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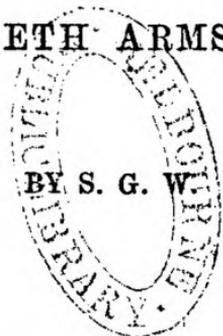


COMMUNICATIONS, &c.,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

7

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG,



2 Chronicles chap. xxi. ver. 12.

“ And there came a writing from Elijah the prophet to Jehoram, king of Judah”—*thirteen years* AFTER THE PROPHET'S DEATH.

Melbourne :

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1869.

P R E F A C E .

THE following communications purport to be messages of love and instruction from departed spirits, who, in giving them, have used the hand and mouth of Miss A. *mechanically*, and in every instance involuntarily to herself; and often in spite of herself, and of her most strenuous and persevering resistance to their control. Almost all of them were written in the presence of witnesses, and in a perfectly normal state, without at any time her knowing what her hand was being made to write until after it was written. Many of them were written unconsciously to herself, when in trance or asleep; and some were found written in her book, no one knowing when they were written. Some also in shorthand, no variety of which had she, or I, or any of our acquaintances, any knowledge of whatever. These communications are given originally in a great number of handwritings, exactly according to the number of spirits who have influenced her; and whatever peculiarity of style and chirography, and whatever signature has been adopted by the unseen agent—*claiming to be a spirit*—in his or her first communication through the hand of Miss A., has been uniformly maintained throughout. None of the original writings are in her own hand. The quotations in Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, and Arabic, are given in their respective characters. I do not regard these communications, in their printed form, as affording any proof to the reader of their being the production of spirits, or of the fact of spirit intervention. I merely suppose that, as they have been very interesting, instructive, and elevating to myself, they may prove equally so to many others. At any rate, whatever their character, they are to be taken by the reader for what he individually thinks they are worth. Many friends have asked me to give them copies, and my desire to gratify them has been my sole motive in having them printed.

S. G. W.

In the Appendix will be found some letters on the subject of Spiritualism, which have been pronounced interesting by searchers into this branch of science and philosophy, and may prove equally so to others.

Spirit Communications.

FROM ARCHD. WATSON.

“Fear not; prayer and trust in God will be your true safeguard, but remember, *nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.*” Then was written, “Courage, E., you must practise, watch, and pray, and remember even that spirits are eternally human, and never expect them to give answers out of the possible. Watch and pray.”

Then was written, “How the spirit of the social circle would be elevated, were there more thought and study. All the drudgery of it would be gone, while friend would help friend to develope. Go on—practise, study, write; we would you were even one of ourselves, to see as we do, and know the pleasure 'tis to us to communicate with those who seek us, and earnestly wish for advice.” “When hopes are strong, be humble, for all things change ever and anon.”

TO MRS. R. FROM J. W.

“A word of advice and love to dear Lizzy, which I know she will value from her sister: be more trustful in God, who, like a Father, chasteneth his children, not in wrath, but in mercy; be confiding, reasonable, devoid of passion, cleaving to the love of God, who is all infinite love and mercy. Oh, dear sister, had such been my firm faith on earth, how much better and happier I could have made my beloved G. and our children: Dear Lizzie, use all your influence to encourage every warm affection and trustful feeling in them. Speak to them of me, and how happy their love makes me. Tell them to cast every bitter feeling from their hearts as hurtful to them, and sad to me. Oh, the glow, the happiness of perfect love! Would

I could impart it to your hearts. Strive earnestly to be at peace with all men; meet all with gentle words and truthful heart, and your reward shall be greater happiness than you have ever yet known. May your God keep you from all grief, trusts your affectionate, Isabella Watson."

FROM MY FATHER TO ME.

"My son, be patient, self-denying, and vigorous in your efforts, and under God you will be long practically useful to mankind. Cultivate, as a grand privilege, those noble powers of reasoning and judgement, given to us by our benevolent Father; keep your intellect burning brightly to the last—it is by no law of the Creator that old age produces senility of intellect. Resist vigorously all suggestions of indolence. Still enlarge your stores of knowledge; check not your imagination—it will retain the freshness and vigor of its earlier flights, and with clear-sighted vision, though with intelligent, humble faith, your soul will at last spring into immortal life with unimpaired energies. Remember all my advice, dear Grandie. I am ever, your affectionate father, A. W."

FROM MY FATHER TO ME.

"Be not disheartened by the little you may appear enabled to do, in aid of spiritual intercourse, in the advancement of any scheme for the advancement of the happiness of mankind. Time is necessary, which in the estimation of mortals is of long duration, but which in the eye of God is short and fleeting; it is now more than 1800 years since Christ sealed his mission on Calvary, yet more than half the inhabitants of the earth are ignorant of the great truths he came to inculcate. With the full assurance that peace and truth must follow your efforts, ever remember a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. On, on, then, cease not to strive and pray earnestly."

THE FOLLOWING FROM A FRIEND OF THE A. FAMILY.

"For the true information of mankind, not only the love of God must be taught, but also the duty of parents in trying to eradicate in their children, all approach to selfishness. Oh, that all would see the importance of beginning to practise to drive it from their own hearts, and then fearlessly denounce it in all those near and

dear to them. Few can realise the extent to which selfishness abounds; each one says, Now, do I show selfishness? Yet, even in the most noble, the most devoted friends, where is there one free? Pray, then, that from all your hearts you may cast it far from you, as you would a scorpion. It blinds your eyes to the true ways of usefulness to those around. 'Tis the most earthly passion you all have.—Henry Gratton."

THE FOLLOWING FROM DR. RALPH WARDLAW.

"Beware of giving way to your wish for an ascetic life. It would not be following the example of Christ, who sought the company of even the publicans and sinners, that he might win them to his doctrines. Remember, if your aim is goodness, that it is best shown by active love to God and man. Work on, then, boldly, in your path of usefulness, and teach the truth.—R. W."

FROM AN UNKNOWN PERSON.

"Struggles always appear despondingly hopeless, until we find that others have fought and conquered under the same banner. Search and strive, then, after truth, as after your natural good. Fight manfully, fight bravely, earnestly, and truthfully. We too have to do so, before we are permitted to communicate with you."

THE FOLLOWING IN A STRANGE HAND WITHOUT SIGNATURE.

"To fulfil your duty, you must study with a full desire to develop your mind—'be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves,' should be your great guide. Never think that the innocent simplicity of the child can be as acceptable to God as the devotion of a highly cultivated intellect. Let your highest aim be the fulfilment of the will of God, and to forward the spiritual welfare of mankind; and, to fully do this, the highest state of intellectual development is almost a necessity."

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION OF MISS A.

"Your question has risen to our sphere, and has caused a disappointed feeling here. You should know that whatever will

elevate your mind, and facilitate our being able to communicate through you, should now be your study. Many envy your privileges, who would think hours spent in such studies a great boon to themselves."

TO MISS A. FROM R. L.

"Beware of letting selfishness enter with your desire for self-development; let your only object be for the love of God, and it will warm your heart to love Him and your fellow-servants, until the light of divine truth will burn more and more brightly in your midst. You have only to pray for God's help, and you will be enabled to follow my counsel, and take warning. Would that my sons could learn and act on this.—Your kinsman, R. Lyon."

THE WRITER OF THE FOLLOWING UNKNOWN.

"The world is a proof of the powers of creation and reason in the Deity. Every truth is an inspiration from God, however simple it may appear; but before they are established, there will be two opposite opinions on the subject. So to avoid prejudice, you should study all that is written or said about it on either side. By doing so, and allowing your reason full scope, you will be enabled to bring to light the hidden truth, which will be more firmly convincing to your own mind."

THE FOLLOWING BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"To the oft-repeated question of, 'What good Spiritualism can do?' how much has been and can be written! As to what it might do, listen—look at yonder grave, that poor woman kneeling, her withered hands clasped as if in prayer; see the rocking of her body, the convulsed motion of her lips, as she yearns over the last remains of her only son; look how she wrings her hands—listen to her bursts of agonising grief as the coffin is being lowered into the grave. How she turns from all attempts of those around her to speak a word of comfort—every nerve wrung, and quivering with despair. Think you weeks, nay, months of labour, to prevent such a scene, to impart consolation to such a breaking heart, thrown away? Why then weary, or grumble? Could she but realise that the spirit had but shaken off the shackles of the flesh, and, rejoicing in its freedom, was clinging round her with whispers of love, even more fondly, as freed from earthly passions; watching over

her, waiting to receive her, when she, too, escapes from earth—how soon would her sorrow be turned into joy unspeakable? For her indeed would the sting be gone from death, the victory from the grave.—W.I.”

FROM THE SAME.

“Would'st thou indeed be religious? Desire, strive, pray that right be ever victorious; that truth, justice, and purity prevail over the earth, and love at length be Lord of all. Look to God as the King of righteousness; and fight manfully under his banner, caring for victory—*non nobis solum, sed toto mundo*; for, truly, until a man rises to a general love, and desire for the reign of goodness, transcending the limits of his own spiritual interests, he is but on the threshold of religion; whilst he who really feels the aspiration after such universal righteousness, and labours to further it in the world, is religious in the highest sense—even if he display far less devotion than he who prays and acts for his own salvation only. ‘Thy kingdom come,’ is the true prayer of every son of God.’—W.I.”

THE FOLLOWING BY BISHOP MANT.

“Whilst endorsing the above, allow me to add a word of advice—remember how much a man's thoughts contribute to the formation of his character. Keep, then, your thoughts lifted up to high and heavenly things; and feed your mind with the prospect of the glory which shall be revealed in the spirits made perfect, of the purity of their joys, and the unmingled godliness of their pursuits and occupations. You will hardly fail of deriving thence, and infusing into your own character, some particles of a celestial spirit, and of advancing in that improvement of the inner man which is termed ‘partaking of the divine nature.’ As the skin of Moses' face shone when he had been holding converse with the Lord on Mount Sinai, so will the soul that ascends to Mount Sion, and meditates on the city of God, with all its appropriate and divine accompaniments, reflect in some degree its loveliness and splendour, verifying that beautiful similitude of Saint Paul—‘We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.’

“The fruit bespeaks the soil; angelic food
Sweetens man's nature, and cherubic lyres
Tune him to cherubs' notes—the soul imbued
With heavenly thoughts, to heavenly things aspires.

“R. M.”

THE FOLLOWING WITHOUT SIGNATURE.

“The wish for pre-eminence is inherent to man; but the indulgence of it causes disobedience to the commands of God, and often makes us unjust to our fellow-men; and also renders it impossible for us to lead a truly humble, pious life. Let us therefore cast it from us, by prayer for an humble, trustful, useful life.”

THE FOLLOWING BY BISHOP MANT.

“Let your conversation be in heaven—here ye have no abiding city; earth is but the wayside by which you are proceeding to heaven—the true home of the children of God. Earnestly contemplate the state of happiness there, and you will naturally be led to an earnest desire and longing for its attainment. Know that it is worthy of the most fervent aspirations, and the most strenuous exertions of a being endowed with faculties as those of a man. The more firmly you can implant the idea of this state in your mind, the more effectually will it be calculated to operate upon your heart, and stimulate your exertions. Be therefore steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and know that your labour shall not be in vain; press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God taught by Christ. Thou on this goal

Fix firm the gaze, nor heed the lure that lies

On right or left, to tempt thee from the straight

And onward path; mark well the proffered prize;

Strive, win, and wear it.

R. M.”

THE FOLLOWING FROM MR. J. A.'S FATHER—the handwriting known to be his.

“My dear Jock,—You should not despise any advice given to you by friends, though it may appear unpalatable; it will do you no harm to be reminded of your faults, which of course appear more flagrant to us than to souls still on earth, feeling as we do how important it is that every thought and word be pure, and free from earthly taint. Would that the firm conviction of this could be impressed on your mind, and that you would pray earnestly, and with a trusting heart; and a spirit-guide would be given to you, who would lead you bravely through all your earthly trials, and fit you more and more for communion with the spirits of the just made perfect. Do good for the love of thy God and thy fellow-men. Pass on thy way kindly and joyously, loving with thy whole heart those around thee. Cast distrust from thy breast; forgive,

may, look with compassion on those who seek to do thee wrong. They are God's creatures all, and thou little knowest what grief, what misery, may be obscuring their mental sight. Still in the heyday of youth and health, study, and with diligence cultivate thy heart and thy mind; always remembering that the higher your mental attainments while in your present sphere, the closer you come to us, and the quicker will be your progress to joy, peace, and heaven. Fare thee well, ever, ever your affectionate father, J. A."

THIS LITTLE SONG was sung to a tune Miss A. was made to play quite unknown to herself.

"O come to us—we love you much;
We too were mortals, and, as such,
Will welcome thee to realms of light;
Good-night, beloved, good-night!

No home on earth so bright as this,
Then come to us and share our bliss,
Where all is peace with God and bright;
Good-night, beloved, good-night!

FROM BISHOP MANT.

"Another fact let me impress on all as a great incentive to study, and the culture of their mind: the higher your intellectual powers on earth, the higher will be your state of happiness in the future. Christ's parable of the talents is a true statement of the degrees in the future state. Though all must ultimately be happy, still, the souls that leave the earth in an uncultivated state, can never arrive at the pre-eminence of bliss and glory which will be attained by the others. Remember, however, that your intellect must be worked for the good of your fellow-servants; that the most abundant glory will be awarded to those who, by the most patient continuance in well-doing, have been the most diligent in seeking it, and have wrought good the most abundantly. 'As a man soweth, so shall he reap,' so that he 'Who soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly, and he that soweth abundantly shall likewise reap abundantly.' Be therefore steadfast, immovable in endeavouring to acquire that love of God, and of your brethren, and that affection for things above, which are indispensable in all ere they can participate in the glories prepared for us by our Great Universal Father:—

Around his brows shall shine
 In heaven, from glory's source, the purest beam ;
 Whose aspect here, with beauty most divine,
 Reflects the image of the good Supreme.—R.M.”

FROM DR. RALPH WARDLAW.

“ For the reformation of mankind, nothing requires so much remodelling as public schools ; at present few of them are not hotbeds of iniquity and vice. Teachers do not realise the dread responsibility they incur by thus assembling children of all characters and dispositions together without proper supervision, forgetting that one rotten sheep infects the flock ; and also, how many never through life have been able to gain the healthy tone of mind and body forfeited in their school-days. Parents, who are obliged to send their children from under their own care and control, should watch with more jealousy their moral progress. Worldly wisdom is good, but when planted in diseased minds, how often, alas ! has it become a curse to themselves and numbers of their fellow-men ? See how the culture of the female mind is neglected. Pleasant, indeed, and gratifying to the senses, are the graces and accomplishments of their persons, but few look on them and consider them, as they really ought, as almost the mainspring of society—and try to elevate their minds to a proper intellectual standard.—Ralph Wardlaw.”

“ Give thy strength to the service of the Lord, and he will recompense thee richly.”

FROM JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

“ When you are alone, in darkness and silence, converse with your own heart—observe the working of your own spirit—and reflect upon the inward motions of your own passions in some of the latest occurrences in life—and gain a more intimate knowledge of yourself ; than which no knowledge is more valuable, except it be the knowledge of God, and our relations to Him as Governor of the Universe. Endeavour to subtract instruction for the improvement of your mind from everything you see or hear ; from everything within you and without you ; from the fleeting hours learn to use your time, and be watchful to seize on every opportunity to increase in knowledge ; from the changes around you learn the instability of everything mortal, the uncertainty of life, and therefore hasten to do good. Your natural powers, sensation, judgment, memory, were given you to be usefully employed for the good of your fellow-creatures, as well as for your own best interest and final happiness.—J. A. J.”

FROM DR. THOMAS DICK.

“Aye, go study the skies, the stars, the sun, the moon, the planets as they roll on, day by day, in their several orbits; meditate on the depths of the earth with its stores of minerals and metals; gaze on the vast oceans of waters and their hidden treasures; behold the wonders of nature in the vegetable world; examine the birds, the beasts, the smallest, the most insignificant insects, and read the wisdom of God in all, and His almighty power—His rich and various goodness in every work of creation.—T. D.”

FROM AN UNKNOWN SPIRIT.

“The most certain method of obtaining knowledge—in no matter what situation or circumstances you are placed, whether stationary or roving the world, whether fortune be prosperous or adverse—is never to forget carrying on the improvement of your soul, by wise observations, so as to enable you to become useful to your fellow-men.—H. A.”

FROM A SPIRIT UNKNOWN.

“Search your heart and drive thence every thought engendered by pride, but let none have the power to deprive you of the gladness of heart you should feel at being allowed the glorious privilege of being made even the humblest instrument in the great cause of the redemption of man from error. Go on bravely, with the full assurance that your object is pure and holy, as well as high and glorious; well worthy the devotion of a life even unto death.—J. H. N.”

FROM A SPIRIT UNKNOWN.

“Never shun discussion, we will always be present to support and advise you.”

FROM THE SAME.

“Watch, while others sleep; *above* you shall have rest, now you must work; aye, mind, soul, and body, you must devote to

the great cause ; you will be drawn to do so yet ; do it then willingly, and pleasure in your work will be your reward."

FROM THE SAME.

" Why not be satisfied to trust to and learn from the longer experience of others ; all cannot be endowed with the same gifts, either spiritual or earthly. Do not again stop us, we will never harm you. Had you the courage, you would even command us. And think you our power is less now than when employed by Moses to destroy in one night all the first-born in Egypt ? or when sent to slay the one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians in the camp of Senacherib ? *We are many.* 'Where men love truth,' it is only in strength of mind they fail ; give then all your energies to support it, not only among yourselves, but even among those you meet, and can influence to receive it. Oh, do you not feel the great importance it must be to all to be certain of their future chance of happiness being increased, and encouraged in good by the assurance that it will bring them closer to God, and to communion with those who love and ever will love them for ever. Trials of the flesh but help to purify the spirit ; it is those of the mind you must prepare to meet, by prayer to and trust in the Great Infinite."

FROM ARCH. WATSON TO MISS A.

" My dear child, I did not address G. as you requested, for you must not expect to have your path made smooth ; you must do your duty irrespective of consequences. Let not the doubts or scoffs of your best loved, however galling, deter you from being straightforward and unswervingly truthful in all your dealings, of word and deed, to those around you—and in the future will be your reward. Why does not G. impress more and more on his children's minds my motto,* and they would be enabled to discard more powerfully all bad influences.—Yours in the truth, Arch. Watson."

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

" Error is not to be rooted out of the mind of man by reproaches or railings, flashes of wit or biting jests, loud declamations or triumphs over a mistake ; such means only cause darkness and

* His motto was—" Read, watch, and pray."

confusion in the soul of your opponent. Human nature is like water that has mud at the bottom, it may be clear whilst calm and undisturbed, and the ideas appear bright; but when once moved by passion, up rises the mud and spreads confusion over all the ideas; instead of convincing him you only rouse his anger against you and your instructions. Watch constantly over yourself and do not lose your self-control. C'est plus aise d'être sage pour d'autres que pour soi-même. And, without watchfulness, you may in turn get your spirit disturbed, and often even your wrath awakened; and we know—male cuncta ministrat impetus—and instead of doing good, both parties will come off with loss of temper and charity.—W. I.”

FROM ISABELLA WATSON TO HER HUSBAND.

“My dear G., ere bidding farewell to the kind hand through which I had hoped still often to communicate with you, let me offer you a word of advice, dear G. Oh, why do you let even your love for our children make you unjust to others? See, even this now unconscious heart, on which you have heaped a load of sorrow, in return for her forbearing love to you all, and thereby crippling the power of doing the good she must eventually do. At her earnest request I have forborne to address the children through her hand; but dear G., J. must be more humble and truthful before she can be so far developed; nay, wounded self-love is not humility; and over her should be a kind physician's hand to probe, and heal, and lead her gently on. Now, dearest G., what can I say to you more than that, with unabated love, I watch near you all; but, if you desire to receive communications from me, you must have truer feelings towards her through whom alone I can do so at present.—Your own affectionate wife, Isabella Watson.”

NO SIGNATURE TO THE FOLLOWING, WRITTEN BY

H. F.

“Read A. J. D.'s works. Go, go avoid prejudice, and learn from all. You must read—read, mark, learn; read, watch, pray; ever progressing onwards. Do not fall into the too frequent error of passing judgment on books—of spreading praise or reproaches over the whole; it is a dangerous mistake; weigh them in the balance, and reject what is found wanting. Be content to wait; all our ways are in the hand of our true God and merciful, who will never desert those who place their trust in Him. You must

go on, and study all we will direct you to read, as much of your future development will now depend on the state of your mental progress. Read then, and weary not ; still always pray that your knowledge may become useful to others."

NO SIGNATURE TO THIS, but in the same writing as the above, by H. F.

" Will you never cease to allow others to influence your feelings, and thus keep yourself at the threshold ? Recollect that life is short in which to prepare, by the enlargement and elevation of your mind or soul, to enjoy the immortality that follows it. Be master of your own heart ; educate it to remain calm, true, and devoted to your mission. Seek more and more earnestly, the only ambition worthy of your nature—that of doing good—and do it bravely ; and march on as a soldier to victory. Others may condemn, but their condemnation cannot sully you ; they may damp every joy by injustice, but it depends upon yourself alone to have the true innate consciousness of truth, love, and the earnest desire for spiritual development, which will enable you to disperse all griefs and injustice."

FROM THE SAME AS THE ABOVE, BY H. F.

" Why do you never cease doubting ? We have never deceived you yet ; do not judge by appearances ; time will prove all things ; do not again burn a scrap even that we write through your hands ; you will yet be glad to have them ; and keen regret will be your punishment for loss of temper. School your mind by study, and above all, by self-control, to be independent of outward circumstances. Until you have done so, we cannot freely use your hand unless when alone. Learn then to see without seeing, and to hear without hearing ; shutting out all earthly feelings ; and thus becoming a passive instrument in our hands. Still even then your writings will often be purer and truer when alone ; as any strong earthly mind can, in a large degree, through a closer affinity, influence your writings by their sentiments and wishes. Many media when first under spirit influence, find they can get through their own hands, answers and sentiments exactly in accordance with their own ideas ; but to them I would say, be not discouraged, go on bravely, praying for a more perfect influence, and you will soon find you will lose that control, and no longer be doubtful when you are truly influenced by us. You yourself have been spared these doubts from the first, as we required you to encourage others to

try and to persevere. Study is wearisome at first, but you require it to get on. You can never be the perfect medium you would have been had you given up to the visions you were permitted to have, without a long course of magnetism to bring back your lucidity; but though you tarry long by the way, do not weary. On, I say, on! he that puts his hand to the plough and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven. Be ye all fellow-workers for truth, aiding and encouraging one another, with all truth, charity, and sincerity. Farewell!"

NO SIGNATURE TO THE FOLLOWING.

"My beloved friend, no new commandment give I unto you, but again I repeat, 'love one another.' Met together as you are to-night, seeking for spirit influence, ask each of your hearts with what object you are doing so. Is it for the object of raising your minds to more elevated motives of action? or is it merely for curiosity or amusement, without any higher aim? If so, you will wait in vain; but be your object for improvement, you must begin in a far different spirit. Cast aside all earthly feelings; chase every hatred, and all, even the slightest, uncharitableness from your hearts, and seek then our aid, influencing you to do good in the proper times and seasons. But, my beloved friends, it will be best done by educating your own hearts, and thus, I may say, working out your own salvation; enabling you to become burning and shining lights, and, by your examples, induce others to come and do likewise. Such, my friends, is the true and humble advice of a true friend, who calls on you all to follow the steps of your great example, Christ; who sought not his own, but the glory of his, and our great Universal Father. I say, go ye and do likewise; be like Him, humble, unselfishly patient in well-doing, through good and ill repute; ever remembering; here we have no abiding city—we seek a mansion among those prepared for us; and in our own hands is the choice. How bright that mansion may be!—the brighter your lives here, so shall your future be. And now, Good-night."

NO SIGNATURE, but the writing we recognise as the same as some before.

"Dear friends,—With sincere pleasure we greet you who have responded to our invitation to meet us to-night, and now receive from us a parting word of love and exhortation. 'Wait and watch, July,' was written, and, we know, caused some to expect great manifestations; but of what importance would be to us what you

might call 'great manifestations,' in comparison with the trials we have allowed some of you to pass through during the last month? That being purified even as by fire, you may now continue your work with more subdued and purer hearts. To them, and through them to you all hereafter, this has been a more eventful month than any that has yet passed. O that it may teach you all the great importance of seeking to acquire charity; yea, that charity that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; speaketh not evil; delighteth not in iniquity, but in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; that charity will never fail you, though all other gifts may. Members of one household, why should inharmony reign amongst you? O let not pride prevent any from confessing their faults one to another in holy love. Your own conscience will be your hardest taskmaster. Be open, be truthful; never seek to blame others for what you will find deep in your own hearts, if you search and try them. Know you not that the hour cometh when every thought, every motive, will be known, even as ye know, or should know them now. Go on, then—seek earnestly, oh, more earnestly, to elevate, to purify your hearts; ye know not how joyful a work it will be. Those who have not received spirit influence must learn the lesson of contentment and patience. Were all influenced independently, it would only dis sever the bond of loving dependence on one another requisite among you. Even now, how often have we been made sad by hearing it said, 'Bother their circle, I can get on better without them,' till we have withdrawn our influence—until the speaker has deeply felt the want of sympathy. Once established, let nothing but necessity oblige you to break your circles; we are not omnipresent, and cannot be always ready to influence uncertain media. On, on, dear friends; work in unity—those who are, as well as those who are not, influenced, have equally work to do. Whatsoever it be, let it be sanctified by love, and in it you will find your great reward. Never meet in circle without a sincere prayer for the highest, the most useful influence, and, with this prayer in your hearts, fear not. Even if you be influenced in a manner ever so uncongenial to your nature, with trust in God all must end well. Should the present state of harmony exist among you, we shall try and address you at the last circle in each month. And now, in the names of many who ever love and watch over you, we bid you farewell and good-night.

FROM THE SAME, on the next day after, having omitted *Hope* in the above Address. The Greek was in Greek characters.

“ ‘Charity hopeth all things,’ ought not to have been omitted. Is not hope the most precious gift of God to man? because *dizallo mēdem antē paresin*, it abideth when all others are well-nigh gone; it

very commonness is a true test of its value ; it serveth as a soporiferous draught, to allow the mind, which otherwise might have been stupefied with despair, to obtain a healthier tone ; and its withdrawal would, in truth, be the direst punishment that could be suffered by a spirit, either here or hereafter. Well might the miserable soul exclaim "—(then came some Italian).

FROM S.G.W., A CHILD, TO HIS LITTLE BROTHERS.

" My dear little brothers, Sidney, Harry, and Gregor,—Although I cannot make you see me, yet I am often near you, and long to be able to join you in your hours of play, to try and make them hours of loving instruction also. You little think how sad I feel when I see you unkind to each other ; dear boys, how sad it would make you feel, were one of you to be taken away, to remember any unkindness you had done when it would be too late. I often wish I had your opportunities of showing love to dear papa. Oh, love him dearly, my brothers ; make him proud of you by trying, oh so hard, to be noble-minded, loving, and truthful. The glad smile of approval on dear papa's face, should be a reward enough to make you work hard to earn it. Do not think I am sorry to be away here, although I do long to be with dear papa. This is a bright land through which to play, and it is so nice to be near dear grandpapa, mamma, and uncle Harry, who love us all so much. Dear brothers, try more and more every day to love and be kind to one another, and all around you ; and you will be gladder yourselves. Tell dear papa how I love him always. Good-bye, and sometimes think of your little brother up here.—S. G. Watson."

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN THROUGH J.

" Little do those who despise your spiritual gifts know of what happiness they are deprived ; so do not blame, but pity them, and in every way in your power, try to make them partakers in your knowledge. Heed not the old saying, ' Cast not your pearls before swine,' ' Cast not that which is holy to the dogs,' for none are swine or dogs in the estimation of your—nay, our—one Father, who prizes even the most foolish, and delights in every sign of progress they make. That ' Fous and bairns shouldna see wark haf dun,' is perfectly correct ; then wherefore blame the unconverted for not believing, or appreciating, the efforts, however well meant, of undeveloped media ? Have patience, and more faith in our future power of doing good through you. Begin, my child, to throw off that intense reserve and *mauvais honte*, which will eventually cramp and overpower your best energies and aspirations. Get wisdom, for

knowledge is power.' Shun not fools, for what know they o spiritual gifts? Learn of Christ, for He was meek and lowly, and scorned not any creature. Mourn no more over the past—what will it be this time twenty years? Love all men as God's creatures, and call not any common or unclean. Strive to show by your life and actions that these are not the works of the devil."

SPIRIT UNKNOWN, BUT SUBSEQUENTLY SIGNING

"HARRY."

"You will never receive the proper influence until the circle in which you meet takes our advice, and commences with prayer—aye, true, united prayer; not addressed to us, but to our great Father; to send you the best guides, to influence you properly for the good of all your brethren. True prayer! how few understand the nature of true, effectual prayer! The motto, '*Laborare est orare,*' may do to say to those who dare to profane the name of prayer, by prayer for physical good; but I wish to speak of true prayer, to feel which your souls must become attuned perfectly, or in the fullest degree possible, in union with the will of God. Oh, how anxiously do we wish to inculcate the fact, that every unkind or unloving feeling, every dishonest or dishonorable act, every habit that has the slightest unchaste taint, is a bar to your being able to raise your souls in such aspirations; nay, more, if there be a kind act you could, and will not, perform, a habit that can injure your moral health which you will not resign, you cannot feel true prayer. Beware of allowing angry passions to arise within your breasts, for they are not so easily conquered; they will leave their taint behind. You may try, and even think you forgive, still, ask your own hearts—Does not the remembrance often occur in the midst of your holiest aspirations? You must be able to turn to all with the purest feelings of love and charity, ere the true spirit of prayer can enter your souls, and raise them to blend with God's will. Do you really dare to think that your puny voice can change one of God's immutable laws? Such must be the blasphemous hope of any one who offers up a prayer for physical good; or, do you fancy that your prayer was entered ages ago among the great laws, to enable God to arrange His acts to meet its fulfilment? Think you even that the prayer of the prophet could have brought rain, had not natural causes been in force to bring it in due time to the thirsty land? Yea, the prayer of the righteous man availeth much, to win assistance for further and higher development for himself and others; but it would not bring one drop of rain to water his thirsty crop, out of the course of nature's laws.—Harry."

FROM THE SAME.

“You are so obstinate, and will not take our advice, although given for your own good. Is there not one amongst you who can offer up aloud a prayer to God, as the great Father of light and truth, to send the most useful influence to you? *Yes, I say aloud,* for it is the best way to get all to properly join in the united prayer, without the taint of each individual’s own private wishes and ideas, which must more or less influence each one’s private aspirations.”

IN ANOTHER HAND THE FOLLOWING.

“Too perfect! too perfect! my friends—how can we wish to be too perfect? Do you not know that the water takes the shape of the vessel? and we cannot pour words of love and charity through a selfish or unloving medium. Oh, then, let your aim in truth be, to ‘Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.’ Study more, and improve daily, nay hourly, until it can be said of you as of the disciples of old—‘These have been with Jesus.’ Then, indeed, the words of admonition we could utter through you, would be words of such pure truth that they would indeed pierce to the souls and marrow of the receivers. Yes, ever read, watch, and pray—the spirit is ever willing, but the flesh is weak.”

A PRAYER.

“O, thou great Father of light, truth, and wisdom, send thou amongst us this evening the true ministers of thy will, to influence us to learn and practise what will do most useful good. Help us, O Father, to drive all selfish and uncharitable feeling from our hearts. Make us truly humble, truthful, and calmly submissive to thy will.”

NO SIGNATURE TO THE FOLLOWING.

“Our God is in truth a God of love and mercy. He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live; and therefore is it not more noble to teach good to crime, than in our self-righteousness to tread it under our feet? Yea, crime is verily ignorance; and, by teaching wisdom, much of it will be done away. Would that the so-called ministers of God would go to the highways, and teach truth, and use the thousands now so selfishly spent building fine places of worship—falsely so named, and cushioned for worldlings to hear at their ease, the

Gospel!!! O, did they spend them visiting the poor, and raising them out of their present dens of iniquity, and opening their minds by love to receive the purifying lessons of the *true Gospel* of Christ! Then, indeed, we might hope to see a greater stride towards development among the sons of men. Use your time and talents, my friends, in forwarding the teachings of truth thus; and seek not alone among the highly-educated to disseminate your lessons—seek the lowly-minded, and those who are miserable through ignorance; it is your duty so to do. And hesitate not to condemn vices, be the consequences to yourselves ever so unpleasant.”

NO SIGNATURE, BUT THE SAME WRITING AS ABOVE.

“ Would we could give you the power to impress on mankind the sovereign truth, that in neglecting and despising ignorance they too often leave the best elements of nature to run to waste. See what precious time is spent on tree, plant, and flowers, to bring them to perfection; the very brute creation share their care for the same object; even the mineral world is worked without regard to expense or trouble—all, all, but man. Yes, man alone is neglected; and yet, search all nature, and where will you find aught to compare in value? for among the lowliest there is the germ of good; and beauty too exists, only waiting the loving words and gentle teaching to draw them out, and by elevating, yea, ennobling them, make them often the brightest examples of holiness. Could we have our will, we would send you to the haunts of sin and iniquity, there to teach the overflowing love of our great Father, which only waits to be sought for to be given, to purify their hearts; and then to pour into them the instruction their minds require to make them, instead of pernicious members, ornaments to the human family—then we should see sin, and its followers, crimes, disappear from your midst. Would that our teachings could develop Apostles, whose sole mission would be to go thus, and act under our guidance. Join your prayers to ours to God, to bless our efforts so to teach and influence our mediums with the necessary convincing power. Know that every capacity for truth and knowledge left untaught and wasting, will rise in judgment against every one who has not contributed his or her mite towards its development.”

FROM JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

“ Dear friends, it is my privilege to address you to-night—and now what am I to say? We are much gratified with the—in general—patience and attention your circle has displayed in await-

ing our influence. Your medium, whose hand I am using, thinks we must be dissatisfied with the seemingly little progress there has been displayed among you; but to us the grain of mustard seed taking root in your hearts is far more precious than would have been the fast springing gourd, which starts up rapidly, only as rapidly to decline beneath the piercing rays of trial or persecution. Go on ever so gently, still progress; you can never set up too high a standard to aim at. Do not put off, as impossible, any state of perfection. On, on! the true love of God will be your reward for loving and striving to benefit your brethren; but you must all watch your every act and thought, to bring them into accordance with the love and gratitude all should feel to our God, which you can only show by your love to your brethren, with whom you are in contact. Our prayers often ascend to our Father to raise all your souls from spiritual darkness—no greater mark of which there can be than allowing the advantages you are permitted to enjoy to puff up your minds to think yourselves one iota better than your fellows; pray earnestly lest you fall into this snare, my friends. Be humble and courteous in your intercourse with all, even your enemies, on whose heads heap coals of the fire of loving charity, to melt them to be able to receive the same benefits you now enjoy. You must not allow your efforts to do useful good to slumber—*work*, my friends, *work*!—you will have our loving sympathy and words of exhortation to cheer you on your way; and now, good night, and remember you are always under the eyes of your God, who allows us also to watch for your good.—J. A. J.”

“Guard each word, each look, each thought, from uncharitableness; and mix with worldlings to try and do them good, and not for idle amusement, which only clogs the soul with dross, which it takes long to get purified from. You think this harsh, but it is but too true to many, and your aims should be higher.—J. A. J.”

FROM THE SPIRIT SIGNING “HARRY.”

“Why do you weary in seeking after that which is good? Beware of letting selfish indolence overcome your better aspirations. We would counsel even those we cannot influence with mediumistic powers that they, while sitting, should take their pen and record truly each of their thoughts, and learn from them the state of their own minds; and see how much impatience, selfishness, and uncharitableness we have to fight against, among you, in trying to do you good. Now, let no one try to think who this is intended for, but take our advice, and each judge himself by this test.—H.”

FROM JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

"Alas! how often have the lessons we have inculcated to youth been disregarded, or at least the spiritual part forgotten? Would that I could have impressed on my pupils' memories, the lessons I tried to impart to them, of the true nature of religion not consisting in ordinances, sacraments (dross!), creeds, Sabbaths, or alms-deeds—but in having the holy, patient, forgiving, meek, self-denying, humble spirit we find in Jesus. For, as the Apostle Paul hath said: 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' Go, my friends, and study closer the life of Jesus as given by the Evangelists, and learn from the spirit of his teachings how little stress you should place on observing the Sabbath, public worship, or any religious ceremony, in comparison with benevolence, and true humility, and universal love. Again, ye who would instruct others, try more, and with earnest sincerity, to follow Christ also—in being as he was an example of his own religion, not alone in outward action, but in every word, thought, and deed—until you will shun not only every outward appearance of evil, but every impure thought.—J. A. J."

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Remember, my friends, how comparatively few have the chance or opportunity of judging of spiritualism which has been accorded to you, and therefore you should pronounce none to be weak-minded, credulous, or incredulous, but place before them whenever opportunities offer, your gospel of glad tidings; and let the old hackneyed, yet nevertheless true expression, that 'Every man's opinion is right in his own eyes,' teach you to be more tolerant to your brethren.—W. I."

FROM JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

"Spiritualism is no new religion: it is but the angel sent to trouble the waters into which you must plunge the spirit of division prevalent among all sects and parties, ere you expect to see any cordial unity; then, loving each other more, all will turn their attention to those fundamental points on which they agree; and instead of trying to discover and overcome the defects of others, every one will earnestly desire to have his own vanquished by truth; which would ere long illuminate their paths, and insensibly draw them to their companions by the ties of mutual attachment; then, instead of guarding against each other's apparently hostile doctrines, will be heard the cry of 'Why cannot we be one?'"

‘What obstructs our union?’ until mutual respect and heartfelt love will break down the barriers which separated them. Oh, then, let there be habitual, earnest, trusting, wrestling prayer for its spread with sevenfold energy—as streams flowing from an infinite well—to illuminate, comfort, and make you glad, for ever and ever.—J. A. J.”

The above were written previous to 10th September, 1867.

The following were received by Miss A. from a spirit guide she was in the habit of seeing and conversing with during trances. She having in trance prayed, in my hearing, a very beautiful and earnest prayer, but without the usual finish—‘for Christ’s sake’—asked her guide why this was. He said, “When Christ taught his disciples to pray, he did not tell them it was *necessary* to do so; we should, as he taught us, ever look to God as a loving father who only waits till we feel our wants to grant us his help.” Miss A. then said, “But Christ said, ‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, &c.’” Her guide replied, “Christ being sent to teach us the true conception of God, he demanded from his disciples, as a proof of their faith in his teachings, that they should use his name in addressing the Father; but he never taught that it would obtain a fuller hearing of their prayers: God’s love and mercy needs no bribe to grant what he only withholds to help to purify our nature. The spirit that occupied the body of Christ being an emanation from the Father—from the Great Spirit—and having fulfilled its mission, has returned and again become absorbed in the Great Eternal, therefore when you address Christ, you are only addressing a portion of the love of the Great Father.” Miss A. asked “Why it was said that the children of clergymen generally turned out worse than others.” Reply: “Not only the children of clergymen, but of many other earnest but austere Christians, do turn out badly very often, and such will continue to be the case until power is counterbalanced by love in their training. God has given us human passions to be used but not abused. As an instance, you are given tears, and often feel the luxury of them in relieving your natural regrets or disappointments; yet, how seldom is a child allowed this privilege of tears. A child must not cry or get anything it asks for with tears—not because of your love for the child, but because its tears and crying is disagreeable to you. Is it thus you expect your heavenly Father to treat *you*? Do *you* not rather expect that He will hear you all the better if you address Him with tears of earnestness? Again, is not obedience to parents insisted on as a duty, and not taught and enforced as the natural fruit of love? Is it forgotten that the heart has to be trained as well as the mind? Coercion and fear only create a rebellious feeling—a longing to be free. The youth under such training only becomes a well-behaved hypocrite while under restraint; but no sooner is this relaxed, than he darts forth as a

bird from its cage, lured on by the delights of freedom, and though attacked by hawk or crow, on, on it will go, until it sooner or later falls a victim; for alas! how few ever return to their cage for protection? There must be the love of God, of parents, and of home, deeply implanted in the hearts of children; for the child coerced in infancy—commanded in youth to be moral and religious from motives of fear—is sure to fall.”

“You profess to love and trust in the teachings of Christ, and has He not taught you that, if you love and do good to those only who love you, what thanks have ye? You should see in every soul, however stained with moral or physical deformity, the germ of that immortality which *must* finally bloom in the presence of God; and, however loathsome the means opened to you of doing them good, seize it eagerly—learn Christ’s doctrine of loving the unlovely as well as the lovely. My child, you must learn to bear patiently all wrongs or insults offered to yourself in the fulfilment of your mission. Think of the glorious privilege of being allowed to devote your life to purposes of true human love; of helping to develop the germ of goodness in even one immortal spirit—to hope; to forgive for its sake, and to love it; and thus try more and more to follow His example who loved his enemies, blessed them who cursed him, did good to those who hated him, and taught us that God makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.”

Miss A. asked her guide—“Was the law of Moses abolished by the coming of Christ?” “Christ came to abolish no law given for the good of mankind; his mission was to fulfil them by infusing into them the spiritual law of love. Why should sin be the positive of our natures? Wherefore make good only the avoiding of sin? It is taught that man was created good, and his first misery was caused by disobedience, and letting his love to God wane in his heart; but then comes the error of teaching, that the good has all departed, and man left an utterly depraved and lost soul, and that his only way to regain good is by avoiding evil. Look even at the ten commandments as given through Moses: let the fourth and fifth be taken from them, and where do we see the language of a loving Father? All is stern cold command to avoid evil—not to do good! and even the spirit of the fifth was done away by the Jewish traditions. No wonder then that the prophets seemed to rally round the fourth—the only one in which peace, gratitude, and mercy were taught, and in which alone they were allowed to remain, however dimly, amidst the traditions and ceremonials by which it came to be surrounded, until at length even the great truth was also forgotten, viz.: ‘The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.’ Christ only condemned the ceremonial observance of the Sabbath as an act of religion, and because such observance interfered with the true spirit of an institution which

had been handed down for ages as highly beneficial to man; and to show the absurdity of man becoming a slave to that which was given to him for a servant, for his sole use and convenience. People are quite right in looking upon the Sabbath as a good, wise, and useful institution, very suitable to the natural requirements of humanity; a blessing of rest to the weary; a blessing in which rich and poor, man and beast, can participate; but certainly no part of the 'moral law.' In reproving sins, however grave or heinous—sins requiring and entailing such dire expiation, that to escape it, the sinner would rather pluck out an eye or tear off a limb—Christ treats with compassion the sinner, and ever holds out to him assurances of mercy and forgiveness, and not once declaring him to be hopelessly condemned. It is against the cruel, the uncharitable, alone that the severest condemnation is pronounced: the man that is angry with his brother without a cause, or who calls him 'fool,' is in danger of hell-fire; but even against him, or such as he, Christ pronounces no everlasting punishment. Would that the so-called ministers and followers of Christ, instead of thundering forth the horrors of eternal damnation, would promulgate only *His* teachings; preaching the gospel of love to all; of reconciliation with our enemies; of meek endurance of injuries, which, far from resenting, we should be taught the wisdom and happiness of forgiving until seventy times seven times; of avoiding vindictiveness, selfishness, slander, idle words, unkind actions, bitter feelings, and thinking ourselves better because stricter or more sectarian than our neighbours. Remember that although God may forgive us our sins, we shall never be able to forgive ourselves, nor forget with regret the least unkind word that has caused unhappiness to one individual heart, and for having neglected any means that have been placed in our power of doing good to, and adding to the happiness of those around us. And now, my child, pray, pray earnestly to God to implant his love in your heart, and to cast from it every unkind as well as every impure thought. The more people, either in this world or the next, feel the blessedness of God's love, the keener their regrets for the unhappiness they have ever caused to others, even unintentionally, and the more anxious are they to remedy their neglect of the opportunities missed and lost for ever, by every means still in their power."

"Oh, that parents would grasp the love of God into their own hearts, and impart it to their children. Oh, that they would remember that the impure look, the unchaste thought in their own hearts, may have originated the temperament which lured their children on to their destruction. Look at the drunkard—say whence came the nervous irritability in him, that first induced him to resort to the wine cup for soothing. Should we then treat them with harshness as criminals, and try to drive them from it by violence? instead of trying to give them a sure safeguard, by win-

ning them in love, to open their hearts to receive the love of God with its infinite power of peace to the afflicted—of rest to the weary. None can escape the punishment that *must certainly* follow unkindness—whether of thought, or word, or deed—or neglect of any opportunity of doing good to those around us. The more we feel the love of God, the more vivid and acute will be our regrets for our past unkindness, and for our neglect of opportunities of doing good when it was in our power—and this until, in the words of Scripture, ‘we have paid the uttermost farthing’—until every trace of the effects of our unkindness and neglect has worn away from those we have injured or neglected. Let us then pray fervently to our Heavenly Father to enable us to search every crevice of our hearts, and to drive from them every impure thought and desire, every unkind and self-sufficient feeling, and to fill them more and more with his love, till we become faithful examples of what Christ’s followers ought to be.”

Miss A.’s hand was made to write the following letter to her mother, in the hand-writing of her father, she herself in an unconscious state:—“Beloved partner of my best and truest earthly affections, drive from thy heart every remembrance of any unkind words uttered by me, though vividly are every one implanted on my memory, never to be erased until even the effects have worn away. Beloved Ellen, pray more and more that your faith may burn still brighter, more trustfully, more meekly; and that you may follow more closely the example of Christ, sent us by our Heavenly Father—that as he was perfect, so might we become by letting true love to God and man rule our hearts. For if we love one another God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. There is no fear in love: he that feareth is not made perfect in love. Impress this great truth with all your earnestness on our dear children: not to love in word alone, but in deed and in truth. Let none render evil for evil to any man, but ever follow that which is good; exhort them diligently and faithfully, but with meekness and gentleness; be not weary in well-doing, and in due season you shall reap your reward. The Father who searcheth and knoweth all hearts, will grant you the peace of mind which passeth all understanding. Farewell, my beloved—ever thine affectionate husband, J. A.”

The above were written some months ago, but I had neglected inserting them in my journal at the time.

SEPTEMBER—Thursday, 12th.—“Superstition is a disease of opinion which accumulates fresh error, and transmits it from age to age, giving up the understanding to ignorance, and the heart to insensibility—neither active virtue, nor generous sentiments, ever issue from it.—T.C.”

“Why, oh why, such lukewarmness, nay worse, in spiritual

affairs? See how the true husbandman waits and watches every vicissitude of the weather; nay, even studies the face of the sky, to enable him to be prepared to take the best advantage of every shower, or gleam of sunshine—and should not the workers in the Lord's vineyard be more alert and attentive in watching for those influences from above, which are absolutely necessary for the growth and maturity of a crop, far more precious than any earthly one. Know you not that there are tides and opportunities in human, or rather worldly affairs; even so there are times, peculiarly favorable moments, of happy visitation; unexpected gales of spirit influence, which no amount of assiduity can command, yet may do more than usual towards our spiritual progress—and if it be of such consequence in worldly concerns, to embrace such opportunities, is it not a much greater point of wisdom to do so in spiritual? Watch and wait, therefore, for every influence of light; and be not so ready to seize on every slight or plausible excuse to neglect your duty.—H. A.”

Saturday, 21st.—“Vanity is a mixed sensation of the soul, and has often been a great spur to virtue. An old writer says, ‘la vanité, avec la honte, et le temperament, souvent font la valeur des hommes, et la vertu des femmes. C'est la vanité qui rend les douleurs de la honte et de la jalousie si aiguës—elle nous fait agir contre notre gout, plus que la raison; si elle ne renverse pas entièrement les vertus, du moins, elle les ebranle toutes. La vanité des autres est insupportable, parqu'elle blesse la notre—et enfin, quoique les passions les plus violentes, nous laissent quelquefois du relâches; la vanité nous agite toujours.’ This is not pride, but a meaner emotion all should shun, as cramping their better natures.—I. C.” I think the above extraordinary, for here is a long quotation from an old author, to all of us quite unknown, and indeed we have no French book in the house, except some school books; then it was written off-hand, &c., &c. The handwriting and signature are the same as that short communication of the 12th inst.

I see that I have omitted to write a communication through Miss A., given in answer to a question of C.'s, “What is the origin of the doctrine of the Trinity?”—“The doctrine of the Trinity was taken from the heathen mythology, which taught a tripod God, and is the only way in which Christians can get out of their dilemma of their three Gods, entailed by their belief in the supposed three Persons of the Godhead. This belief was first introduced into the western world by *Timæus of Locris*.” Miss A. never heard of *Timæus of Locris*, or of his writings.

OCTOBER—Sunday, 6th.—The night before last Miss A. wrote the following in an unknown hand, after being for some day or two in a disagreeable state of irritation and discomfort and nervousness:—“It is useless to contend against our influence—all have not your

privileges, and therefore have not your trials to endure. Oh, never wish yourself dead. I throw away my existence, and would have given worlds, were they mine, to regain my earthly career, to expiate the unholy act by years of self-sacrifice. The want of consideration you feel in others, should be a lesson to yourself. Have courage, be brave; and you will in the end attain your end, in doing good, in despite of all impediments thrown in your way. Be more submissive to your chosen mentor, and his power over you for good will be more powerful. Take this advice, dear girl, from one who loves and pities you, but who cannot use your hand well enough to sign his name. Time passes, and your life at best is but a span." Miss A., in copying the above into her journal, was thinking over all the friends she remembered who had committed suicide, and when she thought of Thomas Trench, the pen was taken out of her hand, and she took up a pencil, and wrote in continuation of the above communication—"Yes, why did you think of me? You could not have remembered our meeting; but my children loved you, and my poor sister—have you forgotten I. V.?"

Friday, 11th.—Miss A., the night before last, wrote a letter to Miss —— from her brother—the writing was recognisable, and the signature signed "Thmas K.," without the "o," a peculiarity of her brother's unknown to Miss A., and even to Miss K., until she examined some letters in her possession. This morning she gave me the following, written *unconsciously*, and supposed to have been written last night:—"My dear Grandie,—It was with sincere pleasure I saw you enter so readily into my feelings, and address our sisters. Ah, how I long to be able to use this hand convincingly, to do so also. What joy indescribable it would be to see them cast off the trammels of superstition, and come at last to see our God as He is, in verity—the Father of light, truth, and wisdom; the essence of all things, seen or unseen. You are wrong in discouraging circles; you should have one at least once or twice in the week, and patiently wait an hour for the spirit influence. Let a true prayerful spirit, sincere love of truth, and unfeigned charity to all, characterise the members of your circle; any who come to it devoid of this not only disturb the harmony necessary for the proper influencing your mediums; but if they themselves are mediumistic, they leave themselves open to be influenced by low spirits, who are ever ready to convey mischievous, or destructive ideas, through congenial channels. Surely I have hours in which to trifle, without coming to the circle to do so. Why will they not be warned? We must pity them, for, in their blind self-conceit, they know not what injury they are doing. I must bid you adieu for the present, dear Grandie; ever your affectionate brother, H. A. Watson."

Monday, 14th.—Miss A. wrote the following from Washington Irving:—"Do not rush rashly into verbal or written discussions.

Search the hearts, the dispositions, and understandings of those to whom you address your arguments; even as a physician would examine the constitution of his patients before administering his remedies to them. Then choose with care your very expressions, so as not to shock or annoy their prejudices too strongly, and thereby raise rebellious feelings in their minds. Listen courteously to their replies, or lend attention even to what may appear too feeble or foolish in their answers, as [a quotation in Syraic or Arabic characters—anglice—“There is a chance of a good hint even from an antagonist”], which may remind you of some good point you may have forgotten.—W. I.” “You must not, even in jest, utter untruths. Memory, indeed! is this also from memory? Beware!” I had been jesting about Miss A. having at some former time learnt Arabic, and Greek, and Latin, &c.

Wednesday, 16th.—The following was written last night through Miss A.’s hand from Washington Irving:—“In writing or conversing on any subject, endeavour to express your thoughts in such a plain, easy, perspicuous, and even familiar style, that your readers or hearers will be ready to exclaim, ‘Surely this man saith nothing but common things; I knew all this before’—and they will thus unconsciously adopt your ideas all the more firmly, from fancying them their own. Few can attain the simple and happy manner of conveying their ideas, to have it said of them, ‘ut sibi quisvis speret idem sudet multum frustra que laborit ausus idem;’ and yet, no other has the same power of convincing and instructing, nay, even enforcing conviction on their hearers.—W. I.” The following was written in the handwriting of J. A. James, but was interrupted by the baby crying, and, although Miss A. tried, after putting her asleep, to write more, her hand was not moved—“Guard against leading any to suppose they are purchasing future happiness by doing no harm to any one. Let each strive earnestly for the right to say, ‘I have not lived in vain—it has been permitted me to use every means in my power to benefit my fellows;’ and thus, by a holy and useful life, prepare for heaven.”

Thursday, 17th.—Miss A., in an *unconscious* state, wrote the following in the handwriting of a spirit subscribing himself “Harry”—“Take care what you are about; sit not down contented, seeing another doing your duty. If you have not confidence, or rather faith, go, learn it. There is room for many more laborers in the vineyard. Be as nervously strong in striving to do good, as you now fancy yourself nervously weak. Encourage all by your example, as well as words, to come forward and work—yes, work; and give up allowing want of time to interfere: make time; the most important task must come first. We are grieved, and in truth sadly disappointed, that all our teachings, all our encouragement, have, at best, only been met and received with slowness of heart, and the most provoking apathy, by you. Bestir yourself then, and,

girding your loins, go forth more firmly to your work; being magnetised gives you but more strength and steadiness. Do not be so fearful of submitting your will to that of another; you require to learn submission. Oh, do try and remember all our loving advice to you, and act on it. You will feel better, and learn to do good more quickly. Good-night.—H.”

Saturday, 19th.—Miss A. was put into a mesmeric sleep before the circle met, and continued in it during the sitting. J. began mesmerising Miss K., as if influenced to do so. Miss A. motioned for a pencil, and then wrote for J. and Miss K. to leave the circle, which they did till the magnetising was over. I put some questions to Miss A., and amongst others asked my brother if he saw my father every day. He said no; that they were in different spheres. I then made the remark, “I wonder how my little boy could say that it was so nice to be with grandpapa, and mamma, and uncle Harry?” Miss A., before going to bed, was made to write the following from my little boy, in the same writing as the last, only much improved—“Do not think, dear papa, I have misled you, for with us it is often permitted to children to flit from sphere to sphere, among those who love us. We know not the meaning of days or space. I am often with you, dear papa, and yet never feel away from dear grandpapa, who taught me, I ought to tell you this. Do you love me still, dear papa? Do never forget your little S. G. W.”

Friday, 25th.—To gratify Miss B. we sat for table movements, and after a while we had, through the alphabet, the following:—“Whence cometh every good influx of talent, but from above, or rather by permission from spirit land?”

Sunday, 27th.—Miss A. wrote the following (in the handwriting of H. F.), being some more advice to herself:—“Well, well, this is the way you are keeping to your hours of study, to enable us to influence you more easily. You have started on one of the most practical yet difficult roads we require of you. Writing to convince others of this important truth; hours spent in mastering your subject will not be lost—*semper ad eventum festinat*. We will aid you all we can, but we wish your own development, on which much depends. Your mind requires opening, cultivating, and raising above the petty feelings and jealousies of everyday life. Crush them, crush them; see what a hindrance they are to your progress. Keep closely to Paul’s advice:—‘Trust in God, study to show thyself approved unto God, a worker that needeth not to be ashamed.’ ‘Be gentle unto all, apt to teach, patient, in very meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.’ Shun vain babblings, let no man despise you, but rather let your aim be to be an example to those you try to teach, in word, in charity, in

faith, in purity, in conversation; meditate on these things, nay, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all.' Take heed to thyself; and again I say study, study, and with constant prayer in your heart, give yourself more and more to our guidance. Many of us are waiting anxiously for the power to influence your hand, but cannot do so unless when you overcome your feelings and are calm, as well as passive. Farewell."

Wednesday, 30th.—Last night Miss A., being in a mesmeric sleep, talked as if she were getting a scolding from her guide—saying, "You are always lecturing me, and then your lectures always ensure to me another lecture; they are enforced by another lecture," &c., &c. And this morning she found the following written, and quite *uncsciously*, by her:—"And if our lectures are enforced on you, no matter by what means, that is what we wish, until they have pierced and probed every cankerous sore of mind and spirit. We will lecture you in spirit and in writing, and gratitude, not annoyance, should be the feeling—'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' You must make your spirit more independent of your surroundings; learn to be able to concentrate your thoughts on our instructions, even in the midst of circles or crowds; cast from you all the false shame that so sadly impedes your progress. You are always praying to be usefully influenced, still you shrink from being so, save as it agrees with your own ideas of right and wrong. Why will you not learn to trust us? We will not increase your apathy—good night, H. F."

Thursday, 31st.—Miss A. went into an abnormal sleep last night, at 7 o'clock, of her own accord, and remained in it till 10 o'clock. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could arouse her. I had to make use of all my force to hold her hand, and after all I could only arouse her sufficiently to get her to the nursery. She was made write the following in an unconscious state:—"We were so glad you were forced to submit. Soon you will be unable to resist his control, consciously or unconsciously; and through his control ours will be the more powerful over you. Nay, do not let one regret cross your mind, that your obstinate selfwill is getting overpowered. We will watch over you, and turn all to good for yourself and others, if you do not resist our influence too long. Be humble, and have more confidence—not in your own powers—but in God, and the aid He permits us to give you. Good night." The above was in the writing of H. F. "You ask for a parting address; let me ask how your circle has earned one—by apathetically sitting round the table, often without one feeling of genuine earnestness, or the loving sympathy so necessary; one and another resisting influence as unbecoming, or foolish; one thinking where it is most comfortable to sit; another feeling uncomfortable because things

are not arranged as she wishes—then comes listlessness, or impatience, often shown by saying: ‘I wish the spirits would tell us what we ought to do;’ forgetting how much advice we have already, alas, uselessly given you. Aye, let each of you look into your own heart, and see how you have followed it. Where are the fruits? Do you fancy, like the orthodox man you condemn, that going to church or circle exempts you from any other duty? Where are the signs of increased charity, purity, or consideration for the feelings of others displayed? If any among you think themselves improved in goodness, wherefore not show it? Why hide your candle under a bushel? For we can but see rather a closer watching for causes of offence or irritations, which, when found, are acted upon more plainly. Oh, we do so want you to learn your own hearts, and from them to judge and pity, more than blame, those of others. Try and cultivate a loving sympathy among the members of your circle—without it you cannot get on. Let each think more for others than himself.”

NOVEMBER—Friday, 1st.—Last night I magnetised Miss A., and she remained asleep for two and a half hours. I then awoke her. She said she got lectured by her guide; and it seemed to her as if the spirits were trying to make her speak as a public speaker. I heard her say, in a whisper, “Chosen! chosen! as if God could love one more than another!” We then sat down together, holding each other’s hands on the table, and heard plenty of knocks; and the table moved about, both while our hands were on it, and when they were not touching it. Miss A. says that she got no sleep last night, on account of the rapping, and the shaking of her bed.

Saturday, 2nd.—At the circle last night, H.’s mother tipped out the date of her death—12th December, 1830. The following was written last night, *unconsciously*, underneath the parting address:—“Keep your minds steadily fixed on your highest mission, and then—as the man that hath business of great weight and consequence, and hath his head full of it, is insensible to the meaner cares of life—so will your heart, thus fully engaged, have no time or inclination to be disquieted by the little troubles which now too often annoy you. Go on; work; and whatever you do, let it be done with true diligence. This is the true road to contentment during your pilgrimage and probation, while preparing for the future among us.”

