

ESSAYS
FROM THE UNSEEN,

DELIVERED THROUGH THE MOUTH

OF

W. L., A SENSITIVE,

AND RECORDED BY

A. T. T. P.

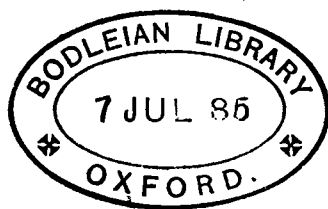
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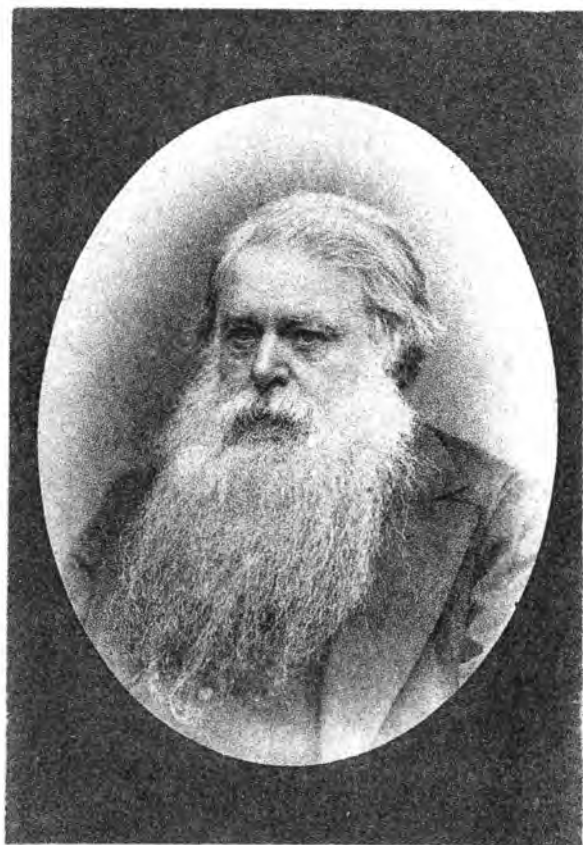
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PREFACE.

IN giving the Public my experiences on such an unpopular and thoroughly derided subject as MODERN SPIRITUALISM, I do not deem any apology necessary. Its various phenomena are facts beyond either denial by, or cavil of, those who are too idle or too prejudiced to investigate, and who summarily put them all down either to the mendacity, the credulity, or the delusion of the narrator. With regard to the inferences and conclusions to be drawn from spiritual phenomena I have drawn my own, and I leave others to do the same. I have come to the conclusion that they are neither more nor less than the result of a power in nature, which at times has partially shown itself, but which, owing to humanity not being in a fit state to receive it, has been hidden from the masses, and that now, owing to the generally improved condition of humanity, those manifestations which in days gone by were few and far between, are now, wherever conditions are suitable, of every-day occurrence, and will, as time goes on, be more frequent, better developed, and more understood, and the conditions under which they can be had will be fully known and practised.

The fact of Spiritualism cannot be denied; the evidences of its facts would be taken and acted upon in the ordinary actions of life. It would therefore be better for the scientist to investigate than to say (as he does) it cannot be but in this, the most important matter that can affect humanity, science has departed from its usual tentative process, and pronounced its verdict without hearing, let alone considering, the evidence.

I may state, that everyone of the so-called Controls published in this book, and which are but the selection of a few out of more than twelve hundred, have come from the mouth of a working-man, of no more than average ability, with the ordinary education of his class: that they were uttered by him when he was in thorough and complete trance, without either pause or hesitation, and as quickly as I could take them down in cipher, and are recorded verbatim by me in the following pages.



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ERRATA.

PAGE.	LINE.	ERROR.
4	2	for manhood read manhood's.
25	3	„ pains read pain.
28	41	„ setting read sealing.
35	28	„ shroff read shroffs.
43	3	„ difference read differences.
46	16	„ spritual read spiritual.
47	41	„ picures read pictures.
49	30	after soul put and.
52	33	„ form read forms.
64	13	after atheist put a semicolon.
66	11	„ eramming read cramming.
69	20	„ a very read an. ever.
84	42	„ of read on.
96	36	„ Jacob read Jacobs.
103	8	„ one read ones.
109	30	„ shee read sheer.
165	20	after but insert on.
187	30	for to read of.
252	5	„ wall read walls.
279	29	after was insert a.
303	3	for never read ever.
339	12	„ his read in.
342	2	„ his read her.
350	35	„ statled read startled.
362	25	after him insert of.
376	12	for unexplicable read inexplicable.
378	10	„ quality read quantity.
379	22	after besides insert that.
388	37	for as the effect to cause read as the cause to effect.
391	20	„ be given read have gone.
409	27	„ onward read inward.
422	17	after heart insert that.
427	27	for in read on.
443	20	„ could read would.
450	15	„ prime read prince.
459	9	„ suppicio read supplien.
462	14	„ devastation read detestation.
468	34	„ be read bring.
473	36	„ and read on.
478	16	„ come read comes.
482	7	after perfection insert or.
489	33	for disobedient read disobedience.
490	41	„ their read our.

In justice to our Unseen Friends, who have so often controlled the Sensitive for artistic purposes, a few words of explanation are due in respect to the illustrations which appear in this volume. It is impossible to reproduce photographically in black and white the effect of colours, so that the light golden aureole around the heads of Thomas Paine and Busiris comes out black. This greatly destroys the fine effect of the originals.

Again, the Sensitive in trance has put a varnish on most of his spirit drawings to fix the colours. This has given a dark cast to the countenances of Busiris and Julian, which has made them come out dark in the photographs from which these prints have been reproduced.



ESSAYS FROM THE UNSEEN.



INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

As the words "Spiritualist" and "Spiritualism" are terms but ill understood by the world at large, I think it necessary, before I enter into a history as to how and why I became a Spiritualist, to state in the first place the sense in which I shall use the word Spiritualism or Spiritualist.

A Spiritualist is one, who does not simply believe, but knows as a fact, that life does not end with the grave; that man after he has left this world and undergone so-called death, is possessed of a conscious immortality, and can, when suitable conditions are afforded, communicate and make his presence known to those who afford such conditions.

According to my experience, these suitable conditions are not confined simply to the living. I have been led to the conclusion that the Spirits of the departed require like conditions, and that it is only when there is a bond of mutual sympathy, that the living and the departed soul can be brought together. My experience has also led me to the conclusion, that the spirits of the departed are as anxious, nay more so, than the living men, to communicate. The great truth of spiritual communication is no new discovery; no sudden light has lately come on mankind. The power of communication between the living and the so-called dead has always existed from the time of the creation of man, for life is, and ever has been, eternal, but man has not always been in such a condition as to be able to receive these communications; and although there have been in all ages, as there are now, men, who have had this power, yet they have been comparatively so few in number, and the idea has been so strange to the majority of men, that the few possessing the power have either been compelled to keep it in the dark, in order to avoid destruction at the hands of

those who could not or dare not investigate, or by imposing on the credulity of ignorance, to make belief, that they communicated with God. But so astounding a fact, and one so contrary to preconceived notions, and the accepted laws of nature, has not received the attention that it should from thinking minds; nor was it to be expected, that it should. To quote the words of a modern popular writer, "There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine, but which has had to fight its way to public recognition in the face of detraction, calumny, and persecution." Spiritualism is a great truth, perhaps a greater one than any, that either science or religion has ever presented to the world, for it teaches that which neither has either taught, or attempted to teach, namely, "The Knowledge of Self." Spiritualism teaches what Man is; whence he came; and whither he goes, and how he is to act during his life on earth, in order that his lines may be straight in that course of progress which commences at birth, and never ends even in eternity. Spiritualism solves the great enigma: Wanderer whence! wanderer whither!

A belief in Spiritualism can do no harm to any one, either socially or politically; on the contrary, it has a direct tendency to make man a better citizen in all the relations of life; for it teaches the great truth, that a man cannot commit wrong, socially or morally, against his fellow men without suffering for it. It teaches man, that in order to enjoy a happy state in eternity, he must observe, not only those positive obligations, which society enforces in the shape of law, but also those imperfect obligations, which laws cannot enforce, but which the promptings of innate conscience suggest: "Love thy neighbour as thyself," and "Do unto others as you would they should do to you," is a maxim beyond the positive law, but it forms an obligation, which spiritual law says, must be performed, in order that the soul may pass into eternity with a clean bill of health. But if Spiritualism teaches, that no wrong can be committed in earthly life without an adequate expiation in the shape of remorse, it also teaches that God's mercy, not His anger, endureth for ever, and that the vile blasphemy against God of everlasting punishment has no foundation, and that sooner or later, all, even the most wicked and vile, are permitted to partake of the mercy of a Beneficent Almighty.

I shall enter into no polemical discussion either with scientist or divine, for both alike condemn Spiritualism and Spiritualist.

The scientists of to-day, who are making a god of Harvey, in his day on earth stigmatized him as a fool; and the divines of to-day, who seem to shift their ground, as occasion requires, are now trying to explain their doctrine and creed in a manner, that would have brought them to the stake three centuries ago. In the fast coming future, all this will be changed, and the present much ridiculed Spiritualism will be the principal agent in the change. The religion of the future will be that of a knowledge of selfhood, when men will no longer abnegate reason and accept a blind faith. There will be a real Catholic faith, not confined to a selected few, but one universally accepted. With these preliminary remarks I will proceed to give an account of "How I became a Spiritualist," and also narrate some of the many and varied phenomena which in my study of the subject I experienced.

As the early training of the boy is the foundation of the line of thought and action of the man, I shall briefly give an account of my life, commencing with earliest recollection, and note those salient points which slowly, but surely, led me to the adoption of that which the outside world calls a gross delusion, but what I deem a great truth, namely, Spiritualism. I was brought up in the tenets and faith of the Established Church of England; the reverence to kings, pastors, and masters was as strongly inculcated in my mind as my duty to God. The Bible was the book which was drummed into my head at every step, and whenever my young enquiring mind asked any questions on any of the patent absurdities cropping out here and there, I was reprimanded for asking the question, and told that those were matters it was wicked to question, and that I was bound to believe and ask no questions. What was the consequence? I, like the majority of boys, took in as matter of rote all I was told. I had to go to church twice on Sundays, and to read or hear read in the evening a long printed sermon. Instead of looking on the Sunday as a day of rest, I looked on it as a day of torment, and always hailed with joy Monday morning, even if it did involve the going to school and having, under fear of punishment, to learn my lesson. At school, at all events, there was before and after, and between the usual school hours, something less *triste* than the Sabbath, on which day, a laugh or joke was deemed a desecration of so holy a day. What was the result of all this bending, binding, and procrustianising the young mind into a fixed

and unalterable, form of belief? It was simply this: that when manhood days arrived, and when turned out into the world, I had in the struggle of life to rub shoulders with my fellow men, bound on the same errand, all these religious ideas so strictly enforced, so sedulously inculcated, vanished as if they had not existed. If I went to church, it was a mere matter of form; I stayed through the service as a matter of form; I heard the same platitudes drawled out again and again, and went out of church just as wise, and no wiser, and as little satisfied as when I went in. In giving my own experiences I am simply giving those of thousands like myself, and only cite them as the result of unreasonable teaching, which said, "Ask no questions, but believe all you are told, and if you do not you shall be eternally damned." I had become quite indifferent to all religion. Now, according to my present opinion, indifference in man as to whence he came and whither he goeth, is as destructive to a knowledge of selfhood as the dogma and creed laid down by orthodoxy; but as the bow bent too far the one way, resiles as far the other, so when the human mind after indifference again begins to think of life, its incidents, and its consequences, it generally goes too far the other, and thinks itself out of all belief, either in a God or a future state. I rejected in toto all belief in the religion I was brought up in. I could not, however, for a long time reject the idea of a God, of a Great first cause, I became a Deist. I attended for many years the places of worship of the Unitarians, but even there I was not satisfied, there was too much attempt to reconcile the Unitarian doctrine with Christianity, I was thrown much among freethinkers. I became puzzled, and gradually doubted more and more until at last I landed in Materialism. I had to follow my profession to live, and as I had not time to think much about the state of my soul in the hereafter, I gradually fell into the lines marked out by Louis Buchner, Winwoode Reade, Herbert Spencer, and others of that school. My Ownself was my own World. I believed in Force and Matter. I concluded that through some force inherent in the matter of which man was formed, mind was eliminated; that Mind was entirely a consequence of matter, and that, when matter could no longer retain its form in the human body, the materials forming that body became disintegrated, and were returned to the elements of which they were formed, and that with this disintegration mind in due

course followed matter, and that there was the end of man, his mind, and all connected with him. Such a thing as the possibility of the survival of the soul I altogether scouted.

Years rolled on ; I found that a tropical climate and hard work had begun to tell on me, and that I must in the order of things give way to younger blood and younger energy ; it became a question of the fittest. So when close on sixty years of age I thought it full time to retire. I had been successful in my profession, and as I had not with increased means brought increased wants to bear on them, I was able to retire without any fear of the *res angusta domi*; and I was also enabled to indulge in riding my favourite hobby horses, viz., farming and building, without injuring in any way my means. Fearing the English climate and thinking of picking out a spot where I could feel the benefit of the Gulf Stream and the higher temperature within its influence, I purchased a small house and a hundred acres of ground a few miles from the sea, almost opposite the Needles in the Isle of Wight, to which I from time to time have added a few more acres. I commenced building a larger house, and went on farming in a tolerably expensive style ; but I by no means realised the table land which I had pictured to myself when I threw off my harness and left the excitement and bustle of an arduous profession. I found the results of farming were too slow, and often too unsatisfactory, and that the excitement of building wore off after a time ; I began to regret having retired, and in all probability should have returned to my profession to find my place filled with abler and younger men.

At a time when I was beginning to get wearied of the life I was leading, an event happened which has entirely altered the whole tenor of my life, and which for nearly ten years has in one form or the other occupied my attention. This event was the arrival of Mrs. Girling and her followers, who have since attained so much notoriety under the name of the "New Forest Shakers." Her strange doctrines, the dancing, twisting, and contortions of her proselytes made a considerable stir, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but far and wide ; people from the neighbouring towns of Bournemouth, Lymington, Southampton, Ringwood, and elsewhere flocked to Forest Lodge on a Sunday to hear Mrs. Girling's strange doctrines, and to witness the performances of that lady and her followers.

She gave herself out as having a Divine message, and alleged she had direct communion with God. The absurd story was told by her that she could not die nor could any of her followers, provided they did exactly what she told them. Many from the neighbouring villages joined her ranks, over whom she had as complete sway as if they had been mere children. One or two of the labourers employed by myself joined her, and after that became not only utterly useless, but they greatly disturbed the minds of their fellow labourers. There happened at that time to be a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of my residence, who had had church preferment somewhere in Suffolk, near the place from whence came Mrs. Girling and some of her leading proselytes. This gentleman was constantly receiving letters from fathers and mothers, and others, who had relatives who had become followers of Mrs. Girling, and whom they were anxious to get back to their own homes. On one or two occasions this gentleman had some truant son or daughter lodged in his own house for a few days, and whilst under his influence they were rational, and admitted their folly; but somehow when they got back, under the influence of Mrs. Girling, all their good resolves vanished into thin air, and they remained where they were. There was an overpowering fascination somewhere and somehow. Rightly or wrongly, we concluded that Mrs. Girling had strong mesmeric powers, and that she held her proselytes under mesmeric influence.

The same idea seems to have struck others, for on one Sunday afternoon, a party from Southampton brought with them a professional mesmerist, a retired sergeant of a line regiment, who, whilst the Sunday performances were going on, brought under his influence several of Mrs. Girling's followers, and willed them to join the rest in twisting round and round the room. Mrs. Girling was not slow to perceive what was going on, and by the aid of some of her stalwart disciples summarily ejected this professor of mesmerism and his friends with him. At this time mesmerism was not entirely strange to me. I had seen some of it in the early days of Dr. Elliotson; and some of my personal friends in those days had operated, and others of them been operated on. I had also seen some of the wonderful things done by Dr. Esdaile, of Calcutta, in the mesmeric hospital in that city. But up to that time I had never gone deeply into it, having other and more important matters to attend to. But

situated as I was at the time when these New Forest Shakers were carrying on their fantastic movements, and seeing that a mesmerist could produce the same results, I began to think seriously of the power developed, and I determined to sift it to the best of my ability to the bottom. In conjunction with one or two others we invited, this professor of mesmerism down to our village to give one or two mesmeric entertainments. He was not long before he discovered among his audience one or two whom he could bring under his influence. He could will them to do what he wished without a word spoken by him. I had a small amount of private instruction from him as to the best mode of manipulation, in order to bring a patient under mesmeric influence.

I read a vast number of works on mesmerism, both in the French and English languages, and after a time I became a tolerably good mesmeric operator. I do not think it necessary to go through the various effects produced by the mesmeric operator on the organism of the patient under his influence. My experiences were identical, save perhaps in degree, with those of other operators, who have, in print, given to the world their experiences. I found that I could put in abeyance both the mind and body of the patient under my influence. I could make him do what I willed; I could make him think, talk, and see what I willed, and not otherwise. I could make him insensible to force operating on his body, but at the same time painfully sensitive to any pain inflicted on mine. I could silently picture to my mind a particular tableau, and Will him to see and describe it. I could Will him to eat cabbage leaves and think them plum cake, or to drink water and fancy it wine. I could Will a limb to be limp or rigid as I liked. But why should I go on multiplying proofs of mesmeric power or the influence of the stronger over the weaker will? I should be simply recording unnecessary antics and repeating what would be amusing exhibitions, but utterly useless as far as regards the masses of mankind, who would in all probability treat them as got up for the occasion.

To me there was much more at the back of these mesmeric phenomena, than the mere juggler's performances. I asked myself, how far in the face of these manifestations could my ideas about the life principle, being the consequent of matter, be correct for if the life force were the consequence of, and eliminated from particular matter; as a consequence, its

force could only operate on the matter from which it sprung ; but I found this force arising from the matter, of my body, not only guiding my own body, and my own thoughts, but also putting in abeyance the force of another man's body ; depriving that body of all action, save what I Willed ; and depriving the mind implanted in that body of all power of thought, save what I Willed. I came to the conclusion that mind was not the consequence, but the master of matter, and that it was dual and independent, although, as a rule, it had to work in and through matter. I began to think, that if I could detach, for a time, the soul of a mesmeric patient from its body, and put my own will into that body, that an independent existence of the soul, after the body had returned to its elements, was perfectly possible, and that the fact of the existence of the soul after death was not as absurd as I had for a long time thought it to be. I began to think that there was an entity quite distinct from matter, but operating on and through matter, and capable of a distinct and separate existence. But my readers must not imagine that the result of mesmeric experiment went no further than the manifestation of the will of the mesmeric operator over the weaker will of the patient. I found what any mesmeric operator has, and always will, discover, that after a time, which may be weeks or months, the hitherto submissive patient, whose will has been the slave of the operator, shows a will of his own, and takes a cruise on his own account, utterly irrespective of the operator. In fact, the mesmeric patient has become what is known as a Clairvoyant. I little thought that at the time I was making these mesmeric experiments that I had made the first step towards Spiritualism, which I afterwards discovered to be the case.

Whilst making these experiments in mesmerism a friend drew my attention to some papers written by Alfred Russel Wallace, the well-known naturalist, and which appeared sometime in the summer or autumn of 1874 in the *Fortnightly Review*. I also read a work by William Crookes, the celebrated chemist, called *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*. My attention was also drawn to the Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society, which was appointed to investigate into the truth of the alleged Spiritual manifestations. Up to this time I virtually knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism. I had certainly on several occasions sat round a table as one of a party, each with extended

thumb and finger, touching his neighbour's thumb and finger, and completing the circle by continuous contact. I had felt the table move and creak, and sometimes tilt, but I was quite content to take what Faraday said on the subject, "That the movement was caused by the unconscious muscular action of the sitters." But when I read what Wallace said about his experiences, and what Crookes related of his, I was perfectly amazed. I found Wallace pledging himself to seeing a lady, chair, and all lifted bodily up; telling of the fact of his receiving through taps on or tilting of the table intelligible messages; that blank pieces of paper put under the table on being taken up bore a name correctly written on them, evidently written not by the hand of any one present, and speaking of the numerous other phenomena with which the modern Spiritualist is conversant; and when, in addition to what Mr. Wallace had related, I found Mr. Crookes, the well-known chemist, the discoverer of Thallium and of the force of light, pledging himself to facts within his own personal knowledge, such as seeing the movement of heavy bodies simply by contact, but without mechanical exertion; hearing sounds of all sorts, evidently governed by intelligence; seeing alterations in the weights of bodies; the rising of tables and chairs from off the ground without the contact of any person; the levitations of human beings; the movement of articles without contact with any living person; luminous appearances; the appearances of human hands and arms; phantom faces and forms, and a lot of varied phenomena too long for me to cite in an introductory chapter; and to all of which this far-seeing, carefully investigating chemist, pledged his word to having seen mostly in his own house or elsewhere in places and under circumstances where fraud or imposture was impossible without his detecting it. It may be asked how and under what circumstances did they appear? The answer is, simply under these, that almost whenever he was in the presence either of a certain gentleman, a well-known medium, or a Miss Cook, who was not so well-known then as she has been in later years, these things occurred, and when I read the Report of the Committee formed by the Dialectical Society, to which men of well-known social status fixed their names; strong as my proclivities were against anything savouring of Spiritualism, and much as all that was stated in these *brochures* was directly contrary to my conceived idea of human nature. I felt that I was bound by one of the two alternatives: either these

gentlemen were dupes, or they were rogues; that they were either, in fact, deluded or trying to delude; or I must accept as true what they said. I could not for one moment imagine that the keen naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, with his philosophical mind, or the careful scientific chemist, William Crookes, would be likely to be the dupes of any Sensitive, professional, or otherwise. The power of mind that they possessed, and which they would and necessarily did bring to bear on these their Spiritual experiments, would be more than a match for anything that the Mediums or Sensitives could do to hoodwink them; and as for imagining, that either of those gentlemen would risk the high reputation earned by each of them in their respective spheres by foisting on the public false statements, by which they could possibly gain nothing, and which, if false, would be easily discovered, and the consequence a complete shipwreck of their well-earned reputations; such a conclusion I could not arrive at.

Although my materialistic notions had been rudely shaken by my mesmeric experiments, I could not accept, without further inquiry, the astounding fact of a materialised Spirit forming in their presence, or of many of the miraculous phenomena attested to by them. I had learnt during a long professional experience to weigh evidence well, and avoid hasty conclusions. I made up my mind, as my time was my own, to investigate for myself, and try whether, if I could get like opportunities, I should obtain like results. I knew no one who had made Spiritualism a study. All my immediate friends were materialistic in the extreme. I was compelled to have recourse, in the first instance, to Spiritualistic literature. I went to a second-hand bookseller to enquire whether there was any publisher of Spiritualistic literature, and I was referred to Mr. James Burns, of 15, Southampton Row. There I purchased a few books, and commenced as a subscriber to the *Medium and Daybreak*. I had a long conversation with Mr. Burns on the subject of Spiritualism, and as to where I could get an opportunity of joining Spiritualistic seances, and of judging for myself. All this information I received from him. On leaving his shop he accompanied me to the door, and jokingly said, you are "half a medium already, and before long you will accept Spiritualism thoroughly." I did not accept this as a compliment, although it was intended by him as such; but

before a year from that time had passed I had become what I am now, a firm believer in Spiritualism and its phenomena.

For some months I attended seances held by different professional Mediums who were exhibiting in London. I cannot say I was much enlightened by my visits. I did not appreciate banjos and musical boxes flying about in the dark; I could not see, even if all this were the work of an unseen but intelligent agency, that it led to any good. I found that in my own home, with members of my own family or with those in my employ, I could get, after sundry patient sittings, through the tilting of the table, much more satisfactory evidence of an unseen but intelligent agency at work, but, although I received many satisfactory messages, and from quarters of which I knew nothing, I found this table rapping both tedious and unsatisfactory. The numbers of nonsensical messages which I got caused me to seek some other mode of satisfying myself as to the truth of Spiritual manifestations, other than sitting at tables or visiting dark seances. I read about trance Mediums. I dropped dark seances and table tilting, and made up my mind to see whether I could get any light thrown on the matter through any of these trance Mediums. I had sat at about twenty different dark seances, and I only on one occasion saw a manifestation, which to my mind was beyond suspicion, but then I was prejudiced, and did not judge as clearly as more matured experiments have enabled me to judge. Looking through the advertisement columns of the *Medium and Daybreak*, among the advertisements of professional Mediums, I saw the name of Mrs. Olive as a trance medium, giving her address in a small street near "Mother Shipton's tavern," in Kentish Town. I selected this medium by reason of her living in a part of the suburbs where I did not think it was likely that anything would be known of me, and where, if any of my antecedents were told, there would not be the possibility of the story being got up for the occasion. One evening at Mrs. Olive's house I was one of a party of twelve or fourteen, crowded together in a very small room. With the exception of myself, all the others seemed to be regular visitors at these seances.

Mrs. Olive, a lady-like, rather good-looking woman, entered the room, and shortly afterwards went into trance, and was controlled, as I was told, by the Spirit of a Scotch doctor, who spoke with a Scotch accent. Every one of the company either

had some complaint, or some relative or friend who had a complaint, about whom he or she was anxious. Their inquiries were all answered apparently in conformity with strict medical practice and in medical language. I began to think Mrs. Olive to be an exceedingly clever impostor, who had got her story well up with a certain amount of apparent medical knowledge. After fully half-an-hour had been spent in medical inquiries, Mrs. Olive returned to her normal state, and shortly again went under the control of one who, I was told, was the Spirit of Hambo, a mulatto. He, or in other words the medium, had the guttural negro laugh to perfection. The supposed spirit was a joking, amusing sort of fellow, who poked his fun at all the sitters, whom he evidently knew. At last he came to me. He made some remark which had a strong tinge of a knowledge of my individuality. Hambo was succeeded by the spirit of a Red Indian woman, called Sunshine, who lisped in broken English. I made three or four visits there, and on each occasion we went through the same routine of Dr. Forbes, Hambo, and Sunshine. I cannot say I felt much enlightened or more advanced in Spiritual knowledge. Had I gone on much longer on the same lines I should in all probability have left off as I began. I should have been satisfied that there was some unknown super-human agency, intelligent though unseen, but that it was an unprofitable pursuit, and that I could employ my time in some other pursuit equally agreeable and more profitable. An accident, however, altered my views on the worth of the pursuit of Spiritualism, and caused me to follow out my researches into it with greater pleasure and more closely than ever.

About four years before the time I am now referring to, I had an attack which puzzled the doctor who attended me. I was attacked by severe pain on the right side of my chest, which utterly prostrated me. My blood seemed as if it were to cease to flow, and the pain in the chest was accompanied by a violent retching and vomiting of blood and mucus, which at last wore itself out, but left me in a very weak state. My doctor pronounced it a liver complaint, or some disorder in that direction. About two years after the first attack I had another one, and about two years after that I had a third attack, on which occasion my Spirit doctor pronounced it an affection of the heart, and he cured me in three days instead of twenty, the time taken on the former

attacks. I will narrate the circumstances under which this last cure was effected.

About Easter time in the year 1875, thinking to have something to amuse the grandchildren during their Easter holidays, I bethought me of paying Mrs. Olive a visit, for the purpose of having a private seance, and getting a control by my friend Hambo, whom I found to be very entertaining. Early in the day before Good Friday of that year I got into an omnibus, and a little before I arrived at the "Mother Shipton Tavern" I suddenly felt very unwell, and soon realised I was going to have a repetition of my old attack. I took a small glass of brandy, which I had scarcely swallowed ere I had to rush to the door. My old retching came on, and after a violent effort I brought up a large quantity of blood and mucus, and felt very much relieved. I then went in the direction of Mrs. Olive, the Medium's, and just as I got opposite the door another attack came on, and, whilst leaning against a lamp, retching violently, I was accosted by a person whom I afterwards recognised to be the husband of Mrs. Olive, who, tapping me on the shoulder, said, "You had better come in, Sir, and take a seat in my house, it looks so bad your being sick against the lamp-post at this time in the morning; if the policeman should come by, he will run you into the station-house as drunk and incapable. Come in, and I will give you some warm water, that will enable you to get rid of your sickness." Whether Mr. Olive suspected that I was the worse for liquor I know not, but I accepted his invitation, and was shown into a small parlour in his house. The closeness of the room made me worse, and I asked to be allowed to have a chair in the little yard at the back of the house; but even out in the open air I got no better. At last Mr. Olive said, "You had better see my wife's Spirit doctor, I am sure he will do you good." I turned to him, and said, "Do not talk nonsense," but he persisted, saying, "I am sure he will do you good."

At last I consented, not with the slightest hope of receiving the slightest good, but simply as affording an excuse for requiting him for his services. So into the parlour I went, and after a few minutes Mrs. Olive came in, and made her curtsy, and shortly afterwards went under control. I at once recognised the voice of Dr. Forbes, with his broad Scotch accent. He said, "I don't wish to alarm you, but you are in very considerable danger, but I think I

can give you relief." I asked of him what was the matter with me, and he replied, "You are suffering from heart derangement, there is a tendency to, or a deposit of, fatty matter on the heart." I said, "You must be wrong, for my heart is not on the right, but on the left side, and my pain is on the right side." He replied, "I am aware of that, but is there no such thing as reflex action? Take off your coat and waistcoat, and let me make some passes over you." I obeyed his orders, and he, using the sensitive's hands, operated on me for about fifteen to twenty minutes. He then said, "I am going to leave the control of this body. As soon as the sensitive returns to her normal state, send for her husband, get him to bring a kettleful of hot water, some pieces of flannel, and ask him to foment your chest for a couple of hours with the water as hot as you can bear it; I will return and take control again, and try what I can do."

I obeyed his orders. The medium's husband bathed my chest until I was almost parboiled, but the pain, in place of being allayed, seemed more and more intensified. Every position was unbearable. I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. I began to think seriously that my time had come, and all that I wished for was to get back to my chambers, and to pass away in peace. I requested the medium's husband to get me a cab, and to accompany me to my chambers in Gray's Inn. He begged and implored me to wait and see his wife's Spirit doctor once more, assuring me "That if the doctor said he was to come back he would not say so unless he could do me good." I had no alternative—I could not have walked across the street, and I now believe the jolting of the cab over the stones would have killed me outright; so after waiting for the Medium, who was sitting with another patient in another room, for about half-an-hour the Medium again entered the room, and after expressing regret at my suffering so much, and trusting that I should get relief at the coming sitting, she went under the control of the same Spirit, who, in his broad Scotch accent, said, "he was sorry to see me in such pain, but that he thought he could relieve me, as I was in a better state for a cure than on his prior visit."

He again commenced making passes over me, but every pass seemed to intensify the pain I felt; with each pass I felt as if a long skewer had been drawn through my

chest; the pain was unbearable. At last in my agony I pushed the Medium violently backwards from me, and she staggered backwards and fell against the mantel-piece and on to the fire-grate, but she jumped up as nimbly as a young goat, and in a strong decisive male voice said, "Ye must be more patient, I am not causing more pain than I can help; but ye must have patience; in five minutes ye will be free from pain altogether." The Medium went on with passes for a few minutes; when he came to the last pass, which seemed to concentrate all the pain, I had previously felt, he slapped me on the back, and said, "You are now free from pain." To my great surprise I was free, although I was so weak that I could scarcely stand on my legs. He said, "You must now attend to my orders. Go to your chambers; on your way there buy some linseed meal and some flannel to make poultices in, and get your laundress to keep applying hot poultices until midnight. You must direct the medium to visit you at your chambers to-morrow at ten a.m. I will then carry on the work I have commenced."

I obeyed orders. On my road home I got the linseed, and telegraphed to a friend to come and see me. I got to my chambers, and ascended the stairs with difficulty. On my entering the door of my chambers, the laundress, who was cleaning the passage, burst out, "Good gracious, Mr. P——, what is the matter with you? you look like a dying man." I asked whether she knew how to make a poultice, and set her to work poulticing me. In a little more than an hour after I had been placed in my easy Indian chair, with my laundress putting on poultices as hot as I could bear, the friend to whom I had sent a telegram, came to see me. He was much struck with my appearance. I told him shortly what had occurred to me. He wished to send for a medical man, and also for some of my family. He did not like the look of things. I declined his offer. He then asked me why I had sent for him. "I told him that he knew of my late researches in mesmerism, and my present ones in Spiritualism, and that I was determined at any cost to go on with the treatment with which I had commenced, and my object was that in case of anything happening to me, that he would testify that I, of my own free choice, called in Mrs. Olive to do the best she could for me by means of her Spirit doctor."

Whilst talking to my friend, a fainting fit, the second one,

as I believe, in all my life, came over me, and when I came again to myself I found I had lost all use of my lower extremities, and I was undressed and helped to bed by my friend and the laundress. All circulation of the blood from the lips downwards seemed to have ceased. I was icy cold. I could not feel the hot water bottles placed at my feet, although they were too hot to be handled. I pressed my friend to be present on the following day at ten a.m., when I expected the Medium to visit me, in order that he might witness the operation. This was about five in the afternoon. I passed through several weary hours; my laundress poulticing my chest, and replacing the hot water bottles as they got cool; I being all the time in a half-comatose state, struggling between pain and sleep, until at last the heart seemed to resume its action, and about midnight I fell asleep, and slept until nearly eight on the following morning, when I got up, and sitting in my chair I sat and dozed until as the clock struck ten my friend, bringing another friend with him, entered the room. He had brought with him another friend in order to take notes of what should occur, as he afterwards confessed, he did not like the look of affairs, and thought me a wrong-headed, self-willed man, and acting in a very absurd manner.

Shortly after the two had entered the room the Medium came, and after a few minutes' conversation with my two visitors, she became convulsed to a much greater extent, and took a much longer time to go under control than on any previous occasion. My friends noted the time, and said it was fully twelve minutes before she went under control. The controlling Spirit, Dr. Forbes, made the passes as before, but they did not cause me pain, as on the day previous. He told me the inflammation had gone down very much, and that, in all probability, in the course of a day or two I should be quite well again. He told me, that as soon as the medium left me, I was to take a large cup of sago, with a wine glass of brandy, thoroughly sweetened, and take it whether I liked it or not, as hot as I could swallow it, and go to bed immediately. He told me that I should break out into a profuse perspiration and go to sleep, and that when I awoke I should be rid of all pain, and that the medium was to pay me a visit on the following morning at the same time.

I did as I was told, and all happened almost exactly as

the Spirit of Dr. Forbes had said. I awoke from my sleep thoroughly refreshed. I was comparatively free from pain but still very weak. I felt sufficiently well to read a book whilst leaning back in my easy chair. About eight of that evening my friend paid me another visit. He was as much surprised with the change that had taken place as he was shocked on the previous afternoon. He said, "You are pulled down a little, but otherwise you look as well as you ever did." He said I was a very obstinate man, and that had he been as bad as I looked, he would have called in the best medical advice, and sent for the members of his family, and have felt much alarm for himself. I said I relied much on the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and that I preferred being left alone, simply having some one within reach to get my wants supplied, and that as I had found myself relieved from acute pain only the day before in such a sudden and extraordinary way, I had made up my mind to go through, as I had commenced, when the disease first attacked me. My friend sat with me until late that night, but being otherwise engaged he could not comply with my request to come again on the following day.

On the following day, as the clock struck ten, Mrs. Olive entered my room, and went under control almost immediately, and without apparently the slightest effort. The presence of strangers had evidently been the cause of the difficulty on the preceding day. In those days I did not know quite as much of the conditions requisite for a perfect control as I do now. After she had gone under control my friend, Dr. Forbes, said, "I do not think there is much occasion for me to-day." I replied, "I thought a cook would be more to the purpose," and he said, good-humouredly, "Do not whistle until you are out of the wood. I wish to make a few passes over you, and, I think, I shall turn you out quite sound." He made a few passes, and, slapping me on the shoulder, said, "You are out of my hands, but before I go I should like to make a few remarks, and give you a little advice as a guide for the future. You have never been cured of any disease so cheaply in your life. For a matter of three guineas, the fee to the Sensitive, you have been cured of a complaint that, under ordinary treatment, would have cost you ten times as much. Should any symptoms recur again, send for the Sensitive at once, and we will prevent the pain you have suffered." He also gave some hints as to diet, etc. I asked if he would have any objection to

have half-an-hour's conversation on general subjects. To this he replied, "The Sensitive has no pressing engagements, and that he should enjoy nothing so much as a conversation with an educated person like myself."

Now, as the style of conversation was altogether different from that of Mrs. Olive in her ordinary normal state, I was determined to put a test of my own, on a subject that I did not think she could possibly know anything. I had been reading a translation of Reichenbach's extraordinary book, and I asked the controlling spirit whether he had ever read that work. He said, "Yes, but let me ask whose translation have you been reading, Ashburner's or Gregory's?" I replied, "Gregory's." I had laid Reichenbach's work on the small table alongside my chair, and commenced asking questions on the different effect between the rays of the sun and of the fixed stars, and those of the moon and the planets of our solar system, the first being put down by Reichenbach as electro-positive, and the latter as negative; and I said, "this may possibly be the reason, why poachers and fishermen did not like game or fish caught on bright moonlight nights, on the alleged ground that they did not keep." He said, "They were quite right, the moon's rays did cause rapid decay. Did you never see, on your voyages and travels, sailors and soldiers moon-struck?" I replied, "Often, but I could not understand it, as for years I had slept on the housetop in full moonshine." The Sensitive came in front of me, and looking at me fully with nothing but the white eyeless orbs, said, "You are entirely negative to the moon's rays; no moonlight will ever hurt you." I then had a discussion on the effect of the rays of the solar spectrum, and the effect of different coloured glass on the growth of hothouse fruit, on which subject the control entered fully, giving reasons apparently in accord with the effect of different colours on some of the different patients mentioned by Reichenbach. The controlling Spirit told me he had got rid of much of the inflammation through the pores of my skin and the tips of my fingers, but that, thanks to a healthy liver and kidneys, much more had passed through the kidneys, and so I should find if I examined the utensil, which he described as standing in a place which no person could tell who had not been in the room. This Mrs. Olive certainly never had been. When the Sensitive returned to her normal state I questioned her closely,

whether she had ever heard of Reichenbach, or his work. I was fully satisfied by her manner that she had never heard of either.

The result of this sickness and its cure effected an entire change in me and my views. I began to see the bearing of much I had seen and experienced, both in my mesmeric and spiritual experiences. I felt that all these reported cures by Greatrakes, Mesmer, and other healers, by the laying on of hands, were not merely imaginary. I had certainly seen pain allayed in the mesmeric state, and had heard of the operations performed by Dr. Esdaile, and also by Elliotson, Ashburner, and others, where the effects of anæsthetics were produced by mesmeric passes, but the objection to mesmerism as a cure was, that it was not in ordinary cases, sufficiently speedy, as often the patient could only be brought into the mesmeric state with great difficulty and after much time. But here the tables were turned, the ready-made Sensitive could receive a curative power from an external source, and impart that to the sitter without the necessity of mesmerising him. I was not aware of the many cures that had been previously performed through many of the healing mediums of the day, more especially by Dr. Newton and the Zouave Jacob, and later on by such men as Dr. Mack, Ashman, Hawkins, and many others, who have the power of healing so strongly developed. I felt that, quite apart from the knowledge of the existence of the individual in the future and the eternity of life, a substantial good was to be obtained in the present by the alleviation of human pain through Spiritual agency.

This case, as I firmly believe, brought about by the Spirit of Dr. John Forbes, made me desirous of getting more knowledge in the matter of these so-called controls operating on and through the body of an unconscious Sensitive. I soon came to the conclusion that the Spirits of the departed were in the same position, and had the same power over the Sensitive as the mesmeric operator had over his patient. In either case it was a stronger will operating over a weaker one, whenever suitable conditions offered themselves. I commenced a series of sittings with Mrs. Olive at her own residence. I was not long before I discovered that there was a wonderful difference between sitting alone with a Sensitive, and sitting with that same Sensitive in the company of a dozen others. In the first case I could get a coherent narrative, and often an interesting conversation through the Sensitive; in the

other, where every sitter was anxious to get full value for his money, the price of admission, confusion was often worse than confounded. During the six months that I had private seances with Mrs. Olive I had at times some very interesting controls; but, with few exceptions, the controls were principally by three Spirits, those of Dr. Forbes, Hambo, and Sunshine; the two latter were very amusing. But I had higher aims than the mere amusement of the hour. From the controls of Dr. Forbes I got considerable instruction in the matter of healing, and after about three months I was told to try my hand, should opportunity occur. It was not very long before I thought I had found some one to put to the test whether I had or had not healing power, as told by my medical Spirit friend.

One Sunday morning, wishing to go into the country by a train from the London Bridge Station, I was unfortunately just too late for the train, and had to wait a couple of hours before another train left for the place. Whilst sitting in the waiting-room, a well-dressed middle-aged man came in, hobbling slowly on two sticks, evidently in considerable pain as he put either foot to the ground. He took a seat near me, and leaning back in the corner of the room, with some difficulty put his feet up on the seat lengthways. I asked him "What was the matter with him?" When he said he had been long suffering from rheumatic gout. I proposed to try and cure him. To this he assented, asking me how. When I told him, he laughed, and said, "if I did succeed in curing him I should be a cleverer person than his doctor, under whom he had been for some weeks." I set to work and made passes over him for about a quarter of an hour, when he said, "Let me try how I feel," and, suiting the action to the word, he stood on his feet, and he said, "I certainly feel easier." I told him to sit down again and I would try to free him entirely from pain. I then resumed making passes for about ten minutes longer, when I told him to try again and rise, and much to his surprise, and also considerably to mine, he walked as if nothing was the matter with him. He wanted to know who I was, and where I could be found in case he should have another attack. I told him that I must decline giving my address, but that if he would look into the advertisement columns of the *Medium and Daybreak* he would see the names of half-a-dozen healing mediums with much stronger powers than I possessed.

After this successful attempt at healing, I tried my hand on several occasions, and was generally successful; but I was not long before I discovered that where I succeeded in curing, I also succeeded in taking on to myself for a time, longer or shorter, the aches and pains from which I had relieved my patients. I found that the vitality at my time of life was not sufficiently strong to cast off at once the pains which had passed from the body of the patient to me the healer. The effects of this receptiveness by the healer and imparting by the patient I experienced severely in one case, where I was put to very serious inconvenience, and suffered for fully six weeks after I had effected what eventually turned out to be a cure. Late in the autumn of 1875, business required my presence in India, but previous to my departure I had other business matters which required my presence in Yorkshire. Whilst there I learnt that there was an earnest band of spiritual workers at a small town called Ossett, a few miles from Wakefield, to which place I went one Sunday morning, and found that this band had as its active head, a Mr. Charles Halgath, an employé of one of the railway companies. He invited me to his humble home, and told me that in a small chapel, which they rented, they were about to have a meeting that afternoon, and at which a well known local medium, a Mrs. Scattergood, would deliver a trance address, and requested that I would attend. This I did, and heard a very well delivered address on the subject of Spirit identity. After the meeting was over, in speaking to the medium, I was not long in discovering the great difference in the individuality of Mrs. Scattergood in trance and in her normal state. I was invited to join Mr. Halgath's tea party, which I did, with a view of having a little conversation with Mrs. Scattergood. I had not been sitting near her for above five minutes, when she went under control, and I might say of her what the woman said of Jesus of Nazareth, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did." My early life as a sailor was described, my after life as a barrister, and my later occupations were fully told by a person I had never heard of, and in a place where my name had never been heard of.

A fortnight after this I made another visit to Ossett, and in the course of conversation with Mrs. Halgath, I was telling her of a cure, I had effected on a man whom I had known from my boyhood, and who had been labouring

under heart disease, to whom I had on my previous trip given very considerable relief, by making passes over the region of his heart. Mrs. Halgath asked me "whether I would have any objection to visit a young man who had been what is known as a minder in a mill, and who about two years previously whilst labouring under abscesses in the ancle, was sent to the Leeds Infirmary, where he had had his leg amputated just below the knee joint." She told me "that after this operation he went on well for a few months, but that early in the spring of that year the abscesses had broken out again in the thigh joint, and that for fully twenty-five weeks the poor young man had been confined to his bed. That she, Mrs. Halgath, had done him some good, but that her own health was far from good, and she thought that possibly I might give him relief."

I acceded to her request and accompanied by her husband went to the cottage where I found rather an intellectual looking young man much emaciated, lying on a bed in the living room of the house. His aged mother was nursing him. I told her my errand, and said, "I would try whether I could give him any relief." The poor old mother, like the drowning man, snapped at any straw, and begged me to try and do anything I could for her poor lad. I set to work making passes over the diseased limb. The discharge from the wound was great, and the bed anything but in an agreeable state. After operating on him for about twenty minutes, the sick man said he felt easier, and tried to turn in his bed, which from weakness he was unable to do; but his old mother said, "That was the first attempt he had made to alter his position for weeks and weeks." I left the place not thinking I should ever see the poor man again. On the following day, however, whilst talking in the street to an old companion of early boyhood, I fancied I heard a voice saying, "Go to Ossett again." At that time I was about in the course of an hour or so to leave by the train for London. I changed my mind; had some dinner, and after dinner returned to Ossett and called on Mrs. Holgath. As soon as I entered the house, she said, "I knew you were coming; I knew you got an impression to come here to see Cooper again, and not to go to London." As Mrs. Halgath was a very good Medium and Clairvoyant, I asked her "if she would accompany me to Cooper's cottage, as in all probability she would go into trance, and she could then give me directions as to

how to operate." To this she assented and together we went.

She had scarcely entered Cooper's cottage and sat down, when she went under control and began speaking in an unknown language, when, to my surprise, the sick man also went under control, and the two held a dialogue, in which they seemed to understand each other thoroughly. As soon as this dialogue was finished, Mrs. Halgath went under the control of another Spirit, calling himself Dr. Thompson, who in his life time had held some official appointment in some one of the Queen's colleges in Ireland, when in good and correct language, very different from the broad Yorkshire of Mrs. Halgath in her normal state, I was told what I was to do with the sick man. I was also told that there were about me two Spirits, one answering to the description of my Spirit friend, Dr. Forbes, and the other to that of the Mulatto, Hambo. I was told through the mouth of Mrs. Halgath where to make my passes, and when to pause for a short rest; and more than once I was told to wash my hands at the sink in the corner of the room. After I had been operating some time, I was told, "If I put the flat of my hand on the man's groin I should feel a hard lump, which I must try to disperse, as it fed the abscess." I put my hand as directed and felt an ovoid lump, fully the size of a pigeon's egg, quite hard when I first put my hand on it, but which gradually got softer, until I was ordered to desist from operating further and to wash my hands, and get back to my inn and go to bed as quick as I could.

I passed a very uncomfortable night and returned to London the next, and home into Hampshire on the following day, where I was confined to my room up to the time I had to leave for Paris, *en route* to India. I was carried in and out of my own carriage into railway, from railway into steamboat, from steamboat into railway again. My legs were swollen the same as if I had *Elephantiasis*. I had evidently imbibed the poison from Cooper's body. I was not able to walk more than a few yards for fully six weeks after that sitting. That was almost the last attempt I made at healing. Being very anxious to know how my patient Cooper fared, I wrote to Mr. Halgath to keep me well posted at different places as to the condition of my patient. I heard from him that Cooper was evidently progressing better than he had done from the commencement of the attack; and in a letter I received at Venice as I

was on the point of embarking for Alexandria, I heard that they had been able to take him out of bed and put him in a easy chair, whilst his bed clothes were changed and his bed aired. The letter concluded with the suggestion, "that if he could get a little more nourishing food, he thought he would get round again." On receiving this letter, I sent a cheque to a trusted friend living in the neighbourhood, with direction to give his mother five shillings a week, as long as the money lasted.

A few months after that, my friend by letter announced to me, that the man had recovered so far, as to get about a little on his crutch, and that the Doctor, who attended on him, declared, it was the better nourishment, which had cured him; I think I may ask, "What caused the improvement before the arrival of the five shillings?" Suffice it to say, that on my return to Osset fourteen months afterwards the first to greet me at the railway station was my former patient.

Before I give any account of the trip, which I continued from India by the way of Australia, California, and across the American Continent back to England, I must mention a curious incident, which occurred during my previous visits to Mrs. Olive.—On one occasion, when she was controlled by my Spirit friend Hambo, the Mulatto, the conversation turned on a murder that had been committed a short time before, and to which the police had failed to get any clue, as to who the murderer was. I asked the Control, "whether he knew, who was the murderer?" and he said "yes, but that the Spirit out of the body gave no information to the Spirits in the body in such cases: God's justice was not man's justice, and that matters were not improved by committing a legal murder even if a man had murdered another."—I asked "what ought to be done with murderers?" "Lock them up in solitary cells for the rest of their lives" was the answer; "the punishment would be far more severe; hanging was a mere nothing, but it hurried a soul to another world, full of revenge against the world which he had left, and that there was never a man hanged, but what another murder was committed shortly afterwards." I asked "whether I could get any information from the Spirit of a murdered person, as to whether a person, who had been accused, tried, and acquitted was guilty of the murder, as the information asked for could affect no living person?" The Control said

"I cannot answer you whether you will be permitted or not; we do not like any Spirit, that has died a violent death to control our Sensitive. It gives her great pains and disturbs all the other Controls." Having heard this objection, I thought nothing further of the matter.

However, in about six weeks afterwards, whilst sitting and talking with Mrs. Olive, she suddenly became fearfully convulsed, and was evidently in great pain; she was struggling violently, but no Spirit controlled for some minutes; during all this time the Sensitive was writhing in apparent agony: At last in a very feeble voice, scarcely audible, she said, "Counsillee P., you saved the life of my beloved N.: we were both guilty. He did not kill me." This Control was too weak to say more then. The Sensitive returned to her normal state, and asked me "what has happened? I feel, as if I had been stabbed in the breast in several places." She was evidently much exhausted; I did not at that time know what my further experiences have taught me, "that when a Spirit controls a Sensitive for the first time, it imparts its last earth sensation of pain to the Sensitive; thus the effect of the poison, which Socrates took; the thud of the bullet which killed Marshal Ney, and the choking caused by the influenza, which carried off Dr. Babington were all felt by the Sensitive when those Spirits at different times took control."—But to return to the murdered woman, whose alleged murderer I defended; a few days after this the same Spirit controlled again, and several times after that; the Sensitive in the after controls suffering no inconvenience whatever. I asked many questions, and several very curious points, of which at the trial we could not get at the bottom, were thoroughly cleared up. I received tolerably good information as to who the real murderers who had passed away, were, and by whom they were instigated.

The most curious part, however, of the whole story was, that some days after the murdered woman had ceased to control; the Sensitive Mrs. Olive, went under control, and in a loud sonorous man's voice addressed me by name at full length, and on my asking, who was controlling? said, "What do you not recognise your old friend; your old rival W. R.: Have you forgotten the many hard fights we have had in the old Supreme Court, and the angry feelings, that occasionally rose, but which never lasted outside the verandah of the Old

Court House?" I then had a very interesting discussion with my old friend about old times and the actors therein, who had passed over to the majority; at last, I asked him the question: "Did N. G. murder L. J.?" when in his old style as when in life he rolled out these words, "Sadly and sorely was I vexed, and annoyed, when you by your superior tact rescued from the gallows one, whom I then considered richly deserved death, but now, that I am in Spirit life, more sadly, and more sorely should I be vexed, and annoyed, had I succeeded in bringing to the gallows an innocent man.—He was guilty:—They both were guilty; but he did not kill her."

It did not however appear, that the murdered woman had quite done with me; for more than a year after that, during the time I was in Philadelphia on a visit to the Centennial Exhibition, I went as an entire stranger to a Seance in the house of a Medium, who lived in a fifth or sixth rate street in that town, and there I formed one of a party of forty or fifty, and became unexpectedly the centre of attraction.

The Sensitive, a tall, gaunt, weird looking, elderly woman went into a trance, and said in a loud voice "There was a disturbing influence in the room; there was blood, she could not be controlled;" and going round the room, at last she came opposite to me and said "There is the form of a dark looking young woman (describing her dress) standing close to you; her breast is covered with wounds."—I at once knew, who it was. Several of the sitters called on me to explain; but before I gave any explanation, I asked the Sensitive to ask the Spirit "whether I had killed her?" I got for answer "She says no but you defended her beloved one." I then explained to the audience what it all meant and that it was by no means the first time she had visited me.

The journey which I made to India was extended to the Australian Colonies, New Zealand and California and through the United States of America home. I had sittings with Sensitives both in India and Australia; in those countries the Sensitives were not professional ones; but in all these was the same psychical power in a greater or lesser degree developed. When in America I visited the well known Eddy family, who resided in a small village called Chittenden, a few miles from the town of Rutland in the State of Vermont, and I stayed in the house of one of the family for four or five days: Notwithstanding all that had been said against this

family, I was fully satisfied with what I saw that there was no trick nor deception in any of the very curious manifestations I saw there.—I was there an unknown stranger; but nevertheless I received communications coming from some one, who evidently knew a good deal about me. In New York I visited two or three professional Mediums, and one of them told me exactly what I was thinking about, and this quite correctly. Curiously enough I was thinking of the contents of a letter, that I had that morning received from Calcutta in reference to coal mines, in which I was deeply interested. This Medium, a woman, said “you are thinking about stocks in a coal mine.” I might in all probability have put this reading of thought down to one of the “Coincidences” in which the opponents to Spiritualism indulge, when they cannot deny the fact of a correct answer through the mouth of a Medium; but subsequent experiences have satisfied me that to a well conditioned Medium, thought is as objective and real as large printed advertisement is against hoarding or blank wall.

My experiences in America were various. They were very much the same, as any visitor would get, who attended any of the promiscuous Seances given by professional Mediums. There was much that was astonishing, but still not satisfactory (although I was fully satisfied with the fact, that the Spirits of the departed could and did communicate). I did not, beyond a knowledge of the power of healing, get results which seemed to lead any further.

I left New York for Liverpool in the November of 1876, on one of the large steamers of the White Star Line; during the voyage the proceedings, which were then pending at the Bow Street Police Office against Dr. Slade, were the subjects of hot discussion. Some of the passengers pronounced Dr. Slade to be a rogue and impostor; others narrated their own experiences which were directly to the contrary. I gave my experience in Spiritualism, and brought much ridicule on myself.—On one occasion during these discussions a gentleman, whose name I do not know, but who, I was told was a large Yorkshire manufacturer, said “I am no Spiritualist; and know nothing of Spiritualism, but on one afternoon I was invited to accompany a friend to see the performances of Dr. Slade in New York, and in broad daylight I saw a slate, one corner of which was held by Dr. Slade, and the other corner by my friend, held over Dr. Slade’s

head with a long piece of slate pencil writing by itself, and not held by any living hand; when we looked at the slate there was a long message written on it covering nearly the whole face of the slate. There was no room for trick." This statement as a matter of course met with much derision. The non-Spiritualist, when he spoke of that, which he had seen did not fare a bit better, than I did, when I told, what I had seen and believed.

After my arrival in England I made up my mind to put to the test Dr. Slade's powers. The test, which I proposed to myself, was to try, if I could possibly get a message from a Spirit who was a friend of my own in earth life and on a slate that I myself would take with me.—For some days before my visit to Dr. Slade I willed strongly, that this friend of mine in earth life should communicate with me in Spirit, and should give me a message in writing, signed with his initials only. I had closed in death the eyes of this my friend some eight years before then.—In execution of this desire armed with a box slate, without any previous appointment made, I went to Dr. Slade's lodgings in one of the streets leading out of Bloomsbury Square, and was ushered into the back room of the first floor. The room itself was scantily furnished; the only furniture being a carpet, a few cane-seated chairs, and an ordinary Pembroke table.—I was alone in the room for nearly ten minutes before Dr. Slade made his appearance. I examined the furniture, but there was nothing that I could discover indicating the possibility of trick.—When Dr. Slade entered the room I saw in him a pale faced, anxious looking man, trembling much: I told my errand, and the particular object for which I had come; I mentioned no names; all that I stated, was, "that I wished to have a communication from a particular friend, whose eyes I had closed in death seven or eight years before." Dr. Slade trembled violently; I felt I had psychically a strong power over him. He told me "he could promise nothing, but he would try what he could get for me;" whilst we were standing talking together a few feet from the table, I heard distinct rappings under the table, and I saw one of the cane-seated chairs going of itself from the wall into the middle of the room. Dr. Slade said, "the raps on the table were a signal for the slate." He took a small slate, and sitting himself parallel to one side of the table, whilst I sat parallel to the other; with my feet forming a right angle

with his, he held one corner of the slate and I held the other under the table, we got a written message saying, "we will do all we can for you."—After this, whilst still sitting at the table, I distinctly felt hands, touching my legs, and thighs: I had the ends of a long neck shawl hanging down from my neck, and the shawl was pulled altogether from off my neck; I felt a hand tugging at my watch chain, and my watch was eventually drawn out of the fob of my trousers. There was again a signal for the slate, and Dr. Slade taking this time a much larger slate, which I had examined and found to be clean, invited me again to hold the other corner as before. So we put the slate under the table, with a small piece of slate pencil on the top of it; I holding one corner, and Dr. Slade holding the other. The slate was forcibly pushed out from under the table, although I strongly resisted by the corner I was holding. Dr. Slade could not have been pulling the slate out by the corner he held, for had he done so, my corner, owing to my resistance, would have formed a pivot round which the other corner of the slate would have turned: As we could not hold the slate under the table, he proposed that we should put it on the top of the table and put the pencil underneath the slate. This was done.—Dr. Slade's left and my right hand were put on the top of the slate. His other hand I held in my other hand; I could feel distinctly the scratching on the side of the slate next to the table; in about a couple of minutes the writing ceased, and on inspecting the slate it was found covered with a long message of nearly two hundred words; this message purported to come from his wife, who had passed over to the majority some few years before.—After this raps were again heard, and the turn came for the box slate, which I had brought with me; this slate had never been out of my sight from the time I entered the house; any manipulation by Dr. Slade was entirely out of the question,—even had any been practicable: The writing on the slate in the particular hand-writing of my friend was beyond the possibility of any trick. The slate was put under the table in the same manner as the other one had been, and forcibly pushed out in the same way, and then put on the top of the table with our hands on it the same way as on the other, and the slate pencil put inside the slate. The writing could be distinctly felt inside the slate, and when it ceased, on the slate being opened, was found in a very different

hand-writing from that on the first slate the following Message: "I am still your friend, and shall ever continue to be so. I remember you in life well, and shall ever in spirit. Ever truly, W. F. F." Both the writing and the initials were those of the person with whom I wished to communicate; they were in fact a *fac-simile* of his hand-writing; this hand-writing was recognised by a friend, who knew him and his hand-writing well. My friend asked me from whence, and how I got it? when I told him the story and all the particulars. I was simply told "he did not believe me." I mention this interesting incident in my Spiritual career in justice to a much maligned man, whose only misfortune was that he was a Medium, with the further misfortune, that as he could not live on air, he was compelled to make a money charge to those, who availed themselves of the extraordinary natural powers possessed by him. The Law and the Lawyers assumed as a fact, that any allegation of a power of communion with the dead was false and absurd, and that money paid to get such communications was necessarily obtained under false pretences. What mattered it, that some score or two of gentlemen, of known ability, tried probity, and good position, had had similar experiences through this self-same Dr. Slade, and received communications, which could only have come from the so-called dead. The magistrate assumed the fact, and eagerly made the words *or otherwise* in the statute apply to Dr. Slade's case, and the Court of Queen's Bench as eagerly adopted the magistrate's ruling and affirmed the conviction. One or more of the actors on Dr. Slade's trial have passed over to the majority, and one at least has expressed regret in Spirit life for the part he played in that judgment. These legal assumptions, and rejection of all proof of Spiritual communication by the so-called wise of to-day, will, before long, be ridiculed quite as much as Sir Matthew Hales' notions of witchcraft in the latter end of the seventeenth century are in the present day. A greater man than either Lankester or Donkin has publicly borne testimony to the extraordinary phenomena he witnessed in the presence of Dr. Slade, and has amply vindicated him from the aspersions of the would-be representatives of this scientific school. I am referring to Professor Zolner, and to the work which he published, and which has been ably translated by Mr. C. C. Massy, a well-known investigator in psychical phenomena.

