

THE Unseen Universe.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to Spiritism, Occultism, Ancient Magic, Modern Mediumship,
and every subject that pertains to the Whence, What, and Whitherward of Humanity.

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE FINE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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Entitled,

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Under the sole charge and conduct of

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

THIS Magazine has been established in response to a widespread demand for a journal that shall treat of the above-named vast theme without fear, favour, or limitation, yet with sufficient literary ability to meet the demands of the humblest as well as the most highly cultured classes of thinkers—a journal that will not trench upon the ground already occupied by the London Spiritual papers, yet will supplement matter that cannot be included in their columns.

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THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

NO. II.

PROLOGUE TO THE OPENING ARTICLE.

The following paper on "Occultism in Paris" has been sent to me from thence, but pressure on my time and attention has hitherto prevented my translating and writing it out. The appearance of the requisite translation in the Boston "*Arena*," tempts me to reprint *in extenso* matter of some interest to the readers of this magazine.

I must remark, however, *a priori*, that whilst it may be exceedingly desirable for a large number of persons to combine together in established quarters to search into the mysteries of the *unseen universe of being*, I, for one, am at a loss to conceive how the Spiritualists who believe in the perpetuation of the soul's individuality and consciousness after death, can assimilate in ideality or study with the re-incarnationists, who stamp out that individuality and consciousness, by picturing the soul as returning after death to be some other individuality, and lose all consciousness of its former existence. Then, again, how can either of these sub-divisions of contrary opinion derive benefit from studying Theosophy, which makes the entire realm of spectres, ghosts, spirits, and angels, from Abraham and Lot to the "Rochester knockings," the work of *shells, corpse lights, and emanations from dead bodies*? As to the Cabalists, they are only concerned in translating the half-expressed and purposely-veiled mystic writings of the ancients into modern phraseology.

Then, again, we are told that Hypnotism is not Mesmer's "universal force," but a more modern discovery, veiled under the newly-coined word of "Telepathy," whilst Freemasonry, tacked on to this hotch-potch—(*a term which I perfectly well understand from my own well-verified lectures on that subject*)—has no relation to the destiny of the human soul, except in a vague, allegorical sense. Believing it is only those who read accounts of the political conglomeration of antagonistic ideas that now prevail in the sittings of what is called the "Chamber of Deputies," in Paris, who can understand how the French mind can mix up similar conglomerations of antagonistic ideas under the much abused name of "Occultism," I deem it right to make this protest against the absurd amalgamation attempted in the following descriptions, even whilst I present them to my readers as one of the signs of the time, and an evidence of the drift of modern thought.—EDITOR *U. U.*



OCCULTISM IN PARIS.

BY NAPOLEON NEY.

*Translated by Mrs. Harrington for "The Arena" of
December, 1892.*

THERE exists in Paris an unexplored world, which is all the more important because it is hidden—a world which is difficult to recognise because it is secret.

Far from seeking publicity it purposely remains in shadow and mystery, surrounding itself with secret practices and silent adepts. This is the Hermetic world—the world of the marvellous—which at the close of the nineteenth century and in the midst of an age of scepticism plays a part, the importance of which is scarcely to be conceived.

Illustrious scholars worthy of all respect and confidence have been making conclusive experiments upon the vibratory conditions of matter, airs, and æther, and one can now, without being considered crazy or impious, interest oneself in the study of phenomena which only yesterday would have passed for the vagaries of a disordered mind, but which to-morrow will be demonstrated as scientific truths. Human magnetism, with its psychic results; the effect of hypnotism, magnets, etc., etc., have all been scientifically studied, and even the questions of apparitions, double personalities, materialization of spectres, etc., have not ceased to belong to the domain of the marvellous, whilst entering step by step into that of scientific observation and proven fact.

The lovers of the marvellous in Paris are to be counted by thousands. They bear different names according to the groups or schools to which they belong. They constitute the adepts of the occult, and their theories make

proselytes continually, recruited from the ranks of the higher classes of society.

There is a veritable fermentation in the Parisian brain which does not escape the intelligent mind. Enlightened people no longer deny it.

In a recent discourse, the young and brilliant academician the Vicomte de Vogüé said to the students of France : " You have only to look about you to see that the world is in travail with new ideas and forms. A sound from the nether world increases and covers all other sounds—cries of revolt and cries of pity ; these tell of the childbirth of the new."

The world of the marvellous in Paris is one of the crucibles where the new is silently elaborated. Paris is the most active centre of the old world. We live in the midst of the occult. It is everywhere. We do not see it, but it encompasses and penetrates us, though we know it not. This is the story of how I came to know the occult in Paris, how I became associated in the movement, and became an adept :—

A few years since I was dining in the house of a friend, at the side of a lady whose husband was well known in the industrial world, his factory being situated in the environs of Paris. After having exhausted the hackneyed topics of current conversation with my fair neighbour, the talk turned, I do not know how, upon more serious subjects.

The name of M. Le Play was pronounced. To my great surprise Madame X. was quite familiar with the works of the author of the "*Paix Sociale*," and other works which he left behind him. I was surprised, but she told me that M. Le Play had, in spite of his science, considered but one side of the question. She added " What superior results this great thinker might have obtained had he applied his great intelligence to occult science,

which gives the best solutions to these important problems, and by the aid of which surprising results are obtained."

My curiosity was excited, and I pressed the lady with new questions. She merely said: "If this subject really interests you, talk to my husband about it after dinner."

In the smoking room I repeated to M. X. his wife's words. With great good nature he furnished me information which was listened to by those who took part in our conversation. I learned some very surprising facts: that Paris—our Paris, careless and sceptical—is the centre of a movement of philosophical renovation of abstract study, the importance of which we little suspect.

Paris is the focus of an occult agitation participated in by thousands of adepts, belonging principally to the intellectual classes. They are in relation with the occult sympathizers scattered over the whole earth, whose numbers pass beyond count, without distinction of religion or race, and all pursuing the same end, that of a high philosophy. The initiated—the "magi" as they are called, according to their degree of instruction—form in Paris numerous sections, bearing different names, but having the same doctrines and tending to the same end.

These societies have special places of reunion. They have oral and written means of propaganda; journals, reviews, and lectures where the doctrines are taught; where is conferred the initiation to the different degrees! In their secret meetings the adepts, Cabalists, Spiritualists, Theosophists, produce phenomena which the ancients would have called prodigies or miracles.

Without speaking of the experiments of seeing at a distance, of suggestion during sleep and waking hours, of hypnotic facts, which begin to be accepted by public opinion and official science, the initiated Parisian sees realised, in addition to the different Spiritistic phenomena,

the prodigies which until now have remained the *appanage* of the fakirs and scientists of India. All these things Dr. Giliér, the former assistant of the illustrious Pasteur, now residing in New York, has named for France, "Occidental Fakirism."

Direct communication between adepts separated by great distances, the transportation of heavy bodies through space, letters passing in a few moments from one country to another, flowers covered with dew produced in locked rooms, the rapid growth of roots into plants and fragrant blossoms before the eyes of observers, levitation in the air, double personality, materialization of the astral body, and many other unnamed phenomena, these are the experiments which have been made many times of late with abundant success in Paris, and occasionally reported of and repeated by Mons. Pelletier, and all these curious experiments are wrought, it is claimed, by the use of natural forces only, of which men have but little knowledge, and which Colonel De Rochas, Director of the Paris Polytechnic School, so justly calls "the undefined forces."

Professor Crookes, a member of the Royal Society of London, and a correspondent of the French Institute, has obtained wonderful results, related in a book called "The Psychic Force." He reports in the case of Miss Florence Cook, a young brunette *embonpoint* lady, a materialization of a slender blonde phantom, who repeatedly appeared to Professor Crookes and his friends near Miss Cook, who was seen asleep. The most cautious efforts were made to prevent deception. Electric currents of high tension formed a closed circuit around the observers. All sorts of tests were applied to the sleeping Miss Cook, and yet the phantom rose, walked, talked to the assistants, gave them her hand, related her past life, and permitted herself to be photographed. One of the photographs taken in

the Professor's laboratory shows Dr. Crookes, Miss Cook asleep, and the materialized phantom standing awake.

I shall relate, in support of these undefined forces, an anecdote which I reproduce in spite of its strangeness, as I heard it from the hero of the story himself, one of the most trustworthy of men. A consul of France, starting for India, and being temporarily in London, was presented to one of the principal dignitaries of the Theosophical Society of Adyar, India. During a rather long interview, the high dignitary explained the doctrines of the Theosophical Society, made him acquainted with the very important results already acquired, spoke of the occult powers to which their common studies conducted, and ended by asking our compatriot to join them. Monsieur le Consul Y., sceptic by temperament and as incredulous as Thomas, was greatly interested in what he had just heard. He approved cordially of the avowed object of the Theosophical Society (union and charity), but as to occult power he declared clearly that he did not believe in it. It was all legerdemain, lying, illusion, hallucination . . . there was nothing real in it. The representative of the Theosophical Society promised him that the day should not pass without bringing him a satisfactory proof.

Two hours later, having returned to his hotel, the consul, who is my friend, wrote in his room with closed doors a few last letters, as his departure was fixed for the morrow. Suddenly there appeared before him (as he expressed it) a Hindu, dressed as a Brahmin. After saluting my friend by name, the unknown said to him in English, which he spoke with a foreign accent, that he had come from — (a large city in India), to convince Monsieur Y. of the occult powers possessed by the members of the Theosophical Society.

"Just now," continued he, "I am at —, and have

come to you in my astral body materialized to salute a brother of to-morrow. You doubtless think yourself the victim of an hallucination or of some outside suggestion. Not at all! My presence is real; here is the proof of it."

Taking from about his throat a necklace of sandal-wood beads, he threw them upon the table.

"Keep them until you arrive at your destination; you will find me waiting at the point of debarkation, and you can then return my necklace. Do you still doubt?"

My friend, much surprised by what he had seen, replied that in case this proved to be true, he would believe.

