

TALKS WITH THE DEAD

ILLUSTRATED WITH SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS

EDITED BY

JOHN LOBB, F.R.G.S.

FOR THIRTY YEARS MANAGING EDITOR OF
'THE CHRISTIAN AGE'

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears.

BYRON

And ever near us, though unseen, the dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe is life—there are no dead.

LYTTON

STANFORD LIBRARY

LONDON
JOHN LOBB, 4 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

And all Booksellers

1906

L

[All rights reserved]



THE SPIRIT OF CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

After fourteen years and five months in spirit life, Charles Haddon Spurgeon materialises for his photograph. He passed into the next world January 31, 1892. I had no idea that he would appear. I sat at the request of my spirit friend, Charles Lacey, through whom I was led into spiritualism, and who shortly after passed into the spirit world. Mr. Lacey gave up the position to Mr. Spurgeon, and appears just over my head on the sensitive plate, but too indistinct to be recognisable. The spirit light somewhat interfered with the work of the operator. Photographed June, 1906.—[Ed.]

149128

УНАДРАЉИ ОБОЈНАТЪ

PREFACE

THIS book is not more for the man in the street than the Archbishop.

The great beyond has engulfed many of our dear ones, and we ourselves are moving fast forward to it, and may at any time break through the thin veil that divides us.

What is it that awaits us there?

The following pages supply an answer.

For the past fifty years I have believed in a future life, now I have added to my faith knowledge.

Upwards of seven hundred of the so-called dead have appeared at circles where I have sat during the past three years.

I have looked into their faces, received messages from their spirit-lips, been amazed at their intimate knowledge of my early life, have felt the touch of their celestial hands.

I have had an accumulation of indubitable evidence of the future life beyond all question or doubt. The Bible, Christ and Christianity, are more precious to me than ever.

JOHN LOBB.

September 1906.

NOTE.—The Editor is indebted to Mrs. Susan G. Horn, the well-known Medium, for some of the communications from *The Next World*, and to the Medium, A.T.T.P., from the *Unseen*; to the Spirit Controls of Madame Burchell, the Prophetess of the Servian Massacre; Madame Weedemeyer, Clairebelle, Mrs. McLennan, Mr. Ronald Brailey, together with the ancient and exalted Spirit Controls and Guides of Mr. Robert James Lees, the Recorder of *Through the Mists*, *The Heretic*, and *The Life Elysian*; to Miss Florence Russell for safeguarding the conditions for materialisation at our weekly circle. Last, but not least, to Mr. Andrew Glendinning for his invaluable advice.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION: AN UNBROKEN CHAIN OF EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT COMMUNION WITH MORTALS	xiii
SKETCH OF THE EDITOR :	
MR. JOHN LOBB	xv
CHIEF PROPRIETOR OF THE 'CHRISTIAN AGE'	xv
HIS VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE	xvi
THE 'FAMOUS PAMPHLETEER'	xvi
HIS MUNICIPAL WORK	xvii
RECEIVES PUBLIC RECOGNITION	xviii
MR. JOHN LOBB	xviii
ANOTHER PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN LOBB	xix
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL :	
A CALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE	xx
A GRAND DAY	xx
A FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST FOR THE CHILDREN	xxi
HOW I WAS DUPED	xxi
'TRUTH'	xxii
AN ELEMENT OF REGRET	xxiii
ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA	xxiii
ABUSES, SCANDALS, AND FRAUDS EXPOSED	xxiii
POOR LAW GUARDIANS' FEASTS	xxiv
THE CITY GUARDIANS AND THEIR FEASTS	xxiv
THE CITY POLICE: OLD CRIPPLES RETAINED, PROMOTION BLOCKED	xxvi
THE GRIEVANCE REMOVED	xxvii
SPIRITUALISM AND FRAUDS	xxviii
MY CONNECTION WITH DAN LENO	xxix
EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN THEATRES	xxx
DAN LENO EDITS THE 'SUN'.	xxx
DAN LENO AND HERBERT CAMPBELL AT THE CITY TEMPLE	xxxii
DAN LENO AND HERBERT CAMPBELL CONVEYED TO NEW- GATE PRISON	xxxii
TWO YEARS ON THE SPIRITUALISTS' PLATFORM	xxxii

	PAGE
SPIRITUALISM	1
THAT MYSTERIOUS BEYOND	2
OUR LOST DARLINGS	2
DO THE DEAD COME BACK?	3
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE RETURN OF THE DEAD	3
OUR LOVED ONES ARE NOT DEAD	3
THE BODIES OF THE LIVING USED BY SPIRITS	4
DEATH	5
LUMINOUS RAYS OVER THE DARK REALMS OF THE DEAD	5
RESTING-PLACES FOR SPIRITS	6
THE ROBES OF THE LIVING DEAD	6
THERE ARE NO DEAD!	6
HUMAN PERSONALITY SURVIVES DEATH	7
GHOSTS BECOME VISIBLE	7
SPIRITS WALKED AND TALKED	8
THE MINISTRY OF THE LIVING DEAD	9
THE DEAD DO REVISIT THE LIVING	10
SPIRITS WALK BY YOUR SIDE	10
LIFE AFTER DEATH	11
PAST DEATH	11
SPIRIT-WORLD, A SOCIAL STATE OF BEING	12
SPIRITUALISM; BY A SPIRIT	12
SPIRIT COMMUNION NO NEW DISCOVERY	13
CONDITIONS FOR MATERIALISATION	13
WHERE ARE THE DEAD?	14
THE BODIES IN WHICH THE DEAD COME BACK	14
HOW THE SPIRITS 'MAKE UP'	14
THE SPIRITS' POWER OVER MATTER	15
THE PHENOMENON OF MATERIALISATION	15
SPIRIT CHEMISTS	15
THE BODIES OF THE MATERIALISED SPIRITS	16
HOW A MATERIALISED FORM BUILDS UP	17
THE USE MADE OF THE MEDIUM	17
THE DANGERS OF MATERIALISATION	18
MATERIALISING FRAUDS	19
THE CURSE OF PROMISCUOUS SITTERS	19
BIBLICAL RECORDS OF MATERIALISATION	20
THE MATERIALISED CHRIST	20
OLD ASSOCIATIONS RENEWED	21
SPIRITUALITY SUBORDINATED TO MATERIALISM	22
MY FIRST SÉANCE	23

Talks with the Dead

ix

	PAGE
A WEIRD EXPERIENCE	23
A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON	24
SPIRITS APPEAR MATERIALISED	24
STROKED BY SPIRIT HANDS	25
SPIRITS BRING PERFUME	26
SPIRITUALISM UNPOPULAR	26
MUSICAL SPIRITS COME BACK	27
PSYCHIC MUSICAL MEDIUM	27
MUSICAL IMMORTALS	28
THE SO-CALLED DEAD APPEAR	28
SPIRITS JOIN THE MEDIUM IN SONG	28
HEAVENLY MINSTRELSY	29
SPIRITS WITH MATERIALISED VOICES	29
RICHARD WAGNER COMES BACK	30
RICHARD WAGNER ON MUSICAL MEDIUMS	30
INSPIRATION	31
THE GOOD EARL OF SHAFTESBURY RETURNS	32
'UNCLE TOM' APPEARS	32
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' PENITENCE	33
JOHN STUART MILL AND IMMORTALITY	34
T. DE WITT TALMAGE APPEARS	34
THAT SERMON ON 'GHOSTS'	35
PATHETIC VISIT FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD	35
CHARLES KINGSLEY COMES BACK	36
THE KEYS TO IMMORTALITY	36
C. H. SPURGEON COMES BACK	37
UNDOING HIS LIFE-WORK	37
HIS NAME WILL BE KEPT FRAGRANT	37
THE BELOVED POET LONGFELLOW COMES BACK	38
'HOME OVER THERE'	38
THOMAS CARLYLE RETURNS	39
HIS 'STEPPING OUT'	40
HIS ASSOCIATES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD	40
HE WAS A MEDIUM	41
A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS CARLYLE	41
EVER THOUGHTFUL OF HER COMFORT	42
HE WAS A MEDIUM	43
HIS SPHERE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD	43
HE WAS NOT UNDERSTOOD	43
THERE IS NO DEATH	44
CZAR OF RUSSIA'S REGRET	44

	PAGE
LORD BEACONSFIELD	45
HARRIET MARTINEAU'S SURPRISE	46
PETER COOPER	47
THE TELEPHONE	47
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE COMES BACK	48
DESIGNED BY GOD TO TEACH	49
SURPRISED AT HIS FAME	49
CONTROLLED BY SPIRITS	50
HIS VISIT TO LONDON	50
THE SPIRITS IN HIS SPHERE	51
CHARLES LACEY COMES BACK TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED	53
DAN LENO COMES BACK	53
DAN LENO COMES BACK TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED	54
ETERNAL PROGRESS	55
CREEDS AND DOGMAS IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD	55
NO LAKE OF BRIMSTONE AND FIRE	56
PERENNIAL YOUTH	56
TIEN SIEN TIE	57
IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH	57
THE WELCOME	58
HIS WIFE'S GREETING	58
CROMWELL FLEETWOOD VARLEY	58
A LETTER FROM MY SPIRIT MOTHER	59
ABRAHAM LINCOLN—HIS PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE	60
HE WAS READY FOR DEATH	61
JOHN DRYDEN	61
HE BELONGED TO NO SECT	62
HIS AWAKENING	62
IN WHAT SPIRITUALISM DIFFERS MOST FROM ORTHODOXY	63
MINISTERING SPIRITS	64
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE COMES BACK	64
THE REV. JAMES ERNEST CLAPHAM RETURNS	65
THE LIVING DEAD HAVE NO INTEREST IN GRAVES	66
'LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT'.	66
MARRIAGE—'WHOSE WIFE OF THEM IS SHE?'	67
WE START IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD WHERE WE LEAVE OFF HERE	67
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY ON THE RETURN OF THE DEAD	68
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY DEFENDS SPIRITUALISTS	69
CREEDS MISTAKEN FOR THE GOSPEL	69
DR. ADAM CLARKE ON THE RETURN OF THE DEAD	70
THE SUPERNATURAL IN HUMAN HISTORY	70

Talks with the Dead

x1

	PAGE
THE SPIRITUALIST KNOWS THE SO-CALLED DEAD LIVE . . .	71
THE DEAD LONG TO COMMUNICATE	72
' HANG THEOLOGY ROGERS '	72
THE SPIRITUAL STATES	73
FIRST CIRCLE OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE	73
MATERIAL PLEASURES	74
MR. W. T. STEAD ON THE RETURN OF THE DEAD	74
SPIRITUALISTS DO NOT CALL UP SPIRITS	75
NO SUBTLE FORCES IN DEATH TO CHANGE CHARACTER . .	75
EARTH-BOUND SPIRITS	76
GRIEF AFFECTS THE DEAD	77
THE GREAT BEYOND	77
THEY DO COME BACK	78
TO MOTHER IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD	79
THE BITTER CRY	80
THE DEAR MASTER CAME BACK	80
BIBLE FACTS AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA	81
C. H. SPURGEON COMES BACK AND PLEADS FOR PATIENCE WITH UNBELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM	82
SPIRITUALISM	82
SCRIPTURAL RECORDS OF TRANCES, VISIONS, AND DIRECT SPIRIT VOICES	83
SPIRIT LIGHTS	84
HEALING MEDIUMSHIP	84
SPIRITUAL GIFTS	84
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES	85
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO-DAY	85
THE GIFTS OF TONGUES	86
DIRECT SPIRIT-WRITING	86
A MATERIALISED PLUMBLINE	87
A MATERIALISED HAND	87
CURED OF ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS	88
' LEAD, SPIRITS BRIGHT,' BY MRS. ANNIE BESANT	89
GEORGE MULLER COMES BACK	89
GUARDIAN SPIRITS	90
MR. THOMAS EVERITT COMES BACK	91
HOW THE DEAD SHOW THEMSELVES	92
MY INJURED HAND CURED BY A LUMINOUS SPIRIT	93
ANGELS ARE HUMAN SPIRITS	93
SPIRIT RETURN INCONVERTIBLE	94
MATERIALISATIONS	95

	PAGE
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., COMES BACK	95
SPIRIT HANDS	96
SPIRITS' CLOTHES	97
PRAYERS FOR THE LIVING DEAD	98
GRIMALDI THE ITALIAN CLOWN COMES BACK	98
DEATH	99
DEATH AS SEEN BY THE CLAIRVOYANT	99
THE SPIRITUAL BODY	100
THE SPIRITUAL BODY A PROTOTYPE OF THE PHYSICAL	100
SPIRIT SERVICE	101
SOWING AND REAPING	102
MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH COMES BACK	102
CHRIST'S REAPPEARANCE AFTER DEATH	103
THE BRETONS AND THEIR DEAD	104
MORAL PIG-STIES ATTRACT DARK SPIRITS	104
A SPIRITUAL BODY	105
THE DEAD WANT TO MATERIALISE	105
MATERIALISATION VARIES WITH CONDITIONS	105
YOUR DEAD COME BACK	106
CONDITIONS FOR MATERIALISATION	106
THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT MATERIALISATION	107
SPIRITS CROWD IN AT SERVICES	108
GEORGE THOMPSON'S EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT-LIFE	109
BUILDING FOR TIME	110
CHARLES DICKENS WAS A MEDIUM	111
CHARLES DICKENS	112
CHRISTMAS CAROL NO. 1	112
CHRISTMAS CAROL NO. 2	114
LOVING AFFINITIES SURVIVE DEATH	116

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SPIRIT OF CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE SPIRIT OF THERESE	<i>to face p. 1</i>
THE SPIRIT OF SISTER AMIE	" 10
THE EDITOR AND THE SPIRIT FORM OF HIS SISTER	" 22
THE SPIRIT FORM OF DAN LENO	" 54
THE SPIRIT OF JOHN KING	" 84
THE EDITOR AND ONE OF HIS SPIRIT FRIENDS	" 89
'MISCHIEF'	" 98

INTRODUCTION

AN UNBROKEN CHAIN OF EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT COMMUNION WITH MORTALS

BOTH in the Old and New Testaments there is an unbroken chain of evidence of spirit communion with mortals. In the course of my numerous addresses, in London and the provinces, I have reminded ministers and members of the orthodox churches of the many instances recorded in the Scriptures of the appearance of angels or spirits to mortals ; and of the hymns in their hymn books they so often sing, about 'Angels are hovering round,' &c. Not a few of these 'dear brethren' have felt uncomfortable while I have restated and emphasised these portions of the Bible, insisting upon a public avowal of their belief or rejection. What about the angel appearing to Hagar, and comforting her? The three 'men' or spirits, one of whom is called the 'Lord,' that appeared to Abraham, and 'they did eat.' The two spirits from the unseen world who assisted Lot and his family to escape from the doomed city ; Abraham restrained from sacrificing his son by an angel ; Jacob met by angels, and the 'man' or spirit wrestled with him until the daybreak. The host of Israel led by an angel in their exodus from Egypt ; Balaam met by an angel ; Shadrach,

Meshach, and Abed-nego, accompanied by an angel in the flames of the furnace. The spirit 'clothed in linen whose loins were girded with pure gold,' seen by Daniel. These are but a few instances recorded in the Old Testament. The New Testament abounds with instances of the appearance of spirits from the invisible world. An angel appeared to Joseph in a dream; the two Marys at the sepulchre; 'Two men in shining garments'; Peter released from prison by an angel, etc. From the day of the Apostles, men of all ages and climes have communed with the spirit-world. Where is the difference between ancient and modern Spiritualism? If Lot grasped the hand of a spirit, if Jacob wrestled with one, and Peter, James, and John saw and talked with Moses and Elias, to-day there are thousands, in the place of two or three, can tell of having grasped angel-hands, and of having seen and talked face to face with the so-called dead. Alas for the glaring inconsistency of members of the Orthodox Church! The dead and gone witnesses of the past are believed, but those of the living present are, Mr. J. S. Farmer says, either characterised as fools or dupes, and yet we have an experience more complete, richer, and universal. Let both the Old and New Testaments be read in conjunction with modern Spiritualism, and it will then be seen that the same credence should be given to the facts and spiritual phenomena of later days.

JOHN LOBB.

Carlton House, 75 Victoria Park Road,
South Hackney, *September 1906.*

SKETCH OF THE EDITOR

MR. JOHN LOBB

From *Men and Women of the Time*, published by George Routledge and Sons, 1899, at 15s. net.

MR. JOHN LOBB was born on August 7th, 1840, in Mile End New Town, in the County of Middlesex. After a creditable examination in 1862, he received a call to the Primitive Methodist Ministry, but preferred a commercial sphere, remaining a lay preacher. In 1870 he established a local journal, 'The Kingsland Monthly Messenger,' which proved a success. In 1872 his services were transferred to the 'Christian Age,' a weekly journal which had then been established about twelve months, with a sale of about 5,000 copies weekly. In five years, by his energy it reached a circulation of about 80,000 copies weekly.

CHIEF PROPRIETOR OF THE 'CHRISTIAN AGE'

IN 1880 Mr. Lobb became the chief proprietor. In 1876 he was urged by the late Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., and George Sturge, the well-known philanthropist, to raise a fund for the Rev. Josiah Henson, the original character of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Within seven months, by lectures and preaching sermons, he raised for him upwards of £2,000. He edited the story of Mr. Henson's life, which also contained a preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Within six weeks upwards of 30,000 copies were sold. Subsequently the book was translated into twelve languages. A quarter of a million have been sold.

HIS VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE

ON Monday, March 5th, 1877, Mr. Lobb received Her Majesty's command to attend at Windsor Castle with the hero of his book, and had the honour of inscribing his name in Her Majesty's private album.

At the triennial election of the London School Board of 1882 he was returned for the division of Hackney, second on the poll, polling 11,576. In 1885, of the thirteen candidates he was returned at the head of the poll, polling 15,092. In 1888 he was again returned at the head of the poll, polling 17,360 votes, and at the triennial election of 1891 he was again at the head of the poll, polling 14,002. At the triennial election of 1894 he lost his seat, it being the first and only occasion on which Mr. Lobb had identified himself with any party. Although known as an Independent, he was regarded as a 'Diggleite.' In 1897 he was again returned to the Board. It must be said, in justice to Mr. Lobb, however, that he was strongly opposed to Mr. Athelstan Riley and his friends on the religious question. Mr. Lobb can say what few public men can—that in all his contests for the Board he has never held a single meeting. He trusts his constituents.

THE 'FAMOUS PAMPHLETEER'

MR. LOBB is known as the 'famous pamphleteer' on 'School Board Extravagance,' 'The Scandals of the Stores,' 'Pen and Ink Sketches of all the Members,' 'A Twelve Years' Experience of the London School Board.' His first pamphlet, published in 1885, reached a sale of 97,000 copies in six weeks. He was for nine years Chairman of the Stores Committee, and subsequently Chairman to the Finance Committee in succession to Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P. In 1886 he edited and published 'The Life and Times of Frederick Douglas,' the famous runaway slave who was afterwards Marshal to the District of Columbia, U.S.A., to which the Right Hon. John Bright contributed a preface. The book was published at 6s. In 1879 he published the 'Life of the Rev. T. De Witt

Talmage, D.D.,' price 2s. 6d., and also 'Arrows and Anecdotes and the Story of the Great Revival,' price 2s. 6d. In 1877 he published a weekly paper called the 'Daisy Family Story Paper' which in five years reached a weekly sale of 15,000 copies. In 1882 he received £1,000 for the copyright of the 'Daisy,' which was subsequently conducted by Mrs. Joseph Parker of the City Temple.

HIS MUNICIPAL WORK

HE is a Guardian of the City of London Union, of whom there are ninety-four, being elected in 1885 for the parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street, E.C. He is a member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and has published pamphlets on dementia, imbecility and idiocy in its various forms. He is ex-Chairman of the Lunatic Visiting Committee of the City of London Union, the Contract Committee, and is Vice-Chairman of the Finance Committee. In 1887 he was elected a member of the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without. He has served on the Central Markets, the Billingsgate Market, and was Vice-Chairman of the Finance of the Markets Committees. He has served for ten years on the Officers and Clerks Committee, and six years on the Freemen's Orphan School Committee, and was Chairman for two years in succession. He is also a member of the Guildhall Library Committee, the Epping Forest Committee, and one of the Court of Assistants to the Honourable Irish Society. On the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to the City he was a member of the Reception Committee, and in 1894 served on the Lord Mayor's Committee; and on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to the City on June 22nd, 1897, was one of the five Common Councilmen appointed to receive Her Majesty with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at Temple Bar. He has served for twelve years as a Governor of Lady Holles' Trust to the Ward of Cripplegate, E.C. He is a Governor of St. Bride's Foundation, a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society.

RECEIVES PUBLIC RECOGNITION

ON July 21, 1891, he was publicly presented with a testimonial in the form of a cheque for £250 and an illuminated address, and a silver tea and coffee service to Mrs. Lobb, in the Mansion House, by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Savory, Bart., M.P. He has been subsequently presented with a half-length portrait in oils of Mrs. Lobb, by Mr. J. Mordecai, and Mrs. Lobb has been presented with a companion portrait, by the same artist, of Mr. Lobb. In 1896 he was the recipient of another public testimonial in the form of a solid silver fruit stand and an illuminated address from the School Keepers under the London Board; and in 1894 served on the Lord Mayor's Committee. Mr. Lobb is a Freeman of the Loriners' Company and the Blacksmiths' Company. A full-length portrait of Mrs. John Lobb was in the Royal Academy in 1897, No. 174 in gallery No. 2, by Joseph Mordecai.

MR. JOHN LOBB

From the volume of biographical sketches published by Jarrold & Sons under the title of 'Middlesex Men of Mark,' price three guineas.

NO work on Middlesex men of mark would be complete without a sketch, however imperfect, of the career of so prominent and able a public man as Mr. John Lobb.

Mr. Lobb is an undoubted power in Metropolitan circles. Thoughtful eminently business-like, and exceedingly well-informed, he is a sturdy reformer, and keenly opposed to 'jobbery' in any shape or form. Single-minded and honest to the core, Mr. John Lobb's views always carry weight and invariably command attention. Although he has been aptly called 'The Apostle of Reform,' it must not be thought for a moment that Mr. Lobb is simply a firebrand agitator, for he is nothing of the kind. Neither is he one to be easily drawn into every new-fangled idea, as he possesses a keen critical power with which he judges closely and severely of any novel suggestion before he lends it either the benefit of his counsel or

the help of his influence. Yet once satisfied of the wisdom of any course, no one is more indefatigable than he in promoting its complete success. With Mr. John Lobb this persistent perseverance in any task he takes upon himself is in close alliance with a cautious sagacity that rules his every enterprise, and saves him from falling into any of the pitfalls that are at all times the danger of vigorous public efforts.

The conspicuous service rendered by him in calling public attention to the 'jerry'-built Board Schools was universally commented on in the Press at the time, and he was likewise honoured with a song in the Drury Lane pantomime. These stirring lines, which occurred in a duet sung in 'Cloudland,' ran thus:—

Every British heart will throb
At the name of Mr. Lobb,
For Lobb is on the job
Down there.

He is ever on the move, and a busier man there is not to be found in the whole Metropolis.

ANOTHER PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN LOBB

AT a banquet held at the Royal Hotel (De Keyser's) May 12, 1905, Mr. John Lobb, C.C., was presented with a painting in oils of Mrs. Lobb and their two sons, in recognition of his services as Chairman of the Law and City Courts Committee of the Corporation of London. Among those present were the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Judges of the City of London Courts, and others, numbering about one hundred guests.

