

EVENINGS AT HOME

IN

SPIRITUAL SEANCE

PREFACED AND WELDED TOGETHER BY A SPECIES OF
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

MISS HOUGHTON

FIRST SERIES



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PREFACE.

I HAD had no expectation of bringing these experiences before the world for very many years, but a liberal-hearted friend has generously undertaken the risk, and I hope it may not fall too heavily upon him.

My great aim has literally been to shew "what The Lord hath done for my soul" by granting to me the Light now poured down upon mankind by the restored power of communion with the unseen, in yet fuller measure than had ever hitherto been granted. What I have striven to prove is that Spiritualism is not come *in place* of Christianity ; for where would have been the gain in casting off that great joy and happiness, only to receive a something else in *exchange* ? What I maintain is, that it is bestowed as the Crown to all previous knowledge. Our Lord came not to destroy the Law or the Prophets, but to fulfil ; still giving it to be understood that a further fulfilment was to be expected (see St. Matthew v. 17, 18). This then is that next course of fulfilment, forming, as I am taught, the Third Dispensation, that of The Holy Spirit, in harmony with, and completion of, the two previous ones : the First, of The Father, having been revealed to Abraham for the instruction of himself and

his descendants ; while in later times came the Second Dispensation, that of The Son, Whose Gospel of glad tidings was to be preached to Gentile nations as well as to that of the Hebrews. Therefore, Spiritualism embraces the whole of the Scriptural teachings, with yet further revelations ; for, while Christ taught, by precept and example, how man *should* live ; by The Spirit is revealed the hereafter results of the life pursued upon earth, with abundant strengthening aids to raise that life to its highest possibilities.

I think the history of the quiet, steady way in which my mediumship was gained and pursued, may be a help to those who are entering upon this important subject ; and I have not scrupled to recount many of the deepest things in my life, so as absolutely to prove how great has been God's Love, for I think that concealment might have been almost like treachery to Him to Whom this new Light has led me. David says, " Before I was afflicted I went astray :"—and I may say, " Before Thy Spirit was manifested unto me I knew Thee not." I do not mean that I was irreligious and unthinking, but I did not realize His continual and abiding Presence as I do now ; for not only do I recognise that His messengers are ever around me, but that He Himself is closer than all, seeing all the difficulties in my path, and

- Himself regulating the alleviations that may be vouchsafed.
- Therefore, when I say that He communicates to some individuals through a long chain of descending intelligences so as to meet their weakness, I do not mean that His Will is enunciated from some lofty distance, but that he suffers it

to be so diluted that it may come within their powers of comprehension. I have endeavoured to make my language as clear and unambiguous as possible ; but still I know that misunderstandings may arise, for I have often heard my own words distorted into something absolutely the reverse of what I have meant.

My mediumship has now extended over rather more than twenty-one years, and this Series contains the history of the earlier half, to be, I trust, followed within a few months by the remainder.

Ten years ago, while preparing the Catalogue for the Exhibition of my Spirit-drawings, I dated it for my birthday, and I am now able to use the same form with but the alteration of one little figure.

I need hardly say how gladly I will aid in the solution of any difficulties in the minds of real seekers into the truths I have learned.

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20, DELAMERE CRESCENT,
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April 20th, 1881.

EVENINGS AT HOME

IN

SPIRITUAL SÉANCE.

CHAPTER I.

It seems curious to look back upon my first experiences in Spiritualism, in days when it was not spoken about at all, whether believingly or unbelievingly, so that I had never even heard the subject mooted when, in the summer of 1859, my cousin, Mrs. Pearson, told me there were some persons living near her by whose means the spirits of those we had lost could communicate with us who were still remaining upon earth. It appeared far too glorious to be true, but I said I should like at any rate to judge of the evidence for myself, and would be glad to accompany her when next she was going, for she had already been once. I accordingly did so, and made my first visit to Mrs. Marshall, who with her niece (introduced as Mary Brodie, although clandestinely married to her cousin Emanuel Marshall), sat with us at a round table. In a short time the raps came, and the various manifestations, now so well known, filled me with astonishment. My youngest sister, Zilla—she whose death in 1851 had seemed to crush me so that even yet I had scarcely rallied from it—was again in conversation with me by this new method, and I asked her many questions as to her own state of happiness, &c. At length I asked whether anything still troubled her, to which she answered "Yes," and on my enquiring what it was, naturally con-

cluding that it would refer to her husband or children (of whom she had left four, the last a babe six days old), I was surprised by the word "Helen" being spelt out. The more I think over that first test, even taking into consideration the many theories I have since heard broached, the more conclusive it seems, so that I cannot but be grateful that one should at once have been granted to me sufficiently strong to prevent the possibility of fluctuating doubts coming upon me afterwards. The name of Helen would assuredly never have been the coinage of the minds of Mrs. Marshall or her niece, nor was she at all in my thoughts, but I immediately understood what Zilla meant. Helen was another sister, three years older than herself, who had married a Roman Catholic, and had been led away to the same church; it had troubled Zilla while on earth, and I felt it was still a grief to her; but she said no more to me at the time, for of course I could only have my fair share of messages, as there were several others in the circle. Later in the evening the planchette was brought forward, and on it were placed Mary Brodie's hand and my cousin's. I then asked her how many years it was since the first brother I had lost had passed to spirit life; a 3 was written, and my cousin (who was thinking of another brother), said, "It is going to be 13." Instead of which another 3 was added, which was correct, for it was thirty-three years since I had lost my dear brother Cecil Angelo.

Those two tests were to me all-sufficient, and I have never since wavered. Some persons seem to think that I was too easily convinced; but in my opinion, if anything is a *fact*, there is no merit in placing difficulties in the way, instead of accepting that fact, neither do I blame those whose obliquity of vision is such that they cannot see the blessings God has so bountifully lavished upon us, but I do pity them, and trust that their eyes may in time be fully opened.

My cousins having been told that mediumship was to be obtained by perseverance, strove successfully for development, and came to our house for a séance, when Zilla was

the first to communicate by the tippings of the table, and said—"Tell Helen, when she goes to church with her husband, not to pray to the Virgin Mary, but to pray to God through the Lord Jesus Christ."

On the following day I went into Sussex to stay with my friend Mrs. Hills, who I felt very sure must be a medium, for she continually had impressions that people would call whom she perhaps might not have seen for months, and she was always right.

Of course my mind was very full of this wonderful subject, and as soon as we could have a quiet opportunity we sat down to a little table, and to our great delight it moved for us almost immediately, and we received various messages. We held our séances every day, and had much good advice respecting some business matters—for she was engaged at that time about letting one of her farms—nor were reproofs wanting, if deserved. One Sunday, as we were walking home from church, Kate said she was afraid it might be a wrong thing; that persons might be led to think more of the spirits than of God, and she likewise feared that such power might be an engine of much mischief if wrongly employed. I combatted both notions, saying that I thought, far from withdrawing our thoughts from God, it would be likely to lead us closer to Him, in gratitude for the blessing; and with reference to the second objection, I did not believe it could be applied to evil purposes, for that the power was not our own, but lent to us, and if misemployed could be taken away by the same hand that had bestowed it. She then agreed that we would question the spirits themselves as soon as we got home, and if my sister Zilla, or another very religious young friend she had lost, should say it was right, she would be content. We accordingly sat, and Zilla came immediately; I asked, "Is this communion wrong?" and the answer was "No. More, by God's grace, for the winning of souls." That was the sweet message that dispelled her doubts, but the other fact was also proved—namely, that the power is *not* in our own control to do as we will with

it, for from that time she lost the gift of mediumship, and never had another message. Day after day we sat, but not the slightest movement of the table rewarded our patience, and when some time after I had returned home I myself became a medium I was told that it was to give that lesson.

While I was away my cousins came to Mamma to tell her of a communication they had received from Mr. Hyde (my brother-in-law), desiring me to interfere in a matter that was troubling his wife, and which surprised them as much as it afterwards did me. I wrote to her soon after I got back, putting a slight and delicate interrogation on the subject, and her answer showed me that the message had been correct in every tittle, but I did not tell her what had given rise to my questions. When she came up early in the next year to stay with us my own gift had been received, so she then learned the true explanation of the matter and she told me that she had never been so excessively surprised as when my small enquiry reached her; for she had breathed no syllable to any one as to the wrong that had arisen in a most unexpected quarter, and she was doing her best to set it smooth without its becoming known. But it was to her a convincing evidence that her husband was indeed close by her side, and that his love would shelter her if possible from every annoyance.

Mamma and I had at once set fairly to work to gain the happiness for ourselves, and every evening at dusk sat for about half an hour with our hands on a small table, in quiet talk on spiritual matters, of which we had now learned something, having read Mr. Shorter's "Confessions of a Truth Seeker" with much interest; but our constancy was severely tried, for nearly three months had elapsed, when, on December 31, 1859, the table was gently tipped, and thus the communication was opened by what might now seem the *slow* process of the alphabet, but then each word was gladly spelt out, nor did we feel any impatience for a quicker method; and we gradually received short messages from the very many dear ones who were as anxious as ourselves that

they might make their presence known to us who had mourned them. They gave us sound advice as to our intercourse with them, cautioning us not to sit too often—once a week being deemed sufficient—and the Sunday was selected, as we should thus be more protected from the intrusion of untoward influences. Nor were we to let this communion interfere with *any* of our earthly duties, or we should thereby be opening a door for their admittance. From the commencement of my mediumship I had followed the directions given 1 John iv. 1, 2, 3, “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God : Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God : and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God,” which text receives additional strength by being compared with 1 Corinthians xii. 3, “And no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.”

But it was a long time before we could keep quite free from such unwelcome guests, who would obtain possession as it were of the table, and prevent the approach of our own friends ; but I never would receive even the slightest communication from them. They would try hard to give an affirmative answer, and have sometimes been able to tip the table twice, but there was a power above that withheld them. I do not look upon it as a kind of *charm*, for I think it would be utterly unavailing from the lips of those whose own faith does not tally with it; therefore, the response might then be given to the *thought* of the questioner, instead of the *word* ; but it is a safeguard to those whose hope is stayed on the Lord himself. Some have considered that it was unkindness on my part to refuse the solicited intercourse with those who might have come seeking my help, but experience has shewn me even more fully than I could then have imagined, how cautious it is needful to be in the early development of mediumship, so that the atmosphere around may be kept pure for the approach of good spirits, for they

are repelled by any taint, although they may receive power to assist the medium who is really struggling against the evil, and conjointly they may conquer.

It is true that I did occasionally receive some incorrect messages during the first year or two, which proved to be mistakes made by the spirits themselves, or which, perhaps, arose from something in the surroundings at the moment: but they have been *very* few in number, and I have not known a single instance of a wilful falsehood or perversion of the truth, such as I hear some people complain of, and my own experience has been absolutely *nil* with regard to "lying spirits."

In our intercourse with our own dear relatives it was curious to note the evidences of individuality which marked them to a certainty as those whom they professed to be, and each as they came would have their own special matter of interest, sometimes beginning upon a subject utterly wide of what we might just have been discussing with a previous visitor. We also learned to realize that whether or no we recognise the fact of communion with the unseen world, we are acted upon by them, even without personal consciousness of its being so, and I will shew how soon that proof came to us. My eldest sister, lately widowed, was staying with us, and her youngest son came for his birthday, January 5, 1860, and on leaving I gave him a note for his brother Osmond, inviting him to dinner on the 7th, when my cousins were also to be with us. The appointed hour arrived, but no Osmond; so when we had retired to the drawing-room we tried the table, and Zilla signified her presence. I asked "Is Osmond coming?" After a short delay, as if she were gone to ascertain, the answer was "No." "Did Sidney deliver my note?" "No." In about an hour, just time enough for him to reach there from Ely Place, Osmond arrived, apologizing very much for his apparent rudeness, but he had known nothing of the invitation until about an hour before, when Sidney had suddenly put his hand in his pocket and exclaimed "Oh! Osmond, I quite forgot to give you a letter from Aunt Georgiana, asking you to dine there

to-day." Zilla afterwards told me that she had succeeded in thus impressing his mind as to the omission. I think most of my readers will be able to remember some occasion when a thought will seem to have flashed into their minds without any connection with their then train of ideas, and they may feel assured that it has been thus deposited in their brain by some external agent, and probably for a specific purpose.

We thus continued our quiet séances for above a year, and on January 17, 1861, I again spent an evening at the Marshalls', when some messages were written through the planchette while young Mrs. Marshall and I had our hands on it, and I was told that if I got one, they would be able to use it with me; but I could not obtain it until early in March, for Mr. Welton, of 13, Grafton Street, who was then the only maker, was ill at the time; but I am glad I could not have gone elsewhere, for his workmanship is of the best kind, and he uses only the acacia wood—the shittim wood of Scripture—which was employed for the holiest work of the tabernacle. So this became my next form of mediumship. But at the commencement the writing was very indistinct, each letter almost jumbled into the next, and so much resembling it that it was only by looking under the planchette and reading it as it was being done, that I could at all make it out. But in that respect a rapid improvement was made, and the writing soon became very good. So clever, indeed, were they afterwards in their management of it, that I have had a message in a small handwriting done round about in the form of a heart. It acted best with only my hand upon it, but the movements have been sometimes very curious if any new visitor were present. If, as has occasionally been the case, a reprehending message has had to be given, the planchette has been turned about so as to twist my hand in the most uncomfortable manner, as if to prove that it could not be given by my will; in fact, I have almost felt as if the distortion were more than I could bear.

They have always liked to symbolize methods as far as

possible by the the things of daily life, and they explained to me that the planchette (as well as all forms of mediumship) is worked by the amalgamation of the atmosphere of the spirit with that of the medium, and that the early difficulties, discrepancies, and perversities arise from the two atmospheres not being blended into harmonious flow, which they illustrated by the well-known fact that if wine taken out of a cold cellar is poured into a decanter of wine from a warm sitting-room, the mixture is quite turbid, and some little time must elapse before it becomes bright. So it is with the atmospheres of the spirit and the mortal. They are not of the same temperature, so to speak, and may take long blending before they can truly harmonize. With some mediums it may occur that it will be years before the communicating spirit can *at once* unite with their own, and that accounts for their jerks and distortions as they pass under influence, which arise in a manner from the kind of struggle of the particles in striving to coalesce.

One thing that we were at once taught was the fact of progression in the after-life, so that, naturally, the first question we put to our friends was as to their then state, and perhaps we might again enquire within a few weeks, and were at first surprised to learn that in that comparatively short time they should have risen a degree, or even two, of the seven into which each sphere is divided; and they then explained that it was in consequence of their communion with us, *not* that we had literally helped their advancement, but that they had thereby been able to get rid of some of the earthly thoughts and hankerings that had retarded their progress. And we thus learned that to give such assistance was our *duty* as well as our pleasure. Also, they shewed us the fallacy of the text so often quoted as contravening after-progression, whereas in very truth it is one of the clearest evidences in its favour. Many of those who put it forward as a rule know neither its whereabouts nor its context. But it is in Ecclesiastes xi. 3: "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." Does not spirit intercourse, indeed, shew us that so it is? Many people imagine

that as soon as we die we are to become either as angels or devils, and are at once to join the ranks of those with whom we are in affinity, finding our home with them, either above or below. All their own belongings (and of course themselves) are to go to perfect happiness, however dirty may have been their lives, while the lower region may be peopled with those for whom they do not care; and they wrest those words into a guarantee that there is no after-change. But the light of Spiritualism gives an entirely different reading. In the place where we *here* stand (for even here we are rising or falling in the self-same spheres) shall we find ourselves when released from the garment of flesh, neither higher nor lower, and we shall there have to pay the penalty of our misdeeds, and, as far as possible, undo them; and there, too, may we hope for loving approval and a full reward for aught of well-doing that the record of our lives may show. There also will be a fresh field of labour, and it may be, an eternity wherein to grow to a perfect stature, from the dwarfed and dwindled beings such as are some of those now peopling the world. Oh! surely many must feel how much they have here abused their opportunities, and that each year since their childhood has taken them farther from God, instead of nearer to Him.

The planchette communications were so much more expeditious that they became of course longer and fuller, which, although deeply interesting to ourselves, might not be so to others. But I may mention that Cecil brought Shakespeare to me on May 16th of that year, and he was a very frequent visitor. He made many efforts to write poetry, but as that is not in the slightest degree a faculty of mine, he was never successful in going beyond a few lines, although always willing to make the experiment.

In June, 1861, Philip (my sister's six-days-old babe when she left) was staying with us, and on the evening of the 9th the first spirit who wrote was Zilla Rosalia Warren. "I am very glad Philie is here." I said, "Mamma is anxious about his health. Can you give me any advice about him?"

The planchette was quite still for a short time, then there was a movement of greeting. "I have been to see him, and I took a physician with me, who is of opinion that there is nothing serious the matter with him. You may give him as much raspberry vinegar as you like. You can give it to him at lunch, the same quantity you do after dinner, and again at night. The deafness will pass off. Mamma need not be at all uneasy." "If you have no other message, will you write out a prayer for your children to use?" "O most gracious and merciful God, deign to receive the prayer of thy humble servant for protection from all the perils that beset my path through life. May Christ, who bore my sins, enable me to walk in His footsteps, that when life's pilgrimage is past, I may rise to the unspeakable happiness prepared for His faithful followers. Make me humble, patient, and charitable, seeking not my own glory, but thine, O Lord, and teach me thy statutes, that I may with my whole heart follow them. Christ Jesus, our Blessed Saviour, preserve and guide me. Amen. Good-night. God bless you, dears."

In the latter end of June I went to stay with Mrs. Hills, at Buxted, taking the planchette with me; when we had an evidence (by no means the first) of the prevision of the spirits, for, being prevented by the entrance of a visitor from finishing our séance on the Sunday, we asked if we might continue it the next day, but were told to defer it until Tuesday; and on Monday, as we were driving home, the horse took fright at the sunshine on a gate, and tore off along the road; we were all thrown out, and the carriage was dashed to pieces. Fortunately we received no injury beyond bruises and bramble scratches, and Mrs. Smith, a dear old friend who was visiting Kate at the same time, had been prevented from accompanying us, or it might have proved very serious for her; and on the next evening's séance a large concourse of our spirit friends came to congratulate her on her absence from the peril, and us upon our escape, and to direct our thanksgivings to Him whose loving hand had been outstretched to preserve us from

serious damage to life or limb ; and I have always found that their primary object seems to be to lead our thoughts upwards to the Great Giver of all things, as THE ONLY SOURCE of help and hope.

The light thrown by Spiritualism made many things clear to us that had hitherto been incomprehensible, and among others explained a dream that had been very puzzling when we had heard of it. I narrated the circumstance in the *Christian Spiritualist* some years ago, and will now reproduce it here. I may not be able to give it quite clearly as far as technicalities go, but the important fact made too strong an impression on my mind for me to forget it, although a good many years have since elapsed. Sir Henry Bessemer, now celebrated for his inventions, (especially in the manufacture of steel), but then unknown to fame, was endeavouring to contrive an instrument for the distribution of type for the printing press, and I have understood from some to whom at times I have related this circumstance, that some such machines have been perfected, and are in use, but I do not know whether invented by him or by some one else. His plan, as far as I remember, was to have a row of keys, like the notes of a piano, for the different letters of the alphabet, and upon touching the requisite note, the letter would run along a groove, and settle itself into its place. But then a difficulty arose from the different lengths of journey that each letter would have to take, by which some would go more quickly than others, and consequently would not arrive in due rotation in the order in which they had been struck, the box (or whatever may be the technical printer's term), which was their destined abiding place, being but comparatively small, and as it were in the centre, facing the player, while the piano-like instrument must stretch beyond him on each side. How to overcome this difficulty baffled him completely ; but one night he had a dream, when he saw his instrument, not only finished, but in active work, the machinery being laid open to his view, putting an end to all his trouble, for the grooves from the end notes ran in a straight line towards the central

box, while those in front of the player were in curves or waves, so as to require the same length of time for their journey, those curving lines being, of course, graduated from the centre towards the ends in due proportion; and thus the grand difficulty was solved for him.

We heard of this dream from Mr. Hyde, with whom he was very intimate, and wondered at his mind being so thoroughly engrossed with his work, so that even in his dreams it could not rest; but I have now learned that it was a vision shewn to him by those spirit friends who were helping him to work out the thought which had probably been suggested by themselves. Far be it from me to detract in the slightest degree from the merit of geniuses in any branch of art or invention, for I consider that I greatly add thereto by ranking them as spirit-mediums, possessed of a *seership* by which they are enabled to be co-workers with the invisible world in striving to benefit their fellow-men. And in all geniuses we generally see a kind of complete self-abnegation which is truly grand; life seems to them only important in so far as they can evolve the idea that is seething in their brain, and they frequently become the prey of worldly men, who make profit out of their inventions, while they themselves rarely obtain even a fair reward while this life lasts, but in the next their simplicity and self-denial will reap a full guerdon.

A dream of my own, in past years, often made me wonder. We had a magnificent mulberry tree, which we had ourselves put in when first we went to the house. Of course, when Charlie (Zilla's eldest boy) was old enough to be interested in such matters, we got some silkworms' eggs, and he had his little colony, which had their home in our hall; and all the processes were duly gone through; and finally there was a paper covered with the eggs therefrom locked away in an upstairs closet. Then came the February of Zilla's death, and my usual daily life was to go over to those dear motherless children, and then to bring the two elder boys back to our house for their small lessons; so that the creeping things were utterly forgotten. But one

night I dreamed that the silkworms had all hatched in their shut-up box, and had died of starvation ; so in great self-reproach I got out the box, and found that *one* was really hatched, but the others were only darkened in their shells, and might be expected to emerge from day to day. *That* intimation must have been breathed into my senses by some tender-hearted spirit.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS born in the city of Palms, Grand Canary, April 20, 1814, and was the *seventh* child of George and Mary Ann Houghton; my maternal grandfather, Alexander Warrant, being a Scot; and I believe that both these circumstances have contributed to my receptivity for spiritual gifts.

Soon after my return from Buxted my cousins came to see us (July 20, 1861), and told us of a fresh wonder; Mrs. Wilkinson's beautiful drawings, executed through her hand by her son in spirit life, a lad of about thirteen. So I at once established myself at the planchette, and asked if Zilla, who had been a charming artist, could aid me in a similar work; but she was unable to do so, and I made the same request to Cecil, who had been about the same age as Mrs. Wilkinson's son when he quitted the earth life. But he said that although *he* could not, he would bring an artist who could. Two sheets of paper were then covered with all sorts of curves, and it was marvellous to me how such intricacies could be produced with so awkward an instrument as the planchette. I then enquired the name of the spirit—"My dear Georgiana, my name is Angelò, better known as Lenny; I will come to-morrow night."

The next evening Lenny came again, and did another sheet of curious curves, and then, at my request, a flower. I afterwards thanked Cecil for the gifts, and he answered "I cannot give you any power, yours of writing and drawing are bestowed *only* by God." I then asked the name of the flower, and in a different hand was written "That flower is called Ceciliana." "Who says so?" "Lenny. It is one of the flowers of spirit-land. Cecil and I wish you to draw every night, and I shall soon be quicker about it, but these were the first lessons."

The next evening he drew a fruit, after which he wrote

"It is Cecilia; fruit of your brother's flower; every spirit has their flower and fruit; I will do Zilla's next." On the following evening he began the flower with the red pencil, shading it with the blue one, which we did not much like; so he did her flower again with a lead pencil, finally deciding that he liked the blue one best; and with that he did Zilla's fruit, which was very elaborate, and on the evening it was finished, my cousins were with us. We wanted some explanation of the drawings, which he could not give, but when we urged him, he wrote "It consists of three fruits, because Zilla was married, and it refers to her as a daughter, wife, and mother; but I cannot explain any more about them. I may tell you that Zilla Warren is very great in her power as a spirit, but Cecil has more power to bring other spirits, because he is farther advanced in the sphere. Good night all of you."

The next evening, Sunday, I did not draw, but Lenny wrote, "I wish you to draw without the planchette to-morrow night; you must hold the blue pencil lightly in your hand."

July 29th. I hesitated about drawing on the cardboard without the planchette, so I consulted Lenny, who advised me to try first on a piece of paper; but I soon found there was no difficulty whatever, so went on with the card, when he did my brother Warrand's flower, and on the following evening his fruit. Then those of my youngest brother Sidney were done, and also some monograms on small pieces of card, and Lenny told me that on the following Tuesday, August 6th, I might begin with colour; I must therefore put a sheet of paper into a drawing-board in readiness. I was engaged to spend the Monday in town with my cousins, to accompany them in the evening to take tea with that very energetic worker in Spiritualism, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, and his wife. He shewed me his collection of spirit drawings, and they were also interested in what I had done, so I promised to report further progress; and thus commenced our pleasant friendship.

On the Tuesday I prepared with some trepidation for the

new experiment, which I feared might be attended with many difficulties, instead of which it seemed quite easy. The beautiful flower was started in colours without any preliminary sketch, and was worked in a method completely different from any I had ever seen, producing a transparency of effect that is quite marvellous, the petals being seen through one another, while at the same time possessing a richness and brilliancy which filled me with more delight as each drawing was done; for in this new power I had found my life's work, and went on untiringly from day to day, and week to week. The first flower and fruit being new to me, after which Lenny did those of my sister and brothers that had been depicted in pencil, but much fuller in detail, and with the glorious charm of colour. It would be vain for me to attempt any description of them, being so unlike the earthly growths wherewith alone they could be compared. I obtained faint glimmerings of their meaning as I proceeded, but no full revelation then came to me, and the interpretations afterwards given may perhaps, at some distant period, be formed into a separate work.

The spirits who came to me during the early part of my mediumship were first my own relatives—the nearest and dearest—but gradually more distant ones came, uncles and aunts whom I had never known in life, as well as many personal friends, such as schoolfellows from whom I had been long parted, and had almost forgotten; others there were of whom I had known nothing.

Very frequently a spirit would give a message, such as a birthday congratulation, writing it with the planchette, and might then suggest that I should get pen and ink for the others to add their signatures, which would generally be done in families commencing with the parents, then the children, who would sign in the order of their age. Five of Mamma's brothers used thus to come, only two of whom I had known, and she once expressed her surprise that Henry always signed before Robert, although he was the younger, and he then told us "It is because you have my portrait (painted in oils), and whenever you look up at it and think

of me, it draws me to you ; thus I am more closely united to you than Robert is." This explanation has made me feel how great is the blessing of photography, for the world must thus be more strongly linked together, and when we look upon the likeness of those, who although still upon earth, may be distant from us, the loving thought, even if neither we nor the recipient may know it, doubtless goes forth to do a work.

On October 6, 1861, I had my first manifestation from those who have been designated to me as the High Spirits, meaning those who have passed from the spheres into Heaven itself, among whom are the righteous men of both the Old and New Testaments. That first signature was of "Zacharias, the servant of God." Within a few days I had those of "John, the beloved disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ," and "Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary," those three being my appointed guardians ; and even now, although their work in that respect is carried on by higher influences, they come constantly to me, and have each their signal. Many other of the high spirits gradually came to me, but it was not until the end of 1862 that I commenced the Sunday evening pen-and-ink drawings, in which they guided my hand.

On that 6th of October I was conscious of a personal change in my spiritual state. I had remained for the Sacrament, and I had accounted to myself for Zacharias being the one to come to me from the circumstance of his being a priest, and that our Kentish Town church is named after his son, St. John the Baptist, but in a sermon I heard there some months later, there was an allusion to Zacharias, reminding us that after the long interval when God had not spoken to His people by prophecy, vision, or in any other way, Zacharias was the *first* on whom the Spirit was poured in the opening of that new dispensation, when he received the promise of a son while engaged in his priestly duties. It then flashed upon me that that was the reason he was the first to reveal to me a portion of my work in this third dispensation.

The spiritual consciousness I acquired was that of *touch*, enabling me to feel their tender contact, by which I could receive the assurance of their presence, and each of those in closest relationship to me have now their special signal. When I speak of the gift of *touch*, I must not be understood to mean that the sensation resembles that of our *outer* senses, although as distinctly perceptible. It is decidedly *not* the same as that experienced in the séances of now-a-days, when the hands seem to have the substance of mortal hands, and are in fact materialized out of the elements gathered from the outflow of the medium or mediums in the circle. It is the awakening of the *inner* sense of touch—as that of the prophet's servant was the opening of his inner sense of sight when his master prayed that his eyes might be opened to see the Hosts of the Lord round about the mountain.

In the course of that same month I went to a séance at Madame Besson's, at which Mr. Eyre, an American medium, was present. He was entranced by Quinna, an Indian spirit, who gave many directions to different members of the circle, telling them in what manner to develop their latent mediumships; in all instances recommending them to sit regularly with a certain number of persons, and I was mentally wishing that Quinna would favour me with some advice, when, turning towards me, she said, "As for that young lady, she does not require to sit with others at all, for her own circle of spirits are all-sufficient for her development, and other persons would impede rather than help her." I must say that this message was a disappointment, for I should have enjoyed belonging to a regular circle to sit once or twice a week, and going about to a good many séances, but I am now deeply thankful that I pursued my work alone, thus learning what a high and holy thing true spiritualism is; for if I had gone among all kinds of circles, and heard such anti-religious doctrines broached as I have sometimes since met with, I should probably have withdrawn from it altogether as an evil snare, whereas I have thus been brought

to recognise that God's hand is leading it all, and that even the things that perplex and perhaps distress us the most, will eventually be worked out so as to redound to His glory.

Madame Besson was much struck with what she heard of my drawings, and expressed a strong wish to have her mother's flower, so I promised to do it for her acceptance, and combined with it were those of her own three children. When I took it to her she was almost immediately entranced; and her mother spoke through her, saying that she was to have it framed, and to have a *yellow* curtain made to draw across it, so as to preserve the brilliancy of colouring. She also desired her daughter to arrange two or three séances for my express gratification, in recognition of my gift, and she begged that I would take a pen and allow her to write a message, which I did when Madame Besson came to. She wrote much to the same effect, in French; asking me to bring my drawings with me, so that those who would be present should have the pleasure of seeing them. The arrangement was carried out on the following Thursday, August 31, when Madame Besson was soon entranced, and made all sorts of motions as if she could not speak and was in agony to do so; she likewise made signs for me to make passes across her throat, and then over her ears; after which Lenny spoke through her, saying that he had been deaf and dumb, and that if I would now write he could give me a slight explanation of each of the drawings. He then did so, but afterwards gave them to me much more fully at home, from which time I continued to receive the interpretations after the completion of each picture, or as might be convenient.

On November 6, we received intelligence of the death of my brother-in-law, John Neville Warren, on his way home from Kurrachee, which he had left in an almost hopeless state. His remains had been consigned to the Red Sea, and the dear children were thus entirely orphaned. On the following evening we had a communication from him, and we learned that a message we had received

a fortnight before, containing an expression characteristically his own, had really been from him, but he had not been permitted to reveal his decease, which had occurred the day before. He likewise alluded to the change that had already taken place in his view of things, for he had been strenuously opposed to our Spiritualism, and he regretted some of the steps he had taken that he had not now the power to undo.

I now come to November 20 of that same year, when speech was developed. It was a most wonderful day; there was such a succession of invisible friends who availed themselves of that opportunity to clear away every cloud that had hung between their hearts and our own. Zilla was the first to speak through me, which she did even while I was dressing, *her* tears pouring down my cheeks, while in broken accents she expressed her joy at the new power. Mamma, much distressed, tried to soothe me, but she exclaimed, "I am not *Georgiana*, Mamma, I am *Zilla*, and it is not the first time she has wiped the tears from my eyes by her love for my darling children." Later in the day came Neville, with yet stronger apologies for his mistakes. And so it went on all day, each eager to have their share. Mamma used for a long time to revert to all that then passed, for she remembered it much better than I did, and thus it became impressed upon me.

It is curious to look back upon it now, and to remember how perfectly natural it even then seemed, that in my own voice and with my own knowledge, I should be first some one else and then myself, talking alternately, discussing and arguing matters; as, for instance, I did with Henry Lenny, who, in explaining one of the drawings, rather scornfully told me that I was "only a machine," to which I demurred, and brought him to acknowledge that I had taught him much about modern colours, although he guided my hand in the use of them, but I could always leave off when I pleased; so he admitted his error, and promised never to call me a machine again. It shows us how we can receive *facts*, however new, when they come to us, quite inde-

pendently of reasoning upon them; it is like the realities of this life, we see many things and know them to be, without understanding them in the least, such as that we positively do live and grow.

This new faculty superseded all other methods of intercourse, and gave a wonderfully rich charm to our lives; but it was so entirely conversational that no written records were kept.

A few words here as to what had been my gradual development may be interesting to those who are studying this grand subject. I think it must have been after my drawing mediumship had commenced, that I began to receive answers at all times of the day without being settled at a séance. I would ask mental questions, and the reply would come by the movements of my watch-key, which I took in my hand for the purpose; or if at a table I could take up any article that was upon it, either for simply yes or no, or a message by the alphabet. Then also the writing came with pen and ink or pencil without the adjuncts of the planchette. But from the day that utterance came all physical intermediaries have been dispensed with, and since then I have received my answers by the movements of my own lips, by the same code of signals that are used in the table manifestations; three times for yes, once for no, and twice for doubtful or perhaps. Mamma was much alarmed when first she noticed it, for I had not told her, not thinking it would be perceptible, and she feared it was something convulsive, but when once she spoke out her dismay I explained it to her. One friend when with us would amuse herself by watching, and suddenly, when I might think I was having a little private conversation with my unseen friends, she would enquire what it was I had asked of them.

Now I am living in a much closer communion, and so it has been with me for years, but I cannot at all trace back its commencement. All comes to me impressionally, much fuller and more completely than words; indeed, it often seems to me as if words would weaken rather than

strengthen what I receive, but if it refers to anything upon which I have to act, I put the question positively, so as to be quite sure. But although there may be no apparent difference between such an impression and one's own thought as far as the senses may analyse it, there must be a spiritual difference that the soul receives, for I have never made the mistake and taken my own thought for a message from them.

Mamma used to question as to the homes, the scenery, the occupations, and such-like details of the life on the other side, but nothing of that kind was given to me. Of course I *sought* an answer, but it is impossible to define the sense of utter blankness that would ensue, as if one were looking out upon a vast desert plain in search of some tiny insect—seeking the *small* in the midst of immensity. And that inexpressibly vague feeling still comes upon me if a person *urges* an answer to some enquiry, and I at once know that I should be trenching on forbidden ground if I were to ask it again for their satisfaction. If an answer *may* come it is at once volunteered, but otherwise, I can only say—"No, nothing comes." With reference to Mamma's class of enquiries, I was well aware that they did not enter into my appointed work; but when I once said, "You know they never give me those kind of things," she rejoined, in rather a vexed tone, "That is because you do not *care* about them, or else they would." It may be that the reproach was true, for I have still the same feeling, that I do *not* care for *descriptions* of the beyond, but I should indeed rejoice to *see* the glories, and let my whole being bathe in a brightness that would be but tame if narrowed into words.

I had made an engagement to go 'on November 21 to a séance at Dr. Dixon's (Great Ormond Street), where Madame Besson and other mediums were to be present, among whom was Mr. Eyre, and I took my drawings with me. I am not going to enter into any particulars of the séance, and only mention it because of the occurrence that befel in consequence. A few days afterwards Mr.

Eyre was strongly impressed to go to my cousin, Mrs. Pearson, of Harpur Street, with a message for me, which her sister, the other Mrs. Pearson, came the next day to deliver. It was to the effect that I must entirely give up my drawing mediumship, for that the action of those brilliant colours would be injurious to the brain, and produce all kinds of dreadful calamities. My cousin gave the message very strongly, for Mr. Eyre had been so exceedingly urgent that they clearly were alarmed, and she wished me at once to promise that I would obey his directions. But I said that on that point I would be only guided by my own spirit friends, whom I accordingly consulted, and was told that I need have no fear, for that my previous education had been given as a preparation for the work I was to do, and having in former years been accustomed to drawing flowers from Nature, with all their brilliancy of colouring, my brain was already trained to bear what my eye was fitted to receive. But, to satisfy the anxieties of my cousins, I should for a time be limited in my drawing to three hours a day, and during the period of that limitation I used to look at the watch when I began, but it was not necessary for me to keep strict account, for at length my hand would leave off work, and then on looking at the watch I would find that the time was exactly expired.

I have often wondered what could have been the cause of so mistaken a message. Whether it might have been an effort of false spirits to prevent me from entering on my work, or whether it might have been permitted as a trial of my own fitness for it; but I should have proved myself weak indeed if I could so easily have been turned aside. My later thoughts have quite accepted this last solution, and the feeling has come to me that one medium may thus be sent to another—even as the prophet in the Bible (1 Kings xiii.) went to the man of God and induced him to go home with him and eat bread, although contrary to the word of the Lord as given to himself—to try them whether they can be faithful and obedient unto the end.

We must each live our own lives, and if we cannot see our course clear on to the end, we may be sure if we seek the Light from Above that It will shine brightly enough to shew us the next step we have to take, whereas side lights may lead us very far astray, however brilliant, or even steady, they may seem.

His wife, Mrs. Macready-Eyre, called here in May, 1870, when I alluded to the subject, and she felt much puzzled to account for it, except as one of the occasional erroneous judgments made by the spirits. He had remembered the circumstance when he had met me a few months previously, otherwise it had passed from his mind, as I had never again seen him until then.

A few days later Dr. Dixon called upon me, ostensibly to have a little talk on the subject of Spiritualism, but it soon became evident to me that a question had been raised as to my sanity, and, when I laughingly said so, he did not deny it. After a tolerably lengthy interview he took his leave, with the words, both in Latin and English, that I had a sound mind in a sound body.

With that period of limited work began a new phase of drawing even more surprising to me than the flowers and fruits—that of a religious and spiritual symbolism; in the first of which my hand was guided by St. Joseph, whose method of work was utterly different from Lenny's, and much more vigorous. I will here give the interpretation (as published in the catalogue of my Exhibition), because it seems to form the basis of all that I am called upon the most deeply to impress.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

One exemplification of the Holy Trinity is made manifest through the three Colours: yellow, Faith, God The Father; blue, Hope, God The Son; red, Charity, God The Holy Ghost; each Symbol being composed of the three Colours; *these three are one.*

Again, they are understood by the directions in which the lines proceed: upwards, God The Father: crossing one

another, God The Son (the crossed Symbol recurs in many of the drawings, and represents the two-fold nature of Christ, as God and Man): downwards, God The Holy Ghost: or, upwards, Faith; around, Hope; downwards Love, uniting in one point; *these three are one*. There are innumerable repetitions of these Symbols, proving that everywhere the Power, Mercy, and Kindness of the Lord, supports, strengthens, and comforts His creatures. There are zealous enthusiasts who imagine that by withdrawing themselves from the temptations of the world, they fit themselves for Heaven, but had their Creator so intended He would have made but one man, but in His Loving Mercy, He has formed them to help one another by works and by sympathy, and each must, in his or her own path, do their utmost thus to fulfil His Will, and shed the rainbow hues of Faith, Hope, and Charity over all with whom they come in contact.

I think it will also be as well to give the slight explanation, written for the same catalogue, of the flowers and fruits, so that their personal interest may be realized, but individually the interpretations had of course characteristic details.

SPIRIT FLOWERS.

Simultaneously with the birth of a child into the earth life, a flower springs up in spirit realms, which grows day by day in conformity with the infant's awakening powers, expressing them by colour and form, until by degrees the character and life stand revealed in the floral emblem; each tint, whether strong or delicate, being clearly understood by spirit beholders; each petal, floret, fibre, and filament shewing forth like an open book the sentiments and motives, however complicated, of the human prototype. To dwellers upon earth the pictured representations require interpreting, but we can only faintly shadow forth either in colours or words, these drawings being but miniatures of the realities, which far exceed them in their glorious hues, and have a speech transcending mortal language. Yellow

filaments issue from the heart of the flower, recording each action of the life, such as are good rising as a sweet incense to heaven, the faulty, or evil, going downwards. The leaves express the temper.

SPIRIT FRUITS.

The fruit, which corresponds to the earthly term of the heart, represents the inner life, with its passions, its sentiments, and affections, and is covered with minute fibres, indicating the thoughts; but those cannot have any expression in a drawing. The red lines are filaments which spring forth as the individual makes any new acquaintance, also those of their relatives and friends. These take their rise and their course according to the degree of connection between them, either of relationship or of spiritual affinities. Only a small proportion are traced out on any of the fruits, but in the originals they rise away from them, forming a kind of transparent external network which gives a warm glow to the whole.

Spiritual eyesight is not yet mine, although I know the gift will come to me even while on earth, and I have also been told so by various mediums. During a séance at the Spiritual Athenæum, when Baron Guldenstubbe and his sister were present, the latter said that sight had already been bestowed upon me, and one class of manifestation I certainly have had, for which I have always felt most deeply grateful, as enabling me to understand something about the drawings I was just then engaged upon—those of the Spirit Plants, (of which I did seven), representing also the spheres or states of happiness by globes of light, differing in colour for each sphere, and in size for the degree in each sphere. One Sunday in 1862, soon after the clergyman had gone into the pulpit, I saw him irradiated with a violet light like a globe of about two feet in diameter, the central point of which seemed to be placed at the heart, and it remained visible to me all through the sermon. A Sunday or two later another clergyman preached, when

again a violet sphere was shewn to me, but this was larger, at least three feet in diameter, so I learned that they were both in the sixth sphere; but one was more advanced than the other. On the next occasion a stranger occupied the pulpit, and he was in like manner surrounded by a delicate green light, the size of which was about midway between the other two. The green sphere is the fifth.

Shakespeare's lovely flower was done, and then, April, 1862, I asked for that of Prince Albert, and that brought me into a pleasurable intercourse with him which has never ceased. I have always found that while engaged on any flower or other individualization it becomes, as it were, a magnet to that spirit, who then visits me during its progress, so as also to enjoy the gratification of the work, and this too was his case, but on the following Sunday, when the prayer for the Queen was read, I found myself uttering it with a most intense fervour, so I mentally questioned whether I was also a mouthpiece for some invisible one, and ascertained that it was indeed her loving husband; since which time he has never failed to come and unite his aspirations with mine for her highest welfare. I shall never forget the painful sensations evoked in me on one such occasion, when I seemed to suffer the tremour and agony of a person who is witnessing a grief he is powerless to assuage, and I afterwards learned that on that very Sunday the Queen was visiting Prince Albert's birthplace.

Mrs. Smith, the dear elderly friend who was staying at Buxted at the same time I was, and who was so providentially saved from being with us when the horse ran away, was most deeply interested in all I had to tell her, and received the most convincing evidence of the presence of some of her relatives with us. When she afterwards heard of the new marvel of the drawings she was anxious to see them, and in the early part of that same year I took my then collection to shew her. She lived at Lewisham, but my intimacy with her had all had its growth at Kate's while she lived in Moorgate Street; so I had only twice been to her house (ten or eleven years previously), with her two brothers.

and Kate; and on the first occasion we had attended Blackheath Church, and gone on from there; and the second time we had taken a carriage from the station, walking back at night in the darkness, so that I had not the faintest notion as to the road we had taken. Those had been my only two visits to Lewisham, so when I arrived there with my large case of drawings in charge, I thought it a most bewildering place, but I knew I had one of those friends with me, so I asked if he could direct me to his sister's, and he was quite sure he had not forgotten and would undertake to guide me. I must confess I did not feel quite so secure, but as it was very early in the day I knew I should have full time to get back, even if I went miles astray, which might very well be the case if in starting I turned to the wrong hand, so I went boldly on, whichever way I was bid, although it was the first time I had run such a risky test as that, and I was duly rewarded by reaching Mrs. Smith's house without having gone one single step out of my way. Kate was then staying with her, and they were both much surprised that the road could have been so accurately remembered after the earth-life was quite past. They enjoyed my exhibition extremely, and were much engrossed with all the fresh wonders I had to tell, so that the day fled away much too fast.

During the four months that my Exhibition in Old Bond Street was open, my mind was naturally led back to the remembrance of many circumstances that had taken place in the earlier part of my mediumship, not only by the force of association, but in consequence of the various questions put to me by visitors, therefore in the ensuing leisure time that I was impressed to take before recommencing artistic work, I noted them all down, verifying dates as closely as I could, and thus I now have them ready to my hand.

One of the drawings brought to my mind a remarkable manifestation of spirit power to myself personally, of which I never spoke at the time, for many things were done to me during the latter end of 1861 and afterwards, as if to make

me feel perfect security in the loving strength of the invisible agents with whom my communion had then become continual. The drawing is entitled "Ministering Spirits," from the interpretation of which I must quote a few words:—"In time of adversity the man of virtue is sustained with many invisible helps, forming as it were a network upon which he rests, and he is thus buoyed up until he feels that he is scarcely upon earth." At the time I speak of, it frequently occurred to me while I was out that for a considerable distance my feet would never touch the ground. I was apparently walking like any one else, but there was a space between me and the earth. Sometimes it would be done without my thinking about it, and I would suddenly discover what was happening; at other times I would ask for it, and was never refused, but when first it came it was a source of utter astonishment. It has seemed to me as if my spiritual experience were one unceasing history of loving indulgence, as if to counter-balance all the trials of my earthly life, which have indeed been many, but for all of them, even those which seemed hardest at the time, I am now thankful.

While I write, a somewhat similar experience is brought to my memory of an account given by Mr. Coleman in one of the *Spiritual Magazines*, of Mrs. French, through whose mediumship the direct drawings of earthly flowers were done in a few seconds. As far as I recollect, on the first occasion of that manifestation, she had been impressed by her spirit friends to go to a particular place for the drawing materials that would be required, when she, in like manner, walked without touching the ground, and her garments were unsoiled, notwithstanding the muddy state of the streets.

Sometimes while breakfasting—when I was generally quite alone—they would deprive me of my appetite, so that I would suddenly feel as if I could not possibly touch another mouthful. I would laughingly beg them not to starve me, and the appetite would be immediately restored. All this may seem like play, but it was in truth filling my

life with sunshine, and my soul with a great gladness, strengthening me both mentally and physically for the work that was before me.

I ought to mention that for a time I had test mediumship—answers would be given through the movements of my hands to mental questions, and I think this lasted till about the end of 1864. I did not like the phase, for I am of a very anxious nature, and always felt nervous lest my friends should not be satisfied; but the spirits told me that it was a needful step in my development—a rung of the ladder that I might not overleap—but that it should not last long, and I was very glad when it passed from me. Mr. Varley, in his evidence before the Committee of the Dialectical Society (Report, page 171), mentions a test thus given by me to him soon after I had made his acquaintance, that I had forgotten all about until he reminded me of it on that evening.

By the end of 1863 the planchette mediumship left me, as the spirits said they did not wish to move *furniture* through me, but we always continued our Sunday evening séances, although the character of them became changed.

CHAPTER III.

IN May, 1862, I went to spend a day with Mrs. Coleman, taking my drawings with me. She had invited several friends to meet me, and among them were Mrs. and Miss Fussell, with whom I afterwards became very intimate. After that visit I did two drawings for Mrs. Coleman, the respective flowers of her deceased daughter and son, with which I had much pleasure in enriching Mrs. Coleman's collections.

My drawings thus came gradually to be known, and strangers would occasionally write for permission to see them, also some of my friends in the neighbourhood would express a desire to do so, and I think it was about the beginning of 1863 that my Wednesday afternoon receptions for the purpose of shewing them, came to be an established rule. That day was fixed by the spirits because it suited some of our domestic arrangements, and thus it has continued.

I took her daughter's flower early in June to Mrs. Coleman, when she shewed me two sheets of paper covered with pen-and-ink spirit drawings that had just been sent by a gentleman in India, with an entreaty that Mr. Coleman would endeavour to obtain an interpretation of them, if they really contained any meaning whatever. He had done a great many of the same character, and they were drawn with extreme rapidity, but he had no friends in his part of the world who understood them at all. She had no idea to whom they could possibly apply for the purpose, unless, indeed, I would undertake such a task with the assistance of my "friends"—which we consented to do. It certainly was a very considerable work, and needed several days of intensely close application, for each symbol had to be interpreted stroke by stroke. It was also somewhat difficult to impress upon my brain the signification of a work done

through another medium, although the various symbols are very similar in character to those given through myself, and are of the same highly religious type, which gave a great interest to my labour, and their minuteness of detail illustrates the extreme fulness of meaning in my own drawings, for each tiny line was explained to mean several words, and sometimes a sentence. Mamma was very glad when they were finished, for I had to shut myself into a room quite alone, or nothing would have come. Before returning the drawings I made tracings of them, keeping also the explanations as first given to me, of which I made a fair copy to send to India, so I have now the drawings and meanings complete, and I have put them into an album with other tracings from spirit drawings. I afterwards learned that the medium was Mr. Mylne, of Beheea, and when he was in England, eleven years ago, I had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance, and that of his two daughters and one of his sons.

Mrs. and Miss Fussell came once or twice to see me, and as the latter was very desirous of developing her incipient mediumship, it was agreed that I should spend a long day with them, and commence a drawing at their house, which was continued and finished on subsequent visits, and presented to Mrs. Fussell, being her husband's flower, also a companion picture representing the flowers of her three little boys, who had passed away in early childhood.

On my first visit I met Mr. Heaphy, the artist, whom I had already heard spoken of in connection with his having painted the portrait of a spirit he had met in a railway carriage and on one or two other occasions, without an idea but that she was a mortal young lady. His very interesting account of the circumstances was published in *All the Year Round*, and afterwards in the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1861 (page 543), under the title of "Mr. H.'s own Narrative." He was very amusing, and the peculiar method of conversation with him perhaps gave an additional charm to it. At twenty years of age one of his ears

had become stone deaf, and the hearing of the other was so much impaired that he was obliged to use a speaking-trumpet; so he would quietly go on with his flow of talk, and when he had quite finished, he would adjust the trumpet to his ear to allow a turn to his interlocutor. He has had some very curious experiences, one or two of which I will presently try to call to remembrance, but I fear they will be but skeleton sketches.

On the next occasion Mrs. Fussell had just received from him the following report of a séance to which she had accompanied him an evening or two previously:—

"July 9, 1862.—After an unusual number of loud rappings three persons sat down to a table, and the following communication was made:—'Joshua Rey' (Sir Joshua Reynolds?) 'Yes, I have much to say to you of importance; you are to be a painting medium if you choose, but it depends entirely on yourself.' ('As I paint already, how can I be a painting medium?') 'I will help you; I will paint by you and guide you; you do not paint properly.' ('Why did you not come to me before?') 'I could not approach you, you are of too low an order of mind, too sceptical. I have sent to you: I sent J. Brooks to you once, but he was obliged to leave before he had delivered my message; Dr. Johnson came after to you, but you offended him by flippant questions.' ('Then how is it that you come to me now?') 'Since you met Miss Houghton I can converse with you; she is so powerful a medium that she can impart the receptive power to others by elevating them.' ('Why have you chosen me rather than others?') 'Because, like myself, you are deaf.' ('How am I to avail myself of your assistance?') 'By painting portraits, and letting me guide you. My mode of painting is not now known: I will reveal it to you.' ('Who shall I paint?') 'Ask some one to sit.' ('But I can't ask for a commission?') 'You must not paint for money while I am helping you.' ('When shall I begin?') 'As soon as possible. I will tell you more another time.'"

Mr. Heaply asked if Miss Fussell would sit for the pro-

posed portrait, and I was invited to go there for the first sitting, which was a very successful one, and lasted two hours, which Mr. Heaphy said was a rule with Sir Joshua, but that he himself never gave more than one hour. Neither did he make any objection to our looking on, which also was quite contrary to his own habit. Mrs. Fussell noticed that he took all his brushes into his hand, for one to be selected and drawn out, in the same way I do, and he said that the method of work was altogether different from his own, adding that he did not call it his doing nor Sir Joshua's, but that of the brushes. An appointment was then made for a second sitting, and I was invited for the same day. The picture went on most satisfactorily, and was an admirable likeness of Emma, but with a spiritualized appearance, and Mr. Heaphy said that if any one were to see it they would say he had been endeavouring to imitate Sir Joshua Reynolds' style. There was also a peculiarity that Mr. Heaphy said was very unlike his own custom, for the picture never seemed to *change* from first to last, only to grow into being finished, the original idea being steadfastly carried on, whereas his *own* first sketch was always very different from the completed work.

I had to take one of my nieces to the Paddington Station, as she was returning home into Somersetshire, and told Mamma that I should afterwards call on Mrs. Fussell (68, Westbourne Terrace), so she need not expect me home by any specified time. As soon as I got in, Emma exclaimed how glad she was to see me, for that they had had a message that morning from Mr. Heaphy to say that he was coming for the third sitting; so I remained for the rest of the day. That was the last sitting, as they left England soon after, and he had to put the final finish to it without Emma, who now, as well as her mother, is gone where she may perhaps have met Sir Joshua face to face. I think my presence was necessary for him to work through Mr. Heaphy, who had at that time planned two pictures in which he was to have given his help, but when I afterwards met him in Harley Street he told me they had never been

commenced, so perhaps it was because I was not with him to be the connecting link. I ought here to mention that the first time Sir Joshua came to me in the May of that year, after his signature, to my surprise he added the letters P.R.A., as President of the Royal Academy.

During one of Mr. Heaphy's sketching expeditions, he was staying at a friend's rectory, going away for short distances to return in a day or two. On one of those occasions he was trudging in the twilight along a dusty lane when he was struck by hearing a regular kind of tapping just behind him. At first he took it to be a woodpecker, and was startled with the hope that his sense of hearing was restored, for long years had elapsed since last the tapping of that bird had greeted his ears. But no—the sound steadily followed him when he moved, but entirely ceased whenever he stood still, and by no searching could he discover the cause, and the tap-tap pursued him along the whole length of the lane. When he narrated the circumstance on his return, the clergyman's wife said eagerly, "Why, you must have heard the *woman in clogs*," and they told him that every one who went along that lane at dusk, used to declare that they heard a woman in clogs following them the whole distance, so that very few people would dare to walk that way except in full daylight. They supposed it must have been from the sound being a *ghostly* one that he had been able to hear it at all.

Some months afterwards he again visited them, and their first piece of intelligence was to the effect that a new line of railway had been projected which included that identical lane, and in the digging, the murdered body of a woman with clogs on her feet had been found, and had been brought to that very house, the reverend incumbent being the nearest magistrate.

He also gave us a most interesting account of a search he had made for the sword the Duke of Wellington had worn during the whole of the Peninsular War. His father had had it while painting a portrait of the Duke, and being in his studio at the time of his death, it got sold off among

other things. Mr. Heaphy was out of England at the time, and on his return made many enquiries about the sword, but could learn nothing of its whereabouts. He wished if possible to recover it and return it to the Duke, but pursued his researches very quietly, as he did not want any fuss made. One day a respectably dressed man came up and accosted him just as he was entering his house, and said, "That sword you are seeking is in such a shop in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where you will be able to reclaim it." Mr. Heaphy mentioned the exact address, which I do not remember, but surely enough there he found the sword, which he purchased for a moderate sum, and it was only afterwards that it struck him as singular that the man should not himself have bought the sword and taken it to the Duke, who would doubtless have rewarded him handsomely, as he was apparently of a class to whom a little extra sum of money would be very welcome. But now comes the wonderful part of the anecdote: on describing the man to the Duke he recognised him as a servant of his own who had died about six months previously.

Mr. Heaphy said that the most provoking point with respect to the visions he had of spirits was that they always came to him in such definite forms, that he had no idea until afterwards that they were not mortals; therefore he had not the opportunity that his positive, sceptical nature would have revelled in, of testing and cross-examining them. The same had been the case with the young lady whose portrait he painted, and which was exhibited about two years ago by his widow at the rooms of the British National Association of Spiritualists, 38, Great Russell Street. He came several times to see me at home, being so much impressed with the wonder and beauty of my drawings, and brought different friends with him.

In the December of 1862, I began to do some of the little pen and ink monograms for the children, and, as I was writing to Mrs. Heaphy, I asked if one of the spirits would do hers, and St. John the Baptist complied. I knew her initial letter was E, so I thought her name might probably

be Elizabeth (it is Eliza), the same as his mother's, which might be the reason for his volunteering. She sent me a warm letter of gratification at being so highly favoured, saying that she had always felt more loving reverence for St. John the Baptist than for any other of the saints; even from her very childhood having shed many bitter tears over his fate, calling him, in conclusion, "that ill-used and misunderstood saint." To me it seems a wonderful evidence that her loving sympathy was so warmly felt by him even in his high happiness, that he took that method of expressing his appreciation of it.

I have had, and am continually receiving, innumerable tests of the personal identity of my own relatives, such proofs having always come wholly unsought, and they seem to me a fulfilment of the promise—"For whosoever hath to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." Some of the most striking have referred to my brother Cecil, who was ever my fondest memory, for we were devotedly attached, he being only fifteen months older than myself, and it was a terrible grief to me that he should have died while I was away in France at school. I have already mentioned that I receive distinctive signals by the sense of touch from each of those who are in the closest affinity with me, and Cecil's is that of caressingly stroking the back of my neck, so that I can feel his boyish hand (he was but thirteen and a half) quite plainly.

On August 17, 1862, Mrs. Fussell and Emma came to pay us a visit before leaving England, and they wanted to have one more look at my drawings, although they knew them all well, as they were then but few in number. We were looking at Cecil's flower and fruit, which were placed together on the desk, and Mrs. Fussell was speaking of the consolation to a mother of the interpretation given of the yellow lines at the lower part of the drawing of his flower, which was that "they typified the sins to which as a man he would have been liable, had not the loving mercy of the Lord withdrawn him from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil." Her daughters had grown to woman-

hood, but her three sons had been taken in childhood, therefore that drawing especially touched her heart. Presently she said, "I have had such a curious sensation during the last five or ten minutes; I have felt as if a little hand were coaxing the back of my neck." I told her that was Cecil's signal to me, and it seemed very surprising to us that she, too, should have been able to feel it; it was also a proof that he was entering into all our conversation.

Mrs. Fussell and her daughters went to Paris, and then to Rome, from whence she wrote to tell me that they had made the acquaintance of a German lady, whom they had helped to develope into drawing mediumship; and she afterwards sent me a pencil drawing that had been executed for me as a token of gratitude from the spirits, for my devotion to the cause of Spiritualism. The message referring to it was on the back of the drawing, and was signed by Cecil and Lenny; but the greatest marvel to me was that it was done on the 17th of January, Cecil's birthday. She sent me another smaller drawing shortly after, which was dated February 7, the anniversary of the day that my nephew Philie was born, his mother (my Zilla) dying six days after.

Mrs. Fussell caught cold, and after ten days' illness died in Rome on March 10, 1863; and I think it was in May that the Countess de Gendre and Emma came to see me on their return to England. They told me they had had many communications from Cecil, one of which was that a portion of his work was to prepare the minds of those whose death was near, for the approaching change, and they both thought that when he signalled himself to their mother at our house it was the beginning of the preparation in her case, for *he* might have seen that her appointed time was at hand, although to us it seemed far distant, as she was in the very prime of life. They also told me how truly happy her last illness was, and that she described the many lovely faces she saw around her.

I had ordered a planchette for a friend, and Mrs. Welton, the well-known clairvoyante, brought it herself. We were just going out for a drive, but I stayed at home to shew her my drawings, as she wished very much to see them, having heard a good deal about them. After several others, I placed Cecil's flower and fruit on the desk, when she took her spectacles out of her pocket, saying that the spirits had told her to do so; I waited a little while, but, as she made no observation, I was going to remove the drawings and saw another pair, and she then said the spirits had told her she should see a crown, which however she had not yet done. I told her that the drawing we were now employed upon was Cecil's plant, and brought it for her to see, when she exclaimed, "Oh, there is the crown, a beautiful crown of lilies, of which you will have a very fine interpretation." The place she pointed to was then a blank space, but the crown of lilies really was afterwards represented where she had said.

More evidences of Cecil's identity will be given in due course.

Soon after the establishment of my Wednesdays, a gentleman came during several following weeks—for being an amateur artist he was interested in seeing all the collection I then had, and he also wanted to understand something of the spiritual phenomena. On the first occasion I got out the planchette, which moved very strongly on his placing his hand upon it, mine *not* being on it, but his only. There was no writing, but only a sort of greeting. After he had left, Manma said she thought it might probably have been his father, which I told him on his following visit, but he exclaimed, "Oh! no, my father would not come to *me*, he behaved too badly to me while on earth, we could not have anything to say to one another." On the following Sunday evening, at our usual séance, the father *did* come, saying that it had been he who had come to his son; that it was very true that he had behaved badly to him, and he earnestly wished to beg his forgiveness, adding that until

he had obtained it he could not progress; that he was truly penitent, but could now only prove that by his words, and that he was thankful for spirit communion, by means of which he could approach his son, and endeavour thus to make amends for his unkindness. Neither he nor his son mentioned the nature of the ill-treatment, but I rather fancy it had to do with money complications.

On the next Wednesday we told him what had passed, but he drew himself up more stiffly than ever, and said, "Nothing can ever induce me to forgive him, so it is not of the slightest use to ask it, or to give me any further message from him." He looked as hard as iron while he thus spoke, so I felt that all arguments would be vain. Mamma was in great tribulation about the poor father, and almost as if we had some responsibility in the matter. On the next Sunday evening he came again, and wrote, "God has been kinder to me than my son. He has accepted my repentance, and forgiven those sins for which I have implored an earthly pardon, so that I am now permitted to pass on towards a happier state, the Lord having Himself removed that obstacle to my progression."

It strikes me that the son, in his hereafter, will find that same obstacle in his own path upwards, for his love and charity did nothing towards its removal. One lesson that I learned very thoroughly by these and similar discussions, was the method by which this intercourse between the denizens of the two worlds benefits both, for the sins and offences one against the other may be repented of and pardoned, by which they are mutually blessed and blessing.

Another important thing taught me by Spiritualism is the tremendous *responsibility* of each human being. Not only shall we have to answer for each action and each non-action of our lives, but for the results, on and on—which we shall have to trace like the network veins in a leaf, issuing from the one main vein in many radiations again and again divided and sub-divided, and as far as possible even if it may be generations hence, to remedy the mischief done,

perhaps in heedlessness, perhaps in wilful wickedness. I do not mean that everything presses at once upon the spirit, for that would utterly overwhelm and crush him—thus the recollections and revelations come but by degrees, and under varying conditions, the remainder being laid away in the closed store-house of memory until perhaps the fitting moment may come for a reparation. We can thus easily see why far-back ancestors and ancestresses may haunt a mansion, seeing how their distant crime is still darkening the earth, and, alas! perhaps growing and growing instead of diminishing. Oh! think of it, I beseech you, any who may be going astray in your lives, that for *every* irregularity you will have to repent deeply in the hereafter, and wring your hands in anguish for the fearful issues of what you may now look upon but lightly.

One question which I have often been asked, and which is, in fact, one of the earliest in one's own soul, is as to the "dwelling with Christ;" whether they really do see and commune with the Lord Jesus Christ; and the answer from those in the higher spheres is invariably in the affirmative. But there, as here, people are not always in the same frame of mind and feeling; not always as it were up to the highest elevation of soul, which is the one state when they do behold Him. They cannot analyse the process—they know not whether it is their own aspiration that opens their eyes to His presence, or whether it is His loving tenderness rousing them to the perception that brings the gladness to them, but they *know* that on the instant that the wish bubbles within them, He is there; so they recognise that His presence is continual, only that for wise ends their eyes are often holden so that they behold Him not. Even in the lower spheres He is sometimes seen, perhaps for a moment only, by a penitent sinner who is striving upwards, and that one glimpse gives an impetus to that soul for an onward reaching. But the rule is on that side, as when He trod this earth, that He must be *sought*, and that diligently. Remember that He healed, bodily or mentally, all those *who went to Him*. He did not go into their homes to force

His benefits upon them, although He went forth daily, so as to be within the easy reach of all petitioners ; but the petition must be made ere the disease was cured. The woman who touched His garment pleaded in the deepest humility, venturing meekly to follow in His footsteps, then tremblingly to place her fingers on the hem of His robe ; and great was her reward in receiving from Him such words of praise and encouragement in addition to the longed-for boon.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE not hitherto mentioned Papa, between whom and myself there was a most intense affection ; but it is because we did not enter upon the subject of Spiritualism with him. Now I have to tell of his last months.

It was our daily custom to go for a drive in a fly, Papa, Mamma, and myself ; and on our return I used to help Mamma up the steps, and then go back for Papa, who was somewhat feeble ; but on the 12th of April, 1863, while he still had hold of the door of the carriage, the horse moved, and threw him off his balance, so that he fell, and when he strove to get up found he was unable. Ann, the housemaid, was at the door, and instantly brought a chair, on which we managed to place him, and then she ran for the doctor, who lived only four doors off, and was fortunately at home ; so he and the coachman carried him upstairs, still on the chair, and he was speedily undressed and put to bed. He had broken the socket-bone of the hip-joint, was confined to his bed for six months, and died on the 1st of October. A friend to whom I had spoken somewhat about Spiritualism, said to me soon after the accident had taken place that if the spirits really were around us and could help us, they *ought* to have protected him from falling ; and her having made her own opinion into the law of *how* God ought to work has led me still more to consider how many were the blessings in that very case.

The usual course of arrangements was that while I attended to Papa coming in, Ann used to go into the dining-room with Mamma to take off her bonnet and shawl, and give her her cap ; but on that day, to Mamma's astonishment, after taking out the brooch, she laid it on the table and walked straight out of the room ; and when we afterwards asked her for the reason, she had none to give ; but as she then crossed the hall she heard the horse move,

(the cause of the fall), and thus was at the door to the very moment, so as to get the chair and fetch the doctor; thus the injury was clearly foreseen, and she must have been spiritually impressed to leave Mamma, and come where her help would be required.

After the lapse of a few days, it was considered expedient by the doctor that Papa should have a water-bed; so on April 21 we went into town for one. It was altogether a very trying day's work, for Papa had to be taken off the bed and laid upon a mattress on the floor while we got the india-rubber case ready, as it had to be filled with many pails of lukewarm water. He had then to be carefully raised again, and placed on the new bed, all of which took several hours, during which I was fully and anxiously occupied; but I got him comfortably settled by our dinner-time. I had just helped Mamma and my sister, Mrs. Hyde, to their dinners, and was on the point of doing the same for myself, when there was an arrival of visitors to see my drawings, the Countess Poulett and Lady Milford, who stayed about an hour and a half. They told me when I went in that it had seemed as if the spirits would not let them come, for they were to have had Lady Poulett's carriage, but one of the horses was taken ill, so then Lady Milford's had to be ordered, which occasioned considerable delay; then the coachman misunderstood the order, and drove them to Kensal Green instead of Kentish Town; the final result being that they were detained until the very moment that I could receive them, for had they arrived while I was engaged with Papa I could not possibly have left him to come to them. After they were gone, and I went to have my long-deferred dinner, Mamma was sadly afraid lest I should be feeling quite exhausted, especially after all I had previously gone through; but I was not so in the least—in fact, I did not feel as if I had waited beyond my usual time, my strength having been sustained by my spirit friends while fulfilling my spiritual duties.

