

# DAYBREAK.

Vol. I.

MARCH.

No. 10.

## SPIRITUAL SEANCES,

A noteworthy letter has lately appeared in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, on the subject of *spiritual seances*. The *Examiner and Times*, having printed a long report of certain seances held in Scotland, which were not of a pleasing or satisfactory character, a letter appeared from FAIR PLAY, simply to request readers to suspend their judgments and to believe that a far different picture could be drawn as to what takes place at *seances*. He took occasion to say that he did not go into details to prove this, not knowing how far the editor would be willing to suffer him to go in explanation. At the foot of this note, the editor offered to open his paper to FAIR PLAY, and the following letter, which appeared January 12th, was the result:—

*To the Editor of the Examiner and Times.*

“Sir,—In availing myself of your offer to give me space for ‘the other side,’ or, in other words, to show that ‘spiritual seances’ are not all scenes of confusion, and that the phenomena are not all unsatisfactory and repulsive, I wish to say that I do so, not as an advocate of ‘spiritualism,’ but simply as an inquirer, who desires to avoid the hasty conclusions which, in all ages, have led the multitude to denounce or deride new sciences.

“Personally, I hope the ‘facts’ and explanations of spiritualists are true; for I confess that I want to believe in continued existence after what is called death, that I want to believe in the distinct continued personality of the so-called dead, that I want to believe the ‘departed’ are really at hand, not ignorant and unobservant of the

poor struggling pilgrims they have left behind. In a word, I confess I want to believe that my oldest friends are about me now. This confession may tell against me; I cannot help it. It will not touch my 'facts,' however: it will only help to account for my opinion, that it is neither absurd nor monstrous to say that the so-called dead are near us still, and that (not by miracle, but in accordance with laws of our being not yet understood, nor even believed in by us) they are, in certain conditions, able to prove their presence and their power.

"I have already admitted that much which happens or that is 'given' at these 'spiritual sèances' is frivolous and unsatisfactory; I might, indeed, say, repulsive and disheartening; but, after all, that is only what the chemist in his laboratory has admitted for 3,000 years; it is what he admits to-day. They who are seeking in untried paths, they who are exploring on the confines of the unknown, must not mind disappointments and shadows. They must, at first, expect to 'see men as trees walking,' knowing well that the darkness is in them, and that, as they press on and become wise, the truth will be seen.

"This preliminary explanation will serve to show what I mean by 'the other side,' and why such facts as you reported to us from Scotland, however they may distress, do not deter me, or cause me to 'disbelieve.'

"The 'spiritual phenomena' are very varied in their character, and what is called 'mediumship' is, of course, as varied in its nature. A 'medium' is, as we all know, a person to be suspected as an imposter, or ridiculed as a fool. This is the theory of the public and the press. Men ask—Why this need of 'mediums'? They might as well ask—Why this need of telescopes in astronomy, of crucibles and retorts in chemistry, and of a battery or something equivalent in telegraphy? Spiritualists say that a 'medium' is simply a person whose natural organism is susceptible to spirit influence. That is the long and short of it. There is no 'miracle' in the case. It is all in accordance with settled, though at present imperfectly understood law. It would, indeed, be a rather suspicious circumstance if all 'mediums'

were professors or adepts, but the truth is that ninety-nine out of a hundred, probably 999 out of a thousand, 'mediums' are the sons, the daughters, the sisters, the brothers, the husbands, or the wives of spiritualists. Many of these I know; and I know that they are, as a rule, well bred, intelligent, healthy, cheerful, and virtuous persons, incapable of lying, and not likely to be self-deceived.

