from the fear of losing their place and pay if they spoke the truth.

A pious lie that has got a good start has, in all ages proved very difficult for truth to overtake, and this one about God having altered His laws regarding Spirit manifestations is no exception to the general rule. The chief reason why priests and parsons are so anxious to perpetuate this pious lie is because they well know that through Spirit communion the light of truth is let in upon all the other pious falsehoods through which they trade on the credulity of their too con-

fiding dupes. They are also aware that their childish and self-condemnatory doctrines regarding an eternal psalm-singing heaven for the few, and an everlasting roasting hell for the great majority of God's children will stand but poor chance of retention in the minds of their followers, when once they become aware, through Spiritual investigation, of the glorious destiny which eventually awaits every human soul in the life eternal.

It may be asked why I, the son of a parson and whose only sister in this life is the wife of a parson, am so severe upon the cloth. My answer to this is plain and simple, namely, because it is and has been through priestcraft that the light of Spiritual truth has been shut out from the world for so many centuries, and men have been kept in darkness and ignorance regarding the infinite goodness, justice, and mercy of God, the impartial Spiritual Father of the race ; also because so many of my fellow beings are still kept in mental bondage by the priests and parsons of our day, who are the successors of those men who built houses to God and dungeons for men.

To all who are really animated by the love of truth, the great question is, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The mere hope that there is another life beyond this may satisfy some people, but stronger minds require something more than simple conjecture on so important a subject ; they desire scientific and rational evidence that death does not end all, as the materialists assert, and it is only through the investigation of Modern Spiritualism that such evidence can be obtained. Priests and parsons would have men believe that in former times Spiritual manifestations used to take place, but that since then the Almighty has brought in an amending act to prevent their occurrence. Science, on the other hand, has demonstrated that the laws of nature, which are God's laws, are fixed and unchangeable ; therefore if Spirit manifestations were possible in former times they must be possible in our day, and if it were true that they cannot occur now, then it follows that they could not have taken place in Biblical times. No one can truly lay claim to consistency who believes in the one, and rejects the other as false, and those who denounce modern Spiritual manifesta-

tions as all humbug and delusion should bear in mind that they are only playing into the hands of the materialists and atheists, for it is alone by the evidence obtainable through the investigation of Spiritualism that their blank negations can be logically and effectually met. Materialists and atheists claim to be freethinkers, but they are not so in reality, for they bar Spiritualism, and are as bigoted as Churchmen on this subject. Spiritualists alone can truly claim to be freethinkers, for they bar no subject under the sun from their consideration and investigation. Their leading mottoes are "Light, more light," "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," "The truth against the world."

In ignorant and superstitious times all Spiritual phenomena were looked upon as being miraculous or supernatural occurrences. Science, however, has proved that in a domain of law, every effect must have its antecedent and adequate cause, therefore a miracle or a suspension of law is an infinite impossibility. The word "miracle" is only a term used to cover men's ignorance of the producing cause of occult phenomena, and as God, the eternal and infinite cause of all causation, alone is above nature, nothing else can be supernatural. The laws which control Spiritual forces are doubtless supermundane, but this does not constitute them supernatural, for the Spiritual world is governed by natural law as much so as is the physical universe; consequently all Spiritual phenomena are, though occult, natural occurrences. These phenomena furnish the key which alone can explain the mysteries of all ages. Instead of Spiritualism being a superstition, as those who have not investigated it and who consequently are ignorant of the reality of its phenomena, declare it to be, it is the destroyer of all superstition. Surely that which rests on facts capable of demonstration, which courts inquiry, and which can stand a rational analysis, cannot be a superstition? If it is, the Berkleyan theory must be right, and we do not really exist, but merely imagine that we do. No other theory than the Spiritual can be found to fully explain the mysteries recorded in the past. Spiritualism in fact offers to every earnest inquirer, a true science of life here and hereafter.

Through Modern Spiritualism, grander, nobler, and more

reasonable views of God and the destiny of man are presented than are to be found in any of the established religions of the world. For instance, in the popular faith, God is represented as the titular deity of this tiny speck called Earth, the countless other planets with which immensity of space is studded being passed over as quite secondary in His sight ; and as regards the other world in which we are to dwell throughout eternity, it is represented as being divided into a circumscribed place called heaven, where a few of the most credulous are to be for ever singing anthems of praise to a deity seated on a great white throne, and a vast region called hell, where the great majority of the race who have conscientiously renounced the God-dishonouring doctrines of the popular faith, are to writhe in excruciating agony during the countless ages of eternity. Through Spiritualism, on the other hand, we learn that the Almighty is the infinite God of universal nature, whose love is over all His creatures, and that the world to come is but a higher domain of nature, where, by the inexorable but just law of cause and effect, each individual enjoys as much happiness as he is fitted by his antecedents to receive, and where eventually there is eternal joy for all the race, not through vicarious sacrifice, but alone by personal endeavour to become nearer in goodness to the Great Author of their being through doing good to others, which is the only service God requires of man, both in this life and in that which is to come.

Before this little speck called earth had e'er revolved in space,
 Ten thousand thousand greater orbs had long since run their race,
 And when this world, yet in its youth, its destiny hath run,
 A thousand other worlds will then their courses have begun.
 Eternity, oh ! wond'rous word beyond man's power of thought,
 In thee the purposes of God have all to be outwrought.
 Yet some men talk about God's will as if they knew it all,
 And as they had been present at man's birth and fabled Fall ;
 They speak of God as though He had to them His plans laid bare,
 And of Christ's crucifixion as if they had been there.
 Oh, foolish men ! with reason blest, cast fiction to the winds,
 And let the light of truth henceforth illuminate your minds ;
 Retain the true and good in all, put all things to the test,
 And hearken to the voice within, which is, of all guides, best.

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PART II.

EARLY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

I SHALL now proceed to relate some of the many wonderful experiences I have had since the first opportunity presented itself to investigate Spiritualism ; not with the idea that my experiences will convince others, for personal investigation alone can do this in matters against which such great prejudice exists. My object in submitting these experiences to the consideration of truth seekers, is to induce them to personally investigate this important and grossly misrepresented subject, and thereby share with me, and thousands of others who have realized its soul-satisfying truths, the happiness which a knowledge thereof has conferred, and the consolation in the hour of trial which such knowledge brings with it, and which no religion founded on mere belief can supply.

Some seventeen years ago, I met a friend in Melbourne, Australia, where I have resided for nearly 40 years, who, like myself, admired the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, although doubtful of the reality of its reported manifestations. He asked me if I had heard of the arrival from America of the celebrated medium, Charles Foster. I replied I had not, and added, "I want very much to see a *live medium*," for, like others who have never witnessed Spiritual manifestations, I then looked upon mediums as tricksters, who, by some cunning device, could make tables move or produce raps at will.

On learning Mr. Foster's address from my friend, who informed me that he had not up to that time seen him, I at once proceeded to call on Mr. Foster. He received me affably, and consented to give me a sitting there and then. His first question to me was "Do you know anything about Spiritualism?" To which I replied that I had read books on the subject, but that I wanted demonstrable proof of its reality before I could accept it as true. He said he could give me this, and

handing me a slip of paper and a pencil, requested me to write the name of any friend in spirit life with whom I would like to communicate while he was out of the room, not to show it to him, but to fold the paper up with the name inside, and to hand it to him on his return. As soon as Foster closed the door behind him I looked around the room to see if there were any mirrors to act as reflectors, or any wires to act as conductors. Finding none, I wrote the name of my father, who at that time had been "dead" for thirty years, and folded the paper up as directed.

On Foster's re-entering the room, I handed him the paper, which he grasped in his left hand folded as it was, and he said to me, "The spirit whose name you have written will manifest his presence by causing his initials to appear on the back of my hand, the one in which I hold the paper." I sat on his left side, and his folded hand with the paper in it was never out of my sight from the time he grasped it. As I looked at the back of his hand, I observed my father's initials, A. B., appear, at first of a pale pink colour and then gradually darken to a deep red. After a few seconds they as gradually got lighter and lighter in colour until they faded away.

Being very sceptical, the thoughts that passed through my mind at the time were: "This is a very clever trick, but how comes he, a perfect stranger to me, to know my father's initials without opening the paper?" As I was thus thinking, Foster, still with the folded paper grasped in his left hand, suddenly went into a trance, a state I had never before witnessed, and thus addressed me: "My dear son, I am your father, Archibald Browne; this is an opportunity I have long looked forward to."