The sandal-wood necklace lay upon the table, and exhaled a strong penetrating odour. The Consul examined it carefully, but was obliged to accept the evidence. *Some one* had brought the necklace to his room, for it was not there a few moments before.

My friend carefully wrote out the account of this mysterious visit, and afterwards showed it to me. He placed the sandal-wood necklace in his valise, and next day embarked for India. As he approached his destination he directed his ship glass towards the shore, and there at once saw the Brahmin draped in the same costume as his mysterious visitor, and the moment my friend set foot on shore the Brahmin approached him and humbly begged the return of his necklace. The consul has since become a fervent member of the Theosophical Society.

To return to my visit of initiation, however. My interlocutor continued: "Occult study is at first very arduous, many turn from it. Have you strength and resolution enough to persist?"

"I have."

"Good—I will send you one of our papers."

A few days later I received a pamphlet entitled *Revue Philosophique Independent des Hautes Etudes*. This

paper treated of Hypnotism, Theosophy, Kabbala, Freemasonry, etc., etc. Eight days later I received an invitation for the next open meeting of the *Independent Group for Esoteric Study*. I attended this and other meetings, and was at last admitted to the closed meetings. I also sedulously attended lectures upon Theosophy, Occultism, and Magnetism, and in time perfected my knowledge and penetrated further and further into the different circles where occult instruction was given.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study, formed by adherent societies, either affiliated or represented, is the centre of the most important occult movement in Paris. The following are the names of some societies inscribed at headquarters:—The Spiritualists' Society, the Magnetic Society, the Psychic Magnetic Society, the Sphinx, the Occult Fraternity, the True Cross, the Martinists' Initiation Groups, the Masonic Groups for Initiatory Studies. All these have their headquarters in Paris. We do not mention here the societies of the provinces and in foreign countries, which may be counted by hundreds.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study has a four-fold object. It makes known the principal data of occult science in all its branches. It instructs members who are then ready to become Martinists, Masons, Theosophs, etc. It establishes lectures on all branches of Occultism; and, finally, it investigates the phenomena of Spiritism, magnetism, and magic, lighted only by the torch of pure science. The meetings of the groups were first held in the Soumée Passage. Since last year they have been held in the Rue de Trévisé, in private quarters. Here are both open and closed meetings. The latter are reserved for the initiated alone, and are accompanied by psychic, spiritistic, and mediumistic phenomena. On some days I have seen there more than one hundred and fifty students, composed principally of literary and

scientific persons. Many cultured men and women from the highest ranks of Parisian society attend. The members of an embassy from the north of Europe attend the closed meetings regularly. The late Lord Lytton, when living in Paris as English ambassador, was a constant attendant at the Rue de Trévisé.

The open sessions, where admittance is obtained by the presentation of a personal card, are devoted to lectures of a general character. They are sometimes accompanied by experiments in hypnotization and materialization, and on these days the Rue de Trévisé is too small to contain the audience. At the last *séance* more than four hundred persons were unable to gain admittance. The group is now looking for larger quarters.

Esoterism, or the study of occult science, is spreading step by step in Paris. It penetrates into all quarters, without noise, but with slow certainty, by continuous absorption.

By the side of the Jewish rabbis, Protestant pastors and Catholic priests are becoming propagators of occult instruction. The *Rue Croix* affords refuge to more than one Romish abbé in its mystic fraternity. One of them—in fact, a doctor in the Sorbonne and a celebrated preacher—is known under the pseudonym of Alta among the members of the Supreme Council of Twelve, called the “Superior Unknown,” of the Theosophical Society, of which the seat is in Paris.

Outside the schools of occultism there exist two heterodox groups of the marvellous in Paris—spiritists and magnetisers. Both are respectable seekers after truth, but they are experimenters before everything else.

The two schools, psychic and fluidic, have each their methods, which do not accord. Both have caught glimpses of the Hermetic doctrine of a universal fluid. The fluidists are the oldest, dating from Mesmer to

Dupotet, passing by the way D'Esilon, Delange, Puységur, etc. The psychics with Allan Kardec and his disciples, have been grouped scarcely fifty years.

What characterizes the occult movement in Paris in 1892, at the close of the nineteenth century, is neither the special sect nor specific rites embodying still unexplained phenomena. . . .

The multiplicity of investigations in our age of extreme criticism have given new and original solutions to questions of history, science, religion, and the origin of things. They are not yet accepted by science; to-morrow they will constitute official instruction. . . . when we shall have lifted the sombre veil which hides our origin.

Thus having followed with complete loyalty and entire impartiality the occult movement, putting aside completely the instruction received in the schools, I am ready to say with the great philosopher, Montaigne, "What do I know?"

A FAMILY PICTURE.

BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

AN old wife sat by her bright fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair whose cranky caw
Told a tale of long ago;
When down by her side on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
Till the light of his pipe went out;
And unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws
Rolled and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep
Like a single drop of dew;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,
The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eyebeam.

Yet marvelled he more that the cheerful light
Of her eye had weary grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—
So he said, in a gentle tone :
" I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim,
And now there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair—for him ;
" Then wonder not at the dimmed eyelight—
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

" I can but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrappings were wont to lay
In the basket, awaiting the needle's aid—
Now wandered so far away ;
How the sprightly steps to a mother dear
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

" For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there's an empty seat ;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet ;
"Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight,
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

" 'Twas said that far through the forest wild
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkling caves
Were gemmed with the fairest gold ;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

" Another went forth on the foaming wave,
And diminished the basket store—
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more—
And this nook in its emptiness seemeth to me
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

" Two others have gone toward the setting sun
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share
To mend by the fireside bright ;
Some other baskets their garments fill—
But mine ! oh mine is emptier still !

"Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day.
Oh, wonder no more at the dimm'd eye-sight
While I mend but one pair of stockings to-night."

EXTRACTS FROM "GHOSTLAND," VOL. II.;

OR,

RESEARCHES INTO THE REALM OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

By the Author of "Art Magic."

*Translated and Collated by Emma H. Britten.**

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PART XI.

EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT.—*Continued.*

To those who have attentively perused the last few chapters of these papers I now purpose to anticipate and answer some of the unspoken, but inevitable questions that must grow out of the propositions previously stated. It will be asked in the first place by what intermediary process of change the Spiritual essence which I claim to "sleep in the rock, live in the plant, and live, feel, and think in the animal," arrives at the perfection of material being in manhood, the state wherein all previous Spiritual experiences are combined, with the addition of prophetic intimations of immortality. Next it will be questioned whether the animal kingdom has a conscious and individualised existence beyond mortal dissolution, and, if so, where; and finally, the problem has yet to be settled as to the location of the world of Spirits and its ultimate

* By permission of the author.

point of attainment—if, indeed, any such ultimate can be known or defined. As a response to the primary question covers much of the ground that is occupied throughout the entire subject, I will now pause on one of the first steps in the ladder of "Spiritual evolution," a doctrine which is all too little known or recognised outside of the students of Occultism.

OF ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

Throughout the realm of nature every form of matter, whether tangible or not to sensuous perception, is accompanied by a Spiritual essence, corresponding to the several states in which matter exists. As long as these states are beneath the status of humanity, they are properly classified by Occultists as "Elementary Spirits." Sometimes they grow and take shape purely from unformed elements or the emanations of the mineral or plant kingdoms—more frequently they originate from the breaking up of the forms of matter, when the spiritual part of the disintegrated substance takes on shapes and states always characteristic of the element from which it grew. Let it be understood that Spirit is the primal and ever-present first part of the Trinity of Spirit, Force, and Matter, which constitutes the sum of the Universe, and there will be no dissent from the allegation that there are Spiritual existences corresponding to the Air, the Water, the Earth, and, that heat and light generated by the galvanic action between the sun and his planets called "Fire."

These elementary existences have been written of and believed in as an item of superstition, but never thoroughly defined or accepted as a proven fact in being, except by the few who have seen or encountered them—or the devotees of Occultism, whose experiences transcend in a measure those who simply hold communion with the Spirits of humanity.

I myself and all my associates in the schools of Occultism (amongst whom I am privileged to include Mrs. Hardinge Britten) have not only seen but made ourselves acquainted with the nature of elementary existences, and what I am about to write is given as the result of absolute knowledge.

The lower classes of elementals, such as those which emanate from, or grow out of, mineral or plant life, are seldom intelligent enough to communicate with mortals, though they are powerful in their own realms of being. The elemental spirits of minerals are frequently found lingering in the mines, and giving by sounds, impressions, and sometimes by the appearance of very small, dwarfish apparitions, signals which lead to the discovery of mineral veins and precious metals. There are few mining regions in which there are not traditions, or genuine narratives, of the appearance of what are called "Kobolds," and manifestations of the interest which such spirits take in the discovery and use of mineral "lodes." William Howitt, in his *Berg Geister*, and Mrs. Hardinge Britten, in her own experiences, have each written of these "Kobolds" in terms that admit of no denial.* The miners in California, Mexico, Bohemia, Hungary, and other regions wherein metals abound, all unite in describing pigmy apparitions, sounds, and other indications of sympathy rendered during mining operations by beings of a clearly sub-human nature. Elemental Spirits of the air, water, woods, and earth, have been believed in, and in hundreds of reliable instances been described, in various countries, and on occasions too numerous to be the mere phantasy of "folk lore" or imagination.

As a practical Occultist myself, I insist that I and my fellow students have not only encountered these "Nature

* I propose to republish a few of my own experiences in connection with elementary existences in some succeeding numbers.—Ed. U. U.

Spirits" in unnumbered instances, but received proofs of their existence from many eminent persons, who, like Occultists in general, consider there are more evidences of the manifestation of Elementals than of excarnated human spirits.

The "nature" or purely "Elementary Spirits" subsist as such for a brief period only; they are then re-incarnated in the animal and bird kingdoms, and from thence enter into spheres peculiarly appropriate to animal Spirits, until their brief term of spheral life terminates in an incarnation as man.