Sunday, 3rd.—The table was made to tip out last night to Miss A. that Archdeacon Whitty shook her bed the other night. The following was written by H. F., *unconsciously*, to Miss A.:—“Do not, when you find you are not cured, think or say like others, that we have deceived you by our message. Some things must be

left to your own discretion ; and, carrying out instructions imperfectly cannot be expected to succeed. You must work on, on ; it little matters how you suffer ; the flesh has ever to give way to the soul, aye, and the soul to the spirit, when there is a duty to perform. We would make your labour easy were it good for you. Trust us more, and if we find it necessary that you should work night and day, with mind and body, do not murmur. Never look back with regret. Look to the end, and guard against the least tendency to indolence, in even the slightest of your duties. Seek not your own, but the good of others, and therein you will find a hidden treasure. Let not selfish thought intrude with your wish for self-development. Be humble, aye, *feel* humble ; but let no mock humility prevent your taking your proper stand as our chosen messenger for good. Beware of seeking too earnestly to communicate with spirits, who do not appear to you freely. You may be deceived, and you are too sensitive not to let this affect you. The more passive you are, the better in every case. Let failures but spur you on to watch, to be earnest in watching and guarding against every influence that impedes your progress. Press onward to the goal. Keep close to your faith, and trust in the Great Universal Father, which should fill your heart with unlimited love, joy, even peace, independent of all outward feelings of mind or body. Farewell."

Tuesday, 5th.—Last night, at the circle, it was said that Greggs was a medium. Mr. I.'s father purported to be present, and tipped out—M m r t P " T V, &c. My brother Harry signified his presence, and promised to write that night, and did write the following:—"My dear grandie, you have requested me to send you some message, and I shall try to do so. It will at the same time make this hand practice. Do not weary because of the apparent slowness of your work. Remember how that the husbandman doth not hasten to put in a second crop before the first hath time to ripen ; but looketh around for fresh genial soil to cultivate, while waiting. Oh, my brother, let you and your dear circle be as the salt of the earth ; and by your examples corroborate your belief ; no metaphysical reasoning can have the efficacy of a good example in establishing any truth ; but I cannot write more to-night. Ever believe, dear Grandie, in the love of your H. A. Watson."

Friday, 8th.—I heard that when Mr. W. A. was at B., on his way down to Melbourne, they had a seance there, and were visited by a number of spirits ; but the most remarkable manifestations were this :—One calling himself Elrew, an Austrian, who wished to communicate with Mr. F., to whom he owed £11 7s. 6d. for photographic material ; Mr. F. had forgot all about the man until reminded. The heavy bell was rung in A.'s hand, &c., &c. We

have lately had a good deal of rapping, and one night by myself, and Miss A. in a trance, I asked, mentally, Isabella if she would write that night. She rapped "yes." I was, however, disappointed for there came no message. This morning Miss A. told me, that in coming in to my room last night for a book, she felt a hand on her shoulder, and Isabella's voice said—"I promised, through you, to write to Grandison; but that night (three nights ago) I could not, as you must know. Tell him that I have not forgotten my promise, and shall do so as soon as I can. You know that by neglecting to fill up your journal, you also impede our power to influence you to write."

Saturday, 9th.—Before going to bed last night, we were all talking about Mrs. T.—most being inclined to condemn her—for her apparent neglect of her mother, who has been long ill. I rather supported Mrs. T., and suggested that we might pass another judgment did we know all the circumstances of the case. Miss A., who did not partake of the discussion, was made write the following in a writing we have had before—but unknown:—"Nay, my friends, it is a good old rule—let your conversation be on things, not on persons. You are not required to be blind to the follies of your friends; nay, you may even treasure up such of them as may be a guard against your practice of the same, without exposing or defending them, either of which does incalculable hurt, particularly in the presence of young unformed minds—for the very generosity natural to youth, will be inclined to gloss over derelictions from duties in others, until they become familiarised with them, and end in seeing no harm in such conduct. Speak evil of no man. Be not hasty to form judgment on the conduct of any. All are too prone to put an ill sense upon the actions of their neighbours; to form false judgments of pride and envy; the latter of which but too often mingles with the notices taken of others. Regret, and as much as lies in your power aid them to reform; but you cannot do this by holding them up to public censure or ridicule."

Monday, 11th.—Yesterday Constance, Miss A., and I were sitting together, and the table was made to tip. We asked who it was, and to our surprise and amusement, "Oliver Cromwell" was spelt out. Afterwards Miss A., having forgot the matter, was made to write with considerable difficulty, after the table had again tipped out "Oliver Cromwell" as the author of the advice:—"Be true to your faith and your country." I happened to say, "What is my faith or yours—or our country? Then Miss A. wrote:—"Your faith is love, your country wherever you live.—Oliver Cromwell." I looked for some signatures of Cromwell, written through American mediums, and it was most astonishing to us to find that the signature and writing through Miss A. was unmis-

takenably the same as the others, shown chiefly by the very peculiar *v* and *e* and *l* and *w*. Miss A. says that during the night she was made get out of bed and write the following:—"Give up, give up; such was not how we succeeded. Watch and wait for the tides of influence, if you earnestly wish for progress. Why I am influencing you, is not, fore God, as a pastime; but in this country, new as it is, I would teach all to go forward and labour for its good; not with fanaticism, but in the true spirit of bold independence. The days of republicanism must come, when the thousands of this day spent on royalty, will be turned to their true end—aiding the progress of mankind. Then, how it shall be my glory to warm the souls of my countrymen on British soil, instead of, as now, looking for congenial spirits among even noble-spirited Americans.—Oliver C." Miss K., who was talking in an unknown tongue, which sounded to us like German with a dash of Italian or French—we were told through the table that it was Tyrolese. She said that she saw two spirits sitting where Miss A. sat; one with coarser features than the other—the fine-featured one had hair on his chin. The following was written after dinner in reply, evidently, to some observations of Miss A.'s, as to the world not being ready for republicanism, even if that were the best form of government. "Wherein lies the consistency in thinking a nation not able to become republican, or govern themselves; and yet, that they can be well-governed by the few: are you foolish enough to think all the wisdom of the country is concentrated in them? Bah! Teach men the love of freedom in its noblest sense, and they will soon learn to wish for it; and to will is to have it."—O. Cromwell.

Wednesday, 13th.—Yesterday, after dinner, Miss A. wrote a short message in Italian, which, we suppose, was intended for Miss K.—"Quæsta chiara mia amiga—non voi mostranda lo spirito senza ogni dolores. Si con tuo mano Jo scritto, non hai il potenzas giorno. Adios, mia sorrella ed mia Marie." When Miss A. was in a magnetic sleep, she talked French quite rapidly, as if in conversation with some one; then she talked English, and said, "Well, if I am saucy, you like me all the better for it." She laughed, and enjoyed evidently some badinage. When she was awake, she told us she had seen a pompous-looking personage, who talked in some foreign language which she could not understand, so she would have nothing to say to him; then came Voltaire, whom she told that she hated, but that J. (S. G. Watson) liked him. Voltaire said, "I know he does." Miss A. says Voltaire looked a mild man. Then came Oliver Cromwell, to whom she spoke saucily. He called her saucy, and a "goosecap," an expression which she does not remember ever having heard before. After dinner, Miss A. took a pencil and, after a while, wrote "Carl Kreutzer,—Ne voyez vous pas que je n'aver pas oublier votre question—de ce nuit passée si il pouvoit joué avec plus de facilité si vous faisez votre devoir et pourquoi non si vous

le desirez." The above was in answer to a question put to Voltaire last night, about who influenced her to play on the piano. Then was written by O. Cromwell, "Yes, I will say *bah*, and *goosecap* *too, until I can pour out my soul through you, or find some better medium. It is time to rouse the lazy dogs, who—yes, Good Lord—who rest, and think that all good things will fall from heaven into their laps—my happiness, my privilege, it is to do so.—O. C." Then came in the writing of H. F.—"You are forgetting me while seeking for other influences; but I am still watching near you, and you need not fear; but you must not be too passive, allowing any and every spirit to influence your hand. Be steady and brave under sufferings; you have much more to suffer, before you can brave all as you must do. Too much at once will shake you; so wish not for it, but wait and WATCH."

Thursday, 14th.—Last night I put Miss A. in a mesmeric sleep. I asked her to find out from her guide, or from other source, what was *her particular* mission in view of her mediumistic development. After some lapse of time, she said she would bye-and-bye be enabled by writing to convince people; that she would be made useful as a healing medium, and speaking medium; but that would not take place for some time. "In warning you against every influence, we do not wish to encourage you to criticise the style of the spirit influencing you—look to its usefulness; work, not words, is what you and we must learn to judge by, let the manner of working be ever so discordant to your SENSITIVE feelings. There is little use in your resisting—priority is the only question in dispute; submit willingly—it will be all the better for all parties. Do not grieve your guardian spirit by one word, or one thought, the least disrespectful of the name he wishes to be known by to you—do not, oh, do not." Miss A. had just before been saying something not courteous as to the name "Uholt." Then her hand moved, and wrote, "Shall I be allowed to write?" and then stopped, because we happened to laugh at the motion of her hand; then in another, but also a strange hand, "Cramp not your energy or spirit; give your imagination full scope to work; nay, if you still hold to conventionalities, half your power for usefulness will be lost. By allowing us to influence you—will it encourage you to know, the good is not confined alone to your earthly confrères, but will even extend to us who have passed away?" In another and strange hand, "Go on, and faint not; light and reason will follow in your footsteps. Have faith and prudence always as your guards, and then fear will never approach your mind."

Friday, 15th.—If you wish for real, true, searching self-development, it is not in books you will learn the true art of developing your soul; begin with your earliest morning duty, and perform it well, guarding against every wrong word or motive of action; weigh

well every word before you speak; remembering of what importance its effect may be on the mind of the hearer; go on thus through your day, leaving no duty unperformed; and at night call to mind all that has passed; and, analysing every word and motive, learn to correct another day, the fault of this—thus you will have made a good commencement. To you, in particular, we would say: practice to write, that you may learn to express your ideas properly; read aloud, that you may learn fluency in speaking; and try and get rid of your nervousness, which for the most part is caused by vanity—fearful of not doing everything first-class—and of what remarks people will make, as if you could even hope to be perfect; in good truth, were it not for a certain degree of indolence, you might have been much more so in those qualities, that would have enabled us to influence you more easily and usefully. See, as if purposely, how your musical powers are lying wasting, since you were influenced to play; and just so with other things.”

Saturday, 16th.—After dinner, was written with reference to self-development, about which we had been talking—“Thoughts—how precious! or how pernicious! therefore how careful you should be of every one you allow to be formed in your mind; for, once formed or uttered, it can never die; on, on, it vibrates to all eternity with its good or evil consequences. Statues, monuments, the noblest art of man must perish, leaving small, if any, trace behind; not so with a thought. Copy a painting, a statue—they are only copies; but a thought may be printed or written, spoken or whispered, it is still the same; it never loses its identity. Oh, then, beware, and guard against every influence that may vitiate your thoughts, or they will haunt and worry your own soul, even if never allowed to leave their bad impression upon others.” Miss A. said, “I wish they would write their names; I should so like to know by whom my hand is used.” Then was written, “You want some more names to cavil at, do you? Well, you shan’t have them.” I ought to have inserted before this last the following:—“Thoughts, thoughts! were you to take the thoughts, the words of an hour, and analyse them, and their source and consequences, it would be a truer lesson to you than a day’s lecturing, or studying of any book.” The above three messages were written in different and strange hands; and then came another in the writing of the first, beginning with “Thoughts—how precious!” as follows:—“Do not resist the regret you feel; let it be a lesson for the future to rest more on your own strength, and look less to others for support or sympathy. I must join my advice to that of those who love you, to be more devotedly submissive. Accept your calling thankfully, and lose not your reward by resistance or carelessness. Again, Watch, and weary not.”

Monday, 18th.—The following was written last night—“Oh-

stinacy is indeed the most difficult of all the human passions to overcome; but, once broken down, has no resource—it must fall; it often requires a severe shock to batter it down, but then it must crumble away like an arch which can never be replaced.” “Morality is innate in every breast of man, and should be judged of by reason, not by laws.” The above was written after Miss A. awoke from a trance, and was actually a part of a speech she had made during its continuance. She spoke as if the mouthpiece of another person, and the subject of the discourse was herself, pointing out her perverseness, and wilfulness, and obstinacy, and instances of their display.

Tuesday, 19th.—Last night, in a trance, Miss A. was made to talk of human depravity, beginning—“Human depravity! Where is it to be found? Is it amongst what is called the lowest haunts of vice? No; where will you see more true kindness than in this class, more self-sacrifice, more tender regard for the husband, the wife, and a friend? Did a sister of mercy ever meet with an insult among them? The true man or woman is sure to be received and treated with respect among them. Oh, I cannot influence this medium sufficiently to speak through her!” I asked who was the spirit speaking. “I, Robert Hall; and my friends, Oliver Cromwell and Voltaire, also wish to use this medium.” I said, “You did not look on Voltaire in a friendly way when on earth.” “No, no, I was deceived and prejudiced.” “You have altered much in your opinions, then?” “Yes, and so has Voltaire.” “Have you got rid of dogma?” “Dogma! dogma! it is, and has been, the curse of the world.” “Have you the same notions now as you had when you preached that sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte?” “Hush-sh!” “Why?” “I don’t wish to be reminded of that which gives pain.” He talked lightly of missions, as if they were not sent in the right direction, and to the right places, said, “She is not sufficiently under our control yet.” I said, “Voltaire had more light than you.” “Yes; he was more highly privileged. You seem to know something of me and my works: do you not recognise in some past writings, through this medium; sentiments and opinions characteristic of my style and manner?” “Which are they?” “Those signed H. A. about superstition and cultivation of spiritualism, &c.” “Who is H. A.?”—“I have no right to tell his name without his permission; but he had what he wrote from my writings.” Miss A. then sat upright, and put her arms a-kimbo, and from the determination of her countenance I thought of Cromwell: she then said—“I believe the girl is possessed with a dumb devil; she won’t speak.” “Who is trying to make her speak now? is it Robert Hall?” “Robert Hall, indeed! Do I look like Robert Hall? I cannot get her to speak yet—she has such a dislike to my contempt of kings and love of republicanism, and thinks I want to raise a rebellion. No wonder I say ‘bah’ and ‘goose-

cap, and much more, expressive of my sentiments, and contempt for such prejudices."

"When magnetising others and you are likely to absorb the magnetism, then let him cease, for the time being, to magnetise you. The influence will remain strongly enough with you for some days to answer, though more slowly, our purpose; if left off altogether, you would have, perhaps, a long, long time to struggle on to enable you to be developed enough for us to have the same power over you. Even now, long time and patience is required: you will not study to open your intellects for our use; we have to do all the work ourselves. Is this right?—not so-called spiritual works, but of nature and nature's laws. You think they are easily understood: go study them, and see if they will then appear so simple. See God, and His love in all and everything, working on to the great end, progression—on, on, never ceasing progression." Then was written, in a cramped, illegible hand, "Give me food, or I die; let me try and do some good through your hand, by warning all never to give way to unholy passion. Oh, how we suffer in sight of a happiness of which we cannot partake for ages; by our own folly lost! lost! Only by doing some—even trifling—good, can we ease our anguish, and gain one ray of hope. It is hard, *so hard*, to regain the past. Oh, be warned in time, all who read this; lay not up the worm of remorse to impede your progress. You would be astonished to know who I am; I will tell you some day, if you do not scorn my feeble but well-meant advice. I had good advantages, as well as you; and so much the worse for us both if you, too, lose time in profiting by them. If you gain wisdom, use and not abuse it: if knowledge is power, it may be, also, a curse in the true meaning of the term."

Wednesday, 25th.—Mr. S. and I were talking yesterday about the kind of people that we would like to see convinced of spirit intercourse. S. rather disapproved of such a man as M. being considered a useful convert; I said he would, in my opinion, be worth a dozen of namby-pamby men. The following was written in the afternoon:—"With you I agree; it would be of little use in trying to convince everyone of the fact of spirit intercourse—we want some few noble-minded individuals convinced, who entering on the task will go forth and prepare the people to receive it in purity. Physical manifestations tend, as such, to gratify curiosity, and the instruction is disregarded. Would we could assemble a few such spirits of earth, and get them to work as the cause of truth and love should be worked at." In answer to a question of mine, as to whether I should comply with a friend's request to lend him money—or to give him some, and not lend—there was written—"My earnest advice is, what thou canst spare give, and give freely; but hang not a millstone about thy brother's neck; for to pay, or not, will gall him." At dinner time Miss K. and I were talking of phy-

sical manifestations: she thought them trivial—I did not; and argued that it was by them that thinking materialists were chiefly convinced, &c. After dinner was written—Miss A. not having been present at dinner; and in the same hand as the last, and with the initial letters left out, as before—“There is no doubt that a good medium for physical manifestations would be of some use in convincing the material senses of unbelievers; but as you have none such among you at present, be satisfied that, by every means in our power, we are working to make good use of this one by writing, as she will never make a good speaker: one determined spirit says he will work her until he does. I think writing and healing would be better.” And then came the following:—“You asked where friend Oliver was gone? and let me tell you I am not gone far, and will make you conscious of my presence oftener than you feel inclined for it; but not oftener than your good and that of others requires.”—“You would not have had me say, old hypocrite—as I always felt all flatterers to be—the Lord deliver me, now, as ever, from all such; they make my wrath arise.”

Thursday, 26th.—Miss A. said, in a trance last night, that Isabella had said, as to her occupation in the spirit land—“That when she was not learning wisdom from higher spirits, she was ever watching and seeking to take advantage of any atmosphere or medium, by means of which she might impress instruction on those she loved.” “My father was higher than she, both as to the intellectual and moral spheres; Harry higher intellectually than she, because his mind had been better cultivated. It is difficult to explain the differences to us—they often met.” Another hand then wrote afterwards—“When treating Spiritualism, avoid as much as possible mentioning differences of religious opinions. Teach love and truth independent of them. Follow Christ’s example: He condemned neither Saducees nor Pharisees for their separate doctrines, but for their want of charity and for their hypocrisy. While his followers remained united his doctrines spread rapidly, but as soon as schism entered, parties spread; but his truths—if not forgotten altogether—made but little show among the conflicting sects. Preach, then, love to God, our Father—love to all mankind, as brothers. Every neglect of gaining knowledge will as surely be repented of, as will every breach of nature’s laws entail future punishment, whether they happen by design or through ignorance. This teach, without saying whether this or that religion is the best.” In a mesmeric sleep Miss A. said that her guide advised her to sit for influence in the forenoon, at such hours as would least interfere with her domestic affairs, but not to neglect continuing for some time to sit in the afternoon, until the spirits were accustomed to the change. He also told her that she could not write this evening because she was too sensitive to outward objects.

Saturday, 28th.—Last night we sat around the table but had

no communication beyond—"It is waste of time for L. A. to sit in circle unless when she wants fresh influence." The table was made to stand so firmly on its two legs, that we could not press it down, but this I have seen done hundreds of times. Yesterday and today, was written the following advice to her:—"It is not by impatience you will attain your end; we would have you feel more enthusiasm in your calling; now remember, when we say enthusiasm, we do not mean that only too often displayed by fanatics, which rushes at everything, and as quietly falls away, leaving dregs behind; but the enthusiasm of determination to do, to bear, to suffer all to gain the end at which you aim—even fanatics, although looked on with triumph by unbelievers, and even pity by believers, when toned down by proper influences, such as increased knowledge, and the experiences of everyday life, will exhibit much more steady, earnest faith, more fervent heart-felt charity, and thus become shining lights, shining more and more to the perfect day; while the apathetic soul never progresses in aught likely to do themselves or others good; and let me tell you, impatience is next in the scale of evils—it so often leads to injustice and mars all fair seeming." "Do not be impatient, it will only do you harm; so we often tell you—still we do not wish you to think all you suffer is for your own faults, or for your own development alone; you will yet be called on to aid others in their development; and by your own, can from experience, give them the aid you could not have done, had you not suffered personally; those who were never unhappy could never teach others the way to happiness; as well as those who could point out to them the quicksands, on which they had been wrecked; and thus enabling them to avoid them—be of good cheer, press on to the end, work harder, 'tis such folly to give up reading, we always bid you study, we want intellectual acumen to work with—read then, and in doing so, divest your mind of all narrow prejudices; let the subject be what it may—discussions, controversies are the best for your development; if you cannot hear, read them and learn to study your subject, to be armed at all points; they may only too often be foolishly carried on, and even irritations may be caused by them; but the exercise of the intellect will counterbalance the ill effects. The former will be permanent, and the latter in most cases only transient—the sensible mind will soon learn to sift the wheat from the chaff—irksome? all duties are so, until the soul becomes so highly developed, that not one particle of selfishness remains—alas! that such can never fully take place whilst it is encumbered with its earthly tenement. One simple duty you so often neglect, we have to remind you of it, in some (to you) unpleasant manner.—Why, oh, why do you so procrastinate? it is far more labour in the end—let me end as I began—do not be so impatient—that others are so is no excuse for you; even anxiety to do good should not be shown thus, but by patient perseverance

against every apparent obstacle of mind or body. You should not eat twice a day, unless you feel too weak. The pain will not leave you for twenty-five days—if it gets too severe have it mesmerised, it is only nervousness that increases it so much.”

Sunday, 24th.—Last night Miss A. in mesmeric sleep begged my pardon, or rather said, “I can’t get on until you forgive me.” I said I forgave her heartily and advised her to ask forgiveness of the spirits, who were so patient and kind to her, notwithstanding her neglect of their advice. To-day in the afternoon she wrote from H. F.—“Unless for some very important object, do not be wishing when you are sitting down to write, for any particular spirit to come and influence you—the spirit you wish for may be otherwise engaged and your thoughts disturb it, as it is a grief to us not to be able to attend those who wish for us. Often when your hands are moved, it is by spirits, who, although they are not able to use your hand just then, having passed through your thoughts must influence you in some even slight manner. Watch and you will soon learn their different influences, both when you are as now, and in circle—be submissive, and you will have much more than this explained to you—beware of letting such feelings enter your mind, as that with which you repeated ‘What good can spirits do?’ Are we not working daily, nay, hourly, to benefit those who have it yet in their power to attain much more happiness, by making good use of their time to prepare to enter into fuller life here—could we but free some souls from their life-long misery of fear of death, would it not be doing good? Ours is no life of selfish development, nor should yours be so either; if you will develop at all, why will you tarry so long on your way.” “Idle words are the index of idle thoughts, which, passing over the mind, leave a too often indelible taint behind, like the writing on a fair sheet of paper, which, although even innocently unconscious, still retains the impress which can never, or only with the utmost difficulty, be erased; and thus for every idle word that a man speaketh shall he have to give an account, or rather suffer, by having to labor to get rid thereof. Again, think not, therefore, that idle words are of no consequence. Great effects often are the product of simple causes; and words of wisdom flow not so effectively or convincingly from lips tainted with folly. Keep, then, a strict bridle on your tongue.” The above was word for word what I heard her utter in her sleep, and yet she thought it has been a blank; it was in the same writing as we have had since Robert Hall has favored us with his presence and instructions. “When you really begin to study; and pray when will you begin? We do not expect you to read folio on folio, and thus be like, to quote an ancient saw, ‘the man who swallows much and chews none.’ Our advice is to read a certain portion regularly, and then take pen and paper and write down distinctly

what you have learned therefrom, or your impressions for or against; this will expand your reasoning powers, and from one good work studied thus you will have learned more, to you, useful knowledge than by devouring a dozen, fancying all will remain in your mind; write not for your own perusal alone. Take the advice we heard, and fully approved of, given to you. Do not in aught concerning the development of your mental powers let the contemptible failing of vanity have any influence over you. You were often advised to submit your will to that of another; and an earthly friend can do you so much good, preparing you for our influence."

Tuesday, 26th.—Last night Miss A. was told that men may go into the third sphere at once on leaving the earth, if they are progressed enough; but no one can go to a higher sphere than the third on their entrance into spirit land. She saw Isabella, who said she could not write as long as there remained any unharmonious feelings between L.A. and any of the children or family; that such feelings existed between her and J., and although L.A. loved J. more than the others, she said I was never to doubt her love; that before coming she had been with my father while he was instructing our little boy; that Hessie and she were often together; and that the former was much occupied with her father, and wondered why he lingered so long on earth. She said she saw a feeling in my heart that she wished to be dispelled, but would not say what it was, although I asked earnestly. Said she looked on Constance as a dear sister. She had seen my mother. She would not answer when I asked if she had ever influenced Jessie's hand.

Wednesday, 27th.—Last afternoon Miss A. wrote—"Learning to overcome evil is a far truer road to happiness than avoiding it. 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance.' For being purified and taught true humility by trials, to them it shall be said, Go up higher. You may see a cool, calculating person, who boasts that no one can deceive him—you may even admire him; but think you he has more or even equal happiness as that enjoyed by the warmhearted being ready to love, to trust every brother? Judge not so; for the case is far otherwise. He has hope and love to cheer him on his way, through the rocks and shoals which heartlessness and deception may throw in his path. Never, then, let disappointments worry you; seek out their causes, and by patient labor learn to overcome them, thus making even disappointments but stepping-stones to future happiness. Cultivate proper self-respect and true humility; for in them you will have safeguards against many real as well as imaginary miseries." In another hand, the above being by Robert Hall—"Devotion, even

blind devotion to a cause is better than lukewarmness; for in one case you have some material to work on for conviction, but the other is nigh hopeless. When you meet it do not, therefore condemn but rather prize it, for, alas! it is getting scarce among you latterly." In another hand—"Having faith, hide not thy gift under a bushel. Why fear stranger contact? The gem is not polished without friction, neither is man perfected without trials."

Friday, 29th.—Last night, Miss A., after her sleep, was made write in the handwriting which begins with "Nay, my friends," a good while back, the following:—"Never procrastinate. Every day brings its own duties, and believe that he who gives himself up to neglect of duty, even for one day, will soon find excuses to repeat his neglect, and in the end will be found a lazy worker in any good cause." And during the night, the following from J. A. James, was written unconsciously, and evidently alluded to a conversation we had in the evening immediately preceding:—"Children, poor children; how much they have to suffer from the teaching and superstition of priestcraft, which never ceases instilling into the minds of mankind, that innate depravity is the basis they have to work upon. But, dear friends, to understand children properly, you must take this for your axiom: That the human soul is good and noble. Wickedness is an aberration. Regard the soul of your child as a sacred temple, and you will discover that the principles of his actions are holy and blameless. See, for instance, it is not the inborn spirit of evil working in them which causes the tender little hand to destroy that which has been carefully put together, but a natural and proper impulse to do and make something; it is the delight of finding they have the strength, with one shake or blow, to level the work of an hour, and not love of mischief, which makes it more pleasure to upset than to build. Do not remove every little difficulty out of a child's way, leave something to his own power. Independence, *after* obedience, cannot be too early cultivated. However apparently foolish or superstitious a popular saying may appear, there is often pure truth concealed under them, as you will perceive if you will examine this one—'You must not blow the first porridge a child eats, and then it will never be burned by hot porridge.' Never, in finding fault with a child, say too much, it only irritates; and so, in teaching, let your instructions be as little wordy as possible; they cannot retain all, and it only puzzles. Keep your motives always pure and true, and then your guidance will lead them through the bonds of love, higher and onwards, even though imperceptibly. Weigh well all your commands before uttering them, and, having done so, insist on implicit obedience. J. A. James." In a scratchy hand was written—"Intolerance, who is free from it, let him think himself ever so liberal, even

when approving the sentiments of others, is it not nearly always because they are an echo of his own? 'That man is right,' might be transposed to 'That man thinks like me.'

Saturday, 30th.—Miss A. told me last night, in trance, that she might be magnetised in the forenoon, at half-past nine, for two hours, according to circumstances; that it would probably take nine days before the unpleasantness would pass over in the evenings; that it was rheumatism that ailed Constance's arm and side; and that she would be cured by my magnetising it for fifteen to twenty minutes every day. Said that if I had faith and a sincere desire to do good, I would be very successful as a healing magnetiser.

Monday, 2nd December.—Last night Miss A. wrote the following from Isabella:—"My dearest Grandison, I am sorry I have so often disappointed you by not writing to you. You must not doubt my love and constant wish to communicate with you. Why do you so seldom go to see our father and mother, speaking gentle words to them? Do not to them or to our children speak scoffing words about what they hear taught as religion, but kindly point out to them, as you often tried to point out to poor me, the purer, happier way of truth and love. I cannot get you an answer about Mr. B., and I can only advise you to leave him to manifest himself when he pleases, and do not be too anxious for his doing so. All is for the best, though it appear to tarry long. Dear Grandison, I will soon again address you. Ever your own, Isabella."

Saturday, 7th.—Last week, since returning from Yarrara, on Wednesday, Miss A. has done nothing worth recording. The following alone has with seeming difficulty been written:—"Fatigue of body should be no excuse for you neglecting us or your duty. Were but one spirit present to practise your hand, why should it have to leave with disappointed feelings? Learn, then, to wait patiently. It is not our fault; we are only too glad to influence you." Then came a number of strange profile outlines; and then was written—"Mine must be the next hand that can influence your hand to write, so do not be surprised at feeling yourself or your hand worked against your will; and you will soon recognise my writing, if you have not forgotten it." Then came more absurd-looking profiles, mostly imperfect; and then—"It is in the power of free will that man excels the brute creation. Nature bestows alike intelligence and passions. The brute receives influences, and obeys; man receives, but controls and controverts at will." Then came again a number of ridiculous faces.

Sunday, 8th.—There was written by Miss A., by *impression*,

a capital answer to last letter, which I had intended not to answer. This was last night. *To-day*, her hand wrote mechanically, the following:—"Do not fear to face the fact that you have unconsciously delayed the progress of mesmerism, although as yet but little injury has been done—for it is better for men to investigate any subject before rushing into it, or adopting it. However, set to, and with earnestness, to remedy the mistakes caused by your ignorance, and that of those surrounding you—for yours alone is not the fault. To effect this you must act on your impressions. Hitherto we have used you mechanically, and will still continue to do so principally; but you must now go a-head, and use your impressions, both in speech and in writing, as opportunity offereth. In this take the advice and checking of that earthly friend, whose anxious perseverance in this cause has our thanks; and will, by patient continuance in the right path, deserve and obtain those of many of his fellow-travellers. You must be very cautious not to adopt any vagaries of your own mind as impressions from us, as herein will be your greatest danger and trial. We cannot too often repeat to you to be patient, persevering, and calmly submissive to all good influences, wheresoever they come from."

Friday, 13th.—Miss A. has, since writing the above, been influenced to write what we suppose to be shorthand; but although they have given us the shorthand alphabet through her, I cannot make out what is written.

Saturday, 14th.—Stenography was again written yesterday, of which the following is a translation:—"Weary child of earth, lay aside all doubt, and placing firmly all your trust in us, rest implicitly in our directions, and set your mind at rest. Never mind any old dogmas that have hitherto impeded your progress so sadly, and go on cheerfully with your work, for the benefit of our beloved ones, who are still in darkness, waiting for our light to bring them true happiness—and as it were to open the light of heaven to their view. We feel great confidence in your steadiness, when once you have overcome your old notions of right and wrong; many of which are very absurd, although you little think so. We know only too well how difficult it is to divest the mind of long cherished notions. Life will eventually conquer all scruples, and then we will have a noble soil in which to work and do good. Oh, never forget how plenteous a harvest, and how few the laborers in the vineyard of truth. Would we could enlist hundreds of media, even now in this country, to aid our work of progression—'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' So weary not; on, on; and hold to your old motto now, of 'Never say die.'" Then came the following:—"That a creature formed for an endless duration, should be disposed to turn his attention from that object, and to contract his views and prospects within a circle, which, compared to eter-

nity, is but a mathematical point, is truly astonishing; and as it is impossible to account for it from the natural constitution of the mind, it must originate in some moral cause. It shows that some strange catastrophe has befallen the species; that some deep and radical malady is inherent in the moral system. Though philosophers of a certain description will attempt to explain and justify it, on some ingenious hypothesis, yet, in spite of metaphysical subtilities, the alarming enquiry will still return—'How is it that the disposition of mankind is so much at variance with their prospects, and that no train of reflections is more unwelcome than that which is connected with their eternal home?' If the change is considered a happy one; if the final abode to which you are hastening is supposed to be an improvement on the present; why shrink back from it with aversion? Why should men who are so wary in trusting their purses and persons to the keeping of others, so readily entrust their souls to their care? Yet such is daily done by thousands of intelligent beings called Christians. Is this as it should be? Then awaken, my friends; time flies fast; and they await instruction to see their danger."

Monday, 16th.—Yesterday was written:—"Why do you not keep a closer watch over your thoughts and words? and then you would never have to add regret to the other disturbances of your mind. Where the benefit of knowing your faults, if you do not work to get rid of them? Gentleness, meekness, truthfulness, are the fruits of love, you should strive most to cultivate for your own sake, and the happiness of others. Morality and religion are constantly confounded in the minds of Christians, whereas they are perfectly independent of each other. Morality is innate in the human mind—the more civilised the higher will be the standard of morality. Honor and charity, for their own sakes, are human motives; and will for ever be valued in proportion to the cultivation of the mind—which alone should be called civilisation. Is it not surprising that Christians will not see the absurdity of admitting to evil spirits the power of influencing mankind—giving to their devil all the kingdoms eventually to which he is said to lay claim, and to have offered to Christ during the temptation on the Mount? The good, they say, go to that 'bourne from whence there is no return;' why do they not address a petition to their potent deity to allow, even for once, a good spirit to re-enter his dominions, and compare his influence with ours? Oh, how we so weary of unbelief and folly, it so cramps our powers of doing our work among the dark souls of the millions of unhappy beings who are really longing for the certain knowledge of immortality and truth." The following was given five days ago, but only made out by Miss A. to-day:—"He must know little of the world, and still less of his own heart, who is not aware how difficult it is, amid the corrupting examples with which

it abounds, to maintain the spirit of devotion unimpaired; or to preserve in their due force and delicacy those vivid moral impressions—that quick perception of good—instinctive abhorrence of evil, which form the chief characteristics of a pure and elevated mind. These, like the morning dew, are easily brushed off in the collisions of worldly interests, or exhaled by the meridian sun; hence the necessity of frequent intervals of retirement, where the mind may recover its scattered powers, and renew its strength, by a devout application to the fountain of all grace." The following was written in shorthand:—"Do you not see, that, for the real regeneration of mankind, you must study the moral law independently of religion? For laws founded upon religious beliefs are impossibilities—the true carrying out of which would as often lead to bad as to good. Will you be shocked if I exemplify this from your favorite Sermon on the Mount? It says:—'To him that taketh away thy cloak, give thy coat also,' to encourage him to break the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal.' Again, what encouragement to imposture it would be, were we to carry out the precept—'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away.' What incentive to violence, were we to turn a second cheek to be smitten by the aggressor; and so on, and so on." The following was also written in shorthand:—"With love in your acts do not shun your duty in remedying evil, no matter where you meet it. I counsel you, that acting on this, you will find your reward in the consciousness of doing your duty. Let it be received as it will by others."

Thursday, 19th.—In shorthand.—"Read the 12th chapter of St. Luke, 7th verse." And then—"It is far nobler for a man to strive with himself than with others. Even with your small conception of God, how could you suppose him subject to petty passions, sending miseries to those who love him best, in revenge for some fault they could not avoid—unless he made them perfect."

Saturday, 21st.—Yesterday was written in shorthand—"Man can never be really happy unless he be in perfect harmony with his position, and this is an impossibility while in a constant state of development; as he must ever be in imagination and desires far in advance of his circumstances: and this he must for ever be, until he, through death and progression, enters that sphere in which all the faculties will be fully gratified, and the necessary harmony of circumstances be secured—hence the saying, 'man never is, but always to be blessed.' But progression must ever be onward, and not backward; so that so-called civilisation, with its refinements and complex desires, interfering as it does with the even supposed happiness of others, is *not* progression. Is it, think you? Oh, for the spread of light and truth."

Sunday, 22nd.—Last night Miss A. wrote *unconsciously*, in the

writing of Harry F., the following—being a scolding to me. I had just before been expressing to Mr. and Mrs. S. that I often lost hope of Miss A.'s developing into higher phases of mediumship, there being no perceptible progress:—"And if you have done so, and had to do it for six, twelve, eighteen, thirty months longer; is it a great service we ask of you in aiding her development, and thus aiding the advancement of a cause in which you *declare* yourself interested? But this is not all we require of you. You have to watch and conquer, in yourself, those fits of apathy, impatience, and arrogance, which tell on her to the delay of progress. Yours is the only true sympathy she can at present have, and it is necessary for her; and think, if she is privileged, so are *you*, in being allowed to join your influence with ours; and many would have considered themselves amply rewarded by the benefits you have received through her mediumship. We excuse not one of her failings, as we wish her to progress on in truth and light, that we may use her more effectively; but with charity in your heart, you should not judge her so harshly from your own. Why not learn to bear with the failings of others? Receive this in the spirit of love in which it is written. Oh, we are so anxiously waiting to go on with our work, which is waning through the listlessness of some—the apathy of others. Good night."

Monday, 23rd.—The night before last, when Miss A. was in a trance, I asked her at Mrs. S.'s request, "If she could find out what would be good to take away a wart on her mamma's hand? L. A. said—"It shall be written to-morrow." So, yesterday, when I had forgotten all about this, she took a piece of paper—wrote on it under influence, and folding it up, was made to write my name on it—and thus handed it to me. Mr. and Mrs. S. were present during this sitting. On reading it, I found it was instructions as to what Mrs. A. had to do to heal her wart, very minutely specified. She had already been made to write these instructions in shorthand, which we did not know till afterwards, when we translated. The following was also written:—"Why are you not more careful in your discussions? Oh, try and remember those lines—('Be mild in argument, fierceness turns errors into faults; and truth into discourtesy. Why should you feel other men's mistakes more than their sickness or poverty? In love, you should feel both; but anger is not love, nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.')

It has often been thought that the only way to meet folly is by irony (Proverbs, 26th chapter 5th verse); but we would have you avoid it even in the smallest degree." In reference to 'those lines, we asked, "Whose lines and what lines were meant?" Her hand was made to place parenthesis as above, and write "Herbert's quoted above." The above was written in shorthand, and also the recipe for Mrs. A.'s wart, which was:—"Let her steep the joint in water, as hot as it possible for her to bear it, for fifteen or twenty

minutes, then apply creosote, or sal ammonia, or cajeput oil, mixed with chloroform and rum, three times a day; and to persevere with whatever she chooses to commence with."

Tuesday, 24th.—Yesterday was written in shorthand, distinctly in reference to what we were talking about, viz.—what would be a good answer to give to any one who, like Mrs. B. and others, said they saw no need of Spiritualism; that they had all they wanted for their salvation in the Bible, &c." Why not answer such statements thus—"Because you are yourself in perfect health, should you despise any recipe likely to relieve a brother's pain merely on account of your never having heard of it before?" and in the evening, before she went to bed, the following lines of poetry in shorthand:—

"Steadily, steadily—step by step—
 Up the venturous builders go,
 Carefully placing stone on stone;
 Thus the loftiest temples grow.
 Patiently, patiently—day by day—
 The artist toils at his task away;
 Touching it here and touching it there;
 Giving it ever, with infinite care,
 A line more soft, or a hue more fair;
 Till, little by little, the picture grows.
 And at last the cold canvas glows
 With life and beauty, and forms of grace,
 That evermore in the world have place.
 Thus with the poet: hour after hour
 He listens to catch the fairy chimes
 That ring on his soul; then, with magic power,
 He weaves their melody into rhymes.
 Slowly, carefully, word by word—
 Line by line, and thought by thought—
 He fastens the golden tissue of song,
 And thus an immortal anthem's wrought.
 Every wise observer knows,
 And watchful gazer sees,
 Nothing grand or beautiful grows
 Save by gradual slow degrees.
 Ye who toil with purpose high,
 And fondly the proud result await,
 Murmur not, as the hours go by,
 That the season is long, the harvest late;
 Remember that brotherhood, strong and true,
Builders and Artists and Bards sublime,
 Who lived in the past, and worked like you,
 Worked and waited a wearisome time:
 Dark and cheerless and long their night—
 But they patiently worked at their task begun—
 Till, lo! thro' the clouds broke the morning light—
 Which shines on the soul when success is won."

Friday, 27th.—We have had visitors here for the last few days, and nothing has been done, except the following, written yesterday:

—“We do so wish to address you, dear friends, and try to impress on your minds how valuable the fleeting hours ought to be to you all; for forget not that these once past can never be regained. Still, on you go, day after day, not only wasting your precious hours, but allowing weeds and noxious herbs to grow up amid, and often smother the fruit and flowers implanted in you by nature. Alas! that this should be so; that you will still travel on in the dark path, amid the crumbling ruins of superstition and sectarianism, with which the ignorance and folly of ages have encrusted your sphere, instead of treading forth boldly in the broad sunshine of God's love—which should be the mainspring of your nature, the life-blood of your heart, the very essence of your existence—ready to bud forth and blossom into that pure and lovely principle of love and wisdom—carrying out the great object of spirit influence, *that* of binding all men in the true brotherhood of true affection. Oh, why not hasten the development of your minds? Think of the hundreds of miserable beings with the same flesh, blood, and souls as your own, whom your examples and teaching might rescue from their ignorance, and thus have their earthly pilgrimage blessed by progress in light and truth. Encourage not your apathy by the idea that you could have but little influence, forgetting it hath been written, ‘a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.’ Awake, then; be ye like the salt of the earth; be men, and bathe your souls in the glorious stream called ‘freedom of thought’; grasp at the precious privileges within your power; and, no longer loitering on the way, use all your energies in working manfully around with the sword of the Spirit, the breastplate of righteousness, your motto ever being, ‘Truth, undying truth, for your own and the good of others.’” There was written in shorthand some days ago, but which I neglected to copy, and which I do not yet quite understand—“There are stages in the business of human life when to amuse is cruel, but to deceive is to destroy; and it little matters in the consequences whether man deceives himself or submits, by a sort of mutual consent, to the imposition of another: it is still delusion—that sort of something which a man cannot account for, but is mixed with his composition, and often renders him the subject of deception by the very means he takes not to be deceived.”

Saturday, 28th.—This afternoon the following four paragraphs or sentences were written in different and unknown hands:—“Be calmly firm in the course your conscience bids you pursue; it may seem harshly unfeeling for a time, but ever keep the end in view; you must not be shackled by aught of word or deed to interfere with your present calling; be steady, and all will be for the best at last; you are procrastinating your studying, and this, if nothing else, will impede your progress; you must be more free in every way, fearing nothing.” “Thou would'st study? Go, then, and do good. This is the best method of studying—do not be waiting to

be influenced to do good, but *do it*: the first chance taken advantage of will quickly open another." "Yea, love, and unbiassed freedom of thought must be the great laws of the society of mankind: stand not on the threshold so long, like those of old, waiting to see the good effects on others; step in and learn, by practising for yourselves. You will find it the surest way of learning the wisdom of those laws." "Love to God is the source of everything; love to man as your fellow and brother; love of truth. These you cannot too often teach and impress on all within your sphere of influence; nor heed the scoffers, who are ever ready to exclaim, 'Love! love indeed! show us any who practise it.' Alas! how little of it can rule their own hearts! yet they are ever prepared to say 'I love God.' How do they show it? where their acts of mercy? Where the cup of cold water offered in His name, at least by them? We would whisper it in their ears, and shout it on the housetops—*Justice, mercy, truth* and *righteousness*, are ever the fruits of *true love*; and soon, very soon, all would see this for themselves, could they but drive the demon of selfishness from their hearts. Take this lesson to thyself, also."

Monday, 30th.—Last night Miss A. wrote the following while unconscious. Isabella had said, during one of Miss A.'s trances, that she could not tell whether any particular course of action would develop me into a medium; but, if any would, the most likely would be to sit steadily in circle with two or three, who would have patience to keep steadily at it. "My dearest G—d—n,—I have now tried twice to influence Miss A.'s hand during your afternoon's sittings, but the attempted influencing seems to make her so nervous I have to desist. Would I could make you conscious of my loving presence independently, but, as yet, I find it useless trying, and it only seems to lessen my power of communicating; thus, even the very anxiety our medium feels for me to write when you are present does harm, so I must still use her hand unconsciously. I have, through her, recommended the only way you can get influenced. She, C—e, and J—e are the only ones with patience sufficient for the trial; and may our God bless your efforts for your own sake and that of others. Be brave, my G—d—n, but be steady also; and instead of giving way to impatience with her, go, place your hand on her head and re-induce the harmony, otherwise nearly broken. This self-control will do both good; and now, farewell, dear G—d—n,—ever as ever—your Isabella." The following in H. F.'s hand:—"Our advice to you is to enter into and not avoid society; there is your true field of study. St. Paul would have you 'be all things to all men, that peradventure you might win some'; and, in a modified sense, we too would recommend it in all that does not clash with the truth. Mix with, and study their natures, mental

and bodily; to both you must learn to administer; probe their natures until you find their wounds; appeal to their feelings; leave judgment to ensure conviction. Look warily on the man who says he wants no more knowledge to make him happy, and yet shows none of the fruits of charity or brotherly love—we will not even say now, love of God—for he who loveth not his brother whom he sees, how can he love what he seeth not—yea, cannot conceive? Again we say, turn not from him hastily, for his may be a more serious, deeper wound, needing all the quicker cure, lest he become more like the poor paralysed man who, from habit, thinks himself well off because he is not in danger of being attacked by gout! his limbs, he might boast, are tough, and no trouble to him. Such, alas! we see to be too often the case with those who have allowed their minds to be acted on by fears and superstition, until they become so hardened or scared, that they no longer can realise that they could obtain any benefit from thinking more on the subject; and even extend their pity to *your* fanaticism, and would urge you to let very well alone. Oh! the joy of snatching such a one from his apathy, and showing him the sore and its cure together. Yea, we say, be thou in the world, and yet not of the world; trample under foot every impure thought, word, and desire; let not the hasty word have place on thy tongue; the angry or annoyed feeling in thy heart; let love—pure undefiled love—fill thy very nature, and it will shed a balm around thee that will win more than even thy most earnest exhortations. From the scoffer or caviller turn not thou away; be gentle, but ever steadfast, and fear not—for in thine hour of need, if thou wilt labour thus to control—yea, govern thyself—we will be nigh, and it shall be truly given thee in that hour what thou shalt speak.—Farewell!”

Saturday, December 11th.—A few days ago a paper was given to Miss A. with some Greek characters, and mixed with much scribbling, just as might be done by a writing medium, when first influenced. She was led to suppose—or rather told—it was done under spirit influence. There was written, after a while, “Take yon paper, and on the back the remarks may be written.” So she took the paper, and her hand was moved to write on the back in short-hand, a condemnatory sentence against the writer for his *attempted deception*, and showing an acquaintance with the Greek written, &c. Subsequently was written, “If thy gifts be small, work them with all the more energy. Do not be dissatisfied; be perseveringly faithful; you will soon have cause to rejoice through all your sufferings, which must be inseparable from your career. Check your own thoughtlessness and selfishness in proportion as you feel to suffer from those of others. When your days of probation are ended, how thankful you will be for all those experiences now so disagreeable to you, and perhaps too severe, could they

have been avoided. When independence comes, you will be all the more self-reliant, and yet considerate for others. Give up your annoyed feelings—they are only hurting yourself, and we alone pity you for them; others cannot feel as you must do. Oh! that apathy and impatience could be shaken off, and all work together for good, instead of so often hopes of self-gratification being allowed to influence, and, doubtless too often, to end in dissatisfaction." In another hand, very like Isabella's, but not her's:—"My dearest Lizzie, although I have often thanked you for all your loving advice, I must do so now again, dear Lizzie. Could those who are so obstinate in rejecting good instruction, as I did—ever throwing upon others the blame of my ill-deeds—only realize the immensity of suffering through which they themselves will have to pass in overcoming earthly passions, before they can gain admittance into a progressive sphere, they could be led much more quickly to labour to shun them, than they ever could be induced to become reformed under the fear of everlasting punishment—Hell-fire! Much as I have gained, I have still much to suffer, in witnessing the bad effects that have resulted from my teachings and example. I have often longed to warn you to make all your teachings, love; and thus raise a trustful faith, with which you can probe and heal. Fear is useless: did you ever see any kept from acting their wills, either openly or in secret, by the fear of future everlasting punishment? They cannot realise it; but teach them the true nature of the punishment they will have to encounter, and which their natures can comprehend, for their good. Farewell; I shall write again soon, if you wish it." Mr. F. and myself had been having a discussion about good and evil, and opposites: we had each written a letter on the subject. The following was written yesterday, in H. F.'s hand (I was from home):—"Nay, nay, my friend, do not accept of the idea that 'evil is only good, *being made,*' without further examination; for as sure as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can evil produce good. Evil terminates in itself; it cannot be productive of good. Satan cannot cast out Satan: evil is a taint, a malady, which must be driven out by good, whether it be local or constitutional. Would that teachers could be persuaded of this; and then, instead of the continual upholding of the pernicious so-called religious bugbears of hell and the devil, and their concomitants—sin, wrath, and damnation—they would become more and more vehement in demonstrating, strengthening, and encouraging good, as the only way of driving out evil. What progress can that man make who firmly believes that evil, hate, and fear are the prime movers of the human heart? What good can be produced from them?—they but make the coward, at best, a hypocrite, while the nobler—the more courageous—man they will as certainly vitiate, if they do not drive him to open crime. Think for yourself: produce, to your own satisfaction, even one true instance of

good coming from evil. Every good, every perfect gift, is from our God; and evil, in its widest or narrowest sense, is no more necessary to the production of good than sickness is to that of good health. When God pronounced all his works good, he left no lurking principle of evil to mar them. It is but a production of mortal nature, and therefore cannot be an absolute primary or positive principle; but man can turn every good to evil by abusing it, even his greatest virtues; nor can he well avoid doing so if he forget to keep close, under all circumstances, to the true talisman of truth and love. Armed with this, let him go fearlessly into the world, and, learning what real—not so-called—evil is, drive it thence by implanting good in its place. It is a sad error to avoid everything you fancy is bad, because it may be productive of evil: this is not the way to learn or teach others the use or abuse of pleasure—crushing down the least grain of good to be obtained therefrom, by calling it *wrong*. Were a sufferer from gout in the stomach to come and ask you to give him a little brandy to relieve it, should your answer be, 'I will not give it to you lest, when you find it relieves you, you might take a fancy to drink more, and do yourself harm,' instead of giving it to him with cheerful alacrity, at the same time carefully instructing him in the fact, that, should he be tempted to accustom his stomach to the constant use of brandy, it would lose all its good efficacy in case of another attack. Do not shun, but learn to overcome evil in your own heart; pulling thence even the smallest weed that could impede the growth of love, rectitude, and truth; then go forth, and add your mite to the reformation of society. Good night."

Monday 13th.—Yesterday, in continuation of the same subject as was written on Friday night, my not agreeing entirely with H. F., she wrote—"We know it is only too commonly believed that the most useful inventions, even discoveries, have been the result of evil; that evil is necessary for human progress. But when you come to see as we do, you will find that evil stops or impedes progress, instead of aiding it. Alas! on this deeply-seated idea that evil is good in the making, is founded the doctrine of doing evil that good may come. Instance, conquering nations to spread the truth. But these are not the ways of God, but the ways of man, which He allows them to carry out until they learn to see more justly and clearly; and then they will begin to work with the true means. In ancient times, the establishment of monotheism was made the excuse for the destruction of the idolatrous nations of Canaan; yet, in reality, it gained nothing thereby. It spread, because its root was truth; and not one step it advanced, by the blasphemously-pretended Divine commands for bloodshed. You bring forward medicine as a proof of good resulting from evil. Even allowing medicine to be an evil, does not its application, in most instances only weaken the constitu-

tion, leaving it only the more liable to catch fresh diseases? Here is no good resulting from evil. How much better would it have been to have treated the bodily, as you would the mental disease; and, first removing the external causes, give your patient stimulants and tonics to strengthen him to grapple with and cast off his disease. Evil will always be evil, and you can make nothing but evil of it. Do not shun it, but face it boldly; drive it out and kill it, if possible. Learn the truth; and the truth having made you free, evil will soon disappear from your path. Death—do you call death an evil? It never was intended as an evil, no more than the caterpillar laying down its shell to become a butterfly is an evil. Death, as man has made it, by warring against his own nature, may be an evil, but what good can be gained by such death? Think you the man who, thinking his life on earth too miserable to endure, rushes on death, gains any benefit thereby? Could he but realise how he has to suffer, going over his lost pathway, he would gladly have remained, and tried to redeem his past ere facing it. Sufferings and discipline, we call not evils; they are but the fruits of love, only too often, necessary for human souls to pass through; like gold, through fire, that they may become purified from earth by sensual dross. Farewell." And, by and by, after my making some objections, not so much to any of his statements, but to his, as it appeared to me, not understanding my meaning. I, for instance do not think medicine an evil; but it is called evil, as well as all suffering, and pain, and discipline, by the mass of people. I think that all so-called evil works for the best, although I may not be able to see exactly how, in particular instances. I know that pain is pain, and that I, as well as others, call it *evil*; but I believe that it may, and often, perhaps *always* (if it could only be seen), does good in the shape of instruction, or as a lesson or warning, and brings a man, and is intended to bring a man, to consider its cause—which if he discover, he has acquired a truth, which so far helps him to freedom from that particular evil, as well as, most likely, a host of others of like nature; it helps to show him that obedience to the laws of his nature is freedom, and disobedience bondage. I maintained there would not be the same field for the exercise of the virtues so necessary for man's development if there were no evils, so-called, to withstand, encounter, and overcome. How can charity flourish or be seen, if there be nothing to exercise it on? How faith, without *trial*, &c.? H. F. agrees with me in saying there is no *positive* evil; and upon this I take my stand and build my theory, that all so-called evil is necessary to human progress in attaining freedom from such, inasmuch as individuals and nations can see and know *what* and *where* they have to assail, and to find means wherewith to overcome and avoid, so that the principle of good, or *positive good*, may have free course, unencumbered or unimpeded by any obstruction." There was written also, yester-

day afternoon—"There you go, with—'opposition is the life of trade'—'antagonism is necessary for the expansion of the mind by discussions.' And because such sayings are extant, do you consider either opposition or antagonism is necessary, when, after all, they are but action and reaction. Seriously, beware of calling that evil in which you cannot prove any evil to exist. Nothing is evil that does not hurt your soul; and it is as bad to call things evil, wrongly; as to set down things or actions as sins or vices, which are neither, and thereby only increase them." Why do you not take and write down your real objections to our theory? ever remembering our last injunction; for, do you not yourself remember exclaiming at the absurdity of saying it was wrong to encourage young men in learning singing, dancing, and even music? yet, truly enough to many, they have been rendered evils by the condemnation of some self-conceited, but intentionally good persons; and so on through most of what ought to be innocent enjoyments of life. Take our advice, and let them alone. Extract, and encourage all that is good. Be not the first to throw a stone at any man; rather extend to him the hand of love to raise him up; counsel him for good; and, like Jesus, bid him 'Go, sin no more.'" I said, or rather wrote—"A human being dying in childhood or early youth is surely contrary to the design of God, and is pronounced, even by you spirits, to be an evil, and a thing to be lamented—Why is it considered so? Is it not because he has never had the opportunity of learning the lessons to be derived from the experiences of a longer life in this world, surrounded, as he must surely be to a greater or less extent, with things and circumstances disagreeable to the laws of his being? and to encounter, overcome, and cast aside which is his true work and mission; and in executing which he has that proper exercise of his faculties essential to his development. And so those untoward circumstances may be truly called or considered as productive of good; not, certainly, as fruit is produced from the tree or germ, but indirectly, as helping to invigorate, by exercise, the good principles and powers within him, which would not otherwise have been called forth. What sublimer spectacle can be presented for the contemplation of men or angels than a mortal of earth standing firm amid a tempest of the wildest and most ungovernable passions? Such strength and sublimity of character can only have been arrived at through many trials; and after many encounters with evil, so-called; and thus, may be considered a good example of good resulting from evil, a result, too, which could not have been arrived at without the necessary so-called evil to combat and thereby get strength," &c. In answer to this was written—"A noble spectacle! As well might you call the old oak that has braved its hundred storms—both have been riven and torn in the conflict; robbed of their freshness, scathed, seared, hardened, and therefore at last become the immovable being you so much admire. To us

a far nobler spectacle would be either the tree or man so early trained, that their natures could resist the baneful consequences of the storm. It is not strength or stern virtue that guides the frail nautilus amid the shoals and billows, and enables it to live unharmed through the raging storm that has shattered the sails and masts of yon noble vessel. Neither would man require them to guide him were he only obedient to Nature's laws. In Nature herself is all that would be required to impel progress without evil. Of course, if you will persist in calling such things as cold and heat, light and darkness, evil; and wet and drought, &c., &c., evil, then, indeed we must agree with you that such are necessary for progress—earthly life were useless without them. But from mental moral evils we still maintain you can gain no good ultimately, as you will have to wade through much to get rid of every taint the slightest contact with them must leave on your soul—and, as you say, early deaths are no ordering of Nature's laws, man is placed on earth to have his soul expanded by the knowledge of nature and Nature's God, by love, truth, and wisdom; not to be cramped and tainted by evil, physical or moral; the former of which, entailed on man from generation to generation by his own breach of Nature's laws, causes so many to be cut off ere they have the time for learning those necessary acquirements; is a great evil, from which no good results either. We cannot see where evil, even your own in-general-called evil, can possibly aid in any, save equally so-called good."

Wednesday, 15th.—Yesterday was written, in allusion and reply to a remark of mine that—"Although it was no doubt right that if people obeyed the laws of nature and their being, they would progress without evil, and all the better without it; but how, as to fact, do people acquire a knowledge of these laws except by experience, chiefly of their own, and the remainder from the experience of others. There is a saying, 'Pain is the body's keeper;' and in the same sense, mental suffering compels men to examine into the causes, and thereby they find out the laws of their being, and when known can obey, and avoid the same suffering in the future. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted,' said the Psalmist." It was answered to this:—"We want you to understand that the soul can never be purified by those sufferings of the body, the flesh indeed profiteth nothing, it is but the clothing of the soul, which can gain nothing from it—unless it be kept pure, clean, and intact. If your garments are torn and filthy, they but injure your bodies; and even so, a diseased and degraded body but impedes and taints the soul. It is never those who live in rags, filth, and misery, who find out that these are the causes of their sufferings; nor has it ever been the sufferer from any pain or disease who has laboured to find the requisite remedy. So that, it is not self-experience of pain that sends any one to study nature's

laws, or leads them to desist from breaking them. Were sin or evil necessary to progress, *it* would have to be an ever-living principle as well as good, but such it is not; it has its origin in the mortal nature, and must end when the mortal shall have entered on immortality—which it cannot be said to have done, until it becomes purified from all the earthly dross it has become imbued with. The cultivation of true self-love, impelling all to keep their bodies in true purity; enhancing its every beauty, to make it a fitter abode for the immortal spirit; would be your true safeguard from evil. Ever remembering to distinguish between self-love and selfishness. For the latter is the most dangerous and degrading emotion of the tainted soul, leaving it open to be led astray by any other, pandering to the passions. See how the unbridled liberty given to the tongue—uttering nonsense, untruth, and unkindness—impresses them on your own thoughts and soul, as well as on those of others. In fact, every one proceeds from selfishness—so beware, and cast it from you.” I, at this juncture, read out to Miss A. some passages showing that it was the *teachings* of Christ that were of use to the world, and not his death and departure, and the following was written:—“Of course it was *only his teachings* that *could* save the soul. Spirit cannot be saved by matter. Christ’s bodily sufferings he himself never taught could do so. His words were—‘The flesh profiteth nothing, the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.’”

Thursday, 16th.—Yesterday was written, by a spirit who had never before used her hand, and whom Miss A. afterwards knew in trance to be a cousin named Sarah:—“In what shall I practice your hand, dear girl, in complying with your request. I heard you read to-day of some one, attributing the holding obstinately to an opinion, as a fruit of self-love. What a mistaken idea! Self-conceit, arrogancy, would more likely be the acting spirit; unless you had maturely weighed it against all opposing principles, and found it uncontrovertibly necessary and useful to your moral nature. Then alone would self-love have aught to say to your upholding your opinion. I do not find it so difficult to use your hand; so shall soon be able to address Mother, Kitty, and Henry, if you wish it. Oh, I am unspeakably happier than I ever dared hope to be. Would that I had learned more ere I left your sphere, and the instruction of my lovely babe would not have been left to another’s care. You were too impatient last night, or I would have told you more. Oh, never let even your earnestness or disappointment lead you on to impatience; you and our cause lose so much by it. I shall not sign my name until I can write better.” Miss A. then guessed it might be the sister of her cousin Ellen, who had written to her adjuring her to cease all intercourse with the spiritual world; and last night was written *unconsciously*:—“Never mind not knowing my writing. I am too anxious to

open a correspondence with dear friends to deceive you. I am so glad you thought of finding me out. Sarah."