The Chairman, Mr. Cecil F. J. Jennings, in making the presentation, alluded to the services rendered by Mr. Lobb to the public during the past forty-five years, and in particular to his service to the Corporation. Fifteen years ago he succeeded in carrying a resolution in the Court of Common Council for continued sittings, by which suitors and litigants had been greatly inconvenienced, and a large increase, amounting to upwards of £50,000, had resulted from the fees to the coffers of the City's cash.

The painting is by Mr. Joseph Mordecai, who was recently commanded by His Majesty the King to paint his portrait at Buckingham Palace. The artist has already had the honour of no less than twenty-one of his paintings being hung on the walls of the Royal Academy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

A CALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

PERHAPS I may be excused for this brief reference to my public career by mentioning, for the first time, the following incident. Early in May, 1899, as Chairman of the Epping Forest Committee, it occurred to me that His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught might be induced to visit Epping Forest, and officially take over the strip of land, known as Yardley Hill, which Mr. Edward North Buxton had presented to the Corporation of the City of London. Without mentioning it to any one, I called at Buckingham Palace, and saw Colonel Sir Alfred Egerton, the Comptroller and Treasurer to His Royal Highness, and he kindly arranged for me to attend at the Palace on the following Wednesday when a Court was to be held. His Royal Highness not only consented to visit the Forest, but arranged for Her Royal Highness the Duchess to accompany him on the occasion, on June 1, 1899. The Court of Common Council being in recess, I called my Committee together, who were as much surprised as they were delighted at what I had done.

A GRAND DAY

It was a grand day for the Woodford and Chingford districts. The Royal party, with an escort of Hussars, were met by the writer and his Committee, the Lord Mayor and

the Sheriffs of London ; and, after luncheon, walked into the enclosure, when the writer as the Chairman delivered an address to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught recalling the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty the late Queen, who had, seventeen years before, visited the forest and dedicated nearly 6,000 acres of the finest woodland to the use of the public. The Duke of Connaught, in reply, expressed the great pleasure he had in declaring the site to be part of the Epping Forest. After a very enjoyable drive through the Forest his Royal Highness congratulated the writer on the arrangements made for their reception, and said that it had given the Duchess and himself great pleasure to be present. Subsequently the writer was entertained at a banquet, when he was presented with a painting in oils of his daughter Dorothy, and Mrs. Lobb was the recipient of a diamond ring.

A FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST FOR THE CHILDREN

ANOTHER pleasing incident made my tenure of office memorable. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., M.P., met me on Ludgate Hill, and after a chat about the forest offered to erect a fountain, at a cost of 300 guineas, for the use of the children ; and subsequently he offered another 100 guineas for the water to be supplied in perpetuity. The fountain stands hard by the Royal Forest Hotel.

HOW I WAS DUPED

Now that I am no longer connected with the English Finance Corporation, Ltd., I may be allowed to refer briefly to a painful chapter in my long and varied career.

Early in May, 1904, I was induced to accept an offer of elegantly furnished offices where I could attend to my

literary work, and at the same time interview applicants for an advance on reversions, and other well-attested securities. At the last moment, however, the offer was made conditional on my becoming a shareholder and a director.

Within a few days of the clearing of my cheques I discovered that I had been duped, and that the agreement prepared by the solicitor I employed was not worth the paper it was written on. I offered £150 to be clear of the concern, which was refused. I was then confronted with a debenture for £1,100 held by the wife of this clever, wily individual.

Under threat of prosecution he retired, leaving various financial obligations to be met.

In such surroundings I was in no mood for literary work, my time being for the most part occupied in settling unexpected liabilities, and with solicitors.

‘TRUTH’

Subsequently I was informed that ‘Truth’ had for three weeks in succession enriched their columns with an attack on me.

I immediately sent on to Sir William Treloar, the Alderman of the Ward, copies of ‘Truth’ containing the allegations, requesting a committee of investigation.

Sir William was leaving town at that time and handed the matter over to the Deputy of the Ward.

No action was taken, and, six weeks before the annual election, I sent on to the secretary of the sixteen members representing the Ward to say that, in the event of a contest, I should stand alone, *i.e.* not run with my old colleagues on their ticket. I refused to go back to the Court of Common Council hanging on to their coat-tails.

AN ELEMENT OF REGRET

To me it is an element of regret that the matter was allowed to rest for six months, and then flung at me at the wardmote, not even being referred to at the precinct meeting. I had a right to expect different treatment after eighteen years' continuous service as one of the sixteen members. One would have thought that my forty-five years' public life, freely given without fee or reward, would have deterred even my worst enemies from accepting the statements published in 'Truth,' the whole of which were as misplaced as they were false.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA

EVERYBODY knows that during a contested election allegations and cruel statements are often made that would make Ananias and Sapphira blush ; but, it never for one moment entered my mind that any of my old colleagues would accept the whisperings that were bandied about as gospel.

Judging from the numerous letters received, after the election, I need not now fear the result of a contest at any time in the Ward of Farringdon Without.

ABUSES, SCANDALS, AND FRAUDS EXPOSED

DURING my long and varied public career, it has fallen to my lot to unearth, and expose abuses, scandals, and fraud. From the first I have refused to be identified with cliques, taking my full share of committee work. I had not been many months a member of the School Board for London when the public realised that not less than half a million sterling had been shamefully squandered, and that every chapter of the Board's history was replete with culpable

blundering and extravagance. I published several pamphlets giving details, and at the election, in 1885, a clean sweep was made of the members known as the 'Official Ring.'

POOR LAW GUARDIANS' FEASTS

TWENTY-ONE years ago I called attention to the gluttony of the Hackney Guardians. These parochials, after a little formal business, would sit feasting for hours, often until late in the evening, waited on by a pauper dressed up in a second-hand dress suit. I induced the comic London weekly journal 'Judy' to publish a series of cartoons descriptive of their indecent proceedings, from a published speech of one of themselves. It appeared with the illustrations on page 12, for July 1, 1885. It upset these gluttonous Guardians at the time. By-the-by, I see that while I am penning these lines the local paper's contents bill contains 'Startling Revelations of the Hackney Guardians.'

THE CITY GUARDIANS AND THEIR FEASTS

THE City Guardians Board consisted of ninety-four members, and a notice appeared on the paper of business thus: 'Any Guardian is at liberty to attend the Visiting Rota.' This was a standing invitation for nice little parties. Any suggested reform only intensified their perversity. For years I had to submit to much abuse, and uproarious scenes followed any suggested reform. At last I induced Mr. Gould, a son of now Sir F. C. Gould, of 'The Westminster Gazette,' to attend at Homerton and sketch the Guardians at their feasting, and well he did it. My friend Robert Donald, now the editor of the 'Daily Chronicle,' assisted me greatly in the matter, and published the cartoon in *London*, March 25, 1897, which he was editing at that time.

Meanwhile I printed a letter occupying four pages of foolscap paper, giving details, from the official records of the Board of Guardians, showing that for the five years ending at Michaelmas 1896, a total of £1,191 11s. 0d. had been expended on the House and Infirmary Committees; that, as a rule, twelve toasts were given at their Committee dinners; and I quoted from the following letter by Mr. Alfred Lyon, who was Chairman of the Board for eleven years, and which appeared in 'The Citizen,' August 7, 1897; he says:—

'I had not intended to take any part in this fray, but having for many years past tried, by precept and example, quietly to bring about a better state of things, and having failed, I at last determined to speak out as Mr. Lobb has done. I have no hesitation in saying, now it is found by our published report of attendances, that it was possible for one man to eat eighty-one luncheons and the same number of dinners at Bow and Homerton. The grand spreads which have been given, especially at Bow, and to which friends from outside have been invited, should be abolished. Nothing but reasonable and simple refreshments should be provided, no more than the fare for travelling be allowed, and no more time than is absolutely required for the work should be spent in the houses.'

I finished up my letter thus: 'To the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., President of the Local Government Board,—So detestable and odious have the associations of the City of London Union become, that unless your Honourable Board take prompt and decisive action, those who have any regard for the decencies and courtesies of life will refuse to be identified with it.'

When the City Guardians saw by the press that I had been sent for to attend at the Local Government Board

re the above communication, they met at the Homerton Workhouse on the following Monday, did their work, and left without their sumptuous banquet. The daily and weekly press were very funny over the matter; the 'Star' said I had drawn scalding tears down the cheeks of the City gourmands over the loss of their dinners. I need hardly say that the end came. The Local Government Board sent down new regulations.

THE CITY POLICE: OLD CRIPPLES RETAINED, PROMOTION BLOCKED

I HAD not been a member of the City Corporation many weeks when London was startled with the facts of a long-standing grievance, which had taken deep root in the City police force. Here is a cutting from the press at the time:—

'Mr. John Lobb asked the chairman of the Police Committee: (1) Whether there are over 200 men in the City police force bandaged up, suffering from varicose veins, hernia, and otherwise physically incapacitated for active service; (2) whether one inspector has a glass eye and is nearly blind with the other, and, although he has been forty-two years in the service, is not yet pensioned off; (3) whether there are several detective sergeants who have been in the service upwards of thirty-seven years, who, although physically incapacitated, are dragging out a miserable existence in active service; and (4) whether no facilities are afforded for promotion until the men are too old.'

My contention was that a large number of incapables were retained drawing large salaries, blocking promotion, and that young and efficient men after twelve years' service

were officially informed that they were too old to be retained in the force. The dear old chairman, who had held that position for many years, in conjunction with an alderman, turned a deaf ear to all applications for redress.

The following is an extract from a letter by 'One in Blue,' which appeared in the daily press for May 21, 1888:—

‘WORN-OUT POLICEMEN

‘The warmest thanks of the City Police are due to Mr. Lobb for bringing before the public the retention of old cripples amongst the inspectors and sergeants by Colonel Fraser. He is seventy years of age himself, and draws a salary of £2,000 per annum, and many of those who are past work are drawing large salaries and stopping promotion. Mr. John Lobb, the newly-elected member for Farringdon Without, has three times during the past three months brought this matter before the Court of Common Council, but it has been baulked each time under the pretence that neither the Court of Common Council nor the Police Committee have any power to act, although the committee draws £350 per annum for dinners. Colonel Fraser has all power. It is quite time that this matter was brought before Parliament. You have only to ask any of our police constables, who will assure you of the dissatisfaction which exists. If Mr. Lobb could only be induced to publish the list of old cripples which he read out in the Court of Common Council, and which the City papers suppressed, it would open the eyes of the citizens.’

THE GRIEVANCE REMOVED

Public feeling was too strong for inaction. I was summoned before the Police Committee, and heard. In the end

Colonel Fraser, together with the aged and infirm inspectors and sergeants, retired, and about eighty promotions followed and a superannuation secured for all after twenty-five years' service, and 15 per cent. added to the salaries of the men (another 10 per cent. has since been added). My services were subsequently secured for the Metropolitan Police. Mr. Matthews, the then Home Secretary, added 10 per cent. to his force.

SPIRITUALISM AND FRAUDS

I HAD not been long associated with Spiritualism, before I detected fraud. One medium, from the United States of America, sporting a D.D., and the Rev. had by his remarkable powers of clairvoyance ingratiated himself into a few of the Societies, and had 'caught on.' He found me out, and finding that he had been taken up by old Spiritualists I invited him to my house. I was not long in discovering that his life was anything but spiritual, albeit he possessed the gifts. After compelling him to disgorge £113, which I handed back to those from whom he had wrongfully taken it in small sums, I threatened prosecution unless he returned to the States. He went, and I learn that he passed over into the spirit-world in January last. Two materialisation frauds I have had a hand in exposing, both owning up. I have also brought about the utter collapse of two prominent Ghost Showmen, who had found the business most lucrative. Friends have asked me whether I have dropped Spiritualism now. I have replied, 'No; but I have dropped tinned meat.' There were frauds in the first Church of twelve, with the Master at the head. Frauds in every department of life; and whilst unsanctified human nature is what it is, we may expect to find them to the end.

Spiritualism has had the advantage of a good advertisement over the recent exposures—£10,000 would not have paid for it. Attention has been called to the movement the wide world over, and now Spiritualists are keeping a sharp look-out, mediums are being watched, and will have to watch and pray—as did Daniel of old.

MY CONNECTION WITH DAN LENO

NARROW-MINDED sectarians of the Pharisee type have raised their eyelids in wonder and amazement that I should in any way be mixed up with the theatrical profession. And yet I have found these 'saints' quietly seated at some of the loudest performances at the Alhambra and the Empire theatres, and other music halls, during my journalistic duties when I was attached to a London daily newspaper. Yes, and I have been so wicked as to accompany one of the officials and face the dear 'saint' with: 'How do you do?' remarking, 'I am here for my journal.' In some instances the 'dear brother' has suddenly felt the need of a little fresh air. Now for my friendship with dear Dan Leno. My action at the School Board, in bringing to light the shocking insanitary condition of the schools, and the fraudulent manner in which they were erected, aroused universal indignation, every newspaper in the kingdom referred to it, and the playwrights seized the facts and worked them into their comedies, and my name was bandied about by clowns and musical artists over the kingdom. During the four months' run of the Pantomime at Drury Lane, my name figured in the duet song in 'Cloudland,' in which Harry Nicholls and Dan Leno took part, 'For Lobb is on the job,' etc.

EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN THEATRES

DURING the year 1889, much unnecessary fuss was made by a section of the School Board members over the alleged baneful influence of the theatres on children employed to perform at the Pantomimes. They contended that their education was interfered with, and the Board was urged to make operative its powers. Mrs. Lobb joined me, with members of the theatrical profession, in ascertaining the facts, and we found that 93 per cent. of all the children so employed turned out well, that the £1 per week was a boon to their poverty-stricken parents, and that they were under the care of foster-parents during their stay at the theatres, and that neither their moral nor educational interests were in any way affected. We attended deputations to Lord Dunraven, and Mr. Matthews at the Home Office, and put the case before Mr. Stuart-Wortley, and, by the insertion of a clause in the Bill, secured the position of the children, which, as everybody knows, works well. Our humble services were much appreciated, not only by the profession, but, too, by the parents and their children.

DAN LENO EDITS THE 'SUN'

THE Managing Editor of the 'Sun' evening newspaper conceived the idea that the responsible editor should occasionally step aside, and allow an outsider to fill the editorial chair for a brief season. Dr. Joseph Parker was the first, following him George Jacob Holyoake, and then Dan Leno. I was associated with the two latter, and a lively time we had. No fewer than one million copies were sold on the day of Dan's editorship.

**DAN LENO AND HERBERT CAMPBELL AT THE
CITY TEMPLE**

I ACCOMPANIED Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell at Dr. Parker's Thursday noon-day service. It was just before the famous pastor of the City Temple passed on. I humorously suggested to the Doctor that he should get the two converted, and I would run them round the churches and take the cash. The incident of their visit made a good line for the contents bill.

**DAN LENO AND HERBERT CAMPBELL CONVEYED
TO NEWGATE PRISON**

THE above was the head-line to an account I wrote for the 'Sun,' taking care not to mention that it was merely to view the prison until I had nearly finished the article. It was but a week before the demolition of the Old Bailey prison commenced. Being on the Committee for the replacing it with the present new structure, it occurred to me that they would like to have a look at the grimy, grisly old place. Accompanied by our wives we had a day off. These incidents Dan Leno has recalled when he has come back from the spirit-world. His strenuous earthly life came to an end, and the mortal remains of our friend were laid to rest in Tooting Cemetery. When the coffin, which bore the words 'George Galvin (Dan Leno), who entered into rest on October 31, 1904, aged 43 years,' was lowered, hosts of friends clustered round to take a last farewell of one who, in his own way, had done so much to disperse their cares and troubles. The loose blooms of the flowers were wet with the tears of the mourners. My old colleague on the London School Board, the Rev. Hubert Curtis, M.A., conducted the service.

**TWO YEARS ON THE SPIRITUALISTS'
PLATFORM**

SINCE my conversion to Spiritualism, I have travelled over 18,000 miles, and addressed 40,000 persons. Some of the largest halls in the provinces have been too small to accommodate the crowds of anxious truth-seekers. The local newspapers have been more than kind in their reports of the services, and in allowing so much space to correspondence following my visit. Here are a few of the towns where I have officiated: Bradford (in the St. George's Hall, 3,000 persons present), Brighouse, Yorkshire, Burton-on-Trent, Derby (twice, the Albert Hall taken on each occasion), Liverpool (three times), Manchester (four times), Edinburgh and Glasgow (three times), and Greenock (once), Blackpool, Crewe, Cardiff, Merthyr, S. Wales (three times), Macclesfield, Leicester (twice), Devonshire, Hyde, Cheshire, Southsea, Southend, Bournemouth, Huddersfield, Hull, Walsall, Wisbech, Blackburn, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham (three times), Northampton, Nelson, Lancs., Smethic, Stalybridge, Oldham, etc. I have had, too, an enormous correspondence. In no instance have I sought engagements, nor have I taken any fees; London and the suburbs have had their full share of my services; and the marvel is, that my health has kept good, although occasionally I have been compelled to travel home all night, to attend to business, after three services in the provinces.

TALKS WITH THE DEAD

SPIRITUALISM

'IT IS DEVILISH, HUMBUG, FRAUD, IMPOSTURE'

'It is all devilish, humbug, fraud, imposture'—these are a few of the appellations and designations applied to Spiritualism by some members of the orthodox churches. I would remind these 'dear brethren' of the gifts exercised by Christ and His disciples, and which all believers were exhorted to acquire. St. Paul says: 'Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.' And again he declares 'there are diversities of gifts.' He in the same chapter enumerates them as follows:— 'The word of wisdom, the word of knowledge, faith, gifts of healing, working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, interpretation of tongues.' I need not here enlarge, but only refer these dear 'saints' to the words of the Master, 'He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father.'— St. John xiv. 12. The claims of Spiritualists are in accord with the whole tenor of the Old and the New Testaments, and supported by the historical records of all nations.

B

THAT MYSTERIOUS BEYOND

If there be any that can tell us more about our whence and whither, let us hear them. This is the cry that has gone up from many a sorrowing heart the wide world over in all ages.

That mysterious realm of the beyond has engulfed the myriads of our fellow mortals of the past, and many of our dear ones have already entered it, and we ourselves are fast moving forward to it, and may at any moment break through the thin veil that alone divides us from it.

What is it? Where is it?

If I could only see him—if I could only go
 And speak one word of comfort and solace—then know
 He would endure with patience and strive against his woe . . .
 You may seek him who mourns you and look upon his face,
 And speak to him of comfort for one short minute's space.

A. A. PROCTER.

OUR LOST DARLINGS

THERE are aching hearts, men and women, who would give all that they possess to have one brief interview with those—'Who long ago were wrenched from their fond embrace by the rude hand of death.'

To look again into their face, and to hear their voice, to receive from their lips a few sentences, to know that they exist, and are happy; and, above all, that they are still interested in the welfare of those left on this earth. To meet them once again, to talk with them, would more than compensate for all the scalding tears and poignant grief of past years, and would lift from sorrowing hearts a heavy burden.

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
 And the sound of a voice that is still.

TENNYSON.

DO THE DEAD COME BACK?

Do the dead come back? Is there communion between the spirit world and this? Can they whose bodies are beneath the sod return to this earth, and talk? Yes. Upwards of seven hundred of the so-called dead have returned at circles where I have sat during the past three years, many of whom have talked freely with the sitters, recalling incidents in their domestic, maternal, social, and public life, giving tangible and visible proof of their continued existence after death.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

[Born at Lichfield, 1709, passed on, 1784.]

‘ THAT the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence.’

OUR LOVED ONES ARE NOT DEAD

THOUGH our dear ones pass from our sight we know they are not dead. We hear their voices, clasp their hands, and enjoy the same communion as of yore. The doors of the

B 2

spiritual world that have been barred so long are not only set ajar, but open wide, and from the 'many mansions' of our Father's home come the loved ones, with kindly messages and friendly greetings. Those we thought lost to us reassemble once again by the firesides and on the hearthstones that have seemed so full of desolation since the happy home circle was broken—broken, but, thank God! broken no more. The several ties are joined again; the old friendships are renewed, and renewed never again to be set aside.

THE BODIES OF THE LIVING USED BY SPIRITS

YES, the dead come back and use the bodies of the living as mediums through whom they communicate, known as trans-mediums. The spirits from the unseen magnetise them and take possession of their bodies, make use of their nervous system, and speak with their tongues. Strange as it may appear, there are *mædiumistic* persons to be found the wide world over. There have always been and are now, born into this life persons of a peculiar organisation, who are abnormal or normal, unconscious mediums of manifestations from the spirit-world—they are 'born so.' The so-called dead entrance them, and it is through them that the departed are brought audibly, visibly, and tangibly to the living. In addition to the numerous *séances* for materialisation at which I have sat, I have been present very often at the ordinary trance-medium circles.

Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

DEATH

PITY it is that the Christian Church has been slow to realise that death is nothing more than casting off an old garment. 'We know,' says St. Paul, 'that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven, if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.' If these words have any meaning, the breaking up of the fleshly tabernacle called death in no way changes the real man. The self, the capacity for feeling, survives the brief transition which we call death.

'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth, both when we wake and when we sleep.'—*Milton*.

HUMAN beings almost without exception believe that after death of their bodies they exist as intelligent operating spiritual beings. If so, one writer asks, wherein lies the difficulty of believing that such beings should on rare occasions walk the earth, and through the agency of a medium's body, operate in spirit circles? The orthodox doctrine is that the spirits of the departed are confined either in heaven or hell, and cannot re-visit the earth. But the Christian teaching is, that evil spirits operate with demoniacs, and good spirits and angels at rare intervals also re-appear on this earth.

LUMINOUS RAYS OVER THE DARK REALMS OF THE DEAD

OVER the dark realms of the dead there are luminous rays of immortality. As far back as three thousand years before

Christ, when Egypt was to the front of nations, we find a deep-rooted belief in a future life. According to the late Dr. Legge, Professor of Chinese in Oxford University, millions of these people fancy that their dead are in a sort of purgatory, and that they will spite and injure such of their descendants as fail to secure their deliverance.

RESTING-PLACES FOR SPIRITS

NEARLY two thousand years before Christ, during the Hsia dynasty, the worship of ancestors had so fully established itself that small rectangular wooden tablets were employed as resting-places for spirits. They were set up in front of the worshipper, and had written upon them: 'Seat of the Spirit,' or a 'Seat of the Soul,' or 'Lodging-place of the Spirit.' The Chinese believed that when a man died he had not ceased to be, for in their primitive characters they put on record that fact.

THE ROBES OF THE LIVING DEAD

IN the time of Confucius, this belief in the living dead had crystallised into ancestral worship. This sage represents the founders of the Chan dynasty as once every season repairing and beautifying the temple of their ancestors, setting forth the vessels that had belonged to them, displaying their various robes, and presenting the offerings of the several seasons. The basic belief in the spirit world—found in the highest civilisation to the lowest barbarism, from the remotest antiquity to the latest utterances of our own day—must count for something.

THERE ARE NO DEAD!