These steps in the ladder of Spiritual evolution seldom, if ever, occur on the same earth or planet throughout the entire chain. There are millions of billions of earths in space, of which man on this mere speck in infinity knows nothing, and up to the astronomical revealments of the last few centuries could have had no knowledge of. All is changed now. Infinity instead of *space*, and eternity in place of *time*—are words so fraught with boundless meaning that profound thinkers modestly substitute the phrase "I do not know" for the language of narrow egotism, "*impossible*." Thus, instead of trying to sneer out of popular acceptance the visionary creatures of ancient "folk lore," the true psychical investigator will wait and watch, and after attempting to discover the boundary lines between Spirit and matter, he will reverently enter into the arcanum of spiritual evolution, and pursuing his researches from the incarnate to the excarnate worlds of being, he will soon discover that he cannot intelligently master one ascending step until he has descended, and in the profoundest depths realized that there are beginnings of form, but never of elements; and ends of states, but never of being.

Should I be questioned, whether in the spirit of ridicule or earnest inquiry, wherein are to be found the realms of

elemental and animal Spiritual existence, I should answer by reminding my questioner how exact science has determined that there are yet finer states of atmosphere than those in which the microscope has detected the invisible insect world of "Infusoria," and more subtle fluidic conditions than those which hold the nations of *Animalculæ* inhering in the dewdrop.

For the present, science has denominated that finer and more sublimated atmosphere as "æther," and so named the realms of air which the aeronaut discovers beyond the earth's atmosphere. Whilst it is deemed impossible for human life, as now organized, to exist in such realms, there is no reason to suppose that Spiritual life, invisible as it is to our *sensuous* perception, does not and cannot dwell therein. On the contrary, since the advent of modern Spiritualism there are the best of reasons for believing that what science calls "æther," belting and zoning as it does the earth's atmosphere beyond a given height from the ground, is in fact the Spiritual atmosphere. Furthermore, as Spirits insist that the Spirit spheres commence *here*, right within and upon this globe, and extend outward until the Spirit spheres of one planet impinge upon those of its next planetary neighbour in space; also that this "æther," growing finer, purer, and more sublimated as it surges outward, and soars away in space, constitutes the realm of the soul world; penetrating down through the lowest depths and ascending to the supremest heights beyond the earth.

The coarsest realms of this soul world, then constitute the country of the Elementaries. Here they linger during a brief space of embryotic existence until they are attracted as vital sparks to the germ life of some member of the animal kingdom. Born thus into a new attribute of Spiritual life, namely, INDIVIDUALITY, the spirits of the animals on the lower planes of life, such as the radiate,

mollusc, articulate, the reptile, or other metamorphic forms, continue to transmigrate until by long continued successions of lives, deaths, temporary spiritual states, and re-births on higher planes, they are fitted to advance from these temporary paradises of rest in spherul states to the last and culminating point of their embryotic chain of being—MAN. Here the gestating process of the spirit ENDS. I deny emphatically that the spirit of the man ever returns to earth to be born again as man. The transmigration of soul life from the elementary to the animal, from one stage of animal existence to another, and finally to man, is all as purely EMBRYOTIC as is the gestating process of the nucleated cell to the fully perfected infant in the maternal organism. Once born as man, the spirit, whether originating its human experiences in the highest or lowest of conditions, has attained the apex of its earthly material destiny, and commences a totally fresh set of experiences as a spirit, and moves upwards and onwards—it may be through higher planetary or solar migrations—until it becomes a solar angel, endowed with all the divine functions of being, incomprehensible to mind still enshrouded in the veil of mortality in earthly existence.

It only remains to add, that the vast and seemingly unaccountable differences which exist in the characters as well as the destinies of pilgrim souls entering upon the planes of mortal life, are due to the fact, that different grades of human nature attract to themselves different spiritual elements of animal life, but always such as are in harmony alike with their physical and mental natures. Thus the characteristics of special animal natures frequently reappear in human life, and not unfrequently present traces of their alliance with the animal kingdom in their physiognomy. Of course it must be remembered that there are an infinite number of modifying conditions

accompanying the embryotic life of each mortal, and these aid in determining character and mind, physique and physiognomy. The physical and mental conditions of the parents, atmospheric, solar, and planetary influences prevailing during the embryotic period of life, to say nothing of the mental and physical states of the mother, and the subsequent training of infantile and youthful periods, all these and a thousand other modifying conditions attendant upon the offspring of humanity,—in man's present state of lamentable ignorance both of physical and psychological powers, must all be borne in mind as factors in the formation of the embryotic germ, and the development of human character. For the continuation of super-human life in spheral states, I shall write of this in my next paper. At present I can only shrink back from my theme to myself, when I take count of the pitiful insufficiency of words, mere words, to clothe ideas which stretch away from infinity to eternity, and become perverted, almost caricatured, by the attempts to attire the majesty of the Universe in the robes which befit only the "poor player." Whether it were best to be the painted butterfly springing from the dead chrysalis to live its little hour of joy and gladness in the bright sunshine, unconscious alike of life, death, or hereafter, or the mighty thinking ever-aspiring and never-realizing, immortal man—torn and rent with fruitless research for the knowledge which evades his grasp—compelled to wander on for ever! for ever! through an Infinity of which even the most remote shadow is lost in immensity, who knows?

Once more the murmurs of my impatient and restless spirit are hushed by the voice of the angel echoing still the Divine tones of the Infinite, so distant—yet so near—within the soul of man himself—"Be still, and know that I am God!"

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN REVIVALS.

WE have received quite a number of California papers of recent date, containing the account of scenes which come under the caption of the above heading. Remembering how constantly the press of all Christian countries have been prompt to record with shameful exaggerations any follies that may have been obtruded into the works, circles, and gatherings of Spiritualists, and how no less prone the said press is to shut out all records of our signs, wonders, healings, and noble teachings from their columns, we feel it to be a duty to recommend the press of a *Christian* age to look at home, and if it has not had warning enough of Christian *salvation* doings through the *revelations* of Mr. Brick, the ex-Salvationist, let them explain away, *if they can*, the following record from the old San Francisco *Golden Gate* :—

When the press intimate that Spiritualism leads to imbecility or mental derangement they should not forget that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. It is not infrequently reported that Christian camp meetings and revivalisms have turned the heads of people, leading to insanity and madness.

To judge by the following items from San Francisco, we might say that Christianity is doing good work for the insane asylums in the State of which San Francisco is the metropolis and head centre.

“A lady evangelist from Indiana has been conducting a revival in Oakland, San Francisco’s sister city across the bay. These meetings take place in a large tent. At one of the meetings a man fell on the altar and appeared unconscious for a time; but suddenly jumping up he declared in eloquent terms that he had just seen an angel with flaming sword who bid him follow. When out of hearing some one else interpreted this to mean that the Lord will be avenged if his word is not accepted.

"Another, in the same condition, began to bark like a dog. A lady explained that this was the devil leaving him.

"A young lady claimed to see the figure 9, which turned over and became a 6. This was explained as meaning that the Lord would come in all his glory in 1896, and that this was the end of the world.

"The next evening, shortly after services began, a woman in a trance, lying on the stage, began to moan and cry aloud. A number of people in the audience arose to their feet to see from whence came the sounds of sorrow. 'Sit down, sit down,' said the evangelist. 'It's only one of the redeemed wrestling in spirit with God for your souls. Oh, you ought to be glad that she is pleading with Jesus for you. Sit down.'

"This was followed by moanings and shoutings of 'Amen.' One man stood up, and moved his hands around and around his head. A woman fought with both hands before her face as if trying to drive away a swarm of bees. Still another young woman raised both hands towards the heavens, and stood rigid and motionless. The evangelist then cried out, 'Behold the power of the Holy Ghost. Ministers don't know of such a power. 'Tis only to the chosen of God it is shown.'

"Suddenly, from the rear of the tent, came the sound of a struggle, and all eyes were turned that way. A thousand people sprang to their feet, and nearly all of them made a rush toward where the special policemen, hired by the evangelists, were apparently struggling with some one.

'Sit down, sit down,' cried the evangelist in her loudest tones, but the excited throng heeded her not. 'Sit down,' she cried, as some of her disciples started in the direction of the disturbance, and finding that she could no longer control the crowd, the evangelist turned

to her choir, and ordered them to sing. Above the music of 500 voices there came to the throng about the altar the sound of benches being broken and smashed and the hoarse cries of men maddened by conflict.

"J. Alexander Massie, the well-known artist of Oakland, and his aged mother had entered the tent a moment or two before. They intended to remain but a short time to observe what was going on, and consequently stood in the rear of the tent. One of the evangelist's special officers approached them, and said: 'Sit down; you can't stand in here.' 'We are going in a moment,' answered young Massie. The officer without further words laid hold of the young man and began pushing him toward the door, dragging his mother after him. Young Massie jerked loose from the officer's grasp and grappled with him. Three other special police employed in the tent ran to their brother officer's assistance, and the crowd ran to Massie's aid. The special police drew their clubs, the men in the crowd used canes; heads were cracked, men were thrown down and trampled on, benches were smashed, and the pieces gathered up as weapons.

"The wildest excitement ensued, and men and women for squares around rushed to the scene. 'Down with the officers,' 'Tear down the tent,' 'Drive them out of town,' 'Humbugs,' 'Frauds,' were a few of the cries heard from the crowd.

"The officers could not gain the entrance to the tent, but with the crowd all around them, tore their way through the canvas at the nearest point. Once outside, Mr. Massie and his mother, who had long before been taken from the special policemen by the crowd, quietly walked away, leaving the special officers in the midst of a mob of angry men. Some one, seeing the peril of the special policemen, ran to the nearest patrol box and

turned in the riot alarm to the central station. Five minutes later the clang, clang, clang of the gong on the patrol wagon sounded, and an instant later it dashed into sight, loaded down with the blue-coated officers of the regular police force, turned out in answer to the first riot alarm ever sounded in the city of Oakland. The crowd scattered like chaff before the wind, and, leaving a dozen policemen on duty around the tent, the wagon returned to the station empty. All this time the evangelist and her converts had been singing at the top of their voices. Another woman had fallen into a trance, and a dozen more men and women were labouring under the most intense excitement.