"But, in truth, the phenomena relied upon are not of a character that makes demands upon our 'faith.' Given a scene and circumstances that shut out the possibility of deliberate imposture which would be as marvellously clever as it would be hideously wicked, and the case is at an end; inasmuch as, for what happens, you are not called upon to confide in the 'medium.' I shall now proceed to make this clear. I was, some time ago, in the house of a gentleman nearly 200 miles from my own home. A 'medium' was present—a bright, intelligent, but imperfectly educated girl or young woman. She knew nothing of me, and had only seen me for a few minutes on the previous day. Without asking me a single question, she presently told me she could 'see' something she would like to describe to me. She did so in a quiet and gentle manner—deliberately, and yet without hesitation. What she described was what happened to me twenty years ago, when I was a mere boy, what passed in my little study between me and a favourite little sister, who was very dear to me then, and whose childish love is not forgotten by me now. The incidents described were of a nature so peculiar, and, what the outward world would call so trivial, that I deemed it utterly impossible this stranger, of her own knowledge, could have been acquainted with them. They were incidents, I think, I have never spoken of to anyone, and which no one would be likely to know or remember but myself. But her descriptions as to time, place, events, and persons were marvelously minute and accurate. She might have had a series of photographs before her, which she slowly turned over and described one by one. What she said was that she saw it all in a series of delicate pictures which my 'spirit-sister' showed her. I was not a 'believer' at the time; but, from



first to last, the whole thing was so exquisitely touching, so beautiful, so charming in its method of identification, if the thing were true, that I should have felt a thrill of horror if anyone had called the 'medium' an impostor or a fool.

On another occasion, in an unconscious or trance state (into which she passed at once, and without solicitation or aid from without), this same young lady spoke to me in the name of this sister; and, for nearly half-an-hour, touched and delighted everyone present by the simplicity and beauty of her language. At another time, in another place, and in presence of another 'medium,' phenomena of another character presented themselves. I sat with the 'medium' at a very small table, without a shred of covering on it, in the middle of a large and well-lighted room. The 'medium' did not know my name and had never seen me before. Without preliminary conversation we sat down, and before we had been seated three minutes we heard gentle but very distinct sounds (those who want to laugh can call them 'raps'; I should prefer to call them *signals* produced by those who, as spiritual beings, are at the very fountain-head of the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe). The medium said, 'I think it indicates the presence of a little child.' Suffice to say that, as fast as I could ask questions, I got names, dates, and descriptions of almost every kind, which I had not to credit the veracity of the 'medium' for; the wonderful correctness of which I alone knew. One of the strangest things given to me was an exact copy of an unusual inscription on a tiny stone which had only just been placed in a country churchyard, nearly two hundred miles away. The touching 'messages,' with their suggestions so full of meaning to myself, and so little understood by the 'medium,' I cannot give you. I can only say, my heart worshiped the Great Spirit that day as it had seldom done before. On this occasion two or three things happened, however, which were more singular and demonstrative than touching and graceful. For two or three minutes the little table rose up under my hands, and rose up so high that, even with standing up, I could hardly keep my hands on. This happened after a

very odd occurrence in the spelling out of 'messages.' All at once we had these letters signalled—P I L I F. It was our first piece of what seemed 'nonsense,' and the 'medium' who seemed a little annoyed at so absurd a reply to what I believe was a grave question, said—'Let us go on to something else.' I declined, and began casting about to find what 'Pilif' could mean. At last, I asked,—What or who is 'Pilif'? The answer came at once—'Uncle.' I saw at once what was meant. One of the very first playthings my little child ever had was an old portrait of 'Uncle Philip,' whose name she learnt amongst her first half-dozen words. Does it not seem ridiculous that a little child 'in heaven' (so runs the phrase!) should 'come down' to talk to me through a table? Well, I am hardly sure. I think if she loved me, she would desire to be near me if she could. And, if she was near me that day, and, by some natural law, aided by her spirit-friends, could 'communicate,' I think it very probable she would do or say something as like her old self as possible. It was an absurd-looking incident, I admit, but it was intensely human, and it put out of court the charge of imposture, for when the letters came no one was pleased, and no one knew what they meant. It was when I discovered their meaning that the table rose up as I have described. I cannot help it if the scornful laugh at all this. I know it all happened in broad daylight, and that thousands and tens of thousands have had experience of similar things.

