

# The Spiritualist,

AND JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

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& Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

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## A CURIOUS PRESENTIMENT.

BY G. C. MASSEY.

THE following extract from a private letter records a case of presentiment belonging to a large and peculiar class; much larger, it may be surmised, than is likely to be generally known, owing to the very peculiarity which gives it special interest and significance. The trivial is not often recorded, and, unfortunately, triviality in the matter of occult communications is considered a reason for neglecting them, instead of being recognised, on that very ground, as the more suggestive. I can only say of the writer of the following that she is a lady very well known to me, of quite exceptional education and intelligence, and of the most scrupulous veracity. Her letter is dated December 2nd, and I received it the following day.

"Ten days ago there came to me a conviction that I should find in the *Echo*—the name of the paper came to me clearly—an announcement of the illness of the Queen. I mentioned this presentiment to — on the instant; and the forecast continuing to oppress me, I have daily told various persons of my expectation, the source of which I could not trace, for I could not recollect the Royal family having been in any way called to my mind at any recent date. Moreover, we take the *Times* and *Daily News*, as well as the *Echo*; so why should the *Echo* be my medium of information? However, that was the first paragraph I saw on taking up the *Echo*, which reached us by this morning's post."

Now what I find suggestive in the above and similar cases is this. There is an utter absence of purpose in the anticipation or any trace of a motive which we would ascribe to a foreign intelligence. No conceivable object could be served by this lady knowing ten days before that she would see a particular piece of intelligence which did not concern her more than any other subject of Her Majesty. Does it not rather point (1) to the fact, so often insisted upon by Dr. Wyld, that our own souls or spirits are organs of powers unsuspected in our normal consciousness? and (2) to the Kantian principle that time is only the form of our consciousness, not an absolute, objective condition of all existence? This form, if and when we can in any way transcend it, would no longer condition our knowledge, in which events, phenomenally future, would be revealed as present. It is a fact much to be regretted that the attention of Spiritualists is almost exclusively directed to the evidences of disembodied soul, and that thus many most significant facts, which are in reality the strongest possible confirmations of our own supersensuous being, are either misinterpreted or neglected. "Occultism" and theosophy seek to discover our own latent powers. That these are *vera causa* such facts as the above seem to prove, to the extent that they

go; we have then to decide how much they will explain. So with regard to the well-ascertained fact of physical duplication. Explanations of phenomena put forward by Dr. Wyld, Colonel Olcott, and Madame Blavatsky, as partially applicable, have been treated as wholly unverified phenomena. They are in truth founded on our most familiar experiences in Spiritualism—the fact of duplication both in the region of intelligence and physical organism. It is the foreign intelligence that has to be established in any case, as in many cases I think it is; but logical “economy” forbids the unnecessary multiplication of explanatory causes.

Temple, Dec. 4th, 1879.

#### PRIVATE SEANCES.

LAST Wednesday night, at a *séance* at the house of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, London, Mr. C. E. Williams was the medium, and the other sitters present were Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Mr. Annesley Mayne (of the Junior Carlton Club), Miss Mattie Houghton, Mr. F. W. Percival, M.A., Mr. Ward, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Duncan, and Mr. Harrison.

In the dark, while all the other guests present sat with joined hands, one of the spirits took Mr. Ward's music stool from him, and bumped it about the room, so that he had a chase after it and its invisible mover before he could take his seat at the harmonium. While Mr. Williams was held by the hands by Mr. Mayne on the one side, and by Mrs. Duncan on the other, the living face of the spirit John King, robed in white drapery, was seen four or five times by everybody present, floating over the table, illuminated by a flashing, phosphorescent-like light held in his hands. Lastly, while Mr. Williams was similarly held, a spirit hand grasped the hand of Mr. Percival, and quickly pulled him upwards, so that he had first to mount his chair, and then to stand with his feet on the top of the table, to follow the motions of the hand drawing him towards the ceiling. Mr. Williams was held in his seat and quietly talking at the time.

At this *séance*, and at two previous ones in the same room with Mrs. Hollis Billing, Mr. Serjeant Cox was stated to be present among the spirits, but he has not been able as yet to give evidence of identity. As, while in earth-life, he was to the last a constant member of the circle, and one deeply interested in its work, there is no question but that he must be earnestly striving to communicate with it if means exist.

MR. F. O. MATTHEWS, the best trance medium, has returned to Halifax to fulfil a few provincial engagements before settling permanently in London.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the supply of *The Spiritualist* during 1880 are now due, price 10s. 10d. within the limits of Great Britain, and the British and Foreign Postal Union.

DR. ROBERT FRIESE, who returned to Germany last Wednesday, after some weeks in England occupied in the observation of spiritual phenomena, was born in Elbing, Prussia, in 1817. Until eighteen months ago he was Doctor of Philosophy at one of the High Schools at Breslau. He says that owing to the promptings of spirits he then applied for and received his pension, thus gaining leisure to make himself more fully acquainted with Spiritualism, and to write his book, *Voices from the Spirit Land* recently published in Germany.

#### THE THEOSOPHISTS IN INDIA.

SIR,—I beg to forward a copy of *The Pioneer* (Allahabad) of October 11th. Should your space permit, you would oblige the Fellows of the Theosophical Society, and possibly interest some others of your readers, by copying into your paper the article on *The Theosophist*. It should be observed that the *Pioneer*, while fully maintaining its independent position in the Press of India, is (as I am informed) regarded as in a special sense the organ of the Viceroy. All the friends of the American party now resident in Bombay will read with satisfaction the concluding paragraph; and I think all who are interested in the higher and more recondite pursuits of Spiritualism will see reason to rejoice in the liberality and encouragement with which the literary undertaking of the Theosophical Society in India has been received by a leading and representative newspaper in that country.

C. C. MASSEY.

Temple, Dec. 1st.

From “*The Pioneer*” (Allahabad), Oct. 11th, 1879.

The *Theosophist*, a new magazine conducted by Madame Blavatsky, has just been published at Bombay. It is described on the cover as “a monthly journal devoted to Oriental philosophy, art, literature, and occultism, embracing mesmerism, spiritualism, and other secret sciences.” Many of our readers will have been aware that the branch of the Theosophical Society, established at Bombay, proposed to bring out this periodical, and will have looked forward with interest to its appearance. The magnitude and intelligence of the correspondence which has now for some time been going forward in our own columns in reference to one among the group of mystic subjects with which the new magazine proposes to deal, will have shown that for such a publication a considerable public will readily be found. And any one who has looked into Madame Blavatsky's great work, *Isis Unveiled*, will be aware that the *Theosophist* is under the guidance of a lady whose mystic erudition is more than impressive—absolutely overwhelming. All languages, philosophies, and creeds, all lands and ages appear to have been strained to supply her with occult knowledge, and the only complaint of the ordinary reader will be that his faculties are dazzled by the coruscations of classic, Oriental, and mystic quotations and references, with which her pages abound. One cannot see the forest for the trees; one cannot tell, sometimes, what our instructress is driving at, so wonderful are the literary *tours de force* in which she indulges on the way. Indeed, one may spend much anxious thought over *Isis Unveiled* without being able to discover that the object of our adoration is any less veiled than before. But surviving the bewilderment superinduced by the book, there remains a clear impression that Madame Blavatsky knows more, has thought more, and, one is tempted to add, wrought more in connection with the supernatural side of things than any other person who has addressed the literary world on that extraordinary topic, and it is needless to point out that a monthly magazine under her auspices cannot but become a periodical of strong interest for the large and varied public lying between the two religious extremes—atheistic materialism on