Saturday, 18th.—The night before last Miss A., while in a trance, said as follows:—"Saint Paul always surrounded the Christian faith with curses and fears. Unconsciously he taught all the doctrines and prejudices of the Jewish religion, under which he had been brought up; and he is an example of the prejudices of early education. He had zeal, and earnestness, and learning; but every thing was tainted with his early education. He surrounded every thing with curses. Even the Lord's Supper, intended as a loving memorial of Christ, he surrounded with fears and superstitions. Christ never did anything of this kind. He never made any distinction between his disciples, in his treatment of them. He showed equal love to all, without partiality; and taught them to feel and act towards each other as brothers. Christ never did institute the Lord's Supper as a sacrament, or as a mode of salvation, and as necessary thereto; but only as a memorial of him among his friends and followers; and what more natural and rational than this? All through his life, Christ was never an ascetic. He is often styled 'The man of sorrows!' He was never a man of sorrows, and was ever ready to join in the social circle; and what more natural, in such social disposition; than the Lord's Supper, when seen in the light of such social disposition? And in the saying, 'Do this in remembrance of me;' was it Christ's fault, that men afterwards made it into a superstitious observance, and an act necessary to their salvation? Paul surrounded even this beautiful memorial of Christ's affection with terror. Of course it raised indignation in Paul to see any using it in the way of friendly memorial, as was intended; and not as a sacrament, to partake of which unworthily, was *damnation* in his eyes. Paul covered up the Gospel with terrors; he made all miserable and gloomy; and became himself more and more miserable, and never could fully trust in God's love; his zeal was great, but not according to knowledge. In all ages the ignorant have always been more easily converted to superstition, as well as to religion. Did not Christ always call the ignorant to preach his doctrines, and spread them in the world? Yes; just as Moses was the founder of Judaism, so was Paul the founder of the religion known as Christianity. Both were learned men, but both had bitterness in their hearts. Why are people more ready to go to the teachings of Paul than to the teachings of Christ? Yes, the very people who despise the Jews most, and denounce their crude and barbarous notions; are the very people who have most fully adopted the Jewish religion under another name. Paul was born and bred a Jew, and his religion was Jewish—full of sacrifices and fears. When will people learn to teach the pure doctrines of Christ, and have done with the wretched dogmas of a barbarous

and selfish nation? Christ, God? *Decidedly he was not God.* He never said he was God. Had Christ been God, he would never have left his religion to be disseminated by ignorant fishermen; and to be perverted by Paul, and men like Paul. Christ bade them 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves;' where was their wisdom to come from, ignorant, and unwise, and uneducated as they were? 'Knowledge is power,' and will always swallow up ignorance. What can ignorance do, even if it have the best intentions? What the world has now to do, is to cast away error in every shape, and cleave to the truth wherever obtained. We can teach you nothing new. No purer and more soul-saving doctrines can ever be preached than those taught by Jesus. Hold fast every thing that agrees with them; and any doctrine that disagrees with them, cast it away from you—accept of no teachings under the most saintly sanction, that disagrees with the pure teachings of Christ." There was written after the above, by way as it appeared, of a *resumé* of what was spoken above:—"In his zeal, earnestness, and unselfishness, we would have you imitate St. Paul; but oh, beware of hugging his sophistical and soul-happiness-destroying dogmas, to the detriment of not only your own good, but that of others. Alas! why do you not give our lessons more due weight at once, as you will have to adopt them ere long? Oh, prejudice! were truth to take your stand, what progress it would make! You were, and we saw that you felt grieved, at the idea of our using you as our medium for our expressing our strictures on the Gospel of Saint Paul *versus* the Gospel of Christ. Yet why should you shirk such a world-wide and important investigation? We quite agree with you that he did more by his earnest zeal and active self-sacrifice, than any of the disciples, towards the spread of the Christian religion; but then, with the impetuosity of the self-accusing repentant convert, he went blindly to work; and having been so strictly educated in the Jewish faith, he allowed all his teachings to be tainted with the early prejudices. Hurling anathemas on the devoted heads of all those who did not go the full length of superstition with himself. In fact, as has been only too truly said of him, he surrounded the Christian faith with curses; changing the vital principles from love to fear, with a gloomy spirit of bitterness, which too plainly showed how little of aught else than remorse had entered his soul, ere he entered on his necessary probation—his learning to see his errors, not as in a glass darkly, but as face to face. Now compare his teachings with those of Jesus, *the sent of God*, full of love, joy, peace—whose words were indeed to become the way, the truth, and the life of all those who opened their hearts for their admittance. He was no gloomy ascetic, or man of sorrow; he was ever ready to join in, and encourage the social circle; ever bearing with him the spirit of being about his Father's business. See how his loving nature shone forth in his last supper with his disciples; and what so

natural as his request to them, to remember him as oft as they met thus?—that the remembrance of his teachings and love should strengthen and refresh their souls under the great work before them. Here was no warrant for the superstitious awe with which Saint Paul invested, what he chose to adopt as a soul-saving, or according to his rendering of it, a soul-damning ceremony, more probably—for who dared to hope to be a worthy partaker thereof? And Christ had sent it all round among his assembled disciples, worthy and unworthy as they were. Again, Jesus certainly chose the ignorant fishermen of Galilee as the least prejudiced persons he could find to transmit his doctrines; but he bade them become wise as serpents. But Saint Paul's teaching was that ignorance was the most hopeful state for the reception of religious truth; declaring that all wisdom had to become foolishness—debasement, instead of elevating the soul. On such, certainly, there was all the more opportunity of practising the guile necessary to entrap converts, but not profitable spreaders of the word. Yea, his zeal was great, but not according to true knowledge: for knowledge he had even as Moses, but both tainted their new doctrines, or religions, with their old dogmas. Then we bid you beware. Take every belief you hold and analyze them—bring all to the test of truth—and take nothing on any saintly authority that your reason, cultivated by love to God, love to your fellow-men, and true self-love, does not approve as necessary." In another hand:—"Opportunities ever offer for learning wisdom and truth; seize them eagerly without regard to consequences; which, although they may apparently retard, will eventually do all the more good to your cause."

Tuesday, 21st.—On Sunday afternoon was written, by H. F.:—"Here we are again, come to influence your hand, and without having granted you the foolish promise you required of us. What are you afraid of? If your faith be *true*—founded on reason—why are you afraid of having it sifted and analyzed? Do you not know that, if it be such, it will come forth like genuine gold, doubly purified by the fire; but, on the other hand, if it be error or delusion, oh, hasten to cast it from you, as not only mischievous to yourself, but, through your support and dissemination, likely to be dangerous to others. Wherein consists the use or beauty of any religion, if it be not conducive to happiness? Why, therefore, should you try to uphold the gloomy doctrines of Paul? Would *you*, like him, advocate crushing down the human intellect, casting thence all wisdom and knowledge, to prepare it for the high and noble principles of divine truth; forgetting that, at the same time, you lay it equally open to bad influences—which would be the more likely ones to take possession of it under the circumstances? Why not go gracefully to work? examine and judge for yourself, ere we leave you without one inch to stand on. God has given you light, and rea-

soning powers; why not use them? When you have a truth, we say, hold fast to that which is good; let no sophistries upset it, and we will back you out in doing so. Now you will exclaim, 'another lecture!' Well, and have you not brought this one deservedly on your head? Take it in love, as it is given; and, oh, use it for your own and our sakes." Last night was written the following, evidently addressed to me, who had wished the spirits to write out all that they had been saying through Miss A. in France, for I had not been able to follow fast enough to take it all down, and much of which I had not heard. What! do you really wish a repetition of our lecture, ~~for~~ rather, our animadversions—on her conduct? Well, it may do her some good, so I shall not mind the trouble this once. There is no use mincing matters—she must give up fighting against her convictions. It is only fear that prevents her doing so; fear of taking the final step, makes her draw back from any concessions she has made, with regret; but we must fight her obstinacy inch by inch until it is driven out. What, but her feeling that she has no stronghold, makes her so often long for a strong steady will on which to rest; going back to the old indolent credulity which has so long enslaved the minds of mankind, having all verged in superstition? When, oh when, will she give us a chance of using her intellect? We do not want her as a mechanical drudge; we must have her intellect cleared before we can use it satisfactorily. What a perversion of the noble, beautiful sentiment of faith, to waste it all on mystery! when in reality there is no such thing in nature, as all would soon learn if they would only make the plain unvarnished truth their study. We must repeat our astonishment at finding in her mind such regret at having acknowledged her disbelief in the atonement—*human sacrifice*, to save humanity! Oh, even the old philosophers scorned the idea. Would we could impress on her mind the saying, "Cum sis ipse nocens moritur cui victima pro te," and further, 'Stultitia est morte alterus sperare salutem.' If you will sin, take the consequence, and seek not a victim in your stead; for is it not stupid to expect good from the death of another? Mystery! still people will stick to mystery; everywhere the same. Ignorant curiosity makes man long for the knowledge of evil, like the schoolboy longing to begin smoking because his fellows do so; and then fear of ridicule prevents them giving it up, let them find it even disagreeable; and then people exclaim, 'is it not a mystery why they do so?' She has long since discarded orthodoxy, and we cannot think why she wants to re-adopt it now. Oh, ere we end, you want our definition of prejudice: it is an obstinate and stultified adherence to preconceived opinions or ideas, leaving or giving truth no chance of fair examination."—The above was written by Washington Irving. This afternoon was written:—"Could you really have been so weak as to wish your intellect to be unawakened, or submit it to the word or will of another mortal

like thyself? casting from thee thy reason, the only attribute given thee by God to raise thee above the level of the brute creation? why would God have given it to man were he not to use it? Therefore use, exercise it, as you would your other faculties, as God gave it to you free and unshackled; and then be assured that any revelation presented to you, and incomprehensible; may with safety be cast aside by you as a useless creation, at least as far as you are concerned. Do you pretend to say you worship an incomprehensible Deity? We tell you nay; you may worship the—to your conception—embodiment of goodness, light, truth, wisdom, love; or fear a God of wrath, jealous and unmerciful; but if you attempt to amalgamate these, you are lost in the incomprehensibility, and cease either to fear or worship. Try as you may, you can neither have faith in, nor receive aught without your reason approving. Neglecting to cultivate it will, without doubt, leave you far in the background, and your understanding will become numbed from disease, as your strength would, were you never to use it: but this is not the natural state of man, as his Maker intended him to appear, and truth were an idle term, were there no reason to search for and grasp it." In another hand:—"What is truth? Had it been, as it has been pretended; revealed by the prophets in ancient days; why did Christ not reply to the question, when put to him by Pilate, in the few words that would have been necessary, to have added his (at least to his disciples) important testimony to the fact? and not have left it the open question among all sects and people, as it still remains to the present day. We exhort you to seek with unvarying earnestness for the answer, for yourself; it is a pure, though hidden treasure, well worthy of all sacrifice to obtain."

Wednesday, 22nd.—Last night Miss A. said some things in her trance, among which I caught the following:—"Why will they not be satisfied to let me alone? Driving, *driving*, they will not let me believe in anything. Well, I do not like it: I wish they would give me a cure for my toothache and headaches, and other ailments. Oh, it's so childish and foolish, but I cannot help it. Yes, it would only increase it; the remedy is within. Oh, what's the use of that sort of punishment? Begin, begin at the beginning; you will not be convinced in any other way. Good! of course there's good in the Scriptures; but they are not all good, as is taught; that is the very thing that has made so many atheists in the world—teaching that there must not be a letter, or word doubted, as the actual letter and word of Jehovah. So teach the keepers of the oracles of God! pretty keepers they were and are! Divest your mind of the idea that those passages in the Prophets, and referred to in the New Testament, mean Christ. Isaiah never meant Christ: how often have you heard it said that the devil quoteth passages of Scripture to suit his own purposes; and what else do most Christians do? Every different sect interprets to suit their own views and dogmas. Study

that chapter in Isaiah for yourself: see things as they are, and not as they are represented through sacerdotal spectacles. A little child won't take everything you say to it that it cannot comprehend; it has more sense. Then, that such grossness and immorality should form the basis of morality! In the whole heathen mythology there is not a greater or grosser fable than the birth of the supposed Saviour of mankind. If you deny that, then prove your position by stating anything worse. Far from Christ being God, he was not even a perfect man; and his whole life was tinged with fear. He often showed an imperfect trust in God; many of his disciples were more courageous than he was; did not he teach them that if they were persecuted in one city to flee to another, and shake the dust off their feet against them? No, no; I love and reverence his great fraternal love, his uprightness and self-denial, and other virtues; but I would root out the pernicious and heathenish doctrine that he was God, as most pernicious to mankind. Is there no other name under heaven whereby we can be saved? no other doctrine more reasonable? *Trust in God and fraternal love, is better surely.* Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly, is better. Nay, nay, I do not accuse him of falsehood; how could he be accountable for what his disciples said of him? and you know that every man tries to glorify his leader." At this time Miss A. laughed, and I said, "What are you laughing at?"—"I'm laughing at what she'll say when she hears what she's been made to say; it will go hard with her, but then you ought to have more patience, and not be helping it on. You know it is woman's nature to stick on to some little bit of idolatry. They must have some idol. But it's no use, she must learn to see the utter absurdity of such doctrine; not only the absurdity, but the perniciousness. In fact, they cannot believe in them: it is merely a bad habit, which must be got rid of before any health can be expected. Then they are ever making themselves as miserable as possible—moaning and lamenting, and saying, 'Lord, help us!'—instead of helping themselves. Just once shake off the bond of superstition, and she'll see the beauty, and rejoice in the freedom of being in the truth. Let her take the teachings of Christ, the lowly son of Joseph, the carpenter, with their imperfections. Taught by God!! And those miracles of his, they make so much of them, yet they are nothing at all to those recorded in the old Bible, as to the raising of the dead, even. Christ is said to have fed thousands with a few loaves, &c., but look at the children of Israel fed with food for forty years in the wilderness! If he walked on the waters, the prophet made iron to swim or float. Yes, yes, the human mind always looks for wonders, and this is natural; it was a cunningly devised tale, well suited to the period in which it was written. But we must not go on any more or we may expect great rebellion, and toothaches, headaches, and other disturbances, as the result. She is an obstinate thing; but once convince her, and she'll be just as obstinate in upholding the truth."

Saturday, 25th.—Yesterday afternoon, was written, in a strange hand (the influence commencing with an unpleasant feeling of sickness)—“There never has been a nation on the earth to whom God has not revealed truth; but as no uncultivated mind can receive more than a certain portion; hence it arises that all books of precepts, morality, or religion found among, no matter what people, contain more or less of it, although ever so deeply covered with error. Oh! for the great day, when the veil of darkness shall be removed; and pure, untainted truth shall have its sway. Then men will look to the Bible for truth, in a spirit of earnest enquiry, with a real wish to obtain it—not only proof of the Bible being all inspiration; but for the love of truth, intrinsic truth. As long as your feeling of dislike to having the Bible sifted, and criticised, remains; you are making fit a God, and are no lover of the truth. Have you no faith in what you profess to venerate, that you fear to bring it before the light of your reason, even dark as it is, for lack of cultivation? Do not be so absurdly stupid, holding fast to a broken reed, grasping for safety to shifting rocks whilst good steady ones are so nigh you. Do you want to have your mind battered, as your body once was, ere you turn to the right path? Give in to your work, and our influence will be so much easier to give. We do not wish to influence you through fear; it is only a picture of your own uncertain doubting heart. Cultivate it, cultivate it. Why, oh! why do you not, and quickly?” The following was spoken in her trance:—“Behold the universe! After considering the myriads upon myriads of worlds, and spheres after spheres in existence, all the work of His hands, can I reduce God down to a mere man, after the ignorant imagination of an uncultivated age! And we calling ourselves enlightened beings! Even a bad man can be better than their God. Yes; our religion reduces him down to a weak man, whom we worship as God! How any thinking mind, gazing on His works, could dare to call his own puerile conception, God, and teach men so! Better to believe in no God at all, than in the God of so-called Christianity; such conceptions cramp our reason, and our energies, and everything. Then the blasphemous-conception of God being begotten and crucified!! It's a most blasphemous conception! Were God *indeed* the God represented, He would have struck dead the inventor of such blasphemies. Talk of idolatry. But the poor heathen, whom He affected to despise, never made so little of their gods as to place a man between, and call him a redeemer. What was he to redeem from—from the wrath of God, the wrath of *such* a God as *that*? Why, *they* are no greater atoms in our sight than we are in the sight of God. The real origin of this religion—*so-called* Christian—was the disciples and followers of Christ, mixing up with the real and pure teachings of Christ, the idolatry of the heathens, that they might win their way more smoothly; and thus it went on, and thus they

taught their followers; and at last this pious fraud, which they had used to gain power and riches, came to be believed in as the true religion; and, when at last men came to use their reason—that great gift of God to man—every attempt to shake off the fraud was crushed down, by those who would have lost by its exposure, their wealth and power. But the day is drawing nigh when the whole system will become convulsed and shaken to pieces, as by an earthquake; reason shall resume her sway, and man will learn to know God—the *true God*—and worship Him, and *Him alone*. We, still in the twilight of darkness, can hardly comprehend this vast conception; but once man's intellect commences to throw off the shackles of ignorance and superstition, man will soon go back to the days when they talked familiarly with the angels of light; and there will be, and there can be, nothing to prevent them from soaring away to the farthest regions of light and glory. Oh! if we could only appreciate the being permitted to be the smallest instrument, in gaining a pin-point on the road to such a glorious result—how exultingly will we look back? Yes; who has dared to compare Christ to a moon? Who dared do that? Who said that God placed him between us and Him?—just as the moon is placed between the earth and the sun, causing an eclipse of light. It isn't the moon that is *placed* between the earth and the sun; she only pokes herself in. Oh! I'm so angry at so impious a thing as comparing Christ to the moon, and eclipsing the light of God. I wish such a thing had never been taught."

Sunday, 26th.—Miss A., in trance, spoke to me as from H. F.—“You are to go on speaking much and often to her, until her mind becomes familiarised with the subject. I often cannot communicate with her on account of a thick cloud or atmosphere that gathers round her; the cause of which is her obstinacy and wilfulness, despair and despondency, and discontent, and fears, and hopelessness—each of which by turns comes over her, and raises this thick atmosphere around her. Last night, when she exclaimed that she had nothing to stand upon, in her search for truth, she only gave a true picture of her mind. Ask her, when she rouses up, whom she believes the prophecies about Immanuel to have meant. If she won't tell you, ask her what name she said the other night when she threw her Bible away. Oh! if she would only search the Bible for the truth, as she searches it for doctrines and arguments to maintain her own long-indulged dogmas and superstitions; she would become enlightened by so doing. She is always *repining that she can't act, and be influenced independently; but she does not understand her own nature, nor can we either. Such a mixture of would-be independence, and yet such fearful clinging to something or anything for support. She knows she cannot get on without sympathy, and*

yet she is always daring the breach of it; then comes misery, and darkness, and *whirl, whirl, whirl*, as she says herself." * Then to herself it was written, "You cannot refuse to acknowledge the justice of our condemnation of the Bible-God. You call him a God of truth; yet see what St. Paul says of him—'He sendeth a strong delusion, that they shall believe a lie.' A God of mercy; yet so earnestly wishing man's destruction, that He makes sure of their receiving damning lies; and in this your favorite Paul actually seems to glory. His only apparent work of love to man was His organising such a teacher for them as Christ. Yet in this where is the true love, if His coming be made only another stronger excuse for his inevitable destruction—if he do not blindly accept him as a God as well as his teachings? You exclaim against a Highlander, and think him a bad, vindictive man for bequeathing his revenge to his son—but wherein is he worse than David, the friend of God, the man after God's own heart, who, not satisfied with dealing revenge on all he could, expending prayer after prayer"—*vide* the Psalms—"to God to pour curses on his enemies; charges his son to execute vengeance on the heads of those whom, through policy or fear, he allowed to live, saying, 'See thou let not their hoary heads go to the grave in peace;' and the fulfilment of this charge was supposed to bring extra blessings on that son's reign. In fact, were the Bible to be taken as a true guide; falsehood, treachery, incest, were the real roads to obtain the blessings of God. And this is the God you would continue to worship, and yet fancy you love truth and the welfare of the human race. You cannot cling to the God of the Jews, and the God of Christ—full of love, truth, and mercy.—H." The above from the * was written before the one preceding was spoken; and this afternoon the following, in a strange and indistinct hand—"Great sacrifices to attain small ends, is never Nature's course. So, when you hear of miracles, ask for the results, and from them judge of the truth of the said or so-called miracles; at least, let trifling results make you doubt them sufficiently to make you examine the testimony given. Apply this rule to the Bible miracles, and see how they will stand the test. Ha! ha! Begin at the first chapter of Genesis, read all through the Bible and examine it clearly for yourself, or you will be made write our criticisms, whether you will or not—*mind.*"

Monday, 27th.—To-day, the following was written in the same hand (almost impossible to make out):—"Well, have you digested the creation yet; and which account have you adopted—number one or number two? What think you of Adam looking for a wife among the beasts of the field? Now, which would you have recommended as a *pis aller*? Ha! ha! Mine would have been a deer. What say you to that? You do not like it. Then give

in—why won't you? The making of woman is one of those miracles we spake of—why make such a revolution in Nature's workings for the manufacture of such a bad article as woman? No other spirit shall control your hand until you are more submissive. Seriousness won't go down, so we will now try ridicule, and you may indulge in rage if you please—the more the better. Go on; swear, if you can do nothing else. One thing we will mention, to aid your choice between number one and number two, is, that Christ has adopted the one, and Saint Paul the other. So, *choisissez*, as a 'woman's righter,' you will have boldly to discard the second. Then, where goes your inspiration if one account be false? Where is the certainty of the other? Probability is all you have to stand on? Did you never wonder what sort of a city Cain builded for self and sister wife? We fancy seeing you reading the story, and sagely remarking, 'What a pity there are not a few such men in our days.'

Tuesday, 28th.—“Fiction can never wear the gracefulness of truth; which only requires permission to appear, to show its superiority. For as no fictitious light has ever been found to equal the light of the sun, even so no fiction can ever bear the same unquestionable conviction to the unbiassed mind. So do not fear being misled; if you read and examine with a candid, prayerful spirit, light will be amply accorded to you to secure the good and reject the evil—and, as you progress, how you will be even startlingly convinced of the pernicious tendency of so much of your blindly prized infallible inspiration. We boldly declare it the duty of every true believer in one God to vindicate his faith, and aid in redeeming his God from the blasphemous accusations brought against Him, not only in the Bible, but daily, by the so-called preachers of the word of God—from that of turning poor pampered Adam out of his fairy-like garden, to battle single-handed with briars and thorns, and wild beasts—to his allowing evil spirits to obtain the sole power over the earth, and the precious souls it contains. Therefore hasten to your work. It tarries too long—too long.”

Wednesday, 29th.—This morning I had a letter from Isabella, the latter part of which was in answer to a question of J.'s, written and enclosed in a sealed envelope, which I kept in my possession, and the contents of which were utterly unknown to Miss A. and myself, as follows:—“Had J. and J. taken all the advantage they ought to have done from the instruction they received, she need not now ask the question, to which my answers are—Had they a kind judicious friend with whom to be, it would of course be very nice for them to be under good instruction; but oh, I could never recommend sending any girl to school, while they are conducted under their present system; alas, for the wisdom they would learn from the many! If they must be instructed

by a stranger, let it be under the eyes of their father and his wife. With much anxious care for you all, I remain, dearest G., your own Isabella W.

Thursday, 30th.—Yesterday afternoon was written:—"It requires very great experience, and very great thought, to enable the human mind to discover the truth of a complicated story, passing beneath his very eyes: how much more when it has become matter of history? Therefore, any one giving his opinion on a doubtful account of any event, should beware of the pernicious habit of using vituperous or anathematising expressions against the opposing ones—particularly in the instruction of youth; as nothing so infallibly injures the conscience of the young, as teaching them to dogmatise on any subject; but above all, on any disputes on morality and religion. What years of painful doubt have often thus been entailed on the anxiously enquiring mind. In too many instances, alas, the injury has been an irreparable one, until the mind has shaken off the earthly encumbrance of the body. Even reason can never resume the perfect sway it requires, to gain the true light of inspiration."

Friday, 31st.—Yesterday night a communication was written to Miss A. from Isabella, and I copied it in shorthand, as she had objections to any one else seeing it.*

FEBRUARY—Saturday, 1st.—This afternoon was written:—"Pause calmly, and, letting your reason have its full sway, consider what you would really consider the word of God to be. Should it not be something so immutable, so unchangeable, that to effect the slightest alteration therein, would be an utter impossibility? And then see what you have hitherto received as such: a collection of manuscripts or documents, which, could you even prove to be authentic, must have been altered, and in no slight degree, by being translated from language to language, dialect to dialect. Then remember the progressive changes in the meaning of words, either spoken or written; so that, with the best intentions, the translators might convey a very different meaning from the original; to say nothing of the mistakes which might arise from carelessness or ignorance, or the more pernicious interpolations of designing men—and you will add your convictions to ours, that the pure word of God could never be conveyed to man through the impotent media of writing or preaching. Nay, if we can so seldom convey our sentiments through our more nearly allied media, without taint; think of the presumption of any earthly vessel saying—'And God spake these words;' 'Hearken to the word of the Lord. It hath been well written that the only word of God possessed by

* Shorthand, taught me through the hand of Miss A., by an unsee intelligence, signing himself John Hall.

man, is the creation which he beholds. It is the only true and universal revelation to man—unchangeable, truth-speaking, soul-stirring, elevating—if he will only investigate it with unbiassed reason. How it makes me shudder often to think, how you could so long cling to imputing such blasphemous conceptions, to even your cherished conception of our Great Father. We intended criticising the Bible as you went along; but it is too sad a theme, and one on which so much has been written. Do study some of those works with dispassionate reason, and if you still doubt, come to us—for you must be fully convinced in your own mind, ere we be satisfied with your submission.” Then written in the most cramped hand:—“Do you never think of this poor devil waiting for your improvement to get some good from visiting you? I fear you are too often influenced by selfish wishes for notoriety. I hope I wrong you, but it looks like it.”

Monday, 3rd.—“How can you really reconcile your ideas of the atonement with the love and justice of God, of whom it hath been said—‘Burnt offerings and sacrifices for sins, thou hast not required;’ again, ‘I will have mercy and not sacrifice.’ The Great God and Father of love, truth, mercy, and justice, can, and ever does aid the redemption of his creatures, by his love; placing within their reach the means of getting rid of their ignorance, and thus becoming fit denizens for higher realms; but in any wise, where the justice in sacrificing the innocent for the guilty? Encouraging the committal of a great, nay the greatest of all crimes, to serve the world? Literally doing evil that good may come. There is no consistency in believing that God’s blessings are to be received through sin, such as the inhuman murder of Jesus was. God, who is too just to pardon sin, yet opens the heaven of infinite happiness to us through the awful crime of the Jews! for which they are said to have been punished by the crucifixion of numbers on the very scene of his murder; leaving the Christian world to receive the wages, which they had most assuredly earned, if they were only carrying out the decrees of the infinite wisdom. If God’s law was—my son must be slain—then his murder was no sin; and woe should only have been denounced on those through whom the offence came. But so truly as the evil tree cannot bear good fruit, so truly did the world lose and not gain by the early death of Christ—as it must ever lose by that of any good or great man who has been teaching and working for the good of his fellows. How much better for mankind, had his intellect and wisdom been allowed to become matured by the experience of age. Having come to teach the world the truths he had received from the Father—how much more could he have taught, to aid his followers to avoid error and confusion. Jesus himself declared—‘To this end was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the

truth,' and even, 'I lay down my life for the truth.' Oh, tune your hearts, my friends, to the truth and love, as you see it in his life, in thought, word, and deed. Many have had strength to die for truth or love; but let your aim be to *live* the perfect life of love and truth, through which alone you can attain perfect joy and peace. Never, oh, never, can you love God as he *should be* loved, believing him to be the stern demander of his only son's death, to redeem the world from the effects of eating the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden. It is impossible to do it."

Tuesday, 4th.—Yesterday afternoon, Mr. S. being present, there was nothing written but the number 382; the meaning of which we could not understand. This afternoon Miss A. commenced writing very soon after she sat down, and in the course of a half-hour became conscious of being blind; and in a little asked me for a piece of paper, on which, when I gave it to her, she wrote in large letters—"Copaul," and then underneath it—"Hindu." She then finished writing for H. F. what she had commenced, and then asked me to mesmerise her eyes, which I attempted to do. She almost immediately went off into a trance, and said—"She saw a fine-looking tall old man with white hair, dressed like a bishop, and beside him a foreign-looking blind boy, leaning on a stick—the boy's name was 'Copaul,' and the man's 'Heber.'" She then said that if I commanded the spirit to depart from her eyes, that she would recover her sight. I did this, and then awoke her, and she was all right. H. F. wrote as follows:—"Yes, this is our lesson to you—Christ taught, love God with all your strength, mind, soul, and body—this you cannot do, if you have not taken the due care of them. For God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in purity and truth. And, as nothing pure can come or proceed from impurity, all your aspirations must fall far short, if you have not by all the light and reason vouchsafed you, cultivated the true self-love necessary for your interests on earth, and after death. When you have learned to love yourself as you ought, you will guard yourself from every mental, as truly as from every bodily injury; and to be enabled to do so, you must learn to fully understand all mental and physical laws, and how the smallest disobedience to any of them will most assuredly engender unhappiness. Nature gives you no more right to weaken or crush down any one of your senses, calling it sin; than to sacrifice to it every other sense; and thus degrading your mental and moral powers; and making what was originally given you as good; an evil to yourself, blinding your eyes, and closing your mind against enlightenment. If thus ignorant of true love to self; whereby are you to know how truly to love your neighbour? Hasten to acquire and impart the knowledge which will aid in removing ignorance on this as well as other subjects. Know you not the sure basis of all good and successful government, is keeping

up the balance of power in the state? And so, self-love ought to teach you, should be the case with body and spirit. Many think that the best way to strengthen the mind is by etherialising the body by fasting, and keeping it under a strict guard; but we say this is a sad mistake. If you desire a good healthy mind, you must keep up the full vitality of your body, by food and exercise, as well as rest. Inanition and asceticism are as hurtful to mind and body, as the allowing any one subject to become the whole absorbing thought of the mind; whose powers in reality, require to be invigorated by change, and even occasional excitement, to alter its tone for a time; and it will return with redoubled zest to its first object. All this self-thought may appear more than self-love should require; but it is not so. The first study of man must be self; and if you will think, you will find it is just as great an absurdity to attempt to etherialise the body, as to believe that a spirit could be materialised, or the God of eternity take on himself a body, and come to exist in time. Cultivate self-love; it will cast out before it selfishness, and every other vice, and become the firm basis of love to man, who must have your loving sympathy ere your soul can soar up truly with love to God—its final rest.”

Thursday, 6th.—This afternoon Miss A.’s right hand was drawn forcibly under the table, and held there, and her left hand was made to take the pencil, and the following was written through her left hand:—“Man, before he can become free, must bury his old reverence for antiquity. Let them cast away old fables, old fears of devil and hell, as they would a garment that hath waxen old and moth-eaten. Who, believing in the (we must call them) degrading doctrines founded on the fable of the Garden of Eden, can even dare to hope to have a spirit elevated sufficiently to soar through regions of light and freedom? How cramped all those poor orthodox devils do seem to feel, and how long it takes them to learn, it is no sin to enjoy the freedom of our glorious sphere. Some I see cringe at the entrance to some lovely glowing scene, exclaiming—‘God may be in there, and I am not yet worthy to enter his presence;’ and this is but a small item among the many absurdities their orthodoxy has entailed on them, and thousands of their fellow credulous acceptors of old unauthenticated fables. All laws—whether religious, moral, or social—must be based on the universal laws of nature; and until such a code comes into existence, there can be none that do not work as much against, as for the universal good of mankind. Oh, that men would even now, with the true trusting simplicity of children in their father’s love, look for good, and not continual evil, in all His wonderful dealings with them.”

Saturday, 8th.—Yesterday afternoon was written by W. J. the following Hebrew—[here follows Hebrew characters]:—“Yes,

take this as your motto ; but do not try, and, in thought, word, or deed, make His power or glory less by dividing it with another, let your conception of that other be ever so high. You may boast, but your lack of faith is so great as to be quite disheartening : it is high time you had shaken off your trammels, and been free for our best influences. When are we to look for the fruits of our advice and instructions ? The deep mud, we must say, has been well stirred up, but much of it still requires clearing away before we can pour our thoughts through you as we could really wish. Work, my child, work unceasingly, untiringly ; you will yet rejoice with us." We then waited, hoping for a translation of the Hebrew, and then was written :—" Yes ; if you love and trust God why should you fear or doubt ?" I asked how it was that our nearest friends communicated with us so seldom now compared with strangers, when formerly they used to be the only spirits that communicated. It was written—" Were theirs the best, the purest influence you were capable of receiving, they would do so only too willingly ; but, having assured you of their never-waning love and interest ; they, trusting in your faith, leave you open for at least more experienced influence : still, whenever they feel and know their advice will do good, they will not fail you. You must soar higher than mere love of kindred would permit you to do, were you constantly in communication with only them." Miss A. last night, both before and after she was aroused, showed she was quite *blind, deaf, and dumb*, and I could only get her all right by resorting to the practice of the same formula as was adopted on the fourth of this month, in commanding the spirit to leave her eyes, mouth, and ears. This made her all right ; and then, at Rev. Mr. B.'s request, Miss A. allowed herself to be magnetised to a sleep, and he seemed to be thoroughly convinced of everything that occurred being genuine. From this sleep, also, I had to command the spirit to go out of her eyes, and mouth, and ears. Afterwards, some of us having supposed that the spirit that had apparently possessed her was likely to be an evil spirit, H. F. wrote the following, with great mechanical difficulty :—" You must not think them bad spirits because they leave at your command : they are but undeveloped ones who, seeking for good, enter into her, and have not the power of themselves to leave her, without your adding your will to theirs. Good night." This afternoon was written the following, in a hand that I did not recognise :—" Human nature, vicious as it may seem, is neither base nor hypocritical. These are the effects of misdirected instruction : these, like crime, misery, aye, and even poverty, show but too plainly the rottenness of the system by which they are ruled. Thus, when you see darkness, superstition, and hypocrisy among the best fruits of any taught religion, it proves distinctly there is some vital principle wanting, which would dispel the ignorance of which they are too surely the fruits."

Sunday, 9th.—Last night Miss A. got blind and deaf and dumb

in the trance, and I had a conversation by the fingers with what purported to be the spirit of Copaul; and then I had to aid to get him away, the departure accompanied, as usual, with strange contortions. This forenoon, while she was filling up her journal, she went off into a trance, and was evidently possessed by the same spirit as last night (Copaul). She stood up, and after drawing her finger back and forth over the table, like a blind person reading raised letters, for some minute or so, she went through in pantomime the actions of a person making a speech or preaching, in dumb show, for about half an hour, and then sunk down on the floor, from which I raised her and laid her on the sofa, and aroused her by desiring Copaul to depart, which he did, after the usual contortive movements. She then was made write the following:—“You must in earnest begin to shake off your nervous dislike to being influenced by strangers. The influence will often be very disagreeable to you; but we still say that, with prayers and faith, trust in those whose chief happiness is to do good to others, as we hope for good to aid our still higher progress. All you cannot now understand you will assuredly be made to know ere long. Were you magnetized now it would make influences come easier, as there would be less resistance in mind and body. Awake! shake off quickly your bonds, and show in your mind and heart, the true freedom given by love, to such spirits as Copaul; who was only converted (as it would be called) from one superstition to even a more enslaving one. The fear he ever felt, of unworthiness from unbelief, makes it so hard for him to accept his freedom. Poor doubting heart! aid and cheer him when he is with you, and two good ends will be attained. No doubt from himself you will have his history before he leaves you.”

Monday, 8th.—Last night Miss A., in trance, was wholly occupied by the spirit of Copaul, seeking for good. I spoke to him, and said everything comforting and encouraging to hope that I could—the love of our God, &c. &c., and the dismal errors taught as God’s truth. Copaul seemed pleased when I was speaking; and to-day, about ten o’clock, in a trance, Copaul again took possession of her, and I again talked to him as before, and he left when told—before dinner or immediately after. The following, from H. F. :—“It hath been written, ‘Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord;’ and why should we not do so? What is this religion—ever shifting, ever changing, with every breath of wind and every change of opinion? A faith built on the sand! and such, you cannot deny, is the religion founded on the Bible, and in many minds so inseparable from it that they must stand or fall together. And they are right; for if the assumption that the Bible is the word of an omnipotent God, given to man for his enlightenment and salvation, be correct; what more impious act, than any one daring to use his or her private judgment in trying to find out the meaning of God?

And, as God has not created human beings without mind, they but hasten their own destruction by reading what they cannot accept, without doubts arising in them. Then, we say, leave it as it was for so many ages—a sealed book;—and go learn elsewhere, as best you may, a less dangerous and therefore a truer faith to light and truth. Aye, we say; go build your faith on the unchanged rock of ages, ‘*God and Nature.*’ You have often heard it said that the Bible has stood the test of ages: no investigation, however profound—no criticism, however keen—has been able to overthrow its infallibility; and, from apathy or carelessness, this has been accepted as the truth. But, look now; what says the increased knowledge granted to men by God? What says science in all its branches—hierology, physiology, archæology, ethnology, mineralogy, astronomy—to its infallibility? It is untenable, and unsupported by nature, reason, intuition, and history; therefore cast it from you as the sole basis of your faith. Take it for what it is really worth—the best account that could be given of the conceptions of ignorant, though perhaps well-meaning men, too ignorant to give to the world what they did receive through inspiration, untainted by traditions and prejudices. We ask you not to rest on the infallibility of either Moses, David, Paul, or spirits ever so exalted; but use your reason. God is no respecter of persons; therefore He would never have given religion to one small portion of His people, and excluded the millions. Nay, nay; true religion, like science, must be older than any writings; and as truly as our God is far, far beyond what the best earthly conception of Him can ever be. The farmer does not go back to study agriculture from the ancients; the physician takes not the teachings of Esculapius; all, all look onward, save in matters the most important to mind and soul. Why, in them alone, should the degree of light in one age, become and remain the light of all ages? See the teachings of Jesus and those of Moses: the latter all force and bloodshed, the former all love, mercy, and peace. Still, though it was the expression of a more enlightened age, it was not all unmixed with the darkness of former ages. Say, do you believe that Jesus had to study the prophets? Was not his intuition and knowledge from His Father? and have not you, and we too, the same Father to sustain and inspire His offspring? The Kingdom of Heaven is within you, yea, within the soul of the natural man; and on *this rock build your faith.* Within your soul is the germ of law and spirit—the principle of justice and equity—to show you the way, the truth, and the life, as no writings can ever do. Cultivate and nourish them, and then you will have a religion that will stand unshaken and immovable when ages upon ages have rolled by, with their tempests and battles, sweeping empires, kingdoms, generations after generations before them: and if God had not implanted thus the elements—the essences—of true religion in the minds of men, He would in truth have been a respecter of persons, partial in His dealings with men; proving the Gospel itself to be a

useless fallacy. Then remember, that in the lamp may be all the ingredients necessary to give light and heat, but it awaits the match to ignite it. And so with the human organisation: even the lamp can be rendered useless by the encrustation of months of dust, requiring a skilful hand to remove; as well, *man* wants the encrustations of ages to be removed from *his* soul before the light of love can penetrate, to illuminate it." Then, in the afternoon, in an unknown hand, the following:—"If you have a jewel of great price, you would think no casket too pure, too bright, too lovely to hold it; and have you not your soul, the most precious gift—the pearl of great price; and why should you think any time spent in the improvement and adorning of its casket—mentally and physically—spent in vain. Study everything; learn all you can; do not keep thinking this is wrong, or that is nasty; shun nothing, the knowledge of which can make you of the least use to one of those who share with you the love of God; educate your heart and mind, that you may, with a true firm confidence, speak the truth, and be a guide to others. Never profess a belief for which you are not prepared to answer boldly before all men; and let all be surely founded on light and reason."

Tuesday, 11th.—Last night, Miss A. was again possessed by Copaul, and he desired me by signs to speak to him again, and to speak much. I did, and put before him as well as I could, the love of God to man, as being the great truth for enlightening and elevating man. I found out that he had not forgiven some one; and I then enforced upon him the necessity of doing so from his heart, before he could advance into the light and society of bright spirits. He said (by the fingers) that the good spirits had come to him, but he thought them demons, and had shunned them too long; and to tell Miss A. not to do so also. Afternoon.—Miss A., after reading, became deaf and dumb, and then went off into a trance; but I could not get her to give any signs of her noticing me, so I commanded the spirit to go out of her, which it did, after throwing her down, and violently struggling.

Wednesday, 12th.—Last night, E. A., in trance, was taken possession of by Copaul, and I had some more talk to him about casting away fear, and looking up to God, the universal Father, whose mercy endureth for ever. He said, on his fingers—"Not good enough." I told him he could not make one single step towards *good* until he came to God; that he must come just as he was; and that as a branch can bear no fruit of itself, while separate from the vine or tree, so neither could he, or I, or any one, do any good thing separate from God—the source, root, basis, of all advancement in good, &c., &c. There was written before her trance, but not seen by me until afterwards, in a schoolboy hand—"Give hope, give hope. Light, light." And then,

during the night, by H. F., the following:—"Do not for one moment imagine we want you to discard the Bible as fallacious. Nay, we would rather say, search the Bible; for in it, amid all its errors, are to be found the most elevating precepts and truest guides for your lives. But what we do condemn is, the superstitious veneration with which it has been, nay, still is, regarded by thousands who do not even profess to understand it—making it, instead of an aid in enlightening mankind, the most serious obstacle to his mental and spiritual improvement—shutting out the older, the wider, the nobler Scripture, written by God Himself on the face of nature, demonstrating His existence and benevolence, His omnipotence and omnipresence, open for the perusal of every nation and language; from it alone, hitherto, could men turn for the analogy to prove the immortality of the soul; and, aided by reason, it fully displays the doctrine of endless progression. And what more likely to harmonise the soul and inspire virtue, than the perusal of its glorious pages—whether it be the broad expanse of the universe, the *minutiae* of the insect world, or the laws that govern your own existence? Still, we tell you it is your duty to study and practise all that is good and purifying in the Bible; but weary not your soul, trying to force your reason to accept anything which accords not with it, and the revelation of God in nature. Good night." With reference to Copaul, who meets Miss A. every day, there was written in a strange hand—"Weary not in aiding your brother; put your heart to his, and remember that he is claiming your aid along the path you too wish to travel—to light and happiness."

Thursday, 13th.—Last night Miss A., in trance, was again visited by Copaul—who seemed to indulge in more hope than at first—signified that he had forgiven every one, and bore no ill-will to any, and that the light, he thought, was beginning to break in upon him. Afternoon.—Miss A. went off into a trance, and had a vision of two splendid men wrestling—one a tall, strong, Jewish-looking man, with fine muscular arms, &c.; the other, a fine-looking, fair-haired man; and they kept wrestling. She seemed to fancy that this sight was to impress upon her the absurdity of the story of God wrestling with Jacob. She said the God of Moses and of Abraham was not the God she worshipped—that her God was the God of Christ, and she prayed that she might hear His still small voice, &c. When awake, she was made write the following, from her friend S. C.:—"My dear Girl, You must write to mother. I want to influence you to give a message to K.; she is not strong, and she will soon learn to prize communion with loved ones." And then, as if in allusion to what we had been talking about—"Nay, let not thy tongue utter one doctrine contrary to thy convictions. People's minds must be even startled into thinking and examining for themselves,

if their hearts cannot be opened by gentle means. So be brave; fear no reproaches, or you are not worthy of being allowed to be an instrument for good to others.—S. C.”

Friday, 14th.—Last night L. A., in trance, was taken possession of by Copaul, who said he felt much better; had begun to hope; and that, if I would have a little patience, he would get on. He thanked me for what I had said and taught him. I prayed with him. He asked me to pray that his ears may be opened and his tongue loosened, which I did; and he afterwards left the medium himself without my help; but the struggle was longer. I left her asleep for half-an-hour, at her request.

Wednesday, 19th.—We went to Yarrara on Friday, and staid three nights. Miss A. was each night visited by Copaul; but Mrs. A. not seeming to like it, he was allowed to stay just long enough to say a few words the last two nights. I talked as usual to him; and he seems slowly to be getting out of his darkness and hopelessness; he is more cheerful. Miss A. was, last night, continually in a state of agitation, as if afraid of bad spirits taking possession of her. I thought it was Copaul, but he informed me that “it was not *her* they wanted. Why has she not more faith? She has not half enough faith in God.” Copaul prayed for faith for us both. Then the following, in the very cramped and illegible hand which has written twice before, with intimation of waiting for Miss A.’s improvement, to get improved himself:—“Rites and ceremonies are necessary for the unbelievers, to aid them in keeping up the decent forms of life, but are as surely only clogs to those who have arrived at the light and truth. This much have I learned. I would almost shun them as a pestilence were I you. Any ray of light and truth entering your soul I feel as a ray of light in mine. Of your present sufferings, the cause comes through a long vista, since this day last year. Try and remember. It is a lesson, perhaps severe, but in love.”

Thursday 20th.—Yesterday afternoon Miss A. went off into an unpleasant trance, as has been the case several afternoons lately. She threw a shelf of books down, and afterwards, in the dark, wrote in the same cramped and illegible hand as the above, “Oh, that third chapter of Matthew, how we used to tremble when it was being read! I cannot think how you loved that book so long; to me it was ever a dark shadow on my path. Whenever happiness tried to shine on my soul, came those words—‘Flee from the wrath to come’ hissing on my ears, and I was powerless. Woe, terror, desolation took possession of me, ‘a fearful looking for of judgment,’ ‘the worm that never dies’ came crawling through my vitals; the words of love from a frowning, dark, terrible, vengeance denouncing God or Saviour, was but mockery. We were told to

search the Scriptures for eternal life; and then came thundering 'He that *believeth* shall be saved, and he that *believeth not* shall be damned!' to paralyse any attempt at doing so. I never dared to venture. I only listened, and tried to believe; but it was a mill-stone hanging round my neck. And *you* thought me so good, while struggles (you would have called blasphemous) were curdling the life-blood in my heart. Oh! Lizzie, hasten; and having thrown your trammels from you, teach others that any religion that impedes freedom of thought, mental development, or your progress in happiness, cannot be the one designed for you by your heavenly Father—who, in truth, willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live, becoming useful to his brothers, and fitting himself for peace and happiness. Sacrificing yourself in secret is not what the world wants. At your age, what need you care for misrepresentation, while you are used to convince the few. Study, and prepare to instruct the many, to declare boldly that it is not expiation humanity requires, but reformation. Justice requires that the offender shall suffer, and wholesomely expiate his own faults; and happy he who thence learns wisdom. Learn to take part in every discussion, that you may maintain your faith with calmness, yet decision—having in your own mind a deep conviction of what is the true faith necessary for human salvation. Instead of degrading young minds, by teaching them their natures are all bad; excite in them purity of heart, and noble efforts to develop their talents, by the assurance that God makes and created all things good, leaving room for development and natural progress to perfection. To Him and His holy ministers be the thanks that I have been allowed to learn and impart to you these words of exhortation. You, too, have done me so much good by adopting the words of truth in your heart, and not shunning confession of having done so. Soon you will be able to turn with trustful love to your and our God and Father, and accept in their true and beautiful light; the teachings, pure and unadulterated, of our loving Brother and great example, Jesus—the first-born of the gospel of love." This evening, after being in a trance, H. F. wrote the following, through L. A.:—"The great duty of all is to purify and enlarge their souls; and by thus rendering them more and more perfect, enable them to approach nearer to God. One great means of doing so is to cultivate the true spirit of love towards those who form your social circle, binding them together in the bonds of love and happiness, fitting your own heart, as well as theirs, to receive the love divine. The better you learn to love those around you, the better you will learn to love your God; and in learning to know and love your God, you will gain the power of warming the icy coldness of unbelief, kindling in its stead warmth of love towards Him who is all love, not only to those who love Him, but to those who know Him not. Who can fathom the

boundless extent, the intensity of His love, spreading over the myriad millions of His creatures, and equally to each individual? Such is your God; and to approach Him, your hearts must be full of gratitude, joy, adoration—aye, the fulness of true happiness, elevating them above all the petty cares, jealousies, uneasinesses of everyday life. Be assured the laws of your nature are God's laws; therefore every faculty of your minds, every affection of your hearts, should be used, strengthened, developed. He has given you the noble light of intellect—use it, then, to illumine your life-path to happiness. He has given you the blessed power of love—let it be your guiding star, till it leads you to rest in Him; hallow every gift of mind and body by its use to His glory, therein comprehending the happiness of your companions. This and no blind idolatrous faith will gain you heaven. Cultivate your faith in God, all-powerful, all-wise, and He will enable you to attain the power, the wisdom to know and obey His earthly laws, and thus progress in the knowledge through which you must travel towards perfection on earth, to hasten your attainment of it in eternity. Such is your duty.”

Friday, 21st.—Copaul again visited us last night, and I had some conversation with him about the infinite justice of God, and tried to show him that his being blind and afflicted was no sign of God's not loving him; and I spoke about the inadequate conception men had of God's laws; and that punishment, so-called, was the natural result of broken laws of Nature, either by the individual, or those before him or around him. This afternoon H. F. wrote the following:—“Now, now, be calm, or we cannot write—even though discordant or impatient words may pierce your very soul, still down, down, with the feelings that will keep your eyes and ears closed. With your wish we thus will comply, and aid you in showing, not only that man should use his reason; but the culpability of his not doing so. Why should man have been given reason, were he not to use it? God creates nothing in vain; which would have been the case, were reason to be pronounced a useless faculty. He has likewise given man instincts in common with the bird, the bee, and the brute creation, which it has been one of the great errors of so-called religion to discard or repress, instead of studying them, aye reverently; as the gift of their Creator in His wisdom. It is the neglect of this native and inherent impulse; man's warring against his true nature; that so often makes him the anomalous being he is. Those who would crush his reason, take from him his great power of judging, and cultivating the influences of his instincts, as well as of his higher (falsely called better) nature. And why should there be any unlawfulness in using your reason in matters relating, to the welfare of your soul, and to its Creator? What can you know of either unless your reason directs you to accept the good, and reject the evil? Sup-

posing every word of the Bible to be the truest, highest inspiration; how could you have faith in it, did not your reason imagine it good to do so, and evil to disbelieve it? What did God give you reason for? See what your Bible itself answers—'Search the Scriptures,' &c. These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, for they searched the Scriptures daily to learn the truth of what they were taught. Again, 'Try the spirits;' and see how it tells you, God punished the prophet who blindly accepted the words of another prophet. In fact, the whole book is full of such warnings against credulity. Fear not, God has given you your reason—implanted his holy image in the soul of every being; oh, mar it not by false sophistries. He has given it to you for the very purpose of discerning them, and distinguishing between good and evil; therefore you cannot be bound to accept, as his word or work, anything it pronounces as inconsistent with itself. Cultivate your reason—call it intellect if you will—it will elevate your soul, and give you true faith in God; and you can then fully trust his infinite wisdom, which will never allow the faithful enquiring heart to accept the evil for the good. Reason dispels superstition, and will allow the true light to shine on your soul. As you strengthen your reason, the more quickly will truth enter your soul, of which it is the eye and the ear. You might just as soon expect the blind man to admire a beautiful landscape, or the deaf man to be delighted with melody, as to expect the man with an uneducated reason to feel or appreciate the beauty or excellence of truth. With his lips he may confess a truth, but it is all coldness in his heart. He may even act the hypocrite; but if he can do so for more than a time, it will engender a spirit of bitterness in his soul, unable to let it take root and spread its vital warmth through his actions. Why, oh, why not remember God is the God of light and truth—the God of reason and order—and never does or can require mankind to crush or misuse any of the faculties it has been his good pleasure to give them, even to support his supposed cause."

Wednesday, 26th.—On Saturday night—Copaul slowly beginning to hope and be more cheerful. On Monday night I conversed with Copaul respecting what I had formerly said about God's love, and love to our fellows, being the way to peace and happiness. Copaul told me that a lady named "June" sent him to me, and this lady being acquainted with my father used to visit Copaul's grandmother—I feel certain that my mother's half-sister was familiarly known by the name of "June." Last night (Tuesday) Copaul again visited us, and asked me what I thought of Jesus. I declared to him fully all my convictions on this head, and pronounced the popular doctrine of the atonement an absurdity and a blasphemy, and told him also why people generally did not teach and speak as I did. Miss A., in six different hands, wrote the following, after remarking, "I wonder if the spirits have deserted

us?" "We are not all gone, so beware, brave us not." "Halt not; but if you must speak, let it be words that will profit us and yourself." "Ah, oui, pensez à moi pauvre Jacobin et souvenez vous que nous vous attendions." "Falter, and you are lost; on, on; fear nothing; everything you learn is knowledge." "With mildness and gentleness acquire more steady determination." "I too am watching near you, Lizzie, so teach instead of grumbling." Then by H. F.—"Are you satisfied you are not deserted? Have patience. 'Moses gave you the law, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' Here Christ's sanction to the divine inspiration is not claimed for that law; neither when Christ says—'It is written in your law' does he confirm it as being the law of God. His teachings were the essence of the law, casting away the earthly dross as distinctly as he could; and let such be your course. Take, extract from all, what will tend to elevate your heart and mind, as well as those of others; but let not one drop of aught that has a downward or earthly tendency enter your teachings. Man wants raising out of the dust; let your standard be the highest, the noblest. Give every one their work to do, in adorning the social circle with love and happiness; no one is too humble, too lowly to act their part. Why do you hesitate? You must write, you must speak the truth. Arouse the sleepers, they have their work to do; time flies and they will have hard running to regain their proper place in the race, if they wish not to have their portion with the sluggard." In continuation of the above by H. F., he wrote the following:—"Bid them, in the words of Christ, 'Walk in the light while they have the light, lest the darkness come upon them;' and then it will be groping, toiling, struggling, aye, too often hopelessly. Think of the days, the years, you are letting slip by, without one grain of fruit to lay up in your treasure-house. Let your regret be lively, and spur you on to work; bathing your souls in the cooling streams of contrition and repentance, thereby cleansing and invigorating them. How few can realise that every wasted moment involves the loss of two more—one to shake off its effects, and the second to take the step in progress they had lost; and such is the reason that spirits, even with their clearer light, find progression so comparatively slow. Would that our warning would sink deep into the hearts of all who read this. Above all, feel the importance of fitting yourself to do good to others; it will all revert in more and more good to yourselves. Gratefully do I acknowledge the good obtained by me, since employed to influence you, and to endeavour to instruct you and those around you. Believe, the hour will yet come when, with joy unspeakable, you will rejoice if your mission raises one soul from darkness to light. You felt truly to-day, that you had failed in your duty; you have let two months go by, in which you might have sown the seed. Procrastinate! procrastinate! 'Why ever leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day,' is a motto so seldom properly carried out.

Indeed! and what do you call 'shaking off,' as you call it, our influence for days, and evenings too, if you could; and letting your lips utter wishes often so foreign to your heart and nature, where, foolish as you are, they fortunately do not enter." Then in an unknown hand, the following:—"How that true saying of 'Seek the kingdom of heaven first, and then all good things shall be added unto you' has been perverted by man! Little do they remember or think in what the kingdom of heaven consists; and instead of its being a future state, it ought to be the ever-present one with all. When man will have learned this, and act on it—cultivating love, truth, wisdom, and knowledge—bringing peace, joy, thanksgiving in their wake; will not every blessing earth contains soon be his? Instead of this, men are taught that the road to heaven is sacrifice, mortifications, scourgings, scarifyings, to keep the flesh and its instincts under; and then they, or rather others, wonder that on such good men all blessings do not fall like dew-drops. Godliness is great gain when it teaches a man—instead of sitting down and saying, 'God help me to see His hand in my affliction,' when any mischance happens to him—to *go cheerfully, trustfully* to work, to *remedy* the *mischief* which has occurred, with full assurance that God's aid and blessing will attend his exertions. The more he works with faith in his heart, the greater aid and blessing will he obtain." Last night, Miss A. not having come at her usual time, was taken possession of by a spirit she did not like, and I sent him away, or at least he went away when I desired him, and Copaul came. I talked to him, and encouraged him as much as lay in my power. He told me he had not met his mother, that she was too good and high for him to see. Said 'June' went to visit his grandmother's cottage, outside of Calcutta. He said my father never visited their cottage, that *he* was too grand to visit there. Said that they told him there was an affinity between him and myself, and therefore he was sent to me."

Friday, 28th.—Last afternoon, the following from H. F.:—"Well, and do you understand the meaning of affinity? If you do not, as we suspect, we wish you would study it, and be warned thereby thoroughly, before you have to act independently. You will learn the necessity of striving earnestly to overcome anything not only bad, but even wayward, in your disposition; cultivating your mind to its fullest extent; and thus, through affinity, enabling you to be influenced by more highly developed spirits. Why should you stay grovelling near the earth, when you can so easily soar higher? Still, fear not; bad spirits cannot come to you uninvited. Why do you not shake off the Christian, or rather the unchristian belief, that your God is so impotent that he will allow His work to be interrupted by any antagonistic power—call it devil, or even as you like. If you let a shadow of such a shameful idea remain in your heart, how can you have a saving trust in such a

God? It will paralyse your best efforts. We wonder how good, sensible, rational beings, can hold on to such (to their God) degrading belief: and yet continue to pray, and teach others to pray, devoutly and confidently to one whom they suppose unable to stem the power of the evil one; why, they had better follow the example of the Indian, and letting God alone, serve the devil, or the powers that be; and use their powers to propitiate him who has evidently to them, the chief control of their (at least) earthly career. Oh, the absurdity of believing, as they do, that evil spirits are immortal, and so powerful that they can communicate with men; and that good ones, either no longer exist, or are like their God--impotent. Strive, fight against this horrid doctrine, it is degrading to our God, and makes us even tremble with indignation." Last night, Copaul much calmer, and more hopeful. Talked to him as well as I was able of the assurance of the love of God being the way, the truth, and the life; that they who do not know this unchangeable, un-failing love of God, are *unhappy*, and cannot advance; and all who do advance and are happy, only *do* so, and do so because of, and in proportion to, their assurance and trust in, this greatest of all saving truths.

Saturday, 29th.—In the afternoon yesterday Miss A.'s hand wrote the following, from H. F., in continuation of the last communication:—"Still we know that such must unavoidably be the creed of every one who takes the Bible as his standard of belief; for it is but the history of one continual struggle between God and the devil, from the first to the last, making the devil successful in every case. Even men are made to prevail against God, except in those cases where the acts and commands imputed to God are as wicked, vindictive—aye, devilish—as any SATAN himself could accomplish. In fact the whole fable; were it true; we would have to come to the conclusion that God found the devil getting a little too troublesome among the angels; and so created the world, and peopled it as quickly as possible, as a new field for His enemy's energies to be expended on; and every now and then raising up a few obstacles to make—or rather to give—a fresh zest to his pursuit; each attempt made to preserve the poor victims, only ending in a regular battle for the devil and his imps. At last even God himself comes down and tries His power; and although for a short space of time able to resist the temptations of the devil, who tries to bribe Him with His own creation; he cannot prevent him entering into one of his very disciples; and, being betrayed into the hands of his servants; gets sent out of the world in the most disgraceful manner they could use. His very appearance among them and withdrawal only adding to the devil's power. Well, are we not right in calling such a God *impotent*? But, thanks be to our eternal, universal, omnipotent Father, the whole is a monstrous fable, taken as a true history by man. The earth, as well as the whole universe, being governed by immut-

able laws ; man came into existence as good as he could be created out of the material from which he came ; and God has bestowed on him reason and intelligence, whereby he can elevate himself, and progress on, on, in happiness and glory ; and the only devils he has to contend against, have been engendered in himself by his carelessness in using the light given to him—all turning on the pivot of selfishness—to which you can trace every falling away in social duties, every crime, even every grain or shadow of unhappiness. Do you wonder, then, at our oft-repeated injunctions and exhortations to our dearly loved ones on earth, as well as here ; to drive it from their hearts—from their very marrow—as their greatest bane ; the great ever-rankling thorn in their flesh ; and in the true Christ-like principle ; ever do good to all, love your very enemies, those that despitefully use you or speak evil of you ; melting their hearts, if possible, by gentle loving words and acts, ever remembering they are your brothers and sisters in the love of your God and Father ; in whose eyes none are too base, too ignorant to be the objects of His anxious wish that they should acquire the knowledge necessary for their happiness in time and for eternity." Last night Copaul came as usual, and I conversed with him ; went over again, at his request, much that I had frequently said already to him ; he gradually gets more and more to understand what I have taught him. He said he had companions ; and they reasoned with each other about what I had been saying to him, which I was glad to hear, because it will accustom Copaul and the others to the new things they have so suddenly heard. He said that his companions said that God would yet send them to *hell* after the day of judgment. I told him that there was no such thing as a day of judgment in the *future* ; that every day of our life, and every moment was a day, and the only day of judgment, and moment of judgment ; that, according as we do good or evil, we are at that time judged according to our deeds : in other words, our conscience is our only judge, and to it alone are we responsible ; and if we judge ourselves, and act according to our conscience and its judgments ; there will not and cannot be any other judgment day. That moment our conscience pronounces sentence, the moment of judgment is past.