I here interrupted by observing that my father did not speak with an American accent. The reply to this was, "I am merely making use of this man's vocal organs to express to you my sentiments." I then said, "That may be, but I shall require more evidence before I believe that you are the spirit of my father, as you profess to be." The answer was: "When you were a little boy I took you to so and so" [mentioning several places in Scotland where I had visited with my father in my child-

hood ; my father passed to the other life when I was about fourteen years of age]. "When you went to Liverpool" [that was after his death] "I was with you. When you went to Africa, I was with you, and ever since you came to this country [Australia], I have been with you."

These remarks brought to my mind the woman of Samaria, who is reported to have said, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did." He continued by saying, "You have been changing your theological views for some time past, and have been giving your own reasoning powers the credit of this." I said that was the case, and that it was alone from reading my Bible carefully that I had been obliged to reject the divine authority of it, as popularly claimed. To this he replied, "You must, however, give me a little credit for enabling you to see it in a new light. I was a number of years in the spiritual world before I discovered that what I taught on earth was not true, and as soon as I did so, I began impressing your mind to view theology in a different light." I said "That may have been the case, for it explains what I never before could understand, namely, how from extreme orthodoxy I had almost suddenly drifted into extreme heterodoxy about six years previously." I then inquired if, when on entry into spirit-life he did not realize the hopes and expectations he held when on earth, he did not at once perceive the erroneous character of his religious belief? He replied, that after his entry into spiritual life, he met an old professor of theology, under whom he had studied in this life and for whom he had a great respect, and in answer to his inquiries, he was informed by his old friend that the Scriptures were misunderstood on earth, and that Christ would not appear to them until the judgment day. This explanation coming from one whom he esteemed so much, he said, had satisfied his mind for a time, but gradually the light of truth began to shine on his darkened understanding, and he perceived the erroneous character of his belief, and that he then, although I was unaware of it, impressed me to see things in a different light. He concluded by saying, "I spent the greater portion of my life on earth in disseminating that which was false and misleading, from my not having made use of my reason in religion as I

did in all other subjects, and I wish you, on every occasion in your power, to endeavour to undo the wrongs which I thus did when on earth." I promised that I would do so, which promise I have faithfully kept to this day, and I intend continuing to do so until I join my father and other friends in the world of spirits. This, I am told by those who are in a position to know, is my mission here on earth.

And truth alone, where e'er my lot be cast,
In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
Shall be my end and aim, my glory to the last.

On Foster coming out of the trance, and while I was contemplating what had been said to me through him, he said to me in his normal condition, "Have you any one in the spirit world of the name of Ada, for there is a little child standing beside you with blue eyes and golden curls who gives that name?" I said I had lost a little daughter of that name, and answering to that description, some years previously, but that she had not crossed my mind for several weeks past. He then said, "She desires me to tell you she is very happy, and is frequently with you and those at home, although you do not see her."

I may here mention that in consequence of this, and its corroboration through subsequent events, I had the following verse inscribed on her tombstone :—

Rest assured I shall return, mother, from that angelic place.
Though you may not see my form I shall look upon your face ;
Though you may not hear me speak I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Foster then said to me : "There is some one here speaking to you in a curious language." I asked him to repeat it, when he said, "It is something like *saca bona*." To which I replied, "*Saca bona waitoo*," and I asked if he could get the name of the spirit who spoke this language. Foster replied, "He gives the name of Henry Shire," which greatly surprised me, as I knew an old gentleman of that name many years before who spoke that language. I then inquired if Foster could see the spirit giving that name, and he said, "Yes, he appears as a very stout man." I then said, "If it is

my old friend, Henry Shire, will he give me the nickname the natives used to call him?" Foster said, "He states it was *nonguambeen*," to which I replied, "That is quite right."

Foster then asked me what *nonguambeen* meant, and I answered, "A big pumpkin, which the natives called him on account of his being so stout." He weighed nearly 19 stone. Foster then said, "He is speaking some more of that language," which, on his repeating it, I understood. Foster then asked me what language it was, and I informed him it was the Kaffir language, which I, as a young man, had learnt to speak when in Natal many years before. I inquired of Foster how it was that I did not see the spirit or hear him speak as he, Foster, did. He replied, "You evidently are not so mediumistic as I am, and have not cultivated your clairvoyant and clairaudient faculties."

On my handing Foster his fee for the sitting, I said to him, "Well, Foster, I came with the idea that I would pay you a sovereign very grudgingly, for I looked upon you and all mediums as little better than impostors. I now pay it most freely and with gratitude, for you have solved the problem that has engrossed my attention for years past, and have given me more spiritual knowledge in one sitting than all the parsons have done during my lifetime." As I was leaving the room, Foster said to me, "You need not depend on my mediumship, for your spirit friends say that all your family are mediums, and if you will only hold circles at home you will find it is so." I was so ungenerous at the time as to think that in Foster's saying this he was only flattering me in order to get another sovereign from me, but in this I did him great injustice, as subsequent events proved to me.

Words cannot express the buoyant feeling I experienced, and with what lightness of step I made my way to my home after my experiences that day with Foster. On my relating them to my wife and an intimate friend, Mrs. G—, who was present, to my great astonishment, as up to that moment they had both been strongly opposed to anything connected with Modern Spiritualism, they each expressed a desire to have a sitting with Foster. I afterwards learnt that it was from Foster having mentioned the name and

having so accurately described our little daughter, Ada, that the mother's heart was touched, and it was this that caused such a sudden change to come over her feelings in regard to this hitherto detested subject.

The next morning the three of us drove over to Foster's rooms. Before leaving home, my wife took out of her photographic album some twenty or more photographs of children, in order to test the truth of his assertion about seeing our daughter, Ada, the previous day. On my introducing the ladies to Foster as my wife and a friend, the former of these inquired if he could recognize the photograph of a spirit that he had described the day before. He replied that he could, and on my wife spreading the children's photos before him on the table he at once said, "That is your little child, Ada, who appeared to me yesterday," pointing to her likeness. Both my wife and Mrs. G— received some wonderful tests that day.

On one of my many visits to Foster's rooms I took with me a friend of Dutch extraction, a widower, and at my suggestion he put all his questions in Dutch, a language Foster assured me he did not understand. Notwithstanding this, my friend received correct answers to all his questions, so he assured me. His wife, who had "died" a few years previously, gave him a correct account of the circumstances of her "death," and assured him that such was the nature of her disease that the skill of all the doctors in the world could not have saved her.

On another visit, while on my way to call on Foster, I met an old friend who was a sub-editor to the leading newspaper of Melbourne. I asked him if he had seen Foster, to which he replied he had not; and when I said I was going to visit Foster he volunteered to accompany me. As he walked beside me he said: "If Foster can tell me my mother's maiden name, which no one in the colony but myself knows, I shall entertain a different view of Spiritualism to what I do."

On my introducing this gentleman as a representative of the press to Foster, he asked the latter if he could tell the maiden name of his mother. Foster replied, "If you will sit down with Mr. Browne and

myself I will see if I can get it." No sooner were we seated than Foster said: "Your mother, Mrs. S—, is present. She says her maiden name was so-and-so, she died at your birth, and would have been living on earth to this day if she had been treated properly by the doctor who attended her," &c. My friend was greatly astonished on hearing this, and assured me it was all correct, stating that it corroborated what his aunt, who had reared him from infancy, had told him about his mother and her "death," &c.

On another occasion I got a young friend who was greatly opposed to Spiritualism to accompany me to Foster's rooms. As Foster entered the room in which we were he said to my friend: "Young man, your spirit friends desire me to tell you that you have not long to live on earth. They say at the utmost three years. Spirits seldom make such a remark, so your spirit friends must have a particular object in view in telling you this." I interposed by saying that I hoped, even on my own account, it was not true, as Mr. M— was the friend I had named in my will to act as my executor and trustee of my estate at my demise.

My friend, who was under thirty years of age and in good health, ridiculed the prediction, which, he said, only confirmed his contempt for Spiritualism. Within three years from that date my young friend "died" of hydatids. I followed his body to the grave, and since then was trustee for his widow and children, until I left the colony on my present visit to this country.

The first time Foster called at our house he took up a photographic album that lay on one of the drawing-room tables. Turning over its leaves he pointed out the likenesses of more than a dozen friends who had passed over, and who had appeared to him during sittings we had with him at his rooms. On my saying that there was the likeness of one he had described to me which he had not recognized, he turned back a few leaves and observed, "That is like J. P.," naming the son of a cousin of mine who had "died" in the colony a short time previously from consumption, adding, "But when he appeared to me he had whiskers." I said, "You are quite right; he had before his 'death,' but this likeness of him was taken in Glasgow before leaving

for this colony, and at that time his whiskers had not grown."