the one side and simple orthodoxy on the other. The contents of the first number of the *Theosophist* are to a great extent introductory. We meet first with a long article entitled "What is Theosophy?" and its rich erudition, so clearly from the same fount as that of *Isis*, reveals the authorship at a glance. We will not attempt the task of epitomising the explanations given. Readers, anxious to know what is theosophy, cannot expect to get their curiosity satisfied without a good deal of patient investigation. The article referred to is succeeded by another, entitled "What are the Theosophists?" and it would seem that a good deal of study as to the nature of theosophy may leave us still requiring enlightenment concerning the nature or the persons who profess that science. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to gather from the information now conveyed that "the root idea of the society is free and fearless investigation." The present number of the new magazine gives a great deal besides the explanatory essays just mentioned—a remarkable native autobiography, some philosophical articles, a review of the *Light of Asia*, and sundry stories and anecdotes. It announces, moreover, that the society from which the *Theosophist* emanates is about to undertake a series of interesting meetings at its head-quarters in Bombay. We read:—"There will be a course of Saturday evening lectures by Colonel Olcott upon the occult sciences in general, with experimental demonstrations in the branches of mesmerism, psychometry, crystallogamy, and possibly Spiritualism." The *Theosophist* will, no doubt, duly record the results. Finally, though the cultivated world generally will receive the unfamiliar teaching of the energetic society with great caution, we may all recognise that its Bombay members have one clearly defined claim on our regard. They are people who in a very disinterested way, for the love of their own intellectual convictions and to pursue what they believe to be truth, have become fellow-sojourners with the rest of us in this remarkable country, which, in spite of its good points, we most of us frequent for very much simpler and less elevated motives. It does not follow that we are less useful on that account: much good work is done for the sake of its pay, and the reflection has a wide application in British India. But still it is only right to recognise the moral dignity of persons whose aims in life are disconnected with that idea. And as bearing on that view of the Theosophists, we are glad to be able to conclude this notice of their new venture by an announcement of a satisfactory kind as regards themselves. It will be remembered that in the beginning of this year their feelings were deeply hurt on the occasion of a trip they made up-country by an insulting espionage set on foot against them by the police. It appears that some groundless calumny had preceded them to this country, and that the police put a very clumsy construction upon certain orders they received from Government respecting the new arrivals. However, since then the subject has been brought specially to the Viceroy's notice, and, satisfied that the Theosophists were misrepresented in the first instance, he has given formal orders, through the Political Department, to the effect that they are not to be any longer subject to interference.

## AN ENCOUNTER WITH BURGLARS.

LAST Monday, at the Lambeth Police-court, James Goff, 19, Frith-street, Soho, cook; John Bailey, 21, Lea-street, Holborn, boot fitter; and Henry Hayes, 26, tailor, were charged with being concerned in breaking and entering the dwelling-house, 22, Cowley-road, Brixton, and stealing therefrom several articles. Goff was further charged with cutting and wounding Mr. Henry Frances (hon. sec. to the Brixton Psychological Society) by striking him on the head with a "jemmy," on the evening of the 29th ult.

Mr. Frances on the evening of the 29th found his house had been broken into and robbed. Goff and Bailey dropped from the first floor windows, the latter for a time escaping. When the prosecutor endeavoured to detain Goff the latter struck him several times violently on the head with a "jemmy," and ran up the road. The cries of Mr. Frances for help were fortunately heard by Mr. Tigg, a tradesman of Camberwell, who was passing at the time. He pursued, and, after a desperate struggle, secured Goff, and ultimately handed him over to a constable.

In the course of the pursuit Goff threw a large "jemmy" at Mr. Tigg, and he narrowly escaped a severe blow. The "jemmy" was found to correspond with marks on the door of prosecutor's house, which had been forced. The prisoner Bailey was taken by Inspector Langrish, and when told, he said, "All right." He was wearing a collar identified as belonging to Mr. Frances. The other prisoner was secured on Friday night last, and denied all knowledge of the affair, and declared likewise that he had never been to Brixton. Upon him was found a tramway ticket from Westminster to Brixton, and this was positively proved to have been issued on the evening of the 29th ult. A witness named Cordy likewise stated that Hayes was one of the men he saw running away. Goff and Bailey declined at present to say anything to the charges, and Hayes declared he was at work at the time.

Mr. Chance now fully committed the prisoners for trial for housebreaking, and Goff, in addition, for the cutting and wounding Mr. Frances. He agreed to accept substantial bail for Hayes, with proper notice to the police.

MR. HUSK'S *séances* at Mrs. Woodforde's, 90, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., are held every Friday evening at eight o'clock.

"WHAT IS OUR NATURE?"—Dr. William Hitchman, M.R.C.S., lectured the other evening on the above subject in Woolton Mechanics' Institution, owing to the temporary absence of Mr. Robert Gladstone, J.P., whose place he kindly filled on the occasion. The doctor gave a scientific and religious outline of human nature, contending that the spiritual evolution of man's future body as a clothing for his present soul was as truly demonstrated by science and religion as the protoplasm, or first visible particle of our physical constitution, and that God still acts through "ministering spirits," alike in natural phenomena and in the events of daily life. The cherubic symbols, he said, placed in the tabernacle now may be faithful hieroglyphics of the good man's angelic nature, as when surmounted by a blaze of glory in the Hebrew church of the wilderness. Atheists, Positivists, and Secularists, whose noise and smoke affect the purblind, are doctors for the healthy only, and not for the sorrows of the soul, or the aspirations of the loving heart, and the spiritually "sick unto death" throughout the world. Willing or unwilling, people must believe in "the things of the spirit," so long as they cannot measure a bushel of thoughts, a peck of ideas, or a yard of feeling, and roll out bundles of emotions, demonstrate the chemistry of suffering, the physics of joy, and bring to mortal view all the elements and forces of the unseen universe. No spiritual Christlike kingdom will ever be established or maintained by such pagan influences as might against right, or the secular sword despotically wielded by sovereign power and selfish policy. Religion must prove true to itself by doing good to all men. Mr. James Thornley, of Water-street, presided, and in moving a cordial vote of thanks to the learned doctor for his eloquent and beautiful oration, said that it deserved to be classed amongst the best expositions of human nature yet published on the side of universal science and religion. A similar compliment was paid to the chairman, and the interesting proceedings terminated by a warm acclamation of approval from the whole audience.—*Liverpool Mercury*, Dec. 3rd, 1879.

## "RANDOM READINGS."

BY CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON.

YOUR notice of Paul Jopper, of Madras (*The Spiritualist*, November 7th), dimly reminds me of having heard something about the man, but memory goes no farther. Your Indian correspondent will supply you with many cases more or less similar, the results of studying the phenomena of Spiritualism in the East. They will be the more interesting at the present time when the process, which I have expected for years, is beginning to do palpable work. It was evident to Anglo-Indians, endowed with the rare attribute of common sense, that had India sent as many units of Hindu missionaries to England as England has sent dozens of English missionaries and missionaries to India, Hinduism by this time would have taken deep root in Mlenchha Island. The prospectus of the Theosophic Society will open some eyes to this modicum of truth.