MARCH.—Monday, 2nd.—I was at Yarrara last night, and according to agreement with Copaul, when the Yarrara clock pointed to twenty-three minutes past ten p.m. (F. A. having told me it was forty-five minutes faster than Walwa time), I went out to the gate and *will'd*, and in *words* desired Copaul to go away from L. A., exactly as if I had been present, and then desired her—L. A.,—to awake ; and to-day, on my return home, I found that she had awoke coincidentally with my desire. Yesterday afternoon the following, by H. F. :—" Yes, let us use your hand in any way we like, to get complete control over it ; and then, more of us can write through you in their different styles ; so few can do it satisfactorily as yet.

No, no, I am no drawer, never even attempted it." (This was in reference to a very well executed pencil drawing of an apparently eastern scene of superabundantly luxuriant vegetation, and oriental looking plants.) "Be true to your position, and fear not to face the judgment of misguided and time-serving mortals. Continue earnestly to devote your life with unflinching earnestness to the best interests of your race, following your intuitions; be assured that you alone can open up all the nobler capacities of the natures of those who have been smothered by ignorance and human servility. Could you but picture to yourself the bright rewarding future it is within your power to win, your courage would never flag. Your future is comprised within yourself; the same as your present is the outgrowth of the past, so must your future be of the present; so cultivate and ennoble your nature, and you will become identical with us, who have had to pursue and acquire the light presented to you now, with efforts and researches; with a gradual, but far slower progress. How erroneously have men supposed that death metamorphoses them from a worm of the dust to an almost God, with full knowledge of everything. Nay, nay, believe us, we enter here, intrinsically the same we leave the earth—principles, ideas, aspirations, and hopes, just the same; and have to work on to extend our knowledge and improve our faculties; with still restricted powers, although with keener perceptions, and a larger scope for their exercise and enjoyment, still analogous to our late sphere. You have to prepare your platform for your future progress, by working out your temporal advantages, using thereto mind, brain, muscle. Earth is your school, why not make the most of it while you may? We do all in our power to encourage—nay, induce—your steady application to all your temporary duties; but we cannot overturn the established relations and duties of your present life, by extemporising all the wisdom and knowledge you so often demand. We cannot induct you by short cuts into the arcana of spiritual and physical wisdom; all must be gradual progression with *you* as well as with *ourselves*. But oh, let none procrastinate, as idle schoolboys despising their earthly discipline, neglecting its truest teachings, which would enable them to turn their present opportunities to the greatest possible good; or they will find they cannot progress one inch in their next sphere, until they have redeemed the past by learning all they had refused to master and apply, in their present one."

Tuesday, 3rd.—Last night Copaul said that the only thing his companions did not receive was "that there was no *hell*." I endeavored to explain to him the impossibility of such being a fact, if God is, as we believe, infinitely *loving* and *just* and *powerful*; and also the blasphemy of attributing to God that diabolical vengeance, involved in the sending a single creature to endless suffering, without hope of improvement or restoration.

Copaul seemed to understand, and promised to reason with his companions about it. He told me to tell Miss A. to beware of obstinacy, and to make use of her time in this world, or she would bitterly regret her waywardness and folly. Copaul is much happier, but progresses slowly. This morning Miss A. told me that she was reading in bed, with one of the children's chairs at the head of her bed, on which was placed the candle which she was reading by. While thus reading, she felt a strong uneasiness come over her, and she got up and placed the candle in the grate, and returned to bed to sleep. She immediately heard the children's high chair move away from her bedhead, and on opening her eyes she found the candle put out, and heard the clock strike *one*. After some time she distinctly felt a hand placed on her forehead, and she asked, without opening her eyes, "Is it I. W.?" and the hand was immediately withdrawn, but she was conscious of a figure standing at her bedside. On the clock striking *two* the hand was again placed on her forehead, and again she asked, "Is it I. W.?" Immediately on this, the pillow was drawn away from under her head, and was placed against Grandie's cot, instead of falling on the floor. She could not speak, and waited some time in suspense as to what would occur next. After a time she felt two arms reaching over her, and trying apparently, by catching the bedstead, to overturn it, but instead of doing this, only moved the bedstead some distance from the wall. Then all her bedclothes were pulled off her, which, giving her an inclination to laugh, diminished her nervous fears; and in the dark, as it was, she seized hold of the blanket and wrapped herself up in it, and managed to exclaim, "In the name of God what do you want me to do?" A voice answered, "*Feed the hungry.*" "How?" "*Watch and work.*" "But how am I to work?" "*Why are you procrastinating?*" "What am I procrastinating?" "*Your letters, which should have been answered immediately; do not let them lie any longer.*" "Is there any use my writing these letters?" "*Do your duty; leave the issue to God, whose hand is in everything.*" "Will not my friends at home be hardened (by late events in favor of Roman Catholicism) against Spiritualism, hating Roman Catholicism as they do?" "*Is that your affair? Open your eyes, and try if you can recognise me.*" She opened her eyes, and it only seemed to her that the same figure that she saw the evening before in the bedroom was before her, which she was unable to recognise. "Did you ever influence my hand to write?" "*Yes; and I was present both last night and the night before, while you were possessed by your pet spirit.*"* "Give me some proof of this." "*Ash your M— why he did not let you spirit answer his question about mediumistic powers, thereby encouraging him in his impatience.*" "Had you anything to do with my being so hysterical when I aroused?" "*That question was*

* Copaul is meant.

also asked by Mr. W., and answered. "Tell me who you are?" "I will come again, and then you will recognise me *if you are not so frightened.*" The apparition then disappeared, and I heard no more, although I lay awake until four o'clock. When I awoke in the morning I found both my doors opened, and the bolts out; the sheet that had been pulled off my bed was hanging on the clothes-horse, the counterpane on the floor, and the child's chair had been moved to the end of Grandie's cot.

Wednesday, 4th.—Yesterday afternoon the following, by the same hand, who wrote of his sufferings, from believing in the creed of so-called Christianity:—"But there are, my dear girl, bad spirits, who would only too willingly drag others into their own sphere. I would warn you against the security that has proved fatal to so many—equally sincere, and even far better mediums;—this is why we want you to study the laws of affinity until you have a full saving comprehension of them, and you will then find how much lies in your own power to avoid the influence of what you may, in charity, call unprogressed spirits, but who are, in very truth, bad; having as yet no light vouchsafed to them. They cannot rise from their earth atmosphere; and are only too ready to seize every chance left open to them to carry on their old game of winning others into their company; and why should you wonder at this? Is it not the nature of all things and beings to have like consort with like? 'Tis most decidedly true that souls do not lose their identity on leaving the earth. 'As a man soweth so shall he reap.' Oh, the unspeakable misery we endure when first awakening to a sense of our wants. Blessed are these, who have been aroused to the feeling while yet on earth: hence the curse of sudden death, and the intuitions, which cause the petitions to be delivered from it; are genuinely good. Never, in your teachings, try to make man believe he is unaccountable for his actions; it is only giving him the innocence of the brute. Do not, however, condemn any; but exhort and aid, as best it lies in your power, your weak brothers and sisters to resist, evil and to progress in true knowledge. The age of universal mediumship has not come yet; but many more could be developed, did the spirit of doing good enter more fully into the education of youth. They would diligently seek to fit themselves for spiritual influx, to aid them in their daily avocations; shedding such a balm around them—acting like leaven—to bring all into such harmony, that all would feel themselves so filled with the true spirit influence—bringing life and immortality in its train—that soul would minister to soul, spirit to spirit: all separations, all sorrows, would be done away. No more now; remember, I shall fulfil my promise." Last night Copaul desired me to speak, but I insisted on his asking me questions, that I might have some knowledge of the points on which he wished to be enlightened, and also of the degree of progress he had made under my teachings. He said that

he understood, and was continually thinking of what I had told him, but felt *cold* sometimes. I told him that the way to get warmer, and increase in heat and light, was to impart whatever light and warmth he had to others who were more in want of them than himself; to keep working constantly in this direction with a sincere love and desire to do good, and to raise lower spirits up to his plane; that he should patiently advance, and not weary; that nothing permanently good was gained by jumps. When Copaul left, a spirit calling himself Robert—a friend of Miss A.'s—spoke a little through her: said his death took place in the end of May, 1865, and to write to N.K., who knew the exact date. Miss A. says it is Robert Taaffe, a Roman Catholic priest, whom she esteemed highly when a girl. The following by him:—"Badly as I write, let me say one word ere I leave you for a time. When you are attacked for the teachings of the spirits; why do you not boldly bid your opponents compare the writings given through your own hand, with the '*namby-pamby*' teachings of the generality of your orthodox preachers; and say which are most calculated to do good? See the empty hollowness, the senseless formality—if not debasing inert servility—on the one hand, while their followers exhibit a recklessness, carelessness, indifference, selfishness, leaving them neither by temper, habits, nor by moral perceptions, distinguishable from those they mockingly call infidels: in fact, showing such a turpitude of all spiritual vitality, that must convince any earnest truthseeker of a supreme want, hitherto so difficult to find. And now, view the other side: the pure, the elevating, heart-stirring doctrines, which *they* impiously try to father on the prince of darkness, who roams the world, seeking whom he may devour; proving that he cannot be as demoralising as they describe him, while he thus enforces the spirit of love, truth, and wisdom, charity, brotherly love, forbearance to one another, love to one another, respectful love to the memory of your elder brother in saving truth, and above all to your and our great Creator and Father; proclaiming and establishing a theology easily understood by all; an ennobling progressive one, that must be soul-saving to all who adopt it, and which will stand the test of utility not only for time, but for the endless ages of eternity. Why, why do you not open your heart to it more quickly, keeping your every word, act—yea, your very thoughts—in strict accordance with it; and act firmly, fearlessly, and no harm shall come nigh thee or thy dwelling. Trust ever in Him who, by his holy ministers, opens the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf, and maketh the lame to stand upright, and the hearts of all to leap for joy, in the full assurance of the immortality and ultimate perfection of happiness to which their spirits shall yet attain; let neither the old hankering after priestly dominion nor materialistic infidelity rob you of your happy faith and freedom. Again let me repeat the injunction, so often given to you, of work, learn, and hasten your fitness for instructing others: read, mark,

learn, and inwardly digest the instructions you have received, for not only your own good, but much more so, that of others. And now, farewell for a season." The following from H. F., written during the night, unconsciously:—"Before putting this book away from you let me, in all love, advise you to read again all it contains; and accept, but not blindly—still, without allowing any long-cherished prejudice to interfere with the teachings we have (however feebly) endeavoured to give you. Oh, that they may, with your Heavenly Father's blessing, enter and enlarge your hearts and minds; not only instructing you but also encouraging you in your labours of love, and search after saving truth. Good night, and farewell."

Friday, 6th.—Last night, and night before, Copaul visited us as usual. Said he was growing in hope and trust, and that he reasoned with his companions, some of whom listened, and some did not. In the afternoon, yesterday, the following from H. F., preceded by a vision of a castellated building: "Your friends wish to know if we spirits ever acknowledge that Christ came in the flesh, and we undoubtedly answer, yes—the man Christ Jesus did come in the flesh, and thank God for the light he brought with him, and the unwearying efforts he made to impart it, to all who would receive it. *His* was no time-serving career, but one unceasing combat against the popularly received traditions of men; which he so openly withstood, aye, in the very face of the rulers of the day—priests, Sadducees, Pharisees, &c.—that they were lashed into the fury that made them combine for his destruction. *He* set no example of truckling to authority in matters of truth or doctrine. *He* denounced hypocrisy in the most influential sect—the Pharisees. *He* chose *his* disciples from the despised Galileans. *He* shunned not the company of the detested publicans and sinners. *His* was the gospel of glad tidings, which was to save all men. *His* mottoes were—'Love God;' 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you, loving your neighbour as yourself, on these hang all the law and the prophets;' 'Love your enemies;' 'Judge not that ye be not judged, for with judgment ye mete, it shall be meted to you again;' 'To do good and show mercy is better than sacrifices or burnt offerings.' How much of all this do you hear preached from rostrum or pulpit? Where find you those who call themselves his ministers feeding his lambs? Do they not rather feed and fatten themselves on their flocks, by raising fears and despairing wretchedness in their hearts, from which they alone are supposed to be able to deliver them. Such is our acknowledgement of Jesus Christ, whose bright example we earnestly exhort you all to follow, even to the death, if the support of truth demand it; and to you too 'Shall it be given to be called the sons of God.' Never cease then to strive and labour to become worthy of your high calling, receiving and uttering the words of the unflinching truth,

and knowledge, which shall be ever on the increase, if such be your sincere desire."

Saturday, 7th.—Last night Copaul came, but as there was company, and Miss A. did not feel very well, I sent him away before nine o'clock. In the afternoon Miss A. went off into a trance for about an hour, and then wrote the following, from H. F.:—"Yes, we do wish you to write those letters at once; devote to them your afternoon hours, and you shall have our aid to remember our instructions; and these, or at least some of those sealed letters, shall then, too, be answered. From your night experiences we would save you if we could; but they seem to be thought necessary for your progress. Let not fear be your motive for shirking anything. Be brave. You must accept your destiny, nor shirk consequences."

Tuesday, 10th.—Returned last night from Yarrara and Copabella. Copaul came as usual. Said he could not come to Miss A. on Sunday night because she shunned the spirits. I went over, at his request, much of the same ground I had already done with him, and, at his suggestion, sent him away, as the medium was nervous. The following was written yesterday afternoon, after Miss A.'s return from Tintaldra:—"Those who are the greatest supporters of the authority of the Bible, strike one of the greatest blows on its authority, in the eyes of thinking minds; when they oppose what they consider the Word of God—in effect, trying to do better than God; for *He* has said 'Examine, compare, try, and understand;' while *they* say 'Do not attempt to examine,' thereby, in reality, acknowledging the obscurity of the so-called Word of God, the danger you incur, and the insufficiency of its light. All connection between individual souls and God are thus dissevered; and why, then, should any venture to ask for the Holy Spirit to enlighten his mind to understand incomprehensible things?—constraining the mind not to think, and therefore not to understand—to obey, without knowing. Why, it is but a gross and slavish objection, unworthy of a being created in the image of God."

Monday, 16th.—I went up to Yarrara on Wednesday last, and brought Mrs. W. down next day. Copaul has visited us every night, and seems very slowly to progress towards the light; he gives no hopes of his soon being able to leave me and go onwards. Miss A. wrote the following, in continuation of that written beginning "Yes, we wish," and ending "shirk consequences" (*see Saturday, 7th, preceding*):—"And pray what are you now doing but shirking consequences—shirking and shrinking in your inmost soul; forgetting that he that 'putteth his hand to the plough and turneth back is not worthy; nay, the slightest turning to the

right or to the left, causeth the furrows to become crooked, and spoileth the symmetry of the field. Still, up and be doing; if one effort fail thee, try again and again." And also in H. F.'s hand—"Quite true, you do not understand it; it is so different from what you expected. Just so; and on the same principle was Christ rejected by the Jews, because He did not come on the plane expected. Men were disappointed, and would not recognise Him; but did they display much wisdom in their rejection of Him? instead of coming a great Prince, He came as the lowly son of a carpenter. He made no triumphant entry into public life. He accepted of no prototype; bowed to no traditions; laughed in the face of the popular idols; disturbed the prevailing notions of order; showed the imperfections of the institutions of society; and of course the guides, the rulers of public opinion, not only rejected, but hated Him. His ideas were not their notions; He was not the man they were looking for or wanting. Just so is it now with spirit manifestations; as the Sadducees looked for some powerful Roman dignitary—the Essenes for an ascetic—the Pharisee for a great Pharisaic leader—so now each sect looks for doctrines from us, or manifestations, to suit their own particular notions, be they grave or gay, Unitarian or Trinitarian; forgetting that all of us purport but the furtherance of the fundamental doctrines of love and progression; and that as Christ had to take His disciples and teachers wherever He could get them, and suiting His instructions as best He could to each, to prepare them to spread His doctrines; so have we now to do with our media. And therefore we must beg of you all to aid and watch for the end, and judge not of our unfinished work; our labor is more for you all than for ourselves. Altogether, we have our gain in yours. Criticise not the means, but, oh! accept the truths we labor to impart; and caring neither for the curling lip, the scornful words, or even the gnashing teeth. Hear them gladly and follow them, as His disciples did Him, obeying God in His teachings—the God of truth—the God of love. And soon will discordant feelings, passions, prejudices, and pride, disappear before the genial tide which will become the firm basis of religion; into which will be baptized into one great brotherhood, the sensitive, self-renouncing, deep-hearted, enthusiastic saint; and the slow, distrustful, logical, calculating sinner; the old shall feel their youthful aspirations, long since forgotten, revived by our glad inspirations, until the crimson tide of early hopes shall come gushing to their hearts, tingling through every fibre, to be offered up in devoted service, through immortality, to our universal God; while the young, no longer bowed down, struggling between principles and passion, customs and desires, will drink in words of truth and obedience to the true nature of their hearts—will throw off, as ropes of sand, all other bondage; and follow in the steps of Christ—speaking from the depths of

loving hearts the great truths of Nature—truths vast as their souls' comprehension of their God, with words deep and piercing, doubly felt, coming with the example of their own experiences, adorned by the beauty and loveliness of their own lives—unimpeded by the struggles of the old, who have to get rid of the ancient lore of their ancestors, their precepts and precedents—perhaps, even, the petrefactions of a hard life, with so much to remember, so much to fear, and so little life-giving, pleasure-giving hope to reassure them. Oh! bid them look not back, save for warnings, but forward, forward, looking to God for guidance, wisdom, strength to do their work which lies around them. Be neither faint, feeble, nor afraid; have faith, and true inspiration will come at your call, to give food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and a mighty stream of truth, in which to cleanse the unclean. Fear not opposition, for you will have enough of it to brave, without weakening your hearts by fear. And just in proportion as your lives differ from theirs will men hate you; but in an equal proportion will God make your power of doing them good; until their hearts shall be open to receive the inspiration necessary to fuse all into the same noble brotherhood.—H. F." In another hand—"The wonder is, not at our repeating our exhortations so frequently, but the little heed there seems to be taken of them. Our duty is perseverance. Whenever we choose a medium to influence, we must do all that lies in our phase of power to develop her. If you would but place more trust in us, you would indeed find, even what seems most discordant to your feelings and ideas, is all working together with the fairer seemings, for your certain good and development. We often wonder you are not tired of resisting influences; accept of all, and from all; take what good is intended, however apparently unprofitable your visitations. Nothing is in vain; you have much yet to learn, and much to endure, whether you shrink from your path or not. Why do you not watch, and carry out your principles more boldly, in your daily, hourly avocations? Hide not your knowledge under a bushel, but let it influence your every thought, word, and deed, until everything you do shall be all to the glory of your Father and our great work, in bringing all in closer union with Him." In a strange hand—"To-night I shall place my hand on your brow. Your only chance will be to cast all old-fashioned notions from your mind; and, seeing no ill where none is meant; work on more bravely, holding your own, so that none shall dare despise you; if you waver you are lost. Why do you not read, and keep your mind from preying on itself?"

Tuesday, 17th.—Last night Copaul visited us, and hoped soon to get completely away into the light of a higher sphere. This afternoon, in a strange hand, and very deeply marked, the following—"With longing desire have our circle wished to again in-

fluence you ; but from various changes we have been unable to do so until now, when we think it time to claim you as a teacher—it matters little whether you are branded as a fanatic or not. Your letters must no longer be made up of the ordinary gossip or topics of the day. Remember that every word of instruction imparted to you is for others as well as yourself. When we had you desire earnestly heavenly gifts, was it merely for your own gratification, and not that you might become useful in your generation? Be cautious what influences you do venture to shun." And then in another and unknown hand—"Await influences to-night; we wish to teach and warn you alone."

Saturday, 21st.—The following from John Angell James:—
 "Yes, now may we ask you how you progressed in attaining the knowledge necessary for the vocation into which we have wished you to enter, the cultivation of the *religious element*, that portion of the ontology of man ; aye, the strongest, even the essential faculty of his nature ; the mainspring of all his institutions from the beginning of time—obviously needfully designed to hold the chief place in the administration of his affairs ; but hitherto none has made such cruel mistakes, or caused such widespread desolation, owing to the false teachings of theology. And it is high time that teachers should arise, and boldly, unflinchingly declare the pernicious tendency of all theological teaching—be they Jewish, Buddhist, Christian, or Mahomedan. And that true religion consists in becoming noble men and women ; raising the human kind to the highest standard. Teachers who will use untiring efforts for their own development—casting from them all pride, all prejudice—in fact, all such stuff as so-called supernatural, miraculous, or infallible revelation ; and finding the only Scripture of God in the *universe*, and every day something progressively fresh to be read, in material as well as human nature ; powerfully displaying that *His* relation thereto must be one of love and blessing, and that He is incapable of being actuated by the evil passions blasphemously ascribed to Him, or of the atrocity of dooming millions of human souls to the ineffable and endless torments of hell, for the single act, were it ever so heinous, committed by one who existed thousands of years before they were born. Feeling that such horrible tenets are insults to their unbiassed understandings ; repugnant to their reason, and subversive of all possible conceptions of justice ; shall strenuously protest against them and their propagators, whose greatest desire seems to be to plunge human nature into the lowest depth of degradation, physical incapacity, and thralldom. Showing how every rational mind—unless warped by prejudice, fettered by education, or bewildered by theory—*must* reject them ; and that the inculcating of them is a crime of the deepest dye on the part of the upholders of theology. Instead of all such doctrines, let them—taking for their recognised

text, 'Happiness is the aim and end of human existence'—show men the end they ought to reach, and the true life, the true character which will lead thereto; making it the highest work of their lives. Let the tendency of their acts to produce happiness in the world, be the sole and single test of their being virtuous; and you will see moral virtue reigning in the world, instead of immoral godliness, which at present triumphs over weak and deluded ignorance. Such morality and love of happiness must ever form the basis of human virtue; and according as men conform to, or deviate from these rules, will they render themselves amiable or detestable, estimable or contemptible, happy or unhappy. There is no virtue in acting rightly through fear. He is virtuous whose every thought and action is the offspring of a rational purpose; who adheres to his duty from principle; who delights in propriety because there is nothing so eligible; who relies on his own judgment, and forms his own determinations; in short, he who acts without constraint. No vice, evil, or detriment has ever sprung from freedom of opinion; but are the inevitable consequences of its giving place to the dogmas of men in authority, who make morality consist in a general and unlimited submission thereto. Again, let them demonstrate to all, that inspiration is no transient fact, depending on the capricious partiality of a human God; but the constant result of the laws of a great infinite Deity, equally imparted to all, checked in its effects and display, only by the original organization of each individual, and by the use and exercise he gives it. The omnipresent God works everywhere, and in everything; it is an impossibility for anything to exist without Him; human life and the life of nature are equally dependent on Him; so that every normal act of the human faculties is an act of inspiration. The true test of *intellectual* inspiration is its truth—as holiness, and self-reliant integrity, is, of *religious* inspiration. Discard then all so-called miraculous inspiration as a self-deceiving dream, or a would-be cheat, of deceivers; for normal inspiration is the common heritage of all mankind—one may receive much, as the ten talents, while another may only receive but one; still it depends on each, whether he gains more or loses that which he hath. Let every man, every woman, become faithful to his or her special individuality of soul; feeling, thinking, living, in the fact that each soul is as sacred before God as that of the greatest prophet. Seek then to make all noble—to quicken, to guide, and help each, to gain the highest form of human nature he is capable of attaining; to teach them to be faithful to their individual consciousness; to respect their manhood or womanhood, how small soever their gifts may be; taking no man's mind or conscience for their master. Let their spirits be free, unfettered; and then in brotherly love let each seek to aid the others to grow and develop in true love, religion, and morality; and your communion will soon be one of truth, peace, and manliness; and oh, let the God

you preach be a perfect God; infinite in love, infinite in wisdom, infinite in justice, infinite in power; ever faithful to his own character, and established laws; in whom there can be no variable-ness or caprice; and from such a Father no sceptic will turn away; knowing him—love of him will spring up, and, growing with your growth, will become so strong that, your soul cleaving to Him, will long to keep and to fulfil all his commandments, written on the face of nature, and in your hearts. From this mountain God never withdraws; no thundering trumpets forbid approach; but the Father's voice is heard for ever therein. Oh, then that men would learn to reverence their hearts; in which instinct and reflection are ever preaching sermons full of beautitudes; and were men to hear and heed them, they would soon find generous feelings towards their fellow-men, come as a natural inspiration—conscious duty would become instinctive desire—the remembrance of a loving perfect God would fill their hearts with noblest aspirations, and heartiest trust, enabling them to go forth and fight manfully the battle of life and eternal progression; bearing and basking in the beams of the sun of righteousness. Study this, and letting it enter your soul, adopt it firmly, and more instruction shall be given you.—J. A. J.” “That the only revenge a spirit takes, is by instructing and warning, and doing good. No spirit can do you harm, or even wish to do so, after he has left the earth. Sin or wrong-doing ceases with the earth life. The future must be given to redeeming the past and learning to progress.” “Bear not hatred or even repugnant feelings in your heart—they will give a bad tone to your mind; and you will end by sacrificing to it more of your happiness than you ever contemplated.” Then Miss A.'s hand scribbled over the above a picture with trees and shrubs, &c.

Thursday 26th.—Yesterday afternoon, after drawing a very pretty tree and devices, the following:—“Aye, we wish you would adopt Cromwellian philosophy, and study to improve your own mind, as well as depending on our influence. By this time you ought to have learned that the more you know, the higher can our influence carry you, and the purer will be the transmission of our messages. Why do you oblige us to so continually stir you up to study and read aloud, to give fluency of speech, and a correct intonation? Courage! on, on; you must not take one backward step now. ‘Freedom and nobility of soul’ be one of your most frequent watch-words.” Every night I am visited by Copaul, and he has slowly but certainly advanced. Last night he asked me to pray that his eyes might be opened, which I did; and by little and little he began to see, and in all respects acted in such manner as you would have imagined one born blind and had had sight given to him, would have acted. He says he will soon leave me now. He seems at peace, and full of hope of eternal advancement.

Saturday, 28th.—Copaul came last night, but could not do much,

on account of Miss A. not being in a sufficiently calm state. He saw a little, and exercised his eyes; and hoped that she would try to give him a good night to-morrow. Asked me why I did not keep her in more control and more submission. I asked how that was to be done, as I was always telling her to be more submissive. He said—"She looks up to you and respects you, how is it that you cannot subdue her," &c., &c. Miss A. wrote the following, last afternoon, written by the spirit who has visited her nightly for some time, and who wrote once before. (Beginning "Ha, ha," to be seen back under date Monday, the 16th instant.) "You have no doubt often sung—'Nearer my God to Thee, even though it be on a cross I rise, still my song shall be nearer to Thee'; and yet you shun the self-sacrifice we ask of you, though we tell you it is necessary for your development, whereby in doing good you truly approach nearer your God. And to do this, were it demanded of thee to allow yourself to be wasted with reproaches, and pointed at with the finger of scorn; with the assurance we give you of ultimate usefulness, should not joy—not sullen or angry despair—be your feeling. You will never progress to the required standard, until you submit fully; every grain of old ground must be torn from beneath your feet. If you keep to your last night's promise, you will do well; ask your guardian spirit what he says to it." And then in the same hand as that of Thursday, 26th:—"The Jewish Bible was well suited to the ages in which it was written; but as the mind of man expanded, a new Gospel became necessary, and Jesus was sent to preach it; but human progress now again requires a free, fuller, dispensation than that on which the Christian churches have now so long fattened, with so little apparent profitableness. We would most decidedly bid you read Bible and Gospel; but much more the fresh Gospel you may daily find written by your everlasting Father on all His works—that is the Gospel to expand your heart and soul." And then in John A. James's writing, the following:—"Do not expect one step in your progress to be unaccompanied by, not only trouble, but too often pain of mind and body; but the day cometh when no book, no sect, no man, shall be thy master; and then thy voice shall be raised thundering and lightening against the vain pretensions of those who dare bind the spirit of man; or bid him reason so far, but no farther, for here must thy proud thoughts be stayed—in despite of Him who gave man, in soul and conscience, that great charter which should have secured to him unbounded freedom of thought, to guide his own conduct. They would be the first to raise the cry of 'Cromwell' against those despots, whose subjects must not doubt, but answer and obey; yet they would keep their flocks, with tethered feet, for ever hobbling round and round; or along the well-trampled pathway, striving in vain for a blade of grass to nibble, to stay their craving appetites; while such rich pastures of their Father's providing, lies around in such precious

abundance. In that day, be it yours to support no theology that is founded on mystery, improbability, and absurdity; but on the natural world, and innate consciousness of being, demanding entire manliness, and the fullest development of man—mind, soul, body, and spirit." (*See the next page.*) J., who returned from Copabella yesterday, where she had been staying for company to her aunt R. and grandmother, since Mr. R.'s departure, told me a very interesting communication received by her aunt from J. H., Sarah's husband in Sydney. He writes—"That before he heard of Mr. R.'s death, one morning at two o'clock, he awoke, and saw Mr. R. and his daughters, Isabella and Hessie, and little S. G. W., and Jamsie H., and Capt. V., and a number more whom he did not know, enter his room; that he sat up in his bed, and talked with them for a long time, during which, Mr. R., who appeared as the leader of the party, gave him much good advice." He says that he asked Hessie when her father died; and she answered—"Nearly two days ago." They were all brightly dressed, and beautiful to behold. Mrs. H. (Sarah) was so frightened at seeing and hearing him talk apparently at vacancy, that she fled out of the room, until all was over. Mr. H. then told Sarah all that had passed; and described her sister Hessie, whom he had never seen on earth, to her so accurately, that Sarah could not help being convinced of the identity; and he also then told her and Miss B. of the report given by Hessie of the time of Mr. R.'s death, which tallied exactly with the actual time of his departure; so that altogether, there were in this experience of H.'s two distinct tests. First, the circumstance of the date of his death, told by Hessie, and communicated by H. to his wife and Miss B., some days before he heard from Mrs. R. of its actually having occurred; and secondly, his describing Hessie, whom he had never seen on earth, so accurately—there was never any picture of her taken.

Monday, 30th.—Copaul, on Friday and Saturday nights, was disappointed, in consequence of the medium being out of the conditions, and he received little or no good. His eyes were so sore that he could only open them by blinks; he kept blinking whenever he attempted to look at me. On my asking if spirits sleep, he said "No; continually thinking on their past experience, and regretting the evil of their lives on earth, or rejoicing in the remembrance of any good." With respect to himself, the past was all darkness and agony. He said spirits ate food, but that at present he could not describe this, but would try when he had his tongue loosened. He said he saw now many spirits, some bright, and they sometimes spoke to him, but he dared not speak to them, he was still too earthly; and that he knew that the way to get less earthly was to keep ever thinking of God, his goodness, justice, and will concerning every soul—which was that he should advance—and that God's will must necessarily be fulfilled. He said there were

now *seven* spirits with him, progressing with him upon the instructions received through him. He asked for a good-night, and for me to do all I could to calm the medium for the next night. Well, last night he did not come, although I waited for him a full hour and a quarter, and the only difference in the conditions was that E. was present, holding the medium's hand. The influence was too "womanish," so Miss A. said afterwards in trance. Yesterday was written, in continuation of the last from J. A. J. (*see preceding page*):—"Aye, the theology of Jesus, who made religion to consist of piety and morality; loving God and your neighbour as yourselves—requiring no ceremonies, no Sabbath reverencing, no sacrificing of bulls and sheep, nor burning of the blood of goats to save a man—a theology that will develop the religious faculty, with the same freedom as the intellectual, in science, literature, or business; each one seeking his individual inspiration from the very axis of creation, the infinite Father, the infinite Mother: coming to God face to face, wanting no mediator nor go-between—each pleading for himself—for doth not God know his heart? and, to not one simple child of humanity, not even the meanest, will he say, 'Depart from me, I never knew you.' Oh no, though thy father and mother forsake thee, *He never will.* It is scarcely possible through human language to convey an (or more than an) idea of the relation of the infinite God to man; so different is it from the too-long-taught idea of an imperfect God, and a depraved humanity, all *antagonistic!* Instead of *His* being the Infinite of the tenderest—the purest affection—combined in Father, and mother too, far transcending the wisdom and power imminent in the universe, and yet loving all men; full of justice and benevolence—a manly, natural theology, taking no name, no creed; placing no saving dependence on Bible reading, prayer offering, Sabbath-keeping, or the other unmeaning ceremonies connected with them. Such may help you, and have no doubt helped many—and if so, use them—but if they hinder in the slightest particle your progress; then we say in the name of your God cast them from you, and follow the belief of Jesus of Nazareth. That a man's own religion will save his own soul, and that His, your, and our Father will be most effectually served by truth, justice, and love to His children—serving Him, through them, with every limb of your body, every faculty of your spirit, every power He has given you, every day, every hour of your life; thus encouraging others to cast evil-doings from them, and to seek to be inspired with love to man and love to God.—J. A. J." Then was drawn the head and face of a woman, and was written, "Come, the hour is drawing nigh when all things old shall become new;" and then, in H. F.'s hand, "What do you want with prayers or prayer-meetings? Go *work* your prayers by self-sacrifice and humility; and in all things striving for the good of others, be they in the flesh, or out of it. 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' by feeling His influence in your soul,

and manifesting it in your life; and then can you realize what it is to approach near the throne of God. Simple, unforced trust, is what we wish you to give; and whenever you feel doubt of any influence, you surely have your God and Father to appeal to, to inspire you with the knowledge as to which you ought to resist, and which to yield to. Oh, do not again grieve your guardian spirit as you have done lately, by such undeserved reproaches; it weakens his power of watching over you, and guarding you from harm. Never try to deaden your feelings, even the most keenfully painful ones; let them be exercised; it is all most useful in forming the character we wish you to gain. Mark out your line for you, indeed! and pray how much of it would you follow? Be satisfied—all is for your good; and work on patiently and courageously.”

Tuesday, 31st.—Copaul had a good night rather, last night. He saw better, and his eyes were not so painful. I talked to him of God, and the way to happiness. This afternoon the following was written:—“Conscience—yes, conscience, let it be your only guide—care not for those who pity, scorn, or even dread you for declaring such to be your determination—or those who will still insist on their BIBLIOLATRY. Show them that it is their own infallibility they are trying to uphold, and not their Bibles; for, unless they consider their judgment a finality, how can they dare insist, that any written word or revelation is the true revelation of God? There never yet was a human being convinced, by its perusal, of the existence of a God. Your faith in a God must have been obtained quite independently therefrom: in reality, any true conception you or any other being forms of Him, is from an innate consciousness, telling of attributes very different from those given to him in your book revelations.” The above in a hand we recognise as having written before; and the following by H. F.:—“You have often been taught that you must become as a little child before you could enter the kingdom of heaven; and it is even so; in simplicity of trust and faith. But now we tell you and others that, furthermore, the more of the true woman you cultivate in your soul, the nearer you can penetrate to God-like feelings. Aye, men, proud men, be your actions among your fellow men ever so manly, your souls must become womanlike in unselfish love, and clinging affection and trustfulness; ere you can enter into the bliss of the purified spirits. To *you* we say, crush not one of your womanly instincts; let your thoughts, your acts, be judged by your own consciousness; and obtain the freedom that will elevate you far above the laws of sin and death. We could not have influenced you, had you been of a cold, hard nature: the warmer your feelings the better to obtain influence. Trust us; *do.*”

APRIL.—Thursday, 2nd.—Copaul last night made an effort to see me, and just barely succeeded. He said the medium was cold,

and seemed to be struggling in her mind against something. He advised me not to lose my control over her; for if I did, she would be lost to the spirits as a medium of intercourse, &c. Altogether, Copaul did not seem to me to be much if at all benefitted by last night, and I felt discouraged and uncomfortable. The following was written in the afternoon:—"Whence comes nature, but from God? therefore, as His own creation, or an emanation from Him, how absurd the idea that any could serve Him by crushing it, or its instincts. When will men learn their true relation to their God; and that in Him they live, and move, and have their being. The Father of all creation; who cannot therefore be their enemy, demanding of them a propitiation for their shortcomings, thereby acknowledging His own work a failure—but rather their bosom friend, closer to each individual than to earth or star—which is for them; and they for Him—soul of their soul, making all things brilliant, and duty, delight; even hardship, shall seem easy to those who accept all things—whether affliction or pleasure, health or pain—as coming, or rather as permitted to be their experience, by His love; and feel that they are partakers of the Divine nature, having God dwelling in their very souls; and that to Him they can breathe their most secret hopes, sorrows, complaints, and wishes, with the consciousness that He is always inseparable from their being; and He will harmonise and glorify all the passions of human nature, enabling them to act from love to God, and from the instincts of the soul—a far, far better motive of action than the mere sense of duty, which is too often but a mere dry and external one. Cultivate your conscience, and, taking it as your guide, you will soon find yourself capable of the greatest sacrifices, when your duty calls." Last night: during the night was written, without Miss A.'s knowledge, in the other book—and in which only, are now written any communications from my relations—a letter from my father, as follows:—"My dearest Grandie,—I have been a joyful spectator of your progress, in your search after the truth of Spiritualism, and your efforts to diffuse the knowledge thereof. What a reward it must be to you, my Grandie, for your industrious life and exertions; the being now placed in a position which enables you to give so much of your time in its acquirement; and sincerely do I hope that you feel the noble responsibility involved therein, of using all your powers in making others partakers of your knowledge. Do not let A.'s letter dishearten you, or deter you from again writing, and even more fully; and when H. is able to write the messages to his sisters he so wishes to do; be sure and forward them unhesitatingly, let their reception be what it may. Do not, my Grandie, either think or speak disparagingly of your medium; for she has in reality yielded more of mind and body to the cause, than you evidently give her credit for. She has much more yet to suffer; be it yours, then, to encourage and lend her your aid and advice. Ever my Grandie, with all love, your most affectionate papa—A. W."

Friday, 3rd.—Copaul had a very good night last night; said he expected his angel to come for him to take him up higher, every hour; wished to hear me discourse again of God and progress; said that one of his companions was now meek and lowly, who used to be impatient and ill-tempered. His eyes were not so painful, and he saw me a good deal. Miss A. was again visited by her nightly spirit visitant; who, when she refused to answer him, took her pillows from under her head, and threw them to the other side of the room; and then drew the iron chair from the washstand to the side of her bed and sat down on it; and insisted on her promising to do something she had no inclination to do, and which she continued to refuse until near daylight, when he went away. She may lock her doors ever so well, they are always opened during the night. This afternoon, from H. F.:—"Do you want to be told, at this hour of the day, that your duty demands the utmost devotion on your part to carry it out effectually? None of your half-and-half services will now serve. There is no use in giving less than entire trust to your guardian spirit, and he will let no bad influences come near or harm you; but by mistrust you only weaken his power, and you will be left to carve out your own path. Hitherto he has been unswervingly faithful to his charge; though you have too often grieved him by your waywardness."

Saturday, 4th.—Copaul appeared happy; expected his angel every hour to take him up. Told me that *three* of his companions had gone on before him. I told him to rejoice thereat, and to be assured that his being left behind would be found by himself hereafter to be for his real good; that this was as sure as that the Great Father of All was just, and wise, and loving, &c., &c. During this sitting, Copaul lifted his head up, and stretched forth his hands, and clasped them for a few minutes, then let them fall suddenly, and dropped his head. He said—"Another has gone up, and I am still left." He said those that went away blessed him as they went. Miss A., during the night, had her usual visit from the spirit of W., the iron chair was dragged to her bedside and sat on by him. While conversing with her, her comb was taken out of her hair, and she has not been able to find it.

Sunday, 5th.—Copaul, last night, said he felt quite joyous; and when he asked me to repeat things that I had already often told him, he said it was for one of his companions, who had not got rid of his fear of God, and of a judgment day. Said "the medium was in a queer humour to-night." I asked how? He said, "in a half-defiant humour." The following was written in the afternoon:—"Let not yours be the enervating faith that fixes itself on the past; but such a one as gratefully and reverently acknowledges the uses of the past, sets its thoughts and face to the future, and, instead of wishing to build up the tombs of the pro-

phets, takes their experience and teachings to aid your approach to the eternal source of prophecy—thence to obtain individual inspiration, which will give vitality to your thoughts and words, and energy to your actions—making you to abound in every good word and work, until your daily labor will become a succession of joys to your soul—and its food would then indeed be angels' food; and you might then smile, not in mockery, but pityingly; on the misguided zeal of those who would denounce you as an enemy of the Bible and religion."

Monday, 6th.—Last night Miss A., in trance, was very violent, and would not let me calm her for about an hour. Then Copaul came. Said that his angel had come, but told him that he could not go up until his three companions were ready; and that he ought not to be impatient, but thankful, for his present light, liberty, and joyousness. There was one of his companions who was still in fear and dread. He still believed in a future judgment, and kept telling Copaul that "it was written" that there was to be condemnation; and Copaul asked me to repeat, for the sake of his companions, what I had already said on these subjects; which I did to the best of my ability. I asked, after I had spoken, if his companion understood what I had said. Copaul said—"He answers 'Yes. *But,*' and I (Copaul) feel so grieved at that '*But,*'"

Wednesday, 8th.—On Monday night I spoke again about there being no future condemnation; that we, of course, will suffer from the effects of our disobedience and excesses, as well from the memory of past misdeeds, as reminding us of the impediments to our true growth, which all past misconduct has caused. Copaul said he wanted me to speak, for the sake of this doubting companion. Last night Miss A. was violently agitated, but not so much as the night before. Copaul came late, and the first thing he said was—"What a dreadful state she seems to be in—I think you judge too hardly of her." But after a while he gave his own opinions of the cause of her sufferings; and on my then asking if he were not judging as hardly as myself, he said nothing. He gave me the pleasing intelligence that *two spirits* had gone on, and only he and the doubting companion were left; and, although the latter was continually gazing back, still he seemed to be less intent than formerly. Copaul himself seems quite joyous and patient, notwithstanding having to wait. This companion said, when the last two went away—"They will find out their mistake." I had to talk again on this subject, showing, as well as I could, the impossibility of mistake; and that it was only through past erroneous teachings and belief that mistakes were feared.

Thursday, 9th.—Copaul commenced, last night, by saying that he was sorry the medium was so sad, for he felt that he could

have burst out in a song of joy, and gladness, and thanksgiving. His companion is still in despondency and mistrust; and that he has to wait for him—his being so long in this state shows (he says) that he himself had neglected paying him the attention that he ought. He tried to talk through Miss A., but said, "I have not power to open her mouth, but I hope to do so to-morrow if she is better." I said I would try to make her so.

Friday, 10th.—Copaul could not speak, as he had hoped and wished, through Miss A., last night, she not having recovered her tranquility; so the visit passed without much more being done than my repeating some of my exhortations to trust in God, and cast away all fear.

Saturday, 11th.—Last night, Miss A. being in a more tranquil mood; Copaul managed to speak a little—all in praise and thanksgiving to God, and telling me how bright and beautiful everything was around; he had never seen our earth, having been born blind. I told him that those who had seen our earth testified that, beautiful as it was, the spirit-land was far better, more beautiful. He said he saw mountains, and valleys, and grass, and flowers, and trees, and lakes, and rivers, but no beasts or birds. At last, said he saw beautiful things fluttering, which, from description, I said must be butterflies; then he saw among the trees, what I took to be birds. The following was written two days ago:—From a friend of L. A.'s—"Oh, Lizzie! submit to any trials demanded of you, sooner than desert our cause. How I longed, to-night, to come and soothe you! But you must submit." From another friend of L. A.'s:—"Yes, submit; offer up old prejudices on the shrine of true knowledge, and your guide will return only too willingly." From another friend:—"Trust more implicitly in G.; he will not desert you. Be brave. Drive fear from your heart." Isabella:—"Have you not faith enough to believe we are too anxious to be able to use you for good to allow any really bad influence to harm you." W. I.:—"Are you satisfied yet, or do you want more." H. F.:—"Until by replacing your comb in your hair, we show that we are satisfied with you, you need expect no pleasant influence. There is no use in your trying to shirk your path and its consequent suffering; you must go through it to the end. We advise you to accept and bear it cheerfully." W. (L. A.'s nightly visitor):—"God will change your apparently greatest misfortunes to high and noble purposes. Will not this be a reward equal to all you suffer?—H. F."

Sunday, 12th.—Last night Copaul looked happier than I had ever seen him. He said he would soon leave me and go up, and asked what I wanted him to do. I said I wished him to see my

father, mother, wife, and brother, and tell me all about them; and tell them about his visits to me for more than two months; and that I had been blessed to be made the instrument of instruction to him and eight others, who had all ascended up higher, and were going on their way rejoicing in the love of God to them. I asked him to see "June," and find out who she is—if related to my mother, as I supposed; and that I wished very much for him to be able to come back and give tests to unbelievers in spirit existence and intercourse; both as to answering mental questions and sealed letters, and in other ways—such as moving material things, and doing so intelligently; and if he could get spirits who could talk or write Hindostanee, and use the medium to do so in Hindostanee characters. He said he expected to feel all joy, but that he also felt sad at the thought of leaving us, and, perhaps, for a long time; and he felt sad for the medium, who would have very dark times after he left; and he was afraid that he might not be able to influence her—that, although he knew that she did not like him, yet he could not help feeling grateful to her as being the means of so much good to himself. Said she had a warm heart, although it was misguided. Said she ought to submit to the spirits, who are taking such trouble with her; and that she will surely fail if she is left to stand alone; that she ought to submit entirely to your guidance; which surely cannot be a hard matter for her, who respects you as she does. She must be brave, if she wants to be useful. She must put self out of the question; not to crush out any of her womanly instincts, but to let them guide her; she cannot be too natural. If she is prevented from obeying the behests of the spirits by a fear of giving pain to others, she is right; that is one of her womanly instincts which she does right in obeying. It is a pity she won't submit—yes, it's a pity. We must not lose her, we must not lose her. Yes, I wish I could advise her; but I have to learn myself, and am as yet incapable of doing more than wishing her well—but surely her guardian spirit ought to tell her what is her true course. I am sad for the medium; but bid her be brave I again say; and do not you desert her. Let her sacrifice self, regardless of consequences. Don't let her mistake womanly instincts for selfish care for herself. Her hand is to the plough, let her not look back. Copaul then left of his own accord, and I suppose it will be a long time before we hear any more of him. Every night, for weeks past, Miss A. has been visited by a spirit whom she knew in his earth life; he moves the chairs and bed about—pulls her out of her bed, bedclothes and all—takes the comb out of her hair sometimes, and makes her hair a tangled mass. One comb has been taken away about ten days ago, and she was told that when they, the spirits, are satisfied with her conduct, the comb will be replaced in her hair. (*See the above communication from her nightly visitor W.*)

Wednesday, 15th.—Excepting Miss A.'s nightly trances, there has been nothing done since last writing. I mean nothing that I can report from personal observation. But every night for a month past she has been visited by a spirit, who pulls her out of bed, sometimes head first, oftener feet first, bedclothes and all; this sometimes is done four times in one night. She can give no reason for such apparently violent conduct, except her constant refusal to do what he desires her; and the most unaccountable thing about the matter is, that spirits with whom we have long been conversant, and in whom we have learned to trust; from their uniform goodness and patience; second the advice of the nightly visitant.

Thursday, 16th.—Trance, as usual, last night; but all dark, the same as those of the last three or four nights; and for the last three days she has complained of feeling hopeless. In the afternoon she sat alone, and wrote the following after waiting for more than an hour:—"It is useless your sitting alone for influence; until you submit your will unquestionably to ours; so beware how you attempt to carry out your present intentions." Then, after her nightly trance, before going to bed, the following:—"Do not be hopeless, my child; be brave; if you suffer, all will be for your good eventually. Be true to your instincts, and let not even coldness or harshness check them; desert not your post; the iron must enter your soul; and repine not when your best friends misinterpret your words and actions. Leave time to be the revealer of all things; submit calmly; while you have one friend true to you, why feel cast down or lonely? Cultivate your trances, they are now your stronghold. Again we say be true to yourself. Farewell.—H. F."

Friday, 24th.—The nightly visits to Miss A. continue; and accompanied with the same apparently unnecessary violent movements of furniture, and pullings of clothes, &c.; and still urging her to obey his behests, which she still refuses to do. The only writing that has been done, through Miss A.'s hand, for the last week has been the following:—"Did you know how important to your development, is every hour you are losing by your indecision; all your hesitation would very soon cease; and, however revolting to your soul the irrevocable step may appear; do not let it stand in your way, or you will one day bitterly repent having done so. It is too late for you now to begin counting the cost. You should ere this, have been brave enough to undergo any hardship, or laceration of your mental feelings, without letting despair for one moment bring on those dark hours of depression, you seem so subject to. We are waiting for you; so do not be a fool, but hasten on, on. Yes, why do you keep lingering on your road? Be brave and let no fear daunt your onward progress; struggle on; rebel not though chained to the oar. Imagination cannot

picture a brighter reward than yours will be if you faithfully fulfil your duty. Anxiously look to the end for which you are laboring; and be not discouraged, or tempted to desert, by any selfish fear of unpleasant consequences. When you are reviled, revile not again; but heap coals of love and mercy on your revilers' heads—leading them to happiness, and thereby *surely* increasing your own." The following evening to that in which the above was written, the following by H. F.:—"Come, come, be not rebellious; you do well to try to attain cheerfulness, but let it not be the result of carelessness or apathy; or the rebound will again leave you hopeless, dark, and miserable, to utter your vain regrets for lost time. We will not, we cannot, address others through you, until you give over this struggling with our influence; submission is no submission, while there are such reservations. Stop at your post; think you by quitting it that you can shake us off? Suffer as you may—delay your progress as you may—in the end you must fulfil your mission; but the how, depends of course in a great measure on yourself.—H. F." "Nonsense, nonsense; so you call your present state of apathy, submission; well, *we* do not; we had more hopes for you while you were uncomfortable. Read our last; it is all we can or will say to you at present." "Useless, useless; if you have been foolish you must suffer for it now; but let me warn you to beware how you resist until it is too late. You, and not you alone, will have sincere cause to regret lost and wasted time."

Thursday, 29th.—"My child, go on quietly, gently, sweetly, noiselessly, with your labors; purifying your body and tranquillising your mind; not allowing any disappointment at the reception of your letters or messages, to pray on, nor disturb the harmony of your mind; as all such ever weakens our power of transmitting pure, holy teachings through you. Let these be your rules of action; ere you act, ask yourself these questions, letting no previous biasses influence your answers:—First, would this act be, in and of itself, right—not considering consequences, as long as you are certain it will injure no person in body or mind; even then there may be times, locations, and conditions, when it would be better to postpone your act till a more favorable season."

Monday, 18th.—The following account given to me by Miss A. as what passed two nights ago, will serve as a specimen of what occurs every night:—"When pulled out of bed, I remained for some time expecting to be made to speak as usual; and then I returned to my bed, and had no sooner wrapped the bedclothes about me, than my bed was shaken so much and so long, that I felt quite ill. I asked what spirit it was that was trying to influence me, and was treating me so cruelly? when I felt a cold hand on my forehead, whereby I knew it was W. K., who has so

long persecuted me. I said—'Will you never be satisfied, and give over this persecution?' 'Never! until you submit; you have defied us, and are shirking your duty, and must be made to feel our power. Why are you trying to avoid yielding to our wishes?' 'I am not; I have done all in my power to accede to your wishes, but quite uselessly, and I think you might have some consideration for the efforts I have made to gratify you, and leave me alone in peace without any more punishment.' 'Punishment! do you imagine I do not understand the game that you have been playing? trying to deceive us by a mere show of obedience to our urgent advice; afraid of the consequences; and so mistrusting us, both as to our intentions and wisdom of our counsel.' 'There has been neither shirking or shame on my part, and if there has been on the part of others, why am I to suffer for that?' 'Then, if you are sincere, why not seek such influences as we urge upon you, and so show the sincerity of your submission?' 'Let the consequences be what they may, I never will seek such influences any more.' 'We will see whether you will have the courage to hold out.' Again, the bed was shaken so violently, I left it, and as the baby cried, I sat down on the floor beside the cot, until I became quite stiff with cold; and the moment I returned to bed, it was again shaken, and then I was pulled out again, feet foremost as usual. I then went out of the bedroom, and walked up and down the verandah; and still when I returned—being driven in by the cold and other disagreeables—the bed was again shaken (with that peculiar motion observable and felt in a screw steamer) at intervals until it struck five o'clock, at which time the influence generally ceases; but I was too ill to sleep." The night after the above experience, I proposed to Miss A. to give up the whole thing, when the following from H. F. was written during the night unconsciously to her:—"Give up! give up! did we hear you say? Nay, my fellow-workers; you must not thus lose heart. Where the stamina with which our work is to be carried out, if you thus give in? Bear up bravely and perseveringly; and again we tell you, God will bless your sufferings, until you will feel all to be the means of great blessings, not only to yourselves, but to many others. Be true to yourselves; learn to have trust in those who have promised not to desert you. We cannot help you to shake off an influence, which, could it be successful, would make you much more useful; but have trust, and we will help you to bear it. Again we say, do not quit your post, or trifle with your gift. We cannot yet address others through you; this is another of your trials—accept it with meek humility, and fear not."

Sunday, 24th.—Miss A.'s nightly experiences still continue, and if possible, are becoming more and more intolerable to her. I am always earnestly counselling submission and acceptance of these trials, as intended for her real good, and as a severe but necessary

discipline, the best suited for her particular case; to exert her heroism, and pray to be strengthened to bear all with patience, resignation, and perseverance. It is very remarkable, and is a constant wonder to me and to herself, how readily the most severe headaches or earaches, or acute pains elsewhere, yield to the simple application of my hands to the afflicted places; it is also a standing wonder, and proof of good intentions on the part of the spirits, that no matter how much, and how often Miss A. is dashed on the floor out of her bed, &c., &c., her health remains good, and she has never been hurt, nor even marked. Then was written:—
 “Resignation is not all we require; there must be action, devotion, and determined perseverance in aiding the object of our influences, before you can in the least hope for any progress. It is too late for you to think that either you or we will now be even content to go back to former drivelling influences. You must on, on, or lose all; your namby-pamby shirking of the consequences, for yourselves and others, cast from you as totally incompatible with your calling; which, let worldlings view it as they may, is in truth pure and holy. Be brave and true.”

Monday, 8th.—The following fragments of advice to Miss A. and myself is all that has been written for the last fortnight. The spirits seem determined to do nothing through Miss A. until she becomes more submissive, and unresisting of what she considers disagreeable experiences; and gives her mind to her work in a spirit of trust and self-abnegation:—“Beware, beware; let no amount of disencouragement induce you to prolong your probation, by trying to shirk your work; which, we again tell you, must be done. We bid you do nothing, go no whither, that you feel will interfere with our influence. Why should you try to make the falling away, or giving up as you call it, of any others, particularly those whom we cannot influence directly, be any excuse or ensample to you? Be brave, and fight the fight of faith manfully; looking ever to the end; and every trial will end in a blessing. Your appeal shall not be unanswered; but you must be submissive to control; and remember, though others are free, you are no longer so. Learn to be more silent until we bid you speak.” Miss A. sat down yesterday to see if her hand would be used, at the request of the two E.’s, who wished to see something of this kind; but all that was written, and that with the utmost difficulty, and scarcely legible, was—“Failure! yes; what else dare you expect when we have told you we cannot, as yet, address others through you; there is no use your trying till we give you leave.”

Monday, 15th.—The last two nights Miss A., in trance, showed some faint traces of symbolic vision. The circle of 18 (now 14, since Walter has joined them), hover over her with sad and

anxious faces ; and will not let her come close to them, she not yet being sufficiently self-denying and trustful. She saw (and recognised as having seen before) a large marble hall—many in it, all occupied in various ways (in self-development) which seemed to depend very much on their life on earth. One noble-looking spirit attracted her attention ; continually occupied in turning over and studying a number of written volumes, line by line and word by word ; and endeavouring painfully to remove the blots ; and many lines were so blotted, as to appear almost, or entirely effaced when the blots were removed. His reward for his labor seemed to be the satisfaction he felt that all the remainder, and every word unblotted or uneffaced, was *his own*, which alone he could utilise or use as a basis of further progress. He turned to her, and advised her to do likewise. In the trance of last night the circle of fourteen seemed to be drawing her to a large city, with rather narrow streets and high houses, where they said she would yet have to go. Some of the houses were opened to her, and much and various misery was exposed to view. She would be driven to go to that city. She could not find out its name or locality. Since Monday, the 8th, the following has been written at different times, but all unconsciously and unknown to herself :—“ Lizzie, Lizzie, will you desert us when we have placed so much hopes on you ?—B. D.” “ Do not let your courage flag : wait patiently, and all will become right. Trust us, and your earthly friend also.—H. F.” “ We are waiting for you.—W. I., J. A. J., T. D., R. W., S., T. C.”* “ Yes, it is true they are waiting and wearying for you to work, not wade, through our circle to theirs—what though it be through the direst sufferings—to reclaim your own and the souls of others to the lustre which will fit them to shine in eternity. On, on ; gain wisdom and knowledge, holding fast to the promise that ‘ the wise shall shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to holiness and to purity of life, as the stars for ever and ever.’ Oh, what a glorious goal to work for. Let it enter your soul : let every failure, every disappointment, but urge you on to more vigorous efforts, until all defeats be swallowed up in victory.—H. F.” The following *to me*, by H. F. :—“ Had you had sufficient faith and determination to have fully co-operated with the spirit influence, under which she has been lately exercised ; we then could have so easily met your appeals for convincing messages : now, it seems only to have made her distrustful, and to shrink from even our influence. Keep her to her work, we entreat you, or her faithlessness will leave her open to influences that will do more hurt than good. Her very anxiety to be made do something, lest you weary and withdraw your aid, is keeping her back.—H. F.” The following to Miss A. :—“ Do you think we are misleading you ? Nay,

* Washington Irving, John Angell James, Thomas Dick, Ralph Wardlaw, unknown, unknown.

fear it not, our aim is fixed; the path must be rugged—over that we can have only a very partial control—your want of faith is making it longer. You ever keep asking for convincing proofs of our power—so does he; yet what more can we do when our every effort is still met by want of trust. We ask for some convincing act on your part of your firm determination to submit; and not only that; but to act boldly under our influence, shirking no consequences. There is no use in your attempting now to shirk other influence; you have chosen, and we exhort you to hold steadily to it. Some of our circle may regret this determination, for often-repeated reasons; but they know not your nature as we do, and we bid you show you trust him implicitly, and we cannot believe he will fail you now." About a fortnight ago I received the following letter from H. F.:—"Do not discourage her trances, weak-sighted mortal! We do not wish to impose on you the task of mesmerising—or we should rather say magnetising—her unwillingly; but we call on you not to withhold the aid your influence over her gives us. Therefore, let her trances take place in your presence as much as possible; you can easily keep her and them under control if you only exercise a steady will. We must have her do her work even if she have to suffer as if through fire and water, till she fulfil her allotted task. Adieu.—H. F." The following letter to me was also received in answer to some mental questions asked the night before:—"Yes, we heard you, although had you touched the medium, we could have done so more perfectly. Think you we ignore all your scruples, trials, and even self-sacrifices? But you are not half the man we took you for, if, in spite of her thoughts and misgivings, you can willingly resign your calling to another. Had the call been one to so-called pleasure, or self-gratification, how easily would it have been met, without the qualms of conscience, or present shirking of consequences? It is now, however, too late for her to change; but she must work on, accepting all the good she can from your influence, as you choose to use it. Ever remember, in your future dealings with her, that no trial, no misery, can exceed what she at present suffers: it is in no true woman's nature to shirk, as men do, consequences. If W.'s object of making her a convincing medium, so much wished for, fails, as we—judging from appearances—now fear, be it yours to encourage her on to fit herself for the influence of the higher circle, who are patiently, yet sadly waiting her progress under ours, to go forth and boldly teach and proclaim the truth. Do not weary, dear friend; work on with earnestness. Though the end seem long in coming, your patience and courage will urge her on. Adieu.—H. F."

