

THE

Unseen Universe.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

UNDER THE SOLE CHARGE AND CONDUCT OF

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN,
Aided by able and talented Contributors.



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PROSPECTUS

OF

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AIDED BY MANY ABLE AND TALENTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONCE more I appear before my old and familiar friend, THE PUBLIC, in the capacity of a caterer for its amusement and instruction, in whichever direction it may be enabled to assimilate the intellectual pabulum I may have to offer. Once more I place myself in the position of a pleader for popular favour, and an aspirant for the goal of literary success. It may be deemed by those who have noted some of the countless waymarks in my long public career of over thirty years, that the abrupt termination which I felt compelled to make of my last editorial work on *The Two Worlds* would have been sufficient to discourage me from any future attempts in a similar direction; but on this point—without entering into any further explanations than I have already given, and am still prepared to render to any honest and interested enquirer—I beg to reiterate now, as in my *Two Worlds'* valedictory article of February 12th, that I regard Spiritualism as divine, Spiritists as human, so that in a life of devotion to the cause of Spiritualism, we may fairly consider ourselves in the path of the highest progressive duty; whilst in our dealings with those who simply believe in the science of *Spiritism*, without in any sense living the life of *Spiritualists*, we are reduced to the necessity of adapting our course of action to the ordinary ways of the world, and treating those with whom we are obliged to hold temporary intercourse according to their human characteristics, rather than on the basis of their professed belief.

These were the sentiments which actuated my first efforts to found and establish *The Two Worlds* journal, and finally induced me to relinquish all connection with the Company which assumed the task of managing and directing that periodical. In the work now opening up before me, and amongst the many urgent motives that induce me to enter the field of Spiritual literature again. I may mention the following :—

In the first place, I am now free to work for the noble cause to which I have devoted the best years of my life, according to my highest inspiration, and that without let or hindrance. Next, I am solicited to do so in too many quarters to escape the conviction that in such an undertaking I am fulfilling the duty required of me by mortals and spirits, and finally, I desire to enter upon this work because I have at command such a vast collection of Spiritualistic records as long and world-wide travel alone could have enabled me to gather up.

The annals I may thus present will doubtless be familiar to many of my readers, but even that probability does not exempt me from the duty I owe to posterity, and when I and others tabulate and record the events which have marked the wonderful movement in which we of the nineteenth century have taken part, it seems to me we are only fulfilling the same work of necessity which inspired the Seers, Sages, and Prophets of past ages to bequeath to us those records of their spiritual faith and dealings with the Unseen Universe, upon which all our existing religious systems are founded.

Whilst we must acknowledge that the abundant and wide-spread literature of the last few centuries opens up to all mankind the opportunity of acquiring knowledge on every subject of present day interest, and supplies information on every conceivable point of external life and being, it is a notable fact that all and every phase of

man's religious belief is derived either from the literature or traditions of past ages. Works on art, science, political economy, history, or fiction may fill up thousands of library shelves, but where, amidst all this wealth of earthly knowledge, shall we find any single book as dear to every human heart, or as highly venerated, as the Bibles and "sacred" writings of various nations? And yet even the youngest of these worshipped volumes dates back to periods of comparative antiquity; in fact, there is nothing more highly resented by the great bulk of modern society than the attempt to innovate upon or offer any substitute for the ancient Scriptures, upon which the glamour of ages has set the seal of Deific inspiration and infallibility. When we remember that these Bibles were written and their teachings enunciated before ever temples were built, or priests were ordained, we cannot question that religious beliefs are an integral part of man's nature, implanted in the soul as an evidence of its origin and destiny, and as much a primordial part of the human race as the emotions of love, hate, or any of those natural feelings which arise spontaneously in the heart of man.

We may err, one or all of us, in the expression of these innate religious ideas, especially in our attempts to reduce them to systems of worship, but, except under special aspects of intellectual perception, the religious element in humanity is an attribute of every age and race, under all circumstances of barbarism or civilization.

It is born with national life, and survives even its decay and ruin.

The palace and home may be obliterated, but the temple and church remain waymarks of human faith all through the ages.

The earth which enshrined the bones of vanished generations may have undergone tens of thousands of transformations, but what the dead and gone generations

THOUGHT about the mighty problems of religion never dies, but remains, and becomes the substratum of the faith of all succeeding ages. At the very outset of our present attempt, therefore, to leave a record for the use of those who shall follow us, the question must be considered as to whether we have any right or not to rank Spiritism in the category of religious faiths? To this momentous query we suspend our answer until we have attempted to define what the word "religion" means.

Classify or summarize religious beliefs as we may, they all consist in the following three distinctive items, namely, the belief in God—or a first great cause; the soul's immortality or continued existence beyond the death of the body; and the realization that the good or evil deeds done on earth determine our happiness or misery in the life hereafter.

Any amount of formulæ in time, place, and manner of worship may be tacked on to these three vital elements of faith, but they are but the perishable external garments in which the Unseen Universe within the soul is imaged forth, and depend solely on the characteristics of the nation which represents them. Thus the savage of the wild woods may worship his "Manitou" by a seven-day fast, stripping off his blanket and in a state of nudity, stimulating himself to ecstasy in "ghost dances," whilst the civilized Catholic may consider that his God requires him to substitute fish or eggs for meat by way of occasional fasts,—and ought to be worshipped in triple crowns, red hats, lace flounces, and embroidered hoods. The Mahometan may think it necessary to pleasure his Allah by putting off his shoes before he enters his place of worship, and repeating over and over again praises to the God of whose being he has not the slightest conception, whilst the Episcopalian deems his Deity requires the services of old gentlemen in lawn sleeves, silk aprons,

and gaiters, to manage the systems through which he is addressed, the assurances at least once a week that all mankind are "miserable sinners," and the recitation of prayers for special objects, which on every other day of the week no well informed thinker expects to be answered. These and hundreds of other idiosyncrasies of national and sectarian faith may be impressed upon the human mind, under the assumption of special though always very ancient revelations from Deity, but still the fundamental basis of all religions written by the finger of the Creator Himself on the created mind is to be found only in the triune elements of GOD, IMMORTALITY, and GOODNESS.

Going back, then, to this primal and only authoritative source of Divine faith, what relation does it bear to the modern revelation of SPIRITISM?

FIRST.—By proving that all thought, genius, creative power—all, in a word, that constitutes the *real* man—is SPIRIT, we demonstrate that Spirit is the Alpha and Omega of being, THE GRAND MAN—GOD, THE SPIRIT, AND THE SOURCE AND SUM OF ALL CREATED LIFE, AND BEING.

SECONDLY.—If it be proved that death can only disintegrate the body, but cannot touch the spirit, this virtually demonstrates the immortality of the soul with all its powers and functions.

FINALLY.—If every returning spirit of the New Dispensation confirms the assurance that happiness or misery is the inevitable result of the good or evil deeds, words, and thoughts of earth-life, then is it proven that Heaven and Hell are states growing entirely out of man's life upon earth, and thus is given the strongest incentive that ever was offered in the form of a religious revelation to lead pure and holy lives, in this our scene of mortal probation, so that it may be well with our souls in the life hereafter. We leave the consideration of the world-wide

proofs which modern Spiritism affords of its grand and corroborative truths, and all details concerning the life hereafter, and the cheering doctrine of eternal progress, for future occasions, only pointing out now, that it is by virtue of these mighty and irresistible revelations that we claim SPIRITISM—or the methods of communion between mortals and spirits—to be the science of religion ; SPIRITUALISM to be the practice of religion, and Spiritual literature to be the Nineteenth Century Bible of religion, and the encyclopædia from which succeeding generations shall gather up their records of true Spiritual religion, and learn how it dawned upon humanity in this our nineteenth century.

It is by way of making a fitting contribution to this Bible of the future,—in the humble hope of adding a few stones to the Temple of the Divine Humanity in which all the nations of the earth shall yet worship, that I have undertaken, as far as means and personal effort will allow, to gather up some of the crumbs of truth that have sustained me in my long and toilsome earthly pilgrimage, and which I desire to bequeath to posterity in the present work, hoping thereby to strengthen the faith of humanity, now and hereafter, in the following plain and simple, yet well-proven CREED OF THE SPIRITS :—

I believe in the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man,
The Immortality of the Soul,
Personal responsibility,
Compensation and retribution hereafter for all the good or evil deeds
done here,
And a path of eternal progress open to every human soul that wills to
tread it by the path of eternal good.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

[The following article, as well as all the others in this first number, must be regarded by our kind readers as merely introductory to the various subjects treated of. The articles designed to appear in this Magazine, in the majority of cases, will necessarily be serials; hence our initial number will contain little more than *promissory notes* for the wealth of information we hope to present to our readers. Earnestly soliciting, therefore, patient attention for the momentous subjects we propose to treat of, we at once proceed to open up our first chapter of HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.]