The persecution of Dr. Slade—Dr. Monk—William Lawrence, and others, who had the misfortune to be of that peculiar conformation of body, which gave them the power of seeing, and hearing, what the majority of men can neither see, nor hear, and which in fact made them to be what is known as Mediums or Sensitives, led me (convinced as I was then of the power of the so-called dead communicating with the living) to the conclusion, that, if I intended to make any headway in my investigations, it must be done under a different agency to that of the public professional Medium, whose mind must ever be in a state of doubt and uncertainty; labouring always under fear of being brought before justice as an offender against some obsolete, and almost unknown statute. My comparatively short experiences had shown me, that conditions were necessary before satisfactory and reliable communication could be had. If I did not then, or even now, claim to assert, what were or are the actual conditions, which will ensure satisfactory communications, I had discovered that certain conditions had produced very unsatisfactory results; I found that whenever either the Sensitive or myself (the Sitter) were suffering mental depression, or even when the atmosphere was in a disturbed state, the Controls were too often misleading and unsatisfactory; it seemed to me as if there was always a crowd of Spirits ready, and anxious to communicate; but I discovered that many in that crowd were not very desirable visitors. I found I could not command communications from any particular Spirit; but that I must, as far as in my power, if I wished for satisfactory communications, try and make suitable conditions. I found it was necessary that the Sensitive should be easy in mind, that the Sitter should be the same, and what is more, that the Sitter should be perfectly passive, and have no anxiety to have communications from this or that Spirit.

After my return to England I resumed my sittings with Mrs. Olive; but owing to causes, which it is quite unnecessary to relate, my sittings were not as satisfactory as before. Mrs. O. had many troubles, and there were influences at work, which were not desirable; I believe, that had Mrs. Olive been free from domestic trouble and worldly care, and that, had she been nursed as a Medium, she would have had no equal. She sought redress in the Divorce Court, and is now the wife of a well-known Russian officer of rank.

To attain, what I believed necessary, I was anxious to find a Sensitive in the ranks of labour; one to whom I could afford to pay a salary, which, combined with moderate, not excessive labour, would enable him to live in comparative comfort, and render him free from all anxiety. I wanted one entirely to myself, and one who, without my permission, would not sit with any one else.

Early in the year 1877 I happened to be sitting in the reading-room of the British Association of Spiritualists in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and was having a conversation with some of the members, when a pale-faced, shabbily-dressed, and rather emaciated young man came into the room, and seated himself at the further end of the table. No one knew, who he was, or what he wanted; on the Secretary coming in, I asked, whether she knew who he was. She then told us, that it was Lawrence, the Medium, against whom proceedings had been taken in the Thames Police Court, and that she believed, he had come to get money assistance for his defence. Suddenly, and whilst I was talking to the Secretary, the man went under Control, and came to the end of the table, where I was sitting, and addressing me by name, asked me in very good Hindostanee, "how I was;" he then proceeded to describe a scene in one of the principal streets of Calcutta, in which there are several marts for the sale of horses, and describing the name of a firm owning one of them, and which name was in large letters over the gate-way; he then took me through various parts of Calcutta, describing them all accurately, and ended by asking, in good Hindostanee, for water to drink. A number of others, as well as myself, heard all this, and were not a little astonished.—On the following day I commenced make enquiries, as to who he was, and where he was to be found; I discovered, that he was going to have, on the following Sunday evening, a Seance in one of the lanes leading out of Fenchurch Street. So on the Sunday evening I went, and in the garret of a house occupied by a friend, and lent for the occasion, some thirteen or fourteen of us, huddled together, had a seance.—He went under the Control of a man, who in life had been a native pleader in the Court of Small Causes in Calcutta; this Control introduced himself to me in good Hindostanee, and then referred to matters in my professional career, which might have been known to him, but

certainly not to any one in England. I at once felt that there was in this man a good Sensitive, and one with and through whom my surroundings could communicate. Believing, as I then did, that every living soul is always attended by a host of unseen friends, whose Spirit aura and platform of thought is in unison with its own, I saw that through these Indian influences prevailing with me, I had come across a Sensitive whose Spiritual surroundings would not swamp mine.

I commenced to make enquiries as to his antecedents. I found that he had been latterly employed as a porter in an East End auctioneer's sale-room; there he had a very good character, but I was told, he used to "go off queer at times," and before that employment he had been a Lower Thames Street ticket porter, carrying fruit, and fish from the vessels in the river into the warehouses. I found out that his father before him had been a porter, and that he had been brought up at one of the parish schools in Horsleydown. After these enquiries, and finding nothing against the man's character, I had several Seances with him at my chambers; these Seances at first were not by any means as satisfactory as those on the two occasions, when I first made his acquaintance. I found that there was the same tendency to run into grooves; certain stock Controls seemed to control on all occasions. After a few sittings however, the style of Control improved very much; on one occasion the Spirit of Gustavus Brooke, the actor, who was lost in the ship "London," in the Bay of Biscay, controlled, and he gave a scene or two out of one of Shakespeare's plays, and before he gave up control, he (Brooke) told me, that on one occasion the employer of the Sensitive had invited some of his friends, and amongst them the manager of a theatre at the East End of London, to come and see what occurred, when the Sensitive went off in such a strange way, that he (Brooke) controlled, and purposely gave a scene out of one of Shakespeare's plays. This caused this theatrical manager to offer the Sensitive employment at his theatre at a good salary. When Gustavus Brooke had ceased to Control on this occasion, and the Sensitive had returned to his normal state, I asked him, whether he had ever received an offer of employment at a theatre, and after a moment's consideration he said, "Oh, I recollect once, after my master had been showing me off when I went under control, and the manager of the — Theatre did, after I returned to myself, offer me

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employment as an actor on the stage, and I told him I knew nothing of play acting and left him. I had not been long acquainted with the Sensitive Lawrence, and before I had sat many times with him, I found the influence of his surroundings operating strongly again, and it seemed for a long time doubtful, whether his or my surroundings would prevail; I discovered that he had his own personal guide making his influence known and felt in different ways, and I also shortly discovered that I had my own guide, who was beginning to take a lively interest in me whenever conditions allowed his so doing.

My introduction to the guide of the Sensitive was, as follows: I was sitting one evening with the Sensitive. He went under Control and said, "Charles Helvetus Lloyd; in earth life a professed Mesmerist, and an Atheist, at your service; did you ever know of the living Spirit in the body being taken away from its own body and taken a long airing?" I answered, "I had read about such things, but had had no such experiences." He said: "I was brought up in the medical profession, and gave that profession up and became a professor of Mesmerism, and for many years was a very successful Mesmerist; on one occasion I was engaged by the vicar of a parish in the South-East of London to give a performance before the boys of the parish school; I mesmerised several of the boys, amongst them one, a tall lad of about fourteen years of age; I could not bring him back to his normal state; all my attempts were ineffectual; I got alarmed; I had the boy taken into a small side room, and I was, notwithstanding all my efforts, unable to restore him to his normal state. Feeling more and more alarmed, for the first time I believe since boyhood, I said a prayer; I prayed to God to enable me to restore that boy again to his normal state. I fancied that I saw a smile on his face; he slowly came round. From that time I felt, why, or wherefore, I could not say, as if my life was bound up in his; I was always thinking of him, but somehow he avoided me. I often used to meet him; but he always used to make away, as soon as ever he saw me. A couple of years after this, through bad health, I lost my power of mesmerising, and fell into poverty; I was in want of the common necessities of life; I could not pay the rent of my lodgings, and I was about to be turned into the streets. I felt my end of earth life was near; as I lay in bed one night a longing came over me to

see that boy's Spirit; I prayed (for the second time in my recollection) to God to send that boy to me, that I might see him once more before death; that boy's Spirit stood before me at my bed-side; I asked him 'why he feared me?' and was answered 'he did not know.' His Spirit gradually disappeared from my sight, and on that same night I passed away. That boy is the man through whose body I am now speaking. Since then I have never left him; I have taken his Spirit out through the whole world; we have travelled together through many countries; in some we would see the hardy adventurer on the slippery glacier wending his way, where a single false step would have been destructive; at other times we would revel in the beautiful scenery of this, my native country. The other day to do him some good, and to satisfy you, that he was not an impostor, and to make a friend for him in you, I Controlled him in the room of the Association of Spiritualists, and took his Spirit to Calcutta, and made him speak of many places and things known to you." I then asked the Control, by way of test, "whether he could take him again to Calcutta, and describe scenes there." This he did, and described me and my house accurately, and the peculiarities of native servants; the shroffs, or money changer; the syces or horse-keepers. He then described graphically the murder of Mr. Justice Norman by a fanatic Mussulman in the High Court. I asked him, if he could describe some scene away from Calcutta? He then took me to one of the scenes, that occurred in the Mofussil at the time of the Mutiny, when our European officers were so cruelly murdered; he described an officer tied by one leg to a tree, and by the other to the top of a stout sapling bent to the ground, and which, being let go, tore him in pieces. He then described a gang of mutineers being sent as convicts to the Andaman Islands, and describing particularly one of them, who had had a hand in the murder of that officer. He then described the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, leaving Government House, Calcutta; his voyage in the steamer; his landing on the Andaman Islands, and his being there murdered by the same man he had before mentioned. Nothing could have been more graphically told. He then went on to say that he wished to speak to me about myself; he said I should require medical aid, that he had good healing powers, and would use them for me. This he has done most faithfully; had he been my own Spiritual guide

he could not have been more careful of me. He has visited me, with very few exceptions, at almost every Seance I have ever held since that time. He restores my hands when tired with long writing; he cures my head aches, and the various pains consequent on old age. To me he has been a most invaluable, although unseen friend and companion, and is almost as much my guide, as he is that of the Sensitive.— All honour to my unseen friend, Charles Helvetus Lloyd.

Shortly after this introduction to the Spiritual guide of my Sensitive in manner hereinbefore described, I was introduced to my own guide under the following circumstances. I had invited two friends of mine to be present at one of my Seances; one of these friends was an Etonian and Oxford man, a man of considerable tact and judgment, but not a Spiritualist; the other was a hard-headed City man. When we were all seated, the Sensitive went under the Control of Gustavus Brooke, the actor, and gave us in excellent style two or three scenes, which my friend pronounced as being from Troilus and Cressida; after this the Sensitive was Controlled by a Spirit, who spoke in very strong terms against the clergy; he charged them with knowingly teaching that which they knew not to be the truth; his address was clearly directed at my friend; suddenly there was a break, and apparently without any connection with anything, which had gone before, the Control said, looking hard at me, "you know, and I know," and turning to my friend, said, "you will know." The Control ceased without telling us who he was. My City friend said he had had quite enough of the Seance; it was not in his way, and he did not see the use of wasting time over it; so away he went.

My other friend commenced very adroitly cross-examining the Sensitive, with the view of showing, that he was a rank impostor, and had crammed up for the occasion; whilst he was talking with the Sensitive, the Sensitive again went into trance, and was Controlled by the Spirit of a little blind negro girl called Taunto; this was a standing dish with the Sensitive. My friend tried through this Control to find out, who the preceding Control was, and was told, in broken English, "Him Parson hate berry much; they burn him; all same Guy Fawkes; Him write book against Parson." I had not the slightest idea, to whom the Control was referring; but my friend evidently had, for he said "you do not mean Tom Paine?" "Yes Massa, Tom Paine; him

berry good ; berry high spirit." When this Control ceased, my friend made the remark that he had no notion that Thomas Paine could speak so well ; he said, he always thought, he was a low, vulgar fellow. I asked "whether he had ever read any of his works ?" He answered no.—I said, "Men like Paine, Cobbett, Holyoake, and others like them were the real pioneers of thought for the masses ; that they spoke home to the hearts of the people ; they used plain language, and appealed to their own common sense, and did not conceal the paucity of idea in an overflow of fine language." I said, "in my opinion the masses were to be raised from below, not from above, and that all the abuse heaped on Thomas Paine by the clergy had only had the effect of making his works better known. The clergy," I said, "had tried, but had never succeeded in answering him." My friend left me ; I followed him to the outer door, when he asked me whether I had noticed the sudden break and change in the manner of speech when Thomas Paine was Controlling, when he said "you know, I know, and you will know." I said that I had noticed it, but I could not understand, what it meant. My friend said, "I can explain it. It was an answer to my thoughts at the time. I was much struck with it, when he was charging the clergy with not speaking the truth ; I thought to myself, I should like to know 'what is truth ?' and my thought was instantly taken up." My friend went away puzzled, if not convinced.

I returned to the room where the sensitive was sitting, intending to give him his fee, and send him away, but I had scarcely got into the room before he went under the Control of Thomas Paine again, who burst out with, "I thank you, dear Mr. P., for the bold manner in which you spoke out for myself and others, who are treated as the scum of the earth ; you are right ; we are the pioneers of public opinion ; the masses follow us, because we speak to their hearts ; they understand us, and will in the future understand us more. I have long been attempting to get near you, and to claim my position as your guide, but hitherto conditions have not been suitable. I have been your Spiritual guide from your earliest infancy."—He then told me that he should Control again on a future occasion.—This he did shortly afterwards, and then he told me all about his birth, his parentage, his leaving his home, his struggles in life, his departure for America, and his publication of "Common Sense," which

brought about the declaration of Independence within six months. He spoke of his persecution in England, of his residence in France, and the narrow escape he had of being guillotined by the orders of Robespierre, and of all the events to the close of his life. He said he was highly favoured in Spirit Land, which many of his persecutors were not, and that in all probability he would be appointed the Angel Spirit of a new Dispensation. Nearly seven years have elapsed since this my introduction to my Spiritual guide, and I must say a true guide he has been to me. During these years my life has had its rough as well as its smooth periods, but in troublous times my guide is ever ready, even unasked, to come and guide me through the lips of the Sensitive. No living counsellor could have given better even, if as good, counsel. Matters have been argued between us at times as keenly as litigants on earth would have done. My guide does not profess Omniscience; he does not ask me to follow all he advises, or to believe in all he says; but directs me to use my reason, and be guided by that alone, and if my reason, fairly exercised, does not lead me to adopt his advice then, that it would be better for me to reject it, even if I were mistaken in such rejection." His Controls have been numerous, and several of them will appear in this volume. Throughout them all is to be found the highest veneration for the Almighty, the Great First Cause, and the strongest love of man for man is everywhere inculcated.— Since then he has become the Angel of the new Dispensation which is now amongst men.

Shortly after my introduction to my own Spiritual Guide, and at a time when the seances, which I was holding with my Sensitive, were becoming more than ever interesting, they were abruptly broken off by circumstances over which, neither the Sensitive, nor myself, as the sitter, had any control. In a former part of this chapter I referred to the persecution going on against Sensitives, mine amongst the rest. He had been tried for obtaining money under a false pretence, the false pretence being, that he could communicate with the Spirits of the departed. As a Spiritualist, I deny that to be a false pretence. Thousands like myself have had proofs of the actuality of Spirit communication; but in the treatment of these charges evidence of the experiences of those who had received such communications was not admitted, simply because it was assumed, that such an

allegation was of itself false ; but as it was not shown, that he had obtained money from anyone, it was held that he was guilty of an attempt to commit a misdemeanour, which was of itself a misdemeanour, and the Court sentenced him to three months as a first-class misdemeanant. From this conviction an appeal had been made to the Court of Queen's Bench on a point of Law. The Court of Queen's Bench upheld the decision of the Court of Sessions, and my Sensitive had to surrender to his bail, and to endure his three months' incarceration.

This conviction, and its consequences, made no difference in my opinion of the man ; I believed him then, and I know him now after seven years' acquaintance, to be a thoroughly honest and simple-minded man. He was the victim of a newly-developing but always existing phase of human life not yet perfectly understood, he himself being simply an unconscious agent and powerless in the matter. But the light of Spiritualism has dawned, and will before long overspread the whole world.

Some of my friends in Spiritualism may say, " Why make any allusion to that which then occurred ? " My answer is, This conviction entailed no disgrace on the Sensitive. He was the victim of ignorance and impatient assumption ; egged on by religious fanaticism. The disgrace is and was on the bigoted state of society, which limits all knowledge to its own narrow horizon, and which retains on its Statute Books, and enforces laws, incompatible with an age which claims to be called enlightened. Bigotry however is dying hard ; but it is not yet dead ; the same spirit, that lighted the faggot at Smithfield, or applied the thumbscrew of the Inquisition, shows itself when it gets the chance ; as witness the conviction of the half-witted Pooley, the well-sinker at Bodmin in 1855 ; the prosecutions of Slade, Monck, Lawrence, and other Mediums in 1877 ; and the prosecutions, and convictions of Messrs. Foote and Ramsay last year. I do not agree either with the matter or manner of the publication, for which these last-named individuals have suffered, but I agree with every word uttered by Mr. Foote in his able defence, and say I cannot see how ridicule can justify a prosecution, when the same thing discussed in a philosophical manner is allowed to go unnoticed. Surely if a belief cannot stand ridicule it must stand on a very weak base. This will not last long. Differences of

opinion ought to form no ground for persecution. This the coming age will discover, when the Truth through Spiritual communication will be better known, and when not only men's thoughts but the expression of them will be allowed to be free. Since the conviction of my Sensitive, two of the judges have passed over to the majority. One of them has in spirit life spoken through the body of the same Sensitive, whom he incarcerated. I do not blame him for the part he took. He acted honestly, as I believe, and according to the light he possessed, conscientiously. In a control by one of the Judges, Sir Alexander Cockburn, which was published in the *Medium and Daybreak* of June 29th, 1883, he went over the trial, and told me what he thought at the time of the man (the Sensitive) before him, and what steps he took, apart from his judicial position, to ascertain, whether the man would surrender to his bail or make himself scarce and be no more heard of; and that he has discovered now, that he has entered the higher life, how mistaken he was in the opinion he then formed.

Shortly after the release of the Sensitive, I made arrangements with him to sit with me and me only, and since then I believe, with one exception, he has observed his bargain. I have sat with this man, nearly, if not quite, a thousand times. During all which time, I have faithfully recorded in a shorthand of my own, every word that has fallen from his lips in trance, and I feel myself fully rewarded for all the trouble taken, and time and money expended. Through this uneducated man, this Sensitive, I have been enabled to commune, as I thoroughly believe, not only with those mighty souls, who have in all ages left their mark in the world's history, be that mark for weal or woe, but I have also communicated with others unknown to history, but who still are not lost in the big family of mankind in the world beyond. I have had the Sages and Seers of the past belonging to all countries, and to all times; and I have also had the lowly and humble telling their story, and indicating their peculiar individualities: The good, who have in their earthly careers been a blessing to humanity, and the bloodthirsty and ambitious, who have been earth's scourges, all have come to tell their tale through the lips of man in the flesh. They, all alike, seem to have but one object: The High and Good Spirits to show the consequences in eternity of a life well spent on earth; the others to act as Beacons and Warnings

to evil doers, by recounting the ages of misery and suffering, through which they have been going, since they passed to the higher life; but all alike, good and bad, speak of God's mercy, and by their very presence scatter to the wind the blasphemy of everlasting punishment. Many of the spirits, who were suffering expiation for their misdoings on earth, have told me, that the very fact of their being permitted to speak through the lips of the flesh, was to them the dawning of an era of hope, after the many long dark years of expiation and suffering.

Men of all ages, countries, creeds, and races have visited me. Among them Menu and Gautama Buddha, otherwise known as Sakayamuni; each of them have spoken of their times on earth among the Hindoos. From ancient Egypt, an unknown spirit has gone over Egypt's ancient history. Rameses has told his story, and so has Sesostris, and several others, belonging to Egypt in the long long past, have had their say. The greatest names that appear in the history of Ancient Greece have spoken through the lips of the Sensitive. Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Æsop, Aristophanes, Pericles, Themistocles, and Pausanias, and other Greek celebrities have each and all had their say. Many of Rome's early Kings, Her Consuls, Dictators, and Emperors have spoken: from Numa Pompilius to Julian, the so-called apostate. Many of the greatest in history have controlled the Sensitive in my presence.

My unseen, but not unheard, visitors are not confined merely to the ancients, nearly every great name, that shines in the history of Middle-aged and Modern Europe, after the long dark ages succeeding early Christianity, have visited me. Among others Abelard, St. Bernard, Roger Bacon, Wickliffe, Calvin, Luther, Servetus, and John Knox, and many others in the middle ages. Coming nearer to our own day and to our own country, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, Latimer, Cranmer; Nearly all the celebrities of the Elizabethan Era, including Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and others, many of the stern Puritans of the 17th century, Prynne, Vane, Harrison, and other leaders in the so-called Great Rebellion; in fact all the celebrities of English history down to the present day have been my visitors, together with many from France, Germany, and India. With regard to India, for some months after I commenced to sit regularly with the Sensitive, the Indian

influences seemed to preponderate; although I had at times others, not connected with India, telling their story, still India and Indian influences seemed to have taken possession of the field. I suppose my long connexion with the East, and the interest I took in it, threw off an Aura suited to those anxious to communicate with living men. Among the Anglo-Indian celebrities, Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, the Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord Harris, General Meadows, Webb, the Private Secretary of the Marquis of Wellesley, and others of England's sons connected with the earlier doings of England in India; and coming down to later days I have had many of the Actors in Indian affairs, both English and native.

Amongst the natives Ali Nukhee Khan, the Minister of Wajid Ali, King of Oudh; Azim Oollah Khan, the Adviser and Vakeel of the Nana Sahib, and who is believed to have been the instigator of the Cawnpore Massacre; Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the wealthy Parsee Philanthropist, and Lalla Joteepersad, the celebrated Army Contractor; all these have told their tale. Amongst English celebrities Sir James Hope Grant, Generals Neil, Havelock, and Sir Henry Lawrence, and Cavanagh, the brave man who, disguised as a native, kept up communication between the besieged in the Residency at Lucknow and the relieving army, have communicated through the Sensitive uncalled-for but gladly received.

There are other phases of Spiritualism besides that of the Spirit out of the body controlling and speaking through that of the Sensitive. There is what is known as the Clairvoyant and Clairaudient state, in which the Sensitive can see, not only the surrounding spirits and describe what they are like, and what they are doing, but can hear what they are saying and repeat it to me. In this state he goes into trance, but still retains his own individuality but with powers far more exalted. He himself when in this condition refers to it as his semi-conscious state, but he never recollects afterwards what he has seen or heard; he seems as if his individuality was entirely changed. His language, his ideas, nay, his very face seems changed. In some of these Clairvoyant scenes I scarcely realise, that the same man is speaking to me. When in this state he seems as if he had the power of projecting, as it were, his soul into space, and of seeing and hearing what is going on, and narrating the same; neither space, nor matter seeming to form any obstacles to his power of seeing and hearing.

I have had in this state repeated to me dialogues between Spirits, some of whom were contemporaries with each other, and who have discussed their difference of opinion when on earth. Others again between whose respective earth careers centuries had passed. Of the first class I have had dialogues between Marius and Sylla, in which neither spared the other; each was as bitter against the other as when on earth; time did not seem to have softened their ancient enmity. I have had dialogues between Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Wolsey; between Lady Jane Grey and Lord Dudley Somerset, the Protector, and Admiral Lord Seymour; and to come to more recent times I have had a piece of robing room chaff and badinage between Sir Wm. Follett and Lord Campbell, Sergeant Talfourd, and Sir Nicholas Tyndall; each having their passage of arms, and quietly pointing out each other's professional peculiarities. With regard to dialogues and discussions between Spirits of different dates in earth life, I have had Calanus the Brahmin, who attached himself to Alexander the Great, and who, when he found himself getting old, is said to have performed Suttee,* and to have ascended the funeral pile with firm and undaunted step, and to have fired it with his own hand; telling his friend Alexander, "We shall meet again at Babylon." I have had this Calanus holding a strong discussion with Ignatius Loyola, the ex-soldier and founder of the Order of the Jesuits, twitting him with insincerity, and denouncing his ambition, telling him his assumed piety was for himself, rather than out of love of God; to be twitted in his turn by Ignatius Loyola with his crime of self-immolation. I have had the Spirit of Garnett, the Jesuit, attacking that of Ignatius Loyola, for misleading men; and I have had Lady Jane Grey discussing with Queen Marie Antoinette their unfortunate endings of earth life; and many more of a like nature: these discussions are fully as interesting and as readable as any of the imaginary conversations of Walter Savage Landor. But the Clairaudient and Clairvoyant-powers of the Sensitive are not confined simply to his seeing and hearing, what the unseen of the past say to each other, or what they are doing. He appears to have the power of projecting his soul into the conclave and council of living men. I have had related to me at times, what I believed to be the proceedings in

* The term applied to the burning of Hindoo widows together with their deceased husbands.

Cabinet Councils, as well as in Clerical Convocations. I have also had related to me discussions purporting to be taking place in the Meetings of the Investigators and would-be Exposers of Spiritualism, and often the leading points of public interest appearing in the public journals of the day, have been told to me before they have been out of the press and issued to the public.

As I am confining my remarks simply to my own experiences in Spiritual Manifestations, I shall not allude at any length to the many other curious phases, and modes by which our unseen friends seem to try to get at the understandings of those, who require something of the sensational to awake them up. I am referring amongst others to the levitation of Human bodies; to the production of fruit and flowers, and even living birds at Seances; to the production of photographs of the departed; to the taking of casts of spirit faces and the moulds of hands and feet in melted paraffine; and many other Manifestations, which have been seen by many earnest and truthful investigators, and duly attested by them. There are, however, two other forms of Spiritual Manifestation, on which I must say a few words, having had my own personal Experiences in them. I am referring to the Materialisations of Spirit bodies, and to the painting, and drawing of pictures through the hand of the Sensitive. With regard to Materialisation Seances, since I have sat with this my present Sensitive, I have been forbidden by my Guide to attempt any such with him, as I have been told my vitality would be seriously affected by reason of the readiness with which I impart the Material for the substantive Spirit. Those, who have made Spiritual Materialisation a study know full well, that the Materialising Spirit must get its material from somewhere, and they also know that somewhere is from either the Sensitive or the sitters or from both, for both Medium and Materialised Spirit have been weighed, and it has been found that as one increases in weight the other decreases. The conclusion necessarily arises, that the material increasing the weight of the so-called Spirit, must have been taken up by some subtle process, at present but ill-understood, from the bodies either of the sitters or the Sensitive.

I once made the attempt, in a darkened chamber improvised for the occasion, in order to have a materialisation through my Sensitive. I had scarcely been sitting in my cabinet

ten minutes, when the Sensitive went under the control of a Spirit, who in strong and decisive terms ordered me out instantly, telling me to light the lamp at once, unless I wished to kill myself. In case any of the readers should be led to think that this was pure imagination, I would tell them, that a few months previous to this a friend, thinking to do the Sensitive a good turn, took him without my knowledge or permission to the house of a well-known Spiritualist, where in his library in a subdued light, a light fleecy cloud seemed to issue from the side of the Sensitive, and gradually formed into a solid body representing a native of India, an old client of mine, by name Joteepersaad, the celebrated Army Contractor for the Indian Government. At the time and subsequent to the holding of this Materialisation Seance, I could not understand what it was, that had made me feel so languid and unwell, even at a distance, and from which I had not recovered at the time when I had another sitting with the Sensitive and this same friend. He (the Sensitive) on this occasion went under the control of his own guide, C. H. L., but with very great difficulty, and said, "If there are any more of these Materialisation Seances, we will cripple either you, or the Sensitive, in order to prevent you coming together; as it is, he has exhausted your vitality." I was much puzzled to know what it all meant; my friend's face told me that something was wrong, and on asking what it all meant, he told me what he had been doing. Some days after this I got from the country, and showed him a large water-coloured drawing of Joteepersyad whom he at once recognised as the Spirit that had materialised.

Although I have never sat with the Sensitive, save on the occasion referred to, for any Materialisation, yet I have, in addition to my early experiences at the outset, been present at Seances on two or three occasions, when I have witnessed Materialisations with other Sensitives beyond all shadow of doubt, and beyond all possibility of trick or fraud. On one occasion I was sitting at No. 15, Southampton Row, in the company of several others, the Sensitives present being Miss Wood, and a Lady of the name of Fairlamb, and Mr. Herne, a well-known medium, when the figure of a small negro child of four or five years of age, whether boy or girl I did not know, gradually formed from a Ball of light at my feet. I put my hand on the crisp Negro hair of the child. This figure afterwards disappeared in the same manner as it

formed, that is, gradually. On another occasion, sitting at a Seance in Newcastle-on-Tyne, with Mrs. Esperance as the Medium, amongst other Materialisations a baby of about six months old Materialised at the foot of the chair on which I was sitting, and when I put my forefinger towards it, the little thing grasped it. In the case of both of those Mediums charges of fraud and imposture have been made. In neither of the cases which I have mentioned was fraud possible. The first-named Sensitive could not have introduced a young negro or negress, and the last one, a baby gradually forming in a cloud, solidifying, and then disappearing in the same way. Much has been said on the frauds of Mediums; I shall have a few words to say on this subject hereafter. My experiences have taught me, that the trick is not always on the part of the unfortunate Medium.

The only other form of Spritual Manifestation which I shall relate is that of drawings and paintings through the hand of the Sensitive in an unconscious state. This man in his normal state has not the slightest idea of drawing, even the most simple thing, and yet through him, and done, as I believe, by his hand, I have received at least one hundred and fifty drawings of different subjects and different sizes; some of higher merit than others, but all bearing the names of some artist; who in years gone by has made his mark as an artist in earth life. There is scarcely one of these drawings but which displays artistic merit. I shall commence by giving the circumstances under which I began to receive these Spritual drawings.

In the latter end of 1877 or early in the month of January, 1878, the Sensitive brought me a small rough likeness of Dost Mahomed Khan, the celebrated Afghan Chief. This was done on a piece of common cartridge paper, and indifferently coloured. The Sensitive said that he had been impressed to buy a sixpenny box of paints, and that he had put the paper and the box of paints alongside his bed when he went to sleep, and that when he awoke in the morning, he found the picture, which he then presented to me. Now whatever the artistic merits of this picture may be, it must be a good likeness, for on showing it to an old Indian friend, and without telling him who it was intended for, he at once recognised it as that of Dost Mahomed Khan. I asked him how he came to know Dost Mahomed Khan? and he said, "Do you not know that the old Dost was under

my charge as Medico for fully eight months, during his detention as a State prisoner in the Dehra Dhoon ? There can be no mistake as to who it is." Admission as to the no mistake as to the likeness vanished, when I told my friend how and in what manner I had obtained it. From whence the Sensitive was to get a likeness of Dost Mahomed, I know not ; I never heard of any of the European Artists, who visit India, taking the Dost's likeness ; and if by any stray chance any old Indian family should have had such a thing, I do not know how either directly or indirectly the Sensitive could have got at it. A few days after the above picture was brought to me, William Blake, an English artist who passed away in 1828, and who on earth was ridiculed as the Spirit Artist controlled the Sensitive. His control was published in the *Medium and Daybreak* early in 1878, where his account of himself is fully set out. This Spirit ordered me to get paints, paper, and brushes ; directing me to a shop somewhere near Golden Square, which shop I could not find. He told me that the same Spirit Artist, Benvenuto Cellini, who guided his hand in earth life, would guide that of the Sensitive whose body he was occupying, but that he had very different materials to deal with in the present case, to what he had with him, William Blake. He said, in his case the Spirit Artist had the hand of a skilful engraver, through which to operate, whereas with the Sensitive he had only the fingers of a long-shore porter to deal with. The above was the manner in which I commenced to receive Spirit drawings ; since then I have received fully one hundred and fifty, of different degrees of merit, but each one evidently improving on those which had gone before. The majority of the pictures bear the name of Freeholder, the *nom de plume* of Benvenuto Cellini ; but I have several other artists of celebrity on my list, Adam Pynaker, the Dutch Artist ; Alonzo Cano, the Spaniard ; Michael Angelo ; Reni Guido or rather Guido Reni ; Fuseli ; and lastly another Spanish Artist, Hernandes Navarete, known as " El Mudo " or the Mute. I only get these pictures either shortly after the Sensitive has been, or shortly before he is going to sit with me. It seems as if my Aura was requisite to enable these unseen Artists to operate on the Sensitive's brain.

As none of these pictures have been done in my presence, some of my sceptical friends have suggested that the Sensitive has paid someone else to do them for him. This may be

possible, but by no means probable; he gets nothing extra from me for them, and no artist with the powers of imagination displayed, either in the subject or its execution, could be bought by any means at the command of the Sensitive. I am to a certain extent in a position, quite independent of either what the Sensitive or his wife have told me (although I fully and unreservedly believe what they say), to give collateral proof in support of their origin. On the very day, on which he brought me the first picture, he was controlled by Benvenuto Cellini, who, talking Italian at a rapid rate, seized on a piece of chalk, and drew a full-sized Head on one of the leaves of my dining-table. On many subsequent occasions I have had very curious pen-and-ink sketches done in my presence, through the hand of the Sensitive. On one occasion I had a test, which, I think, should satisfy any reasonable man as to the fact of their being done entirely through the hand of the Sensitive, whatever the other agency may be at work. One morning he asked me for more drawing paper, and I gave him five sheets: shortly after this he left me, taking the paper with him. About half-an-hour after he had left me, something impressed me to go to his house. When I knocked at the door his wife opened it and said, "I am so glad you are come; I am afraid I have done harm. On his return home he went upstairs. Shortly after he had been sitting in the little room where the paintings go on, I heard noises, just as if some people were fighting. As this had been going on for some time, I went upstairs to see, what was the matter, and awoke him from his trance and he fell down as if he were dead. He is very bad just now." I told his wife to call him down stairs. When he came, he looked more dead than alive. He told me he felt as if he had been fighting, and that, strange to say, work had been commenced on all of the five sheets of paper which I had given him. I went upstairs and found that the designs of the intended pictures had been sketched on the whole five sheets, and that in addition to this two of them were partly coloured. All this must have been done in less than three-quarters-of-an-hour from the time he entered his own house. There is nothing in these Spirit drawings peculiar to my Sensitive alone or to myself. Duguid, Wilkinson, Smith, Miss Houghton, and many others have had the like. It is only one of the many means by which the unseen try to attract the living.

Having mentioned the fact of the Sensitive, after having been suddenly awakened from his trance, being in such a depressed condition; I must point out the great danger of suddenly breaking off a Control. The believers in Spiritualism have many of them seen, and most of them have heard, what the unfortunate Sensitives have suffered, when wrong-headed and enthusiastic investigators have rushed in and seized the Medium. I have in my own experiences had on three different occasions remarkable proof of this danger. In my earlier sittings, the Sensitive used to be possessed by the Spirit of a fanatical Ranter, who had passed away shortly before, but who for some reason of his own owed the Sensitive a grudge. On one occasion this same Spirit attacked me in unmeasured terms on my religious belief. I spoke strongly, and I told him, I did not want either his opinions or advice, and requested him to leave the Sensitive alone. I exercised a strong will, that he should cease controlling. The Sensitive with a scream fell like a dead body on the floor, and it was some two or three or more minutes before I could restore him to his normal state; as it was, he felt the effects for a day or two afterwards; and on two other occasions when my laundress rushed thoughtlessly into my room, the same state of things occurred. It seems to me as if his body requires an active vital force—either that belonging to his own or that of some other individuality to keep up the body action—and that if any sudden disturbance of the conditions under which a Spirit holds possession occurs, the controlling Spirit cannot longer hold that possession; and that some time must be allowed for the Soul of the Sensitive, which has temporarily given up possession, to resume it. This connexion of soul, body, and the power of the soul to wander from its body, will some day, when Spiritualism is no longer tabooed, form an interesting study to those who have the power and the will to dive into the depths of nature's secrets. In my experiences I have had on two occasions nameless Spirits controlling, who have each of them told me that they operated through earth bodies continuously, as long as they could keep their hold in the body. One was the case of a Spirit who seized the body of a new-born baby, known as Henry Heinecce, the other that of John of Leyden. Although these two Controls have been published a few years back, I shall insert them again in the body of this work, as presenting a most curious phase in Spiritualism.

It is necessary, that I should say a few words on the alleged tricks of Mediums, and the exposures that are from time to time blazoned forth, with a flourish of trumpets of "Spiritualism exposed." I do not deny that there have been many cases in which so-called trick has been exposed; but I doubt much, whether there has been in many of such, conscious wilful trick on the part of the Sensitive. I will admit that in some cases there has been wilful trick on the part of a Sensitive, who at other times has proved himself to be trustworthy and well developed; but even in these cases, some excuse may be made for the unfortunate Sensitive, although but little for the sitters, who are the cause. No Sensitive can command either conditions or communications; but the sitters must have something sensational for their money; and I am fain to believe, that in several cases, where, owing to unfavourable conditions, the Sensitive could get no real Spiritual results, he may have palmed off trick; but in the majority of the cases of so-called trick, I feel satisfied, that whatever miscarriage may have taken place, the Sensitive has been utterly unconscious of what has been done. I could mention several cases within my own experiences, where the manifestations were suggestive of trick, but in which a little patience and abstention from sudden and rash action has cleared all up without much trouble.

Believing, as I do, the fact of Spiritual communication, and knowing that the change, through death, does not suddenly make the bad good or the ignorant wise, and knowing that men, who have led bad lives on earth, can control a Sensitive and communicate, just as well as good ones, provided suitable conditions are afforded, I am not surprised, that when a Sensitive is in the midst of a set of incongruous, sensation-seeking sitters, that tricks are attempted, as I believe, not by the Sensitive, but by the Controls, simply from a pure love of mischief. Among my unseen visitors, I have had those, who have told me how in earth they were led into extravagances and follies, simply through having the misfortune of being, unknown to themselves, Sensitives, and not properly developed, and thereby the sport of mischievous Spirits, who had not lost their earth propensities, even after years of sojourn in Spirit land. I would refer to Mary Barton, the Maid of Kent, in the time of Henry the Eighth, and to Elspeth Buchan, the founder of a sect called Buchanites, in the latter end of the last century. Many

others nearer our time have been consigned to lunatic asylums, owing to being, by nature, mediumistic, and not being properly developed, they have become the sport of earth-bound Spirits. I believe, that half-a-dozen well-developed Sensitives, employed in our County Lunatic Asylums, would do more good in curing so-called Lunatics, than twice the number of medical men and the hosts of warders employed. The men and women said to be possessed of Devils, of whom we read in Scripture, is no idle fable. These unfortunates were ill-developed Sensitives, and the seven Devils were seven different mischievous Spirits, who at different times possessed the unfortunate men or women. I have referred but little to Spiritual literature; but to those who are curious to see how the unseen world acts on this seen and tangible world of ours, I would refer any one desirous of investigating the truth of Spiritualism to a work called "Life beyond the Grave," written by a well-known gentleman in Manchester, and which, in my opinion, gives an explanation of what "Life beyond the Grave" really is, better than any other work yet written. In that work is given, in a plain and intelligible form, the relative position of the Seen and the Unseen World. The reader will find that this, our so-called *Real* world, is quite as *Unreal* to the Spirit world as theirs is to us.

I have now given a short abstract of my experiences during the last ten years. I regret that space will not allow me to enter more fully into them, and the conclusions I have drawn. It may be asked, what are the conclusions to which I have come, and what advantage I have derived from my labours? In answer thereto, I have come to the conclusion, that the life principle of man is eternal: That life does not commence with birth, nor end with death: That the life, or sentient part of man on earth, is an emanation from the Great Divine First Cause, and a distinct and separate entity from the body on, in, and through which it must operate during earth life: That when the material body of man is no longer a fitting receptacle for that sentient principle, the body returns to the elements of which it is formed, and the soul survives, retaining the individuality which it gained in earth, fitting it accordingly for an ever-progressing state in eternity: That the soul of the departed man, when it can find suitable conditions, can and does communicate with souls still in the body. What those conditions really are, is

only partially known. They are known only so far, that when some men sit with certain men or women, called Sensitives, they get certain Manifestations, many of which have been hereinbefore enumerated; but the why or the wherefore cannot at the present be mathematically demonstrated. My own long experience and careful study of the subject, combined with the results of many abler minds than my own, have led me to conclusions which time may, and probably will, prove to be correct.

It may be said, "All your experiences give no real evidence as to the existence of the soul or Spirit being apart and distinct from the living body." I submit, that apart from Spiritualism altogether, the phenomena of Mesmerism clearly show, that matter is distinct from mind, and that mind is not a consequent of matter, but the ruler of it. If that be not so, how could the Mesmeric operator nullify the sentient force of his patient, and make him think and act as he wills, and deprive his body of all feeling, save what he wills? But when we come to Spiritualism in form, we get in cases of materialisation the actual formation of tangible ponderable human shapes, possessing intelligence and the organs of sight, speech and hearing, formed from vapour apparently and gradually solidifying, and then returning back to formless vapour and disappearing altogether. These materialisations have been seen by hundreds of intelligent men and women, and proved by the evidence of the senses of sight, hearing, touch and smell, and under circumstances where trick was impossible.

In my opinion Spiritualists take too much trouble in trying to make sceptics believe, what they have seen and heard. The Spiritualist knows what he has seen, and heard, and felt: and what he has had to do before he got any of the different form of Manifestation. As a rule, he has gone through a long, careful, and often painful study and investigation, and he, to the best of his ability, relates truly and faithfully the result of his labours. The sceptic presumptuously, without even investigating, gives the lie to the investigator, and pronounces all delusion; simply because he knows nothing about the matter, and is too proud to investigate honestly and fairly. Did Spiritualism not rank amongst its believers men of high attainments in every branch of life, there might have been some shadow of excuse for the position taken by the self-constituted Omniscients.

On the contrary, some of the highest names in literature and science have given their experiences and their belief. I submit, that if Spiritualism had gone no further than to prove as a fact, what is seen at a Materialisation Seance, there would be ample evidence of the fact of the communion of Spirit with the living man. But in the case of the so-called Controls where, according to the ground I take, the Spirit of the departed, acting in the same manner as the Mesmeric operator acts on his patient, uses the bodily organs of the Sensitive to express his thoughts and indicate his personality, and that he is what he represents himself to be: I say, that if the evidence is not as direct as in the case of a Materialisation, still it is sufficient to justify a reasonable man in believing, that they are what they represent themselves to be, in all those cases where proper conditions have existed at the sitting. In few of the ordinary transactions of life is evidence direct or conclusive, but men are guided in their conduct by various circumstances leading to the particular conclusion. Take for instance the case of murder. In not five per cent. of the cases of murder is there direct evidence of the actual committal of the fact. Take the case of a farmer returning from market with money in his pocket, and staying at a road-side public-house, drinking hard, and showing his money; and from that house shortly before he departs, a tramp who has been sitting there, goes in the same direction as that afterwards taken by the farmer, whose body is found shortly after on the road side, with a cudgel near the body, and this tramp is found in the course of an hour-and-a-half in a town ten miles off tendering a note, which was proved to have belonged to the murdered man, whose trap and pony is found covered with sweat wandering about the same place with no one in it, together with other evidence of circumstances pointing in the same direction: would any reasonable jurymen have a doubt in the matter? Or again, one merchant in America sends a telegram to another in England, offering wheat, cotton, or other produce at certain prices. There is no direct evidence of the sender of the message being as the telegram describes him; but still men daily act, in hundreds and thousands of such cases, in such matters; so in the case of a Spirit speaking through the body of a Sensitive. There is not the direct evidence of the eyes, but if through the mouth of a man in trance a message purporting to come from a relative of the sitter, long since

departed, speaks on a subject known only to the sitter and the Controlling Spirit, or at all events which could not by the ordinary rule of probabilities be known to the Sensitive, one can only come to the conclusion, that it is what the Control represents it to be. I have had family secrets, known to myself alone on earth, told to me: I have had secrets which were not known to me, but which I have told, and found on enquiry from one of the very few, who could know, that they were correct, and surprise has been expressed, that I should know them. On one occasion a relative, a cousin, on the point of departing that same evening for Marseilles, *en route* for India, finding himself short of cash, came in a hurry just before the banks closed to borrow some money to carry him through his journey, and the very next morning, when sitting with the Sensitive, he has been controlled by the father of the cousin, who had passed away twenty years before, and who, after talking over family matters, has ended by thanking me for my kindness to his son, mentioning the very sum lent; and when I say that often and often, when I have had seven Seances during my usual stay of eight days in London, and in each of those Seances, have had Controls as far apart in individuality as pole from pole, and in each the individuality has been correctly delineated according to what history records; or where history is silent in accordance with what could be safely taken as the *individuality* of an *individual* in the particular line of life; and when all these extraordinary accounts come through the mouth of a man by no means above the average of his class in ability or education—I am driven to the conclusion that they are, what they profess to be, for I cannot account for them by any other possible means.

As to the advantages I have personally derived from the pursuit, I can only speak for myself. My reason, as I have before said, had led me to reject a religion in which I was taught, that I was born in sin and doomed to everlasting punishment, unless I believed in that, which my reason would not allow me to believe, and consequently like thousands of others I fell into that state of indifference, which ended in my becoming a Materialist; believing in nothing but Force and Matter, and that when my body could hold together no more, my selfhood vanished with my body. My communications with the unseen have taught me that the soul of the real man was not simply the result of blind force

acting on matter, and perishing with the disintegration of matter, but that it was sent into this world, being an emanation from a Power over matter acting intelligently on it and for a purpose, and that the purpose, for which the real man was sent and placed in matter, did not end with life in the body, but that the soul, the real man, survived the body, and formed a conscious intelligent agent in eternity, ever progressing towards but never reaching perfection, which alone is the attribute of the Great First Cause ; the Great God the Maker of all things ; the Great Unseen—never seen nor heard either by man or angel ; yet who through nature guides men ; communicating with man in the body through man out of it. I have been taught that earth life was but the nursery ground of the soul for the life in eternity, and that the more the life in the body is in accordance with reason duly exercised, and in conformity with nature's laws, the better the training, the better the start in the progress which ends not in eternity. I have learnt to believe, that man alone is his own Redeemer, and that, if he wishes to enjoy happiness hereafter, he must live his earth life well. I have learnt that there can be no atonement for sin, nor redemption from its consequences, save by expiation and suffering either in earth life or in the hereafter ; that neither Heaven nor Hell are places, but simply conditions of soul, and that the soul sooner or later becomes its own accuser, its own punisher, until God in His mercy deems the expiation suffered sufficient for the offence, and permits the soul to commence its upward progress in eternity. True it is, that I have been taught, that this progress may not commence immediately after earth life, nor even ages afterwards, but that sooner or later, every living soul is received into the favour of its God, its Maker. I have been taught that the work of the good man, the one, who has fully played his part on earth ; living a true life in accord with nature's laws, does not end with earth life, and that the good work he has been doing on earth, he has to continue in eternity ; and that the heaven of the good is eternal work, trying to elevate not only themselves, but those who have passed through earth life ; and when conditions are afforded, to impress those still in the flesh to good and noble deeds.

I have been taught by these Controls to believe, that the unseen world is ever operating on this, our present visible, and so-called real world ; and that whether for weal or woe,

the Unseen can and do influence the Seen. I believe, that not only are the men, who are living true lives, aided and helped in their good works by unseen surroundings, but that the soul, that has passed over, retaining to the last its earthly desires, urges and stimulates those on earth having the same propensities to indulge them. The man who was a drunkard when on earth, takes in Spirit life the same pleasure in luring on the would-be drunkard to drink, as he felt when he was drinking in earth life. The unseen and the seen act and react on each other.

I have been taught, that God, when He gave man reason in addition to instinct, drew the grand dividing line between man and the rest of His living creation, and that the very fact of man being endowed with reason points out the reasonableness of the belief, that such a gift should not be allowed to perish with matter, and that the real man must be immortal. I have also been taught, that reason in everything affecting either mind or body must be used, and not simply held in abeyance; that the natural instinct of Self-preservation and Self-perpetuation, which distinguish the mere animal, and which in man, if allowed to run riot unchecked, lead to misery, crime and degradation, must be kept in restraint by man exercising his reason, and using, not abusing, his natural instincts. I have been taught, that man is but a unit, a part of a mighty whole; that his duty is not only to take care of himself, and gratify his own desires in moderation, but to take care to the best of his ability of his brother man, in whatever position or condition he may be; and that man, by trying to raise his neighbour, raises himself, and that it is his duty to do all he can, to level those inequalities in men's states and conditions, which may be the result of birth, education or conduct, or unfortunate earthly surroundings.

The scientific sceptic may sneer at, and ridicule Spiritualism; he may, as he has done, call Spiritualists hard names, and use abusive terms, but in dealing with Spiritualism science has altogether departed from its usual careful mode of investigation. I would humbly ask, does the greatest man that ever trod the walks of knowledge, pretend to know the whole course of nature; does he imagine that science has got to the end of its tether, and that the present knowledge is the limit of all science? Science may say, we can enter into no theory which assumes to set

the law of gravity at defiance, or other laws which it has made. I ask it, whether it knows what gravity is? Does it know, what either magnetism or electricity are. A scientist many years ago, accidentally discovered that two metals touching each other produced certain effects on the legs of frogs waiting to be converted into the fricassee. Science pursued the subject further, and found that two different metals placed in different vessels in certain fluids, and connected with each other, operated in a peculiar way on one of the metals, and that a sensible force would be realised during the operation; this led to further investigation, and mighty results have been the consequence. Had science been true to itself, when it was told, that, whenever certain men or women were in presence of a particular individual, raps on tables, on walls, and elsewhere were distinctly heard; and that when the particular individual left the room, these raps ceased, and commenced again, when he or she returned; and when it was further told by persons of known ability and trustworthiness, that they had seen heavy articles of furniture lifted bodily from the floor, and let down again: chairs moving without the touch of a living soul, aye, and when they were so told by one of themselves, one of the most careful enquirers of his day, that he had, when sitting in his own study in company of a Mr. H. or a Miss C., seen a figure from an apparent mist fully develop into human form, and return to mist in the way it came:—Would not science, if it had been true to itself, have said, "These things must be carefully investigated; we know not what may be the hidden powers of nature at the back of all, but we are bound, as men of science, to investigate it with minds free from prejudice, and if it is a delusion to expose it." Have they done this? I say, emphatically, "No;" but they administered a sharp rebuke to that one of their own body who had attested to the fact. It may be said, that science has attempted to investigate. This, I say, it has never done. It has offered to investigate, imposing its own conditions, and if any members of the scientific body have attended one or two Seances; because they did not get at once some of the Manifestations, they departed declaring the whole to be fraud and imposture. In one notable case, a name high in science did attest to some extraordinary phenomena, that he had seen in company with others; but in a day or two afterwards he recanted. The derision of his *cofreres* pre-

vailed over his veracity. No living man has as yet been able to tell what the conditions are, under which our friends or others in Spirit life will or can communicate. As well might man impose on men conditions as to how he should try his own experiments in this or that discovery in science, as to say to the unseen: I will not communicate with you, unless you do as I tell you. The real investigator will tell you how he has often sat many weary times without any results. I personally am repeatedly told, when my mind has been disturbed by anxiety and trouble, that the sympathy of the Sensitive in his Spiritual state has, unknown to him in his normal state, gone with mine, so as to render a control by my surroundings impossible. If there should be no other preventing cause which I may or may not know, I have found perfect passivity and perfect resignation have produced the best results. I find I must banish from my mind all thought of external surrounding circumstances: often have I been told by the Controlling Spirit to cease thinking, as it disturbed its power, and at the same time I have been told what my thoughts were. Thought reading is not an imaginary conceit, but a real and substantive fact; but after all, it is but one of the convincing proofs that man out of the body can and does communicate with higher and more acute powers of sense.

The Scientist, as I have before said, altogether scouts the idea of the Spirit of man, who has passed away, communicating with men still living in the body. The orthodox Christian admits the fact of the communion of Spirits in the past, but altogether denies that communion in the present day, and asserts, that there is no need of God speaking to man through man, by reason of the incarnation of the Godhead in Jesus Christ, and that the messages, that were sent through prophet and seer, became unnecessary after the advent of Christ and the death of His immediate followers. The Christians, in fact, have put a dead stop to progress in all ideas that concern the hereafter of the human soul, for nearly two thousand years. Everything in art, science, and man's natural welfare has progressed. In all these man may exercise the reason with which God has endowed him; but all connected with man's future state or immortality is forbidden ground; on this man must put reason in abeyance, and believe what orthodoxy tells him or suffer the consequences of eternal punishment. Orthodoxy claims a revela-

tion made to its orthodox predecessors direct from God or God's inspiration. Spiritualism repudiates the position taken by orthodoxy, and says, Man has quite as much need of revelation now as then, and refuses to admit that the Almighty ever spoke to man or was ever seen by man, Spiritualism says, that revelations have taken place ever since the beginning of time, that they even now take place, and that they will go on as long as time lasts ; but that these revelations are not, nor ever have been, revelations from God to man, but from the Spirit of man out of the body to the living man in the body, and that such revelations are not made simply to a specially favoured few, but that all can receive them, provided they put themselves into a fitting state of receptivity.—My Spiritual controls assert that the Spirits of the departed are quite as anxious to communicate with the living, nay more so, than the living are to communicate with them ; but they also show, that certain conditions are required, and that until those conditions are complied with, satisfactory communication between the living and the so-called dead cannot be had. But my controls in admitting the fact of revelation do not by any means accept any such revelation as infallible, but say all such communications must be judged by reason the same as if they came from living men to living men.

There are a great number of earnest and sincere believers in the fact of spiritual communications, who cannot divest themselves of their belief in the infallibility of the so-called Christian revelation, and I am afraid that in the remarks, which immediately follow, I shall hurt their sensibilities quite as much as those of the orthodox, who altogether repudiate the idea of Spirit communion in the present day. These believers in spiritual communion and in orthodox Christianity may say, "We, like yourself, have had spiritual experiences, which have led us to the conclusion that our faith in the Christian religion is the only true faith." To such I would put the question, "Did you invoke communications with the so-called dead with a strong desire to get a confirmation of your views on orthodox Christianity?" because, if so, you fettered the Spirits: to such I say, "Believe not every Spirit, but try the Spirits." Such may argue, that they have as much right to rely on the communications which they have received as I have on what I have received. I grant them this, and if their reason is satisfied I have no right to

disturb what I may rightly or wrongly denominate a fallacy. In Spirit life as in life in the body, the old saying, of birds of a feather flock together, holds true—like herds with like, and the proclivities of the living can be readily matched with those of the departed. The Will of the living man seems to afford one of the conditions through which the departed can get access to the living. This Will, however, does not necessarily produce a communication with the desired Spirit, although it may, and often does, give an opportunity to some other Spirit to comply with the desire. Did such investigators not pander to the desire of getting spiritual confirmations of their own views, in all probability they would not have received the particular communications on which they rely. These believers in spiritual communion try to reconcile orthodox Christianity with Spiritualism; according to my experiences this cannot be done, for at the very outset the fact of Spirit communication destroys the immortality claimed by Christianity, for were either the Hell or the Heaven of the Christian real, the Spirit could not communicate; nor does the future state and the soul's existence in eternity correspond; The heaven of the orthodox is one of everlasting Hallelujahs and level beatitudes, whilst their Hell is one of everlasting bodily torment; From the one the soul could not wish to descend and communicate with living men: whilst from the other the suffering soul would not be allowed the shortest respite from its never-ending torture, and therefore would not be allowed to come. The hereafter of Spiritualism and the conditions under which it exists are altogether different. According to my controls the hereafter has neither a local Heaven nor a local Hell. The Spiritualists' Heaven and Hell are conditions of soul. The man, who has lived a true life, in every way in conformity with God's Laws, as well as the one, who has sinned, and suffered an expiation adequate to the offence, are alike on the road to progressive improvement, ever on the road towards perfection, getting more perfect in the eras of eternity, but never reaching absolute perfection; such Spirits are working together in elevating and alleviating the souls of those who are suffering, and who through suffering can alone commence their onward progress, or they are bringing up souls, who are still of earth, and cling to earth, and its desires; for according to my experiences there are many who, although freed from the body, still belong to time.