Paul Jopper is another confirmation of my old thesis, viz: "Some such force or power (Spiritualism without the Spirits) the traveller is compelled to postulate, even in the absence of proof,"—an assertion so distasteful to the *Daily Telegraph* (Nov. 14, 1876). Without a trace, even "down in the deepest depths," of belief regarding things spiritual, as good-natured friends suggest, I am still convinced that if we had no such entity as phenomenal Spiritualism, we travellers should be obliged to invent it. As a factor of the product called human knowledge it represents Austria in the politics of Europe.

During the last few months I have been obliged to turn over a number of books not generally read, and you are welcome to my extracts from them. The first shall be good old Ibn Batútah, of Fez, who travelled between Morocco and China in A.D. 1324—54. One passage (Lee's translation, pp. 161, 162) runs as follows:—

I was once in the presence of the Emperor of Hindustan, when two of these Jogees, wrapped up in a cloak, with their heads covered (for they take out all their hair with powder), came in. The Emperor caressed them and said, pointing to me—This is a stranger; show him what he has never seen. They said, We will. One of them then assumed the form of a cube, and arose from the earth, and in this (cubic) shape he occupied a place in the air over our heads. I was so much astonished and terrified at this that I fainted and fell to the earth. The Emperor then ordered me some medicine which he had with him, and upon tasting this I recovered and sat up, the cubic figure still remaining in the air just as it had been. His companion then took a sandal belonging to one of those who had come out with him, and struck it upon the ground as if he had been angry. The sandal then ascended until it became opposite the cube; it then struck it upon the heel, and the cube descended gradually to the ground, and at last rested in the place which it had left. The Emperor then told me that the man who took the form of a cube was a disciple to the owner of the sandal; and, continued he, had I not entertained fears for the safety of thy intellect, I should have ordered them to show thee greater things than these. From this, however, I took a palpitation of the heart, until the Emperor ordered me a medicine which restored me.

Note that Ibn Batútah, a learned and devout Moslem, must have been well acquainted with the magic of Morocco; that he had no object in inventing such an adventure; and that the power belonged to another and a hostile faith—Paganism. He uses to that effect the word "Jogi:" in your issue of Nov. 7, I read of "Indian fakirs." The difference is

that the former is a Hindu, the latter a Hindi (Mahomedan).

The next is Ludovico di Varthema (or Bartema), gentleman of Rome, who travelled eastwards between A.D. 1503—7. He gives the following account of medical clairvoyance (p. 167, Hakluyt's edition) in the chapter concerning the physicians who visit the sick in Calicut:—

When a Pagan (*i.e.* Hindu) merchant is sick and in great danger, the above-mentioned instruments, and the aforesaid men, dressed like devils, go to visit the sick man, and they go at two or three a.m., and the said men, so dressed, carry fire in their mouths, and in each of their hands; and on their feet they wear two crutches of wood, which are one pace (two feet and a half?) high, and in this manner they go shouting and sounding their instruments, so that truly if the person were not ill, he would fall to the ground from terror at seeing these ugly beasts. And these are the physicians who visit the sick man. And though they should fill the stomach full up to the mouth, they pound three roots of ginger and make a cup of juice, and this they drink, and in three days they no longer have any illness, so that they live exactly like beasts.

The last assertion appears to be somewhat of a *non sequitur*. Varthema's learned editor, Rev. G. Percy Badger, noticing this "medical thaumaturgy," quotes Buchanan concerning the Pakanet or Telinga Jogis. "Their virtuous men after death are supposed to become a kind of gods, and frequently to inspire the living, which makes them speak incoherently, and enables them to foretell the event of diseases." We have also references to Forbes' "Rás Málá" (chapter on Bhoots, or Apparitions, ii., 379—400); and to the *Bombay Quarterly Magazine* for Oct., 1850.

Even the Dark Continent shows a gleam of spiritualistic light. Old William Bosman, who wrote his "Description of the Guinea Coast" in 1700, says (Letter xxi.), treating of "Great Benin:":—

They talk much concerning the apparition of the ghosts of their ancestors and relations, which yet happens only to them in their sleep, when they come and warn them to make this or that offering; which, as soon as day approaches, they immediately do: if they are unable, they will, rather than fail in this duty, borrow of others, for they imagine that the neglect hereof would draw on them some heavy affliction. If any person in raillery tells them that they are only idle imaginations and dreams these will agree with him, but add it is a custom of our forefathers, which we are obliged to follow.

The old Dutchman ends, "To conclude their ridiculous religion I shall add a small account of their festivals, of which they have so many and so different, that they ought not to yield to any Romanist." In these days, many would not find the ghost-stories so "ridiculous."

Camoens, a traveller and a poet, shall be the connection between travellers and poets. It is distinctly spiritualistic when he writes (*The Lusíads*, x. 83):—

*Os que são bons, quando favorecem,*

*Os maos, em quanto podem, nos empecem.*

"Good Sprites with favour human footsteps lead,  
Bad Spirits, when they can, our course impede."

Turning over the Lives of Petrarch, and other neo-Latin poets, I come upon many passages interesting to Spiritualists, for instance:—

Having received frequent invitations to Lourdes (Gascony) from the Bishop (the amiable Giacomo Colonna), Petrarch looked forward with pleasure to the time when he should revisit him. But he received accounts that the Bishop was taken dangerously ill. Whilst his mind was agitated by this news he had the following dream, which he has himself related:—"Methought I saw the Bishop crossing the rivulet of my garden alone. He

smiled upon me with his usual kindness, and said, *Remember that when you were in Gascony the tempestuous climate was insupportable to you; I also am tired of it. I have quitted Gascony never to return, and I am going to Rome.* At the conclusion of these words he had reached the end of the garden, and as I endeavoured to accompany him, he, in the kindest and gentlest manner, waved his hand; but upon my persevering he cried out in a peremptory way, *Stay! you must not at present attend me.* Whilst he spoke these words I fixed my eyes upon him and saw the paleness of death in his face. Seized with horror I uttered a loud cry which awoke me. I took note of the time. I told the circumstance to all my friends, and at the expiration of twenty-five days I received accounts of his death, which happened during the very same night on which he had appeared to me.—Page xvii., *The Sonnets, &c.*, of Petrarch, London: Bells, 1875.

The biographer airily and easily shows that “on a little reflection this incident will not appear to be supernatural”—as if any one ever supposed it was! But Thomas Campbell wrote his two octavos in the early part of the present century: in A.D. 1879 many would explain the apparition by something more substantial than “fanciful reveries” and “sleeper’s imagination.”

The last on my present list shall be the noble Tasso. It is well known that he was confined as a lunatic in the Hospital of St. Anne by Duke Alfonso of Este, whom Byron has duly punished. But the cause of an imprisonment which lasted from 1580 to 1587 is still undetermined. That Tasso was not mad is clear from his choice of subjects in his den of human horrors. The best proof of his sanity are the moral dialogues and the sad canzonets by which he restrained the flow of his imagination.