NOT one, of all the untold millions who have lived, dead!
Not one lost! Not one gone! The mighty hosts of the

vanished dead live, with the vivid memory of their past ! The wrong-doer and his victim, face to face. Earth's murdered ones in life again ! Loved ones linked again ! The very air is full of them. Our homes and streets are thronged with them. These unseen, disembodied, flit about us, jostle us in the thick crowds, and in our silent chambers. Their piercing eyes, invisible to us, are scanning all our ways. The universe is teeming with them. **THERE ARE NO DEAD !**

HUMAN PERSONALITY SURVIVES DEATH

'WHEN, therefore, death approaches a man,' says Plato, 'the mortal part of him as it appears, dies, but the immortal part departs, safe and uncorrupted, having withdrawn itself from death.' Life is continuous. The spirit preceded the bodily organs, the decay of the body is incident to the passing on of the spirit. Distinct as is the harper from the harp, the resident from the house, the swimmer from the flood, the bird from the cage, so is the real man from the body. Because an injury to the musician's harp ends his music, it does not carry with it the destruction of the musician. So the passage from the mortal to the spirit world, called death, does not destroy the personality. Man is as a triple organisation. St. Paul is very clear and definite on this. He says : 'I pray God that your whole **SPIRIT, SOUL, AND BODY** be preserved blameless,' &c. It is only the physical body which is dropped at death.

GHOSTS BECOME VISIBLE

'**EARTH** grows spiritually excited, and ghosts become visible, from the projection of the spiritual magnetic aura into the earth's atmosphere. The human mind becomes

disturbed by these influences, and commences to explore anew the mysterious Realm of Spirit. Theological disputes and discussions, as to the soul's power of prolonged existence after the decay of the visible body, become rife. A perception of the inter-relation of the Spirit-world with earth has existed since man's life on the planet began ; but as the generality of mankind were occupied in exploits of warfare or in cutting down the wilderness and founding of empires and kingdoms, a few individuals were set apart as priests to investigate the spiritual phenomena.

SPIRITS WALKED AND TALKED

'Nearly eighteen hundred years previous to Christ's advent, in the golden days of the Egyptian, Grecian, and Jewish period of maturity, the same phenomena occurred, during the visit of this Spirit-comet. Spirits walked and talked and partook of food on the earth visibly. The Oracles were active. Prophets and sibyls abounded, and the spiritual influx upon the earth resulted, as it ever does, in humanity taking one leap in advance in civilisation. 'So, back through time, can be traced the action of this periodical spirit visitor, elevating mankind by the influence of its aura, and by the proximity of progressed spirits. So, also, in the future, centuries from to-day, will this winged Spirit-world return from its mission to other earths, and for a period of years hover over the globe, disseminating light and spirituality.'

Spirits may touch you, being, as you would say,
A hundred thousand million miles away.
Those wires that wed the old world with the new
Are not the only links mind lightens through !

THE MINISTRY OF THE LIVING DEAD

BY A SPIRIT

If you could close your eyes for one moment, and look upon this other life that supplements yours, these hosts of attendant beings, these faces that hover near you, these voices that are so close to your hearts, you would be made aware that spiritual existence is composed of the striving, struggling, longing, and praying masses of spirits that have gone out from earthly life, burst the fetters of material sense, but still have not gained the ultimate of knowledge, each one striving, each one helping those that are beneath. And the surest pathway to spiritual progress on earth or in spirit-life is to help one another. You have found it so if, tortured with your own misery, if, believing yourself the most wretched of mortals, you have turned to the poor beggar in the street, or to the wayfarer more miserable than yourself. How one word of sympathy spoken to him brings balm to your own hearts ! and how you can get away from your troubles by ministering to others ! Knowledge is gained thus. So soon as you begin to teach other minds your own powers are quickened ; you feel the necessity of greater activity, and there is no better school than that of the teacher—no better means of happiness than that of ministering to the happiness of others. The spiritual world know this, and on wings of thought, laden with new-found wisdom, they come to you ; they would scatter these blessings on your pathway ; they illumine your minds ; they quicken your sense ; they make your thoughts more active and more easy to attain knowledge.

THE DEAD DO REVISIT THE LIVING

'THAT the spirits of the dead revisit the living, has been in all ages and in all European countries a fixed belief, not confined to the rustics, but participated in by the intelligent. If human testimony can be of any value there is a body of testimony reaching from the remotest ages to the present time, as extensive and unimpeached as can be found in the support of anything whatever, that these shades of the dead do return.'—(Draper, in his 'Conflict of Religion and Science.')

SPIRITS WALK BY YOUR SIDE

BY A SPIRIT

SPIRITS are thronging around you ; the air is full of their breath ; your lives are largely made up of their influences : they impel you in one way, they impel you in another ; seek, therefore, the good influences—the soft voice of angelic ministration. You are often angry : anger attracts undeveloped souls. You are often envious : envy does not belong to the higher influences. Mete out to others that which you would have them do to you—it does not draw the brighter spirits. The soul must be made free and pure and garnished ; seek the best light—the holiest influences ; then you may benefit others and lead them also to the light. The gift of mediumship, as we have stated, belongs to each one of you, more or less. Each day and hour strange beings walk by your side : one withdraws you from the danger, another impels you towards it. The guardian of your lives—the appointed spirit, that has been by your side from infancy, finally prevails—for the light is greater than the darkness : it always conquers ; for love is more supreme than hatred ; for God is love ; and error shrinks away.



THE SPIRIT OF SISTER AMIE.

To whom the Editor is much indebted during his psychic investigations.

Sister Amie is one of the gentlest and sweetest of spirits. When she appears one feels that the thin veil has been rent, through which there comes a breeze from the celestial spheres. Her manner is to greet each one at the circle tenderly and lovingly, uttering words of sympathy and hope. I have often called the attention of fresh arrivals to her symmetrically proportioned arms and wrists, putting her to the trouble of removing her spirit robe. Sitters have again and again had tangible evidence of the reality of her materialised form. She appears here holding to the side of her face the luminous slate that those to whom she speaks may see her clearly.—[Ed.]

1850

1850

LIFE AFTER DEATH

BY A SPIRIT

THERE can be no higher object than the proving of the existence beyond death of the presence and communion of departed spirits. Whatever gives you knowledge on that subject, that opens to your minds the laws whereby these things are possible in this day of wonders, is of itself a theme of undoubted interest. Surely so vast a science, that not only opens up the spiritual realm, but that underlies all mental effort in your organisation, is worthy of spending time, energy, and pains; and not one, but many tests—not one, but many efforts of thought and application should be given for the purpose of investigating and finding out the subtle and wondrous laws connected therewith. It is indeed a science that, like the keystone of the arch, unites all sciences in the grand scheme of spiritual life; it is indeed like the very solvent of nature sought for by ancient philosophers, wherein all other substances can be melted and merged in the one crucible of thought; it is the philosopher's stone into which you may look with charmed vision, and see there the truth you have long been waiting to find; but it is also that wonderful elixir of life that was sought by ancient sages for the purpose of perpetuating physical existence by the discovery of the immutable principles of life.

PAST DEATH

WE shall, past death,
Retain those forms of knowledge learned in life
Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time.

G. CHAPMAN, 1634.

SPIRIT WORLD, A SOCIAL STATE OF BEING

THE continuity of life and reunion in the spirit world was no mere matter of conjecture with Cicero ; he represents the aged Cato as exclaiming : ' O happy day when I shall remove from this crowd of mortals, to go to join the divine assembly of the gods. Not only shall I meet again there the men who have lived godlike on the earth, I shall find again my son. He departed, turning his eyes upon me, and calling on me, for that place where he knew I should come soon. If I have borne his loss with courage, it is not that my heart was unfeeling, but I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be long.'

SPIRITUALISM ; BY A SPIRIT

THE portent of Modern Spiritualism is not disguised, it is veiled in no mystery, it binds by no formulas. It presents itself to the understanding of the simplest minds. It means the immortal spirit abiding in obedience to the laws of God's spiritual creation, as matter to the laws of the material creation. It means that the soul is governed, not by chance, but by cause and effect, which lead the soul or spirit through inner processes and laws not yet understood to the fulfilment of the work on earth. It teaches that behind the mask you call life, the man sits enthroned to direct and guide the mechanism which God has given for the perfection and glory of earth and the spirit. It teaches that this inheritance is extended beyond death, and when one body ceases you are again caught to another atmosphere beyond earth, where you still fulfil the work of the spirit ; and that in the ages of eternity, through cycles of change, past worlds, and systems, and suns, this immortal spirit fails not, tires not, is not blotted out, but works on for ever to the unfoldment of itself and its kind.

SPIRIT COMMUNION NO NEW DISCOVERY

THE spirits of the departed are anxious, nay more so than the living men, to communicate. The great truth of spiritual communication is no new discovery; no sudden light has lately come on mankind. The power of communication between the living and the so-called dead has always existed from the time of the creation of man, for life is, and ever has been, eternal; but man has not always been in such a condition as to be able to receive these communications. And although there have been in all ages, as there are now, men who have had this power, yet they have been comparatively so few in number, and the idea has been so strange to the majority of men, that the few possessing the power have been compelled to keep it in the dark in order to avoid abuse and persecution.

CONDITIONS FOR MATERIALISATION

MORAL conditions are absolutely necessary on the part of all the sitters at circles for materialisation. Indeed every circle should be regarded as a sacred, solemn service. The blissful souls who have passed on to the higher spheres are 'equal unto the angels,' said Christ. How, therefore, can they be expected to return and manifest at circles where the sitters are not good? They cannot get near the dense 'aura' clinging around them, much less get into their conditions and show themselves. Cultured men and women here, on this side, shudder to associate with the impure, the vicious, and the revengeful. Moral pig-sties have no attraction for the sainted dead. One impure sitter at a materialisation séance will upset the circle. The 'Law of Conditions' must be respected by all investigators.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

WHERE are those who have gone
 And left us vacant places?
 We have the desolate blank,
 And the longing for their faces ;
 We have the memory
 That fills our soul with weeping,
 The silence, and the cold,
 When last we saw them sleeping.
 In old familiar scenes
 We stay since they bereft us,
 But where, oh, where are they,
 Our missed ones who have left us?

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE BODIES IN WHICH THE DEAD COME BACK

How can the departed whose bodies are resting in the grave come back? With what bodies do they return? These are the questions which naturally are put, and must be answered. The phenomenon of materialisation has baffled the greatest scientists, and is still surrounded with mystery. Albeit it has become an established fact. What science has not solved the spirit world has accomplished for us.

HOW THE SPIRITS 'MAKE UP'

DURING my psychic investigations I have been most persistent in putting questions to the controls at materialisation séances on the spirits' 'make up,' the simulating the physical form, by which they were known in earth-life. They have invariably replied that the difficulties surrounding the composition, decomposition, and chemical transformation of the atoms and elements which constitute the human body cannot be solved by us on this side; they are too subtle and fine for the natural eye and mortal capacity.

THE SPIRITS' POWER OVER MATTER

THE controlling power possessed by spirits over matter enables them to condense the atoms—solid, fluid, and gaseous matter—which form the physical organisation. They can either compose or decompose material substances with incredible rapidity, convey one solid body through another, or cause them to become visible or invisible at pleasure. They can so manipulate matter as to present themselves in the very garments they wore when on the earth.

THE PHENOMENON OF MATERIALISATION

THE process of simulating the human body by the so-called dead depends upon the emanations of the medium, fed and strengthened by sympathetic sitters, the particles of which the form is composed adhere together and are sustained. The medium is drained to the fullest extent, often sixty pounds or more in weight being taken from his body, and from the sitters in proportion. The phenomenon of materialisation is very wonderful, enabling the spirit-forms to give tangible and visible proof of their identity and personality.

SPIRIT CHEMISTS

THERE are several methods whereby the apparition of a spirit may be presented to a mortal. The spirit who effects such a transformation must be in direct magnetical *rapport* with the earthly medium. At all the materialisation séances there are crowds of experimenting spirit chemists and scientists watching the proceedings with a view to new methods of manipulating the electric, mesmeric, and phosphorescent forces to demonstrate the fact of the survival of human personality after death.

**THE BODIES OF THE MATERIALISED
SPIRITS**

'QUESTION.—Has a materialised spirit all the inward organs, as the liver, lungs, heart, stomach, etc., and do they breathe while in that state ?'

ANSWER BY A SPIRIT

'ANSWER.—They have them, but all more or less imperfect, some being composed of one mass of gelatinous matter, barely outlining the organs mentioned. The lungs, however, are the first organs perfectly developed in the majority of materialisations, because the lungs are needed in speaking. Thus, when developed they breathe; otherwise not. Furthermore, materialised spirits are not always composed of flesh and blood as you are, but of a substance which is "neither flesh nor fish," and more akin to that of which insects of the locust order are constituted. Sometimes, though, the make-up is perfect enough to be indistinguishable, so far as the exterior of the spirit is composed. Try to psychometrise a materialised spirit, and you will get a better idea of its composition. Try to diagnose one, and you will obtain a view of its interior, either by clairvoyance or sympathetic *rapport*. The heart is very difficult to make up, therefore seldom done; thus the extreme pallor of the majority of spirits. The liver is not needed, except where or when volition is a part of the spirit's programme, or a test of its strength comes into requisition. The kidneys generally go with the liver. The stomach is generally developed with the lungs, as it also aids the voice of the spirit. Practice, however, makes perfect; and spirits, who have a regular medium to operate through, may finally bring forth a materialisation that is equal to any physical body.

Dead men and women we saw laid in earth
Full length, and fastened there, come freely forth ;
Once more arisen full length to their feet
In spite of coffin, grave, or winding-sheet.

HOW A MATERIALISED FORM BUILDS UP

By Madame d'Espérance on 'What I Know of Materialisations from Personal Experience.'

'CONCERNING my own observations as to the building of a materialised form, I can say very little more than others who have witnessed the process. It has varied according to the skill, or perhaps the knowledge, of the unseen worker ; no two operators working exactly alike. I have watched the gathering together of the faintly luminous hazy material I have before spoken of, seen it grow denser and more material in its consistency, so that it was visible to every person. Sometimes this is of a greyish-white colour, sometimes of a dead whiteness, sometimes slightly luminous, becoming more so as it appears to condense, till it sheds a faint radiance on surrounding objects. To the touch it at first appears of a light fleecy character, resembling combed, finely-drawn cotton-wool, but quickly, even under the fingers, it seems to assume the character of a textile fabric.

'This has been seen by many persons as though given off from the side of the medium. It is evident that the physical bodies of mediumistic persons lend themselves more readily to the process of emanation, but they are not alone in this, for it is a quality common to each and every one.

THE USE MADE OF THE MEDIUM

'THE medium who is being used is certainly the centre of attraction for the material gathered from the circle. It is absorbed by him, some say, while others maintain that it is

C

only changed in its character by admixture with that given by the medium himself, in much the same manner as that in which steam is changed and made visible by being condensed as it comes in contact with the outer air. This, being generally the first noticed by the inexperienced observer, has given rise to the supposition that it is the medium alone who contributes the material. Instead, however, of being the first process of manipulation, it is almost the latest. From this point it becomes a separate, independent, individualised object, gathering itself into a mass on the floor, rising and increasing in height and volume until it reaches the stature of a human form. Constant movement is seen to be going on within the mass, as though some living creature were actively engaged within a dense cloud, which is agitated by its movements, causing it to resemble a rolling, waving, ebullient volume of steam. In a short space the outer covering of this moving mass becomes an unmistakable veil of more or less fine texture. This will be thrown off, revealing the form of an individual to all appearance as solid and material as any person in the circle.

THE DANGERS OF MATERIALISATION

‘THE question of the dangers of Materialisation séances is one which deserves the fullest consideration. Very real danger, and great risk, are incurred by both medium and sitters, and no person ought to attend such séances without a knowledge of these dangers.

‘The material used to clothe and render the spirit form visible to ordinary eyes, is by some unknown process drawn from the persons of the sitters and the medium. It is held for the time being in subjection to the power of the spirit, possibly in opposition to what are regarded as the ordinary

laws of the physical plane. If all goes well, this material is returned to its original owner by some magnetic attraction, and absorbed when the spirit force which held it is relaxed. It stands to reason that any sudden break or interference with the original design and intention of the operator must result in calamity or harm to some one or perhaps several persons.'

MATERIALISING FRAUDS

HAVING had some share in exposing materialising frauds, may I say that in each case financial considerations was the ruling passion? Because fraud has been discovered and exposed, it is utterly absurd to decry all materialisations. Not a million deceptions, impositions, and frauds can upset the fact if only one clear case of spirit return can be proven. There are tens of thousands who can vouch for the truth that their loved ones have come back, and talked, leaving not the shadow of a doubt of their personality and identity. A medium may be true to-day and false to-morrow. But, the false can never destroy the true. Every separate phenomenon must stand on its own individual basis. The return of the living dead is an established fact that neither bigotry, falsehood, nor slander can ever impair or dethrone.

THE CURSE OF PROMISCUOUS SITTERS

PROMISCUOUS sitters at séances for materialisation have cursed the movement. Persons of questionable repute, unclean in thought and life, spiteful, revengeful, and ill-tempered, have been allowed to take their place to the infinite pain of the good. The séance has often degenerated with fearful momentum, ending in the demoralisation of the medium, who has resorted to trickery, when his powers have failed him. Until some determined effort is made

to prevent promiscuous persons, whose mental and moral condition unfit them for a service so sacred and solemn, Spiritualism will continue to be cursed with grave scandals.

BIBLICAL RECORDS OF MATERIALISATION

By this power, at séances held daily, not only in London but in all parts of the world, spirits show themselves in as tangible a form as that of any of the people who are present. At times only a hand will appear, or a face, occasionally the full form of a spirit (clothed in different costumes, also materialised for the time) come and talk freely with those in the flesh, and then gradually fade away before them.

There are, however, identical instances given in the Bible. See Gen. xviii. how Abraham entertained three angels; in second verse: 'And, lo, three men stood beside him'; and having prepared food for them, in the 8th verse it says: 'And he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat.' Gen. xxxii. 24: 'Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.'

The book of Ezekiel is inexplicable, except when it is read in the light of modern Spiritualism. It is a marvellous record of medial experiences. In Ezekiel ii. 9, we find a materialised spirit hand holds out 'a roll of a book' . . . 'written within and without' by direct spirit power.

THE MATERIALISED CHRIST

THE gentle Nazarene was never more at home than when He joined Himself to two of His disciples as they journeyed to Emmaus, and was 'known to them in the breaking of bread' as He vanished out of their sight; or as He stood over against them on the shore of the blue Galilean Sea, and bid them let down their nets for a draught. It was

their Friend, their Brother, their Master, just as they had known Him, as they followed His steps along the streets of Jerusalem or the pathways of Galilee. He had forgotten nothing of the old and dear association, but by a hundred tender touches He recalled it in that new and wondrous season of intercourse with them, while He haunted the scene of His passion ere He still passed up for ever to His glorious throne. It was the same Jesus ; they never questioned it for a moment.

OLD ASSOCIATIONS RENEWED

His disciples knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Friend and Teacher whom they had left on the Cross had in reality passed through the portals of the grave, unscathed and unhurt, and that in His so passing they had not lost the sweet companionship ; that He was as much or even more their Friend and Guide than in the days that were past. The old and dear associations were not forgotten—it was the same Jesus they had known on earth. They had no doubt of it.

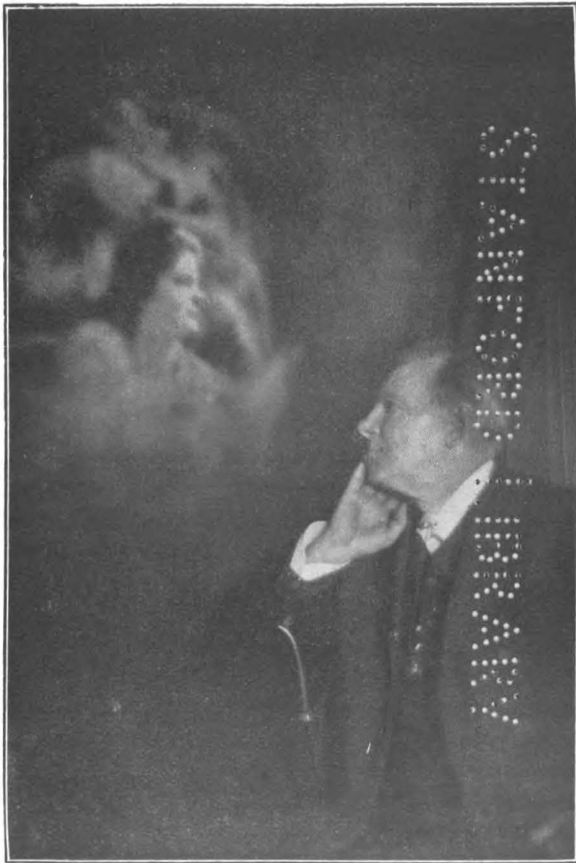
And we ourselves can give a like testimony. Unto us, as to the Early Church, is vouchsafed the communion of saints—the ministry of angels. To the orphan child comes the guiding angel-mother's hand, and she who has lost a darling babe feels that by her side stands a winsome spirit form, who in hours of solitude breathes a word of comfort from beyond the grave. The fear of death is vanquished : a gulf no longer divides us from those who have gone before. Thus, in the appointed time, we may well be contented to set our faces gravewards, in the joyful assurance that in so doing we are wending our way homewards by the selfsame paths which have been trodden by our fathers before us.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST

‘ Out of darkness into His most glorious light ’

SPIRITUALITY SUBORDINATED TO MATERIALISM

DURING the three years—from 1900 to 1903—that I was engaged on the staff of a London evening newspaper, I initiated a new departure, namely, a ‘ Look Round the Churches,’ embracing all denominations. The two or three columns appearing at the week-end containing brief paragraphs became a feature which has since been adopted by other journals, both in London and the provinces. In these columns I occasionally referred to the fact that materialism had taken a fast hold on the churches. Methodism had lost its spiritual power, the class meeting had degenerated into a financial church register. Pastoral visitation and the week-night services were of the past. Ministers were burdened with financial responsibilities, and often humiliated by the urgent necessity of begging for their own stipends. Questions, municipal and political, were dragged into the pulpit, and congregations were rent by sharp differences of opinion on these and questions other than spiritual, and the felt want of our times was a wave of Spirituality.



THE EDITOR AND THE SPIRIT FORM OF HIS SISTER.

It was a joyful surprise when the spirit form of my only sister, Louisa, appeared in the camera. Since her entrance into spirit life she has come back, and recalled incidents in our childhood. Tender and touching were her references to my attentions in her dying hours. Photographed June, 1906.

235

235

MY FIRST SÉANCE

TOWARDS the end of the year 1903 I received several letters from Spiritualists inviting me to look in at their Sunday evening services, and include them in my 'Look Round the Churches.' I replied by inserting a paragraph to the effect that, being a very nervous man and a light sleeper, I had not sufficient courage to come into personal contact with spirits from the unseen world. My near neighbour, Mr. Charles Lacey, of York House, Gore Road, South Hackney, who had often referred appreciatingly to my columns of religious news, gave me a pressing invitation to meet two old friends of his for an hour. I pleaded journalistic duties prevented me from accepting. At that time I was in charge of the column of 'People who are talked about,' that had to be written every night. However, I met his wishes. After the light meal, a circle was formed. We were told to sit passive; I inquired the reason, and was informed that we should see later on. My heart began to beat rapidly. I had no idea what was going to happen. Then there was that column to be written—my feelings may be imagined.

A WEIRD EXPERIENCE

THE meeting turned out to be a séance for materialisation, and my host's friend was Mr. Cecil Husk, the well-known medium. After prayer, and singing John Henry Newman's hymn 'Lead, kindly Light,' we were confronted with a spirit form, materialised, who appeared to be on familiar terms with those present. 'Mr. John King'; in a powerful voice he addressed each sitter by name, with a 'Good-evening.' He was anxious that all present should see him clearly. Addressing me by name he said: 'I am glad to see you.' I remarked that: 'You must have been a very big man when

on the earth, Mr. King.' He replied 'Yes.' And rising to a considerable height above the heads of the sitters he said : 'Look, this was about my height.' He seemed to have under his control other spirits from the unseen world, who were busy doing something important, and they were talking freely among themselves, and occasionally to the sitters. Meanwhile the medium had fallen back in his chair into what appeared to be a deep sleep.