To such spiritual believers, as well as to orthodox Christians who repudiate Spiritualism, and ascribe it to the workings of an evil agency; and to believers generally in the infallibility of the revelations either in Old or New Testament I say, that if the revelations were infallible, they would be true, and in accordance, and agree in every single part, so as to make a one and complete whole. No portion of them would require amendment or explanation by men however good, high, or learned, and all such would have been written in a language intelligible to all throughout the world. This they are not; these revelations, independently of containing in parts matter shocking to humanity, contradict each other in many important points. The Old Testament talks of God wrestling with Jacob, and of God being seen by Moses in the bush; whilst in the new we find, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," and in another place we find this passage, "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time nor seen his shape." My Spiritual controls teach that neither man nor angel has ever seen or heard God, but that God communicates to man through man, impressing men in the higher life with thoughts fitted for men still on earth. My Spiritual controls teach me to believe in revelation now as then, and in its necessity in the present day quite as much as in days gone by.

The orthodox Christian raises many objections to Spiritualism, all of which I think can be fairly met and fairly answered. Among other objections raised is one, "That my Spiritual controls deny the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ." My controls ask, what is meant by the Divinity of Jesus Christ? They, as a rule, believe in the work of Jesus of Nazareth being Divine. They believe that he fulfilled his mission in teaching morality; They believe, that God dwelt in Jesus, as God dwells in every good man; They believe that in the healing power given to Jesus, God manifested his power in the strength of the vitality of Jesus; but the same manifestations were not confined to Jesus of Nazareth. Even in his own day, Apollonius, of Tyana, is said to have performed things equally wonderful, and the same power, more or less, is possessed by many, who could be named, and who are still in life. My controls honour Jesus of Nazareth for his high morality; for his boldness, when standing alone,

and almost single handed he enunciated firmly his doctrines on the rights of humanity, in a world then governed tyrannically. But they do not believe, that he was God; or one and the same with God. My controls believe, that Jesus of Nazareth, as well as every other selfhood, that has ever existed in the world, was but one atom in the great family of humanity. They assert, that to make the Man Jesus of Nazareth one and the same equal with God is rank blasphemy. They are supported in this view of the humanity of Jesus by his own utterances, which are many, and clear; for example: he says, "I came not to do my own will; I came not from myself; I came as all men come, from God, for He sent me." With such a declaration from Jesus himself, Reason says, "Away with the fable of a conception by God, or of a birth from a virgin mother; such ideas never proceeded from Jesus, but are the fabrications of the Christian churches through the centuries that are past. The supreme God never ate, nor drank, nor slept in a manger, nor was ever crucified. Jesus himself taught a pure religion, for in his last words he said, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father. To my God and your God." My controls say that none of these declarations support the doctrine that Jesus of Nazareth was the supreme ruler of humanity. Again Jesus said, "The Father is greater than I;" And again, "I of myself can do nothing;" and he also used many other expressions, all denoting, that he spoke as a human being, and was human. My controls, and I adopt their views, ask, "How can they agree with a Trinity?"

Another objection raised by the orthodox against my controls is, "That they break off all connexion between God, and man, and that it is impossible, that God in His high perfection should communicate with imperfect man, except through a Mediator, and that, if Spiritualism be true, man is lost, for man was born in sin, and sin is Infinite, and sinful man cannot approach God. From whence the orthodox derive such a doctrine I know not, I cannot find anything in revelation either old or new to justify such a conclusion. My controls declare such an assertion, as that of original sin, blasphemous, and say, that it is not a man free from sin, who dares so to impugn the goodness of God, as to say God made man an Infinite offender. It is not God, but man in earth life, who has made his fellow creatures Infinite offenders, and has therefore made an Infinite Saviour logically neces-

sary. My spiritual controls appeal to reason, and ask "How God could become a victim, and a sacrifice to Himself?" They deny that any revelation of any nation under the sun supports the doctrine either of Original Sin or its punishment in and for eternity.

Again, orthodox Christianity says, "That if Christ be not God, where is the hope for man?" I adopt the views of my controls, and say, "There is no proof of original sin, and that it would be a libel on God to assert it, and ask what other hope, than trust in God, is needed?" but creed and doctrine have created a Second and Third Co-equal of God. My controls say, "God is supreme and unerring; and that He alone is the first cause of life, and the first Cause of Salvation."

Orthodoxy, again objects to the teaching of my controls by reason of their alleging, "That salvation is by works and not through grace." They certainly do not preach, "that works are filthy rags, or that virtue gives a man a right by merit to salvation; for then immortality would be only conditional; for they preach that their immortality is a priceless and unconditional gift from God to Humanity; and they do preach, and teach, that happiness in eternity is sooner gained by an active earth life spent in good works; that man has a vast extent of moral obligations entailed on him in the command of "Love one another," and that the man who is loving his fellows, must be leading a righteous, sober, and God-like life, and is a true worker amongst men, and preparing for himself a true life in eternity whatever may be his faith or belief, for my controls teach that man is not punished in eternity for mistakes in faith, but only for wilful and perverse transgression of God's laws.

Another objection, to which I shall refer, is a charge made against Spiritualism, "That many Spiritualists have kinder words to say to the Atheist than to the orthodox Christian;" in answer to this question I admit there is truth in the charge; for some of the highest Controls I have had, Controls by the spirits of men, who in their day have made their mark in earth's history: as benefactors of the human race, have taught the unity of God and have said, "If discipleship to truth be possible; it is better to engage in controversy with the infidel, than to cast spiritual pearls before those, who through slavery to form and dogma combined with worldly advantages will not reason."

Orthodoxy makes a general charge of infidelity against

my Controls, to this sweeping charge I say " God forbid that because orthodoxy has caused error to blind the reason of men, that either my Controls or myself should teach a sweeping scepticism ; denying the God that made man, the world, and all therein is.

It is true that the tendency of the age is towards gross materialism, or what is as bad, agnosticism : but my Controls have not been the cause of men rushing from a blind belief in unreasonable creed and doctrine into that denial of all belief in everything ? I most unhesitatingly say that it has been the attempted enforcement by orthodoxy of unreasonable doctrine and idle ceremony and the denial of the right to question it, which has made the atheist, if by infidelity is meant no faith in any man made doctrine, I am happy to say as a Spiritualist, that I am an infidel ; but with the believer in creed of every denomination the believer in every other creed is an infidel ; the term like that of atheism is freely used, wherever there is a difference of opinion. The Christian to the Mahomedan is an infidel quite as much as the Mahomedan is to the Christian. Hard names will not make up for the want of calm reason.

I unhesitatingly avow my belief, that to spiritualism alone will be due the restoration of healthy opinion on matters connected with man and his knowledge of what selfhood really is. When the belief in the fact of spirit communication becomes more general, then will men realise that life does not cease with the body's last breath according to the doctrine of the materialist ; nor that it is continued either in a never varying state of exalted beatitude for the good, or one of Eternal torment for the erring and wicked according to Christian doctrine : but that all alike good or bad, will sooner or later be received into God's favour and put on the ever onward road of Progress. Spiritualism will teach men that their future depends not on their faith but on their works.

In the above introductory remarks I have given my experiences truly, and may rightly claim credence for what I have said. I have also given my conclusions drawn from these experiences : these I ask no one to adopt unless reason rightly exercised approve of the adoption. The individualities portrayed in the Controls recorded in the body of the work will speak for themselves, and I leave it to the reader to judge whether they portray the peculiarities of the individual named as the controlling spirit.

I must inform the reader, that in the following pages the word "Control" is used indiscriminately, either for the Spirit controlling the Sensitive, or for the matter uttered by the Sensitive, whilst under such Control, and which is recorded by me at the time. The word in the above two senses has been used by Spiritualists, and therefore I think it better to abide by such use. Throughout the so-called Controls, to be found in the body of this book, I have put down almost verbatim the very words that came from the lips of the Sensitive; the only occasions on which I have departed therefrom are where my hand has been unable to put down as quickly as he spoke, or where my hand has not obeyed my ears, and the word or words inserted only supply the word or words which the context requires.

The explanation I give to the fact of the Sensitive, who is comparatively an illiterate man, expressing himself so well on so many different subjects is, that the Controlling Spirit impresses his Sensorium with the idea, using his organs of speech for the expression of it. This will account for the ungrammatical mode of expression cropping up here and there throughout the Controls, and which I have thought better to give as given to me, than to alter. The mental platform of the Sensitive must, according to my idea, have a considerable influence on the mode of expression, as whenever a quotation is made in a foreign language, I find considerable difficulty in making out what he is saying; but I manage eventually to get correctly what is meant.

I must also inform the reader, that all that is recorded in these pages comes from the mouth of the Sensitive in a state of cataleptic trance, and that he has no knowledge, either before his trance, of what he is going to state; nor after his trance does he know what he has said; and also that I, as the Recorder, not only know nothing of what is coming, but that I have long ago discovered that any strongly felt wish (even although not expressed) causes disturbance and confusion in the Control which does come. Perfect passivity and freedom from disturbed thought, both on the part of the Sensitive and the Sitter, seem to be the absolutely required conditions for obtaining satisfactory seances.

I shall not, in the selection from the great number of Controls which I have had, tie myself to any chronological order; I shall rather try to put them in batches displaying either particular phases of thought, or portraying particular



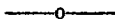
THOMAS PAINE.

periods of time and the events which have taken or are taking place in different countries.

I shall commence by giving a batch of Controls, by the Spirits of those who have played a part in India's History both in late as well as early days. I shall then give a batch by ancient Greek celebrities; after them Controls by men who played a part in ancient Rome's History; coming down through the dark and middle ages to celebrities in the world's history of the present day: displaying throughout such a vast field of thought, action, and circumstance, sufficient, for any reasonable man, to utterly refute the idea of the Sensitive cramming up for the occasion.

I would have the reader to notice that the Sensitive, after going into trance, does not always, as a matter of course, at once go under the Control of any Spirit. He sometimes remains for a time in a clairvoyant and clairaudient state, describing his own experiences; in fact, in this state, he often foreshadows some peculiarity of the coming Control.

I shall commence by giving a Control entitled, "AN UNIVERSAL PRAYER," by Thomas Paine.



AN UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

THOMAS PAINE.

6th August, 1883.

BORN at Thetford in England in 1737, he died at Rochelle in the State of New York in 1809. He was brought up to the trade of a staymaker, and afterwards got employment in the Excise, where he gained some notoriety by drawing up "The Case of the Officers of the Excise and their Grievances." This attracted the notice of Benjamin Franklin, who happened to be in England at the time, as Deputy from the British Colonies of America to the British Government.

Franklin advised him to go to America. This he did in 1774, and became the Editor of the "Philadelphia Magazine." Early in 1776 he issued his pamphlet of



THOMAS HART

On the 10th of March, 1900, the following was received from the Hon. Sec. of the Interior:

Washington, D. C., March 10, 1900.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

Very respectfully,
J. M. Smith, Secretary.

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THOMAS PAINE.

"Common Sense," the fruit of which was the Declaration of Independence on the fourth of July following. Paine, with his pen, did nearly as much in bringing about the Independence of the United States, as Washington with his sword.

Paine returned to England in 1788 and wrote the "Rights of Man." For this he was indicted and found guilty, but escaped to France, where he became a Member of the French National Convention for the department of Calais. He offended the French Jacobins by voting against the execution of Louis the Sixteenth, and in 1794 Robespierre had him confined in the Luxembourg, and he only escaped death by Robespierre's fall.

Whilst in prison, he wrote the celebrated "Age of Reason," in which he boldly attacked the infallibility of the Bible. Bishop Watson tried to answer him, but entirely failed. No man has been called harder names than Thomas Paine. His "Rights of Man" attacked the Divine Right of Kings, whilst his "Age of Reason" exposed the claims of orthodoxy to infallibility in their creed and doctrine. For this reason the sticklers for Royalty, as well as those for orthodoxy, joined in their denunciations of a man who, in my opinion, deserved the highest praise for having the courage, not only to think, but to express his thoughts. Abused and vilified as he was by men in earth-life, he is now the leading Spirit of the New Dispensation in the coming Age, namely, that of Reason.

The Sensitive in trance, but not under Control said:

Spirits are praying; how beautifully, in such softened tones, so pleasing to the ear, so melodious; how attentive are all around him! The prayer is for us, for them, and for all, and it is addressed to the Universal Father; a prayer, whose purpose is universal; a prayer for all uncounted millions. Thousands are abroad to-day, thoughtless ones, for whom they pray. There are many who never pray, yet they have unseen friends whose prayers are raised for them, and it has been said

of old, as it is advanced by all, who return, that "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much." This flow of words has form, and comes from the deep reverence of a prayerful heart. He will renew his prayer through me. He looks so reverend, either standing or kneeling amongst those bright and holy ones. His presence is an aid to holiness; his lessons form the guide of life. Would that his words of wisdom could be heard by all men! The day is promised when this shall be; when the prayer of angels shall be made audible; when the manifestations of Spirits shall be poured out liberally on all, and immortality shall be real and known; not merely supported by yielding faith, but by absolute knowledge.

Here the Sensitive went under Control, and my guide spoke as follows:

Thou uncreated Father, Thou Primal Power, Thou, at whose command chaos gave place to order, and matter and time arose, the intermediates between the soul and its eternity, Thou, around Whom the whole system of worlds revolve, Thou, out of the might of Thy all-sufficing mercy, hast spread Thy Spirit in the hearts of Thy children, Thou, who hast to-day made Thyself known amongst men, from Thee alone can come illumination; from Thee alone can come the power of knowledge, the source of the soul's main support. Be pleased then, O Father God, to unlock the springs of mind, and to break the fetters around man's soul. Give freedom to men, freedom from fear. Thy mercy is acknowledged throughout all the spheres; make it equally acknowledged here on earth. Immortality is known to us, make it known to men on earth. It is but the expression of the shadow of Thy power. To do this, it is right for Thy servants to wrestle with Thee in prayer. It is not presumptuous in me that I reason with Thee, O my God, for Thou hast created me a being of reason, and through that gift, Thou hast lifted me above all balanced worlds; for the highest expression of Thy creative genius, of Thy majesty, and of Thy might is Thy gift of reason to men. Through reason the soul finds that the world is filled with Thy Spirit in every vibration of the heart, in the most delicate nerve feeling, in all men's hopes through life, in all men's trust in

immortality, they hear the language of their God. Thy voice is potent, for man is made in Thine image, and can reason with Thee, can meet with Thee face to face; man is Thy miniature and the chief amongst all the glories of Thy creation. Then in mercy, O God, in mercy look down on these Thy children; all Thy children need Thee, as much at this present moment as in any past moments of time; east and west, north and south, alike require Thy aid.

Let Thy name be a guide and counsellor to stay the course of Northern ambition; let it not run riot in bloodshed and robbery. Direct Thy mercy, O God, to the down-stricken people of the East, whose hecatombs appeal to Thy aid. The ravages of disease* are thinning its populous cities and decimating their numbers in its villages; its fearful approach is heralded with fear and terror; to those fear-ridden ones be Thou a God of mercy. The South also appeals to Thee for aid; banished royalty is turbulent; republican rule lies on them like a heavy burthen. Be a light to these, raise Thy hand, that they may be saved from danger. Be to this, the land of my birth, a very present Father. Instruct them, dictate to them the lesson that Thou needest and with justice demands, so that from its present greatness it may ascend, and ascend, until it becomes in very truth the Queen of Empires. Bring about, through Thy Almighty power, the unity of companionship of soul between man and man, which Thou has promised from the days of old.

We Thy servants realize that Thou would'st have no mystery between Thee and Thy children, either in the past, the present, or the future, and that it is Thy will that we are making known the truth respecting the soul's immortality, so that all Thy children may acknowledge Thee and hail Thee as their Father, and acknowledge themselves as Thy obedient children. Help us, O my God, help me to do all that my soul can do to prepare souls for the haven of eternity. Men are perishing on the rock of idolatry. Help me, O God, to lead them to Thee; to impress Thy Majesty on their souls; to breathe the influence of immortality in their hearts; to raise and animate their souls by and through the sublime truths that await them beyond the grave. Thou, who hast made man's will the truthful chronicle of virtue and sin, help me to make that chronicle to be filled

* Referring to the Cholera raging in Egypt.

with virtue, and to be free from crime, so that when the last summons is given to the soul on earth, it may bless Thy returning one's work in the full realisation of hope and happiness.

The hearts of all Thy children, O Father, are laid bare before Thee: search my heart, O God, and if it be tempted with ought that redounds not to Thine honour, expunge it. O Father, in Thy mercy arise to give me a heart as pure as Thy work; banish any unhallowed wish that dwells therein, that I may the better teach to my fellow-men how to make their days on earth beautiful with love, and to strengthen their souls for eternity. Help me to renovate souls; this is my chosen labour, and only through this labour do I hope to reach beatitude in the realms of everlasting life. Bestow Thy ceaseless care on our labour: help us with Thy Almighty strength to unbar the portal which the grave has hidden, so that we may make known immortality to high and low, to the rich and the poor, so that the meanest orphan in the world may realize Thy loving care, may know that Thou hast promised to him a wreath of glory in heaven, for the humblest there wear a crown.

Be a very tower of strength to the gifted few who are working for and with us to Thine honour; these archangels robed in flesh, angels disguised as men. Men of the future will love them for their labour. May they walk through their course in time conscious, O God, that they are worthily fulfilling their work. Those whom Thou hast richly rewarded through blessing their labour, may they not forget, that it is from Thee, their riches have flowed, remembering this in their charity to their fellow-creatures; for Thou art a God rich in trust, unfailing in the fulfilment of Thy promises, and Thou hast sworn by Thy great Self-hood, that to those who have lightened the burthen from oppressed souls, Thou hast become their debtor for everlasting; for Thou alone knowest the total sum of human suffering; the charitable know it only in abstract portions, but Thou, O God, realizeest their agony in its totality; therefore where sorrow dwells, may the day of mercy fall, and charity light up the withered heart, make bright the dimmed eye, and bid want to cease sorrowing, and make misfortune to smile.

The cry of slavery throughout the world has been removed; never let its galling chain be felt on earth again. Thou in the past hast listened to the bitter cry of thralldom: strengthen

the might of this land, whose voice is raised against slavery; make it potent in council, so that any power may beware of taking up that chain again' wherewith to bind the slave. It is whispered, that with the right of conquest will come again the right to enslave, but let the watchful eye of a freedom-loving Government guard the sacred liberty of inferior races; for Thou art an Universal Father, the God of the free and the slave; help with Thy great power to make freedom universal.

Bands of Thy little children from the North have entered suddenly into eternity;* the dream of life has been shortened and eternity has dawned for them. Help their guides so to instruct them that their lives may be devoted to Thy service.

O God, Thou who canst fathom the most secret springs that govern the soul on earth, let me raise my voice for the most guilty of Thy children, for they of all have a right to part of a prayer meant to be Universal. Arouse, with an unsparing hand, all that sleep in their souls. Unvail and display, in all its hideousness, the form of vice, so that men may fear its hideous aspect, and so shun it and return to truth, blotting out all former error with repentant expiation. Bless those that are free from sin and obedient to Thee, and who are doing Thy will on earth; for there are such. To them the world is peace, and Thou the source and spring of all their happiness; they realising that life here is but a shadow of the life to come in these pure and spiritual realms, the native home of the soul, whose crown is immortality; and when life's storms are stilled and death has drawn aside that veil once and for all, be Thou present, O God, Thou voiceless yet real power, and calm the last pangs of body: may the past be to these a source of consolation, the grave a couch of hope, and the future an assured glory.

Help the band of sympathetic guides amongst men, O God, Thy help is specially needed for these; help them to watch, help them in leading souls to their homes. Be merciful, be merciful, O God, to all men; they expect this at Thy hands, their expectations are based on reason; do not let their hopes fail them in this Thy brightest empire on earth; may it always be brightest, prospering in its already well-known pride of liberty; may the majesty of Thy justice be followed in its Judicial Council; may the Government be true to the people whom it governs, for that throne alone

* Referring to the Sunderland disaster.

is secure which has its foundation in the hearts of its people. The love of anarchy does not prevail here, feelings of loyalty are fixed and stable; do not, O God, let this feeling be violated, its people are proud and jealous of the constituted rights won by them, and received by them from their forefathers of old.

Teach Governments to respect these rights; and the liberties of these rights let them not in reason be assailed. Between seventy and eighty thousand of the people, abandoning all idea of holiday recreation, venturing on the sure result of being hustled, crowded, and massed together, meet to-day* that the Sovereign of this great empire might use the power in her hands to avert misunderstanding between the ministers on the one part and the people on the other. Thou alone, O God, can demand that amicable relations shall be maintained, and that justice shall prevail; avert this cloud, that has arisen between a loyal people, jealous of its privileges, and the Government, which itself has brought into being. Let peace prevail, Thou Being of Infinite Love. Thou, who alone governest the great and the small events of earth-life, help Thy servants, for without Thee they are helpless to break the bonds of prevailing superstition; teach us to make man victorious over death.

Hasten, O God, the promised day, that day divine, when the proof, that is now partially, shall be universally proved, that the grave is but the portal to a higher life; when the traditions of the world shall be universal, when no intervening conditions shall prevent us from being seen and being heard; that day when the teacher and his pupil shall stand face to face; when it shall be universally proved, that the grave is but the portal to a higher life; when the tyrant of the world shall no more exercise his terror over the soul; when murder shall no longer belong to a world of peace, to a brotherhood of love; when no soul shall be helpless; when melancholy shall be unknown; that day when intemperance shall not exist; that day when anger and terror shall pass away; then shall truth be proved to be the possession of every soul; then shall one universal pean of praise ascend to Thee, O Father, as an acknowledgment of Thy might and Thy Majesty,—not of Thy justice but of Thy mercy.

Grant the requests of Thy servants, answer their prayers,

* Referring to the Meeting in Trafalgar Square.

Thou Almighty One, Thou God of the living, with whom there is no death, no change. Answer our prayers, Thou Primal Provider of all the wants of immortality, and be Thine alone the honour and the glory. Answer my prayer, for Thy servant is anxious. Answer our prayer, for Thy servants are waiting; they know it is for Thee, O God, to make all men receive the knowledge which Thou hast given them. Answer my prayer, O Father, for the sake of Thine honour, and in fulfilment of Thy promise. Thy servant asks this in Thy great name.

Here ends one of the most sublime and powerful addresses in humble prayer to the great Father and Maker, that could be uttered by mouth, and recorded by pen; yet the soul that uttered this, through the lips of a living man, when on earth was denounced as an infidel and atheist, anathematized by sects of all denominations, and shunned by self-judged respectability. The earth-career of Thomas Paine, and his position in eternity, as the Angel of the New Dispensation, show how different is the judgment of man from that of God. With man the truth is but partially known, and man, in his ignorance and conceit, makes himself the judge of his fellow-man, persecuting all who differ from the opinions held by the masses, however unreasonable such opinions may be. Every thinker out of the common groove has had to run the gauntlet of persecution, however useful for mankind his ideas may be; and were not the present age more humane than any that has preceded it, the same fate that has awaited every great reformer in the past would await the modern Spiritualist. The Church can no longer chain, burn, and brand the living man in the body; its sole weapon of attack is against the soul, when the body is beyond its power; but the threats of denunciation against the soul only show what it would do with the body had it the power.

ORIENTAL CONTROLS.

THE
FOUNDER OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.
LORD CLIVE.

2nd March, 1877.

ROBERT Clive was born in Shropshire, in 1725, and died by his own hands in London in 1774. He may be truly said to be the founder of the British Empire in the East. He tells his life in his *Control*, but he does not mention one of the noblest acts of his life—the formation of the Clive Fund for the benefit of the widows and children of English Officers in the Army of the East India Company.

In Trance, the Medium said :

Why not ask him who he is ?—What makes him so wretched ?—Who is he ?—How wretchedly he seems to laugh !

He then went under *Control* and said :

I am Robert Clive, Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, Knight of the Bath, once Governor of St. David's, Madras, afterwards Governor of Bengal, and a suicide. Lord Hastings accompanies me ; we are both of us wretched : and P——, for such is your name, pray earnestly for forbearance of temper. I was a wild, daring, thoughtless, careless, selfish boy—fatally for myself unchecked. The wild courses of my youth caused me at an early age to go to India, in the Civil Service of the East India Company. Fiercely too proud was I to play the part of a subordinate as a writer, and ere the sun had risen and set a dozen times, I had made so many enemies, that the Civil Service became hateful to me, P——, and after a short time I

joined the Military profession, determined, at all hazards, to acquire Fame or die in the attempt. Did you ever hear of the Rajah of Tanjore? I led a forlorn hope at Tanjore; I did this to make a name; with some twenty-four Europeans and a hundred Sepoys, myself at the head of them, we attacked his fort. Ere the first volley had ceased, I found myself accompanied alone by my Europeans, the cowardly Sepoys had gone back again. But a name was to be made; there was no coming back for me until I had accomplished the object of my advance. Surrounded on every hand by their horsemen, we fought our way onward. The enemy rapidly bringing out their forces, but myself and three of the European privates ever came back: retiring only in the face of vast overpowering forces, once more back again to our forces. The command of the First Division became mine; phrenzied with the memory of those who had fallen by my side we fought our way onward, despite opposition, and conquered. But what were deeds like these in the face of my fast-increasing temper, which at times became perfectly indefensible, seemingly approaching the lowest type of humanity? Impatient ever under contradiction; proud and haughtily insolent to those above me; this was not the fault of my heart but of my head.

Impatient again for change, I had returned to the Civil Service, owing the favour of my being able to return to the Civil Service to the friendship of Major Lawrence. Too weary again; another change desired and obtained. I had been in the interval sick even unto death. My stalwart frame had fallen to a seeming skeleton. Fever had raged with violence through my blood. My friends said the effects of the fever never left me during my after life. They were wrong, P——, I was a walking living specimen of a double man. You may not perhaps understand the term: there was in my one nature something soft and temperate; I could sorrow at the sorrow of others; I could alleviate sufferings when they came under my observation; my soldiers, in this best nature, loved, nay, they adored me. But I had another nature, another self at times. This other nature overpowered me. This is the first time that I have ever controlled mortal man since I passed away. My other nature was that of a wolf, only happy when I heard groans of suffering, or the cries of anguish around me. This was the effect of a wicked Controlling Spirit that troubled me; I have seen him in Spirit-life and forgiven him. These

daring feats of bravery were fits of my own nature. You have heard of him whom I succeeded in dethroning, I mean Sûraj ul Dowlah, of Bengal. Oh! yes, P——, my own was a higher nature; I had performed different acts of heroism before I met Sûraj ul Dowlah in Bengal. When but a junior captain, I was entrusted with the entire command of the army before Arcot; it was my advice that led to the attack of that city, and by these means Trichinopoly was relieved. I remembered those who loved me in my early days gathered round me, and advised me to return home, where the summer months of my own beloved country, and my own county Shropshire, would restore me to health. I arrived at home, and, as usual in those days gone by, I was duly presented at Court, the usual diamond-hilted sword and thanks of both Houses of Parliament were offered, but I refused to accept either sword or thanks, unless they were given also to my dear friend, Colonel Lawrence. I remember going back again to India; how my earth experiences seem now to be flowing fast back to my memory again. The river scenes on either bank of the Hooghly; the houses of India's future conquerors; I remember all these as I sailed up that river; and I felt that I indeed, in this my purer nature, was highly favoured of God. You were in the City of Palaces, when all was peace; aye also and when all was confusion. Over one hundred years have passed; how vast the difference, then: at that time, we were struggling for a footing in that which has to-day become an empire. I loved that country. Strong in the rectitude of my higher nature, we sprang among the oppressors of my countrymen. The factories were then in the possession of a fierce and vindictive foe, and as I drew my sword in the service of the Company and my King, I swore to die or reconquer that which was once our own. My task was not an easy one by any means. I had only some twelve hundred soldiers, and of that number only four hundred were Europeans. We made ourselves masters of Calcutta to hear that, between Dumdum and the capital, was encamped an army of some fifty thousand foot and thirty thousand horse, with fifty or sixty guns. I looked round on the homes of my countrymen restored to power, and I thought it policy to sue for peace from this haughty Nawab. Could you have seen the haughty manner in which Sûraj ul Dowlah received our treating.

He was well acquainted with the force which I had sup-
porting me; haughtily he refused peace. P——, during my

short career, I had been in terrific danger. When Madras surrendered, disguised as a Sowar, I had walked nearly bare foot, reaching only in safety of person Fort St. David, of which I afterwards became the governor; but during that surrender, during that long and tedious walk surrounded by foes craving my blood, I did not feel so dispirited, as when I received the haughty and contemptuous refusal from Nawab Sûraj ul Dowlah. I had led forlorn hopes when bullets were flying round me like hailstones, and yet my heart had not quailed (I am alluding again to the attack on the Fort of the Rajah of Tanjore), and yet in the midst of such danger I had not felt so dispirited as I felt at this refusal of peace by the Nawab.

Then came the other nature upon me. Pacing hurriedly backwards and forwards, for sleep was banished from my eyelids, rivers of blood seemed flowing before me in imagination. "Up and be doing," was my command to those who surrounded me. I told them "that numberless fiends were sleeping some four miles distance from us; up comrades, you fought side by side with me, you whom I have loved; up, you that are faithful to the Company we serve; up and be doing, for now is your time; and you, helpless ones, who are bereft of the bread-winners of your homes, press for vengeance on those who have despoiled you." I dared not, in my then mood, have said any prayer to God. During the night I was reinforced by four hundred earnest and courageous men, sent from Admiral Watson's fleet, all of them sailors. "Softly, gently, for your lives; men, we would surprise them." How faithfully I was followed, how quiet all seemed; our numberless foes lying in seeming security before us, we, scarcely numbering three thousand, yet about attacking ninety thousand foes; yet the Spirit of a fighting angel had possession of me. He could not have been a Spirit then. I saw our foe lying helpless before me, I gave the word: "Now, my men," and volley succeeded volley, fear became panic, and panic a rout. Our victory was thorough and complete. We dared not have pursued them, because of our numbers. They had formed themselves at last into something like order: even this small portion of their forces outnumbered mine by three to one. Our reapers had mowed down a large part of their numbers, even as a scythe mows down the corn.

Back again to Calcutta. This nature of mine, these seeming supernatural influences that were guiding me, were

still around me, still influencing me. I was proud, haughty, and overbearing under this influence. "Let us take counsel," said the members of the factory. "Why?" was my answer. "My advice is, in the confusion of their crossing the river Hooghly to Howrah, that we should attack them. We have efficient means of transport to waft us across, they labour under the disadvantage of having no such means of transport;" and so the farce of the first War Council which I ever held was proceeding. I remember the ultimatum of the Council was this, "We are not to cross the river." I remember then my fierce nature—of this double self—and registered, in face of their decision, an oath, "Fear not, Robert Clive, the Nawab Sûraj ul Dowlah shall be dethroned, and by what means I care not, but those means shall be through rivers of blood; this blood shall be the blood of the defenders of their own country, although acting under the advice of a tyrant. I remember, as I stood before these men, comparatively a young man to them, for I had little more than thirty years of experience, and the last year of my life was spent at home, I said, "Oh! think of the anguish, gentlemen, and think of the tribulations and sorrows of those, our countrymen, who have, by these merciless foes, been incarcerated in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Let their sufferings plead for me; let us strike the blow, even now that our enemies are dispirited. God will give us the victory over these inhuman wretches."

Suffice it to say, P—— I brought these men over to my way of thinking, and then began the action which led ultimately to the battle of Plassey. You have heard of it, and without egotism I tell you, no heart then felt the instinct of Royalty stronger than the unentitled Robert Clive; but still there was, at the same time, a selfish feeling, a lower nature at work; it was for self, not for country—self, not for God. I can but poorly take on myself the office of mentor to you. I am now on my way from a sphere of suffering and expiation to a sphere to which my inner and nobler nature entitles me; to where sorrow shall no more be known to me; to where I can claim companionship with those dear ones by whom you are surrounded. But my experiences of the justness of Almighty God, have put me out as one, however unworthy, yet as capable of giving this warning, that is, at all times strive with strong endeavour to control your temper; for it was this cursed temper of mine that kept good influences from coming near me, and, for a time, delivered me over to the guidance of

those who were no more fit to guide than I am to guide or govern a soul, than I am fit to be your teacher. I am thinking of the blessings I missed, and of the mercy which I have since obtained, and shall still obtain.

But now for Plassey. There we met their hosts, and for ever set at rest the claims of the East India Company, and the allegiance of the Natives to those whom I served right loyally. Dear P——, it affords me happiness to recall these things, and I hope it does not weary you. I remember being surrounded by hundreds of grateful hearts; I remember my passage home again, not so quick then as I hear it is now, but I returned home and received a right royal welcome. I received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; I had a gracious interview with the King, receiving at his hands the honour of being made a Peer, Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, Knight of the Bath. I thought then, as honours thickened on me, that I would settle down at home, and bend or break my stubborn temper, which to me through life had been a curse; but again this restlessness came over me, I feel it even now. Oh! you can have but a faint idea of my desperate temper; I would have trampled under foot friend or foe, did they but stand in my way.

Back again to India, with gracious promises. Oh, P——, I had been Governor of St. David's, and afterwards of Madras, but to reach the governorship of Calcutta, and also to be Commander-in-Chief of the forces—that was a very high position—between 1760 and 1770, but a little time to hold that important position, and to be assailed with this never-ceasing restlessness, this craving desire for change back again, back again home. I could not rest even there; I tried to settle as the chief representative of my family; I entered the House of Commons representing Shrewsbury.

I here said I was at school there.

I have seen you at school there. I have had intimations and warnings of your after-work, and have come by the kind permission of your angel guide, Thomas Paine.

I have led a life unexplainable to you since the time I have entered into a second or higher life in 1774; I have been one hundred-and-four years nearly now in Spirit-life. During my earth's life, and its vicissitudes, I had kept one thing bright and untarnished—my honour. I have endeavoured to lay before you some of the most marked incidents of my

earth's experiences. You can trace through them a courage as firm as that of a lion; a contempt for death not feigned, insolent and hasty perhaps to many, dishonorable to none; but with this proud Spirit, whilst sitting at home, a Minister got up in the House of Commons, and, before the intelligent minds assembled there, accused me—who had shed blood in torrents for my country, me, Lord Clive—of dishonor; I could not, until lately, forgive that man. But his motion fell to the ground, although I would rather have courted the strictest inquiry. The charge made against me was, that I had accumulated undue wealth by means of the unlimited trust put in my hands by a grateful Sovereign and the noble Directors of the East India Company. I left the House of Commons; a blow had been struck at my self-pride, I was wounded in a most vulnerable part. I relieved myself some little time afterwards, rushing into the presence of my Creator uncalled. God has forgiven me, even as I have forgiven him who maligned me.

I asked who it was.

He shall speak for himself side by side with me. I am but a bird of passage, I am going from the sphere, which the Suicide inhabits, to a brighter sphere, now mine by God's mercy; when I am happier; when I reach my own sphere; when I can come co-equal in benignity with those by whom you are surrounded, then will I bring with me him whom I have forgiven. May God bless you."

I here asked him why he warned me about temper.

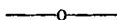
I dare not have hoped, I know you are impetuous, that your temper sweeps like a torrent to what your will demands; but if I have troubled you by warning, may God forgive me. You are in a measure guided by reason. I can't delay; God bless you. I thank you and your guide, and our God.

A few days after the above Control, Lord Clive came again and said:

Do you see nothing in efficacy of prayer? Yes, the power of faith is heard. God knows how seldom my lips breathed any prayer to Him whilst on earth. I have told you before, how I stood alone almost companionless, my pride forbidding me to entertain any friendship with those around me. I am Lord Clive. I say my pride prevented me; there was

one I could have loved, one whom I met in Bengal. It was the night preceding the memorable dawn when I surprised Sûraj ul Dowlah, and the person I refer to was then twenty-four years of age. Fearless and undaunted he stood before me, bound by no claims of honour to surrender himself again into the hands of his foes, claiming the position of a prisoner at large on account of bad health. These were his first words to me, "They sleep in seeming security; would to God that I had the same chance as you have, for ere the day had dawned I would make such havoc in their camp as would have rendered a doubtful success a certainty." He volunteered to serve under me, and during that action, and the other action after the crossing the Hooghly at Howrah, he fought like a lion. Like myself, of delicate health, he was longing and pining for a return to his native country. He accompanies me here; I am talking of Warren Hastings, afterwards Governor-General of India. I am speaking of him before Fame had found him. History is silent as to his deeds of loving charity at home, but they add a more glorious amount of splendour to his soul now. His donations and charities extended right and left; all those from whom he had received kindness were the recipients of his bounty; for him to find himself again impoverished; a beggar soliciting the lowest post again in the service of the East India Company, only to live. He would speak to you, did he know how. History is silent also on what has been the source of never-ceasing regret — intimacy with his friend's wife. Though he gave her his name at his death, the sin is no less.

Here the Control broke off. Mr. C—— was present at this sitting, and his aura was disturbing the Control.



THE FOUNDER OF THE MAHRATTA POWER.

SEVAJEE.

EVAJEE, surnamed "The Bhoonsla," was the founder of the Mahratta Power in India. He was born at Poonah in 1627, and died suddenly in 1680. He had the reputation of being daring,

cunning, and treacherous. He is said to have assassinated, at an interview, Afzul Khan, the Mogul's General, sent against him; and for this, he seems, in Spirit-life, to be suffering expiation. He kept at bay, Aurungzebe, the Mogul Emperor, notwithstanding his vast resources. With Sevajee commenced the decadence of the Mogul Empire in India, until, at last, Shah Allum, the reigning Mogul, became a prisoner in the hands of the Mahrattas, who blinded him. He was released from their hands by General Lake in 1803.

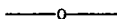
The Sensitive, under Control said :

They call me the assassin of the Great Mogul's General. We are now a dwarfed people. I, Sevajee, am the most miserable among my people. Oh! what wild dreams will pass through the heart and brain of some souls. In my day on earth, we were slaves in a despised condition; paying tribute, asking permission to live. I raised my people into a kingdom. Do you know, dear Sir, I am Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta Dynasty. My hands are not stained with the blood of any of your natives, and none of those I commanded have lifted their hands against any of your countrymen; it has not been by Sevajee's wish, if any who came after me did so. I hated the French, and also the Dutch. You have heard of the slaughter and plunder by my people at Surat; the English and Dutch both had factories there; they were in power there. Surat had been raised to nearly a Presidency; it had a governor and a fort (I mean a fortified warehouse or factory). I spared your countrymen; I spared those who preached God's gospel, the English Padres; all the others I slaughtered. The crimes of Sevajee did not consist so much in this, or in the crime which they say made Sevajee lose his caste, but in the assassination of the General of the Great Mogul; but why should they sully my name? They have garmented me in grey, the colour of condemnation. If I have taken up your time too long, I, Sevajee, would pray forgiveness. Power was my dream by night and by day; I was only a cow-herd in my early life. I have risked my life many times for my fellow-sufferers, aye, a thousand times; none dare call Sevajee a coward, no, not one, even the greatest enemy to me. Quickest by far among any of my

countrymen, most agile in running, leaping, or riding; more dexterous than any of my countrymen in the use of the weapons of war; more subtle than the highest of the Brahmin priests; none more humble nor more deceitful, when an object was to be attained. I am not condemned for raising my people to a Power, but for the treacherous murder of the General of the Great Mogul. If my Spirit is sorrowful, have pity on me; if it tires you, banish it. Sevajee must go back again to his dark sphere. May I join my people. May I be united to my Father. Sevajee's soul is noble.

I asked him if his Spirit received any benefit by coming to me. In reply, he said:

Yes, my soul will rise. I shall soon be relieved from the dark state I am now in. Pray for me.



BAJAZET.

24th October, 1877.

BAJAZET, the celebrated Sultan of the Othmans, was born A.D. 1347, and died in captivity one year after the battle of Angora, where he was totally defeated by Tamerlane, somewhere about the year 1400. The story of his being confined in an Iron Cage is believed to be a pure myth.

The Sensitive in trance, but not under Control, said, I hear the name of Bajazet.

He then went under Control, and said:

From Asia Minor, from Bulgaria, from Servia, all reeking, bloody battle-fields of old, I see to-day History repeating itself. I am Bajazet the First, the son of Amurath the First. I am here, and, in the name of Christianity, I shudder at deeds of ruthless bloodshed now being carried on. To you, Sir John Malcolm, I am speaking; to you, Sir John, the soul of Bajazet appeared, but as a ruthless, blood-thirsty one. To-day more than one hundred thousand armed men are met

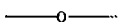
in direst warfare; so then, Sir John, some four hundred years ago I, with armed hosts, met the proudest of their Christian warriors—Nicopolis was their battle-field. How fiercely the Christians fought; how savagely my men retaliated, Sir John; one hundred thousand Christians opposed us; we waded to victory knee-deep in the blood of our foes.

The proud, the haughty, the fierce Tamerlane hastened to avenge the Christian wrongs, and met the hitherto invincible Bajazet, myself. Angora was the battle-field—my last. After three days of fierce and bloody meetings, I felt myself conquered; I was made a prisoner, and died in enforced captivity nine months afterwards. You may ask, Why am I here? I say nearly four hundred years of earth's time have passed since I transacted these earthly deeds. You ask me whether I repent them. I have thought, during these four hundred years, Sir John, that I alone, among those thousands of friends and foes, that I alone was not annihilated. I have met none I knew; I have held communication with none. Your high moral worth, and your great brotherly love, have forced my haunting shade from those scenes of a like triumph and a like defeat.

Is this my punishment, Sir John, that never, until now, have I been able to hold communication, either with embodied, or disembodied, Spirits? Alone, fearfully alone, neither marking nor regarding the fast-fleeting hours of man's time; knowing my self-existence; conscious of my own identity, and full of fitful wonder as to where were all the rest. You have lovingly explained to me, you have opened my Spiritual eyes, and explained the strange noises I have heard, whilst hovering round the scenes on earth of my dire wrongs to my God. I have not been talking of noises on the physical earth, or of its inhabitants, but of the passing and repassing of those loving forms, and their kindly and loving tenderings of services which, in the pride of selfish obstinacy, I was so blind to.

It will be noticed that the Spirit of Bajazet, although controlling the Sensitive, was speaking to Sir John Malcolm, who is according to Spiritual experiences, one of the messengers who are employed by a Higher Power in bringing up from a lower sphere, those poor Spirits who, by reason of their misdeeds on earth, although out of time of earth, are still earth-bound.

The reader will notice that the peculiarity of many of these earth-bound Spirits is, that they imagine that they, alone, are not permitted to die. Many of them pray for annihilation.



LORD CORNWALLIS.

19th October, 1877.

LORD Cornwallis, a well-known English General, who saw a great deal of service both in Europe, America, and Asia, was born in 1738, and died whilst Governor-General of India for the second time, at Ghazeepeer, in the Presidency of Bengal, in 1805. During his first term of office in India, he destroyed the power of Sultan Tippoo, and he also made the celebrated Settlement of the Lands in the Province of Bengal, fixing the Government's claim by a fixed rent in perpetuity. The wisdom of this settlement has been much doubted.

The Sensitive, under Control, said:

At Ghazeepeer, in the Province of Benares; that is the place where I passed away. Little did I think that I should have ceased my earth-life on Indian territory; but yet a kind and condescending Sovereign required my services, which, neither then nor at any other time, in loyal obedience could I refuse. I had thought when I left India, and was received at home with Title, Honors, and Thanks from the Rulers of our people, that in the future I should have no more of Indian experiences than I had previously had. I had been worthily rewarded for my former services, by a double service, which I filled at the same time, that is, Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of India. I was adorned with the Garter also. Yet old and careworn, after having fought the many battles of him to whom I had sworn allegiance; after having met at Seringapatam with him, whose sanguinary character is now too well-known, and successfully defeated

him; ere a word that my services were required once more at home; I was on my voyage to England to teach obedience to the rebel Irish. I passed away after sixty-seven years of earth's experience only. Ask me questions.

I then began to ask about the Perpetual Land Settlement in Bengal.

Yes, I made the Decennial, afterwards made the Perpetual Settlement. Before I desired communication with you, I knew your fixed principles on that subject, P——. Although you can well imagine that I have realized the expectations of my position, yet the greatest subject of wonderment to me is, that I am still able to make myself known, feebly perhaps, more feebly than I would wish, but if you could realise the tumultuous feelings of my soul at the fact that I can realise, that I am still able to judge the conduct of others, and still able to warn others. Would to God that all had your fast-increasing faith in this Power, for, if this *was* so, it would be——.

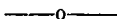
At the word *was* instead of *were*, I began to think my Lord Cornwallis had not studied Lindley Murray very closely, or he would have said *were*. The Control stopped short and said, Put these words in a marginal note:

That as Power is lost for his clairvoyance, so the Spirit of the Medium asserts its sway over his body, hence the grammatical inaccuracy that occurred. Dear P——, these things are but lost to a non-enquiring mind; I caused you to make this note because I felt your thought. I do not say the thought itself was detrimental to your faith, but the thought was there, and your quick sense, of what was right, detected the seeming inconsistency, faint as a shadow, yet palpable to me as well as to yourself. But to resume. After England had spread before me Name, Honor, Wealth, and Thanks, once more to return to the East Indies, and once more to make my presence known and felt, and to find an end of my earth's career in the fifth year of this century.

Here I asked whether he was not going to Delhi at the time he passed away.

Yes, I was. I met a famous man, an Englishman, fighting against his own country. He told me it was forced

service. He was a noted man in the service of the Mahrattas: many still remember his vast endurance in walking feats. The traitor's name was John Stewart; he was educated at the Charter House. His walks had extended through the length and breadth of India. He had been on foot from Seringapatam to Persepolis, even across the Desert. In his walks towards home, he had traversed all countries on foot, including many kingdoms now happily united. I met him as a foe, although a traitor, worthy my steel. He was in the Mahratta Army, and before that a Captain in the service of Tippoo Sultan. God bless you, I cannot longer hold Control.



GENERAL MEADOWS.

29th December, 1877.

AS he seems to have been an unsuccessful General, he does not appear to have found a place in any of the Biographies within my reach. But, as he gives, in his Control, an account of the operations of the previous one, Earl Cornwallis in the Mysore Country, and also of the first siege of Seringapatam, I have inserted this as a fit follower of that of Lord Cornwallis.

The Medium in trance, but not under Control, said: I hear him say:

Three Crores, and twenty-five Lakhs immediate payment; one Crore and sixty-five thousand Rupees every four months for a year.

He then went under complete Control, and said:

You have a goodly company here around you. Among them I see Major-General Jacobs, of Jacobabad; he who formed a Frontier Province on the frontiers of Afghanistan; and next to him stands one who, in life, was my bosom friend, I mean the Marquis of Cornwallis. I am General Meadows. I am he that fought Tippoo Sultan.

Here was an interruption, the Control, speaking sharply, said: "Speak for yourself, and tell us, at the same time, who you are. He says he is Michael Ney, Duke of Elchingen, and Prince of Moskowa."

What, and you too; you, the proud Mahratta Chieftain, one of our old allies, Pursyram Baoree. Behind Marshal Ney stands one of England's proudest Admirals, Sir Edward Pellew, Lord Viscount Exmouth. Goodly company indeed! Mr. P——. You are now in England, is it not so? You have heard of me. My name is General Meadows, the name of him who introduced all these Spirits to you. I had the first brush with, and sustained the first defeat at the hands of, that inhuman man, the tyrant of the Carnatic—I mean the Sultan Tippoo. I was well trusted by Lord Cornwallis. We were well-beloved comrades-in-arms. I remember his meeting me after my retreat. He said, you are too modest for supreme command, yet brave as a lion, and high in my confidence; I will take supreme command, and no more trusted General shall I have under me than yourself. We were brothers-in-arms; we well understood each other, and though not brothers by kindred's claims, we were brothers-in-love, as well as in-arms. Had you, like me, witnessed the marked celerity with which he moved his forces, I mean Lord Cornwallis, you, like me, would have felt yourself of no less importance, in your own opinion, whilst serving under such a General, as when in supreme command.

We were before Bangalore before Sultan Tippoo had finished viewing his conquests in the Carnatic; but we brought war home even amongst his own people, in his own country, and Mysore and Bangalore fell to our forces, much to his surprise and consternation. Flushed with this easy victory, Cornwallis pushed onwards, still holding the highest confidence in myself; the high-landed Fort of this Tyrant, Seringapatam, was our destination. A cry ran through the length and breadth of this land at the first, or rather the second, result of this undertaking; and several of the surrounding Forts (for the country was entirely fortified) fell when Seringapatam fell. You have looked at it from the barren heights overlooking the valley, and what you have seen was a perfect net-work of hewn stone fortifications, formidable in the eyes of even Eastern veterans. Ootradroog and Sundradroog fell to our successive assaults. I laboured as a volunteer, similar to the

most common of our soldiers, in the taking of these Forts.

We broke the Sultan's lines at the point of the bayonet: we broke through all the outward defences. But we had started unprepared for a siege. We had no means of carriage from Bangalore. The sight nearly bordered on the ridiculous, seeing nearly every soldier carrying a cannon-ball, and women carrying ammunition; and so we were forced at that time to retreat before Sultan Tippoo's forces, but to come back again with the bold cavalry and infantry of the Mahratta soldiery; and in the third campaign against Tippoo, Lord Cornwallis gained one of the most brilliant victories that ever adorned a human life. For he was the means, in the hands of an all-wise Providence, of drawing the fangs of a human tiger. I speak not in reference to the conduct of the English, and their treatment of this Potentate. It would not bear the light of reasonable scrutiny: I mean their treatment of him; treaties violated, and in some instances entirely set at naught.

In this fierce Sultan's breast arose a spirit of bitter retaliation, and, from being a generous monarch, he changed into an absolute tyrant. Lord Cornwallis, in the hands of God, was the means of drawing from him the power of hurting us. I have, even now, a vivid memory of that night, on which Lord Cornwallis resolved to assault Seringapatam. How beautiful shone the moon. The muzzles of the Sultan's guns pointed directly to the ground over which our men would have to travel. He, Tippoo, expected an artillery engagement with the English, as their numbers did not amount to many. Altogether, there were not more than 2,800 Europeans, and, with the Mahrattas and some other allies, about 7,500 men, making a total of about 10,500 men of all arms. P——, for every man on our side lost in that assault, ten of Tippoo's fell to rise no more. I took the redoubt which Tippoo Sultan commanded in person, although originally, in planning the assault, I had been given the command of the right division. They called it the Sultan's redoubt. From there he had fled, after the attack, but left all his richly-ornamented tents standing, and scattered about the tents, were rude plans of fortifications by his own hands, and also highly-jewelled gold mathematical instruments in ornamented cases, proving his attempt to engineer.

Stretching steadily onwards, for a victor to pause often turns victory into defeat, the events of the moment are all impor-

tant, suffice it to say, we drove on; at last surrounding him in his last stronghold, in his proud and nearly impregnable fortress of Seringapatam. Whilst investing the place, we were honored by the arrival of the astute Apogee Roy. He had negotiated for peace before, as an Envoy from his Sultan, and came on the same errand: but we kept him outside the camp. He would have gone through a lot of useless formalities; time was all his master wanted, for, on the same night on which Apogee was sent to treat for peace, Cornwallis was nearly assassinated in his tent, by emissaries from this would-be peaceful Sultan. P——, no one knows better than yourself the character of these Indian Potentates from the throne downwards; you know that their very religion inculcates lessons which, in our western wisdom, we consider as acts of the grossest treachery. I speak of their much revered book, the Koran, in which the acquisition of territory is a virtue at whatever price; even in its chapters counselling the grossest deceit. For whatever purpose such Books were given to them, I know not, but I know the statements I have made are contained therein.* In which it is counselled that alliances should be made, not with a neighbouring Power, but with a neighbouring Power's neighbours, so that the territory of the intervening Province may be divided. These may be interpolations, but I can't say that it is so, as he that is in your presence, Major-General Jacob, the Buddhist, is here present, and none the worse for being that. He would tell you that the purest spiritual doctrines lie enfolded between cover and cover of the Institutes of Menu. He will himself speak to you about this matter of argument.

And so we brought to bay this Sultan; he never would have met us in the open field, had it not been for the taunts and revilings he received from his mother and wives. In vain had been his eloquence to the principal Sirdars; he implored them to drive the English from the island on which the fort of Seringapatam was built, and to defend, with their life's blood, the tomb of his father, Hyder Ali.

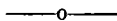
It has been said in England, and also in India, that the terms of peace which Cornwallis made were hard indeed. The first demand was the surrender of half his territory to England and her allies; the next demand for immediate payment of the sum of which the Sensitive made mention whilst

* I am not aware that they are.

I was speaking to Sir Edward Pellew; the next a similar amount demanded, and a longer time for payment allowed by the three payments to be concluded in twelve months. But that was not all. He, Lord Cornwallis mistrusted this treacherous soul, and demanded, as hostages for the completion of the treaty, Tippoo's two sons, the two eldest of the three. As a trusted native officer accompanied these young princes, a wail of anguish seemed to run from one extreme to the other. The oldest was only ten years old, the other eight; and as this trusted officer bowed down before the Governor-General and pointed to the two lads, who had dismounted from the elephant, and stood before our chieftain. Lord Cornwallis's face worked with emotion as he gazed on them; and as Tippoo's officer turned round and pointed to his master, the Sultan, on the ramparts, whose emotion was visible, he said, "These lads called him (pointing to the Sultan) Father: He that loves them so well. You will teach them to call you Father." The cheering words he used on that occasion restored the lads' confidence. I have need to tell you that the means used for procuring this peace were not through Apogee Roy, but through a naked English Lieutenant, a prisoner-of-war, whom the Sultan liberated conditionally, requesting him to take a letter to the Governor-General, begging for a knowledge of the terms on which the Governor-General would grant peace, dismissing this Lieutenant with the richest gifts he was possessed of.

Here the Control said :

I must leave, the power is failing.



COLONEL MAXWELL.

FROM what I can gather from the Wellington Despatches, Colonel Maxwell was Colonel of the 19th Dragoons, and killed at the battle of Assaye, in September 1803, whilst charging the guns of Scindia, the Mahratta Chieftain. In conversation with this Control, on another occasion, he told me he was a Dumfrieshire man.

The Sensitive, under Control, said :

Excuse my familiarity. My name is unknown, or nearly so, to you; it is Colonel Maxwell. I was killed at the battle of Assaye, of which you have no doubt heard, at the head of my brave 19th Dragoons. I had come to you for purposes other than to speak of the battle of Assaye, but your thoughts have brought back to me such a field of earthly reminiscences that I will fain alter what I was going to speak about.

I may here say that, a few days previous to this, I was running through the Wellington Despatches by Colonel Gurwood, in reference to Sir Arthur Wellesley's Indian career, when I accidentally saw that Colonel Maxwell was killed at the battle of Assaye. I thought no more of it at the time, but directly the names of Maxwell and Assaye were mentioned, the thought re-occurred and brought back the last earth-memories to the gallant Colonel.

The Control went on to say:

I will now refer to General Arthur Wellesley, the hero under whom I served. He has been here, but he gave you little of the much he did while in India. As to that battle of Assaye, he has been much maligned, and also held to blame. The impetuosity of the attack placed in the balance the English power against that of the Mahratta Chiefs; my death contributed to defeat the check that was sustained temporarily by my fall. Had you but seen, dear Sir, my gallant men, as I, a little ahead, led the charge, sweeping like a line down on the Mahratta guns. They saw my arms flung up high in the air; and my horse come to a complete halt. The shots were thinning our men in a dreadful manner; and seeing me stop, and seeing also the effect of the dreadful and unabated fire to which they were subjected, they thought my suddenly halting and flinging up my arms meant a retreat. So it did for me, but not for them.

Here the Sensitive began coughing violently, and I asked the Controlling Spirit whether, at the time of his passing away, he had a cough, and he said,

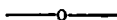
Yes, I had a cough, a very bad one, at the time; but the Sensitive will not suffer when I leave Control.

But to proceed:—My men were in full retreat until, at last, looking back, they saw their Colonel lying on the ground. In Spirit, I gloried in their courage when I saw them, to a man, wheel round; and one of the most gallant charges ever made in the annals of warfare, before or since, was performed on that day. General Wellesley made mention of it, saying I had contributed much to the success of the battle of Assaye, that battle which destroyed thoroughly the power of Scindia, and, for a time, set at rest the restless Rajah of Berar, the Bhoonsla.

I can feel your influences in earth-life, I knew Webb, I remember him well, and, in Spirit-life, I have wondered that, despite the cost of men and money, in the Mahratta war, that at its conclusion, the treaty obtained should not have been held sacred. He, whom you asked me whether I knew, had raised his voice previously, and a loud voice too, against the destruction of the rival Power of Tippoo Sultan, saying that, if that rival power were destroyed, insurrection on the part of the Mahrattas would be the consequence: but, at the same time, after the Mahratta treaty was concluded successfully, its results should have been intact at every cost. India, now, dear P——, is an Empire united, having at its head a Royal Lady. No more will England see a rival Power fighting for Government and its advantages; no more will England see the fierce jealousy that existed between the Board of Control and the East India Company. There is now an united India, a more loyal people, a better Government, and a more liberal public expenditure. No more will England hear of famines which shall shake to their very roots all sympathetic hearts. The question of irrigation will be treated more liberally, and the famishing millions will cry no more in united India. Unity is strength, as typified by Æsop of old in his fables, and the happy result of the feelings that acted responsively to the plaintive cry that came from India's children. A worthy recognition, indeed, did that cry receive; and the congratulations of India's Empress reached those who had been delegated to receive the subscriptions that came in so readily. You have India's welfare at heart, and so have all those who have passed years in her beautiful plains, valleys, and hills. Although it was my duty to strike down India's children, yet, whilst doing so, I always sympathised with their troubles, and would, could my position have allowed me, have inquired the authority that commanded my services.