It was in the June or July of the same year that Mrs. Welton, being in the neighbourhood, called on me for a

little friendly chat. I had hitherto had no idea of a fatal termination as the result of dear Papa's accident, but thought he might probably, although crippled, be spared to us for many years. But she, after a time, was impressed to tell me that it would be the cause of his death, which would be by mortification. I asked whether my brother Charles, who was away on his wedding trip, would have returned to town; the answer was in the affirmative; and then I enquired whether, when the end was approaching, I should have time to summon my sister, who was gone home again into Somersetshire; and she said I should, but that I must watch the symptoms well, for that even when all pain had ceased, which I knew would be the case when mortification had commenced, there would be a kind of bodily irritation which I must be careful not to mistake for pain. I ought to explain here that she had only seen Papa for a very few minutes when she brought the planchette about five months before, and our conversation was then all upon spiritual subjects, not upon personal ones, so she knew nothing about him from my telling; but she went on to say that the accident (for so I must call it for want of a better term), had been given in mercy, as a means of taking Papa from the earth-life, because softening of the brain had commenced, and that would gradually have reduced all his powers, rendering life a burthen to himself, and a constant care and anxiety without hope or comfort, to others; and he might thus have lingered on to a very extreme old age, for his youth and manhood had been so pure and virtuous that his constitution was unimpaired; thus there was nothing in his system to occasion death. All this was a great shock; but on looking back to little things which I had scarcely heeded at the time, I could feel she might be right as to the fact, but the knowledge was a great trial to me, especially as I could not relieve my mind by talking about it to any one.

My nephew, Sidney Hyde, called a few days later, and wrote afterwards to his mother to say what he thought of Grandpapa; she sent the letter to me, and in it he mentioned one symptom by which he knew that softening of

the brain was in progress ; and that was the first time such an idea had been suggested, except by Mrs. Welton. Poor young fellow ! he was but two-and-twenty, and of great promise, and very shortly after his visit to Papa he caught typhus fever from one of his patients and died of it. His mother came up to town as soon as she heard of his danger, and afterwards stayed on with us ; so that there was no need to summon her when, as predicted, mortification did come on with dear Papa ; and it had been a great relief to me to tell her what Mrs. Welton had said, which prediction was one cause of her remaining so quietly with us ; and gradually it became apparent even to Mamma that his stay on earth would not be much prolonged.

My spirit brothers and sisters were continually around him, and although the subject was never mooted to him, it was clear from some words he said now and then that he sometimes saw them, and he has since told me that he understood more than I thought of my spirit communion and drawing, in the latter of which I had been engaged for a couple of years, but we had considered it best not to enter upon it with him. One Sunday night, about ten days before the end, there was so great a change in him that we thought death was at hand ; but after some anxious hours he rallied, and the next day I wrote to Charles and Helen (my brother and sister), telling them of it, and that as he had generally been worse on the Sunday evenings I thought that the following Sunday would probably be the end. On that same Monday, at Marienbad, Bohemia, Emma Fussell had a message given to her, which she thus related when she had heard of our loss. "Our dear spirits had written through my hand on the 21st of September: 'My sister is in trouble, another spirit will soon join us, my father fully believes. Cecil H.' We said, 'But she feels he is still with her,' or words to that effect ; and the answer was, 'One sorrows to part from a beloved being when he leaves for a journey. Cecil.'"

About two o'clock in the early morning of the 1st of October the end came. During the commencement of

his illness we had first been visited by my two little baby sisters, who had been taken from the earth before I was born. They had never communicated with us, and I was once told when I asked about them that they did not come because their ties to earth were loosened ; but I suppose they were drawn towards their father, who certainly sometimes saw them, and while the last struggle was going on, and he seemed striving to throw off the mortal coil, even as if it were a garment, and pleading to us for help, his last words were, " Help me, Baby ; " as if he saw his first-born child, and looked to her for assistance in his birth into the new life. After that he struggled no more, but lay peacefully for some time (it might have been hours, but I know not), the breaths being gradually drawn at longer intervals, until they ceased entirely.

While seeking out dates, I was reminded of a circumstance that may well take its place here. I had just finished a drawing on Thursday, April 10, 1863, having been guided therein by St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, the subject being " The Hand of the Lord," and I have shewn how fully I have realised even in what seemed at the time so sad a misfortune, the true working of God's hand, ever loving, even if we are so blind as not to see it so.

Even in small things His care is shewn, as in that, for the drawing was finished and no other commenced, and now I see what has only just struck me, that my work was *even then* regulated by His messengers (my higher spirit friends), so that before the times of serious trial, I should, as it were, have my house set in order, so that no neglected or half-finished duty should be upon my mind. I have fully known this to be the case in later years, by directions given for such and such things to be done before any particular work was to be begun.

What I may have done on the intervening day I do not now remember ; probably the interpretation was written, but this may be an appropriate occasion to mention my views on a matter which is often looked upon as a superstition, namely, that Friday is not a day upon which to *commence* a

fresh work. Long before I was a Spiritualist, my conviction was that this feeling (which is very widely spread) had its rise in the last words of Our Saviour on the cross, "It is finished," that therefore Friday may be a suitable day for finishing, but not for beginning things, and the idea has been strengthened by my spirit friends, who carry it out even in small details.

I ought now to relate how my spirit counsellors, for the only once that I remember, gave me advice as to worldly matters diametrically *opposed* to my own convictions, which advice I took; for on all minor subjects I had invariably found them right since the time that I had attained to the guardianship and protection of spirits beyond the spheres, therefore I knew that they might be depended upon. And here let me not be misunderstood as to my exact meaning. They have often *differed* with me to a certain extent, and sometimes I have kept my own ideas in a kind of abeyance until I had taken counsel with them; but in this instance I formed my own view at once, and gave a decisive answer that I had afterwards to retract.

Papa was a merchant, and the house had been seriously crippled in one of those mercantile crises that have been rather too numerous of late years, and they had suffered from many surrounding failures; however, a moneyed partner had been taken in, and they had gone on prosperously for some years, so that Papa had capital again gradually accumulating. When his accident occurred, we telegraphed for my sister, and she was still with us when my eldest brother arrived from Canary, and a few days later, when we three were together, Houghton told me of a proposition he was empowered to make in the name of my brother Charles and of Papa's other partner in the firm, which was that Papa should withdraw altogether from the business, receiving an annuity during the remainder of his life, and that at his death, the *half* of that annuity should come to Mamma for her life. My answer was an immediate and decided negative, for I had heard of an accident similar to Papa's, of an elderly gentleman who afterwards lived on

for seven years, and I thought the probabilities were that Papa would live on much longer than that, and that in the meantime money would be accumulating far beyond what they offered, for the proposed annuity was not a sufficient income considering the necessary expenses entailed by the illness. Houghton told me to reflect about it until the next day, for we all knew that my opinion, whichever way it might be, would regulate both Papa and Mamma's decision; and so the matter rested. As soon as I had left them I consulted my spirit friends, and from them I had an unmitigated affirmative, with positive directions to accept the proposition. I laid all my ideas before them, but the result was still the same. So the next morning I told Houghton that as far as I was concerned I agreed to it (although I did try for better terms, but unavailingly), and that I wished to talk the matter over alone with Mamma, and that afterwards, if she concurred, I would enter upon the subject with Papa, so that I might put it to him in a manner to prevent his feeling himself set aside as useless; for it must be remembered that he did not know the bone was broken, and only considered his confinement to his bed as a temporary inconvenience; he was a man of such active and energetic habits that he would have fretted his heart out if he had thought that he should never be able to get about again.

And so it was all settled, for I had no difficulties with either of them, and the event proved how wise my unseen counsellors had been, for Papa died in six months, and the money he left was obliged to be spent to eke out Mamma's income, and was exhausted six months before her death; so where should we have been if my decision had been final?

My dear brother Clarence supplied what was afterwards needed for Mamma's expenditure.

When it became clearly evident to the doctor, who was a kind and intimate friend, that Papa's life would shortly draw to a close, he told me to be prepared for Mamma's speedy following him. In his own case his father's death had been

followed by his mother's within a month ; and in the very house we were living in, the lady's father had died, and his wife, although apparently quite well, sank at once under her grief, and was buried with him. It was no new idea to me, and my conviction that she would not long survive him had made the question of the amount of *her* annuity a very unimportant one, for theirs was one of those *true* marriages of which it has been my happiness to know a good many. They had gone through long years of both storm and sunshine together, and never do I remember an inharmonious word between them. They had kept their Golden Wedding Day in 1854, when my brothers with their wives and children came from abroad to celebrate the event, which we carried on with two days' rejoicings, so that the little ones should have their share, and Papa lived into the sixtieth or Diamond year of wedded life, so that I had quite feared she would succumb as other loving widowed ones had done. But here the bright new light and life of spiritual knowledge and spirit communion sustained her, for she never felt that he was *gone*, and from the very first he was always ready to answer her through me. When any of the grandchildren had been in to see us, she would ask what was now his opinion concerning them, and in some instances it was much changed from what it had been when he had only known them, so to speak, externally. She also had a signal to herself from him, when her own hand would give a kind of tender patting (one of his *own* habits) when she was thinking of or doing something with which he was in special sympathy, and she could on all such occasions recognise his personal idiosyncrasy. It was therefore through this great blessing that she was spared to me for nearly five years longer.

It is true that she had a serious illness after his death—the sure result, upon so delicate a frame as hers, of the long period of care and anxiety ; but it was not aggravated by any feelings of despondency and loneliness, and she was doubly desirous to release me from the cares of nursing that I might recommence my drawings, as the first works

were to be Papa's flower and fruit, which were done early in November.

When *did* I begin to mesmerise? I cannot recall any commencement whatever, for the gift seems* completely a portion of my spiritual life, and must have sprung up in a kind of spontaneous manner. At first it was entirely for curative purposes, and by no forcing of my own *will* on the recipient, for in fact I felt no will, but only a fervent prayer that I might be enabled to give relief, my hand being at the same time guided for the requisite movements by the unseen powers who aid me, and the method has never changed even with the higher influences.

In December, 1862, I had two pen-and-ink drawings done through my hand by the Archangel Gabriel, and also a message written, after which time he used occasionally to influence me when I was mesmerising. I think it was during the illness Mamma had after Papa's death that Michael the Archangel made himself known to me as one helping to aid and direct me. Then came another Archangel, and when I asked his name, the answer was that, not having hitherto been mentioned upon earth, it would be unknown to me, but that at the proper time it should be told, and when Mamma would ask who it was that was then mesmerising her, I would answer, the *stately* Archangel, for I felt an influence of especial dignity. There was one afterwards whom I used to name the *tender* Archangel, from there being a singular caressingness in the mesmeric movements; and when their names, with the meanings, were given to me, one was Zirus the Stately, and the other Myrsa the Tender. By degrees the number of them amounted to seven, and they then guided my hand in doing a coloured drawing, which was finished December 8, 1863.

By them I was then told that for the future I might dispense with the attendance of an earthly doctor for Mamma, for that I should receive from themselves and others all needful directions as to the proper medical treatment; and at all times, whether by day or by night, such

aid never failed me, and they would prescribe either allopathically or homeopathically, according to what might be most suitable at the time, also acting through me to mesmerise her, invariably twice a day, and frequently much oftener. Mamma had all her life been delicate, and had various complaints, the remedies for some of which would be injurious to the others, and those clear-seers could judge, as no mortal could, of the exact state of the system at any special moment, and thus knew to which disorder to apply the remedy judiciously.

Mr. Smith paid us occasional friendly visits, and, being fully aware of the difficulty of dealing with the complications of her system, used to expatiate to another friend upon the wonderful improvement in her general health.

Many persons who only know Spiritualism in its outside aspect say, "But of what use is it?" We, who know how great is the *inner* work it does, feel that such questioning is almost childish, but herein is an answer even to the level of the most complete worldling, who sees utility only in what may represent money value. For many previous years Mamma's doctor's bill had been at least from £20 to £30 annually, while for the last five years of her life she was attended by these invisible physicians, which represented a saving of at least £100.

As to the spiritual sight of animals, and their after-life, there is often much questioning among people when first they enter upon Spiritualism, and I am firmly convinced of both facts. We had a beautiful Angora cat, Leo, whom I had trained into many clever tricks. He was a great pet with us all, but he would do one thing with Papa that he never did with any one else. Whenever Papa was walking about the garden, Leo would walk by his side as orderly as possible, trotting along with great satisfaction, his bushy tail waving about with extra vigour.

When Mamma was just recovering from the illness following upon her widowhood, Mr. Smith recommended the gentle exercise of walking up and down the room to give her strength, and Papa said that if she would use his

stick he would walk on her other side and be her invisible support; but I must premise that he *never* used that stick in the garden, only in the street, as a sort of make-believe, for he had not really needed it. As regularly as Mamma began her small promenade, Leo stirred himself out of his laziness and took the walk with her, but *not* on the side that she held the stick, so we were quite sure that it was because he saw Papa walking, and therefore accompanied him according to the old habit.

One Saturday night not long before we moved, Leo did not come in. The servants and I went at several different times all round the garden anxiously calling him, but in vain. In the morning Mamma was surprised that he did not go into her room as usual, and I was obliged to confess my fear that he was lost. "Ask Papa to try if he can find him," was her suggestion; upon which I acted, and in about ten minutes Ann came up to say that Leo had just rushed in from the garden, but that his coat was in a terrible state, all covered with brick dust and rubbish, and we supposed he must have been accidentally shut up in the tool-house of the railway navvies at the back, and that upon our appeal Papa had been able to set him free; otherwise, as it was Sunday, he would probably have remained incarcerated until they went to their work the next morning.

I have met with a very striking illustration of the power that even one antagonistic will may exercise in spoiling a séance, which will show how carefully the sitters must be selected if real harmony with the unseen world is to be obtained. I think it was about the latter end of 1863 that Mrs. Varley engaged both Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law to go to her for an evening, and she received directions herself from her own invisible advisers as to who were to compose the circle, and as there would be much concentration of power, she hoped there would be very convincing evidences for two special friends whom she hoped to impress. I think we were but eight altogether, and all would doubtless have been quite right, but that as Mr. Smith (our doctor)

was out of town, she invited a gentleman in his place who had not been in the list selected by the spirits.

It was before the days of dark séances, and we sat in the full light, but Mr. W. declined to take a place at the table with us, and said that he would remain quietly on the sofa, which he did, and we all, with our hands on the table, waited patiently enough, but *nothing* came, not even a single tiny rap, and thus more than an hour went on. At last Mrs. Marshall said, "Well, Mary, I don't think it is of any use our staying, for the spirits don't seem to be coming at all. We had better go home." Upon this, Mrs. Varley and I rose almost simultaneously to attack Mr. W. for his *opposition*, saying that it was not the act of a gentleman to set his *will* against the sensitive influences of the spirit-world, that if he did not wish to witness any evidences he ought not to have come for the simple purpose of thwarting others, and that he must either remain there *passive*, or go away altogether, but he might take his own choice as to which of the two courses he would pursue. When he found that our intuitions had exposed him to us, he apologised for his conduct, and promised no longer to resist if we would allow him to remain. We had no sooner returned to the table than joyful raps came pealingly upon it, and we finished by having a most successful séance: among other things, direct writing was obtained on a sheet of paper placed under the table. Now, it was not that gentleman's religion or virtue that stayed the manifestations, for he was not overlaid with either, but wholly and entirely the perversity of his humour; but it is a clear evidence of the effect that may be produced by even one inharmonious element in a séance, and makes us realise how much harm some people may do in the world, even when no outward action betrays it.

One Saturday evening, early in 1864, my cousins came to see us, and they mentioned that poor old Mrs. Marshall had been very ill with vesicating erysipelas, and that they believed she was not yet quite out of danger. Well, I was told that I must go and mesmerise her, and when I said so,

they both thought that it would probably be a useless attempt on my part, for, as I knew, she was rather queer in her fancies, and she perhaps would not see me at all. I said, I could but try; and Mamma agreed that we would go on the Monday morning; she could leave me there, and then go on to Harpur Street for a little while. On Sunday, I *asked* if Mrs. Marshall would be ready for me at the early hour in the day that we usually took our excursion, and was told that she would. When I had made my way up to their first floor in Red Lion Street, I saw the young man (whom I had only seen once before), and told him that I had come to mesmerise his mother, in the hope that I might do her some good, and he said he did not suppose she would care for it, as she did not think much of mesmerism. Just then his wife came down, and I re-stated the object of my visit; so she went up on a voyage of enquiry, and came back to say that Mrs. Marshall was waiting for me; so up in the bedroom I found the old lady seated in a chair, with her legs established in another. She greeted me cordially, and said that she had been confined to her bed for ever so long, but that morning she had been told by the Spirit that she must get up and dress herself, and then she was to "wait." The dressing had been a long process, and she had crept slowly round the room, holding by each thing as she passed, till she reached the chair where she was to *wait* for she knew not what, until Mary came up with my message. She *was* a queer patient, for it turned out that her medicines, homœopathic or allopathic, had been treated with equal neglect, for she had taken none of them; but she said that people had been very kind to her in giving her attendance and remedies. I mesmerised her, and from that very first time the watery discharge ceased altogether, and her progress went on satisfactorily. I went there three times a week to mesmerise her, and after the curative process for the leg, the action used generally to be carried up to the heart and the head, when she would usually be influenced to speak a few sentences. One morning Mamma had expressed a good deal of sympathy for the

poor old soul shut up in a small London room, and suggested that when she should be well enough, we should invite her to come and spend a day with us. Now she knew nothing whatever of where we lived, or of any of our surroundings; but on that day, under the influence of the *upper* mesmerism, she burst forth with, "This woman shall get well, and she shall go and see your garden." I then told her what Mamma had said, and that we hoped she really would do so when the journey had become possible for her. She went on mending, and one morning I was *told* that sufficient had been done, and that after that day my visits to her might be discontinued; but I half felt that it might be awkward to tell her so. However, the difficulty was solved for me, for her similarly sudden speech was:—"Do you think you need trouble to come any more?" when I told her that my directions had been that that day's work would be sufficient. In after times she used often to revert with great satisfaction to her having thus received those intimations about me.

When at last she could be got downstairs, we drove in to fetch her, and she enjoyed her long day in the country very much, and I have seldom found any one who had a fuller appreciation of the beauty of the drawings and their interpretations. She told us many of her early visions, for she had been favoured with them from her very childhood, when she used to sleep with the Bible under her pillow, and would pray that she might be blessed as little Samuel was. One thing she used often to see was a railway train, and the idea of carriages going without horses was such an utter impossibility to her, that she thought they were falsehoods being presented to her sight, and prayed to the Lord that those *wicked* visions might be taken away. She had, too, some that were beautifully symbolical; one was that of a Lamb cut up into a number of small pieces, and the Voice said: "You all think you have Me, while you really accept but a small fragment, and lose the wholeness by your divisions." This grand metaphor needs no comment.

Mr. Varley once asked me some question about the tails of comets and their atmosphere. What it was I do not remember, for it was a something on which I had no knowledge, or indeed interest ; but I had pens, ink and paper on the table, and a drawing of some sort was begun, which I did not in the least understand ; but *he* did, and he said it answered his question.

CHAPTER V.

SOME time in the early part of 1863, Mrs. Honeywood came with a letter of introduction from Mr. Heaphy to see my drawings, and on one of her subsequent visits brought hers to shew me ; they were in pencil, and some in pen-and-ink. During Papa's illness she wrote to me from Folkestone, saying that she wished very much to begin to colour, and she thought that if I could do something for her in colours, let it be ever so small, it would assist her in obtaining her desire. So in Papa's room (for the only time I touched a brush during his illness), I did something on a small card, and from that little drawing the power was at once developed in her to her intense gratification.

She was afterwards, in April, 1864, invited to come and see me draw, as an aid to her own progress, and then, for still further development, herself to draw in my presence, and on the first occasion, after she had been working a little while, she asked me for a piece of calico, and I gave her the piece I had myself been using, when she immediately felt a warm, glowing current stream up her left arm from the hand in which she held it ; and she found she derived so much power from it, that I suggested she should take it home with her, and it became the usual course in her after visits that she should take away the piece that I had used in the interim. I have also found that such painting cloths have had a curative power when, in a few cases, I have been impressed to send them to some one who was suffering ; so that in these days it is given to us to participate in the blessings granted long ago ; as when (Acts xix. 12) St. Paul gave his handkerchiefs or aprons for the removal of diseases.

By thus drawing in my company, and by mesmerising, I have since been able to develope various mediums, either artistically or otherwise, but in many instances they have

dropped the power after a time—it has been like the seed sown in stony ground and in thorny places, which came to no perfection from want of cultivation. They forget the text, “Neglect not the gift that is in thee,” and let that which might have proved a blessing slip away from their grasp. Some, too, would like to have the power in some different form from that in which it has been bestowed, not considering to Whom they would thus dictate, for it comes from God Himself, and *not* from the spirit world, although self-sufficient spirits are sometimes apt to say, “*we* will give you such and such a mediumship,” when they see the germ of it in an individual, and thus take to themselves a merit that is not theirs. They *may* help to call it forth, as we by tending may raise a lovely flower, but if no seed were in the pot all our watering would fail to educe a plant.

Some speak of thought-reading, as an explanation of spiritual phenomena, but *as* an explanation what is it worth? If simply a human faculty, why does not every one have the power in a certain degree? I by no means doubt that thought-reading *is* one of the *diversities* of the gifts of mediumship; but there is a gift that may seem like that, and yet where there is not the very slightest insight into the other brain. When visitors come to see my drawings (they may be utter strangers or they may not) out of my seven or eight portfolios, I am directed which to draw forth, and then, in shewing them, I am again instructed *which* to take out and which to pass over—“they” know what is most suitable for the occasion; sometimes it is inbreathed to me, “Shew no drawings: what you have to *say* is of more importance *here*.” And perhaps after a long talk I may ask if there were any special questions they may wish to put, or any particular point they want solved, and the answer will be, “There *were* several, but you have already answered them;” and I may have curiously sprung, as it were, from one subject to another, instead of having followed in consecutive strain. Thus I may perhaps, in striking into a fresh path, be greeted with, “That is the very thing I was

just going to ask you about." I have not *seen* one fraction of their thought, but the invisibles *have*, and they have thus inspired me with the wished-for information. No, I never see an atom of those small details, but their very *selves* I do see; and I do not think I am ever deceived, although neither word nor sign may escape me of what I thus learn; I do not say as to the actions or thoughts, but as to their real inner being, the entity that will remain when all the rest has floated into the elements.

Also, I can thus realise the struggles that some natures have to go through, and know how much allowance should be made for them in acts that may seem eccentric to those who fain would judge them according to their own rules. But any vestige of impurity in man or woman is utterly abhorrent to me, and I look upon it as the true mission of Spiritualism to cleanse the world in that respect, and unflinchingly to denounce and repudiate all doctrines that would reduce mankind *below* the level of the brute creation.

Mrs. Honeywood introduced Mrs. Rolls, a professional mesmerist, who came to me on many successive Wednesdays, so that she might have the opportunity of seeing all my collection, which by that time had become very considerable, and she revelled almost as much as I did myself in their beautiful colours and wondrous variety. She gave me many interesting accounts of different patients, and told me that when she had a very difficult case she was allowed to request the help of Mesmer himself, but that sometimes he would come to her aid without being asked. On one occasion she told him that she had wondered why so long a time had elapsed since his last visit. It was during the Crimean war, and he explained to her that he and all his band had been so fully engaged on all the fields of battle that everything else had seemed to shrink into nothingness, so entirely had they been engrossed in calming the poor slain victims, whose thread of life having been so suddenly snapped, they arose with their spiritual bodies, without an idea that they were not still in mortal form, and were eager again to rush into the combat, and only by dint of much

mesmeric soothing could they be brought to realise their true state. This recital explains the various legends of visionary armies being seen fighting over the deserted plains where some of the battles of the long-ago were fought, and it may be that they thus rise on the anniversary of the event, and may still need to be roused to the reality of the hereafter upon which they have unknowingly entered.

Mrs. Rolls had a very singular gift, she could recognise persons by the *smell*, and would discover it immediately in anything they had touched ; and she said that if she were not to see anything of me for twenty years, and a handkerchief of mine were to be placed in her hands she would instantly be able to say whose it was.

I had the pleasure of doing Mesmer's flower as a gift for her, also one for myself. They were differing flowers from his plant, and we each had the satisfaction of preferring our own, much to his gratification, for he had become a frequent visitor during their execution, and the link was for always. She took home her picture, and one day when a friend was coming to see her, who did not know she had it, she took it into the sitting-room, still wrapped in its papers. After some little time, the young lady said, "It is a most curious thing, but I feel just as I do when I am looking at Miss Houghton's drawings." Mrs. Rolls then told her that she really had one in the room, and produced it to be admired and enjoyed.

I was much interested when I heard of this circumstance, for although I know how great is the power emanating from these drawings, for they are filled with spirit from the guiding influences, yet people are in general too completely material to be aware of it, but they are nevertheless benefited both bodily and mentally by coming within the influence, and of course those receive the most advantage who are best prepared.

A clergyman friend of mine asked the spirits of what benefit a belief in Spiritualism could be to him, and was told that it would give him the certainty of a hereafter ; to which he replied that he already had that, and the answer

was, "Yes, with your reason, but this gives *vitality* to it." And that is just what it seems to me. We believe what the Bible teaches us, but Spiritualism brings all those past events into our daily life, and links us so closely with all those who have been God's agents in the past, that thousands of years seem but as yesterday, and those whose names have hitherto been only as *words*, we recognise as among our friends.

I belonged to the choir at our own church in Kentish Town, and the spirits used to sing through me. One Sunday I asked, as the Commandments were going to be read, if Moses would sing the responses, and I instantly had a feeling in my tongue as of some difficulty of speech, and I then recollected what I certainly had never heeded as an identification of the *man*, that that was one of the pleas put forward by Moses when he feared to undertake the work to which he was appointed. I apologised, and asked if Aaron would be so good, and he did. His was a voice of great power, but with no more feeling than a stone; he was just a mouth-piece, and nothing more. But I then thoroughly realised them as *men*, and could understand how, when Aaron was left alone with the Israelites, he should quietly let them take their own devices. When Moses has since come to me he has always made himself known by that same signal.

On the 20th of February, 1864, a visitor just arrived from America was brought to me by old Mr. Tiffin (an earnest worker in Spiritualism from its earliest beginnings), whose loving friendship has been one of my greatest earthly blessings, the Rev. John Murray Spear, to whom I began to shew my drawings, but I had scarcely placed the first pair, Cecil's flower and fruit, on the desk, when he became entranced, and gave me my first spirit name, that of the "Holy Symbolist," which has since been slightly changed (through him) to that of the "Sacred Symbolist," which seems to me to be like the changes in Scripture names, such as those of Abraham and Sarah. I was much pleased that the name thus given should be descriptive of my artistic

work, more especially as it was not the symbolism that I was then going to shew to him. Before that time I had had the spirit-names of several friends given through myself, but when I had asked for my own I was told it would come to me through another medium, and since then I have had many additional names conferred upon me through other agencies.

About a fortnight later Mr. Spear brought his wife, and from that time our intimacy proceeded very rapidly, as they were fortunately living in Albany Street, at an easy distance from us. They were accompanied by Mr. Tiffin, who invited me to go to his house that evening for a séance, at which they were to be present.

On that 6th of March a subject came into discussion which has since been a marked feature in my life. From the very beginning of my having *private* talk with my invisible friends, they told me that a time would come when a new wonder would arise, and it would become possible for them and some of their surroundings to be photographed, and they also said that I should in some way be called on to join in that work, explaining that I had already gone through a process of education for that especial purpose. In 1856 I had taken strongly to amateur photography, having also had additional lessons to work it stereoscopically, and I had had extreme enjoyment in taking not only all the views about our own place, but also of Mrs. Hyde's and Charles's, for at that time they both had pretty houses and extensive grounds within a quarter of an hour's walk of ours, and the collection of slides I made in those two or three years are truly valuable to me now. But it was an expensive plaything, and when I had gone the round of all I cared for, the unused remainder of chemicals, &c., dried away in their bottles, and when we left the old home the camera and apparatus were sold off for a trifle.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* for December, 1862, appeared the following, as narrated by W. H. Gardner, of Boston :—

“Mr. W. H. Mumler, an amateur photographer and practical chemist, of Boston, was engaged on Sunday, October 5,

at the photograph gallery of Mrs. Stuart, at No. 258, Washington Street, in adjusting the chemicals which had become disarranged. Having prepared a plate, and placed a chair near the focus of the camera, by which to adjust it, he proceeded to take his own photograph, card size, by quickly jumping into position and standing still the required time. The picture—a copy of which we have seen—represents Mr. Mumler as an active, rather athletic-looking man, standing with his coat off, and the black cloth used to cover the camera in his hand. Upon the back of this card appears the following statement: 'This photograph was taken of myself, by myself, on Sunday, when there was not a living soul in the room beside me—so to speak. The form on my right I recognise as my cousin, who passed away about twelve years since. W. H. Mumler.'

"The form referred to is that of a young girl apparently sitting in a chair, which appeared on developing the picture; greatly to the surprise of the artist. The outline of the upper portion of the body is clearly defined, though dim and shadowy. The chair is distinctly seen through the body and arms, also the table upon which one arm rests. Below the waist, the form (which is apparently clothed in a dress with low neck and short sleeves) fades away into a dim mist, which simply clouds the lower part of the picture. Mr. Mumler affirms that this form bears a likeness to a spirit cousin, and its appearance was equally unexpected and startling to the artist, who was not a believer in Spiritualism, though perhaps somewhat interested, and had no reason to suppose himself a medium."

Such a startling novelty was met even among most of my Spiritualist friends with a smile of incredulity, but I then told them of the prophetic promises to myself nearly two years previously, and declared that therefore I *did* believe in them, and we wrote to Mr. Pitman for a packet of three of the reproductions when they were afterwards obtainable in England.

But to return to that Sunday evening, for in the course of it the spirit photography was spoken about, and I

alluded to my distant hopes on the subject, when Mr. Tiffin said that he, too, had been a dabbler in photography, and he thought (although it was some time since he had worked) that all his apparatus and chemicals were in a fair state, and he had a small conservatory that would answer as a glass-house, if I would go over for us to make the experiment; to which I agreed very willingly, and made the appointment for the next day. To my great surprise Mamma objected very strongly when I told her about it on my return home, but I said that as I had made the promise, I *must* go for that once, but that there it should end. I accordingly went, but the chemicals were not in good condition, and the result was almost a failure: as a photograph it was neither a negative nor a positive, but there undoubtedly are shadowy glimmerings of faces, but so *very* shadowy and indistinct that it was never worth shewing to people, who would only have ridiculed me for my imagination (!) in thinking I could see even the ghost of a ghost. But I have taken care of it, and it has had an additional value for me since the very long-ago prophecies have been fulfilled.

In the August of that year Mr. and Mrs. Spear commenced their weekly receptions on the Wednesday evenings, which they have ever since continued when in England, and I have seldom failed to be with them. I think the first was the one of which I am now going to write, August 17. It was a largish circle, of which Mrs. Puget was one. We received directions, by the tipplings of the table, to read the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel; and when we had done so, Mr. Spear asked who had given the message, and the answer was, "Stephen." Mr. Spear was then influenced to speak for some little time, gently approaching me, and extending his hand. I rose, and all at once felt (and yet not losing my own identity) as if I were St. Stephen, and looking upwards, said, "I see the Heavens open, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of the Majesty on High;" and I seemed to feel a fulness of bliss and glory, as if I really beheld it all revealed to me. Suddenly, even as I

spoke, I was stricken to the ground, *stoned*; but I arose as easily as I fell; and then, as Stephen's glorified spirit, with my arms crossed upon my breast, gave thanks to The Lord for having been permitted to be the first martyr in His Holy Cause.

It was to me a most marvellous manifestation, and I shall never forget my sensations:—the easy way in which I fell, not as if I touched the ground, but the softest, most elastic bed, and then the joyous up-springing, with the feeling, if I may so express it, of a glorious humility that words are powerless to interpret.

This experience has made me understand what has since been taught me by the spirits, that in *real* martyrdom there is no pain. He who thus gives himself entirely, without selfish alloy, to God is protected from feeling the earthly tortures, whatever may be their nature. I fell without a touch to my consciousness; so it was with Stephen; the stones did kill his mortal body, but he felt them not; he only recognised that his spirit was set free.

On the following Sunday evening, when I was going to draw, instead of proceeding to the next page of my book as I expected, what seemed an indefinite number of pages were turned over, and upon the one thus selected St. Stephen did a drawing illustrating the circumstances, and to the interpretation on the opposite leaf appended two signatures—one was Stephen stoned, and the other Stephen crowned.

I had but just begun to do those drawings in a book; they had previously only been done on loose sheets of paper (which, however, I have since gummed into another book), and this was commenced by Adam and Eve, succeeded by many of those mentioned in the Old Testament; and when afterwards Jonah was the last of those, I found that Stephen's drawing was on the next page, thus beginning those of the New Testament.

Mamma and I used to have our *séance* immediately after my return from church, after which one of those wonderful pen-and-ink symbolisms was executed, which are as great a marvel in their way as any other of the works I have been

aided to do ; even now when I look upon them they strike me with as much freshness and charm as when they were first done : some of the interpretations are also very interesting ; one of which I will here introduce.

"I, David, have first intended, in the drawing on the opposite page, to represent the power of the Lord in using so simple an instrument as a sling in a boy's hand to destroy the enemy of His people. He who is mighty to save will ever assist His faithful followers in their combats with all evil influences. To Him alone must all apply for help ; but when that help is graciously vouchsafed, it must not be refused and cast aside because it does not come in the expected form. What is man, or the son of man, that he should lay down laws to the Almighty ? He, the Lord, has granted to the world in the present day the boon of communion with spirits, angels, and archangels. May mankind learn that as the stone in the sling was the first apparent step towards seating me upon the throne to reign over His people, so spirit-communion, even through the rapping of tables, may, in the Lord's Hand, lead to the regeneration of the world.

"DAVID, King and Psalmist."

"September 25, 1864.

It was chiefly for the purpose of taking them to the weekly meetings at the Spears' that I began to do them in a book, so that there was always a fresh drawing to add to the interest. One done by Elijah, typifying the Widow's Cruse of Oil, was especially exquisite.

On the following Wednesday, August 24, we were but a small party, and Mrs. Puget suggested placing her hand on mine to see if it would influence the character of the drawing (her mediumship was for beautiful little faces) ; but a spirit-flower was done, the form of which I seemed to recognise although I could not recall whose it was ; and, when finished, it was signed, "Bartholomew—for Mr. Spear." I then remembered it was the flower of St. Bartholomew, in the upper right-hand corner of the large drawing (one of those in my exhibition) of the "Flowers of the Twelve Apostles." The next evening, while settling my accounts,

I happened to look in the almanac part and found that August 24 was St. Bartholomew's Day !

Mrs. Puget's drawing mediumship was of a peculiar character, and came to her at a time of deep trial. I do not remember the exact details, but I know she had lost a beloved daughter in the prime of youth and beauty, whom she mourned with such incessant weeping that her eyesight became affected. One day, looking accidentally on a sheet of blank paper, she saw upon it a lovely little face, just like a photograph, which gradually disappeared : then another became visible on another part of the sheet, and they arrested her attention so much that she thought she should like to try to catch the fleeting image, which she did with a piece of burnt cork, thinking that a piece of pencil would be too trying for her sight, and thus the effect produced was very soft. This occupation aroused her from the kind of stupor of despair into which she had fallen, and the faces in various positions presented themselves whenever she sat down to the work, and her eyesight, as well as her whole being, became restored to a more healthy state. She had to work rapidly, for the faces soon faded, thus calling forth all her energy. I do not know how long the gift had been hers when I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, but she brought some specimens of those interesting groups to shew us, on each of which there were several faces.

Besides the book for the drawings, I have one for the signatures of the spirits, one end being appropriated to the denizens of the spheres, and the other to the higher spirits. I had been reading with great interest a book, which is now in the library of the B.N.A.S., Great Russell Street—entitled "A Noble Purpose Nobly Won." It is a narrative of Joan of Arc, and gives the whole details, in the original French and in her own words during her trial, of the marvellous manifestations she received, and is as perfect an evidence of mediumship as any we know of in the present day. I enquired whether she would come on Sunday evening to sign her name through my hand in my book, and was told she would. Mrs. Hills was then making some

stay with us, and had gone downstairs while Mamma went through her ablutions, as she was then confined to her bed with a cold, and when all was re-arranged I sent word to her to return. Presently there came three loud, distinct raps on the door. I said, "Come in," but finding my invitation unheeded, I opened the door, and found no one there. "I thought it was Kate," observed I, and Mamma's rejoinder, "Perhaps it was a spirit," surprised me very much, for as I *never* had yet had a spirit-rap through my own mediumship, no such idea had struck me. I then mentally enquired who it *could* be, thinking first of a cousin who had not long passed away, and whose life had not been exactly what was desirable, and therefore he might need to ask for permission to enter: but no, it was not he; and after two or three more negatives, I thought of the Maid of Orleans; and, in addition to the Yes, I was told that she had had to knock for admission because she had fought against the armies of England, and therefore might be considered a foe. At night I got out my book, wondering in which of the many ways she would write her name, which she did as "*Jeanne la Pucelle*;" but instead of following it up, according to the usual course, with the name of the month and then the figure, she made a small dot, then at a little distance another, after which she began A, as I thought for April, in lieu of which she wrote Avril; and having thus made me understand what was intended, was able to lead back my hand to write Le 3, adding the 1864 below.

In the course of that year, other archangels came to draw through me and to influence me in various ways. Each band was of seven, giving their names and the interpretations in the same manner as the first had done, also teaching me the proper pronunciation of each, by my trying different methods until I had the right one. But for the Archangel Stortyra, the meaning puzzled me very much, for it was written, "*The Movon*." I expostulated, saying there was no such word, when Gabriel came to the rescue, and translated it as "*The Progress-impeller*," and I found that he had intended to make one word of "*Move-on*;" but they often

give me to understand how inadequate language is to express all their significance. They did not work in any due order of rotation, but after a fresh band had done a drawing, would perhaps go back to the first, and so on, until I found that there were no new ones, but that the number was complete; ten bands of seven, and in that I see a conformity to the number (seventy) of the disciples sent forth to preach by Our Lord.

I used to speak of them as the first set, the second set, and so on, sometimes apologizing, and hoping they did not consider me rude; but once, to my great surprise, in the interpretation they were giving of a drawing, they wrote that the same subject would be treated by another *sept* of arch-angels; and I thus found that I had been right in my pronunciation of the word, although I had not understood its real appropriateness. All the seventy had thus come to me by the November of 1864; and they *only* it is who now counsel me and guide my hand in the execution of my drawings. They have clearly and distinctly taught me that they have never been mortal, but have been a separate creation, and higher in the chain than man, spirit, or even angel; therefore their power is also greater. Of this I must give a marvellous instance, of which I once spoke publicly in the Gower Street Rooms—I am not quite sure of the date, but I believe it to have been in 1864.

I have already mentioned that Mamma was a great invalid, needing every possible care, and there was always some arrowroot prepared, so that I might give it to her when she awoke in the night. It used to be put over a night-lamp, and when I went up to bed, I sweetened it, and lighted the lamp, so that it should be ready at any moment.

The summer was intensely hot, and one night, to my dismay, when I went upstairs, I found that the arrowroot was curdled. I then went down to the kitchen, to see if I could find some milk; there was some, but, alas! that also was curdled; so that when Mamma awoke I had to tell her the melancholy state of things; but she very contentedly took some water instead. I thought it was merely a fortuitous

circumstance, as it had never happened before ; but on the next night it was the same, and then I appealed to my invisible friends, and asked if they could help me, and they said they would try. *We* (they guiding my hand, and, of course, shedding influence through it) then stirred the arrowroot gently round with the spoon for about half an hour, until it gradually returned to the state and flavour as if made of new milk ! So far I was happy, but anyone who knows aught of culinary matters must be aware that if milk is at all on (what is called) the turn, putting it on the fire will cause it to curdle immediately ; therefore, although it was all right then, I did not know how it might be after remaining a couple of hours over the lamp ; but to my joy, when Mamma awoke it was as fresh and sweet as ever, and she took it without knowing the wonderful and renovating process it had gone through, which I deferred telling her till the next day. Again and again that same miracle (for such it undoubtedly was) was repeated, but I am sorry to say that I kept no account of the number of times.

I wish to explain, as clearly as I can, what I mean by being under the guidance (*not* control) of the ten septs of archangels, for I do not in the very slightest degree shift off the responsibility of my own life, which persons seem to think when I say that I am spiritually guided, and I have absolutely been seriously asked whether I would do anything that I knew to be positively wrong if they were to tell me to do it, and other questions equally absurd.

When first I became a spiritualist and a medium, I should not have thought of such a thing as asking advice from my spirit friends, being chiefly my own relatives, and others of whom I perhaps knew less ; and although their knowledge, from their changed conditions, might be beyond that of earth, yet I could not expect them to be infallible ; and, therefore, any counsel given would have to pass through the crucible of my own judgment, to be accepted or rejected as that might decide ; for I am of a somewhat positive nature, and if I have made up my mind that a thing is *right*, I am not easily to be turned. But still there are many occasions

when there is no question of right, only what may be advisable, without much caring either one way or the other ; and gradually, when I had grown into constant intercourse with these higher influences around me, I would consult them as to trivialities, or what might seem such, and I then found how wonderful was their wisdom even as to the most minute details of *any* subject ; thus from small questions it grew into the large ones. But that advice was not given until I had myself considered the matter in all its bearings, and then, if when I said, Shall I do so-and-so? the answer was No, my mind would be quite at rest on the subject. Often I have been told to wait—that the time was not come for me to receive a decision ; and that has been rather a trial to me, for I like to decide quickly, and have done with a question ; but I have learned to see how often in our own impatience we cause our troubles, for in many cases a little delay has cleared away a difficulty against which we might have hurt ourselves in running headlong. If an instantaneous answer is needed, it never fails me, and any amount of after-thinking only serves the more completely to convince me how judicious has been the counsel, and how deeply grateful I ought to be to Him Who has surrounded me with agents capable of ministering to all the needs of my now apparently lonely life.

The phrase *passively active*, which I met with in the "Life of Madame Guyon," charmed me so much, as exactly expressive of my own feelings on this parallel subject, that I made copious extracts before returning the book to the friend who had lent it to me ; some portion of which I will here copy, taken from a conversation between Madame Guyon and Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

"BOSSUET.—You sometimes describe what you consider the highest state of religious experience as a state of *passivity* ; and at other times, I believe, speak of it as *passively active*. I confess, Madame, that I am afraid of expressions which I do not fully understand, and which have the appearance at least of being somewhat at variance with man's moral agency and accountability.

"MADAME GUYON.—In the early periods of man's religious experience he is in what may be called a *mixed life*; sometimes acting from God, but more frequently, until he has made considerable advancement, acting from himself. His inward movement, until it becomes corrected by divine grace, is self-originated, and is characterized by that perversion which belongs to everything coming from that source. But when the soul, in the possession of pure or perfect love, is fully converted and everything in it is subordinated to God, then its state is always either passive or passively active. But I am willing to concede, which will perhaps meet your objection, that there are some reasons for preferring the term *passively active*; because the sanctified soul, although it has no longer a will of its own, is never strictly inert. Under all circumstances, and in all cases, there is really a distinct act on the part of the soul—namely, an act of *co-operation with God*, although, in some cases, it is a simple *co-operation* with what *now is*, and constitutes the religious state of submissive acquiescence and patience, while in others it is a co-operation with reference to what *is to be*, and implies future results, and consequently is a state of movement and performance.

"BOSSUET.—I think, Madame, I understand you. There is a distinction undoubtedly in the two classes of cases which you have just mentioned, but as the term *passively active* will apply to both of them, I think it is to be preferred. You use this complex term, I suppose, because there are two distinct acts or operations to be expressed—namely, the act of preparatory or *prevenient* grace on the part of God, and the co-operative act on the part of the creature, the soul being passive or merely perceptive in the former; and active, although always in accordance with *the divine leading, in the other*."

I must here allude slightly to the method by which I receive inspirationally the interpretations of my drawings, so as to explain something of what has thus been taught me.

When the time comes for me to receive the interpretation, I place the drawing before me, and then, as far as possible,

empty my mind of all thought, except an uplifting of my soul in prayer to God that He will so imbue me with His spirit that His messengers may enable me to understand the truths they have embodied in form and colour. After a time the words gradually float into my mind, and are then written through my hand. Of course, for this I require to be quite undisturbed, and I must also be in a placid and peaceful state, so that nothing earthly may jar against the higher life.

This inspirational writing has enabled me to understand in some degree that of the Scriptures, and to know that in them there must be different phases, especially from the very words used by St. Paul; for in one instance he says—"I speak as a man;" and in another, "I speak by permission." When I am writing a letter, I may perhaps go simply and quietly on—*then I speak as a man*: at another time, especially if I am asked for advice or counsel, I ask about it as I go along—*then I speak by permission*: while at other times, such as the interpretations, it is pure inspiration, with myself got rid of as much as possible. And such I conceive to be the case with the Epistles, although the fact is only once mentioned, but it must have been a known and understood thing among those to whom the Epistles were addressed.

There is yet another point upon which I think that my own experience may throw a little light. The interpretation is written. After it has been read to others it is perhaps copied into the book, but in the reading it may turn out that the listening mind may not have grasped all that was intended to be conveyed, so that it may be found advisable to add somewhat more. So it must have been with those writings, which must have been copied and re-copied many times even by the original writer, to send to different friends, and additions may have been made as seemed suitable: so that all the copies might not have been equally full, and yet the fuller ones have only been added to by the inspired writer himself.

I want here to enter upon a subject that is much discussed

by persons when first they hear of Spiritualism, and which many Spiritualists dispose of in a most summary manner, at once denying the existence of a personal devil, and almost ridiculing the benighted state of any one who can hold such a belief, grounding their own non-belief on the assertions of those spirits who tell them that *they have not seen any devil, and that therefore there cannot be one*. Now, I look upon that reasoning, if such it can be called, as utterly fallacious, for undoubtedly even those very wide-awake spirits can have but an exceedingly limited vision of the beings around them, for (to give the experience that everyone has had who has at all been present at séances) even the spirits who communicate with us tell us that they cannot see the others who are also attending the circle, unless there is some kind of rapport established; and this is one of God's blessings—for could their vision grasp all that might thus be within their sight, the millions of beings that would then meet their eyes would so overpower them, that one can well fancy they might be impelled to pray for blindness to conceal from them both the over-deformity and the over-radiance.

There must be myriads of beings who have never trod this earth in human form; and among them even our unaided reasoning powers may conceive that there may be some who prefer darkness to light; while Scripture teaches us that there are the "angels who kept not their first estate;" and such go by the generic name of devils, among whom there may be different grades of power and malignity. Such a belief by no means signifies that *the devil* is an evil being with a power almost co-equal with that of God, as so many would infer (and, indeed, by their conversation some would lead you to suppose that they consider him rather the *more* powerful), but that they are spirits of evil tendencies; and in the same manner that the angels would strive to lead us to an upward course, *they* would tempt us into wickedness; and the more we should yield to them, the closer would become our affinity with them. But such temptations are by no means a proof of the power of the devils, for they can do nothing to us against our will. If we resist their

insidious whispers, they can neither affect our actions nor our lives; but if we give way to them, *ours* is the weakness, and we degrade *ourselves*: the devils are therein blameless; for if we girded ourselves with truth and the armour of light, no evil thing, whether devil or uncleansed spirit, either in or out of the body, could see into our souls so as to tempt us. But every *resisted* temptation strengthens us to bear the next attack, and thus by little and little we may overcome the adversary, and become fitted for converse with the pure and the good.

I must here make an extract from "The Debatable Land," by Robert Dale Owen, in order that I may afterwards give a parallel experience of my own; but I must premise that my view does not exactly tally with his.

Page 150.—"Somnambulism, as I shall have occasion to shew by-and-by, is allied to mediumship, and is governed in a measure by the same laws. Among these laws we find, by experience, the rule that a dogmatic frame of mind imbued with false doctrine, whether orthodox or sceptical, tends to produce abnormality in the ideas received or communications obtained. Here is an example which I translate from an accredited work on Animal Magnetism, by M. Lamy-Sénart, a pupil of the Marquis de Puységur, the first observer of somnambulism:—

"A patient who had become, under my care, a lucid somnambule, was, with my permission, magnetised by another person, who readily cast her into a magnetic sleep. But this magnetiser believed in the devil and his influence, and he could not help thinking of this every time he magnetised. The first day the patient was restless in her sleep; the second she saw a black man; the third, two presented themselves, with horns; the fourth, they used threatening expressions to her. On the fifth day it was still worse; they seemed to sit beside her. She rose, terrified and screaming, thinking they had assaulted her; rushed out of the room, and into the court-yard, followed by her magnetiser, who succeeded at last in awaking her. She suffered

cruelly, complained of a great weight on her breast, her respiration was difficult, and she passed a frightful night."

Now, for my small experience. As I have already stated, I never received any communication from spirits who could not comply with the test given by St. John; but one day, while in mental converse with the invisible world, I found that a spirit was present whom I was told, and whom I firmly believe, *was* a devil; and I went on for some time with a gentle preachment to the said devil, suggesting that if he would look to God and seek for Light, there might doubtless be hope even for him; and I had no sort of question in my own mind, but that I was doing a very good and praiseworthy work in urging my views upon him, and when I had (mentally) said out my say, I thought no more about it. But as the day wore on, I gradually felt an extreme oppression and weight upon my chest, so that I could scarcely draw my breath; even then I had no glimmering of the cause, but as I became worse and worse, I asked my guardian friends if I had an attack of illness coming on, and was then told that it was the consequence of my parleying with that evil spirit, who had thus been enabled to cling to me; but after deep and earnest prayer to Him Who while upon earth cast forth the devils, the incubus was suddenly removed, and the lesson was learned once for always.

Some time in December, 1866, we had a communication from Papa, which I wrote at the time to Mrs. Spear; but having kept no record, I asked her for it, and she sent me a copy.

"Mamma asked the other day if Papa could see the archangels while mesmerising through me. He said not, but he could sometimes see the different influences as poured in upon her through my hands. One he described as a lovely violet stream in steady flow, another as a shower of golden sparks; and Mamma thought that must be the description of Gabriel's influence, when that prickly sensation is experienced by myself, and sometimes by the patient. Another day he saw a tender roseate stream ('celestial rosy

red, Love's proper hue, in which I fain would ever see thee bathed'), and then a deep crimson one; but he says he cannot always see them—it is only as a privilege when he does."

The prickling sensation there mentioned has been frequently felt in my own hand while mesmerising; and without my speaking of it, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Spear, and one or two others, have almost immediately described the same feeling in the part that was being mesmerised. They would both recognise it at once, and know that it was Gabriel who was operating. This description was brought forcibly to my recollection when I went, some time since, to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace, which concluded with a broad stream of golden sparks from a kind of rail, and looked as if it might be golden falls of Niagara, and I pictured to myself a delicate stream of the same as issuing from each of my fingers, having emanated from Gabriel.

There is another sensation which seems peculiar to myself, for I have asked several mesmerists if they have experienced it, and I have not yet met with anyone who has. I have occasionally, while mesmerising, felt as if I were a stringed instrument, and as if every fibre in my body were vibrating under a delicate touch; and at each movement of my hand to make the passes, it seems as if I could *feel* a stream of melody, although I do not hear it. At other times I have the same sensation by merely passing my fingers backwards and forwards along my lips, but at such times I have been impelled to do it almost without being aware—it does *not* come by my own seeking. The archangels tell me that I am then really feeling the "music of the spheres," but that my spiritual ear is not yet opened for me to enjoy the full rapture of it.

One evening at Mr. Spear's, I was gently stroking his hand downwards to the fingers, being at the same time aware *which* of the sixth sept (who were then doing a drawing with me) it was who was mesmerising him. After a short time he said, "Do you know what you are doing to me?—you are putting me in tune." Gazony the *Harmonious*

was the unseen mesmeriser. On another occasion, in 1869, Mrs. Tebb made word for word the same observation while I was mesmerising her, and the same sept were then assisting me in doing the "Blossom from a Spirit Home."

I have never been able to learn by rote the names of the Archangels in their due orders and septs, and when I have asked if they minded, they have said that they did not wish me to do it, so I suppose that has been the reason for my stupidity. One Sunday, when the lesson read in church was that wherein Abraham was prepared to sacrifice Isaac at the command of the Lord, I enquired if the angel who stayed his hand was one of those appointed to take charge of me, and having been answered in the affirmative, I further endeavoured to ascertain the individual;—by counting I learned that it was one of the tenth sept, and then that it was the last of the seven. On my return home I looked for the name, and found that it was Zarel the Watchful. What a fulness and power there is in that attribute! He watched for the raising of Abraham's hand to slay his son, and at the very moment the help came! We may all trust implicitly that God will not leave us unwatched and unaided in the trials of our lives, but will thus send His ministers to care for us even in the hour of direst extremity, if, like Abraham, we are seeking only to do His Will, regardless of what apparent suffering it may entail upon ourselves. In the present day, and in the modern circumstances of life, there could be no parallel case, but we *may* compare our small trials with his grand one, and recognise that in both the appointing thereof has come from the Hand of The Lord.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the 2nd of December Mr. Tiffin and Mr. Spear brought Dr. Ashburner and Dr. Elliotson to see my drawings, both of whom were intensely interested with what they saw and heard, entering fully into the religious teaching as well as the artistic beauty, and Dr. Elliotson (whose magnificent eyes I can never forget) told me himself of the long quarrel he had had with his old friend Dr. Ashburner for being so credulous as to believe in Spiritualism. It is one of those curious cases of a person who has himself been made a kind of martyr taking his turn to trample upon a newer faith. Dr. Elliotson, in accepting all the wonders of mesmerism, raised a hornet's nest against himself in the shape of the medical profession, and also lost a very large and lucrative portion of his connexion ; but he went bravely on, because he knew that he was upholding a truth. But he learned nothing from it of a hereafter, which was to him just a myth, so that he scoffed at any notion of higher light, and had a bitter quarrel with the friend who would have helped him to the knowledge of it. How the truth did reach him he did not say, but—he became a Spiritualist, and through Spiritualism a Christian, so that he who had scorned religion had no greater happiness during the latter part of his life than to read his Bible. His first step, when he had discovered his great mistake, was to go to Dr. Ashburner and plead humbly for pardon, and when I saw them he was still in the daily habit of paying a visit to Dr. Ashburner to be assured of his forgiveness, and that they might converse together of each new wondrous fact as they learned it.

At the end of 1864, Mrs. Spear came to stay with us, while Mr. Spear went to Birmingham and other places in the North. On the 27th of December I asked if she could see in the crystal, but she had never tried, so I got out

mine, which had been given to me by Mr. Varley. After she had looked into it for some little time, I enquired if she saw anything, and the answer was,—“Yes, I see an old gentleman sitting in an armchair, with his elbows on the arms of the chair, holding up a handkerchief by the two corners.” (I recognised immediately that it was Papa, for he had a propensity for warming his handkerchief in that way). “It is a silk handkerchief, for the middle is light, with a dark border. Now I see the same old gentleman lying on a bed, he lies on his left side.” (He laid always rather on his left side, from its being the socket-bone of the *right* hip-joint that was broken.) I then asked if he were alone, or whether others were with him. “It is full of shadowy figures, but his is the only one that is distinct.” (The spirits who surrounded him of his sons and daughters, remaining there continually during the latter part of his life.) “His left hand is extended: now I see a bird pass away from that left hand;” (emblematic of the passing away of the spirit). “Now I see a board brought up to the side of the bed;” (the board upon which he was laid out); “now that board changes to the ground, upon which are tufts of grass;” (she had never seen an English grave); “now I see three women in dark garments turn away towards the right from the tufts of grass.” (My two sisters and myself turning away from the grave.)

It was altogether the most complete and consecutive vision imaginable, for it was Papa in health, in illness, his death, laying out, and funeral, and she had known nothing of him personally, for they had not come to England until after his death.

The next vision, although not so long, was equally clear. She saw a gentleman sitting by a cradle, within which, besides the infant's head, she seemed to see another head beyond. She then described his manner of rising from his chair, which was peculiar. We had a good many photographs hanging in the room, and I asked her to look round and see if she recognised his likeness in any of them. “Oh! yes, that is it,” said she, pointing to that of Neville

Warren, who I knew it must be, for, by Zilla's death, he was left as it were to watch by the baby Philie, and it must have been Zilla herself of whom she caught a glimpse beyond the infant's head.

On New Year's Day, 1865, which fell on a Sunday, she had a (crystal) vision of me, in a green dress, and the words came to her, "In a month's time." Of course I looked anxiously forward to the expiration of the month, wondering of what it could be the prediction, but thinking it might perhaps be the gift of spiritual sight for myself, but I did not mention it to Mamma lest she should be fidgety. On Saturday, the 28th, just as we were starting for a drive, I saw a cab approach our door as we were leaving it, and at the first moment I thought it might be some one coming to see the drawings, but looking back, I saw it draw up to No. 6, and congratulated myself that I had been mistaken, and that it was no one for me, for I could not have stayed at home for any one, as Mamma was always my chief consideration, yet I should have been vexed to cause disappointment. However, on our return I found Mr. William Arbuthnot had called with a letter of introduction from Mr. Coleman, and had left a note asking me to appoint a day for his visit, with an address in town to which I was to write. I wished to fix the earliest day, Monday, but my spirit friends said Tuesday (the 31st), so on that day he came, but if I had had only my own ideas to guide me, I might have wondered at his non-arrival, for he was out of town at his father's, and did not come back till Tuesday morning, when he found my letter awaiting him. He was delighted with the drawings, and wanted some done for himself, thus giving me my first professional commission and thereby fulfilling the vision. The colour of my dress, green, signifies *earthly hopes*; and in both ways the *time* was defined, for the Saturday's visit was *one day within* the month by weeks, and that of Tuesday was *one day within* the month by date.

After that time I always took my crystal with me to Mrs. Spear's, when, if we were alone, she would look into it, and often have interesting visions, which I am sorry to

say I did not record, and Zadie (six years old) also developed the same gift, but for him it was necessary to be very quiet, as any talking around disturbed his power of vision, but he would sit under the table, so as to be in darkness and stillness, coming out to tell me what he had seen, then again retreating to his covert.

There was frequently pencil drawing, or writing going on, and on one occasion, Mr. Joseph Chapman, of Huddersfield, was there, and was impelled to write. Then with considerable force a name was written reversed, so that to read it, we had to hold it up to the lamp and look through it. The name was Cromwell, which was a curious test of identity, for the crystal was on the table, not being used, and I have already mentioned that it had been given to me by Mr. Cromwell Varley, who is a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, and while Mr. Varley had the crystal, it used to stand on the mantel-piece in his dining-room, opposite the large engraving of "Cromwell refusing the Crown," so that the crystal would be a strong link to bring him.

My habit was to carry one of Perry's lead pencils in my pocket, which I used to hand to Mrs. Spear, and ordinarily she would at once begin drawing with it, but one evening she said, "How long have you had this pencil? for it will not do anything; there seems to be no *you* in it." There was a discovery! I had only put the new pencil into my pocket just before leaving home, having had a visitor in the afternoon whose development I had helped, and in such cases I often had to give away the pencil I had in personal use, as being a most efficient aid to future progress, so that I really had to lay in quite a stock to make sure of not being left without one for my own purposes.

Those Albany Street gatherings, whether large or small, were always interesting, and I there had the pleasure of making acquaintance with many of the most energetic workers in Spiritualism, those who had borne the brunt of the battle from the beginning; never having been daunted by the unpopularity of the cause they had espoused, nor by the ridicule to which it had subjected them; each having

some striking fact of their own experience to contribute to the general store of knowledge. One of Mr. Spear's own, I narrated in a letter to the *Spiritual Times*, but it was not inserted in consequence of his having himself sent an article on his Nottingham journey, which was already in type, but being eminently characteristic, I here subjoin it :—

“To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

“SIR—Our reverend friend, Mr. Spear, has been in the course of this past week at Nottingham, and as he told me yesterday evening a few particulars relative to his going, I have thought they might be instructive to your readers, as evincing the Guardian Care hedging round the Lord's servants.

“On his journey to Darlington this summer to attend the Spiritual convention, he felt, on passing Nottingham, a strong conviction that he must go there to fulfil some work ; and since his return to London, the feeling has again and again been impressed upon his mind ; and you may perhaps remember that he enquired of you whether you could make him acquainted with any spiritualist of Nottingham with whom he could communicate, and upon your mentioning Mr. Smith's name he entered into a correspondence with him. From him he heard of a band of spiritualists, mostly of very limited means, who certainly would be glad to welcome him among them, and there was also some proposition as to paying his expenses ; but Mr. Spear said that his was offered service, and that it could not be made a money transaction. Mr. Spear made many enquiries as to route, and ascertained the amount of the fare on the most economical terms. While the affair was still unsettled, a lady called upon him in Albany Street, and in the course of conversation he mentioned that he had some thoughts of going to Nottingham ; and after a while she said she was impressed with the feeling that she must pay his fare down. They continued talking, she with her purse in her hand, and before she left she took from it

in gold and silver, the *exact sum* necessary for his fare, no mention of the amount having been alluded to in the conversation. Of course this seemed to him a decisive opening of the way for his expedition, and when he afterwards received Mr. Smith's invitation to go, and to remain at his house during his stay in the town, he started off the next morning (Saturday). He was powerfully impressed that he should have to expound the 10th chapter of St. Matthew; and when he was introduced to the small congregation whom he went to visit, he was informed that they were going through St. Matthew's gospel, and that for that day's exposition the 10th chapter was the one which in due course would have to be considered. He made the acquaintance of a Swedenborgian minister in the course of the same day, and he also had been impressed to take the 10th chapter of St. Matthew as the subject of his discourse for that day.

"I must also add that Mr. Spear had had a summons at the same time to another part of the country, to a gentleman who would have well remunerated him for his attendance, but he could not give up what he knew to be a call from Above for the consideration of money, although you know as well as myself that it is not very plentiful with him, but he trusts unswervingly to the Giver of all good for a supply of the daily necessities of life.

"I must still add a few words to your readers, and to spiritualists generally. Occurrences of a somewhat similar character must be ever arising among us, and if the recipients of God's loving guidance would sketch them forth, and forward them to you for insertion, your paper might more truly represent the events of Spiritualism in their daily and weekly course.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

"November 16th, 1865."

I must confess that I enjoyed those evenings most when there were no other visitors, for we seemed then to rise into

a higher life, and some of Mr. Spear's trance utterances and visions were peculiarly full of a kind of simple depth : one of which I recorded, entitled

"The Defence of the New Jerusalem."

Mr. Spear, while holding my hand, went into a sort of reverie or trance, and on coming out of it said :—"I have been seeing the New Jerusalem, and learning how it is guarded and defended. I saw many men, who, in the same manner that soldiers shoulder their guns, were holding quills, into which the Spirit was being poured until they were completely filled, even the feather part seeming quite saturated with it. They then wrote with the pens upon parchments, without ink, the Spirit being all-sufficient. These parchments, when filled with writing, were thrown over the walls, among the enemy, who seized upon them, and their interest and curiosity were so awakened that they began to read instead of attacking the city. Other men there were, pure and simple ones, who stood upon the walls, and when the enemy fired upon them, either the balls flew wide of the mark, and missed them altogether, or they went right through them without inflicting any injury."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Spear used to see and describe my dear little baby sisters, differing in their appearance as in their natures, Mary Anne meek and sweet ; Georgiana Rosalia, dauntless and fiery ; curly-headed darlings, and both looking (as has been told me over and over again, not only through my own mediumship, but that of many others), about three years of age.

And this is a subject upon which I have had many a discussion ; for some spiritualists, who think they know *everything* about the other world, assert that all children grow up to manhood and womanhood, attaining a *certain* age, towards which all aged persons must return, so that, according to that decision, they are all to be brought to one monotonous level ; which must be rather hard upon those with the strong feeling of mother-love in their souls, which would languish for want of the sweet cherubs upon whom to pour it forth. So also would there be an aching void in

those natures who love to look up to the venerable and venerated ones. I cannot say that I should wish to find Papa and Mamma so rejuvenated that they might look like a younger brother and sister :—for there is a grandeur and beauty in age far transcending youthful bloom, when their souls have been growing to perfection as the years rolled on ; and those graces the glorified ones will retain, although the mortal infirmities will have dropped off, and they will present a thrilling combination of majestic age and youth that we cannot figure to ourselves. Then, as to the children, some *do* grow up, but some, like my precious pair, still retain the child-like form and especial innocence, while at the same time they gather stores of the highest knowledge, albeit not of the book-worm class, and their heavenly home is in the Father's presence, among the archangelic throng. Those who are admitted to such high privileges are the infants of parents whose lives have been *perfectly pure, without stain whatever*, they who, in Scripture parlance, are termed *virgins* ; and I am indeed grateful that my sweet sisters should, after all those years of far-away bliss, have been permitted to come to me and cheer me with their love. They are the tenderest little darlings ; their signal is a balmy kiss on my left hand, and the caressing announcement comes to me very frequently.

Two sweet little messages from them often recur to my mind, which I cannot be contented not to insert. Although *I* might be satisfied with those séances where no messages were given, living as I do as much on the other side as on this, Mamma did not find it so satisfactory that there should only be mesmeric action to pour out power from my celestial friends upon the whole world, so as to assist *everywhere* in the spiritual growth ; and one evening she seemed a little impatient about it, and wanted something personal given to us ; and the Babies, as we always termed them, said, "*May* we tell Mamma that she should not ask for manifestations that are not offered." The meek little way in which they ventured to reprove their mother was very charming,

and quite satisfied her for that evening and for many others in the manifestation line. On a later occasion, after we had had a wonderful séance, when we heard the delicate music of a spiritual harp, of which the account will come in its course, the Babies on the next Sunday said how much they wished Mamma could hear *them* play, for they could perform very well, quite as well as Môtée; and Mamma playfully accused them of being conceited. But they replied. "No, we are not, because we *know*, and there is no more *trueness* in putting oneself *below* one's level than above it: we say so because we do know."

In July, 1865, I began a drawing for Mrs. Honywood in exchange for one she was to execute for me. It was a monogram in colours, thus commencing as it were a new class of work. The significance of these monograms has been gradually much more fully developed, but even in the interpretation of that earliest one, many details of her character and life were given of which she realized the full truth. I afterwards made the same arrangement and exchange with a young friend of hers whom I had developed for spirit drawing, both in pencil and colours, and I warmly value their pictures which I have the pleasure of possessing, as well as others since done for me by my spiritual-artist friends.

All artists who had seen my drawings had said I ought to exhibit; so indeed did most of my visitors, but I had always a feeling that they could not be understood, so the thought had never rested in my mind; but when I had done the monograms of Mrs. Honywood and her friend, it struck me that perhaps monograms might be available for the purpose, so I made the suggestion to my invisible friends, who then did the monograms of the Queen and Prince Albert, the whole seventy working on each of the drawings, which took some months of close labour; and my hope was to exhibit them in the Water Colour Institute, but from my own spirit guides I never have *any* fore-promise or knowledge whatever as to events that are

to take place. It is strongly impressed upon me that "sufficient unto the day is" not only "the evil thereof," but also the work and the duty thereof. So closely did they adhere to the rule, that when, formerly, I have sometimes asked, on leaving off drawing, what colour I was to begin with on the next day, I have been answered that was the morrow's work, and I should learn at the proper time. It has always been said playfully, but it has been a great strengthening to the mind, for we are all too apt to look forward, perhaps to trouble that may never come to pass, and in thinking how we shall meet a possible contingency, we may even neglect what lies at our very hand.