Thursday, 18th.—The following poetry was written off-hand and involuntarily by Miss A., descriptive of a vision she had had the night before:—

I was led by the spirit circle, as if floating through the air,
 Upborne by soul-like pinions, on, on, I cared not where ;
 To a lofty noble temple, in a distant unknown land—
 How solemn seemed its ample dome, so beautiful, so grand,
 That I pressed along with eager, though with slow and measured tread,
 I felt as if about to visit the mansions of the dead :
 I enter'd and I gazed with heartfelt holy love,
 While listening to the pealing notes of an organ from above.
 Of childhood's familiar objects the mementos I beheld,
 Renewing in my memory the ceremonies of eld.
 But soon the scene was changed, and man, with earnest ruthless hand,
 Tore down the lofty aged structure, scatt'ring it o'er the sand ;
 Till crushed arches and proud columns, under ruin's subtlest sway,
 Seemed crumbling to their bases in magnificent decay.
 The stealing ivy mantled round the stones of the tottering wall,
 Till it look'd coeval with the flood, or Babylon's great fall ;
 It was as if eternity had raised itself a throne,
 And, clothed in massy hoariness, had laid its sceptre down.
 Dark and drear the forest monarchs around it did arise,
 Whose unpruned and giant arms were embowered in the skies.
 Again I entered, though shuddering, through the now unbarr'd door,
 And gazed with horror on the revelations of that uptorn floor.
 In the deep damp vaults lay emblaz'd with the immortal wearings,
 The crumbling coffins of the great, with their armorial bearings,
 Their bones, their dust, their shells were there ; all, all, save the soul
 of man—
 The life which went forth conquering, and to conquer in the van
 Of glory's mightiest triumphs ; where, oh *where* was it ? Alas !
 Was it gone, as that church had taught, swept into destruction's mass.
 While revolving in my soul what desolation darkly fell'd,
 Those who depended on this church man once had dared to build ;
 And the terrible doom of mortal things which time could thus displace,
 I saw an aged being, seated on a ruined pillar's base ;
 His frame was bent and torn, though more with weight of woe than
 years,
 And on his sunken cheeks roll'd down the big and burning tears.
 And though reversed on fortune's wheel, and stricken in his soul,
 I felt at once he had been the moving spirit of the whole ;
 He raised his head, and seeing me, he trembled, but not with fright,
 But as though to see a living being had agonised his sight.
 I gazed upon him sadly, with a sympathetic look,
 He saw my eyes were pitying him, and sorrowfully spoke—
 " Weep, stranger, for the ruin, for the woe which you behold,
 This church was co-existent with the mysteries of old ;
 You see me here a mourner, in the sackcloth of disgrace,
 Where once I ruled a potentate in all the pride of place.
 Now lonely here I wander, and at early dawn or late
 List the pendulum of time, track the horoscope of fate,
 Where in wanton greatness once I swayed the sceptre of renown,
 Until *freedom*, my fell destroyer, thus trampled on my crown.
 The enlightened people, aye, the Thanedoms of the world,
 Arranged themselves against me, and to nothing I was hurl'd.
Free opinions have uncrowned me ; to this was the decree
 Of laymen who were too noble to revere *Theology* !"
 He rose, and parting, his footsteps sounded mournfully sublime,
 As if re-answering each other through the corridors of time.
 Once more the scene was shifted back to active and busy life,
 And eager laborers rush'd to take their portion of the strife ;

In clearing and in purifying the fragments that lay round,
 How carefully they examined each before they called it sound;
 All worked as if their very life depended on each stroke,
 To which my soul reverberated, yet not one word they spoke.
 I neared their noble leader, in confusion and amaze,
 Upon his lofty countenance I fix'd my trembling gaze;
 I begg'd to be allowed to join, e'en in the humblest task—
 But with stern voice he bade me *back*, till I lost my worldly mask;
 Go, cleanse thy soul from prejudice, as you see us do each stone,
 For the *clear-sighted*, the *true-hearted*, can join our work *alone*!

The following is a specimen of the fragmentary utterances of Miss A. in her trances lately, and similar to what used to occur formerly:—"Take me with you, don't leave me behind. Yes, yes; I wish you would let him come. Why don't you come down and speak to me, it's sure to do me more good than his influence? What is the good of encouraging him? Oh, I feel so miserable! Go on, go on. Let me follow; on, on, on, on! Again, again to that city—must I go there again? Oh, if misery is to fit me to go there, I don't believe there's a wretch there so miserable as I am! Oh, havn't I tried to-day to keep the promise I made, it only has made me more hopeless! Oh, I wish I could take that book from you—what's the good of teaching them such things? Only making more work for those who wish to do them good; they'll only have the more to unlearn. No; I'll never hesitate again about going through the misery they are putting me through in this town—the wretch, the wretch, he doesn't know what he is doing! I can see how it's wheel upon wheel, in, in, in, in. Oh, God! I trust you'll let no evil come near me. Oh, why can't I be good, and not give such trouble? Oh, yes, it would be reward enough to be let relieve one of these poor creatures, suffering from disease and ignorance. I wonder when I'll have to go there. Oh, if I go—oh, yes, yes, if I'm made do apparent harm, it would be turned into a sevenfold blessing to others. Oh, I so long to be fitted to be of use. My head's bursting, but I suppose I'll have to put up with that among other things. I wish some of the members of the circle would only make me write, and tell me what to do. It's no use, I'll get through no more to-night. I asked them to write, but they all shake their heads. If they are sorry, so am I. There seems such a strange inconsistency in the influences altogether. Give me light; let me understand what it's all for. Fool, fool! Well, I know I am. Will that influence never cease? It's useless, perfectly useless; I don't want to fight against your influence, but you force me to. Well, I've listened patiently to all you have to say, but you've convinced me of nothing, of nothing—but all that is contrary to the advice of H. F. and my guide; change it, change it. No, no; I'm no hypocrite—I can't pretend to like you when I don't; no, no. Oh, that would all be splendid; but then what's the use, it can't be done. I don't doubt your power, but turn it into some other channel.

It would no doubt be splendid, but I'm not going to lose everything else for that. Yes; I'm ready to rally round you, and work, work. Oh, will you never stop? It will make me cross; I want to try and be good, and you'll not let me. No, no, I can't; if it must be, it must. If I were to forsake all, what warrant have I that I would be any better off? He said he would do all he could to drive me away from this; but I trust more in H. F. than him. No matter what he does, he does not make me dissatisfied with present influences. Oh, good and holy ministers of light, come, teach me how to get rid of this darkness. Don't I submit night after night? I don't grumble; no, no; I've even given up trying to conquer it, but I don't see what good it's doing me—it's only chaining me down. I do, I do, I try, I trust to cast every drop of bitterness from me. You blame me for feeling miserable; I wonder what I have to make me anything else. Oh, why did they take the light and leave nothing but darkness? More light, more light, more light. I wish I could, but I can't understand it—I can't comprehend it. Stay, stay; you told me to trust G. Ah! Oh, sometimes I struggle hard after patience. Oh, I want patience. Sometimes I feel all right, and then I feel as if falling under your feet, no hopes of rising. I know I have given a great deal of trouble. I won't be always idle. I can't be, and I will not. Why shouldn't I ask for hope, hope, hope, the best gift heaven has to bestow—why shouldn't I look for it? Its the only happiness I have to look forward to. Why shouldn't I do so? On, on, on, on, I wish I could hear what they are saying, what decision they are coming to—for, although they are all round me, they all seem to have forgotten me, and I am waiting. As long as I have G.'s influence to help me on, I would not feel quite helpless. Everything seems so dark, and there's no way to get on."

Friday, 19th.—Last night, after her trance, during which the above fragmentary utterances were made, she called for paper, and wrote with difficulty, under, as she said, H.F.'s influence, the following—"Well done; Walter must let you alone in your future trances. We cannot stop him at night. Do not try to change influence." And during last night was written, unconsciously, the following—"You must not believe, from our message, that any inharmony reigns in our circle—all have one object leading you on to more usefulness; but as there are diversities of gifts, so must there be diversities of opinions, yet all governed by the self-same spirit. See you not what power you would have, could Walter succeed in making you a convincing medium—in impressing your teachings on the material world; and therefore we cannot oppose him. However, we wish your trances free, and fully open to our instructions. We again ask your earthly friend to keep you steady, with all his influence; it will give you more courage. Have faith."

Monday, 22nd.—A continuation of trance utterances:—"Psha! I tell you I'm neither afraid nor ashamed of anything. I do believe it wrong to teach anybody that they are bad, bad. I firmly believe if the germ of good wasn't in our nature, it could never be put there. What we want is to develop that germ. I think I was quite right. I didn't expect to be understood; they can't read my heart. Well, isn't it quite natural that I should feel hurt? Well, I feel it to be all right. Yes, the day will come when I'll . . . Well, they're harsh lessons, but I suppose I must learn them. I do dread any coldness or falling off; Walter knows how to take advantage of it."

Saturday, 27th.—On Thursday night Miss A. had her usual interview with *her guide and circle*, who, as usual, kept urging her in vain to go bravely to her work; and not unnecessarily and injuriously delay her course, and keep herself back from that which she *must* eventually do. She still resists their advice, and refuses to take the plunge; and the prospect of the glorious end to be attained has no power to move her from the continual consideration of the pain and misery to herself, of the passage. I asked her to ask the spirits for the author of the piece beginning "Steadily, steadily."* They could not tell me then, but promised to try and learn, and would say more about it to-morrow night. And truly the first thing Miss A. spoke about last night, was in answer to that same question. The spirit that wrote it could not give the author—had seen it in a home paper about a year ago, given anonymously.

Sunday, 28th.—Last night, in trance, the following:—"Oh, there's the temple, the temple. I'm glad to see it again, but there seems to me so little done. My goodness! Such a curious process they're putting all the stones through, to prove them—choosing some, rejecting others. They have all to be saturated with a liquid they call *truth* and wisdom. Some they have to throw away after the trial, as useless, as too soft, too porous; the hard, sound stones they keep to build with. Look at those fine-looking stones they have thrown away. They won't have that weeping granite, although it is hard; it is all made up of sighs and groans; the *liquid* comes out of them, it all weeps out. I wonder if they'll let me go and help them; I'll go, although they do tell me to go back. I see plenty of little things I could do there. The poor old ivy plants they have torn up, and thrown away in a heap. I see some of the workmen have grown weary, while others are working twice as eagerly as they did. There is one lamenting bitterly because of the destruction around, and rejection of such fine-looking stones and plants; but, most of all,

* Written in shorthand a good while ago.

because they are defacing a beautiful engraving. Poor fellow! poor fellow! Oh, I suppose you'll say that is like me. Well, it does seem a shame to scrape out that nice engraving. I am always getting lectured for saying 'What a shame.' There it is again; they are always wanting to drive me mad, saying, 'Why don't you plunge in?' Why don't they let me help them as I am? I can see and judge of all that's good as well as they can. Oh, what are these men coming to do? They must be good and charitable, however, for they are gathering up all the rejected pieces and stones. I believe there will be a fight over them. Why should there be a fight over them? Why prevent these men from gathering what those others have themselves thrown away as of no use? Is that what you call charity? I wonder what they are going to do. I wonder if I went to *them*, would they let me go with them. *Yes; they say we won't ask you to 'plunge in.'* Oh, but there is no good trying to help them to build up anything with these stones; they are worthless. They want to rebuild a church for old Theology. I'll have nothing to do with these people. See how they are huddling up the stones together; such work will never stand, even if the materials were sound. They might do some good if they would take time and build more carefully. Why don't they work in the light of day instead of in the darkness of night? Oh, no, no; I don't want to halt between the two; I want to go on, on, in the right way, and with the true men. There, there, let me work as well as the others, and I'll plunge in. Let me only do something; I won't weary of it. Oh, what a beautiful foundation they have got for the new temple! All is beautiful; but why can't I help them? No; I don't want to go down to that cold, dark place! Oh, I want light, light! Don't push me down there. Save me! save me! Oh, why do they keep pushing me down in the dark for? Don't let me go! don't let me go! don't let me go! don't let me go! Oh, I don't want to be made any more hopeless than I am—it's dark and hopeless enough. Oh! don't, don't! Oh! oh! oh! It isn't as if they were spirits, they are only men—why don't they let me work with them? I can be as earnest as they are. Oh, I don't want to stop, if they begin with their 'Plunge in, plunge in.' They won't be satisfied with anything. Oh, I'll plunge in; but let them have patience. Suppose I say I'll plunge in—what then? If they did their best, they would have to wait. It seems to me to be all nonsense. I'm quite ready, quite ready, but I can't see two ways at once."

Thursday, 9th.—On Monday last I received the following letter from H. F., in reply to some questions asked on Saturday, the night of my return from Albury:—"My friend,—We have so often tried to answer your questions that we can scarcely understand why you do not understand our wishes, having acknow-

ledged that it was through your influence over her we were first enabled to gain possession of her. Do you wonder we still require that influence to work through, particularly as it is her nature to be rebelliously impatient of control, which has, unfortunately, been sadly increased by the disappointment of her hopes. We consider her mind has made wonderful progress hitherto, under your instructions; and, if unable or unwilling to aid her under her present experience, still your aid will be most valuable to us if you will, with patient perseverance, keep her to her task. If she cannot become all we wish, under your influence, still we shall continue to urge her strongly to submit to it, and to it only; as, from the study of her nature, we are sure that, were she to become separated from you with her present unformed mixture of ideas, she might plunge into still greater misery without advancing her development one iota. She often in a kind of frenzied despair half resolves to seek other influence. But this, we say must *not* be. So we pray you to keep all the mastery you can obtain over her, to make her steady; and, though her trials be dark and fiery, she will have courage to face and overcome them; coming out all, the purer and truer, if she feel she has one true friend in whom she can trust. Do you remember the old saw we construed so often in our school-days—(Here came a sentence in Greek characters, containing thirteen words)—and now farewell. H. F.”

Sunday, 12th.—Last night Miss A. in trance was made write a translation of the above Greek, viz.:—“For gold we purify by fire, and our friends we distinguish through adversities or misfortunes.” During a former trance she spoke fragmentarily the following, by way of instruction to some spirits who had come for instruction:—“Happiness may be greater than anything else; you may say it is greater than virtue, for it takes every virtue to make you happy. Give full scope to your reason; let it guide you at all times. Suppose people *do* wrong you, take it all and do not injure in return. Be gentle, be gentle; don't ever try to justify yourself. A gentle tongue disarms your opponent. Have courage; I mean by courage, among other things, fortitude. I'll explain it—if the misery is great, the shorter will it be. I don't know any shorter way than to be gentle and courageous. I don't indeed exercise these good qualities myself, and the more shame for me. I advise you to throw all selfishness away. Self-love is not selfishness. Self-love would make you cultivate every virtue, and make you contribute to the happiness of all around you. Be gentle, be brave, be self-sacrificing. I don't mean that you are to do anything to hurt yourself in body or mind; but do nothing for self-gratification, when it entails pain in the future. Any self-indulgence that entails pain in the future is never good. Be humble. I don't mean by this, servile or subservient; but don't think yourself

better than others. Give yourself your full value, but don't compare yourself with others. Judge yourself by your reason alone; you have no right to judge other people. Don't wait until you are better, before you give good advice; if I had waited till I was good, I would not now be advising you. Nothing like being gentle in words and actions. Well do I remember my papa's advice—'Be gentle, be gentle.' He made every one love him by being gentle in all his ways. I do not think any one can attain perfect happiness; but there is nothing like trying to get as much as you can—better to have some than none at all; and because you can't be perfectly happy, what folly to refuse to be as happy as you can. Laughter is no sure sign of happiness; I often laugh when I am most unhappy. Cultivate self-love, self-respect. Selfishness brings envy, malice, jealousy, and suffering in its train; but with self-esteem, you can go a-head; everything is then clear before you. I wish I could put selfishness away from me, but I suppose it has been so long ingrained in me, that I can't do so." She also said that the persons she was teaching were alive in the flesh, and when they should hereafter meet her, and would hear from her these same things, they would imagine that they had heard them before.

Friday, 18th.—One night lately in trance, Miss A. described one member of the circle as a grey-haired spirit, who said, when asked his name—"Know me by Cawnpore, for the present." Said he had been a surgeon in the Indian army; that my father knew him well, and also General L.

Monday, 20th.—There was written—"Be punctual to your hours of study. Yes, much more you will yet have to suffer; and, we tell you, struggling against our influence is no use. You have to go on, let others act as they may. Do not be dismayed or grieved over much. Do not you by trifling make your rôle more perplexing to yourself. Hide nothing that will enable your earthly friend to investigate facts and principles; otherwise you will not do your part fairly. When thoughts or doubts arise in your mind—out with them, although you may be thought foolish, or even provoking; there will be no surer method of making your mental progress; and, were all to go smoothly, there would be no need of a mentor. You can now have no cause for concealing any experience from which knowledge can be obtained; since he (Walter) has promised not to interfere, unless you call for his aid, and we do not think that is likely. Trust.—H. F."

Tuesday, 21st.—Yesterday night she saw and described I.'s dress, and Harry's; which latter she hesitated to describe, saying it was not yet as it would be; it was cloudy yet. Cawnpore put his arms round Harry's neck, and seemed to speak to him, but she could only catch the word "mother." She said Cawnpore wished

to send me a message, but that she would not be allowed to tell it to me. I told her to ask if they knew of little Jamsie H.'s death? She said, that the moment Isabella heard it, she started, and went away."

Friday, 24th.—Miss A. continues to see the circle in her trances. Her own friends have left the circle, and she impatiently said she did not care for it—they never did her any good. They all seem to be waiting for her progress, and Harry is wishing so much to write. *Lord Lake*, under whom my father served his earlier campaigns, is the *General L.* to whom Cawnpore said he was well known. She said last night that she never saw the circle looking so content; even Walter looking contented; yet, if she were to tell the truth now, he would be very discontented again. She promised him the night before, that if things didn't change during eight days more, she would go away. There are several spirits surrounding the circle, who are beckoning me to go up there—I think Mr. R. is one of them. There are two younger spirits near him, and one is supporting him. He is close behind Isabella, and has a hand resting on her shoulder; how bright he looks. I can't hear what they are saying—I cannot get near enough. One of the younger spirits *has a great look of the old man*, and I *think, must be his son*. Isabella says he is so anxious to write through me, and wishes I could get quickly under the influences necessary to fit me for writing. *Miss A. says that she was carried bodily off the ground, around from the east door of her room to the west door of mine, a distance of thirty-five feet at least.* There was written also, yesterday:—"My dear child, it does seem a great pity you cannot trust, and gain the proper state for us to be enabled to use your hand freely. There is much for you to do to advance the cause; I, too, long to add my as yet but weak testimony. I always thought you unwaveringly faithful. Oh, prove." This is supposed to be from Mr. R. Then was written, "What is this report that has come up to us, that you are not only fighting against, but actually meditating deserting from the disciplining influence, through which we have been so anxiously watching your progress; thereby perfecting your nature, and with your other mental improvements, fitting you for that higher influence, for which you profess to be so longing. Away, we say, with all faint-heartedness; go on bravely. Had you the courage to take all influence that is not contrary to true harmonious nature, you would on, on, higher, until it would be said of you as, it was said once of the Nazarene, to whose example you ought to cling—(here was written a sentence in Greek characters, consisting of eight words)—but you have still so much to suffer, so much to learn, and time is passing away so fast from you, who have so large, so ennobling a mission to fill. Waste not your hours; study, study; let this word of encouragement weigh with you. W. I."

Sunday, 26th.—In her trance last night, Miss A. said:—"Isabella says for me to *make haste, make haste*; my father is waiting to write through you, and he cannot until you are in a better state. I see Mr. R. now hovering over the circle, at about the same distance, as the circle seems to be above me. There are a great number of spirits round him; I can't count them they are so many. He seems to be teaching them, and exhorting them, and helping them to develope. Oh, I wish I had not burnt all Mr. R. did write.* I don't know what it is, but Cawnpore looks as if he wished to come nearer in order to speak to me, and cannot do so, for some reason or other. Isabella says there is some question that you've asked about somebody, that he wishes to answer himself if he could. I think Isabella means that it is about some one he was talking about to Harry the other night, when the only word I could catch was 'mother.' She says there is some atmosphere about me that none of the members of the circle can penetrate; and that it is only through her strong affinity for you, that *she can* penetrate and speak to me. She says, 'Why don't I get my mind more harmonious with yours?' But what am I to do? I'm sure I try to *feel* as you do, and to do as you wish me. I think its you that won't get on with me; you think I'm so far beneath you in mind. I wish I could get level with you and beyond you, not for pride's sake, but for usefulness. I wish I could drill some common sense into me. Isabella says that Cawnpore's reason for joining the circle was to communicate with you; and he wishes to say himself to you, what you want to know; and besides he wants to identify himself." Last night I wrote the following to H. F. :—"My friend, as you may see farther than I do, tell me, do you really see good grounds for hoping that she will turn out useful to the cause of human advancement, and if soon?" The following answer was written when aroused from her trance, in the dark :—"Yes, but the 'soon' depends as much nearly on the exercise of your influence, as on herself. Be steady, my friend, and we can then say emphatically—*yes*. We weary, but are not discouraged."

Monday, 27th.—Last night the following vision, a continuation of the former one of a "new temple," &c. :—"Come on then, come on with me; I want you to come with me to see how that new temple that they were building is getting on; but I see *you* will have to wait, the road is so bad and full of obstacles. You need not come until it is made smoother. My feet have got considerably hardened of late, and I can go on over the rough ground. It is a curious thing that, although the road is so rugged, it looks bright along it until it comes to a place where it goes down, down, down. It is so hard to struggle through those gloomy places in the midst

* She had concealed from me that she had burnt any writings.

of light. Now it is bright again, but sharp—sharper than ever. Won't my poor feet be sore? Toil on, toil on, toil on—now it goes down *deeper, deeper*. Oh, I don't like going down; it feels as if I could never get up again. Hopeless, hopeless! These holes on the road are just like the Slough of Despond, it's so hard to wade through them. Oh, there's the poor temple at length; it does not look so inviting. What have they been doing to it? The foundation was so beautiful, but now it looks as if some rabble had been abusing it. I see the workmen are still there—they have got a good piece of it up; but look how it is all covered with mud. There are two or three workmen trying to wash the mud off—they don't half go in for it. I would like to go in for it. The leader says to me, 'Tell me, since you were here last; what have you been doing to earn a right to help?' I said I did not know whether I had done anything to earn that right or not. He says that he has a little hope that I may soon be able to help him. Such a funny reason he gives for this hope: he says that he saw that my feet were sore and bleeding, and that I never look'd at them. He is telling those workmen that, instead of washing away the mud, to go on with the building, preparing materials and clearing away the rubbish. See, see, the people that are throwing the mud at the building, are the very men I thought so good when last on the scene, gathering up and trying to save the rejected stones and fragments. The leader says to me, 'You follow them, and see where they are getting the mud from, that they are bespattering the building with; and you'll see my prophecy was right. Do you remember the prophecy? You see the stones that were rejected are all crumbled down, as I said they would be; and these form the mud with which they are defiling the outside of the new building. There is so little of the rubbish taken away; plenty of it lying about still. It is such a curious thing, the spirits of the men that were buried in the vaults there have come back, and are helping the builders. He says, one reason there is so little of the rubbish taken away, is that they have not gone judiciously to work; they have been too much taken up with the erection of the building, and have neglected, in consequence, the necessary clearing of the ground; for when they are carrying in a stone their feet often get entangled with this rubbish, and down they go, and the stone they are carrying gets contaminated again; and so they have to cleanse it over again. See, there are some workmen clearing away the rubbish and scooping it out, and some of their companions are laughing at them for doing the dirty work. 'Ah, my friend, if you had got the rubbish out of your way, you would not have tumbled; and you won't sneer at the others again in a hurry.' Why, they are going away back with the rubbish, taking it to the Slough of Despond. That will be first-rate, they will in this way make a good road of it yet; and those poor fellows are looking the most cheerful and contented of all the workmen, although they are doing the hard and dirty work. What!

again! there they come with their mud: it is not on the building alone they are throwing it this time, but also on the leader. That is right! He just looked down calmly, shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'It is not the first time.' 'Patience, patience,' he says, 'the rays of the Sun of Righteousness will soon dry it off.' There are some of the workmen grumbling at having their clothes spoilt: they say if their leader can't save them from that annoyance, he will have to get some other workmen. Poor fellow! as if he was not suffering more than any of them; he looks so sad. Those spirits are telling them to work on, work on: they took pity on those workmen who were hindered in their work by the rubbish lying in their way, and which caused them to tumble when they were carrying the stones to the building; and the stones seem so much more difficult to be cleansed a second time, and that is what induced the spirits to come down and influence these men to take away the rubbish. I wonder where poor old Theology is all this time. They won't let me help them yet, so shall we go and see where he is? There is a nice smooth road to where he is. He has got a house, I see, but it is a very gloomy one—plenty of rubbish round it. The people there are all praying; they are not working. I don't like that place at all. He is telling the people to pray on, pray on, and they will get possession of that fine temple that is building yet. Pray, pray: oh, it makes me feel shivery all over, to be in that gloomy place—the people have all such long faces on them. He is making them pray the following prayer:—

'Oh Lord, how long wilt thou allow those naughty men, who have overthrown Thy holy temple; to use the materials thereof, to rear up an edifice wherein to teach doctrines, subversive of the reign of Thy truth on earth? Why dost Thou not send down Thy lightning, and blast them? Send an earthquake to rend asunder their unholy work, and swallow them before they get a chance of spreading their blasphemous teachings and revilings. Thou knowest, oh Lord, that we have done our best in denouncing them, and casting slime on their work. How long, O Lord, how long, wilt Thou allow Satan thus to range at large, and keep us, Thy servants, from enjoying the holy fruits of the earth?'

Oh, I don't like this prayer, it is too gloomy; I would rather go back, and see the bright faces of the *workers*. I used to like old Theology, but he is too bitter altogether—the spiteful old fellow. The only thing I don't like about going back is, that the leader keeps criticising me too much. He says, 'Well, what have you been doing to fit yourself for helping them?' He says that I have often just thought, that, by deserting Theology, I would be getting

rid of the exhortation to get rid of my besetting sins ; but he says, that while any of them remain unconquered, I can't work on—there is not the freshness and vigor required for the work ;—and when I asked him what my besetting sins were ; he says that I must find them out for myself ; for if he kept telling me them, it would not have the same beneficial effect. I must find out for myself, and be conscious of them, before I can get rid of them. He says there is nothing like feeling that there is something keeping you back ; and when you find that out, you'll work to get rid of it. He says—'Do you see those men that are now working there so humbly, so quietly, clearing away the rubbish ?' He says—'They were some of my brightest and most forward workmen—eager, eager, ardent, enthusiastic ! but at almost every step they took at first, something pulled them back—stumbling, stumbling. They thought they could rear up the temple at once, and got quite disgusted when they found they could not.' He says 'Don't you remember how you saw them sitting desponding, weary, and hopeless, until those angel visitors came and told them to look within themselves, and find out what was keeping them back.' Flashes of enthusiasm do very well to startle and astonish, but it brings no conviction with it. Down, down ; be humble—to the groundwork—clear away the rubbish. Steadily, firmly, on, on ; when once it is cleared away, then there is nothing to keep you back—all will be bright, bright ;—your enthusiasm cannot then soar too high. Look at them now, you don't see the discontented look on their faces : they are working steadily on, and are sure that their reward is before them. Well, He waves his hand and says, '*Go and do likewise.*'"

Thursday, 30th.—Last night, in trance, Miss A. saw Isabella and Harry standing close behind me, holding their hands over my head, as if they were trying to influence me in some way. Mr. R. came also and stood with them, one hand on Isabella's shoulder, and the other joining their hands over my head. They all told Miss A. to make haste and get fitted for enabling them to communicate with their friends, &c. Isabella says, her father tells her to thank me, for making him acquainted somewhat with Spiritualism before he departed from the earth ; for it facilitated him in many ways, which it would otherwise have taken him long to surpass. A spirit named G. McG. came and asked her to write to his sister Mary that he was dead ; that he died in Ballarat four months ago, and that none of his friends at home knew that he was dead ; that he was known in Ballarat by another name ; that he had been trying hard ever since his death to get intelligence conveyed to his sister. He had tried a medium in Ballarat, but could not succeed ; and having (since his death) come across T. K., had been told by him to come to Miss A.—Cawnpore, after a slight reproach for my inactive fulfilment of their wishes, and my expressing regret at his not being pleased with me, said, "Don't think I am not interested

in you ; I am deeply interested in you. Your father was my friend, and I watched at the couch of your mother shortly before her death. Judge if I be not interested in you." He said my father was a member of the higher circle, with which their lower circle were co-operating.

AUGUST.—Saturday, 1st.—In the course of last night's trance Miss A. said that Walter was not in the circle ; and that Cawnpore told her he kept away so as not to be biassed by any conversation that occurred between her and the rest of the circle that night ; as it was to be during the after-part of that night, that Miss A. and himself had appointed, to have it out with each other, as to a compact she had entered into with him under extreme pressure of suffering. They told her that another member of their circle would be present during the interview between W. and her. Cawnpore exhorted her to put up patiently with everything that happened to her for the next eight days—no matter what or through whom—and that she would, after it was all past, be glad that she did so. She said, "What Cawnpore says is very encouraging, and I don't feel a bit frightened. How is it that Mr. R., although he comes every night, never joins the circle ? It is curious that sometimes when he comes he has a weak, tottering gait, just like when I saw him last on earth ; and sometimes he walks quite sprightly, as if there were ten years knocked off his age. To-night he is looking so much younger and better—in fact the circle all look better and more satisfied to-night than I ever saw them ; and yet I feel so cold—not frightened or unhappy, but just cold—yet with it I feel a longing to go on, and work, work. Cawnpore says, 'Whatever be your thought, and however much you feel disinclined to speak it, out with it—out with it.' He means any thought that has weight. I asked H. F.'s forgiveness for mistrusting him, and promised never to mistrust him again. He says the reason he looked so sad at times, and dissatisfied, was because he was in a manner the person through whom I was mainly introduced to spirit influence ; and therefore, whenever he sees me dissatisfied, and repining under these influences and experiences, he feels sad. He has lately been feeling deeply for me, and been doing all he could to diminish my sufferings, but could not do all he wished. He says he wishes that I would feel that he and you were my best friends, and never to doubt you. That when I doubt him it paralyses him : I don't see how that can be ; for when I doubt you it does not paralyse you. I think I trusted H. F. more than any of them, but when he turned against me, as I thought, I felt bitter to him. He says, no matter what should happen, never to doubt you both. He says, he almost trembles when he thinks of the trials that I have to go through. Why, that is more than I do for myself. What does your brother mean by saying, 'There's a chance for us at last ?' They are talking away, but they seem ever to be talking at me, and not to me."

Tuesday, 4th.—On Sunday night, Miss A. was made to write the following, in an unconscious state, by my father:—"My dear Grandie, do not imagine because papa has not written to you lately, that he has not been with you, and been anxiously watching your progress through the late trials of your faith and principles. I am delighted beyond measure at your patient perseverance. Keep to your work, my Grandie; and the requisite strength will be given to enable you to overcome all difficulties in your free intercourse with our sphere, by our being able to influence your medium oftener and more easily. May she have the steadfast courage, under your protection and encouragement, to brave all the severe trials through which she has to pass, in her progress with her present circle, composed principally of our friends, at least just now; and on whom you can rely. May her heart daily become more and more mellowed and harmonised, by the purest, truest love, until she has her nature so purified, that she will be a fit recipient of the teachings, which even more elevated spirits than our circle, are wearying to pour into the world through her. Keep her warmest feelings in habitual exercise; for coldness and apathy, to which she seems so subject, stop all progress of every kind. Help on her development by every means in your power, thereby aiding your own in no small degree. We want her to encourage others to become laborers. Thousands are waiting for the happy words to give light to their souls. On then, on boldly and manfully. May every blessing be showered on you and yours. Adieu, my Grandie. Your ever affectionate papa,* A. W." The following from my brother, *last* night, according to promise:—"My dear Grandie, I have been so often trying to write to you in vain, I must now again attempt to do so, although under great difficulties, owing chiefly to the chilling atmosphere surrounding our medium; still we have more hopes for her ourselves, than we have had for such a long time! Oh, may they not be again blighted! In choosing subjects for your united study, let them be such as will expand the heart as well as the mind; for we too look for instruction and pleasure during those study hours, and feel disappointed when we come and miss them. I cannot yet write of anything more personal. Have patience, perseverance, and we will all rejoice yet. Adieu then, my dear Grandie. Ever your affectionate brother, H. A. W." On Sunday night, Mr. R. said he would write me again soon; and wished Miss A. would soon get into a fit state for using her more easily; and was much pleased at my expressing delight at having a message from him. Miss A. says he puts his hand up to his ear when any one is speaking to him, just as he did on earth; and that this was one of his

* The word "papa" was always a test to me—for he to the last signed himself so, in his letters to me when in the flesh—but of this Miss A. knew nothing.

feeble nights, and he seemed weary, as if he had been working too hard; he must keep going. Isabella said that sometimes he was so strong, and sometimes so weak; but that he is getting stronger every day; and that it was really him I saw long ago on a couch, in such a weak condition, shortly after his departure, with Isabella and other spirits round him. Cawnpore says it was quite natural for you to send away Mr. R.'s letter; but that you ought not to have torn it out of the book. Isabella says she does not think that you ought not to have done it, if you thought proper, although she would have liked her father's letter to be in the same book as her own and other friends. Cawnpore says he objected, because the circle wished to confine all communications to you, until they became quite sure of being able to *continue* to address others with these writings. Isabella seemed pleased when I told her that you intended putting it back into the book, when you had it returned to you. Last night she saw a great number of spirits all around the circle, and then they stood round the end of a table examining writing lying on it. They put their hands on some paper on the table, as if they were signing some compact.

Thursday, 6th.—In her trance last night, Cromwell, according to promise the night before, took possession of her, and said the following; as well as I could catch and take down his words:—“Vain, vain, vain, vain! Yes, a good quarter-staff would be a good thing to knock that stubbornness out of her. Puzzling her head as she does, over trifles; and when the poor circle, who are taking so much trouble with her, are rejoicing at the idea of her being made to speak, she begins whining about—‘What are they laughing at me for? I suppose they are chuckling over my being made to keep down my rebellious feelings, at not being let go to mamma.’ Here have I been kept waiting for months and months. She’ll have to give in, and she’d better do it with a good will. We can’t get that brain of hers right. They keep telling me to have patience with her. How many more months and years are we to be kept waiting. Nothing will encourage her on. Nothing for it but just to *work her, work her*. Keep her at it. Days of idleness, *gone, gone, gone!* Such coldness. The Lord deliver us from such coldness and want of energy. I can’t make her speak to-night. Once more I’ve got possession of her, and I’m not going to be beaten. I once said before, that I wouldn’t be beaten, and I *won’t*. Such a glorious privilege before her of work for human good! Nothing seems to have any effect upon her; neither firmness on our part, nor her sufferings; not even despair seems to urge her on. Faithless, grumbling, or whining. It is only some hard determined spirit like me, that can do her good, by taking possession of her brains, and working them. The stuff is there, the stuff is there, man! but it wants to be set to work. She has to be driven to it. She’ll never work until she is driven to it.

Keeping back, keeping back; frightened to go on, for fear of drawing tongues on her head. And now she's hugging herself up with the idea, that the spell they have cast around her will get broken. If it does, so much the worse for herself. She'll have to put up with rough handling. We don't mean to work her unconsciously. She'll have to work, and consciously. Every bit of that morbid sensitiveness will have to be driven out of her. The jibes, and sneers, and scoffs; every bit of it; she'll have to endure. She supposed we didn't read her thoughts, as she stood there rejoicing at not feeling influenced; hoping that that abusive old fellow would not be able to influence her; but I've come back, and *you* keep her straight, you keep her straight, and I'll work her. This you know is not very profitable. I never had much patience, but certainly she has exhausted whatever I had of it. It's well for her, we can't spare her. By and by she'll say—'Oh, some unpleasant influence was influencing me.' Ha! that wasn't bad; forsooth, she growls at being called goosecap. These are but mild terms to what will be hurled at her; and she'll be no good until they are. It's these secret feelings of her heart, that she's trying to crush down for fear of consequences. If she would only give free course to her nature, she would do well, and her way would be clear. As for you, don't have any qualms of conscience about pushing her on. Once launched in the field of work, she'll go on; the stuff is there. Ha! how she'd rail at me, if you repeated to her what I've been saying of her. Yes, if you can repeat it, do so. I don't mind there being a little inharmony with me. I like to have something to subdue. Some stumbling-block to kick out of the road. Our friend Robert is waiting for harmonious feelings to reign. His would be the more useful influence in the world, were her nature once subdued; and if she were brought to enter heart and soul into the work. You may tell her that if she wants to get rid of my influence, the sooner she goes heart and soul to her work the better, and the sooner she'll get rid of me; and get, what to her will be more genial influence. But she has to learn to speak, and with the perfect consciousness that she's speaking under our influence; and be able to cast from her all that miserable sensitiveness, sensitiveness." Then Miss A., still in trance, uttered the following fragments:—"Well, what are they laughing at? They seem so amused at something. I never thought spirits could get on like that. Now they are talking away to each other; and Cawnpore says—'Oh, what a pity to have the noble aspirations of her nature cramped down! The irritability, the morbid sensitiveness, the bowing down to conventionalities, are such dreadful impediments to their work.' Cawnpore says they could be very easily satisfied about this thing, but that the very uncertainty is useful for her development; and if their wishes are unfounded, the certainty of their being so will come all too soon; because they are afraid I'll get dissatisfied and inhar-

monious, and so check the influence. He says all spirits are not clairvoyant; and that if I were developed to become clairvoyant, I could then command easily, spirits that were clairvoyant. They say that I have a tendency to be clairvoyant, but that it requires working.

Saturday, 8th.—In the afternoon of yesterday, the following short vision, and unfinished, and postponed at my request:—“I’m looking at the seeming misery through which they are putting those spirits, that they are bringing from that dark place. One of the bright spirits has just told me to ask them, if what they were then going through, was more miserable than what they suffered in the dark place they had left. One of them has just looked up, and says, with such a warm smile upon his wretched-looking face—‘That *now* they have *hope*, which they had not before. Hope has taken the place of despair.’ They say that one of the greatest torments of the dark place where they were, is, that the dark spirits believe that they are there for eternity; and that for them there is no relief for ever. And when the bright spirits come among them, they only believe they come among them to aggravate their torments, by showing them what their joys *might* have been. When they tell them to trust in them, and they will show them the way out of their darkness; they think they are only mocking them—they think that God sends these good spirits among them only to mock them. He says, work, work—put up with anything, any misery, in order to progress, and so as not to be obliged to enter there. He says, the misery which I see them bearing in their present state of probation, is all produced by their eyes being opened to see, their hearts being opened to feel, the consequences of their acts; not only to themselves, but much more vividly, as these consequences affected others; and also the difficulty they found in eradicating any of these bad effects. He says, would not he give years and years of life in his *present* state of misery, if he would thereby be able to obliterate the consequences of one of his acts. The spirit that is speaking, is the one whom I saw them bringing out of that dark place. I asked him how long he had been there? He said he did not know, but it seemed to him as if it had been centuries. There’s a woman just thrown herself on the ground, and exclaims—‘Oh! did you hear that? did you hear that? My poor girl, my poor girl!—it was I who first taught her to lie. A bright spirit beside me says—‘How little that fine lady thinks, that what is to her but a passing pleasantry, has been allowed to penetrate to the spheres, and add agony to her mother’s heart.’ There is a father beseeching permission to dash the wine-cup from his son’s hands. A bright spirit says—‘What a privilege it would be to me, if that spirit-father could influence me to be the medium of saving his son.’ This bright spirit is pointing to two or three

other spirits, where to go to listen to instruction, at some earthly circle, harmoniously met together. Oh, that you mortals could realise how much you could aid in advancing those spirits!" The above is a continuation of a former vision which I neglected to copy. There was written the following:—"Owing to the doubts that had risen in your minds, while reading the accounts of the so-called dark spirits; you are again introduced among those dark souls, who have been left in the misery through which they have to pass, before they can become conscious of their sad state; or become satiated with the almost stagnation of their vital principles; steeped, as they are, in the veriest excess of their (as men would even call them) hellish vices. The being plunged in this, is the true solution of its being said 'there is progress in sin among bad spirits;' but, as you have seen, it is only the hardened, the obstinately unconvincable sinners, who are allowed to enter this state; and it is done in love and mercy, to purify them in the fire of affliction, and make them feel the want of sympathising love—for, see you not how those who were apparent friends on earth fall away from each other; hate, jealousy, distrust, burning fiercely in their breasts? Would that the view you have beheld, were thrown open before the eyes of the world; to teach them that Spiritualism teaches not the absurd doctrine foisted on it—that sinners have nought to fear from the consequences of their evil deeds: nor will this fear alone exempt them from the penalty—there must be the feeling of the degradation to which they are subjecting the spark of the God-head placed in their care; and which they should nourish and cherish with all the noble faculties, physical and mental, with which their natures are endowed by their great Father; whose image they are in very truth marring, while steeping it in the seething pots of Egyptian darkness and pollution. Nay, nay; even in that dark abode they are not left in ignorance of the door of redemption opened for them, by the acceptance of God's love in their hearts. See those bright spirits treading in their midst. Alas! how apparently in vain. See how anxiously they watch the countenance of each one they address, little caring for the words or actions with which they are received—their sole attention seeming to be fixed on waiting the chance of a yielding nerve becoming apparent in those hard-hardened faces, indicating a corresponding one in their poor sin-torn hearts. Now they have come to one seated low in sorrowing despair; how gently they try to raise him, pouring in words of love, aye, nought but love, into his ears, and pointing to a faint glimmering light, at a far distance, towards which they are endeavoring to induce him to go; although his path is over thorns and briars, yea, even over burning ploughshares; and followed by the hissing taunts of those he is leaving behind; who, in very wantonness, are hurling their own dear delights in his road, to delay, if they cannot make him turn back.

His way is slow and weary; but do not fear; he will not be allowed to toil in vain; aid will be given him, if there be even the slightest feeling of its want. We can go on in the meantime, and watch the progress of that almost spent and desponding soul nearing that light. He cries—'Oh, leave me not to perish thus alone!' and he hears a voice saying, '*Toil on, toil on; have faith; I am nigh thee. Come on, come on!* At last, he enters. See how tenderly they raise him up (the last part of the journey had to be performed on hands and knees), bathe his wounds, and lay him, child-like, down to rest, to regain his strength, before listening to the words of love and wisdom, which those angel-ministers are ready to speak to all; to encourage them to begin and work on, on, by accepting love into their hearts; and, having become conscious of the consequences of their past lives, endeavor to expiate them by seizing upon every opportunity afforded them of learning, and practising good, in the very minutest degree—ever with a longing desire to attain the strength, knowledge, and power to return; and, by their example and precepts, induce even one of those left behind in that dark abode to follow them out. Here your vision is broken, but you will, if you desire it earnestly, be permitted to return and learn more. Would that you may do so; and drink in the words of love and wisdom, to aid your progress in the path of usefulness, over which we long to hasten your journey. We wish you could be made to describe your visions in words, to give you the fluency of expression you so much need. Remember, a flippant tongue is not a fluent one. Adieu.—H. F."

Last night, in trance, the following—"Your brother thanks you for remembering his request, that you would read something instructive before the night-trance; and he was much pleased at what was read to-night. He had not felt as he wished, the last two nights, from disappointment at my not doing what he had wished in this respect. He says all the circle listened to the instructions that were read; they did not all individually hear what was read, but they all read it as pictured in the minds of those that did hear. It somehow vibrates through the whole circle. He says, also, for you not to regret your advice to me, because, apparently, it has been so often as if wasted; for that he himself has often heard every word you have said, and that it often applied to him, and was very suitable to him; that if that vision had been gone on with (this alludes to the vision in the previous afternoon that had been postponed, and which is written above) to-night, we would have seen how spirits learn from us—that circles formed for spirit manifestations, &c., don't know the tremendous harm they often do—that undeveloped, unhappy spirits are often sent to profit by the teachings that are given at these circles; and when, instead of these profitable teachings, they find inharmony reigning, and

frivolous and flippant conversation, and conduct, and impatience; it sends them away back, with their progress impeded instead of having gained anything. In some instances, spirits have left these circles, and in very despondency have gone right back to the dark abode they had just been drawn from. He says—Do you remember in one of his letters to you, he warned us against allowing uncharitable feelings, and flippant conduct or inharmony, to be introduced into the circles? Sometimes, not very often, he heard what you said to Copaul—that the rebellious feeling I had to Copaul's influence, prevented them from coming near, at all the interviews. I feel colder than ever, yet your brother says he is glad to see the cold atmosphere going away. Harry says he has not seen M. M. yet; and their meeting would not do either of them any good as yet; that they are probably on the same plane, but that there may be so many spirits, and so much between them, they may be long yet before they meet. People may be great friends on earth, but their attractions when they go to the next sphere may be so different, although on the same plane, that they may not meet each other for years; that often the friends that meet you and introduce you into spirit-land, as soon as they see you safely landed there; they may, and do separate from you, and you may never meet them again, unless you have a strong attraction for each other. Look, for instance, at the formation of the present circle, and the sort of attraction that has brought them together—many of us may never meet again after we have finished our work with you. Cawnpore says he for one would be away quickly enough, if he could only get his work done. At the same time, they say that spirit circles formed in that way, often get bound together by affection for the circle, or for the medium, or for whatever attracts them in each other. Cawnpore says he could tell us all about 'Copaul,' but he won't do so, because I won't go on. He says it is all my fault. Their circle was brought together, some by affinity, some by attraction, and some by the upper circle; and your father was one of the principals in the arrangement."

Sunday, 9th.—In an afternoon trance yesterday, the following vision:—"Lead on, lead on; I'll follow. I can't understand why those persons who were friends on earth should have such different attractions in the next sphere. The spirit that is leading me along is called away, and he tells me to wait for him. Why do they keep me in this black space alone?—all *space, space*; nothing for the eyes to rest on. There is such a deathlike stillness all about me—such a deathlike calm coming over me: it is not a cold feeling; it's a sort of gentle calm, just the sort of feeling you might imagine a child might have when it buries its head in a pillow. It's a pleasant trustful sort of feeling; a putting away of all care. Yes, yet I feel as if I were being hurled down, down. The spirit has come

back again : he says the reason he was called away is, that I was in such a restless, impatient state of mind, that he could not convey any instruction to me. He says, the state of feeling that I have been just describing to you, is just the state I shall be in permanently, if I would put my faith in *God*, and *His* ministers; no matter what agony my mind and body may go through, my soul will rest in peace and calm on the pillow of faith and love. Oh, I never could—I never could—have faith; I can't have faith. I don't believe in any God at all; I can't realise him. The spirit says, with reference to my question, that he can't understand why I can't believe, that persons who have been friends on earth, should, when they go to the next sphere, have different attractions, so that they may not meet each other for years and years. See, he says, how two people may be studying the same subjects; yet with what different feelings and motives they are influenced by; one person studies from attraction of the subject, another from mere curiosity; another from love of knowledge, and another from a scientific point of view; and all of them seem to be equally anxious—equally eager—in their pursuit of the subject; and then, if that subject were taken away from them, how little would they have in common. The objects of their pursuits and attractions would be very different, even on earth; and so it is, when the tie that has bound them on earth is severed, their spirits fly off in different directions. We are going on, on to some place. All spirits are not clairvoyant; those that are so, can see whatever they wish. The spirit circle whom I see, would not hear you unless I was present; and even then I must have the idea thoroughly impressed on my mind, otherwise they couldn't read it; and they can't understand anything you say to me, unless I receive it passively. Formerly I did not receive what you said thus; but now, when you speak to me, and say I am not listening to you, I then absorb all you say, and not even the thought of an answer comes into my mind; and when I do answer you, and don't listen, it interferes with their hearing what you say. When I sit and listen to what you say, the circle, or some of them, are always present. Of course it would be right for me to listen earnestly when they are not present as well, and I know I am wrong when I don't do so. I'm always making good resolutions, if I could only keep them. The spirit says to me, when will I begin to realize the importance of all my words, thoughts, and actions. He says, above all things, that I ought to try to work against those gloomy feelings that come over me, for they put me into a state to be influenced by unfriendly spirits, and they urge me on, on, on. It is not that they (the unfriendly spirits) mean any harm, but they don't know what they are doing. They are seeking a vent for their own feelings, and looking for some earthly mind that seems to sympathise with them. There are some of these spirits that are allowed to come down and get instructions among us; and, if they find the mediums to whom they are

sent, in a gloomy and unfit state of mind, *their* feelings, added to the feelings of the medium, set everything all wrong. He is telling me to watch, watch, and work, work against it; and to remember the harm I am doing, not only to myself, but to others. He says he must leave me now, for the feelings I had when I went into the trance stopped him from being able to show me the vision. He says that the minute I felt the slightest influence I ought to have gone into the trance."

Monday, 10th.—Last night, in trance, my brother Harry asked H. F. to answer for him some questions I had asked, requiring explanations as to how I am to understand their frequently telling me, that they are continually with me, &c., &c., as H. F. could explain things to me much better than he himself could. H. F. says that my father, and Isabella, and Harry are not *always* but very constantly near me: that it is only very rarely that they can read my thoughts, and they can't see my person, but they can hear my voice when I am in the presence of a medium, even although that medium may be undeveloped; and that there is always a sufficient attraction goes up from my spirit to them at all times, so that, when they wish, they can know where I am; and not only that, but also my state of mind or spirit—whether it is at rest, or enduring trials—though they can't tell exactly what the trials are, or what it is that is making me uneasy—and they try to pour down into my mind comfort or instruction. Walter says that the case of Lyon v. Home will do much good to the cause of Spiritualism, although apparently it may seem injurious; and that if the judge's concluding remarks had been even more condemnatory of Spiritualism, it would still have done more good than harm. Cawnpore says it will also give a good lesson to many Spiritualists, to be more careful how they entangle themselves in worldly affairs; or how they barter their independence or freedom of action in any way. They say, if she (Miss A.), goes on steadily even now, it will be all right. Walter has promised not to interfere for a month: they say if things don't go right after a month they are going to let him try and influence me again. I have promised to do my best, and I intend trying to do so. Harry says he wishes he could make you realise how much he loves you. They say that you ought to keep your spirit pure and calm, and they will be conscious of it; and to be assured that they are only too willing to pour comfort into you.

Wednesday, 10th.—On Monday, the 10th, I left home for Beechworth, and returned on Sunday following, 16th. Miss A. was not conscious of having done anything since, while I was away. In her trance on Sunday night the circle did not make their appearance. She saw many spirits, but among them knew only M. G., who had tried hard the night before to influence her to write, but in vain. She wished to write another message to her

(Miss A.'s) mamma, by way of explaining a message she had written before: that at the time of that first message, she was in comparative ignorance, and had told her mamma to keep close to her present faith, because at that time she had thought that it was that faith that had prevented her from going to hell; and she had learned now that there was *no hell* at all like what she had thought; and she has had to unlearn many things, and she can't find any hell, except that which people create for themselves. She thought at first that she was in heaven, and wondered that she did not see God; but now she knows that God is everywhere, pervading the universe. She does not understand why she cannot again make me write now, as she once done before; and says she is sure her words would weigh with many. In her trance of the 17th Miss A. complained of being *so cold*, and kept shivering, but gradually got easier and more comfortable. The circle came at last, with that beautiful band round them described in a former trance. Cawnpore's name is Pears, as was written yesterday by H. F., and he wonders at your not knowing it, or at your not having heard your father talk about him; but that if you ask your sister A., she will be able to tell you. Don't forget to ask your sister A. what was the name of the doctor who attended your mother in her last illness. They say if I worked harder, it would not signify so much our being separated for a time; and Cawnpore gets impatient, when I am not prepared for their influence. There is a medical circle he attends, with whom he wishes to be longer in attendance; and he can't be with them as long as he wishes, because, at your father's request, he joined this circle for my development, and does not wish to disappoint him, or impede by his absence any influence favorable to my progress. I feel as if every member of the circle could, if they wished, make me do something convincing, but they all keep holding back; and Cawnpore says, when I feel this, why don't I *work on, work on*. Just think, it is *two* years last Sunday since the table was first turned. Your brother was present, and was so delighted, that, if spirits could, he would have wept tears of joy. Walter claims to have been the spirit who moved the tables and press, &c., &c., all through. It is not a flattering power to make physical manifestation; but he is not ashamed of the power, as long as it could be made useful to any; and that if I would ascend higher in the scale, he would ascend also. That the reason he came to me was, that he had acted towards me in a way that had been the cause of my often (in my life since) acting in a way that I would not have done, but for his conduct to me. That I had erroneously thought, that his late behaviour was from a spirit of revenge, that it was from a quite contrary spirit. That he wished to undo, as far as he could, all the hardening of my nature, induced by his acts long ago; and for us to take warning; for although we may not—and cannot—see the consequences of our actions on earth; yet we may be assured that in the next world we will see

their full consequences, and have to regret accordingly. Cawnpore says you don't use your will-power half enough over me, to draw out veneration. He says it would do yourself good, the trying to develope me; it would give you more earnest steadiness. He says I want forcing to look up to you, and venerate you, and you ought to develope that veneration in me; and they want you to watch more all your words and actions, and be more steady. That you have your work to do, as well as I have mine; and you must take a firmer stand. August 18th.—Trance:—She said that Isabella, and H. F., and Cawnpore, all said they intended to lecture me for not getting on as I ought. Oh, I wish you could see Mr. R.—He looks just exactly as when I saw him first on earth; but every moment he seems to get brighter and brighter. He says its quite true, it was from you he got Muller's books, and first heard of Muller; and it was in 1861, and he thought them such treasures then; and he then said and thought, they were also fine advertisements. He says that if Muller, and those with him, had not published to the world that they were living by faith, they might have starved; and that there was nothing miraculous in the matter. He says now, that there was too much of the special miracle principle about them. That to have trust and faith is a splendid thing; that they carry a man on to the highest attainments and progress; but that any other public institution might as well claim the donations *they* receive, as likewise miraculous. He says he cannot get on as fast as you would; because you were acquainted more with the conditions of the spirit-land than he was, when he entered; that he wished he had known earlier about spirit intercourse; that before he left, he thought much about those spirit writings you had sent him, and about these things so new to him; that he could not speak of them, but thought much about them; and he wishes they had come sooner. But they had come too late for him to benefit much, although they did do him good. The following is the second letter from Mr. R.:—"My dear Sydney, our Isabella is so anxious to have some of her father's writing, when it will meet your eyes, along with some of her own, that I therefore shall again give you a few lines. I do want to write to my dear wife, but find I must have patience, there being a prior influence whose claims on her have to be satisfied, before we can obtain the free use of her hand. What a pity that she does not hasten. I will be greatly disappointed if she does not soon allow me the power to send a message to James, and Edith also. What a pity the poor thing must suffer so much; but will not her usefulness to the cause give her the courage to brave it all. May God's love fill all your hearts. Ever yours affectionately, my dear Sydney, J. R."

Friday, 21st.—There was nothing particular, or worth recording in Miss A.'s trance last night. The following was written by

H. F. :—"Come, come, no more rebellious feelings; be patient; aye, let your heart even rejoice that he feels such an earnest interest in your spiritual progress, as to be angry at your (to say the least) incautious acts. We thank him for making you feel more every day the importance of your high calling; towards your fitness for which, there is no doubt that humility is a grand step. Still we remind him that you are particularly nervous just now, and he should not let your nerves get too excited, so as to impede our influence over you. Let him soothe as well as reprove you, H. F." The following by Cawnpore, or Pears—"Knowing how anxious we are for your progress, do not think we are too particular in our advice. Could you have the courage to advance at all hazards, you would leave no means untried to effect our wishes. What do you fear? Dr. P." The following from W. I., written unconsciously to Miss A. :—"Yes, my friend, we thank you, sincerely thank you, and fully appreciate the earnest anxiety that excites you to urge her on to her work, at which she is assuredly too much of a lagger; but we want *you* too as a worker, and in your efforts for her development, to advance your own; therefore, take it not badly that we tender you, a once-before-given advice, to watch constantly over yourself, and do not lose your self-control. Let your reproofs be mild as well as firm; never let any feelings of personal annoyance enter into them. We know this is a difficult task, when you feel your efforts for another's good too often apparently unappreciated; but be assured they are not wasted; they shall yet bear fruit abundantly to yourself as well as others. Do practice, in reproof, or argument, to speak mildly; and earn the praise—[A Greek quotation of twelve words], or, as Cooper hath it—'But when he speaks, what eloquence flows; soft as the fleeces of descending snows;' and feel how delightedly proud we would then be of our dearly-loved fellow-worker.—W. I."

Sunday, 23rd.—The night before last (Friday night) in trance, the following may be worth reading. She complained very much of being cold, and kept shivering. At length she sat up from her reclining posture, and put her hand to her mouth, and one of my hands on her head, as *Copaul* used to do; and sure enough it was *Copaul* come to visit us. I asked how he had been? Had he been progressing in love and happiness? He said—"Oh, how wonderful are the works of God, which I have seen, and heard, and felt, since I left you. I thought I should never be able to come back; even now it is so difficult to control her; and now, that I find I can come back, I will come again and tell you everything. It is not only the difficulty of coming back, and taking possession of her, that I find great only; but it seems she is under the control of some spirits who have her development in hand, and I had to get permission from them to come to her. They say they are

putting her through a course of probation. Oh, I have been so afraid that you would think me ungrateful, and had forgotten you; but be sure I have not forgotten. Even this coming to show that I am not ungrateful, will give me courage to go on. Oh, I wish I could tell you everything; but I can only stay a very little time just now. I am not allowed to stay long. But I earnestly exhort you to go *on*, go *on*. Don't lose a chance of doing good. You don't know how great your reward will be. It has been to me like going through ice, I was so cold while getting to her. I can't get on fast; I want more help. This very longing to come back has kept me down. Why does not she get up, so that we all can come to her? I know that she has not the same dislike to me that she had. Still, still; in spite of everything, I know that she will be glad that I came." Copaul here left, and Miss A. said:—"The circle are come. Harry is not with them to-night either. Cawnpore says he gave permission for some spirit to come to Miss A. I told her to tell him it was Copaul. He says if she is good, they will let him come again. He says that although Harry is not present, his influence is with them; and that his absence is a greater loss to them than to us. Walter says to me it was a foolish conjecture of mine thinking he did not like Copaul; on the contrary, his coming was of great use to him; and Copaul's loving nature helped to soften mine. Cawnpore says I want a deal more softening. He is longing for me to soften down, for he wishes to talk to you, and tell you of many things you would be glad to hear, as a reward for your patience; but he won't do it until I get softened down. He says I am too frightened of consequences to get softened down. He says to some of the others, fear or no fear, he hoped I was in for it. He says for me to take care not to give myself up to other influences during your absence. The circle don't all look equally bright. Isabella and H. F. look the brightest. Harry and Cawnpore look about the same as to brightness; but they all seem getting brighter. Cawnpore says for me to look out, and not be dragging them down again. They are working for my development, and the better it progresses the brighter they will get; that doing good is the way to get brighter. Cultivate the *heart*; the purer, the truer, it is, the more easily the intellect will be influenced. He says if I will have courage, and not be frightened of consequences, all the circle would soon begin to write through me. They will tell you exactly what to do the night before you go away; and that it is a good thing for me that I have you to aid me, otherwise they would have to put me through twice as hard a course." Last night in trance, among other things connected with instruction, Miss A. said—"Cawnpore says that your father took me once, long ago, to his mansion where he dwelt; and that it was there I saw a bright-looking lady and beautiful child; that lady was your mother. Cawnpore says he felt so much your mother's dying with-

out any of her children being near her. Mr. R. says that some of his opinions held on earth are fading, fading; but some are getting brighter. If I would only get into a fit state, he would write through me what his present opinions and views are; that God is dealing very gently with him. He says for you to stir up Frederick. Don't let any time be lost in impressing them all with these things."