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON

OUR hands were interlinked, and the room was in semi-darkness ; bright, star-like lights flitted about the room, and a stringed instrument, which was lying on the table, was taken by spirit hands and played, producing the sweetest music. The instrument was carried round the room over our heads, and then passed through the ceiling and played in an upper room, and then brought back again through the flooring. I expressed my surprise at the remarkable phenomena of passing matter through matter without injury to either the ceiling and flooring. One of the spirits remarked that they could pass through matter as easily as heat from coal passes through iron or marble. My host observed that on one occasion the spirits fetched a pocket-book from his coat which was hanging in the hall below ; and, instantly, a pocket-book was fetched from a drawer in an adjoining room, and placed by my side, where it remained until the séance was over. The circle was then requested to sing some hymn.

SPIRITS APPEAR MATERIALISED

SUDDENLY the sitters were confronted with spirit forms materialised, who talked, and as suddenly disappeared. I

was the second to be face to face with a spirit from the unseen world ; he stood in front of me, and his finely chiselled face came within a few inches of mine. I was too perturbed to recognise him. Again and again, for the fifth time, he came in front of me ; at last he said : ' John ! ' I knew at once it was my brother, who had passed away twenty-eight years ago. Others came and talked, and then vanished with a ' God bless you.' My host, Mr. Charles Lacey, sat next to me, and he was the next to be favoured. His departed wife, and their two sons appeared and talked, recalling incidents in their domestic life. I saw and heard all that passed. Departed ones came to the other five sitters, and the spirits, on taking their departure, wished each of us ' Good-night,' prayer closing the proceedings, which lasted about two hours. That night will ever be memorable in my life.

STROKED BY SPIRIT HANDS

WITHIN a fortnight after my first weird experience I attended another materialisation séance, at the residence of ' Clairebelle,' the well-known Clairvoyante. There were present nine persons in all.

On this occasion the phenomena were more ghostly than the first. Luminous star-like lights darted about the room, and appeared in front and on the heads of the sitters. Spirit hands stroked our faces, and patted our heads, and, in a human voice, correctly named all present in a friendly and familiar manner. Following the singing of his hymn, ' Lead, kindly Light,' John Henry Newman appeared, and passing round gave his blessing, in Latin, to each of the sitters.

SPIRITS BRING PERFUME

AT this second séance, while sitting with our hands interlinked, a cold breeze passed over them as they rested on the table, followed by several puffs of perfume which filled the room with odour, remaining until the séance was over, for which we thanked the visible intelligences present. Meanwhile one of them was busy at a small table in one corner of the room, upsetting and disarranging the various bric-a-brac, which called forth a remonstrance from our hostess. I happened to refer to the pocket-book incident at Lacey's; no sooner had I finished the sentence than a dog's whip was brought from an adjoining room, which was locked, and placed by my side by one of the spirits. A bottle with smelling salts was, too, placed by my side from off the mantelpiece.

At this séance all present were confronted with loved ones from the spirit world.

SPIRITUALISM UNPOPULAR

MY conversion to Spiritualism has excited much surprise among friends with whom I have been associated in municipal, philanthropic and religious work for the past forty-five years. My old journalistic colleagues in Fleet Street have raised their eyebrows in wonder and amazement, and have even questioned my sanity. To my surprise, several old journalists, and members of the Court of Common Council, have quietly admitted their connection with Spiritualism, but have exacted the pledge from me: 'Not a word, John.' At that time I failed to see the need for secrecy. I had no idea that Spiritualists were regarded with fear and superstition, and that an open avowal of identity with the cause

would result in the loss of friends and position. I now know, to my cost. From the first hour of my introduction into the mystery of spiritual phenomena I have not hesitated to acknowledge my joy and gratitude for the luminous rays that have been cast upon many portions of the Scriptures, and for the unspeakable knowledge and privilege of inter-communion with the Spirit-world.

MUSICAL SPIRITS COME BACK

OF all the remarkable phenomena that I have witnessed during my psychic investigations, the most weird has been that with some of the master musicians from the unseen spheres. These musical celebrities have come at séances where I have sat, and have given tangible and visible evidence of the fact that death, so-called, has in no way affected their musical powers acquired when on earth. How delighted old admirers and friends have been once again to look into the face and hear the voice of those who long ago enchanted their ears with their music.

PSYCHIC MUSICAL MEDIUM

I HAVE had four sittings with Mr. Jesse Francis Shepard, the renowned inspirational musical medium, whose wonderful psychic powers for the past thirty years have excited the amazement of the most accomplished musical critics in France, Germany, and elsewhere, and royalty. His transcendental performances are as bewildering as they are weird. He has no written music, and the instrument used is an ordinary piano or organ. His musical inspirations are Oriental, Italian, Persian, Arabic, Indian, and Assyrian. And yet this psychic medium has absolutely no knowledge of these countries nor their music.

MUSICAL IMMORTALS

AT the four séances at which I have been present, pieces from Mozart, Schumann, and some Oriental compositions were poured forth from the piano as though an orchestra of some eighty or more performers were each taking their part with mathematical precision. It was as though the immortals were celebrating some grand event in the spirit-world. Every chord in the instrument appeared to be under the control of some master of music from the celestial spheres.

THE SO-CALLED DEAD APPEAR

THE room was charged with magnetic force, and lights were darting about here and there. Spirit hands touched us, and messages from the so-called dead were given, indicating certain happenings in the near future (which have since taken place). Perhaps the 'Crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel' was the most marvellous. You seemed to hear the uproar of the boisterous multitude passing on.

SPIRITS JOIN THE MEDIUM IN SONG

As for the vocal powers of the medium, the rich compass of his voice is incomparable. From the deepest bass, profound and impressive, a soprano voice rises to the highest notes in accents of the purest quality of C, far above the breath limit. Strangest of all, this inspirational psychist was joined in his accompaniment by musicians from the spirit-world, whose materialised throats poured forth the richest and most enchanting strains.

HEAVENLY MINSTRELSY

WE seem to hear through the mist of the ages that outburst of heavenly minstrelsy that fell upon the ears of the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. Christians of all lands delight to recall that flourish of celestial music which ushered in the birth of Christ. Strange indeed it is that the Christian Church for the most part seem oblivious of the fact that the songsters from the heavenly spheres were spirits.

Angel voices fill the air
With golden notes of music rare.

SPIRITS WITH MATERIALISED VOICES

THAT was a weird experience for the shepherds—musicians from the spirit-world with materialised throats and voices ! They were seen and heard. ‘And the angel of the Lord said unto them,’ etc. ‘And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, saying : “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”’

Since these musicians from the celestial sphere chanted their heavenly songs to the humble shepherds, other minstrels have enchanted the ears of mortals. Spiritualists are no strangers to spirit musicians who have passed on. Now and again they come back and pour out their rich strains upon the ears of the sitters at circles.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And over all its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

RICHARD WAGNER COMES BACK

‘How few men finish their life-work on earth! My work was to inaugurate a revolution in the dormant musical world, and awaken a feeling of devotion to that highest of spiritual gifts. The music that I have left behind is to be the Music of the Future. It is but a great fragment—a Sphinx head. After-ages will produce the genius who will complete what I have left unfinished. To him will be given the power to hear voices from the Spirit-spheres, as I did, telling him to press on and overcome all difficulties, till he reveal the wonders of the Spirit-sphere of Music.

‘Mark the rhapsodies of the musician: he is called a madman. He shakes his head from side to side, his hands tremble, his whole being vibrates to the silent melodies, the harmonies that strike his ear from an unseen universe; he is swayed by invisible influences: controlled, like David when he played on the harp and sang before Saul, and drove away the evil spirit by his sweet notes; and to develop the divine capabilities of music, that master art, sacrifices the etiquette of court life, the leisure and indulgence contingent on his position; and with the interest of a true king and father of his country, devotes his wealth to the harmonious development of his people.’

RICHARD WAGNER ON MUSICAL MEDIUMS

‘Music is a life-work, not an hour’s recreation. In the future there will be musical centres, where all lovers of music will congregate; where the wealth of the nation, instead of being expended on useless pageants, will be used in furnishing music for the people. A life of Arcadian

happiness will follow, and earth become a counterpart of spiritual spheres.

‘The simplest air you can sing brings you *en rapport* with spirit-life. Every musician and composer is a medium. The moment a person raises his voice in song he is lifted into a spirit-atmosphere.’

INSPIRATION

BY A SPIRIT

ALL science, all art, in their essential principles, belong to the human soul. Mozart never gave forth the songs that his spirit sung. The highest efforts of Raphael’s genius were not the full and complete ideal of his spirit. The inspired prophets spoke with tongues that were still somewhat tame compared with the voice of the living spirit within their souls. What are your written words of inspiration compared with the thought itself to which that inspiration hung ! What can be your language compared with your own feelings and wishes when you would speak of a lofty theme ! So in spiritual life, where there is no arbitrary language—where there is no tongue, but simply the voice of the Spirit—how transcendent must be the sense of harmony, how perfect the idea of art, how divine the comprehension of religion, how subtle the solving of the problems of sciences that are not dependent upon mere human technicalities and the observation of the senses ! Oh, could you view these divine companies of celestial artists ; could you witness these lofty companionships of philosophy and religion, wherein ancient sages and all endowed and gifted souls gather together for the reception of knowledge—you would certainly be stimulated to loftier efforts ; you would certainly remember that these gifts may also become yours !

THE GOOD EARL OF SHAFTESBURY RETURNS

At one of the séances held for materialisation there was a flutter among the sitters on the appearance of the good Earl of Shaftesbury. He came close to me, with his familiar long face, with traces of those long lines of sadness which marked his lordship's countenance during his earth-life. I explained to the sitters present that his lordship's return was probably due to the fact that, in my early days, I took an active part in ragged-school work, in which he was much interested, and was often brought into contact with him.

'UNCLE TOM' APPEARS

My old friend the Rev. Josiah Henson, whose forty-two years' slave life was used by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for her immortal work 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' has been a frequent visitor at the séances where I have sat, and he invariably put in an appearance at the ordinary circles, and at the public services where I officiate. Clairvoyants often remain to inform me of his presence, and many an encouraging message he sends to me of his constant help. It was at the request of the good Earl of Shaftesbury in 1876 that I raised the sum of 3,000*l.* for him, and his work in connection with 'The Dawn Institute for the Education of Coloured People in Canada.' Lord Shaftesbury kindly gave me a preface to his life, which has reached the sale of over a quarter of a million copies, and has been translated into twelve languages.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe was a medium and a Spiritualist. She says, 'I did not write "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it was given to me, it passed before me.' And in her 'key' she states how she obtained the material for her immortal work.

From trammels of the earth set free,
Our dead friends live in spirit spheres ;
With us, unseen they sail life's sea
And mingle in our joys and fears.
The fleshly vestments of the soul,
Like bark upon the forest tree,
Decay ; while oceans onward roll,
But spirit-life must ever be !

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' PENITENCE

'THREE hundred years ago I lived upon the earth. It seems to me but as a day since I became a bride. The human soul is capable of encompassing a vast experience. The man of eighty years looks back upon his childhood's days as a living present. Thus the spirit contemplates three or four hundred years as a tale that is told. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow comprise centuries of time. The past, present, and future is all there is of time and eternity. In life I was attended by an evil spirit, who presided over my birth, and followed me to the scaffold. In youth I might have chosen a good guide, but I succumbed to the evil spirit of my destiny. I was saved from being entirely lost by my long imprisonment, and by my final execution ; otherwise one more lost spirit might have been added to the multitude who wander up and down the earth, seeking whom they may devour, delighting in evil, in discord, ruin, and crime. Happily I am not of them. Years of penitence on earth, as a spirit, has saved me from such a career. John Knox, who was a clairvoyant and medium, warned me ; but his manner was harsh, and I was blind. I could not believe him, more than thousands of people now believe the prophecies of mediums.'

D

JOHN STUART MILL AND IMMORTALITY

'My life on earth was clouded by doubt, science and the forces of Nature alike seemed to drive me to the conclusion that man had not an immortal soul. I looked at man and sought to read in his life the superintending guidance of some Invisible Power, but in its place I found a material force thrusting down the weak, the greater overpowering the lesser, and no divine aid adjusting these evils. I say that I failed to find any proof of immortality on earth. But, when I closed my eyes on this world's disappointments, vexations, and doubts, and opened them in another—a World of Spirits—the load left me, the weight was taken from my heart, doubts and sadness vanished. It seemed so natural to revive, to live again, that I marvelled I should ever have doubted man's immortality. I will not speak of the character of this Spirit-world—others can describe it better than I can ; but I will tell you that every dwarfed aspiration of the human soul has here a chance to expand and blossom, that the physically strong who, by mere brute force, triumph on earth, are here weak and powerless, and it is the mental and spiritual nature of man is pre-eminent.'

T. DE WITT TALMAGE APPEARS

DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, whose sermons and articles I published for a period of thirty years, and whose life I edited, has on several occasions returned in spirit form materialised.

No less than three thousand newspapers printed his sermons every week in different parts of the globe. The

last sermon which reached England from him was dated April 6, 1902, and was from the text: 'There was silence in heaven about the space of half-an-hour.'—Rev. viii. 1.

THAT SERMON ON 'GHOSTS'

MR. W. T. STEAD, the well-known journalist, on learning that Dr. Talmage often appeared at the circles, asked me to question him with reference to the sermon he preached on 'Ghosts.' Accordingly I inquired of Dr. Talmage: 'Were you wrong in preaching that sermon against Spiritualism and I in publishing it?' He replied: 'Yes.' 'Then your views have undergone a change since you have been in the spirit-world?' 'Yes.' I need hardly say that his appearance at circles excites considerable interest among the sitters.

PATHETIC VISIT FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THE return of Mr. Thomas Smith, the proprietor of 'Great Thoughts' and 'Mutual Advertising' fame, was a surprise. On February 8, 1904, he attended a political meeting at St. Albans, and on his return to King's Cross, hurrying to catch a train for Enfield, he fell dead. For thirty years we were closely associated as near neighbours and publishers. During the last half-year ending 1899, Mr. Smith was concerned with others negotiating the purchase of the 'Christian Age,' of which I was, at that time, chief proprietor. Readers may imagine my feelings when, within a few days after his death, he appeared to me in spirit form materialised at a circle. Since then he has frequently talked and appeared to me in the presence of many friends and referred to old times.

CHARLES KINGSLEY COMES BACK

[Divine, novelist, poet ; born in Devonshire, 1819, passed on, 1875.]

‘I VISITED this belt soon after my departure from earth. So great is its extent it appears like a world, and every nation has its representative on it. The inhabitants are in close proximity to earth, and it is through them that materialisations and physical manifestations, and all communications of a gross order are given.

‘On either side of this zone extends a desert, a dreary waste, and hither repair unhappy spirits who desire to elude companionship—wretched beings who have brought their minds to such a mental state that they prefer to live in this wilderness rather than associate with their fellows.

‘Spirit-life is like a great sea, with many ports, many harbours, and different shores : some beautiful, smiling land, welcoming the voyager ; and some barren, desolate shoals and low, rock-bound islands, and some cold dreary coasts, like the coasts of Labrador.

THE KEYS TO IMMORTALITY

‘EVERY man is, happily, created with a life-preserving instinct and a desire to help his fellow. These two principles are the keys to immortality, for no supreme power can save a man from destruction ; but his own desire for self-preservation, and the kindly love of spirits whom he may attract will save him from a downward career in the Spirit-world which would be akin to perdition.

‘How many races of men one meets with in the Spirit-world ! What a vast variety of humanity ! How great and wise is the arrangement of eternal life—how varied its unending changes of existence ! Though we have wished many times that we could write a book informing our fellows of the wonders we have seen.’

C. H. SPURGEON COMES BACK

THE appearance of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and his memorable speech on the occasion, will not soon be forgotten by those present, among whom was a City merchant of Wood Street, Cheapside, E.C.

This gentleman was much interested in the two half-columns published in the 'Daily Express,' August 5 and 6, 1904, on my psychic experiences. Having put himself into communication with me with a view to become an eye-witness of the return of the dead, I arranged for him to attend a séance. The interest of that evening was centred in the appearance, in spirit form materialised, of the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His face was refined, less in size, and his voice the same, but less in strength and volume.

UNDOING HIS LIFE-WORK

Mr. Spurgeon came in the centre of the circle, and in language clear and distinct said: 'My dear old friend, God bless you.' Continuing, he said: 'I am now undoing my life-work.' At this point one of the spirits present said: 'Yes, he has not found the brimstone and hell fire he so often preached about.' After this interruption Mr. Spurgeon delivered a beautiful address on Charity. The City merchant who sat by my side remarked that he needed no more evidence of spirit return. Since that memorable evening Mr. Spurgeon has more than once expressed a desire that his sons might know of his return.

HIS NAME WILL BE KEPT FRAGRANT

I have often referred to his great life-work when he has appeared in our midst, and to that of his beloved wife, who

is always with him. He seemed to appreciate the reference to Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, by which so many poor ministers were helped in their pulpit work, no less than 200,000 copies of suitable works were distributed among them. On one occasion I said to Mr. Spurgeon, 'Your name will be kept green and fragrant for generations yet to come.'

THE BELOVED POET LONGFELLOW COMES BACK

'THE summons had come. I was going to them. Suddenly I became insensible to earth and its surroundings. I had entered the dark icy tunnel, *death*, that forms a passage through space from your world to the next. As some lost traveller, wandering through falling snow over the glacial mountains of Switzerland, emerges suddenly upon the sunny plains of Italy, so I, from the blackness about me, rushed out into a magnetic stream of light, through which, in some incomprehensible manner, I floated, as we appear to float through the air in our nightly dreams. A lethargy, that had for a few seconds enthralled my senses, passed off, and I found myself looking out upon a lovely landscape. A vast park stretched before me, covered with a moss-like verdure, ornamented with ethereal trees, whose myriads of small leaves, agitated by the magnetic air, broke like the spray of a fountain against the sky.

'HOME OVER THERE'

'Then, crowded upon my memory as white-faced billows break over the sea, recollections of all my friends who had passed from earth during the years of my sojourn there. This was accompanied by an unutterable longing to see my dear wife and companion of early years. While in this

reverie, there broke upon the air a sound like rushing water, like children's joyous laughter. Nearer and nearer it came, resolving into a flood of music. It was as if the melody of Rossini and Bellini, with the majestic strains of Handel and Mozart, were united in one grand symphony.

'This overture subsiding, a grand chorus of voices arose, singing words familiar to my ear—words which, as they have touched the heart of the great public, prove the divine sympathies of the human heart, and the link that joins man to immortality ; for these were the words they sang :—

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

'To hear, in the clear spirit air, these prophetic words of my muse, sung to the music of the heavenly spheres, filled my soul with ineffable joy.

'Then gathered about me my friends ; they were all there—people whom I had seen borne to the grave in years past ; friends of youth and manhood clustered about me. We spoke together. They congratulated me on my arrival in the Better Land. In sweet converse they led me to a "city of gold," a city lit by unearthly light, neither of the sun nor of the moon, for the God of Love giveth it light.'

THOMAS CARLYLE RETURNS

[Born 1795, passed over 1881.]

'THE world expects a literary man to make a good appearance. He must be carved after some fashion they have in their minds, and if they discover him in some ordinary mood or house-dress, they are disgusted, and he suddenly falls in their estimation as an author of genius.

‘ Since my autobiography has shown me to the public in the character of a homely Scotchman, with all the attributes of my native soil bristling about me, they have ceased to regard me as one of the wonders of the nineteenth century ; and now, if I still further remove my wrappings, and appear as a ghost visiting from the grave, I fear that I will lose my prestige, and the name of Carlyle will be lost to future generations.

‘ Alas ! that humanity should prefer the unreal to the real, and demand that a man should wrap himself in the theatrical garment of a statue, rather than that he appear in his natural guise.

HIS ‘ STEPPING OUT ’

‘ I am vexed and mortified at the *claver* about me and my doings that my “stepping out” has given rise to ; though, according to the illogical conceptions of spirit that are held by the majority of people, my veins should run milk and water or an “airy nothing” ; and I should witness this literary war about me without more feeling than an idol of stone. But I have laid aside my woollen mittens, and no longer sit over a fire nursing my bloodless body, as in my latter days ; I have revived, and risen out of the “Valley of Dry Bones,” and feel all that is said and thought about me. I have grown communicative, almost garrulous. I must tell the world what I have been doing ; so it will believe it is my *ghaist* which croons so loudly.

HIS ASSOCIATES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD

‘ I have seen and conversed with Frederick the Great ; with Voltaire and Rousseau ; with Napoleon the First ; with the bloodthirsty Robespierre ; with Marat and the leaders

of the first French Revolution ; with Richter, Goethe, and Schiller ; with Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley.

‘I was not in harmony with the age in which I lived ; its trivialities vexed my soul. I belonged to the past. Schiller and Goethe were my bosom friends. I was like a meteoric stone, flung on earth by an electrical tempest ; out of place, and having no grounding soil where I was ; gazed upon with wonder, and not comprehended by the people around me.

HE WAS A MEDIUM

‘The harmonies I sought for on earth I find in Spirit-land. If I had comprehended mediumship, I might have been a more contented man, and have understood the cause of my unrest. I was a medium and knew it not. My first work, “The History of the French Revolution,” on which I had laboured, and which was destroyed by fire, as I then thought by an untoward destiny, was rewritten by the aid of spirits, and was the means that first brought me *en rapport* with invisible influences, and caused me to give to the public a work of far greater power than the first one, whose loss I bemoaned.

‘O rugged Scotland ! home of my boyhood ; the spirit of thy Highlanders and Lowlanders ; thy love of freedom ; the poverty of thy soil ; thy mountains, sparsely clothed with elements to grow food, have saved thee from the rapacity of the rich and noble. Thy Kirk-bells have rung out their harsh theology without breaking the spirit of Hope dominant in thy people.’

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS CARLYLE

BY HIS WIFE FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THE petty discords of earth are not supposed to ruffle the wings of angels, and I am aware that in the mind of the

majority of people I will be thought to lower myself from the high spiritual estate to which I have ascended, through the sceptre of King Death, by taking part in the controversy concerning Carlyle's peculiarities, and his neglectful treatment of his wife (myself). But I shall endeavour to set history aright, by giving posthumous testimony as to the unrecorded goodness of the great Giant. What a levelling age this is to live in and to die in. A man is not safe even when he gets to Heaven.

The public delight in throwing down the idol they have been worshipping, and the same voice that acclaims it a god, the next moment denounces it as a thing of straw, a soulless nonentity. In their fervour to prove that they are too keen-sighted to be duped, and in their efforts to obtain an equilibrium of the scales of Justice, they lean too heavily on the opposite side, and throw more dust and mud into the scales than necessary.

EVER THOUGHTFUL OF HER COMFORT

I begin, as my sex usually does, by *asserting*. Therefore, accordingly, I assert that Thomas Carlyle was ever thoughtful of my comfort and happiness. The external man appeared cold and obtuse sometimes, but the soul was gentle and remorseful. His great body did not always harmonise with the action of his spirit. Like the ponderous hulk of some ship, so mighty in its own weight, it cannot respond immediately to the rudder; but when it does move, it is the stir of a giant. So with Carlyle: his friendship for me increased with years; death did not diminish it.