You have heard of Scindia: he was but a poor changeling for an enemy. Holcar was his evil counsellor, and so was the Rajah of Berar. As for him, under whom I served in India, little has been done for his services rendered to India. Why, I do not know. I have watched him in earth-life and hovered near him in spirit-life; and I say there was no man in power in India, that met every qualification necessary to make an unequalled General. He had them all. He was great in military organisation—none was greater in commissariat. He was ever vigilant in action, and ever ready in his *viva voce* conferences with Vakeels, Commanders of Armies, and the Messengers of any Native Prince. There was no one in India who could wrench from any one the object of their mission, better than could Arthur, General Wellesley. In Durbar his voice was heard, cool, calm, and authoritative, although attended by the native Princes themselves. No one in the station of him, under whom I served, could more gracefully fill his position, although he was only made a governor of a Province. I do not qualify my words. I know he was not satisfied with the recognition his services in India received from the Government there: at home his services were a little more recognized.

Have you ever been at Ahmednuggar? It was there that Scindia watched the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley before that Fort, one morning, just at sunrise, or a little after. In one of Scindia's intercepted letters was this remark, "the English are worthy foes, and they are led by a General whom Mahratta Chieftains will have cause to fear. The Englishmen came up to the Fort, walked through it, and slew the garrison, and returned to breakfast. The Mahratta power pitted against the English, is but an idle dream at best." God bless you, P——.



GENERAL JACOBS, OF JACOBABAD.

29th December, 1877.

GENERAL Jacobs, a distinguished Indian officer of the Bombay army; a man of very peculiar, but original, ideas. His Control speaks for itself. I recollect him, by name, well; but I have not

found any account of the time when he passed over to higher life.

The Sensitive in trance said: I hear a voice saying as plain as possible,

Dear P——, I intend to control, but cannot. I am Major General Jacobs, of Jacobabad.

Here I interrupted the Sensitive, and said "the well-known inventor of a rifle." The Sensitive then went under Control, and said:

So you would put into competition the inventing of a rifle with the forming of a Province. None know better than yourself the thousands, nay millions, of poor wretches, who are supposed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of India; those who are neither owned by any Native Chieftains, nor yet by the East India Company; men who are hunted with all the earnestness with which wild beasts are tracked: brutalised, ill-educated, and in many cases deformed. But still they are human beings with immortal souls. There is an eternity for them the same as for us.

Independent of any instructions from the East India Company, I went to the frontier of Afghanistan, nearly unarmed, nearly unattended, into a country independent of the East India Company. I threw myself on the protection of these wretched types of humanity, and, wonder of wonders, they received me favorably. I told them that I had come among them to teach them how to live. I told them that we were all immortal creatures of the Universal Being; that I did not believe in extermination, or any acts of cruelty; and that I was come among them in the position of a friend, not of a conqueror. That I had not come with any authority, but I relied on them for protection. First I told them to trust in each other; this was not an easy lesson, and the way I taught this lesson was by dividing them into two parties when they came for instruction—the *watching* and the *watched*. They were not to watch each other's faults, but each other's safety. I made a sort of Divisional Police Act, in which one half was to guard jealously the prosperity of the other half. On the right-hand the wealthy proprietors came—they wanted to be watched. I mean those who had a few head of buffalo, and also those that had locations settled, and who farmed a field or two; and the others, who came, were put on my left-hand

—they who had little or nothing to lose, they came for the purpose of watching. The land round the frontier of Afghanistan is unclaimed land, or, at all events, was then.

Here was some disturbance and the Control was broken. After a few minutes the Sensitive again went under the Control of the same Spirit, and said :

I have come back to finish that which I was telling you before. I have a great deal to say to you, our views happen to agree in many things. I was nearly in the same position, P——, as you jestingly spoke of yourself on a former occasion. I had attained unwittingly the position of being considered a thorough bore; but not only that, but in consequence of disagreeing on theological subjects with those who, in a measure, claimed an obedience from me. Although I could not help withholding my respect for them, this was a sad source of annoyance in the settlement of Jacobabad. I succeeded in stating to you how I put those with no property over those with property, and I gave the poorer, honourable payment for their services. I taught them, first, to be honest to me, this was a troublesome job too; afterwards, I taught them to be honest in respect of the goods of others; this was very nearly as hard a task as the former. After a time I began to get things in working order. They soon began to find out that rapine, cruelty, and raids on their neighbours' property, did not pay so well as cultivating the land on which I had been the means of settling them; lands which, previous to my arrival did not return a pice of revenue, were brought into cultivation. I found that I began to have towns, of no considerable worth, but still with comparative happiness made on system. I formed several regiments of irregular horse—these went by the name of the Scinde Horse.

Things improved rapidly. My next task was to destroy their religion and give them a new one. This was an herculean task, and I found fresh opponents in the British Government; they would not send any freshly-arrived English officers to me, for fear lest General Jacob should contaminate them; but, I can assure you, some of them wanted little to contaminate them. I remember, when nearly all the Province was agitated by a great religious festival among the natives, about ten thousand instruments were playing, and each man was playing his own tune.

I issued proclamations from one end of the Province to the

other, telling them: "That Major-General Jacobs had soldiers under him, and that there were inhabitants also among the natives, who were, to say the least, reasonable beings, and, without having the slightest wish to interfere with their religious ceremonies, at the same time he was decidedly of opinion that the Supreme Being was acute enough of hearing without such a confounded din to attract his attention." I bade them ask themselves the question as reasonable beings; and some of them were so, although they had dark skins.

Like when you were at your best, you used to have your worst moments; so, like you too, I had mine. When I asked them whether the Supreme Being required worship from his creatures in such an unreasonable way, it was not the absolute taunt that did it, but they had sense sufficient to see what I meant, and they took it in the way that I intended they should take it, and from that day that gross mummery ceased.

But, like you, dear P——, I had an ever-active pen, which I could not keep quiet. I remember the uproar in all the European newspapers when I brought out my first book. They said "It was supremely ridiculous; that I should be stuck on a white elephant, and put under the safe keeping of some Buddhist Poongee." I tell you, the name of Major-General Jacobs began to stink in the nostrils of the ruling powers.

I gloried in these remarks; I was, in a measure, independent of them. What Governments, I ask, have ever dealt fairly with one who dares to think for himself? Ask Webbe, he who dared to think for himself; I mean Webbe, who was Lord Mornington's secretary. I refer to the matter of Tippoo Sahib's alliance with the French, after he had surrendered half of his dominions to the English; and after his sons had been held as hostages, and his Treasury had been very nearly emptied—and the Government of India have, and always have had, a rare knack of emptying Rajah's Treasuries under some pretext or another, be that good or bad.

Here stands Webbe; and he got up and said something, similar to what I should have said, when he held the office of Secretary to the Governor-General; I will repeat to you the sense of what he said, and you can give it word for word. I will give it according to the sense of what he said. If I am wrong, Webbe, put me to rights. You may not, perhaps, admire the rough and ready military style in which I shall

say the few words which together form the whole meaning of your speech, which was, "Sultan Tippoo Sahib is not a saint, but, at the same time, we have laid British hands on him, and they have been confoundedly heavy: we have robbed him of his territories. The very basis of our commencing to quarrel with the Sultan was, not in consequence of his wrongs to us, but of our wrongs to him. Good begets good, infamy begets infamy; so it has been with our dealings with Sultan Tippoo. He has revelled in injuries to European influences, but we threw the first stone at him. There are more reasons, however, than the claims of justice; there are two influences at work against us: one we have so shattered and so bruised, that, even with the alliance with the French, it cannot harm us. But the Mahratta army still exists, and we shall have to deal with them, if we thoroughly destroy Sultan Tippoo: we have enriched the Mahrattas with Tippoo's treasures; we have borne with their taunts and insults to our highest officers for the sake of peace." You look smilingly at me, Webbe, I am not far out. You remember the proud Mahratta Brahmin, Hurry Punt, a man about sixty-five years old, with all the pride of an enlightened monkey about him, thinking it an honor, with his Brahminical vulgarity, to sit or to be in the presence of an English gentleman. I have seen him in Spirit-life, I only speak as things were, I bear no malice. Lord Mornington writes to his brother, Colonel Arthur Wellesley, to support the war-party; so a declaration of war followed. Tippoo fell at the same time as his Capital fell, but you, Webbe, fell too, to rise again, even as now, in Spirit: earthly habits do not exist for you now. They packed Webbe off, bag and baggage, to Nagpoor, despite the feeling of the highest in India's Council. As for Colonel Wellesley, he, and you know it, had his, Webbe's, portrait framed, glazed, and hung over his mantle-piece, with Diogenes' labour explained. "Here, at last, is an honest man." Webbe, come with me, I want to speak to you about ———.

Here was a break; and, after a short pause, the Control resumed:

We were saying how well the Government of India treated an outspoken man. Well, I had but just mentioned the outcry that arose when I published my first work, entitled, "Universal Soul in the World," but I published also another, which created such a noise and uproar that people said I tried

to upset people's opinions. I tell you that I gloried in this uproar; I had all Bengal at me; I was a Bombay officer. This was published just previous to England's great struggle with the native Bengal mutinous army. I brought out a Tract of my opinion on the Native Army of India.

Now, P——, there is one important question, whilst this highest phase of all-existing phenomena is with you, and that is, briefly, "Is it possible for divining minds to pierce into the future? I know that you would like it made thoroughly clear to you. Now, on the honor of an English gentleman, I foresaw that mutiny; so much so, that I dared to publicly foretell its coming. I told them, in one part of my pamphlet, that the differences that existed between the officers of the Bengal army and those of the Bombay army were these. The officers in the Bombay army acted on the plan of lifting their soldiers up into civilization and bringing them nearer to one Universal God, never truckling to caste; for the highest Brahmins and the lowest Sudra lay down side by side; for the tuition they received from the highest English officers was this, "Caste is in abeyance, it holds but a second place to your oath of allegiance." The native officers of the Bombay native army, both cavalry and infantry, were lifted into English customs; their pride being to get nearer to a higher state of existence.

Now we come to the officers of the Bengal army, and I gave them a goad in my slashing style. P——, with them everything was to be reversed. Here they must bow down before the priestly demands of Caste; here it was the principal duty of the English officer to forget his English home and English manners, and to learn, as quickly as possible, to be a semi-native, as if he could reach no higher grade.

And what next did I say in my pamphlet? I said that the day was fast approaching when the Sepoys of the Bengal army would ignore, with contempt, the petty command held over them by their officers, and that the wail of sorrow would ring from one end of Bengal to the other. Now all this very nearly happened; but "Major-General John Jacobs is mad" was the general verdict, and to that there was scarcely one dissentient voice.

And now to speak of myself. Like you, I love that country which is the right arm of England's power, and, if I have refrained from speaking of myself, it is because I think most of my country, for I am a Spiritual patriot. I am still a lover of the land of my birth, still jealous of her honor.

On earth, I was a Buddhist: I ignored, nay, I even denied, the claims that the Christians made in their substitute for God. I found a God in the purest and brightest of God's sons; and Spiritual knowledge has confirmed that opinion, by teaching me not willingly to harm any one, not to indulge in the passion of revenge or hatred, to keep my manhood and my manhood's duties in conformity with the conception of those High Ones who had gone before me. I looked through the immensity of space studded with worlds, and I saw God everywhere: seeing Him to know Him, not to fear Him; walking reverently, but knowing that God's mercy would cover my many failings; trusting in an eternity with a consciousness of being. This became my ultimate and lasting belief. I had not lived a God-like life; I would rather I had lived a life to God's liking. But I have found God's mercy perfect: had He been the God as pictured by Christians, I should have prayed, indeed, for a cessation of eternity, and for an annihilation of consciousness. But Reason, as my guide on earth, did not fail me; God's mercy providing for me.

I feel that you have been blessed above me, for you have heard the voice of the founder of my faith, Buddha.

All old Indians will recollect General John Jacobs, of Jacobabad, and what were considered his strange vagaries. He was one of those hard-headed men, who dared to think and act despite the snubbing of superior authority. He was quite right in his prophecy as to the mutiny of the Bengal army: official correspondence would throw a strange light on the causes that led to the Sepoy mutiny; but there were, however, causes other than bowing to prejudices of Caste, which led to that fatal outbreak. Some of these causes will be found in some of the Controls that follow. The non-observance of treaties and the greed of annexation, conduced quite as much as the pandering to prejudices of Caste.

RUNJEET SINGH.

4th December, 1877.

RUNJEET Singh, the founder of the Sikh Empire, was born in 1780, and died in 1839. To those interested in Indian affairs his career is well-known. The Empire which he formed, fell to pieces after his death, almost as quickly as he formed it. The Control itself gives what I believe to be the true manner in which he became possessed of the celebrated diamond, the Koh-i-noor, now one of the crown jewels of England.

Before the Sensitive went under Control, he commenced rubbing his hands together, stretching out his fingers and looking at them intently.

He then went under Control, and said :

Where are all my rings? I am always thinking of wealth, I was so fond of jewels in earth life; where are they now? Have you seen these jewels? Have you seen him whom I robbed? * I remember now, that I have been dead for some time; but surely I am living still. I remember how he came to me with but a few followers, those who were faithful to him. How frightened he looked! how sorely he trembled! as he entered into my presence. I would have befriended him, and granted his request, had he not shown that which upset my very nature, and set loose my avaricious longings. He told me his subjects had been rebels, and that he had escaped from his kingdom only with his life; and even then his life would have been forfeited, had it not been for the aid of the few of his faithful adherents, who loved him well. He knelt at my feet, craving my power. I promised him assistance. I, Runjeet Singh, am now disgraced, dishonored, and despised by thousands in Spirit-life.

A kind act brings back to you its own reward; a loving deed brings the acknowledgment of the Supreme Being, who rules all; but an act of gross treachery and cruelty brings

* Shah Soojah ool Moolk.

also the reward which it merits, and clothes the immortal part of man, his soul, in grey and sombre garments. A treacherous act prevents the soul's happiness, clouds its splendour, and fills it with fear. There is no need to tell a repentant soul, that his Father's face is hidden from him; no need to tell him that the balance of God's judgment is against him. The rich adornments of happy souls passing by him tell him so; his spiritual instructors tell him so; his own gloomy and miserable thoughts proclaim to him that there is a God of mercy, yet of strict justice. There is not, then, so much to differ from the idea as to the Purgatory believed in by the Roman Catholic Church. I am passing through this state, but in a robe that will lead onwards. Mercy and justice walk hand-in-hand. Man's punishment and God's judgment commence immediately after the perpetration of the crime; aye, it overtakes one even in earth-life. Maharajah Runjeet Singh tells you to look around you, and you will see many suffering souls passing through this state.

Acts of unkindness, of perverse cruelty, of absolute defiance to the will of God are bearing their fruit even on earth; the splendour of their souls is already clouded; they feel their own surroundings acting directly contrary to their wishes; they envy the feelings which a perfect soul enjoys, and are satirical and sneering in their description of a soul in God's favour. In the opinion of such, the very servants of His will who talk and preach of Him, have, all of them, interested motives; such are wrapped up in self, and this is apparent in every act of their lives, unless God's mercy is shown to them; unless God's judgment is met. This is a punishment, indeed! Their very charities are for the sake of themselves, and they give all that the world might see and know; and yet, whilst suffering under this feeling, they envy those at peace with God. They bluster in their loud cries, "I am happy."

I had family ties; I had children near and dear to me. I, too, had a soul entrusted to God's especial care on earth, like to these perfect ones. I am greatly pitied, and I am happy. No soul has sunk so low as to deceive itself; all souls have God's justice to meet, and they recognise their task. They feel a great something is wanted to complete their lives; a dull and never-ceasing pain assails them, and yet the majority proudly endeavour to hide the sphere that claims them, from those surrounding. I say you can see many such; but to us, in Spirit-life, in the higher life, we can see our brothers and

sisters like to ourselves in suffering. Yes, we can see them, we can also read the secrets of their hearts; they are in the same sphere, namely, that of suffering and anguish. Mark them well, as they see those at peace with God passing onwards in their mission of peace, and love, and service towards God. They can perceive the lady of high station and noble birth, travelling through the wards of a pauper hospital, in soothing and loving tones bidding the suffering one to be of good cheer, bespreading flowers on their bed-sides, praying by their bed-sides; and yet those for whom this loving care is evinced, are the very lowest of humanity, who have been brought up amidst the surroundings of wretchedness and poverty; and these messengers of mercy are of England's proudest and best. But the miserable souls that think of self and no other one, murmur as they pass by the mourning ones. They want to be talked about, and that all the world may know it. The honor of a noble resolve and firm purpose in practising the wishes of their God is foreign to their natures. It was foreign to mine, and is to those of my sphere who belong to every grade of society. We have souls inhabiting palaces, and we have souls inhabiting the lowest courts; their God is Self, and thereby the splendour of their souls is clouded.

When I saw him, Shah Soojah, kneeling at my feet, I promised him, with solemn oath, the assistance which he prayed for. I robbed him of, I wrested from him, that which he only possessed; but, ere the hour-glass had run out, I felt the splendour of my soul was clouded; for I was not vile, but weak and vacillating. How quickly God's justice came! That which I coveted so earnestly, that which I became possessed of so treacherously, was forcibly wrested from my descendants, and became the trophy of my country's victors; but its loss did not restore to me the splendour of my immortal soul: it adorns your Queen's crown now.

I am not even permitted to be here. Oh! how wretched, without God's mercy, should I be; surreptitiously obtaining entrance, and forced to go. May the benefits I have obtained for a time rest by you both: I speak of controlling the Medium. I took it, the Koh-i-noor, from Shah Soojah: he came to my Court for protection.

Here the Control suddenly broke off. The Anglo-Indian reader, as well as those few who take an interest in Indian history and politics, will at once recognise why poor Runjeet Singh's Spirit is suffering expiation.

RUNJEET SINGH

Controlled again on 27th January, 1878, and said:

Oh dear! oh dear! Runjeet Singh has come again, Sahib. Golab Singh has been with me; you have seen whether your dark-whiskered friend fails to paint me in a proper manner.* He will be very clever by-and-bye. My son, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, I am now attending on. I have come for the purpose of telling you that Golab Singh was all he shadowed forth to you, a strictly loving friend and an honest guardian; and that the charges brought against him of greedy acquisitions were false. Both in earth-life and spirit-life Golab Singh has retained, and still does retain, my friendship.

Yes, Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, was quite as fond of annexation as John Company. I remember, P—— Sahib, that when a large map of my native country was placed before me, and I saw the tracings of the red line which marked the boundary of the English territory, I thought it wanted a confounded deal of altering; but still I felt that, as far as it had extended—too far, in fact, to make for me a friendly neighbour—it would yet extend itself further, and at my death sweep round the territory of the five rivers. Yes, I thought that it would enclose within its area the whole of the Punjab. Aye, and that which I felt has come to pass; but let things of the past be of the past; let the wrongs that were heaped on my head and my people's heads be forgotten. There was once a time when Runjeet Singh would have disputed every inch of ground, but now England's Heir-Apparent grasps by the hand the son of Runjeet Singh, and calls him friend. To me, in spirit-life, it is a vexed question whether my son is not better off as he is, than he would be in the position of the Ruler of the Punjab, sitting in his father's seat. Native Monarchy is not a bed of roses.

I here made a remark that I did not approve of that perpetual system of annexing territory. He said:

I should be the last to blame those for doing the same as I myself did. There are different reasons now; my countrymen are satisfied and happy now. I can assure you, that,

* He refers to a spirit-picture by Benvenuto Cellini.

with few exceptions, my people, the population of the Punjab, are the most loyal of all to the Empress of India. She has acted right royally to my descendants; would that the old East India Company had been so liberally-minded in every case. But in speaking of the different reasons for annexation, my reasoning was this. Already the British are becoming too powerful a neighbour for me. Up to the time of the Sikh disturbances they had treated me well; I was situated peculiarly, meaning by this I meant to seek a way to be of service to the English Government; and I was of service to them. My territory was an effectual barrier between Russia and Afghanistan. Peshawur would be a golden key in the hands of England's Northern opponent. I was the cause, perhaps the sole cause, of Russia's interference in Indian politics. I wanted to perform something that would give the East India Company an idea of my prowess.

Here he asked me whether I knew Shere Singh, and I said, No, but I knew his, Runjeet's, son; and I also knew Shere Singh's son, and the old Ranee for whom I had been engaged professionally. He then went on to say:

The Ranee did not behave well: do not talk to me about the Ranee. Shere Singh has come to me spiritually.

I falling into this train of thought seized on Peshawur, the gate of Hindostan. It was then that the usurper of the throne of Cabul, Dost Mahomed Khan and his warlike son, Acbar Khan, determined to obtain Peshawur back again from me. From the idle idea of safety held by the Government of the East India Company, it awoke suddenly to the fact that there was an under current, which foreshadowed the greatest danger to its rule. Dost Mahomed Khan has been with you. Although we meet, spiritually, but seldom, I know his movements now. He met the envoy delegated by Calcutta's Governor—I mean Dr. Burnes—who represented the Majesty of the English Government and its power. He, when before the Afghan Chieftain could promise, could make most bountiful promises, without the slightest power of performing them. In plain terms he was told by the Afghan rulers, "We have an unknown friend, whose treatment of us does not rest merely in promises. We have received, and can receive, his treasures unconditionally." This turmoil and trouble was about Peshawur. They wanted to get it back from me.

Persia had a long standing claim to the Sovereignty of Cabool, and would have been well content with part of its territory—the acquisition of Herat. You might think that this would do very little to forward the policy of the Northern Bear. But it is not so. Every acquisition made by Persia meant an easy acquisition by Russia. I ask, Has this danger ceased? I answer, No; it has doubled. Such a cord is winding itself round the acquired empire of this Island, that it will take the most astute statesman to unravel it. It will have to be cut in twain—there will not be time to unravel it. Russia advances stealthily, but none the less sure. You have asked me whether the population of the Punjab will be quiescent and obedient to English rule, and I answer you, Yes. Had you asked the same question about the Afghans and the other Hill Tribes, I would have told you “they are Russians in heart.” A deep sense of accumulated wrongs is their burthen; and although British power may crush this feeling in one part, annihilating those that dare to express it, it only makes the wrongs deeper for the survivors. An expedition has but just returned from the punishment of a part of these people. Whatever may be said about the Afghans, it can’t be said that they are cowards. They are well armed and good marksmen, and would prove, in the mass, in the hands of England’s direst enemy to-day, a power indeed for vexation and trouble to this empire. Russia is in no way chary of her gold in matters like these. There was in my day but little said of Russia’s diplomacy; there is less said of it to-day. A prospect, and a brilliant one, is opening for England’s Northern opponent, conditionally with the Peace Party reigning here. Already has a loan been negotiated for, and been eagerly taken up, in a country which was once on terms of the greatest friendship with England. I know France well. Hundreds of her sons did service under my rule as officers in my army. I had a good selection from France’s highest and noblest, and can therefore judge well of the feelings of France to-day.

I here remarked I was rather surprised to hear that there was in France a feeling hostile to England. He went on to say :

Can you ask this question? Supposing that a powerful, well-built man stands side-by-side with you, for whom he professes friendship, and that he would, for your sake, encounter any difficulty; but when that difficulty came, and he

stood side-by-side with you, and saw you attacked, hurled down, and cruelly beaten, but never went so far as to offer his hand to assist in raising you, but let you scramble to your feet as well as you could, and that by-and-bye you get well again. Would you give that friend your love?

I here remarked that I did not see how England could have interfered: France aggressively rushed into war against all persuasion. To this he said:

It would have been the soundest policy to have assisted her, but Sahib P—— none of your surroundings have ever prognosticated evil for England. Your statesmen must wake up. The spiritual world sees the dawn of a brilliant change for England. England without a party cry—England united; English statesmen joining heart and soul for one great purpose—the ever-recurring thought of that which has cost her men and money to attain; all parties uniting to hold fast that which they are governing now so well. There was a time when wrongs and injuries called aloud for redress; but now wicked monopolies are things of the past; communication of one country with another is free; there is loving sympathy of one people with another, and soon, very soon, such a change shall come, that all shall hail the day when England first placed her foot on India's soil; when it shall no longer be a field for individual enterprise, or its people forced into making the country one vast garrison, and the millions of money that now go to support this state of things, shall go towards the formation of hundreds of miles of running water. I am certain that then England will no longer fear her Northern opponent. Her time of awakening is near.

I asked if he approved of England's Premier.

I do, indeed: a man whose strength of will and firmness of purpose makes him more than my equal; the humble Jew is to rule this country, beyond doubt. He is a man who has made himself, and will finish his career by giving peace to his country and honor to her great name. You are not to publish this just at present: all will shortly take place, and you will get your orders when to publish it.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

24th October, 1877.

THIS distinguished military officer was born in 1782, and passed over in 1853. Like all of his name he was great in the field; but he was more than this, he was one of the best Civil Administrators, either of his own or any other day. He not only conquered Scinde with comparatively small forces under his command, but, after he had conquered it, he conciliated the different tribes inhabiting it, reconciling them to his rule; and he originated a Civil Administration under which that Province has since become a valuable annexation to the British Power. But, as always has been the case, the Civil Authorities interfered with him so much that, after two years, he retired, disgusted with the treatment he received. I saw him in Calcutta in 1849, when he came out as Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal Army, but, somehow, he did not brook Lord Dalhousie's interference, and resigned in 1850. It is believed by many that, had Sir Charles been in office in 1857, the Sepoy Mutiny would never have been allowed to attain the dimensions it did.

Owing to my being very unwell, the Control was no means satisfactory.

The Medium in trance, but not under Control, said: I see three Spirits who are trying to come, Lord Collingwood, Lord Nelson, and Sir Charles Napier—with which of them would you like to communicate? I asked that Sir Charles Napier might Control.

The Sensitive went under Control, and said:

I am Sir Charles Napier.

I remarked that he was a great man in earth-life.

Yes, great, but not without faults. You love India, and so do I. I was born and trained to be subservient to the orders of my superiors, and such bondage was, in every respect, repugnant to my very nature. My superior in India

was Lord Ellenborough, whose vacillating and inert disposition was decidedly antagonistic to my own. There were short intervals in which he would arouse himself to action, but the bulk of his time was spent in ignoble lethargy. I served him well; I served him up to the very fringe of honor: be dishonorable, I could not; but I stood as near dishonor as it was possible for a gentleman to do. You, dear Sir, have said before this, that remembrances of treaties broken has been a source of regret to you.

This is in reference to something that passed on a former occasion, some four or five weeks previously, on the subject of how England observed her treaties with the Native Rulers of India.

They have been the same to me in the world in which I lived in the form, and also a source of spiritual regret since I passed over. I was Governor of Scinde.—I conquered it; and as the Conqueror of Scinde, I wish to speak to you. You may not have heard of Lieutenant Eastwick, who presented a list of tyrannical conditions in a treaty proposed to be made with the Ameers of Scinde. I am speaking of the time just before we destroyed their power; before I had won the battle of Meanee.

I here said I was under the impression that the real name of the place was *Dubba*, but that the name did not sound fine enough for a great victory—*Dubba* being a jar, made of bullock's hide, to contain Ghee.

Yes, but you are right, and you are wrong. *Dubba* lies a little more to the north-west of Hyderabad; the difference is so trifling that it might well escape your notice, one being seven miles from Hyderabad, the other eight. They are two places of similarity of *locale*, but, for purposes of distinction, they have been called *Dubba* and *Meanee*. I fought two battles, one with Noor Mahomed, and one with Shee Mahomed.

Here I began to ask some more questions, on which the Control said:

I am afraid, if you ask so many questions, my answers will tire your patience and exhaust my power. Your pen has been busy these last half-dozen minutes in taking down my answers to your prior questions. To you, nothing is lost;

but to strangers what I have to say might be a bore. I could describe every shrub, tree, and nullah of both places. Well, we were speaking of Lord Ellenborough's policy as regarded Scinde. He had aroused himself into a sudden fit of action, and he coveted the territory of the Ameers; and the orders, the secret orders, which he gave were, that I was to press, and to use all my influence in pressing—in plain English I was to pick a quarrel. I loved my country, and perhaps my thoughts on annexation then were not so clear as they are now. Nor were my views of justice such as they are now. One Ameer failed in respect to the dignity which I legally claimed. I was supporting my position, and was right, in my own opinion, in claiming the respect due to my position. I wish to be precise in instilling into your mind what were my views. I do this, because many Europeans, I mean English Agents, were conducting themselves towards the Ameers, as if Scinde was already a conquered country, in some cases returning insults for services. This failure of respect to me afforded a sufficient pretext to me to follow out the instructions of Lord Ellenborough.

Here I became very unwell, and I could not, as theretofore, take down verbatim what came from the Sensitive's mouth. I took down, however, the heads of what he said, and the substance was as follows: He spoke strongly against the way in which the Ameers had been bullied. They were not to coin their own rupees; no coin was to be current but that of the East India Company. They were to be compelled to find fuel for our steamers navigating the Indus. They were to cede Kurrachee; but that one of the Ameers insulted him, and told him that, with all his fine clothes and talk, he was no better than Elphinstone (referring to the General who was killed in Afghanistan), and that, as Mahomed Acbar Khan had served Elphinstone, so would he serve him, Napier. That one Ameer, whose name I could not catch, flew off to a stronghold which he had in the desert—it was called Emam Ghur—that he followed him with cavalry, but that his cavalry were forced to stop on account of the desert and the want of water; that he collected camels, put two men on each,

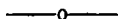
carried his water with him, got there, and blew up his fortress. That he returned and forced on the Battle of Meanee on the 17th February, 1843; that he had but five thousand men, all told, against twenty-five thousand of the enemy, and that, at one time of the day, the issue of the battle was very doubtful. He said the Beloochees fought like fiends; that they were a hardy, undergrown race who had no fear of death, and rushed on to his men with their short, crooked swords.

He spoke about Sir James Outram as the very soul of honor, and every inch a soldier. He asked me whether I knew Colonel Pringle and several other of his comrades. He said he was the Civil Governor for three years and that all sorts of charges of maladministration were made against him; that he answered Lord Ellenborough fully, showing what he had done; that he had improved their irrigation canals, made the people love him, had made the country self-supporting, and had five lakhs of rupees to the good in his treasury. He spoke much about the Indian Army, and said the organization of the Bombay was very superior to that of the Bengal Native Army. He spoke highly of Bartle Frere. He also told me about his return to India as Commander-in-Chief, and gave Lord Dalhousie a pretty stiff rub-down, and by no means spared Colonel Birch, the Military Secretary. As I was in India at the time of Sir Charles Napier's last visit to India as Commander-in-Chief, and was tolerably well acquainted with the disputes going on between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, I could almost imagine myself listening to Sir Charles in the form.

Just as he was leaving Control, he picked up a likeness of Lord Clive which was lying on the table, and, looking at it, said, "Hullo! you have got Mad Bob here." I asked what he meant.—He said, "Lord Clive; he was as mad as a March Hare. We call him Mad Bob."

The latter part of this Control, owing to the many questions I kept putting, is not as perfect as I should

wish; and, added to this, I was by no means in good health, nor had I learnt the lesson of passivity which I afterwards learnt, which tends so much to get a perfect Control. But, even as it is, I do not think any reasonable man can say that it is not highly characteristic of the man, Sir Charles Napier. I was not aware that Lord Ellenborough was either vacillating or inert, although report said he was a bit of a Sybarite, and studied his own comfort. But my experiences in Spiritualism have shown me that the real character of a man is seldom fully known in earth-life. I was glad to hear him speak so well of my old friend, Sir James Outram, and also of Sir Bartle Frere, whom I used to know personally when I was in India.



ALEE NUKHEE KHAN.

27th July, 1877.

ALEE Nukhee Khan, was the Dewan or Prime Minister of the deposed King of Oudh. He had the credit of being one of the chief instigators of the Sepoy Rebellion, but the Government could get no evidence implicating him. I was brought professionally into contact with him, and he always struck me as being a very clever man. In his Control printed below, he took a pretty exact measure of those forming India's Council at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny; and I can only regret the conditions being so unfavorable to a continuance of the Control.

The Medium, in half-trance, said: I hear the name of Surrotjee Durromjee Potail. He then went into trance and spoke as follows:

I, Alee Nukhee Khan, am here, and so is my son. I know you; I have seen you in Court. Do you remember 1857. In what part of Her Majesty's dominions were you then, when bloodshed and rapine were rampant?

I answered I was in Calcutta.

How near to death was Counsellor P——, and a good many others also, at that time! I was the main spring upon which all the other springs moved. I, Alee Nukhee Khan, the Secretary of the King of Oudh. I know Garden Reach, and have looked from its Prison House on the waters of the Hooghly. As for my master, he was an imbecile. The embassy he sent over the ocean did no good; it was never intended that it should; I, Alee Nukhee Khan never intended it should succeed.

They called me clever. If patriotic feeling and an anxious desire for my country's welfare be cleverness, I was clever; if a knowledge of every dialect of the country within the grasp of Her Majesty's dominion in India, and of every Caste be cleverness, then I was clever. I could speak all languages. I tell you I did not wish that embassy to succeed. Can you enter into my feelings? I saw our people suffering. I saw Lucknow, our Capital, that was once in the hands of my master, wickedly rent from him, under that imbecile Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie. He was a vacillating man.

I here remarked that although personally I did not approve of his conduct as regarded Oudh, I could not allow him to be called imbecile or vacillating. In continuation he said rather excitedly :

He was so; those around him acted for him. My countrymen had free right to travel over their own soil untouched. The very mainstay of your Empire were the Sepoys, whom the kingdom of Oudh furnished. They were faithful to their salt, and at last met with unmerited ingratitude for their services. At one time your Nation could send to our Capital for recruits, as, and when, they were wanted. They were free to pass away without hindrance. I did not like Lord Dalhousie's successor, Lord Canning. He might have prevented the outrage on my country, and so could many others around him.

I here asked whether he remembered Sir James Outram. In reply he said :

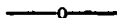
I did. He was a good man—a noble-hearted man. Did you know General L——, and D——, the senior member of Council?

I answered, Yes. He then went on to say :

This is the first time I have communicated with man since I left the flesh. You are cut out for great work both in this life and in spirit-life. You have an active intelligence; you will raise my countrymen. My boy stands near me—there is my son.

His Majesty was an imbecile; his Queen was worth twenty of him. Did you know Sirdar Mohun Singh?—they hanged him. Lord Canning stood out nobly when he granted the Amnesty, the brightest jewel in his character. I loved Barnes Peacock for his keen sense of justice. I have seen him often and talked to him. What was the use of a man like D——? He had never been twenty miles from Calcutta. He had no knowledge of the natives, save of a few wretched Bengalees. What was the use of your army? After short military service, your officers were drafted off to civil employ.

I am being driven off by the Medium's Spirit. I can say no more.



AZIM OOLLAH KHAN.

7th September, 1877.

THIS man became the chief adviser of the celebrated Nana Sahib, of Cawnpoor Massacre notoriety. He came to England, two or three years before the Mutiny, as the Agent of the Ranees of Nagpoor whose territories had been so unceremoniously taken away from them by the British Government. He managed to get into good society whilst in England, and was much lionised; he spoke English perfectly, and was a great favorite with our countrywomen. I had heard that, in early life, he had been the Khidmutgar or table-servant of several Europeans, and that he was afterwards employed as a schoolmaster; but, whatever his origin, he was a very clever, although unscrupulous man.

The Medium, in trance, said: I hear the name of

Azim Oollah Khan, the chief among the followers of the Nana Sahib.

Here he went under Control.

I asked in Hindostanee whether he knew me.—In answer the Control said:

I know you well, Counsellor P——. As well as you can speak my language, I can speak yours; for I have been in this country whilst in the body; I have visited your Capital and your chief manufacturing towns. I shall be able to, and will communicate in my own language, when some of my own countrymen are present here.

I said: You may speak in English if you like; I shall ask you questions in Hindostanee by way of test. I then asked him a rather delicate question as to whether there was any truth in the report that he had, when in England, seduced a young lady of position. To this question I got no answer, although the question caused a pause of a minute or two. He then said:

I can control the Medium best by speaking in his own native tongue.

As I have looked at several of your native regiments, as they stood before me, I felt that they were but sponges in my hands; I felt that I had them under my power. You can grasp the importance of native literature in their daily and weekly papers; you can realise with what avidity the majority of the natives grasped every item that appeared against their Rulers. Mine was a policy deeper still. I used to get the earliest English papers, and everything I saw in them, which was against the policy pursued by our rulers, I read to the troops already inclined to be rebellious. If you do not believe me, look at their papers. You yourselves, in your papers, have owned, that you would fail against us, if we were but united. You know there are all sorts of creeds, all sects, all beliefs amongst your native soldiers. I could grapple with them all. I could flatter the Brahmin; I could ride side-by-side with the Mussulman fanatic, and could engage the sympathies of the Hindoos even among the lowest Castes.

I here asked whether he had not been a village schoolmaster, and also, at one time, Khansameh to

Mr. G——, either at Patna or Benares. In answer he said:

I was.

I asked, Why do you come to me? In answer he said :

It is this, and this only, which draws around you the superior minds among the natives of my country, who have passed upwards; you treated none as dust under your feet, or thought them unworthy of the treatment of humanity. Many of your countrymen thought them beneath their notice, not bestowing even the same attention on them as on the birds flying around their Compounds. There is another reason, and a most important one. No one knows better than yourself that the Brahmins, more or less, rule India. They have grasped the unity of God; like you, Brahmins can pity the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and also can pity the belief of those who have divided the unity and entirety of one God into three hundred thousand lesser Divinities. I refer to the common Hindoos, who are, and you know it, below the Mahommedans in intellect. I speak now with all authority, having grasped the Unity of the Godhead above all creeds, superstitions, and errors. Remember, dear Sir, I was a learned Native amongst these men. The language of olden India, I mean the Sanscrit, was well-known to me. Have you heard of Ellora's Caves?—there are thirty of them. It was considered, among the Hindoos, an important pilgrimage to have been there. I have joined in their festivities there. But this is going away from the question put by you—Why do Indian Natives come back to you?

A time will come when manly minds, in their spirit-bodies, shall rule Empires; and in those times there shall be hearts ready and willing, and, what is more, able to grapple with the ignorance of the millions composing the tribes of that country which we both love—a country where, even at this present day, human life is held at nought; where those dearest to these poor lost savages go, with heroic courage, through sacrifices entirely purposeless. An angry God is to be appeased, and they have in ignorance chosen the paths of massacre and murder to appease this, their imaginary God. A time will come when, with such a Ruler, perjury will be unknown—perjury which, your experience proves, is but too common among the millions. But I dare make an assertion that there

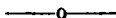
is more perjury in Calcutta, than in all the rest of the Empire together; and those who hesitate not to blaspheme the name of the Holy One, yet pale at the thought of swearing falsely on the Tail of the Sacred Cow. Throw but a bunch of bananas to the Sacred Cow, and that act is rendered more sacred to them than to a God. This is deplorable ignorance, and yet it is not punishable; and for the method, with which the sons of your country have chosen to govern this mighty Empire, they will have to answer in the inevitable future. There will be confusion from one end of the country to the other, not only on the part of the conquerors, but also of the Native Rulers.

Here I put a question to which I got no answer, and the Control suddenly broke off. I began to think of the question I had, at an earlier part of the Seance, put, but to which also I had received no answer, when the Control again commenced. He said :

I hear; I knew what you were going to ask, and, upon all my hopes of eternal progress, there was no imputed sin or thought on my part. I know your thought, and I am answering that correctly. I ask you whether I am not following out the thought of the one thing that has been the cause of anxiety to you. You keep me from you by your over-anxiety. None so anxious to prove God to you as those who are guarding you now. They all speak only of what they know : they have entered into a higher state of existence, and by their surroundings, and the dictates of Reason, they can lay claim to immortality as spirit-bodies not destructible; and as the Father of All creates not to destroy, they fear not annihilation. Dear Counsellor P——, in coming to you, there are one or two necessities to be observed. The total quiescence of yourself and the instrument; and we can assure you that, in using this instrument, we have some three score of Spirits surrounding you—amongst them some you knew during your Indian experiences. We speak of some of the highest Government Officials, and amongst them some who followed your every upward step, and cited your exertions as an example to their own immediate friends when the purpose required such mention. Up early, and at business,—no listlessness, which brings ill-health in all countries, as you well know—but you never suffered on that account. There are those who carry with them their prejudices in spirit-life, and would take as

little notice of Azim Oollah Khan as they did in earth-life. There are differences of Caste even among the crows of our country—the complaint is catching. Counsellor P——, I wish your bread-and-butter theory did not place an insurpassable bar to our union. The petty troubles of the Sensitive prevent me exhibiting the warmth of my feeling to you. I cannot talk more: I must stop.

The bread-and-butter theory referred to was the disturbed state of the mind of the Sensitive, who was anxious about getting employment.



SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

SIR Henry Lawrence, was born in the North of Ireland, early in this century. He was, I believe, the son of an old Indian officer. He died at Lucknow, in June 1857, from the effects of a wound received from a shell which exploded in a room in the Residency, in which the British were besieged. He was, at the time of his passing away, the Chief Commissioner of the Province of Oudh, which had been annexed by the British Government in the year previous. Sir Henry was one of a family of brothers who have left their mark in India's history, in the first half and middle of this century. Sir Henry was good in every sense of the word; he was a good soldier—a good son—and good generally, without obtruding his goodness. I used to hear much about him at one time, and I may say I never heard a single word to his disparagement. During this Control the conditions were not favorable; this will account for the breaks here and there, and the different and apparently disconnected statements in it.

Yes, my brother is still in the flesh. I was present at your last sitting, though I could not address you. You spoke of personal acquaintance with Lord Canning—I knew him

also ; and I also knew that he had not inherited the diplomatic head of his predecessor, Lord Dalhousie. I knew him when, lulled into a false idea of security, a security obtained by and through the means of his predecessor (Lord Dalhousie), who said, "I leave this country in peace and security that has been during the past few years, and will continue during the future" ; a fatal sense of security not only exhibited by Lord Dalhousie's successor, but also by those who aided him in governing that vast and mighty empire. True, it has been said, '*Quod Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*'

Here I said, "*Quem Deus,*" &c. On this a little argument arose as to his having forgotten his Latin since he left school. He then proceeded :

At any rate, *quem* or *quod*, it is true ; but at the same time, in all gentleness, my quotation is open to reference. Such was the feeling of those in power in those fatal days. My position in the country was well known ; I was Governor of Oudh.

I here asked him whether in earth-life, and in the flesh, he knew me. In reply he said :

You were a forward man in those times. I saw at the last sitting you held, that old scoundrel, Jotee Persad.

Here I said, I did not think he had a right to speak that way of him, as he did right good service to the State. In continuation he said :

In my opinion a well-earned name, but opinions vary.

I said, I should not like to repeat all that Jotee had said about men in high places when he did control the Medium at the sitting referred to. A pause ensued. He again spoke :

Mine was a cruel parting from earth's experiences. Could you have seen that wild scene of desolation and ruin, and heard the cries and shrieks of my comrades round about me, as I stood in my room. They prayed and entreated me to leave it. Mine was an obstinate disposition. All the L—'s are obstinate at least, those who have held positions like myself. Into this came shot and shell. I am thinking of the fiendish howl-governing people outside the Residency—all clamorous for adoption, I did not deem them men, but wild beasts. I forget this

should have been my brother John ruling, and European soldiers should have been more plentiful in Lucknow—in fact, everywhere through India. I was wounded at last in my leg by a shell, which exploded whilst I was at my desk. I was able to give my dying commands to one who fulfilled them worthily.' As you know, I am Sir H. Lawrence.

I here made some remarks about the mistake in Lord Dalhousie annexing Oudh. For many reasons I do not think it policy to publish them. I have my own opinions on this subject. He ended by saying that on that matter he was in entire sympathy with me. He reproached in the strongest language the doings of some of the Commissioners during the Mutiny, and spoke in terms denouncing the treatment of the 26th Native Infantry, and the actors therein.

As to my brother John (may God be with him and bless him!), he has shed a lustre on our name, and the honors and rewards, given him, have not been more than he deserved. All cannot reach the same high position, but all may claim respect. In speaking of your forwardness, I mean you did not live in the native style there; you were not idle. At all events you have gathered round you spiritually an army of mighty ones, who still in spirit sympathise with their beloved country. In my reference to Jotee I owe him no ill-will; for a man in his station of life he was simply wonderful; and if you noticed him closely, you could not help noticing the power of organisation in the form of his head. Armies are not fed without forethought. Excuse the seeming curtness of my remarks; I am more of an actor, or rather of a soldier, than an orator.

The weather not being favorable, there was a break, and a number of detached sentences I could not catch, so I was forced to make passes over the Medium. In a few minutes he spoke as follows:

I have been present when you were surrounded, and spoken to, by mighty Spirits clothed in antique dresses, such as neither you nor I have ever seen. I had feelings of love to natives. I had such feelings to my native soldiers. I would not trust them anywhere. Remember, from my presence, I have written the first despatches to the Government. He warned them of danger.

I here made a remark "The Military Secretary of the day would not see danger."

No, peace all round was his cry.

I asked several questions relating to the policy at head quarters, and all I shall say is they confirm most wonderfully what has been told me by Spirits both of European and native actors in those trying days.

I told him that the Spirit of Alee Nukhee Khan, the Prime Minister of the deposed King of Oudh, had controlled. He then asked me whether any other Native Spirits had controlled.

Has the man, who was steeped in the blood of our countrymen and countrywomen—has the Nana communicated ?

I said, No ; but his servant, Azim Oollah Khan, has.

I always mistrusted him and also his master, the Nana. Under his soft, whining, puling voice I detected the hyena. I have seen him, in his French-cut coat, tightly fitting, and kid gloves, doing his best to ape our European fashions, and welcoming his guests at Bithoor not only with his loud protestations of friendship, but also of forgetfulness. He had, what he considered, a crime to avenge, and a Hindoo never forgets such a feeling. I speak of his adoption, and the claim that adoption gave him in his own opinion ; and as I looked at him my thoughts took form. They took this form : this well-dressed "tiger" means revenge. The four millions left him as a fortune, and the pension from the East India Company did not satisfy him. He wanted territorial power.

As much of this will be but little understood by those unacquainted with Indian history, a few words of explanation will not be out of place. The Nana was the adopted son of Bajee Rao, the ex-Peishwa, who, if my recollection serves me right, was taken prisoner after the battle of Poona, and ended his days under surveillance, with a large pension, at Bithoor, or Muthra. Late in life he adopted the "Nana," or little one. The government of the day, for a long time, resisted the adoption, but at last confirmed it. The Nana did not forget this act, but, tiger-like, bided his time; and when

opportunity offered, paid his friends the English off with the treacherous slaughter of the troops of General Wheeler, at the Ghat a little below Cawnpoor, and also with the inhuman massacre of the women and children in the Bungalow.

To resume the Control, and what he said, is now necessary, although, owing to my being constantly required to give the Medium power, I can only give detached portions of subjects broached; I cannot give them *verbatim*. He spoke about John Lang, who defended Jotee Persad at Agra, and also of the *Friend of India* and the *Mofussilite* Newspapers. I asked him whether I should tell what had passed to his brother John? He said: "No, he would not believe you. The time will shortly come when you will be able not only to record what the Spirits say through this Medium, but to get the photographs of those controlling him." Among other things he said, "I was here a day or two ago. I tried, but I could not control the Medium. I came with Sir Henry Russell, formerly Chief Justice of Calcutta, and the old General who nearly lost India." Now I may state that at a seance I had on a day previous, the Medium said, I hear the name of Sir H. Lawrence, and also of Russell—and a name like Gow; which I mistook for one name, *Gow Russell*. So, when the old General who so nearly lost India was named, I asked, "Did you come with a person named *Gow Russell*?" In answer he said, "No. It was Sir Henry Russell, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, and General G——." Here ended this Control.

JOTEE PERSAD.

14th December, 1877.

JOTEE Persad, the well-known Contractor and Army Supplier who fed and foraged the British forces during the Afghan, the Punjab, and the Sutlej Campaigns, was, I believe, a native of Cawnpoor, in the north-west Provinces of India. Although the Government of India, in the hour of danger, were too glad of his services, they kept putting off, year after year, the payment of what they owed him; and when, at last, he sought redress in the old Supreme Court of Calcutta, the Government trumped up charges of fraud, and took criminal proceeding against him. He was taken from Calcutta by the police, to Agra, and passed from Thannh to Thannh, that is, from Police Station to Police Station, upwards of 800 miles, where the farce of a criminal charge (by a debtor, who could not, or would not, pay,) was brought against him, for charging too much. It is useless to go through what occurred—he was acquitted at Agra, and came down to Calcutta, where he prosecuted his civil suit, and recovered an enormous sum of money. He was for many years a client of the Recorder of these Controls. He was a good and very charitable man, and much respected by most of the Europeans; although he was designated by one of the Controlling Spirits, Sir Henry Lawrence, as “an old scoundrel.”

Shortly after sitting down, the Medium, before he was fully entranced, began singing out detached Hindostanee words—‘khitmutgar,’ ‘khansameh,’ (the last word with a pronunciation I would defy any trickster to get up for the occasion), ‘koe hyn,’ and other Hindostanee words, and ended by emphasising the word ‘griffin.’ I wish to draw attention to this last word, as it is wonderfully connected with something that followed with another Control.

As soon as the Medium passed into complete trance, he said:

Jotee Persad has come again; there is here one of the native servants of Sir Arthur Wellesley. He says, 'Jotee Ateha Sahib.' Do you know what he wants me to do? He wants me to tell all he has to say. He says he never liked his old master. He served Sir A. Wellesley as 'khansameh' in the period of manhood when he entered his service, and noticed the petulance and impatience he and the other servants received from their master. He precedes his master, who is coming. His master used to call them a pack of lazy, lubberly servants, taking a dozen of them to do what one European, if properly taught, would do.

How are you getting on, P——?

I answered, Well. I mentioned Sir Henry Lawrence had paid me a visit, and had not spoken very well of him, Jotee.

So, Sir Henry Lawrence has not as favorable an opinion of me as of an effeminate, idle, vicious, and unruly pale-face. A good many of your white-faces are well worthy of the name of 'Griffin.' How easily they forget the industrious habits of their forefathers, and settle down into a state of idleness. You [speaking to me] could do for yourself, very well, several duties that they, as a rule, could not do for themselves—never happy without a herd of Hindoo servants.

You are one of the very few who understand some of the high-minded natives of India. Some of the pale-faces would deny us to possess even human feelings. They termed my countrymen walking liars—creatures in their hearts only fit to be spurned. These feelings are not only those of the Superiors, but they are faithfully copied by those in subordinate stations in the military ranks. They, too, must have their lacqueys to clean their arms and brush up their uniforms and groom their horses. Jotee had the audacity to say to one of these (I am referring to an officer) it would have been much better if, instead of forgetting their English habits, they had clung to them, and learned all the advantages to be got from early-rising, and performing for themselves duties they would have done in England, and not have made India a nursery for idleness, but a school in which they all might turn themselves to habits that would have brought them name

and fame. There are many there who have risen thus from the mass of rubbish, and have shone forth, and are glorious stars to lighten others in the same path. But the majority are not.

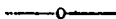
Sir H. Lawrence may call Jotee scoundrel, but the same Spirit that burned in him burned in me—love of country—he for honor of his country, I for love of mine. He served his faithfully; I did mine. He would have reached high honors, fame, and wealth, had not his career been shortened. I, by the merciful allowance of the same mind and will that governed us both, was permitted to obtain, if not name and fame, at all events wealth, which I freely spent as I freely made.

I here asked him whether he had any contracts for Lucknow before the Mutiny. He said:

No, old Jotee was not in favor then, but when the Mutiny did take place, they were courting old Jotee, and promising him everything; all back claims were to be paid, and no questions to be asked.

I then asked him about J. L.—and his family, of whom he spoke in terms of great gratitude and affection. He then said:

Put what I am going to say down in black-and-white—that spiritual happiness decreases as worldly wishes gain ascendancy, when ambitions continually fill the soul, when its hopes are continually in action. The very wealth I left was a source of unhappiness to me, and that is why strange incidences stir up. If the experiences of others, as well as myself, were dependent on further consummations of their desires on earth, then would their state spiritually be a miserable one; but our happiness increases continually by furthering the well-being of others, and not opposing them:—Jotee's lesson.



MAHOMED ACBAR KHAN.

24th January 1878.

MAHOMED Acbar Khan was the second son of the celebrated Dost Mahomed Khan, the Ruler of the Afghans who was displaced from the Throne, when the English, under Sir John Keene, took Cabool.

Mahomed Acbar seemed to have been an active and energetic defender of his country, fighting every inch of ground; but he allowed his patriotism to fall into excess, and became the treacherous instigator of the butchering of the British forces in their disastrous retreat from Cabool. For this, as the Control tells, he is suffering expiation.

The Medium, who had been, and was employed in making sketches of the Spirits who had controlled him, which sketches were drawn whilst he was in trance, brought with him two likenesses—one of Runjeet Singh, the Ruler of the Sikhs in former days, and another of Dost Mahomed Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, whom the English drove from his throne, to put in his place Shah Soojah ool Moolk. He commenced :

In the year thirty-eight of this century where were you?
I answered in England.

You had not entered on your Indian career.

I had been in India some years before that, was my answer.

At all events you had not attained position then. Oh sad! sad! you have spoken of Afghanistan, the land of my birth, the land of my love. Patriotism without the guidance of Reason leads men into crime and conduct truly infamous; into crimes that cry aloud to the throne of Almighty God—crimes for which His justice demands fearful expiation. He [pointing to the picture] Dost Mahomed Khan, was my father. I am Sardar Mahomed Acbar Khan. I loved my

country. I loved my father, who is but badly shadowed forth on this paper. You have no doubt heard of Shah Soojah ool Moolk; he was a costly friend to England; a bitter enemy to my father and myself. You will know that my father, Dost Mahomed Khan, held possession of the "Musnud," or Throne of Cabool; and that the English forces under the order of your Government placed Shah Soojah on the throne of my father. Acting in their usual half-hearted, careless manner, they withdrew the principal part of their forces, and the different Commanders of the Expedition received the usual rewards given to servants that have served their masters well—the thanks of both Houses of your Parliament. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Keene, received a pension of twenty thousand rupees per annum, and to two successive heirs, as a reward for his valour in deposing my father and placing Shah Soojah in his place.

Although under the presented conditions this portrait is imperfect—the imperfection consisting firstly in lack of proper materials for the Controlling Spirit to use, and secondly in the insufficiency at present of the class of manifestations, to bring power to the Controlling Spirit—yet, despite these imperfections, however, I will call your attention to the expression of countenance there, and ask you whether it is the countenance of a man who would submit to injury without availing himself of every means to retaliate. Were I to tell you of the rides taken by my father and myself among the tribes of Afghanistan, swearing them on the sacred Koran to fight for my father's rights—he urging the means of immediate action in consequence of the withdrawal of the British forces. The result can easily be grasped by yourself—Insurrection, and the terror of him whom we deemed the Usurper—of him who reigned on the Throne, guarded by British bayonets. You have no doubt heard tell of the Honble. General Elphinstone, and of his factotum S——, Colonel of the Regiment, whose every step was a degradation to British honor. This was my opportunity; a childish, vacillating, incompetent, imbecile officer was in superior command. I made good use of my time. Had the Expedition been commanded by him who gave such undoubted proofs of his soldiership and his generalship; I speak of Sir Robert Sale—the Hero of Jellalabad—the Hero of Ghuznee—he who held against us at all costs one of our Cities—Jellalabad, it would not have been thus. He was a soldier, proving it at Ghuznee. You have heard how

many thousands of my countrymen fell in protecting that Fort. There your artillery was well served, and I knew that under such leadership the exalted feeling of my patriotism would have failed. It was like an earthquake, the sudden undermining of the Cabool Gate; and as they hurried to the breach, my Afghans, with a love of country strong in their hearts, formed a seemingly impregnable breastwork against those who were assaulting us. But through fire and smoke the lion-hearted British soldiers, inspired by good generals, of undoubted valour—not cowards—rushed on. My countrymen fell like ripe corn before the sickle, and Ghuznee ceased to be ours. The occupation of Jellalabad was its consequences.

But at Cabool, where good generalship was lacking, where minds noted mainly for indecision had the absolute command, it was there that I, the obedient loving son of the deposed monarch, determined to make myself felt. By an oath, registered in the presence of the Great God, I swore to accomplish the total annihilation of every living soul under General Elphinstone's command. In the secrecy of my closet; when, in obedience to the Koran's Laws, I addressed myself to the Great Mind, that oath was taken; and he whom the Almighty permitted to record such dire resolutions performed his task but too well. "By every means" were the concluding words of my oath, "by any and every means." Shame on such leadership! undecided in council, and cowardly in action. I soon found myself in a position to treat, seemingly, for terms for permission for the British to retreat from Cabool,—terms which brought into the cheek and brow of many subordinate officers the blush of shame. The General accepted my terms; do you know, Sahib, what they were? First,—that the army should surrender all their guns but six into my hands; Second, that they should surrender their treasure; Third, that orders should be given for the surrender of Jellalabad, then under Sir Robert Sale. Then commenced the disorderly rout, not retreat of the British army—some twelve thousand soldiers that were doomed, with camp-followers, women and children, that follow in such vast numbers wherever the Feringhees go. Robert Sale knew me well; I had contested every foot of ground which he and his followers had to travel over. Previously, Shah Soojah had been met in the field by my father; but not so bravely met as I met Brigadier Sale. From every crag that could form a resting place for my hardy compatriots there was a musket, and hands that well knew the use of it.