During Foster's stay in Melbourne a friend called one evening who had been at several séances, and at his suggestion we all sat round the table to see if we could get any manifestations. After one or two of us had held a pencil in hand for a few minutes without any result, the pencil and paper were passed to my eldest daughter, then a girl of eleven years, now a married lady with a family. No sooner had she taken the pencil than her hand began to move involuntarily, and she cried out, "Oh, mamma, I'm so frightened, my hand is writing." Her mother and I pacified her by saying there was nothing to be afraid of, and on taking up the paper I found a message on it from my eldest sister and signed by her, not exactly in my sister's handwriting, but quite different to that of my daughter.

This sister, the wife of a colonel in the army, had "died" on her passage home from India several years before my eldest daughter was born.

Several other messages from those who had passed to the higher life were also received through my daughter's hand that evening. One of them was from a relative of the gentleman who had suggested the séance. I may state that neither my daughter nor any of the family knew anything of the relatives of that gentleman, and that through the message he received that evening he sailed for Europe by the outgoing mail steamer.

Having discovered that we had a medium in our own family, we commenced to hold regular séances. At these we used to receive communications through my daughter's hand from both friends and strangers who had passed to the higher life, and on subjects of which my daughter was totally ignorant. Her hand was frequently controlled to write in foreign languages. As an instance I may mention that one evening when we were sitting for communications her hand suddenly grasped the pencil in a curious way. It was held between the second and third fingers, with the stem pointing upwards between her thumb and forefinger, and went off forming, very hurriedly, what appeared like Chinese characters.

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On my showing the nineteen pages her hand wrote in this way to a Chinaman who used to supply us with vegetables, and asking him if he knew what was written, he asked, "Who write this?" and went on saying, "like little China boy's writing; not know write well." I said to him, "Never mind who wrote it, can you read it?" He replied that he could read some of it, but that there were other parts so badly written that he could not make them out. I then told him it was written by the spirit of one of his countrymen through my daughter's hand. Instead of being surprised at this, as I expected he would be, he said: "Ah, I know!" and began describing how the Chinese communicate with their friends in spirit life, namely, by means of a trayful of fine sand, over which they hold a stick, and as the stick is moved by invisible agency the point of it forms the Chinese characters in the sand, and after each message has thus been received they shake the tray so as to render the sand smooth for the next communication.

On my showing him the way in which the pencil was grasped by my daughter's hand when controlled to write Chinese, he explained that was the manner in which the Chinese hold their pens when they write.

My daughter said that she felt a numbness come over her right arm every time it was controlled to write, and her chief spirit guide informed us, through her hand, that that arose from his cutting off the connection between her brain and the nerves of her arm, so as to render it susceptible of control by the invisibles. My daughter was what is termed an automatic writing medium, and afterwards developed other phases of mediumship, namely, clairvoyance, clair-audience, &c.

On one occasion I received part of a message through the hand of my daughter, and was then told that the spirit friend communicating would finish it through Foster's hand.

On my calling at Foster's, the concluding part of this message was written through Foster's hand as promised. On another occasion I met a coloured man in the street, whom I took to be a Kaffir, owing to a large hole in the lobe of his ears, in which they frequently carry their long snuffboxes.

On my addressing him in his own language he seemed rather astonished. I asked him to call on me next evening, which he did, when I placed him on a seat a little way from the table, and then called my daughter into the room to see if we could get any messages from his friends in spirit life. No sooner had she placed the pencil on the paper than her hand went off writing in the Kaffir language.

I may state she was quite unacquainted with that language, not having been born until after I had returned to Australia from my second visit to Africa. On my reading out to my coloured acquaintance what had been written through my daughter's hand, he was evidently much alarmed, stating that the author of the communication, a countryman of his, was dead. But I said that his *enslenzeo*, or spirit, still lived, and that it was his friend's spirit that controlled my daughter's hand to write. This did not seem to have much effect in appeasing his alarm, the Kaffirs, as a rule, being afraid of ghosts or spirits.

Some of the words I read out to him were beyond my knowledge of the language, but he understood them. At last I came to a word that, pronounce it as I could, he did not understand. As I was about giving it up in despair, "click with mouth" was written in English at the bottom of the sheet of paper. Immediately I pronounced the word with a click, which is common in the Kaffir language, my coloured friend understood it.

When sitting for communication with our spirit friends one day, in the middle of a message, my daughter's hand wrote "Put down that balloon." I said to my wife, who was sitting on my daughter's left, while I sat on her right, "What on earth have they to do with balloons in the spirit world?" Looking up, I found my wife smiling, when she said: "Don't you see she [our daughter] is child-like playing with a toy balloon in her left hand, while her right hand is being controlled to write for our information?" I had been so intently looking at what my daughter's right hand was writing, that I had not observed the little toy balloon in her left hand. I mention this circumstance to show that our daughter's mind had nothing to do with what was written

mechanically through her hand by an outside and invisible intelligence.

Generally the communications received through my daughter's hand were written with extraordinary rapidity, but at other times very slowly. Sometimes the messages were written upside down, so that we had to turn the paper top downwards before we could read them, and occasionally they were written backwards, so that we had to reverse the paper and place it between the light and ourselves before we could make out what was written. This I am aware some people can do who have practised it, which my daughter had not. The nature of the messages thus received was, however, sufficient to refute the idea that the child had practised writing in this way in order to deceive her parents, as opponents might suggest. One of our spirit friends, namely, the doctor who had attended at the birth of our daughter, used always, when communicating through her hand, to write perpendicularly from the top of the paper to the bottom, instead of horizontally, and we had to turn the paper on its side, or longitudinally, before we could read what was written thereon.

After a time our daughter developed into a clairvoyant and clairaudient as well as a writing medium. She used to describe the various spirits present, give their names, which, on being asked, they would present, so as to be visible to her, and she would repeat after them messages conveyed by them to her. She sometimes described some of my old Kaffir servants who had "died," mentioning on one occasion the mark of a deep cut one of them had on his face, giving his name, and repeating after him a message in the Kaffir language, as Foster did in the case I have related of my old friend, Henry Shire.

When my eldest son passed to the higher life through typhoid fever, his eldest sister, then a girl of sixteen, stood by his bedside and described to me the passage of his spirit from the physical body almost exactly as Andrew Jackson Davis has related what he witnessed at the passing away of a friend of his in his work entitled "Death and the After Life," a book which my daughter had never read. She also described and mentioned the names of our spirit friends who

were waiting to receive and guide our son to his home in the spirit world. Let me here ask any parent, however opposed they may be to Modern Spiritualism through misconception thereof, is it at all probable that at such a time a daughter would try to deceive a parent? or is it likely that I, who can have no object to gain thereby, would in a sacred subject like this, tell a deliberate falsehood? No. They may rest assured that, except for the sole purpose of inducing others to investigate Spiritualism and thereby share with me the true comfort and consolation which a knowledge thereof supplies in the hour of trial, I should not thus expose to an unsympathetic public, family matters of such a private and, to us, sacred character.

I may here add that while our eldest son's body was lying in the coffin in one room, he was writing through his sister's hand in the adjoining apartment an account of the various spirit friends he had met since he passed to spirit life, and mentioning those to whom he was most attached. Several of our other children, of whom we have had eleven, also developed into writing and clairvoyant mediums, and since then I have occasionally had glimpses of the spirit world, so that I can describe it, and I have seen, felt, and heard spirits when no one in the flesh was present except my wife and self. To enter into detail of all these spirit manifestations would fill a large volume, so I shall pass on to other experiences.

PART III.

WONDERFUL TEST EXPERIENCES.

BETWEEN seven and eight years ago our fourth son, who was then about eighteen years of age, in conjunction with a young man who was in my employ, bought a yacht called the "Iolanthe." After having some slight alterations made in her, they, with our third son, aged twenty, started on a trial trip with her on a Saturday afternoon, much against their mother's wish, with the promise that they would return early on the Monday. As they did not do so, and failed to put in an appearance on the Tuesday morning, my wife became greatly excited through anxiety, so I called in a friend, Mr. George Spriggs, late of Cardiff, Wales, a medical clairvoyant, who had prescribed for my wife with beneficial results on a former occasion. He knew nothing about the absence of our sons, and I only requested him to give us a sitting, saying that my wife did not feel at all well. Immediately he passed into the trance state and said: "Oh, I perceive it is all about the sea." Then I asked him what was wrong. He, still in the trance state, said: "If you will give me something belonging to them," not stating to whom the *them* referred, "I will endeavour to trace them." Without mentioning our absent sons' names I went and fetched their pocket books which they had left in their bedrooms, and placed these in the hands of the unconscious medium. He almost immediately began tracing our sons from the time they left their home till the time the yacht, which he described, had foundered, which he stated occurred at nine o'clock on the Monday morning through the jib-halyard fouling in a squall as they were putting the yacht about on another tack. He went on to say that the yacht had gone down in deep water, and that consequently it would not be washed ashore.