HE WAS A MEDIUM

He was a medium for the Spirit-world. Through him they poured down truths upon the earth, which will never cease to benefit mankind. He was opposed to shams and self-deception, and in seeking to avoid these evils, he conducted himself in a manner which the public has interpreted as cold and selfish. Too much of an anatomist for his own earthly good, he analyzed his feelings so closely that he not only permitted himself no cloak to cover a deformity, but actually made a deformity appear where it was not, from overzeal.

HIS SPHERE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD

In the Spirit-world his clear, searching intellect, his warm heart and truth-loving soul, place him in a sphere high above his cavillers. I am happy to say that he is with wise, good, and exalted spirits, for the judgments of heaven are not as the judgments of earth. Appearances deceive on earth. A polite, suave manner, though it hide a false heart, and is mere dross, will pass for pure gold, while the brusque air and rude demeanour, which covers a loving heart, is cast aside as worthless. Carlyle was above and beyond his detractors.

HE WAS NOT UNDERSTOOD

I am happy to have this opportunity to talk about him, and to praise him to those who love his works; to the few who really take the trouble to think and analyze a man's character. He was impatient of human nature, because men, who are really gods, dwarf themselves into pigmies.

Who could sympathize with his restless, aspiring soul, craving converse with Olympus' Jove himself? Mediumistic spirits like his are never understood on earth : they scoff at the weighty matters that affect the generality of mankind. The influence of the Spirit Spheres is over them, though they know it not. They have a prescience of their eternal home, and chafe under the ills of time ; like as the caged eagle, snuffing the air of his cloud-capped eyrie, beats against the bars of his prison, in vain efforts to reach his long-lost home !

THERE IS NO DEATH

THERE is no death—what seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,
 Whose portal we call death.

There is no death ! the dust we tread
 Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
 The golden grains, or mellow fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death ! an angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
 He bears our best-loved friends away—
 And then we call them 'dead.'

CZAR OF RUSSIA'S REGRET

'I BELIEVED in Spirits. If I had followed the advice given me by them I would have been living on earth to-day. I would not listen to the warnings they gave me. I found it necessary to keep the people down by strong means. I believed it indispensable, and I banished many of my

subjects to the desolate regions of Siberia, while my own conscience told me that I was doing wrong. Spirit voices warned me, but I resisted their appeals, for I was hemmed in by circumstances—by courtiers, and customs, and the tyrannical usages of my predecessors. My punishment was swift and sure. I little thought on that eventful morning, while riding in my coach, inspired with feelings of pride in my powerful army, with their acclamations ringing in my ears, that the people whom I held in such strong chains and subjugation, were in a state of revolt, and were about to hurl me from my throne, by the subtle dynamite, into the boundaries of the Spirit-world. I see the masses of Russia in a state of fierce agitation. If my successor refuses to listen to the cries of his people he will be removed, as I was, suddenly and violently from life.'

LORD BEACONSFIELD

ON HIS EXIT FROM EARTH

'SINCE I left the earth I have been in a position analogous to a person looking through a diminishing glass. I rode on the wave of popularity, the Prime Minister of England and Privy Councillor of the Queen, honoured for the moment, the literary curiosity, applauded as a giant in intellect, as a courtier, a favourite of fortune, and one whom the gods delighted to honour. From this exalted position I suddenly was thrust down. The smiles of kings and princes, the applause of the multitude were withdrawn, and thus my life was an epitome of all life. I took the lesson that was taught me silently, and again turned my attention to literature. Here, said I, man may become immortal; here public favour is enduring, and does not applaud one day and stab its victim the next.

‘But I had one more lesson to learn. Another change occurred in my horoscope. The star of my life set on earth to rise dimly in another sphere of existence. And now, from this Cloud-Land, I look through the diminishing atmosphere between the two worlds, to find my *mirage* on earth is reduced to a mere speck. The pale primroses of spring are the only mementos that are left of Beaconsfield. What a lesson of the mutations of life—a lesson that should be studied by all popular favourites who live on the breath of the multitude. The policy of the present English Government towards Ireland is a question that now deeply interests the inhabitants of the Spiritual Spheres.’

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S SURPRISE

‘In the later portion of my life on earth I accepted the theory of the non-existence of the soul, as expounded by those eminent investigators into natural causes, viz., Darwin, Huxley, Arnold, Comte, and Herbert Spencer. I sympathised more eagerly with their views inasmuch as I found that the creeds of theologians concerning the soul and its Creator became but absurd fables when brought beneath the light of science. Many of the years that I lived in the body were passed in physical suffering; but I devoted them to study, seeking vainly to solve the enigma of existence. Alas! if I possessed an immortal soul I failed to perceive it, with all my investigations. The surprise which attended my entrance in this remarkable world has been so overwhelming that I feel scarcely able to do justice to the subject, and can only give a faint idea of the happiness I have realised in awakening to a second state. How beautiful this Spirit-world is, no tongue can tell! I would fain describe the sensations I felt upon closing my eyes on earth—expecting to sink back into utter darkness and

annihilation—when I found myself conscious in an atmosphere of light, and in the midst of a landscape of the most wonderful beauty.'

PETER COOPER

[Founder of 'Cooper's Institute,' New York City, lived to pass his ninetieth year in full possession of his faculties.]

'I AM safely over ; but what a strange world I have entered, widely different from any preconceptions I had formed of it, although I was somewhat familiar with Spiritualism and its teachings.

'I see life everywhere about me : busy, happy life. Spirits flying to and fro on missions of love or mercy ; many have a light like a sun radiating from their head and figure. One can see these lights at a great distance ; shining in various colours and different degrees of magnitude, they resemble the glory depicted by ancient painters around the Virgin and Christ. When moving towards you, and within a mile or two of where you are, the light appears to open, and you recognise in it some friend dear to you, or some individual known to you by engraving or photographic likeness, approaching to talk with you, for though it is not necessary to be near to friends to speak with them, yet spirits generally desire to be in close proximity with those they love.'

THE TELEPHONE

'THE telephone has been known and in use from time immemorial in the Spirit-world. The means of conveying thought among cultivated and highly developed spirits is by a mental process. Thought generates electricity, which, like lightning, conveys the idea, and photographs it on another receptive mind.

'Every invention on earth that has benefited mankind

appears to have sprung from this Spirit-world. I remember to have read, years ago, in "Strange Visitors," of a visit to Henry Clay's home, and of how he communicated with distant parts of his building by means of electric cords. That was the foreshadowing of an invention since developed on earth, which will assist in making mankind all one harmonious family.

'The electrically-propelled car, by which Irving glided over the spirit roads, will shortly be familiar to all the inhabitants of earth ; they will traverse the globe as we traverse the fields of space.'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE COMES BACK

[Born A.D. 1564, and passed over to the majority A.D. 1616. In the epilogue to the 'Tempest,' the last lines Shakespeare ever wrote for the public, he takes leave of the spirit controls which had guided his pen :

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint.]

'DURING earth-life I was tolerably acquainted with this world of busybodies, these wondermongers, these biographers, who, seizing on idle gossip, endeavour to convert it into receivable facts. I made a name in earth-life ; I left a name behind me, and though over three centuries have elapsed since my birth on earth, my name is better known to-day than when I lived my earth-life. By name William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, a son of John Shakespeare, gentleman yeoman, and Annie Arden, of the ancient family of the Ardens, whose pedigree is traceable from the advent into this island of the Norman conqueror. I was the eldest of ten. That is a moot question—I say I was the eldest of ten. Biographers say of seven only. John Shakespeare, my father, told me, and he knew best about it.

DESIGNED BY GOD TO TEACH

‘It seems a wonderful provision of God, the power of mind. In whatever station in life a soul may be born, however contracted may be its surroundings, if the Almighty God hath in His wisdom designed that soul to become a teacher to mankind, or, if not a teacher, a soul to ease men of their burthens of care, by giving them the pleasure of relaxation of mind, by an exhibition of correct delineations of human passion, and also by an exhibition of lively and pointed wit, a soul that sets himself this task is as much a teacher and benefactor to his brother man as any soul engaged in benefiting mankind in any other way.

‘Therefore, if God hath designed a soul for advancement, despite its surroundings and its narrow circle, it will inevitably rise upward above its surrounding fellow-men. Still upward will soar that soul designed for progress from the beginning of its earthly career, until it reaches the proud position that all men gaze at it. They think of that soul’s advancement, and wonder how and why it reached such fame. As well might they make inquiries why the comet chooses its course, or what impels it.

SURPRISED AT HIS FAME

‘To me it seems as much a wonder that my name should have been rendered immortal as it does to others. If I had received any special advantages in any extraordinary education I should, perhaps, have been brought to think that these advantages were the cause of my immortal fame; but in starting in life I did not possess the advantages of a classical education; my knowledge of the ancients was absolutely *nil*, and of the Latin tongue the extent of my knowledge abides with me just as plainly now as it did when

E

I left the Free Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon, to which I went for education, not where I was educated. I remember wading through the substantives in the Latin Grammar. I remember *musa*, a song ; *gladius*, a sword ; *magister*, a master. Then there is the pronoun, *hic, hæc, hoc*, genitive *hujus*. I remember that well. I think I got on as far as *amo, amas, moneo, audio*, the auxiliary verb being preliminary, *sum, es, est, sumus*. There commenced, and there ended, my knowledge of the ancients. I got on just as well without it.

CONTROLLED BY SPIRITS

‘ I WAS spiritually controlled ; I was never myself either in acting or writing.

‘ Every word of “ King Lear ” I wrote, hearing the words audiently. “ Coriolanus ” was another play I wrote after my retirement from London ; I wrote this hearing it clair-audiently. “ The Merry Wives of Windsor ” was written through my hand in nearly illegible characters. I had been with Drayton and Ben Jonson, having a social glass together, and after our carousal, for it finished with one, I stopped at the inn where it took place and filled seventy-four sheets of manuscript from 2 A.M. to 4.35. This was “ The Merry Wives of Windsor.” You have read my maiden efforts—my “ Venus and Adonis ” was my first invention. I dedicated it to Southampton’s Earl, with an apology for its dedication.

HIS VISIT TO LONDON

‘ I had just come up to the great metropolis, leaving the wife and children at Stratford. I was friendless and was

being prosecuted. There had been a night frolic between a few of Stratford's youthful sparks and I had joined them, and we trespassed on Sir John Lucy's ground, his park at Charlecote, and shot a deer. Of that, I, with others, was accused, and ultimately a warrant was issued for my apprehension. So chagrined was I with his conduct, that I wrote a ballad, giving him a coat of arms—three lice, I called them "luses," in imitation of his name, "Lucy," and this ballad—so well was he known about Stratford-on-Avon—became popular, and its author most unpopular, and so I came up to London.

'I wrote "Venus and Adonis" under control, also "Coriolanus" and "Antony and Cleopatra." Five plays I think I wrote in all; I was thoroughly controlled when I wrote, and when anyone came in at any time before I was restored to consciousness, they would be struck, and pass remarks upon my want of attentiveness; they would charge me with an absence of consciousness. I put it all down to meditateness; I knew it was something beyond myself, but I dared not mention it. I was always deemed eccentric. I was right royal in my friendships, and indifferent to those for whom I felt no partiality; in fact, I was a man of extremes, a Sensitive, a term which embraces all the eccentricities of a soul tabernacled in clay.'

THE SPIRITS IN HIS SPHERE

ASKED to name some of the Spirits in his sphere, he said :

'I have seen Spenser spiritually; I am in the same sphere with Ben Jonson and Drayton, and Pope, the eccentric gloomy soul, is with us. Cardinal Wolsey also is one of our sphere.'

Asked whether Byron, Coleridge, or Shelley were in his sphere, he said :

‘Byron is not with us, Shelley is not with us, Coleridge is not with us ; but I have heard of them. There is one whom I do not think you have heard of—I mean Robert Southey, I love him.’

Asked about Sir Isaac Newton, he said :

‘Isaac Newton is in a sphere above ours. Those whom men consider the least on earth are often the highest in God’s kingdom, and stand on the proudest pinnacle. They are held superior for different possessions than for what men would expect them to be held superior. It is only, kind sir, the spiritual man who will be spiritually received or acknowledged. We have listened to melodies of some of the greatest musical composers in our spheres ; we have also got artists, sculptors, and the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, is also with us. Ray, the naturalist, is in our spheres—I mean John Ray, he who systematised the botanical species. Sir Walter Raleigh is with us—I knew him in the flesh. I was only eleven years old when I saw Sir Walter Raleigh on the way to Kenilworth Castle. I saw Queen Elizabeth on her way to visit the Earl of Leicester. Lord Bacon is in our spheres, so are Adam Pynaker and Benvenuto Cellini. It is the spirits from our spheres that are coming to you. The first of them was the worthy Cardinal Wolsey. The sphere in which is Sir Isaac Newton is the one above us, and it is the sphere of spiritual investigation.

‘What I have further to say than what I have already said is, that after a successful life upon earth I had a happy, joyous transition, and a welcoming reception in the spirit spheres.’

**CHARLES LACEY COMES BACK TO BE
PHOTOGRAPHED**

A YEAR ago I was informed by my spirit friends that if I sat for my photograph Mr. Charles Lacey, who was instrumental in my conversion to Spiritualism, would appear on the plate, and be taken with me. Since he 'crossed the bar,' he has not ceased to attend me on all occasions, and often before the materialisation séance is ready Charles manages to obtain sufficient power to whisper something in my ear and to touch my face with his materialised hand. Early in June of this year I dropped in at the mediumistic photographer, and he appears over my head, but gives the best position to my sister. Charles passed on suddenly soon after my conversion, and, at his request from the other side, I assisted in the discovery of his deeds and papers, which were locked up in a private drawer, for the settling up of his affairs, for which he has often expressed his obligations, his wife and sons having preceded him in the spirit world.

DAN LENO COMES BACK

THERE was a flutter among our little circle when Dan Leno materialised and grasped my hand. He had on other occasions appeared, and clairvoyants have frequently seen him with me, on the platform, at my public services. On this occasion the gravity of the proceedings were upset for a time. I reminded him of 'Mrs. Kelly,' which 'caught on' at one of his 'turns.' Glee beamed in his materialised face, while, with his right hand clenched, he emphasized his hearty laugh in the palm of the left. Dan recalled the visit to the Old Bailey Prison, and to the City Temple, and my articles thereon. He retired, and, to our surprise, returned

with more power, renewing his fun. This is not the only visible and tangible instance I have had of the fact that death does not change the attributes or mentality. Dan's generous, self-abnegating nature did much for his speedy recovery on the other side, and he will not be long in progressing, by which he will drop his earth conditions, and rise in the spirit spheres. God speed him.

DAN LENO COMES BACK TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

At the sitting for Mr. Lacey's photograph, Dan Leno was busy, with many others, anxious to let their friends know that they are not dead. Dan managed to get his hand only photographed. I promised to give him a sitting later on. Accordingly I sat, and Dan appeared. To the amusement of the operator, who is clairaudient, he repeated the lines which were sung about me in 'Cloudland' in the Drury Lane Pantomime, adding a line of his own :

' For Lobb is on the job
And I am on the job,
Down here.'

The photographer was absolutely ignorant of what this was all about, until I explained that the lines were from the song which occurred in the duet in the Drury Lane Pantomime, in which Harry Nichols and Dan Leno took part, and referred to my action in regard to the 'jerry built' Board Schools. Anyhow, he seemed delighted to give visible and tangible proof positive of his survival after death. I ought not to omit to mention that Dan remarked the peculiar vapour, or whatever it is surrounding his head, 'would remove any thought of faking.'



THE SPIRIT FORM OF DAN LENO.

Died October 31, 1904.

The dead comedian appears from the spirit world and is photographed.
August, 1906.

2020

2020

ETERNAL PROGRESS

BY A SPIRIT

THE paltry excuses of human ambition, the small needs of human life, the imposing objects of your being, pale and disappear before the higher themes of spiritual meditation and of eternal advancement. One by one the vistas of that divine subject open to your gaze ; one by one the hosts that are marshalled in glorious array appear before your vision ; one by one the ideas of eternal progress are gained, and new ideas, new mountains of knowledge, present themselves for you to climb ; one by one the stars in space, the planets in their orbits, and systems and constellations pass beyond you ; and you go on and on through the eras of eternal life, without pause, never resting, never tiring, but with new-found companies of knowledge and wisdom cleave the air of space and visit the habitations of the most celestial beings—angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim ! Behold they dawn upon you with their wondrous powers and their matchless knowledge ! They sing the songs of creation ! they people space with their thoughts ! they give you a glimpse of their life ! And on and on you go, even with those countless myriads of hosts, marching up the steep of eternity, hand in hand, heart to heart, linked together still by the love of God and by your love for one another !

CREEDS AND DOGMAS IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

DENOMINATIONALISM, creeds, and dogmas find no favour in the spirit world. 'The pure in heart are those who are counted worthy to obtain that life, and are equal unto the angel of God, neither can they die any more.' These are

the words of the Blessed Master. If only ministers of the orthodox churches could hear the utterances of those who come back, they would for ever cease fighting over creeds, dogmas, and denominationalism.

NO LAKE OF BRIMSTONE AND FIRE

THE first message I received from my mother was to the effect that she had not discovered 'the lake of brimstone and fire,' the hell she used to describe to which I was to be relegated for ever and ever, and was glad that I had not preached it of late. At a circle I was asked to stand up by one of the controlling spirits, as Mr. Spurgeon wanted to speak to me: 'John,' said he, 'you have been putting out the fire that I endeavoured to keep burning.' Other spirits who have returned have confirmed this. There is no such place as hell as taught by certain orthodox churches. Few ministers now will even refer to the teaching of thirty years ago, although they subscribe to accept the dogma of eternal punishment on entering the ministry.

PERENNIAL YOUTH

ONE of the first questions I put was: 'Does time as we understand it leave its visible mark on those who have been long in the spirit-world?' The materialised spirits of my mother, brother, and others who returned to me appeared younger than when they departed this earth life; they looked at their best. In answer to my question the spirit controls have informed me that the infirmities of age are not known there. The young develop and the old come back to their best—'They run and are not weary, walk and are not faint.'

TIEN SIEN TIE

(MR J. J. MORSE'S CHIEF CONTROL) DESCRIBES HIS ENTRANCE
INTO THE SPIRIT-WORLD

So the end at last came. One sweet, calm, beautiful eve, as the sun sank to rest behind the hills, the poor tired body that had been racked with fever's fires grew wondrous quiet; the leaping pulses, like excited racing steeds, at last became still; a strange quiet, unlike aught that had ever before been felt, stole in upon us, and a delicious restful ease spoke of freedom from every ache and pain. There were friends around us, who, knowing that the end was coming, felt grieved to lose our visible presence, though fully trustful that it was only the outer garment that would cease to be amongst them.

IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH

Then the quietness deepened still to a well-nigh solemn hush; as the sun sank lower and the rays of his departing glory flashed in through the open casement, it seemed that that shaft of light grew to a gleaming highway, reaching from the home wherein we lived up beyond the hills, above the glorious orb itself, beyond it into an azure blue that seemed as a shimmering coast-line, which, dimly perceived in the far distance, opened invitingly to the astonished gaze. And then, when the glory of the sun was extinguished in the deepening of the evening, the highway vanished, and the sea was gone; the coast-line disappeared, and the darkness, deepening to a black intensity, gradually descended.

THE WELCOME

Presently the sound of voices in low murmur broke upon our ear, and soon we were able to gaze around us, and by our side we saw the father and the mother, the honourable parents whose excellent memories we had preserved and revered, whose gentleness and love had been to us as the summer sunshine out of winter's cold, as the warm rain of the early springtime to the bleak and parched earth. Their welcome to the new comer and words of affectionate regard were such that would in their sweet purity have revived the very dead themselves.

HIS WIFE'S GREETING

And then looking into the throng that greeted us, one sweet face that was to us, perhaps, fairer and better than all, met us with the old familiar smile, with the old sweet regard, and the wife that we had loved welcomed us with the warm affection that beats in every woman's heart, let the colour of her skin be white or red or black or yellow. Her fair face and loving hands greeted us again, and have been from that time to this a loving inspiration that has grown brighter and sweeter as the times have rolled away. Thus, friends, was our departure from the mortal side.

CROMWELL FLEETWOOD VARLEY

On the Astronomical Origin of Spiritual Phenomena

'DURING the short time I have dwelt in the Spirit Spheres I have discovered that there are several magnetic belts

encircling the earth, similar in general appearance to the belts that surround the planet Jupiter. These are inhabited by the worst class of spirits, who pass from earth daily and hourly, by earth-bound spirits, and by those who are held by ties of affection to friends on earth. Beyond these zones, I have been informed by exalted spirits, there exists, outside of the earth's spirit-sphere, a vast spirit-world, traversing the innermost heart of space like a comet, emitting a vaporous spirit-light, like the nebulous trail of a comet. This grand spirit-world pursues its course through trackless space, making its circuit and reappearing in the earth's atmosphere every two thousand or eighteen hundred years. When its sublimated magnetic strata touch the earth disturbances both spiritual and physical occur. The planetary system becomes agitated by the vicinage of this strange magnetic orb. The earth quakes and trembles, the sea recedes from its bounds. Volcanic mountains pour forth fire and smoke and melted lava, while whole districts of the earth are swallowed up by the sea, and new islands are formed.'

A LETTER FROM MY SPIRIT MOTHER

PERHAPS the most astounding experience I have had, during my psychic investigations, was that of a letter written to me through Miss Braund, the trance medium, at a séance. There were present fourteen persons.

The medium had fallen into what appeared to be a deep sleep, she leant forward, and beckoned to me to come near, and motioned for writing materials, and, with her eyes closed, wrote the following letter, in the handwriting of my mother, who has been dead for thirty-eight years.

Copy of Letter

' My Darling Boy,—How glad I am to welcome you my dear, dear son. God is good, dear, in allowing me to return after more than thirty years.

' My boy, I am often with you, and pray for you to be influenced more in His work.

' I am thankful and happier, dear child, for this great joy. All my love, darling,

' I am, the spirit of your loving mother,

' LOUISA LOBB.'

After finishing the letter, my mother, through the medium, held a long conversation with me, recalling scenes in my boyhood.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—HIS PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE

IT is scarcely necessary to allude to the manner of my death, as it is well known to the public. The feelings that attended my "taking off" affect me even now. There is something, to the spirit, truly awful in being called from the scene of active life without a moment's warning, without opportunity to bid adieu to friends, to embrace long-tried companions—with not one brief moment afforded for settling affairs of life and transacting necessary business, before a final departure from the shores of Time. Mine was truly a sublime and awful exit! Not that I was entirely unprepared; I had long felt that a dark cloud overhung my sky, and had forebodings of some strange, undefined calamity awaiting me; I felt it when I entered that theatre at Washington. Some morbidly pious individuals, who undertake to think for the good Lord, have considered my assassination as a judgment upon me for visiting a play-

house ; but they will discover when they reach *this Port*, as a good clergyman remarked concerning the great disaster at the Brooklyn Theatre, that it matters not if a man leave for his Eternal Home from a theatre or from a church, providing he is prepared for the journey.