At the latter end of 1865, Mr. Coleman started those most interesting meetings in Harley Street, and I then made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hardinge, whom we invited, with her mother, to come and spend the day with us, so as to see my drawings, which she had asked me to shew her, so on December 28 they came; and after seeing as many as they could, Mrs. Hardinge was impressed to say that in my first public attempt I should meet with a disappointment. She did not know, nor did I even then tell her, that I was at that very time at work upon the Queen's monogram, with the expectation that it might be exhibited, but I kept her words in my mind, so as not to build too much on the hope.

Shortly after that, I had a visit from Mrs. Skinner Prout, the wife of the celebrated artist, and I told her my wish, for her husband being a member of the Water Colour Institute, she would be able to give me full advice as to my proceedings, when, to my great disappointment, she told me it was too late for me to take any step for that year, as the election was already over. But she suggested that I should send them to the Royal Academy, which was an ambitious flight that would never have come into my own head; but I went on making my preparations, and I then thought that perhaps I had had my promised disappointment in not being able to send it to the Gallery I wished. When the proper time came for sending the pictures in, we took

them, and Mr. Spear went with us to Trafalgar Square, so as to help me, he carrying one, and I the other, and there we left them in company with a great multitude of other pictures, but to my delight they looked quite as well among them as they had done at home. I was to call on the 25th of April, to ascertain whether they were accepted or rejected. I awaited the time very anxiously, and when it arrived, presented myself in due course, and was shewn a long list of names, alphabetically arranged, in which I was to hunt out my own, but I looked in vain, and Mr. Farrier (the secretary or whatever he might be) asked if I was quite sure they were in water colours, which of course I was, and he then said:—"Well, if they are not in that list, they are accepted!"—I felt all in a quiver of delight, for I thought those must be the accepted ones, and I think he takes out his enjoyment in making the poor artists extra nervous. So he gave me a printed form, which he filled in with my name and those of my two pictures, adding the welcome word "Accepted,"—but on the paper was the following notice—"It may happen that works, though accepted, cannot from want of space be exhibited. And that result could not be known until the day of the Private View, when I was to go again to that side entrance, and see whether they were named in the printed catalogue.

One of my strongest desires *was* for the publication in that largely-read catalogue, for after giving the names as the respective monograms, I had added, "Executed by Spirit Guidance, through Georgiana Houghton," and I thought that a recognition in that way of so strange a spiritual fact must do its work for the cause. On the first Wednesday after we had taken them to the Academy, Mr. Spear had a vision of three gentlemen, whom he described, who seemed to be discussing the matter very warmly, but he did not see that any decision was come to. I afterwards learned that the hanging committee consisted of three.

On the Wednesday after I had the paper of acceptance, Zadie was looking in the crystal, and I asked if he saw anything of my pictures. "They are hanging up."—"Oh!

where ! Zadio ?"—“ On your own wall.”—There was a blow ! He afterwards added, “ But there is a lady come for them ; she is taking them away.”

The Private View day arrived, and I went to see, but was not surprised to find my drawings were *not* hung, and that I had to fulfil Zadio's vision, by hanging them on my own wall. The latter part of the prediction has never yet come to pass, but there was no indication about time, so there is no saying what *may* happen : at any rate I have the enjoyment of them while they are here, and many of my visitors are at once attracted towards them.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the most successful efforts in Spiritualism was the inauguration by Mr. Coleman of those charming Monday evening *Conversazioni* at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street; carried on by him with a vigour and energy that are indeed rare.

There had been a meeting of a few Spiritualist friends, I believe at his own house, and the discussion of the various topics had been so very interesting that it struck him how pleasant such gatherings might be made if carried on upon a larger scale, and he gradually brought the whole plan into shape, having the advantage of a very numerous circle of friends who warmly concurred in his views, and gladly did their best to promote them. The rooms were good, and well-lighted, and the company pleasant, so that there was a kind of harmonious feeling among the whole assemblage, truly indicative of a united purpose. The original idea was that a subject should be brought forward by one of the speakers on the platform, referring to Spiritualism or kindred topics, and after he should have had his say, others should be invited to give their ideas or their experience, and thus all present might glean new light on these absorbing matters. But I think it was on the second occasion that he invited Mrs. Hardinge to deliver one of her inspirational discourses, and she at once became so popular that the previous plan was entirely set aside. Mr. Coleman (who did all that he undertook with thoroughness), always had a reporter there, and by the following Monday night, the small pamphlet was printed, ready for purchasers, and they finally made a very compact volume, to which a preface was written by one of the audience. After the main subject was concluded, Mrs. Hardinge's spirit guides usually announced their willingness to answer any questions that might be put to them; and when those were over, we

dispersed into the adjoining room, where tea and refreshments were in readiness; and remained some time longer in agreeable chat. Out of these meetings arose a very pleasant series of weekly séances at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, at which Mr. and Mrs. Spear and I were always present.

It was on a Wednesday early in January, 1866, that I first met Mrs. Lacy, an American clairvoyante and medium. Mrs. Spear told me, as soon as I went in, that she expected her, for that she had arrived in England a few days previously, and Mr. Spear had been requested by a friend in America to call upon her, although personally unknown to him. He had called, but as she was out, he had written a line on a card to say they would be happy to see her on the Wednesday evening if she would like to come in. She presently made her appearance, and as there were, fortunately, no other visitors, we, as usual, sat quietly for any spiritual communication that might come. Mrs. Lacy was entranced almost immediately, and she gave a marvellously accurate description of many of my relatives, and other glorious appearances surrounding me, every now and then apologizing to Mr. and Mrs. Spear for, as it were, ignoring them, but she said all the influence came from me; and I have always regretted that I should not have written down what passed. After describing Zilla, she said that by her side was a young boy, a brother she thought, about thirteen years of age, but that he was a peculiarly bright, happy-looking spirit, and very playful, he seemed to have a ball, or something of that kind in his hand, and was throwing it as if to catch, and as she spoke she imitated the attitude.

I have not mentioned the happy friendship commenced in May, 1865, between Mrs. Ramsay (now the Hon.) and myself, but she came pretty frequently, and used sometimes to draw while with me. Early in the next year, her daughter accompanied her, and I suggested that she should also try, but she feared it would not be of the slightest use, for she had unavailingly tried several times, both with her Mamma and Mrs. Honywood; I however mesmerised her right

arm for some little time, when she felt a singular pain in it, and almost immediately the hand holding the pencil, began to move, and the gift was obtained. She was able to go on with it at home, and on her next visit she brought several pretty pencil drawings that had been done, and she asked if any one belonging to me had the initials C. H., for that was the signature to several of the drawings, so I told her of Cecil. One had upon it the representation of several little balls very nicely shaded, and she said, "They quite look as if you could catch them, so!" And she held her two hands up in exactly the same attitude as Mrs. Lacy had done.

A few days afterwards we received a box of oranges from Canary (the golden fruit of the Hesperides), and on the Monday, when I was going to the meeting in Harley Street, Cecil said he wished me to take one of the oranges from his birth-place (for he, like myself, was born in Canary), to *his* medium, and when I went to the store-room to fulfil his wish, *he* selected it very carefully. After Mrs. Hardinge's oration was over, and we began our chat, I delivered the orange to Miss Ramsay as a present from Cecil, and as she took it, she poised it in her hands as if to throw, bringing at once to my mind Mrs. Lacy's vision and her own pencil drawing.

Some time afterwards, but I have no record of the date, while Mrs. Ramsay and I were talking about Cecil, she all at once spoke of a singular feeling she had just experienced, as if a small hand were gently stroking the back of her neck, and she was much interested to learn that that was Cecil's signal, and I likewise gave her many of the details of his similar manifestation to Mrs. Fussell, and the after-intercourse they had with him.

I have received many personal communications through various mediums, and I am now to give lengthy extracts from them; before doing which, I was *advised* to entrust my little volume of such records to a friend, with a request that she would withdraw for a few hours into sacred retirement, and in deep prayer solicit that she might be guided

into the selection of the appointed passages.—It was felt that I should be happier if such a selection should be made through another hand rather than my own, there being the *one* person to whom such a task could be confided, because of her own fervid religious aspirations and mediumship.

July 21st, 1864.—Taking Miss Houghton's hand, and passing into the entranced state, Mr. Spear said
 "By a series of providences, beautiful in their character, varied in their times, you have been selected and qualified to do a beautiful art work. 'Tis said, The heavens declare the glory of God. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. While this is true of the heavens, 'tis not less true of flowers, leaves, branches, the tree itself. Each leaf, and each little floweret, like the birdling, has a speech and a song. In the ethereal and angelic states flowers are symbols of states, and are used as expressions of the condition of those who dwell in these realms. So there comes to be a need of some one or more persons who shall bring out the language of the fruits and flowers. . . . The spirit world looks to you with warm and trusting heart as a teacher. You are, by your pencil and graceful pen, to tell the world what God has in store for His children."

Delineation of Character.—September 7th, 1864.—Taking Miss Houghton's hand, and passing into the trance condition, Mr. Spear said, "There is a great reverence exhibited in this character for God, for justice and for man universal. This lady seems to see that the external necessarily has an internal; and that when the spirit is harmonious, quiet, refined, it may easily perceive the interior, and thus come to a better comprehension of the exterior. There are minds that look only upon the outer, and others that look mainly to the inner; but this mind very happily conjoins the inner with the outer, and hence it perceives many beauties in the external world which neither the mere internalist nor externalist would observe. . . . This lady has a wonderful composure of mind under circumstances of an adverse character. She has the ability to quite clearly

see that adversity opens the way for a divine prosperity, so with philosophic eye she can look upon adverse things with as much composure as many others upon so-called favourable things. If she were at sea, if the winds were boisterous, if the storm raged, if driven out of her course by currents, she would seem to see that these things were not only a necessity, but must eventuate in good to herself and others. Her faith in a godly life is undying. . . . Her mind is very aspirational. She is not content to do as well to-day as she did yesterday, but her thought is to do better each day, and her prayer is that she may daily grow in goodness and in love. She has pleasure in studying lives of distinguished persons, able artists; likes to know of their difficulties, sorrows, trials, triumphs, successes, and she drops the tear of sympathy for the afflicted and distressed. She is an able counsellor when persons are in difficulty. If they will but sit at her feet, she will see the best thing for them under existing circumstances to do. So when persons are mentally benighted, she seems to light her lamp and say, Follow me—I will be your light. . . . Being of great purity of life, she does not fear being led into temptation. Hers is a life which is to be continued long; and she is, as it were, but an opening flower destined to become very beautiful in her unfoldment, and to live nearer, nearer, and nearer to God."

A drawing was executed for me through Miss F. P., of which the following interpretation was given through Mrs. Honywood, November 16th, 1865:—

"In the name of Jesus Christ we greet thee, and are happy to be enabled to explain the drawing executed through the mediumship of Lena, and now to be explained through you, dear friend. The bunch of blue leaves with a brilliant golden fold or underturn of the leaf, represents the bright hues of Georgiana's faith in God's bounty and in the holy influence around her. The peculiar form of the green leaf is typical of her mind ever open to receive, also to give or impart. The serpent shews power, force and influence. The words glide gently for many ears, yet enter

and sink into the hearts of many who go to scoff, and return to wonder and reflect; thus, like the serpent that slides along the turf, glides through the dense foliage, and lights on the unwary prey, do her words glide through prejudices and overcome opposition—and her good words in season sink and overcome opposition. In this serpent is much force and power, and so there is in spiritual manifestations: also like the scales of the serpent are they of various tints and hues and shades and prisms.—The butterflies represent the change from earth life to spiritual—the temporal and eternal existence. There are the three states, childhood, womanhood, and old age,—or material, spiritual, and divine existence. Such, dear friends, is our explanation of our labour of love for Georgiana, and such do we feel sure she will accept with a friend's pure loving affection. Farewell." There is also a fly in the drawing, of which she could obtain no interpretation, but I was told that it was the type of my mortal life,—but it is proceeding directly upwards.

Written to, and through Mrs. Ramsay, October 31st, 1865, "When you go out, go and see Miss Houghton.—She can tell you much if you seek her, and will help you in developing as a writing medium. Seek her then, and trust all she says, for she is inspired with all goodness and love to those who have the truth and love it. Her drawings are not more wonderful than her writings, they are so pure and have so much in them; but she cannot help all who go to her, you she can and will, for between her and you is a link of kindred spirits, unknown to you, but to *her all is clear* and bright."

January 28, 1866.—Mr. Spear, having been entranced under my mesmerism, said—"An apartment may be filled to the brim with spiritual influences of the highest and most divine character, and one may come into it unknowing its powers, and may leave it without any recognition thereof, and yet afterwards may find in his soul, and even in spiritual manifestations, the results of these influences elevating and strengthening him. Thus, persons may come into this mansion, and may be admitted to see the wonders here

delineated ; but they are not intended as only glorious drawings to satisfy the eye and curiosity of wonder seekers, but to lead them to divine thoughts."

February 1, 1866.—Mrs. Lacy, being influenced by an Indian spirit, spoke as follows—"We, as a class of spirits, have to co-operate with you of earth." (Turning to me, speaking sometimes to, and sometimes of, me.) "You are very peculiarly organized.—You are both male and female in composition. She has a very positive temperament ; discerns quite easily : does not accept an idea as fast as some, but when she does get it she keeps it in its integrity, quite square. You love the beautiful and the wholesome ; not the gay so much as the wholesome. She is very antique every way, I mean seeking into antiquity, the most ancient things. You are artistic in your nature, you like to seek good things, and to frame things, you have architecture, (spiritual architecture is here meant, the building up of souls to God's service), everything noble is good for you, carrying from the old to the new, and making it just right. Yes, squaw, me sees you with a deep enquiring mind searching into facts, me congratulate you. As regards her religious sentiments, her religious nature, it is good. She would rather *have* a God to serve ; she loves to serve her God, and would rather have to serve Him than no God, as some individuals would like. You are very peculiar, squaw, in your temper, want everything good you like, but if you do not like, you do not want them. Your friendship is very strong and lasting provided they go in the same channel with you, that is one of the chime-bells of nature. Me sees no coquetry about her ; she does not coquet and insinuate with any one—you are a brace or support to those you are intimate with : society would look to you to stimulate to good. You would do for a missionary. If she has an idea she would carry it out where some would have a relapse. I do not see much variation in her life. I see an embankment or a little impediment. You are constantly forming new associations, and some are highly edified by you, a tall, thin gentleman with black hair ; you will benefit

him, he has mediumistic powers. You make quite an exhibition of Spirit drawings : some so beautiful : me sees them ; some look like a light descending, each ray representing a figure of something.

“ Me thinks you will discontinue, paleface, and take to writing.

“ Me sees right over you an arch : now me sees three stars just over that—that arch represents very fine texture of development, and a brace over you. It is not penetrable to other influence. Me sees out of the centre star rays jetting out, each ray has three colours. I see a very fine figure holding out to it, trying to reach that light, like to a branch, he loses his hold, and another comes up, going to try his speed. Me sees a cannon right before you, four gentleman spirits operating with a cannon ; me sees a lady right in front of you ; there seems a cap put right in front of cannon. Oh ! me sees that represents the figure of certain individuals trying to work against you ; they are withholding their plans, that archway is your guard, and that cannot be penetrated, so they cannot disconcert you by their plans. That lady turns round, and says—‘ See what a beautiful servant, she does our bidding, and never flinches from the right.’

“ You got chemistry, you will have power to analyze ; those lights and shades represent a chemical : emblematic of different shades of advancement, in each one you will understand the place, showing the sphere of action. There seems to be a technical idea that you have not vibrated yet : there is a key held by a gentleman. You are going a circular route, and then a straight road. Your view is not unfolded by considerable yet, you will get some great revelation. The complex of your brain is very good for operation with spirit power : education does not interfere, it unites, with revelation, making a grand whole. You will be a translator to translate messages to certain individuals. Me want to congratulate this squaw ; she got no Indian ; she is male and female : she has the positive temperament, she can stand alone. What place you fill, no one else can fill.”

The three stars and archway seen in this vision by Mrs. Lacy, were severally depicted in the two drawings of my crown, both receiving fuller explanations, and I will here expatiate somewhat upon them. The first was surmounted by the three stars, symbolizing my work as an Apostle of The Trinity, the centre and largest star representing The Holy Spirit, poured upon me for developing power, and thus "the fine figure trying to reach that light," is one seeking a mediumistic gift, but alas! he "loses his hold," and lets the gift fade away even after having grasped it, may the next who "comes up, going to try his speed," be more sensible of the value of what he has gained, and cultivate the "branch" until it becomes a fair spreading tree.

The arch was explained as having been gradually formed over me from the atmosphere of good and holy spirits, in consequence of the rigid manner in which, during my development I had tested the spirits, so as never to have any communication whatever with those who were false or evil, and thus the arch was framed without any break or crevice, which an evil influence must have left, and that so completely protects me that no spirit power can touch me but from above. I carried out my development by the directions of the spirits themselves, and I have since often heard the subject argued by Spiritualists who have gone on another plan, because they talk of the benefit the spirits themselves derive from the communion—and that is true enough, but the more a medium is strengthened in the right path, the more good they can eventually do to the spirit world; and they are more likely in the beginning to get puffed up with pride in the help they think themselves able to give; and every such self-elevation is in fact a falling back. Besides which, if they listen to all the spirits tell them, they may be tempted into evil thoughts, and even evil deeds, as we know is the case in some spiritualism in the East, which I have heard (and most truly) called devilry. Who can say that *they* could not be tempted into wrong, if they do not protect themselves against it until

they know they are strong enough to resist ; and when they are assured of that, they may help to lead up those who will accept their aid. It is like one who is learning to swim, if he pretends to teach another, and grasps his hand for the purpose, he will but be dragged down and the two will be drowned, whereas the experienced swimmer may undertake it with benefit to all. Nor, if we wished to train a young girl's mind, would we let her dwell with a mixed multitude, to whom vice in every form was a delight, and say that she might do them good. No—let her strengthen into the pure-souled woman, and then indeed she may shew them the beauty of the higher life, without the fear that she should herself be contaminated.

Mrs. Honywood brought the drawing she had executed for me, on March 29th, 1866, and here follows the interpretation, given likewise through herself:—

“In the name of Jesus Christ our Mediator we greet thee with prayers for thy progress, and also that thy heart may open like a flower more and more to the spiritual influx of power from above. We, thy unseen friends, yet daily advisers, counsellors, ever surrounding and influencing your mind and actions, rejoice over every effort to improve, rise, spiritualize and progress. We have much pleasure in entering into spirit communion with you, by means of these involuntary writings and also by painting, and we regret much that your natural health prevents our manifesting our power more strongly and evidently. Your surroundings also impede us much, and keep you back in outer development. God bless thee, dear friend, and daily may you feel God more in your heart, and open your mind wider to grasp and hold fast, holy, pure ideas and truths.

“The explanation of the painting just finished is as follows. We drew a crown for Georgiana to typify her heavenly, spiritual crown, now awaiting her entrance into spirit life. On it are three crosses and five balls. The three crosses symbolize her full acceptance of The Trinity:—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. For her there are three distinct manifestations of Godhead and

power. And look—all the rays descend and converge to one culminating point. Thus do we represent the Unity of that Creative power, and that all emanates from God, the Creator of all and everything. Beneath is a ring, forming the base of the crown, shewing that there is neither beginning nor ending, but that all comes from God, and returns to God, be it spirit or matter.

“The stars represent her faith in the Trinity, love of the Triune, and firm reliance on that form of doctrine and worship. Beneath the crown is a bowl. At first we drew a simple clear crystal vase filled with water, corresponding to the type of baptism, and the purity of her mind and intentions. This we filled with graceful drooping flowers of the fuchsia form and colour, to represent earthly affections. Georgiana has been a good and faithful daughter to father and mother, and we therefore coloured the flowers with a crimson hue to correspond with deep, warm and pure affection. But above even her earthly affection to her parents and relations is her love of God and Christ, and therefore did the earthly flowers droop and melt away beneath the flowers of spiritual affection and growth. Her family opposed her ideas and thoughts on the subject, yet gently, firmly, and quietly she pursued the even tenour of her way, not intruding her ideas, yet firmly holding to her new faith and spiritual gift of light from above. There are fruits intermingled with the flowers denoting progress, and deriving their source from the Cross. All the lines issue from the Cross, and traverse the flowers and fruits to one large fruit: this is the concentration or effort of these lines of faith and actions, and from this fruit arise other lines ascending to God, and therefore meeting in but the one strong line or point. These are violet and pink, and over them fall snowflakes or purity. ‘Georgiana’ was written on a fruit, but the snowflakes fell and covered up the earthly name, even as the heavenly Father casteth down His mantle of love to all on earth. Snow falls, and warms and fertilizes the herb beneath, so does God’s love—joy and brightness spring up like spring flowers beneath the Divine

influence. There are flowers of every shade, hue, and tone of colouring, even as there are tones of feeling in heart and mind of all who live. But the prevailing colours are crimson, yellow and blue: snowflakes complete the whole, harmonizing, softening, and toning down that which might have been too crude.

"Good-bye; God bless and keep thee, child of my heart, my love and prayers—I, thy mother, am near thee—Farewell."

The five balls, that she has not interpreted, signify my entire resignation of myself into the Hand of the Lord. In the symbolism given to me—*five*—in varied forms is a type of the Hand, and, according to the form, is the special emblem; the perfect ball represents full completeness, so that one type comprises, as it were, all the others.

January 28th, 1866.—Georgiana, the "Holy Symbolist," received the additional name of "Hands, Head, and Heart."

Taking the hand of Miss Houghton, and passing into the trance condition, Mr. Spear said: "There are to be three prominent circles of spirit influence in this city, each of which is to have a central mind, and unto these persons, individuals will come and receive spiritual instructions.

"You are one of these central persons. One may teach of external phenomena, another of philosophy; but it will be your province to show the relations which spiritual manifestations bear to a Divine and religious life. Persons will be drawn to the more external first; receive them, and be drawn to you lastly, as it were, to complete and finish their spiritual education. You, therefore, have been, and will be, impressed to devote certain seasons to persons who have become fitted and prepared to come to you for the instruction they will need. You are now being drawn to a suitable location to do the work for that department of spiritual life which you are to unfold. Cultivated classes will come to you, and will feel that you are fitted to instruct them in things which pertain to their everlasting peace.

"While each of these circles shall do its appropriate work,

intermediate persons will be doing theirs, and by true arrangement both circles and individuals will work to the same grand end—the development of the spiritual in man.

“Courage and strength will be yours as labours increase.

“Your mind will be carefully turned to the lives of the saints, which you will present as examples to others. Among those who will more especially come to impress, lead, and assist you, the Beloved Disciple is now named. Full of divine love, charged with a sacred spirituality, he will inflow that element to your being, and at times your countenance will become radiant with light and glory, and you will speak not only with gentleness, but with firmness, adapting yourself to the parties whom you are to instruct. Great is the Lord, and abundant is His goodness!

“Looking at matters in the above light, you will feel that it is in the Divine order that you change your habitation. To that home which has been selected for you, you will take certain essences which are here, that will charge its very walls, and hence the essential elements that are now here will be there to repose in. It is not an easy matter to put this thought into words. One sees how goods may be packed and transported to another edifice. It is equally true that certain essential elements may also be packed and transported.

“Please affix date to this message, preserve it, and hereafter its significance may be more fully perceived, and its predictions verified. 5, Upper Craven Place, Highgate Road, October 3rd, 1866. Present—Mrs. Houghton, Miss Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Spear.”

Our clergyman, the Reverend William Calvert, used to call me the “Happy Medium,” and I am told he was then the mouthpiece of the spirits.

On January 27th, 1867, was written through another medium, “You shall develop many mediums, and your name shall be called Light and Love.”

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER Papa's death, we had thought of leaving the house 5, Upper Craven Place, Highgate Road, where we had lived since 1830, and taking a smaller one ; but just at that time we heard that there was a prospect of a railway being carried right through it, and as we had a lease of it at a comparatively low rent, having laid out a great deal of money on alterations and repairs, we decided on remaining, as we should have been justly entitled to a handsome compensation. In course of time the railway was begun, but it did not touch either our house or grounds, though it *did* come so close to the garden as to be a decided nuisance, without yielding us anything to soften the inconvenience. We had then entered upon another term of our lease, so that we had not to make up our minds by any definite time, and my spirit friends had said that instead of remaining in that same neighbourhood as we had contemplated doing, it was needful for the work I had to do in Spiritualism, to come more within the reach of those with whom I was to labour. I must confess that I almost dreaded the idea of moving at all, for at Mamma's age, I feared the wrench it must be to her whole soul, to take her from the home she had dwelt in for six-and-thirty years, so that I felt no desire to hasten our movements in any way, and was therefore thankful to *wait*, as I was told to do. Mamma herself was desirous to see *me* settled in a home, but was likewise content to take the advice of the invisibles and be patient ; so that in each step we took we rested quietly for the issue. I spoke to the landlord, and wanted him to take it entirely off our hands, but he had several houses empty at that time, and declined doing so ; although willing to transfer our lease to a suitable tenant ; but the said tenant did not come forward, for the time truly was not propitious, with the railway navvies at work close to the bottom of the garden,

and the meadows beyond all turned into brickeries ; so we tried for that in vain ; and at length (always with permission from my counsellors) I went to our lawyer, Mr. Hyde, of Ely Place, the brother of my late brother-in-law, for him to talk the matter over with the landlord and his co-executor, (the property having been left by our old friend, his aunt, to him and his heirs), and we knew that would be a dilatory process. They finally agreed to cancel the lease upon a payment for dilapidations, but the amount was still undetermined. My dear brother Clarence had said that whatever the sum might be, he would pay it, and I told him I thought it would be at least £100. Then Mr. Hyde wrote to say that the landlord had agreed to take £100, but that he was trying to bring it to £90. The time went on, and Mamma fidgetted to have it concluded, but notwithstanding her urgency, the spirits still advised delay. At length one evening they consented to my writing, and in answer to my letter came one from Mr. Hyde, exulting in being able to inform me that the landlord had just acceded to *his* terms, and would take the £90, so my wise friends had withheld my hand until I could do no mischief. Dear Clarence sent the cheque for £100, the remainder to meet some of our necessary outlay in moving.

In our Sunday-evening séances, my hands used to be moved or waved about, sometimes accompanied by a feeling that there was a significance in the number of movements, of which I was rather apt in my own mind to try to interpret the meaning, but I never *questioned* as to whether I had the right clue, nor do I think I should have had the answer even if I had, for it was only to shew me that *some* event was to take place at a specified time, but not to tell me the nature of that event. I could trust myself entirely in the hands of my Heavenly Father, even as a child walks confidently holding that of its earthly mother.

On Sunday, July 22nd, 1866, my hand was waved forty-nine times, on the following Sunday it was done forty-two times, so that was a proof that the signal referred to coming weeks, and I thought it might possibly indicate the time

for us to leave the house. But no, the weeks went on, and things were not settled, but on September 7th, I finished the drawing of my Crown upon which I was engaged ; thus completing my drawing-work in the old home on a *Friday*, and on the next day, *one day within* the seven weeks, I began the task of looking over the old stores and hoards as a preparation for our leaving. It was indeed a task,—full of sore thoughts and many trials. We had lived there a large and united family, many love-tales and romances had been enacted in the years we had dwelt there ; some of the young ones had gone to foreign lands to find a grave ; some had married, and even among them death had been busy ; and of all the full life those walls had once contained, Mamma and I alone were left. Every thing I touched seemed to evoke fresh memories, and I do think it was the very saddest and hardest time I ever went through, for all the troubles seemed there at once. There were multitudes of old letters, a large drawer full of Papa's and Mamma's to one another, some as far back as 1826, when Cecil died, and other trials were pressing strongly upon them, and although I did not read the letters, only glancing at them to see what each was, before I tore it up, the atmosphere of grief and sorrow seemed to thrill every nerve.

And then how I thanked God for having given me those advisers, in whom I could place implicit reliance, for I could appeal to them as to what to do with each separate thing, when I should hardly have liked to destroy what Mamma had treasured, without asking her permission :—and yet the very mooted of such questions would have pained her, and there was no one else to share the responsibility with me. How countless were the lessons they gave me at that time ! Many things that I myself had kept, they bade me destroy, for, as they truly said, those things were but imaginary possessions, put away and perhaps not looked at from year to year, many of them useless to me, but such as might perhaps be prized by others ; and for all that had better be given away, they found appro-

prate destinations, and thus they eased the burthen on my shoulders.—“Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” He did indeed send His ministers to me, to fulfil His promise; and through it all I kept up health and strength; nor did my spirit ever flag, to give Mamma an idea that there was heart work as well as head and hand work going on.

It was also strongly impressed upon me, both at that time and when circumstances have since arisen to draw forth the counsel, that I must not keep any letters of which the contents were at all calculated to awaken resentment or ill-feeling:—that as soon as answered, they must be *burnt*, unless there should be some special necessity for shewing them to any other person who might be connected with the matter in question. The reason for which was not only that, in time to come, the letter might meet some eyes for which it was not intended, and thus do mischief (which is too often the case), but that as long as the written words exist, they are exhaling an atmosphere of poison that is doing its work in the world. Most true it is, that when we have had letters to stir up all the bitterness that may be in our hearts, the soreness may soon pass away if we destroy those letters, but if we keep and read them occasionally, they bring back the annoyance in all its freshness, so that it becomes difficult really to forgive.

Before the affair about the house was settled, Mamma wanted in our daily drives to come towards this part of town (which I had been told was the neighbourhood we were to select), and see what houses might be to let, but we were always admonished to *wait* until we were free from the other house, and she used to say that some one must be going to die just at the right time to suit us.

On the 21st of February in that year, Zadie, when looking into the crystal, said, “Now I see one of those luggage vans with two horses; it is going along, and it is quite full.”—“What of?—boxes, or tables and chairs?”—“Tables and chairs, and all sorts of things. . . . It goes from No. 5.”—“But where is the house it is going to?”—“I

think I know that railway station ; I think it is Charing Cross ; it is near that station.”—“ Look again, Zadie, and see if you are right about the station ; is it Charing Cross, or Paddington, or the Metropolitan ?”—“ I see now I made a mistake ; it is the Paddington station, and the house is near that I am trying to see a name, round the corner ; it looks something like *brown*, but it is not brown.

. . . . I see you and Mrs. Houghton going in a carriage to that house.”—“ In how many months ?”—“ I see a six.”

Again *one day within* the six months came the fulfilment, on Monday, August 20th, Mamma drove over with me to this neighbourhood, leaving me here house-hunting, while she returned home. I saw one in Delamere Street that would have suited, but some one else was in treaty for it, and I could not know for two or three days, so I went about, from street to street, asking always whether “ I should turn to the right hand or turn to the left ;” and ever receiving my answer, as promised in Isaiah xxx. 21 ; but however far I might wander, seeing various unsuitable houses, I always got back to Delamere Street, although I knew nothing whatever of this locality ; so I thought that would be the chosen house, and at length I returned home to wait patiently until the appointed time, when we again drove over, and found that it had been taken by the other lady. We were then going to a house-agent at some distance, but just before reaching the Royal Oak, we saw one there, and the young man came back with us to look at two houses in Delamere Crescent, both of which had been let that morning, but I went over one of them, and liked it. We then had to return home, for Mamma was fatigued, but we gave our address in case they should hear of anything likely to suit us ; and the very next evening came a letter to say that this house (20, Delamere Crescent) was just placed in their hands to let, but that they would not put up a bill until we had decided whether we would take it, if we would come to look at it within a day or two ; so we came, and took it. Mamma, too, had been right in her idea, for the funeral of the late tenant had taken place

on the very day we had been here, so that, literally, some one had died to let us have the house.

It *is* near the Paddington station, and the name something like *brown* that Zadie had tried to make out round the corner, must have been *bourne*, of Westbourne Square, which *is* round the corner.

I realize also that the other two houses in this crescent were not seen by me in my first quest, because of the great importance of *numbers*, and 20, the date of my birth, holds its significance in many circumstances of my life.

On June 7th, Mrs. Hardinge came to our house for the drawing I had done for her acceptance ; and in the course of the evening some conversation took place relative to our proposed moving, and she said she saw much trouble impending when first we should have made the change ; trials of various kinds, so that I might even feel regret and disappointment, and as if I had left my luck behind me ; but that in the following year, at the fall of the leaf, the satisfactory change would come, and *then* I must think of her. . . . Much trial did indeed come upon us, even on the very day of our arrival here. The housemaid, who had lived with us fourteen years, was insolent and heartless, and then gave warning to leave, which she did at the end of the month. Mamma, a few days after we came, had a severe fall, which shook her sadly. My brother-in-law, John Watt, died on the 5th of November, and that, of course, was a serious trouble ; and there were also others of one kind or another, during which, I am thankful to say, I never did for a moment lose heart ; but the promised luck did *not* come, so I fear she was but a Cassandra-like prophetess.

The house was taken, but the processes of painting, papering, &c., took longer than was contemplated, for the landlord had promised that it should without fail be ready for us to move in on the 29th of September, and Preston (the cook) had come a few days previously, with another helper, to get all ready—Ann remaining with us at the old home. It, however, turned out that matters were not as forward as they ought to have been, and that, therefore, it

would be impossible for us to come in on that day ; so I had to apply to our landlord for permission to stay there a little longer ; and I also did all I could to hurry the work-people, for Ann, who was not the mildest of tempers, was very cross at the delay ; so I strove my utmost that our flitting should be speedy, but in spite of all my efforts, we could not move in for another week, so that it was on the 6th of October we came here, but it was not until afterwards that I felt that even in that very point was a proof of the loving care by which I am upheld in all my ways, that being the anniversary of the great change in my spiritual life, when Zacharias first came to me.

I have already alluded to some of the tribulations we underwent soon after our arrival, one of which was the severe fall Mamma had, by which she was most seriously shaken and bruised both externally and internally, so that all the functions of the system were deranged ; and for several days I had to mesmerise her continually, seldom ceasing for much more than half-an-hour at a time. On the first morning after it had occurred, the upholsterer's man was to come for the purpose of hanging the pictures, and she feared that the noise of the hammering just beneath her would be more than she could bear, but the man was very careful and gentle, and did not disturb her in the least.

The arrangement and shape of the rooms in the old home were very different from these, and I had sometimes said that I could not at all plan how to hang the pictures—the very thought seemed to put me in a maze : my spirit friends then told me to leave the idea quite alone, for that when the time came they would help me. Accordingly on that very morning, in the short time of waiting for my breakfast, I brought them up stairs, and as I brought each picture, *at the moment I got into the room*, I received the direction as to the *exact place* it was to occupy, so that when the man came, no time was lost in consultations and changes, but the work was steadily gone on with.

I ought to have mentioned also, that “they” chose the wall-papers, carpets, floor-cloths, in fact, everything that we

required to have new, and the result was a perfect harmony of colour and taste, which made every one exclaim, "How pretty," when our first visitors came to see us and our house in all its freshness.

Thus we gradually settled into the new life ; changed in very many respects. Mamma never again took her daily drives. At first she was compelled to remain quiet, in consequence of her bad fall, and when she had rallied from that, she still negatived, or rather postponed, the idea when I spoke on the subject, so that any question about it died away by degrees without any positive determination.

One thing that I had looked upon as a serious trouble, became a blessing instead, for in writing to that sweet Mrs. Watts (well known in spiritualistic literature as A. M. H. W.), I incidentally spoke of Ann's having given warning, and she wrote back immediately, to say that her old servant had a young niece who was just then out of place, and that if I thought she would suit us, she would have her up from the country for a few days, so as to send her for inspection. I was instructed to accede at once, which I gladly and gratefully did ; and the new Ann turned out infinitely better suited to this town life than the other would have been, as well as being more harmonious to my own feelings than her predecessor, who, although a good servant had no true warmth in her nature. I love the Canary phrase, which speaks of the domestic household as "*la familia*," and I do not look upon those who serve us as so many machines for that only purpose, but as part and parcel of one's daily life, to be to some extent connected with that life both in this world and in the hereafter.

We had only one visit from the dear Spears after our removal, as they were just on the eve of leaving England, but it enabled them afterwards to realize us in our home, so as to give a fuller interest to our correspondence.

CHAPTER IX.

It has frequently been noticed that there are seasons of stir in the spiritual movement, and I think that was one; and I will briefly touch upon several points, which seem to demonstrate that the flood of spirit power was just at that time rising into a fresh strength, with varying manifestations, in some instances quite new. But before touching upon them, I must go into a subject that now, while engaged in writing this, has been brought to my knowledge by means of a little book by the Rev. Dr. Gregg, entitled, "1866,—Key to Perpetual Life and Strength," in which I have been deeply interested. I cannot exactly enter into details, but he tells that the olden prophecies have been reckoned to terminate, one in the year 606, and the later prophecy of 1260 years added to that, brings us to the year 1866, the commencement of the new era for God's people (see p. 21 in Key)—and I cannot but feel how my life is tallying with his calculations; for I am as thoroughly convinced as he is, that each minute event is of The Lord's appointment. On our leaving the old home, Mamma suggested that this house had better be taken in my name, which it was: thus placing me, as it were, on a different standpoint; also we were *forced* into moving in here on an important anniversary in my spiritual growth. From p. 82 to 88 he makes many allusions to 1860, on the eve of which came my mediumship development—also to 1861, when my drawing power was granted to me: and he shews a method of counting the appointed epochs, by which the period might be reckoned (in lieu of 1866, but not correctly so) to 1848; and we spiritualists commemorate that year as the birth moment of the modern dispensation! I do not believe in *coincidences* as matters of *chance*. I look upon God as The One Sole Mover as to every atom of His creation, whether small or great (and how infinitely small must our largest be to Him!)

and that, therefore, each event must dovetail into one another, or the whole system would be jarred. I would not be suspected of wishing to raise *myself* out of insignificance by, as it were, appropriating any of these calculations ; but I have my own little bit of work in this Dispensation entrusted to me, and *for* that work to have its fit issue, it must have been commenced at its appointed time ; and I am very sure that in all cases, dates have a very strong significance, in which matter I have already given gleams of my thought in these records, and I would wish every one to take heed to them in their own lives. We read in Exodus xii. 40, 41 : " Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years. And it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, *even the self-same day it came to pass*, that all the hosts of The Lord went out from the land of Egypt." Does not even that one Scriptural fact speak volumes as to the high importance of anniversaries ? I must make one little quotation from his book (which from beginning to end is full of food for deep study), upon a point on which, likewise, Spiritualism teaches much, although in the last phrase he throws a new light on the subject. At page 80, he says : " Now, as the messenger of latter-day truth, I affirm that the numbers which connect themselves with our existence in this life ; as the numbers of our names, and also of our years, days, and hours, connect themselves according to the ordering of an over-ruling Providence, with the numbers which pervade the Bible."

I have never in any way formulated this subject, but I have personally found many ruling numbers in my life, as for instance, that of twenty, as my birthday—and that of eight (and its compounds), which, I was spiritually informed, is my own mystical number. Mr. Spear gave us very many instances of the power of numbers in his own life ; some he looked upon as *good* numbers, and some were the reverse. In America, when they are travelling, their luggage is marked with a certain amount of numerals, and on one occasion, his baggage had what he considered a

wrong number, so he kept a very extra watch upon it, but notwithstanding all his vigilance it was lost!—They lodged at 72, Albany Street—and every multiplicand or dividend of twelve is *good*. When they were going into the country for any of his different calls, they of course gave up the apartments; but somehow, on their return to London, they were again vacant in readiness for them, the intermediate lodgers having perhaps left them only that very morning. At last the street regulators took to the new system of odd-and-even-ing the sides of the street, and in consequence of some small interpolation, their house, instead of being made into 144, was 146; so Mr. Spear thought his work there was finished, which he regretted, as they had always been very comfortable. However, to his agreeable surprise, on their next return to town, it had been exactly vacated for his convenience. A few days before our removal here, we called in Albany Street, for the Spears were just on the eve of a little country trip. I ran upstairs to them for a few minutes, while Mamma remained in the fly at the door, and when I rejoined her, she said, “They will not be able to come back here;”—and when I asked why, she pointed out to me that the painters were busy at work, and had obliterated the 72, which hitherto had only had a line drawn across it. We were both rather amused at the thought, but it was literally true, they *could not* get those rooms again, and never went back there.

In the year 1866, there was a change taking place with another worker in the cause, for the Spiritual Athenæum was being instituted for the sake of giving the secretaryship to Mr. D. D. Home, and rooms in Sloane Street were taken for the purpose; so that he was established in them only a very short time before we came here. Then he received the wonderful visit from Mrs. Lyon, who in her first or second interview recognised him as the young man she had seen several times in vision, whom her late husband had told her she was to adopt as a son; and the first cheque she gave him for his week's expenses in that character, was dated on the very 6th of October that we came here. He

appointed the Thursday afternoons for his time of reception, when I usually went, and from Mrs. Lyon herself I received all the details of their first interviews, when she volunteered the adoption. He had known nothing of her or her wealth (for she was rather a shabbily dressed old lady), and he had agreed to her proposition out of sheer kindliness.

The inaugural meeting at the Athenæum was to take place on January 4, 1867. Of course I was to go, and Mr. Home asked me to take some of my drawings, and was borrowing from other friends, for he intended to lecture on that subject in the course of the evening, so I agreed to take the Royal Monograms, as they were the only ones I had framed.

I always went up to Mamma as soon as I had breakfasted, to assist Ann in dressing her, and doing all that was needed. On the morning in question, she pointed to her mouth, as a sign that she could not speak. In my own mind I must confess that I felt very much alarmed, for I had never seen any one in a similar attack; but I turned quietly to Ann, and told her to go downstairs for half an hour, and then return; which directions must have been inbreathed to me from the higher powers. I then began to mesmerise Mamma, finally exhaling one long breath into her mouth. Gradually her powers returned to her, and by the expiration of the half-hour her speech was fully restored, and in all respects she seemed as well as usual, so we proceeded with her dressing as if nothing had been the matter. I, however, felt as if I should not like to leave her in the evening, but she urged it very strongly, and my spirit friends told me I might go without feeling the slightest uneasiness, as the attack was entirely past; and that likewise it was a duty I owed to the cause to which I belonged, more especially as, from there being an unusually heavy fall of snow, it was a night to prove how many self-styled spiritualists were only fair-weather ones, ready to accept all that Spiritualism could bestow upon them to charm, but unwilling to bear any penalty or inconvenience for the sake of it. I met Dr. Malcolm there, and he was much struck

with the account of Mamma's speedy and complete restoration from what might have resulted in a severe paralytic stroke.

There was a very fair gathering, and one or two speeches were made. Mr. Home then began his projected lecture upon spirit-drawing, but after the first few words, he said I could explain the matter better than he could (for in fact he knew nothing at all about it), so that I became really the spokeswoman on the occasion. I was thankful on my return home to find Mamma in a sweet sleep, thus learning that the unseen ones had fully supplied my place, for she usually required to be mesmerised into her night's slumber.

It was one Thursday afternoon in December, before that inaugural meeting, that Mr. Humphreys was one of the visitors at the Athenæum, and gave us a deeply interesting account of a marvellous séance he had been present at in the house of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, where flowers had been brought by the spirits ! But his statement was listened to with somewhat of incredulity by most of his hearers, who would not believe but what there *must* have been trickery, although his evidence proved that that would have been still more impossible. The medium was a Miss Nicholl, who was at that time residing with Mrs. Sims, Mr. Wallace's sister, and I gratified Mamma with the recital when I returned home.

That kindly old soul, Mrs. Marshall, who by-the-bye, was of Danish birth on her father's side, was then living in Bristol Gardens, within seven minutes walk of us, so Mamma was glad that I should make her an occasional call ; and as I was much struck with Emanuel Marshall's very curious spirit drawings he kindly let me bring them home for her to see. As works of art they were very full of defects, but the originality of conception in them was very striking. I obtained *leave* to give him a commission for one, and although Sunday, January 6, was a dreadful day, I had to go and speak to him on the subject, for it was one of my own anniversaries, and I found it was also the old lady's birthday. A gentleman was there having a séance, and after a

while I had to mesmerise Emanuel, who, for the first time in his experience, went into trance, and exclaimed ; " Oh ! I see a lot of shooting stars ! Now the stars have all changed into angels, so many of them, and they are crowning another ! Now I see a beautiful temple, so bright and splendid, but I still see all the angels."

I hoped the vision might refer to the drawing he was to do, and so it proved. I went in there occasionally while he was engaged upon it, and the process was most eccentric, more like a child's method than anything else, for he had a collection of dry bits of colour, and would use off of them instead of rubbing them on a plate or preparing them in any way, and he would go on in the dusk, when it was scarcely possible even to see the outlines. When he had finished the drawing, he brought it to me with the following interpretation, which I believe had been given through the table-rappings. " This picture signifies the spiritual condition of Miss Houghton. The figure sitting at the easel is a type of Miss Houghton. The figure with the scroll is the spirit of light, who imparts to her scriptural knowledge. She is attended by seven guardian spirits ; the three coming down are to relieve the four going away, so that she is never left without spiritual guides. The mansion at the top signifies that she will lead them from earthly troubles to Heavenly trust, (those that she ministers unto) : she will bring healing to their bodies and peace to their souls ; a Heavenly peace which passeth all understanding. The flowers round the border signify that her spiritual conception is pure ; that her spiritual mission is like scattering sweet perfume around her ; the roses are an emblem of her work, that their fragrance will never fade, and that the good work she does will be lasting. February 21, 1867."

In the picture one of the angels is placing a wreath on the head of the figure sitting at the easel. I am sorry to say that the faces and arms in the drawing have turned nearly black, in consequence of his having mixed flake white with his complexion tints. I also purchased one of his previous drawings, illustrating the parable of the ten

talents, and I now much regret that I should not have had some of the others.

A dear friend in the country, to whom I write all details of whatever may be going on, said that she should much like to have a drawing done by him ; but as she was very susceptible of influences, she should not like him to do it at his own home, because of the atmosphere taken into it by the many incongruous sitters who were in the habit of thronging there ; so we arranged for him to come here to draw for a few hours a day whenever he could manage it, and I established a table for his special use, where he not only executed her drawing, but several others for which I obtained commissions for him. I always mesmerised him for a preliminary vision, and sometimes for an after interpretation. His method of work of course altered very much in this atmosphere of artistic life, besides which I supplied him with my own colours and materials. His visits were also a great pleasure to Mamma, who appreciated his simplicity of nature, and used to like to watch his progress, sometimes taking her station by his side, as she was in the habit of doing by mine. Sometimes I would be impressed to mesmerise him, and on one occasion, March 18, while in trance, he said, "There is a spirit standing by your mother, who says that drawing is not alone your work ; you are to give yourself up to every description of teaching. You are to follow the Spirit wheresoever It goeth : to obey It when It cometh. You will be influenced to teach people by the voice. You will have many to teach by drawing, but you are not to confine yourself to that alone ; whenever you feel the Power upon you, you are to speak : you are to get up to teach your brothers and sisters. If people have faith that they can be healed under your influence, you are not to refuse to heal them, but you are not to be distracted or drawn off from any work the Spirit has set you ; you are not to allow it to interfere with work you have got to do. If you are in the presence of a multitude of people, and are impressed to speak—speak up boldly what is given you by the Spirit ; none of us are to

hide our light under a bushel. Spiritualists at present are like sheep without a shepherd, but one shall arise up, and join them all together in a band of true friendship. They shall not detract one from the other's merits or spiritual gifts, but each shall stand in their own order; it will be a rough stone indeed that will be cast out, for association with the other stones will make them perfect: each one will have to strive to assist the great work:—at present they have been pulling one stone away from another, and casting it forth, and presently they would have brought the building about their ears. The spiritual cause will burst out anew with a double fire. You will have a very important part to play in the great work: you must consider yourself a missionary in the Hands of the Lord:—you must not allow your light to be set aside for any one, but press forward for your own mission. Every one must work for their own mission, yet form one grand whole. Your mother will have ministering angels to comfort her; when she cannot see them she will feel them around to influence, she will be assisted in her weakness. There will be many people trying to promote an Athenæum, but many will fail; but you must not be daunted; press forward with your own spiritual mission, yield to no obstacles."

Once, upon looking at a small pen-and-ink drawing I had done, it became, as it were, a vision to him, and he said, "I see this room full of people, all copying and drawing. You seem to have a regular school. I see ladies drawing, and gentlemen looking on—you, going from one to another. I see quantities of people. I see like a drawing Athenæum. Why! you will scarcely find room for all, there are so many. I see you going forth with a portfolio under your arm: you seem to be going to see people, going from house to house, but all those of first-class people. I see you going up a grand staircase, and then in a large saloon, shewing your drawings, and numbers of people are looking. I see you reading from a paper; it looks like a book. . . .

"Oh! you will have a deal of talking; it seems to me as

if you were preaching; and you will have numbers of people to visit you, you are quite holding forth to them. . . .

"You will hold many séances in this room, séances of a grander character than any that have yet been given: you will have manifestations of every class: no spiritual manifestation is to be despised, some being, as it were, the foundation on which the higher ones are to be based."

On the 30th January, Miss Wallace, a very charming young American lady of fortune, came with some friends to see my drawings. She belonged to what is called there the Episcopal Church, which is the same as our own Church of England, and had been repelled by all she had heard of Spiritualism in her own country; but this phase of it charmed her, so that she came to me frequently, and was developed into drawing mediumship. She told me of some very interesting experiences of her own, which she had not hitherto connected in any way with Spiritualism. She had gone into some special work in life, in spite of the wishes of her friends. She did not say what it was, but I think from other things she narrated, that it was, like Florence Nightingale, nursing the sick and wounded during the time of their fearful civil war. But one day she saw before her a Hand of bronze, which seemed to open and close with resolute power and will, and she felt that she was as it were within the grasp of that Hand, and that, however strong might be her own will, it must succumb to that which was invincible, and she at once gave up what she was doing. She had since that, at intervals, again seen the Hand, but on the later occasions it had been a Hand of flesh; sometimes it had pointed towards the direction in which she was to go, and had given other unmistakable signals for guidance. Her drawing mediumship carried out the same thought, for almost all she did were symbols of the Hand, some of them very lovely and delicate pen-and-ink work, and I regret exceedingly that she should not have given me any specimen; but she left England for the Paris Exhibition, with the intention of shortly returning; instead of which she went from thence to America, and I am sorry to say I

have never heard from her since, especially as I also have one of Mr. Marshall's drawings for her, which was yet unfinished when she went away.

It is curious to me to observe the different specialities of mediums with respect to symbolism, and to see that each appears to have some particular type of God's Care as most appropriate either to their lives or their feelings. There is one friend who may take any scrap of paper, and she will always be guided to draw a Wing (never twice alike); and her confidence is that in all troubles He shelters her. To another, who always feels His presence, the Eye is sure to be portrayed; while another has the representation of the Shield, to shew in Whose protection she places her trust.

Miss Wallace was very desirous to be present at a séance, but in her sensitive state of early development, my spirit friends reminded us that it might be injurious to her to go to any public medium, so we decided upon having a séance here for her gratification, and invited several friends to meet her. Miss Nicholl's mediumship had begun to be much spoken of, but, as is usually the case, we had heard many tales both for and against her, so that we hardly knew what to believe. Just at this time the Reverend Dr. Maurice Davies invited me to meet her at his house, so we agreed that if I liked her I was to ask her to join our party. As soon as she entered the room my doubts were completely put to flight, so I asked and received permission from my unseen friends to invite her, which I did in the course of the evening, and she accepted most cordially, though she had another engagement for the appointed night; but she begged the friends to whom she was going to allow her to change their day, and thus came to us for our first séance of that class, establishing at the same time a warm and lasting friendship.

Séance held March 21st, 1867, at which were present:—Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. (Flinders) Pearson, Miss Wallace, Miss Nicholl, Mamma, and myself. I am sorry to say that I did not make any notes at the time, so that I cannot remember all the details;

but of all our subsequent séances I have written out the accounts on the following morning. We had previously done our best to darken the room, and after tea we seated ourselves round the table, and commenced by all joining in The Lord's Prayer. We sat very patiently and rather silently, for I deem it a great incongruity to allow frivolous and nonsensical chatter at a spiritual séance, and it has always been the rule here to avoid anything of the kind. Even when the spirits rap out the word "Talk," which they sometimes do, because the feeling of expectancy in the circle baffles their proceedings, I seldom join much in the ensuing conversation, because in fact my feelings are more contemplative than expectant, and much discourse jars upon me. Neither do I deem it consistent for *us* to attempt to govern the character of the manifestations. I am quite sure that the unseen workers will do their very best for our gratification, and the disturbance caused by interference from this side, prevents them from carrying out their own intentions, while the *conditions* are probably not adapted to meet the *mortal* requirements, and the result is generally a comparative failure. Of course when the spirits desire people to "Wish for something," it is a different case, and then in expressing their desires they are only fulfilling the kindly request. I consider that it is in consequence of the rigid manner in which we have usually adhered to these rules at our séances that *each fresh* manifestation has usually taken place *here*, and has afterwards been given at other houses. The selfhood has been, as it were, annihilated in the whole circle, leaving the invisible side in utter freedom to work their own will.

I had placed plenty of letter-paper (divided into half sheets) and pencils on the table, and Mrs. Ramsay was impressed to suggest that a sheet of paper and a pencil should be placed on the floor, lying under her chair and mine, so as to be between us. While in the dark, we had messages rapped out, and some of the things were moved about, and there was a great feeling of pleasant harmony among us. After a time "Light," was spelt, so we lighted

the candle, and did not again extinguish it. Miss Nicholl placed her hand on one of the sheets of paper, and to her great surprise it clung to it like iron to a magnet: she then (flat out as it was), rubbed it all over my chest, back, and head, as if to gather influence from me. She laid her left hand on another sheet, which clung to it in like manner (the previous sheet still clinging to her right hand), which she rubbed in the same way over Mrs. Ramsay, who sat on my left hand, Miss Nicholl being on my right. When, finally, she rested her two hands on the table, the sheets of paper dropped off simultaneously, and I gave them both to her to take home, as they must have been thoroughly bathed in the influences of Mrs. Ramsay and myself.

I then took up the sheet of paper from the floor, and found that a *direct* drawing (*i.e.* without the intervention of mortal fingers) had been done, in looping curves, producing somewhat the effect of a turban or crown, but executed with complete continuity, as one single stroke from beginning to end, and with marvellous perfectness and precision, which was the more surprising as the sheet was lying on the rough texture of the carpet, which we should naturally have expected would have caused inequalities. Of course, I have protected it with a sheet of glass. The spirits rapped out "Good night," when we broke up our sitting and adjourned to the next room for refreshments.

Mrs. Gregory said she hoped Miss Nicholl would do her the pleasure of spending an evening at her house, and that I would meet her there, which I agreed to do when the time should be fixed; but she already had an engagement for a séance with Mr. and Mrs. Tawse, who had so kindly given her up to me. They called here a few days later, to invite me to join the circle, and I asked if I might take Miss Wallace with me, to which they cordially agreed, and that gave her an extra opportunity of witnessing those marvels before her departure for Paris, besides which we had made an engagement with Miss Nicholl, who had now gone back to reside with her grandfather at Hampton Wick, to come to us for my birthday.

In the meanwhile she called here, and I asked whether she had ever again had that manifestation of the paper clinging to her hand ; but she had tried for it a great many times without the slightest success, so I got out some paper for her to try, and it clung to her hand immediately, but, notwithstanding all her efforts, it never took place in any house but this. Mrs. Ramsay called here the next day, and in talking about it she said she should like to try the experiment, and to her satisfaction it adhered in the same way to her hand, but *she* could never obtain it elsewhere.

Mrs. Ramsay was doing a coloured drawing for me, in exchange for one I had done for her of her own spirit flower, and on April 11th was written through her hand :—

“ This drawing is for Miss Houghton, and it will help to develop you : her influence is great and pure, and must ever shed peace and joy and blessing over all she has any power over. God bless her and you.

“ The great and loving JOHN.”

Birthday Séance, April 20th, Easter Eve, at which were present :—Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Wallace, Miss Nicholl, Mamma and myself. We began, according to my usual rule, with The Lord's Prayer. Messages were given through the raps, and we received many of the ordinary class of manifestations, touches from spirit hands, and such like ; but presently the invisibles withdrew Miss Nicholl's chair, so that she was compelled to kneel, still retaining Mamma's hand, from whom she always said that she received a particularly sweet influence. Then I was impressed to stand up, so as to be slightly outside the circle (I had been sitting between Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Ramsay), and to lay my hand on Mrs. Ramsay's shoulder. Suddenly I felt something placed so lightly upon my head that it seemed as if it must have wafted itself there. But as the spirits had amused themselves at Mrs. Gregory's by putting her head-dress on the heads of the four gentlemen in succession, I thought it might be something of the same kind, so I made no observation,

especially as its very gentle touch had not startled me at all. Presently Miss Nicholl exclaimed, "Oh! there is something so bright on Miss Houghton's head; do you not all see how it glitters?"—Some could see a brightness, but they mostly could not, so we asked and obtained permission to have a light, when we found that the spirits had brought into this room (where doors and windows were all carefully closed to exclude every particle of light), and had placed on my head, in exact position, a most lovely wreath of everlasting flowers of every shade and hue, to our great astonishment and delight. In those days everlasting flowers were a rarity; and although we had ourselves cultivated them in the old home, we had never seen so much variety. *Now* they are largely imported into England, and therefore might not cause so much surprise. When we were again in darkness, Mrs. Ramsay felt her hand, which was resting on a sheet of paper, being tenderly and caressingly pressed; and afterwards we found written upon the sheet of paper, on the very part *covered* by her hand, "The flowers are a crown of glory." Thus, the substance of the pencil must have been passed through that of her hand for the direct writing to be produced, and it must have been the pencil itself that she felt. This manifestation appears more wonderful to me than even those writings between closed slates, because of its being a living person's flesh that was penetrated. Among the loose sheets on the table, where we had heard them busying themselves in the course of the evening, was one upon which my darling Papa had written, "God bless my dear daughter."

After the séance was over, and we had gone into the adjoining room, I asked if they would tell me the name of the spirit who had brought the wreath, and through the movements of my hands "Gabriel" was spelt out, and that accounted to Mamma and myself for my having felt his signal so often during the day, while I was making all the preparations; for it was a great process to get this room darkened, and to make all the necessary changes of furniture in the two rooms.

A few days later a clergyman called to see my drawings,

and in the course of his visit I brought down my floral crown to show to him. Shortly before he went away I got out the drawing executed for me through Emanuel Marshall, and thus, seeing the drawing and wreath together, he was much struck to discover, and point out to me, that the picture and the preliminary vision had both been prophetic of the birthday gift brought to me by the Archangel Gabriel. I have since had it enclosed in a frame, so that it is still almost as perfect as when I received it.

On Easter Monday I went to a séance at Mrs. Gregory's, which was the occasion of a very singular fact being demonstrated to me. While we were quietly awaiting some manifestations, we heard a peculiar whirring sound, and suddenly a small musical box, in full play, was placed on the table. Miss Nicholl was much excited, for she was certain, by the tune, that it was her own that she had left in her room at Hampton Wick. The box was passed from hand to hand, so that we all felt and examined it; and when it ceased playing the candle was lighted, and lo! the box was gone. Upon questioning, we were told that it had been taken back to Hampton Wick. The gentleman who had charge of the lighting department had been somewhat impatient, and had been very frequent in his applications for leave to light up, although we all know very well that such interruptions are detrimental to the manifestations, because the vibrations in the atmosphere occasioned by light, unsettle the aura (or whatever we may term it) from the medium and circle whereby the spirits work. Well—very shortly after the disappearance of the musical box, he again asked for leave to light up, and the gracious answer "Yes" came immediately (it had frequently been "No.") He struck the match—there was the candlestick, but no candle! and we were told that that also had been taken to Hampton Wick.

I was to meet Miss Nicholl the next evening at Beckenham, for a séance at Mrs. Varley's, and as soon as I saw her, I eagerly enquired whether the musical box and the candle had really been taken to Hampton Wick, and she said, Oh! yes, they had; but one provoking thing was that the wax

from the candle had been spilt on her best work-box. There was a marvel. The candle had been taken from Green Street, Grosvenor Square, to Hampton Wick, with such rapidity that the wax had not cooled!!! Such a fact is quite unexplainable according to our present knowledge of physical science, and though it may be deemed a very small one, it is sufficient in itself to expunge the word *impossible* from the repertory of a student of spiritual phenomena.

On one occasion, at Mrs. Gregory's, the large loo-table round which we were sitting, was suddenly lifted and turned upside-down, and while we were all wondering at the immense force thus displayed, Miss Nicholl's chair, with her in it, was raised, and placed on the sort of platform made by the three branching feet. We never had those kind of rough manifestations here, but they have their value for the outside public, as they undoubtedly cannot be the action of the sitters themselves, and would need a giant's strength for their performance.

Many theories have been broached as to the means by which the spirits are able to bring material objects into closed rooms. Whether they are large or small the *method* must be the same, although the larger ones occasion the most wonderment. I have heard the theory of disintegration, but still the *particles* would have to be brought through, so I do not see that that would facilitate operations; besides, if a living being were disintegrated, it seems to me that there would be a difficulty in restoring the pulsating life. *My* friends tell me that the explanation cannot really be given, because it is the result of a state of existence to which we have not attained; but the comparison they institute for my comprehension is as the difference between water and ice. All our walls, &c., are to us a solid substance, such as ice, whereas to them it is a mere fluid through which they can pass without leaving a trace, and whatsoever they enclose *within* their own atmosphere becomes for the moment spiritualised like themselves, and passes through any earthly substance with an equal facility, whatever may be its bulk.

CHAPTER X.

NOTWITHSTANDING these fresh sources of interest, which all gave a great additional charm to Mamima's life, I went steadily on with my own artistic work. I mentioned that the last drawing finished at the old home was my own spiritual crown, after which I did two other drawings (one was a commission), and then the very lovely crown of Mrs. Oliphant, the talented novel-writer, and authoress of the "Life of Edward Irving," was done, also one, equally beautiful, of Mrs. Spear. With this new work, fresh ideas gradually dawned upon me, casting new light upon the crowns promised to us in Scripture, but the interpretation was not given, because of my cares and anxieties, until the May of 1867, and I afterwards published it (as follows) in my catalogue :—

"The Spiritual Crown, the Crown of Glory, the Crown of good works—literally as well as figuratively. Every thought, word, and deed bears Spiritual fruit, and while emanating from the human being, is accompanied by a radiant line of colour, if good ; and by a line of darkness, or even of blackness, if bad. The radiant lines are gathered up by the guardian Spirits of the individual, and by them woven into a Crown ; but often it is a case of difficulty, for the glittering threads are so fine that very many are required before the smallest morsel can be woven, and the dark or black threads frequently obliterate the work altogether, so that they whose life is habitually evil can have no crown until the evil habits are overcome. Think of it, ye who give way to evil passions or violent tempers ! every unkind word undoes a portion of the work of those loving ones, who would strive to aid you in overcoming the temptations of your own nature and of evil influences. Every unholy thought tarnishes the fabric, and they are thus often com-

pelled to repeat their labours, perhaps again to be demolished. Remember also, that the virtues must not lie dormant, like brightly coloured stars, reposing in the heart ; they must come forth and work, or the bright thread does not issue forth. As the radiant material accumulates, they gradually form it into a gossamer-like texture, brocaded as it were with lovely patterns, which they shape into a kind of turban, and the numerous transparent folds shew through one another with marvellous brilliancy ; or sometimes they condense the threads, and form of them gems of varied hues."

I received later the following additional information : "These crowns are thus formed in readiness to be worn when the individual shall have quitted the earth-life, and have been afterwards purified by suffering and repentance from the earthly dross that might still have clung to the emancipated spirit. This may, perhaps, only be achieved by slow and fitful degrees, but there are occasions when the spirit may for a short time be permitted to wear it even before entering into complete possession, when they gain, as it were, momentary glimpses of the future happiness and peace they will enjoy. A time is at hand, under this third dispensation, when to some few of the Apostolic workers it may be granted, even while still upon earth, that the crown shall, at peculiar seasons of religious exaltation, descend and rest for awhile on their heads ; but in most cases it floats above the head of its future wearer, approaching the head, or retreating upwards, according to the degree of holiness of feeling, or the reverse, of the individual at the time. May all strive to retain it nearly stationary in close proximity to themselves."

I generally made my way to and from Sloane Street by omnibus, but one Thursday Mr. Home-Lyon was going to see a friend in Kensington Palace Gardens, so we came together, in a cab. On the journey we were discussing the subject of recognising influences of individuals in things belonging to them, or that had belonged to them ; so I took off one of my rings, and handed it to him, asking whether he

felt any influence known to him from it, and he immediately said—"Oh! yes, I feel Mrs. Gregory's very strongly."—It had been her kind gift to me, and was all the more imbued with her essence from having been given to her by her husband's mother, who I believe to have been the spirit who impressed her to bestow it upon me. I then handed him another, when the answer came instantaneously:—"That is full of Mrs. Ramsay." It was a large and exquisite oriental pearl, which she had given me in memory of her sweet daughter, who had been generally known by the name of Môtee, meaning a pearl; a designation bestowed upon her by the natives in India because of her delicate fairness of complexion. In our séances dear Môtee always taps with her tender finger upon that ring, as a signal of her presence.

In a small cardboard box I had with me, there was a Russian Easter egg in painted china that I had just had mounted at a shop in Sloane Street, and had called for on my way to the Spiritual Athenæum; so I took it out of its swathings, and asked if any influence came to him from that. "Oh! it is from the present Emperor of Russia;"* he exclaimed, and he was again right. My uncle, the Chevalier Warrand, had been for many years English tutor to the then Czarovitch, and the other members of the Imperial family, and the amiable young heir had never failed to celebrate Easter Day by presenting to him one of those tasteful eggs.

For our next séance, held May 18, we engaged the professional services of Mrs. Emanuel Marshall, besides whom, the circle consisted of Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Morris, Mr. J. B. Bennett, Mamma and myself.

As on the previous occasion, I felt Gabriel's signal many times during the day. I also felt the one by which Moses signifies his presence, and Mamma then asked whether he

* Since writing the above lines, I find that a dastardly assassination, has rendered it necessary for me to alter the word *present*, into *late*, Emperor.

would come in the evening, to which he answered in the affirmative, and added that Elias would accompany him.