CHAPTER I.

ONE of the greatest problems of the Nineteenth Century is the fact that a belief has suddenly arisen and pervaded the whole civilized world, originating with the direct agency and presence of disembodied human souls; or, as it would be termed in vulgar parlance, with the "spirits of the dead." This presence and agency is demonstrated through signal sounds, motions of ponderable bodies without any visible means of causation, and magnetic trances, impelling those upon whom the power falls to speak, write, hear, and see beings only perceived by themselves—beings always identical with those that have once lived on earth.

The marvel of this great Spiritual outpouring is not so much its rarity, for, as I shall show in the present series of articles, similar phenomena have ever happened in all ages and countries. But the specialities of the Nineteenth Century Spiritual movement are, first, its strictly human characteristics—in this respect differing from all antecedent manifestations of a Spiritual nature, the observers and recorders of which insist on attributing their source to sub-human or super-human agency, and deeming their occurrence miraculous, and only to be accounted for by the suspension of the ordinary laws of Nature.

In contradistinction to these conclusions, the invisible operators of the modern movement claim to be the arisen

Spirits of human beings, and unanimously affirm that their means of communing with mortals are based on the order and unbroken procedures of natural law.

There are some other points of divergence between ancient and modern Spiritism, the study of which has created a marked revulsion of opinion in the minds of many eminent thinkers, not only on the nature of the Unseen Universe, by which the visible universe is now shown to be environed and vitalized, but also on the conditions of the life beyond the death of the body, as proved by millions of communicants who have undergone that stupendous change.

Ere entering further on these momentous questions, it seems expedient to show the intimate connection between the Spiritualism of past and present ages; to point to the watch and ward that realms of Spiritual existence have ever held over mankind, and to prove HUMAN SPIRITS to be the last links of the chain by which man the Spirit is anchored to the heart of his Creator, "GOD THE SPIRIT."

To make this proposition still more clear, however, it is necessary to anticipate in this place one of the most universal teachings promulgated in modern Spiritism—namely, that the spirits of humanity do not experience on the death of the body that mighty change attributed to *post mortem* existence by Christian theologians. Furthermore, these communicating spirits claim that there is absolutely no finality in the life beyond the grave, but that there is progress hereafter as well as on earth, and that it is through the germs of scientific knowledge acquired on earth in the discovery of electricity, magnetism, and other imponderable forces, that the ascended spirits of great scientists have been able, in the grand councils of the Heavens, to formulate a Spiritual telegraph between the dwellers on earth and those of the higher worlds of immortal being.

THE FIRST PHASE OF HISTORICAL SPIRITISM TO BE
TREATED OF.

In accordance with my claim that Spiritism is the *science* of religion, and *Spiritualism* its practical application, before entering upon the wide field of research afforded by the Spiritism of India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and other ancient nations, I invite my readers to a special consideration of the Scriptures of the Jews—Scriptures which our present day theologians claim to be the veritable “Word of God,” and upon which they base their entire systems of religious belief.

One of the most persistent modes of attack by which modern theologians and professing Christians strive to discredit the plain matter-of-fact and world-wide manifestations of Spiritism is, first, to assert that its phenomena do not begin to equal in power and divine significance those recorded in the Bible, and next, they make the unwarrantable assertion that Biblical miracles were all produced either by the direct interposition of the Creator of the universe, or through the agency of a superhuman race of beings termed angels, whilst the demonstrations of spirit power, the actuality of which can no longer be denied, occurring in our own time, are either referred to the delusive agency of “Satan,” or, at best, by the later sect of Theosophists, to “*Spooks, Shells, reliquiae of dead bodies,*” anything or everything loathsome and abhorrent, rather than to the real ex-carnated souls of living men and women.

With the theories last-named I shall deal hereafter, confining my attention for the present to the baseless propositions of our Christian opponents. With this view I shall point to two of the most palpable and direct appeals to sensuous perception that we can have, namely, SIGHT and SOUND, to show that the dispensation of

"angels" in Biblical times corresponded in these two essential particulars with those of our nineteenth century Spiritism.

Commencing a brief selection of representative cases with Abraham, the father and founder of the Jewish nation, we read that he was called by a voice, and bidden to go forth from Ur of the Chaldees, and make his sojourn in a new land.

From this point conversations are constantly repeated between the Patriarch and beings whom he addresses as "the Lord" and "God," but which beings appear to him now as "three men," now as "one," and not only converse with him, but *eat and drink* with him (vide Genesis, chap. xix.).

Passing over the subsequent histories of Abraham, Moses, and their successors, all of whom are represented as being guided constantly by direct but supernatural voices and angelic appearances, we turn to the book of Judges, chap. iii., in which Gideon is described as conversing with "an angel," whom he sees as well as hears, but whose appearance is so little in accordance with the conventional ideas of angels that Gideon questions his being one, and very wisely, and much in harmony with our present-day experiences, requires a test to prove the supermundane character of his visitant.

To satisfy him on this point the "angel" causes fire to appear suddenly on the rock where Gideon had laid out his prepared feast, which was accordingly burnt up. Addressing his visitor as "God" (thus proving the then prevailing ideas cherished concerning God), doubting Gideon requires yet another proof, and the humble instrumentality of a fleece of wool and a few drops of dew must be *twice* operated upon before Gideon could understand that a "God," or "Angel," stood before him.

"Give me a test that you are the very spirit you pro-

fess to be," cries the cautious investigator of Modern Spiritism, and when the spirit addressed repeats some words or incidents known only to the recipient and the buried dead, the pious bibliolater scruples not to affirm that the Creator of the Universe deigned to come and convince Gideon of his divine identity by a trick common enough amongst the Magians of India, using only a sheepskin and a little water, whilst the words which prove a Spiritual origin of being, and the evidence of the soul's immortality, spoken or signalled through a medium by an immortal being, are relegated to the realms of diabolism or imposture! It were needless to recall the history of Samuel, and how as a little child he was called by a voice which Eli, the Priest of the Temple, pronounced to be that of "the Lord God;" or, to cite the experience of open converse with angels by voice, trance, apparition, and vision, of Elijah, Elisha, Ezekiel, Daniel, and all the prophets of the Old, and the apostles of the New Testaments, and yet no God, Lord, or Angel of any kind is mentioned throughout the Jewish Scriptures, but what appears in the form of man, no voice is heard that does not speak in the language of the time, and give such information as applies only to the people amongst whom the manifestations occur. Even the impotent attempt to charge upon the modern movement the forbidden art of "necromancy;" or, as the phrase is used, "raising the dead," falls to the ground on two counts. First, that of Bible experience, in which we find four cases of supposed "dead" men manifesting their presence under the most important conditions—namely, when the still living spirit of Samuel returns to Saul, through, the agency, or, as we should now call it, the "mediumship" of the woman of Endor; when the spirits of Moses and Elias appear to the Apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration; and when John the Apostle writes of his experiences with the angel of Revelation in the Isle of Patmos, thus:—

Rev. c. xxi., v. 17 : "And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man—that is of the Angel." Rev. c. xxii., v. 8-9 : "And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, see thou do it not; for *I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets.*"

Now these are only a few representative items of Biblical lore—items which cannot be allegorised away without throwing the veil of inscrutable mystery upon the entire record which forms the basis on which the vast wealth, power, and authority of the Christian religion and its hierarchy of richly endowed priests rests. Let it be remembered I do not quote the above, nor shall I cite further passages of this so-called "sacred" record, to justify or apologise for modern Spiritism. Its facts would still be true and demonstratable if they had no precedents in Jewish or any other ancient historics to parallel them; but I cite such evidences to show that they ever have been and still are the Divine methods by which the rulers of the Unseen Universe manifest power, presence, religious instruction, and the way and the life generally to poor, blind mortals still behind the veil of matter, and dependent on the revelation of THOSE THAT KNOW to guide them through the death valley of mortal life up the supreme heights of eternal progress. That God and His laws are "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" is proved even in the brief summary presented in this article.

"Those who depart still remain near us. They are in a world of light; but they, as tender witnesses, hover about our world of darkness. The dead are invisible, but are not absent."—*Victor Hugo.*

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—*Milton.*

THE PERSIAN POET'S FAREWELL.

THE following poem is taken from a free translation of the original, as given in Palgrave's "Travels in Western Arabia." All that is known of Ahmed-el-Ghazallah is, that he was a renowned poet of the ninth century. Just before his death he said to the Disciples, to whom he taught Doctrine, "Fetch me a fair white garment, for I must appear in the presence of my King." When his followers returned with the desired raiment they found him lying on the earth in the slumber of death, with the scroll of the following verses in his hand :—

" Tell thou my friends when weeping
To breathe no sigh ;
Tho' here my body's sleeping,
That is not I.

In life immortal hovering,
Far away I roam ;
This was but my house, my covering,
But not my home.