After a confinement of seven years two months and some days, the *Pride of Italy* was set free. He passed the autumn of 1588 at the seat of his friend and future biographer, Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa.

His soul had become deeply tinged with a belief in supernatural appearances, and he came habitually to affirm that a familiar spirit appeared to him of the nature of that which is declared to have attended Socrates. In the supposed presence of this being he often sunk into a profound abstraction, and even in the company of his friend Manso, once maintained an animated conversation with this imaginary inhabitant of an immaterial world—

“Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,”

with an earnestness and power which left no doubt of his own belief in the reality of his impressions (p. xxiv., *The Life of Tasso*, prefixed to Fairfax’s *Recovery of Jerusalem*. London: Kirby, 1817).

The biographer (Charles Knight) adds: “This may have been madness, but it was the madness of an ardent and philosophical spirit, which felt that there was other evidence of the beauty and wisdom of the Supreme Intelligence beyond that of the senses” (as if seeing were not a sense!), “and which went to the extremes which such a belief may produce in a fervid and undisciplined (?) imagination.”

This suggests a question which I have long wished to address to “idealists,” namely, what the idealistic name for themselves may be? I will not insult their learning by a disquisition upon the words *idea* and *idealist*, which are of the earth, earthy, of the materialistic, purely material. An idealist who believes in the ideas which he sees, is much in the same condition as a “spirit materialised,” *i.e.* a white-black, or a nothing-something.

I here conclude—for the present if you are willing—the extracts intended for those

Who will not make their judgments blind,  
Who face the spectres of the mind,  
And lay them.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Trieste, Dec. 4, 1879.

#### PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

(To the Editor of “*The Spiritualist*.”)

SIR,—At this time of day to accumulate evidences of the simpler physical phenomena occurring at *séances* may, to Spiritualists, seem rather superfluous. But as you have thought fit to publish the rough “proof” with which I furnished Mr. Munton for the purpose of my examination before the Psychological Society, in which dates and particulars omitted from my “proof” were supplied, it may be as well to complete the published evidence, by the account referred to, from my notes made on the 7th Sept., 1875, of my *séance* that day with Mrs. Youngs, the “piano medium,” of New York.

“Went with O. in the evening to the medium, Mrs. Youngs. The manifestation was by bright gaslight. Mrs. Y. stood at the piano, played a tune and sang a song. Then she sat down, played, and the piano was raised at the end at which she sat, and beat time on the floor to what she was playing. Afterwards she stood at the side, with her left hand on the piano, her right *under* mine, which was placed, palm upwards, beneath the side of the instrument. Again it was raised repeatedly. It was so heavy that a strong exertion of my force only sufficed to raise it about an inch. Its dimensions were as follows:—Length, 6 feet 11 inches; width, 3 feet 4 inches; depth of case, 1 foot 3½ inches—7¾ octaves. Colonel Olcott measured it in my presence. I noticed when the manifestation took place under the latter conditions described, the muscles of Mrs. Y.’s right hand were violently contracted against mine, though not so as to force my hand upwards in spite of my resistance. But it was the sort of movement one notices in an idle hand, when the other, or some other limb, is strongly exerted, and her other hand was at the edge of the piano, only partly upon it.\* That she did it with her own unassisted force is, however, simply impossible, though it occurred to me that the thing might be done by some hidden leverage worked by the foot. When she was sitting at the piano I asked that she would allow her dress to be tied tightly round her, so as to leave a clear visible space between her whole person and the piano. This she refused for what I thought a frivolous reason—something about the exhausting character of tests, I think. However, we had examined the piano, and moved it, to be sure that there was no machinery or artificial attachment to the floor. So what can I say?”

I have often seen it stated that any investigator, by taking a little trouble, may satisfy himself of the genuine nature of the physical phenomena. From my own experience I should say that this is a great mistake, and that such off-hand assertions are likely to gain

\* It should be remembered that when the above was written I was comparatively young in my investigations. I have now a very different theory, one quite consistent with the genuine character of the manifestation, to account for this contraction of the muscles.

us small credit for judgment with the really cautious and exact investigator. At dark *séances* the elimination of all possible elements of doubt is an exceedingly difficult and tedious process of observation and comparison as between one occasion and another, the persons respectively present, the conditions, occurrences, &c. My early note books are full to the most minute details of these particulars, and of the inferences which seemed necessary; for I never enjoyed the facilities of the home or private circle without professionals. Indeed, but for Slade and his light *séances*, I doubt if the truth would ever have been brought home to me with the force of absolute and indisputable certainty; and on this account I can never think of this rarely-gifted medium without feelings of gratitude and regard. Nevertheless, I had arrived *logically* at the same conclusion before I met him. At the conclusion of my notes on a particular *séance* in London in the summer of 1875, I find the following observations, which may perhaps be worth transcribing:—"Nor can I isolate this phenomenon" (that observed at the *séance* of which the note in question treats) "altogether apart from other marvels of which I have a great mass of cumulative, if in scarcely one instance quite conclusive evidence. It did make an impression on me, and I have been trying to determine how great or how small that impression ought logically to be. I dread the facility of assent which seems to come naturally from the very fact of habitual investigation. I go to *séance* after *séance*, and come away unsatisfied with the evidence at each, yet the aggregate tells upon me. No; there is nothing illogical in this. When the hypothesis of fraud requires a different, often a far-fetched, but above all a different explanation nearly every time, then the hypothesis gets gradually more and more difficult, till its improbability, according to our knowledge and experience of human resources, becomes greater, far greater, than the merely *à priori* presumption of our ignorance against the existence of extra-mundane causes."

C. C. MASSEY.

December 6th.

#### A REMARKABLE SEANCE IN LONDON.

BY DR. R. FRIESE OF BRESLAU.

WHEN about six weeks ago I came to London for the purpose of ascertaining for myself whether there was not much exaggeration in the many reports I had read about materialisation *séances*, I, of course, had but a very faint idea of the real nature of that miraculous phenomenon, and of the wonderful gifts possessed by your great mediums. I was afraid that the presence even of a stray foreigner like myself might be sufficient to mar the effects and spoil the conditions. How much, then, was I surprised when, for the first time, I saw John King at Mr. Williams's, heard his sonorous voice, shook hands with "Irresistible," received a good box on my ears from Peter's roll of cardboard, and, in the end, was myself lifted up in the air in my chair by a couple of spirit friends—a trip which nearly resulted in my being rolled under the table! Such was the beginning; and, I am happy to say, I passed through a regular course of experiences in phenomenal Spiritualism, until even old

investigators told me that I might consider myself exceptionally fortunate; and so I do. Every one of the *séances* I was admitted to presented a different character; all were highly interesting and instructive; and the only thing that amazed me was the indifference of an enlightened population, in whose midst were and are living such wonderful mediums, fit to convince the most obstinate sceptic. Sceptics, at least, there must be; indifference is worse than opposition.