You have heard of the Khyber Pass: it was there I disputed his passage; but he fought with a heroism foreign to the nature of him whom I had determined to destroy. A mind that is made up, soon finds a pretext for a course already decided on. We swarmed round his party, striving by argument to detain him in his retreat, until the winter snows of Afghanistan would prove his greatest enemy. He urged breach of faith. I answered that Brigadier Sale had not fulfilled the conditions of the treaty made, as he was still holding possession of Jellalabad. When he, the General, with his forces, without any order, dismayed and disheartened, personally came to me to make another treaty, I determined that this should be more dishonoring; and then I determined to violate it. He came flushed with high hopes, accompanied by Captain Johnson. S—— was present, and also one, whose death, side-by-side with another crime, necessitates a course of expiation for myself, Sahib. I see them now—I see the pale face of Elphinstone,—how imploringly he looked at me! S—— sat there, filled with horrible fear at the thought of departing life. Captain Johnson, undaunted and courageous, looked around him, and standing side-by-side with Sir William Macnaghten, demanded to know why they were surrounded by my armed people. Pointing to those whose death would most benefit me, I gave the order to fire. As for Elphinstone, I valued his life for his incompetency, and saved him, and S——, on account of the sway he had over Elphinstone's imbecile mind. He that was bravest, I mean Capt. Johnson, lay side-by-side with another, whom in the fervour of my patriotism I hated—I am speaking of Sir William Macnaghten. I recollect that as I separated his hands from the wrists, the body still quivering with life, and flung them to his fellow-prisoner Johnson, I laughingly observed, "This is how Sultan Mahomed Achar Khan keeps faith with Feringhees!

This is nothing to boast of: misguided patriotism is, I say, a crime. I am not here to boast; I am here by permission of him who lovingly hovers over every footstep of your life. But the worst remains untold; the worst remains unanswered; God's justice is as sure as the tides of the sea. I know the cost of the expiation which I have undergone; and may God's mercy help me to bear the inevitable expiation still awaiting me, in order to balance the Justice of Almighty God with His Mercy. I am advancing, thanks only to God's mercy. Oh! did you but see that scene, of which I was the instigator, at

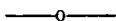
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the Jugdulluk Pass, where over four thousand of your countrymen and country-women, together with a number of camp-followers, lay down to rise no more in the body,—the victims of misguided zeal and religious fanaticism. I had sworn that not one should escape from the toils I had woven around them. How well I kept my word, let the nearly only survivor, by name Dr. Brydon, of the most fatal catastrophe that ever befel British arms, tell; he who, by dint of nearly superhuman exertion, cut his way through the meshes, and succeeded in arriving at Jellalabad, there telling his disastrous tale to the appalled garrison. Others, and those but few in number, lived to relate this passage of arms between Dost Mahomed Khan's subjects and the British. They were freed from the dangers of the rout—I am speaking of the hostages,—they had not the weary miles to travel, through frost and snow, through the passes which were choked with their dead, ere they could escape them. All that the British owned on earth—their treasures,—their clothing,—their arms,—became our spoil; and although, afterwards, this success of my Afghans was avenged by the destruction of Cabool, Ghuznee, Candahar, and Jellalabad, yet my countrymen, up to that time, never bowed in submission to your country's power.

It has often been a source of wonderment to astute minds, where I got the immense sums to contest successfully against the disciplined forces of India's conquerors. The same source that supplied me is still an open source. The same hands that gave so lavishly to the Afghans, are willing to do the same now. Although they raise a cry repugnant to my countrymen still in the flesh, yet they are willing to grant the same advantages to-day, as they were when I was on earth. The same Power that was Afghan's friend then, is still looking as earnestly and as covetously to our plains, pastures, and mountain passes, which form the fringe of an Empire it covets. Wise and learned Philosophers say in their hearts, this Power is an Empire of atoms in which there is no unity, and these atoms will forget, in consequence of their own important size, their duty to the common whole—meaning that Principalities will claim self-government, thus disuniting an empire which in actuality is perfectly consolidated. I am speaking of Russia, which handed and handled her gold freely to me and the deposed Monarch, my father, Dost Mahomed Khan. To-day she becomes more a Power, with a more united population—an exalted soldiery, a defeated foe pressed beneath

her iron hand. Soon, unless your warlike nation rises from her apathy, will the banner of the Northern Power be displayed in the principal streets of Turkey's capital. Under despotic rule money is easily attainable, and ambitious minds carry out their aims. I have named the friends of the past to the Afghan. I have pointed out to you England's foe in the future. You will hear from Afghans again, and often. Those that are out of the body will speak to you of events that are still in the future. May God bless you. Pray for me.

I did pray for him, and nothing could exceed his gratitude. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the Medium.



ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PERHAPS it may be said that the Iron Duke should find a place, not amongst Indian, but European Celebrities. In answer to this, it must be remembered that the Duke gained his first military honors in the East. The Duke, in early life, played no insignificant part, not only in the second Siege and Storming of Seringapatam, but afterwards, as Civil and Military Governor of Mysore. The dash, daring, and strategy displayed at Assaye, marked out the General who was afterwards, slowly but surely, to work his way through the Peninsula, against Forces at all times vastly superior to those under his command, until the white flag waved over Toulouse; and after that to meet successfully the Great Napoleon at Waterloo.

I have introduced this Control here, as illustrative of the working of Spiritual Aura. When Jotee Persad was controlling, his aura attracted that of the old

Khansameh, who wished to have a word to say about his old master, and his aura evidently attracted his old master. The word 'Griffin,' which was referred to in Jotee Persad's Control, finds an explanation in the Control of Arthur Wellesley. Whether the Duke, in his early Indian career, did obtain the soubriquet of 'Griffin,' may possibly be discovered by some of the readers of the Control.

So from the top of your shaft you can look on the inhospitable rocks of the Isle of Wight (referring to a tall engine-chimney encased in a square tower, with steps up to the top). I once represented Newport in Parliament.

I asked who it was.

I have many names, but no *aliases*. The proud Spaniard called me Duke of Vittoria, my Eton schoolfellows called me the 'Jew Boy,' and young ladies of four or five seasons called me the 'Raw Irish Recruit,' whilst many of your Indian celebrities called me the 'Griffin.' I could ride seventy or eighty miles without fatigue, and I felt as little inconvenience from the blazing sun of India as I did in the more temperate climates of Holland and Belgium. I had trouble and difficulty to unlearn to wait upon myself, and never during my stay in India did I get over the repugnance I felt at having so many idle hangers-on, as was seemingly the fashion with my brother officers in India. I gained honors there from indomitable will. Will will gain honors anywhere. I was present at Seringapatam. Have you heard of Scindia, the Mahratta Chief, the great friend of England's greatest foe? I was present at Malleevallee. I was in the pride of life when I entered India—some thirty years of age, and by no means a stranger to spiritual influences. In every great action—and they were numerous in my Peninsular experiences—a voice spoke unto me, and that voice came to me in tones of kindness, and gave me timely warnings in the chief actions of my life. I thought it was Self speaking to Self. You may not, perhaps, understand this. This was the only answer satisfactory to me. It was my guide through the Peninsular War.

I here made the remark that he certainly had performed prodigies there—that he had defeated successively three great armies sent by Napoleon, and commanded by Junot, Massena, and Soult. He then said:

Do not forget Ney. I met him again in my last battle, the field of Waterloo. Do you know, I acted unkindly to that man. I ought to have uttered but one word in his favor in the height of my victory. I ought to have done so.

I here asked him some questions about his Parliamentary career.

Yes, my Parliamentary career was not so fortunate as my career in arms. You spoke of the Generals I out-generalled in the Peninsular War. I had but one plan, from which I never swerved: *I never gave an opportunity, and I never lost one.* Their military tactics were as well known to me as to their own officers. I speak of the peculiarity of their tactics. I was educated at the Military Academy of Angers, in France, and knew well their movements, which differed in many important points from our own, one of which was the marked celerity with which their troops were moved, and the particular training their officers had regarding strict observance of punctuality: to a given time, at a given place, on a given date, those under your command must be at such and such a place. It were mutiny, a non-observance of such an order. The only one who could have met me fairly was absent. Against the might of the French forces I upheld British supremacy, meeting a great man's great Generals successfully, and if not at all times successful, my meeting ended in a judicious retreat; never entering action unless retreat was secured, and, when such retreat became necessary, presenting at all times a formidable front to my foe.

I longed to meet the master-mind of such men, Mr. P——, —those heroes of a hundred battles, who had fought under blazing suns, and had carried the conquering eagles of their master through the mountains, steppes, and wilds of Russia's snows, and although they carried them unsuccessfully they died like heroes. I had not those feelings so strongly when on earth. I always adopted a mid course. I never threw garlands to a fallen foe for the courage with which he had met me, but, at the same time, I never insulted one. In that respect I have nothing to regret. My country's recognition of my services was gratifying. The first grant it made was one of two thousand pounds per annum; my next victory as much more, and, as victory succeeded victory, honors were given to me, from Lord to Marquis, from Marquis to Duke—

from two thousand per annum to eighteen thousand—by grants from the country I served. The grants did not stop there; but, as a title with an estate was necessary for their country's hero, bordering on two hundred thousand pounds, Parliament made a grant to provide one. When it came to our last grand fight on Spanish lands—that fight, which, for a time, bowed the proud spirit of England's foe, and gave to France its hereditary king—then it was I returned to repose, as I thought.

My nature is proud and stern even now, and, although it is now softening, it was so with me then. I could not trouble myself for popularity. I was at Vienna, at its Congress there, when the news reached me that he, who should have been chained if Europe wished for peace, had succeeded in escaping from Elba, had landed in France, and that the flight of the king soon would be the consequence; that he was joined by thousands. My soldiers feared me; his loved him. I was the nobleman, and could not bend my spirit to be 'hail fellow, well met.' I was a disciplinarian in every sense of the word; he was loved from the highest of his Generals to the lowest of his soldiers. He was their idol.

Once more in harness to meet him in person. I remember the hush of silence that ran through that room, that night of the fifteenth. I am speaking of Brussels' merry *fête*. The officer that brought the news of Prussia's defeat at Ligny—I am speaking of the defeat the first of the days of meeting near the field of Waterloo—I saw this messenger. He had taken two steps in the room, and at once, by an easy, negligent way of advancing to meet him, I set at rest the idle curiosity of the guests invited to do us honor. But why go through those days of bloodshed? Why refer to the horrors of those days of bloodshed—to the horrors of those times? Had you, like me, on the evening of that fatal day which laid low England's foe,—had you passed in review those ghastly scenes that met the eye on every hand, and which I saw, you would have done like me. I, who had never wept since school days, sobbed like a child when I saw on either side of me, lying low, those I loved so well—generals, officers of all grades, and courageous soldiers; and still my heart beat with thankfulness; for on that day, had Napoleon been less rash—nay, less venturesome, and Grouchy less dilatory, the English army would have been annihilated, and this country a prey to unbridled military license from one end to another. We had met, and I had conquered. Lives of great men are followed in many cases

by slander, and mine among the rest, but the slander was never yet raised that Arthur Wellesley shrunk from personal danger. Three times, at the head of different regiments, did I charge on that day. My voice, calm and ringing, reached from one end of the line to the other: "Think, brothers-in-arms, what England will say if we lose the day." We gained it, however, but at a fearful loss, but, nevertheless, a gain to us.

Again imprisoned this strong, defiant spirit, this wondrous strategist, this plebeian Emperor. As the head of his army, I give him his due. He was the only man worthy to meet me, and, without egotism, I the only man capable of defeating him. And St. Helena bore the agitator of Europe, until, like me, he passed onwards to a higher and better life. You have read of Prometheus chained to a rock. That great mind resembled him. Alone in his vast ambition; alone in his vast designs; alone in his wonderful military talent, and yet bowing under the consciousness that there, upon that small isle, was the only territory he ever again would see. I did not, when side by side with our allies in France's capital, raise one word for the intercession of the friends of Ney. Had I done so, I might have saved him. This has been, as I before said, and still is, an ever-reviving source of regret to me. I had another regret that has ceased to be. Do not think that this unmentioned regret was the unmerited hatred I received at the hands of England's common herd. I speak of the lower masses—unthinking, illiterate, and unjust. I could not vote with my party against my own opinion. I opposed the passing of that Act in such general favor with the masses. I speak of the Corn Laws. Oh, no, I did not regret their hatred—I did not count their love. I will come again and tell you this regret. I am certain that my guide, spiritually, was present with me before and during every action in which I commanded. It was a Spirit-guide, who is still above me and still my teacher.

JAMES WEBBE,

SECRETARY TO LORD MORNINGTON,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

2nd January 1878.

WHO James Webbe was, until the narration of his troubles by General Jacobs, in a previous Control, I had no knowledge. He has told his own story in the Control recorded below, and I have no doubt that those desirous of knowing how far what came from the lips of a comparatively illiterate Sensitive in trance, is in accordance with fact, will be able, either in the Library of the India Office, or that of the British Museum, to satisfy their curiosity on the point.

For my own part, I am quite satisfied that the Sensitive has never had the reading, nor even been able to get at the literature required, to come out with the Essay printed below. I can speak for myself that the matter was new to me, and had never entered my brain, so that any suggestion as to thought-reading is entirely out of the question.

In the body of the Control it will be seen that James Webbe gives his views, not only on matters in which he played a part in earth-life, but also on what has passed and is passing, since he passed away. Russia's steady policy and determination, past and present, to get to India, has been forcibly put forward; and when the date of this Control is looked at, it will be seen that James Webbe, in Spirit, thoroughly comprehends the political position of England, Russia, and Turkey. His reference to Mr. Gladstone's action in the matter of the Bulgarian Atrocities, is very interesting. Many believe that his Pamphlet on the subject acted as an inducement to Russian aggression. Philanthropy at other people's, or other nations' expense, is very plausible; but the question with me is, whether it does not, in the long run, cause more bloodshed than would otherwise be.

The Sensitive, under Control, said :

I wish to speak to you of English supremacy in India, and of its dangers in the past, the present, and the future. India has passed through several crises, but I shall particularly draw your attention to two of them, which in the past have placed in danger England's East Indian Empire. I shall also call your attention to the crisis which I see it is going through at present. The past crises, which have threatened English supremacy, were those against which I earnestly and energetically protested, and which brought about the event which followed. I am speaking of the last assault on Seringapatam. I am Secretary James Webbe. I have had brought back to memory the fearful scenes that were transacted at the close of the last century. In vain I requested the Indian Government not to drive the Sultan Tippoo to his last hope ; my advice was ignored, although the greatest attention was paid to it by the one, who so successfully commanded the Expedition, and who afterwards received, as part of his reward, the title of Lord Harris.

Gathered round the palace fortress of the Sultan Tippoo, were the wan and haggard faces of the European soldiers. None felt their wants more than did the bold and fearless General Harris. Visitors coming to his tent noticed the gloom on his face, and one, who afterwards gained much fame, Captain Malcolm, spoke to him giving him his title, not then earned—that of “my Lord.” The only officer that appeared to share the General's anxiety was Colonel Arthur Wellesley, to whom was given the command of a division of the army. He, too, had noticed the half-starved frames of his soldiers. He, too, felt that success meant absolute existence, and that defeat meant annihilation ; and also that it meant something worse—for it meant, that the Sultan Tippoo, if victorious, would endeavour to carry out the whole length of his programme in order to get rid of the British authority in India. This was the first peril to which British supremacy had been exposed. Acts and deeds of heroism were performed in the assault on the place. Could you have seen the delicate brother* of the Governor-General, scarcely able to bear the fatigue of the duty of a General Officer ; but with such resolution and with such leaders, defeat was impossible.

*Arthur Wellesley.

The breach in the walls made the entry practicable ; General Baird feared for the slaughter of the whole garrison should the Sultan Tippoo not be found ; for his incensed soldiers had heard of the Sultan's murder of the English prisoners. He himself, General Baird, having languished three years as a prisoner, could well commiserate the fate of those who had perished. Turning to a Khiladah he demanded to know where the Sultan was, and this Khiladah, with protestations of seeming earnestness, offered to lead him to the Gate where his Lord and Master had fallen, and faithfully he kept his word.

In the north-east part of the fort lay an immense heap of dead and dying, evidence of a struggle decisive of England's power. Tossing the dead aside to get to the body of him they wanted, the Khiladah and his assistants, who were numerous in search for the body, being fearful for the lives of the survivors, were eager in their haste to prove to the General that their Sultan was dead. At last they paused in their labours, for one amongst that number, though wounded, was still living, and was recognised by the Khiladah and his assistants, as well as by several Europeans, as a confidential servant of Tippoo Sultan. His name was Rajah Korm, and in his dying effort he pointed to where the body was lying. There lay the body, still warm—still quivering with life—with eyes fixed on his conquerors, and as they removed the body, the Sultan Tippoo seemed meditating on his last thought of revenge,—an enemy to British interests, and a traitor to his treaty. He would have called in, even at the expense of paying tribute, a foreign Power to expel the British, and satisfy his longing for revenge. From his stiffening hands General Baird drew his sword, which his family still retain as a proud relic. Mysore was left without native rule, and the great enemy of Great Britain was no more. We gave him military honors, and buried him in the tomb of his father.

The government of Mysore was given by the Governor-General to his brother, Arthur Wellesley, who held it long enough to find out peculations the most serious, and to bring charges against military chiefs, more fitting for record in the Newgate Calendar than here—charges not unsupported by proof ; but of these things it is not my province, nor am I permitted to speak. I have but briefly referred to this crisis, which, in my opinion, constituted the first real danger which the British Rule had experienced ; for among the papers of

the deceased Sultan, were those proving his treasonable designs and his ambitious aims.

I was disgraced, and died of a broken heart. The reason of my disgrace was my sympathy for Tippoo Sultan; in speaking of these events, I speak as a sympathiser; but let sympathy be ever so strong, it does not alter the fact that the danger existed—was overcome—and England's Rule, for the time, was saved. The second, a more serious and more deadly peril to England, although but few realised it, was the vast increasing power of the Mahrattas. Alliances are called by different names, but the same result is looked for in every alliance—and that is victory. If, at this time, the Mahratta chiefs had been united in purpose, the English Empire in the East would not have existed. This is an original assertion of mine, but, nevertheless, a true one. Scindia, Holcar, and the Berar Rajah of Nagpoor, to which place I was banished, entered into an alliance one with the other. This they called the Protective Alliance; and in this alliance lay England's great danger from their immense forces at command. They had battalions that could successfully vie with the best of the Native forces of our Government. Here, indeed, had the Mahratta Chieftains found France perfectly willing to enter hand-in-hand into their projects; but the Mahrattas dreaded the issue of such an alliance. One thing, however, they accepted from the French, and that was instruction. They had a French officer with each and every one of their regiments, and had it not been that one and all of the three Mahratta Chiefs aspired to the post of Peishwa, the British would have found them united, and, as a foe, worthy of them in every respect.

Alliances to be perfect, should have but one interest, and not the interest of each separately. Hence it was that the English, by supporting the Peishwa, who was but a puppet—the post falling into the hands of first one and then the other, whoever happened to be in the ascendant—preserved their ascendancy; for when, in the hour of need, the Peishwa wanted assistance, it was thought fit that his Capital, Poonah, should be guarded by English officers during his absence from it. Whilst preliminaries were being settled, they, that is, Scindia, Holcar, and the Berar chief, treated him as having abdicated, and made for themselves another Peishwa. The English forces fought against the usurpers, conquering each in detail.

History, in a manner, repeats itself. Had not there been

promptitude and courageous energy displayed at the time, India would have passed from our hands into those of him whose eagerly coveted it. But there is another one at present, quite as eager as ever he was. He lacks Napoleon's intrepid courage; and in lieu of taking openly the course of might, he chooses to work like the mole—underground,—whose works, though not seen, are nevertheless as sure. His footsteps incline him to feel every step in his onward path towards India. Pretexts are never difficult to find: Indian Governors have successively found pretexts for doing wrong, and so will this High and Mighty and seemingly Holy Potentate of the North. Keen and calculating, asking for a *causa belli* and always finding one, in such a way that his tortuous designs are as carefully hidden as the mole's windings.

First, he cast his thoughts on Serbia, and his agents quickly followed out their instructions. They revive thoughts of Serbia's ancient grandeur; they teach them the landmarks of former empires; they put before them relics of their former greatness, which extended from the Black Sea to the shores of the Adriatic; and the people embracing that Empire, who were reminded of their former greatness, included the Dalmatians, the Bosnians, and the Herzegovinians,—that independent Mountain Race. Then, his own Capital was not to be forgotten. Serbia was to have sympathisers amongst the St. Petersburg merchants and shopkeepers. "They, if not speaking your language are of your creed," was the busy hum in their ears; "some fourteen millions of suffering Christians, submitting to the yoke of the Mahommedan Sultan of Constantinople. As regards those who are inhabitants of Serbia, with whom you have no sympathy, and no desire to help, the Mahommedans, they are but as one to seven, or about two millions; making for Serbia a population, both Christian and Mahommedan of sixteen millions. Think of the sufferings of these Christians" was the cry through St. Petersburg. "Think of their eager desire for independence; let not their cries come in vain for help." In the meantime his officers there were not idle, and the Slavs' dream of supreme command in India is seeming now nearer to view.

There is another card which their wily Chief has got to play,—that is, to foster amongst his subjects the hopes of the strict neutrality of the Power he would wrong. Here fortune has most singularly forwarded his ambition. A fallen Chief—one whose name was in his countrymen's mouths, both of high and

low degree,—one whom they both trusted and loved,—one, who in his desire again for power from which he was hurled, as he thinks, and as I think, unjustly,—surrounded in power by parties and factions, amongst those in whom he placed dependence, who went by the same name as himself, and were called Liberals. One party, whose ramifications extended the length and breadth of this kingdom, which by him was known and feared, having only another balance co-equal with itself—I speak of the one Power, which their great statesman obeyed, and which was the ultimate cause of his fall—the one great Power known by the name of the Temperance League Association, whose adherents are known as Good Templars, and who profess no political bias. Their influence they used upon him; the consequence being that he excited the indignation of another party, only second to the first—I mean the Licensed Publicans' Association, or Brewers' Party, so-called. These causes, and others which had preceded them, and were equally unpopular, though successfully carried through the House, hastened the fall of the Liberal Government, and placed Disraeli and his adherents again at the helm of the State.

Thereupon, again this fallen Chief raises a party-cry, and this party-cry is "Bulgarian Atrocities." This was a most unexpected, yet welcome aid to the aggressive Northern Power.

He, relying upon this unexpected auxiliary—overjoyed beyond measure, that one so well loved was advancing his proudest aim, declared war against Turkey—a policy not simply his own, but that of all the Northern Potentates who had preceded him in that land of aggression, tyranny, and bloodshed. Like, as the Octopus, with ever growing arms, attacks all that comes in its way, and within its reach, every successive reign has seen its population nearly doubled—Persia's Capital, Teheran, has a lessened frontier by hundreds of miles. The same with European Turkey—the same with Tartary—as for Poland, it is swallowed up altogether. I say that within this last century, Russia has added inhabitants equalling the number she had at the commencement of it; she has nearly doubled her population by aggrandisement, wrong, and injury to others.

The very acme of Russia's hopes is centred in India; through the old policy, up to the present, its efforts have been successful; its battalions, culled from every corner of its vast Empire, are now nearly undisputed masters of the Turkish Empire.

But the Russian Autocrat has gone one step too far. A nation, like an individual, can submit to injury for the sake of peace—for the sake of a divided Parliament, but when to injury is added insult, an individual will turn; and so, certainly, will a nation. Has our country, which has given birth to so many heroes, learnt the way to submit to insult and injury? God forbid! The refusal of Russia to acknowledge the supremacy of British power; the refusal of its right even as a mediator for peace, has rung through the length and breadth of this land, as a topic of discussion. Russia, trusting in the strength of her triple and unholy alliance, refers the decision of what has engaged the attention of English Statesmen for centuries, to the decision of untaught Military Chieftians in the field, saying, "Let peace be made between the Generals on either side." This is one step too far. Let those learned and thoughtful ones, who meet this day in solemn and earnest conclave, bear witness to my words. Even the "peace at any price" party, will tremble now to allow the nation to submit to insult as well as injury.

I have given you India's perils, past and present. Beyond a doubt, you are to direct public attention to what is passing in respect of the English possessions in the East. The work you have to do lies in the hands of a Higher Power. All those who come to you, know your connexion with that land. I must leave Control for one,* who with eagle eye, can look to past, present, and future—which he can grasp better than any one that ever lived.

Let but the cry of "Dên-Dên" be raised, and the thousands, nay millions, of India and the East would respond to that cry.

England is to be the regenerator of the world, but she will have to go through the small sieve of adversity first.

—o—

*Thomas Paine.

MEER KHAN.

10th January, 1878.

ALL that I can find in reference to Meer Khan in any books within my reach, is in the early volumes of the Wellington Despatches; and there I find his name mentioned as having a strongish body of both infantry and cavalry under his command—apparently at the service of any one who would pay him best. I believe that after the Battles of Assaye, under General Wellesley, and Laswaree, under General Lake, in the peace arrangements with Holcar, he had a small territory given him, and was acknowledged as an independent Chief.

My hands, Sahib, are red, and the stains of blood go beyond my wrists. I am elbow-deep in blood, Sahib. I nursed ambition and the love of power, until they haunted my very sleep. At one time I was but a common horseman in the army of the Mahratta chief, Holcar. I fought bravely for him on all and every occasion. When there came in question a treaty between the East India Company and Holcar, I humbly craved the position of an independent Chieftain. I urged, in favor of this, my claim, some thirteen wounds received in the service of Holcar. He laughed in very scorn at my request, and, to his refusal, added needless insult. With rage and hatred in my heart, yet with a smile on my lips, Sahib, I remember telling him “that a fly could often annoy an elephant;” when he said: “I fear neither you nor any adherent you may bring under your influence; I hate you, but I do not fear you. Meer Khan, you have had too much influence among my women for me ever to like you. Remember, I have caught you in the very act of appearing before my wife, and she unveiled.”

I went away to my home—away from his service. Two feelings predominated in my heart. The first was hatred of him; the second was fear of your country. I soon made my influence felt. I was called by your Governor-General “the very scourge of Rajpootana;” and so well could I conduct my desultory, but deeply irritating, warfare, that I obtained a portion of my ambition:—the recognition of my claim to independency, I being then called Nabob

by the European Authorities. Oh! I could bow down and humble myself to the very dust to obtain a purpose. When the difficulties between the Mahratta Powers and your Government had ceased, I, Meer Khan, was deemed of sufficient importance to be allowed to enter into direct alliance with India's Governor-General; the one, who through the friendship and patronage of the English Parliament, filled the office of Governor-General, deposing the then acting Governor-General *pro. tem.*, who had in his favor but long service and its claims; whilst he, Lord Minto, who succeeded, was Fortune's favored child, having, for his patrons, England's highest and noblest. Yet he was no friend of mine, receding from me, perhaps in consequence of knowledge of my antecedents—for I had been a hired assassin.

An invited guest with whom I had changed turbans—and, as you, Sahib, are well aware, no exchange of presents is ever held more sacred—I, with seven hundred of his followers, entrapped into my camp. I withdrew my officers from the tents in which they were quartered, and then fired with grape, shell, and musketry into the tents. Not a soul left the tents to tell the tale, and I made a present of the head of the man whom I had been hired to murder. This was but an incident, and not the most thrilling one in my earthly career; and Lord Minto knew it. But those were strange times then: a vacillating and irresolute Government, with an enemy that could see its weakness. If they had any policy at all, it was one to throw overboard their friends; to conciliate their enemies, and to stamp their foot on treaties obtained at the cost of many a brave man's blood. For my countrymen did not fall, until they had made your countrymen feel their claws. What was the opinion of him who rushed like a torrent over our southern country?—I am speaking of General Wellesley. He said of the Mahrattas:—"As an enemy they are resolute, bold, and quick: their infantry the best in the world, with the exception of our own. In contrast with those whom we have previously destroyed," [meaning Tippoo Sultan's] "they" [speaking of the Mahratta Forces] "are infinitely superior; in fact, it borders on a degradation to contrast them with those of Tippoo." Therefore, I say again, we fell not unavenged.

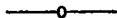
Not only did the Government of those days set aside the treaties, they had entered into, but they destroyed Rajahs and Chieftains, who at that crisis were the real friends of the then

existing Government. I am thinking of one Rajah, who was one of the victims—I mean the Rajah of Jeypoor. In vain were the protestations of Lord, or rather General, Lake. I know that he urged on them the treaty into which he had entered, but he urged in vain; and the Rajah of Jeypoor was left to the mercy of his Mahratta enemies. I, too, came in for my share during this period of cowardly indecision. I claimed many things from the Governor-General—one amongst them, his countenance to my marriage with Holcar's wife. I had loved her. His help was successful, and I obtained, not only the wife, but became the possessor of a portion of Holcar's possessions. Were I asked whether he who feared was the originator of a policy at once disgraceful to British valour, I should say, "No." The Marquis of Cornwallis was the first to fan into a flame the general dissatisfaction, by fitting so strictly the sarcasm hurled at the Government of India by Hyder Ali, the father of Tippoo Sultan, who said that the treaty of one Governor-General, was, as a rule, ignored by his successor.

You may ask me, Why do I come here. I am now in attendance in expiation for earthly crimes. Alum Bagh, the blind Emperor———.

Here I asked: Did you put out his eyes?

No, no, I will bring him. I am going through expiation: do not drive me away from you. There are many like myself surrounding you, who are undergoing expiation: do not drive us away.



DOST MAHOMED KHAN.

27th October, 1878.

DOST Mahomed Khan was the Baruckzyee Leader of the Afghans, who in the year 1808 displaced Shah Soojah ool Moolk, the then Ruler of the Afghans; and who was in turn, displaced by the Force under Sir John Keene in 1838, and Shah Soojah restored to his throne. Dost Mahomed was the father of Mahomed

Acbar, whose Control has been hereinbefore printed. I have conversed with several old Anglo-Indians who personally knew the Dost when he was a State Prisoner in the Dehra Dhoon, and all agree that he was a fine old gentleman. He passed away about sixteen or eighteen years ago. He knew too well what the British power was to attempt to disturb it; but after his death his successor was not so wise, and the foundations were laid for those troubles that ended, a few years back, in the campaign of Sir Samuel Brown and Sir Fred. Roberts.

Dost Mahomed, in spirit-life, realises the position of his country and he has gauged with tolerable accuracy the result of divided councils and incapable generals in the destiny of this country. He foretells the fate of his country, which, he says, must, sooner or later, fall to Russia or England. Let us hope the time is far distant for either to take it.

The Medium in trance, but not under Control, said:

He has got his two hands in his. I hear one say, "What, Baruckzyee, shall I say to him?" "Tâm kyesa hyn; Baruckzyee bolta tâm ko kyesa hyn, P—, Sahih." The two hands that he held in his own were whiter hands than his own, which are red with blood, stains covering his arms up to his elbow, and his hands as well. Taller than he, stands another by his side: his head has wound round it some white muslin or linen; there are a string of jewels upon his forehead, and jewels upon his brown hands; his dress is white, drawn round his waist with a broad green silk sash, knotted on the left side, the end hanging down; it comes below his knee, so does his dress. In features his nose is prominent, slightly arched and thin; his eyes, which are looking at you, are deep-set, his eyebrows overhanging them. He is full bearded, his beard being quite black. He is not so brown as the other. He says his name is Dost Mahomed Khan, formerly Ruler of Afghanistan, deposed, for a time, by Shah Soojah ool Moolk. Why are they crowding in so?

Here the Medium went under complete Control.

Quetta, Jellalabad, Candahar, and Cabool, Sahib, events repeat themselves in the affairs of nations; repeat themselves in individual cases; and the repetitions in either case are brought about by the same causes, by unalterable, but ill understood, laws. Unity or combination is a law, as perfect as any that governs Nature. In Nations where unity is disturbed and many councils take place, if not united, the outcome or result is disastrous, and misfortunes, in various degrees, follow. The differences, that exist in the Government of your Empire to-day, are differences which have their foundation in different interests. Patriotic fervor being, in most cases, entirely set aside, the Nation's disasters can be plainly traced to the want of unity in those governing. Unity arises from various causes; setting aside altogether party differences; giving little heed to the importunities of needy friends, followers, and sycophants, who, in their desire for place, disturb the pure harmony of entire unity, because, in the event of their success in obtaining their desires, it causes this break in consequence of their incapacity for whatever station they have been successful in being elected for. The world's history is full of cases in which unity has been disturbed by these means, disasters always following: apart from the importunings of friends and needy relatives, comes individual solicitation for office, and for the rewards office offers—this being followed in so many cases by lamentable incapacity. Such a break in the unity of Government came prominently at the time of the disturbances in my country.

By what names of parties are your Administrators now known?

I told him Conservatives and Liberals.

Another name for the same class of feeling; in either case undoubtedly the same ambition present: the same hopes kept alive, though under different names. I am about to speak my thoughts in reference to these matters. In my day, parties were, in your country, distinct in relation to names, being designated Whig and Tory; but I realise, in my thoughts, that the parties of to-day tend, by their differences, to break the important law of unity as much as those parties did in my day. Invasion, however semi-barbarous may be the inhabitants, however rudely formed their laws, is no remedy for a further advance towards civilization. In my day the same cries ran through the whole length and breadth of this coun-

try: that my country merchants were but one degree removed from robbers and that many of its inhabitants were avaricious and merciless assassins, yet very little was known about them. Insult, indignity, and wrongs were heaped together by the representatives of law and order, furnished by the existing Government of the Capital City of your Indian Empire. One there ruling with all the dignity of a king, ruling with a want of knowledge and forethought, which, in the end, led to his degradation, and laid the foundation of the approaching disasters; shall I call the events yet in the future—disasters.

They are disasters when patriotic men are shot down without mercy; when the policy of annihilation is advocated by the chiefest and best among the nation's people. If not disaster for this country: disaster in the future for mine. Dare you blame me P——, Sahib, if I implore the Great Creator that the same want of unity, which led to want of judgment and secured to me and my countrymen partial success, may prevail to-day? I am Dost Mohamed Khan.

The same charge of incapacity has been laid against your superior chief * out there to-day, and petty differences, the breaking away from unity, sent him out there. I am referring to him who would gain greater fame in other walks—walks more suitable to him than the supreme Chief of your Indian Empire; and the charge laid against him but not yet proved, as yet not efficacious in causing his recall, still acts to the advantage of the Chiefs of my people; and as he is, so was the Chief during those troublous times in my day. Placed by Party in power and influence; surrounded by friends eager for office, laying their claims upon his notice at every season; and he, bowing down to these solicitations. The result of such doings was undoubtedly the appointing that old, infirm, and incapable General, one whom I named to you before, one whose course of conduct during his rule brought shame on the Administration that gave him office. Yes, I am referring to Major-General Elphinstone, who entered on that dangerous career with a body invalided, and a mind thoroughly incapable of performing the duties required at his hands; unfortunately so for my countrymen—for had the expedition had a judicious leader, England's prowess in the field, the courage of her soldiers, and her vast resources, would have been held in greater esteem to-day by my countrymen; in lieu of which

*Lord Lytton.

comes the often reiterated assurances from the numerous Russian Diplomatic Agents, "that the Afghans are wrong in considering that they sustained anything in the shape of defeat; but that, on the contrary, honor and credit were due to their arms," as see the reliable facts of to-day. The disastrous incidences of those fatal occurrences are about to recommence, and in the event of thorough unity, Afghanistan ceases to be a free country. How far is your maladministration to blame for Afghan affairs to day? Had Major-General Elphinstone and his alter ego—Shelton—he of Waterloo notoriety, who fought the battles of your country in an under command, a warrior in every sense of the word, in every action in the field, but his qualities as a Ruler were on a par with those of his superior chief, Elphinstone, and together gave birth to the false feelings that are agitating my countrymen's breasts now. How many impatient souls were then under his command—only waiting the opportunities that he neglected—praying for them.

He, who in after days rendered his name immortal—he, who throughout the dire scenes of blood through which he waded, forgot not his God. He held both military and civil office under the Government—a rule which does not hold good to-day. I refer to the Persian Interpreter, Havelock, then Captain Havelock, and one who laboured under the full consciousness that this opportunity would not ever be seen or recognised. He saw disaffection raging around; that my countrymen were resolved to free their country from those whom they looked upon as Infidels and Invaders. My son and myself were being urged along on the tide of this popular commotion; my son, Mahomed Acbar Khan went willingly, but I could foresee the consequences of this revolt; I could look upon that so poorly governed garrison and hold them in respect, not for what they were, but for the power they represented. Would that others of my countrymen could have realised as much. One of our Proverbs says, "*Fight not in haste, else your fighting bears not the reflection of your leisure.*"

I would have instilled my countrymen with this thought, but my attempts were rejected, although with respect. Through the weakness of the garrison, our conquest was being made so easy; one of its principal causes being that it was without a Chief. Better had it been without one. Blood flowed like water;—fanatical feelings were raging in the breasts of all, from the highest to the poorest of the Afghans, and yet

with this feeling evidenced in every transaction with my countrymen, the real Chief was ordered back again, and with his forces also.

Dissimulation—it is only Orientals can grasp the true art of dissimulating. So meek, so unaffected, became the conduct of my people; baggage, and every facility for departing were voluntarily offered; all in fact, they could possibly desire, with the exception of Afghan drivers; none of my people joining Colonel Sale on his leaving the Capital to traverse once more the Khyber on his road to Peshawur; and this act of madness, this leaving the garrison a prey in the hands of my countrymen, was commended, and, despite all warning from better matured minds, it was acquiesced in. The Party Nominee, the then Governor-General of India, by name Lord Auckland—he who was sitting in safety there in Calcutta—little realised the bloody end which he was preparing for those unprotected by a General. An honorable defeat would not have brought the events of to-day forward; even the after results of the acts of treachery and cruelty, reaching the most painful consummation in deliberate murder would not have occurred. It was then for the first time that I, Dost Mahomed Khan, joined heart and soul against the conquerors of India; realising that nothing but unity would cause my countrymen to be treated with respect, after their vengeance was satisfied,—for I realised in the future a swift and sure retaliation. The Afghans surrounded Colonel Sale and his forces, and at Jellalabad he stayed his journey, unable to come back or to advance. As to the wisdom of his conduct, or in reference to the consideration in which that conduct was held by the Administrative Chiefs of this country, I do not know; but I realise his position. There he stood for a time. The general rising of the whole of the Afghans and its wisest future, was the resolve that the Rulers made (myself among the number) that the garrison which Sale had formed at Jellalabad should be the cause or the means of decoying by false promises and cruel treacheries the garrison from Cabool.

There are times and circumstances, when a true Mussulman considers the most sacred oaths and promises utterly void; that those ideas are the ideas of my countrymen to-day I know, and they were mine before my realisation of mind out of the body; but I realise now, followed by the whole of my countrymen, hopes beyond the grave, by a strict obedience to the tenets of him, whom we consider as a messenger, commissioned by the

Great Creator, the Almighty One. Those not bound by his teaching, his commands, and his laws, we designate Infidels, and to such as those the sanctity of an oath is not binding on an Afghan.

After assisting in numerous attacks, both at the Residency and the Cantonments, some three miles distant, (a wise act for a martial chief); his commissariat forts isolated, and but poorly guarded; one of them that fell into our hands,—with poor loss indeed, comparatively, to the great gain obtained—was one commanded by an Ensign, whose youth and bravery remained unsupported by any further reinforcements; even his ammunition failed him; and stores consisting of necessary clothing for the approaching winter,—medicines, spirits, specie, several lakhs of rupees,—loot in fact of all sorts, testifying, not to the valour of my countrymen, but to the incapacity of the European chief in command. Like an electric thrill, the news of this capture ran throughout the forces composing the garrison, and several of the Native regiments that supported him that was to depose me and to rule over the Afghans, begged to be led on to recapture it. Several small futile attempts were made to recapture it; these taught my countrymen only to despise the forces with which they had to contend. One, a European force, one that should have set an example to the Native infantry and cavalry, acted throughout the affair the part of cowards,—the ——— regiment covered with infamy and degradation the name of the army of which they formed but an unit.

Why—Why—should I hold up to you the revelling in blood, in merciless acts, and deeds that Achar, my son, entered upon? We can realise what such minds must have suffered during those days of disgraceful inactivity on the part of your Forces. Such minds as that of the Diplomatic Agent, Sir William Hay Macnaghten, and Captain Trevor, the two that Achar murdered at the Council Table, after he had broken bread with them; murdered them after he had eaten salt with them, breaking the sacred laws of hospitality—nay, murdered one with his own gifts, the very weapons which he had presented to him. His excuse to me, his father, was,—“he has a mind, which governs the whole; the inertness and incapacity of the English Rulers, will, with the aid of such a mind, regain activity and courage. He has but lately taken the whole of the burthen of responsibility, providing his advice be taken, to treat for advantageous terms to retreat with forces, follow-

ers, baggage, arms, ammunition, and guns. This treaty can well stop, and Macnaghten can well be spared from the Council Board." Acbar said to me, "I had resolved on his death, Father, so, fearful of losing the opportunity, I took the first advantage that offered. The terms of our treaties with the Feringhees will all the more easily be managed, now that there is no head to govern them."

My son's opinion of Elphinstone was the same as my own was then, as it is now. Hostages, married and unmarried, willing or unwilling, were left in the hands of my son; a treaty was formed, whose terms are as well-known to every Afghan of to-day, as they were then; in which, after the surrender of fourteen lakhs of rupees, leaving behind them nearly the whole of their guns, in the very commencement of winter, their hopes being to reach Colonel Sale's garrison at Jellalabad, and hoping against hope, that my countrymen would keep good faith with them; as it was then, so will it be again; desperate men, using desperate and treacherous means; urged on by fanatical feeling, to rid their country of invaders and infidels,—the death of every English soldier and every English lady, being deemed an act of meritorious service. You, Sahib, can well picture the agonies they suffered through those snow-covered passes; a tumultuous crowd, without either form, order, or regularity, harassed, both night and day, by an implacable and unyielding foe; offered, in derision, additional dishonouring terms for a peaceful retreat; the Afghan Ruler, myself, and my son, Acbar, glorying in the want of manly courage displayed by him who filled the place of Ruler, even to the agreeing to the surrendering the hardy and most courageous Ruler, who had been a sharer in his many difficulties.—I refer to General Sale at Jellalabad—and in the face of all these insults, my people had fully determined that not one of this armed host should ever reach Jellalabad, to tell the tale to your Principal there.

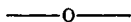
Sixteen thousand souls delivered into the hand of an implacable foe, through the incapacity of one man, who, being chosen without regard to his merit or worth, earned him during those trials a name despicable, and also earned the hatred of all reasonable thinking men. But that is not all, Sahib; as part of the fruit of the tree that Elphinstone caused to be planted, to-day, England, your country, approaches the scene of strife, well versed in all the dangers of the enterprise; thoroughly well versed in the knowledge of my country,

therefore better prepared to act the part of a retaliative Power ; but on the other hand, my countrymen are equally placed, in the matter of added advantages, helped on by the traditions of the past, which the retaliative services rendered by Pollock and Nott failed to undermine; traditions, in which plenty of living warriors can boast of having seen the soldiers of India's conquerors turn their backs upon them. They can turn with pride to various spots, scenes of successful massacre; and all Afghans to-day are speaking with exultation, that upon the leaving of the forces which had been collected alone for the purpose of punishing the Afghans, and of retaliating the crimes that they had committed by the annihilation of Elphinstone's forces, that, even on their leaving, some thousands of Afghan warriors hung on their rear, making the defiles ring with the echo of their musketry. So that, so far from being subdued, they had given evidence to the very last of their detestation of English rule.

To-day a powerful friend,—a friend in my day, too, but then an unavowed friend,—has stepped to the front by many means, supplying what most will be required, arms, and ammunition, and the tuition of united action. I realise in the future the utter and thorough subjugation of my country; that its independence will be kept entire is out of the question; Afghanistan becomes either the possession of your country, Sahib, or the possession of the Russ. That Power, which has for its basis the thorough and most complete unity of action, and is prompt and effective in its movements, will be the Power that will ultimately gain and hold it. Well was it, when I said that Elphinstone's incapacity lost Afghanistan's independence.



ANCIENT GREEK AND ROMAN CONTROLS.



I SHALL now proceed to give Controls by Spirits of Ancient Greek and Roman Celebrities ; beginning with Pythagoras, and following with some of the most noted among the Greeks, and then going on with some of the leading minds of Ancient Rome, up to the time of, and including a Control by, the celebrated Julian, called the Apostate.

Each and all give an account of themselves, sufficient to establish their identities, as handed down by history. The reader, however, must not imagine that my unseen communicants confine themselves to mere identification of themselves. In many instances they show that they take quite as lively an interest in events now passing, as if they were living actors among men to-day. I merely notice this fact, because several of my friends, who have read many of my Controls, ask the question, "What can these Spirits, who lived on earth two thousand years or more ago, know about this or that, or even if they could know, would care about it?" My answer to such as these has been this ; "that the Spiritual life is everlasting, both in and out of the body, and that the mind, which was active in earth-life, still remains active in eternity, taking a lively interest in all that concerns the progress, which is slowly but surely taking place in the condition of men in the body." I have had several Controls, both of Romans and Greeks, later than Julian, and several of the earlier Christian Fathers have visited me, but want of space will prevent my inserting them in this volume. There is an apparent hiatus in the Controls of the dark middle-ages, as

compared with either earlier or more modern times. Thought in the Spirit spheres seems to have been as torpid then, as it was in earth-life. All periods of active life-thought on earth are represented quite as actively in spirit-life; consequently the great mass of my Controls will be found amongst the more active minds of the sixteenth and following centuries, for some of which I must leave space in this volume.

PYTHAGORAS.

19th September, 1878.

THE antecedents of Pythagoras are but little known. According to the information we have, he was born in the Island of Samos about the year 570 B.C. History knows little about his death, which, I believe, to have been at Metapontum in Italy, and that he died of actual starvation.

As an instance of how the Sensitive is identified with and affected by the feelings that affected the Controls' earthly forms in their last moments, no matter how long the time since they have passed away—I asked him, before the Seance commenced, to assist me in lifting some boxes which were too heavy for me to lift alone. Accidentally, turning round, I saw him take a thickish outside slice of a Bath chap, put it into his mouth, and swallow it as a dog would a piece of liver. I at once suspected that some Spirit, who had suffered hunger in the form, would Control. So I left him alone, and went into another room, giving him an opportunity to eat. I was not wrong in my suspicion, as what follows will show.

The Sensitive, in trance, said: "I feel so hungry; I feel as if I could eat a tallow candle: oh dear! dear! what is the matter with me?"

After groaning and complaining for a minute or two, he went under Control, and said :

Pythagoras, the son of Mnecarchus, gives you greeting. Wait a season until I tell you. Caius Marcius Coriolanus, stand back. He approaches us too nearly, but let him abide with us. In earth-life I was the good, patient, and spiritual adviser of this proud, patrician, noble Roman. But earth's memories haunt me still, and the ill-usage which I received at Metapontum is still the strongest thought of the mind during this, my visit to earth. I was starved. Have you ever felt the gnawing pangs of hunger?—the intense griping; the fearful abandonment of hope; the loss ultimately of consciousness; a doubt in the goodness of a God, Supreme in his Unity; every movement of the body becoming gradually fainter and fainter, rendering unwilling obedience to the will; the glazed eye-sight; things of earth fading, passing away gradually in their passage, until a dark settled gloom overspread all; when to speak was impossible, the parched lips refusing to give utterance; when the tongue, swollen and discolored, refused to give utterance to the soul's thoughts; feeling intensely alone; severed from the world, and its belongings.

A mind such as mine on earth, was full of strong endeavour to lift from the darkness of ignorance to the light of knowledge my fellow human beings. Oh! I felt deeply seated in my most innermost conviction the knowledge that God was One and Supreme in Himself, and yet to see reasoning minds bow down to fabled heroes; to Gods and Goddesses; to the rolling of the thunder typified as a Deity, in which minds deemed philosophical believed. But why linger, why should I linger on the last wretched days of my stay on earth? Rather let me speak of those bright golden days of youth, when the body's form was strong and vigorous; when the mind was not burdened with the intense hope of raising my fellow beings; when I took life more easily, and met pleasures half-way.

I was blest with a loving father, to whom a wish had but to be expressed, however strange or distant from his experience, and to find that wish instantly and unhesitatingly allowed, and who shall describe his rapturous joys, when his son, his pride, his hope, had at the Olympic Games, secured its first and chief prize. The world was then all before me. Oh yes! like you, I travelled through those countries surrounding my native home, which held inducements, and strong ones. And

also the land in which you have resided, I visited; and perceived but little difference in that land and its inhabitants then and to-day. It was in that land that I received the kindly welcomes and attentions of its kind Brahminical Chiefs, and it was from that land I brought the startling theory of a fixed sun, and the elliptical courses of the planets around it. It was in that land that learning, as known then among men, had reached its proudest zenith; in that land Euclid's Propositions were as easily solved and as correctly understood, as in my own country afterwards. It was through Brahminical help, that, conjointly, we solved the forty-seventh Problem of Euclid's Elements, relating to the square of the hypotenuse, and from them, the Brahminical teachers, I learnt to give faith to the doctrine of the metempsychosis of the soul—the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. I would warn you to guard yourself against false doctrines, however eloquently urged. I would warn you not to allow for a single instant of earth's time your reason to be diverted. May God forbid that it should be so; in my case the want of watchfulness for a single instant caused many years of error; so firmly was I led away with this delusive doctrine, that, upon my return to Magna Græcia, I had firmly persuaded myself that I was thoroughly conscious of other earth existences, and that, prior to being the son of Mnesarchus, I was in possession of distinct recollection of not only who I was in a former state, but how I acted; and not only in the prior state, the birth preceding that of the son of Mnesarchus, but so strongly had the delusion taken possession of my soul, that I could trace my earth's history from primeval man. Oh! start not, dear Recorder, back in amazement, and say that Pythagoras was mad, for I was far from it. For years these statements were made by me, and my disciples listened with rapt attention. These statements were given unconsciously, yet they were false in facts and pernicious in their doctrines. Not only did I trace the soul into the conditions of primal mankind, but even into still-life, from the most valuable of mineral ores, to the lowest in worth and the simplest in its natural compound. I could go back from its mineral to its more primal condition, realising the absurdity at last, that the very wayside stones might contain the mind of the Creator, and that they were alike capable, by organisation and surrounding circumstances, of ultimately reaching consciousness and individuality. From these thoughts, such was my power of mind, I formed

a world. I should have said, more correctly, the theories of a world. Yet in the midst of my delusions, ran a sweet vein of gold, which represented truth.

First, I came to the consciousness of a Supreme God, Who was in the position of Omnipotence—One Who had but to will, to find what He willed fulfilled; I realised that this Supreme, this Great Cause, which guided and governed the mighty Universe, was possessed of intelligence; of this I became convinced: that man had tried to individualise, and give form to this God, this Supreme Cause, was evidenced by the number of Gods and Goddesses, which loudly proclaimed the fact; but my mind could conceive neither form nor make. I judged the Supreme Cause, held so indifferently among men, to be a Power overspreading the whole earth, proceeding from a locale or spot, but whether possessing form, I conceived to be beyond the highest imagining of the soul. First were presented to me my thoughts. Matter in chaotic confusion, willed into regularity and order, and the expressions of this will in their result, producing a severance from the more minute particles, and a combination into earth, into land, into mountains, hills, and valleys. Then contemplating this earth, so newly-formed, my mind conceived its vegetation, luxuriant, verging even into absolute rankness. Primeval forests, the branches of whose trees, laced and interlaced each other, forming an impassable maze,—an entanglement, all loudly proclaiming the necessity of a Being endowed with Reason, to bring forth all that the formed matter was capable of bringing forth; adding fresh beauties, and blotting out all primal faults. Then came the contention of the sweet delusion, that the life rays of light proceeding from the sun, helped, and were the means used, to bring about the First Supreme's will and purpose, and that by their means might be ushered on earth the first forms of life. My imagination failed to conceive the first hideous forms of insect and lower animal life, but, centuries rolling on after centuries, birds, beasts, and fishes gradually lost their hideous forms, renewing them with slowly graduating forms of more accurate beauty. The same I conceived with all vegetables; all tending towards a greater perfection. I taught among my disciples, that Nature, as her ultimate, had reached to such an extent of perfection as to become part of the First Supreme Cause's highest effort, and made—MAN; and that all Nature, from its very beginning to the era of Man's formation on earth, had all lent or produced their several aids in this, the Supreme's

greatest work, overshadowing earth and sea, standing proudly aloof in his supremacy, from sun, moon, or stars. I taught that matter had, through the passing of time, reached its very highest point of perfection, and presented a fitting tabernacle for the in-breathing or subdividing of the first Supreme Spirit, Who, breathing into the form of clay, gave it the highest form on earth, and Man walked abroad, the Monarch of all God's greatest works; King and Ruler over the deep waters of the sea, over the mighty wonders of the earth—the dry land.

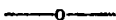
I taught my disciples that man's formation in the beginning was as natural an event as the growing, planting, or transplanting of any shrub or tree. I taught my disciples that the formation of man took place in every habitable portion of the globe; that Ethiopia had its first progenitors of its race, contemporaneously with the inhabitants of that land which you have traversed, and that even history could be pressed into service to strengthen my teaching against the commonly received opinions of Common Parents.

Time, time, how quickly it passes! and yet as long, and longer than I can trace back from your day to mine, (which is between two and three thousand years ago) I could refer them to monuments existing, and some of which are existing even now, in this your own day, upon which are portrayed sketches of Ethiopian captives, which in those early days had all the distinctive marks of Race, which distinguished them in my time, and which distinguish them even to this present day; the flattened nose—the widely distended nostril—the blubbery looking lips—the short, crisp, curly, woolly hair, and the retreating forehead. I am referring to monuments which to-day would claim an antiquity of between six or seven thousand years. An all-sufficient proof against the doctrine of a Common Stock.

I here asked about the pictures that I had received, portraying Ancient Mythology.

I am in the sphere of Busiris, he is coming; but, before his explanation commences, he is going, if possible, to present you with the faithful delineations of twelve of the principal Gods and Goddesses of the Romans, not the same as you have now got; and when he has this service of twelve complete, his explanation will proceed from the very beginning. The only time which I wasted on earth was on the hypothesis of the soul's migration; understand me perfectly in this; trans-

migration under the form of a judgment or punishment is a delusion, which in its effects was far more fatal in my day than in your day. Men are silent now about their belief in this matter, but when first they enter into a course of careful examination, it chains the thoughts, and fetters the reason. The Brahmins are subtle in argument, and give a reason for every cause, in such a wondrously fair and argumentative manner, that soon one becomes too much dazzled and blinded to carefully dissect their theory. Hence my delusions; but the soul of a disembodied man can and will return to a body—but this has a tendency to retrogression. So deep were my researches on earth, that I doubted in all things, which I had not proved. It was a generally received opinion, that the mind of man as an individual, or the minds of a nation as a collected people, could not retrogress, and that retrogression was impossible,—meaning that, the individual man having arrived at a certain amount of knowledge, it would be impossible for him to sink into a state of barbarism, let his surroundings be ever so unexampled. But on earth I proved that this generally received opinion was a fallacy, and that the soul of cultured man could retrogress, until again it had resumed its primeval state, which was that of absolute ignorance and helplessness—yet with the conscious conviction of a supervising care, and intuitive perception of an upward course, and with the knowledge of the power of refusing to follow that intuitive knowledge; for Will defiant enough to disobey these onward reasoners, thus loudly proclaiming the God part of man.



ÆSOP.

7th April, 1878.

ALTHOUGH Æsop's Fables are in everyone's mouth, yet several of the learned say that no such person existed. Herodotus, however, says that he was a slave, born at Samos, in the latter half of the sixth century before Christ, and Aristophanes and others bear testimony that Fables bearing his name were popular in their day; and, now that he has

come and told his own tale as a Spiritualist, I prefer the account he gives of himself, to any of the conjectures made by the Learned, centuries after he has passed away.

The Sensitive, in trance, gave clairvoyantly a description of a very ugly, small man who wanted to Control. I regret that I did not take down the words of his clairvoyant description—the Control, however, makes up for my omission.

Under Control the Sensitive said:

Have you ever heard the term “Rich as Cræsus,” and have you ever had the curiosity to inquire who Cræsus was?

I said, “I have always understood he was King of Lydia, and as great a man for good actions as ever governed a State.”

Cræsus, King of Lydia, was my earliest crowned Patron, and who am I? According to the Medium, who clairvoyantly sees me, I am designated as ‘ugly.’ I, on earth-life, was ugly, very ugly—ugly in more ways than one—ugly in form, and ugly in conduct towards those whom I considered unjust. I wielded a ready pen, and I could write ugly things. Only two men, during my earth’s career, ever shewed me a kindness—the noble-hearted Xanthus of Samos was one, and Cræsus, King of Lydia, the other. They are the only two, who touched the sacred fire of love in my heart. There were thousands with whom I came in contact, whom I neither loved nor hated; but there were others to whom it was impossible to feel love, and I hated them—I especially hated them. And why? you may ask. Because I had a mind liberated, a soul free. I could look beyond the accepted thoughts of the masses, and soar towards the regions of God’s love. I had placed myself on a pinnacle; I had none to place me there. I was born a slave, born in Phrygia of slave-parents—a deformed mother, a wicked and adulterous father. I, in earth-life, was Æsop the slave. You perhaps feel my temper. I am thankful, and yet cannot forget my wrongs. I dealt alone with fables, and each one, on the day on which it was delivered to the masses, had a different application to what it has now. They were addressed to talking lambs in

wolves' clothing, those to whom these fables were a barbed shaft, and they felt their satire and readily divined their meaning.