HE WAS READY FOR DEATH

'*I was prepared, inasmuch as I believed that every public officer should hold his life in his hand, ready to lay it down in the nation's service ; and from the moment that it was revealed to me that I was chosen to release the slave from bondage, from that moment I felt that I was foredoomed, and I was willing that my life should be sacrificed for that necessary accomplishment.*

'On that fatal night which ended with my life's tragedy, when I fell mortally wounded in the theatre, and after a few moments of anguish—a brief time of mental despair, followed by unconsciousness—I awakened to find myself a spirit among spirits, and to realise that I was being actually crowned with a wreath of laurels by the hand of Washington, and that I was surrounded by an innumerable company of spirits "which no man could number"—I heard the grand vibrations of heavenly music surging through the air, filling my soul with an ecstatic bliss beyond mortal comprehension.'

JOHN DRYDEN

[John Dryden, a cadet of a good old Northamptonshire family, born in the year 1631, and died in the year 1700.]

AH ! time passes along, and immortal souls are, by its mandate, transferred from earth to another and higher state of existence. Time brings many changes on the face of

the earth—the stately city of the past is the ruin of the present ; the child of yesterday is the grey-haired and decrepit old man of to-day ; the earth knows that soul in the form no more ; but, however surprising these changes may seem, no change wrought by time is so great as when time once more embraces the atoms which form the body, the soul's abiding-place on earth ; thus giving that soul its liberty—I say its liberty either to see and lament, or to rejoice and be glad ; giving it its liberty to share with others darkness and remorse, or to exalt the Great Maker's name in a goodly assembly of happy souls. Yes, it is a great and nearly indescribable change.

HE BELONGED TO NO SECT

Never during any part of my earth-career was I really of any religious sect—I mean inwardly ; outwardly I conformed, but inwardly I clothed my conformity with a cloak of self-interest ; at heart I despised all forms and all bigotry ; in fact I had no clear idea of the future.

I was of high, nay, of the highest Puritan descent. I mean that my father and my grandfather were unyielding Puritans, and strange indeed was my falling away from their tenets, and joining the Roman Catholic persuasion ; but this was an act merely to advance my self-interest. But upon my release from the form, upon my first introduction to real soul existence.

HIS AWAKENING

Oh ! can you understand me ? Going to sleep at one moment to wake again in the next, and to know that eternity was mine ; realising that the world which I had left, and all that belonged to it, were imperfect productions ; and that He alone, who had created them was perfect, that

He, whose unerring wisdom and benevolence had created from chaos a clear atmosphere, and made sufficient space for myriads of revolving worlds, that He had also brought into existence a love to hide the imperfect and to bring them from imperfection to the primal soul state of perfection. To realise that my soul, my spirit, my self, imperfect, crude, unfinished, rebellious, capricious, and observantly reluctant to obedience would, during its progression, ultimately end in a glory and beauty unparalleled.

Still I, John Dryden, the Poet Laureate on earth, am now in immortal eternity. As I thought of man, it seemed to my thoughts as of yesterday ; as I thought upon the world upon which I had individualised my eternal self, the very world itself seemed as nothing ; for that world was created, formed, and would pass away, but eternity and John Dryden's soul would pass onward and upward together in never-ending eternity. Oh, what a theme ! Oh, what a theme ! Death, death was to me then a liberator.

IN WHAT SPIRITUALISM DIFFERS MOST FROM ORTHODOXY

THOUGH Spiritualism, as a science and system of ethics, is unconsciously modifying the doctrines of the popular faith to an extent little dreamt of, and is exerting a purifying influence, teaching men that the real power which is to control men's hearts for good is love—universal love ; yet the key-stone of the whole fabric of modern theology is hard to remove. It is upon this point that Spiritualism is thoroughly antagonistic to the popular faith. The doctrine of eternal torment hangs like a mill-stone upon the neck of the church. This doctrine, briefly stated, is, that while a certain proportion of the human race will be 'saved,' the

rest will pass onwards to a state whose awful horrors no tongue can describe. The future of vast myriads is a night of never-ending gloom, a night upon which no morning can ever dawn.

MINISTERING SPIRITS

‘SOME whom we loved have departed with characters formed, wills yielded, appetites conquered. I believe they are greatly capable of influencing us. They loved us dearly on earth; prayed for us daily; would have made any sacrifices for us. Now they are in higher conditions; in fuller, freer, completer life.

‘Natural affinity of spirit, the constraint of tender affection, the urgent necessity that must rest upon every child of God for remedial activity, will surely lead them to endeavour, at least, to impress our spirits by some impact of mind upon mind, to set free for us good influences by prayer.

‘That we are not actively conscious of their influence is no proof that they are not working for our benefit.’

Canon Wilberforce.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE COMES BACK

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, the great Christian statesman, came through the medium, Mrs. McLennan, at a circle held in my drawing-room at which seventeen persons were present. The terms and tone of his utterances recalled the great man in his best form. ‘When on this earth-plane,’ said Mr. Gladstone, ‘I endeavoured to serve God, and my generation; I would give worlds to come back for one year, to concentrate all my energies in preventing nations going to war.’ Mrs. McLennan is not the only medium used by

Mr. Gladstone. There is no mistaking the voice and manner of the great statesman, who passed on May 19, 1898, in his eighty-ninth year.

THE REV. JAMES ERNEST CLAPHAM RETURNS

HAVING an hour to wait for the commencement of the circle in the West End of London, I dropped into the Church at Hanover Square, W. The evening service was about to begin, and I thought it would prepare me for the meeting of the living dead. On my appearance at the circle the Rev. James Ernest Clapham and after him another Wesleyan friend controlled the medium. The church, the number present, the hymns sung, and the fact that I had been there was by them made known by these spirits to all present, all of whom were in absolute ignorance of the fact that I had been there. One of them recalled my favourite hymn, 'O for a thousand tongues to sing' that I often gave out at the prayer meetings years ago, and other incidents in my life. Mr. Clapham, although a Wesleyan minister, belonged to the 'broad school' of thought, and we were akin in this direction. He urged me to go on as I was doing. He held a distinguished position in Wesleyan Methodism, passing on at the age of fifty-four. Touching and tender were his utterances on the occasion of the obsequies of my first wife. Calmly he arranged all his own affairs before he left. After seven days of unconsciousness, the loved ones 'in shining garments' took him home.

Before his departure Tennyson's beautiful lines were often on his lips :

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

F

THE LIVING DEAD HAVE NO INTEREST IN GRAVES

THE dear departed have no interest in cemeteries. The grave is repulsive to them. They are not there. When I was at Abney Park Cemetery paying my last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of my old friend W. H. Collingridge, the chief proprietor of the 'City Press,' and one of the few men who founded the now Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, I paused at the grave of my first wife, and held a conversation with one of the officials about the monument on which I had spent £250 in loving memory of her saintly life. A few days after she came as usual to our weekly circle for materialisation, and the first words she said were 'You were at the grave a few days ago, I am not there.' I said, 'Quite so, I know you are not there.' 'No, I am not there, I am here.' It gives joy to those who have passed through the thin veil when we think of them as our unseen helpers, ever near, waiting for the hour of our reunion with them in the spirit world.

'LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT'

MANY have been the occasions when John Henry Newman, D.D., Cardinal-Deacon of the Church of Rome, has materialised at our weekly circle. Instantly his spare form appears, 'Lead, kindly Light' is sung by the sitters, nor does he leave until the last line of the last verse of his hymn is finished. He comes bringing his own light which he holds in his left hand, while with the other he pats each sitter on the head making a cross on the forehead of some, and giving his blessing in Latin. The controlling spirits

have informed me that he is accompanied by a band of the sainted dead. There is always a solemn influence when he appears. He passed on, August 11, 1890, at his home in Birmingham.

MARRIAGE—'WHOSE WIFE OF THEM IS SHE?'

At the close of one of my addresses recently, a woman who had been twice married wanted to know whether the first husband or the second husband would claim her in the Spirit-world. I referred her to the question on this matter put to Christ by the Sadducees. They submitted a case of a woman who had been blessed with seven husbands, and they asked Him who would claim her in the Spirit-world. The Master reminded them of the fact that the purposes of marriage ended with this earth-life. That 'they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world neither marry nor are given in marriage.' 'Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels.' I have often seen the first wife come and bless the second, and so with the second husband. Spiritual affinities link souls together there.

WE START IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD WHERE WE LEAVE OFF HERE

DEATH does not make any change save in the physical body. What we are here, we are there. There is no sudden moral transformation. We start where we leave off here. 'As the tree falls so it lies.' The spiritual pauper here, is a spiritual pauper there. Material possessions are of no avail to the spirit. He may be clothed in purple and

fine linen here, and open his eyes in the next world a miserable, wretched creature. Many an old charwoman takes precedence of the bloated millionaire in the Spirit-world. Social position, banking account, a mansion and grounds, owned here, are of no value there. A great South African magnate has on more than one occasion materialised to warn those left behind not to pursue a life of avarice and ambition, 'for this keeps me down to this lower sphere.' He now sees and feels that he is a mere shell. The material wealth of this world gives no passport to happiness in the next.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY ON THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

METHODISTS for whom I have so often preached, have lifted up their hands in horror at my conversion to Spiritualism. When I have reminded them of the belief of their founder and many of their ministers whom I have often met at séances, they have questioned my veracity. It is common knowledge that the Rev. John Wesley fully believed in the power of the so-called dead to manifest themselves to those left on this earth. Methodists have only to read Wesley's Journal, vol. iii. page 308. He says: 'I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them service. I take knowledge that these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition, not only to the Bible, but the suffrage of the wisest and best of men, in all ages and nations.'

**THE REV. JOHN WESLEY DEFENDS
SPIRITUALISTS**

‘THEY well know (whether Christians know it or not), that the giving up these things (*i.e.* communion with the Spirit-world) is in effect giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air—Deism, Atheism, Materialism—falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed, there are numerous arguments, besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one, neither reason nor religion requires this.’ Mr. Wesley gives, in his journal, an interview he had with the Indians when he went over to Georgia in July, 1736. He says they told him, ‘We talk of them and to them at home and abroad, in peace and war, before and after we fight, and, indeed, whenever and wherever we meet together.’

CREEDS MISTAKEN FOR THE GOSPEL

MODERN Theology has mistaken creeds, or a bundle of theological ideas, for the gospel. There is nothing in the popular theology that can be called glad tidings. It is hostile to man, for it teaches that ‘he is the child of the devil, meet only for damnation.’ The popular idea of God is of a Being, capricious, cruel, grotesque, and awful—veritably a human fiend, with human passions and desires, but without a single redeeming human virtue. And this is presented as the teaching of Jesus : of Him whose name is Love, who is Love itself. In the place of the sympathy and love of Him whose heart yearned towards all men, an

indifferent, inhuman spirit of recklessness has been fostered with regard to the fate of those who die hardened in sin.

The tears, prayers, utterances and life of the Blessed Christ reveal nobler and truer ideas of God. The dear ones who have returned, assure us that in the Spirit-world there is hope for all who undo, repent, and seek the light, love, and mercy of the Almighty. The unregenerate are surrounded by angels ever ready to assist, and lead them on from darkness to light, and to the arms and love of the Divine Father.

DR. ADAM CLARKE ON THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

THE late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, Wesleyan minister, and commentator, in his critical notes on 1 Samuel xviii., writes :

‘I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe there is an invisible world, in which various orders of spirits not human live and act. I believe that any of these spirits may according to the order of God in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals. This is only what thousands of Spiritualists can attest in London and the provinces, and millions in all parts of the world—viz., to see our departed friends and hold converse with them face to face.’

THE SUPERNATURAL IN HUMAN HISTORY

THERE is no part of human history, or human literature, which does not abound in the plainest demonstrations of this influence—the influence of the spiritual world operating on this incarnated world. We find it in almost every book

we open ; we have it in the Scriptures from the first page to the last, from the Creation to Christ, a period of 4,000 years. We have it in all contemporary literature—in the Grecian, the Roman, the Egyptian, the Persian, the Indian, and the Arabian. In the Zendavesta ; it stands mountains high in the Vedas ; Buddha lives in it in divine reverie ; Brahma proclaims it in his Avataras ; it is the very life-blood of the Scandinavian Eddas.

If we go into nations that never had a literature, this eternal truth is walking there in all its strength. The American Indians—North and South—had it ages before the white man arrived. The Red Men felt the inspirations of the Great Spirit in their forests, and spoke as inspired by it at their councils. They declared that the angels of the Great Spirit walked as friends among their ancestors. The Mexicans prophesied of a people coming in a ship from the east to take from them their long-possessed sovereignty. The Australian natives refuse to go out at night because then, they think, the powers of darkness are in the ascendent. The Obi of the Africans speaks the same language. The conviction of the permanent continuity of the spiritual presses on the earth-walls of humanity wherever spirit lives.

JOHN S. FARMER, in his 'Spiritualism as a New Basis of Belief.'

THE SPIRITUALIST KNOWS THE SO-CALLED DEAD LIVE

It is not a question of belief with the Spiritualist that the so-called dead live, he *knows*, he has had tangible and visible proof that they live, that the grave does not contain all that we love dearest and best ; that the tomb does not blot out the brightest and best hopes and aspirations of our race ; that the dead are gone but not for ever ; that they

have been returning to earth in all ages ; that they return to-day.

The cry from many an one goes forth—' We have no knowledge—only faith.' At the open grave, and notwithstanding the expressed ' sure and certain hope of a joyful reunion ' with those whose earthly tenements are buried out of sight, the crushing fear has come to not a few, that in reality they *know* nothing—hope and believe as they may ; that death may be the goal and end of life ; that as the loved ones pass from our yearning hearts, they vanish for ever from our sight.

THE DEAD LONG TO COMMUNICATE

THE so-called dead long to hold communion with their dear ones left on this earth-plane. The loss of their physical bodies has in no way disturbed their loving affinities. They are still united to them by the sweetest and fondest of ties. They come back and seek to impress their presence. They want them to know that they live, and are still theirs, watching and waiting for their homecoming to the heavenly ' Mansions.' How glad my brother was to meet me at my first séance. He said, ' John, live up to this that we may often meet.' Since then he has greeted me on many occasions through mediums and otherwise. At each circle spirits crowd in, anxious to talk.

' HANG THEOLOGY ROGERS '

TWICE has ' Hang Theology Rogers ' controlled Mr. Ronald Brailey, the well-known clairvoyant and psychometrist, and talked with me. The Rev. William Rogers, M.A., D.C.L., the Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. I happened to remark, in the course of a chat with Mr. Brailey, ' Practical

Christianity.' 'That is it, John Lobb ; hang theology,' said Mr. Rogers. A member of the first London School Board, and a loyal supporter of the grand old Corporation of the City of London, he was mixed up with—baths and wash-houses, open spaces, drinking fountains, industrial exhibitions, penny dinners, free libraries, Sunday opening of museums, etc. Now that he is in the Spirit-world his views are the same as when he was in Bishopsgate working for the good of all sections of his great parish. He comes back to emphasise the fact that 'Creeds and Dogmas' find no favour on the other side. After labouring in the great City for half a century, on the 19th of January, 1896, he passed on, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

THE SPIRITUAL STATES

BY A SPIRIT

THE mind, ever imperishable, departs from the earthly life in the same condition that its last moments are when upon earth ; and the spiritual states in regular gradations and adaptations afford the suitable stage of entrance of that spirit into its new-found life. For instance, immediately surrounding the earth, at a distance varying from sixty to one hundred miles, is the earth's external atmosphere. Beyond that, for a distance of thousands of miles, is an aura or electric atmosphere not capable of being measured or discovered by external or outward science, yet none the less positive in its existence.

FIRST CIRCLE OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE

The immediate and first circles of spiritual existence are those which surround the earth, mingle with its atmosphere, partake of its finer properties, and draw somewhat of strength and support from sympathy with minds upon earth.

These spiritual states immediately surrounding the earth are more or less dark according to the degree of moral and spiritual elevation which the spirit has possessed before leaving the body; and when your friend, having departed from the material form, exists in the spiritual form, it is not that the spirit is transported to some distant realm far away from reach and far away from thought of you, but that the spiritual atmosphere, in exact proportion to the elevation or degradation of that friend, is found remote or near to the earth.

MATERIAL PLEASURES

If that friend was one in whom material delights and pleasures chiefly predominated, until he makes progress he will remain surrounding the habitation of his earthly life, or near his former associations, clouded by the results of the too material life which he had led when upon earth. It is useless to disguise the fact that the quality of a man's spiritual nature makes up the state in which he finds himself on entering spiritual existence, and that if his thoughts have been good or bad, approximately high or low, the state of his being will be approximately high or low when he enters spiritual existence; and he will be welcome to just such a circle of spiritual beings as correspond with his own advancement and development, and as sympathise with the thoughts and feelings that he possessed while upon earth.

MR. W. T. STEAD ON THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

MR. W. T. STEAD, the well-known journalist, in his preface to the sixth edition to 'After Death' says, 'Three things

common to all appear to be clearly asserted in these messages. The first is that death makes no break in the continuity of mental consciousness. Our personality persists with so vivid a sense of its own identity that there is often at first some difficulty in realising that death has taken place. The second is that the period of growth and probation is no more complete at death than it is on leaving school, finishing an apprenticeship, or retiring from business. The environment is changed. But the principle of growth, of evolution, of endless progress towards ideal perfection, continues to be the law of life. The third is that it is not only possible but lawful, and not only lawful but an absolute duty on the part of mortals to renew and keep up a loving intercourse with the loved ones who have gone before.'

SPIRITUALISTS DO NOT CALL UP SPIRITS

ONE of the stock would-be witticisms of the man in the street with regard to Spiritualism, is that spirits can be invoked, and that they come simply to play pranks with our chairs and tables. Spiritualists do *not* invoke spirits. There is no necessity for so doing, seeing that we are surrounded by them, and oftentimes they are more anxious to communicate than those still living on the earth-plane are willing to receive. Spiritualism does not consist in the knocking about of chairs and tables. Those who wish to know what does constitute Spiritualism, have but to seek to find, to ask to be answered.

NO SUBTLE FORCES IN DEATH TO CHANGE CHARACTER

THERE is no instantaneous change of character when we pass from the present phase of life. Our virtues, our vices ;

our intelligence, our ignorance ; our aspirations, our grovelings ; our habits, propensities, prejudices even, all pass over with us : modified, doubtless (but to what extent we know not), when the spiritual body emerges, divested of its fleshly encumbrance ; yet, essentially, the same as when the death-slumber came over us.

Our state here determines our initial state there. The habitual promptings, the pervading impulses, the life-long yearnings—in a word, the moving spirit, or what Swedenborg calls the ‘ruling loves’ of man—these decide his condition on entering the next world : not the written articles of his creed, nor yet the incidental errors of his life.

In the Spirit-world love ranks higher than what we call wisdom, being itself the highest wisdom. There deeds of benevolence far outweigh professions of faith.

EARTH-BOUND SPIRITS

EVERY moment, crowds of undeveloped spirits pass on into the Spirit-world in a condition of darkness and distress. Many at first fail to understand where they are, their earthly surroundings clinging to them. In vain do they revisit the scene of their former associations, finding no satisfaction. They feel their nakedness, for they are seen and known in their true character. There is no dissembling ; every spirit shows what he is. Very soon do they discover their deplorable and pitiable condition. Angels of light and mercy are hovering round them to help them to see where they are, and what they are. Ministers of God, helpers of the helpless. Alas ! many of these earth-bound spirits refuse the aid of the shining ones, and are drawn to those of their own state—‘Spirits in prison,’ who remain in

darkness for generations until they see the error of their way and are led step by step up to light and love. One of these dark spirits came to our circle, and in tones of poignant grief, said : ' John Lobb, for God's sake pray for me ' ; such was his distress, that we turned the circle into a prayer meeting.

GRIEF AFFECTS THE DEAD

If the friends could see how their grief affects the so-called dead they would check the current of their tears. The disembodied see their mortal remains, lying cold and stiff in the coffin, and their friends weeping and wringing their hands with cries of anguish. The unclothed spirit speaks to his friends, but they heed him not, but persist in their lamentations. Could the dead but speak he would urge them to cease bemoaning his death. He is not dead, he liveth. Such are the words he would impress on their sorrowful hearts. Their grief affects him, he being susceptible to the same feelings that they experience. The one re-acts on the other, and the result is an increase of grief all round.

A young friend who passed on, leaving a young widow and a fond mother to mourn his untimely departure, begged of us to urge them to cease their crying, as it kept him down to this earth-plane, he could not rise. We communicated with the grieving ones, with the result that the one on the other side, and those left here, are now much happier.

THE GREAT BEYOND

I FEEL the unutterable longing,
The hunger of the heart is mine ;
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,
My ears grow sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question,
 The finger of God's silence lies ;
 Will the lost hands in ours be folded ?
 Will the shut eyelids ever rise ?

O friend, no proof beyond this yearning
 This out-reach of our hands we need ;
 God will not mock the hope He giveth,
 No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
 And call our loved ones o'er and o'er ;
 Some day their arms shall close about us,
 And the old voices speak once more.

THEY DO COME BACK

WE have them coming back to us, and proving their presence with us by infallible signs of recognition. We have them coming back to us, says Gerald Massey, 'and beginning the old conversation just where it was broken off at death. We know they are not dead, but alive with us. Our lost darlings have not gone off from us like an escape of gas, as many seem to imagine ; the life has not vanished in general law. They are individualities still, intensified by their fuller affection for us. We know that they think of us as we of them, their tuition is our intuition ; and we know that thought is spiritual presence, and there is nothing between us but a viewless veil. We are not left without an echo from the shores of the Infinite Unknown. Some of us have heard and recognised the very voices of those who have passed over. I speak of facts known to multitudes.'

TO MOTHER IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

Mother ! my spirit seeks thee where thou art,
Behind the dark veil Death hath flung between
Thy life and mine ; and yet, since that which lives
On God, lives ever, not a while, but aye !
Death hath no power, since Jesus rent in twain
The veil of grief that hung about His tomb :
His way be ours, whilst through the cloud or fire
We follow Him, unto the life beyond.
The spirit's temple can no longer hold
The soul that God hath need of elsewhere :
We journey onwards till the summons come,
Then Christ, our hope, be with us in that hour !

My spirit seeks thee, Mother mine ! Thou knowest
The bond of love was strong between us twain ;
It lives unbroken, for I feel my soul
Drawn nigh to thine when weariness of flesh
Or mind or spirit needeth most repose.
This thought is strength, and with it mem'ry brings
As 'twere an echo of thy tender voice :—
' My child ! forget not, keep thy conscience pure ;
' Set not thy heart on perishable things ;
' In deed and word seek ever first the right :
' So light shall shine, until thy life attain
' By present duty unto future good.'

Mother ! I seek thee ; think not I would crave
To take thee from the place, where God has set
Thy life, removed from work or touch of ours ;
Thy martyr spirit knoweth now, I ween,
How good it is to lay life's burden down,
Obedient only unto God's behest.

Perchance thou seest, in thine other home,
 All thou hadst hoped for, since thy faith had saved
 Thee ever from the clinging shroud of doubt
 That o'er the Hereafter casts a haze of fear.
 Love knows no absence in the highest sense,
 Once and for aye ! Surely, the darkest veil,
 Death ever spread, must be where faith was not.

THE BITTER CRY

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
 Beyond this world of broken ties,
 To fill the wants that mock us here,
 And dry the tears from weeping eyes ?
 Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
 And June stands near with deathless flowers ;
 Where we may hear the dear ones sing
 Who loved us in this world of ours ?
 I ask, and lo ! my cheeks are wet,
 With tears for one I cannot see :
 O Mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me ?

JAMES G. CLARK.