When first we sat, at about half-past seven, although we had done our best to exclude the lingering daylight, it was not sufficiently dark for a really dark séance; so, after we had joined in The Lord's Prayer, the spirits, by raps, desired us to "ask questions;" and various enquiries were made, receiving answers interesting to the questioners. While those conversations were going on, I felt Abraham's signal, so I knew that he, too, was present among the wondrous company of spirits surrounding us. When quite dark, the spirits spelt the following message: "Put all your pocket-handkerchiefs on the table;" which we did, and then obeyed the injunction to "talk." Again a demand for the alphabet. "John, you are to give the juice of the Spirit to the whole world, and pure wine to these dear friends to-night—we will bring the wine." After a little more conversation, this further message was spelt out:—"The fruit of the earth is God's. Eat and drink with thanksgiving." I was then impressed to rise, and was thus spoken through:—"Seek ye unto The Lord, and not unto His agents; from Him cometh all good; from Him Alone ask it. Whatsoever He willeth to send unto His people, that He sendeth, but they who bring are but His ministers and messengers; to Him give the glory, gratitude and thanksgiving." Shortly after I was seated, the alphabet was again asked for. "This is the grandest séance ever known, and your house is indeed blessed." "We have brought it." "What?" "The wine." Upon obtaining a light we were astonished to see all the handkerchiefs grouped in waves in the centre of the table, and upon them a mass of beautiful purple grapes!!!—which it was then intimated that Mr. Bennett was to divide, and on doing so he found that there were exactly seven for each person. In the excitement attendant upon such a manifestation, the spirits found it requisite to give the reminder that they were to be taken with praise and thanksgiving, and through me were spoken the words, "Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech

Thee, these blessings to our use, and us to Thy service, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen." They required us to take not only the inside of the grapes, but also the skins and seeds, that we should thus literally eat and drink. They likewise insisted upon our each consuming our whole portion then and there, although we would gladly have kept some to shew to our friends; thus, in all points fulfilling the sacramental directions (and those given to the Jews with reference to the Passover), that none should be carried away or kept to perish: at the same time teaching us the high and holy lesson that not as a mere wonder were we to look upon it, but as binding us in links of love to our Heavenly Father, as His servants to do His work. May all who were then present understand the full meaning of the pure wine they then and there imbibed, and may the seeds have germinated within their souls, so as to bring forth fruit in the hereafter. I enquired if they would kindly tell us who brought the grapes, and "God's Messenger," was spelt. "Gabriel?" "Yes."

We each tied the small stalks belonging to our respective portions in a corner of those handkerchiefs which had thus served as "a fair linen cloth;" . . . and when again in darkness the spirits promised that we should each have a token of that evening's séance, and they fulfilled the promise by forming each handkerchief (still containing the grape stalks) into a complicated knot. They then spelt out: "My darling friends, we are sorry we cannot do more for you to-night, so we must take leave;" and we then heard the gradually retreating raps. A closing blessing was then given through me.

There was a small glass of distilled water under the table, which I had placed there with a faint hope that the spirits might, perhaps, execute a water-colour drawing; and in that glass they had placed one grape, which had not been on the sacramental table, and it thus remains as my especial token, preserved in spirits of wine.

I need not dilate on the wonder of such a séance, with all its high symbolical meaning, but alas! I know how even

such lessons lose their force among those who live only a worldly life ; and after a while there were séances in other homes, where the grapes became—*fruit*, and nothing else. And so it is—a thought, however elevated, may lose all its spiritual fulness, and shrivel away into a dry fibre, unless the Divine element it contains is cherished and drawn into the daily life.

Of course we looked forward to the Day of Pentecost for a very special séance, prefaced by much prayerful thought, and my dear friend came up from the country in order to be present.

It was held on Whitsunday, June 9th, and the circle consisted of Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Gregory, Miss S——, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Nicholl, Mr. J. B. Bennett, Mamma and myself. We commenced, as usual, with The Lord's Prayer. The spirits, with very delicate raps, desired us to read the 7th chapter of Matthew, after which we again extinguished the light. We were then requested to sing, and we did our best with one of the hymns appointed for the day—"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove ;" and afterwards we sang the Evening Hymn. Mrs. Gregory mentioned that she had lately been continually seeing oranges in vision, and that indeed she then saw eight of them ; the number then increased to more than she could count, so she asked if the spirits would tell her the meaning of oranges, and "a glorious fruit of Paradise" was spelt out. Mrs. Gregory then said that in vision she saw a crown hovering above, and Miss Nicholl exclaimed: "Oh ! how I wish it would come on to dear Mrs. Houghton's head." Shortly afterwards we smelled a delicious perfume, and I was then desired to "Bring wine ;" and upon enquiry I learned that I was to bring from the adjoining room a decanter of Canary wine and a wine-glass ; and when I had lighted the candle for the purpose of doing so, we found that on Mamma's head was a lovely wreath of freshly-gathered roses, which had been placed there so lightly that she had not felt the touch. When I had placed the wine and glass on the table, and extinguished the light, the command was given,

"Nicholl must walk,"—and she was further desired to walk twelve times round the circle. As soon as she rose, I saw a spirit light on a landscape which I had sketched in Canary, and which had been finished through me by Claude Lorraine. The light varied in intensity during her rounds, being sometimes brighter and sometimes fainter, and there were slight variations in form, but when she sat down again it vanished altogether. I was afterwards told that each of Our Lord's Apostles accompanied her in turn, for the twelve rounds, and that the lights were emblematic of their presence. After she was seated I saw just before my eyes tongues of flame, eight in number; they were not cloven tongues, but, as it were, small pyramids of light; (our circle numbered eight). We then heard the wine poured from the decanter into the glass, and received the direction, "Drink." On obtaining the light, we found in the centre of the table a collection of pieces of bread, such as are administered at the sacrament, and also an orange. I was then impressed to take up one of the pieces of bread, and holding it between the finger and thumb of each hand, was made to raise it high above me, my face being at the same time upturned; and I thus was made to break it, and to give the pieces to Mrs. Ramsay and Miss Nicholl, who sat on each side of me. Another piece was divided in like manner for Mamma and Mrs. Gregory—then for Miss S—and Mrs. Pearson—then for Mr. Bennett and myself. I had then to take a sip of the wine, and to pass it round for each to do the same, and there was exactly sufficient for us each to take a portion. There was still some bread, and three pieces were divided among the six in the same manner as at first, but the remainder I had to collect into my hand, and to divide it between myself and Mr. Bennett (who on the 18th of May had had to officiate when the grapes were brought to us as a sacramental service), taking and giving a piece alternately until all was consumed, when through me was spoken from our Communion Service, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship

Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty."

After that a strong address was delivered through me upon the work that spiritualists are in this day called upon to perform, and especially those then present, who were surrounded by so vast an assemblage of spirits; for within this Pentecostal chamber were congregated all those who had attended Our Saviour upon earth, and who are now employed in aiding the workers in this dispensation: there were also those angelic messengers who had been deputed to assist the Disciples while upon earth, and every spirit who had ever given me their signature; and that their influence was to be shed forth upon the earth, so as to draw the whole world to God. After we had extinguished the light, a certain stillness fell upon us, as if of expectation. We felt a waft of air, and there were sounds as if flowers or something were fluttering down to us; but we then clearly distinguished the flutter of wings, and all felt assured that a dove was in the chamber. To each of us came the bird, and I felt it several times caress my cheek with its quivering wing; it nestled down upon my neck; I next felt it upon my head with its wings outspread; and I afterwards heard it hovering just over my head. Mrs. Ramsay also felt it, much in the same way; Mrs. Gregory felt it twice, as if slipping between her fingers. It settled on Mamma's head, on which was still the wreath of roses. After a while, by raps, was spelt "No more." And when we had lighted the candle, we looked in vain for the dove!

I was then influenced [to go round and address each individual in the circle, the inspiration varying wonderfully according to the person addressed, but I can recollect little beyond the strain in which each was apostrophised. Miss S—— was the first to whom I was taken, and to her were given the most tender assurances of God's loving protection. To Mr. Bennett it was a most reusing discourse, beginning: "Fight the good fight, as beseems a soldier of the Lord, panoplied in an armour of faith, and shielded by His love."

This address was the more striking to us as the character of it tallied so completely with a water-colour drawing which was being executed for him by the spirits through Mr. Marshall, where Mr. Bennett was portrayed as clad in complete armour, and standing triumphantly upon a gigantic prostrate figure, representing Folly, Ignorance and Falsehood. Mrs. Pearson was told that the time was not yet arrived for her to do much in the spiritual cause, but that she must ever strive to fit herself for the period when she would form one of a band of women whose labours would be manifold. Mamma received the assurance of how she would be strengthened during the remainder of her pilgrimage here upon earth, and that she would be spared to see much made clear that still troubled her. Miss Nicholl was tenderly admonished that she had not yet realized the full sacredness of her mission—that she must never go forth to any spiritual séance without earnest prayer, and also that she should make a point, wherever she acted as the presiding medium, that the séance itself should be commenced with prayer, that she might thus be permitted to be the agent in raising the general tone of séances. Mrs. Gregory was warmly exhorted to continue in the path she had marked out for herself as an ardent leader in Spiritualism, to draw all those with whom she came in contact to the study of the blessed truths that formed her own happiness. To Mrs. Ramsay was spoken at some length, opening with the assurance that she was chosen of God as one of His workers, because *He was her choice*—that many say, “Wherefore are such and such powers bestowed upon others, and not upon *me*? Why should some have so many spiritual gifts showered upon them, and others have none, or only of an inferior character?” They know the wisdom of the world, and think that God is not equally capable of making a judicious choice! If men want to have a watch made, do they apply to a ploughman, or for delicate jewellery would they seek a blacksmith? The Lord, therefore, seeks a skilled and willing workman to do His higher work, and those less skilled for that which is inferior. Each in their own path

must do their utmost, but those paths *must* have their differences, while at the same time each fraction of the work is indispensable in forming a complete whole ; therefore, each workman in his own place has a high mission, and should use his utmost energy wheresoever he may be placed.

At the end of the séance the closing verse of the second epistle to the Corinthians was given through me.

After all our friends had left, I had several things to put away that I had been shewing after the séance, and instead of placing my candle properly on the table, I put it only on the edge, so that it fell to the ground, and I was left in total darkness. I felt convinced it was not accidental, but was done for a purpose, and hoped I might see a spirit : nothing, however, appeared, so I relighted the fallen candle, and I then found that the melted wax had adhered to the carpet, and I had some trouble to clear it off. While doing so, my eye was attracted to a small scrap of the dove's down, close to the spot I was cleansing, which scrap of down I have preserved carefully. I afterwards searched most minutely, but no other morsel could I find, and I thus learned the real meaning of the downfall of my candle.

At the latter part of the séance I had been directed to give the orange to Miss S——, who sent me some of its seeds after her return home, one of which now holds its place in my room as a very healthy plant, which I hope may blossom some day ; but I believe they need the growth of twenty years ere that result can be achieved, so I may still have to wait with patience for six more. The wreath of roses with which Mamma was then crowned, was placed on her head when in her coffin, and buried with her.

Our next séance was held on the anniversary of Mamma's wedding-day, July 21, and the circle was composed of Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Gregory, Miss S——, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Nicholl, Mr. J. B. Bennett, Mamma and myself. After we had joined in The Lord's Prayer, we were desired to sing, and we obeyed by singing the Evening Hymn. Miss Nicholl thought it would be very kind if the spirits would allow each person to choose something that

they would like to have brought, and after a little disquisition on the subject, the spirits, by raps, said, "Elizabeth's idea is good." On further enquiry we learned that our wishes were to be confined to flowers and fruit; that we were each to mention our wish, when they would answer as to whether they would be complied with; and thus was initiated the system which afterwards became so general in Miss Nicholl's séances. Some of the answers were in the negative, some doubtful, and some in the affirmative. We were desired again to sing the Evening Hymn, and when we had finished, the word "Light" was rapped out, when we found that three sprays of St. John's wort had been placed before those who had wished for flowers, and with Mrs. Varley's was a lovely pink holly-oak blossom. As she had asked for a rose, that seemed to have been given in lieu of it; but she then saw in vision many beautiful holly-oaks, as if glittering with light, so Mamma thought that probably the gorgeous holly-oak was her symbolical flower. Shortly after we were again in darkness, Miss S—— felt some fruit put into her lap, and when we had lighted the candle we found grapes (the only fruit they would allow Mr. Bennett to choose), gooseberries, red and black currants, which were all that had been promised.

When we were again in the dark, Miss Nicholl said, "Oh! how I wish they would bring us the bread and wine;" and when presently we were told to light the candle we found on the centre of the table some more grapes, and a small bunch of oats, the stalks being tied into themselves, to hold them together. We made up two trays of sheets of paper, into one of which we put the fruit we had first received, and into the other the grapes and oats, and Mr. Bennett placed them aside before we extinguished the light. Then, by raps—"You have received the bread and wine and you, my dear children, will now have the true bread and wine." I was then desired to fetch a wine-glass, and to give it to Miss Nicholl, which I did without a light. "Elizabeth, walk." Miss Nicholl then had to walk seven times round the circle, holding the glass in her hand, and

when seated, she was impressed to draw my hand down to the glass, so that we both held it in her lap. The Evening Hymn was again requested, and while we were singing, we heard something being poured into the glass, and when we had lighted the candle we found that it was about half filled with "New Wine," and on the table was a bunch of rye, tied together in the same manner as the oats, with its own stems, but the oats had entirely vanished. I then had to taste the wine, which was New Wine!—the freshly-expressed juice of the grape before the commencement of fermentation, as I have tasted it in my own sunny land, but it had the additional flavour of roses and clove-carnation, so that it must undoubtedly have been wine made by the spirits themselves. With the glass of wine in my hand (we were still allowed to have the light), I had to walk twelve times round the circle, touching each person as I passed them; and in my thirteenth round I had to give to each a sip of the wine, so that about half was consumed; and when I had returned to my place, still standing, I had to raise the glass up high, and various movements were made with it for some time, as if the spirits were mesmerising it. I then had again to give a sip to each individual, and there was exactly enough left for us all to have the second small portion, and we each discovered that the flavour had been somewhat altered by the mesmerising process it had gone through.

I was then, for some little time, spoken through prophetically, but as it all faded from my memory, such must have been the intention, especially as the only thing I did recollect with any certainty was that there was a pause, during which I felt my mouth very firmly shut; and I was then spoken of and through, "Her lips are closed as to prophecy for the present, but the time will come when they shall be opened to declare the Will of The Lord."

We all ate some few grains of the rye, and then I had to distribute the bunch among us, so that we each had two ears of the grain, even as we had each had two sips of the wine. The fruit was then shared among us and eaten.

Before we left the table the blessing with which our church service closes was given through me.

These three séances seem to me to be most wonderfully linked, or, I should rather say, to grow one out of the other. In the first instance, the grapes themselves. Our Lord says, "I am the true vine." In the fruit of the vine there is every requisite, not only to sustain life, but to give health and vigour to the feeble and weak: in southern lands the grape cure is looked upon as the certain panacea for almost all ailments, and is indeed typical of the Great Physician.

In the second, the glorious Pentecostal séance, we received the bread and wine as He gave them to His own apostles in His farewell sitting with them, therewith ever to keep up the remembrance of Him in their hearts and lives: when also He said unto them, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until I drink it *new* with you in my Father's Kingdom."

May it indeed be given to us in these days to be gathered into that Kingdom, for the New Wine of the outpouring Spirit has been bestowed upon us in full measure.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. COLLEN, a dear old gentleman, who had been a miniature-painter, and had taken many portraits of our beloved Queen when she was a fair young princess, came one Wednesday to see me, and as I think his experience was interesting, I will give it in his own words, as published in the pages of the *Medium*.

Extracts from an account of Spirit-drawings written by Henry Collen, Esq., of St. Albans :—

“Many years ago (fourteen or thereabouts), being often in the company of Mr. Gilbert, who was a symbolical drawing medium, I on one occasion expressed the wish that I also could draw under impression, and at his invitation went to him the next day prepared to do so, with the assistance of his influence. I should mention here that I am professionally an artist. As soon as I placed my pencil on the paper, my hand was moved, and impelled to make a large oval, inclining to the left; and the motion was continued so long that a large oval tint was produced—then two small circular tints were made, side by side, and then another lower down. It soon became evident that I was about to draw a head—and when Mr. Gilbert got up from his drawing to see what I was doing, he said, ‘You are going to draw a head of our Lord.’ This it proved to be, and when it was finished, which it was in about six hours, I was impressed to write beneath it: ‘He bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows.’

“After this I made two or three other small drawings, but when I drew at home and alone, I became by degrees so uncertain as to whether what I did was voluntary or involuntary, that, not liking the idea of self-deception, I relinquished it altogether, to my now, great regret.

“On the 28th of August, 1867, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Houghton, and on the 18th

of September I called, and shewed her the head above spoken of, when she remarked that having done that, I ought to have continued to draw, and that she, possessing much developing power, would endeavour to resuscitate the dormant talent. She placed pencil and paper before me, and mesmerised me (under spirit influence) for some time, but my pencil made a very slight line, and very slowly. I again called on the 25th, when Mrs. Collen accompanied me, and Miss Houghton then recommended us to sit every evening, being sure that we should obtain what we were seeking, and that I should again receive spirit aid in the use of the pencil.

"We began to sit on September 27th for half an hour, but no movement of any consequence or distinctness took place until October 3rd, when it was little more than what must be called a scribble of curves and loops. I thus went on for a few days, with a slight increase of power, and on the 10th my wife said, 'I wish I could draw.' I immediately gave her the pencil, saying, 'Try.' She took it, and it at once began to move, rather slowly, all over the paper; and on examination, we found to our great surprise and pleasure that it was *writing*, purporting to be from my mother, from whom, and many other spirit friends, we have continued to receive most interesting communications. On October 28th I began to make rather elaborate spiral lines, and on the 29th a very large one, comparatively; and I may here mention that the line, however long, is unbroken. After having placed the point of the pencil on the paper, it is very interesting to watch patiently for the impulse to be given to it. On trial I found that the force is, with me, equal to from one to two ounces suspended over a pulley at the edge of the table, and united by a thread to the pencil near the point, which is held upright, and very lightly on the paper. This evening, during a sitting at which my mother was communicating with us, I enquired who had moved my hand to make the spiral above mentioned, and the answer was, 'It was Vandyck.' 'Did he once write a letter in which I was mentioned?' 'Yes.'

‘What will he help me to draw or paint?’ ‘Heads like angels. You must try to be patient, and not be too anxious.’ It is not a little remarkable that the letter above alluded to, in which Vandyck promised to aid me, was written on the evening of October 29, 1853—*exactly* fourteen years previously to the announcement this evening.

“I drew curves, &c., until December 23, when, being absent from home, my drawing was interrupted; but on January 9, 1868, on placing my pencil on paper, I drew a profile of a female, which was finished on the 13th, and which I presented to Miss Houghton as the first fruits of my mediumship. On that same evening, I asked my mother if she knew who had guided me in drawing the head of our Lord, with Mr. Gilbert. ‘Salvator Rosa helped you to do that head, so solemn and so painful.’ Vandyck then assisted me with another head in profile, which he named St. Cecilia, and which was finished February 14.”

I likewise subjoin two notes received from him:—

“St. Albans, July 23, 1868.

“MY DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,—I have postponed writing until I could send you the enclosed, from the drawing made years ago under the influence of Mr. Gilbert, and said by my mother to have been directed by Salvator Rosa. I have made two other drawings under Vandyck’s direction, of which I hope soon to offer you photographs, and have painted two heads in oils, one from one of the Vandyck drawings; the other assisted, as I am told, by Parmegiano, it being a copy of an angel’s head by him.

“Yours very sincerely,

“HENRY COLLEN.”

The second letter was dated July 24:—

“MY DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,—I am so much pleased to find that the photograph has given Mrs. Houghton and yourself so much pleasure, that I at once send impressions, imperfect as they are, of the three heads I mentioned. The profile is that I drew next after the one you have, which

Vandyck named St. Cecilia ; the full head is, he said, of a spirit not fully developed ; the third is the angel after Parmegiano. It is in photographing these that I have given myself so much trouble, and I have often regretted spending the time on them, thinking I could have employed it so much better in painting, for I am highly pleased with the two heads in oil colour, painted with *three colours only* ; the result is so vastly better than anything I have ever done before in that way.

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ HENRY COLLEN.”

One striking fact that we are taught in this short narrative is, that if a gift is suffered to die, it is difficult indeed to resuscitate it. In the first instance, the drawing faculty came to him with infinite ease, and yet in a method that was in itself an evidence that the guiding hand could not be his own. Gradually doubts crept in, placing a cloud between him and the invisibles ; and it is probable that that really did throw him more and more on his own resources, so that the work of his hands would naturally become more tinged with his own personality, until that so predominated that he lost all confidence in any external help. In the fresh development he had to labour resolutely step by step, in first lines, as a child must be taught ; and he valued the gift much more highly when he had thus acquired it with so much difficulty ; and he took every means of evincing his gratitude to me for the assistance I had given him, as is instanced by his presenting me with the very first pencil head he had executed by the new power, and also by his sending me the photographs from the drawings as soon as ever he had succeeded in his photographic attempt. These arrived about a month after the commencement of Mamma's last illness, and she was so very much delighted with them that she sent me off at once to Parkins and Gotto's for an album to preserve them in, as she feared that if I made any delay the book might not be got at all. The first once or twice that I mesmerised him with the hope of

such a result, she had thought the attempt would be quite useless ; but my own conviction was strong, and I am thankful that I persevered and urged him to do so, for the spirit communion that resulted was a wonderful happiness to him and his dear wife.

I afterwards copied into the facing pages of the album the extracts from the Medium that I considered explanatory, and also his two notes, so that I now have them to refer to. Before he commenced the paintings, he came to me again, and mentioned what was his wish, asking whether I thought I could also help him in obtaining it ; so, under my mesmerism, he was influenced to do a slight water-colour drawing of a head. He had strongly the notion of working with *three colours only* ; and, as far as my memory serves me, they indulged him here in that fancy, but it is not at all the system upon which my work has ever been done, for we use an infinite variety of tints.

In the meanwhile Miss Nicholl's popularity had become overwhelming among a large majority of spiritualists ; more especially as she was available without the expenditure of a fee, and there were but few who recognised that the bare payment of cab-fares by no means met the costs entailed upon her, although they *knew* that she looked to her mesmeric work for professional earnings, and that the fatigues of mediumistic evening parties must utterly exhaust her powers in that department. But she was so amiably yielding that she never could resist any one's imploring entreaty to go to her on such or such a night, although any one's common sense might have told how great must be the wear and tear of such a life to her. Over and over again it was forcibly spoken through me at different séances that she must *not* go to a séance on two following nights, that an intervening one of rest was indispensable to her, and that she must make a positive rule never to go to more than three séances a week. She would promise very fairly at the moment to be more careful of herself, but she could never say nay to the next coaxing pleader. We were always careful with our invitations to give her a long notice before-

hand, so that they should not crowd upon any previous ones.

On one occasion, at a séance of her own, in Great Marlborough Street, I was spoken through to the effect that if she did not take the needful rest, she should be *compelled* to do so. On August 7th I had a letter from Mr. Nicholl, saying, "Your prediction is fulfilled—Elizabeth is ill in bed and cannot move, but will be very glad if you can come and see her." Being Wednesday I had to defer my visit till the evening, and Mamma suggested that I had better take her some biscuits, for being in lodgings she might perhaps have nothing to tempt her appetite, and invalids can sometimes fancy a biscuit when other food is repugnant to them; so I put a bag of them in my dress pocket, and packed myself well up, as it was a pouring night. I also took a small parcel in my hand; for, on her setting up her establishment in Great Marlborough Street (another expense entailed upon her by her mediumship popularity), we had got her a set of lovely tea-things, and hoped that the other spiritualists who were receiving her life's essence from her, would also contribute to the comfort of her surroundings there. Of course I had gone on the quest of the said tea-things, and had brought home a cup and saucer, so that Mamma might make their acquaintance, and I now made them up in the above-named little parcel. When I got there, Mr. Nicholl told me that in the morning, while she was dressing, he had heard a heavy fall, and going into the bedroom had found her on the floor utterly insensible; that they had had great difficulty in raising her and placing her in the bed, and that it was more than an hour before she could be restored to consciousness: she was still perfectly helpless and unable to move, but was looking anxiously for me, and she greeted me most cordially. When she saw my little package, she said, "I know what *that* is—some *biscuits*." "No, it is your cup and saucer," I replied; but seeing how blank her countenance became, I added, "but I have some biscuits for you in my pocket, and you shall have them as soon as I have finished unpinning my dress." She began

eagerly to eat them as soon as I gave them to her, and then she said, "I was so dreadfully disappointed when you said 'No,' for about an hour ago a very sweet voice said—Georgiana is coming, and she is bringing you some biscuits—so I have been longing for the biscuits ever since." She was thus confined to her bed for a week or ten days with an absolute inability to move, but did not seem to be seriously ill in any other way, and I went to see her several times, until she was able to go to Paris for a short time with a kind friend, thus obtaining the *compelled* rest she had needed; but I much doubt whether the lesson had all the force for her that it ought to have had.

The first séance we had after her return, on September 21, was composed of rather a changed circle, so that we could not, of course, expect equal results; but when I received permission to invite three fresh guests, I was warned that such would be the case, although "they" concurred with me that the invitations must be given. Those present were Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Tawse, Mr. Coleman, Miss Nicholl, Mamma and myself. After we had said The Lord's Prayer, while we were waiting directions, Miss Nicholl mentioned in conversation that some French plums had been brought at some late séance, and Mr. Coleman suggested that it would be very satisfactory if some were brought on this occasion. He had scarcely finished speaking when we heard something fall on the table, and Mrs. Pearson and Mr. Coleman found that they had each received a French plum. They then brought us almonds, raisins, and an apple, in part fulfilment of some of our requests. By raps we were required to light the candle, and the message was given: "It is Clara"—my cousin, Mrs. Mole, who had passed to the spirit world a fortnight previously. Her sister, Mrs. Pearson, asked if she had any message for her husband. "I am with him as much as before." "Any message for her children?" "No." When the light was extinguished, some perfume was sprinkled on our handkerchiefs, which were placed on the table. Message: "Faithful is to walk." We enquired who bore the

name of Faithful by mentioning each person round the table, and on coming at last to myself the answer was in the affirmative. Twelve times round the circle was also expressed by the raps. I accordingly obeyed, and during the time, the spirits took possession of the handkerchiefs and tied them in various knots, some of them very elaborate. (Mr. Coleman afterwards had his photographed stereoscopically, for it was almost like a small sitting figure.) I felt Môtee tap three times on the pearl ring—that is her emblem—after which I very distinctly felt her fingers tap close to it on my hand, in answer to one or two observations. We were again told to light the candle, and when I had given paper and pencil to Miss Nicholl, I had to mesmerise her, and she had a something like an angel, with wings, drawn through her. Mr. Coleman then had to go away, and after the bustle of his departure we again extinguished the light. We then heard them moving the paper and pencils about the table; then they placed the corner of one of the sheets of paper under my finger, and we then heard them writing on the paper by direct power—"My dear John, I am with you and the children." We asked who had written it, not being sure whether the *John* alluded to might not be Mr. Tawse; and when again in the dark "*Clara*" was written. Clara thus addressing her husband as John was very singular, for she always called him by his second name of Henry, by which, indeed, I believe he always has been known. But our Zilla's was a parallel case, for Mr. Warren had been always called by his first name of John until after his engagement to her, when she put in a plea for the second name, Neville, by which he was from that time universally known; but when *she* was able to communicate from the other side, she, to our surprise, spoke of him as John. So I infer that its spiritual signification gives it a beauty to them, that they did not realize while in this world. The spirits placed a sheet of paper before Miss Nicholl, and a pencil in her hand, and through her, wrote: "You must do as we advise you. First, you must have a meeting once a fortnight, to which all Spiritualists must come." When we had read it, we asked for

further directions ; and when again in the dark, they wrote : " In Marlborough Street ; they are not to be séances, but meetings."

Mr. Tawse, being an invalid, now wished to leave, so the spirits impressed me to break up the séance at once, and that after we had had some refreshment, Miss Nicholl was to be mesmerised for further information and instruction. Through me was then given " The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. and Mrs. Tawse having left, I mesmerised Miss Nicholl, and while still awake, she saw " Clara" in letters of light ; she then saw Mrs. Mole herself, and recognised her immediately, having seen her at her sister's in Harpur Street. Passing then into trance, she said : " There is a woman who wishes to give a message to John Henry Mole. She is always with him and the children. She would like to have a séance with Cornelius." Then (turning to me), " she calls you Faithful : she had no idea when upon earth that you were such a luminary. She had much trouble to communicate to-night, because there is such a crowd of spirits : she calls her (pointing to Mamma), an old saint." Some further communications there were about the meetings they wished Miss Nicholl to hold on alternate Fridays, when she was to assemble the higher spiritualists as a kind of Athenæum, for conversations on the subject of Spiritualism ; all gossip and meaningless chit-chat to be completely tabooed. Some advice was also given as to the peculiar difficulties in her path.

She called upon us a few days later to consult with me about a large séance that the spirits wished her to hold, when her landlady would kindly allow her the use of the drawing-room. We obtained a list of all the permitted guests, for she knew that if that list were made here, it would be sure to be properly harmonised. It took place on October 3, and there were eighteen persons present.

Miss Nicholl sat at the table, with her grandfather on her right, while I was on her left—there was then a space—Mr. Champernowne and little Turketine,—again a space—

and Mrs. Varley ; thus making six at the table. The others were seated behind, forming as it were scallops to those at the table. The spirits rapped out : " Faithful shall have what fruit she wishes." I chose a banana, which they promised me, and then rapped : " Now all may wish," which they did, sometimes having their wishes negatived, but in most instances agreed to : some also were allowed to wish twice. My banana was the first thing brought, and then they gave the message : " The manifestations are to remain on the table : " meaning that we need not eat the fruit, but should afterwards have them to take home. While the wishing was going on, Mrs. Cornelius Pearson said, " Why does not some one wish for vegetables, such as a potato or an onion ? " and even while she was speaking a potato and an onion fell into her lap.

I will now give a list of the various fruits which were thus gradually brought, premising that when I say *separate*, they were the fulfilment of the wishes of different individuals.—A banana, two oranges, a bunch of white grapes, a bunch of black grapes, a cluster of filberts, three separate walnuts, about a dozen damsons, a slice of candied pineapple, three figs, two apples, an onion, a peach, some almonds, four very large grapes, three dates, a potato, two separate pears, a pomegranate, two crystallised greengages, a pile of dried currants, a lemon, and a large bunch of beautiful raisins, which, as well as the figs and dates, were quite plump, as if they had never been packed, but had been brought straight from the drying ground.

On my return home I gave Mamma an account of the séance, and she asked how Papa had liked it, as he had promised to be present ; and he answered that he had liked it very much, and had been particularly pleased at my having been " exceptionalised," by which he referred to the manner in which the choice of the fruits had been given, and the expression amused Mamma, being so characteristic of him, as he was always fond of long words.

This appears the most appropriate place for me to give the answer I *receive* to the oft-reiterated question : Where do

the spirits obtain the fruit and flowers they bestow so lavishly? And I have sometimes heard very coarse language used by what might be considered refined lips. *I* am told that they *cannot take* anything without the consent of the owners (although they may sometimes *borrow*); but that consent is often freely given while the owner is, during earthly sleep, ranging the realms of spirit, in company with those who have charge of the preparations for a forthcoming séance; and we all know that where either flowers or fruit are in abundance, almost any comer is welcome to cull; therefore, the permission thus given is no such very important matter, for such gifts are seldom of much value in themselves, but derive their consequence from the method of their bestowal. There are other cases when people in their normal, wide-awake state have said: "Oh! I am sure the spirits are very welcome to take anything they like out of *my* house." Whereby they heedlessly give an indefinite permission for an indefinite time, and need not wonder if it should be taken advantage of even years after, by *any* class of spirits; for when the words go forth they become public property, and may be picked up by beings in a very different state from those for whose benefit they were originally spoken. Another way, too, there is, for they may bring things that have virtually no owners, such as wayside or field flowers, and shells by the sea-shore; and thus they may have a large choice without infringing upon any one's vested rights. This is a matter upon which I feel rather strongly, for I have heard the accusation of theft brought by those who do not hesitate to steal the *time* and energies of their fellow-creatures, and it may be without having the grace to give even a word of thanks in return.

CHAPTER XII.

WE held a séance on October 6, to celebrate the anniversary of my spiritual step, and also the completion of our first year in the new home. The circle consisted of Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Varley, Mr. and Mrs. Virtue Tebbs, Miss Nicholl, Mamma and myself, and as usual we commenced with The Lord's Prayer. By raps was spelt, "Tom is here"—meaning Tom Seddon, the brother of Mrs. Tebbs—and a conversation of some length ensued between them. "Faithful is to walk," was the message then given, and I had to walk twelve times round the circle, which is somewhat difficult to do in the total darkness, one seems so utterly to lose one's bearings. When I was again seated we felt leaves and flowers coming on to the table, which by degrees was completely covered with very large fern leaves, which were also slipped under our hands, so that none of the table was afterwards visible. Upon it then fell showers of rose-buds in every stage of opening beauty, fragrant and wet with dew. It was the most curious sound to hear the crisp buds falling like a little tinkling shower; some felt them fall on their hands, and some were slipped within the very fingers without the hands being at any time raised from the table. There were some sheets of paper on the table; they were collected together and placed under my hands, and the pencils were all rolled out of the little tray appropriated to them, and with the tray the spirits rapped out the further messages. We were each desired to choose a fruit, which all did excepting myself, and I said that having no particular wish I would leave it to them to bring me what they liked, and shortly after I had a banana given to me. Some one said, "Was that what you wished for?" I answered "No, that I had not wished for any special thing." I then felt the banana drawn out of my hand, and asked Miss Nicholl if she had taken it, but she said she had not.

They then rapped out, "We brought *your* banana, and took it away again." My banana, which I had received from them on the previous Thursday, not being yet ripe, I had left on the mantelpiece, so that was what they had brought to me: to the others they brought the fruits they had wished for. We were then desired to have the light, and I was influenced to rise. While standing, my head was gradually thrown backwards, so that Mrs. Ramsay feared I might fall, and, without touching me, extended her arm to save me should such be the case; but the gentle movement continued until I could literally see the pictures hanging on the wall behind me; in which attitude I was spoken through, to the effect that wonderful as are the manifestations of the present day, people must not rest satisfied with them only as marvels, but they must lead them to look back, back, back upon the past, when God has likewise shown forth His wonders as recorded in the Bible—in each age as has been most fitting according to His wisdom: that the past and the present must be combined in order to be prepared for the future, wherein all prophecy will be fulfilled. The looking upwards, and thus being thrown backwards, was intended to imply that we must seek God's aid, to enable us thus to search in His Word concerning His past dealings with men.

I have often marvelled, in thinking of that circumstance, how they could ever have made my frame so lissom as to be able to double it backwards in that way; nor shall I ever forget the curious effect of seeing the pictures behind me as if they were upside-down.

I had then to give paper and pencil to each, when some were drawn and some written through. In the previous part of the evening, there had also been some messages given to Miss Nicholl of a personal nature, relative to occurrences and disputes that had arisen between her and some of her spiritualist friends. We closed with "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." Before our friends dispersed, I begged them all to help themselves freely to the fragrant blossoms, so they each took away a pretty little

bouquet. The remainder I spread out on a tray to dry, and I have since given them almost all away. The mass of fern-leaves were arranged in the large oriental vases I then possessed, where they, too, became dry, and gradually slipped to the inside of the vases, from whence I only cleared them when the necessity came that I should part with my valued china.

Our next séance was for Mamma's birthday, October 22, and the circle comprised the Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Cornelius Pearson, Mrs. (Flinders) Pearson, Miss Nicholl, Mr. Hooley, Mamma and myself. We asked Dr. Davies to lead The Lord's Prayer, and he has since told me that he then, for the first time, felt a spirit touch him: a hand was laid on his head, and then passed down his face, and he naturally put up his own hand to feel it, and found nothing.

The spirits at once asked for the alphabet, and spelt out, "Many happy returns of the day." I asked how many had joined in that message, and they rapped so quickly that I had to make all speed to count out the forty. We were talking about the different things they had brought on various occasions, and they spelt out, "Faithful can only have everlastings," and I almost immediately felt some everlasting flowers placed in my hand, and some were also taken to Mamma. When, by their direction, we lighted the candle, in addition to the two collections of everlasting flowers, there was, on the middle of the table, a most magnificent apple. When again in the dark: "Faithful must walk." I was to go twelve times round the circle. When I had completed the sixth round, I was stopped, and desired to light the candle, and we found that they had cut the apple in half—a most clean and beautiful cut: one piece they had placed before Dr. Davies, as if to give it to him, and the other before Mrs. Pearson. I was then to put out the candle and proceed with my walk; but when I had gone another round, I was again stopped, and "Light" was rapped out; and in the pencil tray there was a beautiful rosy little apple. I had again to put out the light and

proceed on my rounds, after which we found that the small apple had been divided between Mrs. Varley and Mrs. Cornelius Pearson; but it was cut very jaggedly, as if to shew that they could do it in any way they liked. "Shut eyes." We obeyed, and then we were all sprinkled with perfume. We placed our handkerchiefs on the table, and they scented them all for us; the perfume was then quite streamed on to our faces, and we heard it as if freely poured all about. They were not all alike; Mrs. Varley's was otto of rose, Mrs. Pearson's verbena, and mine jessamine. We were all tenderly touched upon our heads and faces.

Message: "The people who ought to cherish her, are now hunting her to destruction. In extinguishing her light, they will extinguish their own." This had reference to Miss Nicholl, and alluded to a strong party which was being formed against her. The raps in the course of the evening were made on the table, and seemed sometimes to be done with the pencil-tray, sometimes with the end and sometimes with the point of a pencil. I was then most forcibly spoken through, with my arm placed round Miss Nicholl, as if to protect her. The conduct of those working against her was warmly denounced, as being contrary to every doctrine of love and charity: most especially was it deprecated as proceeding from those who were themselves agents in the spiritual cause. That it was not for them to pass judgment upon her, even had she been somewhat to blame, and occasionally heedless. God had appointed her as one of His workers, and if He withdrew not His gifts, therein lay the proof that she was considered worthy of His protection. She was to have no fear; being upheld by His hand and sheltered under His wing, she would live down all opposition. Some even endeavoured to throw doubts on her mediumship, but all those present were desired to bear their testimony to the wonders which had just taken place, her hand having been held by me during the whole time that I had been sitting at her side, as also by Mamma, who likewise had had her hand in hers while I was walking my rounds.

After I had lighted the candle, I spoke of having such a very odd sensation; it seemed to be in my head, and yet it appeared to permeate my whole being. Mamma feared it might be an illness, but I was sure that was not the case. It was a feeling I could not find words to define. Then all at once came the impression that my spiritual crown was on my head! It seemed heavy, and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it was as if I felt no weight. Miss Nicholl saw it, like a large high turban of golden colour and tinted fibres, sending forth light. I felt it on my head during the remainder of the séance, and she, too, still saw it. When we had gone into the other room I no longer felt it, and on asking her about it she had lost the sight of it.

Some little writing and drawing were done, and through me was written the spirit name of Dr. Davies:—Atur, meaning Blessedness. He concluded the séance with the usual church blessing.

When all was over, Mr. Hooley thanked me repeatedly for having allowed him to be present, adding that he would gladly have gone a hundred miles to hear the powerful speech spoken through me, of which I have given but a very faint notion, as there were several points that had personal application to other spiritualists.

According to the original promise, a second picture of my crown had been executed by another sept of Arch-angels; it had been done on the double-sized sheet (half imperial), and had been finished in June; and as Mamma was very anxious to have the interpretation, I sat in front of it every day for a fortnight, but *nothing* came: it was, however, a great enjoyment to me, for I sit so very closely at my drawings that I never have an opportunity of revelling in their beauties, which I could now do with a calm conscience. At the expiration of that time I was told that the explanation was not then to be given, but that I should learn the fitting moment. After the séance I have just narrated, I was told the season had arrived, and the interpretation went on quite fluently. It was entitled my "Spiritual and Sacerdotal Crown."

I had the pleasure of being an invited guest at Miss Ramsay's wedding, November 30, and my account of it afterwards to Mamma, opened up to her a large new field of gratification and interest; for my dear little baby sisters gave some description of the immense spiritual concourse above, who were assembled as participants in the ceremony. They said there were twelve small bridesmaids, among whom they were themselves included; and that Môtee, with robes glistening like pearl, had to marshal them in due order; there being twelve little boy spirits to form an opposite phalanx, while beyond and beyond, there were ever enlarging circles of shining ones, all pouring a loving influence on the head of the fair young bride, who drew the little ones to be the nearest to her because of her strongly maternal element. They then gave us the description of their own dresses, which they then had on, so that Mamma should in a manner feel the impression of them; and they told us that they had on lovely, delicate, open-work knitted socks, like those she was then knitting for future great-grandchildren. It was altogether a great treat for Mamma, and from that time forth on our Sunday séances she used to enquire as to the toilette of the two little darlings, who would sometimes come barefooted, so as not to hide the dimpling rosy toes, and they would answer all her questions on the subject very fully and clearly; they said their wardrobes gave them neither care nor anxiety, for that everything seemed always new and bright. They have since told me that each choice piece of work we do here on earth, has its *reality* that never wears out, in those realms of bliss, and that the number of those open socks that I have since knitted (to eke out the means of subsistence), have spiritually supplied many of the dear little baby feet allied to me by love and blood.

We had a séance to commemorate dear Papa's birthday, December 2, and there were present at it, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Honeywood, Miss S——, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Nicholl, Mr. Hooley, Mamma and myself. When we had joined in The Lord's Prayer, we sat for some little time

without any specific manifestation, receiving nothing beyond a few gentle raps, without any apparent object; but after a while, the alphabet was requested, and we were desired to "sing." I enquired if we should have the Evening Hymn. "No." Would they tell us by the alphabet. "Ho" was spelt, and the second guess, of "Home, sweet Home," was right. Soon after we had commenced, we heard the tender accompaniment of a most delicate harp, but the tones were so soft that Mamma could not hear them at all, drowned as they were by our united voices; so, when we had done, I asked if they could not be sounded without the human voice, but received a doubtful answer; however, two or three different notes were struck, so that Mamma could just catch the sweet sound. Mrs. Ramsay then suggested that perhaps Mrs. Honeywood might sing alone, to which our "Friends" gave an instantaneous assent, and as soon as she commenced, the exquisite tones of the spirit-harp were heard accompanying her. It is impossible to imagine anything more delicious than those ravishing sounds, so infinitely more tender than any mortal music. Clearly and sweetly were heard the vibrations of the chords, proving beyond all doubt that it was upon a stringed instrument the air with variations was being played. We listened with wondering delight, and a repetition was willingly accorded at our request. Soon after the first sounds were heard, Mrs. Ramsay whispered to me that her daughter Môtee had, during her earthly sojourn, played very beautifully on the harp, and that that air, with its variations, was the General's favourite: so that she generally finished with it for her father's gratification. I then enquired mentally if she were the performer, and received an affirmative answer, and when the music had alas! entirely ceased, I questioned aloud who had been the player, and "Môtee," was the answer spelt out. I cannot but regret that Mrs. Honeywood, in her unselfishness, as the performer on our human side, could not have had the full enjoyment that we did; but she had to pay the penalty of her own sweet voice. It may be as well to state that we had no harp, nor anything of the

kind in the house ; but such tones could never be drawn from aught of earthly origin, so that my observation is a futile one.

We then began to see glimmering lights, very faint, which seemed to float upwards. They became gradually stronger, and were much the size of a glow-worm's light, with the difference only in hue ; for while that of the glow-worm looks like the light of the moon, these resembled that of the sun : they remained visible for some time : we saw two on Mrs. Ramsay's hand, and we clearly perceived a substance pass before them, as if a spirit hand were being waved there. One travelled all up and down my sleeve, and I rather wondered whether it might leave any trace of its journey, but it did not : they were very amusing to watch, for they did not flicker in and out, but remained visible until their total evanishment. Perfume was also sprinkled on some of our handkerchiefs. "No more dark," was then rapped out, and on obtaining the light we found on the table a bunch of grapes and some ears of rye—types of bread and wine.

I then gave paper and pencils : Mrs. Ramsay had a long message written through her own hand by Môtée, expressing her pleasure at our having been enabled to hear her play upon the spiritual harp. Mrs. Honywood also had a long message of advice relative to her husband's health. Miss Nicholl had a slight and very rough sketch of an angel drawn through her hand under my mesmerism ; and again on the other side of the same sheet of paper, the same idea that had been given through her at a previous séance some time before. A little drawing was likewise done by the other members of the circle. A blessing was given through me in conclusion.

Papa afterwards expressed to us his delight that such a marvellous manifestation as that exquisite music should have been given to us on his birthday ; and indeed *he* has in this instance been exceptionalised, for I have never since heard anything of the same kind, either here or elsewhere.

I went to a séance at Miss Nicholl's on December 5, at which were present about two dozen persons. She had

had two paintings (in frames) given to her, which the spirits would not allow her to retain, and "they" had consequently taken them back at a séance to the house of the donor, who, however, wished her still to accept the frames; and an impression had been received that at this séance something might be executed to replace the rejected pictures; so that when I got there I saw the empty frames on the piano, and on the table two quarter sheets of drawing paper (which she had been carrying about in her muff for a couple of days), a lead pencil, a sable-hair pencil, and a tube of water-colour—madder brown. I was then impressed to mesmerise the paper very thoroughly indeed, and when the different visitors came in who were to compose the séance, several of them took up the paper and examined it. A carafe and tumbler of water were placed on the middle of the table, and when we were all seated, the gas was turned out. Miss Nicholl lifted the cover, so as to place her hands on the table itself, and almost immediately the whole cover was dragged off; but the carafe was thus upset and broken, the two sheets of paper being quite drenched. We struck a light, the things were restored to order; a little water being still remaining in the glass, so we thought that might be sufficient for what was needed, and we again turned off the gas. A gentle voice whispered in my ear, "God bless you, Georgiana;" but it was not audible to any one else. We then heard the paper being fluttered about, and one of the sheets was brought and laid between my hands; it was then patted for some time, as if to dry it, and then the spirits made me hold it lengthways before me with the finger and thumb of each hand. We then heard the brush dipped into the saucer (where Miss Nicholl had squeezed some of the colour), then upon the paper, the movements being very rapid. The paper was laid for a little while flat upon the table, and I feared that the moist colour might be rubbed off or smeared; however, it was lifted up in a short time, and again worked upon. A light was then demanded, and we beheld an outline sketch of a guardian angel with arms uplifted, and with wings which were not of exactly the same form as any

I have ever seen drawn : the face was in full three-quarter position, slightly looking down, as if upon a face below, which, although a very slight sketch, bore an unmistakable likeness to Miss Nicholl. To my surprise, I found that the drawing, which was still quite wet, had been done on the side of the paper next to me, as if the spirit executing it had occupied my place ; so that when laid upon the table, it must have had the wet colour *upwards*, instead of running the risk of being smeared, as I had thought. All those who were present acknowledged the perfection of the sketch, and as Mr. Collen was one of them, he, being a miniature painter, was decidedly a competent judge ; and he expressed his warm thanks to me for having obtained an invitation for him, as the whole manifestation surpassed anything he could have imagined.

One of the most interesting points to myself was that it was the artistic working out of the same idea that had thrice been roughly given in this house through Miss Nicholl herself.

She afterwards had the drawing photographed by Mr. Henry Dixon, of Albany Street, and gave him permission to sell copies, but I do not know whether the negative is still in existence. But before doing that, she lent the sketch to me, so that I might copy it, which I did with tracing paper, and my own "friends" helped me in the work, so that a more finished kind of sketch was produced. I forgot to mention that there was also an orange tint used in the drawing, in addition to the madder brown that was on the table, so that the spirits must themselves have provided that.

When I called in Great Marlborough Street to return the sketch, what was my astonishment to learn from Mr. Nicholl that she was married to Mr. Guppy ! It did indeed seem to me the most incongruous union, irrespective even of his being old enough to be her grandfather ! Whatever might have been the motives that led to it, which I think I understand better than most people, they belong to her history, and not to mine ; and however much I may at first have

been dismayed, I learned to reconcile myself to it because of the peculiarities and difficulties of her position, with no one to guide her in any way, for Mr. Nicholl was most undoubtedly a most unfit man to do so, being in fact as unworldly-wise as herself; and with her impulsiveness and generous nature, she was for ever running headlong into trouble of one kind or another, and required some one who should be a sort of shield between her and the self-seeking world.

She had already engaged to come to us for a séance on the last day of the year, to commemorate the eighth anniversary of my mediumship, and the circle was composed of Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Guppy, Mr. W. B. Bennett, Mamma and myself. I had damped a sheet of drawing paper, and the spirits had selected fourteen colours in their respective saucers, and fourteen sable-hair pencils, and I was in hopes that a drawing might be executed by direct power. I had also placed on the table a small tumbler and a little Chinese cup filled with distilled water.

We began with the Lord's prayer; and then it was longer than usual before we obtained any communication: some wonder was expressed on the subject, and this message was spelt: "We cannot give the usual manifestations, it is to be something special." After a time I received the message, "Eat and drink with prayer." Having lighted the candle, I found before me one of the colour plates, heaped up with a little pile of crumbled bread, and beneath it was the glass, not more than half full; but the water had a kind of milky appearance, and looked by no means prepossessing. I had to take up some of the bread-crumbs, knead them a little together, and eat them, then give some in the same way to Mamma, after which I went round in rotation, giving to each a larger or a smaller portion according to the impression given me from above. On returning to my seat I had to drink the whole of the liquid myself, and to my surprise, found it rather sweet, and of a peculiarly perfumy flavour. There was a drain left in the glass, just

sufficient for Mrs. Ramsay to taste. When again in darkness, we heard the brushes and plates moved about very much, the plates being placed in various ways on the papers. Presently Mamma felt her eyes being touched by a wet brush; and then upon each person's forehead, and about their faces was repeatedly made the sign of the cross; and in the light we found they had been done with sap green, which signifies patience, and with carmine, meaning tenderness. The sheet of drawing-paper had already been brought and placed in my hands, and some few marks with the colours had been made upon it, but no particular form seemed to be indicated; and I then had to take a large hair-pencil and draw for some time with the paper turned from me, so that I could not see what was being done, and even at the last it was very rough, and with but little apparent design; but while writing out the account I was given to understand that it was a representation of the then state of the spiritualist world, disjointed and disturbed, those who should work together thinking more of themselves and their own little powers than of the grand cause they were nominally serving. On the drawing is a circular form, surmounted by the crossed emblem of the Saviour, which is the type of those who really desire only to fulfil God's Will and do His work. The egg-shaped form symbolizes those whose mediumship is only partially developed, but who will be ready to join the grand army when banded in orderly array. The red colour represents the inspirational, and the brown the physical mediumship, while the sap green expresses the patience with which all ought to look upon the shortcomings of their fellow-men, so that an equal measure may be bestowed upon themselves.

A few short sentences were spoken through me to each individual of the circle, and there were some movements, &c., of the table; but the spirits finally spelt out that they had not been able to do all they had wished, so we concluded in the usual manner.

They afterwards told me that it was in consequence of Mrs. Guppy's recent marriage, the atmosphere around her

being, as it were, in an unsettled state. They also explained that the bread had really represented, as Mamma had suggested, "Crumbs of comfort," as they had been aware that the séance would not appear to us as successful as those we had previously held. The perfumed water was a type of inspirational power; therefore it was almost consumed by myself, with a remainder for Mrs. Ramsay.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAMMA and I had arranged that we would have a séance on January 17, 1868, in honour of Cecil's birthday ; so of course the first person to whom I wrote was Mrs. Guppy, and an answer came from Mr. Guppy, which I exceedingly regret not having kept, as it was very witty, for he was unquestionably a most talented man. It was to the effect that when a woman marries she is like a lump of sugar dissolved in a cup of tea, and that thenceforth her life becomes merged in that of her husband : that his wife would have great pleasure in coming to my séance on the evening appointed, but that he must accompany her.

He placed me in a dilemma, but the matter admitted of no compromise. Clever he certainly was, but the adjective religious would have needed the prefix of the little syllable "ir," so that he was an utterly impossible element in one of my séances ; therefore, under counsel, I wrote to him to say that for all the visitors who might be present at our circle, I received the directions from my spiritual advisers, but that Mr. Guppy's name was *not* included in the list ; therefore, that however grieved I might be to forego the pleasure of *Mrs.* Guppy's company, I must submit to that if it must be so, but that it would in no way interfere with the harmony between her and me. I rather suspect that it did a little interfere with *their* harmony, for, as he was very much bent upon coming here, he kept to his resolution, and would not let her come without him ; so we had our séance without her presence, and our circle comprised only Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Tebb, Mrs. Pearson, Mamma and myself ; but I find no recorded notes, which I suppose is an evidence that there were no physical phenomena whatever ; and what I might perhaps have written may have been driven from my mind by anxieties, for about the latter end of the month my sister Helen came up to town with all her children, as Clarence

had offered to send them out to Australia, where she had two brothers-in-law settled, and it would be likely to prove a satisfactory opening for the family, so that I was very busily engaged in assisting with all the necessary preparations. Helen came with the children to see Mamma the day they arrived from Wiltshire, which of course caused a great deal of agitation and excitement; and in the evening, after they had left us, Mamma had a similar attack to the one she had had on the morning before the opening of the Spiritual Athæneum, and it was some time before she could be restored to herself; but, thank God, the varied means were successful, and at last we got her up to bed. But my life was, indeed, very full of care just then, for I had to watch with double vigilance over Mamma's health, and yet had to leave her for hours at a time for the outfit purposes; but I was thankful that Ann was a host in herself as to minding her, and would fly up to the drawing-room continually so as to see that she was not wanting anything. I was also anxious about my brother Clarence's sight, which was becoming seriously affected; so that on every side there were heart-pricks, but I did my best to let Mamma feel as little as possible of it at all.

On January 4th I had gone to a séance at Mrs. Guppy's, where I do not think there were any floral manifestations, but the special interest was that of the direct drawings, done on that occasion only in pencil. There were eleven persons present (one of whom was Mr. Holman Hunt) including myself. Pencils and sheets of note-paper were on the table, and soon after the gas had been turned out, one sheet was brought and laid lightly on my hand, which was upon the under fold. We then heard the scratching sound of the pencil upon it, while thus lying in that loose manner, and the point of the pencil was frequently rubbed on to my hand as if to gain power. The spirits then by raps requested a light, when we found that they had been drawing a curious, rather ferocious looking animal, with his head turned round as if to snap at a large fierce bird that was swooping down upon him; but there was a little dove just

visible under the great sweeping wing : the animal had huge claw-like feet, one of which was trampling down, as if to crush any small thing that might be in its path, however inoffensive. In the upper left-hand corner is a small winged angel, holding a palm-branch, while just above, there is a symbolic sceptre. There is a faint, shadowy distance of trees, mountains and palms. On our requesting an explanation, the following was given by raps :—"The animals are the world, and the angel is the spiritual light." The sceptred symbol was to shew that the light is granted by the Almighty ; the little dove seems to typify that the world is not *all* strife ; in some quiet spot nestles the spirit of peace.

When we were again in the dark, another sheet of paper was brought to me in the same manner, influence being gathered from me as before ; and upon that an immense bird is seen flying along, from whose beak flow down many threads upon a city below, with vessels in the river by its side ; but we did not obtain any explanation as to what that was intended to represent. Mrs. Guppy lent me the drawings to copy, so that I have tracings of them in my large album, which I had got as a home for the "Guardian Angel."

On the 4th of March I went again to Great Marlborough Street for a séance ; it was rather a large party, but I have made no note of the number. The first message (given by raps) was : "You must undergo a process of purification before I can draw. I will draw the Emblem of Spiritualism." Mrs. Guppy and I were then lavishly sprinkled with perfume, after which we were all desired to sing. Pens and ink were demanded, and the corner of a large sheet of paper was placed by the invisibles under my hand. A beautiful drawing was then executed of a dove, with outspread wings, holding a palm-branch and an olive-branch in her claws—whence flow rays and streams of power on to the world over which she is hovering, with down-bent head, as if watching for the results to which those beams are to give birth. The picture is most exquisite ; the power and tenderness combined are marvellous, and have a beauty beyond

what mere words can express—except perhaps in the phrase given the next day to Mrs. Guppy: “It is a Dove with strength of an Eagle.”

A message was then spelt out: “This séance is the first of a series of illustrations of the passage through death into life. I will try to solve and explain by drawing the Poetry of Spirit life.”

As I have said, it was a large circle, but it was also a chattering one, and although I ventured now and then a suggestion that stillness was desirable, I was met with the answer that the spirits liked them to talk. We had hoped for another drawing, but waited vainly; at length the message was given: “All this noise has prevented another drawing.” So we had for that time to be content with what had come; and I have just been feasting my eyes on its reproduction in my album.

There was something about which Mrs. Ramsay wanted some information, which perhaps might be obtained through Mrs. Guppy's mediumship, so she had much pleasure in setting apart the evening of March 29th for Mrs. Ramsay and me to go to her; so there was no one else present besides Mr. and Mrs. Guppy; and after the wished-for communications had been received, came the message, “Dear Georgiana, I shall make a drawing for you. It is for you to take. It will be a portrait of you.” Of course I thanked them, but suggested that perhaps Mr. Guppy might not be willing to let it be taken away (in his original note to me there had been a sentence or two on that point, which makes me still more wish that I had kept his letter, and a copy of my reply); however he graciously signified his consent, and I afterwards made a tracing of it for them as well as for my own book. When the little pencil sketch was finished, and we had been permitted to have a light for a short time to examine it, Mrs. Guppy asked them to explain *how* that was a likeness of me. I (as was always the case), had been desired to repeat the alphabet, but the raps had only proceeded as far as Res, when Mrs. Guppy exclaimed, “Oh! you need not go on, I see it written in

letters of light above Mrs. Ramsay's head:—Resignation, Faith, Patience." The fuller explanation came impressively. It is a half-length figure with the hands, palm to palm, upraised in prayer—Faith; with wings poised, but waiting—Patience; while Resignation was given in the expression of the countenance.

On that evening Mrs. Guppy received the instructions for the continuation of the series on April 6th, with a decisive injunction that it *was not to be* a "tumultuous séance," and only ten persons were to be present; but permission was afterwards given for the presence of the brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay, who however did not join the circle at the table, but sat apart. Mrs. Guppy gave me some paper to mesmerise, which was then placed on the table before me, together with pencils, and we soon heard our invisible friends at work. In a short time was rapped out: "Read Dying Christian to his Soul." But now arose the question as to whence we could obtain the book to read the poem. Mrs. Guppy said that her grandfather had Pope's poems down in his studio—which was, a large glass-covered apartment level with the ground-floor, while our séance was being held in the storey above the drawing-room. She also had a copy at Hampton Wick. We suggested that Mr. Nicholl should fetch his volume, but a strong single rap gave an immediate negative. Then I felt a book laid lightly on my hands (lying palm downwards on the table), and "Light" was spelt, and lo! the book was the one belonging to Mr. Nicholl, which "they" had brought from his studio. On opening it we found that "they" had also turned down the corner of the page at the ode we were to read, which direction I then fulfilled.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

The picture represents a couch on which a corpse is extended, a mourning female with bowed-down head kneeling by his side, and a reversed torch on the floor at the head of the couch ; while, with arms eagerly reaching upwards, rises the emancipated spirit as the unclad form of a young man, with the gaze heavenward, earth seemingly quite forgotten. The execution of the whole is slight, but wonderfully expressive.

The other three friends were then admitted to the table, and a new sitting began of the other class, flowers being brought to us all, which was a great pleasure to those young Davenports, who had never witnessed any similar manifestations. Here, again, was an evidence of how tenderly I am always treated. At the old home we had a willow shrub, of which the catkins do duty for palm in our northern land ; and it had always been a custom of mine to gather a few sprays to wear on Palm Sunday. On the first year of our being here, I was almost too unsettled to think about it, but when I found I had missed the occasion, I made a resolution to be *sure* to think of it next year ; but the next year had come, and it had been again forgotten, for something that I do not now remember had engrossed me on the Saturday—eve of Palm Sunday—and that I must make my small purchase slipped utterly from my memory. This was what I must call Palm Monday, for those dear loving friends brought to me, and only to me, one branch of palm, with flowers besides. The palm-branch I have preserved within the case made for my crown of everlastings.

When the spirits had rapped out their finale, a fresh sitting was organized for a Davenport séance, and a capital cabinet was contrived in a little vacuum space between the sitting-room door and the bedroom door, Mr. Guppy having made an aperture in the door at an accessible height from the floor. The two young men were enclosed, and hands were almost immediately seen at the aperture, and extended within the room. By raps we were told that if any sitter would like to grasp one of those hands it would be permitted; but, strange to say, there was a hesitation in the circle, as if they might be something uncanny; so I gladly advanced and took hold of the girlish-looking extended hand, which felt to me of a pleasant temperature. But even while I held it I lost it from my hold—it is difficult to explain the sensation of that gone-ness. People sometimes say *melted*, or *dissolved*, but those words seem to imply a *something* left, moisture of some kind or other; but there was literally nothing. I had grasped what *was* a living hand, and without unclasping *my* hand the one within it was gone! It was a wondrously new sensation, and never to be forgotten.

Poor fragile, hardly-used young men! One is gone to reap the fruits of a sacrificed life, given for the world's benefit, and treated by the world's scorn, or at least the scorn of that portion of it who look upon themselves as so completely the essence of wisdom, that they only are competent to dictate as to the manner in which new truths are to be presented. When *they* reach the other side they will find themselves smothered by their *own* scorn that they have so freely lavished on others, for nothing is lost, and our good or ill must necessarily return upon ourselves, whether or no it fulfils the purpose for which it was sent forth.

One more picture of the series was done, but I do not now remember the cause of my not having been present, but Mrs. Guppy kindly lent it to me to copy. The same young man's figure has risen higher, leaving behind him the rounded upper fragment of the world, while amidst the

clouds above are three winged spirits preparing to greet him, who seem to me as if they might be mother, brother, and sister. His attitude is almost the same as in the preceding one, pointing it out as the one eager soaring upwards. On the lowest edge of the paper, in a clear handwriting, are the words, "Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting?"

Mr. and Mrs. Guppy were going abroad, and they had several farewell séances, mostly, I think, rather of the "tumultuous" order; but, however, no more drawings were done, so the full exemplification of the thought was never carried out. *She* was of opinion, in which I believe a great many concurred, that Flaxman's was the hand that traced those graceful outlines; and perhaps the atmosphere of Mr. Nicholl's sculpturing studio might have been necessary for the purpose of commencing the work, although it might doubtless have been concluded elsewhere.

I have given the history of these drawings consecutively, but in the interim I had had much care and anxiety, for on the 12th of February my sister sailed for Sydney, and although Mamma had borne up under the parting, she must have reckoned up each passing hour, for on the very morning they sailed she had a paralytic stroke, which affected the whole of the left side; but when I asked my spirit friends whether I should send for the doctor, they said *No*; so I knew that at any rate the end was not approaching, and mesmerism was again the principal remedy, until by gradual degrees improvement came. Another trouble, too, was on me, for Papa's money was exhausted; but as I had a little something of my own, from a small legacy of my Aunt Helen's, I meant to draw on that while it should last, so that no difference should come to Mamma. I wrote to tell my brothers of her illness, and after dear Clarence had seen her, we had some little talk downstairs, when pecuniary matters came into question; and the next morning I had a very kind letter from him, as to his sending quarterly the necessary funds adding:—"You quite understand that I

wish Mamma to *want for nothing*, so that if anything more is required, do not hesitate to apply to me *at any time*. Give my best love to Mamma, and anxiously waiting to hear from you, I remain, your affectionate brother,

“G. C. HOUGHTON.”

My eldest niece called here on the very day of Mamma's attack, as she was going to the Paddington station to meet her sister. She came again on the following day to see how her Grandmamma was going on, and she then asked what doctor I had called in. When I told her that I had not sent for any, she was intensely indignant, saying some rather strongly bitter things as to my belief in the spirit help, and also that should Mamma die, I should be placed in a very bad predicament for not having a doctor in attendance; for it was just at the time that a very strong case was going on against some of the “Peculiar People” referring to that very point. I told her I knew that could not be the case with me, for that I had been promised by them that I should have directions to send for a medical man when the illness came that would be fatal. To which she gave me rather a scornful reply; but for all that we parted friends, for I knew she was more to be pitied than condemned for her want of faith.

But such a scene was by no means cheering at a time when I had both bodily and mental fatigue to go through; however, He who has always upheld me, aided me also in this, so that I was strengthened to bear it all, and in three or four days I was able to have Mamma on a sofa in her room for a few hours daily, and after a time to be brought down to the drawing-room in a carrying-chair, which was all that my spirit friends had promised me. They had simply said: “You will have her down stairs again.” Of course, she never thoroughly regained the power of her limbs, although able to walk about the room; and her intellect was as clear as ever—indeed that did not suffer, and her speech but slightly.

It must have been when Mamma was again able to be down here, that Mr. Marshall resumed his interrupted visits to work at drawing for a friend (which, by-the-by, is still in my portfolio, unfinished), that I shewed him a little pen-and-ink monogram I had just finished, of the same kind that I have altogether done about eighty, on cards such as are usual for ladies' visiting cards; and my invisible artists helped me to do them as birthday gifts to friends. They are sometimes very complicated, as they really typify in some degree the life-history, more or less full. The one of which I speak was done for Daniel Home-Lyon, to send to him on March 20, and I shewed it to Mr. Marshall without any word as to whom it was for, and the letters were somewhat involved, so that he had not the shadow of an idea; but as soon as he took it in his hand, he seemed to go partly under influence, and said: "Oh! what a curious picture! the foreground is an Indian jungle, and there are lions and tigers crouching in it, who are ready to spring out upon some one who is in great jeopardy." The picture he saw certainly did seem to convey a singular notion, but we thought nothing of it at the time, and I posted off the birthday card in due course; but I almost fancy I sent it rather anticipative of the date, because there was some idea of his going on the Continent with his adoptive mother. Now, I can find no dates for any part of this history, but one day when Mr. Marshall came in, he said that Mr. Home was in prison! It seemed so absolutely unbelievable that at first we could not credit it; but Emanuel had heard so many of the particulars that it forced a kind of conviction on us, and from day to day he brought in the fresh intelligence, for Mrs. Marshall's house was the universal reservoir for all news connected with Spiritualism, and we *did* learn a good deal about the propelling causes of the trouble that never came before the world. How wonderfully true had been the vision revealed to him in that monogram! the old Lyon was just going to spring out upon him, and there were treacherous tigers hidden in the jungle who hoped to be advantaged by the deadly leap. I wrote to Mr. Home to

express my sincere sympathy, and he asked if I should be willing to give evidence in the case, which I was very glad to be able to do, for I had had the whole history from Mrs. Lyon herself, with very full particulars, as she had entered upon the subject two or three times when I had met her on the Thursdays in Sloane Street, and also when I called upon her in her own lodgings; therefore, my affidavit was duly made out, and afterwards sworn to at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where I received a very complimentary speech, to the effect that although there were affidavits from several persons of eminent literary fame, mine was the *only* paper that had not had to be sent back for correction, not only once, but many times; whereas mine had never needed any alteration or amendment whatever. Of course I gave the credit where it was due—to those invisible friends who had aided me, and that was at any rate another evidence in favour of Spiritualism. Being a witness in the case, I was able to gain admittance into the thronged court when many were shut helplessly out; and I was thus able to attend during most of the days that the trial went on, and I certainly marvelled at the strength and endurance of that tough old woman in the witness-box, talking away for hours without any apparent fatigue: but how an English court of justice could *dare* to take her testimony on *oath* I cannot understand, for she expressed an unqualified unbelief in the Bible; therefore, she had no sort of compunction in stringing together any amount of falsehoods that suited her purpose.

As for the verdict, I suppose I might render myself liable to an action for libel if I gave my full opinion on the subject, so I must leave that to be guessed; but it certainly *was* curious that it should have been given in direct opposition to the larger proportion of the evidence, because, forsooth, that evidence came from spiritualists! The testimony in question mostly referred to the case itself, therefore it was to the honourable word of men and women of good standing that exception was thus taken, and surely a spiritualist is as likely (to say the least of it),

to tell the truth as a non-spiritualist. Poor old woman! she is gone to her account, and I daresay she would now gladly restore him the thousands of which she defrauded him. That trial will go through its grand assize on the other side.