"But, as for 'table-lifting,' if that is what men want as 'proof,' let me tell what I saw with my own eyes in the house of a friend whom I know to be intelligent, honest, and religious. A large dining-table, round which twenty persons could sit, rose up from the floor two or three feet, without a hand touching it, and, after oscillating for a while, gently descended to the floor. This was done, we were told, not because the unseen ones cared for such experiments, but because we sought and needed such 'proofs.' When I saw this I was not excited; and the event happened in presence of fourteen persons, who met together in an earnest and devout manner, and agreed to open their 'séance' with a reading from the Scriptures and

prayer ; and what happened that evening has occurred a hundred times before and since. A clergyman who once saw it said it was of 'the devil.' I for one am not disposed to be positive either way as to the heavenly or hellish origin of these phenomena. All I know is—they occur. Let us get the facts first, whether they please us or not ; and then let us pass on to account for them by educing laws after due classification of phenomena.

"In my own house, with only two or three persons present, we have had in the quiet of our own room, sounds, soft and low, or rapid and loud, for an hour together. These sounds were wonderfully modulated to represent every kind of motion or thought. They gave rapid answers to questions, and more than once kept admirable time (I could almost say tune), to our subdued singing, or without our company. I shall not easily forget the playing, by these sounds alone, in the quiet of the night, a beautiful melody. Three of us sat in the centre of the room, and the sounds were produced four or five feet from where we sat. This, I know, is only vulgar 'spirit-rapping.' I cannot help it. It happened ; and I do not know why I should not substitute for the phrase 'spirit-rapping' the better phrase, 'spirit-telegraphy.' It is true we who are so clumsy in our clay houses, need wires and an apparatus to get command over the current ; but the supposition is quite reasonable that a man out of the flesh does not need all this material tackle to put him at once *en rapport* with what I have already called 'the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe.'

"On several occasions, I have sat with a number of persons, strangers to one another and to the 'medium,' who, nevertheless, described departed friends and scenes in their past life in a most astonishing manner. On one occasion, for more than an hour, we were all inexpressibly impressed by such an analysis of character as I have never heard from other lips. The 'medium,' in a half trance, took us one by one to pieces ; and, in a low and serious voice, described the characters, the peculiarities, and the lives of each one. Some of us the 'medium' had never seen at all ; for these



had been taken into the half-darkened room after the 'séance' had commenced, having arrived late. On one of these occasions (in Manchester) a gentleman entered the room, and the 'medium,' who was at that moment in a trance state, at once took a pencil, wrote a message, signed it with initials, and pushed it past twenty persons, to the new comer, who immediately recognised the initials and confessed the appropriateness of the message. This was at once followed by a description of the sender of the message, and a vivid and minute account of her last days; with not one word to distress or repel but much to soothe and win. The gentleman, though very exacting, acknowledged the singular accuracy of the description. The eyes of the 'medium' were closed, she was unconscious, and when she 'came to herself,' she knew nothing of what had occurred. I ought to add that she was between one and two hundred miles from home, and that she had never been within a hundred miles of the place before.

"In my own house, some of my own kindred and friends have been 'used' as 'mediums.' One, a student of divinity, in a trance state, speaks, in language earnest and well chosen, of noble themes, only calculated to elevate and instruct. Others have their hands moved to write with extraordinary rapidity. The characters are unlike any they themselves employ, and, in many cases, the 'medium,' if not following the pencil, is unable to say whether what is written is poetry or prose, a jest or a prayer. Sometimes the writing is done with such force and rapidity that it takes some minutes to decipher it; and on these occasions we have had surprising results. In one case, I well remember, the 'medium' was a cultured and intelligent lady, who knew very little of 'spiritualism,' and who was as much startled as any of us at what proceeded, time after time, from her hand, forcibly moved and used beyond her control, to write that which she knew not; for, in this way, in answer to questions, we have had particulars given of which the 'medium' knew nothing.