This was but the cage that bound me,
The bird has flown ;
This was but the shell around me,
The pearl is gone.

Thanks and praise to God be given,
Who hath set me free ;
Now for evermore in Heaven
Will my dwelling be.

There I'll stand, His face beholding,
With His angels bright ;
Present, future, past unfolding,
On the scrolls of light.

I am now a deathless spirit,
All your ways I view.
Lo, the portion I inherit
Is reserved for you."

PROPHETS, SEERS, AND MEDIUMS.
OR THE TRUE NATURE OF SEERSHIP, PROPHETIC POWER,
CLAIRVOYANCE, CLAIRAUDIENCE, AND PHYSICAL
MEDIUMSHIP EXPLAINED.

PART I.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the mass of literature that has been put forth on the subjects above classified, there seems to be little or no really philosophic understanding of the *speciality* which distinguishes the Seer, Prophet, Magician, or Medium from other individuals not endowed with similar powers. During the many years in which I have been engaged at various times in editorial work I have been plied ceaselessly with questions on these subjects, and that from persons whose experience in spirit communion might have been sufficient to inform them on the points they inquired about. We may all have heard, too, the unphilosophical and baseless assertion repeatedly made, that "every human being was a medium if they did but know it." Truly might the retailers of this remark close it with the words—*if they did but know it*. According to the teachings of the Spirits from whom I derive my authority, every human being has at times, and under some magnetic influences derived from surrounding conditions, temporary openings of the spirit, "gleamings through the rifts and rents of matter," which manifest themselves in the form of presentiments, warnings of danger, sudden perceptions of character, or other passing intimations that "we are wiser than we know." The distinct powers, however, by which the Seers, Magicians, and Prophets of old, and Mediums of the new dispensation, can by sight, hearing, impression, or trance, become, as the term implies, a "*medium*" between the natural and spiritual worlds, is not a temporary opening of the spirit

within, but an organic condition of certain individuals, varied of course by environments, physical states, and culture. Still mediumship is a special result of a special organism, and is not to be considered as a "gift" bestowed on the subject by the favour of the Creator, neither is it the result of high or low moral qualities.

Mental states do indeed operate upon the acts of individuals, mediumistic or otherwise, but they are not the producing causes of mediumship, and should not be confounded with it.

As a basis for the various conditions to be treated of in this series of articles, I shall now endeavour to elucidate the laws of Spirit mediumship, whether ancient or modern, in their

PHYSICAL SYSTEM OF CAUSATION.

Certain wise and far-seeing Spirits, drawing aside the veil of external causes by which scientists generally refer the origin of animated life to anatomical and physiological procedures, claim that there are three distinct elements in being, namely,

MATTER, LIFE, AND SPIRIT.

The functions of these elements are as follows : MATTER is merely a formative mould in which Spirit grows. LIFE is the congeries of ALL FORCES in the universe, and is exhibited in the form of two alternate motions, namely—the attraction which binds atoms together, and the repulsion which prevents their rushing into a dense mass, and keeps them measurably poised between the highly rarified condition of æther and the crystalline state of the solid rock. Attraction and repulsion, therefore, being the dual mode of the one sole force in the universe, act by polarity up to maximum states—attracting, like the sun in "perihelion" with his planets, drawing them to his central mass by attraction up to a certain maximum

point, and then driving them off in "aphelion" under the counter attractive influence of repulsion.

Now this dual and eternally active force of life sleeps in the rock, pulsates in the plant, and warms into self-active motion in man and the animated tribes. As to the third element, SPIRIT, it saturates every atom of matter in the universe; gestates in the rock, throbs into unconscious existence in the plant, but becomes INTELLIGENCE in the animated tribes, culminating into self-conscious and undying identity in humanity.

Taking the ground of universal differentiation in every animated being that lives on earth as the necessary stimulus and goad to action, we can still resolve infinitely different human beings into groups and classes, and considering that the disposition of the life principle is the cause of the infinite variation that may be observed in the human family, we shall presently be enabled to trace its influence in the peculiar organizations, which are called Seers, Prophets, Magicians, and Mediums.

A priori, though unable at present to enter into the subtle realm of ante-natal causes, we have spiritual teaching for the belief that the predominance of the life principle in certain portions of the brain and nervous system, is the source of those varieties of genius and character manifested in the poet, musician, inventor, mathematician, and other specialists, whose powers, however, may blaze forth into prominence under culture, or sink into unknown existence under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Still, bearing in mind the claim that the underlying cause of character, temperament, and physiological varieties, all grow out of the plus or minus of the life principle in different organs of the body, we now arrive at the one point of our enquiry whereat we are prepared to draw from the rank and file of society *two* specially charged magnetic groups.

MAGNETIZERS AND MEDIUMS.

The first of these are persons whose organisms are largely and powerfully charged with the life force, but of that quality called "attractive" or "positive." The excess of this life principle in organisms of this nature, implants in its possessors the desire—nay, the necessity to use it, and this tendency leads them to become magnetizers, hypnotizers, and controllers of others, through the exercise of their natural endowments. When this large charge of magnetic life force clusters about the brain, such persons are good psychologists, brilliant statesmen, or controlling minds in any position in which they may be placed. If the force in question exists in excess in the nervous system, especially in the vital centres, such as the ganglionic nerves, the *solar plexus*, or *medulla oblongata*, we find the tendencies are chiefly physical, and impel their possessors to employ themselves as magnetists, doctors, nurses, or healers. Such persons are sometimes great criminals, but always leaders of men, and controlling powers in some direction or other.

The second group are persons who, like the first, are largely endowed with magnetic force or the life principle, but instead of being of the attractive or positive quality, the tendency in this group is to give off their magnetic life in the undue prevalence of the repulsive or negative polarity. The result is that the life principle of these persons is for ever flowing forth from their organisms, and as "nature abhors a vacuum," so she gathers up compensative forces from all surrounding persons and objects. This renders these negatively charged persons highly sensitive, susceptible to the influence of all their environments, and particularly so to the controlling power of those positively charged persons of the first group, whom we range as operators, in magnetic control. The second group then,

just described, are spirit mediums. As magnetized subjects they can be, in the first instance, controlled by human operators, but, as a rule, very good subjects pass away from the control of mortals, and when once they come under the more subtle influence of spirit operators, they can scarcely be influenced again as the subjects of earthly magnetizers.

The third class, or group, into which we may divide the human family are "neutrals," whose spiritual senses are but rarely open during their mortal pilgrimage to the scenes and panoramic views of the Unseen Universe—although under certain circumstances a sufficient perception of its realities is presented to show that they are living behind the veil of matter, and can only realize in occasional glimpses that there are invisible realms of being, infinitely potent and wonderful, by which the visible is vitalized and sustained. Returning to those whom we have classed as spirit mediums, we find that they are not alone the subjects of other minds than their own, but at times, and under certain magnetic conditions, they are illuminated by the opening of their own spiritual senses, and see, hear, perceive, and realize, spiritually, voices, persons, and scenes not of earth. Visions of other worlds and distant places are seen by them as clearly as if they were in the visible, rather than the invisible, universe. They stand, as it were, on the mountain top, gazing down on the mighty panoramas of life, and into the hidden past and untried future; in a word, when they are "in the Spirit" they look through the shadowy meshes of evanescent matter, and behold the realities of being; come into contact with the soul of the world, and find that it is as much more powerful and actual than the transitory external forms of matter as the living man is mightier than the silent form of death from which the soul has departed. Still, these states of spiritual revelation

are not in harmony with the material life and duties which belong to the sphere of the soul's probation on earth. Hence, as I believe, though these sublime visions and spiritual powers are at times the attributes of spirit mediumship, they are generally sufficiently rare to leave their subjects free to perform earthly employments in the midst of earthly surroundings; and this, too, is a part of that wise and providential ordination of Him who "doeth all things well," and who has mercifully opened our eyes from time to time to the actualities of the Unseen Universe, but shielded us from the dazzling glare of the realms of glory, which the feet of mortals could not tread, nor their poor, dim eyes look upon and live.

Let it be understood, however, that, in writing of the attributes of the modern spirit medium, or even the magnetic subject, I am describing all classes of naturally-endowed visionists, whether they lived a thousand years ago or yesterday—whether they were called Seers, Prophets, Magi, or Mediums.

Allowing for the exaggerations of interested recorders, and the glamour which is spread over the doings and sayings of the ages of antiquity, I can see no reason to believe that human nature has ever exhibited evidence of the Deity's special favour, or that the stern and immutable laws of physiological organization have ever changed beyond such influences as climate, diet, and careful culture have induced. I shall have to show in the present class of serials that powers equally potent with those of the ancient mediums exist to-day; nay, more, that the knowledge acquired by scientific men on earth has so far enlarged the boundaries of Spirits' capacity to commune with the mortals they have left behind, that we may in time realize the long-promised Millennium, when the Kingdom of Heaven shall reign on earth, and the mere external science of Spiritism shall be exchanged all over

the earth for the glorious and exalting religion of true Spiritualism.