Of a very peculiar character was a *séance* at Mrs. Woodforde's, held on Saturday, 4th December, the last I had the pleasure of attending. The circle was very small, two ladies and four gentlemen, including the medium, Mr. James C. Husk. The lights were hardly extinguished when Captain James exclaimed, "There is something on my arm!" A light was struck, and a coil of pianoforte wire, of about four inches in diameter, and consisting of at least fifty windings, was seen hanging like a bracelet on the Captain's arm. This coil had most likely been taken from the medium's lodgings, and carried all the way from the neighbourhood of Euston-square to that of the British Museum. The light was again blown out, when all of a sudden John's powerful voice blew through one of the tubes on the table such a hearty "Good evening, Doctor!" into my face that myself and neighbours were nearly swept down to the carpet. John explained that he had put the wire coil on the medium's arm by dematerialising the wrist of the medium's right hand. Then "Irresistible" and "Ebenezer," whose squeaking voices caused general hilarity, entered upon the scene. The former good-humouredly complained of our mistaking his voice for that of Ebenezer, and said that in the end nothing would be left to him but to alter his organ of speech; but he was by us requested to desist, as we all liked him, and would not recognise him if he twisted his ways and voice into any other shape. That pleased him.

John was rather silent; I think he wished to economise his and our power for some other manifestations; even the few questions I put he answered only by tapping my arm with his fingers. He thus explained that when he merely materialised head and bust, and appeared to us standing like a plaster cast on the table, he actually stood with his feet on the floor, and balanced the weight of some fifteen pounds of head and bust by mere will-power: "Call it the soul," he said.

"Irresistible," in the meantime, was creeping about on the floor, muttering wisdom in his peculiar style, and sank gradually under the carpet and under the floor, according to all symptoms; thus he approached the domain of some neighbouring spirit, who took advantage of his rival's imprisonment and paid us a visit; whereupon, when Irresistible returned, a violent quarrel between the two arose, the character of which was highly tragi-comical. Irresistible succeeded in kicking the interloper out of the room.

John had left us to be active at two other *séances*, but his men were not lazy. The medium was under their treatment, and lay in a deep trance: something was going on. Irresistible—grumbling at the "Indian," whom he had got rid of, as it seemed, not without some difficulty—crawled up to my chair,



imitating the barking of a dog. When I discovered these canine talents in him, I asked him to fetch Mrs. Woodforde's little dog from the adjoining room, where he was locked in, but he said that there was not sufficient power, and that "the beast" was too fat. It was of no use that I responded that the fellow was accustomed to this passage through the partition-wall, as he had been fetched through it a fortnight ago: he was too fat that night.

All at once something heavy dropped on the table. What was it? A stone? No; some drapery. But what? Irresistible, with the voice of an auctioneer, cried "*The waistcoat of the medium.*"

Indeed, it was the waistcoat of the medium, who was moaning in a deep trance.

This astounding manifestation I had heard of, but never witnessed myself. The spirits had taken about twenty to twenty-five minutes in preparing the aura of the medium, and when John returned he explained that it was done by dematerialisation.

Mrs. Woodforde asked Irresistible to take the medium to his easy chair, as he seemed rather exhausted; and in the twinkling of an eye we heard Mr. Husk snoring and panting in his corner. When I asked Mrs. Woodforde how they managed that, and she had replied, "Oh, they make him walk," Irresistible cried, "No, we floated him; you did not hear him move, Captain, did you?" "No, decidedly I did not." "We floated him," he repeated, rather proud of this feat.

Well, there Mr. Husk reposed; and to protect him from the glare of the light, which, as was to be expected, was soon going to be struck, they carried a screen, of something like eight feet by four, from the opposite side of the room and covered him with it. This they floated over our heads, without making as much noise as the flight of a big fly would have done.

During the rest of the *séance* a number of other spirits spoke or amused us by human and inhuman sounds. Thus the "Boatswain," the favour of whose presence was requested by the ladies, all at once announced himself by a most shrill whistle, which, I daresay, he had often made use of on the waters. But still more than by this locomotive-voice, he surprised us by imitating the approach and the howling of a storm: it was really terrific. How extraordinary the compass and power of his lungs must have been!

Sweet Marie (Mrs. Corner's control), the gay and cheerful girl in petticoats, came, also Lily, and others, of whom one particularly interested me, an ancient Greek, talking his language (of which the medium declared not to know one word), though with somewhat strange pronunciation, in a beautifully melodious voice. I asked him to give me the Lord's Prayer in his mother tongue, with which he at once complied, going about half through it. I enjoyed these mild and sweet tones, the soft pronunciation and the beauty of his pure dialect. Unfortunately his power soon vanished away. He once had been a soldier, and fell from the deadly stroke of a vigorous enemy. Will the reader give credit to his confession that he could not get over an inveterate feeling of hatred towards this person until lately, when he was informed of the charitable task some spirits have taken upon themselves of introducing mankind into the

doctrines of Spiritualism? He enlisted in their ranks, and only since he has directed his mind to such a noble work, has he succeeded in overcoming the feeling just mentioned. In all haste I inquired whether my pronunciation of *δίας, αυτος, &c.*, was correct; he agreed to the German *δέος* instead of the English, but he corrected our *αυτος* into *αρτος, &c.*

When he had disappeared John came up to me, and knowing that it was about the last time I should see him before I left this hospitable country, he addressed me in a most solemn manner, putting his hands on my head and blessing me, encouraging me in my work. His words made a deep impression on me, but, beautiful as they were, I must refrain from publishing them, as they would lose their beauty and their power. When he had finished he poured a delicious fragrance on my hair; I felt it flow down; but it was no liquid, nor did it cause a feeling of cold by evaporation. I cannot compare it to any known scent. From me John walked all round the circle, and each of us received his share of this celestial produce.

John heard me mention that I had been successful the other day at Mr. Hudson's, the photographer (19, Westville, Starch-green, Shepherd's-bush), in getting, under strict test conditions, the portrait of Pauline (the spirit who so devotedly assisted me in writing the *Voices from the Spirit Land*), her form in rich drapery, in broad daylight, where my eye saw nothing but air. Well, John came up to me, and to my utter surprise told me he knew all about it; he had been helping her, from his desire to meet my wishes and to promote the interests of the poor artist.

These spirits know all about us, receive us, if we deserve it, with attention and kindness, or otherwise shun us. They do their best to show or give us what we ask for or mentally desire, if we deserve to be instructed by them, and I can boast I have not asked for much in vain.

Our medium, Mr. James C. Husk, cannot be too highly spoken of. His quiet, unassuming manner will not allow the shadow of a doubt to rise in the mind of the most inveterate sceptic, and even were not his thorough honesty plainly written on his forehead, his stiffness and entire want of dexterity would protect you against any kind of legerdemain and trickery. The fact is that the gentleman's eyesight is very bad; so very bad, that he really could not "perform," even if he wanted. On this account he deserves to be particularly recommended to the nobility and gentry of high-sceptics, who are beginning to learn and "know all about it."

I, from my heart, pity those who look upon the marvellous manifestations such as I have seen in London and Newcastle with suspicious eyes, for they cannot enjoy the blessings of the doctrine which God sends unto us as a palpable proof of His infinite mercy and love. They will be wise where ignorance is bliss; they will treat unjustly those servants whom God sends as His instruments to open our eyes. But, after all, their time will come; perhaps the glare of the dawning morning is too bright for their eyes yet, though its brightness is all beauty.