Mrs. Guppy knew that I should of course have a séance for my birthday, so she spoke to me about her desire to be present, and declared that she would somehow prevail upon Mr. Guppy so that he should give his consent to her coming without him, if I would make the request to himself personally, in due form, on one of the evenings that I should be there; so I did it, and he said yes, without any hesitation whatever. Thus that obstacle was overcome for always. But I must take this opportunity of saying that Mr. Guppy and I were, to the very last, always on friendly terms, for I recognised the powerful elements there were in his nature which made of him such a curious mixture; while he at the same time acknowledged my steadfastness and desire to act rightly, and he never objected to my opening the séances with The Lord's Prayer, as I did at home, and indeed wherever I might be present.

In preparation for the appointed evening, I made four straight tubes of drawing paper, with a hope that was indeed fulfilled; for although the spirit voice of John King was now well known, that was an alien voice, not of any one's own belongings, and it might be that that new blessing might be bestowed.

Birthday séance, April 20, at which were present, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Guppy, Mr. Hooley, Mamma and myself. After The Lord's Prayer, messages were given by means of the raps; then quantities of flowers were brought, all wet with rain, and so freshly gathered that the exuding moisture that heals over within a few minutes was still in its first flow. There were heartsease, cowslips, primroses, wall-flowers and apple-blossom.

The tubes were now taken up by the spirits, and gently stroked about our heads. One was taken to Mrs. Ramsay,

and with it was given the signal by which her brother in the spirit world makes himself known. She then heard a gasping effort, as if for breath, followed by the whispered words, "Dear Sister,"—and a short message. In like manner Mrs. Varley was spoken to by her brother-in-law, and Mrs. Pearson by her sister. A tube was then brought to my ear, and on my asking who would speak to me, I heard the whispered, "Papa.—Many happy returns of the day.—Blessed day.—Good daughter, good friend, good woman." The tube was taken to Mamma, but she could not catch the low-toned words that were said. We then felt loving hands touching our heads, feeling the separate fingers as strongly and distinctly as any mortal hands ; and those tender fingers fixed several flowers into the borders of Mamma's cap.

Marvellously in these days is the wish fulfilled : "Oh ! for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still !"

I was afterwards spoken through as follows :—"Praise The Lord, but in praising, forget not to thank. Plead to Him to fill your hearts with gratitude. Let the heart swell as if it would burst with holy love, in that His glorified ones are sent from His eternal throne to aid weak mortality. In bygone times angels' visits were few and far between ; in these blessed days they are continuous. Therefore, give God thanks, and praise the Name of The Lord, to Whom, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be glory everlasting. Amen."

I had spoken but a few words, when Mrs. Guppy said :—"Excuse me, Miss Houghton, but is that being spoken through you, or are you reading it from the wall ?" Of course I could not then answer, but after I had finished, she told me that simultaneously with the enunciation of each word, she had seen it appear in golden letters of light on the wall behind me. That glorifying thanksgiving closed the séance which had filled us all with such a glow of tender happiness.

In the beginning of 1868, we were rejoiced to learn that

dear Mr. and Mrs. Spear were again coming to visit England, and we earnestly hoped they might find apartments somewhere within an easy distance of us, so that we might see as much as possible of them. But it was beyond even our brightest expectations, for they walked in here one Saturday evening at the latter end of April, having taken rooms at No. 7, Delamere Crescent, on the opposite side of our own street, so that we could see their house from ours; and we were thus able to be in constant intercourse. It was my custom on Sunday mornings to read the Church service to Mamma; so we asked them to join us, which they were very happy to do, with Zadie and Mrs. Hallett, a friend who had come with them to England for the benefit of her health; so we used to form a quiet little congregation, which was pleasant and soothing to us all, and a great additional comfort to Mamma. Almost every day we saw a something of one or other of them, and they were much struck with the fuller reports of all these new manifestations, about which I had written very fully; but yet to see the very things that had been brought, seemed to bring the reality so much more freshly to their minds. Of course we were to have a Whit Sunday séance, at which they would have a personal experience of such wonders, and I was busy with one or two preparations; and we were also to have my dear friend from the country, to gladden us with her presence on the occasion.

Whit Sunday Séance, May 31, 1868.

The circle was composed of Mrs. Ramsay, Miss S— Mr. and Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Nockolds, Miss Leith, Mrs. Guppy, Mamma and myself. During tea, previously to the séance, Mrs. Guppy mentioned that on the Whit Sunday of the last year, the spirits had promised that I should, on the next anniversary, have whatever I wished for, so she hoped for the fulfilment of that promise. She had made a memorandum of it at the time, and had read

that memorandum only a day or two before, which had brought it freshly to her mind.

After we had united in saying The Lord's Prayer, I was desired, by raps, to mesmerise all. When I had done so, and was again seated, I received the further message: "You must wish for something." "Fruit?" I enquired. "No." "Flowers?" "No." I then said, "I wish for a bird"—when the three affirmative raps came; and during the usual waiting interval that supervenes, I went on to tell my mortal friends, that when first we came to this house, Mamma had said she should like us to have sweetly perfumed flowers of lovely hues, also singing birds, and everything that should make people feel, when coming into it, that it had charms of all kinds, both earthly and heavenly. I had often when in town doing needful shoppings, asked my invisible companions if I might get her a bird, and each time the answer had been: "Not now, but you shall have one." But I never thought of any thing but that it should be a purchase. The alphabet was now requested, and it was rapped out: "We will bring you one from The Holy Sepulchre. Kneel." We obeyed the injunction, and Mrs. Guppy then saw, in letters of light, "Repeat The Lord's Prayer." We did so, but, to answer for myself, with feelings of intense awe and almost breathless expectation. In the hush, there came to me a sensation as of a something on the table between me and Mrs. Ramsay, who was kneeling on my left; all our hands were resting quietly on the table, so I crossed my right hand over, and to my amazement found within my gentle clasp a living bird! I handled it most tenderly, and the word "Light" was spelt out, and we found that it was a Dove! which did not seem at all startled or dismayed, notwithstanding the tremour pervading *my* whole frame, which almost made me fear lest I might hurt it. I then rang the bell, and had a cage (of which we had two from the old home) brought up, in which I placed the little treasure, and again extinguished the candle, when this message was given:—"Those birds have never been disturbed; they come from the time of

Our Blessed Lord." . . . We were then desired to "Sing"—and we sang a Whit Sunday hymn, from Mercer's "Psalter," which I had copied out for each person, by the directions of the spirits, about a month before, when the invitations had been given, writing both the words and the music, so that all might have learned it, to sing in the dark on this occasion, the third verse being as follows :—

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight.
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
'LET THERE BE LIGHT !'

We were then lavishly sprinkled with perfumed waters, —sandal-wood being one of the scents employed—and we heard the gurgling sound as from a bottle, for which "they" used one of the paper tubes I had placed on the table. A few flowers were also brought. The tubes were taken up, and moved about in various ways, and Mrs. Ramsay's daughter, Môtee, placed two in her mother's hands, and she presently asked me to feel how curiously they had been arranged; as I extended my hand to do so, I received a little slap on the arm, such as might be given by a playful girl, with the words, how dare you? and the peculiar sound of flesh slapping flesh was audible to all. I apologized for having taken the liberty of feeling the tubes without having first asked permission, and the same delicate girlish hand then tenderly stroked mine, and the arm she had punished; Môtee then took away her mother's handkerchief, in which she had placed the flowers that had been brought to her, but at Mrs. Ramsay's request she took two of the flowers to Miss Leith, whom she had known during her sojourn upon earth; but the handkerchief she did not return to her mother, although she promised to do so on some future occasion.

Mamma felt Papa's hand gently caressing her head, and he placed two flowers on her forehead, slipping the stems under her cap, so as to support them. We then heard the whispered words, as if from some one in the centre of the

circle: "The power is exhausted." Then by raps we received the message: "No more darkness. Brother Spear will expound what you have not understood."

We lighted the candle, and I mesmerised Mr. Spear, who passed into the trance condition, and spoke as follows:—"The Dove is the symbol of peace. The Holy Spirit descended like a Dove,—a voice was heard, saying, This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him.

"Faithful to the utmost in the discharge of every obligation, the Sacred Symbolist this night receives that which shall bring peace to her heart, and at the same time strengthen her for the filial labours that are hers. As she looks upon the dove she is reminded of Him who came preaching peace to those who were far off, and to those who are near. No more precious gift could be hers; taking it to her warm heart, her thoughts are turned to The Giver of all blessings. In the hour of trial she will be able to say, 'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!' They who are present, before their separation, will testify to that which they have this night seen and felt, and that record should be preserved for future sacred uses. May the Lord bless her and give her perpetual peace."

In the course of the evening I had enquired what food I was to give to the dove, and was told millet and canary seed, which I afterwards learned were native to her own land. For that night I put in some crumbled sponge cake, which she did not touch, but ate the prescribed seeds as soon as they were brought; and for some time after she would not eat any other food, although I tried her with everything that people told me doves were fond of.

Quite early the next morning, while I was away on my marketing errands, Mrs. Leith called with her younger children to see the marvellous bird, and as I was out, she left a few warm lines thanking me for having admitted her Helen to such a séance. Somewhat later, but still early in the day, and I was luckily at home again, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy called, eager to be sure that it was still in my pos-

session ; and he told me that after he was in bed on the previous evening, before his wife's return home, the spirit who used to speak to him in audible voice, had told him that a dove had been brought to me from Jerusalem. While we were speaking about the information conveyed to us at the séance as to the length of time that those doves had been undisturbed, he mentioned that in Venice there are some pigeons which are known to have remained unmolested in the same spot for many hundreds of years.

I went in the evening to a séance at Mrs. Guppy's, and during our conversation on the subject, Mr. Guppy enquired if the spirits would tell us in how many minutes they had brought it from Jerusalem ; and after having answered in the affirmative, they made three very clear and distinct raps.

The bird had clearly not attained its full size, so I asked (on the Whit Sunday evening) if it were a nestling, and I was answered, "No, it is a late bird of the last year." And that was evidenced to me in the course of the year, for she moulted her tail and wing feathers, which does not take place the first season.

Many visitors called on that Whit Monday, for people could not credit that it could be a fact, and came to see with their own eyes, so my bird had quite a levee. I went in the afternoon to tell Mrs. Marshall of the wonderful manifestation with which we had been favoured ; and while I was there, four gentlemen who had come up to London for the Spiritual Convention, came in, and after some little conversation, expressed a wish for a dark séance, and Mrs. Emanuel begged that I would join them. In the course of the sitting John King chatted with me for some time, when I asked if he knew what I had received on the previous evening, to which he replied that of course he did. "Well, what was it?" I enquired ; "Purity" was the reply. I acquiesced, and he then added : "Love—what emblem of love is better than a dove?" He then took away my handkerchief, and afterwards brought it to me knotted up, telling me to untie it at home ; and in it I found a pearl considerably larger than the one he had given me before.

On the Tuesday morning I went into town for a proper dove's cage, so as to give her a real home, but for several days she suffered so much from having come to our less genial climate, that I very much feared she would die ; but I was thankful to see her gradually gain health.

John Kitto says in his "Biblical Cyclopædia," "The dove is, figuratively, next to man, the most exalted of animals, symbolizing the Holy Spirit, the meekness, purity and splendour of righteousness. . . . The dove is the Phœnician sacred ensign."

I have spoken of the farewell séances held by Mr. and Mrs. Guppy before their departure from England for a long absence. It was arranged that Mrs. Ramsay and I should go on the same evening, when they had intended that the circle should have been rather smaller than it proved. There were a good many flowers brought, and in my hand was placed a most beautiful spray of scarlet martagon lilies, with seven lovely Turk's-cap blossoms. By-and-by Mrs. Guppy exclaimed that there were creeping creatures about, and begged to be allowed to light the candle ; and upon its being granted, there were a quantity of butterflies travelling about among us and the flowers, some of which were caught and put in a box ; altogether we reckoned that there were about forty of them. Two settled on to my spray of martagons, and remained there quietly all the rest of the evening, although I expected they would fly off when I got into the open air, so I thought no more about them while walking along Great Marlborough Street into Oxford Street to get a cab. However, when I reached home, there was still one clinging to the blossom, and I was going to shake it off when Ann suggested that would be a pity, so she brought me a tumbler to cover it with ; but in the morning it was dead, and, to my surprise, with its wings open, as if just alighting on a flower, for butterflies generally die with their wings flat together ; so I put a needle through it and gave it a place on my wreath of everlastings, as a symbol of the enfranchised spirit revelling among blossoms that fade not.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the communication given through Mr. Spear on that Whit Sunday séance there was a warning as of a trouble that was likely to befall me very soon ; but it did not distress me, because of my having put my own interpretation upon a kind of prophecy, given to myself some time before, by which I had fancied that Mamma would be spared to me for at least a year longer than she was. In the September of 1866, before we left the old home, in one of our Sunday séances, my hand was waved thirty-seven times, and my impression was that this typified so many months, which would therefore be completed in the October of 1869. Papa died in October, and Mamma's father, mother, and grandfather had all died on a 19th of October, so I at once concluded that her death would take place on October 19, 1869 ; and I think the idea was a comfort to me, for each time that her invalid state culminated in a serious illness, I was buoyed up with the hope that she would tide through it ; and every one who has gone through real nursing knows the difference between doing it with hope and without hope.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 13th of June, Mamma awoke me saying that she was dying, telling me to send for Mr. Smith (the doctor), and for Clarence, Isabel (his wife), and Charles. I tried to soothe her, thinking she had probably had some uncomfortable dream, for she had not more pain than usual, or apparent reason for such an impression, but then she said, "Well, send for Mr. Spear," which I agreed to do as soon as there should be a probability of there being any one up in the house ; so I sent over quite early, and before seven both Mr. and Mrs. Spear were at Mamma's bedside. He passed into trance, and the greater part of what he said was from the Bible, and mostly from our funeral service, which alarmed

me, so I asked my spirit friends for counsel, which I had not yet done, because I had not believed in any real emergency. I was told to send Preston off to Kentish Town for Mr. Smith, and that Mr. Spear should go to the city to tell my brothers (whose counting-houses were only two doors from each other), and they were to let Mrs. Hyde and Isabel know : the former had broken her leg a year or two previously, and was still too completely crippled to be able to leave home, so that she could not possibly come to London.

Preston went off in a cab, and got to Mr. Smith's *five minutes before nine*, just in time to catch him before going out, for his carriage was ordered at nine o'clock for him to take his sister and daughters to the railway, to start for Margate ; so he gave directions for the carriage to come here afterwards, and came himself with Preston.

When he had seen Mamma, he said it was the break up of the system, and that he could not give me any hope of real amendment, but he would prescribe something that he trusted might be in some degree restorative. I had told him the various remedies I had been giving her, for he was an old and sincere friend, and knew how I was guided in her treatment. He consequently prescribed a tonic, and said he would come on the following day to see how she was going on. The medicine was made up, but the second dose she took induced fever, so I did not give her any more, and told Mr. Smith about it when he came. He found it was as I had said, and prescribed a fresh remedy, but the result was the same, and each attempt was a failure, however delicate and diluted might be the potion ; proving that everything that medicine *could* do for her had been already done by my ethereal physicians, and that the human doctor had only been allowed to be summoned, in order that no one should have any possibility of accusation against me for omitting what the world might consider proper precautions. He visited her from day to day, the change in her being scarcely perceptible, if indeed any could be seen at all.

A few days after her attack, she asked me how I came to send for Mr. Smith, and I said, "Why, Mamma, *you* desired me to do so." She was quite penitent, and could not at all imagine how she could have done such a thing—to use her own expression—"So rude to the spirits." But I comforted her by saying that I had had their permission, so that it was all right. But that made it clear to me that she must have been impressed to say it, for the purpose of smoothing my path, for if I had had the impression, and proposed to her to send for him, she would have known what that meant, for she was aware of the promise that the doctor should be called in for her last illness. Besides which, I could now and then flatter myself with a little hope, and think that I had been let to have him, because, occasionally, in my solitariness, the responsibilities had weighed somewhat heavily upon me, and I had almost wished for some human being to take part of the burthen off my shoulders; to have some one to whom to tell the various symptoms, and thus partially relieve my heart through my lips. Thank God, I have been supported through it; but the pressure has at times been hard; I was left so completely alone under it all, until the moment came of my sorest and heaviest trouble, and then He gave me the human help that my womanhood needed.

I can scarcely find words to express my deep gratitude to Him, that the Spears should have been brought just to the very time and place; and I did not learn till afterwards that Mr. Spear had received a spirit intimation that he was brought here for the express purpose of seeing me through my trial; and in every possible way that assistance could be given they were ready to give it. As I mentioned, they could see our house from theirs, and I used to tie a long strip of calico to the balcony whenever I wanted anything, and Zadie always kept a close watch for my *flag*, so that scarcely five minutes would have elapsed from the time of my hoisting it, when he would have run down our area steps, and have come creeping noiselessly up to the bedroom door to ascertain what was wanted; and he, being

very intelligent, could go upon all my errands for me ; so that while Mamma's illness lasted I never left the house, and but rarely the room, except to hurry through my meals, for she could scarcely bear me to be out of her sight ; besides which I was almost always mesmerising her. Mr. Spear came every day, sometimes twice a day, for his presence was always gratifying to her, and he used afterwards to give me his impression of her state, which was always a corroboration of what had come to myself. I have said that she had a complication of disorders, but the principal suffering was occasioned by internal ulceration, and also a tumour ; but the latter was finally reduced by mesmerism, and thus the great pain was alleviated. Mr. Spear sometimes mesmerised her, but generally his feeling was to sit quietly by her side. Mrs. Spear, too, was continually with us, and her calm, gentle conversation was pleasant to the ear and to the heart.

Then came another trouble with her. All at once she took a contrary feeling with regard to Spiritualism, and argued with me to give it up. No, I could not do that ! obedient as I might be to her general bidding. Then she innocently suggested that I should ask the invisibles themselves ; but although I did that willingly enough, I told her at the same time that their answer could not be a matter of question, for that they could only wish to lead me yet on and on in the high path wherein they were guiding me, which in truth was then their own response. She still wanted some other voice on the subject, and made me promise to talk to Mr. Smith on his next visit, which proved a great comfort to me, from his great experience with death-beds ; and he said that in numberless instances there came those trials of faith, and temptations perhaps of antagonistic influences, which occasion deep surgings of the soul, and struggling fears lest they might not have seen aright during their past lives ; but that I need not be anxious, the moment of doubt and uncertainty would pass away, and she would again rest satisfied in the truths that had already given her so much happiness. It must not be supposed that he was

a Spiritualist, or at least to consider himself so, but he recognised the full truth of my life, and the many marvels that had come into it. He kindly had a little talk with Mamma on the subject, which satisfied her completely, so that that cloud passed away. Also some revelation came to Mr. Spear of a veil that had been drawn across her spiritual perceptions, which was partly intended as yet another trial of my own steadfastness, so as to prove me in every direction.

The time passed on, and Mr. Smith was going away for his brief holiday, and would leave a friend to attend for him, who had once taken his place when Papa had had an attack of lumbago; but I dreaded the thought of a comparative stranger for her, and deferred telling her from day to day, thinking that perhaps there might be no need; so that he finally had to break it to her himself, and to our infinite relief she took it quite placidly! But I asked him to explain to Dr. B. that he was *not* to give her any medicine, for he would naturally consider it his bounden duty to try to find remedies for her. He thus prevented the change from being a worry to me, and Dr. B. really enjoyed his visits here, as they opened quite a new view of life to him; but he said that if he had reason to find fault with any of my arrangements, he should have no scruple in doing so, but that, on the contrary, there was no sick-room he went into where he found the same nicety in everything. It was an intensely hot summer, so that it was difficult to keep a feeling of freshness, but somehow we did manage it.

Dear Clarence was at that time suffering with his eyes, one being nearly blind, and the other a good deal affected; his general health was also much out of order, and we now know that the affection of the eyes was a symptom of organic disease; but we then thought it was in the power of oculists to relieve him, and he was anxious to go to a celebrated man in Germany to place himself under his charge for some months, but in Mamma's state he could not make up his mind to leave her. Poor Isabel's heart was torn by conflicting duties, for she was anxious to help me in nursing

Mamma, and yet could not bear to leave Clarence, who likewise required her. But as regularly as she could manage it, she would come to me for the alternate nights, Preston taking the intervening one. I used to stay with Mamma till about four o'clock, when I would call my substitute, and lie down by her side to catch what sleep I could, until I was again called up at eight; but it often happened that I was wanted even during that time; and when I look back upon that period of trial and anxiety, I cannot but wonder how I should have borne up under the pressure of those two months, during the last week of which I never undressed or laid down at all, nor did I ever close my eyes. The action of the body, too, in the continual mesmerising, was a great fatigue; but what I suffered from the most was the want of light, for the room had to be quite darkened, as her nerves were so sensitive.

Sometimes, when it would be impossible for Isabel to leave Clarence, Mrs. Spear would take that portion of night watching, but her health was so delicate that I could not bear to let her, and only her extreme urgency made me give way. Ann had too much to do in running up and down stairs all day, for me to let her lose any part of her night's rest.

Then came another class of anguish. She would be sweet and nice all day—but oh! my watches! At about the midnight hour she would begin. It was more self-reproach, I do believe, than any intention of reproaching me, but it was indeed hard to bear. Once only she touched on an especial subject, as it were, defending herself; but then I did speak, asking her to say nothing about it, for that God had taken that matter into His Own Hands. But I generally let her go on in silence, thinking that words might only irritate; but it was a fiery trial while it lasted.

At length, on August 3, she passed into a comatose state, when it became impossible to give her nourishment of any description whatever. I could only moisten her lips with water; but she was unable to swallow, or even to attempt

it. Dr. B. came from day to day, and marvelled at her condition. He did not realize, as I did, that the spirit had already partially left the body, and was gathering its powers by degrees. But just a few times in the earlier part, words issued from her lips, and they were the names of her children on the other side.

On August 10, Isabel came early in the day, for she was most deeply anxious ; she could not bear to see her thus lying so still, and she exclaimed, "If only we could hear her once more say—'Oh! Georgiana!' (her continual cry, poor dear!)—it would seem more like herself." In about half an hour she *did* say it, but still as unconscious as ever. Dr. B. came at about five o'clock, still puzzling over the peculiarities of the "case;" and all unexpectedly to me, he stooped down to her ear, and shouted, "Mrs. Houghton." Oh! dear, he called the spirit back, and she writhed and moaned—and then he went away. Her struggles were not violent, but they continued, and I felt as if I could never forgive the love of science that could thus dare to torture one who was in extremity. I mesmerised, to try and soothe away the result, but gradually she stilled away into Eternity, and all was over. Isabel gently drew off the wedding-ring she had worn for sixty-four years, and handed it to me to put on my own finger. I had closed her eyes, and the two servants came to perform the last offices.

Clarence came to see how she was going on, and finding all was over, pressed his tender kisses on the marble brow, and after some sad conversation took Isabel home.

And I was left alone, with *everything* to think of, arrange, and see to. The dear Spears had come in, and she remained with me for the night to help me in my moment of need. There were many letters to be written: one to the undertaker, one to the doctor for the necessary medical certificate; also to many members of the family, as well as to friends. Oh! it was much to go through. I addressed each envelope, then wrote my note, which she folded and enclosed, affixing the postage stamp, so that by one o'clock

in the morning I ran down the Crescent to post them in the pillar box, and then we laid down for a few hours of torpid sleep.

My brother Houghton was expected in England about this time, with his wife, but he did not arrive till after Mamma's death, although he was in time for the funeral on the 15th. We took her into the Kentish Town Church for the service, and then we laid her with Papa in the cemetery at Highgate; and on the 17th Clarence was to start for Germany.

I spent the 16th at Clarence's, Houghton and Charles, with their wives, being there also; they were to remain till the next day, but I came home the same evening. After I had left, Clarence had a long conversation with the other two, urging that they ought all to unite, so as to make an income for me; but my Spiritualism was an all-sufficient reason for their refusal, and his words made no impression, so that he was the only one to give me any help. He wrote most kindly to me from Germany, saying what allowance he would make me, as long as I should require it; but he also suggested that I had better give up this house, and in every way reduce my expenses. Of course I had already pondered this question, and had prayed fervently and earnestly that the Lord would send me full instruction through His own messengers. I then sought their counsel, and their positive directions were that I was to make *no change whatever*, and that even if pecuniary troubles should weigh heavily upon me, I must trust that the Lord would still uphold me. They also entered upon the reasoning by which, even in a worldly point of view, it would be unadvisable to do so. My only means of working for a livelihood was in my profession as an artist; and if I withdrew myself from the position I was holding, I should throw myself out of the possibility of receiving commissions. They also reminded me (although telling me at the same time that they knew I did not need stirring up), that what I really had to live for was my work as an apostle of the Spirit, which I could fulfil much better in the home where I was

known, and which they had themselves selected for me than elsewhere ; and that I must be content to be misunderstood and misinterpreted by those who would not extend even a finger to aid me. That to Clarence I could give such reasons as would satisfy him that I was not acting rashly or unthinkingly, which reasons were various, and do not need to be inserted here, for my confidence in their wisdom was based upon the secure foundation of having always found them right in their counsels. It is sadly true that I *have* gone through the deepest straits, enough, I think, to have made almost any one else flinch ; but I have gone steadily on in my appointed thorny path, and I trust that the Lord may yet make it smooth under my feet.

So I thus began my life *alone*, as far as human companionship is in question ; but I never felt solitary, for great indeed is the cloud of witnesses around me, and Spiritualism has given me many very dear earthly friends, who are more closely bound to me than some of those who have ties of kindred.

During Mamma's final illness, and after her death, Mr. Spear had many communications given through him, from some of which I am now to give extracts. On June 14, he had the following vision : " I see you walking in the shade ; there are very few people who appreciate you, consequently you are misunderstood and misjudged. But all at once I see you emerge from that shade, and take the prominent place for which you have been prepared, when all will behold the fulness of your work, and will know you as you are. Even *I* seem not yet to know you, and to be only beginning to ascertain what you really are. You are a very extraordinary person. Fidelity, love, faithfulness, power to express in well-chosen language your meaning ; all fitting you to follow the path which I see opening for you, when you will take a very prominent position. . . . You have received from the world of spirits the most precious gift ever yet bestowed—precious in all its associations, shewing that in spirit realms you have already gained your place, although upon earth it has not yet been manifested." On July 10,

came as follows :—"I seem to be gathering materials for a vision, which is not yet, however, fairly presented to me. I seem to see you (after appointed trials are passed), moving about in a kind of queenly manner, directing others, and placing them as it were. Your countenance is radiant. I see also the Dove, as the sublimest manifestation ever vouchsafed ; as the symbol of the Holy Ghost it has a fulness of meaning not well understood."

August 17.—Taking hold of my hand, and passing into the trance condition, Mr. Spear said—"You will be led to notice that in the Sacred Scriptures, the term house is used in several distinct senses, sometimes signifying a habitation, at other times a place of worship, and yet other times a family, a tribe, a kingdom. Then, again, it has relation to the body, which is the habitation of the spirit. Each and all of these are regarded as beautiful symbols. Here is an external habitation, built and furnished by the hand of man, yonder a church, built also by human hands, but set apart, consecrated to sacred services. So there is a divine priesthood ; that priesthood has its sacred functions, it is consecrated to the services of God's House. So the human body, though not made with hands, may be consecrated, or the habitation of the Spirit. In the ratio that the body is pure, free from disease, can the Spirit come in, act upon, and control the body. It will be found that persons highly and divinely spiritualized, will, in the process of their unfoldings, become beautiful in form, fresh in body, holy in their labours, beneficent in their thoughts and aspirations.

"The outer edifice thus becomes a necessity for the reception of persons who may seek acquaintance with sacred things. These persons will come to you, imbibe your spirit, very much as persons go to the Church for worship, for education, and for spiritual improvement. You will feed them with the bread of life, help them to drink of the spiritual waters by which they will be refreshed. You will feel that you will select, not only special seasons, but special garments, and be fitted to throw out in the happiest

manner the spiritual aroma which may be gathered in your being. The touch of the garment healed the sick woman. The word of The Lord went forth and healed the sick at a distance. So there may be an accumulation of spiritual power which may be dispatched to persons, and life and health may be communicated.

"Perhaps among all the thoughts which will be inflowed into your being, no one will be regarded as of higher moment than those which relate to the impartation of spiritual power, giving spiritual health. Set apart, then, for this purpose, chosen of The Most High, you will soon come to perceive that the great measure of power you have imparted in the past to the dear Mamma, may be as it were reserved and used for the purposes of health for soul and body. Ladies in high social position often require the counsel of their own sex; power being imbedded within you, you will be able to use it to their advantage. . . . So that, while you shall teach, as in olden time, you will heal, and thus a two-fold work will gradually be opened, and you will find yourself in a desirable location for the promotion of the special and general labours of the time.

"A season of repose, a measure of retirement from the world, will fit and prepare you for that sacred influx which is in store for the faithful, noble, and true. . . . In olden time, it was said, 'As for me and my house, we will serve The Lord.'—True, divine service leads to the blessing of God's dear children. These few hints you will as it were lock up in your own breast. Observe the workings of Divine Providence, and presently it will be seen that The Great Shepherd will give you repose in the green pastures of everlasting life, and lead you gently beside the still waters."

The season of repose that Mr. Spear spoke of as needed, was quite in accordance with the fact, for although I had never flagged in the least, even in the painful time after Mamma's death, when I was left entirely unaided, even to make the arrangements for her funeral, in which I had thought that Houghton would have come to give me some

help (for he arrived in England time enough to do so), my spirit friends wished me to have as much rest as possible, and I had many household matters to see to, as well as orderly arrangements, which had long been in my mind for various little books, in which to enter all my visitors, family ones and those for Spiritualism *separately*, one for letters received, with the dates of their being written, another for my own letters, one also for my visits to friends, meetings, or entertainments of any kind, in which I likewise entered the train-time or any fact of that sort; thus to carry on my daily life in a very regular course; and I have found my plan a great comfort since I have followed it, for it is a kind of very simplified diary, all being of course dated, enabling me to look back for any specified circumstance with the greatest ease. I have explained my plan rather fully, as I think other people may perhaps find it a help; and I believe in the axiom that—"Order is Heaven's first law."

The Dove was apparently just beginning to moult when it was brought to me; one little feather had dropped, and I took it with me to Mrs. Marshall's on Whit Monday, and one of the gentlemen there (who had come up for the convention) requested permission to hold it in the palm of his hand, in order to ascertain whether any influence came from it, and he said he felt a warm glow pass all up his arm and down the spine. After that time I gave away many of the feathers, and had various scraps of information as to the sensations experienced by similar trials, and here follows an extract from a letter to Mrs. Spear:—

"Brighton, July 17. I feel so grateful to Miss Houghton for my little feather. Will you offer her my love and sympathy in her long trial, and tell her that Miss Gearing felt a flutter in the palm of her hand when I placed it there. I left it for Mrs. Prescott to see, and it produced a rainbow of three colours on the ceiling. . . . Mary Hay." In answer to a question, Miss Hay said in a second letter: "A lady with whom I took tea yesterday evening was very sensible of a tingling sensation when I laid *my* feather on her

hand, and up to that moment she had been so sceptical. The three friends you allude to *all* saw the rainbow." I sent a feather to Miss Hay for each of her friends, and in her answer she said: "Mrs. Prescott is intending to write herself about her feather. You will see how much Miss Houghton's kindness is appreciated, in better words than mine. Last evening I went, hoping the enclosure was ready for my envelope, but Miss Gearing smiled, and said: 'You have peculiar people to deal with; Mrs. Prescott has not yet looked at her feather, but wonders when will be the right moment, and what the first thing to be done with it, not wishing to waste it on the desert air. I have seen mine, for last night, having suffered so much all day and the night before, with rheumatic pains in my leg and arms, I said, I'll try what the feather will do.' She hardly felt any difference while in the palm of her hand, but then placing it on her shoulder, where the pain was most severe, it was *entirely and suddenly removed in the leg and arm!* She slept well, *and had had no return all day.*" July 24, Mr. Collen writes: "I thank you much for the *Dove's feather*, but regret to say I am not sensitive enough to trace any sensation; but Mrs. Collen describes a tingling sensation which threads to the ends of the fingers in either hand, and that there is an impression of weight, as of a couple of ounces. I should like to know if either of these sensations accords with those experienced by your other friends." July 21, I placed a feather in the palm of Mr. Johnson's (of Demerara) left hand, and he felt a thrill up the arm, which passed *into* him (as he said this he put his hand on his heart) and the glow remained in the palm of the hand even after the feather had been removed. July 27, Mrs. Watts writes: "I was very grateful for the little feather from your wonderful Dove. I did not *feel* anything when I laid it in my hand, but immediately came a very beautiful and holy message in the following words, by a clear and lovely internal voice: 'I will make the lame to walk and the blind to see, and will come with power to all whom I have called.'"

Mrs. Spear gives this account: "I had a pain in my side—rather a *catch*, which prevented my taking a long breath, when Miss Houghton placed a feather of her Dove in my hand. It soon caused a feeling of warmth, which crept up the arm and down the side of the back where my trouble was. Then the disposition to move the hand upward and around was experienced, which being followed, caused the feather to fall upon the head of Mrs. Houghton, by the side of whose bed I was sitting. Placing the feather again in my hand, the same motion and warmth, with the lodging the feather upon Mrs. Houghton's head followed; I then perceived that I breathed more freely, and indeed that the *catch* had wholly gone, only soreness of muscle remaining. In the evening the *catch* returned, and taking the feather I could perceive no change; but after sleeping, it entirely left, and has not returned after the lapse of a week." Miss Alice Leith writes: "September 23. "When I came home, I put the feather in my left hand, and in a minute my hand pushed itself straight and waved quietly about; it then turned the palm downwards, so the feather slipped off on to the little envelope in my lap: my hand then remained just over it, quietly going round and round; first my palm was over the feather, then the fingers as if taking power from it. Then my hand was moved away, and I felt the power gone from it, and I replaced the feather in its envelope."

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Hardinge, December 5. "Your charge in respect to the sweet bird's feather has been obeyed, and perhaps under better circumstances than I could have devised, for I took up the package at first by mistake from where I had laid it in my desk to await a favourable time. I was somewhat abstracted, and did not notice that I was holding the envelope in my *left hand* for some time, until my attention was aroused by hearing a sentence repeated in my ears over and over again. The voice was from one of my noblest spirit guides; but the words did not satisfy me, and I put the envelope aside. I repeated the experiment *three times* afterwards, but with precisely the same result, and have received also a firm

assurance that I have all that can be given to me. Hence, my friend, I deem it best to send you the words without comment, although I confess I am at a loss to discover how they apply. They are these : 'For there is nothing hidden which shall not be known, neither anything secret which shall not be made manifest and come abroad.' My guide adds, whilst I write : 'This is not a literal quotation, but it is the *correct* translation of the passage of Scripture from which it is taken,' and this is *all*."

I had many such interesting little scraps, but as they mostly took place in my own presence, they were not written down for me ; but one other testimony I had some time after I do remember, and I will here relate it. Miss Sedgwick came to see me, and I gave her one of the Dove's feathers in its natty little envelope, and on her next visit she told me the first use to which she had put it. She had a friend who had had writing mediumship which had entirely left her, and Miss Sedgwick had vainly tried to resuscitate it. On her next visit the attempt was equally ineffectual, so then she thought she would try what the feather would do, and laid it on her hand, which started off in a few minutes, writing more fluently than it had ever done.

Extract from a letter to a friend, September 30 :—

"Yesterday, being quarter-day, the rent then paid exhausted *exactly* the sum remaining of Mamma's income, so that to-day I have to commence on my own account. This fact has forced itself upon my consideration, as my Spirit Guides about a fortnight ago fixed upon to-day for me to commence a drawing commissioned by my true friend, Miss S——; thus making the *work* and the *need* fit in the one with the other. As usual, she enclosed the amount with her kind and sympathetic letter. I may indeed bless God for having given me such a friend.

"I have been this evening to the Spears', and while sitting with me Mrs. Hallett felt strongly influenced with a very deep spirit of prayer and prophecy. She then seemed to have her hand plentifully filled with treasure that she had

to pour into mine, symbolizing heavenly treasure poured into my hand by the Father Himself, after which there came an impression of these lines :—

“ ‘ Oh ! sisters, don't get weary, get weary, get weary,
Oh ! sisters, don't get weary to see God feed His lambs.’ ”

“ She afterwards saw a beautiful spirit-light, which seemed to descend from the North-West, and gradually spread out, as if on all sides.

“ It was to me very striking that that light should come from the North-West, for in all my drawings that has been the point of glory, although it had never come into my mind to consider it with reference to the compass. The influence she felt was clearly the result of my having begun to draw to-day, and I think the light represented Spirit Power, which will permeate the whole earth.”

There had been for a long time regular séances for the spirit voices twice a week at the Marshalls', to which they all pressed me most warmly to 'go, and I gladly accepted the invitation for the Tuesday evenings, for I hoped I might be able to introduce a more religious tone into them, by always commencing with The Lord's Prayer, and leading the visitors, as far as I could, to the consideration of the sacredness of the communion with the invisible world. To some extent I believe I did help in that respect, and I continued my regular attendance for about eight months, when the séances unhappily came to a termination. I then had the pleasure of meeting many enquirers into Spiritualism who were afterwards to become staunch adherents, and I have since often been reminded by them when we have met at spiritualistic gatherings, that I was present when they received their first testimony.

On the 30th of August, I began regular Sunday evening receptions, for the Spears and a few friends that I thought might like an opportunity for quiet talk on spiritual matters. We sometimes had a little séance, but it was not the rule, and all went according to the influence we felt at the time,

and at any rate Mr. Spear generally had a few words given through him, especially if any one were present to whom the subject was new. Our meetings were never very large, but they were pleasant and harmonious, and they went on more or less for about a year, but from various causes ceased after the Spears had again left England.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Mr. Spear left this house on the evening of the 11th of August, instead of, as he expected, proceeding directly to his own house, he found himself impelled to walk along the Crescent, and round by Westbourne Square, so as to make a circuit of the house, which was done seven times ; after that, he had to walk up and down the Crescent, passing this door twelve times, and finally he had to stand at the door, with his arms placed so as to form the symbol of the Cross. On the following morning directions were written through him with reference to a séance to be held here. On the 14th he had a communication given, which was headed,

"Of the Sacred Scriptures.

"The world has been accustomed to denominate certain records, certain things, certain persons, certain places, and certain seasons sacred. This word has a beautiful and deep significance, and is not to be lost sight of in this present age. The Symbolist is denominated sacred because the symbols that are shewn her are of a highly *religious* as well as of a spiritual character. He or she is holy as he or she doeth holy things. Without holiness none can see The Lord. If the eye be single, the whole body is full of light, and all things work together for good to those who love The Lord. Such live and walk with God. To such there is a path of which the world knoweth not, and a highway over which the unclean do not pass. Consecrations, ordinations, as also sacred callings, have their good uses. So of the books of the Old and New Testaments : they are sacred, in the sense that they narrate the dealings of the Lord with His people in olden times. These records help the newly spiritualized man to discover that what are now

called supernatural revelations are not merely of to-day, but they run far back into the past, and they give hope, comfort, and assurance for the future. To the enlightened Spiritualist it is made clear beyond all doubt that in the old and popular sense, man does not die, but he passes from one life to another, and often a higher one. Modern manifestations lead to a more critical study of, and a more intimate acquaintance with, the ancient Scriptures: the one throws a flood of light on the other; each strengthening faith in the love, mercy, and goodness of the Almighty.

"Accepting as preliminary the above thoughts, the way is now opened to offer to the Sacred Symbolist some considerations which may, in time to come, be of use to her, and to persons who may be connected with her.

"1. That in a special sense the mediumship of the Sacred Symbolist has to do with sacred things, and therefore her home must be regarded as a sacred place. For which purpose it has been encircled by spirits of a most holy character; such has been the signification of the walks of the Communicator at night. Then the door of the mansion is to be guarded, and none are to enter there who have not a high religious purpose in the call, the Sacred Symbolist, when application is made, being impressed as to whether admittance is to be allowed. In this manner, and with this care, she will be surrounded only by persons whose hands and hearts are consecrated to goodness and truth. Furthermore, these admissions should only be permitted and encouraged on such days and at such hours as shall suit her convenience, so that her time shall be without needless interruption, that she may be at liberty to attend to her various spiritual as well as private duties, and that all may be carried on with due order.

"2. When persons are admitted, it will be required that all disputes, all controversies and all low thoughts shall be left behind, and that the mind and heart may be turned with becoming reverence to Him from Whom all things proceed.

"Quiet being secured, and a receptive state induced, the

Sacred Symbolist can with the more ease impress her thoughts and inspirations on the minds and hearts of her auditors. In this manner a vast amount of good may be wrought in a single year, aiding the spiritual movement as a whole in the metropolis.

"3. Among the visitors admitted, there will be mediumistic persons, and it will be one of the missions of the Sacred Symbolist to assist in their education and their development. Thus, a class of persons may be brought out who will in many ways and at divers times act on the respective circles in which they may move. This section of her labour will also be of great worth to the spiritual movement in this metropolis, and it will extend to other sections of the United Kingdom. The Dove, and other outer things, will serve to direct the attention of the best minds to the labours and responsibilities of the Sacred Symbolist.

"She will also be impressed to keep careful records of the things seen, said, and done in her mansion, and these may be classed as the sacred scriptures or sacred records. And as these shall be multiplied, they will each year become more interesting and instructive.

"While these sacred labours shall be moving on in the home of the Sacred Symbolist, other labours not less useful will move on in other sections of the metropolis, and all will constitute an unit."

It was a great loss to my daily life when the Spears left Delamere Crescent, but on October 3 they removed to Bryanston Street, as being a more central position for the work to which he was called, having only been directed to this neighbourhood for the express purpose of giving me the help that they so lovingly and lavishly bestowed, when they seemed to have no thought of Self, but just to lay their lives into my hand, to use them according to my deep need. But they still came to me when they could, and I followed out the old custom of going to them on the Wednesday evenings.

My first séance after Mamma's death had to be postponed until October 7, because the 6th, on which I wished to have

it, fell on a Tuesday, when the Marshalls could not come. A week before, when I had been at their séance, I had said something to John King, as a supposition that he would accompany them, but he said he could not enter my house without a special invitation from myself, so I accorded it to him with due ceremony. The circle comprised Mrs. Ramsay, Miss S——, Mrs. Varley, the Reverend Dr. Maurice Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Hallett, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Marshall and myself.

Dr. Davies led The Lord's Prayer, after which I read the following prayer, which had been written for the purpose through Mr. Spear, on August 12.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven, we thank Thee for the inestimable privileges we enjoy in the faith that the dearly loved ones who have borne the image of the earthy, may bear the image of the heavenly: that the corruptible can put on incorruption, and the mortal can put on immortality, and that with the Spirit eye we can see their beautified forms and feel their blessed presence. We invoke Thy gracious aid on this occasion. Do Thou help us to be in a quiet, religious, and devout frame of mind, that with ease the former head of this home may afford such as are here convened evidences of her personal presence. If it be in harmony with Thy Holy Will, may she be specially assisted to manifest herself to the dearly beloved daughter, and to others present whose spiritual vision has been opened. Receiving such suggestions as shall be made, in sacred faith help those to whom they may be given, to observe them with all the care that circumstances may permit. And may this mansion be henceforth dedicated to Thy Service in such way and at such times as shall please Thee. May the love of self be swallowed up in the desire to do Thy will and Thy pleasure. Unfold in us, if it shall be pleasing to Thee, the laws which pertain to the spiritual worlds as far as Thou shalt see to be for our highest good.

"And as the Dove is the symbol of the Holy Spirit, so may we receive the appropriate symbols of The Son and of The

Father, that there may be One in Three and Three in One. Forgive us our sins, overlook our shortcomings, teach us the things that shall best promote Thy glory and the good of all Thy children ; and from this assemblage may there go forth a sacred peace that shall open the eyes of the blind, lift up the bowed-down, heal the sick, lighten the heavy burthens, arouse and quicken the slumbering, the dying, and the dead.

"We ask these, and such other blessings as it shall please Thee to bestow upon us, in the dear Name of Him who said : Lo ! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

My cousin (Mrs. Pearson) sat in the place she is accustomed to occupy at our séances, which has been at Mamma's right hand. She heard a spirit whisper, and on asking who it was, received the reply : "Your Aunt—I am with Christ." Mamma answered one or two questions she put to her, and then addressed Mrs. Varley, requesting her to be kind to me.

John King then came, and conversed with various members of the circle, but his voice was much more gentle and refined than usual. He asked for our handkerchiefs, one of which he knotted in a very complicated manner, and the others he tied together, and then wafted them about the circle, but finally he brought them all to me. . . . Mr. Spear was then spoken through to the effect that this house being dedicated to God's service must be known as The Lord's house. That London is the modern Jerusalem, and that from this metropolis, Spiritualism in its highest phase, as based entirely upon Christianity, is to go forth and enlighten the world.

There was then a season of complete silence and stillness, when we felt a vibration in the floor of the room. . . . Then by very gentle raps we were, by the alphabet, desired to "Sing," when we sang the Evening Hymn, and as we concluded, we heard a spirit voice joining in the Doxology. . . . The diminishing raps round the room then gave the farewell.

I lighted the candle, and gave paper and pencil to several of those present. Mrs. Varley was written through by St. Joseph, who addressed her by her spirit name of Loving-kindness. Mrs. Ramsay had a slight drawing done. One or two other sentences were likewise written. Through Miss S—— was drawn The Lord's Sheltering Wing, and through Mr. Marshall was written, in a very curious hand: "You must give up for to-night—you will have another—God bless her." Dr. Davies then concluded with the blessing.

After the others had left, Mrs. Ramsay, Miss S——, Mrs. Varley and I sat at the little table, when Mamma, with my hand caressed each of them, and by the alphabet told Miss S—— that she was "True and sterling."

When I went, on the following evening to Mrs. Marshall's, Mrs. Emanuel said that at the time of that stillness, she had gone quite into trance, from which she was only aroused by the singing, but that she then seemed to hear thousands of voices joining in with us, the sense of harmony being most heavenly, and that during all that succeeding day she had felt a kind of holy calm, being, as it were, the result of the séance.

When I sent round, on the morning of August 11, to tell old Mrs. Marshall of Mamma's death, she already knew it, having seen her own self in the early daybreak, but she had received no communication, only the knowledge of the one great fact.

I do not know how soon it was that I received a personal signal from her, for those days passed on, so extremely full of occupation that it was impossible for me to measure time, for hours would seem to be days, and yet in other instances days would appear like hours. It was no light weight for *everything* to be on one pair of shoulders—and the funeral had to be as soon as possible, for the sake of dear Clarence's going to Germany (where he remained till the end of the year), so that it took place on Saturday the 15th, after her decease on the Monday evening. But I am sure there was no long delay: dear Papa's signal is a kiss on my left cheek, and she gives me one on the right cheek as a sign of her

presence ; but I rejoice to know that they are so thoroughly one that whichever may make the announcement, it is the assurance of the presence of the other, but on special occasions they both kiss me at once. In the earlier period, if I sometimes enquired as to whether she were with me, I might perhaps be told that she was away in spirit realms, satisfying herself on the many points to which I had not received answers to her questions during the earth-life, which is another of the evidences that may satisfy enquirers that the *individual* is not changed by passing through the gates of death. She tells me that no day passes without her looking in upon me, even if she gives me no sensible token of her presence.

All our clairvoyant friends have seen her continually. Every evening that I was in Bryanston Street, Mrs. Spear or Mrs. Hallett, and sometimes both, would say, "Oh ! there is dear Mrs. Houghton ; also dear Mrs. Tebb. Sometimes, too, she has been described to me by those who have not known her. Both she and dear Papa are continually with me while now engaged in this work, which is a great delight to them, and they warmly bless the kind and liberal friend whose assistance is enabling me to do it so very many years before I had even visioned to myself the possibility, so that when the suggestion was made, it was almost like a thunder-clap of overwhelming joy.

I have already spoken of my power of developing other mediums, and I had thought that when Mamma should be taken from me, it might be well for me to appoint one day in the week for those persons to come to me who might wish for my aid ; and I had, even before we had left the old home, discussed the subject with my Spirit Friends, who, to my great surprise, fixed upon the Friday, and in answer to my astonishment, *inbreathed* to me (this is *their* term to express the method by which I receive a message without literal wording, for *said* would be incorrect). "Do you not see the analogy ? Christ, on the Friday, quitted entirely the earth-life, retaining only the spiritual, and by mediumship persons *enter* the spiritual life, and thus become better

prepared for the time when they shall put off mortality; therefore Friday is the most suitable day for what may be termed their spiritual birth."

I have since recollected that in several instances, before receiving that message, Friday had been the day of development, without any special appointment having been made by me; but my visitors had come by an apparent chance, as had been the case when Miss Ramsay had accompanied her mother, when I had suggested that she should try for the mediumship, and, as I have already mentioned, had at first a strong pain in her arm before the hand was moved, and that afterwards, under my continued mesmerism, the pain ceased.

I have known another instance when pain was spoken of, by a nice young girl of about twelve years of age, and she called it a "funny pain;" and when it had passed off for a while, she exclaimed, "Oh! here is that funny pain come again."

The expression "developing power" seems to me wonderfully appropriate, considered with reference to the developing process in photography, in which branch of art I have already said that I dabbled for two or three years as an amateur, and I will here give a slight explanation to show the analogy. A preparation called collodion is poured upon a plate of glass, so as to produce a thin film over the whole surface; it is then immersed in a bath prepared with nitrate of silver and other chemicals, and in the meanwhile the camera lens is being duly focussed to the object to be photographed; the sensitised plate is then introduced, and the photograph taken. But on returning to the dark room the plate still looks exactly the same as before its introduction to the camera, a plain whitish film covering the whole; but now a liquid that has been prepared with the necessary chemicals, and called developing fluid, is poured on to the plate, which has then to be gently agitated, until the form gradually makes its appearance, more of the fluid being added until it is sufficiently developed; water is then poured freely upon it to get rid of all the superfluous chemicals. Thus, in

developing a medium, she must already have the gift within her (bestowed by the Light), which mesmerism develops either by the simple laying on of hands (1st Timothy iv. 14 : "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery"), or by any needful passes ; but in such cases it must be the image already imprinted that must be developed and called forth into beauty, and not according to any vagary of the developing fluid—by which I mean that we, who have the gift of developing, cannot determine what shall be the character of the mediumship. The medium, too, so far resembles the sensitised plate, that she must be grateful for *any* gift that may be bestowed ; for, as the glass cannot have a voice as to whether it shall be appropriated to landscape or to portraits, neither can *she* decide the form or method of the power with which she is to be endued. While I write, still farther analogies rise to my mind between the process of development and photographic difficulties ; but the fact, as I have stated it, is sufficient for my present purpose.

On Friday, October 9, I commenced the proposed course with one young friend, who came for some time pretty regularly every week, as also a few other friends, but they did it very intermittently, and gradually their interest declined, and they ceased their visits ; but whenever it shall be well for me to renew the arrangement, the proper course will be shewn me from above, and I shall be happy to work in the cause in any way in which I can be of use. I have since had a series of very delightful Fridays, when Mrs. Tebb has been able to come to me for visions, all of which I am happy to have recorded.

There is another point that has been brought strongly to my mind with reference to those developing circles, as far as some of the members were concerned. It seems to me that, having been a pure gift on my part, it was not so much valued as if it had cost them something, and I really believe that in some degree the feeling was that an obligation was being conferred upon me, instead of recognising that, as

every hour of my life was valuable to me professionally, I in fact gave money's worth when I gave my time, for I had at that very time more than one commission in hand. I do not mean that I felt it so, for my soul is in the work, knowing it to be God's work, and my whole energies are devoted to it; but upon looking back I cannot but feel how little real life there was in those upon whom I expended those energies; but I trust a time may come when God's gifts may be more truly prized.

This leads me to another thought which gives rise to much cavilling and questioning, and that is, as to the payment of mediums, and I have heard professional mediumship denounced in very strong language. People seem to imagine that the mere word, such or such a *gift*, entitles every one else to be the free recipients of the results of that gift. But were such the law of life, who would be paid for anything? Are not a man's muscles God's gift? but surely he is entitled to a fair compensation for the exercise of them! An exquisite voice is God's gift, but who would think that therefore the songstress should charm thousands night after night in opera house or concert room, and be allowed to starve with hunger and shiver with cold? But, oh! some would say, that voice has needed cultivation, and in many ways there has been heavy expenditure to bring it to perfection. And is it *not* so with mediumship? Verily and indeed, yes! Look what it is, simply in the physical phase, and the very phenomena which are now run after. Consider the hours that have to be expended shut out from the sweet light of day! Visitors think lightly of that when they go to a medium, because they are to undergo it but for two or three hours, which to them are full of excitement—but for the one they have visited, whose work it may be for several séances, there is none of the relaxation of going forth to tell all the wonders that have been witnessed, but only what becomes a dreary round of repetitions, and they can probably only lie down to snatch what repose they may before the next appointment—for their very being is drained to supply the needful elements wherewith the spirits work;

for that class of spirits are not always wise, and they are apt to *draw* from the medium instead of only using the natural outflow; *they* are anxious that the séance shall be good, and do their very utmost to achieve that result, and they also know the struggle for bare bread that their medium may be undergoing, and that success is in every way a vital question with them. I hear some people who think themselves very clever, say that a medium should have some business or profession by which to make a living, that he may thus be able to *give* his evenings to those who will condescend to visit him. Business or profession! why, what life is there left in them for that? Suppose sitters come to them from eight till twelve o'clock at night—for what would they be fit the next morning? Remember that it is not *one* such night in the week that is the question, but *every* night, either at home or other people's homes; besides which, the very aura with which the spirits work is used up in business avocations, so that it would not be available for séance purposes. Those who talk thus know nothing of mediumship, even if they have some small fragment of it themselves, which they cultivate by fits and starts as the humour takes them; but they have no *drain* upon them, no call for *more* than the supply—they do not even use to the half of their own tiny powers, and cannot realize what it is for there to be a demand! They begin when they like, leave off when they like, and find mediumship only a pleasant little interlude.

I do not believe that any one has studied the whole question in its many bearings so deeply as I have, and I *must* speak strongly on what I feel so strongly, for I have seen how utterly without compunction are the seekers after other people's manifestations, and then they talk of the assistance given by the additional member in a circle:—assistance! what kind of assistance? In many cases those very persons who flatter themselves that they are *giving* help, carry away a vast deal more than they brought. There undoubtedly are *some* who give immense help, but they rarely are those who talk about it, and *they* sometimes suffer by being

burthened with bad influences instead of the bright ones they have bestowed, and thus they become a testimony to vicarious suffering as a law of the higher life.

Have I not shewn how mercilessly Miss Nicholl was drained of her life, so that to give her the repose that was absolutely indispensable for her, the spirits deprived her utterly of the power of locomotion? Her séances *were* gratuitous, and yet she was vilified and suspected by the very recipients of her bounty! Gratitude seems to me the very rarest article to be met with in this nether world; but I would fain open people's eyes to the fact that there *is* something to be grateful for, when they are admitted into communion with the other side, even when they have grudgingly bestowed the fee from out of their abundance.

Then outsiders condescendingly say—I should like to see something of the wonders you tell me about, but I have no faith in professional mediums; could you not take me to some one where I should not have to pay? It seems like a desecration to give *money* for intercourse with the dear ones who are gone to the other side. That seems very fine as a sentiment, but those selfsame persons will gladly go with you to a séance where there *is* a paid medium, but where you can go, and take a friend by invitation. If they have a dear friend living at a distance, do they consider it a desecration to pay cab fare and railway fare so as to reach that friend? Let them look upon the medium simply as the road by which they may reach their goal; then surely it is worth paying for!

Moreover, a non-professional medium (unless indeed as amiable as Miss Nicholl) will not submit to the gross suspicions and coarse tests of sceptical enquirers. Those class of insults need a golden salve. Why, their very language on the subject, although perhaps *put* politely, is sometimes intolerably insulting, almost as if they would think it quite natural that you should recount a string of falsehoods (not to use a stronger term) for the purpose of convincing *them*! Convincing them of what? A something that you know *not* to be true, or you would not back it up with fiction!

Who in the whole world would be worth falsifying one's whole soul for?

Then there are puny beings with half an intellect, or one bemuddled with greed of gain or worldly advantage, who will say—Are you sure you are not self-deceived?—that you are not the victim of fancy or imagination? and such-like twaddle. They are not worth heeding, because it is their own inaptitude that renders them blind; but still they are irritating, like the tiny midges which sting with all the venom their smallness has to part with. They are troublesome, but have to be borne with like those little insects in a lovely spring day—the sunlight in which one is bathed far more than compensates for the annoyance. But when we can, we avoid the midges, for we can do them no good; and if they really have a bit of inner, higher self, they may some day be roused into enquiring for themselves; but it must be to a professional medium that they betake themselves, so that they may give compensation for the length of time that will be consumed in enabling them to reach so lofty a truth as that which Spiritualism presents—Spiritualism in *all* its phases, phenomenal or inspirational, for any one evidence, however tiny, is a sample of the whole, and *one single fact* demonstrated should be sufficient for any sane individual, and all further evidence is but corroborative, even though it may seem that after twenty years' experience the all-day-long-proofs bring each a fresh charm. For my life it has lost none of its brilliancy, none of its facts *pall* upon me, *ennui* is an unknown mystery, and life is full of rejoicing.

Another suffering that comes upon professional mediums, which none could be expected to bear without full compensation, is that the atmosphere around them becomes tainted by the unwholesome spiritual elements which emanate from the worldly, the vicious, and the sceptical, who form the large bulk of their visitors, for even a pleasant outside aspect may conceal heart-blackness. Such visitors bring with them an almost demon host, who rejoice sometimes afterwards to return without their human companions.

to wrong and disturb at future séances; and then the unhappy medium does not know why there are no good manifestations, and the then circle may go away dissatisfied and disappointed, asserting that *that* medium is not to be depended upon, and even in that very case, it may be that the grumbler had a something in his own soul that was in affinity with the unclean interloper, and thus gave him the more power to harm. The visitors may go away none the worse, but the medium remains all unstrung, and half fearing lest such scenes may deprive him of the means of existence.

Two instances of this kind are now forcing themselves on my recollection, so, as I do not think they have ever been published, I will give my readers the benefit.

The very first time the Davenport Brothers came to England, strangers in a foreign land, to do their work here, a séance, rather a large one I believe, was arranged for the members of the press; by which they hoped to obtain good notices in all the papers, so that splendid manifestations were all-important. The Boys duly went into their cabinet and were bound. All was stillness and expectation—not darkness, mind, for the sitters were in the light, the cabinet being only needed for the purpose of keeping the vibrations of light from the mediums, so that the aura may issue in steady flow. No sound, no rap, not the very slightest manifestation took place; after long and patient waiting, the disappointed press (*they* had not paid anything) went away grumbling at the stupid two hours they had passed. But the Boys! the unhappy young men who thought their power had left them, what of them? Strangers and pilgrims! with nothing but their gifts whereby to live! They were absolutely cowed, and in blank despair; for they had not even the means to take them home again. Then came to them the dearly loved spirit voice, whose first sound served to rouse their drooping souls, and John King explained that the invisibles had seen such a dense atmosphere of closed-up souls that it would have been almost impossible to manifest at all, so they had decided

that to have *nothing* would be better than a very weak séance, an almost-failure, and for the future they must learn that a circle must have some mixture of *re*-ceptive as well as *per*-ceptive constituents. . . . I believe their next séance was by invitation to some of our eminent spiritualists, and was a complete success, although I dare say some little press alloy was admitted among the sterling gold.

The other instance was that of Mr. Cogman, who has been termed the father of Spiritualism in the East end of London, and was a truly good, religious man. One evening at a gathering at the Cavendish Rooms, James Scott came up to his mother, who was sitting by my side, and said gleefully: "Oh! Mamma, Mr. Cogman has got his spirits back!" "Why, James, what *do* you mean?" said I. "Did you not know that Mr. Cogman had *lost his spirits*?" I could but exclaim, "Lost his spirits!—what can you possibly mean by that?" He then explained that Mr. Cogman had, at Mr. Burns's request, had a séance with three gentlemen who were thorough atheists, and that after that sitting all spiritual life had departed from him, and he was literally "left to himself." He was heart-stricken and despondent, and said he would never have sat with them if he had known what they were, but Mr. Burns had asked him to do so, thinking that his mediumship would have given them conviction, and he had seen no harm in complying. . . . Some people have said: "Oh! how cruel of the spirits to have deserted him when he had no intention of doing wrong." But that was not it. Around him had arisen so dense a fog from the hateful atmosphere of those *untoward* men, that the spirits *could* not approach him until it had been in some degree dissipated by the poor medium's heart-wrung prayers. Later in the evening I had some conversation with Mr. Cogman himself, and as I knew that he, like myself, lived in continual communion with the invisible world, I asked how he had felt during that season of blankness, and he answered that it was the state of mind when a man could almost feel to commit suicide, it was such an utter deadness.

Surely such facts are sufficient to demonstrate the sufferings of those whose hard work it is to let the first gleam of light into the dunder-headed materialist, and—the labourer is worthy of his hire.

Then people say, with a genial smile : Oh! all mediums have such large appetites!—but they do not recognise *that* as an evidence of the immense demand that is made on their physique, and that they absolutely need a good, substantial meal between each séance—and food costs!—although those wealthy sitters, who spare no expense to have every delicacy of the season, do not cast a thought on such a sublunary question ; but I have learned that it is sometimes a very difficult one to answer, even with the utmost economy and thrift, which are neither of them very generic qualities in the physical medium, to whom most of what I have written above chiefly relates.

I must again refer to the question of payment, and in a matter where I would fain see the law of our land put upon a more Scriptural basis : for it is but fair that in all things there should be reciprocity, and when a benefit is received a proportionate acknowledgment should be given. We read in 1st Samuel ix. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, “ And the asses of Kish, Saul’s father, were lost. And Kish said to Saul his son, Take now one of the servants with thee, and arise, go seek the asses. . . . And when they were come to the land of Zuph, Saul said to his servant that was with him, Come, and let us return ; lest my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us. And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honourable man ; all that he saith cometh surely to pass : now let us go thither ; peradventure he can shew us our way that we should go. Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man ? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God : what have we ? And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver : that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way. (Beforetime in Israel, when a man went

to enquire of God, thus he spake, Come, and let us go to the Seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer.) Then said Saul to his servant, Well said; Come, let us go. So they went into the city where the man of God was. . . . Now, The Lord had told Samuel a day before in his ear." . . .

And again we read, in 2nd Kings, viii. 7, 8, 9: "And Elisha came to Damascus; and Ben-hadad the king of Syria was sick; and it was told him, saying, The man of God is come hither. And the King said unto Hazael, Take a present in thine hand, and go, meet the man of God, and enquire of The Lord by him, saying, Shall I recover of this disease? So Hazael went to meet him, and took a present with him, even of every good thing of Damascus, forty camels' burden, and came and stood before him, and said, Thy son Ben-hadad King of Syria hath sent me to thee, saying, Shall I recover of this disease?" . . .

Thus it is clearly the rule that a present should be given, which present should be in accordance with the means of the bestower. It has always seemed to me to simplify matters when a fee *can* be given, for who, with any sense of honour, could receive those great boons without giving an adequate return, and a gift that is not money should be *beyond* what a money payment would have been. I know a few noble hearts in England where that sentiment is enthroned.

CHAPTER XVI.

My next séance was to be held on October 22, in honour of dear Mamma's birthday, and I again had the pleasure of a visit from my true friend, so that she might be present on the occasion; and the circle was formed of Mrs. Ramsay, Miss S——, Mr. and Mrs. Spear, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, of Harpur Street, Mrs. (Flinders) Pearson, Mrs. Hallett, Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Marshall. Almost immediately after the conclusion of The Lord's Prayer, Mrs. (Flinders) Pearson was addressed by Mamma, who, after a few preliminary words, said: "Praise the Lord." "Are we to sing?" "Yes." So we sang the last and ~~two other~~ verses of the Evening Hymn. John King then spoke in the same gentle and refined manner that he had done at our previous séance, and after a little while he desired us to place all our handkerchiefs on the table. He and two or three other spirits then conversed with the various members of the circle. He threw our handkerchiefs into our laps, with some grapes tied up in each of them. After that, there was silence for some time, when a kind of luminosity was seen by us on the ceiling, and John King afterwards said that he had been trying to shew himself, but that some members of the circle were too nervous, so that he had desisted, and Mrs. Pearson then acknowledged that she really was exceedingly nervous, and that her heart was beating very violently. John King told me it was for my sake he had desisted, for that I should not like to have a coroner's inquest held in the house on the following day. The floor vibrated several times very strongly. Mr. Spear was then spoken through to the effect that the former head of this house was desirous that such gatherings should be held here about once a month (upon which subject I had already received directions from my spiritual guides), and that she should wish such gatherings to be of a highly religious character, and trusted that they might aid

in the promotion of the spiritual cause. After he had finished, the alphabet was called for, and "Adieu" was rapped out. I then gave the blessing, after which the spirits gave their diminishing raps for departure, but I was much pleased that they should have waited for that conclusion.

They had placed a sheet of paper under my hand, and when we had the light, we found that they had drawn, by direct power, a profile on it.

On the porcelain slate was written, also by direct power, the date "1890," which is, I presume, prophetic of some spiritual event, but it is rather distant to look forward to.

I handed the slate and a pencil to Mrs. Ramsay, and the monogram "I.H.S." was done through her; but we could not quite understand the drawing, and I was sorry it had been done on the slate, as it would have to be washed off, so I gave her paper instead, and upon that was drawn and written, "Jesus." Even there the letters were still enigmatically executed, but I have since found that it was intended as an interpretation of the monogram.

Mr. Pearson had been told by the spirits, in conversation, that they meant to inspire him to do a drawing for the Academy, so I gave him paper and pencil, and then mesmerised him, and in a short time his hand was moved to draw a little.

After we had taken supper, Mr. Spear was again entranced, and he was spoken through by Mamma in the *first* person, a method of communication I had never heard before from him. He spoke weakly and feebly, as if with great effort, thanking all those who were present for the honour they had done her, and begging them all to feel assured that her affection for them was as strong as while upon earth. She added that the grapes had been a gift from her, as a proof of her love. She did not speak at much length, but when it was over, Mr. Spear seemed much exhausted. I forgot to mention that very soon after the commencement of the séance, her little hand-bell, that I had brought down, was rung several times by her.

Mr. Spear called here on the morning of October 24, and

after having been some time in conversation, passed into trance, and Mamma spoke through him as follows :

"You must not, Georgiana, expect many spoken words directly from me, because around you, and closely encircling you, there is a sacred band of symbolists. This band has its sacred purposes, and seeks through you to promote them. You constitute a centre, around which other people are to revolve. Upon them you are to shed the Spiritual Light which is given to you. It is not in order, for me, as an individual, to disturb, much less to break in upon, that sacred circle. You are not only surrounded, but the mansion has been encircled for an important purpose. At the door is stationed a guard; that guard is to protect you, and to usher into your presence certain persons who may belong to your circle.

"The symbolists are a very numerous body. They come to your circle in numbers sufficient to influence the minds and hearts of the persons assembled. It is my privilege to unite my efforts with theirs; they impressing me, and I consulting them for your personal interest and personal happiness.