This has proved quite correct, for not a stick of it has ever yet been found, although I offered a handsome

reward to any of the fishermen who would bring me anything belonging to the boat.

On Mr. Spriggs coming out of the trance state he assured me he knew nothing of what he had said while in trance. I may here observe that Mr. Spriggs is a young man whom I hold in the highest respect. I do not know of one spot on his character, though I have been on terms of intimate friendship with him ever since he landed in Australia, a compliment I can pay but to few others. Before Mr. Spriggs left that morning I mentioned about our sons' absence and what had been said through him when in trance, and he kindly promised to give us a sitting the next day.

The next morning on Mr. Spriggs going into trance our fourth son, the younger of the two who were drowned, came and spoke to us through the medium, telling us all about the occurrence and corroborating what Mr. Spriggs had described when in trance the previous day. On our again sitting for communications the following morning our other son, who had been drowned, spoke through Mr. Spriggs, saying that he was too excited the previous day to speak intelligibly through the medium, and giving us further particulars regarding the catastrophe. They both assured us that they had not suffered any bodily pain in drowning, that their mother's words of entreaty for them not to go out sailing on the evening they started came vividly to both of them on finding themselves in the water without any vessel in sight to render them assistance, and that the feelings of remorse this caused them to experience, seemed to deaden all sense of physical suffering.

The young man who was drowned with them also spoke through the medium, giving his name and asking my wife's forgiveness, as he was the oldest of the three, and was partly to blame for their going out on the evening alluded to. Knowing that this young man, Murray by name, held a mate's certificate, I thought they were all right, and did not interpose to prevent their starting when they did.

My wife, who is much more intuitional than I am, had evidently been impressed, as she, on more than

one occasion after they had left, said to me, "I hope the boys are all right in that boat." In one of their communications through the medium they said that if they could not have communicated with us, to let us know they still lived and loved us, they would have felt miserable; as it was, even if they possessed the power to again take on their physical bodies, they would not do so, as the beauty of, and the delight they experienced in the spirit world were beyond their power of description. They told their mother to thank me for having kept the spiritual gates open so as to enable them to come back and unburden their minds to her and all of us.

Although I made every endeavour to ascertain tidings of the missing ones, I was unable to obtain any earthly information regarding them or the yacht, until about a fortnight after they left home, when the body of the younger boy was washed ashore, about ten miles from Melbourne, minus one of his arms, which had evidently been torn off the body by a shark. At his funeral, after I had spoken the address over his grave, a friend, occupying a prominent position under Government, and who has since solved the grand problem, came to me and said, "What a nerve you must have to speak as you have done over your son's grave." I replied, "It is not the nerve, but the knowledge which I possess that enables me so to speak. Unless I had that glorious knowledge, my eyes would now be bathed in tears."

A few days after this a friend, who is a grand clairvoyant and clairaudent medium, and who was at that time residing in Adelaide, South Australia, which is about six hundred miles from Melbourne, wrote to me that my other son, the elder of the two who were drowned, came to him and said that a large fish had bitten part of the right arm off his body, and had taken his waistcoat also. On the medium asking him if it was a shark, my son replied, "It may have been, but I never saw one like it before."

Two days after this a large shark was caught at Frankston, which is twenty-seven miles from Melbourne. A young friend of my son's, who happened to be present when the shark was caught, suggested to the policeman stationed there that the shark should be opened

to see if there was anything in it belonging to the three young men who had recently been drowned in Port Philip Bay. On opening the shark, which was a white, deep-sea shark, quite different to the blue sharks with which the bay is infested, my son's right arm, almost up to the elbow joint, was found, also part of his waistcoat, in the pocket of which were found an old gold watch which his mother had lent to him, as his own silver one was out of order, his keys, pipe, and about twelve shillings in silver. The watch was found to have stopped at nine o'clock, the exact time we were told by Mr. Spriggs, three weeks before, that the accident to the boat had occurred.

On the policeman handing me over in court, by order of the presiding magistrate, the portion of my son's arm, the watch, and other articles which he had found in the shark, he begged me to allow him to give me a shilling for one of those thus found, as he desired to have one of them in remembrance of the occasion. I told him he was welcome to take one. The rest of them I distributed among the members of my family, except one, which I retained, and which I got fastened on to my watch-chain, where it has ever since remained. The pipe I gave to a young friend of my son's who was with him when he bought it, consequently was able to recognize it. The old gold watch, set at nine o'clock, I had superficially cleaned, and retain it as a family heir-loom.

Being invited to a materializing circle about this time, a circle at which I had been present many times before, and at which I had witnessed numerous marvellous phenomena, I willingly attended. The ladies and gentlemen present on the occasion referred to were nearly all intimate friends of my family, as was also the medium, who, I may observe, received no remuneration for his services.

No sooner had the medium retired behind the curtains, which were hung across a corner of the room to exclude the light, which is generally necessary for manifestations of this kind, than he went into a deep trance.

A few minutes after this I saw the materialized form of the younger of my two sons who were drowned, open the curtain and walk out. On his doing so several of the ladies and gentlemen observed, "Oh, there is

Willie Browne." That was the name of the younger son. As he stood in front of us he held up his arm in order to show that although his physical body had been deprived of it, that did not affect his spirit form. After remaining before us for a few minutes he retired behind the curtains. He was not able to speak to us. The next spirit to materialize was my other son who was drowned, but he no sooner came from behind the curtains than he had to retire again, and on my asking the reason why he who was more physically developed than his brother could not remain visible to us as long as his younger brother did, I was informed by one of the medium's spirit guides that it was owing to his not possessing the power of concentration of thought to the degree his brother did.

As my sons' characters in this respect were not known to the medium, and as such was the case, the elder of the two not having been able to fix his mind steadfastly on anything for a length of time, while the younger one had no difficulty in doing so, I considered this to be very probably the cause of the difference in the manifestations of my two sons on this occasion.

My sons, I may observe, were both over six feet in height, and appeared so when they were materialized, while the medium is rather under the ordinary height. About a dozen others materialized that evening, ranging from little children to full-grown people. I am aware that it is only those who have personally witnessed spirit materializations who can credit my account of my sons having appeared in materialized forms, the counterpart of their physical bodies. Even for those who have investigated Spiritualism the fact that spirits can materialize themselves is almost too much for them to believe until they have actually seen them do so. I may here state that a much fuller account from my pen than I have here given of the loss of the *Iolanthe* yacht appeared at the time in one of the Melbourne newspapers, and was reproduced in many of the English papers of the day.

I shall now relate a few of my experiences in America, through which I returned with my family to Europe, in order to further investigate the phenomena of Modern

Spiritualism, or Spiritual Science, as I prefer to call it. On our arrival in San Francisco, where we were totally unknown except to Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Evans, whom we met when they visited Australia, we, in order to remain incognito, determined not to call on these friends until we had sittings with some of the principal mediums of the place. Observing by the papers that a spiritual meeting was to be held on the following Sunday evening at a place called the Temple, at which the celebrated medium Mrs. Whitney, of whom we had never before even heard, was to give tests, my wife and I determined to be present.

We went, accompanied by our youngest daughter, and took a back seat in the body of the hall.

The Temple is a large building capable of holding about 2,000 people, and was about two thirds full. After having given some wonderful tests to a number of those present—that is, if those to whom Mrs. Whitney gave these tests were not in collusion with her, which we had no reason to suppose was the case—she said, “I see the spirit of one who when on earth was a clergyman. He says he was known by the name of the Rev. Archibald Browne, and that there is present in this hall his son, his son’s wife, and one of their daughters.” I said aloud, “That is quite correct.” Mrs. Whitney then said, “Your father says your name is Hugh Junor Browne.” I replied that it was, and I was sure no one present, but my wife, daughter, and self, knew that name. Mrs. Whitney continuing, said, “Your father desires me to say that your mother is present with him, and I see three fine tall spirit sons of yours; one passed on through typhoid fever, and the other two were drowned.” I said, “That is quite correct.” Mrs. Whitney then said, “Your father tells me that there is some one on earth connected with you named Colin Junor; what relation is he to you?” I replied, “He is a half brother.” Mrs. Whitney further said, “Your father desires you to write to him, and tell him that in a foreign land, and through the organism of a stranger, he came to say how grieved he was to see that he was still so opposed to the grand spiritual philosophy, but the time would not be long now before he would know its grand reality.”