Had it not been for Xanthus, the defenceless slave would have perished by many a freeman's hand. He protected me against both friend and foe. I should have been contented and happy, had I acted wisely and stayed with Xanthus, but fame opened for me a more glorious path and a wider road—a wider road wherein for me to use my flail, so that men's backs might ache. How I hated the false priests of the people! more especially the servile followers cringing to them in every land—in Egypt and in Greece, and more especially at Delphos. How have I laughed, until my sides ached, as I looked towards their far-famed Oracle which was more hideously deformed than myself. I have seen the greatest in the city bow down and pass the Oracle with uncovered heads, and have been forced to put on a look of hypocritical attentiveness as they passed me, or they would have said, "the accursed hunchback laughs at us." I did laugh at them.

I remember upon the occasion, which caused my death, the change from earth which gave my body rest, and gave my spirit freedom. I remember the culprit who was waiting the decision of the Oracle. It was a voice of condemnation which proceeded from its lips, and a human life was forfeited after its utterances. How reverentially the huge mass, tossing and swaying round the Oracle, looked. I sprang from the summit of the pedestal, and held out my long arms towards the populace, begging their silence, and in an oration of nearly two hours, I laid before them the whole of the tricks and impositions of the figure, that was at the back of the Oracle. I gave the name of the delinquent who had given forth the judgment, personifying him as an imaginary Spirit. What was the consequence? They flung themselves on either side around me, not the populace—they were roused from their sleep—but the base priestly hands were laid on me. I laughed them to scorn, in their very faces, as they hurried me to the culprit's rock. Were there any one bold enough to stand on its overhanging brow, he could peer down into the blackness below, and see there, looming through the darkness, the sharp and bristling points of the jagged rocks. Proud as I was, with my back to the danger which not the boldest of them would have faced, I addressed to them my last words. "Æsop, the slave, the free man now, will

live in the memories of coming generations when you are dead—proud as you all are now (my judges were fearing me.) Æsop the slave is hastening towards the light, which will be his own on the change to spirit-land: your Spirits will remain in darkness.” They had no need to hurl me over, for I faced that which I knew their cruelty had made inevitable, and I leaped into the darkness and found relief for my Spirit—blest on earth—blest in the land that is mine for eternity!

Priests are the same now as they were then. Ignorance is now being firmly banished. I was a king of noble thoughts in my day. The priests were the only educated men of the nation, and the masses who were steeped in ignorance and superstition fell a prey into their hands. To-day, however, I can see wondrous changes in the lot which the Universal Father has provided for His children, and among the lower and middle classes of society, as it exists at present, I can see many that are more than what I was in mind and thought in my earth's experiences. I had no compeers in my day in thoughts of Religion, in knowledge and love of God, in hatred and abhorrence of idolatrous practices. I had an ever-continuous restlessness of being up and doing for God's service, even at a personal risk; a something to raise the veil of ignorance, and fling it far aside, and if education and advanced thought are different to-day from my time, I will endeavour to point out to you the advantages that have been derived and accepted in the different states of the masses; and will also draw your attention, on another occasion, to the advantages which have been rejected to-day, which are not only worthy of acceptance, but are necessities for spiritual advantages.

Æsop, the favored of Ethiopian Monarchs and Egyptian Kings, bids you good afternoon.

ANAXAGORAS.

September 9th, 1878.

ANAXAGORAS was an Ionian Greek, born at Clazomenæ, in Ionia, about 500 B.C. When he arrived at manhood he went to Athens, where, in course of time, he acquired a great reputation. He had for pupils, Socrates, Pericles, and other celebrated Greeks. Like as Socrates afterwards, so was he accused of impiety towards the Gods, and banished. He died at Lampsacus, about B.C. 430.

The reader will notice that a great portion of the Control is taken up in reading a lecture to the Spirit of Robespierre, who has on several occasions tried to Control the Sensitive, but has not been permitted by my surroundings.

The Sensitive in trance, but not under Control, said : Do you hear them ? Why do you not come nearer to me ? Listen ! one says there is a vast difference between your alphabetical order and pronunciation. He is talking to us. He is talking to me, he that is called Pericles. Anaxagoras is talking to Pericles about their language as it exists to-day, and when they were on earth. The letters, even, are pronounced harder. He is going through the Greek alphabet. He says, "I need not, Pericles, point out the difference that exists now. The ancient Athenian would be a foreigner amongst those professing to talk the Greek language to-day." Can you hear them ? Listen !

Do you see him ? How they seem to shrink from him, don't they ? What a little Spirit it is ! Oh ! how they pity him. I mean those hovering, and looking round him. I do not want him to come. He wants to come near me, but they will not let him. He is putting his hands together, as if he were praying to come near me. He is speaking to me ; his name is Maximilien Isidore

Robespierre. That bright Spirit who has prevented him, is about to Control.

Here the Sensitive went under Control, and said :

Anaxagoras gives you greeting. Tarry awhile, whilst I speak to one lost. My thoughts of his earthly career, his Reason entombed, all that was special and Godlike enchained, and yet one who would try to escape making any provision of the least possible expiation. Oh! you scorned, during your earth-life, that Book whose pages are filled with direct spiritual revelation; and in your proud arrogance you flung far from you its revealed truths, because of the inconsistencies contained within its covers. Pearls of price want seeking for, and they are only found after many weary searchings. The gold that is sought for in the seemingly unfathomed mine, is sought for diligently, and with care; and the quartz rock that surrounds the precious metal, is crushed and flung aside, and the virgin gold is displayed in all its beauties.

The Almighty has given to every soul, Reason—by which, from a mass of evidence, he can correctly disprove that, which his Reason repudiates, and fling it aside; but those statements, those spiritual revelations, and those properties for which his Reason can claim probability, his judgment then can help and assist his Reason in forming an opinion; but you scorned its truth, from its commencing page to its finishing one. Truth is not locked up in a casket; it is disseminated from one end of the civilised world to the other. All Nature claims its supremacy, and it reigns supreme on earth, although an unhappy few deny its reign, and refuse to render their loyalty. Amongst all nations, spiritual revelations have been carefully preserved, and among the many thousands that are utterly worthless, through their being unreasonable, through being the drivelling utterances of undeveloped souls, yet in one and all hath been the pure germ of truth, the virgin gold, though surrounded with quartz.

Amidst truths, which were spiritually recorded, was one that has been handed down from the Jewish Medium, Seer, and Prophet, and which is literally translated to-day, and bore the same translation whilst you were on earth, Maximilien Isidore Robespierre. "Be not deceived; God is not to be mocked. As the man soweth, so also shall he reap." You are doing your reaping, poor soul; changes such as you thought to bring about by bloodshed and violence, have

brought as their consequence, darkness of all things spiritual, thrusting back your immortal soul into the very profundity of spiritual infancy. Better, better far, your soul had not been, than to have been, as earthly records still bear witness, as your own spirit feelings testify. Oh! far be it from me to assume the high dignity of your judge, but it may be well said, that between your soul and mine is a gulf fixed, which is seemingly impassable, but God may well bridge that gulf in the due course of the immensity of eternity, and then shall your awakened soul pour out praises to His Mercy, which endureth for ever.

O, unhappy one, strip from yourself all your vain sophistries, and self-delusions; forget the puerile reasons which your conscience demanded, whilst you were on earth, committing your crimes, making blood flow like a river,—both that of the very highest, as well as the very lowest,—for none were too high or too low for your dastardly murdering grasp. You suffered expiation on earth: yours was a soul, affrighted at the very shadow which its body made; looking, in every face, for the assassin's knife; shrinking back affrighted from virtue; so lost in the profundity of your own vile unreasonableness, as to publicly dedicate a feast to the honor of the Almighty, so adding the crime of vile and impudent blasphemy to the long list of your faults. Well, well, may God's mercy be a mercy of long-suffering! Thousands of aching hearts offered up their prayers to God to take from the earth such a soul. Are you answered, oh! are you answered? May He, who is All Powerful, send some of His messengers to that Hell, which you have chosen for yourself. Get from hence! Thy Father, God, seeth thee. Thy abode is not hidden from Him, though all is darkness. Thy crimes sink thee infinitely lower than the prostitute and the murderer, for you committed massacres wholesale. Thy very nature craved for bloody sacrifices, until, at last, being governed by your fears, those nearest and dearest to you fell victims to your frenzy. Get thee from hence! but be well assured that none, that the Father, the Supreme God, hath brought into existence, are doomed to annihilation: none are doomed to the eternal loss of His mercy. His justice exists, unhappy one, but He will not be mocked.

I would speak to you, now that the unhappy one has withdrawn. I could not but thoroughly agree with every word you uttered to him—those more especially, that if he had anything in reference to his crimes committed, to say in extenu-

ation—but he hath left. A pupil of mine, Pericles, is here present. We are arguing about Ancient and Modern Greece, and so beautiful and pure were the Spiritual influences surrounding you, that it placed the Sensitive into a thoroughly Clair-audient state, so that our voices were distinctly heard, although they seemed to him to come from a distance.

We are Time's masters now. Nearly two thousand three hundred years have passed since I was ~~on~~ the earth, and amongst the many of the Athenian philosophers, I was the first who argued upon a Supreme Being, and consequently the first Athenian Theist. From my youth upwards, recognizing that which places Man in the highest order of beings—Reason—I reasoned upon all things that came before my attention; more especially I reasoned against the multiplicity of Gods, typified by idols, amongst an intelligent people, and in a highly civilised Republic. I was enabled, through God's mercy, to grasp a mathematical truth, "*that out of nothing, nothing comes*," and keeping always this principle before me, it threw light where all my countrymen were in darkness; it brightened my paths, where their walks were filled with gloom; it found occupation for my mind and body.

I engaged in chemical experiments, of the most elementary nature in their commencement; but, as experiment followed experiment, they drew me into higher thoughts, into firmer and stronger conclusions. I had succeeded in tracing matter back to its condition as known among the masses—that of matter in a fluid state, or water,—and so thoroughly was I convinced that I had not traced it back to its primal source, that, by dint of many prolonged experiments, I succeeded in bringing back matter another stage, into the gases that form the nature of water, known now as Hydrogen and Oxygen. Here I had grasped a grand secret, which either meant death to any living, or being mixed and administered in judicious proportions, meant life. O wearied soul, trying to grasp the secrets of the working of the Supreme Mind. I found myself but on the very threshold; I found a door heavily veiled, locked, and barred against my entrance, and I fell senseless in the laboratory where my experiments were carried on. I had found matter in its most primal state—a state discovering active life under supreme management, embodying unceasing intelligence. I had found God, and in the vision, as I lay senseless in my laboratory, came a voice to me saying, "Thou canst not pass through its portals yet; thou shalt find with unfailing

certainly the secret of God's being, but not yet. Proclaim Him—it is your work; the rewards of which will be—indignity and insults, loss of fortune and banishment; yet proclaim Him."

I am thinking of that command to proclaim a Supreme God amongst bigoted Pagans. Yet my countrymen bowed down their knees to an innumerable mass of deities—the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Earth, and the Sea providing them. I had to proclaim a Supreme amongst these!

Days passed before I went into the streets and squares, and when I did, it was to see my mistaken countrymen kneeling in thousands before the Shrine of Apollo, the typified deity of the Sun, and when I mounted and spoke to them from the dais—telling them that the sun was a fixed, glowing, uninhabitable mass, not a fitting abode for any—they gazed on me, shouting at me, saying, "He deserves death for his impious and treasonable remarks;" for I had also added that, those governing, were those who would have to answer in judgment. How vain! how vain! was their opinion of all things spiritual. Reason! no soul under the State dare reason upon the deities. There were gods and goddesses for all natures and all dispositions. I commenced telling the great truth; that from chaos the world had been formed, and that, bit-by-bit, the atoms had formed themselves into the very air they were then breathing, and that the next in rotation had in a fluid state contained its next gradation, and so on until it had assumed form and solidity, and that, in its perfected state, matter represented still-life. I then preached to them the Supreme God, who, in the words of the manuscript, still in existence, which was in the possession of the Schools of Philosophy, "breathed on the Spirit of the waters"; that the first matter in motion was matter in its fluid state and condition, and that this manifestation of life was equally distributed—not over any particular corner of the habitable world, but over all the world itself; and this moving or presence of life was still continuing its work amongst them; and that, in thousands of years hence, it would still be progressing. That where miles of water, miles deep, formed the vast and mighty seas, He would, by this moving, or expression of force, in the succeeding ages, produce dry land—a habitable world—new continents; that God was in this moving, the primal producer of life on earth; and that for all eternity He reigned Supreme above all, yet witnessed the outcome of His own works, being in all. God, I taught them, should be known by the name of *Life and Light*.

Knowledge and wisdom to this day, guides one and each of them to their Reason.

They gave to me the *soubriquet* of *Mind*, and by that name was I formally arraigned and tried for my life; and, according to the vision, God graciously remembered me; I was condemned to perpetual exile. In that exile, all that were nearest and dearest to me, followed me, accompanied me; and though it pleased God, in His wisdom, to give me a longer earth's experience than many of those whom I loved, yet it hath pleased Him, in His mercy, to reunite them with me. They called me unfeeling, when the news of my son's death came to me,—I making answer, "I begat him mortal." I am thinking of those happy years spent in retirement—in God's service—this new-found God.

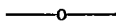
I lived before Socrates; I was born in the seventieth Olympiad—five hundred years before your era. I have to speak to you about one who came in a vision; I will also tell you of another communication, made to me from the Spirit world, to prove the nature of the combustible matter that forms the world. He said: "We will send you evidence of the idol that represents a deity inhabiting this combustible world." I asked this voice the size of the Sun, and was answered, "As large as the Peloponnesus,—larger than it;" meaning that my largest conception of it then fell far short of the reality; and this voice gave me day and date, when such evidence should fall before this idol of Apollo; for it fell in the shape of heavy pieces of molten and mixed metal, that had been fused by a heat unknown among experimentalists' productions. Also the same voice reached me, telling me of events still in the future, which, upon my predicting them to my countrymen, always came out correct. One, for instance, being the incessant and unceasing rain, during the Olympic Games of one particular year,—the chief competitor being a liar and hypocrite.

I will Control again; I have much to refer to. I have also, when the power for my countrymen's Control has thoroughly fixed itself, to refer to our ancient Greek language, and the peculiarities of the changes that have intervened. Your deposed Minister is undoubtedly one of the best linguists, with the nearest approach to our language as it existed in my day; though he would find it difficult to be understood, were he to visit modern Greece. The Greek language will cease to become an important study in high-class schools and colleges.

Now, may God bless and keep you! It is through your

power that that I have come to speak, to warn that unhappy soul that stood outside the Life Aura—the Spirit-Life Aura that surrounds you, imploring, beseeching permission to come. You have enabled me by this meeting to do it, and may God grant that the words which he hath heard may help to dispel the darkness from his soul; lighting him to ask for the Light of God's mercy.

With regard to this Control, I would remark that, further than knowing that there was a Greek Philosopher named Anaxagoras, I knew nothing about him, either as to his Philosophy, or the time in which he flourished, or anything else. A reference to History soon convinced me, that what had fallen from the lips of the Medium, purporting to come from Anaxagoras, was in accordance with what is known of him; especially about the meteorolites that fell before the Shrine of Apollo. The reader will also observe the allusion that is made to our lately deposed Minister, meaning, of course, William Ewart Gladstone, who is known to be one of the best Greek scholars of the day: and also to the fact that Greek would soon cease to be in vogue in our schools and colleges. As far as it is of any real use, the sooner the better say I, and so says Herbert Spencer. This, however, is a matter of taste.



PERICLES.

20th December, 1878.

PERICLES, the celebrated Athenian to whom ancient Athens owed the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the Odeon, and many other of her Public Buildings, was born in the early part of the fifth century B.C. His father, Xanthippus, won the battle of Mycale over the Persians, B.C. 479. He was a pupil of Anaxagoras. The disastrous result of the Pelopon-

nesian War accelerated his death, which took place in 429 B.C. The Control seems to the Recorder highly characteristic of the man, as represented in History.

Previous to going under Control, the Medium in trance, said: "Do you see him? What a long, high head he has got! He has got a helmet on his head. If that helmet were on my head, it would come right to the bridge of my nose [suited the gesture to what he said, and putting the edge of his hand on to his nose.] It does not come half-way down his forehead: he has a thin, long face, and a long forehead. The helmet hides some deformity. His head is too high, too long—yet he is handsome. He is bright, is he not? He is talking to another Spirit, and he addresses him by the name of Alonzo Cano*; and the one addressed as Alonzo Cano, names this Spirit with the helmet, as Pericles. They are expostulating with each other, and Pericles is teaching, not learning; what are they doing? What is he going to do? Why he is bending my head down."

The Medium's head was here bent down, and his chin seemed forced to his breast, as if someone with a strong hand was forcing his head down. The Medium here went under Control, groaned heavily, and then said:

O People of Athens, ye are like an unmanageable horse, that, not listening to the leading of the reins, rushes with impetuous and headlong speed, overturning even the hand that feeds him. Pericles gives you greeting. Yes, there are many and various feelings in the souls of men striving for ascendancy; but the Supreme and Natural Monarch over all is Patriotism, and the reason of this, dear Sir, is that the flame which ignites it is a pure and holy one,—there is an entire absence of individualism in its feeling. The true Patriot abandons Self, and Self-Interest; and the flame of Patriotism has been from the commencement until the present, burning in the breasts of many high, noble, and elevated men. No feeling in the human soul can raise the soul higher in the estimation of mankind than Patriotism. A man may be truly heroic; a soul may have been faithful in its researches after philosophical

*A Spanish Painter in the 16th Century.

truths; a soul may pride itself on its stoical indifference to accidents of life; a soul may have obtained the highest credit for poetical effusion; a soul may have gained honor and credit by its political biases, and each one of them may have obtained the applause of its countrymen. But the unflinching and onward Patriot dives deeper into the affections of men, and probes the great wealth of their love. A Patriot is loved, whilst all the rest are but applauded. The world's histories are teeming with real patriotism; you are conversant with the Patriots of to-day, and so am I. For the present, thanks be to God, is no sealed book for the enquiring souls that have also this knowledge of the Patriots of long ago, and amongst them must my name in justice be enrolled.

Oh! I loved my country; I loved to see its mighty Empire consolidated and strengthened by the patriotism of my countrymen. O, Athens, Athens, thou hast ceased to-day, and what was once a mighty Empire, powerful alike on land and sea, is now a suppliant for sufferance. Oh! Time, marching onwards, gives not only individualities to souls, but different destinies to nations. I view through your means the edifices of to-day, the architectural triumphs over the past—triumphs in point of utility only, and not of beauty. The strongest weapon with which a really true Patriot can be armed is Eloquence; amongst all the mighty advantages of weapons that men can wield, none so powerful amongst the virtues as Eloquence. It surpasses courage; it passes by the tactician, the logician, and the scientist. Eloquence stands pre-eminent amongst men's gifts in the furtherance of the soul's views. Men can fight, when Eloquence rules, with true patriotism; for by Eloquence, the power is formed of reigning over the minds of men. Do I speak without knowledge? Oh, God forbid! The ultimate consequence of these virtues, the power that necessarily flows over men's minds, is governed only by one condition—strict integrity and honesty of purpose; there must be a soul above bribing, and an absence, in fact, of Self and all selfish aims.

With these thoughts, with these resolutions, I started the Race of Life—how well I succeeded, let History relate. For the name of Pericles has been handed down to the present, bridging an interval of over two thousand years.

Do I find the world advanced? Do I find mankind with clearer intellects? Do I realise that God, their Maker, is nearer to them? I must answer Yes, but only to the few;

and the general gloom and darkness that prevails amongst men, with the exception of those few, is as strong in the present as in the past. I, Pericles the Athenian Orator, the almost Sovereign Ruler over the Republic of Athens for nearly forty years; I, Pericles, was falsely accused as the author of the Peloponnesian difficulties. I realise that God is now nearer to mankind, and that those who have approached Him, those units among millions, who have come nearer to the Throne of God, are those who have faithfully accepted the undeniable evidence of the Spirit's return to earth, and its ability to make known its presence. I, Pericles, realise that mankind in the present are on the eve of a great religious change; I realise that the myriads of Temples erected to the worship of a God viewed in a thousand different ways, will be swept away; that *God will make himself known to man by man*; and that those souls to whom God is nearer than to their fellow-men, are but God's elected pioneers in a calling that will revolutionise the whole of the vast human family.

Yes, there are various kinds of Eloquence. A man may be truly eloquent through his oratorical powers; through the sweetness and flexibility of his voice; through the most appropriate and most appealing accompanying gestures. He may make a study of all the observances necessary to make that form of Eloquence known and felt, by the strict attention to dress, and also a strict adherence to morality, integrity, and honesty. A man may be eloquent in another form: namely, by wielding the pen, which was deemed, by the greatest minds of the past, a weapon surer and stronger than the sword—living, existing, and making its way, even after the soul has wended its course nearer to its Maker. The Eloquence which was my especial forte, was the power of holding men's attention by Oratory, and to such a height did that power raise me, that nearly a despotic sovereignty (if such had been my wish), would in the Republic of Athens have been accorded to me.

Yes, dear Sir, mine was a heart capable of but one strong feeling, and that was a love of country. Whoever dared to infringe the liberties of the State, found always a champion in Pericles, to pick up the defiant gauntlet of any enemy; and what true Patriot, I ask, is there, but who has had his enemies? I had plenty, who were but too willing in their search for faults; yet they candidly avowed, in respect to my private character, that not one disqualifying stain could be discovered. But fault was freely found in respect to my

public character, and my lavish expenditure of the public treasure, in adorning Athens with architectural structures so costly, that it would ultimately drain what had hitherto been considered nearly an inexhaustible store; further quoting the costly alterations and adornments of the Parthenon, estimating the money drawn from the Treasury, at a sum which would be equivalent to-day to four hundred thousand pounds of your money. But was this a fault? They could not raise the people's ire against my rule. "We remember," was the answer of the Tribune, "We remember the costliness of other Rulers in their adornments, which were not bestowed on the City, but on their own paternal Estates. Let us refer to Pericles; not one addition has been made; not one talent has he enriched himself with, though he has for years been surrounded with opportunity." Here integrity and honesty stood me in good stead; but the poorest soul entertains its own peculiar dislikes—it is a part of the feelings of the flesh.

The people of Megara I disliked, and also their allies, the proud and powerful Lacedemonians, who became their special pleaders against the Established Code of Athens, which prohibited the ships of the inhabitants of Megara from entering any of the Athenian ports, on peril of forfeiture of property and life. The Lacedemonians were represented by several ambassadors at Athens, and, like unto many of the present day, from their preconceived notions of their duties, aspiring to a nation's difficulties, they became special pleaders for the people of Megara, and that which commenced in entreaty, finished in command. In vain I referred to the unalterable nature of our laws, when once they had been tabulated. "Granted," said one, "that they cannot be effaced from the tablet, but let us turn the tablet's face to the wall. Is there any law of Athens forbidding that?" I felt the indignity, and before the Heads of the people, in their very presence, I spoke. "Citizens of Athens, it is now that our Empire exceeds in power any other nation by land and by sea. Seventy-five thousand Athenian citizens, inured to all the hardships of warfare, can be ready within twelve hours' notice, in marching order; three hundred strong, serviceable ships, manned by hardy citizens, compose our fleet. This being so, we are in a position to forbid any trifling with our Sovereignty and Independence; and, Citizens, we should answer them:—That we will not refuse to place the views of the Lacedemonians before competent arbitrators, both of us holding ourselves

bound by their decision. If this, our ultimate, be not deemed sufficient, then let the Republic of Lacedæmonia know that the State of Athens does not seek War, but is prepared for it."

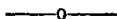
Amidst a general consent these views composed the answer of Athens to the Lacedæmonian Ambassadors. Hence arose the false charge that I, Pericles, was the cause of the Peloponnesian War. War, and war's disasters, found out our weakness. In the surrounding country, I mean the country surrounding the Capital, they laid waste a few miles of our territory. The Lacedæmonian armies spared my paternal residence in Attica, but it was for an after-purpose—to vaunt their clemency. To make these our misfortunes more keen, horrid spots appeared on the bodies of the citizens of Athens, assuming the gigantic proportions of a plague, and making Athens one huge mortuary. So disheartened and frightened were my countrymen that they cravingly sued for peace at the hands of the Lacedæmonians and their victorious legions. In vain, for a time, seemed the power of my eloquence. This was my argument:—"Are a few of your gardens in the possession of your foes? What is this loss in comparison to a peace at any price? A nation's honor is in its sense of right; an inglorious peace, accompanied by hard conditions, is indeed a miserable heirloom for the children who will follow after you. Firmness, earnestness, and unyielding resolution are now your principal hope. In this vast mound lie interred the bones of those who loved and valued their country's welfare, dearer to them than their lives. They have met with patriots' deaths, and are all worthy of the lamentations of every true Athenian. O Athenians, in this most trying moment, be true to yourselves." Their clamouring rendered my eloquence ineffective, and, surrounded as they were by the dead and the dying, they fell an easy prey to my enemies, who succeeded, for a short space, in obtaining the people's consent for my disqualification, and fining me fifteen talents—to be afterwards asked to re-assume the chief command again.

I followed the bier of the last of my race, stricken down with that dire pestilence, and at the Funeral Pile, for the first time during a long life, shed tears, breaking forth into lamentations. I never recovered again my spirit, but was myself a victim to that dire disease, and found myself at life's journey's end, peacefully willing to encounter my change of

existence, my mind having, from early manhood's day, realised the actuality of an after-existence.

The first two dear Spirits who met me, and welcomed me into the land in which millions of souls had arrived, and which millions of souls were in vain trying to realise in the flesh, met me, offering themselves as my Guides through the spheres. They were two souls I had loved on earth, two souls that had unfolded, whilst on earth, the sacred pages of wisdom. Zeno was one—I mean Zeno of Italy, who suffered a martyr's death by being pounded in a mortar—and the other was one who has been with you, Anaxagoras. He was the soul who taught me how to control myself, which knowledge was the foundation of the means of controlling others.

May God in heaven bless you, keep, and preserve you!



SOCRATES.

14th September, 1878.

SOCRATES was born at Athens, B.C. 469. In the year 399 B.C. he was indicted, first, for not worshipping the Gods whom Athens worshipped, and for introducing new Divinities of his own; and secondly for corrupting the youth of Athens. He was sentenced to take hemlock, which he did. All that we know of Socrates, is through his pupil Plato, as he does not seem to have left any writings behind him.

When the Sensitive entered the room, I gave him a glass of cider, which he had scarcely swallowed, when he said: "How horrible that tastes! do not drink any of it. Oh dear! Oh dear! my legs are dead. He felt his throat, and evidently seemed in great pain, getting up from the chair on which he was sitting, and walking about rapidly and very hurriedly. He then, under complete control, said:

Plato, Xenophon, where are you? Listen and record! It would have been better had I made more copious records, and

yet mine was a life of extreme quietude up to an age, at which men generally seek retirement from the busy world and its many cares; but different from the lot of other men was my lot on earth. Whilst Nature was decaying, my energy was reviving; whilst bodily strength was departing, my mind for the first time began to bud, bringing forth beautiful blossoms, and flowering in beauty, causing me to be admired during my time on earth, and rendering my name immortal amongst men in after ages. No great or daring deed had I performed, to merit this distinction; no martyr's action, for which God's special favor should be shown, had I done. No actual events in my own life, with but one exception (if such exception was according to the Creator's will,) will be held worthy to record. Well, this event of my life was the rescuing of a beloved fellow-soldier whilst lying wounded and helpless on the ground, bringing him, reclining in my arms, in the very face of the foe, from the battle-field.

I had settled down to sober citizenship. I was one who, having performed his duty towards his country, contentedly enjoyed the benefits that such conduct had led up to. When in the solitude of my own apartments, in that chosen part, which I myself had chosen, away from the household turmoils, I distinctly heard a voice say unto me, "Men are seeking among a multiplicity of Gods for a Supreme God." Was it an echo? Was it a fevered fancy of an over-worked brain? Had the household in my quietude so disturbed me, that in a semi-conscious, semi-sleeping state, I but imagined these words? To prove the fallacy of these fleeting thoughts, which were passing through my brain, more sonorous, more distinct, came these words again repeated, "Men are seeking amongst a multiplicity of Gods for a Supreme God. We have chosen thee from amongst many, and when thy task is performed, we will receive thee. Oh! do not implant in your mind any fear of failing, if the possibility exists for you to do so." I could not answer. I did not know whom to address, nor how to address this unseen intelligence. First then I asked, in a voice tremulous with deep emotion, "Who art thou? What hast thou been, and for what purpose dost thou come?" "I am a messenger from the Supreme Deity," was the answer I received to my first question. "I have been human, like yourself; I have lived an earth-life, even as you are living an earth-life now. I am freed from the body, and have been so for centuries of time." This was the answer I

received to my second question. The voice continued : "The purpose for which I have come, is to exchange this life of extreme quietness which you are now enjoying, for one of labor and of difficulty. I have to teach you how to perform a task, which is of the utmost importance to your brethren, and to promise a reward in the faithful pursuance of the task given to you ; so that in the hour of your direst trouble and affliction, when the world and its belongings are fading from your sight ; when, through the mad frenzy and malice of the people, you are condemned to die ; we may prove our love by actual presence during those trying times, carrying you to the home prepared for you, even from the commencement of this, your task."

In a firmly convinced, yet studied tone, I asked : " Shall I speak of this visit ? " " I have not sufficient power to control your will ; if you will that you should speak of this visit, you will do so." I asked, " Can you tell me the consequence of my speaking of this visit ? " " It will hasten the end," was the answer. " Why so ? " I questioned, and there came the reply, " Because Man will hurl the accusation against you, that you have a Daimon for an adviser." " And by what proofs," I asked, " shall I be able to confute this assertion ? " The answer that he gave me was in a tone so reverent, that my apartment seemed to ring again with its harmony. He said, " your very teaching shall be confutation enough to convince the vast majority, and make the envious and the malicious repent them of their malevolent practices."

I replied, and said, " that is the task which I am expected to perform—to teach men a Supreme God. In what way am I to commence this task ? " " First," was the answer, " by keeping strictly to your own conclusions, to your long-formed opinions, for your thoughts lie open to me ever, like the pages of a well-written manuscript, and from these thoughts I will quote many opinions which you have formed, and to which you shall adhere. The first great maxim which guides your conduct, is an opinion arrived at, guided by the soundest sense of morality, that a subject contented to live under the laws of his own or adopted country, should be contented to abide by them. Therefore, to such a mind, the laws of the country he lives under, are, in his estimation, divine, and it becomes his highest sense of honor to obey them. This conclusion I would not have you alter." " To teach my countrymen," I answered, " a One, Great Supreme God, it would become necessary for

me to break these laws; for Religion is State-governed, and the State admits a plurality of Gods"; and I received the answer, "you must pursue your task with care, governed with a discriminating judgment; your work will be rendered immortal. God, the Supreme, has no need of services from any of His creatures, but He commands, and His commands are to be obeyed. There is no need, directly, to begin your task by a proclaimed assumption of a Deity unknown to the State. This would be commencing at the very end of your task. To teach God amongst your countrymen, first teach them to love each other, and also teach them the wisdom of living well. Teach them that the Supreme God's wisdom is wisdom of the highest form;—wisdom holding back no good action, where it can be rightfully and reasonably bestowed. Teach them that the wisdom inculcated by the Sophist is the wisdom of the past, and that the results of such teaching, are but metaphysical questions, from which proceed no ultimate advantages. Bring down wisdom from the heavens; introduce it into the homes of your countrymen; introduce it into the large Squares, into the lowly homes, and into the Palaces. Let wisdom be cherished in the breasts of your countrymen, and you have given to men the very foundation-stone of the knowledge of the Eternal One. A belief in wisdom, to be useful, must be practical. Virtue, locked in a casket, is unacceptable to the Supreme; but extended virtue, whose influence is felt, forms an eloquent oration in preaching the Universal Father. Your countrymen are well versed in argument, in music, in poetry, and in eloquence; but these form not wisdom. Wisdom, in the opinion of all that are free and apart from the body, consists in living an earth-life with but one single purpose—advancement into the favor of the Supreme. Its reward in Eternity will be a nearer approach to God, the Eternal Father. This is wisdom; and every act of man which approaches to this wisdom, is an act which lifts the soul nearer to God; and, as this wisdom extends amongst your countrymen, you will be surrounded by those to whom such wisdom is objectionable; by those whose whole lives are devoted to the purposes of worldly advantages; by those who have but a faint gleaming of immortality—so faint, that it hath, in their souls, such a slight hold upon their affections, that they cannot surrender one chance of advancement; and they reject, with utter scorn, anything that would lead to such a state of mind. These are worldlings; they belong to earth in body, soul, and

spirit—grovelling Spirits who would sink lower. There are but few of such souls, who can sink into so utter a blackness of ignorance, that God, in His mercy, removes them from where temptation is strongest, takes them from all their worldly idols, severs them from all earthly belongings, and proves to them in an unmistakeable manner, the nothingness of all that which they deemed worthy." "And what," I asked, "will be the consequence to me of such an opposition to the task which I am to perform?" "It will be the surrender of the body, reunion with those who love you, and an entry into life everlasting." And then I fainted—I became lost to consciousness—a whole day passed 'ere I came to myself.

My companions, the friends to whom I told this visit, said to me that it was but the warning fitfulness preceding fever, and they did not believe me. Some looked on me with suspicion, especially the Professors of the largest School. In my day on earth such a task was, indeed, a hard one to perform; and as I had been fully convinced of the reality of this visit, I firmly made up my mind to follow out the commands enjoined. I began to teach my countrymen, that all men were free; to teach them that slaves, those whom they held in bondage, would share an immortality with God, even as they themselves.

I began then to teach them that there was no real difference between the Freeman and the Bondsman, and that the Gods had not really decreed the labors of fellow human beings, and their very bodies, to be surrendered without hopes of preferment or pay. I began to teach that God had given to man a solemn trust, a gift that he should guard jealously—Reason,—and that I viewed with sorrow so many of Athens' proudest, noblest, and most promising sons, reeling home inebriated, without the natural sagacity of the brute beast—without Reason;—without that Reason which raises men above, and so much higher than, the brute creation. I began teaching that, in such a position, they presented a shocking specimen of utter helplessness. I attacked their licentious courses, pointing out the utter lawlessness and wickedness pursued—nay demanded,—by such gross pleasures. and such infamous sensualities. I eloquently portrayed the results consequent on such courses:—fratricidal murders, midnight massacres, and cowardly assassinations. I took all Athens for my School. No four walls could enclose my audiences. I felt as if my very thoughts were forcing me to utter words bristling with

force and power. Athens' proudest and noblest were seen at my feet, listening to my teaching; and, with a select few of these, I entered upon higher subjects, and walked in higher paths. We would converse of the soul's immortality; and, on retirement from these meetings, many long addresses of approval did I receive from my unseen visitor. I have heard him in my own home, I have listened reverently to his advice during my lectures. I have heard him in the public Squares. He has been with me in the Lyceum—I mean my Spirit Guide.

These were the truths which I unfolded to my disciples. Xenophon, Crito, and Plato, were my favorite three; and to them I would unfold the secrets of immortal life, even as they were unfolded to me. Crito was more worldly, and feared for the consequences of such teaching. Plato, more realistic, was lifted higher towards his God by every visit. Xenophon was always calm, cool, and observing. There were other students, but none among them came so close to my heart as these three. I am Socrates: probably you may have felt surprised at this Sensitive's remark, whilst in a semi-unconscious state—a remark in perfect sympathy with my last feeling on earth. He tasted the bitter drug, that caused my transition: hence his remarks on what he last tasted. You remember now—I remember so well—what caused the Sensitive this feeling, which so nearly approached the reality, namely, the taste of the fatal hemlock was on his lips. God spared me to see the most marked effects of my labors. God spared me to check tyrannical power. God helped me to portray so eloquently the failing of the aspirations for high office; to portray the faults and failings of aspirants to high office; to make public their inabilities, and also discover long-hidden crimes, committed by them, whereby I most successfully opposed many of their candidatures, trying to uphold the Providence of Almighty God, which ordained that three should rise from their ranks to accuse me. His wisdom foresaw that, by my unjust condemnation, a seal should be set on my teachings, and that no man should be able, in that generation or the succeeding one, to realise the soul being restored from fallacies, to the study of true wisdom. a revolution in the masses of men's minds, by the form of each individual mind.

Men who would have their fellows do well and act well, should begin their task as I began mine,—setting an example, holding in check every passion of the body,—viewing the superfluities that overflowed the markets as so many means

to administer to artificial wants,—proudly, yet thankfully, conscious of how little, amongst such abundance, I craved. This, in a measure, I saw accomplished before my accusation. I saw men less selfish; I saw women replaced in their proper station; I saw many of the noble sons of the highest families give freedom to their bond-people; I saw the wealth of love for each other where before there had been a barren waste; I saw feelings awakened which had been long dormant, feelings new-born in the breasts of men, for which the soul had long craved, but which the body had denied.

Melitus, Lycon, and Anitus, took oath before the Senate of five hundred, that I, Socrates, had committed three offences which would form three charges of accusation—that I had offended against the laws of the State by introducing other Divinities than those which the State allowed—second, that I corrupted the youth of Athens—third, that I blasphemed the Gods, and held them in abhorrence, thereby setting an example of sedition to the lower classes. I became a prisoner—I, who had been a welcome guest in every place in Athens—I, who had, at last, taught the Supreme God—I, who had labored from early dawn to closing day, speaking for hours through mid-day's heats and evening's chills, for the purpose of awakening my countrymen's souls.

The charges involved loss of life, and a time was fixed for the hearing and proving of these charges. Anitus, I had made an enemy of, by gently chiding him for withholding education from his son, telling him that ignorance was a fault—nay, a crime—for which the imperishable soul was accountable—not only the ignorance of the individual soul, but of any dependent upon, or belonging to it by kindred's tie. I had opposed Office in the case of the other two. They were, indeed, interested accusers! Aristophanes was their coadjutor, and drew up the different points of accusation. He had previously attacked me with that weapon so fatal to many—Ridicule—in his comedy entitled "*The Clouds*," in which I, Socrates the Moralist, was portrayed as higher than my brother-men, making blasphemous utterances, and inculcating the grossest teachings. So unlike was this portrayal that I stood up at its first performance; the vast audience applauded me, and the Theatre echoed with cries on my behalf and with threatenings at the insult offered to me. I felt it not, but Aristophanes, in endeavouring to bring it again

before the Public, nearly lost his life in consequence. You can imagine his delight, and hence his help to my accusers.

It had been a well-considered accusation, and those round about me begged me to prepare my defence. "So sure am I," I said to Crito, "that God the Father is working for us, that I shall trust to Him for the words to use in my defence." When before the Judges, I answered the accusation of my three accusers; I pleaded before them my attentions, made in public, to the national and received Gods; that I had offered the sacrifices which, by the country's decision, were required to be made to the other Gods; that I always considered it the chief duty of a native of a country, one who had arrived at years of discretion, to strictly adhere to and follow the laws of the land which was his by birth or adoption. That, in respect to the second charge made against me, there were fathers present, who could inform the Judges of the fact that, instead of perverting their sons, I had, by dint of example and teaching, restored them—restored them from a state of indulgence in sensual pleasure, into reasonable and God-fearing men. A charge had also been made that I had introduced, or tried to introduce, a new Divinity. I said that it was allowed by the State to seek the help and assistance of the Gods in private, as well as in public, and that I had so sought, and received favorable answers to my prayers.

But I was found guilty through the pressure of those whom I had been the principal means of keeping from Office—I was found guilty of the charges of which I was accused. It was written in the Code that the opportunity should be presented, between the time of the finding of the Judges and the passing of the sentence, of furnishing a money amercement, instead of suffering the extreme penalty of the Laws. I was persuaded by those who loved me to do this, and at last consented, but much against my own will; for my services to the State were worthy of reward, not penalty. But it was the long consultation that I held with those who loved me that disturbed the equanimity of the Judges, and they refused the application. How surprised were those with whom I held communion, at my calmness and resignation from the time of the passing of the sentence, which was that I should die by the poison of hemlock! Thirty-five days were to elapse before the execution of the sentence. This long delay arose by reason of the annual visit of the ship called "*Xantha*" to the sacred Island of Delos, conveying the sacrifices and

offerings of Athens' devotees; so sacred was this held that, from the time of the ship's starting to its return, no capital punishment was allowed to be executed.

There are different ways in which men choose to pass their short time on earth: some fritter life away, their foot-steps are imprinted on sand, and after they have passed men forget the paths which they have trodden. There are other souls who are careful of every minute of passing time—some act of usefulness, some loving deed, they find time to perform: they have some knowledge to impart to others, which will raise their souls. It was so with me. Thirty-five days for me left so much more time for usefulness. Oh, some rare Schools were held in my prison! Some were present whose minds I had raised from the outward semblance of worship, and brought their souls nearer to God. I had felt them climbing up to the heights I had been taught to reach. Day succeeded day. The painful separation from wife and family was the first act of the last day that the sentence allowed: they were all in tears. Oh, how vividly all seems to come back to me!—the weeping wife with the children round her, and one in her arms. My wife, with a heart-breaking voice, exclaiming, "He will die, he will die innocent!" "Thou," I said, "surely would'st not have me die guilty!"

Then came the exclamations from my disciples:—"Where would you like to be buried?" Smilingly I replied, "Anywhere, if I do not escape from you. O Xenophon, Lycias, Plato, and Crito, have I been teaching you so long in vain that, when this poor body is lain at rest, Socrates will be meeting, in love and fellowship, good men, made perfect by suffering—anywhere, then, bury my body, put it anywhere Crito. Then came the weeping, tearful jailor, his trembling form bowed down with shame and grief. In his emotion, bending his knees, clasping together his hands, he begged my forgiveness, saying, "Oh! you have been so gentle, so loving in your captivity; oh! forgive me my part in this murder, forgive the fatal order which I am commissioned to give; the time for carrying out the sentence has arrived, and the means are here."

So I took from his hands, and, after a prayer to the Supreme God, and also an appeal to the loving care of His servants, I drank to its dregs the fatal, life-destroying draught. Lethargy of the lower parts of the body almost immediately followed, and I sank upon the floor with strength

just sufficient to bid God to bless them and assist them.

May He bless your labors, even as He blessed mine! May He manifest His presence to you, even as He did to me! When life's closing scene is over; when the soul, released, stands hovering near its palpitating body, lost in the sublime mystery of consciousness, observant of terrestrial events taking place before its eyes, hesitatingly, yet expectantly, looking for some other greeting, upon which, if acts upon earth merit, the Spirit is not left to surmise, nor wait for in expectancy, not left to wander into a labyrinth of probabilities; but a confirmed certainty is given, and was given to me. Oh, may it be given to you!

Hastening from the spheres above, coming down from their abodes of love and harmony, came the Spirits greeting me, pointing to the yet palpitating body, saying:— "There lies the tabernacle in which thy soul hath dwelt for seventy years of earth-time. Thou hast performed thy work through life, conforming with the commands which thou hast had given to thee. Thou hast removed doubts, and hast now broader paths to follow, and renewed activity will, to you, be continued happiness. Come, come heavenwards! Why abide earthward? Come to thy Home!

Thy work, dear Recorder, is not unattended with difficulties. There are times when, strong in faith, you find that faith is assailed: it is recognised by your soul as a deep affliction, as an insult to that Reason which God hath so liberally bestowed on you. Your path, like mine, was marked out even from the beginning of your earthly career. Remember that over sixty years had passed, ere the work that I had to perform was commenced, and thousands of grateful hearts rewarded me for my labors ere God took me to Himself. May He bless you! May peace of mind, and tranquillity of soul, be yours for ever! Amen.

In the introductory part of this Control, the Sensitive spoke of the taste of the cider and the coldness of his extremities, but I was by no means prepared for what followed.

When the Sensitive returned to his normal state, he complained that his legs and body were quite numbed, and of the nasty taste which he had in his mouth. He began retching violently, and rushed out of the room.

He was to have had a Seance with me on the following day, but he did not show on that nor on the day after. When he did come, on the third day, he was looking wretchedly ill, and said he had been in bed all the next day, vomiting excessively. He asked me if I had been giving him anything. I said, "Only a glass of cider, of which I took a glass out of the same bottle, and at the same time." He had not then realised what we have both, since then, fully realised—that the last earth-feelings of the Controlling Spirit are felt in their full force by the Sensitive, when a Spirit controls for the first time. On the Control itself, I shall make no comment. Any remarks of mine, would only destroy the effect of one of the finest Controls, which I have ever had.

ARISTOPHANES.

22nd December, 1878.

ARISTOPHANES was an Athenian by birth, and born about the year 444 B.C. It is said that he wrote upwards of forty Comedies, but of these only eleven are extant. It is a generally accepted belief, that his Comedy "The Clouds," was the indirect cause of the trial and conviction of Socrates. The reader will find this a very interesting Control.

The Sensitive, under Control, said :

"This is a busy world."

I said, "I am busy in it."

Yes, you are a busy soul, according to your own claim ; well, I, for one, will grant it ; and there are thousands, unseen by you, who will also grant that fact. A busy world raises her edifices high and lofty ; the Jail, and the House of God, are placed together ; and the sound of your Cathedral organs can be heard by your Statesmen, whilst occupied in

the business of your country. The same ambition, the same marked distinctness between man and man, exist to-day, as in my day. Millions of souls, whose footsteps through life cannot be traced, and of whom time bears no record, are passing away—units, indeed, are they of the one vast, complete Home which holds mankind. You are a busy soul; I have granted to you that claim, though self-asserted; I further make admission, that you are not one of those units, who will pass from the present to the future, leaving behind them no record of their labor. God—Who rules over all, Who has a dwelling in all, has chosen each one's course, and shaped it differently, as circumstances demanded. What man can really estimate the worth of his labors, until he has received the fiat of his God upon them? Men may cavil and sneer at the labors of another soul; men may deem them puerile and useless; and they may, in the puny heights to which their ignorance has raised them, take the position of their Maker, and judge, or rather misjudge, the labors of another. They may use, as a reproach, sarcastic pity; they may pity the intellect that was once so strong, so powerful, and refer to its fall—to its trying to reason upon the "Why am I existent?"

It may, on the other hand, call into play a weapon, which, in earth-life, I, Aristophanes, used so freely—Ridicule. Who can refute a sneer, who can answer a jest? It is a better thing than a well-written book; it answers the purpose of its author better in various ways. To the young, uninformed mind, a subject ridiculed, is a subject ridiculous. To those minds and opinions more advanced, who hold Reason in check, it is a test of truth in all things, that is to say, where error lies. Ridicule answers as a test to the discovery of hypocrisy; it lashes vice, where vice exists; but, wherever truth reigns supreme, the shafts of ridicule fall harmlessly down. What does history say of Aristophanes? For an answer I care not. Heed but what Aristophanes has to say of himself. Pray listen, aye, listen to me!

All that Aristophanes has had to regret is expiated; the crime no longer exists; it has passed into the deep pool of oblivion, and will emerge no more. I am speaking of my public criticism upon him who has visited you here—I am referring to the death which my Drama hastened—I mean "The Clouds."

I would have aimed a shaft of ridicule at him, but he refused to let Reason reign supreme;—favoring the fashion of

worshipping gods made by human hands. My purpose was a pure and holy one, and his death was the farthest from my wishes, or my thoughts. I used Ridicule, as the strongest of all weapons, with unswerving resolution, with a settled purpose to destroy Idolatry; to sweep from the face of the earth the innumerable deities that the imagination of men had placed in undue prominence. I have received forgiveness from him whom I unwillingly harmed, and whose death I hastened. Death! Do not record it as death; Record it as Real Life, which his death forwarded or advanced.

You referred to one of my Comedies, "The Frogs." It is not worthy to be named a Drama, although its results were dramatic. None were too high for my lash; none too low for my good wishes—I mean those who took Reason for their guide. I have never spoken through lips of flesh, through the centuries that have passed since I left earth, but I have been on earth in Spirit. I was no Orator, though an unsparing Judge of seditious Orators; I was no Painter, although loving the labor of those who speak in their works, to the minds of men,—lashing the vices of their age by the evidence of their artistic ability. I stood at the shoulder of one who, with an inspired hand, spoke to the minds of men in his depicting the Unfortunates* in your crowded streets, portraying two of the fallen ones, standing shelterless at the midnight hour, in a pitiless fall of rain—one, between the harrowing pauses of her consumptive coughing, addressing a remark to her companion in misfortune, making use of these words:—"How long have you been *gay*?" Such gaiety means death. How many thousands of hearts responded to this silent call for sympathy and help! I have but cited this one case, as an instance of how God works in the souls of his creatures. Some, with a well-displayed earnestness, are strong in God's cause with oratorical powers; whilst others wield a willing pen, to instruct generations yet to come; whilst others deem no time, no labor misspent, in their visiting the abodes of the wretched and destitute.

My work was Ridicule, a weapon that I found most efficacious—a weapon, the use of which brought me into bad repute with all superficial judges; the underlying current of purpose in my ridicule, they deemed beneath their notice. God's ways and God's judgments are not man's ways nor man's

*See a Cartoon in *Punch*.

judgments; else would a heavier expiation have been demanded from my soul.

You have referred to "The Clouds;" have you also had handed down to the present time, any other of my Comedies:—"The Frogs," "The Birds," "The Wasps," "The Lysistrata?"—that ridiculed the existing Government. But "The Birds" ridiculed the worshipping of idols: I felt my soul rising above such vain and idle imagining, such gross and rude hypotheses. I realised a Supreme Ruler; I realised a Mind, capable of governing the entire Whole. The canopy of heaven was just as broad, and quite as lofty, in my day, as it is in yours; an unchanging Book, opened for man's perusal, and, in its wondrous harmony and order, there was no portrayal of the absurd Deities worshipped by man's spirit.

Here I said that I was not aware that Socrates worshipped a multitude of Gods, for when he came to me, he spoke as worshipping only the One Great God. I asked, "How do you explain this?" The Control answered:

Socrates I unknowingly wronged in earth-life. May the Great Maker of all things, forbid that I should wrong him now! Carry your Reason, and so be with me, into the private life of any of your highest and noblest at the present day. Take any with whom you are on terms of intimacy and friendship; they will tell you that they are governed by the same course of action that Socrates was following; they fear the prejudices of their surroundings. Many of these noble minds on your earth to-day, dare not avow the conclusions which Reason has compelled them to adopt, and by their silence and ceremonious form of worship and belief, they passively consent to them.

So it was with Socrates. Dare I affirm—Can you realise—that such a mind as that of Socrates had not travelled far above the opinions of his countrymen. He had severed himself from the common units of mankind, to take his proper and legitimate position—the position of one who shall imprint the marks of his footsteps on the rock. It was his fears: it was not his Reason, nor his belief that I ridiculed; but it was his pusillanimous approval of what his conscience condemned, and I ridiculed his want of courage.

Here I asked the Control, "Is it wise to bring these

Spiritual communications more prominently forward just now : is the mind of man fit to receive them ?”

I say, It is not, and that, as far as my judgment has reached, I cannot dissent from the decision at which you have arrived. God, the Father, has taken the reins of government into His own keeping; and the services which you are now rendering, are more for the future than for the present. They are for the future, when spiritual communication shall have become a power on earth; when the attempt shall be made of binding it into shape and form with golden fetters. It will be then that your simple records will become of priceless worth.

I asked, “Why have so many of the Greek Philosophers of old visited me of late, and controlled this Sensitive?”

My answer is, Because a mighty change is coming over the world—a change not in the far distant future, but one close at hand—one nearly within arm’s reach—a change unprecedented in the world’s history; a verification of a sublime truth, even through disbelief—a sublime truth which will shake all mankind with the most sublime feeling, which their souls are capable of realising—a truth which shall make all mankind akin—a truth which shall bring nearest to man’s realisations the Mercy of his God—a truth that shall be above all that disturbs and agitates men’s minds—a sublime truth, that shall give a fresh start to all institutions man-made; which shall be a teacher in all things, even from the highest form of Government, to the guidance of individual interests—a change of manners and customs which shall completely revolutionise the world.

We, the Philosophers, the Scientists, the advanced Minds of the long past, realise all this—we, who had got, in our day, beyond Religion’s chains, although such chains were not so strongly welded together then, as they are at the present. They are fetters indeed, to-day, on the minds of your highest and your noblest—they are fetters upon the lowliest and the most humble, taking within their pernicious embrace, all classes of minds. That is the reason why they come, these Philosophers, these Brother-Poets of mine; these Historians, these noble *Rulers of the Past*. They come, as pure types of unfettered Reason, in the “long ago”; they are bright examples of what the minds of men would be, were they unencumbered by the thralldom of religious beliefs and dogmas.

I assert that God will bless their work, and I am bold enough to make the assertion, that no brighter specimens of unfettered Reason live in the present, than those of whom you have had examples from the past.

The reason, I tell you, is this—that, since their time, man's freedom has been gradually curtailed, and through the vistas of centuries of time, from their departure up to the present time, Religion has been becoming a Power more sensibly felt. It holds men's minds imprisoned, and it is justly estimated by those who have visited you, as a centre of mental darkness. Centuries have passed, in which Mind has remained quiescent, and in millions of cases deteriorated. Now the purest and the brightest models of Mind, in the long past, have visited you; have been with you, to prove that the era of change is now approaching mankind rapidly. The world has had a long interval for this desired change, from their time to the present, and I say that none amongst mankind can offer more advanced ideas of their God, than these Philosophers, from the interval of our time on earth to the present day.

Here I asked, "Can you give me any guidance for my future conduct in this Spiritual Movement?"

In answer the Control said, Not necessarily for publication, but although the Spirit World cannot control your will, so as to render you unconscious, and as they deem it better that you should communicate through a Sensitive, we advise you to keep your own thoughts in the right direction. Think and do kindly acts to others, and keep, if you can, the Medium's thoughts free from care and trouble.

The rest of the answer was entirely confined to prescribing the conduct that the Sensitive should, in his normal state, pursue; and, as it would not be interesting to anyone but myself, I shall not record it.

After this, I had nearly half-an-hour of dialogue. We discussed Ancient Civilisations, Revolving and Ever-Recurring Cycles of alternate elevation and depression of the Human Mind, Ancient Mechanical Skill, as compared with Modern Invention. He spoke indignantly of Roman civilisation, and said that in performing some Plays, the Romans actually murdered those who were supposed to be killed in their performance.

PLATO.

17th September, 1878.

PLATO was born, according to biography, B.C. 428, which would correspond with the third year of the eight-seventh Olympiad. According to my calculation, and this is in accord with what he says in the Control, the date of his passing to higher life would be the year 349 B.C. I cannot see where the confusion of dates, referred to towards the end of the Control, is.

I am sorry he did not give us more of his Life, and less of his Philosophy. I should like much to have heard something about his slavery in the Island of Egina. One of my Controls has told me, that the Early Christian Fathers took the idea of the thirty pieces of silver from the sum for which Plato was sold.

But Controlling Spirits, like mortals, are not omniscient, and sometimes make mistakes.

Stand back, Iamblichus! whilst I speak of events that occurred six hundred and seventy years before your birth. Then, Iamblichus, Philosophy died; then the greatest Teacher whom the world ever knew, lay before us a pitiful spectacle; then I leant over him myself in prayer, Iamblichus, in prayer to the Great Self-Existing Cause.

Oh, Socrates, Socrates had gone! and an inanimate piece of matter was all that was left to bring him to our remembrance. How affrighted we looked at each other! not paltry, cowardly fear, but that of despairing Patriots, mourning over Greece's fall. Yes, the country that could sacrifice its noblest and its best, was doomed to early annihilation. It was Xenophon who first broke the awful silence, he said: "Plato, let us go to Megara! let us go far from here! soon will their mad anger be led on by greatly madder hatred. Let us go until their malice be assuaged, and Reason once more holds its legitimate sway—then will justice be attempted to be rendered to the memory of Socrates."

And who met us at Megara? One whose soul was lifted

above the common mass; one who held himself proudly aloof from Superstition's claims and Idol Worship. It was worthy Euclid who made open-house for us, the broken-hearted followers of one of the truest of God's creatures. Oh! I had sworn to the acceptance of his teaching; I had seen his death throes and agonies; I had witnessed his calmness and forbearance; I had been one of his rapt and attentive listeners at his last Discourse on the Soul's Immortality. If ever a Spirit in a state of semi-release from Matter spoke, he spoke then. He looked, as he lay dying before us, so calmly, so pityingly, at Xenophon, when he spoke of his burial, that it seemed as if an absolute and unchangeable knowledge had been given to him; that the freedom which had been given to him, that the freedom which he had preached during his life, had become, or was becoming, his.

There was no more of that look of brotherly love, of brotherly affection, of brotherly care, but there was a grand seeming of persistent consciousness of Power, which bade him peremptorily assume his rightful position, namely, that of a Master, pre-eminent in power, not holding forth superstitious theories to us, but speaking as if the knowledge within us was unanswerable, and that, consequently, all argument was vain. This was not Socrates in the body; for a more unpretentious or unassuming Master amongst Pupils never attempted to teach; but then it was a Socrates apart from his former self, not teaching the way which we should go, but authoritatively showing it to us. It was a Socrates released, not a Socrates imprisoned. Oh! as I gazed upon him and heard his dying exclamations, noticing with an acute eye his perfect serenity, I felt convinced that a God, infinitely superior to the myriads of Gods whom the Grecians were worshipping, was speaking through his lips, and stranger than all came the sweet conviction to my soul, that his words, amongst the many there assembled, were more particularly addressed to me.