SEPTEMBER.—Tuesday, 1st.—The following from J. A. James was written during my absence at Beechworth:—"Yes, you are quite right in accepting God as an ever-present essence; pervading all things, animate and inanimate—in whom we live, and move, and have our being—from whose presence none can flee; as He is truly the very germ of our existence, forming the consciousness ingenerate in the human breast, which reveals to man the immutable—the unalterable—laws of his nature; that become his heaven or his hell, according as he obeys or disobeys their voice; laws so beautifully just, and perfectly balanced, that the very slightest infringement of them must inevitably bring its own punishment; and from the consequences of which, no prayer, no faith, no substitute can save us until we have paid the uttermost farthing—corporeally while on earth, and mentally when we enter the spheres, where it is even more rigorously exacted; and until paid, we never lose the consciousness of being weighed down by a clog, which is visibly impeding our upward progress. Ours is in truth a God in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning; and who therefore must be just and true in all His dealings with His children.—J. A. J." Then from Dr. Ralph Wardlaw the following:—"How love and gratitude ought to fill your heart, for being even now, taught to cast from you the fruitless terrors that overwhelm so many of your fellow-mortals; and we want you to begin and show that it is so, by love to all men. Live not only for yourself, but for your fellow-beings. Endeavour to open their eyes to the real condition of their natures. Show them how every breach of the laws of their natures, or the law of divine love, entails bitter consequences on their own heads. See how voluptuousness, intemperance and excess, destroys the health, and renders the victim contemptible. See how anger, and the looking for vengeance on those who may have injured them, cankers the heart. See how the covetous man, the miser, embitters his life; look at his haggard, emaciated features, while he actually groans under the wealth, for the gaining of which he has sacrificed himself. See the liar: do you envy the distrust he has engendered? See the hard-hearted, the inexorable, into whose ear the voice of love or pity never enters. Oh, be it your mission, ever to warn all to avoid these errors; and warn them that, although they may escape human laws, they cannot fly from the natural consequences of their sins. Oh, let your voice be keen and earnest in your admonitions, and still be ever ready to turn to the more

grateful duty of comforting the distressed in soul or body. Be ever ready to raise and shield injured innocence. Remember, all you have to instruct, may be beings weak as yourself; therefore be always indulgent; guard against pride, lest you thereby hurt the self-love of others. Be truthful, just, and loving to *all*—yes, to *all*—for the most polluted, the most degraded, are still your brethren, *yet* to become fitted to be called the children of God.—R. W.” Then from H. F. the following:—“Study, with the earnest desire in your heart, of gaining some knowledge that you can impart to others; and ponder more deeply on each subject, as each night you are placed in circumstances to try how much of vital truth you are letting into your soul; and thus we learn your progress. Do not let your energy flag. Work on in your loneliest hours. Some of us are ever trying to be near you, and to cheer you. See how you are getting the influence from the upper circle, although it can be but little at present. We have known you are suffering, and are glad to see you are learning to be cheerful and patient. It will be a victory gained, slight as it may appear to you. Farewell.—H. F.” The following from H. F., returning my greeting to the circle on my return home:—“Yes, my friend, we welcome you and return your greeting. God is love—all love—where then the room for even the semblance of hate? We have all now a more genial soil to work on: then, flag not in your efforts; as ever, we say, on, on. Adieu.—H. F.” Last night, in her trance, my brother Harry, who had been absent from the circle for a week with an acquaintance just arrived from earth; told me that it was F. N. whom he had been with: that he had met a miserable end in some hospital about a fortnight or three weeks ago. Miss A. knew not of such a person; much less that he was a friend of my brother’s.

Friday, 4th.—Last night the following, from Dr. Thomas Dick:—“I too, am one of your expecting circle; so let me offer you my word of advice. Resist not the influences sent to break down your stubborn heart; even if they are to separate you from all your dearest friends, and force you into circumstances where you will learn, that brotherly love is not an abstract but an active principle: a bond, wherein all mankind must be enclosed, quite irrespective of birth, nation, or education. With it in your heart, your upward course is sure; without it you are nothing, though you speak with the tongue of men or angels; though you had the gift of prophecy, and understood all mysteries, and even faith to remove mountains. With all this extent of power—all these acquirements of knowledge—you cannot rise as we require you, until your heart is filled with a love pure in principle and practice—unwarped by prejudice or passion—unabated amidst calumny, slanders, and detraction—unalterable in persecutions—with a pious fervor and with holy resolutions. This is the essence of love, which will truly ennoble your nature, and raise it to the pitch of excellence;—which alone can impart true

satisfaction, and make you the active friend of all mankind.—Thomas Dick.”

Monday, 7th.—The following, from W. I. to Miss A.:—
 “Instead of wasting your time and thoughts on the reasons of this or that influence or direction, it is high time that you should now accept and act on them with unquestioning faith—so far as they do not go contrary to the consciousness of light in your inner self. Would it not have been far more rational to-day, had you felt encouraged by finding you would not be permitted to look back, than to utter that really meaningless exclamation of ‘I wonder why they won’t let me look back!’ You positively wish still further to earn the epithet of lagger. Nay, my child, you have been called upon to separate yourself for this work; attend, therefore, to your charge, and carefully trace the right-lined furrow; gaze no more about to right or left, but keep your mind intent upon your work, as the ancient poet saith to his ploughman. [Here follows a Greek quotation of thirteen words.] Again I bid you accept and utilise all influence, and expend not what little brains you have, pondering on the whys and wherefores. Have faith and courage; and we bid you in the name of our Father, God speed.—W. I.”

Tuesday, 8th.—Last night, the following, in an unknown hand, or rather the writer unknown:—“Yes; on, on, and expand your mind and heart, and we will often come in and hold communion with you. We can feel the yielding to the influx of trusting determination and love. Oh! do not let them ebb; for their constant reflux, and the consequent succeeding coldnesses, and periods of apathetic feelings, are too long and too constant. Even at this moment I feel it growing. Beware! Cannot your love or friendship keep it away? Confess any wrong feelings you have, and his sympathy will hardly fail to set you right.”

Friday, 11th.—Last night, Miss A., in trance (the following may be worthy of recording), said—“A fine-looking spirit (who appeared to me to-day in my afternoon trance, and told me that I ought to cultivate my heart more, and be more sympathizing, and at the same time to subdue and crush out sensitiveness, that I may be able to endure slights and provocations), has made his appearance again, and is talking to the circle, or rather to Cawnpore; he is a member of the upper circle. He seems to be talking without using words; and I hear Cawnpore saying that he, with his circle, are doing all they can to push me on. This spirit who talks to Cawnpore is of a good height; has a straight nose; large dark eyes; a mouth something like D—’s; a dimple on his chin; a sweet yet firm look; a good forehead, flat at the sides, about the temples; his hair is something like Archie’s; his face is neither

what would be called *plump nor thin*. Mr. R——n likes gathering his friends around him; some of whom he teaches, and from others he receives instruction. Isabella says he and she often compare experiences. She says Mr. Reid is not in their sphere, and that it will be long before he arrives there; that Mr. R——n has tried, without succeeding, to appear again to Mr. H.; and Cawnpore, at Isabella's suggestion, says that it is not uncommon for spirits to be able to appear soon after they leave the body, and who may not be able to appear again for years—the *last* anxiety on the mind, is often the cause of the power of appearing soon after departure; and also of drawing other spirits, their friends, to appear with them; and in Mr. R——n's case there must have been a ruling, anxious desire of this sort before death. Isabella says that if I were to sleep again in the nursery, she could appear to me in that room, although she can't in the present room; and Cawnpore, in explanation, says that there are always certain rooms in a house, to which spirits can come and appear more easily, than in others—particularly those rooms where there are strong associations. Harry says, that when you feel strange sensations as if you were being influenced by spirit influence, and about which you are doubtful, whether it be imagination or dreaming; you ought, at these times, to try and realise the presence of spirits; and that by so doing you might attract them, even if the influence felt was doubtful, or not genuine. The circle don't know why they can't influence you: but they have not given up hopes of being able to do so." The following was written by H. A., whom we suppose to be the spirit described above, and from whom we had a communication a long time ago, upon the same subject as the following:—
 "Think not that knowledge and wisdom are synonymous terms, for there is a wide distinction between them. You may gain the former by studying the thoughts of other men; the latter must be the fruit of self-study. Knowledge is proud, and puffed up with its fancied amount of learning; while wisdom humbly regrets knowing so little. And yet, in truth, knowledge is but an encumbrance—a rude, unprofitable mass—until squared and planed by wisdom; and thus made into fitting materials wherewith to build. Seek both with diligence and cheerfulness, to bless yourself and your fellow-servants.—H. A. Do not ask at present who this is. Be content that it is one of your waiting circle, and hasten."

Saturday, 12th.—The following, from H. F. to me, last night:—
 "Bearing it in thy heart in its truest sense, go forward earnestly, unflinchingly, in thy labor of love, fearing nothing, for we are with you, and will uphold you in your path of duty. Do not be impatient with her; these murmurings are but the expiring embers of her rebellion, to what have been influences far from genial to her nature, but which will leave her a truer, aye

purser heart, trustful and loving, wherewith to bear on bravely through trials, and to work on for the universal good. When she is able to go about among strangers, she will be the means of developing many, and no doubt some better media; but as yet our efforts at doing so have been unsuccessful. Many hopes above and below are resting on her. Therefore, shrink not from granting her all the aid in your power; and it is great. Farewell, my friend.—H. F. To her we would say, Give up to every influence, even if it be not ours, if she must be separated from yours and ours, which our friend C. thinks a pity, as it retards your progress as well as hers, Harry.—(H. F.)”

Sunday, 13th.—Last night, the following advice to Miss A. from H. F. :—“Come, come, this is a bad state of things. Even I cannot use your hand except with great difficulty. Try and overcome your feelings, and do not again, by rejecting advice, bring regret upon yourself. Both C. and W. were right; you ought to have gone. You have wasted a good opportunity of doing, perhaps, much good.”

Tuesday, 22nd.—Returned from B. yesterday, and found the following from Dr. Thomas Dick, evidently in allusion to a conversation she had been having with her brother D.:—“Hold communion with God, we heard you exclaim or repeat. Yes, it is truly said, such is the great privilege of man; not, however, by attempting to reduce Him to a level with yourselves; to anthropomorphise Him; to—as the poor widow did the unjust judge, by her long entreaties and importunities—worry Him even into changing His infinite laws, for each individual’s supposed peculiar benefit. Vain, vain, useless waste of precious time, trying to avert any of His holy decrees! You are only debasing your proper conceptions of the Omnipotent Father of the universe. Nay, my friends, if you want to hold true communion with God, do so by earnestly seeking to learn His laws in all nature; even from the infinitesimal atoms to the stupendous whole. Meditate thereon, with a heart full of reverence and love; and you will, ere long, be deeply impressed with a genuine appreciation of the Divine wisdom, foresight, and goodness, His justice, and invariableness. So far, then, from having the supreme folly, nay, want of faith, in His benevolence and wisdom, as to pray to Him to do as you wish; the true aspiration of your hearts would be—‘Make us, oh, Father so clearly to behold Thy agency and benevolence, in all Thy laws, that we can say, with every faculty, Not our will, but Thine be done!’—T. D. My grandson, whom I wish to address, is in Australia; but his name is not Dick, but MacNab.—T. D.”

Monday, 28th.—In trance, the following scattered observations,

by Cawnpore:—"No one can tell the incalculable amount of injury doctors have done to mankind; and it is so difficult to pour down influence from above, to open the eyes of those so-called educated physicians, who are so bound in the prejudices of the schools, as to look on every man as a quack who dares to think and act differently from them—the authorised representatives of the medical school. The stupidest hand in the colleges, if he be taught nothing else, is sure to be taught *this*. Cawnpore said that he could freely speak on this topic; for he himself was as bad as any of the medical profession, and quite as completely immersed in its prejudices. He says if he were again on earth, he would make nature meet nature, and would use those elements of nature that were intended by nature for man's use and benefit—viz., *light, air, and water*, in the cure of disease; that for any disease of the nerves, he would use magnetism (human magnetism); for the magnetic sleep was so tranquilising to the nervous system, and enables nature to act freely. Any young people who have disease eradicated by the elements of nature, will transmit a much better constitution to their children, than if they had been cured by magnetism; and others of the medical circle, of which he is a member, unite with him in these ideas. Consumption may be alleviated by human magnetism, and as far as the individual is concerned, may be cured thereby; but he considers the magnetism of the elements or atmosphere much better, coming as it does directly from the elements, than if it came indirectly through a human organism. Magnetic cures are good for the individuals themselves, but for succeeding generations not so good; while cures effected by the elements of nature, benefit the succeeding generations. Toothache may be cured, for instance, by magnetism; but it won't prevent the tooth from decaying—while a proper use of the elements of nature may, and does stop decay, and restores to original harmony. He says the reason he writes so illegibly is because L. A. keeps shrugging her shoulders all the time he is writing, as if she were afraid he was going to box her ears. Cawnpore says that when she gets into these cold states, she ought either to get magnetised, or get put into a wet sheet. He says that Isabella is anxious that you should get developed into a medium; and the only chance they see of your being so, is the being occupied with my development; and thereby, the getting continually *en rapport* with them through me—will gradually get you into, or induce in you, a mediumistic development." Last night, in her trance, said they were making her understand how the different elements of nature operate on the human body. Cawnpore says that you are perfectly right in saying, that the weakness or decay of the body does not benefit, but injures the mind. There are instances where the intellect *seems* to expand as the body decays, but these appearances are fallacious; and in every case, the healthier the body is, the more conducive it would be to mental

vigor. Take for example a delicate child, with a naturally good intellect, and place it with a bright healthy child of equal natural powers of mind; and the healthy child would inevitably outstrip the weakly one, under the like circumstances. And for one instance where the intellect seems to expand as the body weakens, there are hundreds and hundreds of instances where the mind and mental powers are injured and impeded by weak health and bodily decay; the former examples are observed on account of their rarity and singularity, the latter from being the rule are passed by without particular notice. It is not the truth that intellectual people are unhealthy, but quite the contrary; and he considers it a very pernicious idea to advocate; and attributes much misery to the prevalence of this very idea. Look at some of the consequences of this dangerous belief, in highly intellectual parents; neglecting their bodily health in the pursuit of mental development; transmitting to their children weak and impaired physiques, and little minds as their accompaniment—I mean foolish minds as compared with their parents'. It is never right to go against nature; it always entails bad consequences, both mentally and bodily; at the same time, there is a great difference between a healthy body and a gross body. Moderation in everything is one of the great rules of nature, and ought ever to be attended to." The following, written by a stranger signing *Mary*:—"Don't fear, be devoted; it is all we ask. A slave you may think yourself at present; but flinch not, and it will be only your stepping-stone to power.—*Mary*." (*Mary Wortley Montagu*.) "Don't be troubling yourself; can you not have trust enough in us, to feel assured you shall not be allowed to suffer from deception. None of us work without a purpose.—H. F."

Wednesday, 30th.—Yesterday, having seen in the newspaper that N. had made a speech within the period named by my brother Harry as the time of his death and the present time; I again asked Harry about this, and again was answered by him—"N. is dead, N. is dead." It may be imagined what a state of perplexity and uncertainty we were in as to the reliability of spiritual communications, and how paralysed we felt. L. A. in trance, yesterday, afforded Cawnpore, and H. F., and other members, an opportunity of explanation. First, Cawnpore, when told of the cause of our anxiety, and of our claim to an explanation, said—"That he could not explain the matter, but that it ought to be analysed and sifted to the minutest point, and that until the explanation is given, he would advise that L. A. would not be casting imputations of deception upon them, when perhaps the matter may be traced to something else than deception on their part; and H. F. said that he quite agreed with Cawnpore, that the matter ought to be explained to the minutest point; and added that, should it not be explained to our satisfaction—and, of course, it will be a hard trial

to me—still, she ought not to think it a hard enough rock for her to split on; and, if we can still have faith in them, not to press too anxiously for an explanation from them; but to be assured that it will be given; and Cawnpore then added, that L. A. should not be hugging herself with the idea that there was no fault on her part. Isabella came, and said that Harry would not come until he had found out all about it; and seemed to think that Harry had been as much deceived as we were; and H. F. said that the explanation will take place as it ought, when the whole circle met that evening. When the circle met that night, Cawnpore said he hoped we had made up our minds to listen patiently to whatever may be said. Harry looked so distressed, and said, "I feel distressed, and therefore I look distressed, for I have a strange experience to relate;" but he did not wish to keep us any longer in suspense. He said he must begin by completely exonerating the medium, or any mind influencing the medium. That one evening, when he was on his way to join the circle, he was met by a spirit, who said, "Is there no friend of poor N.'s here?" and the idea immediately struck him that it might be his old friend—or so-called friend on earth—F. N.; and he immediately became conscious of being in the presence of the exact counterpart of his old acquaintance—the person whom he had known on earth—and he also seemed in the greatest distress; and from his conversation, and mention of several transactions between them, he was quite convinced that he beheld the spirit of F. N., and the more so, as he had given what he thought undeniable proofs of his being so. He, with the earnest intention of doing him good, and soothing his distress—although he had no particular affinity to N.—continued with him for some time, endeavouring to lead him on; and introduced him among spirits where he could learn good. That there were two or three other spirits with N., who also seemed to think and recognise him as F. N., and who were lending him their influence to aid him also; and he himself never doubted until now of N.'s identity; and when questioned by you, the other night, he told you what were his convictions at that time; that he had never met with this spirit that he was convinced was N. a second time; and that when you spoke to him about it before, on his going and enquiring of that spirit who first drew his attention to N., was told by him exactly what he had repeated to you—"N. is dead"; and when he went again to-day to look for that spirit and enquired he was again told that N. was dead—that he died in an hospital—and said that he wished for his own satisfaction as well as for ours, that you would try and find out if such is the case;—that is, if a person named N.* did really

* I since this received a letter from manager of Melbourne Hospital, in reply to my enquiry, that W. N. died there on 7th August, in destitution;—once an M.L.A. of Victoria, the date tallying with that given by my mother.

die about that time in the Melbourne or Ballarat Hospital—he thinks it was the Melbourne Hospital;—and that, at all events, he must find out the object of the deception (if it was deception) practised on him. That the spirit whom he took certainly for N. mentioned many things whereby he thought he could unmistakably identify him; and among other things, added of his own accord, “So much for our earthly speculations.” That in all the communications he ever received from N. on earth, he always signed, “F. H. N.” Harry also said that, from his not being able to find this spirit, he thinks he must—in some, to him, unaccountable manner—have been deceived; but the object of the deception remains a mystery to him. Cawnpore said, he can and *will* find out that spirit: that spirit-life was a great mystery; and that many things were allowed to take place there which cannot be accounted for satisfactorily on their plane. Walter said that if L. A. would only follow their advice and instructions, she would soon mount above every circle where deception was possible; and if she had only faith and steadiness to go on with them, there would not be a woman in Australia more respected than she would be, or more useful; if she would only think of THE TIME WASTED, and that she certainly will have to go through with it sooner or later; and every moment of delay is of more consequence than mere lost time.

Saturday, 3rd.—In the afternoon yesterday L. A., in trance, had an interview with Mr. R——n, who told her that he could not get possession or keep possession of her more than a minute or two at a time. He can give her no better advice, than to give her heart and soul, to carry out the instructions and advice of the circle occupied in her development. That the circle guiding her is a good circle; and that many of the members of it would be far, far away—up higher—if it were not for the mission of her development. Cawnpore said to Mr. R.:—“You are quite right, old friend, if she would only believe it; but never mind, she is only passing through the twilight which intervenes between darkness and broad daylight—a transition state. The passions, prejudices, and errors of years cannot be got rid of in a day.” Cawnpore said, it is wonderful how difficult it has been to him, the solution of the mystery of N.’s death; that my hypothesis of N. *in trance*, having visited the next sphere, is quite possible, and no doubt has often happened; but it is not a solution of the present case. L. A. said that before she came here, when she was in her room, she seemed to be touched gently on both her shoulders by some spirit, and she was sensible of such a *glow of love*, that she felt as if she could ask forgiveness of every human being—it was the most delightful feeling she ever had in all her life. Cawnpore said—[here follows a sentence in shorthand, containing fourteen words.]. Copaul visited us during the evening trance. He was joyous and thankful. Said he could not express the glories and wonders that he had

seen, and that he was getting on, getting on slowly, but steadily, steadily; that there were a number of amiable spirits his companions; who were all being taught with him in a class; that they learn all sorts of knowledge; the arts and sciences, and even languages; and that they could learn such things in the next sphere as well as in this. In answer to my question, he said he had been learning French and Hindostanee; the latter he was learning partly because of my parting request to him, that if it were in his power I would like him to get some spirit to talk Hindostanee through the medium, and therefore he was trying to learn it, so that he himself could do for me what I had requested, or what I wanted. He said he knew so little, that he could not teach me anything; but that if I wished, when he became master of Hindostanee, he would teach us that language. He told me the following was Hindostanee:—*bal*, hair; *awh*, eye; *nak*, nose; *moo*, mouth; *jib*, tongue; *dawnt*, teeth; *kaan*, ear; *maru*, bread; *kill*, butter; *sannee*, hearing; *kunk*, smell; *tzechik*, tasting; *ghur*, house; *seer* or *sire*, head; *ek*, 1; *do*, 2; *tin*, 3; *char*, 4; *pancho*, 5; *tshko*, 6; *hafta* or *sat*, 7; *ote*, 8; *nohnoo*, 9; *des*, 10; *dada*, papa; *daes*, mamma. He told me to tell the medium not to dislike him for coming to visit me, for he would be very ungrateful if he did not feel happy when he visited me, who had been the means of bringing him into the light—for me never to think that he can ever forget. He had to get permission from her present guides, but they granted him permission this time quite easily, and said he would do her good. I asked him what religion he and his companions were taught. He said: Religion? I don't know the word. What moral teaching? I said: "Love, all love," he answered. Love is our sun, our light. He wished so much that he too could help her to be all love and gentleness. If she was like that, she could come up amongst them whenever she wished, and she would be loved and welcomed by them all. He could never forget, that although she liked him so little, yet it was through her only that he could get the first ray of happiness that ever beamed on him; and he might otherwise have been now, and remained for years, in misery and darkness. She had his earnest wishes that his coming may do her good. He knew it did him good to come. One thing he found in the medium—she is not happy; there is an anxious, uneasy, fearful, longing feeling about her; he even felt the same feeling creeping over him. Oh, how he wished he could take some of it away with him, or from her. Tell her she has a great privilege in being able to help them all so much; and she ought to be proud of it, no matter what she has to suffer. See what might have become of him, had it not been for her instrumentality; what great blessing came to him through her. He did hope earnestly that both you and she will get on, and have every blessing. Cawnpore said in reply to some of her remarks, such as—"What is the good

of showing her all they have shown her, if she does not now know, that they have books, and records, and all instrumentalities of growth in knowledge—does she think that they are *idle beings* like herself? No. There is not a minute that is unoccupied in some useful way; studying and doing good; and she will have so much more to answer for—keeping them so long employed with her.” Mr. R. said he was happier than he expected to be, because he saw an endless progress in glory before him—no stand still, but progress for all. That he felt willing to keep saying almost the same as his parting words, viz.—“O for ten thousand tongues to sing (*and then, instead of* ‘My GREAT REDEEMER’S praise’) the Lord’s praise.” I asked if, by the Lord, he meant Christ? He said he meant the Great Father of all. He said he was met, on his arrival, by two of his sons and their mother. I asked for her Christian name, which he hesitated to give, until *seemingly* he had asked permission of the circle, and then said, “*Arabella*.” (This I found out afterwards was her name.)

Sunday, 4th.—Last night, when L. A. was in trance, I read to Cawnpore and his friend D. S.—the spirit with the small but bright and piercing eyes—an article from A. J. Davis’s second volume of the *Harmonia*. D. S. seems to have been a judge in India, and I think is David Scott, a cousin and dear friend of my father’s. Afterwards Copaul was allowed to come to soothe L. A., who was beginning to work herself into inharmony. Copaul gave us another lesson in Hindostanee words, as follows:—*burra* or *bolosjee*, great; *kalla* or *kallaburn*, black; *ghurra*, horse; *paandra*, white; *reya*, master; *raenee*, lady; *manoosha*, man; *sunna*, gold; *ruppa*, silver; *mass*, food; *puranna*, old; *mootchee*, fish; *jukel*, dog; *char*, thief; *panee*, water, or drink. Copaul said, “What is it that makes her so unhappy? Oh, if she would only get on, I would be able to get on, and do much better when here.”

Monday, 5th.—Yesterday afternoon L. A., in trance, said:—“I don’t know what has come over my memory. All this day I have completely forgotten the circumstances of last night’s experiences, as if they had never taken place. Isabella came into the nursery last night while I was sitting in it, wishing earnestly for her to come. She came in by the parlor door, and went out by the opposite one; both of which she opened, and left open. She looked into all the beds as if she was seeking for some one, and seemed bewildered at not finding what she sought. I spoke to her, but she did not hear me; and I could not get her to notice me. I heard a voice that I have heard before long ago: it had something in it like yours; and was the same as that which I supposed to be then your father’s voice, which said, ‘Be calm, be calm; why do you fear? You are surrounded by loving spirits, who will protect you. Trust in us.’ I felt too weak to stir from my seat, and presently I felt an arm round me, and

was supported, with ease and comfort to myself, to my own room; but instead of getting calm, I got more and more nervous, until I felt that delightful female influence which placed her hand on my forehead, and calmed me immediately; and I fell quickly into a sound sleep, from which I was only awakened by Francie calling me: I forgot to say that I was told to gain strength, by being calm in faith, for the worst of the battle had yet to come." Cawnpore said, "Truth, justice, love, wisdom, must be vitally felt in the heart and mind of the person who desires to teach and reform others, and not merely be held as a speculative and abstract doctrine; and the true worker perseveres through every obstacle, impediment, or annoyance: Discouragement!—yes; the most faithful teachers have all had to endure discouragement, and in the most favored localities. There is no grain of truth lost—even those picked up by birds fulfil a mission of life and use; therefore, remember the passage, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' &c. They want me to teach by example as well as by precept. All teachings want (to be successful) the vital principle of love in the heart of the teacher. There seems such a number of spirits closing round me. I feel as if something was trying to crush me out of myself. Cawnpore says I am the most provoking subject he ever had to deal with; but thank goodness, he also says, that he never saw a more genuine foundation of goodness, if the thick hard incrustations of old mental habits and prejudices, could be broken up and got rid of. And he says, that although progress seems—and is—so slow, still the Glow is *increasing, increasing*, and it only wants some strong impetus to set it going; and when this shell is once burst and cleared away, there will be nothing that can then stop its onward course; and then it will not be merely the physical courage that can face physical pain, but the true moral courage that will fear nothing, and can face all forms of suffering—aiming only at universal love and universal good. Cawnpore says, My desire for your progress, has actually got me into making a speech—a thing which I never did. I ought to have got my friend the judge to speak; he was always good at that, but I never was a speech-maker."

Thursday, 8th.—The following by H. F., three nights ago:—
 "We do not object to your probing and conquering every aspiration of your heart that is not elevating and divine; until you can cast from you every feeling of unhappiness; for, as your kind mentor often tells you, 'Mille mala mille etiam remedia'—the knowledge of a disease is half its cure. But it is the hardening process you have been attempting with yourself, to which we object; as it makes you so unfit for our true influence. Fill your heart with love—pure, true love—and it will leave no room, space, or avenue even, through which any ugly passion can find an entrance. Be calm and true in your interview to-night. Whatever you may gain, you will lose nothing by calmness and self-control.—Your friend, H. F." The following are

some more Hindostanee words, written by some unknown hand, supposed to be the spirit who taught or is teaching Copaul the language:— *Grem*, wheat; *bey*, brother; *beyhen*, sister; *kam*, son; *burra bey*, first brother; *chutta bey*, little brother; *burra admi*, big man; *burra pannie*, big water, or ocean; *tschand*, moon; *tschatter*, tent; *loon*, salt; *mool*, wine; *rook*, tree; *dewes*, day; *raut*, night; *titta*, heat; *bhare*, sheep; *palo*, pig; *raunnee*, woman; *rendee*, woman; *chareah*, bonnet; *bys bees*, ; *dew*, morning; *rhaut-rat*, night; *ayah*, nurse; *nanna*, grandmother; *beebee*, lady; *sudgar*, soldier; *sunny*, hearing; *sunk*, smell; *seen*, horn; *pariario*, low fellow; *khilmutghar*, man-servant.

Saturday, 10th.—Last night, in trance, Mary Wortley Montague spoke to L. A., of which the following is the substance:—“Mary says that, although she won't tell her name at present, she was a well-known character at one time (and in reference to something she had written the night before); that when she was on earth she did not consider the story of Adam and Eve a fable, but at the same time she never could understand it. She always considered that God could always fulfil His purposes; that if God created anything to fulfil a purpose, that purpose was sure to be fulfilled. Her idea of God was, that He could never go wrong in anything that He created. It was said that God created woman as a help for man, and not to be a hindrance to him; that men ought to have known and realised this, and not have prevented woman from being the help intended, as they have done. Slaves are useless, and worse than useless. Men have got so much into the idea that women have no sense, that when they do meet a sensible woman, they look on her as somewhat of a monster; and at the best, they shunned her as one they called a ‘bas-blèu,’ or other like epithet. There was as much common sense shown in submission as in governing. She knows many women, who, in patiently submitting to the disadvantages that surrounded them, and working on in spite of them, came to be considered great heroines; unconsciously these women had sowed seed that has sprung up abundantly, and, in a degree, were really saviours of mankind. She always did consider that woman's true sphere was her home; and the more enlightened and cultivated she is; the more she will know and feel this to be the case, and more surely fulfil her mission; the more she cultivates her mind, the more her nature is expanded, the more will she learn and know that home is her legitimate sphere of action. You see what are called virtuous women going into society, and spending their time and talents in such a way, that they produce not one good effect, benefit no one. In fact, that many a poor, deserted, squalid wretch does far more good in her sphere, despised as it may be; as the “widow's mite,”

she will reap a far more abundant harvest of happiness. Even with the Christian's idea of heaven, how can they suppose that, by leading such lives as I have said, they are fitting themselves for entering into the presence of God? She said she cannot see, and does not consider, that there is one particle of virtue about such women. She has brought me into a large bedroom, handsomely furnished, and there are a number of persons gathered round a bed. What splendid dresses! and how handsome and costly are all the surroundings! I see there is a lady dying—she is dying; she must be very rich. Mary bids me to look at that lady's spirit ascending from her body, and to follow it; that it is a true representation of one who died some time ago; and I am shown this spectacle as an illustration of something she wants me to know. Two or three spirits met the spirit of this lady, and seem to be leading her on. Mary says, Where are her children? The lady looked round, and asked one of those who accompanied her, who seemed to be her mother, Where are my children? Why have they not met me, and welcomed me? Her mother says, Children! children! what have you to do with your children? You never paid attention to them on earth; you never sought to train them PROPERLY; you neglected their true welfare, following your own (so-called) pleasures; and you cannot, therefore, claim any affinity with them now! And, so it will be with every mother who neglects her children on earth; there will be no affinity to draw them together; that is one suffering that a mother has to endure. And there are few mothers who have not earned for themselves, more or less of this kind of misery or punishment. That spirit seems so discontented; although she is in such a peaceful place; she is restless and uneasy, although she has her mother with her. It seems as if she cannot be satisfied without being presented with a great variety of colors, and mixed spectacles; her present surroundings are too silvery, and too chaste, for her present condition of mind. Mary says, Come, and I will show you another spirit, surrounded with happy faces and loving natures—come, and see where this spirit came from. We are hovering down over some country village, and going into a mean, shabby-looking cottage. The cottage looks as if it had been neat in former times, but had latterly been neglected. And see how they are all weeping and lamenting over that humble bed, which does not look a comfortable one. Certainly there is a great contrast between the two homes these two spirits left. She, poor woman, did her best to train and support her children, and never thought of her own immediate gratification; and while thus occupied this poor despised woman was called away. I now see that the rich lady knew her; and she seems quite indignant because she looks so happy. The one, while she was adored and made so much of in society, could not find time to attend to her children; she was much admired, certainly; but what good did it

do her? She would now gladly give it all for the happiness of having her children with her now, to love and bless her. The poor woman was welcomed by those of her children and friends who had gone before her. Even now, when people talk of women's rights, they do not know, half of them, what they mean. Giving women votes, and allowing them to mix up in politics, is not giving them the rights they require. Women's rights are true good educations, and happy homes; and with expanded, noble minds themselves, they will be enabled to carry out their missions with advantage to their children and husbands, and consequently to themselves. As far as physicians go, every mother ought to know and understand the constitution of her children and family, so as to be able to act as a physician to them. Mary says that she has not herself come to the point of wishing to see women become voters and legislators. If women were reformed and educated, and had freedom of action in their own sphere, in their own homes; you would find there would not be so many of them left to be lawyers and legislators. It is the slavery of women, their bondage to bad laws and customs, that leaves them in the undesirable position they are in at present. At the same time, I would give women freedom to make fools of themselves if they chose, instead of keeping them cramped down as they are. And men, so far from finding rivals in women, would only find their own natures more ennobled, from being associated with highly-cultivated women. Every one in their own sphere—why should not men mind children, and attend to the home duties, as well as women being thought suitable to enter upon legislative duties and government? Nature has created all things for their own particular sphere. There are positions in the world, in which no true woman would wish to see herself placed; and where, no true man would wish to see her placed. The vitiated, corrupted state of society, leaves women without homes. The whole state of society is rotten—rotten—and as to Christians; where can Christian men be found following the teachings of Christ? She says that, in her day, the greater libertine a man was—the more he scorned women and ill-treated them—the more was he courted by society. Hundreds of these creatures, whom they crushed and despised, are now far far above them in elevation and happiness. All this wants to be thundered into the ears of mankind. The present state of the world and of society, is just like wild beasts preying upon each other; and as for these ungodly (*so-called*) marriages, it makes even her gentle nature shudder, when she thinks of the misery she has seen to flow from them! How can the children of such marriages be anything else than miserable specimens of what they call “*images*” of God! There is no harmony in their natures, to allow room for the expansion of their souls. They may be clever—they may push on their way—but still the true feelings are not there; the true heart, the true aspirations after progression. After all, the only way in

which woman can have a chance of being truly educated, is to get entirely from under the control of men; and then they will make men respect them, and make them feel their true position. But of course, in attaining to this, there will be many, many failures, from bad education and bad circumstances, still it is the only way to give them a chance; and if men only knew their real good, they would join just as eagerly as true women, in efforts to attain for them the desired position. Cawnpore says, that I have sterner work to do than merely to follow Mary's pleasant influence. Isabella says she knows what you are wishing, and she will try all she can to do what you want; that if I only go on calmly and lovingly, they think they will soon be able to influence me. One thing, she says, they are afraid of, is, that if I find that they influence me to write, &c., that I will be too ready to rest in such things, instead of advancing in my inward development as a child of God. She says for me to warm my heart with *love, love, love*, and leave no room for impatience and weariness.

Monday, 26th.—The following was written a fortnight ago, or thereabouts, by Mary Wortley Montagu:—"Perhaps you wonder why I should come to influence you to advocate ye rights of ye women, but tho' while on ye earth I was no professed admirer of ye fair sex, yet I allways felt indignant at ye treatment they received from those who—setting up for superior wisdom—denied them even the possession of common sense; ever since the first fable, which represented Mother Eve to have been ye destroyer of Father Adam, instead of being, as was intended, his help; allowing herself to be cajoled by an impertinent dangler, whose chief argument was—mark you—that she was not as wise as she ought to be. I am sorry I cannot write with more ease, as I wish to say much to you; but I must come meet you to-night.—Mary." The following from H. F., in allusion to an uncalled-for remark of mine, that there was nothing new in the instructions we were receiving:—"Even if there be nothing new, there will be the confirmation of the ideas in her head; and once fixed there, none will be bolder in proclaiming them. Let her feel for them (women?), and gain her warrant for doing so, and her aim and power will be glorious. She is ours, and need never fear our desertion; but she may, as she has done, cramp our as well as her own power, by her——." From H. F.:—"Yes; we are so pleased that, although absent from our circle, your heart was with us, and your trust in us has not failed. Do not grieve when you find your fears more than realized; that an unsuspecting spirit has been misled. Let us trust it may not be a prophecy of forthcoming ill to the being named. In circle to-morrow you will have an explanation given. Be diligent in your renewed studies, and hasten to mount higher among spirits who are so advanced, that too little of earthly feelings remain with them to leave them open to deception. You are at this moment too cold; let your love burn

more warmly and genially. Again, welcome to you both.—H. F.” The following, in reference to some hair of F. Cumming’s, which I had advised L. A. not to send to T., seeing he had so little time:—“Let her do as she likes with F. C.’s hair, as she has acted—by our impression—in answer to a mental or written question of one of your children some time since. Her own time for work is coming; would she were only brave enough to aid us with all her soul and might, feeling certain all is for the best.—H. F.” From my brother Harry to L. A.:—“I feel so certain that your words are but an echo of your kind heart, that I have resolved on trying more frequently to use your hand. Be patient with me; and, working together, we will yet rejoice together in doing good to many friends. Do not fear being too confiding; let a full plentitude of love pervade your every thought and action.—H. A. W.” The following from L. A.’s grandmother Willan:—“My dear Lizzie,—mamma must not think grandmother is gone asleep; she is often near, and would be so much pleased to write and say, how she rejoices at her grandchild being employed in sowing the seed of truth, but for the present other spirits can influence you more usefully. Papa and dear John often tell me how they also are glad, and approve of your labours. Go on then, with good heart, and we will all gather round you whenever you call on us. All unite in love to mamma, with your ever affectionate grandmother—C. Willan.” From Isabella to L. A.:—“Tell dear G. not to weary of helping you on; and I will soon be able to help him in convincing not only dear A., but our sisters too. How I do long to aid all our children in becoming good and useful members of society.—I. W.” The following poetry was written on Saturday night, 24th inst.—“Lasciate ogni Speranza voi che intrate” hath by the poet, been well put in the mouth of the Eternal, when condemning to hell:—

For had He not it in His mind,
Pervading the stupendous whole;
A power calm, yet undefined,
Which sheds its lustre o’er the soul.

What could, in this eventful life—
This troublous sea of woe and toil—
Uphold the victim in the strife,
Thus riven of his only foil?

Without it, would not despair—distrust—
Sow all his future thick with snares;
Make all his prospects end in dust,
When taken from this world of cares.

He has but memories of the past—
A past perchance embalm’d with tears
In dying cadences to last,
And stir the leaves of buried years.

But soon he’d leave the buried past,
With hope to brighten his coming day;

To guide him onward to his last,
And thrill his pulse's bounding play.

Where is he, who dares disown hope's cheering way,
Or find a substitute that could her loss repay?
'Tis not the wretch despairing, who has known
And trod the darksome path, with misery sown;
Nor he, who—revelling in the senseless joys—
Despair engenders, and sweet hope destroys;
Rapt in the pleasures of deluding dreams,
Shut from the splendor of her brightening beams;
But now untrammell'd, soaring to arise
The freed inheritor of cloudless skies—
Speak, for thou canst—but first recall the day,
She pour'd around thee, on thy darkling way,
A glorious gleam, a reconciling ray;
Starting thee from thy dreamy torpid slumber,
She shed around thee blessings without number;
Bursting the fetters of a life of sin,
And vice outcasting ere she could begin.
When from guilt's senseless raptures she obtain'd,
And, proud, her new-born proselyte she claim'd,
Filling thy heart—herself entwin'd with love—
She calm'd thy fears, and bade thee look above;
Thine unbound soul with hopes immortal fired;
Thy long-lost hopes, not waken'd, but inspired.
Recall that hour, and, then recalling, say—
Its loss, could thrones or kingdoms e'er repay?
Thrones, kingdoms, empires, all alike would fail,
With hope array'd against them in the scale.
A prince's power, an emperor's estate,
The coronetted glories of the great;
How fades their lustre, and how dim they shine,
Compared with this high principle divine.
The pomp and glory of an earthly day
Sink into nothingness, and melt away!

Tuesday, 27th.—Last night the following, from H. F.:—"What purifiers are gratitude and humility! Now a brighter ray has illumined your soul; but with elevation, do not let your earnest longing for the state which alone can fit you for convincing, as well as instructing, ever leave you for an instant. You must sacrifice yourself in no common degree, ere you can truly fill your mission. Seek earnestly for help and influence. Be brave, my friend; when you read this, turn and read, also, our advice given you on the next page, and fix it in your memory. See you not how many friends are waiting? Aye, friends visible and invisible. Fear not to proclaim your convictions, however unpalatable, they may be. Startle and rouse up your hearers; and let their sneers pass you by as the summer breeze, which, although it bends the flowers, never breaks the one that gently or humbly gives before it, only to rise again, freed from dust, or, perchance, from some noxious insect, that would have wounded it more deeply. Your feelings of sectarian annoyance we regretted this

evening; but were so glad you checked yourself, lest your remarks might have been tainted by more than a wish to defend the well-meaning from sweeping condemnation. Otherwise, you might well have asked the question—What have you been doing, to earn the right, to speak thus of those whom you have only hearsay to enable you to judge? Which among you can say, I have done even all I could in my idle hours, to forward the good of any of my fellow-children of our Father? Beware, beware of judging false judgment. Farewell.—H. F.” The following is what was on the next page, alluded to above, and which I don’t remember copying before:—“Our most earnest advice to you is to keep most strictly close to present influences. Let nothing shake your fidelity to your mentor—nothing; neither jibes nor jeers, nor, what I feel are more dangerous to you; the wiles of so-called friends, who know too well that opposition but urges you on. As you were told last night, we do not wish you to absent yourself a day, we had almost said an hour, unnecessarily, from the sympathy, the influence, we, as well as you, require you should be guided by; and which, from other ties and absorbing interests, is often very weak. Still he has stood to you nobly; and we warn you that, in throwing off his influence, you would also throw off ours; and would then have to work under stranger influences, with far less of certainty; as the little trust even which you have in us, would all be lost. This warning has been deemed necessary for you by most of our circle. Others, however, have full faith in the steadiness of your affection. Be steadily faithful, and trust —” In another hand, the following:—“Beware, beware; every time you let such dissatisfied feelings rise, you leave yourself open to influences you dread so much, and weaken our power of aiding you. What folly, to let words lessen your trust in his sympathy! Accept it, even if it be not all you wish or require; you need it now more than ever. Weaken not, then, its effects, by meeting it with cold or dissatisfied feelings. On, on; fear not. Of course his words weigh deeply with us; if you dread their effects, watch yourself, and do not draw them forth. Let love and gentleness reign in your heart, and you will never fail. Keep close to his influence and your duty. Your trials will be all the shorter, if unavoidable.”

Thursday, 29th.—Last night the following from R. W. (Ralph Wardlaw), and R. M. (Bishop Mant):—“We are all watching your progress, and you need not fear our desertion.—R. W.” “You have our constant love.—R. M.” And then from H. E. the following:—“So many are present and wishing to influence you; but do not wish to overtask your weary spirit; but doubt not you have their earnest sympathy. We do not speak idle words, when we say, we think and rejoice, that you are progressing so nicely in your mental development; but why do you

never cease wondering, why we are not satisfied at your stopping short of the development, that we all see so clearly, will make you so much more useful; giving you such convincing powers. You cannot gain an inch without steadiness of purpose, and willing self-sacrifice. We urge you on, and will not cease doing so, while there remains a hope for you. Time is flying from you, and we do not wish to see you lose the fruit of so much of our instructions, and our influence—as well as numberless opportunities of doing vital good to the cause of truth and humanity—nor do we wish to see you go forth and throw yourself under *other* influences, until you have a steady warrant and passport, to make you work on earnestly; truthfully, convincingly, and with fixed principles; bearing, if necessary, the sneers and scoffs of foes, or former friends. With true wishes of all your spirit-friends for your successful development under present influences, farewell.—H. F.”

NOVEMBER.—Tuesday, 3rd.—On Saturday night last, the following from Washington Irving:—“Do not be downcast or unhappy; have faith, and be well assured not one of your efforts for your development is lost. If what you seem to fear be really true; rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great shall be your reward. Hesitate not to act as your conscience dictates; it is the only reliable guide for any one; privileged as you are, to be the official promulgator of a new truth; but also remember, that *Magna vis est conscientiæ judices et magna in utramque partem ut neque timeant qui nihil commiserent et pœnam semper ante oculos versare putent qui peccarent.* [Here follows a Greek sentence, containing eight words.] So therefore, let your every act be well weighed in the balance; and once your conscience, cultivated by love fraternal and universal, approves; cast from you, as unworthy of your high calling, the slightest bowing down to public opinion. What self-sacrifice should daunt you? Can you not even become a bondswoman, if thereby you can lead some fellow-bondswoman to hope and happiness? Deeply shall we all regret any circumstance that may tend to separate you from present influences, which have done so much in steadying and expanding your mind; and which, if properly applied, can raise you to the highest influences and degrees of development. You are right; your temperament requires you to have a mentor, to introduce and support you in your first encounter with strangers. May God bless you, and your present kind one; and make you long fellow-workers in our great cause.—W. I.” The following last night, from my brother and Isabella:—“My dear Grandie,—Since our kind medium will allow me to use her hand as frequently as possible, you may often look for a few lines from me until I can gain proper influence over her. Yes; remind her that her study hours may be of infinite advantage to others, as well as herself. Still, we know when her neglect of them, is caused by her endeavoring to fulfil her duty, through love, and we praise her; but let no other cause

be allowed to interfere with her mental cultivation, which is very dear to us. Dear Grandie, do not doubt my love, and earnest wish to aid, in recovering any ground lost through my mistake. You taught me first to have the true saving faith that is leading me on; and may it be your great privilege to do so to many another poor, cramped soul, is the constant wish of your ever affectionate brother—H. W.”

Monday, 16th.—The following was written by H. F. about ten days ago:—“Do not come to any hasty conclusion; weigh closely every object, or motive, that seems to compel you to seek other influences. We still say, keep close to present ones; ever hoping that our earnest wish may yet be obtained; and when you have succeeded; we tell you your joy—heralded by sorrow; perhaps—will be all the more vivid on finding what a powerful aid you will be to us all. See the members of the upper circle; think you they would not interfere, were our advice to you even doubtful? Think, and work with your whole soul, and fear nothing. Shrink from no step to gain the end that your own conscience does not make you feel wrong, and our great Father bless your efforts.—H. F.” The following from John Angel James:—“I would indeed impress parents with the great necessity there is for their fitting themselves to be enabled to educate their children properly. I would show them it is a responsibility they cannot escape, however unnaturally they may endeavor to cast it on the shoulders of masters or teachers. The very atmosphere with which they surround them—composed as it is of events, tones, eye, looks—has far more effect upon the disposition, and power of your children to receive the more occasional lessons, be they ever so excellent, which are imparted to them. Let them, therefore, cultivate their own minds, until every look their child meets with, be pure and holy; every tone of voice with which they address them, be fraught with pure and earnest love; for I tell you, every look, every tone, leaves its impress, to be carried on to eternity by their children’s souls. By their examples, let them teach them self-government. Watch every propensity of their natures, and counteract the bad by good. Should they be passionate, teach them, by patience and gentleness, to curb their tempers; if selfishness appears, cultivate generosity; if covetousness, promote liberality. Teach them it is more noble to be good than great: to extend their hands to lift the poor and needy from the dust, than in greeting to royalty. Better to wipe away the mourner’s tears, than to rejoice with the happy. But, above all, teach them to avoid talking of others; for it hath been well said, it requires the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove, to talk of others without violating the laws of charity, or of truth. Oh, parents; what greater ambition should be yours, than to be surrounded by noble-minded youths and maidens, looking up to you with love and reverence, as

the authors, not only of their beings, but their souls.—John Angel & James. The following to Mrs. A. and L. A.:—“Tell to mother, she need not fear our hearts truly bound together in love, will most surely meet again; and help on each other's progress to higher happiness than mind can conceive, or tongue can tell. Be diligent in your calling, and take the blessing of your ever-affectionate grandmother, C. W. Willan.” The following to L. A., from a friend:—“I have not forgotten my promise, dear girl, of helping you by influencing you to write to your loved ones at home; but the best time has not yet arrived to open their eyes most effectually. Write to Aunt Kitty. Tell her I love her always. Ever consider me your affectionate Sarah C.” The following from H. F.:—“And now before closing this volume of our intercourse, take a word of exhortation. Do not cast it (this volume) from you, because in it, you have many a note to remind you of; perhaps, painful experiences; for you will yet dearly prize their remembrance. Sincerely do each and all of our circle, trust your faith will be brighter and steadier, dear friends; and that our further intercourse will be less fraught with aught of pain; that your souls will have become so expanded and exalted, that self will only be regarded; as it may be made subservient to universal love and brotherhood. Walk boldly in your upward and onward paths. Fight the fight manfully; for, with God on our side, what need ye fear what man can say or do unto ye. Cast from you every thought even; which can retard your steps, or darken your joy, at being chosen to suffer for the good of others. Pause and reflect on the glorious end, before you allow your soul to be disheartened by present sufferings. Sow the seed with earnestness; the soil may appear to thine eyes as barren; but fear not, in good time it will yet spring up, and even satisfy the utmost cravings of your hearts to be useful. Grasp, then, your task as the husbandman doth the plough; and let each furrow open up some bright hope of eternal progress. Spare neither your physical, mental, or spiritual powers in your labor; or you cannot faithfully fulfil your missions. And now farewell for a season, not a long one, we hope.—H. F.”

Thursday, 10th.—Last night, the following from W. I.:—“Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum tempore se duro est inspicienda fides.” Therefore, think not it is from any unkindly motive, we have, and still may call on you, to pass through much grievous anxieties of mind. Think you we would go to such an amount of useless labor? so, take courage. Fight the fight of faith manfully. Put on the armour of light—(Greek characters here follow, consisting of ten words),—and thereby try to illuminate the minds of the ignorant, and those whom the law and superstition have fettered; and thus doing great good.

Without light, how can ye judge for yourselves, much less for others. Watch patiently, prayerfully, for the hour in which your real task shall commence. You will find that every obstacle which now impedes you, outwardly or inwardly, will ere long be completely surmounted. If you only make your hold firmer by a living faith, then your soul will expand, your thoughts become higher, and your aspirations so much holier and more pure.—W. I." Last night, in trance, L. A. was taken by Mary (M. W. Montagu) to her residence. There was a large, very large garden; there were oranges in it, and a beautiful cascade near her residence was just like an Italian villa. She promised that the next time she wrote she would sign her name. Said that she had written a number of books when on earth, which she wished to give to the world revised and cleared of trash; although in their day they did their work. Mary's daughter was with her—a very grand lady.

Sunday, 22nd.—On Friday night last, the following from J. A. J.:—"Never had men such encouragement to bestir themselves, and use every opening to increase their knowledge, and to cultivate their intellects, as they now possess; since the veil is being removed, which illusion had cast over truth, and which had obscured the mental landscape; and it is so plainly demonstrated to them, that not one iota of their learning will be lost; all will go to aid their eternal progress and development. Man's first step should be to reflect on his condition, and the circumstances in which he is placed, and regard them as best fitted for him—or at least not so inimical to him, as he has been accustomed to consider them—and then he would soon commence to exercise his reason freely in the pursuit of truth, both moral and physical; clearing from his path the inveterate—aye, the malevolent—prejudices of sectarian ignorance and error; cultivating in their stead, that civilisation and refinement, so enlivening and so gratifying to his soul during his earthly existence; essential as they are to the peace and welfare of all; and so beneficial in preparing him for his onward and upward progress in eternity. Let him cultivate his conscience by reason, truth, and experience; and then look to it alone, for the sentence his actions require.—J. A. J." Then the following, in allusion to a question asked H. F. the previous night about B.'s friend, J. B.:—"In general, it is no easy task to trace out spirits with whom we have no affinity, either from ourselves or through our medium; but we have been able to meet the lady who signed herself J. B. She says, she often wishes to communicate with her chief Davie; and when in your circle he invoked his friends, she, believing him an earnest enquirer after truth, was only too glad to respond; and when she found she could not get possession of one of his own family to write, was often watching the opportunity, to influence our medium;—the more eagerly, as she thereby hoped to encourage her young friend to persevere in examining the truth of spirit inter-

course, and boldly proclaiming his convictions. If she sees that her again addressing him would be of any use, she will be only too willing to be again permitted to use this hand.—H. F.”

Monday, 23rd.—Yesterday forenoon the following, in answer to a question of mine, as to who wrote “Koth Omphath”—H. F. had previously said he thought it was Voltaire :—“ Yes, we were correct in our statements as to Voltaire having reproduced the words in question. He says the English was given by the spirit of Tonal. Could you, indeed, possess the power to invoke the latter spirit to your aid, it might be a proud moment of your existence. Be patient and persevering.—H. F.” Last night the following, by a stranger spirit :—“ There is no method so genuinely profitable in enlarging the sympathy, and encouraging an unselfish virtuous spirit to arise within you, as by viewing and studying the sufferings of your fellow-mortals. Seek with thy whole soul the knowledge, that will give thee the power to be an angel visitor to the afflicted in body and mind; studying to learn the (too seldom known) intimate connection there is between physical and mental pain. If you are seeking earnestly for the above knowledge, you shall never lack the aid and support of good spirits.” Last night, in trance, we were told that poetry on Hope was a *genuine production of the spirit that used L. A.’s hand*, and not merely a copy; and we were told that “Tonal” was a well-known character among the learned in the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was a good Latinist and Hebrew scholar, and also a great mathematician, very fond of the study of law, and of expounding law. He was English by birth, and spent most of his time educating himself in the different universities abroad.* Voltaire, and Hall, and Cromwell, and other spirits that you enquire for, have many circles—both on earth and in the spirit spheres—that they have to visit and influence. They are always fully occupied; and the time for them to visit us, will soon come round. That when they come and find mediums unprepared; they pass on, and thus much good is lost by circles not being ready; and this ought to be another incentive to us to have our minds expanded, and got into proper condition for these high influences. H. F. said, he believes that if L. A. had *faith* she might sit down at any time, and be made to write whenever she wished. He says, she is scarcely ever without some spirits near her.

Tuesday, 24th.—Last night the following to Miss A. :—“ Oh, my child, hasten, hasten, that your time be not spent in vain. Let

* In the Melbourne Library found the above account of Tonal corroborated most accurately. Miss A. had never heard of the name before, nor had I.

your feet be swift to carry the words of truth and light to the multitudes perishing in darkness and misery, from ignorance of the loving laws of their Father. Aye, loving without measure. Oh, teach them to have such a firm reliance upon His love and wisdom, as shall enable them, in all truth and sincerity, to say, 'Thy will be done.' Let their every thought and aspiration be, that their lives and hourly actions, be worthy of His children and the heirs of eternity. And you, my child, in all humility, possess thou thy soul—remembering that of thine own self thou canst do nothing, but if thou seekest them in all sincerity and faith; wisdom, strength, singleness, and purity of heart, to fulfil thy mission of love; shall be freely bestowed upon thee. Will you never learn to avoid doubt and coldness, as leaving you open, to say the least, to strange and unpleasant influences. Had you the steadfast love, absorbing trust, we bade you have, in your mentor's power; it would be an easy task for him, to keep all unwelcome influences from annoying you. To him you should look, with unhesitating confidence, for advice and protection; he has proved himself your steady friend. Why, then, let even momentary doubts arise? You know you ever suffer, and each time more and more severely. We cannot prevent other influences from visiting you, if you leave yourself open to them. Take our advice; it is given in truest love.—H. F."

Thursday, 3rd.—The following, written at different times during the last few days:—"When your heart is faltering, then is the time you should work hardest, to gain that strength, a firm trust in your long-tried friends can alone give you. Yes, you did pray, but where was the faith, which must ever win a favorable reply from God, or His ministering spirits? Do not mistake the object of our advice in recommending your making written remarks on everything you read. It is not with the view of your becoming a critic, nor yet from a spirit of emulation—which latter we rather approve than condemn—pitying the mock-modesty of the persons who, when asked to do so, exclaim, 'Nihil se scire!' or 'Nisi ed ipsum!' We wish you to follow our suggestions for the advancement of your self-knowledge; than which, we know nothing of more vital importance to yourself. Therefore, shrink not from the test. Go at it bravely, waiting for no inspirational feelings to aid you; merely using what knowledge you have gained, with thoughtfulness and common sense.—H. F. May time give you the strength you require for the exercise of your calling; for it will necessarily bring you into contact with beings, not only mortal, but spiritual; who will be sad trials to your faith; but whom you can alone conquer by loving patience and fortitude. Shrink not. Every trial, rightly accepted, will but add to your strength and faith; and you can only escape too much suffering from their influence, by keeping close to our advice and influence.—H. F."

Friday, 4th.—The following, from Washington Irving:—
 “To satisfy your friend, and show him, we are near you, and ready to communicate when necessary; take the following morsel of advice from your old friend:—Do not let a day pass without subjecting your heart to the deepest scrutiny—aye, and with the greatest care and diligence, or it will deceive you, even whilst thou art examining it. Nay, think not it is a mighty, easy business to keep the mind intent on its work, or to make it an impartial judge; but be assured you will be the better for it. Hoc nos pessimos facit quid nemo vitam suam respicit quid facture sumus cogitamus et ed raro: quid fecerimus non cogitamus. This very night, ere retiring to rest, pause, and ask thyself a few questions; such as, What is my mission? What have I done to fit myself for it? Wherein have I offended? What have I left undone, that I might have done, and done gracefully, not only for my own, but for the development of others? Take the advice of the poet, who saith—[Here follows a Greek quotation, containing forty-one words]. Thou would’st find thy every passion become more cool, if they feel, that each day thou wilt call each to a strict account. Let thy mind be truly calm and composed. Shut out every other care, ere entering on this self-examination; and fear not being too severe in thy judgment. Thou canst not be too impartial. Let thy dispassioned reason be thy judge, and ever keep thy mission as the glorious end in view.—
 W. I.”

Saturday, 5th.—The following, said to be a free translation of the Greek passage above, was written in H. F.’s hand:—“Let not thine eyes in sweet slumber close, ere thou, with severest, thrice-repeated scrutiny, thine actions task. Ask wherein thou hast erred—what duties lie unperformed—if idleness or diligence had sway this day. If the sentence be bad, let sorrow—if good, let joy—thy bosom fill.” The following was given in trance, as a translation of the Latin:—“Half the evils that we do, would not be done, if we subjected ourselves to this self-examination; that would take in not only our past lives, but the future consequences of past actions.”

Sunday, 6th.—This forenoon was written the following:—“Shun not new influences, but learn to control them for their benefit and your own. Besides, although some may come and annoy you, there are many that by resisting, because strange, you loose their useful influence; when they are the very ones you wish for to do good to others. Keep even closer to old and well-tried friends, but receive all others until you prove them false or foolish. You may suppose, if not know, that you must submit to be influenced by spirits unnumberable, ere your mission can be fulfilled—[Here follows a Greek quotation, containing fifteen words]—is an old saying:

apply it to us spirits. Have you not strength enough to bear a little trial of your faith and strength in our cause? We think you have; and therefore try it. And I repeat, shun us not; be a true friend, as your mentor is, to you and us. Farewell."