I may here state that my half brother is a man of seventy

years of age, and is very orthodox in his ideas, notwithstanding all that I have told him about Modern Spiritualism. My youngest daughter, who was present at the meeting, wrote to my half brother all that was spoken through this medium, but as I expected it would, it had little effect on his prejudiced and bigoted mind. He is still of the opinion that at death he will "jump into the arms of Jesus." One would not be surprised at an ignorant man saying this, but for a highly educated man as he is to use such an expression is totally beyond my comprehension. We are told in Scripture, however, even the worthy Jesus's half brothers did not believe in him, so I need not be surprised that my half brother does not believe me when I assure him that Spiritualism is true, and that it presents a more rational faith for our acceptance than that of popular theology.

To the rational observer it seems truly strange how people endowed with reason swallow ancient camels, while they strain at modern gnats. They believe that Moses and Elias appeared many hundreds of years after they had lived on earth, and that a spirit materialized had walked side by side with some men on the road to Emmaus some eighteen centuries ago; but they refuse to believe that spirits can manifest their presence in our day, thereby assuming that God has changed His laws regarding intercourse between the seen and the unseen worlds. Without, however, the demonstration of Spiritual manifestations in modern times, we possess no rational evidence of a future life for man, but I find I am digressing.

Having ascertained the private address of Mrs. Whitney, my wife and I called on her, and asked her to give us a sitting, which she consented to do. As soon as she went into the trance state a spirit came and gave the name of Mayflower. I observed, "I think I have met a little Indian spirit of that name before." To this she replied, "No, it was Sun-flower whom you met." I acknowledged my mistake, saying I had confused the two names. Mayflower then said, "You know Emmy and Otto," the names of two of our dear friends in Melbourne. I said, "But how do you know them?" She replied, "Your son Willie took me to them." I then said, "But how do you know that we have a son called Willie?" To this she observed, "He is present, and stands

by your side." She then said : " You have a son, with his wife and two little children, travelling." I admitted that was true, and she then remarked, " They have a servant with them named Julia." I said that was the case, and that she seemed to know more about them than I did, for I had quite forgotten the name of the young woman, whom they had engaged to accompany them only a week or two before sailing. I then asked Mayflower if she could tell me when my son and his family would arrive at their destination. To which she answered, " To-morrow." This was on the last day but one of November, 1889, so that, if true, they would arrive on the last day of that month. I may here state that my son and his family went round by Natal, South Africa, to see the country in which he was born, and which he left when a child, and were to meet us in London, while we came to this country by way of America. On my son joining our party in London, as agreed, I asked him when he had arrived at Natal, and he replied, " The last day of November." My son and his family had not sailed from Australia when my family and self left, and had to take passage in a sailing vessel, as there was no steamer expected to sail for South Africa for several months, so that if the date named through the medium was a *guess*, as opponents to Spiritualism may suggest, it is the most extraordinary guess ever recorded. We received several communications through Mrs. Whitney from our children in spirit life, but as they were only interesting to ourselves, it would be of no benefit to others to relate what they said.

Having heard that there was a good materializing medium from Chicago in San Francisco at that time, named Mrs. Moore, I called on her and arranged for a private sitting with my family. On our attending at her rooms at the time appointed, she invited us, as we were strangers to her, to examine the cabinet which she used when giving materializing séances ; also the place where it stood, so as to satisfy ourselves that there could be no trickery. Mrs. Moore also offered to undress and to dress before the ladies of the party, to show that she had no masks or shawls with which to make up bogus spirits to deceive us. This she did, and we thoroughly examined the cabinet and the part of the room

where it stood, thereby satisfying ourselves that there were no trap-doors, wires, or other devices connected with it.

The cabinet consisted of a four-leaved screen, which formed a square of about three feet, with a dark cloth placed over it to exclude the light. In the leaf facing where the chairs stood on which we were to sit, was an opening towards the top of about two feet by eighteen inches wide, with a small curtain covering it. On our taking our seats Mrs. Moore fastened the door of the room which was on my left and away from the cabinet, and then entered the cabinet.

In a short time the small curtain in front of the aperture was drawn back, and I saw my father, who after remaining a few minutes without being able to speak, retired.

Almost as soon as the curtains closed, they were thrown back and my mother appeared; she also was unable to speak to us. After she withdrew our daughter Ada came and spoke to us. We recognized her by the strong family likeness she bore to her sisters. She passed away as an infant, but had then grown to womanhood, as we were previously aware. Frequently, during her communications with us through her sisters and other mediums, she had spoken of the luxuriance of her hair and its golden colour, so I asked her if she could show us her hair. She at once put her hand behind her head and brought her long golden hair forward. It was certainly a most lovely head of hair, and I remarked, "Well, Ada, you might well be proud of such hair, it is even more beautiful than the head of hair represented on the placards advertising Madam Allen's Hair Restorer."

I may state that the medium had but a scant head of hair, and it was of a dark red colour.

After conversing with us for a short time she withdrew and on the curtain opening again we saw our eldest son, Archie, who had passed on through typhoid fever nearly ten years previously. After speaking to us a little he retired, and when the curtain again opened our third son, Hugh, the elder of the two who were drowned, appeared and said a few words to us. After he had retired, the curtain opened, and we saw our son Willie, the other son who was drowned. He also conversed for a short time with us, and on his withdrawing and the

curtain again opening, our old friend, Mrs. G—, whom I mentioned as having gone with my wife and self on my second visit to Foster's rooms, appeared at the aperture, and conversed with us. She said she was delighted that we recognized her; that although we were not aware of her presence with us during our journeyings, she was with us, and in order to prove that she still took an interest in us and in our belongings she mentioned the exact number of packages constituting the family luggage, namely, twenty-two in all.

I may state that Mrs. G— lived with us as lady help to my wife for over twelve years, and passed to the higher life several years ago. She was very much attached to my wife and our children, and has communicated with us on many occasions since she left the earthly plane of existence.

I omitted to mention that besides the family, the governess, Miss Rea, who accompanied us from Australia, and who is still with us, was also present at this séance, making eight in all. A brother, a sister, and an aunt of hers, also a clergyman, under whose ministry she sat when a child, appeared and were recognized by her. Each of them spoke to her except the clergyman, who kept pointing to his throat, as if there was something there to prevent his doing so. I may state that at the time referred to, Miss Rea was not aware that the clergyman alluded to was "dead," and it was only after our arrival in New York that she learned he had "died" of cancer in the throat. As it may be thought from this, by those unacquainted with the subject, that infirmities here are continued in the spirit world, I may mention that it is not so; but for the first two or three times of revisiting the earth plane spirits generally experience the same sensations as their physical bodies suffered before passing on.

Let me here ask opponents to Spiritualism on what other hypothesis than the Spiritual one can they account for the experiences just related? We were all total strangers to Mrs. Moore, who could not possibly have known or even learned in California what relatives and friends we had in spirit life. The childish assertion that it is all the work of a mythical being called Satan is too absurd to require refutation. It would be as reasonable to assert that all telegrams are the work of the Devil.

Before the séance at Mrs. Moore's closed, a good looking young man materialized, whom none of us recognized. He, however, informed us that he was the chief of the band of spirits who controlled the medium, giving his name, which has slipped my memory. He said he and the medium's other guides had done their best to assist our friends who had manifested themselves to us, and he hoped we were satisfied. This he spoke in a deep masculine voice, quite different to that of the others who had spoken to us, and in a totally distinct tone of voice from that of the medium. We replied that we were more than satisfied, and desired to thank him and the medium's other guides for the aid they had rendered to our spirit friends. He then bade us adieu.

PART IV.
IN AMERICA.

DURING our stay in San Francisco we had sittings with a number of other mediums, but though several of them gave correct descriptions of our spirit friends, they were unable to give us their names or characteristic messages from them, with the exception of Mr. Fred Evans, the celebrated slate-writing medium, through whom we received a number of messages from various friends, with their names signed at the end. When we called on Mr. and Mrs. Evans they received us very kindly, and they were most hospitable and attentive to us during our stay in San Francisco. We had some wonderful experiences in slate-writing with Dr. Slade, when he was in Australia, but Evans' slate-writing was even more marvellous.

On more than one occasion the slates on which the writing appeared were not within six feet of the sitters or the table round which we sat. After he had cleaned the slates and handed them to us to examine them, that we might satisfy ourselves that there was no writing on them, he put a small piece of slate-pencil, not so large as a grain of rice, between the two slates we had examined, then placing them on the floor, several feet from where he and we sat, for a few minutes, on taking them up messages from various spirit friends of ours were found written on the inside of the slates. These sittings took place in broad daylight, in a room where there were only an ordinary table and a few chairs.