"Tokens often are presented as symbols. The fruit presented is representative of that life which exhilarates: the cluster is symbolic of union springing from a common stem or purpose.

"You will now, I think, understand the position which I may hold to you, and to the band which encircles you. Order is one of Heaven's laws. Entering upon a spiritual state, my first lesson is Order: my second lesson is the mode of communication on the part of individuals, bands, or groups. These bands have their mouth-pieces, one speaking for the band: others may be present, to assist and instruct the speaker.

"Much that is curious of a phenomenal sort has been shewn to me, and may be communicated by the band of phenomenalists. You will understand that these bands are very numerous, distinct, yet working together.

"In my present weak state, I cannot communicate without

great exhaustion ; am not fully in the life and strength which are before me. I have many feelings of gratitude to the kind friends who gathered so lovingly and patiently about me, and who bore with me in my feeble state, and gave me courage for my departure.

"It will be my mission to suggest things to many persons. I perceive the difficulties that attend yours and other kindred mediumships, and wish to encourage them to be faithful.

"It is my wish that you continue to bear to the mouth-piece I am using, the position of maternal counsellor ; impressed by my presence he will be drawn to you in seasons of difficulty. Others will come to you, as children to their mother ; you will give them words of cheer.

"Papa joins me in kind paternal regards, and wishes it to be said that his affection and tender interest in your welfare is undiminished. Other dear ones send their pleasant greetings."

I called on Mrs. Tebb, October 31, and in the course of my visit mesmerised her, when she became influenced, although she did not pass into trance, but what she said seemed to refer to the same subject as Mr. Spear's communication about "the Spiritual Light which is given to you."

Mrs. Tebb said : "I have something to tell you, Miss Houghton, if I can only get it.

"Oh ! yes, it is the Light ;—I see the Light ;—it comes from a number of people together. It comes straight to the right side of your body. There is one very beautiful figure ; I cannot see whether it is a man or a woman ; the hair is long and beautiful, but the chest is wide and square like a man. The Light from the group passes through this figure before it reaches you, and there are coloured rays of light which are repeated. There must be a very strong power that comes to you, for it seems to be increased after leaving this circle or group, by passing through the fresh medium to you ; it comes to the right side." She afterwards said, "I could not distinguish any figures in that group, and the Light emanating from it seemed, after passing through the beautiful figure, to concentrate itself *within* you, for it did not pass beyond you at all, but rested there."

I ought here to call attention to Mrs. Tebb's description of the one beautiful figure, who must have been one of the seventy Archangels to whose charge I have been given, consequently beyond her powers of recognition as man or woman, and we may well believe that they have a perfection of form and beauty transcending either.

I grudged washing out the monogram of I.H.S., done by Mrs. Ramsay on the porcelain slate, but finally I resolved to copy it on tracing paper before obliterating it, and I thus made three reproductions, which were infinitely beautified by the addition being made of a lovely water-colour drawing under the guidance of my indulgent friends, all the three pictures being different. One I gave to Mrs. Ramsay, one to Miss S——, and the third has its place in my large album with the other tracings of spirit drawings.

On Sunday, November 15, Mr. Spear and Zadie were my only visitors, so we had a snug séance round the little table, when Mr. Spear became entranced, and spoke as follows. "He led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men. Gifts may be seen or unseen: the unseen have a higher value than the seen. The seen passes away, the unseen, never. Each hath its use. The dear Papa very much desires to present a token of affection. These presents can only be transmitted through the mediumship of certain individual persons. An effort will be made to present a contemplated token. You will use that token somewhat for talismanic purposes, bringing thereby the dear Papa to your side in times when his services may be of use. Prepare quietly, lovingly, as you shall be impressed, for the contemplated gathering. Sing, play, speak, as impressions shall come to you. Grace and peace will be multiplied."

The gathering to which he alluded took place on Papa's birthday, December 2, and those present at it, were Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Hallett, Mrs. Floyd, Mrs. Hardinge, Mr. Hooley, Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Marshall, and myself.

Before seating ourselves for the séance, Mrs. Hardinge mentioned that she had a request to make to me, which

was that I should place one chair in addition to those required for ourselves, and that it would be occupied by the spirit friend from whom she had twice received the message in the course of the day.

Raps of greeting were heard even as we commenced The Lord's Prayer, and accompanied us through it; and almost immediately after its conclusion Mrs. Hardinge mentioned that the vacant chair was filled by Papa, but she was surprised to see that the chair was changing in its appearance, seeming to be larger, and rounded at the back, and that it was of a kind of open cane-work. I then told her she was describing the arm-chair in which Papa was accustomed to sit, and when (after the séance) we went into the adjoining room to take some refreshment, I shewed her the chair, she recognised it as the one she had thus seen in vision. During Mamma's illness, Mr. Spear used to be very often impressed to sit in that chair, for the purpose of receiving communications from Papa as to the methods in which he could best bestow his kindly aid.

We then heard John King's voice, and he talked on various subjects to the different members of the circle, giving counsel or cheering words in his usual lively manner. He spoke much to Mrs. Hardinge, whose first introduction to him it was. He told her that William Shakespeare was present, and would inspire her in this very room. I enquired whether it would be on this occasion, but he did not know, he only knew that it was to be. After a time, he said:—"Be quiet now, for Father is going to speak;" alluding to Mr. Spear, whom he always thus denominated. Mr. Spear then rose; and I will give a slight sketch of the thoughts expressed through him.

"In the Scripture history there is no scene more touching than the third meeting of Our Lord with His disciples after His Resurrection, when He thrice enquired of Simon Peter whether he loved Him, and Peter, in his penitent anguish, answered upon the third repetition of the question, 'Lord, thou knowest *all* things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' Peter then recognised in the loved questioner His

God and Saviour, and that in Him was all knowledge and all power, as well as all tenderness, as exemplified in the command thrice laid upon the ardent disciple. It is a lesson for all ages and for all men. In seasons of grief and trial, none must think themselves forgotten or neglected. The loving Father sees and knows all; and when things may seem most adverse, let that certainty be the consolation, and also that He will Himself provide due sustenance both for body and soul for those who, while striving to work His will, put their whole trust in His aid."

I was then spoken through, somewhat to the following effect, only to much greater extent.

"The bread of life, and the fountain of living waters ! Freely and lavishly are they poured forth for all such as are hungering and thirsting after righteousness ; more fully and more freely than the world can yet conceive. Men are seeking knowledge, or what they, in their puny wisdom, look upon as such ; but the day is not far distant when all will recognise that there is a higher knowledge coming from above which will combine earthly things with spiritual, shewing that the one is incomplete without the other. Then will they eagerly gather up that which is now flowing down upon them unheeded ; and from this city will be sent forth the rich tribute of Spiritual Truth to all the world."

Mrs. Hardinge was then moved to speak, and this is a faint idea of what was said.

"Our friend has alluded to one incident that took place after the Resurrection, we will dilate on another ; that of Our Lord's walk with the disciples to Emmaus, when their eyes were holden that they knew Him not. And is it not so in all times ? Grief and trouble come, but even then the Lord is ever walking by the side of the mourner, and would be visible but for the veil, which may be that of materialism, by which their eyes are holden. May it be remembered that ever at the side, or deep in the heart, the Lord is graciously opening to the

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view, or expounding to the understanding, that which is yet unappreciated, until in some unexpected moment the bandage is withdrawn by which God's Loving Presence has been hidden from mortal view."

John King was very anxious for some singing; a few efforts were made, but, as sore throats and colds were prevalent, not over successfully, but he joined in them very merrily.

Mrs. Hardinge saw an Indian chief, whom she recognised, standing behind Mrs. Ramsay, and I asked if he intended to impress her; but he said she did not require his aid at all, as she had so many powerful spirit friends in her sphere. Mrs. Varley saw a lovely hand and arm between her and Mrs. Ramsay, the hand was pointing towards Mrs. Ramsay's lap; Mrs. Hardinge also saw it, and said that on the hand were many brilliant rings. The hand was Môtee's.

Mrs. Hardinge then described a tall, pale, slender young man with black hair, standing behind Mrs. Varley, and slightly stooping over her. He was not any friend known to her in his mortal life, but was William, the presiding spirit of the séances she was then holding in her own home, and which were gradually increasing in power.

Mr. Spear again rose, and, with his hand on Mrs. Varley's, said, "How great was the work to which she was called, as, through her organism, spirit friends could pour their influence, for her to transmit it to Mr. Varley, whose work it was by his scientific pursuits, to unite nation to nation, and land to land, until the whole world shall be, as it were, bound together."

Roger Bacon gave sundry directions to Mrs. Ramsay with reference to General Ramsay's health. She asked who was the best clairvoyant in London, and John King said that Monsieur Didier was, but that she was not to be too anxious; but in a low voice he added, "Poor fellow," which gave her a kind of shock, so that she burst into a sudden flood of tears, and it took some little time before I could soothe her into calmness. Mrs. Hardinge then gave some

particulars as to the General's state, and I was strictly enjoined by my spirit friends to go on the following day to mesmerise him. They have often impressed me that such was their wish, but Miss Godfrey had been in attendance, so that they would not positively interpose; but such no longer being the case, I might be gratified by rendering what aid was now attainable.

Mamma rang her little bell three or four times in the course of the evening. We were all frequently touched and stroked with the tubes. Mr. Spear enquired of John King why the tubes were needed for the manifestation of the spirit voices, and he replied that it was to form, as it were, a physical throat, in which the atmosphere could be concentrated, so that the voice should issue forth, but that in time they would be able to dispense with them, and also with the darkness, which is at present a necessary condition, as it aids the flow of the mediumistic element, enabling the spirits to collect it more readily and more completely, so as to use it for such purposes. John King said he must then wish us good-night, but we reminded him that before his departure we were to sing, "Rule Britannia" for Papa, who at all our Christmas day gatherings had been in the habit of singing it to his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, who would have thought themselves defrauded of a large portion of their rights had he omitted it. We accordingly all began, but towards the conclusion of the second verse, I found that dear Papa himself was using my voice, and the feeling rather overcame me, so that I could not go on.

John King said "Good-night," and then were heard the retreating raps of other spirit friends.

I brought in the lamp, and gave pencil and paper to Mrs. Ramsay, through whose hand was written by St. John: "This is a very good evening, you will have a better one by-and-bye." Through Mrs. Varley was written, "I love you, and, am very often with you—William." Mrs. Hardinge's *left* hand was moved by Papa to write: "I bid God bless my beloved child."

Mrs. Hardinge then rose, and some words were spoken through her to each individual of the circle, of which the following is a brief outline :—To Mr. and Mrs. Marshall—“Our speaker has been brought here this evening to be enabled to bear full and complete testimony to the authentic character of the spiritual manifestations given through your joint mediumship, and also to your own truthfulness and honesty. You have gone through much trial in the cause, but even in the darkest hour you have known that He was with you Who trod the path to Emmaus.” Mr. Spear was told that, “The path along which you travel seems hard and cold as marble, and oftentimes the coldness seems to rise, and the heart feels its chilliness ; but the marble has a firm and sure foundation, being grounded on the Rock of Ages.” To Mrs. Hallett a few words of cheer. To Mrs. Spear, in sad and pitying tones, “Poor child ! poor child ! alone, alone thou wilt have to walk ; rough and rugged has been the path you have had to tread, and trial is yet before you ; but gentle and loving ones will surround you, although unseen, and will aid and strengthen you.” In the course of the evening Mrs. Spear had enquired of John King concerning the health of her last remaining sister, who is but eighteen, and was married during Mrs. Spear’s late sojourn in America. She is now given over by the doctors as in a hopeless consumption, and likely to pass away ere spring shall ripen into summer.

At this point, I cannot but wish that a shorthand writer had been present, for the address to Mrs. Varley was the fulfilment of the promise, and Shakespeare inspired Mrs. Hardinge in the most grand and glowing language, occasionally employing the imagery known to us in his own glorious writings, to define her mission :—“Lightnings flashed around her, typical of electrical discoveries which are yet to be given through her husband, such as will astonish the world, much as it already seems to have learned. Something there was, too, of a door, which concealed those future revelations, but the door was not quite closed ; it was ajar, and angels would be prepared to open it.” I do not recollect the sub-

stance of what was said to Mrs. Ramsay, but I have omitted to state that John King told her she would be as a queen in Spiritualism, and will have much to do in it; that all her children are mediums, and may act as pioneers in the cause. Mrs. Hardinge said she had nothing for me, so I pleaded for "just one word." "Not *one* word, but *two*. Father and Mother: the angel of the home was not forgotten."

To Mr. Hooley were said a few words indicative that "to a young man starting in life, that life must to a great extent be such as he himself would make it; but that in him were the elements of success both for time and eternity."

Mr. Spear addressed Mrs. Floyd, communicating her spirit name of "A Mother in Israel;" and in his speech were suggestions of different travels for Mrs. Hardinge, and that although Mrs. Floyd's feeble limbs might incapacitate her from accompanying her, her loving thoughts and prayers will ever do their work, aiding and strengthening her loved daughter.

Dear General Ramsay! I went to him the next day, according to agreement, and mesmerised him for some little time, for he found it very soothing—which my friends knew well was all that could be done. We went again the next day but one. But the fiat was gone forth, and nothing was to detain him longer on this earth, where loving hearts would fain have kept him. After my second visit he was quite confined to his room; he was, however, still spared to them until the Christmas day was past; but, on the following day he breathed his last earthly sigh, and quitted his garment of flesh. We may be very sure that his tender Môtee and other loved ones were near to welcome him into his new life, and to shed what balm they could into the heart of the fond partner of his affections, thus apparently bereft of him; but blessed, thrice blessed is the loving widow who is but so in name, and who is able to rejoice in the certainty that no real break has occurred, for that the loved one remains as near to her as ever, and that it is only the veil before her own eyes that hides him from her view. It is true that at first that veil may seem almost like a dense cloud, thickened

by her own tears ; but the grief *may* not last, as it does with those who have not reached the same happy height.

I spent the evening of December 10 with Mrs. Hardinge, when she shewed me a stereograph of a most wonderful fossil, or whatever may be the correct term for such a production. It is a potato-stone, which was picked up in Keokuk, Upper Mississippi. Surely a spirit hand must have guided the finder of that stone, and an all un-heard spirit voice must have whispered to his inner soul to be gentle with his geological hammer, for on the stone being broken open, instead of finding the usual sort of crystal quartz (I may have failed to express myself with technical accuracy), deep within it is a beautiful white cross, standing erect as it were within a cavern ! Hidden thus within the very stone !! The possessor of the stone itself is the Reverend J. Von Vleck, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Romish priesthood of Missouri offered him 5,000 dollars for it, which he declined to accept. He sent to Suisun, California (where only it is to be obtained), for the marble on which it stands, which is polished like a jewel. He keeps it under a glass case, and guards it as a treasure ; but he has sent it to geological exhibitions, and shewn it to many geologists, who have striven by various theories to account for its formation, but all their theories are very insufficient.

Mr. Von Vleck, who is a religious spiritualist, allowed Mrs. Hardinge to hold it in her hand, but she said she did it almost in trembling, lest she should let it fall ; but while she yet remained in Cincinnati, he had it stereoscopically photographed expressly for her, so that she might carry away with her the closest possible image of the wondrous production ; and she, to my great gratitude, said she would do for me what she had never yet done for any one, and have it copied, so that I, too, might possess it ; and when I came away she entrusted me with the slide, to get the reproduction done by Mr. Ward, whom I knew to be a skilful photographer for works of art, as it was he to whom I always took my own drawings or other curiosities to be photographed. It was an additional gratification to me that my

new treasure arrived on the morning of December 31, the ninth anniversary of my mediumship. On the back of it I have written the following verses from Daniel, for it seems to me a kind of physical symbol of the grand prophecy.

Daniel ii. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 44, 45, 46: "Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee, and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a STONE WAS CUT OUT WITHOUT HANDS, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them, and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. . . . Thou, O king, art a king of kings, for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength and glory. . . . Thou art this head of gold. . . . And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron. . . . And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potter's clay and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided. . . . And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a Kingdom, which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever. Forasmuch as *thou sawest* that the STONE WAS CUT OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS WITHOUT HANDS, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter: and the dream is certain, and the interpretation sure. Then the king Nebuchadnezzar fell upon his face."

To my mind the analogy is marvellous. Within the stone is the wondrous Cross sculptured *without hands*, the type of Him Whose worship is growing until it shall indeed fill the whole earth. . . . It may *seem* that in these days there is somewhat of a withdrawal from Him, and that the opponents are more bold than heretofore. There are even those who think they have gained a something higher in grasping the new truth of Spiritualism, but they are *not* those who previously *were* Christians, although they may have deemed themselves such: they have simply been anything-arians. But those within whose hearts the Lord Jesus Christ was indeed enshrined, know that in receiving the further light which He Himself by His Spirit hath vouchsafed, they are indeed adding glory unto glory. Also there are numberless ones who, having accepted Spiritualism (thereby swamping their hitherto materialism), have been led through that channel into Christianity, as I have already illustrated in the account of Dr. Elliotson; and as also the lately widowed veteran, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, glories in acknowledging to have been his own case. But I do not believe that there has been *one single true* Christian whose faith in His Redeemer has been even shaken.

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I think it was in Mr. Coleman's collection of spiritual curiosities, probably on the occasion of my first visit to him, that I had seen the engraving of Victorien Sardou's extraordinary spirit-drawing of Mozart's Home, and I afterwards asked a friend who was going to Paris, to purchase it for me. But vain were all her efforts to hear anything whatever of it, and I have since learned that it is out of print, but during Mrs. Hardinge's visit to England in 1866, I saw that she had it, and, with her customary kindness, she lent it to me to have photographed. But she did not know even as much of its history as I did, and I ineffectually made enquiries for a correct account. Unluckily that original photographic negative was lost in consequence of Mr. Ward's death, but Mr. Shorter kindly lent me the engraving

that he fortunately possesses, so that I have again had it photographed ; but neither could he give me the particulars, which he told me had been published in a very far back number of one of the French spiritualist magazines ; so I here copy the following extract from the *Psychological Review* for March, 1880, but I think the quotation must be from some paper of very ancient date :—

“ From a Paris newspaper. . . . M. Victorien Sardou is, as every one knows, an avowed spiritualist, and willingly declares that he owes the inspiration of his best work to his guardian spirit, who is no other than the shade of the author Beaumarchais. He could have been worse attended.

“ M. Sardou had one day very recently a desire to know the condition of the divine Mozart, for whom he has always felt a particular admiration. ‘Wait and you shall see,’ said the spirit, and he was then directed to seat himself with a pencil in his hand. M. Sardou obeyed, and he, who had never taken lessons in drawing, immediately and mechanically designed a marvellous palace, at once delicate, aerial, and beautiful, of a wonderful architecture, and evidently adapted for celestial beings. At its completion the inspired author and artist was himself astonished at the marvel which his own hand had wrought. He wished to have his cherished picture engraved, but no artist liked to undertake so delicate a work. Again M. Sardou consulted his guardian. He was directed to seat himself, with certain tools, before a lithographic stone. At the end of half an hour, although entirely ignorant of the art he essayed, he had perfectly reproduced the picture of the ‘Home of Mozart.’ It is by this name that the plate is shewn to a few intimate friends. It is now in the keeping of a brother who is a well-known resident of Brussels.”

There are one or two points in this narrative to which I must take exception, lest I might seem to endorse them by my reproduction. But it is always a distress to me when persons are not satisfied with the infinite marvels that really are true, but (all unintentionally perhaps) must needs exaggerate them. In saying that M. Sardou had “never

taken lessons in drawing," there *must* be a mistake. He may never have received tuition from a merely earthly instructor, but his hand must surely have undergone training from the world of spirits, for I never yet knew any medium who could spring at one bound into an artist. Mr. Collen succeeded in drawing an exquisitely pathetic portrait of Our Lord at his *first* attempt, but he had gone through the fullest earthly training in that special line of portraiture; so that his example is another proof of what I say: that on one side or the other the preparatory instruction *must* have been received, for even when persons are what they call *self-taught*, they are, without even being aware of it, receiving some intuitional (*inner teaching*) lessons. . . . I am sure, also, that there has been exaggeration in the statement as to the time occupied in producing it on the stone; it could *not* have been done in half an hour. By *direct* power, drawings may be done in even a few seconds, but then the conditions are entirely changed—through the human instrument there *are* limits as to *possibilities*.

I would not be supposed to write in a carping spirit, but with reference to our grand subject, I would fain have *absolute truth*, and I have suffered from hearing things that had taken place with my own self, exaggerated out of all form. I feel that nothing is so grand as a fact in its perfect simplicity, so that the faintest addition seems like a blow to my soul.

But to return to the picture, which, by-the-bye, bears the signatures of Bernard Palissy and A. Mozart as guiding influences. The marvel of the design is that it is entirely composed of musical signs, notes, and instruments, shewing that Mozart is still dwelling in the midst of musical harmonies; and in addition to its ethereal delicacy of execution, it has some curious touches of symbolism; for instance, there are some fragile showers of what we in our English musical nomenclature term *rests*, but the French word is *soupir*, which means a *sigh*. Are they sighs that have risen from earth to embellish the home of the future? And there is a gleam of wit, down in the lower corner,

which is designated "Ville Basse," thus playing upon the thought of the bass clef. Those wonderful little bits of wit are often very captivating, and the spirits sometimes give their tests in that manner in the most unexpected way. Mrs. Varley's brother-in-law wrote her a message by means of the planchette, and he began, "My dear nell."—He used to call her after Dickens's small heroine, "Little Nell,"—and he thus symbolized the adjective by spelling the name with a little n.

These are the touches that seem to me so very convincing ; but they may sometimes miss their mark, where the minds on this side have not a due appreciation of the delicately humorous.

Many years ago I was deeply interested in a book entitled "The Provocations of Madame Palissy," which gives a history of what she underwent during her husband's indefatigable exertions to discover the secret of the ancient pottery, which were ultimately crowned with success ; and we are all familiar with the grotesque Palissy ware ; so that we can well understand that, as a spirit, he would still revel in the idea of clothing an old form with a new material, so as to unite the charm of both.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the 30th of November, 1868, a new work was started which I believe did an immense deal of good. It consisted of a series of weekly conferences at Lawson's Rooms in Gower Street, and were instituted by the liberality of Mr. Luxmoore, who defrayed the entire cost of the first series. He is lately gone to his account, and surely the help that he thus gave will remove some of the impediments in his upward path which have been raised by a life of luxury and self-indulgence. We are told not to *judge*, but we are bound to *see*, and to recognise when a man's life is to be a warning rather than an example. Wealth is not a sin; on the contrary, it is a great blessing when properly employed; but the wealthy should also cultivate some measure of self-denial, and not let their gifts proceed only from the surplusage, after they have gratified all their whims as well as their requirements; and their absolute requirements we know to be far beyond those who live in a different class of life; and they are *intended* to be so, for the Lord, in His great love for our land, has suffered it to frame its constitution as closely as possible in conformity with the celestial hierarchy, where He, the Supreme Head, has the Archangels nearest to His Throne—then, in gradual descent, Angels of different ranks, then High Spirits, below whom come the spirits in their descending spheres and degrees. So it is our high glory to possess our old nobility, and may they all strive to make their daily lives into an evidence that they are truly *noble*, lest in the hereafter they should be compelled to "give place" to one who is summoned to "come up higher."

The admission to those Monday conferences was absolutely free, so that there was a large concourse of spiritualists, and those who term themselves enquirers; but I do wish that these latter would more often rouse themselves into

becoming "searchers after truth," for I have sometimes met them at the expiration of half-a-dozen years, with still the words on their lips—I am only an enquirer—which evidences that they have made no use of their advantages, but have just been excitement-hunting in that form, as a variation from their usual round of dissipation. True enquiry must lead to conviction one way or the other, if the person is gifted with any power of judgment whatever.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge was the real soul of those meetings, which were carried on upon an excellent system. She began by giving a discourse (inspirationally) which was not to exceed twenty minutes; the subject for which had been decided beforehand, either by a committee or the audience, and was stated on the previous Monday, so that any one might make due preparation should they wish to speak upon it. When she had finished, any one in the assembly was at liberty to give their opinion and follow out the question, which had to be strictly adhered to, and the speaker could either speak from his own place, or come forward to the platform; but the latter plan was much the more desirable, as they could be better heard in all parts of that large room. The several speakers were limited to ten minutes of talk, but they might have a few minutes grace if they really had anything of interest to say. Even the opponents were welcome, and were permitted to give their views, or to propound their questions as freely as they would; and I must say that there was very rarely any objectionable word, for even the most antagonistic felt that we spiritualists were mostly heart-whole and sincere in our belief, so that it had no right to be treated with scorn or ribaldry. Those who went there, whatever might be their position in life, had enough of true nobility in their souls to reverence what they met with of genuine. Some of the incidents narrated by the spiritualists were very touching; the arguments, too, were often good, and evinced real thought as to the subject discussed, and I regret that no report was ever taken, for many little gems might thus have been preserved. At the close of the discussion, Mrs.

Hardinge, in the most masterly manner, summed up all that had been said by the various speakers, giving any information that might be needed, unless some intervening speaker might have already done so, but even then clinching it with her own words, and vanquishing with powerful arguments whatever might have come from the adverse side.

Mr. Luxmoore was an admirable chairman, who knew how to keep a judicious silence, and not to interfere with Mrs. Hardinge's prerogative of answering the various interlocutors, and thus he did not bring a little flat bit into the proceedings of the evening.

One of their great charms was that nothing became wearisome from over-length, and there was often much vigour roused by the out-spokenness of our opponents, sometimes throwing a new light into our own souls by recognising what seemed to *them* a weak place; but our hedge is strong, and has in reality no feeble spot—the weakness can only exist in individual deficiency of a full knowledge of Spiritualism in its entirety.

I had the feeling that I should probably speak on some occasion, and I looked to the thought without any trepidation; for at the old home I had belonged to the Church Choral Society, and was accustomed to standing on the platform facing the audience. But it was a very different thing when, on December 21, I stepped on to that platform, to stand forth singly and speak what was in my very soul; so I must confess to having felt nervous, but also I felt strongly the absolute need there was that Christian Spiritualists should publicly acknowledge that their faith in the Bible and its teachings is strengthened rather than weakened by the further revelations bestowed upon them. I do not think my speech was very long, but it was from my heart; when I told something of my own experience, and urged upon all who entered upon mediumship to be careful as to the class of spirits with whom they might hold communion, impressing upon them the necessity of testing the spirits according to the directions given by St. John, which I then quoted. I also urged upon them the necessity of leading pure

and holy lives, so as to attract good and repel evil spirits—they must all well understand what I meant by the word purity. . . . Also,—although that might not be the *highest* motive, still it was one that might give them some little help upwards,—they must remember that their every action was open to the eyes of the spirits, and that in these days it might be literally fulfilled that what had been done in secret might be revealed in audible tones to their fellow-men. It must surely be a help to a young man to know that his mother, if in the spirit world, may be watching over his daily life; and he will be all the more likely to abstain from a wrong action, lest it should pain her pure love. In all I had to say I was helped by my spirit friends, but it was neither entirely theirs nor entirely mine, which is generally the case when I have to speak with reference to Spiritualism whether in private or public.

When I came down from the platform, dear Mrs. Watts, who was sitting by me, thanked me for what I had said, and she was aware how nervous I had felt, for I was all in a tremble now that the ordeal was over, however self-possessed I might have appeared to the audience. Mr. Spear seemed to think that that would be my vocation, but I do not expect I shall ever be called upon to be a lecturer in the cause, for all that comes to me is always compressed into as few words as possible, so as to give the utmost strength to the matter under consideration:—thus, to give strong food for an hour and a half, would be too much for the digestion of the hearers, and to dilute that food with watery words would suit neither me nor my spirit teachers.

I have a text-book, which I hope will some day be quite filled by the hands of my mortal friends, writing therein a morning and evening text for each day in the year, and appending their signatures thereto. It is not my own idea, but I was thus asked by the Miss Leiths to write in each of their books, so I then started one for myself, for it has peculiar interests of its own: you realize very much of a person's mind when you thus learn their favourite text (for that is the request); and if afterwards that friend goes to

the other side, it is an additional link to keep them in remembrance.

I had lent that book to my boys (Zilla's three sons), for them to write in it, and also another young friend living in Bayswater, with whom Arthur (the second boy) was then staying. Well, on that very Monday evening, when I came home, I found that Mr. Pryce had called during my absence to return the book, into which *he* had written that very text from the Second Epistle of St. John that I had just been quoting! Does any one believe in chance? It was a decidedly singular coincidence!

Another occurrence relating to that same evening took place fully three years later, which amused and gratified me very much: I wrote it all to my friend in the country, after which I copied the scrap for myself, and I hope I may be pardoned if I insert it here. Florence Claxton, the sweet artist and very charming person, had been brought by a friend to my Exhibition in Old Bond Street. She afterwards came here to see me, and pressed me very warmly to spend an evening with her, and although I usually decline all such invitations I could not resist her, and went. She was residing with a dear little old lady who had several stalwart sons. Now I will proceed with my fragment. Mrs. Gauntlett is much interested in Spiritualism, being herself a medium by the table tipplings, but she is half afraid of it. She had been to many of the meetings in Gower Street, and later in the evening she said, "But after one of Mrs. Hardinge's eloquent but rather wordy discourses, I was one evening very much interested by a Christian lady who got up and gave some of her own experiences: she did it in such a modest and graceful way that I was quite charmed, and I should so much like if I could some day see her and talk to her about it. She said she had always tried the spirits by the directions given in the Bible, and that she knew Spiritualism to be a Christian truth." More she said, still stronger, that I cannot recollect quite clearly, but it gradually dawned upon me that I was the very individual of whom she was speaking, so I got up

and made her a courtesy, telling her she had now the opportunity of talking to the lady in question ; upon which, as you may imagine, she was somewhat put to confusion, and Florence Claxton was wonderfully amused to find that she had been the means of bringing the very person to the house of whom she had so often heard Mrs. Gauntlett speak. She had been in Gower Street, too, on the night that I told about the restoration of the curdled arrowroot, and also when I answered M. Chevalier as to the diabolical source of the manifestations : but she is near-sighted, and not young, so that I, in my bonnet and deep mourning, was not at all recalled to her memory by the lady then sitting in evening dress by her side ; but the more she in her confusion said, the more strongly I felt that even there I had done a good work for the cause. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

I find by little book that I spoke on six different occasions in those Rooms, but it was never for the purpose of speaking ; and simply when I really had something to say bearing upon the subject of the evening ; nor was I allowed to prepare it first in my own mind ; I was always told to leave it till the time came. I only spoke of what I knew well from the teachings I had already received, or it might be from personal experience ; but I have now no recollection of any of the points except that of the first evening, and the renovation of the arrowroot ; I had entirely forgotten all about poor M. Chevalier's trouble, until I now unearthed that scrap about Mrs. Gauntlett from the bottom of my desk. Those conferences lasted six months, the closing one having been on the 31st of May, 1869, the anniversary of the bestowal of my dove.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,"—is a text that must assuredly arise in many a mind as the events of their lives roll on, and I cannot refrain from recounting one incident in Papa's chequered career, when he received an almost miraculous response. With him it was indeed literal, for he did cast it *upon* the waters, and, after many days, he did most truly find it upon the waters.

He was intending to sail for England, from Canary, with a cargo of island produce, and had only waited until after the birth of my brother Clarence. It was in April, 1816, while the world was still in an unsettled state, consequent upon the terrible warfare that had so long been going on. When they had been out at sea about three days, they were boarded by pirates, or at least by a vessel hoisting the Portuguese flag, and bearing letters of marque. (They who are learned in such matters will understand my meaning better than I do myself.) Of course the Spanish captain and crew made no kind of resistance; indeed, they were not in any way armed, and Papa's English pluck was of no avail, but only caused him to be fettered and bound while all his property was being carried off before his very eyes. But they were no Portuguese—they were literally American pirates, and the ruthless captain knew that Papa as an Englishman would understand all that was said, and that retribution might follow—so he ordered two of his men to stab him to the heart, while he himself went down below to collect all the money that could be found.

Papa lay there, helplessly bound, while two fierce young fellows came up to him brandishing their drawn daggers. To his surprise, as they neared him (all the time as if in violent attitudes of wrath), he heard them gently whisper, "Do you not *know* us? do you not *remember* us?" "No," was his wondering reply. "Why, do you not recollect that about a couple of years ago two poor American lads were left on shore in Canary by the unexpected departure of the vessel to which they belonged—left destitute, starving, and forlorn—do you not remember how you clothed and fed them, and finally got them berths in some other vessel, giving them also a little cash in their pockets until they should have earned something? We are those forlorn lads, and we will defend you with our hearts' blood, so that no harm shall happen to you; in some way we will provide for your safety." Can any one imagine what that moment must have been to him! The loving husband and father reprieved at the very instant that death seemed close at hand, and in

consequence of an action that had passed utterly from his mind, so natural were such deeds to him. He *may* have given us all minor details, but I do not remember how it was that the captain let him escape with his life, but he cleared the vessel of every atom of cargo; also taking away their nautical instruments, so that they should have no means of tracing their right path on the boundless ocean, threatening them with deadly vengeance if they attempted to find their way homeward within a given time. However, no sooner was his vessel out of sight than Papa's captain (as I must term him) made a fair guess, and they were soon within the island currents, which as native sailors they understood, so that within another three days they were nearing the City of Palms. In those quiet islands the sight of a vessel in the offing is an event, and the information was soon carried by the servants to Mamma; but the next piece of news was indeed startling, for they told her that it was the "Master's own signal" that was hoisted! And the additional intelligence of the plundering of the vessel was soon bruited, seeming to fly like the wind. Then came another trouble, for, having been boarded by an unknown gang, the vessel was put into quarantine, and Papa, instead of being allowed to return home, and be soothed by his wife's loving sympathy under the heavy pecuniary loss that had befallen him, was shut up for a certain length of time in a disused church outside of the town. Mamma, however, was not to be baffled that way, and every evening at nightfall she wended her steps thither, and the compassionate guards admitted her very willingly, so they used to dine and spend the evenings together. But that unfortunately got wind among the timid townsmen, whose dread of contagion is always enormous, and the said guards were summoned before the authorities to account for their breach of discipline and orders, and they each took their oath that Doña Mariana had never been near the place!

That thought carried me away from my dove, to which I must now return. Pretty creature! she was a great pet, and the most knowing bird I was ever acquainted with.

Her cage was established on a small table by the side of my easel ; I never let her fly, but I used to take her out of the cage and fondle her, but in a very careful and guarded manner, so that she might not escape, for she might have done damage among the fragile mantelpiece china ware and valued curiosities. She would caress my cheeks with her quivering wing in the same way that the spirit dove did, and she would kiss me freely with her coaxing bill. I could coo as well as she could, and we would hold discourse in that way ; but she had so many other different sounds that she made her meaning very intelligible. I sat quietly by her, very busy with my drawing, answering and imitating her various observations, without looking up from my work. But one day she made her little sound several times so very demonstratively that I felt compelled to look round to ascertain what could be the matter, and lo ! large flakes of snow were falling ! a phenomenon quite unknown to her experience. On another occasion, I was at the table, drinking my one cup of tea, when she positively insisted upon my going to look at the monstrosity that was surprising (not frightening) her, and there I saw a balloon, closer down to the houses than I have ever seen one. In fact she was quite a pleasant little companion, never needing to be amused, and gratefully happy with the smallest attentions. Her place in the cage was always as close to me as she could get.

Thursday being Mrs. Hardinge's reception day, I went on Christmas Eve to return the wonderful slide of the potato-stone, and there had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Ingram, who has since become one of my most valued friends. She was just beginning to search into Spiritualism, and Mrs. Hardinge thought that my religious phase of it would be exactly suited to her, so I expressed the gratification I should have in giving her every insight in my power, inviting her for any and every Wednesday that she might like to come, and *every* Wednesday, I am happy to say, it proved. She is a first-rate linguist, and a woman of high culture in every way, literary as well as artistic ; she there-

fore revelled in the beauties I had to shew her, thoroughly appreciating the grand teachings they unfolded, and in her regular weekly visits I was able to go through the entire contents of my portfolios, so that little by little she received the whole, for our intimacy became so close that I did not hesitate to read to her all the family interpretations which I skip over with strangers in general. She used likewise to be a frequent Sunday evening visitor, and also became a regular attendant at the Gower Street conferences, so that we were linked together on all sides, and I was able to take her once or twice to the Marshalls and also to the Spears. Her intention at that time was to go again into Germany, for health purposes, and she suggested that if I would do the monogram of Queen Olga of Wirtemberg, and entrust it to her, she might have some possible opportunity of having it brought before her notice. My friends agreed to her suggestion about doing it, and a most exquisite picture it is. Miss Ingram gave me a photograph of the beautiful queen as a link, but that would not have been required, for she was one of the Russian grand-duchesses under my dear Uncle Sam's tuition, and if the picture had ever met her sight, she would have remembered him and his sweet, genial nature, as he is alluded to in a paragraph that follows the interpretation. The O stretches right across the drawing, like a most gorgeous fruit of brilliantly mingled hues, and the R is a most majestically regal letter. It did not have a place in my Exhibition, for Miss Ingram had taken it with her to America, where she went for the purpose of placing herself under the care of Dr. Newton, and whence she had intended proceeding later on into Germany; but this latter intention was never fulfilled, and she finally returned to England in 1873, so that my lovely monogram is back again in my own portfolio, and sometimes, although but rarely, a visitor may be favoured with a sight of it.

These Monograms are representations of the Spiritual Crown, and in the catalogue, my Interpreters add, after the explanation about the threads of radiance or of darkness:—

"Each evil thread does away the same amount of brightness, so that what may finally remain for the Crown of Glory is the uncanceled balance of all the good actions, words, and thoughts of the past life. We must also mention that the dark fibre effaces its correspondent good quality, which we will illustrate by explaining that cobalt blue means truth—and thus a falsehood destroys that portion of cobalt in the crown, but it may also act upon various other colours, for a malignant falsehood must likewise blot out some of those which express love, and may have the same devastating effect on the crown that its influence may have in the world, for who can say, when they send forth a false word, how great may be the mischief it may do, and upon *them* must be the responsibility.

"We must likewise explain that these crowns can only be formed during the mortal life, and while the individual is yet upon the earthly battle-field, waging war against his own passions and weaknesses, or suffering them to gain the mastery of him :—the crown of life being large or small, glorious or contemptible, according to the uses to which he will have applied the term of existence granted to him, and thus to all eternity it will be seen whether the talent bestowed upon him has expanded into the ten talents, or remained hidden and inert. In this fact also we have another illustration of the grandeur of the promise of length of days given, in the Fifth Commandment, to those who act up to the injunction contained in it ; for a long pilgrimage gives of course more scope for the growth of the crown ; and although by God's Will many infants are withdrawn from the probationary ground ere a crown can have been formed, to them He grants a compensating glory, but those who die young from their own wilfulness in disregarding moral and physical laws, may find themselves in the hereafter entirely destitute of any aureole of radiance.

"In the multiplicity of lines working out the monograms, the whole interior and exterior life is written in Spiritual cypher, but in the interpretations we never unfold the histories contained in the drawings, for our purpose is not

to reveal to others the lives of their fellow-men, but simply to assure each one that every thought, word, and deed is registered, and that to Spirit-eyes the massive volume written in each picture is as clear as if lengthened out into the numberless words that would be needed to bring it down to mortal comprehension."

Of course I had much pleasure in admitting my new friend to my next séance, which was held on December 31, to celebrate the completion of my ninth year of mediumship, and the circle was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Varley, Mrs. Hallett, Miss Ingram, Mr. Hooley, Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Marshall, and myself. When we had finished the Lord's Prayer, we heard two or three spirit voices respond "Amen."

The invisibles brought perfume, which they sprinkled abundantly on all our handkerchiefs. John King and Roger Bacon entered into a great deal of amusing conversation, and the former quoted Shakespeare to a considerable extent, especially to Miss Ingram, whose acquaintance he made on that occasion, and whom he seemed to like very much, and she acceded to his request by quoting from one or two poets, but she regretted that her memory was not so "retentive" as she could wish; he was much struck with the expression, and repeated it twice in the course of the evening; Mrs. Varley and I observed that several times when the spirits had not pronounced a word quite rightly they corrected themselves, as if they felt they were being educated.

Mr. Spear was entranced, and spoke relatively to the circumstance of "thrice three years having elapsed since the commencement of my mediumship." He spoke many kind and loving words about me and the work I had already done; shewing how much more I should now have to do, there being no home ties to necessitate my confinement within the limits of that home; that I should consequently on all sides find a field for my spiritual labours, devoting myself to them as my "Father's Work." He also

stated that as in the Christian Dispensation, so it would be in this ; twelve co-workers would be appointed, who would gradually be led to unite as a band, and that I was chosen as one of the twelve.

I was then spoken through with reference to the "great increase of spiritual labour which was to come with the opening year, and towards the latter portion Mrs. Varley was especially addressed in allusion to the prominent part she would have to take therein, that she was to lead many into Spiritualism independently of caste or class, and to rear her own four children into the same light, the one who had that day completed her eighth year being particularised, with the added observation that most aptly was she named Hebe, from her brightness, purity, and lovingness."

John King very earnestly begged Mrs. Varley to sing a song about a bird and a lover, but she did not think she could, having been dangerously ill with quinsy, and having undergone six or seven operations, this being the first occasion of her venturing from home. He still urged his request, and himself began "Sing on, sing on," when she laughingly asked how he knew anything about it, and he answered that he had been at Beckenham while she was singing it, but that she had not been aware of his presence, though he was helping to turn the pages of her music. She then did her best to oblige him, and he occasionally joined in the song.

Roger Bacon mentioned that Mrs. Ramsay was with us in spirit, but that she was very sad, which we all felt must indeed be the case, for her loved husband, General Ramsay, had passed away to the spirit world on the 26th. I asked several times in the course of the evening whether Môtée were present, but always received an answer in the negative, and the last time I was impressed that she could not leave her Mamma, and I learned that the funeral had taken place on that very day, when I sent the next morning to enquire after Mrs. Ramsay.

Earlier in the evening, John King had desired us to place all our handkerchiefs on the table, and, after a time, he told

me that I was crowned, enquiring whether I did not feel the crown, adding that he was going to give me the cap of wisdom; when he placed on my head a sort of cap formed of a handkerchief knotted at the four corners.

I heard Mr. Spear rise, and move towards me, so I cautioned him to be careful of the small table (which stood a little behind me on the right, with a candle in readiness to be lighted if required); and John King said, "Oh! there is no fear for Father, he is being carefully led by the hand." Mr. Spear moved on, in his entranced state, until he had approached sufficiently near to extend his hand over my head, when he said: "Unto Solomon did the Lord give the choice of whatsoever he might wish, and he prayed only for *Wisdom*, and because he asked not long life, honour nor riches, God granted unto him, in addition to the Wisdom he besought, wealth, honour, and length of days. So to thou, who hast sought only the Wisdom from above, God will give increase to thy basket and to thy store; thou shalt have abundance of all good things, likewise honour and a long life wherein to glorify the Giver. . . . Hitherto thou hast borne the name of the Sacred Symbolist, having had to express in symbolism the goodness and love of the Lord, realising in thine inmost soul the glorious teachings revealed to thee; but henceforth thou shalt be called the Sacred Realist, and thou wilt learn to understand the name in the labours to which thou wilt be summoned."

Almost immediately after Mr. Spear had risen, and before he had commenced speaking, the spirits lifted the chair he had vacated on to the table, and upon his return to his place, John King told him that they had intended to shew by the act that they considered him as the chairman, but they supposed he would rather not sit up there, so they recommended him to assist them in taking the chair from its elevated position, which he did. He told John King he should feel much obliged if the spirits would bestow upon him some token of their kindness which he could shew to his friends, so John told him that he must consider his

own handkerchief as such, for it was the one they had knotted and placed on my head. He then said "Good night," the other spirits gave their farewell raps, and the séance was thus closed, the dark circle having been continued until the end.

We had sung "Rule Britannia" in the course of the evening.

When Mr. Spear arrived, he gave me the following communication, which had been written through his hand just before he left home :—

" To the Sacred Symbolist.

" Three times three years have now elapsed since your attention was called to the Modern Spirit Manifestations. It has been your privilege to see them in almost every aspect in which thus far they could be presented to the outer eye : these have served to confirm you in the faith that they are based on undeniable phenomena, and you have been assisted to see that behind these facts are persons, and that some of these come to the children of earth for high, broad, and beneficent purposes, while many come to recall and to perpetuate domestic and other pleasant relations. Assured of the facts, the practical mind asks, for what specific purposes are persons to seek to spread them abroad. That they have comforted many thousand persons among the nations of the earth cannot be doubted, but there is a deeper work than that to be done ; there is to be repentance for sin ; there is to be purity of life ; there is to be prayer to the most High God ; and there is to be a sanctifying work commenced in the heart and the conscience that shall display great power, and that shall lead the believer to ask, ' Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ? ' And when the answer is made plain to the enquirer, there must be obedience, or death and destruction will follow. There must be great sacrifices of self, of one's own perverse will, of lust and of all uncleanness. Unless a work of this sort is begun and carried on in the heart and conscience there will be no true rest ; the awakened ones will be like the troubled sea that casteth up mire and

dirt. They who are to lead in the work must have had a deep and varied experience, from which they are to speak, and are thereby to aid and bless others.

“To this most devout and most sacred work the mind and the heart of the Sacred Symbolist are in the now opening year to be in a special manner called. Not only is she to act on persons in private life, but she is to act on the public mind, as she has been unable to do in the years that have passed. Freed in a degree from the cares of home life, she can move about in her sacred circle, and speak words of comfort as they may be needed : she will give health to the weak and the diseased ; she will lead the wandering sheep back to the fold from which they have strayed ; she will defend the falsely accused, and will give balm to the troubled heart. When she shall see that the conscience has been awakened, she will encourage sincere and godly repentance, and will urge to deeds of justice and charity. These will be labours of a somewhat external character, yet there will be an interior work that shall clothe her with salvation, and that shall cause the converted ones to shout for joy. To such she is to be a spiritual mother, and the world is to feel her maternal love and spiritual strength.

“These hints are given at this meridian hour, and on the close of the old and opening of the new year, that the Sacred Symbolist may not only look back upon the past years of her spiritual experiences, but that she may in a manner see before her a great and beautiful future. She will now re-dedicate her powers to this great labour, and will enter upon it in a more clear and understanding manner than she could in the earlier years of her spiritual development. She will be able to discern that while opinions may be various, there may yet be a sacred harmony of purpose and of life, so that all may be as children of Him who causeth the sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and the rain to descend upon the just and the unjust. May the God of love, wisdom and truth aid, strengthen and bless her in the work before her. . . . December 31st, 1868.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the 7th of September, 1864, the following message for me was written with great force and energy through Mr. Spear's *left* hand, and he observed, at the time, that a very long period had elapsed since anything had been given through him in that manner, but that when such had occurred they were generally messages of importance :—

“Sketch the Tree of Life, with the fruits, and root it in love.

“Green, orange, violet, brown, and mixed.

“Nearly three years will elapse before you can complete this sketch ; other things must be done before the Tree of Life.”

I had thought that this prophecy was utterly unfulfilled ; in fact, it had almost passed from my memory, and it was only during my cogitations in the gallery at the time of my Exhibition, that it was recalled to my mind, when it all at once flashed upon me that the picture entitled “The Perfect Love of God” was its realization, so I disinterred Mr. Spear's original paper, which had been put away in a parcel with others when we moved, and found that it must be so. It was commenced on the Christmas Day of 1867 (the appointed three years), and the beginning of it was very peculiar, giving rise in my mind to the idea of a banyan tree with twelve stems, each rooting itself downwards, and I wondered whether it might refer to the twelve patriarchs or to the twelve apostles, but the latter seemed to me the more likely, as the colour employed was gamboge, which is typical of faith. But the most curious thing was the method by which these stems were produced, for they were done with a large brush well filled with colour, which was rested about midway up the sheet of paper, the colour being then allowed to flow down, thus forming the stem, until it reached the

bank or stream below. The next being done in a similar manner, being in the first instance just adjoined to the other by a small uniting stem, then pressed against the paper so as to flow down in the same way and thus the whole twelve were done, and it might form as it were a temple of faith of golden hue, for the shelter of all humanity. It was afterwards worked into the most beautiful heart-type, the predominating colours being those designated in Mr. Spear's message. I could not obtain even its name, until I was preparing the catalogue of my Exhibition, when, as stated above, it was entitled "The Perfect Love of God," and the text selected as illustrative of it, was St. Luke ii. 13, 14: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." I have not received the interpretation of the drawing, and perhaps I never may, but from my having had directions to give this history *now*, following upon that communication of Mr. Spear's which concludes the last chapter, I cannot but think that the twelve holds the three significations of this threefold dispensation, and refers to this later twelve, and *also* to those two of whom I had at first thought. Oh! that it might be given even in this our day to build up so perfect a temple of pure love, so that therein the Lord may be worthily worshipped. The new twelve have not yet coalesced, although through different mediums similar prophecies have been given during these later ten years, and will doubtless have their fulfilment when the due time is come. May we then each accept our mission with fullest gratitude for having been appointed thereunto.

In a letter I received from Mr. Guppy, he says: "By-the-bye, I want to ask you a question I have been bothered with a good deal. Mr. Trollope, at Florence, had a séance from us expressly on the subject of the future eternal life of the Spirit—and the Spirit answered him 'Yes,'—but it had before told me that spirits are not eternal. Last night I was talking to Katie, and asked her particularly, and she said that all spirits were not eternal—that some spirits died

in the next world. I can't get any clear, quite satisfactory explanations on this—I don't think Katie knows all about it.

“The answer given through me was : ‘With reference to the question you ask me, my Spirit Friends state that *all* human beings created upon earth have an eternal existence : they have been quickened by God's Breath, which cannot be annihilated. Many theories are broached by spirits, such as re-incarnation, &c., but they are without real foundation, and are the emanations of theoretical minds, for the man who has been theoretical upon the earth, is still so in the next state, and from his added powers is able to give his theories a stronger air of *vraisemblance* : those theories are adopted and improved upon by other spirits for whom they have an affinity, and thus schools of error are formed in the lower spheres of the spirit world, and are disseminated wherever an opportunity can be made ; and one work that we spiritualists have to perform is to combat those errors as far as we can, by teaching the spirits themselves the fallacy of such doctrines.”

Concerning re-incarnation ; however repugnant to my own natural feelings, if it were a *truth*, I should learn to accept it ; for the Creator alone knows how to systematize His works, and His system, whatsoever system it may be, *must* be the right one, and any human judgment in decision would be simply audacious. I have therefore laid aside all opinions of my own on the subject, and have prayed earnestly to Him for enlightenment, and from His messengers I receive unqualified assurances that the theory is entirely fallacious. Each new-born babe is a fresh individuality, a new efflux of God's Breath, a life, which from the very moment of conception, will be bound ultimately to seek its Source, however much it may go astray in its onward course. “God understands.” It is not needful for His justice that each earth-born babe should have a *level* measure of earth's experiences, which seems to be one of the extraordinary foundations upon which that scheme is based ! and even on that very ground might find its own refutation ; for if a wicked

old sinner had resolved to come back into this world, his plan might be frustrated by a new death at the very outset, preventing, at any rate, a fresh career of crime. I can understand that those sensitives who have accepted the theory, may convince themselves that they have gone through such and such lives, from being completely *obsessed* at times by other individual spirits, for we know that trance mediums are in some instances entirely dispossessed of their own bodies, so as to give full scope to the spirit whose mouth-piece they become, and, under those circumstances, the medium's entity may either remain by her side, or go elsewhere. I remember Mrs. Hardinge relating that on one occasion, while she (apparently) was lecturing, her double, or inner self, had been seen by another medium at a circle fifty miles off. Such obsessing spirits, attendant on one individual, may be numerous, and thus it may seem to her personality that she has lived through those different lives, because a few strongly-marked events appertaining to those lives have been vividly impressed upon her during the seasons of obsession, and the spirits also have then realized their own theory, because at the time they have absolutely been re-incarnated, and *by that help*, in clearing away those memories to some extent, have truly gained a somewhat in their upward progress. There have been some curious accounts in the Spiritualist journals of individuals who seem to live two distinct lives, one being (although they may not know which) their very own, and the other that of some very resolute spirit who has not had enough of earth. But the theory is not a question that *can* be solved by argument, and the spirits as undauntedly contradict one another on the point as do the human believers and non-believers.

But I cannot allow that in the New Testament teaching is any shade of such doctrine, still less in Our Lord's words referring to St. John the Baptist, whose life had fulfilled the prophecy given by the angel to Zacharias when the son was promised to him, St. Luke i. 17: "And he shall go before Him in the spirit and the power of Elias;" *i.e.*, in the spirit of strong and stern rebuke. But assuredly not as being

personally Elias. At the mount of transfiguration, Our Lord was seen by His three favoured disciples talking with Moses and Elias, whom they at once recognised by spiritual perception. It was Elias *himself* whom they beheld, and *not* John the Baptist, who had lived and suffered in their own day, and to whom they would not be likely to desire to raise a tabernacle. We know that this theory of antecedent lives was held by some of the ancients, both Jews and Pagans, therefore we need not wonder at the question, in St. Luke ix. 2 : "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"—nor that, in Our Lord's reply, He should not have entered into a doctrinal argument on the subject, for such was never His wont. He taught a practical life of purity, holiness, and good works and those who would follow His example would entail no sufferings on their offspring: minor points He left quite alone.

I have strong faith in hereditary qualities, which all my life I have felt an interest in studying; sometimes finding curious resemblances to uncles and aunts, even of a previous generation (still in earth-life, so they could not be suspected of being the in-dwellers), when children have been unlike either father or mother; and there will even be curious little peculiarities that will reproduce themselves most unexpectedly; and every such item is a refutation of the theory; besides which I am very proud of being the child of such parents as mine, and cannot allow that I should have been some bygone thief who has chosen to steal herself into their family.

The following extract from "The Light of Asia" (p. 77), by Edwin Arnold, seems to me to express the wail of the re-incarnationalist:—

" Here is the common destiny of flesh,
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile :—
Such is man's round. . . .
. I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,

The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst ;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false."

In the books appropriated to Mr. Spear's trances, I find three scraps about my little sisters, each coming as a fragment after a long communication, and then I want to relate another incident that occurred to ourselves. "Two curly-haired little children are playing hoop as it were ; one is running through the hoop ; they are so bright and so joyous." "Those two little girls are holding up a kind of arched bough, covered with green leaves ; I see depending from the arch are little bells, with the tinkling of which they seem to be amusing themselves as they sway the arch to and fro." "I see those two children with musical instruments formed of reeds, on which they are playing, and from which issue forth such sweet melodious tones ; they seem to be performing alternately, and in such true harmony." This reminded me of what they had said to Mamma, when Môtee had played upon the spiritual harp for us.

I have a beautiful ivory humming-top, not so large round as the tip of my little finger, and barely an inch in height. Once, at the old home, Mamma was suffering much pain, and was unable to rise all day ; in the afternoon the two darlings came, and I happened to speak of this tiny top, which had belonged to Cecil, and had been a source of much amusement to him during his last illness. They wanted to see it, and for me to spin it ; so I fetched the top, and the silver waiter to exhibit it upon, when they told me I must not begin just yet, as they wanted to go and summon a number of their small companions to share the pleasure. Of course I waited, and they gave me due intimation when they returned with their bevy of friends, and I set about my spinning department, and after a while asked if they had not had enough, but they bade

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me continue. At length they gave me permission to leave off, and at the very moment that I had shut it up in the box, Ann came up to say that dinner was ready. They had told Mamma that, instead of thinking of the pain she was suffering, she was to drive it away by imagining to herself all those happy little beings floating around, with their bright merry faces watching the performances of the impetuous little ivory top. And when I came up again after dinner I found that she had literally fulfilled their behest, and that she had almost seemed to figure the sweet little faces bending over her. And she often afterwards recurred to it, so that I believe it to have been a panacea that always retained some of its efficacy.

Mrs. Chevalier, on one of her visits, brought me a letter she had just received from Mrs. Guppy, who was then at Naples, in which she said: "I had a curious vision about six weeks ago. I was asleep; all at once dear old Mrs. Houghton stood by the side of the bed; she was supported by two angels, a boy and a girl, with numbers behind her. I said: 'Who are these children behind you?' The spirit said, 'The children of my daughter's friends, who always accompany me to support me until I grow strong and youthful.' I awoke, and to my astonishment they all stood there as in my sleep, and I recognised your child or angel by the side, one of the two supporting her. I said, 'I am not afraid, dear Mrs. Houghton, of you, for you were so kind to me, and it is such a saintly picture; how I should like a spiritual drawing of you all?' And she answered, 'Tell them to sit with your father (she always addressed her grandfather so) in the séances, and with all the power possible, and I will try to make (or get made, I forget which) a drawing for my daughter of the Celestial Life; tell them not to be impatient, for I may not be able for a number of séances. The light faded, and I lost all my beautiful picture.'

There were several insuperable obstacles to the carrying out of that charming plan, one of which was that I doubt whether Mr. Nicholl would have been willing to attend the

proposed séances, for he was by no means partial to Spiritualism, although he had sometimes joined the circle in Great Marlborough Street; besides which, the requisite power would not have been forthcoming, for a sad breach had taken place in the Bristol Gardens' household. There had for some time past been a frequenter of their bi-weekly séances who had brought in an atmosphere of disharmony; and one evening in April, after their visitors had dispersed, there were high words between Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law, and I believe Emanuel took his mother's part in the quarrel; but it resulted in Mrs. Emanuel Marshall's going away the next morning with her two children, and leaving no clue as to her intended whereabouts. In the first moment, all the high tempers were aroused, and that was not looked upon as a trouble; but by degrees Emanuel's anxiety to discover her became very distressing, and he used to wander about the streets from morning till night in the hope of finding some kind of trace, and would come here every day or two to tell me of his non-success, and to see if I could offer some fresh suggestion. I tried to reason him into a calmer state, telling him that if he let the thought prey upon him so much it would drive him out of his mind, and I endeavoured to persuade him to go on with the drawing he was doing here; but all my eloquence was unavailing, and he told me that dark spirits were continually following him about, and urging him to go first one way and then another; and what I cautioned him about I really feared. The poor old lady was in sad distress, for he would be away all day, coming home at night quite worn out. At last he found his wife, but that led to a scene that I will not enter upon here,—and she again removed herself out of his ken, so that his life once more became one ceaseless quest, until my prophecy was unfortunately fulfilled, and he was found somewhere on the road to Oxford, piling up the roadside stones to make a pathway to the moon, whither he said his wife had fled. He was taken to the asylum, and later on was conveyed to another, where I have understood that his expenses are defrayed by the parish in which he was

born, and I believe him to be still there ; and whenever the time shall come that my purse will enable me to enter upon the quest, I shall endeavour to find out where he is, and will make him at least one visit, for I hope that I, at any rate, may find him sane with me. I went to his mother about his collection of pictures, thinking that I might possibly find purchasers for some of them, and there was one I had always wanted for myself, but Mamma had not cared about it. I then learned that in one of his frenzies he had burnt them every one, saying that there was a spirit by his side urging him to do it, who promised to find "Mary" for him if he would. This was a real disappointment to me, for I had always reckoned upon some day having that picture, which was a large one, done in neutral tints. The upper half was a representation of Christ on His Throne, surrounded by a semi-circle of angels with wings up-pointing, much after the character of some of Blake's productions, while Satan, prostrate on the lower step, pleads for permission to tempt Job. The lower half of the picture was divided into two sections ; that on the right represented a pillared hall, in which Job was kneeling in prayer with his assembled household, while the other was a peaceful land filled with flocks and herds, sheep and cattle, types of his worldly wealth. The conception was very grand and impressive, and I cannot but regret having missed my original opportunity.

Mrs. Marshall lived on there for a time, but her means became more and more straitened, for her mediumship, not being physical, was not so popular, although some old friends would occasionally go, who valued the truths they could receive from her, and others who went because they remembered that she had been their first instructress into Spiritualism ; but at length she had to leave that house, and go to another not far distant, but she was ever full of gratitude for the Lord's care, by which help had always come to her in her deepest emergencies.

I have always felt that the break-up of that household occasioned a real loss to the cause, for there was a combi-

nation of such different elements of mediumship that they made up a powerful whole, and the tests obtained there were generally very convincing. Even the dark circle was always preceded by a light one, so that new-comers might be certified of truth before going into the darkened room for that class of manifestations.

A very important step was now taken, which was an evidence how rapidly Spiritualism was making itself felt, so that it could no longer continue to be quietly ignored as a fallacy or a fraud. The Dialectical Society (all honour to its enlightenment of feeling!) decided upon instituting an enquiry into the subject, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of making a close and searching investigation. Their meetings were to be held at No. 4, Fitzroy Square, the house of Dr. Edmunds, who had been nominated Chairman, and the first took place on April 13, 1869, when I was asked to be one of the half-dozen representative spiritualists invited for the occasion, when there was a great deal of interesting discussion which shewed an open fairness among many of the members, as if they really were entering upon it without any violently preconceived prejudices. The Committee was to meet about once a fortnight, and upon the invitation of Mrs. Edmunds I attended all their sittings. I cannot speak too warmly of the just and equitable manner in which Dr. Edmunds fulfilled his duties as Chairman. I am sorry to find that his own materialistic views have undergone no change, but it strikes me that it is because he only uses the faculties of his head, which constitutes such a small portion of a man compared with the heart and the soul, that it cannot hold anything vaster than material objects.

The plan pursued was to invite the testimony of all spiritualists, as to their own experience or any certain knowledge they might have gained on the subject, and the statements generally speaking were very clear and lucid; the members of the Society questioning the narrators closely on all the different points, so as to grapple as far as possible with such a flood of new thoughts. They had a shorthand

writer present who took down the testimony as it was given, and the additional, and often yet stronger evidence drawn forth by the enquiries, for the Committee was formed of clear-headed men, who wanted the food for their mind brought into a very solid and substantial form, and were not content without thoroughly sifting all that was presented to them. I suppose there were likewise press reporters there, for there were a number of very fair articles, giving long and copious extracts from the more interesting details in both the daily and weekly papers, so that the proofs of an unseen existence surrounding us were thus brought to the knowledge of the larger proportion of the English-speaking world, and for that, too, we ought to acknowledge our obligation to the courage of the Dialectical Society.

I read my paper on May 11, and limited my testimony chiefly to the phenomenal phase, such as that very striking séance at Miss Nicholl's, when the great variety of fruits were brought, and her other séances when the Guardian Angel and the later sketches were drawn by direct power, taking my album with me to shew the tracings from the pictures, and I also took Mr. Dixon's photograph of the angel for Dr. Edmunds' acceptance. I think I also touched upon other points, but I did not wish to be too voluminous, and I also considered that a brief statement of those curiously novel facts would interest those enquirers more than details of my own mediumship, especially as the internal and inspirational department was very fully represented by those who had lived the life far longer and more outsidely (if I may so express it) than myself, such as Mr. Spear and Mrs. Hardinge, and I felt that the most desirable thing was to give as much variety as possible to the evidence, so that they might realize that Spirit is the absolutely moving power of this world's work, and that the more spirits *in* the flesh conjoin themselves with their helpers who have been emancipated from that impediment the more smoothly and better will that work be done.

Some testimony they received by letter, from those

spiritualists who were unable to attend; and they were willing to hearken to both sides, whether for or against the communion with the invisible world, so that poor M. Chevalier came to do his holding forth. He gave himself up in the first instance so completely to its delight that he used to have the little table by his side at all times and seasons, even, as I have understood, during meals, so that he naturally laid himself open to untoward influences, of whom he could not so easily rid himself afterwards, and he consequently became a very violent opponent of Spiritualism, insisting that *all* manifestations proceed only from the diabolical side; which is the more astonishing as he is a Roman Catholic, and the saints of that church must every one have been simply and unmitigatedly what in our day are termed mediums.

The Dialectical Report was ultimately formulated into a volume, which I consider a very valuable addition to spiritualistic literature, from the many phases of the movement touched upon in it; and I do not at all mind the antagonistic element it contains, because every one who enters upon a study of the subject ought to see all that our opponents have to say, and their own common sense may sometimes shew them what great unfairness is often exhibited. Besides which, we want no blind believers; all that we desire is that the acceptance of the wondrous facts may lead to an upward life; believing is of no use! unless it should induce a striving to become fit companions for the purer ones among those invisible legions surrounding us. I would never seek to make converts, but am most willing to narrate facts to any who may wish to hear them; their *belief* in the matter belongs to themselves, not to me. Even if they listen with incredulity in their heart, the fact may remain in their brain, and some after circumstance may give it, as it were, a new life, and the tiny seed hidden in the darkness may germinate and bring forth fruit; Paul may sow, and Apollos may water, but it is God alone Who giveth the increase, when and where He will; therefore we are bound to sow when the opportunity offers, with-

out taking it upon ourselves to grub up the little seed, to ascertain whether it is pushing forth fibres, thereby perhaps altogether putting an end to its fructifying capacity. What I have learned to feel is that we should throw our whole souls into it as God's work—*not ours*—therefore we have no need to harass ourselves as to the results of our own puny efforts; we may depend upon it that their action will be exactly as much or as little as is needed, our weakness shall be made strong by His strength. This, too, is a wondrous consolation when a something for which we have striven earnestly proves a failure, or what to our eyes may seem as such; for a purpose that we neither see nor know may have been achieved thereby, and we ourselves shall assuredly have been benefited by doing with our might what our hands may have found to do.

The meetings were very genial, having the charm of a very pleasant host and hostess, and we all chatted together both before and after the business sittings. Many of our eminent spiritualists were among the visitors, as well as some who were then first led to look into the subject, which I believe to have been the case with Mr. Crookes, whose acquaintance and that of his wife I then had the gratification of making, and who has since shewn such a magnificent courage in his investigations, and made so fearless an avowal of the evidence he has received under the most strictly scientific tests. His clear-headed statements ought surely to convince the outside world that their ignorant cry of *delusion* and *imagination* is an impertinence, to say the least of it.

Of course it is needless for me to enter in any way upon the evidence thus given, for it is accessible in a much better and more complete form than any summary that I could give. I find that the 20th of July was the concluding evening; when several sub-committees were appointed from among the Dialectical members to experiment for themselves as to the manifestations to be obtained, the results of which were likewise to be included in the final Report of their Proceedings; and, later on, I became an

invited guest at the course of séances held by one of those sub-committees. I believe that in one series of them no manifestations took place of any description whatever, but I have already related how even *one* antagonistic influence in a circle can impede any possibility of spiritual flow, so I presume that some such element may have been among their component parts.

CHAPTER XIX.

ZILLA's three sons were now young men. I loved them as dearly as any mother could, and to them I had been, as it were, the only one they had ever known. I was now likewise to share a mother's trouble, for they were going out of the reach of the frequent visits with which they cheered and rejoiced me. Charlie had gone into his father's profession, that of a civil engineer. He had been articled to Mr. Latham, then living at Ely, but who afterwards obtained an appointment at Croydon, and Charlie had continued in his employ long after the expiration of his articles; but he was now contemplating a change, and had strong thoughts of seeking some distant appointment that might take him out of England altogether; he was highly talented and enterprising, so that however hard it might be to part with him, I could not but feel that he was right to wish to go where there might be a full scope for his powers, and we used to discuss the subject in all its bearings whenever he was with me. I do not consider that any of my boys were spiritualists, although they fully recognised the truth of the different things I narrated to them, and admired my drawings to my heart's content; but Charlie told me, on one of his visits in the course of that spring, that as he was walking along the Strand a day or two before, he had felt three strong and distinct taps on his shoulder, and on looking round to see who had thus accosted him, he found no one near him at all, and he wanted to know whether I thought it was a spirit touch, and if so, could I learn whose it was. And, indeed, it was his own dear mother! It was the *yes*, that he was right in the course he was pursuing, and *she* knew whither it was to lead him!