In taking leave of numerous friends I have made in London as well as at Newcastle, I feel bound to

thank them for too many proofs of kindness and love to be expressed in a few words. I must try to come back next year to show them, and our spirit friends too, how happy I feel at being allowed to spend my time with them, and to advance in knowledge under their kind tutorship.

London, December.

### A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

A NARRATIVE OF REAL EXPERIENCES.

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon their bed, He openeth the ears of men and giveth them instruction."—Job xxxiii. 15.

"But while he thought on these things, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."—Matt. i. 20.

"Daniel spake and said: I saw in my vision by night."—Dan. ii. 19.

"Then was the secret revealed unto Daniel in a night vision."—Dan. ii. 19.

In the silent watches of the night my heart grew weary and oppressed—aching, though I knew not why. No bitter memories came to trouble and perplex; no vain regrets o'er a waste and sinful past; nor dread forebodings of a grim, impending fate: and yet my heart was faint and sick and sore. Fain would I have reasoned, and thereby gained relief; but the effort was unavailing, and though strenuous and persistent, utterly failed in effect. Clouds gathered about me—huge black clouds, close and confining like some shadowy pall; and then from out my soul there came a wailing sound, a cry of blank despair and misery, that the angels heard, and, pitying, caught and bore along in their flight through sphere upon sphere unto the foot of the Heavenly Throne. There again 'twas repeated even as the wail of some weak infant, lonely and distressed; and this is what it said,

"Hast Thou forsaken me, O God?"

Then a breeze, light and gentle, fanned my throbbing brow: fingers, soft and loving, caressed my tear-stained cheek. My bosom grew light; the load was gone at the magical touch of that hand; bright beaming eyes, like stars of the summer night, gazed mildly, sympathetically, their glances thrilling with a strange and subtle spell, until sleep fell upon me, and for a time my tired senses were wrapt in oblivion of fleshly ills and woe.

I slept, I dreamed; and in that dream I beheld myself, worn and spent, sitting in the twilight-gloaming, silent and at rest. It had been a hard, hard day for me; now it was over, and I could rest. With eyelids closed, my wearied brain rejoiced in that sweet repose; and if not happy I was content—content in forgetfulness.

But then the consciousness of a presence recalled me from this state. I opened my eyes—the fire had burnt low in the grate, and, impelled as it were by instinct, I gazed searchingly into the darkness beyond. I gazed, and still I gazed, till in answer there came a silvery light, like that of fair Dian issuing from a tempest-racked sky; and as I continued to gaze it increased and developed, and finally shaped itself into a slim and graceful form.

Then fear took possession of me, and I shrank away in awe—in awe of a being so beautiful, so kind.

"Fear not, my sister," she said: her voice was sweet, ineffably sweet and low.

"Fear not—I am thy guardian: appointed by heaven, I watch over and care for thee. Poor child, thy life is no easy one; beset with difficulties, the way is rugged and steep. Thou needst a helping hand. Ofttimes when bruised and faint, thy spirit would faint be freed. I nurse and feed its famished soul with the manna for which it yearns—such nourishment as the world must fail to supply.

"Be brave—press on. What though the clouds be dark, they pass away: even so shall earthly crosses, which are as signposts on the road to God."

So reassuring was the tone that fear was chased away, and tears of heartfelt gladness dimmed my wondering eyes.

"Art thou, then, a being from the other world?" I asked; and those same sweet tones responded:

"I am, dear child of earth."

Then my soul was filled with gratitude—gratitude to Him for His infinite mercy and love. For years my fragile bark of faith had been stranded on the shoals of doubt; now a haven was at hand, a harbour of refuge to which I could direct my course, and therein strive to repair the damage which inevitably had accrued. The beacon that I had long since ceased to pray for was now before me in that emissary from another and a better world.

Then a sense of unworthiness bowed my head. How miserably weak I felt—incompetent—undeserving! And now my tears were turned to tears of shame; my sufferings were agonising and bitter.

But again that gentle voice spoke comfort in mine ear:

"Weep not," she said, "dear sister; thou art but human; humanity is fallible—frail. I would have thee know thyself, then canst thou learn to be true. And so, an thou art willing, I will accompany thee on a journey—a journey which will be symbolic of thy pilgrimage here upon earth. Rest assured no harm shall come nigh thee; thou wilt be ably protected, and restored to pursue thy way strengthened and refreshed. Say, art thou ready? Wilt thou come?"

And, hungering for light, for warmth, my arms were stretched forth, while the voice of my soul cried out:

"I am ready, ready to follow whither thou wouldst lead." She smiled an angel's radiant smile, and, advancing, with a wave of her white hand lulled my senses in a deep, abnormal trance.

Time passed. Eventually, sensibility and consciousness were restored. I found myself free, and able to put into action whatsoever my higher nature did most earnestly desire. My spirit was unfettered; I could soar away; my perceptions, no longer dim and blurred, were capable of grasping at once and with equal clearness a multitude of objects more or less complicate; I was enabled to penetrate more deeply; to retain, make selections, and detect the most delicate resemblances with intuitive ease. Moreover, the whole of my faculties might be put into operation without the slightest fatigue, for they encountered none of those disturbing elements which are apt to impede and counteract our highest efforts when encumbered with the flesh.

This was a new experience to me, new and intensely agreeable. I revelled in it, even as the butterfly upon release from the chrysalis state. Little did it then occur to me that I had left the earth, and that the silver cord about me was the only connecting link with my perishing form of clay.

Whilst thus rejoicing in this, my new birth, the white-robed angel again revealed herself. Fair and beautiful before, she now appeared surpassingly so: glorified, and wearing the ethereal loveliness of her celestial sphere.

By language of the heart, wordless yet replete with meaning, we joined in spirit-communion, she explaining what had previously been incomprehensible to my more sensuous understanding.

By an effort of will she then caused to be opened to my clairvoyant vision a vista peopled with wraiths of the past; and at her behest the curtain was drawn aside, the curtain which hangs 'twixt the present and the secrets of the unexplored.

Together we commenced our journey—the child of heaven and the child of earth—and in the following consecutive stages were set forth and symbolised the struggles, conquests, and failures of the progress of an incarnated soul.

It was spring time; the atmosphere was balmy and soft, the sky an opal-blue. The budding boughs waved to and fro with a listless, monotonous swing: the streamlet glided on unruffled, undisturbed. Now and then the sun's faint rays beamed on the velvet sward; but they were feeble, feeble as myself, a helpless babe.

A species of inertia was predominant; everything was affected thereby; and though nature was both lovely and fair, her charms were as yet unawakened, unknown. The perfection of simplicity was there; her twin sister, purity, by her side; only one thing was lacking—knowledge—which, had it been there, would have served to disturb the placid harmony of the rest. And thus I beheld myself—an infant, borne along by spectral hands, tenderly guarded, watched, and caressed—until the soul quickened. I found myself a responsible being. Then commenced the strife, the hard-fought battle of life.

My heart grew heavy and sad; I sighed and would fain have beheld no more. Would that I could have remained a guileless, untried child.

My companion perceiving, looked pityingly; then with a firm, unflinching hand, she slung a breast-plate round my neck: on that plate was inscribed three words—*talismatic words*—which I repeated, and then, revived, was eager to press on.