On one occasion, when the slates were taken up from the floor where they had been placed in the manner I have described, with only the one little piece of slate-pencil between them, several messages, in quite different hand-writings and in three distinct colours, namely, white, blue, and red, were found on their inside surfaces. I brought the various slates on which we received messages through the

mediumship of Evans, away with me, so as to be able to show them to any one who might discredit my description of them. I believe Fred Evans to be the most wonderful slate-writing medium in the world, and I have every confidence in his truthfulness and honesty. His wife is also a very pleasant and straightforward person, and is a good trance medium.

Soon after our arrival in New York, I observed an advertisement stating that a meeting would be held at a certain hall in that city, at which a medium would give tests, to be presided over by Professor Kiddle, whom I had never met, but whom I knew of through his writings on Modern Spiritualism. I may mention that Professor Kiddle was formerly Chief Inspector over all the Government schools in the State of New York.

My wife, my youngest daughter, and myself attended that meeting. There were about five hundred people present, all total strangers to us, and, as usual, we took a back seat.

The medium, a young man of about thirty, named Fletcher, commenced by stating that that was his first appearance in that hall, and that he was only acquainted with two or three of all those who were present. After he had given some wonderful tests to several people, who each admitted their accuracy, and at the same time declared that they were total strangers to the medium, he said, "The spirit of the late Charles Henry Foster, the celebrated medium, is here present. He tells me he is going to assist a friend to take control of me." The medium almost immediately went into the trance state, and then, under control, walked to the end of the hall where we sat. Placing his hand on my shoulder, I was thus addressed—"I am your father, Archibald Browne; I come to show you that I am present with you wherever you go."

After the medium had retired to the platform, I explained to the audience that we were complete strangers in New York, where we had not a single acquaintance, that my father's name was as stated through the medium, whom I had never seen before, and that from many previous proofs of my father's frequent presence with me, I had every reason to believe what he stated; still it was very pleasing to me to

have my belief confirmed in the marked manner it had been done that evening.

After the meeting was over I obtained the medium's private address, and the next day, or the day following, my wife and I had a private sitting with him. From the wonderful tests he had given publicly, we expected to have received through him characteristic messages from a number of our friends in spirit life; but though we had some few communications, I must say on the whole we were greatly disappointed. We afterwards called on Professor Kiddle at his private residence, and had a long chat with him on the subject in which we were all so mutually interested—viz., Modern Spiritualism.

Hearing that a Mrs. Gray, who resided only a few doors from where we were staying in West Thirty Fourth Street, held circles for materialization, my wife and I called on her, and were informed that circles were held at her house (I think it was No. 330) twice weekly, at eight o'clock punctually, her son being the medium. On attending the first sitting to be held after our inquiry, at about ten minutes to eight, we were shown into the front drawing-room, a well furnished apartment, and requested to take our seats there for a short time. There were one or two enquirers in this room when we entered, and three or four came in after us.

At eight o'clock we were all asked to go into the back drawing-room, separated from the front one by curtains, the door of the former being then locked, and the gas turned out. In the back drawing-room was a cabinet of simple construction, which we were invited to examine, and on our taking our seats on chairs forming a semicircle in front of the cabinet, Mrs. Gray's son, a young man of about five or six-and-twenty, entered the cabinet, in which was a chair, and then drew the curtains, which formed its front, together.

The door of the room being locked, the gas was turned down so as to leave a subdued light, and Mrs. Gray took her stand by the side of the cabinet.

After a hymn had been sung, we heard a band of music, seemingly at a distance at first, and gradually drawing nearer till they all appeared to be playing their various instruments

inside the cabinet where the medium was. After a short time they seemed to go away as gradually as they had come, until the sound of the music died away in the distance. Then there came from behind the curtains a thin, eccentric looking old gentleman, apparently dressed in black clothes, with a stoop, but very active. Mrs. Gray addressed him as "Doctor," and told us his name, but it has escaped my memory. He said he was going to magnetize some paper to give to any of the sitters who were suffering from any complaint, and on Mrs. Gray saying there was some paper on a small table at the side of the cabinet, he walked hurriedly to it and commenced to magnetize the paper. As he did so, I observed a bluish, electrical-looking light proceed from the tips of his fingers. He then grasped the top sheet in his hand, and gave this to one of the sitters. On his return to the small table, he commenced to magnetize the next sheet in a similar way to the first, and then handed this to another sitter. After this he passed between the right hand seat of the circle and the wall, and went quickly into the front drawing-room, which was in darkness. While we were waiting for the old Doctor's return, much to our astonishment, in his stead came a stoutish young woman draped in white; she did not speak, but passed into the cabinet. In a few minutes she reappeared and walked up to one of the lady sitters, with whom she held a conversation in a subdued voice. This lady then got up and walked with her into the front drawing-room, where she de-materialized, and the lady, on returning to her seat, explained to the other sitters that it was her daughter, and that, while speaking to her in the other room, she had de-materialized and vanished. Mrs. Gray told us that the Doctor had been one of the medium's controls for years, and had the power of de-materializing himself at a distance from the cabinet, and transferring the matter with which he had clothed his spiritual form to another spirit. It was certainly a very remarkable manifestation.

After several spirits had appeared and conversed with the other sitters, who recognized them and talked with them as old and dear friends, the figure of a young woman approached my wife, saying, "Martha!" My wife knew her

at once and embraced her, then turning to me my wife said, "It is Martha W——," when the latter came close to me and shook hands with me with all the warmth and affection she would have done had she been still in this life and not seen me for many years. I said to her, "Martha, dear, I am delighted to see you again and to be able to shake hands with you once more ; I little thought of seeing you materialize, though you have often communicated with us before."

After leaving me she took my wife, who sat on the next chair to me, by the hand and led her to a sofa that was in the same room, where she told my wife that her brothers were present, but that they would not be able to materialize that evening. She desired my wife to say to her father and mother, her brother and sisters, that she sent her love to them all, and to tell them that although they did not realize her presence, she was often with them. She led my wife up to the cabinet, and on taking her inside she raised my wife's hand and rested it on the shoulder of the medium, who was breathing heavily at the time, while she held my wife's other hand in hers. After embracing my wife she de-materialized, and we saw no more of her. She seemed as delighted to make herself visible and to converse with us as we were to see and talk with her.

I may here state that Martha, who thus appeared, is the daughter of very old friends of ours in Australia, and passed to the higher life many years ago. When on earth she was very much attached to my wife, and since then she has frequently, through various mediums, assured my wife of the continuance of the love and regard she had for her in earth life. She was a beautiful girl when in the flesh, and is still more beautiful now that she has grown to womanhood in spirit life. Our only wish at the time she appeared to us in materialized form, was that her mother could have been present to see her angel daughter in her robes of dazzling brightness. On the medium coming out of trance, the circle broke up, and the sitters, who were mostly strangers to each other, dispersed.

On another occasion, when my wife and I were present at a séance at Mrs. Gray's, after the spirit friends of several of the sitters had been materialized, been recognized, and held

converse with their friends, a spirit, apparently dressed in working men's clothes, made his appearance at the front of the cabinet. As he seemed unable to speak, and was not recognized by any of the sitters, it was suggested that we should each in turn ask if we were the party he wanted to be recognized by. To several who made this inquiry he shook his head, until it came to my turn, when he nodded his head, which I took to mean "Yes," and, with my wife, I went close up to where he stood, when all he seemed to be able to say was "Charlie," in little more than a whisper. While I was endeavouring to make out who he was, my wife said, "Is it not the man that was killed at your works?" No sooner had she said this than he again nodded his head in acknowledgment that he was that individual, and he whispered "Thank you, thank you," his countenance at the same time changing from one of sadness to a happy expression. Immediately he smiled I recognized him, and said, "Well, Charlie, I fulfilled my promise to you," and he again nodded assent. As we stood by him, my wife and I observed that he wore, or appeared to do so, the exact counterpart of the blue guernsey that he used to wear at my works. He seemed at first cast down when he was not recognized, but greatly pleased when we did so. He then retired within the cabinet, and we saw no more of him.

I must explain that this man was engine driver at one of my places of business in Australia. He was only a short time in my employ when he was, through his own carelessness, fatally crushed between the fly and the driving wheel of the engine. He was at once conveyed to the Melbourne Hospital, where I went and saw him as soon as I heard of the accident and that he had been taken there. I found him quite sensible, but in a dying condition. He endeavoured to speak to me, but all he was able to say was my name. I said to him, "I know what you want to say, Charlie, I will see after your wife." He passed away shortly after this, and we raised a subscription for his wife which started her in a small shop, which I believe she still carries on. This man was the very last person I should have expected to see materialize. Evidently his desire was to convey his thanks to me, and through me to all those who subscribed for the benefit of his widow.