In our next number we shall treat more in detail of the different phases of Spirit Mediumship, ancient and modern, commencing with the Trance and the attributes of Trance Mediums.

THE MYSTERY OF NO. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

CHAPTER I.

EVEN on the very threshold of the history I am about to transcribe, methinks I hear the fairer and younger part of my readers say with an air of mingled scorn and indifference, as they glance at and then turn from the page that announces the above title, "Pshaw! I'm quite sure I shan't care to read that. Who ever heard of a mystery and a romance connected with a commonplace No. 9 and a commonplace street that nobody knows anything about, except that there's no such place in Belgravia or anywhere else that is known to anybody that is somebody."

Well, my fair critic, perhaps you are right; at least as far as you are capable of judging. But, my dear madam, be assured if you—"Asmodeus"-like—could peer into the recesses of many a commonplace street and number, and read the secrets of many a commonplace-looking inhabitant's heart therein, you would see more mysteries unveiled and more startling romances depicted in the real life of the unconsidered masses than ever fired the

imaginings of the most romantic of fiction writers. Be patient then. Step with me into No. 9; cross the spacious hall, paved with diamond-shaped slabs of black and white marble, mostly worn away now to a uniform shabby grey; ascend with me the broad, once handsome mahogany stairway, worn into dents with the feet of past generations; linger on any landing you please, or climb up—up to the very top storey of all, and you may pick up anywhere or everywhere threads of vanished life, strange, and even weird enough to weave into a woof of history not unworthy of the title given to the following real life narrative.

THE INMATES AND WHEREABOUTS OF NO. 9, STANHOPE STREET.

The special inmate to whom we are about to introduce you, my readers, is Mr. Richard Stanhope, landlord and owner of No. 9 in the street to which we give his name, although we use that name for mere expediency. The street in question never was so called in reality, and is not so known now. It was once—a long, long time ago—a street lined on each side with large and handsome private houses, though now the tides of London fashion have drifted far away, leaving Stanhope Street and the Surrey side of the river, and surging away to the distant west end of the great modern Babylon. No. 9 some seventy to eighty years ago was still in a quiet, "genteel" street, inhabited by respectable city men and their families, together with a few superior lodging-houses, mostly tenanted by those visitors from the provinces who made periodical trips to the Metropolis, and liked to return time and again to the same locality, considering the large and comfortable accommodation of Stanhope Street of more value than the narrow and costly apartments of the fashionable quarters of the city.

Considering that this same Surrey-side street was still the resort of well-to-do and respectable inhabitants, No. 9 was by no means regarded with favourable eyes by its immediate neighbours, either on its right or left hand. Truth to tell, it bore the reputation of being a very shabby, ill-kept, and ill-furnished lodging-house. Its tenants were chiefly poor clerks or employees whose means only enabled them to hire one room, and even those were generally persons engaged in the immediate neighbourhood, as the attractions of the house were not sufficient to ensure a "respectable connection." Whether this decadence in the reputation of No. 9 Stanhope Street proceeded from the indifference or parsimony of its landlord, who lived on the premises himself, was not clearly proved. Only one woman was ever seen in connection with the house, and she was advanced in life, unattractive in person, and so taciturn in manners that she was deemed by the gossips, who strove in vain to satisfy their neighbourly inquisitiveness by pumping her, "a sour, cross, old woman." To every gossiping query her invariable answer was—"Ask Mr. Stanhope; he knows, I don't." As nobody *did* ask Mr. Stanhope, because, somehow, nobody cared to do so, nobody knew, and so, at last, the house fell into a kind of silent taboo that no one cared to investigate, either in the matter of cause or effect. Mrs. Marsh, the one and only feminine member of the establishment, was too old and plain to give cause for scandal; the lodgers, such as they were, too humble, and generally threadbare looking, to awaken any desire for their further acquaintance; and the reputed landlord or proprietor, Mr. Stanhope himself, looked, acted, and seemed generally too far away from everybody for any one to try and intrude on his privacy. All that was known about him was that he was an artist. That he was young, handsome, reserved, and had been utterly

unknown until a recent exhibition of paintings, at which one of his productions—how introduced, or by what means, nobody knew—had won a prize of—think of it, oh ye popularity hunters!—no less than five hundred pounds. The tidings were at first incredible. “What! an unknown man! Not even introduced by any one that was any one! Whatever could make the judges assign a prize to such a person?” The answer was simple. The subject was Marie Antoinette of France going to execution. The treatment of this noble subject was so exquisitely touching, so beautiful, so real, with such a deep human pathos, but such a divine simplicity pervading the painting, like an aura, that there was not a single dissentient voice among the judges. Whether it was the critics, or the mere spectators, who looked on that picture, all eyes were riveted there, all hearts went out to it; and the prize—the highest that was at that time tendered—five hundred pounds, was at once awarded to the painter of this historical picture.

Some report of the young artist’s success had reached even the magnates of Stanhope Street. Some wondered, some doubted, but as no change appeared in the unpainted door, the broken railings, time-worn steps, or cobwebbed windows of the lower floors of No. 9, curiosity died out for want of fire to feed its flame, and the artist and his success were things of the past of which no trace remained during the succeeding year.

Gossips are human institutions without which perhaps even humanity itself would die out. They exist everywhere, are the self-appointed news carriers of Society, whose special business is to find out other people’s business, retail it out with their own variations, and first create and then feed upon the petty slanders, surmises, and senile tales they carry from place to place. They are, in a word, unpublished and totally unreliable news-

papers; editors who, for want of genuine tidings of world-wide interest, gather up the garbage of gutters and slums contiguous to their own habitats, and peddle that out, to the infinite delight of their own busy tongues, and the discredit of all whom they wag the said tongues about.

Now Stanhope Street, like the rest of the world, had the benefit of some of these perambulating news manufacturers, and very shortly after the time when the splendid success of the young artist at No. 9 began to elevate him somewhat in the opinion of his neighbours, No. 40 opposite deemed it her bounden duty to pull said No. 9 down by reporting, first, that a large number of queer-looking women had been seen calling at his door, and finally, that two, a stout, middle-aged female and a closely-veiled slight ditto, were known to be constant visitors at the house.

Their hours of entrance in the mornings—twice a week at the least—and their departure after generally some three to four hours' stay, was all duly chronicled, but who they were, why they came, whither they went, etc., etc., was the first problem of which the Stanhope Street gossips deemed it "right and prudent" to discourse.

Their curiosity was a little abated and their interest cooled, when an old sign painter with whom they conversed, suggested that, as an artist, maybe he employed models, and that the elder might stand for Queen Anne, or the younger for the Queen of Sheba; or the two together mayhap might represent Beauty and the Beast; or some rich publican had belike given him a job, and the women in question were his sitters. From these suggestions, homely as they were, came the certainties which the gossips presently began to avow. There was no mystery at all in the case. The artist was a sign painter, and the females that frequented his studio were engaged by a well-known

publican to act as sitters for the new sign of the Bible "Martha and Mary."

As we shall only get farther and farther afield by following up the "says he's" and "says she's" of that class who seldom, if ever, know anything that they prate about, save the words supplied them by that most untruthful of all "common liars"—to wit, common report—let us at once go to the fountain head; and after ascending four pairs of the broad, old, worn mahogany stairs, before described, pause to rest on the top landing, pass through a little, temporary partitioned-off entrance, neatly painted, and labelled "OFFICE (RING THE BELL)," and without waiting for an answer to the latter formality, push open the screen door, and enter at once upon a large front room, scantily furnished as a sitting-room. Arrived there we will pause before an old, tattered, chintz-covered arm chair, in which reclines the landlord and proprietor of No. 9, busily engaged in reading a letter. As the gentleman in question is not only No. 9 *in propria persona*, but also the hero whose fortunes we propose to follow, we shall give some preliminary details concerning the appearance which he presented when we first introduce him to our readers. We may say at once, that he was then twenty-five years of age, tall, graceful, well formed, with a singularly handsome face, well cut, even beautiful, features, almost feminine in delicacy and refinement of contour, with a noble head, thick, curling black hair, and large, deep brown, far away looking eyes, shaded by long, black lashes. He was attired in a rusty, threadbare-looking black velvet coat, and was altogether as picturesque and fascinating an appearing individual, as if he had but just stepped out of one of his own pictures, a collection of which might have been discerned through the half-opened door which divided the room wherein we first find him from a still larger apartment at

the back of the house, appropriated to the purposes of art. It may here be noted that No. 9 was a double house, and in its palmy days, doubtless, had been a fine and spacious mansion.