Arthur was with his Uncle Clarence, employed in his London mercantile house, but he likewise was hankering for a far-away life, and wished to have an appointment in

the Java branch at Batavia, so the probabilities and anxieties of that question became another little sore spot in my heart.

Philie was pursuing his practical studies as a surveyor with a gentleman at Margate, and was backwards and forwards occasionally. Writing about him brings to my mind the subject of names ; and in my intercourse with the other side I find it is one to which much importance is attached, and in my own experience never has any spirit come to me under the assumed name of any specific virtue. It is, I think, said by the Seeress of Prevorst that our whole life is *written* in our name, and what the Reverend Dr. Gregg says as to the importance of the number contained therein seems to point to the same conclusion ; but I have never been able to elucidate either of those questions in any way ; but perhaps some of my readers may have been, or *may be*, more successful, and I shall feel much obliged if any one who may have worked out either problem will kindly send me the solution. I have, however, noticed two or three curious facts, and it seems to me that not only is the name we do receive of importance, but also those that have been contemplated for us. When that baby was born, Zilla (whose serious illness did not apparently come on for the first day or two) wished him to bear the name of our youngest brother Sidney, who had been a most universal favourite, but her mother-in-law, Mrs. Warren, would not hear of such a thing ; he must bear that of one of *her* sons, so the only choice granted to Zilla was between Peter, whom she *had* known, and Philip, who had died in infancy, and she chose the latter, as being the prettier of the two. But, singular to state, a boyish school crony of his gave him the cognomen of Peter, and always terms him thus ! I once met his friend with him since they have been grown up, and on hearing him call Philie, *Peter*, enquired into the wherefore. There was none—it was only a fancy ; so I told what now no one but myself knew, that the name really had been contemplated as a possibility for him. The Sidney is yet stronger, for in his *nature* he wonderfully

resembles our young brother, who was ever anxious to put in a kind word, or do a kind deed without any thought of self; and he had such a genial, hearty disposition that he at once made friends wherever he went.

Since I have become a spiritualist, and have thus learned to recognise that our thoughts and wishes are real *substances*, going forth each to do their small piece of work, I have kept a birthday-book, in which I write down those of the friends whom I have the pleasure of receiving here; and I usually consult it daily, so as to waft off to them a kindly wish for their happiness. I find also that it links them much more closely to my mind, for even if I may only have seen them once, some circumstance of their visit may be recalled, and occasionally some interesting personal fact, which gives vividness to the recollection; and I cannot but hope that a flash of the fresh truth they may have gained here, may by that same link be carried to themselves, and thus prove a double blessing—to the giver and to the recipient. In former days, before from motives of economy I became a teetotaller, I used to drink to the health of whoever might be the hero or heroine of the day, when one of my spirit friends would return thanks, and it would be a matter of interest with Mamma to unravel the thread of the wherefore, and we thus gained various little items of information, and perhaps might have some pleasant chat with the visitor for the occasion. It was the birthday of a Mr. Cyril Tew, and I was rather surprised that Cecil should be the one to respond, when Mamma told me that they had wavered between those two names before he was christened, therefore the Cyril seems still in some slight degree to belong to him. Very frequently it would be the similarity of name only that might seem to summon the spirit, and it gives a great consistency to the Catholic custom of always bestowing upon a child the name of some saint, for it literally does appear to form a decided link. There were many occurrences of a like nature in our daily life, of which no records have ever been made, but as, in the earliest years of childhood, the knowledge gained is in reality *more* in the time

than in any of the after years, slipping in so easily and so naturally that it is not called learning ; so, there was ever a something being gathered in, that did not come within the category of messages or lessons, but which gave a sense of mutuality of existence between them and us which it is impossible to describe.

On the 5th of February Mrs. Tebb came for the second time to my developing reception. I mesmerised her, when she passed under influence, and afterwards said, "I do not know whether I am to tell you what I have seen ; I shall learn presently." She drew in pencil for a short time, and then continued : "It was a funeral, but at first I saw a radiant figure, with bright flowing hair, holding a flower. I enquired if the flower was intended for Miss Houghton ; the answer was, 'Yes, for consolation ;' and then I saw the hearse and three or four mourning coaches. I also saw the house before which they stood ; it was not one in a row like this, but a detached house, and seemed to be surrounded by its own garden. It is in *that* direction," pointing to the south-west. . . . Later in the afternoon, shortly before her departure, she was influenced to mesmerise me, and said that it seemed to her as if some trouble was coming to me, in which I should want sympathy and comfort.

By-and-by I shall have to revert to this vision, but at the time it did not prey on my mind at all, because the Heavenly Hands are tender, and I knew I should be sustained under God's will, whatsoever it might be, and that when the time came I should recognise the foreshadowing. There are eight little lines I love, which I would fain have every one lay to heart ; *whose* they are I know not, but I have taken the liberty of quoting them, and some one may, perhaps, be able to enlighten me on the subject :

" Each day upon its wings
Its allotted burthen brings :
Load it not beside with sorrow
Which belongeth to the morrow,
Strength is promised,—strength is given,—
When the heart by *God* is riven,
But *fore-date* the day of woe,
And *alone* thou bear'st the blow."

Mrs. Tebb, from that time, used to do a little inspirational drawing at home, but—while she was doing it—she always saw me by her side, and if Mr. Tebb addressed her, she would say, "Don't speak to me just at present, for when you do I lose the sight of Miss Houghton, and the power goes from me."

I had several pleasant expeditions with Miss Ingram, to bathe her, so to speak, in every form of our English spiritualism before her departure for America. One of the most charming was the day we spent at Esher with dear Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, when we ranged over every subject of interest, for that talented veteran was like a living encyclopædia turning over its own pages to shew you all that was brightest and best. He gave us so many interesting experiences of his own, that I cannot but regret not having afterwards written any of them out, for each contained some little fresh thought that might be a help to those who are struggling through the early difficulties of inter-communion with the unseen ones. That was my last visit to them, but I am happy to have had the gratification of seeing them again together on April 6th of the next year, when Mrs. Watts invited her friends for a farewell clasp of the hand with her parents ere their departure for the Continent;—in different parts of which, they resided until he was summoned "up higher," which I truly may venture to say of so good a man, although we cannot always feel it to be a certainty when an obituary announcement is worded, "passed to the higher life," for some have to pass into a decidedly uncomfortable state. When I go away, I shall have no objection to the commonplace chronicle of "died, on such a day," for we literally *do* have to pass through the change called death, and no one who is either a Christian or a spiritualist, and I thank God that I am both, considers that death signifies annihilation; it is simply the dissolution of the mortal form, from which the spirit has been liberated. I have heard people say, "I never pray to be preserved from sudden death." But they do not understand the import of their ~~own~~ words, for they

certainly do not wish for a *violent* death, such, for instance, as a railway accident, or to be one of the victims in a burnt-down house. What they *mean* is that they would like the change to take place apparently instantaneously, as in heart disease. But that is *not* sudden to the spirit itself, although the human consciousness may not have been aware of it, and thus *all* the elements needed for the emancipated form have been already gathered from the decaying one that was about to be quitted, by which means the silver cord has gradually been loosened, and gently separates like the worn-out fibres of a silken thread. But a sudden death is the snapping of that silver cord while strong and vigorous, and that has to be deprecated, for the spirit *must* suffer in a more or less degree until by some method those necessary particles have been gained. We *belong* to the earth, and a something of our birth-place, however sublimated, will *always* be ours: it is a birthright we can never dispossess ourselves of,—nor would we if we could.

Miss Ingram and I also went, by appointment, to call on Mr. George Childs, for the purpose of seeing his very interesting spirit drawings, which were new to me as well as to her, for I had never seen them, although I had purchased (I think before we left the old home) the very curious photograph of one of them from Mr. Dixon of Albany Street. But the picture he was then engaged upon was of a very different character; he was doing it for the purpose of presenting it to Mrs. Hardinge, and I much wonder whether it has ever been finished, for it was a most elaborate production, containing an immense variety of different characteristics, such as landscape and symbolism, while in the upper part were some delicately executed miniature faces. I have not met Mr. Childs anywhere since about 1872, but he used to be a regular attendant at the Gower Street conferences, and I should like to have the pleasure of shaking hands with him again, and also I should be glad to learn whether he continues his artistic work.

.. Much of the earthly sunshine of my life was now being

gradually withdrawn from me; on June 19th, I accompanied Miss Ingram on board the *Cella* bound for the United States, and we parted with mutual promises of frequent correspondence, which promises we did fulfil, and I received many interesting details of her experiences among the spiritualists of that land; and her health, too, was benefited by Dr. Newton and others. Her stay there was prolonged far beyond her original intentions, but she realizes now that there was a purpose, unseen by herself, in the various obstacles that necessitated an alteration in her plans.

And my Arthur! godson as well as nephew; he sailed for Batavia on the 23rd of the same month, and I see by my notes that I flattered myself he would be back on a visit to England in about half a dozen years, whereas twelve have now elapsed, and he has hitherto been unable to return. It has not been all smooth sailing with him; he has had perplexities and difficulties to go through, and has still somewhat of struggles; but he has a sweet wife and three darling children, whom he designates my grandchildren, and I have long and loving details of them all, so that I really know as much as is possible of dwellers on the other side of the globe, especially as, thanks to photography, I can make physiognomical acquaintance with fresh samples as each year goes on, but when shall I *see* him and them? One darling babe he has lost, and not long since I had a complete identification of that little Bertie, name and all, in a séance with Mr. Towns.

Charlie, too, was making his efforts to fulfil his ambition, and was preparing for examination for the Indian Civil Service; but he was very doubtful of success, as it was so long since he had had anything to do with the book-study part of his profession, and he feared that in the *practical* occupations he might have forgotten what would be requisite for written papers; therefore he was only half hopeful; but on July 16th I had a most exultant letter from him, to tell me that he had passed his examination with *flying* colours, being ninth on the list of twenty who had passed

out of fifty-two who had gone in as candidates ! Then there were preparations of all sorts, but of course he did not know to what part of India he would eventually be destined, as that would only be decided after his arrival in Bombay. He had two or three interviews with Sir Bartle Frere, who had been his father, Neville Warren's closest friend while in Kurrachee, and Sir Bartle had promised that when his post was finally decided, he would himself write to the head of his department in warm terms of recommendation as to his personal friendship with his father ; so that Charlie would start with the best possible prospects, his own talents being thus backed by such powerful influence. So he busied himself with his makings-ready, and went about for farewell visits among his friends, quite the happiest of the happy, in all the buoyancy of three-and-twenty.

A curious coincidence happened some years later. Philie was walking in the City with a young friend, who was joined by another young fellow, to whom he was duly introduced as Mr. Warren. They presently passed within view of the India House, when this young stranger said to him, " Did you know a fellow of your name, who was lost in the *Carnatic* ? for he went up *there* for examination at the same time I did." Of course Phil said he was his brother. " Oh ! he *was* a wonderful fellow ; he seemed to have it all at his fingers' ends ! He had always finished his papers the first of any of us ; and besides that, he was ready to help us all, giving any information that was needed, and explaining any difficulty, so that it became quite easy." There was an unexpected testimony to our bright energetic boy ! and was not Phil proud of his relationship ?

This brings to my mind another strange coincidence, which I think must have taken place in 1872 ; it was, at any rate, a very hot summer, and I was journeying by Metropolitan Railway to Mr. Hudson's, for the spirit photography. Two Anglo-Indians got into the same carriage with me, and began inveighing (as is the wont of Anglo-Indians) against the stifling heat of the weather, as " a

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thousand times hotter than India." They then commenced *talking India*, and I heard the words "Kurrachee" and "Sir Bartle Frere." One of them got out at the next station, so I accosted the gentleman who remained, and asked whether he had been in Kurrachee at the time of the Mutiny, to which he replied that he had only gone there just after it was over; on which I enquired if he had known my brother-in-law, Mr. Neville Warren, who was the agent there, the head of the railway department. "Oh! yes, he had known him very well—sad thing his dying on his way home. But what a charming artist his wife had been!" It then turned out that on the sale of Neville's belongings, after his death, this very gentleman had bought Zilla's pictures that he had taken out with him, and the news thus came to me in the underground train!

In the meanwhile we were becoming anxious about dear Clarence's health. The German oculist had done him some little good, but no great deal, and he had returned home just before Christmas. But I think it was about April that one of the physicians whom he consulted told him that the fading eyesight was but a symptom—the result of an organic malady—namely, Bright's Disease. It was a complaint I had never heard of, so I wrote to my sister, Mrs. Hyde, for any information she could give me on the subject, and her account was indeed alarming; but as she told me, at the same time, of some patients who had lived for fifteen or twenty years with it in their system, I buoyed myself up with the hope that he might perhaps be similarly spared to us, and that Mrs. Tebb's vision might only be typical of his being affected by a mortal disease.

In looking back through the long years, I can see when the seeds of that fatal disease had been implanted, although I question whether the thought ever presented itself to Clarence's mind. I can neither remember the exact details nor date, but I think it must have been about 1861, as they were then in Europe. Clarence and Isabel were travelling in France, the two children, a son and daughter, remaining in England. Whilst going at full speed some accident

happened to the railway carriage in which they were, by which the seat was broken down, and Clarence was thrown with much violence into the cavity in some way, and was rendered utterly helpless, and quite unable to extricate himself. His courageous wife, with almost superhuman strength, held him up so that he should not fall absolutely *through* the aperture, which would have been instant death. How she could have held him so long was a wonder even to herself,—but at length the train reached the station, when the mischief was discovered, and every assistance was given to help my poor brother out; but the spine had received a serious injury, and he was utterly paralysed, and laid for weeks in that small French village hotel in a completely helpless state. Thank God! he was finally restored to the use of his limbs, and apparently recovered entirely from the effects of the injury. Poor, brave Isabel! what she must have suffered, with the strain of every muscle and nerve, and the terror lest her powers should fail her, and her loved one fall from her grasp! It must indeed have been a fearful trial! Now, I believe that the kidneys must have had an injury inflicted which thus developed in after years into Bright's Disease. The railway people went to Clarence when he was quite recovering, offering compensation; but he said he could only be too thankful to God for his life having been spared through his dear wife's loving help, so that he looked upon that as full compensation, and would not accept anything from them.

My sister told me of a similar accident having occurred on the Great Western line many years before, when a client of Mr. Hyde's had been killed. He had no Isabel with him!

On the 4th day of August, dear Mr. and Mrs. Spear sailed away again for their own land, to resume their wanderings on the other side of the Atlantic, and most sadly did I miss them and the continual intercourse with them, which was thus reduced to letter-writing. But there is a gleam of hope that even this very year they may once more venture across the deep; but he is an aged pilgrim indeed, and she rather

fears the fatigues of the voyage for him ; but if they *are* to come, they will come, and I rejoice in looking to the possibility. Their dear helpful son, now a young man, is already here, on some business matter in which he is engaged, and if he were likely to remain here for a permanency, that would be a very strong inducement for them to make the effort. Mr. Spear always suffers very severely at sea, so I must wait patiently for what the future may unfold.

I think it must have been about the latter end of 1868 that Mr. Burns left his Camberwell shop and took the one in Southampton Row ; for I know that Mr. Spear interested himself very warmly in the matter, so that it was probably soon after their removal from Delamere Crescent ; and I believe he went into a good many houses, to ascertain whether the influences and atmosphere were favourable, for he well knew what untoward elements were sometimes left lurking, and how the unfortunate in-coming tenants may find all things going unsatisfactorily, without an idea of the why or the wherefore. The unseen *is* more powerful than the seen, but that is a truth that is very difficult to inculcate in these days, when people will only believe what they see with their *own* eyes, and not always even that. Another principal point to be considered was a central position, and I think the selection has proved a judicious one, where Mr. Burns's energies have been enabled to blossom forth and have their full scope, more especially from his having rooms where pleasant little gatherings may be held. My first visit there was on July 29, when a séance was held by the Comtesse Barousselle, who had previously called here, introduced by Miss Hay, who had accompanied her. I do not remember anything whatever of the séance, which is only memorable to me as taking me to Mr. Burns's ; and the next occasion was in September, to welcome Mr. Peebles to England, for the first time of his coming.

I think it was about that time that all the newspapers were being started : there had been a tiny monthly publication, entitled *Daybreak*, in existence for some little time, to which I sent my account of the Dove séance, but it was

curtailed of its fair proportions, and later on, in 1871, it was inserted, in renovated form, in the *Christian Spiritualist*. Then there arose a fortnightly *Spiritual News*. After which Mr. Burns, in his plucky way, adopted *Daybreak*, enlarged it, and brought it forth weekly, as the *Medium and Daybreak*, which still stands its ground, as does also the *Spiritual News*, converted into a weekly under the title of the *Spiritualist*. So there began a fair prospect of the due chronicling of the movement, but I still regret that they should have missed the opportunity afforded them by the Gower Street conferences.

I went on August 7 to St. Albans, to stay from the Saturday till Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Collen, who lived close to the celebrated Abbey, to which I accompanied them on Sunday. I had a most pleasant visit, seeing all the drawings and paintings he had done, as well as some of his beautiful miniatures. On Sunday evening we had a séance for Mrs. Collen's writing, which was done under curious conditions: she had to darken the space around her paper with piles of books, or anything that would answer the purpose. Mr. Collen, in the light, would write *his* question, and then I think read it to us, after which the answer was slowly written through her, and she would read it aloud when completed. One peculiarity amused me, for her spirit friends were very independent as to finishing a word or a syllable at the end of a line; if there was room only for one letter of a word, they would calmly write it, without in the slightest degree minding its isolated position. They had, when first they knew me, pronounced my name as if spelt Howton; but one night Mr. Collen's mother, in referring to me, wrote Miss Horton, so as to give them a hint of their mistake, and on their next visit here they consulted me on the point, when I explained to them how correct the spirit had been, for that, whatever varieties there may be in the pronunciation of ough; when those letters are followed by t, the sound invariably takes its rule from ought; my striving through life has, therefore, always been to do what I *ought*, whatsoever may be the consequence,

and the presiding aspirate may be considered a strengthener to take my aspirations higher.

When I came away on Monday evening, I brought home a beautiful bunch of flowers from their garden, which was an especial treat, for the having to do without flowers was a great loss to me when we came to live here, as we had always been accustomed to so great an abundance, both from garden and greenhouse.

I had had tolerably frequent letters from Mr. and Mrs. Guppy during their long absence abroad, and they were at this time in Naples, where his brother, who is a very wealthy man, holds an important position ; and now came a letter from the happy father, to tell me of Tommy's birth on September 6 ; and that Mrs. Guppy was then going on well, but had been very near death from exhaustion occasioned by the extreme suffering she had undergone. When her pulse had almost ceased beating, and life was nearly extinct, a voice had said, "Brandy ;" the doctor (an English one), had at once obeyed, wondering how the dying woman could have had strength and power of voice to give the command ; but I daresay he afterwards learned that it was the beneficent and watchful ones who had thus preserved her life for the continuance of her mission.

The boy was a very fine fellow, and was named after his uncle, in whose neighbourhood he was born, and very proud were both father and mother of their magnificent son ; and the English baby became the envy of all the mothers in his daily airings with a consequential nurse.

CHAPTER XX.

ON the 28th of August Charlie sailed. He had been here a day or two previously for his farewell visit, when he shewed me that he had on "Grandpapa's ring." He was born on Papa's birthday, and had George for his second name ; Zilla would fain have had it for the first, but *no*, Charles was the name of *Mrs.* Warren's father, and she overruled it. After Papa's death, we had his diamond ring reset for Charlie's next birthday, and it was to that he pointed with the thumb of the same hand, in which exact attitude his spirit-hand was afterwards photographed at Mr. Hudson's. His signal to me is that self-same movement in the inner part of my own right hand ; and I received the sign while sitting for the picture.

On Monday morning, August 30, came a telegram from Isabel, summoning me to come to her immediately, for that Clarence was very ill ; but I was indeed terribly shocked on reaching the South-Western station, to learn from Isabel's medical brother-in-law (just returned from thence) that he was dying. In that instant Mrs. Tebb's prophecy struck to my heart, but later in the day I found that it contained the germs of consolation, for Isabel's moan was one which is always the hardest trial for grieving relatives. "Oh, if I had only done such a thing, or not have done such another, this would not have taken place." He had *seemed* so much brighter, too ; and had been walking about the garden on the fine Sunday evening, with a brother-in-law who was staying there, chatting cheerfully on all kinds of topics, so that betterness was what she had looked forward to, and was quite unprepared for this sudden change.

They had been to consult another doctor on Saturday, and she feared the fatigue might have brought on this fatal attack. I tried to soothe her as well as I could, and told her that when all was over, I would *prove* to her that it was

not from mismanagement nor any other cause ; and after his death, I related the vision to her, which helped to calm her for the time.

It is to me one of the greatest blessings of the intercommunion with the spirit world now vouchsafed to us that coming events are sometimes permitted to be foreshadowed to us. We may not always understand the prophecy until its fulfilment ; but we then learn that it was foreknown, and the more we gather up the threads that have been mirrored to our eyes, the more completely we feel how loving is Our Heavenly Father, and that in His wisdom the blow falls at the very moment that is *best*, and when the alleviations He has prepared soften it to us, although we may not recognise that mercy at the moment of anguish. This great truth has been brought home to me so completely as I look back upon the many bitter trials of my past life, that with all my heart I have learned to feel that all is for the best, and not only to utter it as a truism with my lips ; and I would not now have been spared one single iota of what has often fretted my soul, but can praise God with my whole being for what I have undergone.

When I arrived I found dear Clarence in a scarcely conscious state, although he was sufficiently himself to recognise me and to seem soothed by my presence ; and I was once or twice enabled, by mesmerising, to quiet the pain so as to give him some sleep, and I remained with him until his death, which took place between five and six o'clock on the following morning. The suddenness of the blow was terrible to poor Isabel, who had had no fear of a fatal termination (for to a loving survivor the word fatal is at first felt to be the only true one, especially when spirit communion is not a realized fact) ; so that when the death came, she was, as it were, stunned, and could only go through what she had to do in a sort of mechanical way ; but fortunately in the first day or two, a kind of strength was given her, so that she was enabled to sign several indispensable business papers, and her own eldest brother was wonderfully kind and active in making everything as clear

and as smooth for her as he could ; but gradually she sank into a species of dumb apathy that was very distressing. Of course the chief part of my time was spent with her, and there on the 17th of September the next blow fell upon me, for when my nephew came home in the evening, he told me of the wreck of the *Carnatic* in the Red Sea, and that my Charlie was drowned. I will not dwell upon what that was to me ; but even in that first grief one point came as an alleviation. At Zilla's death Neville purchased a grave in Highgate Cemetery, to the depth of six coffins, so that there might be space above her for himself and the four children. He had died on his passage home from India, and was buried in the Red Sea, and Charlie had thus gone to where his remains should lie with his father's, thus in some degree fulfilling his far-back wish. I think that even such a circumstance as this may shew us that those feelings as to *where* our mortal remains are to lie have a depth of reality in them beyond what we imagine.

Even that heavy blow came by God's Love with healing on its wings, for it served to arouse Isabel from her torpid state, and she was gradually restored to her interest in external circumstances, so that she and her daughter were soon able to go to Brighton, where they both benefited by the change and the sea breezes.

Two other memories now likewise force themselves upon me as to burial places. Upwards of twelve years had flown by between Zilla's death and Papa's, when my sister (several of whose own children were interred in that cemetery), kindly undertook the sad task of going to Highgate to select the spot for his interment ; and notwithstanding the enormous amount of intervening funerals, she was able to obtain a grave in the same small square, within two of Zilla's, where Mamma also lies, and where there is room for me when my time shall come. There seemed but little possibility that room near there should be found for Clarence, but *one single* vacant space there was ! so that there also care has been shewn.

Mrs. Tebb's vision had given no indication of time ; but even that had likewise been foreshewn in two different ways, so as to be since understood. During the last week of Mamma's life, Mr. Spear, on one of his visits, passed into a sort of half-trance, and when he aroused from it, he said : " You are going to receive some money—so much (stating the amount) ; I think it is to come to you from your brothers, but it will be untrammelled by any conditions, and will be bestowed freely as a proof of esteem, for your integrity in the fulfilment of your duties, both filial and otherwise."

Time passed on, and the said sum had not made its appearance, so I frequently rallied Mr. Spear about the money which I said he owed me, for he had promised it, and it was not forthcoming. He once suggested that it might be the income allowed me by Clarence, but I answered that that could not be, for I was to receive it from him as long as I might need it, and there appeared no present prospect of a cessation of that need. The event, however, proved that in that suggestion Mr. Spear was right, for I had received exactly the stated sum in the one year's allowance from Clarence ; it also shewed *when* his death was to take place, thus to fulfil Mr. Spear's prophecy.

I have already alluded to a prophecy given to myself in September, 1866, by my hands being waved thirty seven times, which I rightly understood as an allusion to so many months, bringing me to the October of 1869, and upon which I had put a certain interpretation that was *not* correct ; but that too, was understood when the time came, for had Clarence lived, the quarterly payment would have been due on the 1st of October ; but by that then dropping, I was left without external pecuniary aid, the small remains of my own capital being all that I had left, to be eked out as it might be granted to me by my own professional earnings ; which was likewise in accordance with a spiritual impression received by Mrs. Tebb, for when I wrote to tell her of the loss of the *Carnatic*, and alluded to something that had passed at her house, she said in her answer,

September 20: "I do not know whether my sympathy with you really gives me any prescience which I rarely have at other times, but on the Sunday evening when you were with us, I had the strongest impression that I must tell you that one after another every earthly support would be withdrawn from you, and that you would (even more than in the past) be drawn to *look directly to The Lord* for earthly as well as spiritual gifts. I ought to have told you this at the time, but it grieved me to think of adding another mournful feeling to your burthened heart."

I must here say a few words as to the fulfilment of prophecy, and the reason why it is often brought as an accusation against the spirits that they prophesy untruly. I do not mean to deny that at frivolous séances many nonsensical things are spoken of as likely to take place, which are utterly without foundation; *that* is only the natural consequence of the surrounding atmosphere of trivialities. What I wish to speak about is real, earnest prophecy, that comes without questioning or seeking, and something afterwards occurs, shewing, as it were, that such a prophecy is untrue; and that is the point where we may perhaps make the mistake. The prediction is but rarely in clearly defined words; but in our own minds we are but too apt to decide as to the allusion that is intended, and when *that* does not take place, we at once say that the prophecy has failed, by which means we may perhaps even miss the real event, all expectation having ceased from the time being, as we think, passed over. I have shewn how on one question I misunderstood what was given to myself; which was also the case in our Whit Sunday séance of 1867, when I had to tell Mamma that she would remain upon earth until something that still troubled her should be made smooth, and I immediately interpreted that in my own mind to mean that she would live until I should be earning a sufficient income to maintain myself by my drawings. When, therefore, I knew that her death was at hand, I asked my celestial friends how it could be that *their* prophecy should fail; when they reminded me of the exact words of

the original message ; and I found that in my human weakness I had fancied that *my* welfare was all-important to Mamma, and that it must be about my affairs that the promise had been given ; whereas it had in truth referred to my sister Helen and her difficulties, which Clarence, dear liberal-hearted fellow, had done his best to relieve by providing an outfit for her and her children, and paying their passage to Australia, where they wished to go, as well as giving yet further assistance ; and we had already heard from Helen, telling of her safe arrival, before Mamma was taken ill.

This subject leads me to the Bible, *the* Book of Prophecy, whereby we learn that the very misunderstanding causes the fulfilment, as, for instance, in all the predictions referring to Our Lord. If the Jews had understood them as we, in the light of past events, now do, they *could* not have carried out all the foretold indignities to the very letter. If they had really known that He was their Messiah by "Whose stripes they were healed," they would not have dared to inflict those stripes ; but they looked for Him as a mighty conqueror, who was to have the whole world for His kingdom, and they could not imagine that it was in the hearts of mankind He was to reign, and not in earthly splendour. When we look to the smallness of modern prophecies, we need not wonder at similar misunderstandings.

I must here mention that since that first year of perplexities and changes, consequent upon Clarence's death, dear Isabel has generously continued the same allowance to me that he made.

I will now bring together the various premonitions about dear Charlie's shipwreck and drowning, all but one of which came to us by degrees after the event had taken place. I have already incidentally mentioned that I spent the evening of Sunday, September 12, at Mrs. Tebb's. While we were seated at the tea-table, she suddenly started, and was much overcome, even to tears ; she said she had seen something black pass by me, from behind Mrs.

Weldon, but from being so startled she had lost it, and thus did not realize any definite form of trouble ; but it must have been the shadow of the impending calamity that she saw, for the *Carnatic* struck on a coral reef in the Red Sea about five hours later, at 1 A.M., on the Monday morning, and on the Tuesday morning at eleven, she parted amidships, and sank instantly, when passengers and crew were plunged into the ocean. Some were picked up by the boats, but I believe Charlie was stunned by a blow, so that he was unable to make any efforts : his body, and those of two of the others, were afterwards drawn on to the reef by the survivors, who did all they could to restore life, but it was unavailing, so they were rolled up in cotton from one of the bales, and left on the reef.

The telegram concerning the catastrophe had been published in the morning papers of the 17th, coming to my knowledge only in the evening, so it was not until the next day that I could go to see his dear sister Fanny, who told me the following circumstance about Mrs. Latham, with whose husband Charlie had been (first as a pupil, and then as assistant), for eight years, during which time Mr. Latham had married, so that Charlie had of course been on terms of almost brotherly intimacy with her.

She had only been a few days confined, and on the morning of the 15th, she said to her sister and to the nurse, that she had "seen Charlie Warren in the night, and that he was perfectly white, as if he had been very sea-sick." When first the telegram was published, they had not ventured to tell her of it, but on that Saturday morning Charlie's most intimate friend, who went by the sobriquet of "Paragon," was gone to Croydon to see her, and in the evening he came to Blackheath ; and he told us that she had said "it was not a dream, for she was wide awake, and saw Charlie quite distinctly.

I suppose that in her peculiar state she might be sensitive to spiritual impressions, and thus could have her vision opened ; I also believe that Charlie himself had more power to manifest in consequence of having, before he left Eng-

land accepted many of the facts of Spiritualism, whereby he had been rendered susceptible of impressions, and had gained power to shew himself. I have since heard from some of his friends at Ely, where he had resided during the chief part of the time he was with Mr. Latham, that when he went there for his farewell visit before his departure from England, he had mentioned that he had a great dread of the Red Sea, and he thought it was because of his father's having been buried there; but I am sure that it was a spiritual premonition, so that the death should not be quite so sudden a death, and that the soul should already have been gathering her forces in preparation for the withdrawal from the body. I also think that the sight of Charlie was mercifully granted for *our* sakes, so that during the interval of suspense between the reception of the telegram from Suez and the arrival of letters, we should not have been buoyed up with the hope that there might yet be a possibility of our Charlie's life having been saved, thus rendering the final certainty even more bitter.

Extract from a letter of Zilla Hyde's, November 3 :—

"I made Paragon go to see a Mr. Brice in Lewisham, a passenger home in the *Sumatra* (the vessel that had picked up the survivors who were on the reef), and his account was very distressing; Captain Pope, dear Charlie, and Mr. Cuppage were pulled on to the reef, and they did all they could for them, but they were quite gone, so they were rolled up in cotton and left on the reef. Dear Charlie had a singular dream when off Gibraltar or Alexandria. He dreamed there was to be a wreck of the *Carnatic* in the Red Sea, and that he and Mr. Cuppage were to be drowned—just exactly what happened."

From the *Times of India*, Bombay, October 2, 1869: After speaking of the wreck of the *Carnatic*, two letters from survivors who had reached Bombay were published, one of which contains this paragraph: "Whilst in the Mediterranean Sea, Mr. Warren, a civil engineer who perished, dreamed of the wreck; and his father before him

had been drowned in the Red Sea (although that was a mistake, I insert it as published, for such errors will arise): the feeling of impending danger hung over many of the passengers from the time of leaving Suez. Major Pearse, on touching the deck, foretold the wreck. And he and Captain Cole, previous to the vessel striking, felt nervous at the course it was taking, the shore being so near."

I wrote to tell Mrs. Guppy of Clarence's death, and received an answer full of warm-hearted sympathy. Then I again wrote, giving her the information of the loss of Charlie's promising young life, and it was some little time before I received the following:—

"Naples, October 3, 1869.

"DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,—I was very much troubled after receiving your kind letter how I could answer it, for your troubles come so thick upon you that the ordinary condolence sounded like nonsense, and I did not intend to write at all, feeling I could not talk to you of your dreadful losses. But last night, or this morning, at half-past one, a loud decided knocking came on the foot of the bed, and the message spelt: 'The *Lord* giveth and The *Lord* taketh away. Blessed be His Holy Name.' The Baby had been very troublesome, and it gave me quite a shock, for I had been complaining at the child giving me so much trouble, I not liking to trust him with the nurse at night, and I feared the message meant I should lose the Baby; but the knocking came again, and spelt: 'The message is for my darling Aunt, Miss Houghton. I am with all the dear ones, and I saw your grief, and my pangs were greater at your sufferings than at my loss.' . . . With love to all dear friends, I remain, dear Miss Houghton, one of your loving children,

"ELIZABETH GUPPY."

Mr. Guppy adds, at the end of his letter of the same date: "Lizzie would be very well, but Baby takes it into his head to keep awake from one o'clock to three, four, or

five, which tires her, but in a month or two it will be better."

I had a curious test at old Mrs. Marshall's on Sunday afternoon (October 31). I had called in for a chat, and as there were no visitors, we sat to the table. After questioning as to what spirits were there, I asked Charlie, who was one of them, to give me a sign, adding that he would know of what character I wished it to be. The table moved gently backwards and forwards a few times with a sort of undulating motion; it then bent quite down into Mrs. Marshall's lap, and after remaining a few seconds, rose up again, and then bent for the second time into her lap, when suddenly it turned aside, and slipped off down to the ground. The poor old lady was quite startled, and could not think what it meant, but to me it was quite clear: first, the gentle waves of the sea; then the two days that the vessel was on the rock, and finally the sudden slip whereby my darling was drowned! I had wanted something expressive of the wreck, but had not formed any idea in my own mind as to how it was to be exemplified.

Mrs. Tebb had been to me for a series of Fridays, when we never sought anything special, but thankfully accepted whatever might come. She came to me on January 21 of the following year, when I had mesmerised her, and had received several communications. But I was then impressed to mesmerise her again, and she said, "There is a spirit hand that follows yours in mesmerising, or perhaps your hand follows that, but the motion is the same of the two. . . . I see the hand and part of the arm; very delicate, perhaps transparent, but still a perfectly formed hand. . . . So that you work with a double power.

"Waves of light are passing before my face, and each wave is tipped with flame . . . the rest is like water in appearance; like the ocean . . . little waves. . . .

"I have the feeling of being on water. . . . I see a steamboat; it is not moving, and the people are throwing over a quantity of things from the decks—barrels, bales, boxes, hampers. . . . Oh! I am on the deck now, and

there is a great deal of confusion. . . . Such a splendid sunset! . . . I see now that I am made to look at a man, a young man, who is looking over the side at the boat; he would like to go to, but there is not room. . . . I am told to look at this man. . . . There is a great confusion! . . . His cap has a kind of peak that seems to come forward like a soldier's cap. . . . It is a cloth cap: . . . he has a shawl over his body and shoulders, tied across; it is a tartan shawl—shades of green; he is untying it to throw—he must—Oh! oh! I feel the cold. Oh! o—h! it's going down, Oh! oh! oh! so cold.” (Here she fell shiveringly back in her chair, and then was quite still for a few seconds.) . . . “He was untying it to throw down . . . he was going down, but he did not get off. . . . He is still conscious:—he is thinking of so many things, oh! so many things: oh! so much is passing before him, and he does not know that it means death. They put the shawl over a young—I think it is a woman. I feel water over my face, and it is so peculiar—slimy to the touch, and cold.” (Charlie, dear, have you a message for me?) “The influence is strong, but not guided or controlled so as to make distinct impressions on my mind. I feel it very strongly, but it does not come in the way of ideas, but of force. There is a strong wish on the part of the spirit to manifest his presence, but he does not yet possess the power to impress the *thought* of the medium. That last scene is in the mind of the spirit like a picture: it is his most vivid thought, and whatever circle he is able to approach for some time, this picture will be presented. . . . In coming back to his friends he must come at present through *that gate*, the gate by which the spirit left his body. He very much wishes to communicate, but I am now only saying my own feeling, which is that to endeavour to come to his friends is painful, because of the way by which he *must* come for the present.” (Can we help him?) “Try.” I then prayed that he might be aided in what would be best for him, adding that I could wait patiently until he could communicate with ease to himself, and felt deep gratitude for what had then been given. “The

spirit feels that this suffering or trouble, that comes over him when he tries to approach, is a condition attending the manner of his death, and that a certain time must pass away before he fully enters upon the great Eternity before him. This memory—*reality*, he says—is constantly with him. I have a vivid impression of his first look when I saw him looking at the boat ; it was an *eager*, but *not* an apprehensive look. I remember distinctly, seeing him untie the shawl, which I should recognise ; it was from his right side."

When she was fully restored to consciousness, I gave her my photograph album to examine, and she at once singled out Charlie's portrait (taken just before he left), as that of the young man she had seen.

The shawl thus seen in the vision *was* thrown by dear Charlie into the boat, and afterwards brought home to Fanny, who brought it with her when she came to see me, and the description of it had been perfectly accurate.

One part of the communication was very instructive to me—namely, where she mentions that he must come back by the same gate by which he left the body ; for it is well known to all who have seen much of trance mediumship, that a very frequent phase is that of going through the death scene of the communicating spirit ; and I had always thought that it was given as a *test*, but this shews that in some cases it is a necessity.

I have also learnt that the sliminess of which she complained at the first plunge into the water, is a peculiarity appertaining to the Red Sea.

I will now copy a portion of a letter from Mr. Jeffrey, which proves the accuracy of the vision. It was to Mr. Alfred Warren, from dear Charlie's closest companion during the voyage, and was sent to me on the 2nd of February. "Delhi, November 23, 1869. . . . You mention having received letters up to landing at Alexandria. We left the good ship *Tanjore* on the morning of Friday, September 10, and went to the Peninsular and Oriental hotel. I had better give the names of those who kept together, and formed a social little party till the sad disaster

parted us : C. G. Warren, Messrs. Pidding and Thompson, Ensign Cuppage (all drowned), Messrs. Alexander, Morton, Birkenshaw, Good and Jeffrey. During the day we went together in two carriages to have a general look at the city. In the evening drove out to the Viceroy's gardens, returning in time for dinner. The remainder of the evening was spent comfortably, and we retired. The next morning your nephew related to us something of a very singular nature, but we thought very little of it at the time. He said he had dreamt that we should be *wrecked in the Red Sea, that we should land in boats*, and that he distinctly recognised our faces. I remember him very impressively saying, 'distinctly recognised your faces.' But we thought very little of this, having such confidence in the company's ships and captains. The day was passed pleasantly, although we were tired of Alexandria, and wished to leave. We left in the evening at seven o'clock, the whole of us getting into two adjoining compartments, and every one in good spirits. This was on Saturday evening ; we travelled all night through the Desert, and got into Suez at eight o'clock in the morning of Sunday. Went on board the *Carnatic* at ten A.M., starting immediately after. During the day your nephew and I passed a few remarks on the peculiar brownish warm tint of the Nubian shore, caused by the glare of the sun, similar to paintings of Eastern landscapes we had seen in England. We had no Church service on this day as formerly, the crew being fully occupied in stowing the immense cargo we had on board, a great deal of which was placed on the decks. We retired as usual at night, and, as you know, were aroused at half-past one by the ship striking the reef. I remember him during the remainder of the night working very hard at shifting the cargo, and I think through those exertions, and exposing himself a little in the morning, he got the slight sunstroke that so weakened him, and laid him up for the rest of the time on the wreck. Dr. Ransford gave him medicine, and paid great attention. He was recovering nicely on Tuesday, and when the captain gave

orders to get into the boats we went together. As we were leaving the fore-castle, where we had spent the night together in anxiety, I said to him : ' Come along, old fellow,' endeavouring to rally him ; but I don't think he answered me, and these were the last words I spoke to him. He was directly behind me, the both of us standing on the hen-coops, starboard side, waiting to be placed into the life-boat, when the ship heeled over and went down. I jumped overboard, and with great difficulty swam to the reef. Your nephew, I imagine, was thrown, in his weak state, to the other side of the ship as she heeled over, and so fell into very deep water, and was probably stunned by the numerous boxes that must have fallen over with him. On my getting to the reef, which took me quite twenty minutes, I laid myself on one of the bales of goods to recover exhaustion, and for half-an-hour I had the most excruciating headache. I saw the bodies of Captain Pope and Mr. Gardner washed ashore near me, but though I looked about for a long time I could not see your nephew. Mr. Morton, however, said he saw him, but at a good distance farther down the reef than where I was. He endeavoured to produce signs of life, but to no avail. He also says that the appearance of the corpse was very calm and composed, just as if sleeping ; so it is evident the death was not a hard struggle. The last act (that we know of) that your nephew seems to have done was to throw the *shawl* into the lifeboat, and whether this was done at the instant of the ship's moving, or two or three minutes previous, I cannot tell. This being the only thing I could get as a remembrance of him, who just a short time before had joined in conversation and friendship with me, I preserved it with the greatest care, and it was on account of your getting it the safer and the sooner that I sent it by Mr. Sturt. . . .

"I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

" T. W. JEFFREY."

CHAPTER XXI.

I CONTRIBUTED the following thoughts to the *Christian Spiritualist* for June, 1873, under the heading of "Spirit Communion as the Bounden Duty of all Christians."

"I wish to say a few words to those who, having already received the word of God as contained in the Scriptures, are apt to think they do not need Spiritualism and its teachings; and to question whether communion with the spirit world is even lawful. The opinion of such *is* of consequence, for we wish to be joined by the good and true, as well as to convert the materialist and the scoffer, therefore I would remind them that Christ came and dwelt among us as an example to mankind for all time, and that, as far as is possible for weak mortals, we must follow in His footsteps.

"He lived for us. He died for us. He *came back* to us from the tomb.

"He was the *first-fruits* of them that slept, but not the *only* fruits, even then; for we are expressly told by St. Matthew, that *after* His resurrection, many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and appeared unto many in the holy city; and the intercourse thus opened between the two worlds has never, in Scripture teaching, been closed. It is, therefore, the duty of those who *are* (I do not say—call themselves) Christians, when they have triumphed over death and the grave, to follow their Lord's example, by returning to the friends they have left behind upon earth, for the purpose of opening their understandings, and pointing out to them wherein they have misunderstood the revelations granted in bygone ages, so that a truer estimate may be formed of a future state towards which all are hastening. They do so—they hover round their dear ones, seeking to arouse their inner senses, so as to communicate their new-found knowledge. They stand at the door and knock. Again and again they

strive through various avenues to find an entrance to their souls—but all in vain. And why is this? The mourners will say it is because they cannot believe that the happiness of the *blessed dead* may any longer be disturbed by things of earth. By which they really mean that they themselves may live for earthly things, but that as soon as they shall have put on immortality, they will be fit denizens for a Heaven which they have never sought to earn by the real exercise of either faith, hope, or charity, as preached by Christ and His Apostles. They may say that if their friends would appear to them in full bodily presence, as Christ did to His disciples, they would believe, but they omit all the necessary conditions. The disciples were living to the Lord; for three years He had been the centre of their being; self was annihilated, their sympathies were with the higher life, and thus they were ready to welcome back Him Who was dearer to them than all besides.

“*Now*—people surround themselves with a dense wall of prejudices, creating an atmosphere through which the spiritual presence cannot penetrate, distorting even the most gracious texts of help into obstacles. Take, for instance, the parable of Dives, who, still being blessed with human affections, pleads hard to be permitted to go to his brethren, and teach them that life must not be expended in self-seeking; and that in the writings of the prophets are many lessons they have not understood. He receives for answer, ‘If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.’ This is misinterpreted to mean that such a return *might* not be, whereas in truth it was a prophecy, in which Our Lord referred to Himself. *He did rise from the dead*, and yet the *Jews remained unpersuaded*. Our spirit brethren are permitted to come; and yet, alas! how many turn a deaf ear to those who, perhaps, may be ardently desiring to undo some of the evil they have wrought in life.

“Another great stumbling-block is the spiritual body which still remains a mystery to many, notwithstanding St. Paul’s clear explanation. They want to insist upon its

being composed of the atoms of dust that have made up the mortal form ; yet, even in the far-back ages, Job has taught us, 'Though worms destroy *this* body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' He knew that it was not this *mortal* body that was to be pieced up again, but the spiritual flesh contained within: '*mine* eyes shall behold,' and not another: 'the immortal eyes which we all possess, unchanged through all the transitions of the human frame, but which are rarely opened during our sojourn upon earth ; yet still they may be, as when in answer to the prophet's prayer, the young man was permitted to see the hosts of The Lord round about Elisha. A difficulty arises in many minds because of Our Lord's own words, when He says: 'A spirit hath not flesh and bones ; as ye see Me have.' This may probably be a mistranslation, or a defect in our language, for He does not mean a *spirit* according to the present acceptation of the word, as one who has passed through the gates of death, but that which is now known as the *double*, our *inner* self, which really goes forth to visit a distant friend, when we concentrate intense thought upon him, and whom he would see, were his 'eyes opened.' Our immortal bodies will be 'like unto His body,' inasmuch as they *must* consist of flesh and bones ; but if we die in trespasses and sins, they will at first be dark and dismal, and will take long 'fashioning' in the hereafter, ere they can attain to any kind of glory, even that of the least of the stars ; for, as St. Paul (still in that 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians) tells us, 'One star differeth from another in glory.'

"The 'Touch' being the first of my spiritual senses that has been awakened, I am able to speak with knowledge, for I feel the *flesh* of my invisible friends as distinctly, although more tenderly than that of my human associates ; and this, not only while I am in séance, and, therefore, as it were, waiting upon them, but at all times and seasons, when the spirits themselves wish to call my attention to their presence, thus assuring me of their sympathy and care.

"I could write much more on the same subject, but what I desire to impress upon Bible students is, that a flood of

light is now being poured upon many points that in the course of eighteen centuries have become hazy and indistinct, even if they were understood by the Evangelists and Apostles themselves ; but we may well believe that they, like the earlier prophets, had but a faint perception of the full value of what was given to the world through their means."

Among the many pleasant acquaintances I formed during the meetings of the Dialectical Committee was a Jewish gentleman, Mr. Joseph Maurice (some years afterwards he resumed his original name of Maurice Joseph, but I will at present speak of him as he was then known). He called here one Wednesday in August, and enjoyed his visit ; but as he was a dentist in Langham Place, with a good practice, the very heart of the day was decidedly inconvenient for him to absent himself : therefore, as my drawings are unquestionably a sacred subject, I agreed that I would make an exception in his favour, and receive him on the Sundays ; so he came to me on the 15th, and after having seen some more of my pictures, he expressed a great desire for a little séance, as he was anxious to obtain some kind of mediumship. We accordingly sat to the table, when I commenced as usual with The Lord's Prayer. I do not know whether it was on that first occasion, or on a later one, that he gave warm expression to his admiration of that prayer—so wonderfully and entirely comprehensive, and yet condensed into so short a form ! And I was much impressed with the feeling of what it must be to one in his grown manhood to come upon his first knowledge of it ! *We* are so habituated to it from the first lisplings of our infant tongues that we can scarcely realize its grandeur. We may *think* we do, but can any of us imagine its first bursting upon us in the plenitude of our faculties ? I at times read carpings, and assertions that He was not the originator of the prayer, because of such and such phrases that had been handed down ! It might almost as rationally be said that it was not new, because all the words were composed of already known letters of the alphabet ! It is its terseness that is so

magnificent, without question of mere newness ; and I thank my dear Hebrew friend (who has now passed onwards) for the brilliant halo that he recognised around that sacred petition.

Even on the very first occasion Mr. Maurice developed some little pencil-writing and mesmeric sleep. After a time he obtained utterance in a tongue which always remained unknown ; but it was very grand and sonorous, and seemed like a language of much power, having infinitely more force and less of softness than the Indian dialects that I have sometimes heard spoken through trance speakers ; there was also much emphasis and variety of intonation, giving great impressiveness to his speech. Some may say, —Of what then could be the use of that fine flow of discourse where there were none who could understand ? None of *us*, it may be, but my belief is, that within the sound of his voice there might be an audience whose natural language it was, and who might thus be taught truths that never yet had reached them. The great work of this present Dispensation is to arouse the suffering and ignorant ones who have perhaps long lost their mortal forms, and have not yet attained to any light. It is not *only* in returning to teach dear friends and relatives the certainty of continued existence, that we are to follow Our Dear Lord's example, but, also, in preaching to spirits in the prison of their past ignorance and apathy, which we know to be the appointed work of many mediums ; and in such cases they may need to be addressed in their own earthly dialect ; therefore, the "gift of tongues" may indeed be an important blessing and help in bringing the whole of God's straying flocks within one fold.

He mentioned that he had the organizing of one of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Enquiry, and asked if I would do them the pleasure of joining their series of séances, some of which were to be held at his own professional rooms. I answered that I should be very happy to do so, but that, as he knew, it was my rule to commence with the Lord's Prayer, so it must be understood that my consent

was on that condition, to which he cordially agreed, and said he would make it quite easy for me. I am not sure that it was their first sitting, for things had naturally been somewhat irregular with me, but Monday, September 27, was the first time I went, and Mr. Morse, whose mediumship was then just developing, was invited to be there. I think I was the only lady on that evening, and after tea Mr. Maurice opened the proceedings by mentioning that I wished always to commence the séance with The Lord's Prayer, adding a few words to the effect that, for his own part, he had no religious prejudices that would be hurt by our doing so. Thus the system was instituted, and, I am happy to say, adhered to during all the course. I do not remember the manifestations at any of the séances, although I know there were some; and on most of the evenings we had the presence of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace and his sweet wife, Mrs. Edmunds, whose mediumship was powerful, and that most kindly and energetic man, Mr. Serjeant Cox, at whose house many of the subsequent meetings were held. He had not then broached the theory of psychic force, to which, as a *word*, I have no kind of objection, provided its meaning is allowed to be limited to the substance wherewith the spirits work, which is in some-way generated by the combination of their own influence and the outflow from the medium, and which had hitherto received no technical term. Some dub it electricity, but Mr. Varley (one of the first electricians of our day) tried some scientific experiments in America, which *proved* it *not* to be electricity. Nor is it magnetism, which has likewise been *proved* to be an incorrect expression. It is a *cognate* force; but we should evince as much ignorance in applying either of those terms to it, as we should if we were to employ them interchangeably the one for the other; therefore, I rather like the word psychic force, if we accept it only as the power *used*, and not as the acting principle, for that would be as if, when we received a telegram, we were to say—Electricity has sent me this.

I have a glimmering recollection that on that first night

Mr. Morse had a vision of some vessel, but it was not the *Carnatic*, although it of course led to our talking of that ill-fated steamer; and Mr. Jeffrey who was one of our circle, mentioned how many had been the enquiries as to whether the survivor who bore the same name was any relative of his, which, however, he was not. We had not, at that time, heard about dear Charlie's dream, or it would have interested them all very much.

Mr. Maurice continued his occasional Sunday visits to me, and he used likewise to go to some of Mr. Cogman's evening meetings, so that he gradually developed a seeing mediumship; but his visions did not take place in our circle, they were at night, after he was in bed, and he used to tell us something of them at our séance meetings, which lasted until December. I still had occasional visits from him until the end of the following June, but later on I heard that he had some kind of paralytic seizure, and that he was seriously ill for some length of time. I thus lost sight of him for several years, but always retaining a pleasant memory of his very amiable nature.

Mr. Burns sent out numerous invitations to Spiritualist friends for October 21, to hear the experiences of Dr. Willis from America, and a good large gathering it was, all being so much interested, that a similar meeting was held on that day week, when he continued his narration; but I rather think he was only making a passing visit to London, as I find no further mention of him in my little books. Energetic Mr. Burns was of opinion that such assemblages were not only pleasant, but would be desirable for the promotion of the cause; he therefore gave a general invitation to everybody and their friends for the Thursday evenings as a regular arrangement; and as I was desirous of helping, as far as my presence was concerned, I never failed to go, until May 21 of the following year, when they finally collapsed, the meetings having gradually reduced themselves to only two or three persons; but I have no doubt that the effort, as far as it went, did good. On some of the evenings, especially during the earlier part, there would be a very fair

attendance, and I occasionally mesmerised some of the visitors for development. One evening, November 11, a lady, under that process, was doing a pencil drawing, when a new visitor, a *non-spiritualist*, looked on in rather a scornful sort of way, as if he thought the whole proceedings somewhat eccentric. However, he signified his wish that I should do something for *him*, and something *was* done : it was symbolism of some kind, but not exactly of the same type as anything I had ever done before ; so when he asked me what it meant, I could not tell him, and said I did not understand it, but *he did* ; so it met an idea in *his* mind, although not in mine. He folded up his specimen and put it in his pocket, going afterwards to resume his scientific discussion with several gentlemen who were there (among whom was Mr. Maurice), and I heard him talking about different sciences, and saying that in each one the labourers can only get up to a certain point, when they seem as it were to have reached the top of a ladder, and to be left in mid-air, finding only vacancy beyond ; but that he could meet the difficulties from *above*, because, as he said, "*I have the key.*" Over and over again he repeated the expression, and although I did not hear, or heed much of the discourse, the oft-reiterated phrase struck upon my ear as if in some way familiar to it. On the break up of the evening, he went out with me and Mr. Maurice, who was going to escort me to the omnibus, and they chatted on together upon some subject they were still discussing. It then turned out that our new friend, a clergyman, lived very near me, so that Mr. Maurice felt free to seek his own conveyance, and I invited Mr. B—— to come on Sunday to see my drawings, when Mr. Maurice would also be here, and they then could continue their interrupted talk. After we had parted, I remembered that the expression was in Mrs. Lacy's long-ago communication given by the Indian spirit, so I read it over before Sunday, to refresh my memory : for I do not think I had done so since we came to this house, and I will now quote the portion referred to. "You make

quite an exhibition of spirit-drawings; some so beautiful. Me sees them. Some look like a light descending, each ray representing a figure of something. . . . You got chemistry, you will have power to analyse: those lights and shades represent a chemical . . . emblematic of different shades of advancement: . . . in each one you will understand the place, shewing the sphere of action. . . . There seems to be a technical idea you have not vibrated yet: there is a key held by a gentleman. Your view is not unfolded by considerable yet, you will get some great revelation."

The phraseology, however involved, was quite correct with reference to my drawings, and the full interpretations I have received as to the meanings of the various shades of colour, and also of the different spirit spheres being distinguished by certain tints, of which Mrs. Lacy was herself perfectly ignorant, as she had not at that time seen any of my drawings.

The Reverend Mr. B—— came according to appointment, and in the course of a deeply interesting conversation, I really did receive the key in question, which has added marvellously to my enjoyment of my drawings, although I found that in my interpretations I had occasionally had slight glimpses of the fact which then became clear—namely, that all the symbolism is in analogy with the works of creation; and as far as I can I will enumerate proofs. He asked if I ever drew a straight line? to which I answered that I did not think I ever did. "Of course not," said he, "for there is no such thing as a straight line in nature." Pointing to a waved line ~~~~~, he questioned me as to its meaning. "It is a type of the moving power of the Spirit of God." Then he shewed me why the wave was *un-equal*; the same fact being enunciated, that in God's creation there never is *equality*, which would induce stagnation. The pulse moves with a strong beat and a weak one alternately: the waves of the sea are not only various in height, but more rounded on one side than the other. He pointed out many examples, all shewing that the inequality

is a *must*; and to me the great charm of that explanation was the Scripture thought with which it filled my soul, for the interpretation of that wave had been given to me in the very words I used to him; *the Moving Power of the Spirit of God*, in a symbolical drawing entitled "The Holy Ghost," when creation is alluded to in the phrase, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." And it seems that *thus* the pulsating life was given to this glorious world, within which God's Love is for ever circulating. No words could be stronger or more impressive than those used by Moses, and yet their fulness of meaning was quite unsuspected.

I incidentally mentioned Mrs. Hallett's vision of the light from the North-West, and also that it was the point of glory in all my drawings; and it was again *of course* with Mr. B——, that being the *true pole*, and not *due* North, as we are apt to imagine. He said more on the subject, but although I think I remember it clearly, I am not quite certain, therefore I will not risk making a mistake on a scientific point. He touched upon a few other similes, but I had obtained the *key*, and have since discovered many such analogies for myself. I have had the pleasure of a good deal of intercourse with him from that time, and our discussions are always very full of interest, for he is a man who has both thought and seen much, having travelled all over the world, and has keen powers of perception. He had had a very striking test in New York from Mr. Foster, upon whose arm had appeared in a full red tint an especial symbol to which Mr. B—— attaches great importance, thus conclusively authenticating Mr. Foster's mediumship in his opinion; but he went to one of the dark séances that were then being held in Southampton Row, and was not sufficiently edified ever to attend another.

I must refer to Mrs. Lacy's prophecy on another matter, which is even now in the process of fulfilment. While speaking of my artistic work, her Indian friend says: "Me thinks you will discontinue, pale-face, and take to writing." At that time I had not the slightest idea of ever publishing

my own experiences, for in truth I could not have imagined that they would interest any one beyond our personal friends, for it was long before our removal into town, and I had no expectation of the wonderful séances we should hold here, nor of the great growth that would take place in the manifestations from the spirit world. I am sorry that Mrs. Lacy should not have revisited England, for her mediumship was very interesting. She told me that that spirit had influenced her for healing purposes for a very long time before he spoke, so she used to designate him the dumb spirit, and I suppose he must have needed all that time to learn our language. She had always objected very strongly to being influenced by any Indian spirits, because she held them in somewhat low esteem; so perhaps he was of opinion that his English would become so pure that she would not suspect his nationality. He was decidedly witty, and could well hold his own in colloquy with any enquirer or investigator. I was much amused with him one evening at Mrs. Gregory's, when talking to a clergyman who looked upon Spiritualism as a kind of witchcraft. Patting the reverend gentleman's arm, he said, "Are you afraid of a familiar spirit? Me hopes not, for you see, me am a very familiar spirit indeed," which could not elicit anything more indignant than an assenting laugh. Once, the next chair happened to be on the skirt of Mrs. Lacy's dress, and he begged it might be removed from "his squaw's blanket, for that she would not like her blanket to get torn." He made great friends with me, and said that if he had not got Mrs. Lacy, he should like me to be his squaw. He has since come to one of our séances here, on February 14, 1871.

Before we left the old home, at the Harley Street meetings in January, 1866, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Beamish, the author of a very interesting treatise, called the "Psychonomy of the Hand," with which I had been much charmed; and, for the time, I had gone in for studying everybody's characters through their hands, according to the rules there given; so that I was very much pleased at the introduction. He was only

in London for a few days, but he was exceedingly anxious to see my drawings, which he did on the Wednesday, and he prolonged his stay in town for another week for the express purpose of having a further sight of them; more especially because of the powerful symbolism as to the Trinity of The Godhead, for he had been trained in Unitarian views, which had been much shaken in the previous June, by spirit communications given through the mediumship of a young lady who was an intimate friend of the relative at whose house in town he had then, as now, been staying; and the accumulated testimony of this second visit to London brought home to his soul the conviction of the Divinity of The Lord Jesus Christ—upon which subject he afterwards wrote a small pamphlet for private circulation, of which he kindly sent me a copy.

Of course we discussed the *Hand* science, and he asked me to allow him to take a tracing of my hand, which he did with wonderful facility, making at the same time the observation that it was not so easy to do as it looked; in which I most fully concurred, for I had made the experiment, and my tracing had not looked the least in the world like my hand, whereas *his* was the exact facsimile. He used to come and see us whenever he visited London; but my last sight of him was when he spent some hours with me in my Bond Street gallery. He then purchased a dozen of the photographs from the drawings; which I mention as one of the happy *coincidences* of my life, for in the afternoon of that same day, Mr. Ward, the photographer (to whom I had given tickets of admission for himself and family), came to see the whole collection of the pictures he had so thoroughly learned to appreciate by the specimens I had taken for his portraiture; and those twelve shillings made the exact amount of what I was owing him for the last order I had sent.

I think it was but shortly afterwards that Mr. Beamish was removed to the other life, where he would have reason to rejoice in the higher light that had been granted to him before he quitted this earth.

I must here mention the circumstance of a Colonel in the army, whose views on the same question were entirely changed through the influences of Spiritualism, and who gave me many of the particulars himself. He had had a sister some years older than himself, who, I believe, had likewise been almost a mother to him. She was a woman of strong intellect, and her views, which she had instilled into him, were Unitarian; but when she, from the other side (where she had then been for several years), was enabled by his new investigations to communicate with him, she told him that she had discovered her error, and wished as far as possible to undo the mischief she had done him by her mistaken teachings, imploring him to recognise the Godhead of the Man of Sorrows; which I am thankful to say he had been enlightened to do. The spirit photography afterwards gave us an interesting test with reference to him, for at a sitting of Mrs. Ramsay's, he was the spirit who companioned her on the plate; he was her cousin, and I knew it to be his birthday, from having him down in my book, but I had not mentioned it to her, as I think it is important, in the spirit photography, that there should be no mixture of all kinds of thoughts in the mind of the sitter; so I did not speak about it till the séance was over, when even in the negative we thought we recognised his likeness, and when it was printed, there were several additional curious little evidences.

A lady, who has been a dear and constant visitor, was brought up from her childhood in Unitarian tenets, never, I think, imagining there could be any other views, and she was led by my drawings, as well as many other things about which I spoke, to much questioning in her own mind as to which might be the right reality, and she suggested that it might be a help to those who were weighing so important a consideration, if Mr. Howitt would kindly narrate the steps by which he and his dear wife had been induced to remodel their faith. So I wrote to ask him if he would thus bestow a little of the light he had received, for the purpose of shedding some gleams on a path that was felt to be

obscure. In answer to which, on the very next day, he sent me the following kind letter :—

“Esher, January 11, 1870.

“DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,— . . . As to the reasons which induced Mrs. Howitt and myself to revise our Unitarian creed, and accept the fact of the Divinity of Christ, we were entreated to do it by our friendly communicating spirits ; and though not inclined to believe spirits on their own statements without further evidence or very strong probability, these invisible counsellors had so thoroughly shewn us their truthfulness that we were willing to review the affirmations of both the Prophets and the Gospels on this head, and these then appeared so conclusive that we thoroughly embraced the idea. I do not pretend to say that there are not difficulties connected with the conception of the nature of God and of Christ ; there are enormous ones, but these arise out of our finite faculties and present conditions of existence. They are such, as I believe, must ever attend this first, earthly life, and may not fully solve themselves throughout eternity, but these difficulties exist in us and around us in all that we see and experience. We have a difficulty in reconciling the distributions of what we call human fortunes : we have equally a difficulty in comprehending the mode of our own existence, and what really are spirit and matter. We cannot solve these things, but we can see and feel that they do positively exist, and we can see that the Scripture history is a true history, and that the prophets authenticate Christ, and Christ the prophets and the past history of the Hebrews. Taking then the solemn affirmations of Christ as to His nature and the clear and solemn predictions of the prophecies of thousands of years, we have a basis of historic evidence in itself of the profoundest solidity ; and this is most nobly confirmed by the divine character and the divine teachings of Our Saviour. Of all the Miracles of His history the greatest by far is the heavenly beauty and proportion of His character, so totally different from all the loftiest imaginings of the Greeks, so

unapproachable in its gentleness, patience, utter absence of resentment, and complete fullness of love. In Jesus Christ we see a heroism so inconceivable to the heroes of the greatest nations of the earth, that not merely neither Greek nor Roman could imagine it, but the so-called Christian nations to this day cannot perceive its grandeur, much less realize it in action.

"These, dear Miss Houghton, are the reasons which compel us to believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. We have His word for the fact, and not His word only, but His life, His death, and His spirit, breathed forth in sentiments every one of which is stamped with the impress of Godhead. The Gospels are not only as a whole infinitely superior to all other books put together, but any *one* of His teachings is worth all other books and philosophies together. I would rather possess the Parable of the Prodigal Son than all the volumes of mythology or theology of ancient or modern times exclusive of the Bible. Neither Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius, Buddhu, nor the whole collective body of Pagan philosophers and theologians ever rose or could rise to the utterance of a narrative at once so simple in its wording and so sublimely profound in its teachings of the infinite love of the Heavenly Father to His erring children, so reassuring and consolatory to the awakened sinner, as that single chapter, one only in a blessed multitude. Nothing shews so clearly the debased condition of the human mind in the present age, the disordered perception of the really true and beautiful in sentiment and spirituality, as the incapacity of so many for discerning the greatness of the Gospel system of religion and of anthropology, and their giving equal value with these to systems so poor and meretricious. It is like preferring paste to diamonds. . . . With Mrs. Howitt's love, I remain, dear Miss Houghton,

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM HOWITT."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON the Sunday that Mrs. Tebb had that forecast as to an impending fresh trouble for me, she received the impression that I should have a drawing of the flower that had been shewn to her in the February vision, and as I had finished a monogram a day or two previously, I hoped it might be my next work, which it proved to be, and was begun on Thursday, before I was aware of the new calamity that had befallen us.

It was a beautiful flower, quite unlike any other that had been done ; but during the whole progress of it there did not come any feeling or idea of special meaning, so that when I sat down on November 5th to receive the interpretation, I only expected a few loving and sympathising words. I had been out after breakfast for necessary household marketings, and had an appointment with a lady and gentleman from Derby, who were to be with me at two o'clock, and I established myself very calmly for what I thought would be a short elucidation, but I can scarcely find words to express how wonderstruck I was with the full revelation that ensued, as well as with the rapidity with which all those new ideas were inflowed to me, for by the exact time that my visitors arrived (and they were punctual), the first *griffonage* was finished, and I was able to read the whole of the following communication to them, while shewing them the picture. They were deeply touched and interested, and spoke also of Ensign Cuppage, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," adding that his grandfather, Admiral Cuppage, was quite inconsolable.

"The Flower of Consolation.

"To Georgiana, with the warmest love of her spirit guides, is presented the drawing (of which this is the interpretation) of one of the flowers adorning the home in the

spheres which is already prepared for her, and to which her soul often wends its way while her mortal body reposes in slumber."

Mrs. Tebb's vision and its fulfilment were here added, as well as the following paragraphs :—

"On the 12th of September Mrs. Tebb received the impression that my spirit friends would, through my hand, execute a drawing of the flower mentioned above, which they commenced doing on the 16th, and on that very day a telegram was received in London, giving information of the wreck of the *Carnatic* in the Red Sea, and that my dear nephew Charlie Warren, was one of those who were lost! Most truly have I required consolation, sympathy, and comfort, and they have mercifully been granted to me.