In other cases, an alphabet and pointer are used. The hand is forcibly or gently moved to point out letters, as in

the other instance it is moved to write them. My own sister is thus 'used.' At one 'séance,' I remember, the 'message' affected her to tears, for she was observing it. She then hid her face in her left hand, but allowed the right hand to go on finishing the 'message,' the pointer flying from letter to letter almost faster than I could take them down. The latter portion of what was thus spelt out the 'medium' knew nothing of, as she kept her closed eyes in her hand. I might add to this, that this form of 'mediumship' is rapidly spreading, and is a settled fact in perhaps ten thousand English homes.

"But I must not trouble you further. My statement, I am aware, is very imperfect and necessarily fragmentary; but I have, perhaps, said sufficient to show how varied are the phenomena and the forms of 'mediumship,' embracing spirit-seeing, trance-speaking, the moving of heavy substances, the production of sounds, writing, &c. I have now left no room for comment; but permit me to add, that they who enter into the investigation of this subject must not expect a perfectly smooth path. They will long to hold communion with those they love, and they may be, for a time, cruelly disappointed. But what if they can be sure they have held communion with some unseen intelligence? They will perhaps be repelled by confusion, contradiction, and folly; but these very things will, in certain circumstances, be in themselves startling proofs that the unseen world interpenetrates the seen, and that there is a law which, when we really understand it, will enable us to know that our old companions are near.

"When, moreover, we consider how many false, foolish, and confused beings we send into the spirit-world every day, it need not surprise us that spirit communion often yields only false, foolish, and confused results. But the question is—are the proofs of some intelligent communion there? It may be that the inferior grades of communion beings can more readily approach and make use of our earthly conditions, and that, until we master the laws which govern such communion, we shall be at the mercy of these inferior grades. But it may also be, that patience on



our part, and knowledge and purity, will lead to progress; and that as we approach in our own natures the condition of the higher grades, we shall approach their company. In a word, we may now be only groping amid the 'outer darkness' at the palace door. Presently, when we are wiser and more fit for it, we shall be able to enter in. Meanwhile, let no man despise him who is seeking for the truth, nor deride him who does anything to prove true those blessed words, 'Are they not all ministering spirits?' or those still more ancient words, 'The angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear Him.'—Yours respectfully,

"FAIR PLAY."

"P.S.—I wish to intimate that I have now said all I have to say, in discharge of my task to which your courteous invitation called me, and that I shall not enter into controversy on the subject. It is a subject not for discussion, but for investigation.

#### BENEFICENT NECESSITY.

[From "Discourses of Daily Duty and Daily Care," by the Rev. John Page Hopps.]

Thus is the man of to-day, in no bald, common-place sense, but in a sense very real and very significant, "a creature of circumstances," hemmed in on all sides by this ring of a fatal Necessity. But he is this, not because circumstances are tyrants to which he is obliged to submit, but because they are awful influences which, for the most part, are unfaithfully received. For "man is man, and master of his fate;" but only so when he *wills* to be master, and when he clearly sees and faithfully holds by the solemn conditions of his mastership. For though a man should think to justify himself and his wasted life by this plea of "circumstances," involving that other plea of "Necessity," I think the answer would be both clear and plain:—"Creatures of circumstances" we are, nay! children of Necessity; but through what avenues, and under what conditions, have we received the influence of circumstance and Necessity? Is not our *will* a circumstance,—our well-poised strength of