"Suddenly the evangelist arose from her knees, and, raising her hand, commanded silence. 'Where the Lord's chosen are,' she said, 'there comes the Devil also. Oh God, where on earth is the religion of the Holy Ghost needed more than here!'" . . .

Surely something is needed—notably a little common sense. If revivalists do not possess it, more sensible Christian brethren should discountenance such shows. This is not religion, but a sort of semi-barbaric custom revived with a greater tendency for evil than good—materially and spiritually considered. And those who are inclined to scoff at Spiritualism hereafter should not forget that reformation is needed much nearer home.

"I believe there is a supernatural and a Spiritual world, in which human spirits, both bad and good, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in laws of their place and residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

THE ROMANCE OF COLOMBO.

FROM AN OLD MS.

THIS is the year of our Lord 1508, and the month is the month of May. I write in the courtyard of my little white-walled house near Palos, Spain. In the courtyard the fountain plays, the shrubs flower, the fig trees wave. All is the same as in that bright morning long ago when I looked up and saw him coming through the orange-grove, leading his boy by the hand.

Now I am an old spinster, and since woman's beauty never survives youth in the land of Spain, why should I hesitate to say that they called me beautiful, and that my mirror told me the same tale?

I lived alone with my mother. My father was dead, and my mother grieved perpetually for him.

On that bright October day, as I sat beside the fountain, striving to cheer my mother by singing and playing on my mandolin, I knew that she wept behind the black mantilla she had drawn over her face. The sky was blue; the fountain sparkled in the sunlight. The perfume of the flowers filled the air, but the one she loved best was gone, and nothing charmed her, nothing made her forget. There are women who love thus. We are of them. I put aside my mandolin.

"It is useless," I said to myself. "The old songs only give her pain;" and lifting my eyes, I saw two figures approaching us. One was a man no longer young, but to my eye the handsomest I had ever seen; the other a little boy, who seemed about to faint, and whom the man supported by the arm.

"Mamma," I whispered; and as my mother looked up, the stranger doffed his hat with the air of one who had dwelt at courts, and bowed.

"Pardon, senora!" he said, addressing my mother. "I have overtaxed the strength of my little son. He is unable to go further. May I ask for him a cup of water?"

My mother arose and recognised at a glance a gentleman, and also one who was himself at the point of starvation.

"Senor," she said, "I welcome you. In a moment our evening meal will be served. May I hope that you will both honour us by partaking of it?"

The stranger bowed again, and took the seat my mother indicated. I hastened to the house, and soon the servant brought into the pleasant court the light table, with the tortillas, the chocolate, the oranges, all that formed our simple meal.

"I am the Senora X——," my mother said. "May I inquire the name of my guest?"

"I am Cristoforo Colombo," he replied; "and this is my son Diego. He has recently lost a devoted mother, therefore I take him with me upon my journeys. Neither of us can endure the thought of parting."

"It is the tragedy of life," said my mother. "In the presence of those we love, we live; in their absence, we merely exist."

At table Senor Cristoforo Colombo eat sparingly, but the child frankly revealed the fact that his hunger was acute. This satisfied, he fell asleep from sheer weariness, and my mother, without difficulty, persuaded the Senor to remain all night. A room was prepared, and to this his father bore him, returning to sit with us in the courtyard once more, and to tell us of adventures by land and sea which filled us with amazement.

At last he said—

"Senoras, I am going to Cordova to seek an interview with the King Ferdinand and the Queen Isabella. I am going on foot, as you see, poor as a beggar, but I shall

yet ride in state, followed by servants, *fêted* by the great, adored by the people ; for I go to these monarchs not as a needy adventurer, as you might fancy from my shabby cloak and doublet, but to offer Spain a gift which will make her mighty beyond all other kingdoms of the earth—the gift of new countries never before discovered, of a new world yet unknown to man.”

“Madonna!” cried my mother. “Senor, you are learned, and I am but a woman. But bethink you. Have not all the four corners of the world been visited? If such new lands existed, would they not have been found long ago?”

Signor Cristoforo Colombo smiled.

“Senora,” he said, “those who remain on shore may well believe that the earth is a plain with four corners, over which the heavens are rolled down and fastened.”

“Assuredly,” said my mother. “In my youth Father Salomo told me exactly how it was.”

“As it is believed to be,” the Senor Colombo continued, “and to the landsman it appears so; but to the mariner who has sailed the seas and seen other ships come up from afar to meet him, it is plain that the good God has been pleased to make this our world round, not square.”

“Round?” queried my mother, “like this?” and she indicated some fruit which lay on a plate.

“Round like *this*,” said Senor Colombo, taking an orange. “A globe or sphere floating in the heavens, as do all the other worlds which seem to us but brilliant points of light.”

“Round, like a globe?” cried my mother.

“Yes,” said the senor; “and on the other side it is my belief that there are lands more beautiful than any yet discovered. When I secure the aid thus far refused me, I shall start on a voyage which will have for its object

the eastern shore of Asia ; but on the way I shall meet with those new worlds, the possession of which will cover the monarch who accepts my gift with glory, and give to me a position than which none other can be so proud. I will be the viceroy of those lands !" cried the Senor, rising and pacing about. " My little Diego, who has travelled on foot with me, and who is indebted to you to-night for bread and shelter, shall be only little less than the son of a king one day not far distant, when I have discovered these new worlds."

I clasped my hands, carried away by his enthusiasm ; but my mother spoke hastily—

" Senor Colombo, forgive me, but these can only be wild dreams. If the world is round—still, no one could live in those lands on the under side ; they must all have fallen off long ago, and you would have the vertigo and fall also. And oh, how horrible ! the trees growing downward and the rain falling *up* ! Surely Divine Providence made it so that no man should go to the other side, even if it is not a sin to believe that the world is round before the Church tells us so."

And here my mother crossed herself, and I, trembling between the beautiful fancies of Senor Colombo, in which I wished to believe, and the common sense and piety of my mother, knew not what to say.

" Senora, the world thinks me a visionary. I cannot blame you for joining in the verdict," our guest replied. " A council called by King John of Portugal laughed me to scorn. The Genoese called me a madman, but I shall yet laugh at them, and you, Senoras, will yet say of me, ' He has triumphed.' "

" But what does hold these people on the under side to the earth, Senor ? " I pleaded.

" What holds us here, Senorita ? " he replied, devoutly. " The will of Almighty God, and He has so arranged it,

I believe, that it appears to them as it does to us. In fact, since the world turns about, it must be so."

"Turns about!" I gasped.

He took an orange and ran a twig through it.

"Thus," he said. "See that fly who alights upon the fruit—he does not notice that it turns, nor do we when the earth revolves."

"Madonna!" cried my mother; "all is possible to God, but I cannot believe that I am walking head down, like a fly upon a ceiling, without knowing it."

Afterwards she declared that, though in other respects admirable, the Senor Colombo was evidently mad on one point; and when next day she persuaded him to stay with us for a time, it was with the hope that the friends who were probably in pursuit of him would overtake him.

But I knew that the Senor Cristoforo Colombo was not mad; and in the little while in which he dwelt beneath our roof, I learned to regard him as the wisest, as well as the most charming of men.

To little Diego, when they departed, I gave a secret gift to keep him from hunger for a space. To his father I had given another gift—that of my heart.

That is why I would not write my name for other women to read, but call myself merely "a poor little woman." I loved the Senor Cristoforo Colombo with all the passion of my nature. I love him still. My mother never knew. Perhaps the angels do.

News came to us but slowly then in our little white house. But once, on the *fête* day of our Lady of Rabida, whose image works the miracle of curing all madness in man or dogs, we went to Palos on a pilgrimage. At the Convent of La Rabida we heard that the guest we had entertained had arrived there on foot; that the prior, Juan de Mancha, had entertained him, had become convinced that he had made a great discovery, and been taught a

wonderful truth by Heaven, and that he had used his influence to induce the monarchs of Spain to listen to him. So now the Queen Isabella had pledged her jewels to provide the means, and Cristoforo Colombo was on the mighty ocean.

"He may find the lands," said our informant; "but he will never get back again. For if the world is round, he must sail *uphill* to regain the coast of Spain, and that no ship can do."

Diego was at the convent receiving his education. We saw him; he rejoiced to meet us once more. He had no fears for his father, only faith in him.

The world knows nothing of this poor little woman who writes, but all Spain, and some time, all who dwell on this globe will know of Cristoforo Colombo—how one day he landed at Palos, and made a triumphal march thence to the Court where the monarchs awaited him; how he brought proof of what he told in strange treasures from new lands, and in a train of dusky barbarians tricked out with feathers, and bearing bright birds upon their wrists, and speaking tongues before unknown. All know of his triumph; how the monarchs embraced him; how he sat with them at meat; how he asked what he chose and it was granted.

At Palos we saw him—my mother and I.

"He has forgotten us," she said; but he had not.

He lifted his head to where we sat on a balcony, and doffed his hat. He left the cavalcade and rode to us, and rising in his stirrups, kissed our hands, as did Diego. That honour was ours—that memory mine.

"I shall see you again, Senoras," he said, "when time permits me to come to you. There, where you entertained me so kindly, thinking me but a visionary beggar. I shall see you soon," he said, as he rode away.

But before he sailed he had no time. He did not come to us ; but yet we met once more—he and I.

It was on the 20th of May, 1509, that I entered Valladolid, with my servant riding behind me.

My mother was dead. I had heard of the downfall which followed the triumph of the great discoverer ; of the chains with which he was loaded by way of reward for his services ; of his sufferings, his sorrow, his poverty, and how he lay ill, without money, at a little inn in Valladolid ; and I and my old Lola had come to aid and nurse him, if we might.