THE DEAR MASTER CAME BACK

OUR Blessed Master came back to convince the disciples that as He was so should they be. As a man He had passed through the portals of death, and as a man He returned. After His death, He gave to the world a practical demonstration of what He taught in His life. The culminating point of the mission and message of Jesus Christ to the world was the duality and continuity of life. He plainly and palpably designated the true meaning of death. He brought humanity face to face with a personal,

individual immortality. Through all His life, midst suffering, trial and persecution He showed how near the Spirit-world was, and how sweet and precious the intercommunion between the two worlds, and having passed through the jaws of death He emerged a risen man. 'He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs.' He came back, not as an angel, but a living, breathing human form, substantial, palpable, tangible.

BIBLE FACTS AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA

SPIRITUAL phenomena—or what are called the miracles—have been regarded as the foundation, order, and development of the Christian religion, and their recognition as valid testimonies to its divine character has been all but universal.

In the Old and New Testaments can be traced indications without number of amazing facts, similar to other experiences, witnessed and authenticated in the literature of all ages and nations, our own included. We read of spiritual appearances, spirit-hands, spirit-lights, of spirit-writing, and the levitation of persons and objects, apparently under conditions opposed to the known laws of gravitation. In the New Testament these occurrences are specially pronounced, their *rationale* better understood, and their relationship to our common humanity more clearly defined.

Jesus, that once in earthly garb on earth bore mortal pain,
In humble guise yet mighty power is on the earth again.
Again the blind receive their sight, again the sick are healed,
Again to mortal eye and ear the inner life's revealed,
Again through barred and bolted doors the heavenly guest
appears,
The hands are clasped again with those we've thought as
dead for years.

**C. H. SPURGEON COMES BACK AND PLEADS
FOR PATIENCE WITH UNBELIEVERS IN
SPIRITUALISM**

TOUCHING and tender were the pleadings of Charles Haddon Spurgeon at one of our circles for materialisation. 'Be charitable with those opposed to you. Have patience with them, be charitable, yes, be charitable.' It is the abuse heaped upon Spiritualists that deters many from avowing their belief and knowledge of spirit return. Albeit, Spiritualism can boast of a list of men and women above the average in intelligence and position—mathematicians, naturalists, electricians, judges, lawyers, generals, poets, novelists, peers of the realm, distinguished clergymen of the Church of England, etc. I could give here a list that would compare with any department of the great and good in the world. Strange indeed it is that there should exist in the mind bitterness and prejudice against those who simply read the Bible with more light.

SPIRITUALISM

'IT IS ALL OF THE DEVIL'

'It is all the work of the devil, have nothing to do with it.' This is the stupid cry of the superstitious, narrow-minded sectarians. They have no evidence that it is of the devil. They are too perverse to investigate, but shut their eyes, and stop their ears, and hide their heads in the sand, with all the prudence of the frightened ostrich. Yet they will sing, 'Bright angels are hovering round,' and the very hymns used by the Spiritualists. Some of these old 'saints' will re-echo the sanctified blasphemy of the old Pharisees, 'It is all the work of the devil.' During my tour in the

provinces, prayer-meetings have been held by some of the ministers to plead with God to keep the people from attending my Sunday services ; but the opposite has been the result. During the two years that I have addressed the crowded audiences I have not had one dissenting voice, but many a 'God bless you.' I have had a real good time with some of my old colleagues when questioned on Spiritualism ; they have wished it had not been mentioned. The truth is, Spiritualism is in conflict with the current of everyday life. It is hard to subordinate material interests to Spiritual. The Oriental farmers who lost their pigs hustled Jesus Christ out of the district, lest they should lose more.' 'They besought Him that He would depart out of their coasts.' They preferred their pigs to Christ and His teaching.

SCRIPTURAL RECORDS OF TRANCES, VISIONS, AND DIRECT SPIRIT VOICES

THE instances given of trances, visions, and direct spirit voices are innumerable, from the beginning to the end of the Scriptural records. I will only direct attention especially to the descriptions of the trance condition, as given by Samuel to Saul. 'The Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee, thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man' (1 Sam. x. 6). By Ezekiel ii. 2, 'And the Spirit entered into me. When he spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, that I heard him that spake unto me.' And again by Daniel (x. 8, 9), when he saw a vision he says, 'And I retained no strength. Yet heard I the voice of his words : and when I heard the voice of his words, then was I in a deep sleep on my face, and my face towards the ground. And behold a hand touched me,

G 2

which set me upon my knees, and upon the palms of my hands,' &c. These descriptions correspond entirely with the trance conditions of the present day.

SPIRIT LIGHTS

AT séances, John King, the spirit who shows himself, and converses with the circle, brings a lamp, by the light of which he shows himself and lights up the room, and other spirits who control the materialism séances. Refer to Gen. xv. 17. Abram asks for a sign, which is given him: 'And it came to pass, that, when the sun went down (*i.e.*, to ensure the necessary condition of darkness), and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp passed between those pieces.'

In Exodus iii. 2: 'The Angel appeared' unto Moses 'in a flame of fire' . . . 'out of the midst of a bush,' . . . 'and the bush was not consumed.'

The Israelites are guided in the wilderness by 'a pillar of fire' (Ex. xiii. 21).

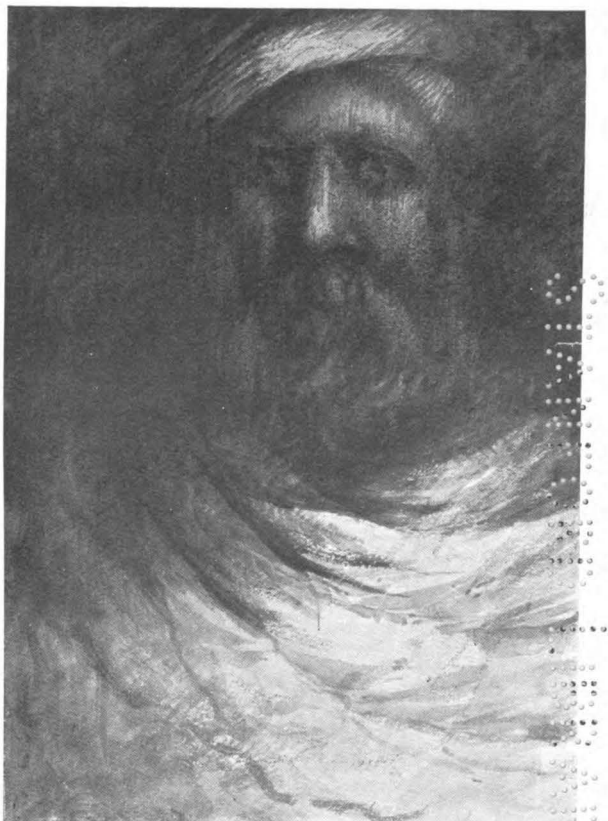
HEALING MEDIUMSHIP

THE gift of healing, expressly given by Christ to His followers, and which is now possessed by many mediums, was possessed by some of the early prophets. See two cases of healing by Elisha, 2 Kings iv. 32-35; 2 Kings v. 14. Also a similar case is given in 1 Kings xiii. 6.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS

BOTH before and after the resurrection we read that Christ bestowed upon His disciples different 'spiritual gifts.'

Had not these gifts been looked upon by Him as needful for the highest good of His followers, we may be



THE SPIRIT OF 'JOHN KING.'

A rough drawing of 'John King' by one of the sitters at our weekly circle for materialisation, 1905.

250

7

sure He would not have given them. His words, 'These signs shall follow those who believe' (Mark xvi. 17) show that they were intended for beneficent uses. And also that these uses were *not* to be restricted to the circumstances attendant upon the first planting of Christianity only, we may know from Christ's words in John xiv. 12: 'Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father.'

It is also evident that the disciples believed and taught that these 'signs' or 'gifts' were 'for all future ages,' for in Acts ii. 29, Peter says: 'The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off.'

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

THE book of 'The Acts of the Apostles' is full of accounts of spiritual manifestations, entirely similar to events that are of ordinary occurrence (especially with Spiritualists) in the present day. The second chapter contains an account of the first séance held by the disciples after Christ's ascension. 'They were all with one accord in one place. . . . Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. . . . And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire. . . . And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. . . . The multitude came together and were confounded, because every man heard them speak in his own language.'

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO-DAY

THE Christian Church to-day fails to arrest the attention or command the respect of the world to whom they preach: their words fall dead without the proof of works. A cry

goes forth : 'Where are the attesting signs? Where the cloud of witnesses? Where the ever-abiding presence of the Spirit of Truth? And Echo only answers—'Where?' With sorrow be it said—but, nevertheless, the record is true and just—the power of the Spirit has forsaken the Church of to-day. No ray of light illumines the dark recesses of the future, for her eyes are shut to any light which has risen since the Master walked the earth in mortal guise and form, as though He were not as compassionate and tender-hearted now as then !

THE GIFTS OF TONGUES

THE sound 'as of a rushing mighty wind' is now frequently heard during spiritualistic séances, and is known to indicate the presence of strong spirit-power. The spirit-lights 'like cloven tongues as of fire' also come ; sometimes in that very shape, as well as in many other forms.

'The gift of tongues,' by which 'every man heard his own language,' corresponds to the mediumship now in our midst, whereby spirits cause the medium to converse or write in languages foreign to his own, and of which he is entirely ignorant.

It is not unusual for the spirit-power to be so strong as to cause every article of furniture in the room, and even the room itself, to vibrate and shake, as if an earthquake were approaching. In Acts iv. 31, we find reference to an exactly similar experience : 'And when they had prayed the place was shaken.'

DIRECT SPIRIT-WRITING

DIRECT spirit-writing, instances of which are continually being given now at spirit séances, when both writings and

drawings are done, under strict test conditions, without mortal contact, and entirely similar to such cases as spoken of by Moses, to whom the commandments were on two separate occasions 'engraven on stone' by direct spirit power. See Exodus xxxi. 18: 'And He gave unto Moses . . . two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God.' Also, Exodus xxxiv. verses 1 and 28. And at Belshazzar's feast the writing on the wall was also accompanied by the 'finger of a man's hand' (Dan. v. 5).

Elijah, four years after he had passed away, writes to Jehoram (2 Chron xxi. 12): 'And there came a writing to him from Elijah the prophet.'

A MATERIALISED PLUMBLINE

'AND, behold, the Lord (a spirit) stood upon a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand.'—Amos vii. 7.

Here is a materialised plumbline, like the swords seen by Joshua and David, which must have been materialised to render it visible, and the spirit must have been materialised to hold it.

A MATERIALISED HAND

'IN the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.'—Daniel v. 5.

Many sitters will attest that hands frequently take hold of theirs, pat their face, and allow them to hold them. Scores of times I have held the materialised hands of spirits. They have taken from the pockets of those present sweets

and placed them in my mouth. They have fetched various articles from adjoining rooms, passing them through matter, to the amazement of all present. A small musical box out of order has often by spirit hands been taken to pieces and set going. These, and many other extraordinary things, are not unusual at séances.

CURED OF ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

BY SPIRIT HANDS

EARLY in the month of January, 1905, I feared the end was fast approaching. The only legacy left to me by my mother was asthma. It was that, with a complication of other matters, that removed her saintly life from us at the age of fifty-two. I was at our usual weekly little circle for materialisation, feeling that it would in all probability be my last, when Dr. Mesmer, who invariably put in an appearance, came to me. He said: 'I am going to remove all this asthma and bronchial trouble.' I looked up into his face. 'Yes, sit up,' he said; and with his materialised hands he made 'passes' over my throat and neck, and with both hands pressed my head. Leaving me for more power, he returned and continued until every feeling of throat irritation had left me. From that hour I have not had the slightest symptom of chest and throat trouble. The many audiences I have addressed during the past two years will attest that at the close of two hours' rapid speaking my voice is as clear as a bell. Nor have I since on waking in the morning ever felt the slightest irritation, as of old. Dr. Mesmer was born in 1733 or 1734, studied at Vienna, took his degree in 1766, and three years later published his work on 'Animal Magnetism.' He passed on (died) March 5, 1815. Now that he is in the spirit-world he continues with others

THE
S
E
S
S



THE EDITOR AND ONE OF HIS SPIRIT FRIENDS.

This Devonian spirit friend and her father were associated with Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, and D. L. Moody in their work. They both materialise, and are often seen with me on the platform at my public services. Photographed June, 1906.—[Ed.]

to apply his curative powers to those left on this earth-plane. I ought not to omit to mention that after Dr. Mesmer had cured me each of the sitters had pains or something the matter with them.

LEAD, SPIRITS BRIGHT

LEAD, spirits bright, 'mid earth's encircling gloom,

Lead ye me on ;

From shades of night to life's immortal bloom,

Lead ye me on ;

From doubts and fears, lead me to light and love,

To that blest home where loving spirits move.

Lead, spirits bright, the way is dark and drear,

Lead ye me on ;

Disperse the gloom that I may see thee near,

To lead me on.

They are not dead ; in visions bright I see

The loved ones dear who come to comfort me.

Lead, spirits bright, sweet messengers of love,

Lead ye me on.

From this dark sphere to realms of joy above,

Lead ye me on.

Lead ye my steps into the truth and way

That leads to God and Heaven's eternal day.

ANNIE BESANT.

GEORGE MULLER COMES BACK

THAT grand old philanthropist, George Muller, of Bristol, is often with me. Clairvoyants see his spirit form at my services. He manifested to me and made it clear that he

continues his great work influencing men and women to care for the orphan. I have on many occasions chronicled the philanthropic services of this indomitable servant of the Master before he left this earth-plane, and since his entrance into the Spirit-world. By the law of affinity he comes back to me. During the sixty years of his work, Mr. Muller housed, fed, clothed, and educated 121,683 pupils in the various institutions under his care, and raised one million and a half sterling on prayer. He never asked for sixpence, but prayed to God. He also distributed a quarter of a million copies of Bibles and one and a half million copies of the New Testament, in various languages, and three millions of books, pamphlets, and tracts. Now that he is in the Spirit-world he comes back to assure us that he continues his philanthropic work. He passed on March 10, 1898, in the ninety-third year of his age.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS

BY A SPIRIT

MORTAL, e'en from thine hour of birth
 An angel has guided thy way,
 Following every falt'ring step,
 Seeking thy hands and feet to stay.

Wherever dark temptation lurked,
 One gentle voice a warning spoke ;
 Whenever sorrow's falling tear
 Was yours, the tender accents broke

In words of soothing comfort there ;
 Wherever danger did abide,
 Lo ! on the wings of swiftest prayer
 Your angel hover'd by your side !

MR. THOMAS EVERITT COMES BACK

'Now that I am over on this side,' said Thomas Everitt, 'I can help you in your work more than when I was in the flesh.' Continuing he said: 'Oh, my friend, no language can describe the blessedness of this state, so many old friends I have met, and many of yours are here too.' It was on August 5, 1905, that Thomas Everitt passed on, at Chester, in his eighty-second year. He, with his estimable wife, had started on their annual tour, and had arranged to spend the Sunday with me at Macclesfield, on the occasion of the Anniversary Services which I was to conduct. On the morning of his transition, I received a letter from him expressing his delight at the prospect of the coming meeting; but it was not to be. He was about to sit down to lunch, preparatory to starting for Macclesfield, when he was seen to lean forward, and apparently would have fallen had not a friend rushed to his assistance and let him gently down into a chair. It was then observed that he was apparently on the point of dying, and a doctor, who arrived in about two minutes, said, 'He is gone!' He had expired without a sigh or a murmur.

For nearly forty years Mr. and Mrs. Everitt have been in the front of the movement—the name of Everitt is a household word among Spiritualists. A few days ago, that veteran in the cause, Mr. Andrew Glendinning, joined me at a small circle with the well-known medium 'Clairebelle,' when Thomas came and held a long conversation through her, much to our delight.

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

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

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imagination calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest.

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

TENNYSON.

HOW THE DEAD SHOW THEMSELVES

It seems incomprehensible to many, and not easily explained, how spirits are able to show themselves, in forms and apparel, precisely like those in which they appeared in earth life. They come back in dress just like they wore when last they were with us. Here is a spirit's explanation: 'It is, properly speaking, a psychological process. For instance, the returning spirit on coming in contact with earthly matter, with minds dwelling in material bodies, becomes immediately vividly impressed with its last sense of the conditions of earthly matter, through which it lived. They are all distinct to it in memory. Its dress, its general appearance, the incidents connected with them, all are clear to it. By the process of intense outward thought concerning any one object, spirits are able to clothe themselves according to whatever objective form they desire to assume. They remember how they dressed, wore their hair, etc.,

They have the power to weave out of the atmosphere and the elements around exactly what they wish. Even little children are acquainted with the process.'

MY INJURED HAND CURED BY A LUMINOUS SPIRIT

To meet the wishes of the Stratford Society of Spiritualists, I secured the services of the medium of our little weekly circle for a materialisation séance. During the proceedings I was requested by the controlling spirit to leave my seat and step forward. The little finger of each hand was linked on either side with the sitters. Again and again and again I questioned the spirit about 'breaking up conditions.' I was told to 'step out.' I did so, and was confronted with a materialised luminous spirit, a lady, who said : 'I am going to heal your hand.' One morning, a few months ago, I was walking up the Old Bailey reading my paper when I missed the curb, and fell on my right hand. For weeks I was unable to use it, and feared that it would not come right again. At this circle the luminous spirit took my hand, and in the presence of all the sitters magnetised it, rubbing it for several minutes, and the while talking to me about those present, whispering in my ear that there were two persons present who intended to clutch at the spirit lights which were moving about the room. Having finished rubbing my hand, she remarked 'there will not be any more manifestations to-night.' From that hour my hand has been relieved of all pain and swelling.

ANGELS ARE HUMAN SPIRITS

It is sometimes argued that the angels of the Bible were not human spirits, but a distinct race of sentient beings,

and that, therefore, our deductions as to the identity of the inspirers of the two revelations are consequently fallacious.

There is, however, much more testimony identifying angels as human spirits than the reverse.

Thus, the angels that appeared to Abraham and Lot were addressed, and responded to the address as men; the angel that appeared to Manoah's wife, and afterwards to Manoah, was addressed as man and angel, and answered to both names; the angels that appeared to, and conversed with, Jesus on the Mount, are said to have been Moses and Elias—both men known in the history of the Jews as amongst the most remarkable of their ancestry. The angel that appeared to Cornelius is described by him as a man in white raiment, by Peter as an angel. And, as if for ever to settle any question that could arise on this subject, in the close of that most wonderful book of angelology, the Book of Revelation, the angel who communicated its wondrous visions declares of himself—'I am of thy brethren, the prophets.'

SPIRIT RETURN INCONTROVERTIBLE

THE well-attested fact of one spirit return is sufficient to establish communion with the spirit-world. There are thousands of enlightened, strong-headed persons who can furnish an accumulation of indisputable evidence of their personal knowledge of the return of the so-called dead with whom they have conversed, not in single instances only, but in some cases scores, and even hundreds, of times. To this mass of evidence the writer can add his own testimony, and can certify that he has seen and conversed with hundreds of spirits of departed human beings, in the presence of many persons—their voices ranging from masculine to the sweet delicate feminine whisper.

MATERIALISATIONS

Séances in the dark, why?

BY A SPIRIT

‘IN order to produce visible forms for spirits we must have proper atmospheric conditions and suitable mediums, and a portion of the process must be performed in the dark, light being a disintegrator. The basic magnetic and electric elements, which we use for making the pabulum with which we cover our forms, are drawn from the atmosphere in a darkened place, hence in all ages spirits have been enabled to appear more distinctly at night. In order that this pabulum may be used without too much injury to the spirit, we should have the magnetism of a circle, and one or more mediumistic persons from whom we draw certain elements which still retain their vitality. We are thus enabled to vitalise our pabulum so that it resembles the cuticle and hair of the human body, and the spirit who is thus surrounded becomes so similar to a human being that you cannot detect any difference. In drawing these elements from the mediums the process is often exhaustive, and there are certain elements which are only borrowed and must be returned, and this explains the fact that if a portion of the spirit materialised be stained by any coloured substances, the stain will be transferred to the same portion of the medium’s body with the elements that are returned.’

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., COMES BACK

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E. etc., the accomplished scholar and *littérateur*, the author of ‘The Light of Asia,’ came back through Mr. Ronald Brailey. Sir Edwin was one of the

guests of a brilliant company of about one hundred gentlemen who assembled at the Guildhall Tavern, on May 5, 1893, when the Right Hon. Sir Stuart Knill, the Lord Mayor, on behalf of the Committee of the Freeman's Orphan School, presented me with a painting in oils in recognition of my services as their Chairman. Sir Edwin Arnold on that occasion responded to the toast 'Literature and Art.' His eloquent and masterly speech still lingers in the memory of those present. When Sir Edwin came back from the Spirit-world, he in a few well-chosen sentences referred to my oft-repeated appreciative remarks of his great courtesy and fine delicacy of feeling in sketches I had occasionally given of him in the Press. Many of Sir Edwin's sweet poems are prized by all Spiritualists.

SPIRIT HANDS

It is not unusual, at our weekly circle, for spirit hands to pluck flowers from any that may be in the room, or that may have been brought by the sitters, and place them in the buttonhole, and fix them on the dress of the ladies. One little child delights to tickle my face with them, knowing that I must not break the condition by unloosing my hand which is linked on to the sitters on either side to remove the tickling sensation the movement of the flowers causes me. The substantiality of the hands is not any more a matter of surprise than that of the hands of the angels spoken of in Gen. xix. It is there said, 'there came two angels [spirits from the unseen world] at even,' and Lot pressed them to partake of his hospitality. When Lot had gone out to dissuade the men of the city from interfering with them, the angels 'put forth their hand and pulled Lot into the house, and shut the door.' While he

lingered, the men (before called angels) laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hands of his two daughters.

These hands must have been substantial, and probably were materialised through the mediumship of Lot or some members of his family.

Where did the angels (spirits) 'two men in shining garments,' who met the disciples at the sepulchre, get their hands from? St. Luke says: 'the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.' Spirit hands had neatly folded the napkin that was bound round the sacred head of the dead Christ, and 'placed it by itself.'

SPIRITS' CLOTHES

THE spiritual body is clothed. The bright and happy spirits who come back always appear in long shining robes, with girdles round the waist. Spirits in the next life bear the human form, and their spiritual state determines their clothing. What they are is seen by all there. The good are robed in spotless white. 'Behold two men stood by them, in shining garments'—these were two men from the unseen world guarding the empty sepulchre. At the ascension of Christ 'two men stood by them in white apparel' exclaiming, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' I have often felt the beautiful flowing white robe of 'Sister Amie,' who appears at our materialisation séance. St. John, the great Clairvoyant, in the Book of the Revelation, speaks of the 'great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, before the throne, clothed with white robes.