intellect, with conscience, that mysterious force within, which both marshals the powers of life and directs their march and destiny? "The necessity worked itself out!" Yes; but when the enemy came where was the sentinel on that high and beautiful wall of the robust will? Yes; it *was* necessary that the bad should result in bad, while carelessness and credulity pinioned the arms, and dulled the courage, and prostrated the will. It was necessary, and it ever will be necessary, that when the field-weed's seed is carried by the wind into the garden ground, it shall spring up and bring forth weeds: but where is the watchful eye, and faithful spirit, and willing hand, to make it a ruling necessity that this garden shall be kept choice and clean? The world is full of necessities; not as our enemies, but as our friends. "It is necessary," says the field-weed, by its presence, "that I shall grow among your flowers." "So it is," you reply;—"an indisputable necessity, under certain conditions;—these namely, among the rest, that I and the fowls of the air are willing. It is a necessity that, being there, you must grow; but it is a superlative necessity that I put an end to your being there." And if there be any doubt as to which is the ultimate necessity, the problem can soon be solved by a skilful, vigorous attempt. So in the more serious concerns of life, and on the lowest and most ordinary ground, looking at this spectre of Necessity as a spectre, admitting it to be such, the best thing, nay, the only thing a wise and brave man can say is this:—I know not what is necessary—the evil or the good—in this event; here therefore I stand ready for manfullest battle: maybe *that* is the great necessity. Or he will say, with one who has well taken that higher ground:—I know I am girdled by this relentless ring of Necessity; but what is *included* therein I know not: perhaps "freedom is necessary." I will "plant myself on the side of Fate, and say that a part of Fate is *the freedom of man.*" That would solve the problem in a transcendently victorious manner. For if we pursue the phantom to its last hiding-place, it will turn out to be the greatest reality of God's world of Harmony and Order; not phantomlike and spectral, but very beautiful as "the angel of the Lord."

We shall see, as the ancient prophet saw, that God has no "Band" which has not its corresponding "Beauty,"—nay! that is not its own Beauty; and that He never gave to man a fairer boon than when He girt him about with Law—a "ministering spirit" for good, and not an "avenging angel" for evil; to be accepted by the wise and the brave as their Guardian and their Friend.

For the Seer, looking this iron Necessity in the face, discovers that it is not blind,—that it is not a dead Force but a Holy Will,—not a stupendous power that breaks our hope and thwarts our endeavour, but the benignant pledge and surety that secures to us a full reward;—the oath, as it were, of the Eternal, that our harvest shall be sure. To the fearful and unfaithful it seems to say—"This shall be:" but to the wise man it says—"Fear not: this do and thou shalt live;" for, by him, the strong arm of Fate is seen to be not alone, but guided by the far-seeing eye of Him whose light is the light of perfect wisdom, and whose life is the life of perfect love. Nor is this faith essential only to the believer in the freedom of man and the Providence of God: for even the most abject believer in Necessity and Fate should have some such faith as this in the background; else what guarantee has he that even *Necessity* is sure? Grant him that he is a "creature of circumstances"—the subject of a dominant Necessity that no resolution of his can gain-say; then ask him how he knows that Necessity is necessary,—or whence he derives his conviction that it can never be moved. If there be no Mind, no Will behind it, where is the pledge of its continuance? The necessity, after all, may break down like other things, and be such no longer, for all we know. Thus, the very man who dethrones God in favour of this spectre of Fate, needs above all others to own Him as Lord and King, since his Necessity has no guarantee, no necessity, apart from an imperial Will. Come, then, O my brother, thou who hast lost thy God in the awful march of laws that seem so stern—of a Necessity that turns aside not even for our prayer, "O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for He is our God: and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."



## MESSAGE FROM THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

[TO HIS COUSIN, WHO DESCRIBES THE CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH IT IN THE FOLLOWING WORDS, CONTAINED IN A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON NEWSPAPER, OF THE 17TH OCT., 1868.

"Accompanying this I send you two papers, purporting to be communications from the late Rev. John Pierpont, who was a cousin of my mother, which the author requested me to forward for publication in the *Banner of Light*.

"I am not a Spiritualist, never attended but one meeting in my life, never met with a circle, never witnessed any Spiritual manifestations, with the exception of singular personal experiences, for which I cannot account upon any other supposition than the reason assigned by the mysterious source whence they came—that is, that I am a medium.

"Upon three occasions since the death of Mr. Pierpont, I have been impelled to write, I know not why. Although perfectly conscious in other respects, my hand is moved by something besides my own volition; nor do I know a word that I write until it is completed, when I read it. Previous to writing the first one which I send, I was perfectly unconscious from 8 o'clock in the evening until 9 the following morning, when I asked for pencil and paper, and wrote before arising from bed. I mention this to show you that for one who has never seen any demonstrations, and is not a believer, it is somewhat remarkable. It proves to me, at least, that there is something more than imagination in your faith."]