A peasant directed us to the inn, and there, in an upper room, we found him.

I went to him and knelt beside his bed, and I saw I was too late, though he faintly whispered my name, and lifted my hand to his lips, and tried to smile.

“ I remember,” he said ; “ I remember. I should have come ; I meant to come. You should have shared my honours ; but alas ! all is lost. I have nothing to share with you. Old, forsaken, disgraced, beggared ; and yet you came to me.”

“ That was why I came,” I whispered.

“ True one,” he sighed. “ See ! Yonder hang the chains I wore—mementoes of the gratitude of sovereigns. See that they lie with me in my tomb.”

Again he raised my hand to his lips. Then the door opened, and a priest entered to perform the last spiritual services for the dying.

It was an hour later that Cristoforo Colombo cried out in a clear voice :

“ My God ! unto Thee I commit my soul,” and so he died.

I have finished. I lift up my eyes. The sun has passed below the horizon. Twilight shadows gather. I look towards the orange grove, half expecting to see two

figures advance from there; but nothing stirs. In this, the twilight of my life, I am alone. And yet a thrill of something nearly akin to joy awakes within me as I say to myself—

“I loved Cristoforo Colombo, and I think that he loved me.”

THE MYSTERY OF No. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR narrative must now go back for some five years, and returning to No. 9, Stanhope Street, present us with a picture of Mrs. Marsh, as she stands in the midst of a crowd of lacqueys, housemaids, and other domestics, on the morning when Sir Richard Stanhope was expected to arrive immediately after his long-projected marriage, the approach of which he had already announced to his faithful housekeeper.

For several weeks after the reception of Sir Richard's last letter dated from Florence and detailing the various preparations he desired to be made in his London home, Mrs. Marsh had been incessantly engaged in superintending workmen in the changes required by the master of the house—refurnishing the various rooms, hiring servants, and preparing for the splendid wedding banquet which he had ordered to be got ready for the special day indicated. Even the hour at which the bride and bridegroom were to arrive and the number of guests to be present at the banquet were carefully noted. Sir Richard added that he himself should send out from

Carlisle, letters of invitation to such friends as he desired to receive, and to meet all the expenses attendant on these last and extensive preparations, Mrs. Marsh was empowered to draw for unlimited sums upon the City bankers. . . . On the momentous day when the long-expected return of her beloved master was to take place, Mrs. Marsh had not forgotten to observe that exactly one *twelvemonth had elapsed* since Richard Stanhope had parted with his betrothed in the fourth storey studio of No. 9, the only portion of the house which he had desired to remain untouched. It was some hours in advance of the time set for the arrival of Sir Richard and his bride that an imperative summons was heard at the street door.

Mrs. Marsh was called upon by the footman in attendance to meet a stately-looking grave gentleman, who, without any preliminary greeting, placed in her hands the following missive, signed and written in the well-known hand of Sir Richard Stanhope:—"Mrs. Marsh,—For all your past fidelity and good service I bid God bless you. The time has come when we must part, and that without a word or meeting. My banker, the bearer of this, has full and imperative instructions to dismiss and pay off all the people you have engaged, and to requite them fully. When they are gone, I also require you to leave the house, No. 9, Stanhope Street, before nightfall. Mr. —, my banker, will henceforth pay you two hundred pounds a year for your life, the first payment to be made in advance on the day you receive this, but you are hereby CHARGED solemnly to leave everything in the house precisely as it is when you receive this order; to ask no questions, make no enquiries, and never again to come to, or near, No. 9, Stanhope Street. Signed—*Richard Stanhope.*" Such was the missive, under the authority of which Mrs. Marsh—with a countenance

white as that of the dead, eyes red with weeping, and an almost broken heart—summoned and dismissed the crowd of attendants with which she had filled the house. All of them received handsome douceurs at the hands of the silent stranger, besides the wages due to them, and when at last the unhappy housekeeper had packed her few belongings and summoned a cab to drive her away from what she had for so many years considered to have been her home, the grave official after simply bowing his head to her by way of leave-taking passed out of the house, himself closing and locking the door behind him, and putting the key in his pocket.

Before parting with the heart-stricken housekeeper, the silent stranger had placed an envelope in her hands containing, as he informed her, the first half-year's payment of her annuity, and full directions for all future claims on the same. Mechanically receiving this, together with the sad and remorseless dismissal of her late beloved master, Mrs. Marsh directed the cab driver to proceed at once to a pleasant suburban terrace. There she expected to find at least the one friend in the world who alone was capable of consoling her for her strange and incomprehensible dismissal; this person was no other than her young and only daughter, of whom it may now be necessary to speak in some detail.

Mrs. Marsh was the widow of a celebrated artist, an Academician, and an intimate friend of Richard Stanhope's father. Her marriage had proved an unfortunate one. Her husband, though a man of brilliant talents, was a dissipated spendthrift, and having received a fatal blow in a drunken brawl, he died, and left his poor wife and one baby girl penniless, and totally unprovided for. At this juncture the elder Stanhope kindly offered his friend's desolate widow a home, and the charge of his own motherless boy of twelve years of age. Mrs. Marsh

agreed to accept the position of *housekeeper* in the Stanhope residence; but at the request of her brother, a professor of languages, and superintendent of a Ladies' College, she allowed him to adopt and bring up her little one as his own. Under the severe *régime* of her uncle, Ethel Marsh had grown up to be a beautiful and accomplished young woman. A fine linguist, a splendid musician and delightful singer, her uncle, who had destined his gifted young niece to be a teacher, had often urged her mother to give up what he called the *degradation of service*, and make a home with her daughter, whose talents he confidently believed would be amply sufficient for the support of both mother and daughter. To all this Mrs. Marsh's fidelity and affection for her "young master," as she had ever regarded him since his father's death, made her turn a deaf ear. It was only when she found that Stanhope had resolved to marry the fair model who had been sitting for him, that her purpose of living and dying with her beloved employer was shaken. With all a woman's instinct she had penetrated all too deeply beneath the exterior of the said model, to assure herself that however devotedly she could live and die in the service of Richard Stanhope, she neither could nor would share that devotion with his intended wife. This resolve was all the more strengthened when she received from him tidings of his good fortune, his heirship of a baronetcy, and elaborate directions for preparing his London house with all imaginable splendour for the reception of his bride. It was at that point that Mrs. Marsh agreed with her talented daughter, then just in her twenty-first year, to take such lodgings as they two could share together, the mother to keep her dear girl's house whilst she pursued her vocation as a successful and greatly admired teacher. "I will prepare *his* house," she said, "in all care and fidelity. I will myself procure a suitable

substitute for such poor service as I have been able to render him, but I cannot continue under the same roof with *her* whom he has chosen to share this home." Although the sudden and startling dismissal of all the servants she had engaged, including herself, only anticipated—(it might be by a few days or weeks)—her own removal to her daughter's home, the scene and manner of that dismissal was so terrible, so incomprehensible, and filled her mind with such an awful sense of dread and nameless fear that, despite Ethel's warm welcome and earnest endeavours to tranquillise her unhappy mother's mind, Mrs. Marsh, after a sleepless night, no sooner saw her young daughter set off to her duties as teacher at the College, where she knew she would be detained the entire day, than she hurried away to linger near the scene of her banishment, in the vague but vain hope that she might yet see *him*, and learn something of the dreadful mystery that seemed to enshroud the being who, next to her God, was the object of her supremest worship on earth. For many days the sorrowing woman wandered round and about the deserted house, thinking she might discover some clue to the secret of her still beloved master's whereabouts. It was only on the seventh night of her hitherto fruitless wanderings that she was rewarded, by noticing a faint gleam of light shining through the window of the studio on the fourth floor. "Great heaven!" she murmured to herself, "then he has returned! Oh, if I could but see or speak to him!" Her wish was vain, for though she—the faithful one—watched and waited through the livelong night, walking now on this side and now on that of the street, but ever keeping the house and the dimly-lighted window in view, it was only at the first peep of dawn, when she found on one of her weary rounds that the light was extinguished, that the least sign of human presence within the building was manifested.

It was after three more days of occasional and most miserable hours of watching, and pacing both back and front round the house, that Mrs. Marsh saw the object of her deep solicitude issue forth from the back garden gate, attired as we have described him in the last chapter, his face concealed by the darkness of a winter's evening, but long curls of unkempt hair, white as snow, streaming down on either side, from beneath his heavy dark flap hat. He carried on his arm a large basket, and, fortunately for the anxious observer, as he turned in the lane on which the gardens of the houses opened, away from her, she was enabled to follow him at a little distance unperceived, and thus to gain a knowledge of his singular proceedings. Traversing with hurried and apparently faltering steps, many lanes and alleys, the poor, bending, swaying form reached a set of petty, ill-lighted shops in a narrow street of the Borough. Entering one of these, a baker's, the watcher lost sight of her charge for a few moments, but presently she saw him emerge with the basket on his arm filled with small loaves of bread. These he carried until he came to one of the foulest and most foetid alleys of a wretched neighbourhood. Advancing to some of the open doors of dark passages, he hastily drew one, and sometimes two, of his loaves of bread, and placed them on the steps, or just within the doors. Whenever he passed a cellar wherein some humble vender of sticks, shoes, or small trifles kept a shop, he invariably threw a loaf down and passed rapidly on.

Three times during the evening and night he purchased a fresh stock of loaves from wretched little shops, evidently kept open for night sales, and three times the basket was emptied in the same secret way. Sometimes he entered the dark passages of great loathsome-looking tenement houses with a full basket, coming out again in view of the hidden watcher with the basket empty.

Sometimes he stopped beside some crouching beggar, sitting or sleeping on a doorstep; here he invariably deposited a loaf, and then moved hastily away. For six dreadful nights the unhappy woman followed and watched the same procedure, and then when, according to custom, an hour or two after midnight the wanderer returned to his garden gate to re-enter his own premises, Mrs. Marsh for the first time intercepted him. Falling at his feet, with showers of tears she implored him to let her come in and live there again; wait on him in any way he would please to allow her, promising solemnly never to ask him any questions, to interrupt him, or attempt to interfere with his habits; but yet——

"Oh, master, master, let me in! and let me be your slave."