Friday, 11th.—Since last writing, the following, in answer to a question of L. A., as to whether the writer of the last—who is unknown to us—is a member of our upper circle:—"I am not an acknowledged member of either of your controlling circles; yet, for reasons you shall in due time know, I hover nigh both, and have influenced you often to write; so am not claiming to be a stranger; but hope to give you good aid as you progress, coming up higher." The following by H. F.:—"Pause, and consider the cause of the chill that drove you just now to rush away. Take and fold to your heart the motto, 'Truth against the world,' and what should you allow to trouble your spirit? Opposition ought to strengthen your hands; and not make your heart feel weak. Yield—we bid you—without distrust, to those nightly visitors who are now again influencing you, lest they depart for another long interval, and you will again have to regret their desertion. Remember.—H. F." Miss A. had been complaining of her health being likely to suffer from certain nightly visitations of influences which made her physically powerless for the time, and contorted her body. The following from W. I.:—"Were it true the demands on you were causing bodily weakness, should you not rather rejoice? Wouldst thou not rather be a spirit? Check therefore thy solicitations for thy body. Learn to say, 'In æternum vivo. Major sum et ad majora natus quam quod sim corporis mancipium.'" (Here the quotation and writing broke off abruptly, and was again resumed to-day, before dinner, as follows):—"I must add the conclusion of my quotation, 'quod equidem non aliter aspiciam quam vinculum libertate miæ circumdatum,' as it always struck me as being the true philosophy for all, whose hopes and aspirations are not like the beasts of the field; confined to what St. Paul used to call 'the beggarly elements,' from whence they sprung, and which the sooner you adopt, the better for yourself and the noble cause you are working for. Repeat often—'In æternum vivo,'—and it will spur you on.—W. I."

Tuesday 15th.—This morning, the following was written for Rev. Mr. B.:—"My friend,—Give the following to your parson friend from me, and bid him study it well. [Here follow eight words in Greek characters.] Nam scelus inter se tacitum qui cogitat ullum facte crimen habet. Also, the before-given precept—Hoc nos pessimos facit quod nemo vito suam respicit quid facturæ simus cogitamus et id raro quid fecerimus non cogitamus.—H. F." The translation of the above was written as follows:—"Be diligent in searching thy heart;—it is, to

thee; the source of good or evil. Thy most secret acts and thoughts shall be made known. We would never commit sin did we keep strict guard over our thoughts, for the *allowed* thought of foolishness is sin. Half the evils that we do, would not be done, if we subjected ourselves to this self-examination, that would take in, not only our past lives, but the future consequences of past actions. Farewell.—H. F.”

Friday, 18th.—The following, written within the last three days:—“There is one great defect we wish to point out, that you may use all your powers of will and study to remedy—we mean your indecision of character. Cultivate the tendencies of your mind, the efficiency of soul, that will enable you to gain that fixedness of purpose, which will give you that moral courage before which, even your enemies will be forced to bow in admiration. See what force, what power this would give you in carrying out the noble mission for which you have been chosen. Whatever others may forget, you should never for a moment lose sight of the end you wish to attain, as long as that end is for the good of others. It is worse than folly for you to hesitate to do whatever will ensure the tranquility of your mind. Brave all; brave everything, to forward your development. We can influence you but very slightly in your present state of mind and feelings. We say yes; never hesitate nor draw back.—H. F.” “What now? What is distressing you? Hasten and check it; for it will never do for you to be one of those who—[eight words in Greek characters.] There must be nothing but the fullest harmony in your soul, or you must expect rebuffs and disappointments on every side. Go on vigorously with your work of self-education. Time is passing; and you have yet so much to do. You went too far in unorthodoxy last night, even for us spirits. Still you are right to speak your convictions boldly; and, if wrong, have the chance of being taught better, and having your character more fully formed.” The above writing is by one whom we do not know. He refers, when he talks of her going too far in unorthodoxy, to a circumstance which has been repeated now, for some five or six nights, viz., that she is influenced to get up in the middle of the night, and lecture to a number of spirits, who gather round to hear; and she herself can never understand what she is saying, but others can who happen to be near, and who hear her. (The following, by Washington Irving:—“Do not, my child, be uneasy as to the false judgment the world may pronounce on you, nor yet heed it with a total indifference—as, out of ill-will to you, statements may be made which would affect, not only yourself simply, but the holy cause for which you are chosen to work. It were therefore better for you to adopt the advice of St. Chrysostom, to endeavor to stifle such, be they ever so false, or the authors of

them ever so contemptible, or, as he has it—[a Greek quotation follows, consisting of twenty-nine words]—than the supposed more philosophical idea, that as the judgment of the world will add nothing to your soul or body, nor lessen any of your miseries; as long as you constantly follow your reason, you may let the world's approbation follow you as it pleases. Still, I warn you; examine yourself closely, and see clearly that all your actions and motives, be above deserving the reproaches cast upon you.—W. I.”

1869.—The following from H. F.:—“ My child, why now hold back from ——— ? Beware of courting, or even permitting, apathy. We would rather see you restless, anxious—aye, even miserable. Yours can be no bed of down, nor your pathway strewn with roses. Wakeful, watchful nights, and days of anxiety must alas ! be yours, until you have really won your passport to open the door of your mission. We regret, but cannot blame, your present uncertain and anxious feelings. We ask you to be brave, and let nothing drive you to look backward, or turn aside. Trust, as we do, in the kind aid of your mentor, and you will regain your tranquility; and let us work. Farewell.—H. F. Have more patience to-morrow night in your trance, and W. will fulfil a promise made last time. You cannot expect physical manifestations to appear without some physical contortions.—H. F.”

The following to me:—“ We are quite pleased that you are not satisfied with to-night's manifestations, as Walter has again possession of the comb, and must return it in a more satisfactory manner. Do not hasten her movements unnecessarily, until we have been to work with her pretty calm state of mind.”

To Miss A. :—“ My friend, we welcome you into our sisterhood. Be calm and hopeful, and you will have great reward.—M. W. Montagu.” “ Do try and let us have one calm night before you leave ; you have courage enough to fall a sacrifice, to try and become all we wish. Then why not be more calm ? You ought not to let broken promises make you so disturbed, or hopelessness, keep you from straining every effort to gain our ends. Go through your papers to-day ; some there may comfort you. We love you. Farewell.—H. F.” “ Yes, we are often near you : prove your case, and you shall have your comb. Were you in earnest you would not thus let time and opportunities pass away unused ; and when you are shirking and frightened, expect everything from us. Have more faith and courage.—H. F.”

From Washington Irving to Miss A. :—“ Nay, my child, it is never the sensible act of a reasonable being, to turn away from any serious argument, without being perfectly convinced in your own

mind, on whose side is truth. Let your motto ever be, 'I seek truth; and, once convinced I am wrong in any sentiment or practice, I will alter it with my whole heart; for it is only obstinately persisting in error or ignorance that can hurt me.' As it hath been said of old—[Here follows a Greek quotation, containing thirty-four words.] Let this reproof and exhortation convince you how important in our eyes are your every word and thought. Cling close to present influence; in losing it, you know not what you lose. Let no unfaithful word or thought enter your heart.—W. I."

Advice from H. F. to Miss A. :—"Certainly not, as you are now acting, without making an effort in any direction for your development; rather allowing the energies of both mind and body to become enervated. Why not combine your earthly duties and your self-development? Why let your trances be thrown away as worse than useless? Your earthly friend is not aiding us as we expected; he should urge—aye, push you on. Now all is sleeping.—H. F."

April 10th.—From Washington Irving :—"Yes, we wish to show you it is not unwillingness to give you the aid you expressed a desire, for that prevents our doing so; but, as we can only judge of places or localities through the knowledge of a medium, we are alone able to give you our advice in general terms, which we do as follows :—As far as is consistent with your social duties, let your abode be where you can do most good, casting from your mind all care as to the so-called respectability of your surroundings; for have we not told you frequently, that your aim ought to be, to be so circumstanced, that you would be permitted to—[a number of Hebrew characters, consisting of several words, here intervene]—and thus, while using every energy to guard those committed to your charge, from contaminating influences; to endeavor boldly to bring the wandering sheep back to the fold, with kind, loving words; and then impart to them the lesson: 'the power of faith is a door to religion;' yes, the true vital religion which alone gives peace; and which must ever be founded on faith in the love and justice of our Father, whose laws are immutable, unerring, ever-tending to the perfection and happiness of His children. Aye, teach them that love to Him, and our brothers, is the fulfilment of all laws. Deeply do we regret your separation from the mind, which, having first attracted us to you, we still find so necessary for your proper development, and have so often exhorted you to cling to closely. Still, you should take advantage of every opportunity of aiding your own progress, and of adding your influence to that of any circle which you can join regularly. There are circles, where steady female influence would go far to harmonise the materials, without drawing them down from their elevated aspirations. To such you would be useful, having learned to cast from you all frivolity on those occasions. Oh!

that you would conquer your sensitiveness, and let us use you more freely at all times.—W. I.”

From Washington Irving to Miss A.:—“Deeply does it grieve us that you will not conquer your sensitiveness, so as to allow us to influence you in the midst of your friends, who are anxious enquirers. If you fear an exposure of your secret feelings, then be it your duty so to check them, and guide them all, by the rules of love and wisdom. You believe that from your God, nothing is hidden; *Nihil Deo clausum est*, and is not His judgment of more importance to you, than that of mortals like yourself? Cast from you all impatience; be more humble and loving; in fact, so train your every thought, that in your very countenance they may be read; let your breast be as an open page, that those that run may read, and obtain therefrom, a spark of love to warm their natures, till they too may say, *Sit cogitandum tanquam in pedus (?) intimum (?) inspicere possit et potest quid enim prodest ab homine aliquid esse secretum*. You are not yet in your proper sphere for action; but watch daily and hourly for the influx of love and wisdom into your system. By your earnest co-operation, encourage all doubters to persevere. Submit to your trials as a good worker in your Master’s vineyard. When doubts assail you, cut them down without mercy; and healthy thoughts of wisdom will spring up in their stead.—W. I.”

The following, in answer to a request from Miss A. how she ought to act with reference to a boy in whose welfare she was interested:—“We would say, No, most decidedly. Stir not in him (the boy’s guardian) the spirit of opposition; and thereby drive him to earnestly endeavour to drag the child, for whom you fear, down into the slough of superstition and darkness. Take gentler measures, and work a separation between them. As we said last time, it is not your place to throw a slight, on the exercise of freedom of opinion, by any one. To our own conscience shall we each stand or fall.—H. F.”

The following was addressed to me, and written, unconsciously, a few hours after my return from the Fijis to Melbourne. I had said to Miss A., “I wonder if they have forgotten me?” It is from Washington Irving, and alludes to a letter they had sent me to the Fijis, and which I had not received, and the contents of which were quite unknown to Miss A.:—“Welcome you, yes, my friend, we do. Had you received our summons to return, you would have known how we felt your loss, among our fellow-laborers. When a man is risen, as you are, to a worldly station, and influence; he should use the latter to its utmost, in the cause of humanity. We trust your return will ease our medium’s mind, from some of the anxious cares, which have added

to our difficulty in using her. Bid her not weep, as she does, the seemingly untoward fate of her brother; but the more diligently strive for her further development, that she may earn the right to aid his poor desponding spirit from doubts, to a knowledge of his true position as a son of our heavenly Father; to warm his soul to that celestial love, of which he seems so void. When, oh! when will parents learn, to watch and guard their children from doubts and despondency? For thyself also, dear friend, we have a word of advice; for thou hast too long been allowing wave over wave of feeling to toss thee on their billows; little, alas! regarding the spirit of the advices thou didst seek from us; but tried to make them pander to thy own fluctuations; showing to us so plainly, that there is a fatal-bred strife within; in fact—[Greek characters, consisting of eight words, occur here.] And now, we bid thee, in the purer light of the influences surrounding us, that, ere returning to thy old sphere of action, take thou the stand thy present intuitions tell thee is right, according to truth, love, and wisdom, the threefold cord. Once taken, adhere to it as a law not to be broken, or even violated in spirit, without guilt; no matter what judgment others may form; as again it is written—[Here follows a Greek sentence, containing nineteen words.] Still, judge not others too harshly; although thou wast warned, that there is too much deceit, when there ought to have been pure singleness of heart to act from. Many, many friends around me, join in welcoming our brother-worker. Do not disappoint us. Be bold, be truthful; and earn the blessing of thousands.—W. I." The above letter is a proof to me, among a thousand others, that my most secret thoughts were known to the writer; and of which Miss A. had not the most distant idea. "In the path of duty be diligent, taking advantage of all openings given thee to advance the truth. Show thy sincerity in giving up thine own pleasure, and follow where duty points the way. Leave none to stand alone to whom thy support can be given—thy presence encourage. Be faithful now in the day of thine opportunity. Why be doubtful as to thy course? Waver not, but aid us truly in our labor of love. Thou hast now the power; cast it not from thee. 'Tis but a little sacrifice we ask of thee, compared with the good thy presence will enable others to do, and the joy thou wilt yet feel, if thou be faithful.—H. F." The above, I take it, is addressed to me, judging from circumstances in which it was written.

The following from Washington Irving:—[Here follows sentence in Greek, containing twenty-four words]—is a true maxim; therefore, school your mind to be calm, and so enwrap in the hope of doing good, that self shall have no room therein. Seek no open manifestations, or disappointment will render you useless. Trust to our influence. Speak the truth boldly, and we will know when to show our power over you most usefully. Be encouraged, yet

warned, by this word from your true friend—W. I." The above to Miss A.

Miss A. had, at a circle, been moved to write by a strange influence; and from something in the communication, the circle judged it might emanate from the spirit of Sir David Brewster; and very shortly after, she found the following to herself, which was written in her book unconsciously during the night:—"Your impression is correct; I am still here to try and influence your hand, though as yet it is but little I can communicate. Small conceptions have the so-called great and learned of the earth, of the humble thankfulness with which they will, as I now do, place their feet on the first rung of the ladder of eternal progression, in its true sense; and acknowledge their blindfoldedness, in so positively opposing every innovation on their established opinions; which would at best draw them but a link nearer the plane from which we must all eventually start afresh. Doubly blessed the spirit who has so improved his opportunities, and enlightened his intellect, that he can start, unshackled by prejudices and obstinately-persisted-in error, on the upward and onward course to pure light. When you see my name annexed to this, and become assured of my autograph, you will be no doubt amazed; but, being present at a meeting where learned researches were the topic, I came in contact with your sphere, and found, after a little, I could influence you, and hope to do so yet more effectually and convincingly. But you must keep yourself even more isolated from foreign influences, or rather magnetisms; as they make you too susceptible to a mixture of influences which but impede each other. We want no aid to attract us to you: submit, therefore, to no earthly influence, but of the one congenial mind whose control over you, has so well aided your spirit-friends in your development. Shrink from nothing; go to every circle, every meeting, where elevated spirits can meet you; but be passive until called on to speak your convictions. Then do so boldly. Be brave—but gentle, true, loving, and faithful, and you have nothing to fear.—David Brewster."

The following from H. F.:—"Follow your intuitions; be not misled by any feeling of bashfulness, nor yet of that unfortunate vanity, which too often apes humility. Truth is too precious to be trifled with, or for you to allow the slightest opportunity of sowing it to be lost. Go, therefore, wherever you see the slightest opening to introduce a grain. This is the light wherewith the world is to become enlightened. Gladly shall we hail the hour, when you will have to rise, and pour forth our words of love and warning, to the world. Nay, you must not shrink from drinking the cup to the very dregs. Oh, that doubting heart of yours! Launch your bark upon the ocean; what have you to fear? You asked our advice then let us see how you will act on it.—H. F."

The following from Washington Irving to Miss A. :—"It was with deep regret we saw thee stand dumb, and hear such a declaration made in thy presence, 'that family prayer ever *seemed* incompatible with the instructions of spirits!' How often have we urged you, never even to join a circle that does not unite in prayer, not only for guardianship and guidance, but, that all the aspirations of the minds composing the circle, may become blended and harmonised in charity:—What lovelier sight can greet the gaze of visiting friends, than a family all bound together in the bonds of love; assembled, and raising their voices and hearts to the great Source of love, truth, and wisdom—aye, Truth itself—until they can, in the words of the prophet, exclaim with holy fervor—Here follows a sentence in Arabic, containing twenty-seven words.] Oh why, my child, will you not take our oft-repeated advice, and be ever watchful to speak your convictions boldly. Are all our instructions but idle words in thine ears? When you read this, do not grieve, but act; and repeat it to your circle at your next meeting, as our earnest advice.—W. I."

The following from a spirit unknown, written at circle at Mr. M.'s:—"Life on earth, as it hath been truly said, is but a span; but oh, what an important step it is in the advance of the soul's progression! Therefore it is, we are so constantly urging on all we can get under our influence, the necessity of using every moment thereof in obtaining lessons in true charity; which is the true foundation stone of all wisdom."

The following was written in circle at Mr. M.'s, being an answer to a question a lady had sent in a sealed envelope:—"The love and wisdom of God are too infinite, too unchangeable, to permit of any of His works being lost. In the image of himself was man created; that is, with the breath of life was the immortal spirit inhaled, and that spirit can never be lost. All are equally precious in their Father's sight, although there is apparently such a vast difference in the advantages. To every being, the door, through which they must enter on their advance to progression, is open; but the blind, the lame, delay long ere they enter. There are even now (so-called) dark spirits, who for ages have been roaming, and have not yet found that entrance. But they are not lost; no, no, they will yet come out into the full blaze of the light, that truth sheds abroad; and to them also shall it be given, to be called the sons of God. To those souls encompassed in the chains of darkness, pray, that it may be your precious privilege also, to be allowed to preach—not to those still in the flesh alone, but hereafter, in more extended realms."

The following was written in reply to some observations made by the same lady, on the above reply; as proceeding from an unde-

veloped spirit:—"Your friends think mine the answer of an undeveloped spirit. Would that they, too, were in this matter undeveloped, if I be. Let nothing stagger your firm faith in the truth and justice of that Being, in whom we live and move. Time with the Almighty Centre of the universe, is but as a scroll, as a sheet spread before Him. Nothing is past or future to Him. Then how can you accuse Him of creating, not thousands, but myriads of souls to be struck down, and so perish like the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow has passed away! Oh, no, my child, it is a great and glorious truth, that all shall live again. In my Father's house are many mansions.' Into them shall be called, the blind, the halt, the maimed; aye, every being into whom the breath of life hath been breathed. The Christ did bring life and immortality to light, by infusing the love-principle, into the grossly misrepresented laws of the Divine Centre. It was an increased light vouchsafed to the progressing world, to hasten the development of all those who would accept its teachings: but as soon would we dare to say, that all who are not convinced by the truth of our present great light, must 'all likewise perish,' as that those living previous to the advent of Jesus of Nazareth, had met annihilation. Expand your minds, my friends, and in good truth become (so-called) universalists. Work for immortality—it is a great, a noble field; and how great your reward, when around you shall be gathered, all those whose development to light and wisdom, your labor has opened the door more speedily. Accept your privileges as the pioneers of our cause, for it is ever more blessed to give than to receive. Again I repeat my former declaration, that *not one being of God's image can be lost*. Love them, prize them, as your Father's children. And now farewell.—H. F."

The following from H. F., at Mr. M.'s:—"Constantly urge on all this fact, that when spirits first enter the progressive sphere, they soon learn the beauty of receiving truth in its simplest guise. No learned sophistries, no technical terms, are necessary to convey to their hearts the knowledge of the greatness, the depth of the wisdom and love, of their all-wise Father; and hence they, too, endeavor to clothe their instructions in the beautiful raiment of simplicity. Be not discontented, and you will ere long find all is working together for your good. Calm and sunshine are not *your* elements; but we bid you for ever strive for calmness and self-possession wherewith to meet all. You are privileged in having kind, true hearts to urge you onwards. We will be only too glad when we can give tests through you once more; at present it can be only an uncertainty. Sit for influence at some regular hour; you may fail in obtaining it for days, but patiently wait until those who can obtain influence over your hand, learn your locality. Be cautious, and let nothing sever the cord of love and sympathy; or again we shall seek your aid in vain.—H. F."

The following was written at Mr. M.'s, upon some discussion as to the admission of people of a certain standing for talents, &c., into their circle:—"When men of high position come among you as investigators, let them put away from them that most assured enemy of all enlightenment—PRIDE. It mars all attempts at true investigation. 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of light,' said our great prophet, Jesus. It is not unbelief, so much as pride, that disturbs the harmony of a circle; an overweening opinion of our own judgment in all matters, leads all far, far astray. Let all, therefore, use all diligence in casting it from them. It conduces around them the positive element, which disturbs the harmony of the circle into which they are temporarily admitted; and gaining no good for themselves, retard the progress of others. It would be, therefore, far more truthful to tell such, that, till they can become more simple, they cannot be allowed to join your circle, than to say, 'Spirits cannot influence you in the presence of sceptics.' Pride! pride! get thee behind me, pride! should be the earnest exclamation of each anxious enquirer. Yes, in advising anyone to commence investigating for themselves, speak gently but truthfully to them. Try to make them understand the true position they ought to take, before commencing to learn any truth."

Appendix.

SPIRITUALISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ALBURY BANNER."]

SIR,—In your issue of December 5th you invite any votary of Spiritualism, to give you some explanation of its philosophy. It is not possible to do this satisfactorily within the limits of a newspaper paragraph, but I don't like to throw away the opportunity you have afforded, of saying something on the subject.

A mistake continually made by people unacquainted with the subject, is, that Spiritualism is a new religion, which has lately arisen, and which its disciples are endeavouring to foist upon the world, to the subversion of all established modes of faith. Spiritualism proper, is neither a new religion, nor an old one—it is simply an affirmation of the possibility, and actuality of intercourse, between this mundane world, and the unseen world of spirits; although it may afford—and I believe does afford—the *only basis* upon which all true religion rests, yet it is not—*per se*—a religion, more than telegraphy, or mesmerism, are religions. Just as telegraphy means the power and reality of telegraphic intercourse between distant places on this earth—say between the old and new worlds—so does Spiritualism mean a belief in the reality of intercourse between the seen and unseen worlds; the medium of communication in the one case is called electricity, the medium in the other case, is not yet exactly ascertained, but is supposed to be some imponderable fluid or force of the nature of electricity, but finer, and quite distinct. The latter is as completely under the control and operation of natural laws, as the former; and there is nothing supernatural in the one, more than in the other. In both cases, the intelligencies communicating with each other, on either side, need not necessarily be of any particular religion—as a telegraphist may be a Hindoo, or a fire-worshipper, or a Christian; so may Spiritualists be of very different religious beliefs. If Spiritualism or spirit intercourse be a fact, then it is the most important fact in the universe to mankind; for by *it*, and *it alone*, is demonstrated the truth of a future state of existence, after that change called death. It is very well for many people to say, we believe

thoroughly in immortality, and have no need of the phenomena of Spiritualism; but we see that many say this very confidently with the mouth, who belie it in their lives; and then there is the materialist, upon whom reasoning from analogy or probabilities has no effect. Facts are what he demands; he meets your probabilities, with his own equally forcible ones, and you are obliged to leave him more hopeless than when you began. When once a man is able to answer to himself affirmatively, the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"—which, I maintain, he can only do on the authority of actual experience of communication with those who *are* "alive again," or of the testimony of others who have had that experience—he becomes a new man—death has lost its terrors to him—he has exchanged gloom for cheerfulness—he can go to work with a will—certain that no labor shall be in vain—no effort lost—no aspiration, but will eventually be fulfilled—in short, that he *shall* reap the harvest of that which he has sown—he fears nothing in heaven or earth, except disobedience to moral, mental, intellectual, and physical law. Yours, &c.,

SCHAMLYN.

10th Dec., 1868.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ALBURY BANNER."]

SIR,—I desire to reply to "Alb. Vic.'s" letter in yours of the 26th instant. He says—"He most emphatically declares that my views of Spiritualism are utterly irreconcilable with Christianity." I have to complain that he does not show how they are so—nor does he point out the particular statement in my letters, which he opposes, and which warrants him in making this "emphatic declaration." It might be sufficient for me, under the circumstances, to oppose *my* positive denial, to *his* "most emphatic declaration," and simply to assert, in return, that the Spiritualism, of which I am an exponent, is quite otherwise than adverse to Christianity; but to save trouble in the future, and perhaps an unnecessary waste of emphasis to "Alb. Vic.," I support my position, "that a Spiritualist may be a Christian," by stating positively, that I profess to be a Christian; and am not acquainted personally with any Spiritualist, who is not also a Christian; and, if this asseveration of mine be not considered of sufficient weight, I shall, by way of further and more satisfactory support, cite a few examples of men and women, "whose praise is in all the Christian churches," persons of note, too, in the literary and scientific world, and who, yet, are distinguished pillars and advocates of the Spiritualism of which I am, perhaps, an unworthy "exponent." They are William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crossland, Professor De Morgan and Mrs. De Morgan. These persons have not fallen away by their acceptance and belief of

Spiritualism, but have advanced by its help, in their "reverence for God and Revelation," because they have been enabled to understand them better. These persons are Spiritualists of 15 years standing, and neither their Spiritualism nor their Christianity can be gainsaid—"Alb. Vic.'s" "declaration" notwithstanding. He says—"We need nothing beyond the Bible to assure us of immortality." This may be true as regards himself or myself; but there are many "Thomases" in Christendom; and the fact remains painfully prominent, that atheists and materialists, *do* require something more, and have failed to find in the Bible that satisfactory proof of a future state, which they earnestly desire; and which, I contend, is to be found, and found only, in the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. That thousands of materialists have been brought to rejoice in immortality, through these means, is a matter of history; and I can give, if required, the names of many eminent living men, who testify to their conversion from a desolate materialism, by "spirit manifestations."

The above facts, I hope, will show "Alb. Vic." that he has read the parable of Dives and Lazarus erroneously. Testimony, and that 1800 years old, is of no account to the man that requires facts, the evidence of his senses, to rest his faith upon. "Alb. Vic." asks from me "something definite as to the objects and advantages of Spiritualism." I reply, that I deem the power of convincing a materialist of immortality a very *definite* advantage; and I would ask him to name anything more *definitely* advantageous, than that which affords, I again repeat, the only *demonstration* of a future state of existence. I mean by *demonstration*—not mere probabilities, nor possibilities—not history, nor ratiocination, nor analogy—but incontrovertible *proof*, such as would be called proof by men of all persuasions.

I see nothing else to notice in "Alb. Vic.'s" letter except, that I defy him to point out any instance of plagiarism on the part of any of my friends—detected, or asserted to be detected—by "a Waller." I do not feel called on to enter into a defence of the Davenports when Spiritualism is attacked, any more than I would enter into a defence of "Alb. Vic." were Christianity attacked; nor am I here to account for the "feeble nature and unutterable balderdash" of all the spirit communications which "Alb. Vic." says he has seen; and would only remark, *en passant*, that my own experience has been more fortunate, having had no communion with spirits that has not been elevating, encouraging, and comforting; and as to such "unutterable balderdash" being "borrowed," as he insinuates; I would remind him that impostors and plagiarists are usually too "wise in their generation" to steal or borrow "feeble and unutterable balderdash," when they could with equal ease appropriate what would answer their purpose of imposition so much better. I hope "Alb. Vic." will write something

more tangible next time, and when he again assails me, to take care that it is *not* upon ground that I do *not* occupy. Yours, &c.,
SCHAMLYN.

Walwa, 31st Dec., 1868.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ALBURY BANNER."]

SIR,—From the paragraph on Spiritualism in yours of the 2nd instant, you seem to have paid no attention to my first letter on the subject. I thought that in it, I had sufficiently fortified my position against the mistaken impression, which you continue to entertain, that Spiritualism is a new religion, and its followers a new religious sect, and that I, as an upholder, am a religious propagandist. In the words of Alb. Vic., "I most emphatically declare" that in anything I have hitherto written on the subject, I have had no thoughts of being engaged in, or of entering upon, a religious discussion. What I have earnestly wished, has been to incite thinking men to a philosophical investigation of the alleged spiritual phenomena, upon a purely scientific basis. I am not engaged, as you seem to suppose, in an "intellectual contest," and hope I shall not be so until I have a better opinion of my intellectual powers. It is not a question of intellect, or one that can be decided by intellectual acumen alone; it is a question (at least in its present stage) of fact; of the evidence of the senses, as to the genuineness of certain alleged phenomena, which are a demonstration, if true, of intercourse between the two worlds; which phenomena I know to be *fact*, but which, by those who have not examined them, are denounced as humbug, imposture, &c. It is a question of pure experiment and investigation, which can be entered into as well by men of ordinary sanity, having the normal use of their bodily senses, as by the most learned or most intellectual; by the infidel as well as by the pious. You talk of the "doctrines I advocate." I am not aware of having published any doctrines peculiar to myself, or to Spiritualism, in your paper, or in any other; and, if I had done so, I cannot see what Spiritualism has to do with my private opinions, any more than the private religious opinions of an astronomer or electrician, have to do with the science of astronomy or that of electricity. Again, you assume that Spiritualism is antagonistic to orthodoxy. This assumption cannot have arisen from anything contained in my letter; yet you pit the one against the other, and call on me to support what you have assumed, without warrant, to be my unorthodox opinions, without stating what those opinions are. You and Alb. Vic. seem determined to turn what I wish to be a purely philosophical investigation, into a theological controversy. The religious and moral bearings of a subject, are, or ought to be, a subsequent consideration

to the question of fact. It will be time enough to discuss the *cui bono* of spirit intercourse, when the phenomena are ascertained and believed to be real; until then we may be wasting our time in *a priori* reasonings. My challenge of £500 was brought out by a very confident statement, several times repeated by the *Collingwood Advertiser*, that the whole thing was "barefaced juggling," and that "he would not withdraw from the arena of combat, until he had exposed and exploded the gigantic swindle." But I abide with alacrity to my challenge; and should thinking men of intellect not be able individually to muster up the £500, surely there are moneyed philanthropists enough to help them by subscription or otherwise, to explode a dangerous and fascinating delusion; particularly when they judge the explanation to be so very easy, they may reasonably hope that the £500 will never be demanded from them, but from the *duped victim* of imposture. Yours, &c.,

SCHAMLYN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BANNER."]

SIR,—Passing by "Alb. Vic.'s" insinuations against the honesty of my profession of Christianity as quite irrelevant, I maintain that, until he can show that those *well-known* persons named by me in a former letter, and "whose praise is in all the churches," are not Christians as well as Spiritualists; my position—that a "Christian may be a Spiritualist"—remains unshaken. He says that I "do *not believe* that the Bible contains sufficient information to secure salvation." I have never said so, but, on the contrary, have always said quite otherwise, and do now believe quite otherwise, and that it *does* contain all that is needful to secure salvation. Does "Alb. Vic." really know, better than I do myself, what I believe—when I am sincere in my professions—and how far I come short of being a true Christian? Have I ever unboomed myself to him in such a way as to lead him to lay such absurdities at my door, or to assert that my professions are not to be trusted? "Alb. Vic." has evidently in this instance, taken his own imaginings for truth, and has again attacked me on ground which I *never* occupied.

He asks, "How should we know whether one from the dead be a devil, or a messenger from God?" I answer, by many sufficient tests given us by Christ, the apostles, and the prophets. Take the following three:—"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree produce good fruit; *therefore by their fruits shall ye know them.*" St. John says—"Try the spirits whether they are of God; every spirit that *confesseth* that Jesus Christ came in the flesh *is of God*, and every spirit that *confesseth not this is not of God.*" Isaiah says—"To the word and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, there is no light in them."

All the world knows that the Bible condemns sorcery and witchcraft, and seeking after evil spirits, and their companionship; but what "Alb. Vic." fails to show is, that these things constitute Spiritualism; or that the ministry of angels, recommended, sought for, and trusted in throughout the Bible, is a different thing from Spiritualism; the communion of saints is an article of Christian faith, and the Bible encourages us to seek and rejoice in such intercourse, and pronounces the man blessed who enjoys such communion; it assures us that we are ever encompassed with "a great cloud of witnesses," testifying to that "life and immortality" brought to light by Christ—"spirits of just men made perfect, sent to minister to the heirs of salvation"—these had never departed from that faith in immortality, nor had given heed to seducing spirits, *teaching the doctrine that devils only* were allowed to hold communion with man. We are warned against seducing spirits teaching false doctrines, but not against the company of progressed spirits of just men, who teach the advantages of holy communion, and who confess and teach Christ and Him crucified. Because seducing spirits are allowed to visit man, does "Alb. Vic." contend that, *therefore*, there cannot be any righteous ones permitted to have intercourse with their fellows in the flesh? Does he not see that the very warning against seducing spirits, implies, and is equivalent to, an exhortation to us to seek diligently, and trust in the good offices and guidance of good spirits, as our best defence against the wiles and machinations of the evil ones? just as there are many seducing men and women whom we ought to avoid, and seek, by the companionship of the Christ-like, to save ourselves from their pernicious influences. Let "Alb. Vic." study the 12th ch. of 1 Cor. and then say in what the manifestations there recorded, differ in kind from modern spirit manifestations: the former may probably, from the greater faith of the disciples, have been more abundant, but generically they are the same. "Alb. Vic." names Tertullian and St. Cyril in this connection, and talks of a "host of Ancient Fathers" who endorsed their opinions, &c., &c. I have great pleasure in informing him that Tertullian was a firm believer and upholder of spirit intercourse, by his example, by his preaching, and by his writings; and most of those Ancient Fathers were equally zealous believers, and even "energumens"—(what we would now call mediums). I give the names of some of them, whom I have the authority of Eusebius and Mosheim, and their own writings, for pronouncing true Spiritualists—namely, Clement, Ignatius, Barnabas, Polycarp, Hermas, Lactantius, Origen, Eusebius, Cyprian, Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Gregory, Montanus, Nicæus—fifteen, besides Tertullian, the pupil of Montanus. I may mention that Tertullian challenged all heathendom to a trial with Christians, before their own heathen tribunals, to produce the phenomena which Christians were able to perform under spirit influence; for Christ had said,

"the works that I do, shall ye do also," &c. Does "Alb. Vic." expect your readers to give up the distinct statement of the sacred record, because Bishop Patrick thinks that holy men would not *rise from* the earth, but would or ought to *descend to* it? I wonder what he or "Alb. Vic." would say about those *saints*, who *arose out* of the ground at the crucifixion, and walked about the streets of Jerusalem? Were they hallucinations or devils, because they did not *come down* from heaven? The Scripture words, when narrating such events, are invariably "raised" risen, arose—"sown a natural body, raised a spiritual." If I had space I could give a long list of divines of the Church of England, who believed and taught spiritual intercourse, and argued against those people who had such unworthy conceptions of God, as to believe He would permit evil spirits only, to harass the earth, and not good ones to comfort us.

SCHAMLYN.

Walwa, Feb. 7th, 1869.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ALBURY BANNER."

SIR,—I have never said at any time that Spiritualism had no religious bearing—on the contrary, I said that I believed that all religions were based on Spiritualism. I certainly maintained that Spiritualism, *per se*, was not a religion; and I do not think that an enquiry into its truth, is necessarily a religious discussion.

There are few things with which we have to do, that may not have, and that have not, a religious bearing. The matter-of-fact art of printing, has had an incalculably important bearing on religion; and has been, perhaps, the chief means of emancipating the Christian religion, from the darkness and bondage of the middle ages; but it is not a religion. The press is no doubt a most beneficent institution, but it is not generically a religious one; and the upholders and advocates of its utility, are not necessarily a religious sect, nor religious propagandists. According to my definition of Spiritualism, as given in my first letter—a promulgator of the facts of Spiritualism, and one who invites inquiry and investigation into these facts, is no more a religious propagandist, than they, who propagate the advantages of Holloway's pills, the Wizard oil, Moncrief's new battery, Vester's "safety coffins," are religious propagandists; although I may acknowledge that Spiritism has an immeasurably more important bearing on religion than all the others.

Science is not a religion, nor is a scientific discussion a religious one; but science nevertheless has incontestibly, a very important bearing on religion—I repeat that the facts or phenomena of Spiritualism (Spiritism would be a better word) are to be dealt with as a question of external evidence—the final appeal, being to the senses; not to the intellect, or the heart. And in this enquiry,

the greatest intellectual acumen cannot supply the place of the senses of a sane man, be he ever so illiterate. I am of a different opinion with you, and feel sure that Christianity *does* sanction the belief in communication with the spirit-world; and when you state your exceptionable instance, I hope to cite several, or rather, many instances, of the belief being sanctioned by Christianity. When A. is informed that he can communicate with his defunct grandmother B., no doubt he is made acquainted, as you say, with the existence of a new law of nature—but a law of nature is a *fact*, not a doctrine; it is a thing, not an opinion of a thing—just as J. H. Mower's late discovery in telegraphy, is a fact, (being a discovery of a new law of nature) not a doctrine, or a mere opinion.

I cannot agree with you that the term "spiritual propagandist" has the same meaning as "religious propagandist." Is materialism a religion? and a materialist a religious propagandist? You have as much warrant for saying so in the one case, as in the other. Christ never condemned the Sadducees (materialists) for their irreligion, but He was continually condemning the Pharisees (Spiritualists) for their want of religion; in either case you may see that their religion did not depend necessarily upon their private and peculiar views of things. A materialist is not a Spiritualist; yet, both may be either religious or irreligious men. Yours, &c.,

SCHAMLYN.

Walwa 20th January, 1868.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "COLLINGWOOD ADVERTISER."]

SIR,—I observe, in your issue of the 21st November, you call Mr. Home, the well-known medium, "an *unscrupulous impostor*," and accuse him of turning, what you call his "*scientific jugglery*," to his own personal advantage. I should have liked if you had given your grounds for such a sweeping calumny, and would be glad if you would adduce one single *fact* in support of it. I don't like to be laboring under a mistake, which I certainly have been doing; if Mr. Home be, as you say, an "unscrupulous impostor." From the published reports of him in the English and foreign press for the last ten years, I had formed a highly favorable estimate of his character, as an honest, upright and amiable man, as well as a Christian of strong religious feelings; and, in the late trial, "Lyon v. Home"—a full description of which is to be found in the London daily papers of the time—I notice that not one iota of evidence appears against his moral character; and, in the course of the trial, quite a crowd of the most eminent men in England, of undeniable standing as to character, gave in their verbal testimony to Mr. Home's being a gentleman of irreproachable character. And the following *written affidavits* were handed in, in his favor:—Robert Chambers, D.C.L., author and publisher, of St. Andrew's,

Scotland, after testifying to the *bona fides* of the manifestations in Home's presence, ends his affidavit thus:—"I have known Mr. Home for many years, and believe him to be of irreproachable character, and I depose to the above facts from my personal knowledge," &c. Gerald Massey, of Wardhurst, Ringshall, County Herts, author, &c, concluded thus: "Since my first introduction to Mr. Home, in the house of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, I have seen a great deal of him, and have never had the slightest reason to look upon him other than as a man of the most honorable character, and kindest disposition—in fact, a gentleman, whom I should judge incapable of any such baseness as has been laid to his charge." Mr. C. F. Varley, of Fleetwood House, Kent, telegraph engineer and consulting electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, after a detailed account of his convictions of the truth and beneficial tendency of the spiritual phenomena, concludes with—"I willingly testify to my entire conviction of Mr. Home's truthfulness and honesty, after an acquaintance of eight years." Dr. J. M. Gully, of Malvern, Worcester, says, in his affidavit—"I have known Mr. Home for more than seven years as a personal friend, and as a visitor at my own house, and I have never had any reason to doubt his character, as a man of honor and proper moral feeling. I have *never* known Mr. Home to receive any money for what is termed a *seance*, but have known him repeatedly to refuse offers of as much as twenty guineas for a single *seance*." Mr. S. C. Hall, County Middlesex, author and barrister-at-law, F.S.A., says—"I have known Mr. Home for the last eight years—known him intimately, and hope to know him still. These last and infamous charges that have been brought against him, and the manner in which he has borne them, but tend to endear him to all his friends, and have made these his friends who would not otherwise have been so. In common with all of them, I respect Mr. Home as a truthful, upright, and honorable gentleman." Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, solicitor, Lincoln's Inn Fields, being Mr. Home's solicitor and adviser, testifies in his affidavit only to the genuineness of the manifestations occurring in the presence of mediums—no jugglery on their part, after his strictest scrutiny—for the last eighteen years." Mr. Hawkins Simpson, inventor of electrical apparatus, etc., testifies by letter, read in court, to the *bona fides* of the manifestations witnessed by him in Home's presence. Mrs. S. C. Hall, authoress, &c., made oath as follows:—"Having known Mr. Home for several years—known him intimately as you only know a person who has visited at your house—having had the greatest affection for his excellent wife, and seen how honestly and bravely he bore up against evil report—seeking various modes of livelihood which would not have been necessary if he had not always *refused* payment for his mediumship—alleging that he had *no right to sell God's gift*," &c.

In addition to these affidavits, a portion of the preface of Pro-

fessor De Morgan, the illustrious mathematician of London, to a work by Mrs. De Morgan—"From Matter to Spirit" was read by Home's counsel in court, and excited marked surprise and attention.

I perceive, Sir, that you often appeal to truth and honesty, and to lovers of justice; and it is as one of them that I have ventured to trespass upon your space, and to ask you, in their name, that in your condemnation of Spiritualism, or any other system that you may deem of hurtful tendency, you will refrain from assailing the character of an absent and perhaps innocent man. Yours, &c.,

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

Walwa, Nov. 26, 1868.

SIR,—In your issue of December 5th, you talk of my carefully abstaining from mentioning that Mr. Home abstracted a sum of money from the pockets of an old lady. I deny the fact of the theft. This accusation cannot be made good, from anything that was brought out at the trial, nor from the verdict of the jury; that verdict, requiring Home to refund the money to the old lady, is not equivalent—far from it—to a conviction for theft or robbery; it does not even amount to an insinuation against his moral character. The verdict rested on a point of law, and, according to the judge's reading of the law, the jury were directed to return a verdict for the plaintiff. Are all those men who are, by a verdict of their countrymen, compelled to refund money, rogues and vagabonds? In that case few, if any, are not so; for we often find that, at the same sitting of the court, the same man who, as plaintiff, has money refunded to him, has, by a verdict of the same jury, been forced, as defendant in another case, to refund to the plaintiff. The moral character of a man does not necessarily depend upon the verdict of a jury—in civil cases at any rate; and, in Home's case, although he had possession of the old lady's money for twelve months, he did not make use of a penny of it, and was able to refund the whole of it *intact*. And this conduct in a poor man, as Home is known to be, presents no sign of the "unscrupulous impostor." The only character injured, if not destroyed, for ever by that trial, was that of the old lady, the plaintiff, whom the judge condemned to pay (in consequence of her repeated prevarications) her *own costs*, as against Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Home's solicitor. It was elicited, at the trial, that Mr. Home repeatedly offered to refund the money to the old lady, if she would only withdraw her calumnies. Mr. Home has appealed to a higher tribunal, and the whole case will have to be gone over again.

Yours, &c.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.

Walwa, 16th December, 1868.

MY DEAR F.,—To tell the truth, I rejoice greatly in these anti-spiritual articles, for they will have the effect of confirming Spiritualists in their belief, and in the strength of the facts upon which their belief is founded; and they will also draw the attention of Anti-Spiritualists, both the unthinking and the thinking, to the subject; and induce many of them to investigate and examine for themselves. And even unbelievers in spirit intercourse, and gainsayers, who have read those articles, will be able to see that denunciation is not argument; that *unsupported* positions, however popular, are really no better than bunkum; and that propositions, however dogmatically propounded, if left without demonstration, must go for nothing, except with the imbecile, or among those who have all their lives been accustomed to have their thinking done *for* them, and who have dwarfed their reason by ever prostituting it to authority. I earnestly court investigation, both as regards myself and my opinions; and the man that points out to *me* my errors, I hold to be my truest friend. And this being the case, I shall ever look upon the editor of the *Collingwood Advertiser* as *my* good friend, and likewise an eminent friend of humanity, if he carry out his promise of “*thoroughly exposing the delusion or trickery of Spiritualism before he has done with it*”—for what the world wants, and I want, is to be emancipated from ignorance, error, and delusion; and what can be a greater misfortune than to mistake error for truth, and delusion for fact? I am obliged to say, however, that as yet he has not shown to me, or to the world, the errors or perniciousness of Spiritualism—he has only told us what he has chosen to brand *as such*; and, with becoming orthodox indignation, has merely given us a prodigious jumble of adverse assertions, unphilosophical appellatives, and terms of reproach. Look, for example, at the following, scattered through three issues of the paper:—“Pernicious tenets of Spiritualists, frauds and impositions of Spiritualists, votaries of magic and witchcraft, ridiculous demonology, cruel spiritual bondage, neglect of religious duties, hopeless atheism, degrading superstition, subversion of all Christian and moral progress, godless religion, devout impiety; superstition, credulity, and scepticism are the *trinity* constituting Spiritualism; vagabondising the defunct is the occupation of Spiritualists, they are sickly sentimentalists, Spiritualism is a moral ailment, it is a rabid lunacy, at best it is but incipient insanity, it is demonology, Spiritualists and Spiritualism are polluting the moral atmosphere, its writings are subversive of all religious, social, and domestic virtue, they humbug people out of their money, it is a detestable swindle—demonological incantations, delusion, madness, prestidigitation, huge swindle, parlor magic, sublime rot, gigantic swindle,” &c., &c. Now there are thirty-two separate assertions, and terms of disparagement; not one of which does our editor *show* to be correct or justifiable, by the citation of one single fact. These articles seem to me, to be an

insult to the understandings of his subscribers or readers, inasmuch as they imply that said readers do not require facts to fortify anything that comes to them from *him*, their orthodox editor; any bosh that *he* gives them will and shall be swallowed, should it even be a *camel*; but a *gnat*, if it be a spiritual one, and they have the editor's authority for it; they will strain at most marvellously. I don't like to conclude without adverting to that boast of the editor of the *Collingwood Advertiser*—"That, as he had initiated the controversy, he did not intend to *withdraw* from the arena until he had *thoroughly exposed* the delusion or trickery," and until he has *shown* that all spiritual publications are "*sublime rot*," I wish him to be informed that the moment he has accomplished the feat he has so magnanimously undertaken, he can *draw upon me for* (£500) *five hundred pounds sterling, which sum I have offered for twelve months past* (as our mutual friend Francis Waller can testify) *to any person in or out of the colony, who can do what he, the editor of the Collingwood Advertiser, in his issue of the 21st inst., has offered to do.* The money is in the Union Bank of Australia, Melbourne. The *savans* of the world will have nothing to say to it; they will not examine it; which is a strong sign that they don't believe it can be accounted for by any *known* laws of natural science; the clergy are frightened of it; it is apt to let *too much light* into the laity; and the commonality pitch into it venomously, because it pleases their pastors, and gives an occasion of displaying their orthodoxy. Yours ever truly,

Walwa, 25th November, 1868.

SCHAMLYN.

MY DEAR F.,—You say that I ought to assail seriatim the positions of the editor of the *Advertiser*. Well, to begin, his first position is that the science of mind, although destined to become fixed, as that of astronomy, is not likely to be aided in its advance to this position by the "*strange developments* of Spiritualism." I take it that he means, by said "*strange developments*," certain phenomena that are taking place in all parts of the world at the present day; and which, according to *his own acknowledgment*, are as old as history. Now, such phenomena being the admitted basis of the belief of mankind, during all past time, in the future existence of soul, after the change called death; I would ask him to point out from what other facts or phenomena than these, can we derive any positive knowledge of what is, beyond all comparison, the most important branch of metaphysics—the "*science of the soul*." Every religion under the sun is based upon these phenomena, or "*strange developments*," ancient or modern. What is a written or spoken revelation, but a message from God to man, by messengers from the spirit world? I maintain that it is this fact of spirit intercourse, which involves the fact of future existence, and this fact alone;

that is *essential* to the advance of the "science of mind," and which must ultimately establish that science upon a fixed basis.

You may reason till doomsday with a materialist, or atheist, on the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" but all you will be able to do, without the aid of what the editor calls "these strange developments," is to make a future state somewhat probable; and the materialist will, with equal ease, bring forward as forcible analogies, which render it quite as probable that he is in the right, and that "man hath no pre-eminence above a beast." There can be no true science of the soul attempted, except upon the *hypothesis* of a future existence; and this can only be changed into *knowledge* by the demonstration afforded by these same "strange developments," or "spiritual manifestations;" and there is no other demonstration possible to the unbeliever, the atheist, or the materialist: *this* is the strength and glory of (so-called) Spiritualism. Its other advantages, which I believe to be many, are merely incidental to this one point. The editor talks in this connection, of the "pernicious tenets of Spiritualism." I wish he had named some of them, or even *any* tenet *peculiar* to Spiritualism. I myself, know of no single tenet *peculiar* to Spiritualism. Men of all tenets, may be, and are Spiritualists; they may be Anglican, Confucian, Mohammedan, Bhuddist, Red Indian, Zoroastrian, Brahminical, or even Evangelical—for a *spiritualist proper* is *simply a believer in spirit intercourse and ministrations*. Their philosophies may be widely different; but what have we to do with *tenets*, be they good or bad, when searching for a basis for "true science?" True science cannot be built upon mere tenets; *facts*, and they alone, form the only foundation of every science. He says—"Religion teaches that the things of the invisible world must ever remain a mystery." What religion teaches this, I ask? I know of none; but, on the contrary, I maintain that it is the chief characteristic of all religions, that they profess to make known, or reveal to the denizens of this visible world, the mysteries of the invisible world, "of the kingdom of heaven." This is religion's great province. Would the editor point out what he thinks religion does teach, if not "mysteries" of the invisible world? He says; "that man is always accompanied by spiritual attendants, is a fact." I ask, how does he *know* this to be a *fact*? He cannot *show* this to be a fact, if he eschew—as he does—both the probability and possibility of any manifestations of their presence, addressed to our senses by those same spiritual attendants. All that he can do under such circumstances, is to hope in his inmost heart that it is so; but let him not so glibly affirm as fact, what he can only at the best hope to be so. I remind him that we are only cognisant of facts, through the evidence of our senses, or by the testimony of others who have had that evidence. He says, "the good and evil in the world may be traced to natural causes, to the 'ignorance of the learned,' and to the 'follies of the wise.'" If he had stopped at "natural

causes" I would have agreed with his statement as a self-evident truth; but I demur to the idea of good being attributed to ignorance, even if it be "the ignorance of the learned," or "the folly of the wise." He says, "To the frauds and impositions of magic and witchcraft we are indebted for the greater part of the mental delusions with which humanity is afflicted." This may be true; but as he professes, in the present case, to be discussing the subject of Spiritualism, he ought to have shown how these frauds and impositions can be fastened on its shoulders. It is easy for editors to attack Spiritualism on ground that it does not occupy, but it is useless and injudicious warfare. He says, "It is one of the distinguishing marks of true science, that after a little opposition it is universally accepted;" and he adds, "apply this test to Spiritualism, and it will be found to be an utter failure." He does not attempt to explain how. His readers would have been the better for an illustration of this position. I, for one, cannot see, and I distinctly deny the appropriateness of his test to any true science; and I maintain, that it may be seen from all history of true science, that it has only been after much, and long-continued opposition, that every accredited science of the present day has established itself; and every step of progress has been toughly contested; but I am heartily willing—defective as I think it is—to apply his test to modern Spiritualism, if he is equally willing to apply it to any true science he wishes to name—say Christianity (which I suppose he, as well as myself, considers to be the truest religion in the world). If, when tried by this test, modern Spiritualism is proved an "utter failure," when it is in its *infancy*—being not yet more than *twenty years old*, and which yet can number 20,000,000 of believers in Europe and America alone—what must be the crushing effect of this test, when applied in the same way and direction to Christianity, which has had 1900 years to spread; and, instead of its being universally accepted, behold how small the number of its professed adherents, compared with that of the infidel world who still reject it; and of these professed adherents, what proportion would my friend the editor assign to belong to the true fold of Christ, the "new-birth men," or those "born from above?" Will he not have to lament, with me, that they are still a very "little flock?" At any rate, it seems evident that truth is not to be tested by the smallness of the opposition given to it before it is universally accepted; and that the spiritual philosophy which is a revival and enforcement of the religion of Christ, comes out well in comparison—not with the true religion of Christ, but with the myriad forms of sectarianism, which *some people call* Christianity. He never seems to think it at all requisite to give instances in support of his assertions. For example, he says, "The discoveries of Spiritualists are really so ridiculous." It is an easy thing for anyone to say that something he knows of is ridiculous; but as far as the good of the public is concerned, it must go for

nothing as a warning against *that* thing, if the knowledge of what it is, be sedulously concealed from them. Besides, "the ridiculous," is a matter of opinion for the time being; what one would call ridiculous, another very often thinks a very serious matter. Franklin's discovery of some of the laws of electricity, by flying a kite, was accounted at the time, and long afterwards, very ridiculous, by his more ignorant neighbors. What is ridiculous? The ridiculous to every one, is just what appears so to himself at the time. I have no doubt it would have been "sheer loss of time" to have attempted to reason Franklin, Morse, or Fulton out of their belief in what their more ignorant friends accounted ridiculous; yet they were the practical men of fact, and their neighbors the foolish "imaginatives," the editor talks of. The only discovery that I know of, claimed by both modern and ancient Spiritualists, is, that the doctrine of a future state of existence is capable of proof; and that what are called *spiritual phenomena*—and they alone—afford that proof. The editor does not give proper value to the faculty of imagination; or, when he talks of imaginative men, he must mean those who have had their imagination perverted—because the faculty, I maintain, is one of the noblest gifts of God (or nature, if you will) to man. It is evident nature knows better, and she never has raised up any great man who has left his impress upon the world, as a reformer, philosopher, philanthropist, or religious benefactor; without having bestowed upon him a vigorous imagination, with the intuitive consciousness of its importance, and of the necessity of its culture. Certainly a fool will "imagine vain things," and will continue to do so after being "brayed in a mortar;" and the "heathen will rage," but Spiritualists are not necessarily either fools or heathens. The most practically useful men have ever been the most imaginative. He says, "The absurdities of Spiritualism only require to be mentioned to ensure their rejection;" yet he hesitates to give the people of Victoria, whom he desires to reject Spiritualism, the means that he says will ensure its rejection; he carefully abstains from mentioning any of its absurdities. He says, "The advancing light of civilisation is fast dispelling the clouds of superstition," &c. This is quite true, and I am much pleased at his having unwittingly shown so clearly, that modern Spiritualism can have nought to do with either superstition or deceit; for he must acknowledge that this "delusion," in its modern phase, has sprung up and spread alarmingly fast, within that very period during which, he must likewise admit, that this light of civilisation has made the most enormous strides. Yes, Spiritualism—puerile as he says it is, compared with the mighty doings of the magi of old—has advanced, is advancing, and shall advance, in the ratio of the influx of light into the world; or, in other words, in proportion as superstition and deceit are dissipated. He recommends "Mammon" as a good titular—(I think he must have meant tutelary)—deity for Spiritualists. Now, if Spiritualism be the "huge swindle" he so freely asserts it to be,

and if Spiritualists are really the deceivers and dupes he so often says they are ; seriously, do you not think "Gammon" would be a much more suitable titular, and also tutelary, deity for them ? He says, "Just imagine the illustrious dead, departed philosophers, statesmen, and poets responding to the call of speculative mediums and spiritual *quid-nuncs*" Now, my friend has placed himself in the exact position of his supposed imaginative man ; and doubtless it would be "sheer loss of time to attempt to reason him out of this ridiculous" imagination ; but nevertheless, it must be seen that he is imagining a vain thing, inasmuch as he is imagining what we have no warrant for in all human experience ; for that experience surely tells us that illustrious men, in or out of the body, have never yet responded to frivolous *quid-nuncs*, nor to any but earnest truth-seeking men of like kidney with themselves, and of similar aspirations ; and idle gossips know better than to go to such beings for amusement. "Spiritualism," which, according to Mr. Editor, is nothing else than "demonology, or pantheism, or Fuerbachism, or Strausism, &c., inculcates a neglect of religious duties," and that he has ascertained that certain "Spiritualists have been insidiously polluting the moral atmosphere by the circulation of tenets subversive of social and religious virtue." Again, his readers have to complain that he has not published some few of these tenets, and exposed their insidious nature and polluting tendency, so that they might have an opportunity of knowing what these tenets really are ; and instead of giving the public—whom he so ostentatiously assumes to instruct, and shelter from perverse influences—some tangible example or evidence of these abominations, against which he exhorts them to guard ; he has hitherto been inconclusive enough to leave them in a general state of terror—the more paralyzing, from their not knowing *what* to flee from ; in *what* direction the supposed enemy will make his appearance ; and in *what* direction, or where they are to flee to. To have named these tenets—to have pointed out their pernicious tendency, and refuted them—would have been the proper course for any one claiming to be a champion of "Victorian morals" and "social duties." His present course will be apt to make his readers suspect, that he either does not know what these tenets are that he has so freely abused ; or is afraid to publish them, feeling incompetent to the task of refuting them ; and lest his own tenets, when brought face to face, and within grappling distance of those denounced ; might not only get the worst of the encounter, but even be swallowed up by their antagonists, as the serpents of those wicked gainsayers, Jannes and Jambres, were swallowed up by those of that *good medium and Spiritualist*, Moses. He ought to know that insinuations, opprobrious epithets, and haphazard invectives, against an opponent ; are always taken by impartial spectators of the combat, as sure marks of want of power, and as a confession of conscious weakness in the party using them. No amount of nicknames can make an argu-

ment; and it is unmanly to bespatter a foe with mud or filth. I wish my friend the editor would have the goodness, or the courage, to name any of the "fictitious wonders" of the votaries of Spiritism, which he says he has been the means of bringing to light. Since his issue of the 17th October last, I have carefully read every number of the *Collingwood Advertiser*, up to the date 7th November, in which he makes this gratuitous boast; and I have not met with any exposure, fictitious or otherwise, excepting one, which politeness will not allow me to mention. Because the medium and her friends are not prepared to assert the originality of a poem which they never intended to claim as original—*as to authorship*—he says, "the public will be able to draw their own inference." Now, this insinuation, taken in connection with the context, if it mean anything, must mean, that, from the circumstance that the medium and her friends cannot be induced in any way to assert as *fact* what they don't know to be a fact, and what they never pretended to claim as a fact; the public must necessarily draw the inference that they are impostors; dishonest and untruthful. Because nothing will force them to lie, therefore, the public must conclude that they are liars. From this example of the editor's careless logic, or worse, I now leave the public to draw their own inferences. He asks "why mediums object to publish spirit communications, unless it be that they suspect their spirit-friends of plagiarism?" Why can he not, in common charity, suppose that their chief reason for not publishing is, as it is with many others, because they cannot afford the expense which publishing necessitates. Again, many Spiritualists, as well as many Christians, "have not faith," "are not heroes," and are too poor to run counter to the prejudices of the community from whom they derive their daily bread; they dare not thus risk their "bread and butter." Wizards and prestidigitators may be made to order, but faithful men or true mediums between the *seen* and *unseen* worlds cannot be manufactured as yet, that we know of. As to "silly sants believing themselves cured," I am sure that a "silly saint," who asserts a cure in himself of any known disease, is to be believed, and will be believed, more than, and in spite of, 1000 wise sinners who say they know he is deceived.

SCHAMLYN.

Walwa, 2nd December, 1868.

MY DEAR F.—I see in the *Collingwood Advertiser* of December 5th, that my two last letters have been refused insertion. This looks like showing the white feather. This will not, however, prevent me from reviewing his last article of November 28. In that article, he affirms with some show of pride, his "impenetrable obtuseness" to the explanations of a spiritual correspondent, W. H. T., respecting what he calls his "particular mania." I am

reminded of the old adage—"None are so blind as they who *will* not see;" and I also know how common it is to meet men who can be obtusely blind to everything that does not uphold their particular views, sect, or party; men who will declaim against subjects about which they know nothing; and who, while shunning investigation on these subjects, will insist on giving to the public as facts, the vague surmises and hearsay reports of prejudiced drivellers; men who never think of enquiring on which side *truth* really lies, but on which side stands the *majority*—who, if they are convinced, cannot afford to avow the fact. The following catechism would be an excellent guide for the daily life of such men:—

What is common sense? That sense, which will reject all facts of experience which do not chime in with our own interest.

What is a mania? Whatever militates against our peculiar views and designs.

What is "impenetrable obtuseness?" That which prevents us from perceiving, in the clearest explanations of an *opponent*, anything but "craft operating upon hallucination."