"These flowers are not a mere emanation of will or fancy, as some persons seem to suppose, *created*, as they dare venture to say, by the wish of the spirits themselves, forgetting that there is but ONE CREATOR. They are real, tangible substances, as completely so to spirit hands, as chairs and tables are to the mortal touch; but we must endeavour to give an idea of the method whereby they are formed.

"Every human emotion is a spiritual substance. If good, gloriously coloured, and transparent as light, but dense and opaque if the reverse. We have, in previous interpretations, explained some of the results in the formation of the 'Crown of Glory,' and its representative monogram, but in this instance we have to shew how they contribute to the adornment of the home of the future, the beauty of which will depend entirely upon the emotions *called forth from others*. Those, therefore, who live only to themselves, never seeking to develope the virtues of those whom they may influence, nor striving to amend their condition, either morally or materially, with no care for the happiness of others, will find their home bare and desolate, with nothing to delight either the eye or the heart; whereas those, on the contrary, who live for others, will rejoice in a

magnificent mansion, beautifully embellished, surrounded by a lovely garden, filled with splendid trees and gorgeous flowers, all being in exact harmony with the individual tastes of the intended inhabitant.

"Thus to prepare this abode is a labour of love, but still it is work; and, in the same way that many toilers upon earth are required to build and adorn the houses of clay and stone, so numberless spirits contribute their efforts to erect and complete the eternal edifice, collecting each emotion as it emanates, and bearing it away to the regions of light and life, to be employed as appears most advantageous, according to the decision of the directing spirits, for in that again is an analogy to the things of earth, where the master builder directs the inferior labourers, employing likewise a foreman to superintend the progress, so the guardian spirits, whether one or many, appoint the various uses for which it will be most suitable, whether by accretion to become trees and flowers, or to grace the different chambers in forms of art or science.

"A tenderly-written letter to one in a distant land calls forth the tear of sympathy; that tear, or the feeling that formed that tear, is borne aloft by some spirit friend, who has accompanied the letter to its destination, and is, perhaps, incorporated in some touching picture. Or some struggler with the ills of poverty may receive pecuniary aid, thus brightening his earthly hopes; from him the loving spirit, who has in the same way been present at the reception of the gift, bears off a mass of tender green, which may take form as velvety moss on which to tread, or added stateliness to the surrounding trees.

"We have mentioned in our interpretations of the crowns that they can only be formed during the mortal life, and can afterwards have no additional development, but the spirit homes may ever be increasing in beauty; for those who have passed away from earth are still by the side of the dwellers thereon, influencing them for good or for ill, and thus exciting the emotions which may add to the glory of their own dwelling-place. It will, therefore, be evident that

loving thoughts of those who are 'gone before,' and, when they have been good and noble, a desire to emulate their actions, and make the loftiness of their dealings an incentive to a higher standard of life, will tend to enhance the charms of their new abode. It is difficult to express this idea in its fulness, so as to enable the mind to grasp the conception of the wondrous loveliness amidst which those dwell who, in past ages, have left remembrances of holiness and purity, and whose written words, as well as spiritual presence, are ever leading the souls of mortals to bask in the light of The Lord God—to seek Him only.

"So, too, those who have but lately put on immortality would fain beautify their houses, hoping to be there joined by those whom they have left to grieve for their loss, whose help they will need; and if the thought of them at any moment checks an ignoble action, or a hasty word, they will at once carry off the little fragment to blend with what they have already obtained. Surely this is a happy knowledge for the mourners, and the flower of consolation may well bear that name, not only to its possessor, but to all who may learn what it comes to teach.

"We will now slightly explain the flower itself, which was culled, and afterwards replaced by Nordrel, the Comfort-bestower, and shewn to Mrs. Tebb, previously to impressing her with the vision which was to prepare Georgiana's mind for the great loss she was to sustain in the departure of her beloved brother from a life where he had undergone more physical suffering than was known to those around him.

"We do *not* say to mortals, 'you must not grieve when those you love are taken away to the higher life,' because we know that naturally they must grieve, but not as those without hope. They cannot but feel the loss, hour by hour, of the cherished companion; and their daily life is rendered incomplete; so for *themselves* they must mourn, such sorrow is a portion of man's destiny, but out of that sorrow they will arise strengthened and purified, if they put their trust entirely in the Lord, knowing that without His Will not

even a sparrow falleth to the ground, and that therefore some beneficent purpose is in every blow that falls; however severe it may seem at the time.

"The first colour employed was gamboge, expressing faith; which sentiment is evoked in others by Georgiana's life of perfect trust in the guiding Hand of her Heavenly Father. It will thus be seen, and easily understood, that qualities call forth the same, or answering ones from others; therefore the name of the colour and the characteristic it denotes will be sufficient for us to mention: carmine, tenderness; cobalt blue, truth; crimson lake, love; violet carmine, religion; Chinese orange, unselfishness; intense blue, decisiveness; aureolin, orderliness; ultramarine, integrity; cadmium, courage; king's yellow, energy; mixed green, earthly hopes; burnt carmine, steadfastness.

"The atmosphere surrounding the flower chiefly expresses love, that of her spirit friends, who are always with her in considerable numbers, soothing and comforting her in all her trials, and cheering her under anxieties. But the rich orange tint symbolizes the power of the Lord, by whose Will they are *permitted thus* to come.

"Above the flower, on the right (behind the Sheltering Wing), is a glimpse of the Archway, which we have described in the interpretation of her second crown, as protecting Georgiana from all influences save those that are high and holy; and across it hangs a delicate white curtain, caught up by five large pearls. That curtain expresses how thin is now the veil intervening between her and us, and the pearls (being *five* in number) represent the hand of the Lord gradually withdrawing it, so that her communion with us, which is now by touch and by impression, may become complete by the addition of sight and hearing.

"The full rich tints of the Wing of the Lord sheltering her symbolize the completeness with which she commits herself to His keeping, and the bright blue tone represents His Unswervingness, and the certainty that He will fulfil to the utmost the promises He has made to those who strive to do His Will."

It has been prophesied to me by various mediums that my life upon earth is to be prolonged to a very advanced age. Mr. Spear used to ask me what I should do when I had reached a hundred ; but I thought it would be time enough to decide that question when I should have attained to it. . . . I suppose that if I do, it will be for some purpose, and that purpose will shew me my *then* work. I now find a memorandum about Dr. Charles Pinkham, of the United States, who called here in the July of that year, and he had spoken one evening at the Gower Street Conferences. We had some little talk about birthdays, and he was influenced to say that I am to live to the age of one hundred and ten years ; in which case I shall see through nearly a quarter of the next century. Some people seem to consider that that must be a very blessed assurance, but my ambition is rather for the bright beyond, and there is now no one here to whom my life is indispensable. It may be that a time is at hand when some of us may be permitted to pass as it were backwards and forwards between the two worlds, and then perhaps I might not so much mind the lengthening of my pilgrimage here, where the path I have trodden has sometimes been very thorny indeed, but—if no thorns had been there I could not so fully have recognised the love of the many human hands which have striven to clear them away for me in some degree—hands which perhaps might even then have been aching from lacerations of their own ! If earth had no trials, mortal angels would have no call for their high mission : oh ! how true it is that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but if there were none who needed to receive, there could be no *givers*. I do not simply mean of money or of money's worth, but of pity, compassion, tenderness, all that long list of virtues comprised in the one word, so grievously misused, of charity. If there were no sick, there would be no field for the self-sacrificing and loving nurse who, with gentle tread and tender touch, ministers, as if intuitively, to every unspoken want or wish of the sufferer. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth : " oh ! how hard are the lessons

in meekness for the proud spirit that has always been accustomed to be the giver, and has to learn to receive without any longer having the power to bestow! and thrice blessed are those who shed their gifts like gentle dew so as not to wound the feelings of a thin-skinned recipient. It may be that adversity may teach somewhat of this lesson, in which case sweet indeed may be its uses.

Mr. and Mrs. Tebb spent the evening of Sunday, November 28, with me. I mesmerised her, and she passed under influence, when she bent towards me several times very gravely and profoundly. She then said, "A spirit, whose name has not been given me, requests me to say that for the first time in all these years he can gratify the desire of his heart in bowing to the power enshrined in Miss Houghton. . . .

"The whole space is filled with a great company of spirits. Those nearest to me are in symbolical dresses: they not only bear pictures in their hands, but the entire dress is covered, and I am told that to those who can read the pictures aright, the whole character of the individual is revealed. . . . The drawing is unlike anything I have seen; there are no forms that are familiar. The deeper colours are near the feet, and the head is enveloped in light. I am told that from this company of spirits are originated all great designs to be copied by artists in the earth-life. The light from the countenances in the distances forms each a separate ray of light, so that if I could count the rays, I might know the number of spirits.

"I am filled with amazement at what I am permitted to see. Words seem powerless to express the glory of it. I am told that Miss Houghton will at some future time have an impression to speak, and that language will be given her to describe more fully the meaning of these symbolical dresses.

"I have to speak of the appearance of the spirit through whose influence the vision came. . . . I saw the spirit first between Miss Houghton and myself, and then was made to feel that he would be permitted to control me. . . . The

hair dark, in ringlets, low on the forehead, wide forehead, very penetrating dark eyes, head large, shoulders square, full strong chest. In his hand he holds a cap such as is used by the president of a college, and a black loose dress. I cannot see his feet—the neck is partly bare, and indicates great strength of purpose and will. I have never seen this spirit before."

I then asked if she might be permitted to learn his name, and in a short time she answered, "Martin Luther. . . . Before it quite goes from me, I must tell Miss Houghton that it is this spirit who spoke of the high privilege now given him to bow to her in person."

The immense power of that spirit seemed to impress Mrs. Tebb very much, making her appear almost exhausted for the first few minutes after her restoration to the normal state. She also said that when I asked for the name, she saw letters of light appear one after the other to form the name, the first vanishing as the second came forth, and so on in succession.

I sent the account of this vision to my friend in the country, and she soon afterwards forwarded me the two following extracts from the "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," page 464. "'Is Dr. Luther much changed?' said Heinz.—'I think I never saw a nobler face, so resolute and true, and with such a keen glance in his *dark* eyes. He might have been one of the Emperor's generals—he looks so like a veteran.' . . ." In another passage of the same book, his forehead is spoken of as "massive and rocky."

About five weeks later, when Mrs. Tebb was with me for the Friday afternoon, in her first trance she saw a sister-in-law of mine, whom she described very accurately, and who was very anxious to do a "direct" drawing, which I am sorry to say she has not yet been able to accomplish. Later in the day I produced my own stereographs, and Mrs. Tebb immediately recognised her portrait, but in the meanwhile I had again mesmerised her, and she had the following vision:— . . . "I only see a cloud, and as yet nothing distinctly. . . . I cannot tell whether I am looking

at pictures or at real objects.—I have been in a church—very large—cathedral like ; and I heard the service, at least a good part of it, and the congregation were in groups ; each group in a different dress. I have an impression that the congregation is made up of classes, but there were no children.—I am shewn the choir again, in order that I may see a venerable man who is to preach to this congregation. . . . The spirit is telling me that it is quite real : he sees the doubt in my mind, and he says it is all quite real. . . . In the first part of the vision, they shewed me the people in front of the choir, and now I see hundreds of faces in every direction : above quite encompassing what would be the roof, which is hidden from my view. . . .

“The preacher has a face of such brightness, such glory. Oh ! it is a joy to be admitted to see this ! He belongs to the group above him, and is commissioned to teach those who are below and around him. The classes are looking most earnestly at him, and seem to be gathering wisdom from his words. I cannot hear them, but they hear him. They do not notice the others above, because there is a cloud which only opens over the head of the speaker. . . .

“The preacher was the spirit whom I saw here, and who gave his name, Luther. . . . I feel quite overpowered by the grandeur of the vision. I have no words to tell how impressed I have been with the glory of it.

“I may forget, if I do not speak of it now, that the entrance to this large church was from a centre door or gate, and immediately upon entering, I noticed the likeness of the place to the great cathedral in Milan ; but as my view opened, I lost the outlines of the church so far as the walls were concerned. The whole upper portion was made up of heads of most glorious beings, all the roof and sides ; and I was told that what seems to be spiritual objects in the likeness of natural things often resolves itself, keeping the same proportions, into a company of angels. The idea is quite new to my mind.”

When she was restored to her usual self, and I had read to her the wonderful vision, it of course gave us deep

matter for consideration. . . . Is it possible that the Lord's Church in the future will literally be formed of individual members? That we *may* be thus congregated and formed into His Temple, where the simpler ones may be taught through the one voice selected as the mouth-piece :—the then congregation afterwards forming yet another church wherein those may be taught who have not attained so much light ; thus again, down and down, until even the lowest may be reached ! All gradually rising and rising until there shall indeed be an universal Church, when, as is prophesied by Jeremiah, "All shall know the Lord, from the least of them unto the greatest of them." Even then there will be gradations. And when, according to the saying of Daniel, "All people, nations, and languages shall serve Him." Oh ! how vast will be that Temple, whereof the very walls and supporting columns will emit living voices to send forth the hymn of praise to the Most High ! congregating from time to time, out of the immensities of space forming the blissful regions of those who have been sons and daughters of earth, attracted thither as by one impulse. We know that on the other side, as here, there are special seasons, although time may not be marked by them as by us ; but in that, as in all else, there is Order.

During our afternoon séance of December 12, Mrs. Tebb, after having been mesmerised, passed under influence, and shortly, in a joyful tone, exclaimed, "Oh ! George H—— ! I am afraid I shall lose the face—that of a very old friend whom I have not seen since he passed into the spirit-world, which was about last June. . . . First I saw his back, with a dressing-gown of a palm-leaf pattern, no belt ; hair grey, rather long, in that respect different to what I remember him formerly, but the features are the same. Oh ! he is so delighted that I see him ; he is approaching us. . . . I am to write to his father, and say that the reality of spiritual life so far exceeds any preconception that he had, that he wishes to impress something of his experiences upon his father's mind previous to the change. He is

trying to tell me ; but it takes my breath, the light plays so upon his face ; he has the feeling that his experiences cannot be given in words that I can understand, and he bids me watch the changes on his face, and that I may thus obtain the key to his life there. He says : ' I have many times seen with great sorrow my father's grief at morning and evening prayer, when he came to that petition he had for so many years offered for me and mine. He breaks down utterly, feeling that there is no hope, and that no petition of his can any longer be of avail ; and so he *puts me away*, and leaves me in God's Hands (this last sentence was spoken in a very sad, almost wailing voice) : I have longed for an opportunity of sending some message that would reach him, but I cannot reach him in his home to assure him of my most happy change, and that his prayers have been most bountifully answered. I shall not go far without his company, but do not say this now ; I only wish him to be assured of my continued and most happy existence. God bless you."

When she was restored to her own consciousness, Mrs. Tebb told me that the spirit was a connection of her own, in America, whom she had often wished to see since his passing away, but he had never come to her before. His father was considerably advanced in years, and was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism ; she would, however, forward the message to a friend, through whom it might perhaps reach him ; but we both felt very strong compassion for the loving son who could receive no welcome from his father on his return to him, because of his un-Christian prejudices, which blocked up the way. His prophecy with respect to his father was fulfilled by his death in the following September.

Although December 31 was an exceedingly rainy Friday, Mrs. Tebb told me on her entrance that she had felt so very strongly impressed to come that she would not be vanquished by the weather ; and she was glad to learn that it was an important day with me, being the tenth anniversary of my mediumship, which I had not mentioned to her at our last

meeting. I mesmerised her first for strengthening purposes, as she was somewhat debilitated by over-fatigue, and afterwards for trance, when she soon became clairvoyant, and said :—"There is such a jovial gentleman, of a florid complexion, and he has been so profuse in his bows, and what seemed compliments, but I cannot catch them. He is very pleasing in his appearance." [Can you describe him?] "Yes—he is shewing me his eyes; he says, 'You see they are not blue, they are violet.' The mouth has a very pleasant expression, particularly agreeable. He has no beard, and wears something round his neck about the width of my hand; it looks rather stiff, and has no bow on it. The eyes seem to be the great point, they look like blue to me, but the gentleman shakes his head, and insists that they are violet. A full figure, not stout, but very full; medium height, perhaps a little above it; I think he must be taller than he looks, because of his full figure. I made several enquiries as to the name, but could not then obtain it; I had thought at first that it might be my brother-in-law, John Neville Warren, because of the peculiar eyes, for his truly were of a most beautiful violet, with a sparkling brightness that I have never seen surpassed. I have since learned that it was his grandfather, Peter Warren, whose courtly manners had descended to his son." She then went on: "I cannot hear any voice, as I sometimes do, and that about the eyes was explained by sign; he shewed me a violet to express the colour. . . . In age he must be more than fifty, perhaps sixty.

" . . . I seem to be enveloped in a cloud—I am not able to see clearly—I catch now and then a glimpse of a face—it is a violet cloud, and so dense. . . . I see glimpses of many different faces, but there is only one I have seen before, and that is dear Mrs. Houghton, and she is close to me. The spirit whom I saw first is near her, and is speaking to her; there are things being said, for I see the lips move, but I cannot hear the words.

"It is like a family gathering; I should think of friends and relatives, and they all seem so much at home. Mrs.

Houghton appears to be receiving and greeting them, and she looks so happy. . . . Behind her is what seems a long stream of light, in which are a great many figures ; and children are there, jumping, and throwing flowers, and my feeling is that these flowers are to strew on Miss Houghton's path in life : there are roses, violets, hyacinths, and other flowers, but more roses than anything else.

" I saw another spirit with the one in the black stock, and he wore a black cap on his head, like a smoking-cap, but without any tassel : very aged, but robust looking, with a very nice face. . . . There was a lady—she wore a cap—stout, with high cheek-bones ; rather Scotch features, and she wore a cloak over what seemed a black dress. She was leaning on the arm of a tall gentleman, whom I thought might be her son. She noticed the thought, and bowed an affirmative, seeming very pleased.

" I saw a group of children separate themselves from the principal group, seemingly in play ; two of them were throwing wreaths at one another : oh ! they were such darlings ; they were dressed all in white, like nightgowns, tied in at the waist, so pretty and innocent : their little feet were bare, and they had nice curly heads ; their ears were like shells ; I noticed their little ears, pinky white. . . . They are all still here ; I do not see them any more, but I have the feeling of their presence. They appeared as if assembling here from different parts, and the older people when they met, seemed to bow, and to speak affectionately to one another. It is just like a party. . . . But the flowers are the New Year's offering, and there is some significance in the fact that so many are roses, and more white flowers than coloured ones. The wreaths the two little girls were playing with were of roses, with one white camellia at the top and some violets. The flowers looked so very real that when I opened my eyes, I quite expected to see them scattered round you." She had roused so very gradually from the trance, that it scarcely seemed like an awakening, but as if she were still among the (to me) invisible group. The two dear little children she especially felt ; their soft, tender

hands touching her in their play, while the scent from the flowers continued quite perceptible to her. I did not smell them, but a day or two later, while I was copying the account of this family gathering into my book from the original paper, I inhaled delicious perfumes of flowers, especially orange blossoms.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE is a saying that when one death takes place in a family, two others will speedily follow, and it certainly seemed like it in our case, for on January 7, 1870, my niece Zilla Hyde passed away, at the age of four-and-twenty. It was something of a decline ; but although she had grown very thin, we had no idea when she was staying up at Blackheath in the autumn, at the time of Charlie's death, that she, too, would be so soon called away. She was our Zilla's god-daughter, as well as namesake, and was a wonderful comfort to Fanny in the hour of her deep trouble. She was to have been married in the spring, and I do not think any one even suspected there was danger until the close of the year, when Mrs. Hyde wrote to tell me of their fears, when her letter was a great shock to me. She was a sweet, amiable girl, always helpful and sympathising, and was the chief consoler to those around when it was realized that the parting must needs be, and that no earthly bridal garments were to be worn by her.

At our séance on the following Friday, when first I had mesmerised Mrs. Tebb, she saw and described a singularly dressed woman, who said she was here very often, going about, up and down the house ; and I think she may probably have been some ancestress of Mamma's. I enquired if she could ascertain her name, but she seemed overcome and said, "Some strong power—stronger power—I feel it so much in my throat—I have a feeling that if it should overcome me, I might not know what I say. I see Janet written in crimson letters on what seems like a cloud. I am in a cloud. . . . Some man in a clergyman's dress, is directing some passes upon me ; he sees my anxiety about the strength of this power. . . . I am seeing a funeral. I have just seen four men bring the body out ; they have to go down a long path. There are three women I see

coming down. . . . They keep me in this cloud. . . . I saw the door ; I could not see where it went."

"Is it the funeral that has just taken place? Zilla Hyde's?" (She had passed into the spirit-world at about that self-same hour that day week.)

"It is a very intense spirit, it is a spirit very anxious to say something. It is like—I am almost made to say it—whether it is the power I do not know—it is my funeral ; but it is not me : there is so much grief it grieves me—it is come for comfort. . . . 'It is *Me*.' " [Do you mean that it is dear Zilla now speaking?] "YES, Aunt, it is me. Nobody sees me. Oh ! my mother, and—I have something to say—I can't say it. I have been here before. They must not grieve so. I have been away ; but this grieving together brings me back, and it keeps me unhappy." By this time she was sobbing sadly, and the tears were flowing down her cheeks, which I wiped away, trying to coax and comfort the poor child. "Tell my Manima it is me, and I am not dead as she thinks, and ask her to comfort her heart with this belief : it *is* me, but I don't know how to make them know it. Ah ! me." Mrs. Tebb then opened her eyes, and in her completely normal condition sighed several times, and said : "I seem to feel so much sorrow for something." I told her about it, and asked if she had seen Zilla at all. "No ; I have the same influence about me now ; but I do not know who it is : that first spirit brought her ; she loves her very much."

Of course I wrote at once to her Mamma, enclosing her a copy of the séance, for which she sent me a very warm letter of thanks, promising to struggle against her grief as much as she could, for Zilla's own sake, which was the strongest incentive I could have given her, and I hope it was somewhat effectual ; but in a country village such self-command is difficult, for all the tiresome old women would be sure to come with their condolence and sympathy, and Zilla had always been very good among them.

I look upon this incident as a striking illustration of the advantage of spirit communion, for the poor girl was thus

enabled to enter properly into the new life to which she had been taken, and to realize something of the changed conditions, wherein she would be strengthened and prepared for whatsoever should be appointed to her for her future work in conjunction with the denizens of earth.

My spirit sister-in-law, Katie, who was anxious to do the "direct" drawing, came often to our séances, and aided us in some matters that we were then very anxious about, and for which her own special case had fitted her; giving me another great proof of the benefit to be derived, hereafter as well as here, from the trials we undergo. After some information on several points, she said (speaking through Mrs. Tebb): "There is something very curious about your room; I have noticed it before. Just up to here, about so high (holding her hand nearly a yard from the ground), the room is filled with coloured light; and it moves like water from here. The influence comes from this part (pointing towards the portfolios of drawings), and also very strongly from that part (pointing to the easel), and it keeps adding to the height of the coloured air." I said, [Perhaps it comes from the drawings, and that may be the influence that people feel]. "It is used to help the drawings to act upon persons, and it may come from the drawings themselves. It can be used also for manifestations of writing, speaking, and other phenomena. I like to see the drawings, and I am looking about your room: every one of those drawings hanging up has a portion of this atmosphere, and it takes the shape of the drawings." [Do you also mean those that were *not* done under spirit influence?] "Yes, but that is grey." Katie used to wear her hair in long ringlets, and Mrs. Tebb could sometimes feel her curls touch her right cheek, as a signal of her presence, even without seeing her.

On the Fridays, before commencing our séance, I was gradually shewing Mrs. Tebb all my earlier drawings, which are seldom produced for any of my Wednesday visitors, and while explaining those of the spheres, I told her about my having seen the different globes of light irradiating the three separate clergymen. The experience interested her very

much, as she had had the same, and had not heard of it before from any one else, nor had she understood the full meaning of what she saw. On February 4, she saw the four first spirit-drawings in colours executed through me, two of flowers, and two of fruits, of which she then learned the signification. After having been mesmerised, she passed under influence, and some communications were given referring to her own health. Then she said: "Your circle to-day is much larger than you suppose. . . . There is such a large number of spirits here, the largest circle you have had for our Friday séances." There were one or two other influences, before she resumed: "I am looking at beautiful—I suppose, flowers—but I only see the tips of leaves, crimson and beautiful yellow, and out of them are long lines of light, like flame, like real light."

[Do they now seem to you more completely like flowers?] "Yes; they are shewing them to me more fully. There is another plant from which some crimson light is coming. These lines cross each other, and go out such a long way—farther than I can see; but I see the light that follows them." [Are they of the character of the spirit flowers of which I shewed you the drawings?] "Yes; I have never seen anything like this before. They see my surprise that these should be so real. There is a great sparkle of light; it looks white, and touches the flame here and there like little stars; it touches, and then seems to disappear or goes out again. These are the threads of light by which spirits send their messages and come to us. If the flowers were not there and real, they could not send any message to us; the little white star-like lights are spirit-thoughts."

[Then, do you mean that the upward yellow filaments in the flowers represented in the drawings are the real substances which afterwards form a kind of channel or ladder into the earth-life where they were generated?] "Yes. . . . Can you receive this thought? that an idea or a thought must have a body in order to be a thought or an idea?" [People here speak of embodying their thoughts in words, but *you* imply that a *thought* must be already embodied, and

that the use of words is only to manifest it?] "Yes; that is exactly it. The more of these lines for which any human embodied spirit can form a *centre*—no, that is not the right word, *point of issue* would express it better; the more spiritual ideas can flow into that embodied spirit, which may either be retained until they have done their work, or, as in the case of a highly mediumistic person, be allowed to gather fresh strength and pass on to other minds. If these rays are wanting in any human being—we deny that they are entirely so, but they may not be bright, nor in any large number; but suppose they really were wanting, that mind could not be made receptive of spiritual truth: these lines are the great media by and through which thoughts travel from the spirit world, and this highly favoured and gifted woman has much to be thankful for in the fact that her mind was adapted to receive this great truth, and to embody it so far as it could be embodied through the beautiful work of her hands for the spiritually minded to read." After returning to the normal condition, she said: "I have had a very delightful influence—it seems to me the highest and best that I could ever have conceived. I did not want to lose it, but they said it would not do for me to look at it any longer; that it would have been too much light for me. I saw many flowers at the first part of the séance, when I saw all the company of spirits, but they were like earthly material flowers. The others seemed hidden from me, except just the leaves that appeared to enclose the threads of light."

While shewing her, before the séance, the first pair of drawings, she had observed upon the power and sweetness of the influence she was receiving from them, which doubtless was in preparation for the vision, and that those were the two manifested to her. The flower had only *upward* lines, signifying good actions, in yellow, which were, I infer, the flame-like lines; and from the fruit were crimson lines, representing all the individuals connected with him whose fruit it is: those crimson lines, extending far away, likewise tally in colour with what she saw.

At our Friday séances I always placed paper and pencil

in the hope of some "direct" manifestation, under the centre table, close by where we sat at the little table. We never obtained much beyond a few marks ; but in after-times I learned that it had effected a purpose. I mesmerised Mrs. Tebb on February 18th, when she passed into trance, and said : "I am to speak of this spirit. He is dressed in white, like a gown, and has a very curious fur cap. . . . I asked him whether he belonged to any order of priests, and he said 'No'—he is an artist. He cannot approach very near us ; he is shewing me a brush in his hand, and a palette with different colours on it?" [Can he give you his name?] "He says he lived near here many years ago : he painted portraits. Lely—Sir Peter Lely—the influence is not pleasant to me." [Perhaps he wants help from us?] In a different voice she went on : "I would rather speak for myself. . . . I have wanted a long time to come : I have been told that I could assist this developing circle." [And perhaps we can assist you?] "Yes—but I am not selfish you know. This medium will tell you of a visit I paid her a fortnight or three weeks ago. I have been following her at times, but I feel sure to-day—I have not been sure before—that I could give good assistance in helping to develop drawing mediums ; and it would give me great pleasure to be of service in that direction ; very great pleasure." [Could you do direct drawing?] "I never tried that. Can *other* people draw directly?—spirits, I mean?" [Yes, they do sometimes.] "Oh ! then by the help of God I can do what other spirits can. It is very strange. I never heard of it in my time. Direct drawing? I wonder how the spirits can see the paper and pencils." [There they are, under the table ; now try, with my help, if you can see them.] "Thank you ; I see the pencils." [Now try to see the white paper on which they are lying.] "It is harder to see what you call white. I shall see it presently." [Perhaps at some future time you may be able to draw either here or at Mrs. Tebb's.] "I will try : what other spirits have done, it becomes me at least to try to do also. . . . It is very curious. . . . I feel so subdued for some reason. There is an

influence but I can't quite see where it comes from. I never felt like this before. . . . I recollect what I came here for it *was* a good purpose; I *know* it was a good purpose; yet I have not felt like this for years. . . . I hardly like to speak of it *here*, but it is well known that I lived rather a jolly kind of life on earth. I believe I never did any special harm to anybody—yet I seem to feel as if I must have done something very wrong: there must be something here a great deal better than myself to make me feel come over in this way." [Perhaps it may be a desire to rise into a higher condition.] "I suppose it is that feeling that comes to me. I had the same kind of feeling when I was a little child." [Christ tells us to become as little children, and to seek God with a feeling of our own weakness, as a child would do.] "It comes to me as a conviction, but how is it that I have not heard of this before? I hope I have not done wrong in taking possession of this medium I feel so convicted of sin. But I must not take up your time that might be better employed. . . . I must pray to my God." [I daresay you feel happier already.] "Yes; if I may be permitted to come here sometimes: perhaps I cannot give you help as I thought. I intended to help you, but I seem to have come to help myself. . . . It is very strange." [We wish to help you; we are more anxious to do that than to receive any assistance.] "Thank you." [Who brought or sent you here?] Well, I have been following this medium about for two or three weeks: I found I could control her. When she started to come here to-day I was told that I should perhaps do good by coming too, and I was permitted to come here." [We shall be very glad of your company when you can come.] "Thank you. . . . Do you know how much our earthly passions cling to us for a long time I must beg your pardon for mentioning it, and it is very silly I daresay, but you have no idea how I should enjoy a pinch of snuff!—it just shews how one's appetites and tastes cling to us; I don't feel it but when I am near a circle like now. How I came to confess it I can't think, for it really is too absurd

to mention." [Perhaps when you come to us again, you will have lost the inclination for it.] "I feel it a great privilege to be permitted to come here, and I thank you."

She then returned to the normal state, and I asked about the artist who had visited her two or three weeks previously, and she said it was he who had mesmerised her one night when she was not well, and had given her some directions for treatment. He came to her again the next evening, and said that he was an artist, but that he understood her case, having had some medical experiences. He had given his name as Sir Peter Lely. I then read to her what had passed. I afterwards mesmerised her again, when she had a vision of my dear sister Zilla, as she gradually sank into her eternal rest; and there were several touching details.

Some time early in January, Mr. Burns, on one of his Thursday evenings, had an exhibition of some pencil spirit-drawings, which had been executed at a ladies' club in a Northern city. They were clearly the work of beginners, but were promising. I afterwards wrote to the lady at whose house the sittings took place (which I enclosed to Mr. Burns, as I neither knew name nor whereabouts), expressing my interest in the work in which they were engaged, and saying that I should be happy to help by giving any advice they might need, which my long experience would enable me to do, likewise urging caution upon them, and admonishing them not to enter upon it in any light spirit. This led to some correspondence with her, and when she was afterwards in London for a short time, she came to see me. She was one of those unhappy ones who in these days think themselves strong-minded, limiting existence to the few short years of this earth-life. Then came a blow—the death of a beloved brother, and, as she believed, his annihilation. She heard of Spiritualism, and the power of communion with the spirit-world, but that *could not* be. However, a thirst for ascertaining for herself came upon her, and she thought she would experiment in secret, for surely she would be ridiculed if *she* could condescend to such a superstition. So she locked herself into the

drawing-room with pencil and paper, and lo! a message was written through her *own* hand from her brother, in *his* characteristic handwriting, telling her that he was there, a living being, at her side! and I believe that he, too, had doubted of any future state. She had afterwards suggested to some of her young lady friends that they should form a kind of class for drawing, to see what would come, and Mr. Burns's little exhibition was a portion of the result. I had liked best the productions with the signature K. W.; and I heard from the lady president that the said K. W. would be glad to do one for me professionally; so preliminaries were arranged, and after having received mine, I obtained three other commissions for her; but it must be understood that each of these drawings was done expressly for the individual, something personal (writing, I think) having been previously sent to K. W. When Mrs. Tebb came on the Friday after the arrival of mine, I told her I had it, but was only to produce it after the commencement of our séance; so I mesmerised her, and when she was completely entranced, placed it before her: but at first no attention was given to it, and she said, "I am being shewn lines, half circles, and they finish with little coils downwards (with the fore-finger of each hand she traced on the table before her the character of the forms shewn to her): these lines are illustrative of the different degrees of spirit development . . . I see light, like from the sun, which shines upon these circles, the highest part is almost hidden in the light; there is a screen to keep me from seeing the full light. It is the same light, but a different colour plays upon each circle or half-sphere, and I am impressed, I am told, *told* to say that the different colours of these spheres are produced by qualities inherent in themselves, by which they are necessitated to take on such proportions of the light as to produce these *different* colours. These little marks (making the little twirling tendrils) mean love—the love of God, from whom the light comes."

She now lightly touched the drawing, and in a voice which I recognised as that of Sir Peter Lely, said: "This

drawing has not been done by *direct* spirit power?" I answered that it had not, enquiring at the same time whether it were Sir Peter Lely; and, on his giving an affirmative, asked if he could give us any information about it. "A spiritual impetus was given to this medium in making this drawing, but the power was not sustained. It would benefit her very much to come here, *very* much. She would tell herself, or she should tell you, that the power with which she commenced this drawing only remained with her for a very short time; but her own faculties are capable of being raised or exalted to enable her to carry out the original design in a measure. When the power leaves her, she should drop the pencil. She knows the moment well, and will never improve as a spirit-drawing medium until she heeds this advice. . . . Could you say this to her?" [I am going to copy this account for a friend in America, and I can send it first for her perusal.] "It will perhaps hurt her feelings, but it is *right* she should be told, and it will be better for her." [Can you tell us anything about the drawing itself?] "*This* part is spiritually designed; there is warmth *here* (holding the hand over the right-hand side of the drawing), but *this* (on the left) is cold. The spirit intended to symbolize the action of the affectional nature in man. The medium is largely developed in the affectional nature, and could more easily be impressed in this direction, at this time, than any other. I should say that at *this* point she ceased to be guided or impressed, which happened partly from an interruption in her work, and the power not being strong enough to sustain such interruption. From this line (an invisible one drawn in the air) the spiritual work ceases, and I seem to look over a precipice of earth." [The drawing was done expressly for me. Do you see any personal application to me, or any of my friends in the spirit world?] "There is a little point here: . . . that little space is for your heart, and from it comes warmth (holding the hand over it); it is the one bit that speaks to you; it is the one *warmly* glowing bit; there is a very pleasant sphere about that little bit. But this (the lower left-hand portion) is cold, earthly:

it is the spirit which giveth life ; to be cold, is to be of the earth, earthy, dead. There is a soft light over this portion (a little before the part where the influence was said to have been disturbed), and from it some sweet violets are growing," of which she appeared to inhale the perfume.

The drawing was now done with, and the attention seemed attracted to the paper and pencil under the table which I had a short time before been impressed to mesmerise, so I asked if he felt the atmosphere of that mesmerism. "I feel the warmth ; it is the same, from the same power,—spirit-power." [I thought I had perhaps been influenced to do it to help you in direct drawing.] "There is much power, concentration of power." [If you could draw portraits by direct power, it would be a most wonderful comfort.] "Elements might be *gathered* from the atmosphere here to do something in that direction. If I could only see and work too, I might accomplish something." [Can I aid you in any way?] "I think so ; but I don't see how : I think you can aid me." I suggested that by prayer to God we might eventually receive the needed help : and he bent his head for some time as if in prayer, and then bowed in leave-taking.

Another spirit now took possession of her, somewhat stately in bearing, but notwithstanding many efforts was unable to speak. I mesmerised the throat, as the difficulty seemed to be there, but on this occasion all was unavailing, and Susan, an Indian Spirit who had spoken through her once, when I was with her at her own house, and about whom she had given me most interesting particulars, gladly seized the opportunity to speak. "Great spirit, he try come and he can't, so me come." [Susan?] "Yes, me Susan ; me come see you, me so glad see you in you home. Me tell you how me come. You see great spirit, he try, he push, he pull, he try so much, he not know how ; he know much, he know great much, but he not make talk, he not know how. He much grieve, he hold head down ; he grieve, he not like me." [Try if you can find out his name.] "You got name ? You tell me, you got name ? Me Susan. He preacher

man, me think ; he try again 'nother time ; he come himself." Susan then turned to look at a spirit who was standing behind Mrs. Tebb's right shoulder. "This squaw look at me ! me Susan." [Who is she ?] "She got curls ; she make pencil do." [Then it is Katie ?] "Yes ; she Katie. She look me, and me look her. She look sorry ; she not do what she want do ; that grieve her, she want do more ; she try, she try much long time ; she grieve me." [Perhaps she may be able to draw in the course of time ; she must not be faint-hearted.] "She no laugh ; me laugh much ; me think me do her good ; me think it is she need love, more love ; she not warm ; she like come here, do her good. . . . Me see that old gentleman who laugh me ; (Papa, whom she had seen last time) ; he like see me here ; he laugh much ; he like see you. . . . He shews me *hankchief*, red *hankchief* ; he say me like it. He got grief too." [What about ?] "He see cloud ; he say cloud." [Is it over me ?] "He say you see cloud, . . . it seem rest here." (placing her hand on my head) . . . "Pappa grieve too ; he no laugh ; he think hurt you ; he say he be with you." (Is it coming soon ?) "Not yet ; it coming some time ; when come, you bear it ; you have much help ; it dark, all dark ; me not see what."

[Do you see Mamma ?] "Your Mamma ?" [Yes.] "Me see much light all round, very much light. Oh ! *that* you Mamma sit in *that* chair ?" [Ask her.] "What you say, Ma'am ? She not look me ! She much cap. You *this* squaw Mamma ? you say, please Ma'am, you *this* squaw Mamma ? She not look me ; she look there." [Where the cloud is ?] "Yes. She look grieve too. She not see me, she not look. She got white cloud all this part (waving her hand over the bust), she put out her hand. [Is Papa there still ?] "Me lost him ! where he gone ? he say he stay here ; me not see him." [Perhaps he is hidden within Mamma's atmosphere.] "She shake her head so (nodding) ; she say yes ; she hear *you*, she not hear me. She not like you Papa ; she not laugh ; she grieve. She like be near you." [Mamma, will you look at Indian

Susan?] "Ah! *now* she look, and she laugh. Me not know how speak *lady*; me not know what to say; she laugh at me." [She is glad to see a friend of Mrs. Tebb's.] "She laugh more; she pleased now; she come see you much, she say." . . . "Oh! Oh! me see little papoose! he got some more; oh! such many! they jump! oh! they pretty little toes? me see little toes: this one he try pull that way (tipping the table gently), and he pull that way (pulling my sleeve), he pull." [By *he* do you mean *she*?] "Me 'spose so, me say *he*, little frock up there and come right down; he look so pretty? little curly head? he, me say *she*?" [Yes.] "*She* rub little curly head like this way. Oh? now they all jump, round, and round, and round they go? you Mamma, laugh; she see them."

Mrs. Tebb here suddenly awoke to herself, and said, "I feel such an atmosphere of children at play; all running and playing: it is so delightful." I then told her all that had passed, and she still retained for some time the feeling of the presence of children.

I must revert to the observations of Sir Peter Lely with reference to K. W.'s drawing, and the mistake committed by her in continuing the work when the power had left her, thus acting with the coldness of *self* instead of the vital warmth of spirit. (May we not see here the force of the expression, the *fire of genius*?) It has been a lesson given in various ways. The first time Mr. Collen obtained some movements of the pencil here, only a few small, unconnected marks were done, and more would have been continued with him at home; but he fancied them into faces, and put a few touches here and there which developed them into such. The consequence was that the power was *withheld*; and *nothing* was done at home until after he had been here again; and *not until he had told me how he had erred, and expressed his regret*, was his hand again moved, after which he went quietly on without drawbacks. . . . A gentleman to whom I was shewing some of the pen-and-ink Sunday drawings, asked if he might be permitted to hold his hand over one of them; when he felt a warm glow rise to the

palm, and then the hand was much agitated to and fro. He tried the same experiment with the two Royal Monograms hanging up, although he thought the glass might possibly be a non-conductor ; but, as the power is *not* electricity, that made no difference, and the hand was acted upon in the same way, and with far greater power, from the immensity of work in the drawings : and wherever any of my drawings may go, such power might be gathered from them, and applied to various purposes, without any loss to themselves ; but the gatherer must be in harmony, so as to be really a *recipient* and a *channel*, or the fog of their own minds might nullify it.

When I had mesmerised Mrs. Tebb, on March 18, she said, "I see something very curious. As you mesmerise, rays of light seem pouring down : I see it pass before my face, quite in a stream. The light goes right down, through the table on to the paper : the light is violet, mingled with beautiful blue, and there are flashes of crimson. . . . It goes partly through the table and the legs, and part of it floods down in a stream from the surface of the table : it gets smaller as it goes towards the paper, but more dense in colour : it seems to focus on to the paper.

I have no pressure on the head or eyes as usual : the current seems to flow from me through the hands ; nor do I feel it down the back as I generally do." Her right hand was then taken from the table, and moved to and fro between the little table and the paper, as if bathing in the flood poured down. "The mesmerism as it comes from you is quite cool, cooler than usual, and it gets warm as it goes down here ; warmer I think than I have ever felt it from your hands."

She then awoke, and I again mesmerised her. . . . "I am feeling that dear Mrs. Houghton is here, but I can't see her : I thought she came quite close to us. . . . I have just been having something like a vision ; they tell me it is real.

"I saw a very bright light, like the light from the sun ; and in this light were hundreds of young babies and very

young children, and they floated in it, and if they came too far from the light they seemed to fall ; but then there were arms stretched out to take them, and they were tossed into the light again. I still see them. Those that are in the brightest part of the light float with great ease, and their motions are rapid ; they might be bathing, but it is in the air. . . . They have not a bit of clothing on them, little dears ! . . . There is a very tiny one coming out, and two others come to lead it, and teach it to go back. That light is made to sustain their life, and seems to be the source from which their life and activity come. . . . There must be, I should think, thousands of them. I see a different face every instant out of the light. Oh ! such a gloriously beautiful female figure in white is coming to those children : her head is bathed in light : how she seems to love them ! The children float to her and embrace her. She seems like their Mamma, their guardian ; some one whom they love." [May we learn what babies they are ?] "I am impressed ; I am *told* to say that these little ones are the spirits of those children who have once lived here. How very beautiful they are ! I have not words to say how much I am impressed with this vision ; seeing these dear children. There are several as they float about who have to be guided by two of the others ; those who lead the other ones, who teach them to float, have like little roses round their dear heads. . . . They make one in their motions think of the happiness of little insects or birds in the summer air, they have such enjoyment of their life.

They say if we know any mother who has lost a little child, we must comfort her with this vision. I saw a woman just then with her head covered with something black : her head was bowed very much with grief : she might have seen what I saw, but she would not look up, nor take off that black veil from her head and eyes. . . . Oh ! I see several of those beautiful female figures ! such smooth, lovely hair ; such sweet faces ! and wherever they appear the children float to them ; make little groups, and then they all float together. Many of these little things are infants, and others

are children two or three years old ; but very many are babies and quite young children. They have quite the material form of children, but there is something in this light that sustains them, and their motions are such as swimmers use in the water. . . . It is all shut away from me now ; there is a cloud all round me, I can't see through it." Here she became quite roused, and I had to mesmerise away an uncomfortable influence that had troubled her several times in the course of the sitting, and had clung to her as the result of a visitor who had been to see her on the previous evening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the 12th of May, 1870, there was a very full gathering at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, as a welcoming reception to Dr. Newton, the well-known healing medium, who was very cordially greeted; and there were several good speeches on the occasion, to which he would gladly have made a fluent reply, but such was not the desire of the discreet ones who just then had the invisible charge of him; for each time that he had attempted to speak his efforts were checked ere he had proceeded far; which I can well understand, for his love to his fellow-man is great, and his actions most kindly, but his theology is decidedly eccentric. Therefore he was absolutely prevented from obtruding opinions that might have created ill-feeling. As a healer of the mortal body he can do a good work; but that *only* is his line. For that purpose beneficent influences act through him; but the wise beings who thus co-operate with him are well aware of the limits of his *higher* perceptions, and are content to leave the development of those to the long hereafter, knowing that, however tardy he may be in the attainment of Truth, he will ultimately reach it, and that while he is on this lower plane, he is an appointed instrument in a certain path. It was a very pleasant evening, and I had the gratification of meeting many friends whom I had not seen for a long time.

Both the Spiritualist papers were now weekly very full of the cures that he was effecting, with the names of those who were willing to give evidence as to their reality. He used to give public healings, to which all the suffering and afflicted were freely invited; and I understood that many persons went always to witness the process, so I decided upon for once adding to the throng, and on the morning of June 9th I went to a place called the Repository, in the Gray's Inn Road, where he then went, I believe, on two or three mornings a week. I think it was a carriage yard, or

something of that kind, but there was a large open space for his operations, and there was some arrangement of ropes to ward the crowd off from too much pressure upon him. Of course I was in good time, and gradually a great many people collected, and some of those near me related many of the cures at which they had been present, while others were bringing their children to be healed ; but as I did not go as a newspaper reporter I took no notes of any part of the proceedings, so that my recollections are exceedingly vague on all those points that I confess did not very much interest me. But I did see that in one part there was rather a mob gathering of young and powerful men, and there was a look of mischief. Dr. Newton made his appearance, and took off his coat, so as to have a free action for his mesmeric work. But, bless the man ! he must needs also have his talk ! How he did labour ! with all his ragged, and some of them very dirty-looking patients, touching them with loving tenderness, and mesmerising, indeed, with a will, the perspiration streaming from him as he went on ; and I think he did give relief to a good many :—between each patient bathing his hands, and even his arms, in unless my memory is at fault, a pail of water brought for the purpose. But murmurs and clamours began to arise among the malcontents, and they gradually assumed a very threatening attitude, jeering at him for his unseemly pretensions, saying that if he could do all that his language implied, why did he not go into all the hospitals, and cure every one in them, with much lavish abuse to the same effect ; and I firmly believe they would have proceeded to mob him and do him some serious personal injury. So I plucked up my own courage, and came forward close to the ropes, begging to be allowed to speak, but it was some little time before through the din I could gain their attention, or obtain a hearing ; but some of the crowd said, " Oh ! yes, listen to the lady." I began upon the one great religious point which was the ground of their offence, speaking as I felt about The Lord Jesus Christ. The clamour was raised that such was not Dr. Newton's belief.

But I said it *was* mine, and that I did not think any one could shew themselves followers of Him by persecuting a man who was striving to do all the good that was in his power, however mistaken might be his belief in higher points, and I suggested that instead of tauntingly desiring him to go and do his work in the hospitals, they should let him do it peaceably where he had found his own field, and try to follow his example by doing good to the utmost, wherever they could find a chance. *That* would be Christianity, and *not* placing obstructions in the way of one who was acting up to the best of his lights. What more I said I am sure I know not, but I succeeded in quelling the disturbance, although, when I had finished, I was one entire tremour from head to foot, with quaking knees and trembling limbs. I understood from the words of some of the crowd about me, who sympathized deeply in the effort it had been to me, that most of the leaders of the intended assault were young medical students who had vowed summary vengeance against him.

I saw Dr. Newton once more before his return to America, at a farewell party given to him by Mrs. Tebb, on September 20th, but I am not quite sure that I spoke to him on any of the occasions, and I dare say he may never have known who it was that interfered in his behalf; for I saw no familiar faces around me at the time.

I must now go a little out of chronological order, because before I go on with the second series of my "Evenings at Home," another volume will intervene, to which the subject of this next séance will refer. I met Mrs. Tebb one evening in Harley Street, and in the course of our conversation she spoke of a promise from the invisibles that something quite new was to be manifested on the next occasion, and that she felt strongly impressed that it would be of the nature of spiritual photographs, or bearing an analogy to photography. She came to me on December 9th; I mesmerised her, and she passed under influence, and said: "I am being shewn an instrument for taking portraits. It is placed so that it points in that direction (extending her hand towards the

door), and it stands just where the easel usually is. There is a man with a black cloth over his head, and it seems as if he were taking a likeness of some one. A man with dark hair, and a soft black hat, with a wide brim, has come from that direction up to the instrument." [As if from the other window?] "Yes. He seems to say—What have you done to-day?—and the man with the black cloth over him has given him a large pile of square pieces that look like glass, and the man in the black hat is looking at them very carefully, shading the light with his hat." [Can you describe the two men?] "I can describe the one I have seen; the other is quite covered all but his legs. Now he has thrown back the cover: he is rather stout; his hair is grey." [Will he give his name?] "He has a ring on his little finger which he is turning. He is saying something, but I can't hear; he has such a look of Mrs. Guppy, especially the lower part of the face." [Try to make her hear your name.] "The spirit hears you—the name is (reading it) William S——." Here she became distressed, and said: "The name looked to me like Simmons, but he says it is not, and he is hurting my head." I expostulated with the spirit for his impatience; and mesmerised her for a short time, when she was relieved, and passed under the influence of a merry, laughing spirit, who said: "I suppose you know who I am: your old friend who did those strokes." [Ah! I thought it was Sir Peter Lely.] "I am come to inspect this man's work: it is very poor, but it is something. I will keep him to his work; he is the right man. Do you know what we mean to do? We will save you all that work (pointing to me as I was writing down what was said); we shall not only get faces on our glass, but thoughts." [Are you going to try to take photographs?] "We *have* done them, but we can't make you see them yet: we are doing them every day." [Can we help you in any way, or is there anything we can do to forward the work?] "You will be impressed what to get as we need it—strokes first, you know." [Is it you who sometimes do little strokes for me up in my bedroom?] "Yes (laughing); you

have found me out." [Can you tell me the name of that man?] "He is Symonds." [I suppose he was vexed with her because she did not catch his name?] "He must have patience; I say patience—and patience. He only cares for his work: he just suits me, though. I was at your *séance* (on the 2nd), although I am afraid I was not invited." [But I am glad to hear you were present, and I invite you for the next.] "Thank you." (Then, as if apostrophizing Mrs. Tebb), "You always find me a different voice to speak with. It is like, oh! what shall I say—like writing with a piece of an iron poker." [Do you mean the effort to speak through her?] "Yes. . . . I'll tell you why we point *that* way; it is to catch as many faces as we can in profile." [I do not understand you; do you mean as they come trooping in at the door?] "Some spirits can only come as far as the door; many never get in at all." [Why cannot all come in?] "For the same reason that a thief cannot climb up the smooth sides of a house. There is a wall made from the magnetisms of your guardian spirits, in which there is a door, and only those can enter through it who have the permission of those guardian spirits. There is a similar guard beyond that door, only more refined. There is yet another a few inches from the door on this side: the few who pass that are those who protect and care for you and your work." [Can you use some word instead of magnetism?] "The substance, for it is a substance, of which these walls are composed, is drawn from the spiritual bodies in the form of vapour, and in sufficient quantities to form a complete guard to this house. Will *you* give the name of that substance?" [Is not Mr. Spear more correct in giving it the name of Spiriticity?] "It *is* a name, and if it conveys the meaning, it is sufficient." [I wish to be scientifically correct, so as to satisfy scientific men if necessary; and does not magnetism imply something to do with a magnet as an attractive force?] "True; but each spiritual body among the host of your guardians forms a magnet, to attract from a whole multitude of spiritual beings this substance, and then gathered up in the spiritual body of a guardian angel, it is

sent forth with his own *spiriticity* to form this wall." [You have not done much lately about the direct drawing.] "That is my work now (nodding towards the spot where Mrs. Tebb had seen the camera, which must be exactly in the position of my easel, while the operator must occupy, as it were, my own place.) I come every day to look after it, and I only wonder I have not been seen."

On Mrs. Tebb's return to the normal state I told her all that had passed. She remembered having seen the camera and the squares of glass, but she did not at all know that glass was one of the requisites for photography: nor had she again thought of what she had told me in Harley Street; the impression had seemed to come strongly upon her because she was by my side.

I was very busy at my easel, on the 4th of August, when I heard rather a commotion at the door, and then a chattering on the stairs, and who should walk in but Mrs. Guppy, with Tommy, and his Italian nurse! It was indeed a delightful surprise; they had only arrived on the last day of July, and she had made her way over to me as soon as she possibly could. The baby was indeed a magnificent fellow, of whom they might well be proud, and he was already quite independent in his goings about the room. They had taken apartments in Holloway, while looking out for a house, and I was to go over very soon to see her, when she gave me the Neapolitan tortoiseshell dagger, that I have ever since worn in my hair, as well as several other pretty articles of jewellery, which I value very much as evidences of how much I had always been in her thoughts, for they were not simply gifts, but had reference to my personal fancies. I afterwards spent Tommy's birthday with them, which was made memorable to him, poor little fellow, by his being weaned. But that process was to be well over before she was to hold any séances, and her first was fixed for that day week, September 13, and I think it was rather a large party. Almost from the time of her arrival in England, she had had a young person there daily to assist her in needlework, and she had discovered her to

be a very powerful medium, although quite unacquainted with Spiritualism until she had been in Mrs. Guppy's employ. She was clairvoyant, and of course knew that she *saw* things ; but she was quiet and reserved, and had not talked about them. On the night in question we had not very long commenced the séance when the spirits rapped out that she, Miss Neyland, was to be asked in to join the circle, which she was very glad to be permitted to do. I do not remember any particulars of the séance, except that enormous quantities of hop-bind were brought in, still wet from the previous night's rain, and Miss Neyland clairvoyantly saw them being gathered from a hop-garden in Kent.

They afterwards took a house in Morland Villas, High-bury, when they had Miss Neyland as a permanent inmate there, to aid in domestic matters, and from that time she always formed one at their séances ; and I also invited her, with Mrs. Guppy, to those I held here.

At the commencement of our séance on the first Friday in April, Mrs. Tebb had a vision of Mrs. Fussell sitting in an arbour : she described her to me very accurately, afterwards recognising her portrait in my album. . . . After some little delay, Mrs. Tebb made a movement with her hand, as if wanting to write, so I gave her pencil and paper, and she wrote : " Zilla Warren,—Dear Charles is with me, and would like to give a message." . . . ; I knew dear Charlie would have great difficulty, so while mesmerising Mrs. Tebb, I gave him all the information I could as to how to obtain control, suggesting that he should place his hand on her shoulder, as he might thus be able to take possession ; which I had learnt from Miss Ingram's last letter, saying that an Indian spirit had told her that her father had thus gained control of the medium. But notwithstanding every effort, he seemed unable to act through her in any way, although the movements of the head seemed like those of some one striving with all their might ; so strong as finally to rouse her by its very intensity.

" I feel as if I could not breathe : I feel as if the top of my head had been taken off, and as if clouds had come all

over my head and face. Some spirit has been trying; I had a very strong sense of *suffocation*." My poor Charlie! there was still the sensation of drowning. . . . I again mesmerised her, and after some time, by the movements of the head, I saw that my Charlie had once more succeeded; but still, notwithstanding all I could do by urging and coaxing, he seemed unable to control her organs of speech. At various times both he and I prayed earnestly; and at length, in very faint accents, he said, "Dear Aunt! . . . Thank God." [You are very happy, my darling?] "Yes." [You will be able to do it more easily next time, now you have learned to control the medium.] "It has been hard." [Look round, dear, and feel yourself once more in the old home.] "Great changes." [How do you mean?] "In my state now." [Do you wish to tell me anything about it?] "If I could . . . speak." He still spoke with great difficulty, therefore I put more questions to him than I should otherwise have done, feeling that all he could say and do on this occasion would help to advance him; I asked whether it would, and he answered, "Yes." [Have you yet got over the effects of the thread of life having been so suddenly broken?] "Not yet." [Has your previous acceptance of Spiritualism helped you?] "Yes, very much." [Have you seen your Papa and Mamma?] "Mamma is here." [I have been feeling her sign all the time you have been trying to manifest.] "She helps me. She made you write." [What?] "To Arthur." [That is why I had to place his answer on the table.] "Yes." [Do you see your Papa?] "Not now." [You have seen him?] "Yes." [Do you see Grandpapa and Grandmamma?] "Yes . . . and more friends . . . Papa is with my brother." [Arthur?] "No . . . Phi . . . lip." [Is anything the matter?] "No." [He watches over him, does he?] "Yes." [I am so glad you can come without having to go through that last scene.] "I have to see it now." [It will soon pass away from you, now that you have been able to speak.] "It—is—all—for—the—best—dear—Aunt—Georgiana." The letter alluded to had been one of loving advice to my

Arthur, for which he had tenderly thanked me in his answer. . . . There is no spirit I know who has since become more active in the work connected with this world than Charlie, who seems to make himself useful in almost every department; but his especial line of *duty* is under the circumstances of shipwreck, with those who, like himself, may meet a watery grave; and he has often made me realize what a joy it is to him, thus by his own fate to have gained the privilege of giving them assistance in the first moments of their great change; and he assures me that the most brilliant earthly career could not so fully have satisfied the cravings of his soul, adding, that if I could only see the lovely pictures of shipwrecks in his spirit-home, I might understand something of his actions on such occasions. Is not this indeed an evidence of how completely he has grasped the certainty that all *is* for the best?

On one Friday another lady was also with me. I mesmerised Mrs. Tebb as usual, and she soon passed under influence, but presently gave a sudden start which roused her; so that I had to mesmerise her again for a short time, when she said, "There seems to be a wall between us. I think it envelops this lady. There is a spirit who is very much opposed, very much indeed: she seems to be trying to push me away from her." [What is she like?] "She is above sixty years of age, I should think, but I only caught just a glimpse when I wished to see her: she seemed afraid of letting me look at her. She would keep this lady from sitting in a circle, or from having anything to do with Spiritualism. She is trying to ward off from her something that she sees about me, I think." [Can you ascertain more about her?] "I can't get near. . . . I am told that this lady ought to be warned that this influence is about her. It is one of a sisterhood." [To keep people in darkness?] "Yes." [Can they give her any advice about it?] "If she perseveres in her development there is a plan forming: an attempt will be made to paralyse her body on the right side, beginning here (she passed her hand from the head downwards, below the elbow); there will be premonitory symptoms

of this, and the moment she feels them she must come to Miss Houghton. Her pencil will drop, and she will have no power to lift it. Then her usual power will come back ; but if it drops from lack of power the third time, not a moment is to be lost. You will lack power in yourself to withstand the terribly concentrated influences that will be brought to bear upon this side. They have made attempts already to get control, and it is this that I see, and that the woman knew I should see, which made her so hostile to me. This influence, this *hateful* influence, as I must call it, can only come to you when you are passive, and when you sit passively for manifestations ; and for some time it will be well for you to sit with persons of stronger will-power than your own, not necessarily mediumistic persons." (Then, taking her hand, and patting it tenderly) "This lady has been in great danger, but she may have been warned in time. That woman has thousands of people like herself from whom she can draw strength to persecute you : she is throwing something like flame towards us. *BEGONE, in the name of God, BEGONE !*" As she said these last words, she rose, and seemed to throw the whole force of her soul into the conflict with the baneful influence. She was quite overcome and unnerved in returning to the normal state, having been impelled to speak with a fierceness quite unlike her usual gentle tenderness. She afterwards said, "There is sufficient malignity in this influence to make an attempt upon a person's life. There was a spirit on the right hand side who made me say what I did, but I am not sure whether I heard the words."

I think the start Mrs. Tebb gave, when first under influence, must have been caused by the endeavours of that wicked spirit to push her way, and thus to prevent her from giving the needful warning ; but I am also convinced that she was induced to come here for the express purpose of giving it, for I had scarcely expected her to come, as she had been unable to do so for several previous Fridays. My visitor afterwards wrote me a note, in which she said : "It is singular that before Mrs. Tebb came in, I was going to

mention, and then kept it back, because one has some hesitation about speaking about one's own feelings, that I sometimes feel a *giving way* in my right hip, and there are some days on which I quite suffer. I have thought it might be from natural causes, but I will watch."

Now this is an experience that in its *root* is infinitely more widely spread than we can imagine. There is a malignant class of spirits who oppose the entrance of this new light—that of THE HOLY GHOST—into the world by every possible manœuvre; and if baffled in one method, they will try another. I have known more than one instance where severe bodily suffering has been inflicted, even bringing on the paralysis that in this case was threatened, but warded off, thanks to the merciful interposition of those watchful ones, who, within this highly charged atmosphere could admit the enemy with a certainty that she could afterwards be driven forth. In fact, she was here in a manner arraigned for judgment, although imagining that she was coming as a conqueror. When the body has become weakened by sickness, or by the trials of one kind or another that have been undergone, these evil ones will come with Scripture texts upon their lips, warning against communion with the unseen; threatening the perpetrators of it with God's wrath, thus inducing them to give up a mediumship that has not hitherto been unmixed joy. How they must exult over the weakness of those who reject spirit intercourse by the counsel of *spirits*; would a messenger of Light close the door by which that Light could come? No? ten thousand times No? A true messenger could advise how the evil influences might be *overcome*, but would never counsel a cowardly retrogression because the trials have been somewhat heavy: there may be a season of *waiting*, in earnest prayer that The Lord will Himself strengthen His servant.

Could the holy men of old have been thus weak, we should have had no Bible, for I maintain that it is the same Light that was bestowed upon Moses, Elias, and Isaiah, by which we are now permitted to walk, according to the measure

whereunto we may open our souls. But in these days it is being flooded down in fuller abundance. "I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." And all flesh must receive it, however they may distort and transform it by their refractory perverseness.

I have shewn how Mamma, in death-bed weakness, was induced to urge upon me to give up my Spiritualism; and how through Mr. Eyre the spirits gave plausible advice, with respect to the pernicious effect of the brilliant colours. Malignant influences might have been the instigators in both instances; but, as I understand it, they were *permitted* thus to work, not only as trials of my own steadfastness, but that I may be able to help others through similar difficulties by my personal experience.

But none must attempt to fight the battle in their own strength, or they will assuredly be worsted. To God Alone must they look. Again and again I would impress this one great truth: there are *no* intermediaries between us and The Lord: our prayers need no carrying up: they go straight to Him. . . . The Lord Jesus Christ is the Only Way—but that is because He Is The Lord. To use His own words, "Before Abraham was, I AM." Our appeal *through* Him, signifies only an appeal through His knowledge *by experience* of the human nature; therefore, in our weakness and in our sorrows, we look to Him as The Man of Sorrows. In our joys we say, Thank God; the Lord be praised. We *never* think of adding, through The Lord Jesus Christ. Why is this? Because His manhood was passed without tasting of our happinesses. He never became a blissful husband and father. His Loving Help was graciously bestowed on all, but there was no in-gathering; *all* was out-pouring.

And wherever it is sought, The Lord will send help in full abundance, according to His Wisdom, as to the especial need. If it be spiritual aid that is required, He will then employ such agents as the suppliant can receive. His will be the selection, whether the agent be one of the higher created beings, or from among those spirits who still retain

much of the earthly nature, and who may thereby be the more acceptable to the one who cannot yet reach up higher. But when the soul has been really moved to God, casting aside selfism, the message will come down through the various intelligences, diluted to his level, with ultimate healing on its wings. It may be that in some apparently strangely fortuitous way, He may pour forth His trials and temptations to one still in mortal guise, from whom counsel and encouragement may come ; for men and women may be God's ministering angels or messengers for troubles of the soul, as they needs must be when worldly difficulties are in question ; wherein those who realize that all helps, even if seeming to come in natural course, are essentially from Him, can trust to Him in every case, when all avenues may seem blocked up. Even what may apparently be the downfall of every earthly hope, may be but the opening into a new sphere of action, where the human being may receive a fuller development. Some would arraign God's justice in giving clearer evidences of His protecting Hand to one than to another. But therein is the very proof of His Justice : they who *seek* Him shall find Him. No such promise is given to those who do *not* seek ; to those who wilfully shut their eyes and ears against any knowledge of an over-ruling power, and who would dare to say, *If there is a God*, let Him help *me* in such and such a way, according to my will. *Would* there be justice in placing such an one in the same position as to the Divine Love, as that other who doeth with his might what his hand findeth to do, while his heart is ever uplifted to The Almighty for *His* blessing on his labours ? Our Lord relieved the sufferings of such as *went to Him* ; upon none did He *force* His benefits ; and when men shut themselves up in their own littleness, they close the door against His especial mercies. This world is not a mere piece of mechanism beautifully adapted to follow a certain course, which has been stigmatized as a Reign of Law. No, it is an outcome from The Divine, and it is Love that Reigns—a Love ever pouring down to meet the smallest fraction that ascends ; for such is the law of Love : the little bit must *rise* in quest of it : there

must be a wherewithin to contain it, otherwise it would be as if a cup or vessel were turned upside down to meet the flood. How then could it be filled, opening itself only towards the earth to receive exhalations from below?

What I would also strive the most strongly to impress, is that we must not put our trust in the ministrations of the spirit world as the *motive* power: they are only the agents of a higher power, and are not responsible for either success or failure, which is divinely ordered for the training of our souls. It is for the Eternity that we are being prepared; these few years of earthly pilgrimage are but the something from whence we make our start.

I do not think there is anything makes me feel so indignant as when people say: "How is it that your spirit friends do not preserve you from all pecuniary embarrassments? Why do they not bring purchasers here for your wonderfully beautiful pictures, and thus secure wealth for you?" *Why do they not?* Because The Lord's time is not yet arrived, even although the hour may be close at hand. I am sure that each one of those pictures has its own appointed destination, and will only be purchased when the one who is to be its possessor will have been prepared, perhaps by trial of some kind, to grasp to some extent the truth exemplified in it, otherwise the labour expended upon it (for it has ever been very close work, although a labour of love) would have failed of its purpose. Never have those sacred symbols been portrayed for the simple purpose of providing for me the mere means of existence. Life has somehow been maintained, and my beloved works of art are still mine, and I shall half grieve to part with any one of them, whatever may be the store of wealth I may receive in compensation. I liken my feelings to those of a loving mother, whose daughter has gone forth to a distant land as a happy bride—when the wrench is a moment of deep pain.

I also warmly resist the thought that we are all of us mere shuttlecocks, tossed backwards and forwards by the invisible influences; for that is what it would resolve itself into if

each and all of our actions were suggested to us from the other side. Such a doctrine would denude humanity of all spontaneity : *whence*, then, could the spirits who have passed on obtain their powers if here they had had nothing of their own? I would neither raise man into a demi-god, nor sink him into a mere machine, according to many of the extraordinary theories that I hear broached ; but his is a high destiny if he will fit himself for it while dwelling in this world, as it is here that he must shape the true commencement of his after-course.

Each phase of my life as a Spiritualist has had its charm for me, and it has been a happiness to retrace it all ; therefore, in quitting these Evenings for awhile, I shall revel fully as much in chronicling the photographic phenomena, and shall make my best speed ; so that I trust but a short interval will elapse ere I give the history of the other séances, where I again had the pleasure of Mrs. Guppy's presence.

Maundy Thursday, 1881.

END OF FIRST SERIES.