She went in that night, and taking possession of her old offices and little housekeeper's room once more, for five years she lived there, furnishing him with his breakfast of bread and milk, his dinner of potatoes or boiled vegetables, and his midnight meal, only of bread and milk. He never spoke to her save in low monosyllables, and she never broke her pledge by remonstrance or question, nor did she follow again his every night's woeful pilgrimage until the very evening referred to at the end of the last chapter.

It was all in vain that the good and loving Ethel besought her mother again and again to renounce her infatuation, and come and share her own pleasant home.

"Had he been the rich, happy bridegroom for whom I prepared with such ceaseless care and high expectation," said the devoted woman, "I would have left him to the enjoyment of all his good fortune without a sigh, but to leave him now, a helpless maniac, with only heart enough to bleed at every pore, and brain enough to plan out his own misery—oh, my child! I would sooner

renounce my hopes of salvation ; my heaven hereafter ; even my fealty to God."

"And your sorrowing child?" murmured poor Ethel.

But even at these pitiful words the devoted woman had no answer to make, save a deep sigh, and a silent inclination of her bowed head.

It was on a certain night, something more than five years after the return to her master's weird house, that Mrs. Marsh felt a strange, unaccountable, and irresistible impulse to put on her bonnet and shawl in haste, and, despite a heavy fog and drizzling winter rain, to issue forth once more, dodging and following the footsteps of her unhappy charge. Up to the time when the chimes of an ancient Borough church sounded out the midnight hour, the weird phantom-like man, now well known to the midnight prowlers of the wretched quarters he visited, as "Dirty Dick," kept up his accustomed round of bread purchase and loaf depositing on steps, at street doors, in cellars, and entrances to dens of wretchedness. Turning a street corner as if to end that night's pilgrimage, both he and his devoted follower were arrested by the sound of loud and bitter sobs, apparently from the voices of children.

As both pedestrians paused to listen, they heard a childish voice, in a loud tone, and evidently half choked with crying, say, "Oh, sister, sister, do open the cellar door. Perhaps, as the story book says, if you will but open it, God may come in and help us." Immediately following upon this, a double-leaved cellar door opening on the pavement was thrown back, and by the light of a dim fallow candle burning within, the pale and tear-stained faces of two little children, a boy and a girl, were seen looking eagerly up through the opening. "Yes, my children, God has heard you, and he will come in," Mrs. Marsh heard the voice of Richard Stanhope

saying, and that in something like his old tone, as he made his way to the entrance of the cellar, on the steps of which were bundles of matches, tallow candles, and firewood arranged as if for sale. As Stanhope descended these steps Mrs. Marsh placed herself close beside the entrance, and listening intently heard the following colloquy:—

“Oh, dear sir,” cried a childish voice, “are you, then, God; and are you come to help us?”

“I am not God, my children,” was the reply, “only sent by Him. Tell me what is the matter?”

“Oh, sir, sir!” cried another, and an older voice, but still broken by sobs, “look there, there, upon the bed in the corner, sir, there is mother, and she has been so ill, sir, for many days, and now I can’t make her answer—and—and—I fear she is dead, sir. Oh, mother, mother! do speak to us.”

“Hush, my little one,” resumed the voice of the man; “truly, truly, your poor mother is dead, but I am come, and will care for you; there, there, don’t cry so. Good heavens!” he murmured, after a long pause, in which it seemed as if he had been examining the dead face of one who lay on a heap of straw in the corner. “What do I see? Can it be possible?” Then in a louder tone he said, addressing the girl, the elder of the two children, “Tell me, dear, where you come from, and what is your name.”

“My name, sir, is Eva,” replied the girl, “and my little brother’s name is Carlo. We used to be called Balfour when we lived at home, but papa went away and left us, mamma said, and so she went away with us, and a gentleman called Sir Charles, but after we came to London, Sir Charles left us, too, and poor mamma went about begging, I think, but, oh, I don’t know how it was, only we were often hungry and cold, and had nowhere to

go, until a man put us in here to sell things, and, and, I don't know where he is, or what to do."

Sobs and choking cries from both children followed, broken by Stanhope's voice in low and husky accents, saying, "Be of good cheer, my children; I have come, and I will take care of you—fear nothing, for to-night you shall come home with me. I knew your father, and your mother, too, and I will take care of you, and to-morrow I will have your poor mother's body given to the authorities, and properly buried. Come, my children."

"Let me help you, master," cried Mrs. Marsh, descending the steps and at once facing the sad and sorrowful group.

Though startled at first by her sudden appearance, Richard Stanhope never asked his devoted follower how or why she came there. It was enough that God had indeed come, in the form of his ministering angels.

Whilst Mrs. Marsh helped the weeping children up the cellar stairs Sir Richard followed, carefully closing the cellar doors after him; then, each leading one of the sobbing orphans by the hand, they took the shortest way home; very soon after the little ones were regaled with some warm milk and bread, and, laid to rest in Mrs. Marsh's bed, they sobbed themselves to sleep in their new home of No. 9 Stanhope Street.

(To be continued.)

"Religious liberty is a liberty to choose our own religion, to worship God according to the best light we have. Every man living has a right to do this, as he is a rational creature. . . . And God never did give authority to any man or number of men to deprive any child of man thereof under any colour or pretence."—*John Wesley.*

MORE ABOUT THE SPIRITS AND INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

(Written for *The Better Way*).

ARE THERE SPIRITUAL ANIMALS ?

JOHN W. BIDWELL, of Gallatin, Tenn., writes, as additional testimony to the existence of animals in the Spirit world, the following :—

No. 1.—In 1881 he was on a visit to Corsicana, Texas, and stopped with a friend named Shelton. This friend knew a materializing medium, Mrs. Miller. During his sojourn there Shelton asked Mrs. Miller if she could not give him a photograph of herself and control, "Red Jacket." She replied she did not know, as she had never tried such an experiment. A photographer who was present at the time and heard the conversation offered her a free sitting for experiment's sake. She accepted, and the result was a good picture of herself with her Indian control in full costume behind her, and beside the Indian stood a dog. (Mrs. Miller undoubtedly being the medium for this phenomenon.)

No. 2.—Another case the writer cites which occurred in 1884 in the presence of a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium, named J. C. Barns, on a visit to him at Frankfort, Kentucky. The medium had been in his presence but a few minutes when he said : "I see a lady standing by your side," and then described her minutely. She proved to be the writer's mother. Upon asking the medium to give her name, he said "Agnes Birdwell." Then asking for her maiden name as a further test of his mediumistic powers, he replied, "Agnes Goad." Then asking for the date of her death and where she died, he answered both correctly. But in addition to this spirit,

the writer's brother, who died in 1866, manifested, and the medium said so; and furthermore, said that by his side stood a black horse with a white star on its forehead. This was correct, for his brother owned such a horse while in life. To carry the test to its utmost, he asked for the name of the horse, which was a very peculiar one, and received the correct answer. Our friend adds: "Is this not worth considering before making a final decision?"

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

The following interesting statement is taken from *Our Dumb Animals*.—

No. 3.—In 1871 I, with my brother Darius, was taking vocal lessons of Mr. J. Q. A. Wetherbee, eminent as a singer and teacher, who found it difficult to place our voices, inasmuch as the vocal chords could produce tones as low as double-C bass, and as high as E alto. This compass of over three octaves was very hard to manage. The aim was to utilize the vibratory quality which yielded the bass, so that our tenors might get the benefit of it without muffling the tone or in any way impairing the baritone quality.

On the seventeenth of June of that year I took a stroll from Cambridge, where I was then residing, to Breed's Island, to practise my vocalization in the open air, this place having been a favourite resort of ours when we lived in East Boston, where we were brought up.

I mounted the hill and, taking a position on the leeward side of a stone wall, began practising the scales throughout the entire compass referred to with the vowel E, which Mr. Wetherbee had recommended in order to bring the tone forward in the mouth.

Presently birds flew near me, and hopped and chirruped about on the wall almost within arm's reach. Then a mare approached with her colt, and they stood listening

with their heads bent towards me. These were soon followed by a cow and her calf, and, if I recollect aright, another cow came behind them. This unique audience inspired me, and I swept up and down the scale with unwonted inspiration.

Suddenly I felt that something strange was beneath me. I glanced down and saw a striped snake coiled up on a flat stone that projected from the wall, against which my knee was partly resting, his uplifted head projected towards me, his eyes intensely gleaming with excitement. I was for the instant startled, but made no sign, continuing my practice without a break, and throwing more intensity into the penetrating tone of the vowel E.

This increased intensity brought my four-footed audience still nearer, and they almost thrust their noses in my face, while my feathered chorus hopped nearer about me with their chirruping. It was to the last degree inspiring, and I wondered for a moment if the spirit of Orpheus was beside me with his enchanting harp.

After a little while I commenced backing away from the wall, continuing my tones, and fixing my eye on the snake. He uncoiled himself, slid down the shelving rock, and followed after me.

Suddenly, when I had drawn him three or four yards from the wall, I hushed my voice, and holding my hand still, snapped my thumb and finger. As quick as light the snake turned and disappeared in the wall, and all my four-footed audience and winged choristers retired.

CYRUS COBB.