My wife and I had sittings with several other materializing mediums in New York, but to recount all that occurred at each séance we attended would fill a large volume. I may, however, state that what we witnessed at 256, West Forty-Third Street were the most marvellous manifestations of all, Mrs. Effie Moss being the medium.

At the first séance we attended at Mrs. Moss's, on her entering the cabinet—which we had previously examined—the door of the room being locked, and the light lowered a little, we (the sitters) sung a few verses of a hymn, accompanied by a young lady at the harmonium which was in the room. As soon as we had finished singing, the curtain, which formed the front of the cabinet, opened, and a slender female draped in white walked out and came over to one of the male sitters sitting beside a lad about ten years of age. After embracing the lad, she took the hand of the male sitter and led him over to a sofa, where they both sat down hand in hand and talked to each other for several minutes in a subdued tone of voice. She then embraced him and the lad, whom he had called up to his side, and retired to the cabinet. On the two sitters resuming their chairs, the elder one informed those present that the materialized spirit we had seen and heard talking to him was his wife, and that he had brought the lad, who was their son, that evening at her request. He also informed us that since his wife had passed from earth life he had not missed attending Mrs. Moss's circle once a week in order to hold communion with his wife in the way we had witnessed, and that she and he talked over family matters the same as they did when she was in this life. He informed us he was the captain of one of the river boats, and he seemed a very respectable and earnest man.

After several of the other sitters' spirit-friends had appeared and talked to them, my wife and I observed what appeared like whitish vapour forming above the carpet, about a foot in front of us; this gradually increased in size, until we saw it take the shape of a human form, and, lo and behold! there stood in front of us our eldest son Archie, who, as I have already stated, passed to the higher life some ten years previously through

typhoid fever. On my saying to him that he appeared a good deal stouter than he did when we saw him at Mrs. Moore's, in San Francisco, he explained that it was to be accounted for by the difference of the two mediums through whom he materialized, Mrs. Moore being a woman of slender figure, while Mrs. Moss was very stout. After conversing with us for some few minutes he said, "I must go," shook hands with both of us, and then gradually de-materialized before us where he had stood. His feet first de-materialized, then his limbs, then his body, until all that remained above the floor was his head, which, as it de-materialized resumed the whitish vapoury appearance above the carpet I have described, and this seemed to be absorbed into the carpet, until there was nothing visible where our son had stood as solid and tangible as either of us.

After two or three of the other sitters' friends had materialized and de-materialized in the same way as our son had done, the medium came out of the deep trance, and soon afterwards she walked out of the cabinet in which she had been seated from the commencement of the séance. The sitters, who seemed mostly strangers to each other, then held a short conversation upon the manifestations witnessed during the evening, with which all seemed highly pleased, and then separated.

PART V.

GRAND MANIFESTATIONS.

FROM what we reported that we had witnessed at Mrs. Moss's séance, our three daughters, second youngest son, Arthur, and Miss Rea, the governess, expressed a desire to attend one of her séances. This they did on the following Friday afternoon, when, much to their astonishment, no sooner had the sitters commenced singing and before the medium had entered the cabinet, than several spirits appeared by her side. Almost immediately after Mrs. Moss took her seat in the cabinet a little American-Indian girl came from the cabinet over to where my son, a boy of eight years of age, sat, and said that some one wanted the *papouse* (the Indian for child).

Taking my son by the hand she led him over to the cabinet, where he saw his sister, Ada, whom he recognized from having seen her at Mrs. Moore's in San Francisco. She embraced him, and taking his hand in hers walked across the room to where his sisters sat; addressing them as "My sisters," she embraced them. Turning to Miss Rea she embraced her also, and addressing the latter by her name, "Lizzie," she said to her, "your sister, Emily, is here." After Ada had given some messages which she wished conveyed to her mother and myself, she asked her sisters, brother, and Miss Rea to accompany her to the cabinet. On their doing so they were met by our son, Archie, who conversed with them for some time, and while he and Ada held each a hand of their little brother Arthur, they both began to dematerialize in the same way as Archie did on the evening on which his mother and I were present. They continued to hold their brother's hand until he had to stoop, and it was not until Arthur's hands were close to the floor that theirs dematerialized.

Before the séance closed, Miss Rea, who, with our daughters and our son had resumed their seats in the circle, was beckoned to the cabinet by a female spirit. Having

heard from our daughter Ada that her sister Emily was present she naturally expected to see her materialize, but on approaching the spirit who had beckoned, she recognized a cousin of hers, a Mrs. P—, who had passed to the higher life several years previously. The latter informed Miss Rea that her brother Tom was ill, which proved only too true, as he passed away before she reached her home in the north of Ireland.

In a conversation my wife and I had with a gentleman from Chicago whom we met at a séance, he spoke very highly to us of the mediumship of a Mrs. Hesse, residing at 261, West, One Hundred and Thirteenth Street, and he said if we would call on her and mention his name he was sure she would give us a sitting. We accordingly called on Mrs. Hesse, whom we found a very ladylike and evidently highly intelligent person, and who at once consented to give us a sitting.

Before however relating what occurred, I must explain that our son Archie, who was of a jocular disposition, used generally, when he communicated with us through a medium in Australia, to introduce himself in a very peculiar manner, namely, by giving a short whistle, then flipping with his thumb and second finger, followed by his holding the medium's hand out to shake hands with us, at the same time saying, "Well, ma, well, pa, how are you?"

On Mrs. Hesse going into the trance state, one of her guides held a conversation with us for some time and concluded by saying that there was a spirit who was very anxious to speak to us through the medium. On her giving up the control to this spirit, what was our surprise to hear the old whistle, the flipping noise, and see the hand of the medium held out to shake hands with us, while at the same time—"Well, ma, well, pa, how are you?" was spoken to us in the old familiar accents. My wife and I both exclaimed at the same time "Well, Archie, we need not ask who you are, that is a grand test." After conversing with him for some time he told us he could not keep control of the medium longer and said adieu. On Mrs. Hesse coming out of trance we told her that our eldest son had manifested through her in exactly the same way as he used to do through a friend who is a

medium in Australia, and that we were delighted with the séance, at which she seemed pleased. After thanking Mrs. Hesse for her courtesy, we bade her good-bye.

While at Mrs. Moss's on one occasion—for my wife and I attended two or three of her séances—she mentioned that she was going to give a sitting at a Mrs. Wallace's, on behalf of a charity, in a day or two, and that she was sure Mrs. Wallace, who was a very earnest Spiritualist, would be happy to see us. We accordingly called on Mrs. Wallace, whom we found a very pleasant and refined lady, and she kindly invited us to attend the circle referred to by Mrs. Moss.

On our going to Mrs. Wallace's house at the appointed time, we found a number of Mrs. Wallace's friends there before us. After we had been introduced to them, the circle was formed. Mrs. Moss took her seat in an improvised cabinet for the occasion, and a hymn was sung. After several spirits had materialized and been recognized, and had held conversation with some of the other sitters present; our daughter Ada appeared in front of the curtains forming the cabinet, and my wife at once went up and embraced her.

Thinking that she might like to speak to her mother privately, I kept my seat, but Ada beckoned me to come also. On my going to her she embraced me most affectionately, her beautiful golden hair falling over my shoulder as she did so. I told her how grateful I felt to God for the privilege granted to me to be enabled to embrace, even in this life, one of my children who had passed from earth so many years previously. The dear girl seemed, like myself and her mother, overcome with joy. She told us how exceedingly happy she was in spirit-life, and with what joy she looked forward to the time when we all would be re-united in that world where the word "farewell" is unknown. When the séance was over we took our leave of Mrs. Wallace and her friends, and thanked the former for her kindly inviting us, who were perfect strangers, to her circle.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The foregoing experiences are not a hundredth part of the evidences I have received during the last seventeen years' investigation of Modern Spiritualism, of a future life, and of

the continuity of the individuality after the change called "death." They are, however, I consider, sufficient to convince all unprejudiced truthseekers that I possess good reasons for the hope, or rather knowledge, that is in me. As enjoined in Scripture, I have sought and I have found, I have knocked and it hath been opened unto me, I have proved all things and held fast to that which is good and true, and the truth has made me free. Go ye and do likewise ; "try the spirits," believe not every spirit ; beware of deceiving spirits, also ; "concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." The manifestation of the spirit is given to every man (who earnestly investigates the subject) to profit withal, "for to one is given the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge ; to another faith" (based on demonstrable facts) ; "to another the gift of healing ; to another the working of what appear to be miracles ; to another prophecy ; to another the gift of discerning spirits ; to another the gift of divers kinds of tongues ; to another the gift of interpreting various languages," &c.