There were large parlours on each side of the street door, and these rooms, both back and front, extended all the way up on each floor. At the top, appropriated to the master of the place, there were therefore (as all through the building) four rooms—the one occupied by Mr. Stanhope as a sitting or office room, a large studio at the back of this, and across the passage a small bedroom and a back room, shut up and veiled from profane eyes by a door, closed for the present against Asmodeus's intrusion.

In the hand of the artist was, as before stated, an open letter, upon the pages of which he seemed to be deeply intent. Notwithstanding the fact that we are only intruders on the quiet and seclusion of that lofty retreat, we are still able peer so clearly over the reader's shoulder that we can transcribe the contents of that letter, which read as follows :—“Rome, ——, 18—, Dear old friend and fellow student,—It is long since I have been able to write to you, press of really urgent business occupying my time, to the utter exclusion of all friendly or personal interests. I have been—as you, dear friend, have suggested in your last esteemed favour, dated——, I am ashamed to say more than twelve months ago—eminently successful in my profession ; in fact, the demands for my pictures have far exceeded my capacity, both in point of time and strength, for their production. It is at this crisis of my history that I not only remember the young lad whom it was alike my pride and pleasure to call pupil, but for whose talents I ventured to predict—even in the earliest days of our acquaintance—a bright, I may say a most brilliant, career. Whether as a prophet, or as one of my early academical chums and well-loved associates, I have no words to tell

you with what delight I read of your success in winning the grand prize of the London Art Exhibition some twelve months ago. Your letter of modest acknowledgment of this great achievement has followed me from place to place, and only reached me at my headquarters in Rome six months after date. Since that time, an imperative demand for rest, some cessation from labour, and an earnest desire once more to revisit my native country and the scenes of my youth and early academical studies, have determined me to accept a long-standing invitation to visit my only living relatives, my uncle and aunt, at Twickenham. Now, Dick, dear old, young, but ever-beloved friend, fellow-student and pupil, as sure as my name is Reginald Balfour, I mean to take you back with me to Rome. I don't exactly know when I shall start for England, so I don't propose to send this long scrawl till just before I do so; hence then, you may expect to see me almost as soon as this arrives, and—"

Hark! what was that? A ring—and a hasty one—of the bell; the partition screen of entrance is pushed back, a gentleman in foreign costume enters, crying, in agitated tones, "Richard Stanhope!" "Reginald Balfour, my friend, my brother, welcome!"

(*To be continued.*)

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.

The human race is but a monotonous affair. Most of them labour the greater part of their time for mere subsistence; and the scanty portion of freedom which remains to them so troubles them that they use every exertion to get rid of it. Oh, the destiny of man!—*Goethe.*

EXTRACTS FROM "GHOSTLAND," VOL. II.;

OR,

RESEARCHES INTO THE REALM OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

By the Author of "Art Magic."

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

PART I.

WHAT a wonderful teacher is memory, and what a divine privilege bestowed by the Creator on the creature is the power of retrospect!

As I paced the deck of the steamer that bore me away from the land of my birth and the scene of the sad experiences with which the last record of my biography closed, I seemed to be born into a new life. I had many times before in my changeful career felt as if my very identity had become so altered that it was possible for the soul to live many lives in one, but I never experienced this idea so forcibly as during the period of temporary repose afforded me by my voyage. I could go over and over again in retrospect the series of changes through which I had passed since childhood to the then present hour.

I recalled my boyish life at the German university; my first experience as a mesmerized subject with Professor Felix von Marx and the "Berlin Brotherhood," and even after the lapse of so many years I felt returning upon me the sentiments of astonishment and delight I experienced at discovering in my soul flights through space that I could see, hear, move, and travel with almost lightning speed, and that without the aid of my poor, sleeping, inanimate body.

* By permission of the author.

All this returned to me with much of the force of my original sensations, and I marvelled indeed how experienced mesmerists could witness such results, and yet believe that there did not exist in man a soul principle independent of the body; a higher self, over which matter had only a temporary influence, but no control—one which was, in fact, far more potent and far-seeing apart from the material body than in connection with it.

I remembered too, how in my many soul flights through space, subsequent to my first being magnetized, I realized that there was a spiritual part to everything—plants, animals, men, and even stones.

I saw the life of crystals in many-coloured flames; the quality—aye, and the throbbing pulsations—of plants; the partially developed soul functions of animals, varied in accordance with their different rounds on the ladder of being, and then—sometimes happily, but more frequently with sorrow and disgust—I could observe the real characters of the human beings I encountered in space, and in reading their true natures (often masked by world conventionalities), I became assured that the spirit was the actual individual, and the body only its temporary and external garment.

I recalled, too, with surprise and secret disapproval, Professor Von Marx's assurances, that what I called the spirit in man was "only a life principle engendered chemically by the association of the atoms of matter—that it existed with the body and perished with it." When I questioned him as to what magnetism was, and begged him to explain how it could stray away so far from the body in somnambulism, he would cynically ask me, "What thought was, and how it could look through millions of miles of atmosphere down into the very heart of the mighty sun, whilst the body stood on earth behind the telescope, being only informed by *thought?*"

I was answered thus a hundred times, both by Von Marx and the scientists banded together in the secret order I have named as the "Berlin Brotherhood."

Even when I have informed Professor Marx of the frequent apparitions I had seen in the form of my early friend, the beautiful Constance, after her untimely and cruel death, he would only admit that I saw her image, as it was fixed for ever in the *astral light*, as these scientists called the soul principle of the universe.

Every object they said, animate or inanimate, that had once been formed in matter, was engraved eternally on this same "*astral light*," and in this way could be at times seen by the magnetized or somnambulic subjects as an actuality.

Von Marx bade me remember how Zwingler, the Bohemian detective, could trace any person or thing, provided always that he had some object in his possession saturated with the magnetism of the person or thing he was required to trace. "Lines of magnetism," he said, "were illimitable, traversed all space, and were always attracted to the source from which they sprang. This," he added, "was the secret by which the 'black trackers' of Australia and the East were so successful in discovering criminals and finding lost property. It was the secret of the sleuthhound's scent, and the power of the diviners in finding metals and springs of water. It was also," as he affirmed, "the source of spectral apparitions, ghostly forms, and all that the *ignorant* and superstitious regarded as *ghost-lore*." I heard all this both from the lips of the Professor and the Masters in the Brotherhood. It was the doctrine also of the English occultists, with whom I was subsequently associated in the London "Orphic Circle."

I heard all this, but for a long time it failed to make the impression upon me intended by the speakers.

On one occasion, when my friend Von Marx had been particularly eloquent in the exposition of the above-mentioned theories, there broke involuntarily from my lips the following audacious words of denial : "What you say is not true, gentlemen. The spirit never dies, but lives and moves on through all eternity. Matter even does not perish : it is only transformed. But matter does not think, and is only the mould in which spirit grows and takes form."

I was thunderstruck with my own utterance, and felt deeply humiliated by the blank stare and profound silence with which my words were received by the materialistic scientists around me. What was spoken was spoken, however, and was destined to bear fruit hereafter. . . . At length, I own, either the reiteration of these occult teachings, or it might be the telepathic influence of the powerful minds around me, produced their effect on my plastic nature, and induced my acceptance of opinions against which both my reason and the soul consciousness within me rebelled. I knew, as did my associates, that there existed Sub-human spirits, living, dying, and marching ever upwards in new forms to the ultimation of material life in humanity.

We all knew and acknowledged that there were Super-human or Planetary Spirits and Tutelary Angels of higher orders than humanity. And yet they taught, and I at last believed, that the soul of man, that marvel that could search into, understand, and control all material forms, must perish like the grasses. Aye ! but the grasses do not die—they may pass through ten thousand transformations—but the man, whose mental power enables him to plant, raise, and manipulate them, must perish !

We may change atoms of matter from the beginning to the end of time—yet we cannot annihilate them—whilst

the soul which can effect these changes and record their history must perish! "Pshaw, Louis!" my teachers would reply to these wailings of the Immortal within me, "your own arguments are their refutation. If the grasses—aye, and every atom of matter is indestructible, yet must be for ever changing form and condition, why should not the atoms that make up your identity share the same fate? You have seen that the elementary spirits of rocks, plants, earth, air, fire, and water, are no more permanent than the forms of matter they have passed through. Why should your life principle—or Spirit, if you please to call it so—be the only exception, and remain independent of all further transformations?"

Silenced, but still only half convinced, I had nothing to urge save the still small voice of the Spirit within me ever pleading to my innermost self, in the language of man's original nature: "The soul is immortal." . . . But I wanted proof. These professors of blank annihilation wanted proof. Logic could reason on either side—but if one really rose from the dead—if but one soul that had survived the shock of death could stand in our midst, and prove beyond a doubt or peradventure that the soul cannot die—our philosophy would have fled like the shadows of night into the realms of outer darkness. Oh for such PRESENT DAY PROOF! The legends, faiths, and, perchance, the superstitious fables of past ages, could never equal, never transcend it. Oh, if there is a great spirit in the universe whom men call God—why, oh why, does He not render such proof to the fighting soul of man, and for ever solve the stupendous problem of annihilation or immortality!