In connection with the above, the following is of interest:—

No. 4.—A writer on the effects of musical sounds on animals says: "Opposite to our house was a large field,

in which some twelve or thirteen cows were put during the summer months. One day a German band began to play on the road which divided the house from the field. The cows were quietly grazing at the other end of the field, but no sooner did they hear the music than they at once advanced towards it, and stood with their heads over the wall, attentively listening. This might have passed unnoticed; but, upon the musicians going away, the animals followed them as well as they could on the other side of the wall, and when they could get no further stood lowing piteously. So excited did the cows become that some of them ran round and round the field to try to get out, but, finding no outlet, returned to the same corner where they had lost sight of the band; and it was some time before they seemed satisfied that the sweet sounds were really gone. I have often noticed the power music has over oxen. The other day we had a brass band playing in our garden. In a field adjoining there were four oxen. When the band struck up they were at the far end of a nine-acre field, quite out of sight, the field being very uneven. They set off full trot to the garden wall, put their necks over, and remained so till the tune was finished, when they went back to graze; but as soon as the music struck up again they came and put their heads once more over the wall. This went on until the band left."—*Christian Register*.

Educate the heart in goodness in youth, and old age will find you rich in all that ennobles and elevates mankind.

Neither accept an opinion, nor except against it, merely on the score of its novelty; all that is new is not true, but much that is old is false.—*Zimmerman*.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MISS ANNA E. BRUSH.

Translated for the "Banner of Light" from "La Revue Spirite," by W. N. Eayrs.

IN the course of an interesting and instructive series of articles, entitled "Entre Deux Vies" (Between Two Lives), M. Dufilhol says in reference to the use of magnetism in difficult cases: "Let us take the case of a sick person whose life is in danger; who is, so to speak, hanging between two lives. There is for him but one alternative, to get well or to die in spite of all the efforts of relatives, friends, and physicians. In either case what seems best to be done in behalf of the patient? Would not recourse to magnetism be most rational? Does not experience, in spite of inveterate prejudice, show it to be so? There are living to-day many persons who were given up as lost, whom magnetic treatment has restored and saved to their families, and whom it has saved from consequences graver than is realised; for death before the proper term of life on earth has been reached, by preventing the incarnated spirit from following to the end his earthly experience, sends him into the spirit-life unprepared, and unable to make use of its opportunities to secure his normal spiritual growth. Therefore every means that nature puts into our hands should be employed to spare our friends the unfortunate effect of a premature death. Magnetism, as we well know, brings with it the assistance of the spirits, whose fluidic action, combined with ours, can by this increase of power, produce effects truly marvellous."

M. Dufilhol illustrates and confirms his statements by reference to some remarkably difficult cases in which magnetic treatment by mortals, assisted by the spirit-

world, has been attended with results almost incredible. One of these, that is given in the first article of the series, January, 1892, is here presented :—

Miss Anna E. Brush had long been ill of slow consumption. All the resources of medicine had been exhausted, and finally her physicians were compelled to say to her that no further treatment could be of any benefit; nothing remained for them but to leave her to the care of her friends, whose attentions might soothe her in her few remaining days. Human skill had failed. The whole of the left side of her body was paralyzed; she was unable to move a finger; her speech was so affected that it was difficult to understand what she said. Day by day she was growing weaker, and the end seemed to be at hand. Was there an opportunity in this case to try the powers of the spirits to cure disease?

One day when she was in the condition that no movement of the muscles could be detected, no beating of the heart, and when her friends would have thought her dead had it not been that her lips retained a slight tint of red, and that by putting the ear close to her mouth a faint sound of respiration could be heard, a member of our spirit-circle declared that he believed she could yet be cured by spirit power. Acting on this suggestion, six members were chosen from the thirty-five who composed our circle; they were to form around her each day a magnetic chain. In a short time after the chain had been formed, there was evidently an improvement in the condition of the patient. At the end of a week the paralyzed limbs had regained power to move; four weeks of this magnetic treatment gave her power to walk around her room. In seven weeks she was able to go down stairs, and yesterday, the writer says, as I assisted her from the carriage in which she had ridden the distance of half a mile, she said to me, "I am going into the house feeling

strong ; all is going well." She is at this moment a living proof of the power of the spirits to heal disease. She has taken no medicine whatever since her physicians gave her up.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION.—What is the motive power by which disembodied spirits move from place to place ?

Answer.—My dear friends, I can answer but in this way : we move from place to place by the same will-power that you exercise. We have in our realm air, electricity, and all the different forces that you have in your earth plane. We move in the same manner as you do. I cannot express to you in a clearer way than by saying that if I will to go, I go. I have the same power that you have, only that it is a greater power, for if I will I am immediately there. We cannot stay in one place any length of time, for we are continually going to and fro to learn more of the conditions which surround us, but we recognize no force outside of the spirit or will power. There are many things for me as a spirit to learn, as well as for you as spirits incarnate to learn. I have been in the spirit life a long while, but still I know very little, and oftentimes wonder at the many manifestations I behold in the spirit realm. I visit many different spheres, sometimes where there are those who have been in spirit life many centuries, and I am learning every day. If you explain to me the power or cause by which you move, I, as a spirit, could learn from you. I have told you that we cannot stand still, and by that I mean that no spirit or individual can stand still for any length of time—they must go forward ; we recognize no backward move. Each day you must learn something new which will bring you higher in the scale of knowledge, and we as spirits are learning each day more, so that, possibly, by and by we can give you all you desire, but you must reach a higher understanding.

QUESTION.—Do spirits carry their physical deformities into the spirit world ? If not, why are they seen clairvoyantly in that condition ?

Answer.—Although you may live in a deformed body, the spirit is not deformed. The deformity of the body has been caused by some accident or some disobedience to the laws of nature, but the spirit liberated from a deformed body is perfect on the spirit side of life. When such return to the earth life they take upon themselves conditions they had here ; for should they present themselves in their perfection, they would not be recognized by those who knew them in earth life. Therefore they must appear to you as they were, not as they are. The only cause

that places a spirit in a condition where it would appear to have degenerated is the neglect of developing itself spiritually. Thus when your friends return to you hurt or maimed, it is for the sake of identification, and not because the spirit is deformed.

QUESTION.—Explain evolution of the soul, re-incarnation, and re-embodiment.

Answer.—My dearest friends, evidently the person who sent this question believes in re-incarnation—that the soul or spirit of man must return and enter the body and live over again in order to evolve into higher conditions. Though I am a spirit I do not recognize it in that way. I know nothing about a spirit coming a second time and taking itself a body and living again. If a spirit desires to learn more, and evolve more, it can do so without being re-incarnated in a human body. The evolution of spirit is represented to you in many ways. The spirit of man to-day has evolved out of ignorance into light, and so will it be unto all eternity, for as I have said before, no spirit can stand still but must progress eternally. They must learn more and more of their own divine self. I say this because it has been understood that the divine is God and the spirit is of God, and must evolve higher and higher every day. So, friends, it is not necessary that spirits live another fourscore years and ten in a material body, but they can learn all that is necessary on the spirit side of life.

QUESTION.—Do we not often in sleep leave the body and visit persons and scenes in spirit life, and, while we cannot remember incidents, is there not a condition left upon us as the result of these experiences?

Answer.—Yes. Oftentimes while your body is lying in the bed, and you are apparently sleeping, you are visiting. Oftentimes I have met spirits which still belong to the earth. But friends, it is somewhat dangerous, for if the body be disturbed while the spirit is out of it, the chord which binds the two could possibly be broken. Although you cannot always remember it clearly, there is an inner consciousness that you have been somewhere, and have seen something. This is only a reflex action, as it were, of that which you have seen and experienced. Oftentimes you have seen in this state, things which bring you great comfort, and often things which cause you to change in your nature. I have known *men* to receive instructions thus, which caused them to return to their duties and lead better lives. I could give some instances of this kind to-day, but as the time is limited I will not. On some other occasion I will tell of a man who was entranced for three days, and on returning lived a different life. It is, indeed, a beautiful thought that you can go and see. Some of your mediums have these experiences, and have the remembrance of what occurred afterwards.

QUESTION.—Have you seen in the spirit Jesus of Nazareth, and what is his relation and influence to the cause and ministry of spirits on earth, known as Spiritualism?

Answer.—There are many in the Spirit-world who bore the name of Jesus, more than one living in Nazareth, for it was as common a name at that time as John, Mark, or Peter. The questioner refers to this particular character as one distinguished by special works that he did among men, so people called him "Jesus of Nazareth," or "Jesus who lived in Nazareth." He was famed for his teachings and the so-called miracles wrought. No other Jesus seemed to be so endowed, although with him were Peter, the trance-seer and physical medium, through whom prison doors could be opened, and who was able to see visions, and John, the beloved, especially gifted, together with others, forming a band of twelve who were sent forth to heal the sick and do other like wonders.

Some now hold that no such person as Jesus ever existed, and that the works attributed to him were done by Apollonius of Tyana, who preceded him, and that traditions of his life were taken from the life of the former.

Possibly the historian of the future might claim that the writings and seership of Andrew Jackson Davis were a myth; that more than a century previous a man lived by the name of Emanuel Swedenborg, from whose writings those claimed by Davis had been taken. But it is probable that the times are ripe for the better preservation of the history of both Swedenborg and Davis, both marvellously gifted in spiritual things, both leaving a legacy to mankind which is to leave its impress upon the ages yet to be.

In like manner there lived an Apollonius and a Jesus, each especially gifted in spiritual things. Each of them valuing the spiritual man and his powers far above the things of the grosser, outer man, and both were exalted and deified by those who became their followers. Their lives were the humblest and most unostentatious; they only sought to do the will of the Father, as Jesus expressed it. Both were and are living personages, interested in the welfare of the human race.

If you desire to know whether there exists in the Spirit world a man Jesus, born outside of natural law, whose mother was a virgin and who had no natural father, we answer no. These are the superstitious attachments to his life, placed there by the ingenuity and craft of zealots, who lived in an age when the more mysterious anything was made the more likelihood of its being accepted. This was done long after the spiritually gifted man Jesus of Nazareth lived his simple but spiritual life. We have stated this man Jesus did live on the earth, lives to-day in the Spirit world, and might be seen by those who can enter that sphere to which he has attained, or who could discern among the visiting messengers his form from the many others who come to the earth with him. When he was on earth he was a man among men, lowly and humble among the lowly, and only by the works he did, did they know him. When he returns to earth, it is as a Spirit among Spirits, advanced, to be sure. But the mind should be divested of the glamour of superstitious belief which has surrounded this character, and place him among the multitudes of advanced Spirits who are watching over the affairs of earth, and not expect that there will be any particular insignia by which he will be known.—*Light of Truth.*

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

(Printed by special request.)