Instead of Spiritualism being a superstition, as popularly supposed, it is the Nemesis of all superstition, for it is the key by which the door can be unlocked that lets in the light of truth on all the dark mysteries of the past. It is a complete induction, for it harmonises with every fact capable of proof that is known to the world, therefore all assumed facts which do not harmonise with Spiritualism are false and misleading theories, which will be rejected and discarded as the world advances in knowledge and wisdom.

The three leading reasons why believers in Spiritualism as set forth in the Bible are so opposed to Modern Spiritualism are as follow: First, their life-long attachment to time-honoured falsities, which, viewed in the light of truth and reason, are untenable ; secondly, because the facts brought to light by Modern Spiritualism refute many of the most cherished theories of popular theology ; and, thirdly, from the erroneous ideas they have formed of Modern Spiritualism, owing to the gross misrepresentations which appear from time to time in the public press, and the falsehoods, trickery, and deception that have been mixed up with it by unprincipled and designing people for their selfish ends.

Who, let me ask, are the foolish ones—those who without having investigated Modern Spiritualism, owing to prejudice and bigotry, denounce it as all humbug, or those who, notwithstanding its unpopularity, have, after years of patient investigation, had the honesty to publicly declare that communion with those who have passed through the change called “death” is not only possible but is an accomplished fact? While the former, as a rule, believe in a religion of irrational creeds and ecclesiastical ceremonies, which are a disgrace to the intelligence of the age in which we live, the latter uphold a religion resting on a scientific basis, and which can stand a rational analysis.

Owing to its unpopularity, the public advocacy of Modern Spiritualism has as yet, with a few noble exceptions, been confined to the working classes, many of whom have handicapped its grand philosophy with special fads of their own, such as vegetarianism, teetotalism, phrenology, re-incarnation, re-absorption, &c., &c., much in the same way as the simple religion of love to God and love to man was, soon after its inception, handicapped with the Pauline doctrines of salvation by faith, atonement of sin through vicarious sacrifice, election, predestination, and all the forms and ceremonies of ecclesiasticism. There are, however, a far larger number of the upper classes who are Spiritualists than is generally supposed to be the case. Only their most intimate friends are invited to their circles, their neighbours being kept quite ignorant of the fact that they are Spiritualists. They seldom attend Spiritualistic public meetings, partly from the fear of its becoming known that they have even sympathy with the movement, and partly on account of the frequent illiteracy of the public exponents of Spiritualism. When they do attend any of these meetings they do so stealthily, as Nicodemus is reported to have visited Jesus by night, so as not to be observed. How comparatively few appreciate truth at its real value, while all profess to be animated by the love of truth. They thereby deceive themselves, and the truth is not in them.

Several of my friends who have become interested in Modern Spiritualism through what I have related to them of my experiences, have asked me if I could recommend

them to any good medium in this country, but although I have visited a number of those who advertize themselves as test mediums, I have not as yet met with one sufficiently developed as to give the names of, or characteristic messages from, my spirit friends. The best way, under such circumstances, to ascertain the reality of spirit manifestations, is to form private circles at home with some intimate friends who are interested in the subject. Directions for doing so can be obtained wherever Spiritualistic literature is sold. Some knowledge of the Spiritual philosophy is, however, advisable, before commencing to hold circles for the investigation of the Spiritual phenomena.

The facts I have here stated should supply sufficient data for the Psychological Society of London to form their long-looked-for conclusions in regard to Modern Spiritualism. Should that society desire to cross-question me on all or any of the statements I have made, I shall be happy to afford them the opportunity, provided they notify that desire promptly, as I purpose returning to Australia shortly. My London address is Woburn Hotel, 12, Upper Woburn Place, W.C., where all letters to me will be forwarded wherever I may be at the time they are delivered.

I did not intend to publish my experiences during my travels until I returned to the land of my adoption, but have been induced to do so now at the request of my much-esteemed friend Mrs. Hardinge Britten, from whose learned and eloquent lectures, delivered to large and appreciative audiences in Melbourne some years ago, I derived considerable knowledge on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. From her grand inspirational gift, coupled with her good common sense and her noble desire to uplift humanity, she may well be termed "The Queen of Lecturers." I shall conclude with a few lines that came to me without thought on my part, since they express my experiences and my sentiments in simple language.

I have seen the hills and valleys in the beauteous summerland ;
 I have heard the angels singing across the golden strand ;
 I have grasped the hands of loved ones who've only gone before,
 Who'll greet me with a welcome when I reach the other shore.

For years I've held communion with the dear ones of my youth,
 And from their loving hearts received sweet messages of truth ;
 Our children, too, they often come to tell us of their love,
 And how they are progressing in the angel-home above.

Thus my hope has changed to knowledge, all fear of death hath fled,
 I *know* that I shall live again though numbered with "the dead,"
 And that I shall return in love to those I leave behind,
 To guide and comfort them through life with counsels wise and kind.

Oh ! could I but impart to all this knowledge of God's love,
 Which here we only dimly see—it shines more clear above ;
 Thrice happy will the world become when this great truth is known,
 And that, as said of old, we reap just as on earth we've sown.

Then trust not in those foolish creeds for priestly ends devised,
 But hearken to the voice within, and by it be advised ;
 To wisdom you will thus attain, and then can truly sing—
 Oh ! grave, where is thy victory ? Oh ! death, where is thy sting ?

As some of those who may read the experiences herein related may be interested in Theosophy, and might desire to know my views thereon, I have deemed it right to add the following : After years of careful study of this subject I came to the conclusion that it is a very ingenious and plausible theory propounded to fit in with facts, and thereby it appears to explain these facts to a certain class of metaphysical minds, but it is a theory, or set of theories, totally devoid of proof. In this respect it differs entirely from Modern Spiritualism, which rests on scientific demonstration and evidence, which all who will take the trouble to earnestly and perseveringly investigate the subject can, in a greater or less degree, obtain for their own satisfaction, while it fully and naturally accounts for and explains all the facts referred to.

A Theosophist, like a churchal Christian, must have the one thing needful, namely, faith. Unless he takes the trouble to travel to Thibet, in India, to witness the alleged powers of a certain class, called adepts, he must take all that is related of these men on mere trust, in the same way as churchal Christians have to accept all the Biblical statements, written by men living in ignorant and superstitious times. To me, one irrefutably demonstrated fact to the majority of my senses, namely, seeing, feeling, and hearing, is worth all the plausible theories in the world, and I challenge the whole body of Theosophists to adduce one-

tenth, or even a hundredth part of the evidence herein related of a rational and natural future life for man. It may surprise some who read this to learn that the Theosophic theory is held by many in the spirit world, in the same way as millions there still believe in the popular faith, and are looking forward to the appearance of their supposed Saviour at the judgment day. I have at various times held communion with several in spirit life who professed to believe in Theosophy, and have listened to their arguments in its favour, but when I have asked them for their proofs of its truth, in no instance have they been able to adduce any. The fact is, God hath endowed all sane men with reason, but He never compels them to utilize this divine gift either in this life or in that which is to come; none, however, can truly spiritually progress, either here or there, until they use their reason in all things, and thereby become godlike.

CONCLUDING NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF "THE TWO WORLDS."

We cannot close this series of articles (kindly and generously prepared by their author for *The Two Worlds*, at much inconvenience to himself, seeing that he with his family are only birds of passage on a tour through Europe) without calling the reader's special attention to the following points of the narrative: They are prepared by a gentleman whose wealth and social distinction place him far beyond the slightest possibility of having any interested motive in publishing the statements put forth. They are prepared by one equally well known in the great modern city of Melbourne, Australia, for his probity, high sense of honour, and acumen in analysing and pronouncing judgment upon any subjects, however problematical or abstruse, he undertakes to investigate. It would be generally considered easier to baffle or deceive an experienced man of the law than Mr. H. Junor Browne; and, in addition to all this, we have in these experiences a record of marvellous, almost unparalleled, spiritual phenomena, the like of which might have been exhibited singly and separately to many far-and-wide searchers, but taken collectively as occurring in one family, and to persons still in the prime of life, health, and the maturity of all mental powers, they form a history which, in this modern age, has never before been equalled. Astonishing, and transcending all former records as this same history is, who—under the circumstances of their narration—can dispute, or even dare to deny them? If they are false, then no testimony upon the face of the earth can be received as true; if they are true, what answer can the opponents of Modern Spiritualism have to make concerning the facts herein narrated? We wait for a reply.—ED. T. W.

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