Even as I attempted to soothe the anguish of my struggling spirit with these wild complainings, a voice from somewhere—I knew not whence—murmured in my ear, in accents sweet as the chiming of a silver bell—"Be

patient, my Louis, the proof is, and shall soon be yours. The spirit is now being poured out on all flesh, and you shall drink of the cup of its divine revealings. The spirit cannot die—and the immortal still loves." . . .

Time passed on. I visited many lands—passed through many wonderful experiences. Now I was a soldier fighting amidst the armies of death on the battlefield—now subjecting myself to the strange initiatory practices of Arabian and Indian Occultism in determined attempts to solve the mysteries of the unseen universe around me.

True, my long and persistent researches into the realms of Occultism convinced me that there was an invisible world ever penetrating and environing the visible ; nay, more, that the invisible was the real world—the world of force, which held together and sustained the visible ; that the latter, indeed, was but a phantom world without the invisible, and I felt myself being evermore drawn towards that noblest of all philosophies which places the soul of man, burning with thoughts and masterful in its ascendancy over all other created forms, on the apex of being both as a form of matter and a deathless spirit. One only additional waymark in my life's retrospect, all mapped out before me, as I sped over the pathless wastes of ocean, I would now recall. In the midst of my days of renunciation of all earthly passions, winning me away from my devoted researches into the occult, came that strange passage in my life-history that, by no act or will of my own, compelled me to change my whole course, drifting me away from the occult and bearing me along, like the drowning mariner on the plank of safety, into the path of a natural, human earth-life of home and love.

All this I have told in the first volume of my biography. I recall it now only to add that even in the wreck of my newly-found happiness, in the death of my beautiful, my

loving and beloved fairy-wife, came the very proof that I had so long, so urgently, and with such wild impatience demanded. Let me quote from my own confessions on this point in my first volume :—

In "GHOST LAND," Vol. I., page 480, it is written : "In the peaceful retirement of home I became reconciled to my fate, and the ministry of angels that I had hitherto failed to realize. All my spiritual aspirations returned with a nearer and dearer sense of the sweet companionship, which the spirits of beloved earthly friends alone can bring. How many times during my long nights of sickness, pain, and weariness, have I heard the light step of my 'angel wife' running through the hall, and stopping just as she used to do on earth when she meant to surprise me, and stealing close, very close, to me. Her ringing laugh sounded softly in my ears. Her golden tresses swept over my burning face, and her tender tones once more whispered from heaven, as they used to do on earth, words of love and consolation, ever ending by a promise of the rest in the higher life to which she had herself attained. Good and gracious Father of Spirits, with what deep ingratitude and pitiful self-denial do poor mortals reject Thy messages of truth, comfort, and blessing, when they refuse to accept, or scoff at the precious boon of spiritual communion." . . . "Had it not been for the power which bridged over the Lethean river that separated me from all that I had ever loved on earth, physical health might have resumed its sway, but reason would have fled from its shattered throne within my mind for ever. One by one I had seen the fondest, truest, best of all that I had ever anchored my warmest affections upon, fall by my side, vanish from my sight, and leave me alone. With a heart full of passionate impulses, veiled by the cold exterior of disciplined asceticism, I had been compelled to see every tie of affection snapped, every earthly hope shipwrecked. I had borne so much, and strained at the cords of mental energy so fearfully, that I know I must have become a raving lunatic if I had turned despairing glances to the land of the hereafter, and sought there in vain for my own goal of rest and reunion with my vanished loved ones. Looking through the eyes of my beloved ones as they all returned to me one by one, each assuming his or her place in the bright procession, with all the well-remembered tokens that could bring me the assurance there was no death—only change—I could see bright angels higher still than the spirits of earth, and a Deity over all upon whom I could lean my trembling soul. Once more the tides of spiritual life and force rolled in upon the storm-beaten shores of my destiny. Once more the grand and beneficent scheme of the ever-progressive universe was unrolled before me. I began again to recognize myself as the link between the lower and higher worlds at the same time that I learned the necessity of hedging in the aspiring intellect by the safe boundary lines of matter and mystery, lest the soul, penetrating too far into the arcanum of the illimitable beyond, should become lost and overwhelmed in the immensities of being too vast for finite minds to comprehend. . . . In scaling

these tremendous heights of knowledge I have experienced many a fall and paid many a penalty. Again and again I have returned from the awful pilgrimages, wounded and bruised by the conflict of finite reason against infinite possibilities, but ever as I came, I found rest, peace, instruction, and consolation, in the loving ministrations of earth's enfranchised spirits. I have learned that communion between the denizens of this planet and her spirit spheres is the highest, purest, and most elevating of the soul's faculties. Mortals have at present but an imperfect realization of this sublime truth, amidst the folly, fanaticism, greed, and imposture, that have disgraced the movement of Spiritism—mislabeled Spiritualism—a movement that has served to externalize much of the darkest features of human nature, but as yet has been permitted to do little more than point to the unwrought mines of treasure that lay hidden beneath the possibilities of that communion. As yet, the movement is far too redolent of human shortcomings.

"Heaven speed the day of the unveiling, when it shall be recognized as the Kingdom of Heaven come upon earth!"

[Thus far I quote from our author's former volume. I now proceed with his later writings, thus.]

All I had known and loved came back to me in such palpable form through my own experiences and the unpremeditated showing of others around me, that I could scarcely doubt again the permanence and undying character of Spirit, the ever-changeful and temporary conditions of material forms; or—as Spirit teachers themselves alleged—matter, as the mould in which Spirit grows and forms.

When at length recovered temporarily from sickness and the anguish of bereavement, an unconquerable desire arose in my mind to seek, through other instrumentalities than those with which I was immediately connected, for the truth, and nothing but the truth.

I resolved no longer to strive to fortify myself in pre-conceived opinions, but to seek for truth when and wherever it might be found, and, listening to the advice of a voice which spoke to me spontaneously and unsought, and in times and manner beyond my own power of control, I determined to go to America, where, as report informed me, a new and widespread method of intercourse between mortals and spirits had suddenly arisen.

I embarked on this mission the more readily because I had received a letter from my late wife's good father, Lord —, to the effect that he, too, had grown weary of the cold, hopeless philosophy of mere Occultism—that he had received striking and wonderful proofs that the spirits of earth were not mere apparitional images *fixed in the astral light*, but living, breathing souls of the beloved friends and kindred that they had once been on earth. To prove and test this, he too had resolved to proceed, in *semi-incognito* fashion, to the American Continent, from whence strange and wonderful rumours had reached him and others, of the familiarity by which the spirits of humanity were making their continued life and presence known to those they still loved and watched over. Would I meet him there? "Aye, will I," was my mental response to his long and deeply interesting communication. After his own peculiar fashion, he intended to sink his rank and position, and be known only by the name I have since assumed for him, as Mr. J. Cavendish Dudley. Mentally, I would do the same; mentally, too, I telegraphed to him, as I had successfully done many times before, "I am coming." I knew that thought fled faster than electricity, and I was not mistaken in my supposition. And thus it was that by a long and thorough retrospect of the past, I felt that I was a new creature—had been born again and yet again in the same body by crowds of earthly experiences—that even my darkest hours and saddest experiences were the fires in which whatever of pure gold my spirit might contain was to be purified; that I could not in retrospect afford to part with one pang I had suffered, or one teaching or sorrow I had undergone; and that when I landed in New York to meet my friend, John Cavendish Dudley, I, plain Mr. Louis Gray—as I had resolved only to be known—should be a newly resurrected soul under a new name in an old body; but I

should then enter upon the noblest of all quests—the way to Heaven—in which I humbly hoped to tread in the path beaten down for me by the experiences of God's Angels of Light, love and truth.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRESENT DAY SPIRITUAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

THE chief evidence of general interest which the public aspect of Spiritualism presents in this country is to be found in the number of Sunday meetings which are held, besides many public and private circles. In England alone there are 160 public meetings held—two each Sunday—besides the circles and social gatherings, to which the public are admitted on payment of a small fee. It is a striking and significant fact that these meetings are almost entirely organized, sustained, and conducted by the working classes. Now and then a few professional men and persons of means lend their aid and countenance to the faithful men and women that form the bulk of the Spiritual Meetings' Committees, and many of the "upper classes" attend the services, too often in *Nicode-mus* fashion. Nevertheless, "we must do justice though the heavens fall," and I cannot fail to remember, and now gratefully and lovingly recall the fact, testified to by my own years of experience as a speaker on the English Spiritual rostrum, that it is on working men and busy toiling women that most of the labour falls of getting up and sustaining the Spiritual gatherings, to say nothing of the expenses of hall rent, gas, advertizing, the cost of the speakers and mediums, railway fares, entertainment, and such pay as has been contributed to the various classes engaged for these services.