The scene changed. It was bright summer weather; the atmosphere, though warm, was clear and invigorating—the landscape refreshing in its verdant vegetation. The meadows looked cool and inviting; the cornfields, with their gay, intrusive poppies, were decked in their regal robes, whilst in the distance the dark green foliage formed an agreeable contrast to the soft blue canopy o'erhead.

And I beheld myself, a child, amidst a group of others like myself, joining in the games and frolics of my young companions.

We were all happy—happy and hearty with the buoyancy of youth. Life for us was one long, joyous dream. Free as the air, we knew not the meaning of

care; to gambol and enjoy was the be-all and end-all of existence to us; and we revelled in the sunshine with a kitten's delight. I liked to linger over this scene; everything was so attractive, so fresh, so fair. All was in unison, too, as before, though now the fundamental principle was a species of reckless carelessness, of sensuous enjoyment of the present, and capabilities limited to self-gratification. It was the glory of a day, the glory of an hour. I watched myself, a pretty, light-hearted girl, and once more experienced those self-same feelings, recalled by the spectral legion before me.

For the nonce I entered into the sports with my former youthful ardour, and could sympathise with, aye, and desire to retain those days when responsibility and anxiety were as yet unknown.

As these thoughts came into my mind, my angel-guide, with finger upraised, directed my attention to the beautiful sky above.

The shades of evening now mellowed the effect of the setting sun; the landscape was roofed with opal, and glinted a thousand gay-coloured tints. The children sang their evensong: a merry group they made, and as their voices rang cheerily, a cloud arose upon the horizon, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, yet dark and ominous.

And as it rose it cast a shade upon the face of one of those children.

The light died out, and with it the gladness of heart; she paused in her singing, tears rushed into her eyes, she uttered a stifled cry, then fled distressed, terrified, she knew not why—that child was myself.

I shuddered, and would fain have shut out further sight; but my companion breathed upon the armour at my breast, and the cabalistic letters shone out with even more distinctness than before.

I caught the words they formed, and with them courage to pursue.

Then I beheld in the solitary retreat whither she had fled an angel appear unto that child; and in that angel I did recognise the seraphic beauty of the guardian by my side. Even as this idea occurred to me she was cognisant of it; and, smiling, pressed my hand and beckoned me on. "Onward and upward," she said.

We journeyed on, borne, as it were, by the breath of heaven: with no conscious effort on our part we were transported whithersoever the desire of my spirit-guide might dictate. Region upon region, sphere upon sphere, passed in succession so rapid that merely a casual glimpse was permitted; nevertheless this sufficed to explain to my disencumbered understanding that the incidents therein portrayed were an exact representation of those in which I myself had been an actor in my earlier life. The pictures were fitful—varying—depicting scenes now bright, now dull. At times the sun-rays illumined my path with a golden light, its brilliancy glorifying my girlish face, and for the nonce I was wrapt in Elysian dream. And then I awakened, to find myself a child of earth, with a purpose visionary, yet high; intentions and resolves equally as lofty and, alas! equally as frail.

Friends, acquaintances, relations—companions of my youth—all were there, and my happiest moments

were those in which I was surrounded by kindly and sympathetic souls.

And yet now I could perceive that this was not my real nature, this external: there was another, an inner, that the world knew not of. I saw myself occasionally, and, as years rolled on, more frequently withdrew from my associates to hearken to a voice which in me spoke.

For hours I remembered that thus I had loved to sit and hold communion with my other self; and to me this was more sweet than aught I had ever experienced before. Already my highest impulses had been checked, my best resolutions daunted, my less selfish efforts frustrated: my spirit, thus chilled, had turned to solitude to seek relief. The scales thus ruthlessly snatched from my eyes, I had discovered deceit and enmity in more than one who had professed disinterested friendship for me; and somewhat hardened, perhaps, my heart was far from breaking, only it grew doubting and sore. It is an awful thing when the incontrovertible fact of meanness and inordinate selfishness is brought unmasked for the first time before the youthful and unsuspecting mind.

In my case this cruel awakening had been soon; the seeds of unfaith were planted early, earlier than in most, that was all.

With this distrust a severance had sprung up 'twixt myself and those who had been so dear to me; a gulf that widened and could not be bridged. I had drifted on a sea of scepticism, and was tossed hither and thither in my struggles to swim against the tide. Baffled, beaten, distressed, I waged defiance with the misery stimulating my breast; until, their patience tried, they left me to my fate, they who had been really deserving and true.

Again I saw myself—alone, always alone, and most alone when mingling in the society of the happy and the gay, for mine was a solitude of the heart. Thus it was that I had acquired the habit of living, as it were, a double existence: the one external, superficial, false; the other—ah, what shall I say of it? Inexplicable even unto myself, it is a germ that once vitalised must go on strengthening, progressing, until it attain perfection in a future state.

And now my companion again upraised her finger, and I perceived that little cloud on the distant horizon had grown to vast dimensions; then a chorus of angel voices was borne upon the breeze, chanting—

“The spirit has its risings and settings of sun and moon, its clouds and stars, its seasons, its solstices, its tides, its winds, its storms, its earthquakes—infinite vitality in endless fluctuation.”

And as their voices waxed faint in the distance the wind arose, gaining force as it spread along. The sun o’ershadowed, grey darkness reigned: the landscape, now reft of its pleasing vesture, appeared in gaunt array: the atmosphere grew chill and biting, and the hurricane impending was impatient to blight each blossom and bud which gemmed fair nature’s bower. Rumbblings of thunder thrilled the air; lightning flashes rent the leaden sky; whilst a tide of unrest flowed in, its waves beating the shore and lashing whatsoever opposed with an awful, fiendish fury.

The tempest drew nigh, and the noise of the wind

and tide shrieked ominously in my ear. Devastation was abroad as far as my eye could reach—a devastation typical of my state—cold and barren and dark.

I stood unmoved, immovable, and watched the surf as it approached. I was alone, unhappy, and yet I dared to challenge, all unprotected as I was: my breastplate, alas, had gone.

So I turned and faced the storm, the terrible strife, with defiance on my brow and misery at my heart. But presently a cloud burst upon me, the cloud which had arisen no bigger than a man’s hand, the cloud which now encompassed the firmament of heaven: then intense fear took possession of me, and my soul cried out for mercy, forgiveness, love. That cry was heard, and in answer my angel guardian appeared and caught me fainting in her arms.

“Dear child of earth,” she murmured, “thou hast proved thyself more frail than erring. Consider well these pictures of the past—ponder, reflect, that thou mayst gain experience for the ages yet to come. I would not have thee shun the bygone days: replete with trials and temptations, sorrows and wounds, they teach a hard-earned lesson, a lesson that all must learn, and they help to strengthen and subdue. Aweary, disheartened, and pressed, thou thoughtst to stand alone; but the burden of trouble fell great, thou couldst not bear it, child. Then, owning thy weakness, thy soul cried out in fear; that cry was the link that binds us. The chain thus reunited I could approach to guard thee; thine amulet was restored; and I rejoice, my sister, for I perceive that from this moment thou wilt doubt no more, neither shall I be withheld from thy side.”

Again, I felt abashed; and, lifting my hand, felt eagerly for the armour I had worn. It was there; its inscription shining with still more effulgence than heretofore; my amulet was safe.