Given through the Spirits to Emma H. Britten.

THE Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the Spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling Spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperaments, positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No persons suffering from disease should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be overheated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favourable for Spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the séance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which harmonising conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances after the séance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the Spirits.

Let the séance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for Spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

Never seek the Spirit Circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the monitions of the Spirit within us, and should always be followed unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle one or more are often impressed to change seats with others, to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offence shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you cannot at first realise it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbour for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the Spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the Spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for Spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed Spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you cannot always be aware.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the Spirit Circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to Spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalise this power so as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by Spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the Spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hothouse process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rapping, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the Spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All Spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and Spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.

Success doesn't impose itself on any one. Those who win must reach for things, and at the same time cultivate their grip.

THE WORLD'S PIONEERS OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL REFORMATION; OR, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED SPIRITUALISTS.

THE PROPOSED NEW WORK BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

MRS. EMMA H. BRITTEN having been earnestly solicited for many months past to give to the world a complete autobiographical sketch of her wide and wonderful spiritual experiences, has consented to do so, on the SOLE CONDITION of combining with her own, the biographies of so many of the brave and devoted Pioneers of the Mighty Spiritual Movement—of every land,—as can be found on record.

With these extended biographies, Mrs. Britten desires to publish such brief, but comprehensive, notices of the PRESENT DAY WORKERS as will take the trouble to write out short sketches and send them on at once to Mrs. Britten for insertion in her grand Encyclopædic work.

Whatever the future may bring, it must be obvious to every intelligent observer that the first phases of the great and unprecedented "outpouring of the spirit" are rapidly and surely passing away. Also, that our literature is scattered, fragmentary, and deals with phenomenal facts and philosophy rather than with the SOLDIERS of the Grand Army by whose determined efforts and self-sacrificing lives, the battles of this tremendous spiritual conflict of the ages—though organized in the land of the Hereafter—has still remained to be fought and won Here, upon the earth.

Shall the names of the noble Standard Bearers of the GREAT SPIRITUAL REFORMATION perish from off the earth and be lost in obscurity? or shall they be preserved as watchwords in the hearts and on the lips of that posterity to whom they have bequeathed the results of their untiring labours?

SPIRITUALISTS of the 19th century, it is for you to answer these questions, and that you must do, by either suffering this appeal to pass by unheeded, or to help forward its immediate and successful affirmative by responding to the following propositions:—

1st—Place this paper before every worthy Spiritualist of your acquaintance.

2nd—Send on without delay a concise account of your work and standing, past and present, "in the cause," to be subject to editorial preparation.

3rd—Pledge yourselves to take one or more copies of the completed volume—the price of which will depend on the amount of matter submitted, but which, in any case, will be published at the lowest possible cost consistent with its value, and, in view of its wide distribution, as a MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE WORLD'S SPIRITUAL REFORMERS for the ages to come.

4th—Those who are desirous to add their portraits to their sketches, can do so by sending on a good plate (prepared at their own expense) to print from.

5th—Immediate and prompt responses are required, and such alone can be available. Life is short and uncertain ; time flies irrevocably ; and THE PRESENT is the appointed hour for the completion of a work which must be effected now or never.

(Signed) EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,

THE LINDENS,

HUMPHREY STREET, CHEETHAM HILL,

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,

To whom and where all communications must be addressed.

SPIRITUALISM IN MANY LANDS.

AMERICA.

A POEM WITHIN TWO SLATES.

A FEW weeks ago, at a meeting of our circle at the house of Mrs. Tabor, our medium, the following communication was written between a pair of slates :—

When I received the summons
 From my Father's home on high,
 It was just before the dawning,
 And no earthly forms were nigh.
 In my sleep there came a vision
 Of a place I'd never seen,
 And the beauties—how resplendent !—
 Oh ! how happy each one seemed.
 Near the gateway of the palace
 I could see a shining stream—
 Saw the angels crossing over—
 Then my mother heard me scream ;
 But before my mother reached me,
 Friends from on the other shore
 Opened wide their arms to greet me,
 Saying, "Welcome evermore."

Then I heard sweet angel voices
 Singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
 Till we'd crossed the silent waters,
 Had passed beyond the mystic sea.
 "Nearer my God, still nearer,"
 Was the spirits' voiceless prayer,
 Till we'd passed beyond the portals,
 And had gained an entrance there.

This is for my mother, will some one please give it to her? Now we are all around you, though you do not see us, but in a short time, mother, we will see each other face to face.—Your loving daughter,

SIDNEY LANSING, a spirit.

No person in the room had ever heard of such person as Sidney Lansing, so the writer was asked, through the table, who, where, and when he or she had lived and died. The reply came that she was a girl eighteen years old, had lived here in Hot Springs, and passed over four weeks ago, and that her mother lived here.

The mother was found the next day, and corroborated the facts stated in the communication. She said her daughter died suddenly about a month ago. She had retired in her usual health, and just before day the next morning she heard her scream, and on hastening to her bedside found her in an unconscious state, and that she expired before a physician could be summoned.

DR. C. D. HAY.

Hot Springs, Arkansas.

—*Progressive Thinker.*

FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

A RECENT number of the *Revista de Estudios Psicologicos* (Barcelona), publishes a letter from Don Fabian Palasi, President of the Society of Psychological Studies in Zaragoza, relating some highly successful cases of direct writing, under test conditions, obtained in his own presence. Viscount de Torres Solanot, the editor of the *Revista*, mentions that in Madrid, the same spirit, Marietta by name, has given many short communications by direct writing under precisely similar circumstances. This

writer reports the foundation of a new circle in Barcelona, entitled "The Cosmopolitan," and another at Tarrasa, called "The Allan Kardec."

* * *

We learn from *Lux* (Rome), that some remarkable manifestations have been obtained in that city in the presence of ten ladies and gentlemen, who certify to the accuracy of the report drawn up by Signor Hoffman, the editor of *Lux*. Professor A. Marghierì, who is somewhat of a sceptic, contributes a statement of certain phenomena which he witnessed through the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino. He refuses to acknowledge their spiritual origin, but he frankly adds that "it is nevertheless certain that the laws of nature known to us do not suffice to explain them."

* * *

Signor Volpi, the able editor of *Il Vessillo Espiritista* (Vercelli), after enumerating the various royal and noble personages who are convinced Spiritualists, goes on to say that Queen Margherita of Italy had some sittings a few years ago with the well-known English medium, Mrs. Guppy, *née* Nicholl, with satisfactory results.

* * *

La Revue Spirite (Paris) cites two striking instances, supplied by M. Horace Pelletier, as occurring in October last, of a Spirit passing out from the body making his or her departure known a few minutes afterwards to a friend at a distance. Another correspondent relates the formation of vapoury apparitions by a spirit, and the transformation of these at the request of the sitters.

* * *

The editor of *La Irradiacion* (Madrid) mentions the fortnightly publication of that paper, and that one of its prominent features is the presentation of news relating to the progress of Spiritualism, gathered from similar periodicals and journals issued in all parts of the world.

La Lumière (Paris) contains an excellent article on philanthropy, signed by Mdle. Lucie Grange, and evidently written under impression. We call attention to it because we have listened almost simultaneously to precisely similar admonitions and statements from controls everywhere; showing "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." M. Victor Flamen notes the changed tone of the French press, both metropolitan and provincial, with respect to Spiritualism, and mentions that *Le Petit Meridional* is publishing a course of papers on the subject.

* * *

La Constancia (Buenos Ayres) is rendering valuable service to the good cause by its powerful staff of contributors, who bring literary culture, scientific attainments, and philosophical habits of thought to bear upon the propaganda of the truth.

* * *

Among other anecdotes about Sir Edwin Arnold, is one giving his reply to the question of an acquaintance inquiring into the progress of the work of Christian missionaries in India. The answer was, that it was making about the same impression "as if any one should attempt to perfume the ocean by pouring Cologne water into it." There are 280,000,000 people in India, Mr. Arnold tells us, and "each Buddhist among them has an idea that no one can bring him any better religion than that he already possesses."

* * *

"Refined barbarism" is what the London *Truth* terms the selling of their daughters to the highest bidders by society people of refined, civilized England, "all the same as in the open Eastern market" where marriageable girls are exchanged for merchandize, and to him who offers the most.

Book Review.

"ANCIENT WORSHIP."

BY JOHN CHAPMAN, OF LIVERPOOL.

THIS little unpretending volume, of 200 pages only, contains more information than any two per cent out of the masses of what are called "civilised nations" are at all aware of. Mr. John Chapman—himself a really learned student of the recondite subjects he treats of—has given his readers matter for more thought than many huge encyclopædic volumes of quadruple proportions can present when their compilers are fettered by theologic prejudices.

It would be impossible in this limited space to give an idea of the varieties of national faiths, customs, and practices that our learned author treats of. It is not impossible, however, to say that every modern church-goer and pew-renter OUGHT to know the things he pays for, and when he does he will certainly employ his funds in other directions. Mr. Chapman does not direct his readers how to do so, but the spirit of the age does, and the chief charm of our author's excellent little work is in the stimulus it gives to fresh inquiry, and the sure but *silent* rebuke which it conveys to *modern idolators*, concerning the worship and veneration they have accorded to the fantasies and superstitions of the dark ages of their ancestors. It is to be regretted that Mr. Chapman, himself an earnest and devoted Spiritualist of Liverpool, has neither mentioned the price of his excellent little volume nor any other place from which it can be obtained than his own residence. The manner in which his suggestive title work can be obtained, therefore, is by addressing Mr. John Chapman, 10, Dunkeld Street, Liverpool.



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