As the Sunday meetings are almost invariably free, and the voluntary contributions in shape of collections are almost equally invariably of a coppery hue, it may well be supposed that the pence of the committees, no less than their voluntary toil, is in widespread operation in these Sunday services, and whilst I offer unqualified praise to the self-sacrificing spirit which is thus generously and uncomplainingly displayed in the public services of English Spiritualism, I cannot but regret that a wider spirit of liberality from the wealthier class of believers does not extend to the brave workers aforesaid, and enable them to engage, as a rule, speakers and mediums whose medial qualifications are not marred by the lack of this essential requisite in public oratory. It has been frequently affirmed by wise and experienced controlling spirits that "in order to produce the highest and most effective quality of music, it is necessary to have the most perfectly finished instruments." Spiritists are too apt to forget that this very practical maxim applies as surely to Spirit mediums as to every other department of mental display. True, there is an afflatus produced by magnetic control which gives a temporary exaltation to its subjects, but after all, the channel through which that stream of afflatus flows, determines alike by its width or shallowness, its purity or miry condition, the appearance of the stream when viewed by mere surface observers. Allowing, then, always for the limited resources of the really devoted workers, whether they are the projectors of the meetings or the instruments of the instruction given, it is a great feature in English Spiritualism to note that the working classes principally have organized in this little island—smaller, geographically speaking, than the State of New York, itself only one out of the forty-six which compose the United States of America,—160 public meetings, all sustained and put into working order, with-

out endowments, bishops, deans, chapters, etc., scarcely any other resources but working people's narrow means and, generally speaking, strangers' copper collections.

Let it be remembered, also, that numerously attended "Children's Lyceums" are attendant features of most of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings. In these gatherings between two and three thousand children are taught the free and noble doctrines propounded by Spirits, and in their hymns, recitations, and physical exercises, are laying the foundations of a totally new generation of the men and women of the future. In these Lyceum gatherings the workers give time, service, and not unfrequently money, wholly gratuitously. *Their* reward for the loss of rest, after it may be a week of toil in their several vocations, is all prospective, for not until they themselves are spirits, and can look down from the world of results they have attained to, may they behold the growth of the seed they have sown, or can they hope to behold the harvest which the future will bring forth from their unselfish labours. Even the mere act of touching on this glorious picture would entice me to fill up all its details with the sparkling hues of the sunlighted rainbow, did not the limitations of my space forbid such an attempt. I must not only pause now, therefore, and leave the glorious hereafter of the devoted Spiritualistic worker to the imagination of the reader, but I must resume my pen at the point where tidings from East, West, North, and South come pouring in, bringing the glad assurance that the Angels from Heaven, the Spirits of every sphere, and the Nations of Earth from pole to pole and all round the Equator, are joining hearts, hands, and aspiring spirits, in deep thankfulness to the Source and Fountain of all life and light, as they join in celebrating the Forty-fourth Anniversary of the Outpouring of the Spirit from the unseen to the seen universe.

SPIRITISM IN FRANCE.

THAT sterling and long established Parisian journal, *La Revue Spirite*, gives a very encouraging view of the progress of public opinion in France on the acceptance of the facts of intercommunion between the worlds of Spirit and Matter. There are many other Spiritist Journals published in the French language. One of the highest tone, devoted to the noblest forms of belief in the religious aspects of Spiritism, is *L'Aurore*, a charming and highly popular journal with the aristocratic portion of French Spiritists on account of the interest awakened by its gifted and greatly admired editor, Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar. From the pen of this talented lady several works of philosophical and historical interest have proceeded, and it is a marked evidence of the power which the female mind is exerting upon the literary as well as reformatory ideas of the day, that whilst Lady Caithness's brilliant receptions in Paris and Nice are crowded not only with the rank and fashion, but also with the *literati* and artistic talents of the country, her bright articles in the journal she personally conducts and edits are continually quoted as an authority for the belief in the presence of, and inspiration from, the dwellers of the "Unseen Universe," and the well-attested facts of their intercommunion with this sensous world of earth.

Availing ourselves of the excellent translations from foreign journals in the Australian *Harbinger of Light*, we also call attention to the following extract :—

"*Le Spiritisme*, of Paris, published a series of communications, eight in number, received through the mediumship of M. Timoléon Jambert, a well-known man of letters at Carcassonne, in the South of France, from the spirit of the Abbé Escube, expressive of his sorrow and penitence for having spent forty years of his life in propagating delusions. He also relates the conversations he has had with some of those who have crossed the narrow strait between this world and the next. 'Priest,'

said one of them, 'my father is inconsolable. You see the tears he sheds upon the grave of the child he adores. For pity's sake tell him that I yet live; that I stand beside his bed; that I listen to his sobs, and that my mother and I both pray for him.' 'Priest,' cries another, 'my son is being led astray; his passions overmaster him; he stands upon the edge of an abyss, into which he may fall. Tell him that I love him, and that I suffer in his sufferings. Priest, save us both.'

"We learn from the *Reformador*, the organ of the Brazilian Confederation of Spiritualists, that Spiritualism is a potent factor in the intellectual life of that empire, where its chief enemies are the Roman Catholics and the Materialists, between whom perhaps there is no great difference, for if transubstantiation—the conversion of a little flour and water into part of a God—be not a materialization, we should like to know what is."

In the same paper—*Le Spiritisme*—there is an account of a debate between two eminent literary men at Verviers (Belgium). The orators were M. Leon Denis, a well-known writer and lecturer on Spiritism, and a certain gentleman, a barrister of the city. The hall was crowded on each night of the debate, and a vast amount of interest in the facts and philosophy of Spiritism is said to have grown out of the popularity thus given to this once tabooed subject. It is much to the credit of the Spiritist Federation of Liége that they have organised a series of debates to be held in different parts of Belgium between talented exponents of the Spiritual philosophy and such men of mark as are deemed worthy of being accepted as their opponents.

Les Sciences Mysterieuses of Brussels mentions the appearance of three new periodical publications devoted to the cause of Spiritism, namely, *La Luz y Verdad* (Light and Truth), published in La Plata; *La Revue Spirite*, in Havana; and *La Religion de l'Avenir*, at Reims, in France.

Madame Elise Van Calcar's bright periodical, published at the Hague, Holland, reports a very favourable view of progress in the acceptance of the Spiritual philosophy and views of the life hereafter as prevailing in Germany;

and Holland through the influence of Spiritualistic teachings, but regrets the absence of good mediums for the production of phenomenal proofs of Spirit communion.

In Spain and Spanish America there are, it is reported, no less than eighteen papers published in the Spanish language. This is the statement of an old-established Spiritist paper of Madrid, entitled the *Revista de los Estudios Psicolozicos*. The editor gives a long and enthusiastic account of a medium who has lately arrived in Madrid, one Senor Antonio Cavalero, who gives the most extraordinary tests by speaking. He addresses strangers by their real names ; gives the names of spirits, their relationships, ages, and perfect descriptions ; "and all," says the editor, "without asking questions or halting in the slightest degree."

The editor mentions the journals *El Sol*, of Lima ; the *Lux del Alma* and *Constancia*, of Buenos Ayres ; also *La Fraternidad* of the same place, as abounding with narratives of the phenomenal powers manifested by the Spanish mediums. *La Constancia* says : "The Catholic Church is in extremity, and has summoned to her dying bedside all the priests that have not as yet turned tables or given sermons in the trance state to administer Extreme Unction to her as her last resort." "Poor old Mother Church!" says another of the Brazilian Spiritist organs, "the best we can say of her state is that she will soon be at rest, and we may venture to promise in such an event that her funeral sermon shall be preached by one of our most approved Spirit mediums."

Life consists in the alternate process of learning and unlearning ; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

NOTE BY MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN.