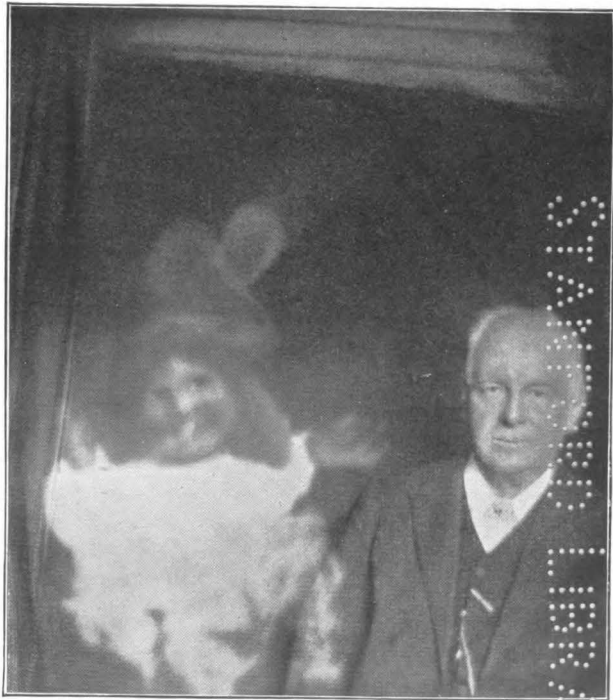
H

PRAYERS FOR THE LIVING DEAD

THERE are crowds of dark, earth-bound spirits, all around us. Believing or not believing this makes no difference. They are here, seeking relief, revisiting the scenes of their earth-life, lingering about, lonely and wretched. If only they can, through a medium or otherwise, make known their presence, they implore one to pray for them. Touching and painful have been the cries and entreaties of some of these poor unhappy spirit friends. Prayer, and a few utterances about the Love of God, the ministry of the bright ones near to them, have shed a diviner light on their dark spirit, and elevated them into closer contact with the higher intelligences. Many have come back to our circle with grateful acknowledgments for the sympathetic prayers thus offered.

**GRIMALDI THE ITALIAN CLOWN COMES
BACK**

A FAMILIAR spirit-friend is that of Joseph Grimaldi, the Italian clown, whose *Memoirs* were edited by Boz (Charles Dickens). Born in London, where he made his reputation as a low comedian, his greatest hit having been as clown in the *Harlequin Amulet*, produced at Drury Lane in 1799, he retired from the stage in 1828, and passed on (died) in 1837. During the past two years many a witticism has passed between us. Occasionally he has looked in at the services where I have officiated in London and the provinces, and at the circles following, quoting some of my remarks and twisting them into jokes.



'MISCHIEF.'

Clairvoyants have called my attention to the presence of the spirit form of the mischievous young lady whose materialised face appears here. She is addicted to practical joking, often imparting a stimulus to those inclined to secrete articles just when they are wanted, and enjoying the fun while search is going on. She, however, will inform the loser at the last moment where to look for the missing article. She consented to be photographed that I might see what she was like in earth life. August, 1906.—[E.D.]

W
A
S
H
I
N
G
T
O
N

T
E
C
H
N
I
C
A
L

DEATH

DEATH is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain ;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.

Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The heavenly city's door :
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life for evermore.

Death is the mightier second birth,
Th' unveiling of the soul ;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth—
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.

Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore,
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet ;
The laying of our burden down
At the deliverer's feet.

Death is a song from seraph lips,
The day-spring from on high :
The ending of the soul's eclipse—
Its transit to the sky.

DEATH AS SEEN BY THE CLAIRVOYANT

I HAVE stood by the side of many death-beds, says Andrew Jackson Davis, and have had the clairvoyant ability to see through man's coating. Suppose the person is now dying,

the feet first grow cold; the clairvoyant sees right over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious. The body is cold up to the knees and elbows, and the emanation has attained a higher level—has ascended higher in the air. The legs are cold to the hips, and the arms to the shoulders, and the emanation, although it has not arisen higher in the room, is more expanded. The death-coldness steals over the breast, and around on either side, and the emanation has attained a higher position near the ceiling.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY

THE clairvoyant sees the newly-arisen spiritual body move off toward a thread of magnetic light which has penetrated the room. There is a golden shaft of celestial light touching this spiritual body near its head. That delicate chain of love-light is sent from above as a guiding power. The spiritual being is asleep like a just-born happy babe, the eyes are closed, and there seems to be no consciousness of existence. It is unconscious slumber. In many cases the sleep is long, in others not at all. It is surrounded by a beautiful assemblage of guardian friends. They throw their loving arms about the sleeping one, and on they speed to the World of Light. Clairvoyants and mediums see this, and they know it is true. Many are the witnesses to these celestial facts.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY A PROTOTYPE OF THE PHYSICAL

THE person has ceased to breathe, the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of the human form. Beneath it is connected the brain, the brain being the last

to yield up the life principles. The golden emanation which extends up midway to the ceiling, is connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. Now the body of the emanation ascends. Then appears something white and shining, like a human head; next, in a very few moments, a faint outline of the face divine appears, then the neck and beautiful shoulders, then in rapid succession, comes all the new body down to the feet, a bright shining image, a little smaller than this physical body but a perfect prototype or reproduction, in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps, the spiritual body is free.

SPIRIT SERVICE

BY A SPIRIT

THE condition of being at ease belongs only to the material body; that the mind itself is never happier than when engaged in some new and ennobling pursuit; that every new avenue of thought, every great problem, every new inquiry, at once presents something to the spirit that enraptures and entertains it. And it must be the case, when free from physical disabilities, that the spirit itself rests only in work, in labour, in constant toil, and in the pursuit and investigation of spiritual knowledge. Then, if you find yourself, on entering spiritual existence, crippled and dwarfed, as inevitably you must; if some portion of your mind is imperfect or undeveloped; if too many disabilities have rested on you externally; if, indeed, you be plunged, through outward circumstances and occurrences and thoughts and deeds in your earthly life, into a condition of comparative darkness—it does not necessarily follow you

must remain there. There is no condition so dark that the power and the love of God and His angels cannot penetrate.

SOWING AND REAPING

DEATH is merely the emergence of the spirit from the earthly body, and is in fact being born again into another state of existence, which is called the 'invisible world,' because of its not being visible to the mortal eye. Man is exactly the same after this change from the visible to the invisible world as he was before his departure, only then he has to do with realities which are eternal, whereas he now has to deal with things temporal, changeable, quickly passing away. He makes for himself his future—that as he sows, so must he reap; if he sows to the wind, he reaps the whirlwind, and if to the spirit, he reaps eternal glory; thus making his own heaven or hell.

MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH COMES BACK

'MR. LOBB, what do you think of my grand husband now?' These were the words of Catherine Booth, the honoured wife of the General of the Salvation Army. The General had just returned from his Colonial tour, and she came to a circle held in my house at which there were twelve persons present. I said to the dear spirit, 'Mrs. Booth, you know how much I have always thought of the General.' May I here mention that I was the first donor to the 'Social Wing Fund'? Having read 'Darkest England,' published by the General, in which he set forth his plans for dealing with the unemployed, I went over from my office of the 'Christian Age,' and handed him my cheque for £10 10s. 'You are the first donor,' said the General. Before I left his room a

telegram came from T. A. Denny for £100. Clairvoyants see the dear wife with the General at his meetings. Her passing on was sharp and severe, her sufferings were acute, often even to agony. While waiting the end she requested that the colours of the Army might be brought in and planted by her side. She entered the spirit world October 4, 1890. Her deep and keen interest in all that concerns the Salvation Army continues, and since her entrance into the Spirit-world the work has deepened and widened.

CHRIST'S RE-APPEARANCE AFTER DEATH

As a man, Christ passed through the portals of death, and as a man He came back, demonstrating the blessed fact that the dead live, and could return. It was not an idea or theory, but an actual fact. His whole career was an open evidence of the power of the life that lay beyond the body ; and by His death and re-appearance He destroyed the power of death, and dispersed the shadows overhanging the grave.

This was the Gospel, the good news which Jesus instructed His disciples to preach diligently everywhere. To this fact, the bringing to light of life and immortality, did the Apostles ever appeal. It was the keynote of all their thought and action—their only hope. 'If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised ; and if Christ is not raised, your faith is vain.'

That the dead lived, and could return, was the great faith article of the early Church. It is everywhere emphatically and earnestly asserted. Jesus had appeared not to one, but to many—'showing Himself alive after His passion, by many proofs, appearing to them during forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.'

THE BRETONS AND THEIR DEAD

THE Bretons believe that their dead mingle with the living, that they are associated with them in all their earthly affairs. Mothers come back to caress their wailing children. The distinction between the natural and the supernatural does not exist in the mind of the Bretons—they live on the borderland of the two worlds. On All Saints' night (eve of All Souls, November 1), a repast is left for the dead on the table of every kitchen. The dead may literally be said to retain their place in the family. In Brittany it is as if the dead had not quite gone away. The beloved one departed is no less loved now that his or her body is entombed. Love is eternal, is the deepest thought of the Breton soul. Twice a year they offer their devotions to their dead. The priests are powerless to eradicate this basic belief from the minds of the Bretons ; they are Spiritualists, with many superstitions.

MORAL PIG-STIES ATTRACT DARK SPIRITS

OVER all sinful scenes are dark spirits influencing mortals to do evil. Crowds of these wretched spirits who have passed on drenched in sin—unclean, revengeful, malignant—continue to inflame the passions of mortals. Clairvoyants see them, and often warn their friends of their presence. If only ministers of the orthodox churches could see with clairvoyant eyes the low class of spirits hovering over the younger members of their flock they would drop their cold ethics in the pulpits, and would warn them and charge them with the battery of prayer, driving them off, and thereby give the sainted dead an opportunity of coming into their surroundings, and so band them with their presence.

The ministering ones cannot come into the conditions of those who are thronged by the evil spirits. Prayer will bring 'twelve legions of angels,' and these dark spirits go.

A SPIRITUAL BODY

THE late Rev. Joseph Cook, D.D., of Boston, U.S.A.—
'*A spiritual body!* That is a phrase we did not expect to hear in the name of science. It is the latest whisper of science, and ages ago it was a word of revelation. I believe that it is a distinct biblical doctrine that there is a spiritual body, as there is a natural body, and that the former has extraordinary powers.

'It is a body which apparently makes nothing of passing through what we call ordinary matter. Our Lord had that body after His resurrection.

THE DEAD WANT TO MATERIALISE

ALL mediums are attended by one or more spirits, who perform on the invisible side the same part as the earthly medium does on the visible. In a word, there are medium spirits as there are mediumistic mortals, and in each case none but mediumistically endowed organs can effect the desired *rapport* between the two worlds. Spirit friends in attendance at the séances eagerly desire to gratify their earthly kindred by presenting themselves. Not all of them can give off that quality of magnetism that fits them for materialisation.

MATERIALISATION VARIES WITH CONDITIONS

IN sitting with the best mediums materialisations often fail to occur. The phenomena depend upon certain

conditions. The elementary substances that spirits gather from human organisms, and which they use to render themselves visible to us, is furnished in variable quantities and quality by different individuals, and at different times. Under very favourable conditions, they can materialise the whole, or large portions of their forms, while, under conditions less favourable, they may be able to render objective and tangible only a hand, or even a single finger. For these reasons their success must vary with each effort, as we find it does.

YOUR DEAD COME BACK

LAUGH you who never had
 Your dead come back, but do not take from me
 The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
 That these, our mortal eyes,
 Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
 Do introvert upon eternity.
 And that the shapes you deem
 Imaginations, just as clearly fall,
 Each from its own divine original,
 And through some subtle element of light
 Upon the inward spiritual eye :
 As do the things which round about them lie,
 Gross and material, on the external sight.

ALICE CARY.

CONDITIONS FOR MATERIALISATION

GOOD conditions are absolutely necessary for materialisation. The bodies of the medium and sitters should be clean and healthy. The mind passive, quiet, devout, and reverent.

Spiritual harmony and loving sympathy should prevail. There must not be any disturbing element. Local conditions too, affect the manifestations, the same room should be used and set apart for that purpose. The same persons as far as possible should sit, on the same day and hour of the week. Those only who have been prepared and impressed with the sacredness of the materialisation service should be permitted to join the circle. Curiosity-mongers and phenomena-hunters should be excluded. At a small circle where I have sat the above conditions have been observed and as many as twenty-five spirits have materialised, and on some occasions five have been in the room at the same time, walking and talking to their friends.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT MATERIALISATION

BY A SPIRIT

SPIRIT materialisation, so called, is in no sense opposed to any known law of nature. Matter, according to physical scientists, is capable of disintegration and seeming destruction, though no particle of substance is ever lost. Solids, fluids, and gases are only transient appearances, modes of manifestation of substance, all of which are convertible into impalpable ether, that can be again converted into solid matter. Materialisations and dematerialisations occur in the chemist's laboratory. At the séance, the spirits on the other side, who devote themselves to simulating the human form for the disembodied to manifest, use from the mass of invisible atoms and particles the fluids, gases from the atmosphere, mineral, vegetable and animal life. The medium, too, is drawn upon as are the sitters, who generate

a large amount of vital force, and impregnate the air with copious life emanations. The human body is constantly throwing off emanations from its every part, charging the earth with the devitalised substances which were once its component parts: eyes, teeth, hair, skin, bones, muscles, nerves, all of which mingle with the elements in some form or another, needing only some alchemic touch to build up the human form resembling that worn by the departed. Darkness is a necessary adjunct, as dematerialisation quickly follows as flowers quickly wither, eyes become tired, and languor oppresses the inmates of a brilliantly lighted room.

SPIRITS CROWD IN AT SERVICES

At the close of my services in London and the Provinces clairvoyants often remain behind to let me know the number and names of spirits present on the platform, and in the building. They name them one after another. C. H. Spurgeon, W. M. Punshon, Hugh Price Hughes, W. E. Gladstone, Geo. Brailey, the friend of D. L. Moody, and Geo. Muller, J. Lamont, James Burns, Thomas Everitt, Mrs. Hardinge Britten, Sir John Monckton (the late Town Clerk of the Corporation of the City of London), etc. When I was at Nottingham one clairvoyant counted fifty-six of these bright spirits gathered on the platform. I can only account for it on the ground that for the past forty-six years I have been more or less associated with honoured men in religious, municipal and philanthropic work, and have had the benefit of their prayers and help. Certain it is that their influence has been felt, for the services have been marked by much spiritual feeling and blessing.

**GEORGE THOMPSON'S EXPERIENCE IN
SPIRIT-LIFE**

'I SPEAK to you under difficulties. No longer in possession of my own form, through the kindness of other spirits I address you through this organism. But across the space called death and the river called life, I bring my testimony on behalf of that immortality that now seems certain, surely on behalf of that existence continued beyond death.

'In the majority of cases, I am told, there is not such sudden and absolute reaction as in my own case. Depressed from long illness, feeling the burden of years, I was caught up into sudden youth and sudden rapture of the full vigour of manhood. Without the loss of my intellectual power during the change called death, it was a transfusion of life and subtle element pouring through every avenue of my being, that restored memory, vitality, intellectual power, and all the powers of manhood.

'Prepared for me as a shrine, a place of habitation, was the home of my affections. My companion preceded me some months into spiritual life, awaited me there, and I found her, with the other ones of our household, the first to greet me ; but among the first were also those with whom there had been earnest labour and active thought for human emancipation ; those to whom the young impulses and ardours of my life were given for the disenthralment of man from the persecution of human tyranny.

'You will remember when the Corn Laws were abolished in England what a shout of rejoicing went up from the people because we had not pleaded in vain. You will remember, when having lived during the later portion of my life to see the fruition of the abolition of slavery, what rejoicing there was in all our hearts, enfeebled though the

pulsations were by years and by disease. But no rejoicings like that can compare with the rejoicing that comes to every spirit on release from the thralldom of physical sense and from that of terror, that half-tyranny that I think comes to almost all when the very gateway is swinging open. Is it to be annihilation or life? The supreme moment when the supreme question of existence is answered, when the soul stands on the verge of infinitude, or of destruction, that moment is the moment of universal suspense.'

BUILDING FOR TIME

BY A SPIRIT

IF you have built for time, it is one thing : your structure must be narrow and low and material ; you must grovel in the senses, and bow down to the god that says there is nothing beyond this life. If you build for eternity, it is another thing : you may lay the foundation upon the earth, but the structure of your very existence and being must go out and up into the very eternity itself. The cares, amenities, every distinct aspiration of the spirit, become important parts in the vast temple that is for eternity. But if you build for time, selfishness, materialism, pride, ambition—that which contributes to your material happiness—become the natural results. How often the effort of the science of the day is to raise up the elements of material power and folly that oftentimes the next generation will demolish. But if you build spiritually for the structure that underlies your outward existence, then it is formed of thoughts that are to endure. Then, in the beginning, when teaching the alphabet to your children, you find that it is not merely for time—to go out among men and apply through the weary years of earthly care, but that it is for the eternal structure of the soul—for the

actual, real, tangible existence that lies beyond the shadowy veil of uncertain life.

CHARLES DICKENS WAS A MEDIUM

CHARLES DICKENS was a medium. He possessed all the personal peculiarities that most mediums possess in a less degree. Mr. G. H. Lewes, in an article published in the 'Fortnightly Review,' says: 'Dickens once declared to me that every word he said by his characters was distinctly heard by him.' He was clairaudient to a very high degree. Others have testified to the mediumship of Dickens. Mr. James T. Fields, in his lectures on 'Fiction and its eminent authors,' says, 'Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing, that they followed him everywhere, and would never let him be alone for a moment. He told me that when he was writing the "Old Curiosity Shop" the creatures of his imagination so haunted him that they would neither allow him to sleep nor to eat in peace; that Little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to anyone else. When writing "Martin Chuzzlewit" Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called. Mediums and psychic persons will attest to the trouble they often have with spirits, anxious to control them, at times and seasons out of place. Charles Dickens has frequently materialised at circles where I have sat during the past three years.

CHARLES DICKENS

[IT was a cold, dark evening in December ; the snow fell heavily in the streets ; we had not thought of Dickens, and knew not what was coming, when the medium closed her eyes and began, as though declaiming from a book, the following carols.

She relates that she seemed to see before her the scene as Dickens depicts it ; she was apparently out upon the roadside, saw the distant cathedral, and beheld the poor old man lying there, as though it were a real event or a scene in a theatre.]

CHRISTMAS CAROL NO. I.

Now, as the dark days approach, nearing the holidays, I feel again like using my pen.

Do you ever ask yourselves, friends, what sort of a Christmas we have up here ? Do you ever inquire whether there is any gathering around the fire, by those whom you love, in the Spirit-world ?

There was one sort of fire we were taught to dread when we were young. It was said to burn with everlasting malignity, and the poor wight who had gone astray on earth was sure to be bundled into it, on emerging from Time into Eternity ! *That's* the sort of fire for Christmas holidays among good Christians.

I recall the poetry of a dark day by the Christmas fire, for the memory of those holidays on earth is too fresh to have faded from my mind. The Christmas we celebrate here is but the shadow of our past earthly festivities ; for are we not living in an eternal Christmas ?

We hear the echo of your Christmas chimes resounding in our spirit-homes, though in truth from many a spirit-spire our own chimes peal out gladly, blending with yours in joyous harmony.

Listen ! ye rapt souls ! Do ye not hear our heavenly bells chiming on your Christmas mornings ? Ring out, glad bells, and welcome poor shivering souls into this happy land ! Ring out, Spirit-world Christmas bells, for the poor who die on Christmas Days ! Poor homeless waifs of humanity, for once they shall have a merry Christmas !

I have passed many a Christmas on earth in dear old England, the remembrance of which causes me a thrill of happiness, but in the Spirit-world only a few have I seen ; and for this reason I cannot speak as wisely as I otherwise might of the varied modes of celebrating the day in these eternal cities ; but my experience is, that Christmas is celebrated here, and the carol of 'Peace on earth, and goodwill to man,' is commemorated in the everlasting world, with even greater joy than it is on earth.

'Peace on earth, and goodwill to man,' is the chant which I am told was actually sung by a vast company of spirits, who convened for that purpose eighteen hundred years ago ; and every returning year, that same carol is echoed by innumerable bands of immortals.

I was told how good spirits were moved to distress and pity, to know that the prevailing belief among mankind was, that the Rulers of the Spirit-world were at enmity with man ! How sadly it grieved them to know that every tempest and every plague was attributed to their influence !

When that bright particular *Star* was born in Bethlehem, who was to lead man into a higher perception of His spiritual nature, rapturously they sang that famed Christmas chant, which will stand so long as the world stands, and will be repeated in the Spirit-world and on earth through centuries of time to come !

CHRISTMAS CAROL No. 2.

Down, down falls the Christmas snow ! circling down in soft baby-like flakes, as white-souled messengers from an unknown world ! Down they fall, dotting the hedges, and whitening the plains and lanes of the open country.

Down, down they fall, spreading in little patches over the tattered and stained coat of an old man, foot-sore and hungry, crouching against the snow-tipped hedge. He tossed up his last copper on Christmas Eve, and lost that ; he has had a long, long tramp since, and has been groping over those cold, long, weary miles, for some stray coin dropped by his god, *Chance*—the only God he has ever known !

Chance has frowned on him this Christmas Day, and he sinks exhausted by the way-side. Poor old Buffer ! Friendless and homeless, wifeless and childless ; it has gone hard with him this merry Christmas, and he thinks as he sits there, too nerveless to rise, what a lucky chance it would be if some fine gentleman should pass by and drop him a sixpence or a shilling for his Christmas.

Faintly sound upon his ear the happy chimes from the distant cathedral tower. Soft and white the snow falls, creeping nearer and nearer, like some sheltering friend ; and his hungry, eager gaze dies out in a helpless look of endurance.

The snow falls faster and faster ; the cold pierces deeper and deeper ; he makes an effort to rise, but he cannot ; his limbs are stiff with cold and famine, and yet life is dear to him. Life has been with him a constant conflict with the elements, a mere animal struggle for existence, against earth's contending forces ; and now, in his last moments, his only thought and wish is, that some kind gentleman

would give him a sixpence, wherewith to buy a mug of ale and a slice of bacon for his Christmas dinner.

Ring out, Christmas bells ! another immortal soul is about to commence a long tramp over the Unknown Highway !

The snow falls white ; his weary body and tattered garments are alike covered by its pure, cold robe. Now slowly he raises his half-palsied arm and touches his battered cap. He is making his exit from the world ! He bows, but it is to a phantom gentleman, who suddenly stands before him. He is too far gone to question whence he came. Is it the kind gentleman with the friendly sixpence, whom he has been looking for ? Is he some good Christian from the cathedral town who has heard his hungry cry ? or some noble lord from the neighbouring park ? He dreamily asks himself these questions as the friendly person approaches nearer, takes him by the arm, and places to his parched lips a generous, life-reviving cordial.

Surely this must be the *chance* gentleman he has been all this Christmas Day thinking of. Presently this unknown friend lifts him from the snow-bound hedge, and leads him to a curious chariot, gay as the fiery chariot of Elijah. He resists at first—the kindness is too much for him ; he is not used to such attentions, and shakes his head, and draws back. But when the gentleman, in answer to his hesitation, says, “Come, my friend, I will take you to a good inn, where you shall have your Christmas dinner,” he yields to the good chance, and they vanish together.

Together they glide on, on, over the spires of the cathedral ; they hear the chimes ring out for Christmas, but no one sees them in their golden chariot. The good Christians eat their dinner, and cast not one thought to the poor wretches dying from cold and hunger, beneath the snowy hedges of merry old England, on Christmas Day !

Ring out, Spirit-world Christmas bells, for the poor who die on Christmas Days ! Poor homeless waifs of humanity, for once they shall have a merry Christmas !

LOVING AFFINITIES SURVIVE DEATH

I LIVE, O ye who loved me,
Your faith was not in vain ;
Back through the shadowy valley
I come to you again.

Safe in the love that guides me,
With fearless feet I tread,
My home is with the angels :
O say not I am dead.

O children of our father,
Weep not for those who pass
Like rose-leaves, gently scattered,
Like dew-drops from the grass.

Ah, look not down in sadness,
But fix your gaze on high :
They only dropped their mantles,
Their souls can never die.

They live : and still unbroken,
Is that magnetic chain,
Which in your tearful blindness,
You thought was rent in twain.

That chain of love, was fashioned
By more than human art ;
And every link is welded
So firm, it cannot part.

LIZZIE DOTEN.