Why do you speak of us as dead? That which is planted is not dead—it is laid away in the earth; but the germ of a new body is there. \* \* \* \* We left you,—that is, our bodies, the material part, passed from your view; but we are with you always. A silent band, we gather around you in your hours of quiet and of rest. When the twilight shadows gather over the hills, and the soft, gentle influences of the stilly night shut out earth and its tumults from the soul, and the mysteries of our being make themselves felt by the heart, we are with you. You cannot see us, but your

heart beats time to the music of the unseen world; your pulses thrill to the harmony of the life above, and you feel the touch of invisible hands upon the brow, wearied with the weight of "thoughts that breathe;" and if you would but open your hearts to us, words that burn would fall from your lips, and others would be charmed, delighted, and cheered on their way by the eloquence with which you would speak to them.

I am your friend and cousin. When first you were told "John Pierpont is dead," you said in your heart, "Oh, I wish his mantle might fall upon me." Wishes are prayers, and there was one standing near you, who, ever watchful of your welfare, because of the immortal love she bore you, caught that prayer as it arose upon the wings of the morning, and bore it upward. I was new in spirit-life then. As infants who first open their eyes to the light of day shrink from the sudden brightness, so those who put off the mortal and assume the immortal are bewildered by the change. One moment surrounded by cares, sorrows, and fears, weighed down by the infirmities of the physical nature; the next moment, mounting up like eagles, free from all that can clog the spark of Divinity, roaming through the bright spheres of the new world that has burst upon the view. But I was sent to you with words of cheer and words of promise. I told you I would be with you; that by my aid you should both speak and write words that would be to others glad tidings of great joy. I have been near you through all your wanderings, have known all your struggles, all your trials with the world, the flesh, and the devil. They err who teach, as I once believed, that spirits who have passed to a congenial sphere—to what theologians call heaven—cannot feel or sympathize with the griefs and trials of those they have left behind. They say it would not be heaven if there were sorrow there. This is not true. Oh, false and blind leaders! how little they know of the power of a love which survives the decay of the body, and, like Jacob's ladder, reaches from those blessed shores, back to the hearts that are sorrowing below, encouragement and hope. I have felt,—I have sympathized with the struggles

through which you have passed, as the influences which you have felt, but could not understand, have prompted you, from time to time, to listen to the whisperings of your inner nature, while pride and prejudice were holding you back.

"You know my history, though it was only as a child that you heard it. You know that I had pride of birth, pride of intellect, and pride of position. And now you know something, by experience, of the fiery furnace through which I passed, as the flames of martyrdom of that pride rolled above my head, as I felt myself compelled to stem the tide of opposition, and combat error and sin in their most popular forms. You know my enemies sneered, and even my loved and trusted friends turned coldly from me, after vain endeavours to turn me from 'the error of my way,' after trying in vain to induce me at least to remain silent as to my peculiar views. He who attuned the harp of a thousand strings, only knows what I suffered during those years when I was passing through the transition from darkness to light. But I was strengthened by invisible hands, and led by a way I knew not, until at last, I stood upon the broad plane of freedom from prejudice, and I found rest. And now can I forget all this, or fail to sympathize with another, who, with far less of physical strength, is passing along the same thorny road? I have been near you in your darkest hour; I have known your heartaches; I was there when you approached the awful brink of destruction, and contemplated laying down the burden of life, which you thought was too heavy to bear. But you were encircled then by loving arms, and they bore you safely on. They sent one who gave you new life and hope, and the dark curtain was lifted; and now I rejoice, and these others also, that you are emerging from the shadows. You have seen, many a time, the face of the landscape darkened by clouds of mist, so that the eye could scarcely pierce the gloom; but, suddenly, the sun would burst forth from his bed in the east, and the curtain of mist would be lifted, slowly but surely, until at length the last fold would be wafted away in the blue ether, and morning shone forth in undimmed splendour. So it will be with you. The long, dark



night of prejudice is passing from your heart, and the light of the Sun of Reason is dawning upon you. You have a mission, which you will accomplish perfectly. Be true to the inner light, and fear not. Cast away pride and prejudice, and open your eyes to the light that is entering slowly, and welcome the friends who approach you with this glad spring-time, for they are coming with the fragrant blossoms of gladness and hope.