I cannot but realise the inaccuracy and imperfection of the account of this grand discourse that I have given to posterity in my *Phædo*. He said, "Oh, glorious conviction! O Self-Existent Cause of heaven and earth, Thou who hast breathed into Matter Thy very soul, from its very lowest form to its very highest essence, Thou art known, recognised, and felt in fear or love."

How Euclid welcomed us! receiving as many under his

hospitable roof as would linger with him, for his time had no limit respecting our stay, even for ever if God chose—for he said, "Whilst on earth, my house is your home." I lingered for many months with him. The world seemed centred in him. He was my great master in Dialectics, for under him I studied, not idly passing away my time. I passed from one master on to another, greedy after knowledge, my soul panting for light, feeling the consciousness of immortality. For this feeling was I deemed, on earth, a visionary; this consciousness being, that in every step which I paced after knowledge, I was but restoring the mind to its former sovereignty; believing, whilst on earth, that the mind within me, my God-nature, was hourly, daily, yearly, making successful struggles to justify its claim to its firm possession—meaning by firm possession, that the Mind of Man, the gift of God to his creatures, being pre-existing and part of perfection, is in itself perfection, and more mentally developed, and that from its contact with Matter it was in continual warfare: the result aimed at being the perfection which it claimed before contact with Matter; and here is the point, and the perfection which can be realised in its contact.

These are metaphysical statements, and statements that have come down to you Moderns of to-day; and though, in a measure, many of my Dialogues and Epistles govern the reasons of man at the present time, yet these material deductions are ignored, ridiculed, and held in contempt by many. I, in the great World of Spirit, find none so far advanced as to be able to demonstrate to me, with an unfailing accuracy, that the Mind of the Infant, just born, is not as perfect as the Mind of the most abstruse Philosopher who has ever lived an earth-life, and arrived at both mature age and judgment. The question being, that the Soul or Mind, the God-part of man, was continually waging a warfare with Matter, in some cases successfully, in others unsuccessfully, in its claims to perfection; and that Matter did, in some cases—nay, in the majority of cases—prove an impassable barrier to the Soul's highest efforts. It then became my duty to enquire into the nature of the bodies that proved the Soul's greatest obstruction; to enquire also into the natures of Bodies that had the highest of soul manifestation; to prove that the Soul was, in that case, triumphant over inert Matter, proving its Divine origin. Such tasks as these took up the period of my lifetime. I tried first to give my own Soul its

highest form of manifestation, by the subduing of animal passions, to assist that soul's efforts.

Dionysius, the greatest grammarian amongst my people, was the Master chosen to supply words to be placed in their proper position, and to lay the foundation of what was greatly sought after amongst the Athenians—Eloquence. Theodorus was my Master in Mathematics, Science, and Physics. As for my earlier studies, they were vain and worldly—I am referring to Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry, in all of which Arts I excelled. It became then my greatest inclination to learn the works of the Great Existent, and as a humble merchant, I travelled the length and breadth of the Country of Egypt, studying under its great Astronomical Professors, but then, even then, still the burning thought of Socrates' last discourse came into my brain. This was a train of thought enabling me to walk over, and pass by unheeded, the greatest errors which ever remained; this was to me a key to unravel superstitious mysteries, and was ever present with me as an armour of proof against arguments attempting to prove a plurality of Gods that had been human. It was a train of thought which always abided with me, and, although at one time I was deeply drawn to the theories of the Pythagorean Doctrine, yet this thought always saved me from entering with faith into subtleties that mislead and retard the Soul's highest expressions.

Thanks be to Him! worthy above all, yet in all, though unseen, yet the deepest conviction which is in the Souls of all his creatures is, 'He is.' Praise be to His care! My Soul had reached its highest expression—contempt of death, yet that absence of fear, respecting the change so much feared, gave my Soul no tendency to rush into the presence of the Great Supreme, uncalled for. The divine words of Socrates, his divine discourse against suicide, lingered in my memory, and my soul realised the conviction, that its near approach to its immaculate state was perfectly represented in the conjunction of myself.

There was no sophism, no egotism, but argumentatively and mathematically I was convinced, and so assured was I of the subjugation of my earthly passions, that the thought came to me to fling aside the blindness that enveloped my country, and, in its place, give them the Light that appeared only from the source of knowledge, which is a road, and a high-road, leading to Wisdom; and that Wisdom, within reach of

all men, approaches nearest to Perfection ; and that Perfection means God. Therefore the Soul in giving forth its highest expression through matter, does so through knowledge and through wisdom that lead to Perfection, and that Perfection is He who ruleth and holdeth in the hollow of His hand all that He hath created.

I could not keep this secret of Immortality within me. It had been asserted previously by others, but to immortality previously asserted the claim had been feeble-toned, and in tones spoken more like a fable. I became the Founder of the Academic Sect.

At this part of the Seance, I expressed my opinion that the Early Christian Fathers had introduced into their religion a great deal of Platonism.

Oh! in answer to your belief, let me inform you that, in travelling from one country to another, of which I have previously informed you, I often came in contact with the followers of the Mosaic Law. They had had Messiahs then, and they have had Messiahs since I have left the earth and its cares. There have been also other vastly extended errors, such as prevailed among the followers of Mahomed, and among the believers of the various Sects that form the Mahomedan and the Christian Religions ; but the primal, nay, the only cause of their power was their choosing, as their surest and strongest foundation, my divine knowledge of immortality. Without this they had been nought, but men respected their superstitious errors on account of the absence of passions which are purely subjected to Matter, and on account of the severance from the world's great likings, the outcome of the chaotic and unruly essence of Matter, which has been from the beginning, and forms the very source and origin of all that is known among Men as Evil. The Soul of God is in the whole mass of moving and inert Matter, and Matter, of itself intractable, causes non-legitimate excesses, disobedience, and evils. To suppose Evil, as a Power co-existent with the Supreme were idle and unreasonable ; to argue imperfection, where perfection alone abides ; to argue as mutable, where immutability so loudly proclaims itself, both in heaven and earth, would be a loss of time. Then, on the other hand, to look for perfection, where imperfections so loudly proclaim themselves, would be the same.

Oh! how loudly did the imperfection of Nature proclaim itself, when the body of Socrates was before me! From Matter's imperfection springs Evil; for from good alone proceeds good; from the imperishable proceeds immortality; from that which hath its very formation from atoms, and whose aim again is to resume its former primal atomic condition, destruction alone can be expected. These are the needs for uniting Perfection with Imperfection, to give expression to that particle of the God-Nature, to give a consciousness, to obtain an individuality. All these were strange ideas to my countrymen, and when I opened a School upon part of my patrimony,—for I was of noble birth amongst my countrymen,—hundreds flocked to it. I was not then in the position of an elementary teacher, but of a teacher for the higher walks of the Soul; of the brighter and clearer perception of the Soul's existence hereafter—a teaching which was unknown among my countrymen—teaching a life in store for one and all; a life continued, blest with loving actions and kindly deeds, yet to be performed, after the ground had again claimed its own; when their bodies had restored themselves to their former atomic shape; when every atom had been divided and subdivided; there was work still for the real nature, for the still existing man, and the consciousness of the fact of an individuality of his own.

Many flocked to me; some of the noblest of the sons of Greece; men who loved their country with patriotic fervor. Thousands have passed from earth-life to Spirit-life, of whom you have never heard. The brightest gems of the whole have passed on unnoticed—noble souls, whose efforts towards the welfare of their brother-man have reached to your day, Sir—Dionysius, Demosthenes, Aristotle, and, for a season, Diogenes.

I expressed astonishment at his naming him, asking whether Diogenes was in his sphere. He went on to say:

I have not seen him; I mean the Cynic. He began, by ridiculing my Doctrine of Ideas, and ended by discipleship. Have you read my Phædo?

I answered, Yes, and asked whether that is the work which contains the account of the death of Socrates, as I had forgotten which one of the Dialogues does so. In answer to my question, he said:

It does; but it is marred greatly by my own undigested thoughts and remarks; for then my soul was not formed. In the quiet groves of the Academy, amongst its beautiful flowers, its overhanging branches, its beautiful statuary, its stately mausoleums, and its awe-inspiring sepulchres, I have been often blest with the Spirit of Socrates, and during my walks in the gardens, have seen him, just as the sun's declining rays were visible. I have walked side-by-side with him in the quiet hours of night, the full light of the moon shining upon us; and, after the first few visits from him, I became less awe-stricken, more removed from the outside world and its belongings; until my soul got into such sweet harmony with him, that I could hear him discoursing with me.

For several visits he made no answer to the eager questions I asked during his discourses; my very eagerness seemed to be the real cause of his failure in answering; but, as the time drew nearer for me to leave earth and its labors, he would speak to me of the road I had so long travelled, and the countries in which I had made the longest halts. He would speak to me of the tyrant Rulers—you know who I mean—I mean Dionysus the elder, and the younger, and Dion the brother-in-law. He would speak to me, praising my efforts. He would speak also of the beauty of Syracuse, of the wonders of Sicily—its stupendous and ever-working mountain of Etna, a study of Matter in a chaotic state of confusion. He would refer to the months of agony I endured in Egina, my birth-place—for though an Athenian by descent, I had borne there the horrors of slavery. He told me how deeply he commiserated me in this act of Syracusan falseness. He referred to my labors in the Schools, and, passing lightly in his notice of the many presents I had received from the Ambassadors of all lands, as unworthy of notice, he noted my efforts in raising the souls, not only of my own countrymen, but of the inhabitants of other countries, to a higher appreciation of Government, to a higher sense of Religious Ideas, and last of all my grand efforts to teach men their dual nature—the perishable and imperishable parts; affording them the inexpressible bliss of that knowledge of a state of existence, which is consciousness in eternity, and the prescribed action of which is ever onwards.

Iamblichus is here; he comes but to corroborate my assertion. For, in his public teaching, he taught him whom I loved so well in earth-life, Socrates. He, whom I love so well now in Spirit-Life, and I, stood, one on either hand of Iambli-

chus, plainly visible to him, and his disciples, during the length of a long discourse. I am speaking of Iamblichus of Alexandria, one of my beloved followers. You will say that there are seven hundred years between our times. There are not seven hundred seconds. Time is not with us.

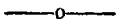
I here asked a question, on the subject of my ideas in the matter of Spiritualism. He said:

Your ideas are correct, but there is an irascibility of temper which you would do well to conquer. It warps the judgment, and often leads to its misdirection. It retards the onward progress of the Soul, and so far is it from giving, or being able to give, a more formed expression, to its sole aim, Matter; that by irascibility, the Spirit is put back several degrees—Matter then masters the Soul.

After this he invoked the blessing of God on me and mine, in a manner which no living man could excel, even if he could equal it. I could have imagined that Plato himself was speaking to me. After he had left Controlling, he returned and said:

There has been some confusion in the dates of my birth and death. I was not born in the first year of the eighty-eighth Olympiad, but in the third year of the eighty-seventh. The date of my transition was the first year of the one hundred and eighth Olympiad. God bless you!

I have very little doubt that here, also, critical objections will be made as to the context being unlike what Plato would have said, or what has been handed down to us in Plato's works. In the "*Phædo*," Plato was said to be absent on account of illness, and no mention is made of Xenophon being present, whereas, in the Control, both were present. This, I think, is sufficiently explained.



ARISTOTLE.

31st August, 1878.

ARISTOTLE was born at Stageira, B.C. 384, and, as a young man, went to Athens, where he became a pupil of Plato. Afterwards, when about 40 years of age, he became tutor to the young Alexander of Macedon, afterwards known as "the Great." After this he opened a School in Athens, which he called the Lyceum, where, from his habit of walking up and down the garden during the delivery of his lectures, he acquired the name of "the Peripatetic." He was also known as "the Stagyræite" from the place of his birth. Fearing the fate of Socrates, at the hands of the fickle Athenians, he escaped from Athens, and finished his days at Chalcis, in Eubœa, in the year 322 B.C. I believe the best account of Aristotle and his works, is to be found in Grote's *Aristotle* and his *History of Greece*.

In Trance, the Medium said :

I see before me the figure of a Spirit in a linen dress. His face seems to be distorted. He is good tempered. He has a high forehead. Oh, dear, dear ! what is he going to do with me ?

Here he went under Control, and putting his hands on the top of my head, spoke as follows :

Fide hunc mundum intravi; anxius vixi, perturbatus ingredior causam causarum : miserere me—these were my last words on earth. My pupil hath stood within this room, and hath gazed wonderingly, at the manifesting truths brought about by your Spirit surroundings. I refer to Secunder, the third Alexander, my pupil. I am Aristotle. Oh ! great and sublime truth, known only to the few, the vast majority scorning and ridiculing these things, these works of such primal importance to the welfare of man.

How little change hath ensued between this modern time and two thousand years back ! now, as then, class governing society, and how are these classes formed ? how are these castes separated ? Oh ! how lonely and abased must that

mind be, which, born of patrician blood, seeks his own associates, only among those born under the same conditions; disdaining to form the acquaintance of any soul of common earth pedigree. Such a class forms the so-called upper class of society; they are surrounded by barriers, which their prejudices make absolutely impassable. Then we come to the next class, rich and wealthy merchants, those who, through an enduring life-succession of lucky adventures, have been engaged from boyhood to manhood, nay to old age, in trade, and these find their societies only in those of like fortune and of like sympathy. Then comes the intellectual class, which, disdains the labor of the hands, and pursues the higher walks of literature and art. These have barriers, not so strongly raised, but still painfully apparent. Descending lower, we find, to-day, the small land-holder, and the leaseholder of the aristocracy; they, too, have, in their own imaginations, their claims for preference of association; mixing with none lower in the social scale than themselves. Then, descending one step more, we meet those who make their claims to superiority over some of their fellows, in consequence of their skilled labor; placing themselves, in their own ideas, above the mere agricultural or unskilled laborer. Wealth, from the lowest root to the topmost branch, governs every caste or class.

Such is the society of man to-day, and I refer to its similarity to the society of man, as it existed during my earth-stay, in which we had higher dreams. Whilst I was on earth, there were dreams that were given to us spiritually; the source of these ideas we knew not, but we felt thoroughly convinced that the progress of life, as it was evolving itself round and about us, might be most materially altered for the better. Such divisions as men make among themselves on earth, are not the divisions that are made by the unalterable laws of the Great Supreme.

There are thousands upon thousands of souls coming to us, weary wanderers from earth, seeking a haven and a home of safety in the Spirit spheres. How easily do Spirits speak of the earth's spheres! Can your mind realise the enormous numbers of the spheres? There the true balance is observed. God's justice is found sure and lasting; and the broad lines on which the Creator plans His system of severance, are not only true in their perfect accuracy, but in strict accordance with the Mind of the Soul judged or placed. It hath been said that Spirits drift into their own spheres; that they pass by natural

tendency, and are led towards those who are in perfect unison with their souls. This is not so. They are placed, and the judgment of the Supreme God is in their placing. Who can tell the strong associations, which a placed Spirit meets in the sphere allotted to him? All are clothed with the same grey, dull, leaden hue; those that are placed in that state, which is known among men as the lower spheres. Sin, like society, has its associations and divisions. Crime hath its gradually ascending scale, and sin's punishment commences oftentimes on earth, and ends, or rather continues, in the placing of that Soul during a cycle of its immortal career. The same sin, the same offences, which are unrepented of, or for which conscience has failed to impress on the soul that reparation is needed—all these find companionship together. How different hath been the station of life upon earth of the inhabitants here, who seem to be in earnest converse one with the other; both are held together by the same bond of unrepented delinquency; both are held together by the same species of robbery, and wrong perpetrated on their fellows during life.

I am referring to one who, during these modern times, made widows mourn, and many homes comfortless, causing grim despair to be the presiding monarch, where before all had been cheerfulness, and mirth; and yet he bowed his knee, partook of the sacramental wine; partook of the blessed bread, with the lips professing that he was eating the actual Body, and drinking the actual Blood of his worshipped and honored God. Society speaks well of him. He belonged to the merchant class, attended his Church Meetings, and gave at times with a seemingly bountiful hand. How the Spirit of unfettered mind pitied him, when he acknowledged the judgment of the Supreme, by his obedience. He found the barriers which divided him from the good and pure to be, in his then state of mind, simply impassable. In vain he urged his respectability, his bounty, and then protested, that he failed in seeing in all its force the omniscient justice and judgment of God, in placing him with common, low, ill-bred souls, who had been felons during their stay on earth. They had been felons on earth, and still retained every distinctive feature, that formed their individuality whilst there.

Then, again, in the vast gathering of Spirits inhabiting these lower spheres, we mark out others for special notice. Yonder two, when we saw them, had been, whilst on earth, wantons, painted harlots, teaching men the easiest road to

physical disease, disgrace, and ruin. They still, in the Spirit world, flaunt their ill-gotten finery. The strength of their wills gives their desires spirit form. Amongst them was a maiden of more prudish character, and behind the three a matron, seemingly of great wordly respectability. It may be asked, "Can the taint of moral vice have stricken the latter two?" They could not lay their sin upon the shoulders of surrounding circumstances, for they had been nurtured tenderly and carefully, and the one behind had had a husband, who surrounded her with his wealth of sheltering love. It may be asked, "Could wanton thoughts disturb her soul?" Yet God's justice had placed her there. The other, of more modest mien than the others, who on earth had made their living on their shame, had had the shelter of a father's love given to her,—but she was there, she had found her fitting companions; her crimes had been decisively judged, by One who does not err.

Oh! those are earth-bound spirits, and their spheres are their prison; but, side-by-side with God's justice is God's mercy. He, taking the place of a Father to these unhappy ones, bids them repent of their own will; for imperfect mortals cannot approach him. It is not God's condemnation, (for they rest in their prisons self-condemned,) they feel but the anguish of their position; they feel the veil flung across that part of God's Nature, which is theirs; hiding for a time the glory of their souls—God's great gift to them.

Oh! may they arouse themselves, and feel that God's judgments are not the judgments of Man; that God's distinctions of class are not in any way similar to the distinctions made by Man. Thanks, everlasting thanks, to God! I visit earth's sphere only as a directed Spirit of God's Will. Oh! there are labors enough for millions of his faithful servants, to enter these earth spheres, and preach a deliverance which will be everlasting. As we ascend, and pass beyond those nearest to earth-spheres, and get amongst those Spirits, who on earth were considered the most intellectual of mankind; how different do we find God's distinctions of class, which are directly contrary to the seemingly unchangeable distinctions of classes made on earth.

Here Mind with its power, with its grand progress, gives to all an universal brotherhood. Here are those, whom earth had divided and sundered by means of its arbitrary distinctions. Here the peer, who had proved his claim to public attention, and whose poetical works had stirred the deepest emotion of

the human heart, is holding sweet communion with him, who, grasping the plough handle through life, yet found time to render his name an honored one, in the palaces, as well as the cottages, of his native land. Here gather together a happy band; the high-born of earth-spheres, in loving communication with the mechanic, aye, and even the laborer—the sempstress and the common laboring man's wife, finding a meet companionship with those, who, on earth, had experienced all that wealth and birth could give them. But the equality of intellectuality is truly republican, and is the greatest leveller of earth's remembrances of distinction, and also its best physician, restoring a healthier tone to the minds, whom God would have above petty and puny distinctions.

Sufferings on earth are often rewarded according to the morality and forbearance displayed by the sufferer. The Almighty, in His inscrutable wisdom, considering suffering as an expiation or *equipoise* for punishment. That would not be the term—; I should say *equivalent* for expiation, that would be the more proper term. Hence we see, in many high spheres, modest maidens, humble and obedient young men, and loving matrons mixed. In your view, at the first sight, they may seem misplaced, but they have raised themselves through and beyond the earth's sphere during their earth's career, by their patience in suffering. There are armies of them, whom God's justice places in stations, spheres, or mansions, for by all these terms are Spiritual states known among men. Some, among the young women, have been raised up extraordinarily even when on earth, and during the whole of their earth-life, have been undoubtedly martyrs to acute sufferings—sufferings borne by such in meekness and patience. The short hours of the night pass slowly by, and find that these poor creatures are still earnestly at work, providing bread for the next meal; oftentimes attending to the wants of a little soul, entirely dependent on their own exertions—a little brother or sister. They come from all ranks of the people. Here the favored one of God, with the hacking cough caused by continual stooping labor—here the mechanic, suffering from accident caused during the exercise of his mechanical skill, all these sufferings forming favorable opportunities for the exercise of primal virtues, are evidences of the immortal Spirit which is in them. "I am in God," said the Greatest Teacher, "and God in Me." Oh! how often God's voice speaks, but Man, with stern resolution, denies its

incoming, and also denies its teachings—nay, declines to believe that that which is, exists.

I am in the same sphere as Busiris and Thomas Paine. He, Paine, is above us both. He is the angel of the New Dispensation. This intellectual range of Spirits is a happy one; but we are but at the foot of the ladder of progress, and ascending we find that we are but at the commencement of God's class. Oh! what a bright and happy sphere, far above that of individuality alone: its inhabitants are counted by millions on millions. They are those who, when on earth, were governed by love. Oh! I remember when I first went there; I went there, as a teacher, to tell them that the scale of the rising of the soul to an eternal splendour, was an ascending one, which required strong companionship, but not according to the world's distinction. There are many who have done good, the foundation of their efforts being their own disappointments; and such have found so much relief in well-doing that they have continued to do well, for the love of goodness alone. Others, who had felt earth's distinctions, during their career on it, as having been harsh and unkind to them and their labors. The sun-burnt missionary, who had traversed thousands of miles in heathen lands, teaching love to the aboriginal, while delivering his sermons, and making his addresses among the surrounding beauties of unadorned nature. Such a missionary is to be found in sweet communion with a brother-soul, whose labors had been carried on in the loathsome and narrow lanes of crowded cities—both working for good, for the love of goodness itself, and in the conviction that the Almighty was being served. The rich, whose cheques to immense public institutions, amounting to a fortune in the consideration of thousands on earth, are holding conversation and intercourse with another, whose scanty means had only enabled him perhaps to give his donation to some soup kitchen during winter's inclement weather, or enabled him merely to clad the back and shoe the feet of some less favored wanderer on earth: others of high station who offer relief—

Here was a sudden break for want of power. During the interval, I asked some questions as to whether he had ever controlled before. He said:

I have only controlled two mortals in the flesh. I myself have had a Spirit-Guide. I controlled Apollonius of Tyana.

I was enabled to disintegrate his mortal frame, and having conveyed the atoms thereof to the most distant parts, there to reform the body, and, accompanied by the Spirit, to restore that body to action. I have conveyed it oftentimes from one country to another. His body was finally surrendered, and his Spirit restored to perfect freedom, in the Island of Rhodes. It is not the aura about you that makes the power weak, but it is the unfavorable atmospheric condition—particles of minute matter, so condensed as to absorb your aura before I can manipulate the Sensitive.

Let me return to where I digressed. What was I saying when I broke off?

I here read the part ending with the word *relief*.

—to suffering humanity, have, guided by love, entered into the mad-house; traversed the hospitals; given largely of their superfluity to the relief of the aged and indigent. But you might well put a question, "Can there be souls nearer to God than those, whose earth lives have been passed in the unselfish policy of seeking out opportunities of performing good to their fellow creatures?" The highest sphere in heaven, so I am informed, is the pure state of perfect happiness. You may ask me, "Are not then those happy, who are in the sphere of love? Are not those happy who are in the sphere of intellectuality? How many rungs of the ladder of progress, have those souls to ascend to get to perfection?" Let us speak of the sphere of love first, and answer why perfection hath not taken up its abode with them. They feel, they realise, that God's distinctions are not according to the experienced distinctions of classes on earth; and yet they are not governed by the realisation of this important fact, for they fail to keep in its prominent place in the mind's memory, the knowledge that God doeth all things well.

I have cited to you a few cases of association in the spheres of intellectuality and love, but there are cases of entire disassociation in both the claims of class distinction, which still rule the Mind. The theory of doing good is considered differently, even in the sphere of love, and one way of doing good by a certain class in that sphere, is not always the way approved of by another: and so earth's distinctions, even in the sphere of love, hold their sway. The earnest worker, who has carried the glorious news of the Almighty God into the back alleys, and crowded courts of this dense Metropolis of

yours, thinks it an act worthy of no comparison with his labors—I mean the act of signing a cheque as a donation to relieve the necessities of charitable institutions. But God's mercy will shine by-and-bye, even on the sphere of love, for His mercy is indeed everywhere; and when He shows them the light of His unchangeable knowledge, drawing from their eyes the veil that hath made them misjudge the actions of others, they will at first be surprised at the feelings which have kept them severed in distinctive parts, and plainly prove that they have all, though in different ways, been working for the same end—God's love leading all, in their own way, to one great ultimate; "He that doeth this to the least of these, my children, doeth it unto me." He who spake these words, was a teacher of no ordinary school, living in no ordinary times.

My master was the great Plato, but infinitely superior to him or myself, was He from whose words I quote. Remember, I have seen Him, not read of Him; I have seen Him studying with Apollonius of Tyana, and in the same sphere. They were Essenes both;—yes, both members of that strict, yet holy Sect of the Essenes. Apollonius of Tyana was one of the Inner Circle, one of those nearest to the Cloud of Witnesses, who continually were manifesting. God in heaven bless, keep, and preserve you.

I have very little doubt but that many of my critical readers will say that the matter hereinbefore given, can never have been said by Aristotle, as being so unlike him. To this I reply that, according to my theory, the Spirits of the departed in the spheres, when they so will it, are progressing quite as much as those in the body, still on earth. The Control does not profess to give a Lecture on his views when on earth, but is confined entirely to the class distinctions which exist in the spheres, after life has ended. It may be interesting to those who are arguing as to whether Jesus of Nazareth was a real or a mythical person, to know that Aristotle mentions both Him and His rival co-sojourner on earth, Apollonius, of Tyana, and speaks reverently and respectfully of Jesus of Nazareth as a great teacher, but he does not make a God of Him.

PAUSANIAS, THE SPARTAN GENERAL.

25th December, 1878.

PAUSANIAS was the Spartan General who commanded the confederate Greeks at the battle of Platea, 479 B.C. History tells us, that, being detected in a treasonable correspondence with the Persian General, he sought refuge in the Temple of Minerva, when the people blocked up the doorway with stones, his own mother placing the first stone in the doorway.

The Control recorded below gives the same result, and the causes which led to it.

Shortly after entering the room, the Medium complained of excessive hunger; he could not account for it, as he said he had just had a good tea. I knew tolerably well what was coming; I knew that he was about to be controlled by the Spirit of one who was starved to death. During the time he was going under Control, his body was writhing with evident pain, and his countenance much contorted. After about seven or eight minutes he went under complete Control, and spoke as follows:—

How they gathered round the door of the Temple, in which I had taken sanctuary—the sacred Temple of Minerva; its very sacredness kept my enemies from crossing its sacred threshold; no Christian Bishop ever acknowledged a Sanctuary more profoundly safe than the one I had chosen; how they glared at me; they were seeking my life. I recognised many of the magistrates of the Ephori. But for whom are they all drawing back? Ye Gods! in that contracted face, a contraction caused through dire agony; in those marble features with their strong expression; in that noble form I recognised my mother; even the magistrates of the Ephori look on her with wonder; she bears in her hand a brick.—O Heavens!—O Gods!—To be entombed alive! To die a death by hunger! Oh, well may she be held up in the future as a Spartan

mother. Shelaysit down, she forgets that I am her son. How eagerly my enemies follow her example, so unnaturally set. Slowly, yet gradually and noiselessly, rises the wall in the doorway, preventing either ingress or egress. Yes, entombed alive, amidst the rarest specimens of artistic skill, amidst the gorgeous trappings of a Goddess who cannot give me food, I, Pausanias, am doomed to die a death too horrid to think of, or for imagination to conceive.

What was my crime? I was a traitor to the highest feeling that the breast of man is capable of—Patriotism. That was but one of my crimes; one of too many. Murder was on my hands—both *intentional* and *unintentional* murder. Oh, let me deal with the unintentional murder the first. Springing from the immoral tendency of my guilty nature, I loved her, this fair damsel of Byzantium, by name Leonice. I loved her, but with a guilty, not a holy love. I loved her, but not with a love that exalts the loved one, but with a love that degrades it. Her parents were poor, whilst I was wealthy and powerful; Lacedemonia's commander could in consequence of this wealth, and his position, brook no refusal to his suit—telling her parents plainly that my desires were not to elevate her into the ranks of a matron, but to degrade her to that of a mistress. My soul was mean—it was mean enough to threaten her with the consequences of refusal—it was mean enough to threaten her with exile and degradation; my soul was mean enough also to palliate this great wrong by an offer of wealth to her parents, as a reward to their consenting to Leonice's dishonor; and they accepted it. Oh, human nature!—Oh, the world's desires!—Oh, accursed gold! Oh, all things perishable! Oh, that men should barter away the brightness of their souls! They accepted my offer; Leonice knelt at my feet, saying, 'Noble Pausanias, urged on by a Father's and a Mother's command, I kneel at your feet, performing willing acceptance of your offer, but also suing for the acceptance of a boon which I have to make to you, and that boon is that the friendly shades of darkness shall cover my entrance into your chamber.' My soul exultingly raged within itself, saying to myself 'she will love me, though I am now repugnant to her virtuous nature: she will still love me.' I granted her her boon most readily; the time was fixed for her entry into my bedchamber; I preparing for her visit by putting out the chamber lights, and whilst waiting, I fell asleep, to be suddenly aroused by some one stumbling near my

head. All memory of Leonice had passed from my mind.

Here the Medium, with his hands folded over his breast, as if in pain, paced the room hurriedly to and fro.

A guilty mind fears even the shadow of its own body ; my mind realised an assassin's stealthy tread ; my hand grasped a ready weapon, my dagger, and found it a sheath in Leonice's breast, and my soul recognised its loved one, in her last, despairing, dying cry. Lights ! Lights ! a flood of Light ! How the blood flows ! How placid her features seem ! How calm ! Can it be Death ? Is the wound a mortal one ? There are too many lights in the room, and each light is a red one. They all seem to be burning in a sea of blood ! There are two Leonices in the room ! One standing face-to-face with me, so close that a hand could not be placed between our two faces, and yet, through this Leonice, I can see another, bleeding on the floor. More Lights ! I am going mad ! My deed ; yes, my deed—unintentional—Yes, gentlemen, my deed, but the furthest from my thoughts. What do you say ? 'Let the body be removed, and let me try to sleep until the morning light ?' I said, "Gentlemen, you do not know Pausanias. There is no more sleep for me ; there is no more rest. Remove the body." But conscience whispered to my soul, "You can't remove the Spirit." Leonice's spirit was with me ; Oh, it was standing too close to me.

The acting during this sad part was inimitable ; I could scarcely realise that L——, the Sensitive, was standing before me, and that out of his mouth the words proceeded ; with his intonation and gesture so much effect was given to the words. I am certain, that had the most sneering sceptic conversed for one half-hour previous to the Control with the Medium, and heard him speak them, if he were not then convinced of superhuman agency at work, he would have come to the conclusion that the Medium was a clever rogue and a greater fool to lead the life he does, with such powers of oratory as he displayed in a supposed soul trance.

To resume, however, the Control went on to say :

These are memories of my unintentional crime, which you

are now recording ; these, the true feelings of my heart on earth. After this crime, men looked on me with silent pity. I had been a true patriot, and a soldier of worth before this crime ; a Spartan in my living, despising the extravagant delicacies and manner of living of my country's inveterate foes, the Persians ; but I could not rest contentedly in a virtuous course of conduct ; my soul sought forgetfulness in dissipation, and found it not. I commenced by flinging aside all my habits of frugality. I forgot my origin, and took up with the manners and customs of the foes of my country, even adopting their very habit of dress. My next step in my downward course was the opening of a treasonable correspondence with Xerxes, to turn traitor to my country, handing over to him my services, and the services of the army that I commanded. During the course of this dangerous correspondence, Leonice's spirit was always with me, until I was advised to visit one of those who professed the power of raising up the spirits of the dead.

I went to one, and he whom I visited bore the credentials of his pretensions in his form and looks ; his long, uncombed, entangled, white beard, flowed in profusion over his breast. It was longer than your own ; his eyes were prominent, and so thick were his eye-brows, that they resembled twisted branches. His hair was unkempt and long, hanging over his shoulders. He had never seen me ; he had never heard of my coming ; no man knew of my intention of going to see him. Without looking up, he addressed me by name, saying, ' Pausanias, be seated,' and he went on with his task. There were several complex pieces of machinery on the table, to which copper wires were attached, and from various parts of the machinery sparks were being emitted. I waited with reverence—I, the haughty and proud Pausanias, waited for this old man's opportunity to address me ; and at last, after an interval of nearly half-an-hour, he turned to me, making this remark ; ' Your life, Pausanias, is like a bark upon the ocean. It has had its times of calmness ; the bark must now proceed through its time of storms and whirlwinds. As your will and reason are sowing, so will your soul reap. I know your errand, and will see if your wishes are permitted their fulfilment,' and he knelt down. There were no statues of any god in his room ; his face was turned upwards, and his voice had a sweet, soothing, silvery sound. He was praying. Ere his prayer had concluded, Leonice stood between me and him

who was praying. 'What would you here?' were the words that fell from the old man's lips. I could not answer him. She had been with me always, but not like this; I could touch her. I could see the very stains on her virgin dress—the stains of blood, which my dagger had drawn. I did not answer the old man's question; I could not. Leonice pointed at me; there was a look of pity in her eyes—the first token of forgiveness I had ever experienced, and her attendant spirit said, '*Reparation* and *Expiation* will take place at the Temple of Minerva,' and again that look of pity, and then she dissolved into nothing before my gaze.

The old man had resumed his employment: I offered him gold which he courteously but firmly refused, saying, "Pausanias, I have reached to that height of experience that the mind reckons of little worth what you are now offering. I cannot, I must not, accept a traitor's gold." I could not answer him angrily, for I feared him, and departed from him silently. Leonice's Spirit had ceased to haunt me, it had gone, but its disappearance had brought me no relief.

I had received no answer to the numerous letters I had sent under cover to Xerxes, through his Satraps. I had caused the messengers I had employed in this service to be murdered, believing in the maxim that "dead men tell no tales." So hardened had my heart become, that I even commissioned my much-loved companion and friend, Argilius, to be the bearer of my last peremptory letter, demanding an answer either for the rejection or acceptance of my terms. The last news that I had was from Argilius, who was in the Sanctuary, in the Temple of Neptune, and troubled, as a guilty mind always is, I went to see him there. He clung to the altar, and looked in seeming fear upon me, and we spoke together of the letter; and I then learnt that he, having noticed the non-return of the prior messengers, had cut the string, broken the seal, and made himself master of the contents, for which he craved forgiveness. In and during the time of my re-assuring him and forgiving him, from a cavity before the altar sprung out about ten or twelve of the magistrates of the Ephori, and for the first time I realized that Argilius had betrayed me, and that the interview was but to furnish the Ephori with further proof of my traitorous designs. For a criminal of the highest class I realised that the Temple of Neptune was no safe Sanctuary for me, and I fought my way to the door, and succeeded in gaining Sanc-

tuary in the Temple of the sacred Goddess Minerva; and, according to the prediction of Leonice, Reparation and Expiation were commenced by my dreadful suffering and death. May God bless you!



NUMA POMPILIUS.

THE SECOND KING OF ROME.

10th October, 1878.

NUMA POMPILIUS was the second King of Rome. Modern History has treated his history as mythical, and raises a doubt whether such a person ever existed. To my mind, this doubt has been raised, simply because his name has been associated with his guardian spirit—Egeria. The Daimon of Socrates, as well as the Egeria of Numa Pompilius, is disbelieved, whilst credit is given to the appearance of Samuel to Saul. Modern experience has shown the Spiritualist, that the Spirit of the departed can, under certain conditions, clothe itself in form and communicate with the living.

The Sensitive, under Control, said:

Four score years and two of earth's experiences! How many upon their release from the body suffer from the very threshold of their entrance into spirit life! Their spirit breathings are filled with bitter reflections of a mis-spent life; in time they grasp Eternity, and find themselves indestructible. They realise, with a painful intensity, immortality; freedom from time; a spirit eternal; a never-ending immortality. But there are other spirits who have no such bitter reflections; those who grasp the realisation of that profound truth—that having lived earth-life well, they are entitled, by acts and deeds which bear immortal record to their worth, to a happy immortality. Such a reflection, with all its compensating pleasures, was mine on my entrance into spirit-life.

In earth-life, amongst a world of human beings, resting

contentedly in idolatrous worship, I realised the Eternal One; I realised Him, in His perfection; I was blessed with the happiest conviction, that words were useless in the hereafter, but that deeds alone would proclaim man's worth. Born of a patrician family, yet feeling none of its false dignity; associating myself with the plebeians and their wants; living a life of comparative retirement; yet in my retirement proving myself an useful neighbour, an impartial judge, a God-fearing man. Dissensions, that would have caused feuds to rage for generations, were happily settled by my arbitration when called upon; and that I was often called upon was proved by the fact, that my name went out the whole length and breadth of the country, and that my country's king deemed it no misalliance to marry his daughter to me. Thanks be to God. I loved her! She liked public life as little as I myself did, and together, in happy retirement, we passed the happiest thirteen years of my earth-life; but she was taken from me. You are not given to ostentatious display here. Your era is the Christian era, and the years that have lapsed number how many?

I told him nearly nineteen hundred.

I began my earth-existence 750 years before the commencement of that era. Oh! I find this world of yours, which was once mine, much the same as in my day. Civilisation has advanced; arts and sciences have taken great strides, and their strides will soon become more astonishingly great. Already has one invention dispelled, in part, the gloom of night in your streets and squares; soon will that part measure blush, and in its place perfection reign supreme. Night and day with you will be so justly equalised, in reference to the light, that these days shall be remembered as days in which science was but in its infancy. The great laws so ill understood to-day, those laws which the Great Creator uses in His adjustment of revolving matter, those laws which alike are used in the movements of the spheres, will yet utilise themselves in the homes of the humblest.

Yet, despite this advancement in arts and sciences, the same unruly passions, which stirred the breasts of my countrymen, are strong in the breasts of your countrymen even to-day. The love of fame, the false and empty cry of honor; the lust after war, and thousands upon thousands of the rank and file among your soldiery are meeting violent deaths as did those of

my day. Oh! will the time ever come, when men will live in peace one with each other? We can recognise the rule of positive harmony in the spheres, and we sorrowingly look down from our homes in the heavens upon the bloodshed and violence transacted upon this, your earth. In my own days on earth, I was filled with these thoughts of peace, of an universal peace of good-will and perfect unanimity among men. Oh! you may deem them wild visions, but my soul was full of them, and, after the death of her I loved so well, I withdrew myself from amongst men, in silent meditation and prayer, holding converse with myself upon these matters. Nature in all her beauty graced my solitary retreat, a cleft of a rock forming a cavern, through which a murmuring brook wended its way over its pebbly bed, the waters flowing into the adjoining valley; a rude seat, whereon to rest my often-times wearied limbs, was in the cavern, and hour after hour I would pass in silent meditation there.

I remember well, on one occasion, twilight had nearly ended, and the dark clouds of night were rolling in apace, still finding me seated there in my favourite retreat in Cures, and looking up, thinking of my journey homewards, there appeared to me a female form. With a rush of life-blood to my heart came the solemn conviction that she was not of earth, and murmuring in thankfulness of soul, "*Immortality demonstrated.*" I fainted away. She had gone when consciousness returned to me; but only to appear to me on my next visit. I would have knelt to her, but with uplifted hands she pointed heavenwards, and bade me resume my seat.

These were her words: 'Happy mortal! possessor of primal morality, evincing itself in the perfect harmony which thou would'st establish among mankind, I am sent to thee.' I could not answer her, nor could I stay the violent tremblings which came over every limb. In a re-assuring voice she continued, 'Be not afraid; I was mortal, but am now immortal; born of earth, with a body subjected, like to thy own, to all nature's ills and failings. Why dost thou tremble so?' 'What name,' I asked her, 'What name shall I call you, beautiful Goddess?' She stayed me with a gesture, and said, 'Thou must not blaspheme; upon earth I was known by the name of Egeria. I was named after one of the Idolaters' goddesses.' I said, 'Thy purpose is answered, for thou hast proved to me that what thou art now, all men will be.' 'But that was not the purpose of my coming to you,' she replied. 'It was to

bring a message from the heavens, which message consists of this *advice*, not *command*. Use reason always—accept the bounties the Almighty has in store for you—hold fast to that primal morality which is a gift to you, God-given. The Creator needs no secluded services, nor demands a life-time passed in silent meditation. That is but the idling of the Spirit in time, and in the eyes of the Almighty God constitutes a crime. Let your reason guide you in the rejection or acceptance of the offer that will come to you, but which is yet in the future. Numa Pompilius, for the present I must bid you adieu.’

With these words she disappeared from the cavern, dissolving in space, presenting to my view a gradually fading, beauteous form. I came out of the cavern a different soul; all nature seemed in harmony with my feelings; all seemed to breathe the spirit of peace and concord. The world was changed for me, and when I returned to my own home, I gave thanks to the Almighty God for the knowledge which had been so mercifully bestowed on me.

Her predictions soon were verified. That same evening, I received two ambassadors from Rome, presenting me with the royal dignity of King, offering it, nay, pressing it upon me; and realising the wondrous messages I had received, and the conveyed command to use my reason, I answered them, “Ye Representatives of my Country and its Inhabitants; ye would bestow on me the doubtful honor of reigning over you; I say doubtful honor, applying that term only to myself; I am not fitted for it; my soul yearns after universal peace and brotherhood; ye are the ambassadors representing a warlike people, bent upon conquest and honor; I should but ill suit you to reign over you. You have more need of a King, who would be a General as well as a King. I refused the proffered honor, refused it with the deepest respect, yet under the sway and rule of Reason, I refused it.

I remember how those whom I had benefited by my counsel and judgment, headed by my father, Pompilius Pomo, knelt around and about me, begging me to accept the office of supreme ruler. I referred to the first King who had ever ruled over my countrymen, and referred also to his end; but I was overruled by them, they asserting that, as King of a nation, I could not only benefit Rome, but for ever set aside the differences, that divided the Sabines and the Romans; and that I should be promoting peace and good will, where all was

fierce animosity and hatred, and that the neighbouring States would benefit by my reigning over Rome.

For months I held out; until the Roman citizens came in a body, crowding in their thousands round my home, and then I accepted the solemn trust and charge. Can you imagine the difficulties of ruling a semi-barbarous people, bearing among themselves feuds innumerable, and quarrels which had been raging for generations? They were divided into two distinct parties, one hating and despising the other, and yet both parties were filled with the desire of war and conquest. Oftentimes during my reign was I blessed with my attendant Spirit, following unswervingly her advice. I would, in my new-born zeal, have thrust down every Temple dedicated to idolatrous worship, but was forbidden by her. She said, "Let Reason guide you in your changes."

My first decree, was that it was blasphemy to form or make appearances of man or beast, and call them Gods. I next decreed that every painting that adorned the Temple should be destroyed, and I then inculcated, among the most philosophical and learned, the necessity of conveying far and wide the important knowledge, that those Gods, which my people worshipped, and Goddesses also, were all subservient to One Eternal and Almighty God; that this One was the Ruler of the whole world, and claimed obedience from all, from the highest God typified on earth, from the greatest hero whose memory was revered, to the lowest and meanest still living; and so the foundation of a purer religion was laid amongst my people. I dared not take away their traditional Gods from them; but all that I dared to do I did well. I afterwards made a solemn proclamation for the gathering together of my people, as many as could be gathered together, and then I dedicated a Temple in which was placed the typified God of War and Bloodshed, naming it the Temple of Janus. As I closed its heavy portals, shutting out the sight of the interior, I turned to the vast assembly, and proclaimed aloud, 'Cursed be the hand, that would open this portal! for when opened, Peace shall have ceased in the land, and War, with its dire cruelties and sufferings, shall be raging. Cursed be the man that involves his country in such dreaded troubles and miseries!'

I then set myself the task of restoring internal peace, and found that the foundations of the existing animosities were land disputes between each other. I surrounded every man's

land, forming a boundary with stones. This would have been but a frail and unsuccessful effort, but I had previously had these stones solemnly dedicated to the principal God of my people, Jupiter, and, by so doing, proclaimed that those who dared to remove, or uplift a stone so placed, from its bed, were guilty of the crime of sacrilege and blasphemy; and that death should be awarded to the offender. This took some time, ere the whole boundaries of the country were so marked out; but the task, so seemingly gigantic in its commencement, was ultimately successfully finished. My next great effort was to join the two sections of my people, settling for ever the existing differences between the Romans and the Sabine. I formed trade companies, granting them privileges in the gift of the Crown; the differences of interests were finally settled by the entrance of Sabine and Roman into these trade companies. There was no compulsory entrance demanded, but, as the whole of the patrician order recognised alone those tradesmen belonging to the company of the Crown, it became necessary for every skilled artizan and mechanic, be he Roman or Sabine, to join one of the various companies.

I lived and reigned long enough to see the Roman and Sabine marry and intermarry; until, at last, the differences ceased, and the distinction between them, ere my reign had ceased, became scarcely recognizable. I readjusted the months of the year by the intercalation of a month, placing an intercalary month between February and March. I merely mention this to you, to prove that learning was as much in our power seven hundred years before your era, nay, more in our power in fact, than it was fourteen centuries after your era commenced. So Peace abided with my country. I have been put down as a charlatan and impostor, in these, your modern times. Calumny cannot hurt me in the heavens; I bore it all, from many around me, whilst on earth. But God's mercy in sending to me His messenger, enabled me to raise from barbarism a whole people, teaching them the blessings of Peace; the love of agricultural pursuits, laying the foundation of a bright immortal career in the hearts of thousands of my countrymen, and laying down without regret that body which I had not disgraced, feeling in the certainty of my soul, that the task of earth-life, if finished, was well finished.

Pompilius Numa bids you farewell.

I asked him to tarry a little longer. He said: What have you to say?

I remarked that, as far as I could hear and see, these Controls had existed from all time, and that they throw a wonderful light upon what was now considered myth, but which throughout, to my mind, carried the semblance of truth with it.

He said:

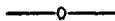
Record what I say; I will answer you. So full was I of the conviction, that what had been mine, had been others before me, and would fall to the lot of souls in the future, that, at four score years of age, I set myself my last important task on earth, to record all the interviews I had with her who gave me God's messages, when she appeared, the length of time she stayed with me, and her wondrous teachings. To her alone my grateful soul ascribes its first actual realisation of the Supreme God. I have previously told you that I dared not preach God alone in His unity, but I could leave a record for the eye of man to scan, and my dearest task during these last two years of my life was to fill the pages of my volume. Oh! what a labor of love was that; every word she uttered burned itself into my brain; I could not forget them, so that these records were verbatim, written in good faith. I had established an altar among my people, calling the Temple the Temple of *Bona Fides*. I headed my book *Bona Fides*; and it consisted of over one thousand pages of closely-written manuscript, written in the purest Latin then in vogue, not oratorically, not declamatory, but truthfully and dispassionately.

My orders, the last I ever issued, were that my volume was to be placed in one stone coffin and my body in another, and that, upon one of the highest hills surrounding my capital, they were both to be inhumed; and my prayer was that posterity might benefit from them. Pentilius opened my grave, and destroyed part of my Books by order of the Quæstor, in the time of Augustus.* Part of the volume was preserved, I cannot say whether it was *re-preserved* after the great fire at Alexandria. It was in the library at Alexandria in the time of the Mahomedan Spirit-seer, Mahomed. Posterity would have been benefited; but there were secrets I

* Some mistake I think.

dared not to divulge, for the world was not then ready for the discovery. The whole world, and every philosophical mind that is in it, is not only guided, but directed in nearly every important action of their lives by these unseen ministers of God's will. The most martial of your great men of note are but acting in all their highest efforts of strategy under the direct influence of guiding Spirits; they are but giving, through matter, an effective impression of Spiritual results. Not so only in martial affairs, but even Science is benefited to-day: the whole Spirit-world is approaching nearer to man. The actual experiment, so recently brought to a successful termination and which will soon be in general use, that is, electricity as a light-giving power, has already been solved in its various forms in the scientific spheres, and the greatest problem, the sub-division of the light, has also been given expression to through a Spirit in the flesh. These results were already achieved in Spirit-life ere the mind of man on earth had grasped them. Should it be asked why it was not realised in the past, I answer 'Man, can you realise the future?' Now God is brought nearer to man, now that the minds of men have been cultivated and formed by study and surroundings to so high a pitch, that these things can be impressed, and received in good faith, which they could not, had not the minds of men reached this step, this high step of advancement. These impressions, instead of being received in good faith, would have been treated as idle fancies and day dreams. They would have said, 'What! light your vast cities and your country's roads with a light of such illuminating power that night shall resemble in its light the day!' The wonder of sound being conveyed for hundreds of miles, every tone, every note, perfect and accurate, has ceased. This discovery is succeeded by one greater and infinitely more useful. Well may men of advanced views, ask "What next?" Tell them God is nearer to men to-day, and that His whole army of unseen witnesses are busy in His services.

God bless you!



LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

19th August, 1879.

LUCIUS Junius, surnamed *Brutus* because he feigned idiotcy, to escape the fate of his elder brother, who was killed by Tarquin the Proud, the last of Rome's kings, lived about 540 B.C. He headed the people, who were incensed at the rape of Lucretia, and in 509 B.C. drove the Tarquins out of Rome. A year or two afterwards he was killed in a fight against one of the sons of Tarquin. As a Spiritualist I believe that he neither feigned nor was idiotic, but was, as he himself in his Control says, a Sensitive or Medium.* Although there is quite sufficient matter as evidence of identity, yet this, and the two following Controls, will consist principally of the views of Lucius Junius on modern society.

The Sensitive, under Control, said :

Hasten on their work, O God: the premonitory symptoms of the great change are being now especially felt in the Spirit-world: already the seed-time hath passed, and the rich first-fruits of the harvest are being reaped: already the first cry from the emancipated Spirit is a cry of rejoicing, not a cry of despair. Free, O God, free are the cries that I now begin to hear, in lieu of those despairing cries and moans of old. What is to follow? They will come and join us with an absolute obtained knowledge, and that knowledge is one without alloy, without any inter-mixture of doubt or uncertainty. Then again, we say these are the first-fruits of the rich harvest, which shall be at its full very soon. Yes, already, throughout the length and breadth of civilised society, thoughts are gaining supremacy, other than the thoughts of every-day life and every-day changes. What are those thoughts of men? They are the thoughts of their own immortality, and so sublime are these thoughts of a loving God and eternity, that they do indeed take the place, the highest place, over all other thoughts. What to the awakened soul are every-day matters, in comparison with immortality?

This immortality, and these new thoughts which embrace these truths, come not unsupported by testimony.

The reasoning mind looks upon all animated, created life, and argues, "I am superior to all these; my reasonable intelligence places me immeasurably above them; and my Will subdues them into obedience. A Supreme Being has endowed me with thought, accompanied by the power of transmitting my thoughts by language." And then Reason asks the question, 'Whence, and for why, have I been endowed with this quality? Has it alone been that I may change the face of the world I inhabit, and compel it, by my diligence, to become subservient to all my wants? Have these supreme qualities been given to me, that I may, by diligence, explore the whole of God's vast creation, both in regard to this earth, and the study of revolving worlds? Are they mine, that I may raise mighty edifices and wondrous cities—form Governments—frame laws,—invent religions, and make wondrous scientific discoveries? Or are they given to me by the Almighty God that I may soar far from the earth, and explore the mechanism of the lofty worlds above me, arrange, number them, and give names and classes to them.'

But reasonable consciousness answers all these enquiries negatively. "For those pursuits, yet not alone for those," cries Reason. "For what else," cries the enquiring soul, "how shall I fill my highest destiny?" And then comes the consciousness of the soul's treasure, and with it peace: but consciousness and peace of soul have not been, and cannot be, obtained by the highest achievements performed amidst the storm of public opinion. So happiness is not obtained in this manner: happiness is only realised in those primal feelings, that are inborn, and are attributes, or parts, of the soul's Creator. You find happiness and peace through the outlet of love; the soul but cheats itself, and its happiness is but actually an assumption of veiled pride, in any public acknowledgment, having for its basis other than primal sources. I mean that the soul's happiness on earth cannot be realised on the basis of ambition, or of pride, or of successful hatred, or by wealthy successes. The soul may feel a glow, and mistake that glow for happiness, but that happiness is but a veiled pride for the opinion of others; but let a primal attribute guide the soul; view that eternal part, and notice the expression of its complete happiness during the governance of its primal attributes. I mean view the immortal soul in its

expression of love—love of the woman he has chosen from the world to be his own—love of the children, she has borne to him. View that soul for its love of its offspring—its very hopes and its fears constitute a happiness, which no other worldly feeling could give it.

Then a greater satisfaction, a clearer realisation, is arrived at, of the soul's destiny upon earth; not by its successful efforts publicly made, but by the happiness of following out its own inherent attributes; but those, even at their best, are but the faintest indications of immortality. The void, the want, still exists; the "Am I as I am?" "For what reason is it, that my highest earthly hopes and aims are unsatisfying to me?" Sectarian differences have no hold over the reasonable soul upon earth, and their doctrines exercise no governing control; something is wanting, which want they recognise, and which will be granted to them, but with this difference. It has been, and will be, granted to all, but this want hitherto has only been satisfied when the body has been laid at rest; when the impediments to knowledge have been rendered powerless; when that body which dulled their perception, which dulled their keenest penetration; when that frail and withering flesh, in sorrow made, and in illness abandoned; when that covering has been stripped from the immortal soul; when the first dash of unrestrained liberty has been realised—then has this want been made up to it; then has this knowledge of immortality been given to it, with an assurance of its fulfilment. The soul exclaims then: "No more aches, no more pains; I am out of it; free from it! Oh, newness of being! Oh, renewed life! Oh, intensity of feeling! O God, O Father, Thou hast blessed Thy creatures beyond expression. A glorious unfolding, an immensity of worlds, endless in light and gladness, overwhelm me."

But a change is coming, a reversal is about to take place; the dawn of light has broken upon God's creatures here on earth, and the knowledge which they have hitherto had to wait for, will be offered to them; a free and precious gift, a knowledge of a conscious immortality, not supported by idle superstition, but attended with convincing proofs, freely and openly offered under the broad heavens; for all homes of men shall be blessed by the permitted bearers of God's messages; not one shall be blest more than another; all that they have felt, they will themselves speak of. No revolution shall produce such a change as this new era; earth, and the highest of

earth's dreams; wealth, with all its charms and power, shall sink into utter insignificance, and men shall only think upon the best mode of leading lives conformably with the doctrines received; being spiritually confirmed in the important fact that they are all the creatures of God's endless love.

Oh! wonderful destiny. It may be asked, "Why has this change been so long delayed? Why does this change belong peculiarly to the present, and what proofs are now in existence that this change is not in the far-off future? This change is so absolutely necessary, (as reason the highest of Gods beloved ones), for millions of His beloved on earth are wandering apart from Him and His ways. All sects and all creeds believe in a quickly coming change; under different names this change is known; but its nearness is felt by all who acknowledge a living God. The Almighty Father prepares no emotional surprises for His creatures; if change is required, then preparation for change is needed, and that preparation must be guided by His infallible wisdom and intelligence, and must also work in harmony with the existing conditions of things, so that the change in the general conditions and the character, may not be stormily resistant to the destruction of man's will, but come accompanied by the Father's blessing, offered as a peace offering, not for necessitated acceptance, but appealing to men's highest qualities, their noblest impulses, and offering that knowledge, which, to the immortal soul, will prove exhaustless as a source of immortal pleasure, and I pray God, that the meanest amongst His creatures, may not prefer darkness to light.

In the new era there will be many, Oh! may God help them, who shall stand in the assemblages of the blest, and they shall listen to voices and speakers who are hidden from sight, and whose voices shall spring out of space; and this, whilst the noon-day sun is shining; and the immortality and lessons that these unseen ones teach, shall seem to them, in their state of wordly blindness, a delusion. But these minds will only constitute the few; they will stand alone upon their chosen and unholy ground, and they shall perceive useful members of society formed, made, and completed by these new truths, and the ranks of the useless and the unworthy they shall perceive to be daily thinning.

Yes, the idle, the dissolute, the unworthy, shall be stayed in their wild course by disease and premature death. They shall say of themselves, "I, too, am one of God's beloved; I,

too, am one to whom God hath sent his angel ministers; I, too, am immortal; I, too, have a mission upon earth; O Father, help me in my mission"; and the hard-hearted worldlings shall indeed say unto themselves, "Death has lost its terror, and no longer is it feared"; nought but God's command keeps millions from entering his presence uncalled-for. Oh the bright and happy scenes of this new era; who can realise them? What, to the soul confined in its mortality; what, to the soul possessing the knowledge of God's undying love towards all, is disease, or pain, or agony—is writhing biting agony? Strong in the assurance of these, their teachers, men like unto themselves, who, having passed through the same valley, known as death, have received God's permission to preach the consoling truths of immortality, of God's unrestrained, unfailing love. Yes, they shall then realise that He is a Father to be loved and not to be feared; they shall then realise that His love is to all, and is for all, and that in His eyes, there are none who are black or white; there are none in His eyes, but who are fit to be the recipients of His unbounded love. The teachings of these returning souls will be according to their Heavenly Father's pleasure, which will consist in this great truth, unacceptable to the orthodox doctrines of to-day, *that the everlasting and loving Father does not inflict punishment on His children, but that all expiatory punishments are absolutely self-inflicted*. This is a primal law, from which there is no swerving, from which no appeal has ever been made. Its justice is so apparent in its necessary infliction of the soul's state, I cannot say punishment. I wish before I go, to offer a few remarks.

This was said, in consequence of my request for a little rest; he spoke so quickly, and I was compelled to write so rapidly, that I could go on no longer.

The Control said:

Your comfort is my comfort, and your discomfort destroys my power of Control.