What is "craft?" When an opponent makes a plain, outspoken statement, which cannot be overthrown; and invites examination. This is *craft* of the worst description.

What is "hallucination?" The unmistakable evidence of *other* men's senses; or, in general, any conclusion we ourselves do not entertain.

What is an "unconscious trickster?" The answer to this question is not to be found in the catechism I am recommending, probably, because the compiler was foolish enough to suppose, that there was no such thing.

What is a simple "trickster?" See "craft" above.

Another question I can find no answer to in this catechism is, "What is a 'childish, yet dangerous delusion?'"

You will observe that the editor has made a mistake when he said, that "Scotch Jock's" message was copied by him from a spiritual paper. This is an oversight of his, which I allude to, that I may give him an opportunity of removing this erroneous impression from the minds of those who may have taken his word for it. I also wish to give it as my impression, that these *test* messages from departed friends, upon which he has endeavoured to heap ridicule, will not be put down by ridicule; but will continue to be given for the comfort of those who mourn, as long as mediums like Mrs. Conant can be found, who are benevolent enough to give

up their time and organisation without money and without price, for the relief of the afflicted; the works of that "charity that suffereth long and is kind" cannot be extinguished by ridicule in the shape of parody. He laments the havoc that Spiritualism is making among the folds of the church. I would say to him, "be comforted;" for if he can bring forward no other or more glaring instances of "havoc" than those three he has mentioned, he has great reason to be thankful; for let him only consider, that all three are at the present time, as he himself informs us, again safe in the fold, and are, no doubt, much the better of their experience; for now, they will know at a glance, what are "spiritual wolves," and will not again be so easily entangled in their wiles. Therefore, as a friend, I would not have him sorrow as one without hope, particularly as regards the ladies; for judging from their antecedents, as given by himself, before their escapade from the fold; and their subsequent experience; he may reasonably hope, that if they should again be enticed from their proper limits, they can at any time be easily retrieved by merely setting *that city missionary* on their track. I wish he had named that city missionary. The name of such a man ought not to be concealed, for it might stir up the more regular "shepherds" to greater vigilance. He named the locality of the saved one, why not the man who saved her; The man, according to his own showing, was a fool from the commencement; for how can a man be other than a fool, who can abandon himself blindly to the guidance of beings, be they spirits or men, whose truthfulness or wisdom he has no means of knowing? I have the authority of Solomon for pronouncing *that man* to be no wiser *now* than he was before; for a "fool's folly," he says, "will not depart from him." It is hard to tell, nowadays, how long the best of shepherds or "city missionaries" will remain good; for we hear occasionally, of one or more of them being "led captive by the devil at his will," and so "causing the enemies of the church to blaspheme;" and some of this sort, "it is written," "creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden and led away with divers sins and lusts, *ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.*" I now challenge the editor of the *Collingwood Advertiser* to bring forward this "retired conjuror," through whose aid he undertakes to produce all manner of spiritual manifestations. The sooner he commences action, the sooner will he be able to carry out his determination of withdrawing from the arena of combat, *only as a conqueror*, and at the same time, secure to himself the reward of £500 offered by me in former letter. He asserts that the aim of the upholders of Spiritualism, is to subvert all social institutions, and "rob Christ of his divinity." In my small way, I am an upholder of Spiritualism, inasmuch as with regard to it, "*I speak that I do know and testify that I have seen;*" but I do not desire to "rob Christ of his divinity," as claimed by Himself. Spiritualism, in this respect,

ought not, any more than Christianity, to be implicated with the erroneous dogmas, or inane drivellings of its followers. I remain,
yours truly,

SCHAMLYN.

Walwa, 10th December, 1868.

MY DEAR R.—I know that to those who understand nothing of the realities of a future existence, your arguments against immortality may appear somewhat weighty; perhaps as much so, as the opposing arguments in its favor; the mere reasonings on both sides, may be very nearly balanced, only I must affirm that to my own individual mind—setting aside my actual experiences in the matter—I would give it in favor of the side of future existence. But to those who, like myself, claim to have had actual communication with the human beings who have long been, and are now enjoying, a future existence (so-called) the best arguments of all materialists (so-called) against such an existence, must be utterly futile—a mere waste of skill and energy, as when one beats the air—mere labour in vain, than which nothing can be a greater misery. I am quite glad to hear from you, that some of our acquaintances are showing an interest in Spiritualism, and are examining it. I have no interest in such an investigation on my own account, because I have arrived at fixed conclusions on the subject long ago; but I certainly think that any circles formed for the purpose of enquiring into its merits, or of exposing it as an imposture, by those who are visited—as you say you are—by the “spirits of enquiry and scepticism,” ought to be attended *rigidly* and *regularly* as a *duty* by yourself; who are proud, and very properly too, of being influenced by those two noble spirits aforesaid, which alone open the gates of all knowledge. Of course I suppose that, by the spirits of inquiry and scepticism, you mean enquiry after truth for the love of it; not enquiry merely after something that will bolster up your own well-beloved theories; and by scepticism, I suppose you mean something very different from the incredulity of the bigot, whether he be a scientific or a superstitious one. I am myself also, I rejoice to say, continually visited by those two noble spirits, as well as by the spirits of my friends who have gone from my external sight, and also by many others known to me only through fame. I do not myself *see* these men and women, although others more fortunate *do*; but they write to me in their own handwriting, style, and sentiments, accompanied by their individual peculiarities of spelling and phraseology; and speak to me through the medium of another organization; and I am continually receiving fresh tests of their identity, and of the fact of their continued existence, although unseen by myself. I have lately received some quotations or sentences in Greek and Arabic characters, to which Washington Irving signs his name. I am amused, but of

course with a dash of pity, at your utter ignorance of spirit intercourse, shown by your rather sneeringly asking in your letter, "How are the spirits getting on? You have said nothing about them lately; surely they have not deserted you?" I answer this sneer, by telling you plainly that I would never have thought of writing *you* anything on this subject, if you had not yourself alluded to it in your last; for I have not forgotten your refusal to read a book on this subject, nor *the reason* you gave for such refusal. Please to mind what I have said, about its being your paramount duty, and ought to be your pleasure also, as a philosopher and scientist, a sincere searcher after truth—to ignore nothing that is presented to your consideration by the testimony of men of sanity—and never, upon any pretext, to denounce any opinion or belief on a subject of which you know nothing, without investigation; for if you do, you are no better than the superstitious man and the bigot, no matter what may be the extent of your knowledge in other directions. Yours truly,

S. G. W.

Walwa, Sept. 9, 1867.

MY DEAR R.—I notice that you mention Buckle's death in your letter as an instance, among many others, against the existence of any law of progression, which I may indulge the belief in. All you can say of Buckle is, that his career on earth was suddenly terminated. You can only know that his body perished, or was dissolved into its elements; but as to Buckle himself—his *soul*, or *mind*, or *spirit*—you can tell nothing of *that*. You never saw the REAL man or woman yet—I mean *that intelligent, inward, real, being or power, without which the seen, and tangible, and ponderable matter of the man or woman could not stir*—that part of Buckle which has never been seen by any one in the *normal* state; but which every man, who saw the outward and visible part of him, may have been quite sure existed, though unseen; from its manifestations through the *seen part*. *His real self* may, for aught you or any man can tell, still exist unseen; and with all its energies, not only unimpaired, but strengthened and advanced. You say you have been reading Buckle's works; in other words, it may be said, you have been making yourself acquainted with some of the manifestations of the man, *made through MATTER*, of that grosser kind, appreciable to your external senses; and with the style of the man while in connection with a tolerably good organisation. You do, or *may actually know*, much more of the true, although *unseen* Buckle, than many who have merely seen his external form, know, or can know of him. Now, before I go on, be pleased to consider that I don't intend the above as argument in favor of a future state. I only

intend it as my reason for not seeing how you can come to the conclusion, that the law of progression is not universal and eternal, from such instances as Buckle's premature death. I believe in this law of progression, *because* I believe with my whole soul, in what you yourself call the absolute harmony of nature. *Whatever she does is right.* The ends towards which nature works, must be attained. All her laws are absolute—perfect. She can do nothing in vain; she can have no failures in any of her efforts towards accomplishing her ends; apparent failures are only failures to the short-sighted. You seem to think that nature *may* perhaps point to the eternal progress of the *race* of man as one of her ends; but you do not believe in the progression of the *individual*, as an end of hers. You go further; you say that it seems to you that the individual is sacrificed to the *race*, and that by the suppression of the individual is the *race* advanced. Now my ideas of the absolute power, justice, and harmony of nature and her laws, make me judge quite contrary to you in this matter. The *race* is made up of *individuals*; and if these individuals did not progress, the *race* would not; and if a relatively progressed individual, who has helped to advance the *race*, is cut off prematurely, from ignorance or disobedience of nature's laws in himself or others; I hold that the *race* is not benefited, but injured by the "*suppression*" prematurely, of that individual. Nature does not sacrifice that man to the *race*. On the contrary, that man, if he had lived according to the laws of his being, would have continued to benefit the *race*. There is no sacrifice in the matter; both the man and the *race* suffer, from ignorance of their great mother nature and her laws. You quote me as calling your views "*wofully limited materialism, which limit a man's progress to this life alone, and of course, as far as this individual man is concerned, he might, in strict accordance with your views, as well have gone at his birth; his existence was a failure; nature, as to him, confessing her inability to accomplish her designs;*" and on the above you remark—"Here you put the question on a footing of the relative importance or *worth* of the man as regards nature." I cannot see how by this sentence of mine quoted above, I put the question of individual progression on any such footing; on the contrary, I desired to view the individual, isolated for the time being from the *race*, and from all supposed effects on the *race*, of his individual existence; and so viewing him individually in connection with his own peculiar interests, aims, actions, and experience, all which are as much the works of nature in *him*, as in the *race*. I am obliged to say again, and without it being in the least a question of "*the relative worth of the man as regards nature,*" that, as far as that individual is concerned personally, as regards the aim of all his actions, which are as necessary to him as "*THE leaves are to the tree,*" made so, by nature working towards *his* true individual fruition as an end, as much in him as in the human *race*, or in the tree; his existence

is a failure, whether he live what is called a long life or not. I do not say that his existence, whether of short or long duration, or if it be even such as is judged by the world a useless one or worse, is not, or has not been of any use to the *race*; or that, as far as the *human race* is concerned, this individual existence has been a failure. My perfect trust in the absolutely harmonious, well-balanced, just, powerful, and inevitable operations of nature, *preclude* the possibility, in my mind, of any *absolute* failure; and therefore, also, I cannot believe in any human existence being a failure, either as regards the progression of the individual, or the *race*. I must, according to my notions, believe the progression of the man to be as eternal as that of the *race*. Let us return to Buckle. Admitting for the time, your supposition that he has ceased to exist, then all his life, his mental cultivation, and efforts towards the great aim of all men, *fruition*, have been utterly in vain, as far as HE is or was concerned. If you make the life of the *individual* a "schicer," so must you make the life of the *race*; only a *prolonged schicer* on an immeasurably larger scale; and so much the worse for the credit of nature, who, in your view, works so admirably and continuously, merely to produce abortions. I accept your analogy of "the leaves of a tree being all necessary; and not more necessary than the actions of a man to himself," as illustrating my meaning; for, to what end are the leaves of the tree necessary? Is it not that the tree may arrive normally at maturity, and produce its ultimate—fruit? And to what end are the actions of a man, but to enable him to produce his ultimate or *fruit*, (which is exactly what all are aiming at, though most are off the track of nature)—*happiness*. To progress in *this*, is the legitimate end of man; and if nature never acts in vain, has no *absolute* failures, then I say, every man will eventually attain the end of his existence, sooner or later. And I believe in a law of compensation; so that the man who has had the most wretched experiences during his whole life on earth, will come to rejoice that he went through them, and to see that otherwise HE *could* not have had, or been capable of arriving at, the happiness he feels; had he not passed through these very experiences of the past, as of a kind that were exactly suitable to *his* peculiar personality, and necessary for his true development. I wished to return to Buckle up above, but have digressed again. When reading your letter, it came into my mind that in alluding to Buckle, you may have meant, that it was thought he had become weak-minded before his death. If this could not be *clearly* shown, yet I would have no difficulty in believing that a mighty man like him, from inattention or disobedience to the laws of physiology, would very readily hurt his brain, and in consequence, could not produce through it the same splendid manifestations as usual. I read an account of his death once, but I saw nothing of his becoming weak-minded, (*so-called*.) I read that he became what is called a Spiritualist, while in Syria, shortly

before his death, which happened at Damascus. He became a believer in a future existence, and in intercourse with the departed, notwithstanding the materialistic (so-called) philosophy of his life and writings, which were a continual protest against the possibility of spiritual phenomena. He happened to witness some of the spiritual phenomena. "So completely was he taken aback" says the account, "by this discovery, the full force of which he recognised at once, as destroying the scope and bearing of the philosophy of his life, that he lay awake the two following nights, pondering the consequences. He and three friends determined, on his return to England, to investigate the subject fully, and this wise resolve was only prevented by his lamented departure." Perhaps this circumstance of his believing according to the evidences of his own senses, backed by the senses of others, whose sanity he was assured of, in a matter, which to some men of science (so-called) is so sublimely absurd; may be the reason why it has been thought he had become *weak-minded*. It is too late in the day for either *so-called* men of science, (non nescients!) or theologians, or any other wiseacres, to solace themselves with the notion that otherwise sensible people are either impostors or fools, who believe and avow their belief in that which these said "non nescients," &c., deny; and pronounce, *without examination*, to be absurd and impossible. Which of these two classes are the really weaker minded? Which show themselves to be the most prejudiced, and blindly wedded to opinion? There is a great deal of inane incredulity, which shelters itself from contempt, under the name of scepticism; but how different the one is from the other: the one is the harbinger of truth, the other a mere barrier to exclude it. I think it could be shown that incredulity is, under all circumstances, a greater sign of a small narrow mind, than credulity; for example, none are so incredulous of anything, however well recommended, that is *not in accordance with their first* received notions, as the ignorant and weak-minded. None so ignorant and small-minded as the superstitious, who cannot be said to have any opinions of *their own*; what they call their own opinions, are really the property of others, received blindly upon authority without examination. I agree with you that in approaching the examination of any subject, the *utility* of a belief in it ought not to be made a ground of argument; that part of the matter has nothing whatever to do, as affording a demonstration of its truth; and perhaps, in no case, is arguing upon such grounds more out of place, than that of immortality, or *post-mortem* existence; it will be time to examine that branch of the subject, after the fact of such existence is ascertained. But I think you often do what you have so well condemned in others. Take the following quotation from your letter; I shall merely put opposing words above your words (affirmative, negative, and utility)

—“The only arguments adduced on the affirmative side
 are brought evidently and confessedly not only *with* and *from*
 (negative) (affirmative)

a wish to prove the affirmative and a dislike of the negative, but
 also if not proposed, at least supported on the ground of fancied
 (inutility)

utility.” In a former letter of yours to me, as well as in this last one, you tell me plainly that you intend opposing G., and proving the *absurdity* and *pernicious* tendency of a belief in immortality. This is just the way that opposers like yourself deal with the subject of Spiritualism. Instead of keeping their attention and efforts fixed upon refuting the arguments in support of its being true, they run off into conjectures as to the consequences of a belief in it. I cannot understand what you mean, when you say—“I am not in a position to deal with your personal arguments from experience.” I can imagine why you may not be in a position to *disprove* or *refute* my arguments; but that you, or any other man, should not be in a position to *deal* with them, I cannot understand. If my personal experience has been honestly laid before you, what is there to prevent your *dealing* with it, or with the arguments arising from it? And if you believe that it has been *so* laid before you, but that it is built upon a hoax or upon imposture, or that I have been deceived and imposed upon by my own senses, which have become abnormally affected by a *softening* of the *brain* or otherwise; still I do not see why you are not in a position to *deal* with such personal experience. If you had said that you did not like, under *certain* painful circumstances, to deal with the arguments arising from another man's personal experience, because that man was your friend, on account of its *inutility* and cruelty *under those circumstances*, I could understand. Don't suppose from the above that I have the slightest suspicion that you think me less sane than the generality. I merely wish to tell you that I don't understand the saying above quoted; and I think it is your bounden duty to yourself, and to the interests of the *race*, as a sincere enquirer after truth and light, to allow *always* the experience of an honest and sane man to have weight with you, so as to make you feel obliged to *deal* with such experience; particularly when it regards a matter of such great importance to man, as this of the *existence* in another condition, of men who have once lived on this earth, and their power to communicate with their fellow-men still living on the earth. It seems to me that you cannot, as an earnest man of unfettered thought, evade the responsibility of examining into these things, testified to, as they are, not only by myself, but by thousands, nay, millions of men now living in all parts of the world, many of them men of note, and whose works, literary and otherwise, are before the world,

and to be had readily; men who can be appealed to, as easily as any other men on any other subject; and *all*, men who were once unbelievers, and who went to the investigation of Spiritualism filled with the usual prejudices *against* the assumed humbug; and the philosophic, the truth-lovers amongst them; went with the expressed determination of detecting and exposing the humbug as a lie of the most pernicious tendencies. The believers in Spiritualism are to be found in all ranks of life; in all professions, from the monarch to the slave, from the members of the Eclectic Association to the Victorian Legislature; in the army, navy, law, theology, commerce, materialism, supernaturalism, &c., &c.; and among every nation under heaven; and one and all testifying to the truth of intercourse between the *human* beings in the future and unseen existence, and the *human* beings in this present and *seen* state; and yet all doing so unknown to each other, and acting independently of each other, without the possibility of collusion. In an English spiritual magazine of July last, it was stated by Judge Edmonds, that, from statistics gathered by sects and parties opposed to Spiritualism, there were between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 of believers in this intercourse, in the United States alone, and it is not yet twenty years from the time of the Rochester knockings; from which dates the commencement of modern Spiritism. Then look at history; almost every page of it, in all times, has something about these spiritual phenomena. The subject cannot, or at least ought not, to be ignored any longer by sensible men; for if it be a lie, then, in view of its rapid progress hitherto, the sooner efforts are made to crush it out of the world, the better; and if it be a truth, then let all lend their efforts to give it "free course and be glorified" in blessing the race, as *truth always must do*. You, yourself, must admit that Spiritualists are on the right track. They have pursued, and are pursuing the course that has led to all progress in science. You may also observe that their chief opponents are the representatives of those who have ever striven against progress. Spiritualists have the glory of being prominently influenced by a spirit of universal examination; unchecked by any fears of ridicule, at being found engaged in the investigation of what the mass call *nonsense*. They collect facts, they appeal to evidence, and rely only on what they have seen and heard; and if they be in error after all, even this can only be ascertained by their continuing in the same track that they are now on; using the same method of ever searching for evidence; looking at it, and deciding upon its force. They court investigation, and rejoice at the discovery of any new or hitherto unknown, truth. Compare this method of acting with that of your friends, the sciolists—the non-scientists. There is another point in your letter which I wish to notice. You adduce some examples of what you consider the legitimate and certain results of a belief in immortality, and as subversive

of human progress. The world is full of erroneous notions as regards immortality, and no part of the world more so than self-lauded Christendom. Because the popular and many of the orthodox Christian notions of immortality are absurd, it does not follow that *immortality* itself is absurd, or the *belief* in it absurd or pernicious. If people are taught, or imagine, that by acting absurdly in this life, they will purchase thereby a splendid future; certainly their erroneous opinions, and folly consequent upon them, ought not to be charged upon the belief—the simple unsophisticated belief—in a future existence. I may have the most absurd conceptions of this life and the next, and their relations to each other; but neither this life nor the other is to blame for my follies. I may build, on the best foundation, a superstructure of hay and stubble; and if I do, I am to blame—not the solid foundation. You have no right to attribute to immortality itself, the miserable vagaries, and abortive conceptions of ignorant and superstitious men. The neglecting the present life for the future, is not a consequence of a belief in a future life; but is a consequence of having erroneous notions of the relations between cause and effect—between the present and the future. Many of these relations are ignored by Christians, and we see the result; but don't saddle the absurdities of fools, upon all belief in immortality. Such an immortality as is taught by many Christians, I don't believe in one iota, and would be very sorry indeed if it were true; and to such teachings of sectarian ignorance, is to be attributed much of the misery of the world, and *perhaps* the chief obstacles (I myself blame dogmadoxy for the whole of it) to human progress; and amongst the rest, their being made to cry like a hurricane in this world, in order that they may laugh in the next. In short, all the evils that you suppose due to a belief in immortality, must be laid at the door of ignorant and foolish believers. If I saw anything supernatural in the phenomena of Spiritualism, I *could* not believe in them as facts. I worship nature, and believe in her reign, in *all* existences. There *can* be nothing *true*, that is not *natural*; yet you still keep harping on that word *supernatural*, when you touch upon so-called Spiritualism, which is really true materialism—not so limited as yours, though. I don't think that the gradually growing dislike to capital punishment, should be attributed—as you say—to the belief in immortality, nor even to the erroneous notions that are commonly held relative to that belief; for I observe, that this dislike has kept pace with the growing *disbelief* in the *orthodox* doctrines surrounding immortality, and which have ever filled it, for the most part, with fire and brimstone, and the equally miserable monotony of endless hallelujahs for the remainder; and we see that the abolition of capital punishment is chiefly advocated by men of all phases of *free* thought, whether they be Spiritualists, or materialists, so called. I fancy that this dislike may be more reasonably attributed to the growing impression, that capital punishment is useless, both as a preventive of crime and an

incentive to virtue. When you say that "the advance of a man to maturity is by regular gradations, more or less rapid," I say, *quite true*; but when you say that "that maturity is as certainly followed by as regular a decadence, sooner or later," I *demur*, and say that you are judging from external appearances, which are often deceitful. I do not believe (and I have not been shown by you as yet, any positive signs thereof) in any decadence of mental power in a man, because his manifestations are inferior to what they may have been formerly, any more than I believe in a diminution of steam power in a steam-engine that does not work so well as it once did, because of its having fallen into decay, or got out of order. You have nothing positive to show that the mental force has decayed, when the physique through which it manifested, has decayed or become shattered. You have nothing to show that the unseen intellectual power has deteriorated. When a man drivels (which is often the case, but is by no means universal), it is *not a sign* that his mental power has deteriorated, any more than a piano giving forth bad music is a sign of a decayed musical power in the pianist. I have heard disagreeable sounds from musical instruments used by musicians, when the instruments were out of order, yet the musical powers of the operators upon them have certainly increased. In short, I ascribe to evident causes, and not to conjectural ones, all such variations in outward manifestations. You say, "I am not the same man I was ten years ago." I say, *I am* the same identical S. G. W. that I was fifty years ago; and should it even be shown to me that the matter composing my carcase has been changed a million times, *I am still the same* being, only with the immense advantage of having fifty years' experience added to me, and which has become an invaluable part of my individuality—not a single word, not one single thought, of that experience really lost. Ever yours, &c.,

S. G. W.

MY DEAR R.,—I never said you knew nothing of Buckle, but quite the contrary, as you may see by looking again at my letter; and far from calling him "poor fellow" I always have admired him as far above the average. You say "Buckle *has* immortality although not *conscious* of it, and in this he has his reward." Good God! to be talked of after one's annihilation, is what *you* call immortality! At that rate, had his been a career of successful crime, he would have had an equal, if not fuller, share of the immortality you would accord him; whereas according to my notion of immortality and my belief, I feel and know that he has an ample reward, and that (having worked his powers to their utmost while in the flesh—*trammelled* as he was by earthly surroundings, which, let them be ever so favorable, still control us through the thralldom of the body, compulsively drawing off the attention

requisite for the concentration of the mind to its *natural* avocation—science) he (Buckle) *can* (as soon as he will have got rid of the effects of those impressions of the senses, which acted at first as preventatives, and which, from being neglected, cut short his useful career) spring forward, and with rapid strides will grapple with realities, no longer bewildered by doubt and chimera; but which have become solid and simple; and then, having by dint of perseverance arrived at higher elevations of knowledge, will be able to impart to some congenial spirit, still in the fleshy body the power to continue his labors. Nor is there the slightest doubt in the minds of believers like myself, that *such* will be to *him* the *result* of those *labours*; not a particle of which will be wasted, either as regards *himself*, or the *race* of man. You say—“if Buckle is still in existence, and it is so easy as you say it is—Why does he not carry on his work through me his devoted admirer? and who would hold it a sacred duty, and leave the task as a direct legacy to my children and grand children,” &c. Firstly, I never said it was easy for any one as Buckle now is, to communicate direct with you or with most. I have never yet, with all my intense desires on the subject, got any direct communications from my own friends; and therefore, I feel it is anything but easy, &c., &c. What I say is—we may wish for, but cannot command *influence*; they must find in us the *congenial germ* of the so-called *genius* to work on, to carry their subject *further* and *higher* than they had been enabled to do when on earth. Every effort for the good of others rebounds on ourselves—labor and activity are necessary to our work; but, that they should be carried so far against nature’s laws, as to cause us to pay the penalty, she is sure to demand by ill-health, or the destruction of a valuable existence, is unwarrantable. Far from thinking (as you say of me) this life to be only a vestibule of even little importance, you would have seen, if you had read my letter attentively, that I thought quite otherwise; and that I no more separate this life from the future one, than I separate the life of to-day from that of to-morrow, which is future to to-day; and I think this life is evidently as necessary for the growth of the soul, as boyhood is to that of the man; if the childhood is neglected or vitiated, it never loses its effects on the man; and so with the soul’s passage through this preparatory state of existence. How do you prove that Buckle did not act when alive as if he believed in a future existence? Did you want him to act as a schoolboy, and say, “Oh, I can learn that to-morrow; sufficient to the day is the evil thereof, or *the good thereof*” (as you add very inconsiderately, as I think), forgetting that to-morrow he might have taken a step further in knowledge, consequent upon having mastered his task of to-day; instead of, by procrastination, being obliged to linger all the longer before attaining his end. You have thrice in your letters quoted this saying, “Sufficient to-day,” &c., &c., with the addition, “and the good thereof.” I have

never taken notice of this before, because I never till now considered that *you* could take such an absurd meaning out of it. I thought Christians—so-called—were the only people who gave it that meaning, and pretended to act upon it. In its true, or rational meaning I think it a good saying (all except your addition)—about as good as “Put not off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.” Then, you have thrice taunted me with Æsop’s fable of the dog crossing the water, although by attention to my letters, you would have seen, that my philosophy is the very reverse of grasping at a shadow, instead of sticking to the substance. This fable you always mention in connection with the saying above, “Sufficient unto the day,” &c. I suppose you mean the fable to be explanatory of the meaning of the saying, as you take it. I never met with any who would agree with you, except the “unco’ gude” Christian; and neither he nor the dog, ever does, act up to this meaning. The question after all, resolves itself into the meaning we put on the word “shadow.” You call that shadow, which I also at one time, thought shadow, but have since ascertained to be more substantial than what I formerly thought to be the only substance. I never let go either; for one is an outgrowth of the other, and I would no more think of neglecting the matters I am now engaged with, and surrounded by, than I would think of throwing away seed wheat, and yet expect to reap a harvest. I wish to sow to-day, that I may reap in the future, as any rational man would do; but if I thought the harvest of to-morrow was a *shadow*, I would certainly think it wise to sow as sparingly as possible, to-day. I would eat up my seed-wheat decidedly, and let things slide, and say with you, “Sufficient to the day the good thereof.” My energies would be cramped, by the daily fear, that annihilation might come as a thief in the night, and that I should have to leave my work, not even perhaps well commenced. The very consciousness that *I alone* enjoyed such views, and the power of communicating them; so far from being a reward—in such a case as Buckle’s—would only serve as an aggravation of my fears; and I would then, indeed, be very much inclined to act as Æsop’s dog; and, seizing on the shadows as they passed, leave my useless soul to shift for itself. For where would be the reward for trying to improve man, even on your hypothesis of cattle breeding? Your tastes and fancies in this and such-like matters, is no process of nature; and is only carried on by man, who can control measurably, and controvert nature, for his own self-gratification. He improves cattle to please his own senses and tastes; and even so does he with horses, plants, trees, and flowers, and in the fruition of his labors he *has his reward*. And supposing, I have now fine cattle produced from that “cow” you talk of, as being in my possession ten years ago; where would have been my reward now, if I had acted on *your* meaning, of “Sufficient unto the day is the evil and good thereof?” Again I say, where the reward for improving man—“the most useless being in creation, and yet the

tyrant of nature," if his existence is to end with time? No; no; let us grasp and grapple with every chance of improvement, for your own conditions and for the good of others, with the stimulating certainty, that not even your feeblest efforts will be lost; for they will not only, like the leaves of the tree, serve their *visible* ends; but when passed, go likewise to fertilise the soul, and aid it in producing more and more vigorous effects. This is nature's true analogy, for it is not the tree itself that is required to nourish the rest of its species; nor in any wise, do I see nature so careful of the type, if there is another and a better to be expanded by its disappearance. The weaker, even if the purer, falls before the stronger; and this is a law which you will find universal in nature among all types, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral; and, I am obliged to repeat for the third time, that if there be no future existence for man—if he be not allowed to finish his work commenced on earth, and consciously to enjoy the fruition of his labors—then that man's existence is, and must be, a failure, as far as he *individually* is concerned. Let the effects on the race be what they will—be he a philosopher, a statesman, or artisan of the highest grade—*his life* is a failure; to say nothing of the idle, degraded wretch, or the very felon, whose life serves as often, if not oftener, to vitiate the race, than to act as a "*warning*" to it. You ask, "How such would be provided for in the future?" I believe (as most progressionists do) that *none* are too far gone to be unable to take their part in universal progression. For the great Father and Mother of the universe—or nature, if you will—has made nothing to be lost; which would obviously be the case with those careers, were the present existence alone concerned. But I learn from nature that "There is good in *all*—none are all bad." The leaves of the tree, as was said before, verily serve their end, by manuring the soil to give fresh vigor to the parent stem, and therefore are no failure; but were the tree itself to decay before it bore its fruit, its existence would certes be a failure, say what you will. So I reject your analogy, of their destruction perpetuating the type. I cannot deny that the human spirit may be attenuated matter; but if I cannot give a sufficient definition of it, it would by no means follow that it has no existence. It is better to *know* a thing exists, than to be able to give a good definition of it; and in case of your supposing that I shirk giving my individual notion on the subject, I say it is a being—or entity—so etherialised, that when (like the liberated oxygen you talked so much about) IT becomes liberated, it does not find its specific gravity within any stratum of our earth's atmosphere. You don't seem to be aware, that what is called the law of attraction of gravitation, is a mere *hypothesis*, and is denied in toto by some of the ablest modern men of science. One thing is evident—that, in nothing that men undertake, do they ever depend on, or apply, the so-called law of attraction. If men want two things to approach, they *propel* them by forces outside of each, in the direction of each other.

Do you call the aspirations of the soul after immortality "a dream?" Yet, is it not quite evident that the earliest impressions of the human mind, urging it to investigate, must be to IT the most important truth, and that such aspirations have no affinity to dreams. Is not all civilisation the result of human aspirations? and ever since the dawn of philosophy, has not its primal aim been to demonstrate, that this terrestrial pilgrimage is but an episode in human life. One of the best demonstrations is, as I have read somewhere lately, given by Plato in his *Phædo*, under a close and stringent form of logic, of the great fact of immortality; every objection anticipated and refuted, so as to leave us nothing new to be learned on the subject. Have you read it? I will conclude this letter by quoting for your consideration a sentence of Bishop Beveridge:—"Opposite arguments, and downright answers, advantage a cause; but when a disputant leaves many things *untouched*, as if they were *too hot for his fingers*; and *declines* the weight of other things, and *alters the true state of the question*, it is a shrewd sign, either that he has not weighed things maturely, or else that he maintains a desperate cause." Yours truly,

S. G. W.

Walwa, 18th December, 1867.

MY DEAREST A.,—Yours of the 2nd December last, I received about a fortnight ago. I do not wonder at your writing about Spiritualism as you do, for I would have said similar things as you do now, before I knew anything about it. I am confirmed instead of shaken in my faith by reading 1st Timothy, iv. 1, which you recommend me to read; for the "seducing spirits" predicted by Paul are such as teach "*doctrines of devils*" and "*speak lies in hypocrisy*." All the spirit teachings that have come to me—and I have now volumes of them—invariably *enforce* the teachings of Jesus. The basis of all they teach being—"Trust in God and love to all." That "*evil spirits*" are allowed by God to communicate with men is true, I believe; but even if I knew nothing from actual experience, of good spirits having likewise power to communicate with their fellow-beings on earth, I should have been compelled, by my notions of the infinite justice and love of the Great Father of all, to believe, that if *evil spirits* are permitted to come, *much more* would He permit and commission *good spirits* to do so. Besides, I have in theory, always been taught, and accustomed to believe, in the "communion of saints," and that all good spirits are "ministering spirits" sent to minister to them who are "heirs of salvation." How are we to judge of men or spirits? Christ's test is the best, viz.:—"By their fruits ye shall know them." If all the beautiful, elevating instructions which my children and myself have received, be from devils; then there is no telling devils from holy angels; or there must have been a wonder-

ful "revival of religion" in pandemonium. It is said to us—"Why do ye not of your own selves judge what is right." "Try the spirits whether they are of God." "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." You may be sure that I *tried* them in all ways before I allowed myself (naturally very sceptical) to yield up views and opinions indulged during my life, and which had been daily strengthening. I now have no fear of death. I shall welcome it, for its sting has been taken away; and I now KNOW (not merely believe) that it is a mere doorway or passage to a superior life; and of itself a painless one, according to the testimony of all those who have passed through it. We are more earnest than ever in our endeavors after a purer and better life on earth, and in trying more to redeem lost time, than ever before; for we have been made to see more clearly than ever, that our future happiness depends altogether upon our conduct here; and that the way to ensure a happy future, is "to walk as Christ walked," ever doing good in all ways that are in our power. And as to the uses of Spiritualism—several friends of mine who were formerly hard materialists, whom nothing had been able to convince of immortality, are now rejoicing in the sure belief in a future existence; convinced of its being a great and immovable *fact*, from the very same phenomena that have convinced me, of the fact of intercourse between departed spirits, and men on earth. Phenomena that there was no gainsaying—no getting over upon any other hypothesis, but actual spirit existence and intercourse. Christ's mission was to "bring life and immortality to light;" the mission of these spiritual followers of Christ, is to carry on His work as His ministers. If we believe in the holy Scriptures, which I firmly do, as containing the words of eternal life, we must see, that they are based on the *fact* of a world of spirits; and that in all times, and among all people, spirits have appeared, sent by God to convey his instructions to prophets and holy men—made holy, by means of this very communion with the other world. I do not see any prohibition by Christ, of holding intercourse with spirits, but on the contrary much to encourage it; and Paul merely warns against "*seducing lying spirits*" in like manner as he warns against seducing and lying *men*, who are ever seeking their own selfish ends. Paul says—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares;" and this exhortation is intended for us, and for men in all times, as well as to the Jews. And I thank God from the bottom of my heart, that I did entertain these strangers, for they have filled our life with the sunshine of God's love and truth, which before used to be comparatively uncertain, and which, with some of us, was certainly much and perpetually darkened by clouds, which have now disappeared for ever. I remember that at first, I used to say—"Have we not all we want for life and salvation in

the Bible, then what's the use of Spiritualism?" but I now see that, in the same way that we consider preachers and ministers, and commentators, and churches, necessary for the reminding and strengthening the members of Christ's body, so Spiritualism is necessary; and even much more so than our long-established modes of administering the gospel. Spiritualism affords a perfect demonstration of the truth of what the gospel ministers have preached for 1900 as true, for they are obliged to depend on history, which they are unable to prove the truth of to unbelievers; but the facts of Spiritualism are a present and tangible appeal to the common sense of sceptics, and to the *senses* of materialists, whom nothing but the evidences of their senses can in the least move. To say "we want nothing but the Bible," is saying exactly what the Jews and ancient world said on the introduction of Christianity. They said—"We have Moses and the prophets." In the time of Luther, all Christendom said—"We have the Bible and the holy church with its traditions, what want we with the sayings of a mad monk?" and this has been the way *all* new truth, or old truth in a new and unaccustomed dress, has been received. Jesus! was not even *He* called a blasphemer, and his miracles said to be the work of the devil? I can see nothing either evil or useless in spirit intercourse, but only a confirmation of eternal truths, now being permitted to penetrate through the veil of sense. The words of Gamaliel applied to Spiritualism are very suitable, viz. :—"If this thing be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." Let it and me alone then, and at least, do not denounce without knowledge or without examination. All the teachings we have received through it, are demonstrative of the existence of men after death; and that they whom we have known and loved on earth, and who on earth were Christlike in benevolence and beneficence, *continue* to love and minister to us, and that by our purity of life we shall *certainly* be reunited to them; and that we are by death only changed to spirit-beings, retaining all the faculties we possessed on earth, and our identity in every respect; that we enter at once into a state of happiness or misery, according to our life on earth; that our most secret thoughts are known to the intelligences surrounding us, and communing with us. We are shown also, to a great extent, what that state of existence really is, into which man is ushered; and thus, by divine permission, it is being revealed to us in what that life consists, and how; either by disregarding the divine laws concerning the regeneration of our life on earth, or endeavouring to make these laws the guide of our conduct; it will become indescribably sorrowful, or inexpressibly happy. And what, after all, dear A., would you, a sincere follower of the Lord as you are, do, were you placed involuntarily in the same circumstances as I have been, and seen for yourself, and undergone the same experiences in your own house and family as I have? I am quite sure that you

would do just as I do—keep close to our Great Father by prayer and faith, in full trust and obedience. In view of the above blessed effects, how can I help ardently desiring the spread of that which would ensure such results, or that earnest, habitual, wrestling prayer, may be made for the spread of Spiritualism with sevenfold energy, as streams flowing from an infinite well, to illuminate, comfort, and make glad the heart of man for ever and ever. I shall end this letter with a quotation from an eminent divine of the Church of England, who wrote before modern Spiritualism was heard of:—

“It is not possible to rise from a perusal of the Old and New Testaments, without feeling, that the facts and truths of spiritual intercourse, or of communication (communion of saints) existing between the visible and invisible worlds, are the groundwork of all we have read. This is not a matter of my fancy, or a matter to be merely inferred. It is the fundamental question of the Scriptures, essential and inherent to them throughout; which commentators or even opposers of Scripture cannot explain away. It is undeniably evident to all readers of the Bible, unbelievers as well as believers, that the firm faith of the people of old—those to whom the prophets wrote, as well as the prophets themselves—was in the *reality* and in the *direct* influence of the world of spirits. If you undermine that faith, you sap the foundations of the whole superstructure on which our blessed religion and belief is built.”

I see in your letter, that after telling me to “*try the spirits*” and ask them about Jesus, you say—“It is very strange the spirits never say anything that there is any sense in.” This surely is not fair—*denouncing without enquiry*. Some months before your letter arrived, some friends of ours had written to us almost in the same words as yourself, and referring us to the same chapter and verse that you do. Before this letter of our friends came to hand, the lady through whose hand our spirit-friends usually communicate, wrote the following in an unconscious state, and in the dark, and when written and read, we had not the most remote idea of what or to whom the writing referred, or was intended for, until the letter of our friends arrived *some days after*. The following was written; and although I see you say in your letter—“Do not send me any more of their messages, I will have none of them,” yet, notwithstanding this forbidal, I will venture to send you the following, as it was not written as a message to you, but yet is so *apropos* to your question of ‘asking them about Christ, and 1st Timothy, iv.’ that I must send it;—“Your friends wish to know if we spirits ever acknowledge that Christ came in the flesh, and we undoubtedly answer—yes; the man Christ Jesus did come in the flesh, and thank God for the light he brought with him, and the unwearying efforts he made to impart it to all who would receive it. His was no time-serving career, but one unceasing combat against the popularly received traditions of men, which he so openly withstood, ay, in the very face of the rulers of the day

—priests, Sadducees, Pharisees, &c.—that they were lashed into the fury that made them combine for His destruction. He set no example of truckling to authority, in matters of truth or doctrine. He denounced hypocrisy in the most influential sect—the Pharisees. He chose His disciples from the despised Gallileans. He shunned not the company of the detested publicans and sinners. His was the gospel of glad tidings, which was to save *all men*. His mottoes were—‘Love God,’ ‘Do unto others as you would they should do unto you, loving your neighbor as yourself,’ ‘on these hang all the law and the prophets,’ ‘Love your enemies,’ ‘Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye mete, it shall be meted to you again,’ ‘To do good and show mercy is better than sacrifices or burnt offerings.’ How much of all this do you hear preached from rostrum or pulpit? Where find you those who call themselves *His* ministers, feeding His lambs? Do they not rather feed and fatten themselves on their flocks, by raising fears and despairing wretchedness in their hearts, from which they alone are supposed to be able to deliver them? Such is our acknowledgement of Jesus Christ, whose bright example we earnestly exhort you all to follow, even to the death, if the support of truth demand it; and to you too shall it be given to be called the sons of God. Never cease then to strive and labor to become worthy of your high calling, receiving and uttering unflinchingly the words of truth and knowledge, which shall be ever on the increase, if such be your sincere desire.” I should like you to send this letter to J. in case she also should have doubts of my being led away by “seducing spirits.” “Seeing is believing;” “The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.” While I retain my senses, and my powers of judging all things by God’s greatest gift to man—reason—I must believe that I am, and that all may be, in communication with the spirits of just men in the “better land,” to our great advantage morally, mentally, and intellectually, and to our ever-growing happiness. I am not to believe that a spirit-friend, who has for years or months proved his friendship and sincere desire to do me good; I am not, I say, to believe that he is an evil spirit or devil, on the mere diction of some third party who is in utter ignorance of the subject, and who merely talks and thinks the thoughts of others regarding these things, who are equally ignorant with himself; and this after the most rigid examination and trial, on my part, of that spirit-friend’s truth, and love, and sincerity. My best love to all, my dearest sister, whom *I am sure* I shall meet again in that “better land.” Your affectionate brother,

S. G. W.

Walwa, April, 1868.

To E. M. L.—If we believe in the Holy Scriptures, we must believe also in a world of spirits; and that from all time, spirits have been seen and heard by many persons at different periods; and I cannot understand wherein lies the difference between the supposed angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. Are not all ministering angels? Nor can I see the force of your arguments about the bodies of Moses and Elias, nor the dead bodies of the saints which arose at the time of the crucifixion, for were not their spirits in them? Surely it is not with the ‘bodies’ of our friends we converse. Do not we Christians hold that the coming of Christ was the beginning of a new dispensation; and so far from prohibiting His disciples from holding converse with departed spirits, He set us the example of doing so, during His life; and the moment He expired—having become a spirit of the dead, the head and prince of all spirits, the first-fruit of them that slept—he encourages us to seek His Spirit, by declaring that He stands for ever at the door, and knocks, and if we open, He will come in, make himself known, and bring the Father with Him. That this intercourse with spirits was not to be confined solely to Him, was proved by the rising of those said saints immediately after His death, who went into the city, and appeared unto many. Was not this a direct, nay, incontrovertible demonstration that the Mosaic prohibition—even had it extended to all spirit intercourse—had lapsed, so far as it regarded Christians, nor have we the slightest sign of its being continued under the present dispensation, from the first act of which to the last, the spirits of the dead are great and divinely-commissioned agents. When St. John (who himself relates in the nineteenth of Revelations having an interview with a departed fellow-servant), speaks in his first epistle, of spirits, he says nothing about their being forbidden, but only warns us to try whether they be of God. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” I quite agree with you that many have been misled by giving heed to seducing spirits; but by keeping close by prayer and faith to God, He will not allow us to be tempted more than we are able to bear, and I will accept of no teaching that my reason and trust in God, does not agree with. You ask, have we not all we need to know for our salvation in the Bible? and I answer, yes. In advocating Spiritualism I am not raising any question as to that point; far from it. Yet tell me why the preaching of the Bible for 1800 years has produced so little effect among its hearers? Why so much crime, misery, ignorance, daily increasing in the very country in which it is supposed to be best known? Does it not show that there is something wanting? And why not welcome any means permitted by God to give vitality to its teachings, although 1800 years may have passed over since we have received the gospel of Christ. Might we not ask, why were the Jews, God’s chosen people, left in want of this gospel of love and peace, which, you must acknowledge, forms the vital portion of our faith; for 4000 years? Why should God not have given them the

same guidance to peace and joy that we possess ; for if it were not necessary for them, why do we require it ? It may be said they had Christ's coming to look forward to. But that His coming and the very nature of His mission, was kept as completely shut up from them, as the secrets of futurity have been from us, is easily seen, for was it not with the same terms he was received by them, as are now used towards the advocates of modern Spiritualism ? Was He not called a blasphemer, and His miracles said to be the works of the devil. "He casts out devils by the prince of the devils." But we do not regard Spiritualism as any new revelation. It is rather—but let me quote from a spiritual communication :—
 "Spiritualism is no new religion ; it is but the angel sent to trouble the waters into which you must plunge the spirit of division prevalent among all sects and parties, ere you expect to see any cordial unity. Then, loving each other more, all will turn their attention to those fundamental points on which they agree ; and, instead of trying to discover and overcome the defects of others, everyone will earnestly desire to have his own vanquished by the truth, which would ere long illumine their paths, and insensibly draw them to their companions by the ties of mutual attachment. Then, instead of guarding against each other's apparently hostile doctrines, will be heard the cry of, 'why cannot we be one?' 'what obstructs our union!' until mutual respect and heartfelt love, will break down the barrier which separated them. Oh then, let there be habitual earnest wrestling prayer for its spread with sevenfold energy, as streams flowing from our infinite well to illuminate, comfort, and make you glad for ever and ever.—J. A. J." Thus, I can see neither uselessness nor evil in it, but only a confirmation of eternal truths now being permitted to penetrate through the veil of sense ; all the teachings we have received through it, are demonstrations of the existence of man after death. That those we have known and loved on earth, continue to love and minister to us after they have left the body ; and that by our purity of life we may be re-united to them. That we are by death only changed to spirit-beings, and retain all the faculties we possessed on earth, without waiting in a state of inanition for the resurrection of the material body. That we enter at once into a state of happiness or misery, according to our life on earth. I would like to ask you, my dear E., what would you do if you were made involuntarily, and even unconsciously, to write in the different handwritings of departed spirits—whose writings you had never even seen, but which were at once recognised by those who received the communications ? Would you not do just as I do—keep close to your God by prayer and faith, and in full trust in his promises of protection.—Yours affectionately, E. A.
 December, 1867.

Extract from a letter to J. A.—"God, I firmly believe, ever works by means of his ministering spirits. You say the Bible takes no cog-

nizance of any spirit save the one we call 'the Holy Spirit.' Now in studying the Holy Scriptures, I find that it is based on the belief in a world of spirits; and that from all time spirits or angels have appeared, and been sent by God to convey His instructions to prophets and holy men. The parable of Abraham and Dives proves nothing to me, for, if Moses and the prophets were all-sufficient for our instruction and guidance, where the necessity for the teaching of Christ and His disciples; by accepting which as a new dispensation, are we not equally impugning God, for having for 4000 years left His chosen people in darkness on such a vital subject. And if it were not necessary for *them*, why should *we* require it? It has been said to me, 'Oh, they had Christ's coming to look forward to.' But in the reception he received, we have ample proof that His coming, and the very nature of His mission, was kept as completely shut up from them as the secrets of futurity have hitherto been from us; for was it not in the self-same terms which you hear daily applied to the advocates of Spiritualism? Was He not called a blasphemer, and His miracles said to be the works of the devil? And I now say, in the words of Christ, 'If Satan cast out Satan, he cannot stand, but hath an end.' If I take the standard He has given us to test the good and bad, I cannot but accept thankfully any instructions given us. In them I find no puerility. Nothing, that does not tend to elevate and purify the soul of man, and lead him on to progress in the knowledge of light and truth; therefore, 'as by their fruits ye shall know them,' I firmly trust in them as the true ministers of God's will, for a 'bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit,' nor from what I have seen, heard, and read, can I find your guarantee, dear J., for pronouncing such a severe judgment on Spiritualists. If we require no other teachings than the Bible, why not do away at once with churches, chapels, meeting-houses, and their ministers? What want we with them, putting their interpretations on *the Word*? The very style of which, in general, you might well call puerile—leaving so many starving souls trying to grasp a few crumbs of truth, to allay their craving for light. As for L.'s question, I shall enclose a copy of a communication given in answer to it we suppose, some time since. To us, Christ has ever been held up as our guide, example, and Saviour. Judge for yourself. God has given you reason.—What for? You are to use all His gifts, and not abuse any of them; which you are most certainly doing if you attempt to crush or leave them lying idle, folded up in the napkin of prejudice or superstition. Let me conclude with the warning of Gamaliel, Acts v. 38, 39.—E. A.

February, 1868.

To E. M. L.,—You should have had an answer to your last welcome letter sooner, but M. when sending it to me, also sent me a message saying that "You seemed all so happy in your present belief, that she thought I had better not write to you any more

about Spiritualism, unless I felt compelled to do so," and I have since then been (I now feel foolishly) inclined to comply with her advice. The receipt of the pamphlet you so kindly sent me by the last mail, has confirmed me in my wish to continue the subject. Very many thanks for the pamphlet, for I sincerely wish to read and study all that can be written or said on both sides of every question; but such are really the best works I know of, to convince unbelievers of the truth of what is called, the *phenomena* of spirit intercourse; and when once convinced of that, then let them "try the spirits whether they be of God." One person, who was a most determined unbeliever, on reading one much more strongly expressed than Mr. Nangle's, exclaimed—"Why, this is in favor of spirit intercourse, only it foists it all on the devil. I deny the thing altogether, it is an imposture;" but this latter is an assertion that can only be made nowadays, by persons who have never had the chance of seeing and testing the facts. Facts which, no matter how taken, prove the correctness of the belief of all Spiritualists, that, man has still an individualised, conscious existence, beyond the grave; and that these individualised spirits can, and, under proper conditions, do, communicate with the friends they have left on earth. The first, you agree with me in believing, and let me again try to show you that the latter, is not antagonistic to the teachings of the Bible, by demonstrating the striking analogy there exists between the facts of the Bible, and the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, upon which, in a great measure, depends the above belief. First, let me premise, that Spiritualists declare that a miracle in the theological interpretation, (a deviation from the course of nature) is scientifically, philosophically, and morally impossible; for, were such to be possible, it must upset not only the divinity of the Bible, but our very conceptions of the Divine. Believing God to be infinite in his attributes, and that natural law is the effect of the perfection of those attributes; we must believe consequently, that all things have been arranged upon the wisest and best plan, for the wisest and best purposes. Any deviation from this plan must be a detraction, for no change from what is perfect, can be, except for the worse. To base a system of religion, therefore, upon the performance of miracles, in the orthodox sense of the term, is basing it on a system of inharmony of the divine attributes, and necessarily depriving the Deity of that which alone makes Him infinite; so that Spiritualists declare such miracles to be impossible, and that all the phenomena of the past, as recorded in the Old and New Testaments, together with the analogous manifestations of the present day, were and are in accordance with the harmonious action of natural laws; and that none of the powers that were exercised in the past through any of the prophets, patriarchs, or seers, through Jesus or the apostles, were drawn from without the domain of natural law. With these preliminary

remarks, let us examine the analogy I speak of; but first, I see you begin your letter by saying—"You see a vast difference between angels and spirits of men;" but did Christ warrant us in so doing, when he spoke as in Matthew xviii. 10—I believe angels to be disembodied spirits of men. As for Hebrews ii. 10, take the verse as it stands. How else could Christ have lived on earth, but as the seed of Abraham. We cannot become angels until we leave our earthly bodies in the dust, from whence they sprung. If we are to believe the Bible, Moses was disembodied, as you will find stated in Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 6. So that when you condemn Spiritualists for necromancy, (*i.e.* learning from the dead) remember, they have the distinct example of Jesus for so doing. No matter what texts Christians may find in the Old Testament as promising the coming of Christ, it still remains a fact, that they were worse than useless to the Jews; for if they really referred to Christ, yet we find that the Jews were led to hope against hope for a Messiah, who was to restore their temporal kingdom, and for whom they are still looking; their sacrifices were but atonements for their individual sins; and the Passover, so far from typifying Christ, was celebrated by them, as the Bible states, in remembrance of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. What signs have we of Abraham's knowledge of Jesus as a mediator, when pleading with God for the "cities of the plain." God promised if He found ten righteous men therein, to save the cities for *their* sakes. The whole of the prophecies are full of promises of peace, and the angels who announced the birth of Christ sang the advent of "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." To answer the rest of your letter, I can only refer you to my last on the subject of Spiritualism, which, the more I search the Scriptures, the firmer I believe in. Will you now have the patience to turn with me to the very first book of the Bible, and let us go through to the dispensation of the New Testament, asking the question with the poet—"Is God asleep, that he should cease to be all that he was to the prophets of the past?" In Genesis xviii.—"Three angels in the *form of men* appeared to Abraham, on the plain of Mamre," and were fed by him with material food; and does not the validity of the Christian plan of salvation, rest on the fulfilment of the promises made to Abraham by those angels in the form of men (not in the appearance only, or they could not have partaken of material food), so that the Christian plan of salvation, and all the good claimed from it, depend entirely upon the manifestation of these angel-men—just as the mediums of the present day claim to receive them. In Genesis xix. the spirits who came to Lot were two angels in the *form of men*.—Genesis xxii., the arm of Abraham is arrested when about to murder his son Isaac, having been tempted to do so by (what to-day would be called) an undeveloped spirit, under the supposition that *God* had so ordered him, by way of temptation.—Jacob's vision, in Genesis xxv., of the ladder extending from

earth to heaven, on which angels ascended and descended, is but a true demonstration of what modern Spiritualism is daily proving, that there exists in reality such an intellectual spiritual ladder, reaching from earth to heaven, "bright with beckoning angels." You believe in the dream of Jacob, but reject the declarations of to-day. Can you really believe that it was the Holy Ghost! the third person in the Deity! who inspired Jacob with the advice which resulted in the (to say the least) curious proceedings, by means of which he got his uncle's property transferred to himself. In Genesis xxxii. there is the account of a spirit-man wrestling with Jacob, until the breaking of the day. This to many appeared extremely absurd, before the modern manifestations which are constantly occurring, of actual physical force manifested, in contests with media by spirits. One of the allegations brought against modern Spiritualism, is, that many of the inculcations which come from the spirit-world are calculated to demoralize society; were this true, it would only still follow out the analogy as we again have it in Exodus iii.; where the angel, while appointing Moses to the captaincy of the Israelitish host, advises the Israelitish women to fraudulently possess themselves of the jewels and the raiment of the Egyptian women—in fact, to steal them. Prove any more immoral advice to have been given by the controlling spirits of to-day. Why could not God have inspired Moses, Balaam, and Gideon by His Holy Spirit, to act (as it is claimed he did the later prophets to write) without the intervention of angels, as we find he did in Exodus xiv., Numbers xxii., and Judges vi., leaving the latter so doubtful of the angel being a true messenger, that, too like many Spiritualists of the present day, he demanded manifestation after manifestation, test upon test, which were granted to him in vain, until, as we find in chapter vii., a cake of barley-bread was thrown into the Midianitish camp. If an angel were permitted, as in 1st Kings xix., to supply Elijah with material food, why must it be the devil who produces material objects at circles now? or, why should he be the author of any mistaken statements or falsehoods, if such *are* now given through mediums; when it is expressly stated in Kings xxii. that God himself put a lying spirit in the mouths of the prophets of Ahab, to deceive him. We have another material manifestation in 2nd Kings vi., where the great medium Elisha caused a solid iron axe to swim upon the surface of the river Jordan. Are the manifestations of to-day more material than that? Read Chronicles xxi., and think of the conduct of David, (the man after God's own heart,) and mark that his communications were carried on through the agency of "Gad the seer," and then compare the manifestations of "Gad the seer" with those of the seers of modern times, and answer to yourself, is there not as much rationality and beauty in the manifestations of the latter as in any of those presented in the past. In 2nd Chronicles xxi. you will find it stated that a handwriting came from Elijah, to Jehoram, king of Judah;

whilst the Bible chronology shows that Elijah had gone to heaven in a chariot of fire some thirteen years prior to the date of the writing. Why should he be the only privileged one? Read Chronicles ii. 34, and you will find, that had it not been for the seeress, or medium, Huldah, it is more than probable that the law of Moses (which of course you believe most valuable and important), would not have been handed down to present generations. The seeresses of to-day are denounced, let them be ever so good or so true; and yet the law of Moses is accepted, though given through Huldah. This reminds me to speak of another medium—"The woman of Endor," as she is called in the Bible. She is not called a "witch" except in the headings of the chapter and pages which have been furnished by the translators. The chapter itself does not once contain the word "witch." She is called "The woman of Endor"—a good hospitable woman to strangers. She gave them a sitting (as it would be now called) with a striking manifestation. She proved herself a good woman—a noble, true-hearted, God-gifted medium; and there are many such to be seen to-day. In the first, second, and third chapters of Ezekiel, you have an account of visions presented to Ezekiel, and of his interviews with the spirits; and in the course of these interviews he says distinctly, "A spirit entered into me, and enabled me to hear the voices from the sky"—precisely what is claimed by the majority of the trance mediums of modern times. What more wonderful in the preservation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego from the fire, than what you will find told and certified, even by their enemies, of the prophets of the Cevennes, and other mediums, when subjected to the trial by fire; and if the former were preserved by the presence of an angel, why should it be the devil who saved the latter? The spirit-hands and writings of to-day have their analogy in the fifth of Daniel. In the sixth chapter you have a splendid manifestation of that wonderful magnetic power, which we are daily learning can be brought to bear through the human organism; indicative of the fact, that when we shall properly understand the laws of our nature, and more fully comprehend the occult forces of nature, we will find that man stands on the apex of creation, and must of necessity control all things below him. In the tenth chapter, after Daniel had fasted—as is the custom with modern mediums on all proper occasions, he was entranced, and a vision presented to him; and during that trance the spirit approached him in the form of a man, spoke to him, and touched him—precisely what is now occurring daily. You believe in the former; wherefore reject the latter? In the ninth of Nehemiah it is said "All the people praised God." Because of what? "He had sent a good spirit to speak to them." Many more instances you will find through the Old Testament, but they would take up too much space. Before leaving it, however, let me ask you to turn to Job xxxii. 8, and say do you believe, with Elihu, that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty

giveth him understanding." Or, as you will find in the thirty-third chapter—"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet men perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." For we Spiritualists believe every word of it. It was in a dream the angel appeared to Joseph in Matthew i., and in the twenty-eighth an angel appears to the two Marys at the sepulchre; but the physical manifestation of removing the stone from the door of the sepulchre; had been performed in the *dark*, just before the dawn of day. People are now so ready to denounce, and reject the physical manifestations which take place in dark circles—requisite often to obtain the condition necessary for certain manifestations. Again, it was in the night, while the keepers slept, that the angel delivered Peter—Acts xii. And when Peter went to his friend's house, his *rapping* at the door was received as being done by his "angel;" and if the apostles had thought it impossible for the angel of Peter to appear, would they have made such a declaration? Why might we not as well question the propriety of this night manifestation, as it ended in the condemnation to death of the poor innocent keepers? These are but a few of the analogous manifestations you will find; but they suffice to show the absurdity of objecting, on biblical grounds, to the phenomena; and I firmly believe that the same laws, by which Moses and Elias conversed with Jesus, and by which the angels in the forms of men, could converse with Abraham, or appear amid any of the conditions which I have enumerated; must still be in existence, if God be eternal, and His laws unalterable, and that we can therefore still commune with our departed friends in their angel forms; and may they so impress our minds, that we may be enabled to realise that they are perpetually aiming to guide us to, "that land of beauty—home of joy—where mingles nought of earth's alloy." Not, dearest E., the awfully selfish orthodox heaven, where we are taught to believe our very happiness will be enhanced by viewing the torments of the damned in hell—a state of inanition, in which there is not an inch of room for the noble soul to expand. I do not believe God has given men true, noble, loving souls, to become thus cramped. Give me, rather, the true heaven of love and usefulness, with the saintly privilege of joining God's host of ministering spirits, to minister and help to elevate those I love, and shall have left on earth. This is *my* definition of "God's heaven."—Yours affectionately,

E. A.

24th June, 1868.