---

### THE PLANCHETTE.

Mr. J. Burns has sent us a specimen of the Planchette in its latest form. It is exquisitely made, and seems particularly adapted for use in the *development* of writing mediums. As such, it is of great value. A pencil is placed beneath the extreme end of a thin heart-shaped piece of wood, running on very easy castors; the top is large enough for the hands of two persons, if desired, and the writing may be got with great rapidity. Mr. Burns has also a pencil and paper well adapted for writing purposes. Our own opinion, however, is, that when the Planchette has served its very valuable purpose as a developing instrument, the medium will prefer simply to hold a pencil in the hand.

---

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"The Alpha: a revelation but no mystery." By Edward N. Dennys. A new edition. London: J. Burns, Camberwell. This is a book full of original and valuable thought. Grappling with some of the greatest problems of human life, its attempt to solve them is made so pleasant, with such wisdom, wit, and originality of method, that very few readers need be left behind. We heartily commend it to all earnest-minded readers and thoughtful spiritualists. It will go far towards helping them to understand the first principles of Truth and Life. We see that Mr. Burns has offered the work, with the February number of "Human Nature," for the small sum of two shillings.

"Modern Spiritualism ; its claims to investigation ; also, an account of certain remarkable manifestations in the experience of the writer, and directions for the formation and conducting of spirit circles." By James Brown. London : J. Burns. This is an exceedingly useful and very cheap pamphlet. Its special use will be, in its being put into the hands of beginners, inquirers, or doubters. It gives a well-written and pretty complete survey of the phenomena known to us at present.

"Scepticism and Spiritualism : the experiences of a sceptic." By the authoress of "Aurelia." London : J. Burns. An intensely interesting account of remarkable experiences, evidently written by a practised hand. The concluding pages contain a very telling summing up of the whole case, and an appeal to the English public, in the interests of candour and of a fearless love of truth.

"The Philosophy of Death." By Andrew Jackson Davis. London : J. Burns. This interesting pamphlet contains the account of the remarkable "death scene as viewed by the Author," and many valuable thoughts concerning the "spiritual principle" and its condition when separated from "the body of this death."

"Spiritualism *versus* Positivism : " being a letter and a challenge to G. H. Lewes, Esq., Professor Tyndall, *et hoc genus cœcorum*. By G. Damiani. London : J. Burns. As a rule, we thoroughly disapprove of money bets or challenges, as methods of getting at the truth : but we heartily wish that one of the gentlemen named would accept the present one.

"Spiritualism : its facts and phases." By J. H. Powell. London : F. Pitman. This is a very readable account of "experiences" of a varied but elementary kind. The introductory observations and the reflective chapters have considerable merit, and deserve the attention of believers and unbelievers. We understand that Mr. J. Burns is supplying the book at a cheap rate.

Poetry  
—c

THE LAMENTATION OF  
I D D O .

YE men of Judah ! list and hear  
the lamentation of the seer, (\*)  
who sits fast bound, and mourns in vain  
yet cannot his deep grief contain.  
Woe is me seer Iddo !

At birth (so said my Levite sire),  
my lips were touched with hallowed fire,  
and wealth and honour did not cease  
to bless me, while I held my peace.  
Woe is me seer Iddo !

But at the last I waxed so great,  
I dreaded neither church nor state ;  
and I assailed, with reckless hand,  
the old traditions of the land.  
Woe is me seer Iddo !

And wondrous strange I said was all  
concerning Adam's birth and fall,  
the flood—the promise—Moses' flight—  
the pillars guiding day and night—  
woe is me seer Iddo !

the wilderness—the sun's delay,  
that Joshua might have light to slay,  
the fleece of Gideon—Balaam's ass—  
and all, they say, since came to pass.  
Woe is me seer Iddo !

---

(\*) 2 Chron. xvi. 10.