“Onward and upward,” I murmured, repeating those talismanic words. An angel-choir took up the theme and responded in one harmonious and grand “Amen.”

Tranquillity was restored; harmony prevailed; a delicious serenity stole into my breast. But I had tasted of the fruit of knowledge; its flavour was luscious, my soul thirsted for more. A life of ease, undevelopment, would not suffice for me. I must be up and doing; must turn afresh to the battle, invigorated by the experiences of the past.

Then again my guardian spake unto me:

“And wouldst thou raise the veil, my sister; the veil that enshrouds the features of the unexplored? Then keep close by my side, and faint not, though hard and steep the road; nor boast thyself of the sunshine, its rays are fitful and may scorch at times. Breathe on thine armour, brace thy nerves; art thou prepared?”

“I am.”

The veil was raised: we journeyed on. For miles the way was rugged and uphill, hard and stony, beset with briars and thorns. Clouds of dust swooped down upon us, blinding and impenetrable; then fogs choked and obscured the path, and chasms yawned at our feet. The briars must needs be pushed aside, the streams forded, the chasms bridged. In the long dark night of earth I beheld myself a pilgrim, striving to travel the steep and narrow way, climbing

the mountains with their deep ravines, their treacherous morasses and fatal abysses, with no other light than that divine spark emitted from the Fountain of all Light and Life Temporal and Eternal, Material and Spiritual: that divine spark whose source is God, and which of itself is sufficient to lead one out of darkness, error, and sin.

Then the air upon that heaven-kissing hill came sweet and soothing, and, looking back, my spirit was amazed and swelled with triumph at the difficulties overcome. My companion still and ever by my side had proven herself in times of danger or perplexity masculine in her strength to protect; in times of woe or gladness, feminine in her power to soften or partake—a dual nature, combining the loftiest attributes pertaining to either sex.

And now did kindly nature reawaken in all her vernal loveliness; the foliage more green, the flowers more rare, after the late period of dismal dearth. The sun shone brightly; alas! too brightly; for, be it remembered, this was symbolic of earth—its rays lending warmth to my soul, impetus to my pulse, and stimulating the nerve-centres. I felt competent to achieve aught, and in my impetuosity was about to take a step—a step which might have plunged me in a whirlpool of discord and strife—when the outstretched hand of my guide restrained me with a gentle rebuke. Then I beheld the wreck those golden sunbeams had wrought: the vegetation was parched, the boughs hung withered and dry, the rarest blossoms lay seared and dead. And that still, small voice within me prayed earnestly for rain: sunshine and smiles alone serve not to nourish the soul.

In answer a cloud was evolved—a shade that dimmed those scorching rays, not black and stupendous, but dull, and sombre, and grey—a care-cloud, made up of anxiety and woe. Self must be neglected, forgotten, ignored; another must claim my whole attention, one frail as myself, and, alas! even less able to resist. I watched that erring soul till my heart was full and sore. Tears of human sympathy coursed my cheeks. Never had I felt so weak as now. Help was needed; it was for me to give that help. And yet so much was at stake! Worldly aggrandisement, honour, and fame weighed down the balance in the scales of selfish discretion. For an instant only I wavered; then in contemptuous anger quenched these promptings of my lower nature, and allowed my exalted self to rise superior to the infirmities of the flesh.

I was willing, eager, and yet how miserably incompetent to act! I did my best—poor enough it was—and failed. Again I tried, and again with like result. Then my spirit cried out for strength and power to save an erring human soul; a prayer wrung from my heart for another, not for myself.

A company of ministering angels hearkened to that prayer, and hastened to bear it up unto the Celestial Throne. One more effort; and this time it was fraught with success. Pale, quivering lips pronounced my name with grateful thanks and blessings. To me this would be worth more than aught that success, or wealth, or fame could bring. This would be the brightest star in the firmament of my earthly existence—the gem of all gems that adorn my eternal

crown—the beacon that illumines the way to a home of peace and sunshine.

I caught the glance of my companion; her countenance beamed with seraphic joy. Then I knew it was she who had urged me to the fulfilment of a noble action. I was but the instrument; it was not for me to boast.

She understood my thoughts, and, rejoicing, whispered:

“Well done, dear child of earth. It has been said, ‘To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that received it.’” (Rev. ii. 17.)

“And I awoke, and behold it was a dream.”

#### A NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN SPIRITUALISM.

NEXT Monday, a new public lending library, at moderate rates of subscription, will be opened at *The Spiritualist Office*, 33, Museum-street, London; catalogues may be had on and after that day on application. The library will contain at the outset a goodly number of carefully-selected standard books of our own and past times, and a considerable portion of the income derived from the subscriptions will be expended in adding both old and newly-published books to the collection. During the past few years, scores of books, extending in their dates over two or three centuries, and interesting to Spiritualists, have been announced for sale in the catalogues of second-hand dealers, without any attempt having been made by anybody to secure them for the general public use of the movement. This long-neglected duty will now be taken in hand, and the more numerous the names of subscribers to “The Spiritualist Library” flow in, the more rapidly will scarce and valuable works be sought after in the outer world and bought up.

“PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.”—Last Wednesday morning, Mr. Henry Cook, of 53, Eleanor-road, Hackney, passed to the higher life after a lingering illness. He will long be remembered by Spiritualists for the kindness and hospitality with which he for years welcomed to his home inquirers into the nature of the remarkable spiritual phenomena presented in the mediumship of two of his daughters, and for the facilities he gave for investigation. His age was fifty-one.

MR. SERJEANT COX.—Mr. Serjeant Cox was sometimes slandered in his lifetime by rumours that his convictions on Spiritualism were in advance of his utterances, and since his decease one or two journals have given currency to such rumours, which his friends know to be without foundation. For a long time he believed all the materialisation *séances* he attended, and at most of which I was present with him, to be imposture, the phenomena in early times being presented under such wretched “test” conditions, including the *séance* on the premises of two professional mediums, at which he asked a head “Are you my uncle, Robert Cox?” A lawyer, even when of small intelligence, would never put a leading question like this if he desired proof of identity, but would do so to see how quickly the powers at work would take the hint after the fashion of fortune-tellers. I was there, and he told me that he not only believed this, but all other materialisation *séances* he attended about that time, to be imposture. A year or two later he believed that “materialisations” were mediums in a state of trance, but after he saw strong evidence through the mediumship of Mr. Harry Bastian and Mr. Williams, he honestly and publicly admitted the facts, as was his wont.—W. H. HARRISON.

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The Dialectical Society, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, appointed a large committee, which for two years investigated the phenomena occurring in the presence of non-professional mediums, and finally reported that the facts were true, that the raps and other noises governed by intelligence were real, and that solid objects sometimes moved in the presence of mediums without being touched.

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One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household, and about one new circle in three, formed according to the following instructions, obtains the phenomena:—

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2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit in subdued light, but sufficient to allow everything to be seen clearly, round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is of little importance. Any table will do.

3. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an aerid feeling against them is weakening.

4. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature.

5. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first indications will probably be table-tilting or raps.

6. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion let one person only speak; he should talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three raps be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

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8. Should no results be obtained at the first two *séances* because no medium chances to be present, try again with other sitters. A medium is usually an impulsive individual, very sensitive to mesmeric influences.

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