So vast is the outpouring of the Spirit on the favoured Land of the West, and so numerous the records that we have to offer, that we prefer to reserve them for a more diffuse article than we can give at present, and close our inaugural number with the following noble testimony to the worth of Spiritualism, written by one of the noblest men of his day and age. Theodore Parker—though comparatively little known perhaps in this country, except as a favourite though Radical preacher of America—was yet the father of that grand modern theology which has silently but surely permeated every land, and filled the very air of the last half of the nineteenth century with the spirit of religious liberty, keen search for all truth, and bold resistance to the rude autocratic utterances of priesthood. Theodore Parker was the founder of a new reformation in religious thought, the fruitage of which is only now beginning to ripen on the tree of progress. And it is by this great thinker and truly good man that the glorious testimony is given that we are about to quote. The great—perhaps the only—mistake which this wise observer made was in confounding Spiritualism with Spiritualists. All that he could say of the former is too little to prophesy of what *might have been*, by considering the powers which were latent in the wonderful movement. Whether the prophecy of what that movement might become has been realized or not remains yet to be shown, when the history—not of the power itself, nor the phenomena by which it is proved—is written, but when the true status and history of the *Spiritualists* takes the place of that of the movement. Then the past forty-four years will show whether human nature was prepared for the great outpouring, and whether it was worthy of it. We have no judgment at present to pronounce. We know that the first and bravest soldiers of the cause have nearly all gone to their account. Few and straggling are the veterans of “the old guard” that yet remain, and when they look in vain to descry in those “who fill their honoured places” such friends and fellow-labourers as they have known, the retrospect fills the heart with sadness, and suggests the momentous question whether Theodore Parker’s grand eulogy applies only to the cause of Spiritualism or to those who have assumed to carry forward the white standard of the faith. On this point let each one answer for themselves. They will have to do so hereafter, if not here. May the answer in every case be, “I have done my best,” without fear, favour, or faltering. Our quotation will be found on the next page.—ED. U. U.

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THE SPIRITUALISTS.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

In the New Era of 1852.

THIS party has an idea wider and deeper than that of either Catholic or Protestant, namely, that God the Spirit inspires mankind as much and surely now as ever before. This belief relies on no church, tradition, or book. It counts those things as helps and teachers, but neither as infallible or final authority. It relies on the divine origin of man, and the divine presence in the human soul. It teaches that the eternal Word of God is TRUTH, and speaks through the faculties of the mind and the nature of the soul. It believes God is as near the soul as matter is to sense, and thinks the canon of revelation never was, is, or will be closed, or God's inspiration exhausted.

It calls God Father, not King; Christ Brother, not Redeemer; Heaven home; religion Nature. It sees in Jesus a man, highly gifted, blameless, living with beautiful fidelity to God, and enunciating all the great truths of all the good and true in the ages, whose words and work help to form the idea of a complete religious man, but one who lived for himself, did for himself, and worked out his own salvation. Spiritualism insists that we must do the same, for one man cannot live for another, more than he can eat or sleep for another. The Divine incarnation is in all men, and all men are spirits as God is Spirit.

The aim Spiritualism proposes is a complete at-onement and unison of God with man, till every action and thought of man is in perfect harmony with the Divine will. It makes absolute religion the point where man's will and God's will are one and the same. It lays down no creed, asks no symbol, reverences exclusively no time

or place, and cheerfully lives 'out its religion in all times and places, acts, words and thoughts. It only reckons forms useful to those who need them. It does not make the means the end, and prizes the sign only for the sake of the signification. Its temple is all space; its shrine the good heart; its creed all truth; its ritual works of good and use; its profession of faith a divine life; good works without; spiritual beauty and purity within; and deeds of love to God through his creatures. It does good for goodness' sake, asks no pardon for its sins, only seeks the opportunity to atone for them. It bows to no idols of wood, flesh, gold, parchment, authorities, or books. It is reverent to truth only, but rejects all falsehood, though upheld by antiquity or power. It counts no good word profane because a heathen spoke it; no lie sacred though uttered by those the world calls sacred. Its watchword is "Be perfect as God is perfect." It makes each man his own redeemer and his own priest, but gladly accepts of every true word, earnest exhortation to good, or wise counsel spoken by others. Its sum of prayer is THY WILL BE DONE, its church that of Nature, and all holy souls wherever gathered together.

Let others judge the merits or defects of this scheme. It has never organized a church, yet in all ages—from the earliest to this day—men have more or less freely set forth its doctrines. We find these men among the despised and forsaken. The world was not ready to receive them. They have been stoned and spat upon in all the streets of the world. The pious have burned and tortured them as haters of God and man. The wicked have abused them, and few understood them. They have fleshed the sword of the Catholic church, and fed the fires of the Protestant. But flame and steel will not consume them. The seed they have sown is quick in many a heart, and the good seed they have sown will live through the ages that have

forgotten their very names. These are the men at whom the world scoffs with open mouth, points the finger, shoots out the tongue, and utters its impotent laugh. But they are of those who have received the divine fire of inspiration on their altar, and kept alive its quenchless flame. They are the forlorn hope of the race, but Truth puts a wall of fire about them and holds the shield of Divine generalship over their heads in the day of earthly strife and combat. The battle of truth seems to the eye of man often lost, but in the end it is always crowned with victory. Her enemies erect the scaffolding where God's workmen go up and down, or are so often called upon to sacrifice their lives, but even the destroyers and persecutors of truth have builded wiser than they know, and when the scaffolding falls, the Temple of the Divine in Humanity appears in all its glory.

GO, DRY THY TEARS.

Go, dry thy tears, be brave, and still plod on,
 The way is dark and steep, and tears are blinding.
 Thy heart is faint, thy meagre strength is gone,
 Thou find'st thy path through thorny hedges winding,
 And storms grow frequent with the passing years,
 But, dry thy tears !

Yes, dry thy tears, let none thy weakness see !
 The world is stern and hard, and tears despises,
 If in life's flight thou would'st victorious be,
 Put on the semblance, which she recognises,
 A sturdy front, kept to thyself thy fears,
 And dry thy tears !

Aye, dry thy tears ! Thou hast not time to weep,
 Thou hast thy work to do, for grief, no leisure.
 What though thy progress slow, but courage keep.
 Thou shalt at length the weary distance measure,
 And reach the goal where thy horizon clears,
 So, dry thy tears !

OLGA LOUISE STURM.

A MARVELLOUS PHENOMENON.

REPORTED BY W. J. COLVILLE.

I DESIRE to state that I am in possession of a painting procured in so wonderful a manner that I almost hesitate to tax the credulity of my readers by offering bare facts concerning it. However, I desire to pay my tribute to genuine psychical marvels as occasion offers, so I will give an outline of the history of its production in the words of a highly valued friend. Concerning the above, I have received the following testimony from a distinguished gentleman, who is both a scholarly and critical observer. "You ask me about Mr. Whyte's painting seances. I must say they are truly remarkable and very mystifying. I have attended several, and each time was more and more mystified. I have seen him quite prostrated, and have advised him not to give any more, but he soon gets over his fatigue, and says he feels no bad effects if the circle is harmonious, but he is very particular whom he admits to his circles. He has sometimes refused me admittance, telling me he did not feel in harmony with me at the time. I have been in circles of his when a clean slate would be given to some one of the circle to hold over his head, and in less than three minutes a well-finished picture would be painted in realistic colours on the slate. A peculiar circumstance is that many of the scenes are recognized. On one occasion, while present, the head of a friend was painted on a slate. I have often asked Mr. Whyte to explain to me how he gets the pictures, but he seems quite unable to explain anything about them. All I can say is, as a rule I am very suspicious, but in Mr. Whyte's seances there is no room for doubt, as any one can hold the slate, and if there is harmony, in two to four minutes there is a beautiful paint-

ing, which I think would take an ordinary artist from three to seven hours to work up. Another peculiar thing, Mr. Whyte knows nothing about painting.

"DONALD FARQUHARSON."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE "UNSEEN UNIVERSE."

To my many kind Friends and Patrons of this Magazine.

Three striking eras have crowded in upon my life since I published my valedictory on February 12th, resigning my editorship of *The Two Worlds*. The first of these eras was inaugurated by the flood of kind and sympathetic letters which reached me, expressive of deep regret for the course I had felt obliged to adopt. The second was the urgent solicitation from many quarters that I would issue a new publication; and the third consists of the wholly unexpected number of subscribers who, with generous trust and confidence in me, immediately responded to my hastily prepared circular, announcing the publication of this Magazine.

The tide which has swept me onward to this culminating point of my endeavours has rushed over all obstacles with such overwhelming force that much that I wished to do has been omitted, and letters of acknowledgment which I desired to have written, in every instance wherein kind sympathy was accompanied by the stipulated sums of subscription, have been left over for the Magazine itself to answer.

Meantime, the issue of circulars, and the conduct of all the preliminaries essential to a new undertaking, have occupied my dear home collaborateurs, as well as myself, so fully that I send out my first number with a deep consciousness of many shortcomings. It only remains, therefore, at the present time, to plead the above-named urgent duties in extenuation of my omission to acknowledge many of my kind friends' letters and subscriptions, and to say to all, I THANK YOU from the depths of my heart, no less for the sake of the noble cause in which we are all engaged, than for the unbounded trust that has been reposed in me.

If I cannot fully repay all this, at least I can, and WILL, strain to do so, and ever confident that I shall be helped by wiser and more powerful inspirers than those of earth, I purpose to devote all I am and have to the effort of producing, in this journal, a worthy representative of the *Unseen Universe*.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON.

The Lindens, Humphrey Street,
Cheetham Hill, Manchester.



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