I asked him by what name he was known on earth, and when he was here in the body. He said:

I passed away many, many ages ago. Earth's memories have almost entirely faded away. In life I was the founder of the Roman Republic. I am Lucius Junius, surnamed Brutus, a brute, treated as such for twenty-five years. I

stood the taunts of people ; I overthrew the proud Tarquin, and founded the Republic of Rome. I am happy now, very happy, in the state to which it hath pleased God to call me. I am sent by a higher power, once more to visit earth's scenes, to witness the coming change, which is near at hand.

I asked him in what country it would first commence. He said :

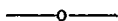
It will break out simultaneously, in all the countries of the old world, but the first great sign of its near approach will come from that great country of the west, whose people are free, and which country is peculiarly blest and fitted for spiritual manifestations.

He said much more to the point, but which I cannot recollect, and as soon as I had refreshed myself, and rested my hand, he proceeded :

This coming change, this grand era, this spiritual wave, greater by far than any that has swept across the habitable globe, the Infinite Father, the Living God, directing it, and embracing in its work the conversion of all mankind, will soon arrive. There are many, strong in their intellectual pride, who will try to ridicule its first working, and will say it proves but this, that charlatans and impostors have arrived at a deeper knowledge and power of imposture, outstripping science. But time shall bring them all humbly on their knees, supplicating the Infinite God to send to them the lowest of His ministering spirits, for in their arrogance and false pride they have rejected His highest servants. They will acknowledge that, as He in His mercy, has accepted millions of their fellow creatures, Oh then, may He mercifully accept them. They will find their acceptance sure, for the loving God is a forgiving God. They will join their brother-men in that peace of soul, which passes any power of description. They will then learn the happiness of living for others. They will learn this, and their highest philanthropical energies, which have long been dormant within them, will then revive. They will feel revitalised, re-created ; they will then feel that they were created but a little lower than the angels. Then the result of this change will be, that men, Thy creatures, O Father, will realise, that time is but a prelude to Eternity ; that every beating of their pulse, every throbbing of their hearts, is a beat and a throb the less, to divide them from

their abiding place. They shall, they must of necessity, love one another; and the predominant feeling shall be to live according to the teachings of Thy ministers, so that at the end, when the lets and the hindrances are over, when time is passing for ever from them, and their eternal future is within their grasp; when they can view, O Father; when they can view Thy very ministers, their very teachers, and hear them saying, "it will soon be finished, we are waiting, we are waiting, comfort yourselves, comfort yourself; mortality, with all its attendant pains and penalties, is ending, and a life never-ending, is commencing; to which, in comparison, endless ages are but a day." Therefore all men shall realise that they must, of necessity, lead a life upon earth pleasing to their Father in Heaven, so that they can indeed say, to those awaiting them, "I am comforted through the love of the Merciful God."

I shall Control again, if it is your pleasure, for I wish to speak of many incidents of my own life, by which I received proofs of the soul's conscious future. God in heaven bless you, and keep you, so that you may honor yourself, and glorify God, through your obedience!



LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

THE BIBLE, AND ITS TRUTHFUL VALUE.

2nd Control, August 20, 1879.

THE Medium was entranced by the Spirit, and thus spoke:

Yes, it is quite true that you are engaged in a strange task, and an important duty is about to be unfolded to you. You know not even for whom the communications which you receive, are particularly intended; for, strange as the statement may appear to you, to be, there is not one of your Records, but which has its own specially provided reader. The communications have each their chosen readers, whose locales are widely separated. My communication will be recorded. The special reader of this communication has been

spiritually selected. Intuitively he will know {that it is a direct answer to his doubts—not doubts of the fact of Spirit communication, but doubts in belief. He will realise by the characteristic description of himself, that he himself, and no other, is answered by this communication. It may seem strange to you, that a communication should be directly given for the sole purpose of solving the doubts of an individual, but this feeling of wonderment will cease, when I state that this individual is a chosen pioneer of spiritual truths. Head this Record—‘*The Bible, and its Truthful Value.*’

How many that have communicated to you, Sir, know him, and wish him well, and that God will speed him in his labors! how many! who have read the highest feelings of his heart, and have probed to their lowest depths his hopes, mingled with his immediate surroundings, and have fully acquainted themselves with every passing hour of his life; therefore, in my commencement, let me state that at his just value they know him. They love him, and respect him; but he will find, despite the boast of the longest knowledge of spirit communication in this vast city, there is still much to learn, and much to acquire. Silvered hairs present no impediment to the acquirement of knowledge, and if uneasiness has been caused by the utterances of advanced minds to him, the loved laborer in the vineyard of truth, let humble earnestness try to solve the troubling problems; for ridicule and satire will never restore either happiness or ease to him, the special reader. And now, dear Sir, to our subject.

Long as his experiences have been, they are but the experiences of a passing instant of time to me, your communicating spirit. I spoke to you yesterday, and through God's mercy, I am enabled to speak again to you to-day. The same law which reigns to-day, existed under unalterable aspects during my earth's experience. We are known (I am referring to my country and its inhabitants), as pagan idolaters, and as worshippers of false gods, and yet, barbarous as was our system of Theology then, it had many adherents who were truly orthodox; and the original mind must have then possessed the greatest courage, who would have dared to cast dishonor upon the Gods. The similarity exists also in this; that the orthodox were the majority, and formed the power, the ruling power, of the nation. To be unorthodox, then as now, meant ignominy, disgrace, and sometimes death; and all this was without the aid of the Bible. From where, then,

and how, did this feeling begin amongst God's creatures upon earth? The feeling, in my day on earth, received no aid from any written record, consequently I will prove that the feeling existing then, and universally existing now, is in direct obedience to an unalterable law, and waits on that law. Before and in the sight of Almighty God, I say the law that existed then; the law that asserts itself to-day; the law that will be vested with the same power whilst any immortal soul is tabernacled in flesh, can be described as that which makes religion an essential part of the immortal spirit, or human nature: but ages have added parasites on to this inherent law; some of more clinging nature than others; some more degrading to the Living God than others; some more debasing to reasonable minds than others; but whatever form they take, they are parasites all.

Various deities were the parasites in my day on earth. They drew the immortal soul away from its God; yes, further away from its God, for the law, the primal law, existing and abiding in every immortal soul, asserts that perfection can be the result only of Unity. But the deities were numerous, and the parasites many; the intercessors, or intermediates between the immortal spirit and its Creator, declared open warfare against the primal laws of God, and the battle is still raging. May God, the Supreme Father, forbid that I should ignore the traditions and the teachings of the past! May God, the Supreme Father, forbid that I should teach others to ignore them! There are proofs of priceless worth contained within the pages of bygone traditions, and the observation of them would lead onwards to a purer and a brighter light; but these traditions, instead of being learnt from, instead of being placed in the position of reasonable references, have been seated by man, in and upon an usurper's throne as infallible guides, usurping the place of God's laws; usurping that part of human nature which leads to light and knowledge. The added part has been greater than the whole, the vast whole; and men, to bow down in acquiescence in these traditions, must prostitute God's highest gift to His creatures,—their Reason.

Of my views of all sacred records, my truthful views of all holy and inspired men, it is my duty now to speak. We will take the most popular sacred records of this nation; although I could as easily, and as readily, and as rightfully, have taken as a groundwork for my opinion the sacred records of any other nation. The sacred records, or revelation, of this nation, are

known as the Bible ; their claim for a foundation on authoritative teaching is a rotten one, being based on a contradiction—a contradiction of what ? Of God's primal law, "that religion is inherent in, and a part of, human nature." But the Bible claims authority from its revealing power, and gives a distinct denial to the assertion that religion is inherent in, or a part of, the immortal soul. This denial, in my opinion, fails, as the foundation certainly is rotten. There are many valuable truths contained within its pages, and this being so, I do not hold with entirely ignoring it. Vain have been the greatest efforts of the greatest minds, to turn and twist its text in the endeavour to prove the absence of fallibility, of improbability, or of discrepancy ; but, because their efforts have been in vain, dare I to teach immortal souls still on earth utterly to ignore it ? No ! God forbids me to do so. The religion inherent in human nature, an inextinguishable light placed there by the mercy of the Living God, derives no aid, acquires no increased strength from the parasites of these, or any other sacred records. Thought and action feed, strengthen, and facilitate its growth, until the borders of earth's experiences are reached, and then this divine spark still increases in knowledge and power.

These being my opinions, I will endeavour to prove them to your readers, and I ask your readers to bear with me, for I wish to speak directly to the point. First, I will take the usurpation of power in these sacred records. The orthodox abide by its instructions ; and to the orthodox the Bible works out all religious truths for them, and answers all their problems. Then, I say, this is an usurpation, and these sacred or spiritual records, should only be used by the immortal soul as a help and guidance to reasonable conviction. Now in all sacred records (the Bible amongst them) which lay claim to infallibility, does any one of itself make that claim for infallibility, or is it made for it ? Beyond a doubt it is made for it. What orthodox Christian can truthfully state, that there are no discrepancies, that his Reason can realise no improbabilities, in which his Reason cannot acquiesce. Not many ! not many can say so with truthful conscientiousness ! not many ! not any, who could hear even faintly the still small voice of God's primal laws, could deny the fact of these discrepancies ; but they lay the burthen of these discrepancies upon mis-translations.

But my opinion, and my opinion has had the advantage of being matured and formed during spirit eras, is (or rather my

opinions are), that amongst all the sacred records of all Nations now in existence, not one has higher claims to historic, poetic, and prophetic truth, than the sacred records of this nation. Undoubtedly they are spiritual records, and undoubtedly the recordings of holy men of a peculiar nation; and being such, they are far more worthy of reasonable study than the highest scientific pursuits; for the histories of the greatest scientific minds of the past, are but the histories of observing minds, but the studies of the prophets and holy men recorded in your sacred laws, are the histories of minds, of spiritual communications, and communications with whom, and of how those communications have been arrived at, and of the study of the conditions necessary to arrive at those communications, the spiritual communications with angels and with God. But who dare truthfully assert that these records should form the foundation of a saving faith? The lives of good men are portrayed throughout its pages; but the lives of bad men stand side-by-side with them. The lives of good women will point a moral to many erring sisters; but the lives of its bad ones will prove a warning. It will go as far as this in its teachings, and will continue to do so. It has, however, gone further than this; its has been elevated to a perilous position. Unreasonable souls have vainly attempted to avert its fall; their efforts are all futile; its fall is inevitable. Its assumption must once more come to this, being a resumé of its proper position, as a reference, not a counsellor; as a reference, not a governor.

Laws issuing from the Divine Will must assert themselves. But it may be added, "Are all the glories within its pages to be abandoned?" Oh! God forbid! In my day upon earth, they existed as a mirror of light to the ignorance of man. Oh! yes, I will agree that they are the records of the most devout nation, that has ever existed on the habitable earth. Oh! yes, I will agree that that nation numbered more holy men in communion with God's will, than any other nation surrounding it. The spiritual utterances of their communing holy men, were their guide in all the actions of their nation, publicly and socially. They grasped God as He is, as He was, and as He will be throughout eternity. The whole nation gave evidence of its obedience to God, made known to them by their Seers and Prophets. But the special reader, and also many other readers, of this, your Record, will say "the Controlling Spirit has gone too far into the past;" but it is not so.

I have now come to perhaps the most important part of my truthful opinion. Yes, as a distinct and separate people lived this nation, and this knowledge of the Great and Living God, which was theirs, was unknown beyond the boundaries of their nation, and millions of God's immortal spirits were in darkness. But a greater than all these arose in the midst of this nation; greater than all who had preceded Him in Spiritual Power, or, in other words, the Highest, the Greatest, the Noblest, of Heaven's inhabitants, found Him a ready means of holding intercourse with man. And what was His mission? The orthodox in this land, call Him the Son of God. So am I!—owning with gratitude and praises the relation existing between God the Father, and myself. He speaks of Himself as the Son of Man distinctly and frequently, according to your sacred records. His mission was of a dual nature—to reprove the sectarian pride of His countrymen, not in His own language, but lovingly assisted by minds transcendent in knowledge.

The other part of His duty consisted, (and Oh! how important is this the second part of His duties) in this—to bring man to God;—not any particular people, but all nations—for all to know that the God of Man was a God of Unity, at one with Himself, at one with His creatures; to know that all immortal souls were of and from Himself: yet not severed, but united. His teachings were peculiarly adapted, not only to His own nation, but to the surrounding nations, who knew not God, or (it would be more correct to say), who acknowledged not God; for I maintain that all immortal souls, from man's earliest history down to the present, have had granted to them a reasonable conception of the loving Father, and this conception presents, at every offering opportunity, a protest against the disobedience of dis-acknowledgment of Him. I mean that the heathen may bow down before his idol, the rough and natural unhewn block of stone, or it may be the idol portraying the highest perfection of art, it matters not which, but the innate conception makes its protest, during the worshipping, of a feeling of wearied dissatisfaction, a something unrealised, or some ungranted request. Oh! yes, believe me, the protestations are sufficiently indicative in all cases.

Well, and He, the Great Teacher, passed away through the violence of men; became a martyr to His opinions. The highest form of His teachings was disregarded, which was “glorify your Father in Heaven, not alone My God, but your

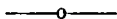
God." Therefore in lieu of Christianity taking the form of a creed, and placing the last of the great communicators and holy men of the Jewish nation in the list of deities, had they but held to the ideas, and to the influences given to the lips and through the teachings of this martyred Joshua or Jesus, then would Christianity have been a blessing to mankind; then would God have been realised as the great "I Am that I Am."

Oh! God grant that the declamatory addresses, both normally and abnormally given by Sensitives, may have their effect upon the whole human family, against that error promulgated in the days that are past, and be strengthened in these present days; and that Jesus, and His teachings, may be estimated at their true value, be reasonably valued, and when that epoch of Reason rules, then shall the blasphemy cease to exist, and then shall the so-called mystery be uprooted; then shall the sway, and power, and combination of sects and creeds, for ever cease; then shall His words be realised in these days that are to come. The old man, the maiden, and the young man, shall hold intercourse with those, who have passed away from earth heavenwards; and in those days no high fane, or temple, will be required, in which God may be offended; for in those days every house shall have its own priest or teacher. And Oh! believe me, those days referred to, in the opinions of others that have communicated, and in my opinion also, those days referred to are very near. Already, dear Sir, you can give evidence, truthful evidence, that teachers are rising from strange places, from unexpected sources; and, if this be truthful evidence, can you not, and cannot others also, realise that soon, very soon, spirit teachers will be in every home, as the Christianity of action, as the Christianity of life? For Christ's actions and Christ's life, shall be the actions and the life of all men. Sectarian errors and blasphemies will cease to exist, when Christianity is really lived out. It is but acted now, and many of the actors are clever in their parts, and the many creeds shall pass away, and man, like his Maker, be one and united.

I intend to Control again. May God in Heaven keep and bless you, and all those that you hold dear! and Oh! may God bless all His creatures! May He make himself known to them, for in Him there is everlasting life. Good night! good night!

This is a very interesting Control, and my readers

may run and read, without making any mistake as to who the special reader is. I have no wish to say anything that can hurt the feelings of the person referred to; but I think that a little less confidence in his own opinions, and a slight respect for those of others, would not be out of place.



LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Third Control, 22nd August, 1879.

THE Sensitive, under Control, said,
 The question, as to what Orthodoxy is, leads directly to the question which was unsettling the mind of the Judge at the trial of the last of the Seers and Prophets of the Jewish Race; for the Orthodoxy of one nation differs entirely from that of another—nay, there are even more minute divisions than between nations. It extends to association; its influence is even felt in families; and the real meaning of what Orthodoxy is, is embraced in the words, ‘What is truth?’ There is an inward and an outward Orthodoxy, and the acknowledgment of this fact is of great importance. There is in existence, in the case of nearly every immortal soul, an Orthodoxy, subject to the prying and curiosity of others, a recognised Orthodoxy, a belief that is favorably popular; but side-by-side with this Orthodoxy, there is a knowledge of innate Orthodoxy, of troubling doubts, of unsolved problems, which never sees the light. For them the opinions of others are not asked; they are bound down by the many, and the many would fain dismiss them from their thoughts. They dare not speak to their teachers of this innate Orthodoxy, for, were they to do so, they would be answered thus: “These are the wiles and temptations of the Power of Evil, and they are but merciful trials of faith; above them is the conqueror of faithful obedience; you must rise superior to such thoughts”; and then they try to persuade themselves that these are temptations. But the unsolved doubts are still in existence; still making themselves known and felt; asserting a power;

assuming a governance; making the soul weary with its battle between outside error and inside truth. These men try to be considered outwardly Orthodox, but it brings them no peace.

The unsolved doubts, thus chained, are not submissive; they continually struggle, and keep on struggling, for liberty; prayer, fasting, penitential exercises, are all in vain; and then the wearied soul cries out, "Oh! what is truth?" and in the breasts of millions of God's creatures here upon earth, the question has been asked, and the answer has been received. Here the innate doubts, according to outside Orthodoxy, have been answered, but the answer has brought to the hearer no sweet nor comfortable peace; and these emancipated minds, these souls, freed from priestly trammels, cannot in this present day, be denominated as infidels. There is no coarseness, no rudeness attached to these men's thoughts; no vulgarity, no brutality attached to their arguments. They wage no warfare with the clergy; they offer no more than active denial against their teaching; but violence in any form is far from their thoughts. Outside Orthodoxy has termed them blasphemers, because their realised ideas receive the great truth of God's Unity, of God's Oneness. There are other teachings received as well as this, but this, the highest truth, is the one lesson of the soul, when obediently it listens to its own innate religious sense; Oh! they (the outside Orthodox) do not agree with the position in which the released immortal spirits place Jesus of Nazareth; here is the first rock over which released spirits have climbed, and before which the outside Orthodox are halting. High Prophet, High Seer, says the released mind, was Jesus of Nazareth; great as, nay greater than, any who preceded him; it may be, greater than any who will succeed him.

We have had strong indications that the same Spirit-power that was his, is now in the possession of many of God's creatures now upon earth: their teachings are similar to the teachings of him of the past—that the Prophet must not take the place of the Almighty. It has been given to many of these spiritually gifted ones, to obtain a rank above others; and amongst them, bordering in Spirit-power with some of the Nazarene's highest gifts, have been those advanced spirits of modern days; amongst them is the Poughkeepsie Seer, and also the greatest Sensitive now living—Cora L. V. Tappan that was. Yes, and these new lights have been attentively

listened to, not for themselves, but for the teachings that come from their lips.

It is idle, it may be urged, to point out this as a source of danger, but we make this assertion, that there are millions joined to the outside Orthodox world, who have these innate doubts under different conditions; some unsolved, some nearly solved, whilst others are so far advanced, that they are on the very point of abandoning Orthodox views. Yes, indeed, as your Northern neighbour, as a Nation, is literally burrowed, or, to use the words of a former Control, "honeycombed" with secret societies; so are the ranks of the Orthodox in this nation, and in all the other continental Nations of Europe, thoroughly honeycombed by secret doubts and revelations; all the theories and dogmas of the ecclesiastics take now in their opinion but a secondary rank, and the Established Church, as a body, and all the Nonconformists, as a body, are sad and sorrowful. Their day of power is passing away, and different conditions have arisen; another active Orthodoxy takes the place of that which has passed away; a greater light, a surer truth, has been realised, and forms the basis of another Orthodoxy. The rays of the glorious light of truth are glowing; they are more and more diffused. Through the social mass of God's creatures, brighter, purer intellectual thoughts and hopes are taking the place of the former blaspheming ones.

Yes, indeed! the time is ripe and ready for a full harvest, and the harvesters have been chosen, and their work provided for them. The enlightened mind hath no dread of this coming change; the enlightened mind has loudly called for this change; has prayed for it; every instinct of its nature, leads it to the expectation of its early coming. These do not realise that anarchy and dissension will be the consequence, because an universal opinion prevails, namely, that of the secondary importance of revelations. On the other hand they realise that a grand reunion of all differences will then take place; that men will be one vast family, and over them one Ruler—their Father God. Their teachers will be those who can speak of eternity; those who can still speak of being endowed with a love of their fellow creatures; no power will be given to others of the world; and from the world there shall arise none but pupils, having for their teachers those in the position to offer a loving consolation, to those who have to meet earth's last trials. Then true theology, then a knowledge of God, then Orthodoxy, or what is truth, will be recognised. All religions,

from the world's very earliest history to the present day, have had ambitious minds at their head. I say, that this has been from the very earliest age of Fetishism,—the form of religion then,—and the various stages—Star-worship, Polytheism, Monotheism, and Trinitarianism; and unless God interferes, there will be a return to Paganism. But God once more asserts that which is truthful; He once more permits His servants to make known the true Orthodoxy; but the people will not just at present receive the truth, because it comes unfriended, as came the Nazarene; it comes not vested with power, therefore they reject it, or if not rejecting it, they do not boldly proclaim it: they still wear the garb of outside Orthodoxy; how eagerly they ask the question, "What is truth?"

Truth, I say, is bright, brilliant, and beautiful; easily attained; unadorned with outside show, pomp, or ceremony; requiring no apprenticeship to acquire its form, or its ways, or to teach it to others; no previous special training; no sacerdotal robes; no consecrations or blessings at the hand of men. It comes from God, as of God, and God has made it easy, so that His children might understand it. This is life immortal; this is truth—"That thou shalt love the Living God, and thy neighbour as thyself; thou shalt not bear needless sorrow at the thought of men-made creeds; thou shalt fling far from thee what is blasphemous." This is the command issued from the highest heavens to the lowest sphere; there are no parasitical additions, no necessitated atonements, no original impurities in the nature of man, no ignorant men's additions to the soul's duty upon earth; volumes in thousands could contain no more, and might contain, and do contain, far less than what is embraced in God's command—"I claim your love, and demand your love one for another." What then: "Is this, and this only, the soul's duties upon earth?" will be the question asked, I answer it, "Yes!" "But these are not new teachings," will be the reply. "No," I say, "they are not new teachings; they are but strong, God-made efforts, to remove those feelings, that were the primal property of man's earliest progenitors, and which, up to this present, have had so many forms, ceremonies, and additions, that the original, the primal teaching of man, has been lost and supplemented by "love your pastor! love your sect! subscribe to meet its expenditure! and if you are obedient in these things, you can witness our ceremonies, listen to our cold and lifeless

addresses to the Almighty ; and if in your many worshippings, the heart be not touched, you will still advantage yourself, by adding to your worldly respectability."

The day is passing away for these things. The world is upon the point of change, and, strange as the statement may appear, all men are prepared for it. The vanity of the denunciations, threatenings, and warnings, in the verses of the Revealed Word, are causing disgust ; but no terror arises in those who are furthering the cause of truth. These denunciations are hurled by the nearly discomfited preachers of to-day indiscriminately. The advanced minds amongst their parishioners now smile, when they talk about the flames of Hell encompassing, and the wrath of God consuming them, and that all those who do not believe them, are under the bonds of the Devil, and shall be cast into Hell, where they shall burn for ever. They have done more in the preparation for the coming era of change, than the Clergy can possibly conceive. How idle, in a few years hence, will be the talk of God's wrath ; of Hell ; of endless torment ; of original sin ; of atonement ; of salvation by blood ; and all the other parasitical additions, with which the Theologian and the Orthodox of to-day, have clothed themselves.

I here made a remark, that Junius Brutus had great command of language, and knew how to speak. He continued :

You speak, dear Sir, of my power of speaking. I can only say, that it is a but a brief resumé of my powers of observation, and a proof also of God's mercy, that the possibility exists for all, in following out in eternity, those pursuits that will give the immortal minds the greatest satisfaction.

I have, ere I leave you, to speak of myself. My position as the Father of the Roman Republic, was not sought by me ambitiously ; I found myself elevated to that position, of which I had received no hint from my spirit-surroundings. I was loved by my people, and my sudden return to reason added to my popularity. I was recognised as never tired of expatiating on the ignorance, the tyrannies, and cruelties exercised by some of the Priests of the Temples. Yes, I was really heterodox whilst upon earth ; but I tried to follow out my conception of God ; I prayed to God ; my innate conception of God led me to pray to Him, as my Father.

My brief twelvemonth of power, was passed in trying to act

justly and charitably. I was keenly susceptible of the tenderest sympathy for those in want and misery; yet loving justice so much, that I could surrender the child of my body at its altar; loving all that God had created. And when upon that fatal plain, with Tarquin's youngest son reeling at my side, I said even then, "I am dying; everything tells me so. O Rome, I pray for you with my last breath. God give thee my equal in power, strength to prove victor over the tyrannical power of the Tarquins! O God, help, Oh, help my country, which I have loved, and when I am gone, leave it not helpless!"

I then heard the voice of God, through His ministers. I knew I should soon be in the realms of the immortal; I felt I should soon be judged; I felt I had been an erring man—but who is righteous in God's eyes?—and if before the Great Judge, I do not plead for myself, let my patriotism, let my honesty and my justice, be my pleaders! Let my efforts for the liberty of my fallen countrymen form an acceptance, worthy, O Father, of Thy consideration!

And now, O Father, may his journey* be blest, and may he return with renewed strength and vigour! Believe me, dear Sir, the greatest reward of your former industry and perseverance, is that formed by well-doing, and by earnest, pains-taking labour, in your Father God's service. May God in heaven bless you, and make your coming short change a pleasure to you!

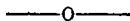
Here ends the last of these Controls, by Lucius Junius Brutus. Throughout these different Controls, I had, during the few minutes I rested my hand, most interesting conversations on points and incidents connected with his life, as handed down historically; among the rest, referring to his visit with two of the younger sons of Tarquin, to the Oracle at Delphos, I said, "You seemed to understand the Oracle, and prostrated yourself on the ground." He replied:

Yes, as you know, I kissed my mother earth; I was a Sensitive; I was both clairaudient and clairvoyant; and I could see, clairvoyantly, all the arrangements made in the cave underneath the Oracle. They all sat in a ring, and the most perfect Sensitive, then, as now, delivered the responses

* I was just on the point of going abroad.

of the Oracle. The same as is done now was done then, and nothing else. There were many, like myself, who knew the real source from where these voices came ; but if they had announced that they were only the words of departed men, speaking through lips of flesh, they, the Mediums, would have been destroyed ; the populace believed in the Gods, and that they spoke through the lips of the Priests : in the Jewish nation, who believed in one God, the Prophets and Seers did the same. The boy Seer and Prophet, Samuel, said, " The Lord spake to me." If he had said, " It was the voice of a departed man," they would have killed him.

We had a long talk about the Daimon, which accompanied everyone. He said that each had his guardian spirit. He told me how much the Priests of the Oracles abused their powers, and converted them into a means of power and money-making. I had some conversation about Jesus of Nazareth, which it is unnecessary to repeat. I could not have had a more interesting conversation, had I been talking to Lucius Junius in the body.



MARCUS PORCIUS CATO.

15th June, 1880.

MARCUS Porcius Cato, or Cato the Elder, was born B.C. 234, and seems to have distinguished himself, both as a Statesman and a Soldier. History notes his besetting sin—avarice ; although, with his avarice, he was honest in all things connected with his public duties. Some few fragments of his literary works are still extant. He died at a great age, about the year 150 B.C. The Control itself strongly marks the individuality of the man, as recorded in History.

The Medium in Trance, but not under Control, spoke as follows :

Lean! gaunt! wan looking! haggard! indomitable will seems stamped on his face. How very aged he appears! He has known what it is to wield uncontrolled power over others, but not to have learnt the great lesson of controlling his own passions. He is not one of those from whom life's highest lessons can be learnt. He is not of the state celestial; he is not of those by whom the destinies of worlds are governed, and by whom men are enlightened; nor of those who are capable of imparting knowledge of the Living God to others. Belonging not to the interior heavens, his is a more natural plane than that of those, who issue forth full of God's life and love; with him, there are preventions to imparting heavenly knowledge. He has waited time enough, but truth remains the same, although lacking his advocacy; but now has come the morning of the long day of waiting, and the eternity which he has sought, bursts forth and gives happiness to him. His realisations now are, that all things upon earth will eventually harmonise, for all parts of nature are but parts of the work of the Common Father of humanity, and will eventually harmonise with as perfect a harmony as the passions of men.

He now advocates another teaching, different from what he received on earth. Here, on earth, he was taught to judge of outer things; taught to judge of himself from looks without himself; but now he will teach the decreta of men looking within themselves. Eternity, or rather that portion of it which he has experienced, has taught him much. It has given him higher degrees, greater hopes, and higher aspirations. He has realised the pure light of the heavenly spheres, and longs to join them there. His plane, or spiritual position, is too natural; but for him, with his high hopes, a home is now being prepared by his own hands. He is his own architect. The foundation-stone has been laid, the footings have been secured. The foundation he has made a sure one. Life and life's blessings await him in the home of his own building. Still his haggard looks sorely portray the anguish and suffering occasioned by his thoughts. His home is, as his conceptions reach, beautiful and grand. His home will be in the outer celestial sphere. He will abide on the very verge of the inner heaven, before he becomes a co-worker with God. The morning of his progress has dawned for him. I do not know why, but he seems to bear in his form an assumption of earnestness and firmness, which is the sign manual of God's approval. Oh! we must let him speak.

Here the Sensitive went under Control, and spoke as follows :

What is now so beautiful a world, and how is it governed ? Yesterday night witnessed the want of self-possession and coolness being applied amongst this country's rulers. No gladiatorial show was ever disgraced by such unruly tumult, as the confusion and want of order among your great Senate's members. Do you not call them legislators in these more modern times ? The lapse of time has not added to the courtesy of men ; else form and privilege would not have formed the mean pretext for stabbing at a man during his absence ; stigmatising him* as a monster of cruelty, red-handed with the blood of his own countrymen ; as one signing orders for general massacres, with as little thought or judgment as it is possible to conceive, and yet incapable of defence. The most honored station which a subject can hold, is subjected to degrading and insulting comments, calculated to turn into enmity the friendship of a neighbouring nation ; playing, in fact, into the hands of a Power already too ambitious.

The time will come, when this nation will feel the need of friendship ; and the time when she has need to make no enemies is now. Jealous and ambitious States, covet the long-accumulated wealth of this great nation ; already are the officers and privates of their army, each supplied with a distinctive guide from stronghold to stronghold, of your country. Therefore there is no need, that the long and recognised forms of courtesy should be departed from ; no need that a friendly nation should be insulted through the position of her chosen servant ; no need that, with a great foe prompt and ready, the friendly disposition should be turned to hate—but enough of this. Now as to myself on earth.

I was very old ere I left it—older by far than he who so firmly and unresistingly proclaimed his right to silence the aspersions cast on an accredited ambassador of a foreign nation, a position unique, or nearly unique, in the annals of your Empire. In the matured wisdom of your chief, there is great guidance for those who will follow his advice. He has no mean position to fill, at his great age. Already, with great clearness and perspicuity has he spoken of a change, so momen-

* He was referring to the question by Mr. O'Donnell, in respect of M. Challemeil Lacour, the French Ambassador.

tous, that no preceding Minister has ever dared to carry it into execution. Like with dreamers, it may have floated in their minds, there to remain, amidst a whole world of unsound thought; but never to obtain consistency, or form, or to be raised to the solemnity of action; but not so with him. He proposes, and he has those who will aid him in this proposal, to carry it out. The first important form—taxation, which, like the first blow of his axe, will lay low the power which, if unassailed, would cause the fall of your great empire. The Sensitive's soul stated that the morning of my day had come. I have waited for it, through what have seemed to me to be ages of Eternity. He said: "The evening of his earthly day is closing, and as he looks back from his first efforts to his last, he must think, with all the world with him, that he has done a good day's work." It was told to you by a Senator of our Republic, ere the first note had sounded the dissolution, that he should once more reign over this great nation, and be great in power and mighty in effort.

When these predictions were made, an adverse majority were over-ruling the proposals of himself and party; yet was that prediction from the lips of the Sensitive made, not like others, vague, indistinct, and unsatisfactory, but proclaimed with an unhesitating clearness; and it even went further. For it told that he would not alone be England's Prime Minister, but that also, the times needing it, he would once more take hold of the reins of Finance—thus enabling him to return with interest the many favors he had received at the hands of those tradesmen (to call them tradesmen is a libel on commerce), who are traders in the lives, the property, the reason, and the freedom of their fellow-beings—thus destroying that which he, in his downfall, felt to be a fell destroyer. He is very aged, yet not so old, but that his life will be long enough to enable him to add lustre and glory to this Empire, to this already favored nation. The crises of all nations come with ever-recurring certainty; and destruction follows, unless God appoints the helmsman to guide the vessel in safety. In order that old age and its consequences may be provided for, the young lion studies under his sire; and when, with one proclaiming accord, he fills his sire's place, it shall be with a power, which, if not equal to that of him who will then have entered into a higher life, shall be superior to those who support him, and who belong to his Party. Strange it is, that a Nation's welfare should be so dwelt on by one who has but

just come earthward! It must, indeed, be, as the Sensitive remarked, that the morning of my day has dawned! I that have thought so much; I who on earth was fired with the ambition of ruling, and directing my countrymen towards a reformation of customs and manners,—my very name proclaiming my careful and well-trained thoughts.

You have asked what name I bore on earth? Marcus Porcius Cato. It is unnecessary to tell you why my surname was given to me: it was given on account of my prudence, Cato, from *catus*, *wise*; and I worthily held that name during my first commencement in the arena of politics. I was ambitious to perpetuate my name, and to reform my countrymen. These were my highest hopes; and from a boy, famed for eloquence and oratory, I became a famed soldier, one who had won the acknowledgement of bravery, ere seventeen years had passed over his head, fighting against that warrior of Carthage—Hannibal. Unlike many of your great warriors since, I did not scorn the fatigues of a soldier's life, but entered heartily into the meanest duties which it entailed, believing that the only method of doing a thing well, was to do it in earnest.

During the first portion of my career on earth, my passions were held within strict boundaries; not caring for luxuries at all; living in all simplicity; like yourself in these respects; and, only when strongly advised by a neighbour and friend, did I forego this retirement, and became, at an early age, a candidate for fame in the arena of politics. Success after success crowned my efforts. I became Military Tribune—Quæstor—a leading Advocate—Censor. Post after post, and success after success followed uninterruptedly, but not unexpectedly. For, considering that there is no royal road to fame, or to usefulness, I, from early morn until late at night, was to be found at work, preparing for the advocacy of the morrow, when I should hold in silence Rome's citizens, and once more bestow my services independently. Then came the thought of the reward that would fall to the then Demosthenes, the advocate, recognised, eloquent, and moving—myself.

My soul was then content to abide apart from luxury, apart from temptation, which, in my opinion, would then have taken from my fame; until my great earth-curse developed itself in my soul. It was a small germ, which might, in its first growth, have been easily eradicated; but which, taking root, became my chief besetting sin and curse. It was avarice.

My wealth, accumulating by my plain living, assumed such proportions that I began to love it, began to have the intense desire to add to that which I already had. I trafficked in the sale and exchanges of my male and female slaves ; sold even those who had followed me to the wars, and raised the protecting sword to guard my life. I sold them because I could perceive them getting more aged ; I sold them, because the best of their services had been rendered to me ; I sold them, because old age meant added expenses, and prevented the accumulation of my hoard.

Hence can frugality change its dress, and become a vice which is hideous ; a vice which of right should belong to a mean and unthinking soul. Thus contentment was changed to unhappiness, and fame, and all efforts to acquire it, were dimmed and tarnished ; and a name once revered, became hated and cursed ever afterwards. No great act of mine could put from the minds of the people this, my great curse. They looked on me as one unwilling to give, and without sympathy. My deeds were mighty to make them forget this, for many recognised me as the saviour of the Empire, then decaying. Then vice was rampant, and folly mad ; but by ordinances and institutions, framed by myself, I once more set right my country's power, restored its position, and firmly established the work of a life-time. Yet this accursed feeling still gained ground. Laboring under this mania, I entered into speculations, mean and unworthy of my great position ; I bartered slaves, purchasing them when young, training them to hold important household offices, so that at the public auctions, the sneer was often made, "reared by Cato."

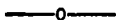
As this vice grew, I became anxious that men should not leave me, that I should not forfeit the esteem of those who, in former days, would have been too happy to have received acknowledgment from me ; and therefore pretended a conviviality, which I never felt—thus endeavouring, at the smallest cost, to restore their waning friendship. I had only occasional glimpses of reason afterwards : and then I could take myself to task, and then, for a brief space, I could realise that having few wants, I should, for the future, want few servants or slaves. Those, who were wealthy like me, would tell me that I might do without many things which would add to my comfort, and I, in reply, would tell them they had too many to add to theirs. But in this interval of reason, I felt an undefinable happiness, and for a day or two—in fact, so

long as the repentant fit lasted—I became a liberal donor to the wants and necessities of the poor. But these intervals were brief, and very few, and not connected, because I knew my own worth in respect of State affairs, I knew with the spiritual influences surrounding me, and therefore was convinced that none so ready, so able, so willing as myself, to guide a nation's affairs.

Like you, I had a great love of my son; your love is for your grandson. I loved him with all a mother's love. I made him ready alike for the Bar or the Sword; to hold his place in the low scuffles in the city. None could fence better; none could plead better; and none could use his hands freer, in that art for which your countrymen are so famous. I was jealous and suspicious of all in my household, lest they should carry out and proclaim my sins; yet there were times when these sins overcoming me, I would in the streets loudly proclaim them, for it went so sorely against me, to see the price of a beast given, for a tender delicacy in the shape of a small fish; and this was as true in my day on earth, as you have remarked it is true to-day. Twelve guineas laid down for that quantity of food, which would ill supply one meal for one! You must judge how this went against the dominant feeling of my soul. I have felt how impossible would be the task to give a restoration of freedom to those slaves of luxury. To other sins I was no slavish adherent. No enslaving passion swayed or governed me; like you, I was an early riser, thus causing a jealousy and hatred amongst those who daily passed their morning hours in bed; but what cared I for their hatred? Nothing! The very publicity given to my early rising, to my labors, was made known to them; but not by me. I cared neither for reward, nor approval, from those who were idly luxurious, or viciously wasteful. I can review my life now, and find that, taking away that one great mistake, the rest of my actions are worthy of the applause, not only of my countrymen of my day, but even of to-day, and have been deemed worthy of approval by Him who judges the actions of men. His approval is recognised by me, in His giving back to me the memory of my days on earth.

May God in heaven abide with you, and bless you in your labors! May He strengthen your will! May He make firm your resolutions; thus enabling you to progress, even unto the end—until the closing of life's day, so that the eternal morrow may be yours without regret, and without theremorse

of having fallen backwards. For His own Name's sake I ask it. Amen.



MARCUS CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS.

26th October, 1878.

MARCUS Claudius Marcellus was a celebrated Roman General, who flourished in the latter part of the 3rd century, B.C. He defeated the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, at Nola, in Campania, B.C. 216. He besieged Syracuse, which was defended by Archimedes, and which would not have been taken but for the treachery of the Spanish auxiliaries. He at last took it, in 212 B.C., and Archimedes was killed by a Roman soldier. In 212 B.C. he again commanded the Roman Army against Hannibal, and, falling into an ambuscade, was killed.

Who the Spiritual guide, Agathocles, referred to in the body of the Control was, I am not prepared to say, unless it was the Agathocles who was once Tyrant of Syracuse, constantly at war with the Carthaginians, and who carried the war into Africa, and who was afterwards said to have been killed by a poisoned toothpick, in the year 289 B.C. The allusion to Moltke, and his work in the Franco-Prussian war, as being similar to what Archimedes did in the siege of Syracuse is pleasingly told. No one who knows the Sensitive in his normal state, could, for one moment, imagine him capable of getting up for the occasion the story to be found in this, the following Control.

The Sensitive, under Control, said :

Great minds awaken, when time and opportunity serve. There are easily found men, who, stepping from the ranks, unaided by any patron, armed only with their own sound knowledge, dauntless courage, and unflinching perseverance,

gain their proper places among mankind. Who so great during the disastrous struggles between the German and the French nations; who such an opponent to be feared, as the scholar and the mathematician, who guided and governed the German Legions, leading them to every successive victory? One who, sitting in the solitude of his study, away from the busy haunts of men, yet with a deep intuition of the coming struggle, had prepared his plans fully and carefully. When the crisis came, the mathematical scholar, the philosophical mind, proved to be the real director of the legions, and pursued a well thought road to victory. Who could have realised that such great results could have been attained within the four bare walls of his study? How many hours of unwearied labor had he passed in studying every main- and every bye-road? None were deemed unworthy of study, however insignificant they might look to others: every appropriate camping-place was studied by the great mind of this director of armies, who yet had to fight those battles in the future, and then, having fully realised in his mind that perfection had been attained, and that every furlong to be invaded was as well known to him as to its own inhabitants, —only then came the strong desire to make his countrymen as well acquainted with these facts as himself. So every officer, superior, or subordinate, and even the most intelligent of the rank and file, were supplied with the road maps, accurately detailing every fact worthy of noticing. You grasp already to whom I am referring—to Count Von Moltke!

Oh! dear Sir, you are impressed, and those around you feel, equally with yourself, these impressions which come from a Higher Power. Oh! let me thank God that your mind is free from cavilling doubts, and weak and vain sophistical arguments; your practical mind has grasped several unyielding facts:—the possibility of a soul being able to act a lie; but the impossibility of a soul to live out a lie; the possibility for a mind, however mean, dwarfed, or meagre, to cram a part; but a mind capable of so doing must have qualities opponent to all those surrounding him. He must have oratorical powers, a graceful ease in ordinary conversation, an education that has been governed by a most careful supervision. Your practical mind turns to the instrument through whose body your surroundings manifest themselves, and you think of his following as a means of livelihood, and, convinced in your heart, you say: "A worthy man, as a

laboring man, with every evidence of his means of livelihood about him, who prefers in ordinary conversation the limited extent that his mind has made towards light." He is a pioneer in a great work, unacknowledged to-day, but will be the theme of a thousand tongues hereafter. Your next practical thought is: Does his garb portray his mode of life," still referring to the instrument, and to his means of livelihood being obtained by manual labor? There are those marks which one would expect to find apparent in him. Your friends do not realise this; they give you no credit for using the profound judgment which they say was once yours, but which, in this matter of spirit communication, they say is in abeyance. God forgive them! All the proofs which human reason should demand, you have sought for, and through God's mercy have obtained, if not to their satisfaction, at all events to your own. The hand of a laborer, the garb of a laborer, the surroundings of a laboring man in his home, in the garb of his children, in every act of his every-day life, proving that the scholar, the scientist, the mathematician, the philosopher, the citizen of the highest degree, and minds such as these do not exist in your Sensitive, your instrument, normally.

I said, you seem to know what I have been lately writing on the subject.

I have been watching your pen. Therefore I say there are many souls that can for a time act a lie; but the scholar or the gentleman could not live the life of a laboring man, nor bear the evidence of labor on his hands, and therefore I say in other words, it is impossible to live a lie. These are but preliminary remarks. Let me now speak of myself.

I am not a high Spirit—listen to what I have to say of myself.

Born of lowly parents, I fully realise what you but just now referred to, that according to the merits of a spirit, pure and just, men will be saved. I am referring to the doctrines which have come in vogue since I was on earth. They have concentrated their minds on a lesser number of deities than my countrymen had. I am by birth, or rather was by birth, a Roman, and like mankind to-day, my countrymen in my day believed in a plurality of Gods. Oh! I realised God as a boy. When I was kneeling down before Apollo's shrine at Delphos, I have felt its utter blasphemy. I have looked around upon the vast multitude of my countrymen, listened to the Augur,

with his superstitious auguries, and have witnessed aside the performance of most important public acts, in consequence of the most petty superstitions, possible for reasonable minds to conceive.

When elected a public officer, and when, by acts of personal bravery I had raised myself,—I speak, remember, as one who is beyond time, therefore beyond egotistical feeling—I was personally brave, I prayed for a signal evidence of my bravery to be given to my people, and my prayer was answered. As a General of the Roman Legions, I received what my countrymen called a message from the Gods, but the words in which the message was given to me, commenced with the denial of any Divine origin, and with the admission of having led an earth-life of sinfulness; and that according to the unalterable laws of God, Who had given being and form to all His creatures, and Whose will was transmitted from the highest heaven to the lowest spirit spheres through men, who had led men's lives on earth. The message was, that minds like those, who had grasped their God more nearly, had sent him; that a course of expiation had been demanded from him, and that he was following out the tenor of this message, by speaking to me.

Addressing me by name, he commenced 'Marcus Claudius Marcellus, I am sent to you.'

I asked, "Have you been here before?" In reply he said: I was here, but did not Control; I was waiting for the instrument coming, hence the reason why I have been enabled to tell you that which you had written. I want you to look at that written letter; it has not been seen by any since you wrote it; therefore the charge that sceptics would bring against you, can be refuted.

But to continue the message: the Spirit said, "I am a Syracusan by birth, and was known on earth by the name of Agathocles;" "good and beautiful" his name means, for he appeared to me afterwards, and in youth Agathocles was deemed the handsomest among that people, famed for their classical features. He continued, "You will become the conqueror of that State of Syracuse, which in my time existed as a democracy, but which I changed by the usurpation of the supreme power, being Syracuse's first Tyrant. Be wary how you tread the paths to conquest; bloodshed and violence are the necessary attributes of war; but wrong, molestation, and unnecessary injuries degrade a victorious General. This part

of my message is from myself, and not from God, transmitted through His ministers to men, like you subject to time and its influences; but from one, like me, beyond time, above it; and this is what I tell you, Marcus, your empire totters through intestine quarrels, the severance of human sympathies, and the dividing into castes or classes; these causes have sapped the foundation of your empire, and it is on the wane. It is for you to postpone an inevitable ending. Amongst the numerous deities, there are none that appeal directly to the human heart; the deities of Rome are only framed and made deities, and objects of worship in consequence of overstrained human passion, and although the laws of your Senate prohibit fanes or altars to new deities, yet it is commanded that you shall raise two altars, and upon them place forms of Grecian beauty such as Rome has never seen, and you shall call them by two names denoting qualities that are most miserably deficient among the Roman populace—HONOR and VIRTUE; and you shall surround these altars with priests, who are to speak, to preach, and to teach the blessings that both are to give to mankind. When you have done this, Marcus, you shall join us."

"Tell me, strange visitor," I said, "what manner of death I shall die. Tell me how shall I join you?" "This is no part of my mission, Marcus, but you will depart from earth and join us—your body being destroyed by artifice; ask of me no more."

Oh! well can we, who are beyond time, speak with certainty of the career of many minds, who are still in the body,—minds that have gathered themselves into a select circle apart from the common mass of mankind; men who have taken for their aim on earth advancement or death. I could judge of such a mind; so did Agathocles judge of mine. I advanced against Syracuse, as he had so surely foretold, and bloodshed, violence, and heavy misfortune followed the opening of my attacks on that State. The city of Syracuse, which was surrounded by a high wall, offered to the attempts of my soldiery, an impregnable barrier to their entrance. Syracuse was defended by a giant mind,—like Von Moltke of these more modern times,—Archimedes, the great mathematician, the philosopher, the predecessor of this more modern equal, Von Moltke. Fear I had never felt, even in my first triumph against the barbarian Gauls, whose gigantic statures filled my army with fear, and whose defensive armour sur-

passed our own in its more effectual resistance to warlike weapons, yet with my own hand I slew their king, holding in piteous scorn his Spirit as the Spirit of only a big bullying braggart. But this mathematician, who worked his will within the four wall of a confined room; it was him whom I feared. I realised that his protection was from such as had visited me, and that his mind was but the vehicle for the manifestations of superior intelligences.

Such was the effect of his wondrous power, that the galleys, of which my fleet was composed, were lifted by the engines fixed in the walls of Syracuse,—these engines being mighty levers suspended in the middle, which, when they dipped towards the sea, had immense claws or fittings for grappling; and I saw my galleys, sometimes two or three at a time, lifted at times seventy feet above water, and then, by a semi-circular movement, dashed on the rocks. By some means it was ascertained by the defenders of the place, at what particular time, and in what particular part of the fleet I happened to be. I have witnessed, at the distance of 1,500 yards, huge blocks of massive rock strike the particular galley, which I was aboard, three distinct times in succession: one galley sinking, necessitating my instant removal to another one. The secret of the motive power died with Archimedes. But the secret of Archimedes was realized by me on the successful termination of the siege, but this I dared not reveal to my countrymen, else the charge of madness and incapacity would have been made against me. By the aid of fire the motive power was given, and that which has come into such fatal use in these more modern times was the secret of Archimedes—*Gunpowder*. Not one block of massive rock but what was hurled from a stone bed whose base was blackened by the effect of an explosive substance. My men would cry with terror at the whirl, the noise rushing through the air, that these missiles would make passing over them.

Syracuse fell into my hands. I have mentioned before that my soul recognised and revered my Creator. In His name I affirm that I could not restrain the brutality, and the profligacy of those under my command. It was from Syracuse that I obtained the two statutes of the two Deities I was commanded to erect, naming them Honor and Virtue. Side-by-side with these were many beautiful works of art, statues, paintings, vases, fretwork in gold and silver, curiosities of art and taste, altogether unknown to my countrymen, for

they had had battles with barbarian and semi-barbarian people before, but it was mine to give birth to the Roman taste for works of art.

O Hannibal, Hannibal! your sorrows on earth were as marked as mine. A brother's cruel and untimely end, the death of a much-loved brother wrung your heart. No wrong, no injury, no insult disgraced your victory over myself. I fell a victim to strategy. Yet of all the Roman Generals that had met you, none you feared so much as Marcus Claudius. I had beaten the forces under your command in battle. I had beaten the forces under your command in strategic movements and manœuvres, at last to fall a victim in strategic ambushade. I remember well the look and feeling I had after I had been stabbed; looking at my body, and looking at Hannibal's pitying gaze at the same time: and further, Sir, I remember no more.

Back again to earth only during these last forty or fifty years of earth-time. I have not met with him who caused my death in the Spirit-world. I would greet him lovingly for the love that animated him in his action after my Spirit left the body. He thought of my son's anguish. It was customary then to preserve the ashes of the dead, the Romans in that respect having reached a higher state of civilization than you moderns, and a golden vase contained the intended gift to my boy. Accident prevented that gift's consummation, and the wind scattered that which Hannibal would have preserved, and a robber's hand took possession of the case in which those ashes were preserved—a vase or urn of gold.

Good bye! God bless you!

—o—

SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

13th October, 1878.

SCIPIO Africanus, the celebrated Roman General, who was one of the first to stay the victorious arms of the Carthaginians, and ended by driving them out of Italy and Spain, was born B.C. 234. History fully recounts his doings, and the Control itself

lightly touches on all the acts of his life. Possibly some confusion may arise with regard to the mention of Hasdrubal committing suicide. It appears that Hannibal had two brothers of that name, one of whom was assassinated B.C. 216, and the other came to his death after the Battle of Metaurus, some time about B.C. 205. Whether he died by his own hand or not, I cannot, with the books at my command, discover. It will be noticed that Scipio Africanus had, like many others, a Spiritual guide in Busiris, who has often controlled in my presence, and who seems to be playing, spiritually, an important part in the world's drama.

The Medium, under Control, went to the book-case, where there were three drawings, one of which, that of Julius Cæsar, had a wreath of laurel round the head, and, looking at the pictures, said :

Do you see that wreath? No laurel leaf adorned my brow, yet from head to foot I bore honorable scars, obtained whilst fighting for an ungrateful country. At the commencement of my career a father's life was given to me by a God; he was rescued from the very jaws of death, and by myself, a boy, when deserted by the cowardly horsemen over whom I held command, who were overawed by the vast number that surrounded my father's wounded, bleeding body.

Who so popular at so early an age amongst my own countrymen as myself? I was elected Ædile at twenty-one, an unprecedented case amongst my nation. I was a victorious general four years later on, and from that day, I rendered such important services to my country, as to draw forth expressions of approbation and pleasure from all—from Rome's lowest citizens, to its most venerable Senators. Who can realise my feelings, when, as supreme commander of a noble army, eager for action, and with unlimited power, I led them against an oppressive foe.

O Carthage, you had ravished the fairest Provinces of our Republic in Spain, and had proved yourself, some little time before, a foe to be dreaded, when encamped within five miles of our capital. There your victorious general amused himself with the thoughts of how he should best dispose of Rome. O Hannibal, Hannibal, you dreaded me, and I feared you; as for your brother, Hasdrubal, he was never a foe equal to your-

self; he was unworthy to cross steel with myself. Oh! the ingratitude of my country towards me, who led my successful troops into New Carthage, finding there an unprecedented amount of plunder.

Your modern warriors of this nation have brought immense treasure home to your public coffers. I am referring to that country which will soon be wrested from you, like as my country wrested the Province of Carthage, if decisive action is not at once commenced,—that country which, at the spoliation or pillage of Banda and Kirwee filled wagons, in like manner as New Carthage supplied us with wagons of silver and gold, rope, hemp stores, canvas for sails, thousands of ready-made tents and sails, enough to start a fleet if such were necessary; restoring to Rome all the Provinces of Spain which had been torn from her by the successful Carthaginian general, Hannibal. This I, Publius Scipio Africanus did; and the Carthaginians left Spain for their own country; and those Provinces which had been in their possession, became my country's by right of conquest. I foresaw the time when my country would want my services in Africa; I foresaw the time when I should be the means, in the hands of the High God, of punishing the Carthaginians for their many offences; I saw that the time was fast approaching for that intrepid warrior, that pest to Rome, Hannibal, to return to his own country, and there to meet the forces under myself.

I returned to Rome. Unhappy, ill-governed Rome was then split up into factions, and every great intellectual mind was jealous of the success and triumph of so young a man as myself. I succeeded in being elected Consul; I was elected without one dissenting voice, although so young a man. How carefully I made my preparations, I need not further explain, than to say that the whole which was needed, I made strong endeavour to obtain. In disguise I wandered among the lowest of the Roman habitations, and promised the parents of promising youths all the expense of serving under the celebrated General Scipio, and I gathered together over four hundred of the finest limbed Romans to be found throughout the length and breadth of its vast Capital. I trained them, I personally superintended their drill, and taught them strict discipline. I received from the whole of the four hundred their present oath that they would form my body-guard, and follow wherever I ordered or led.

You may ask what was my object in going amongst the

poorer class of Romans. I will tell you. The cavalry of the Roman army was formed of the young scions of the patrician families, and the reason of this being so, was the great expense of the horses, the accoutrements, and the uniforms; and when it became known that the service was so far from their homes, their families, and friends, they murmured exceedingly. I rode down each rank, saying, "Young Sirs, it is for you to refuse now: I want no unwilling followers, and will take as an act of personal benefit, for any to step from the ranks. I will find a substitute for him, but under this condition—that the horse and the equipment are left for the use of the substitute: on these terms any may retire." I had over three hundred empty saddles, which I filled with my plebeian body-guard; of these I formed a band of devoted men, who would have faced certain death for me at any time. My preparations took more than my year of Consulship, but I was re-elected, and I set sail with fifty ships, and arrived, without an accident, and set foot on Africa's shore. There I met the Carthaginian General, Hasdrubal, supported by Syphax, who had married the daughter of Hasdrubal, the greatest enemy to Rome. Her name was Sophonisba. Through her and Massinissa, king of Numidia, a feud, a quarrel arose, which nearly severed me from the greatest ally I made whilst there. Every time I engaged the Carthaginians I secured a victory for myself, until, at last, when nearly approaching the walls of Carthage, that which I had heard from some high Spirit sent from God came to pass. Hannibal, after an absence from his native country since he was a boy, was ordered back to defend his own country, after having so shortly previously held in his hands the fate of Rome, and I, Scipio, had been the humble means, through God's mercy, of making him withdraw his invading army from Italy.

I have told you that God sent His minister to me on every important event of my life. I was guided by one of God's best beloved, a high, a noble form of beauty and excellence, who, in his earth's experiences, had been always walking with reverence before God, and was afterwards admitted nearer to His presence in the sphere of Light and Reason. His name was Busiris. I was heaven-governed, and when we met, Hannibal's countenance was clouded with grief. He had received the knowledge of this self-murder: he looked jaded and tired: his rapid marches and voyage had impaired his energy. His forces lay near the coast, whilst mine were

comfortably encamped. I, some two days previous to this interview, had brought to me some spies whom he had despatched into the camp for information as to my strength. I ordered them changes of garments, safe conduct, and refreshments, commanding the officer particularly to show them our strongest positions. Their return message was the cause of this our interview, one with each other; for, alarmed at the report of his spies, he thought of making better terms whilst his army was still intact. The interview lasted but a little time, and was useless in its result, neither of us being able to agree. Resolving to risk all to the arbitrament of war, we met, and the cries of thousands of fallen Carthaginians told me in an undeniable way my victory. It was then I had Carthage at my feet; our hereditary foe lay helpless in my hand; and it was then that they proposed terms of peace which I scornfully rejected, giving them only my terms for actual existence. But the terms of peace I granted to the conquered Carthaginians were magnanimous in comparison to those demanded by your German neighbours, when fallen France lay under their feet. I ordered them to give up their navy; I made them surrender every Province in Italy and Spain; to pay a heavy fine; to deliver up all their prisoners belonging to the States that were tributary to Rome, or who were Romans; that they should not make war with any State without the permission of Rome; that they should pay a yearly tribute to Rome for fifty consecutive years.

I returned to Rome. It was then Scipio's voice and Scipio's name, which were the theme of every voice. It was then that I received the honorable name of Africanus. I served in several offices of the State, after that feeling year after year more disgusted with the secret intrigues, and thirst after power displayed by so many in the Senate. I longed for active employment, which at last I obtained. I volunteered for active service, to return once more an honored victor, and to have that honor assailed by the charge of avarice, in the accepting of bribes, for the sake of concluding a peace, disadvantageous to the interests of the Republic. The accusation came through and by Cato the first, the great-grandfather of him of Utica. With fervid eloquence he urged that, my son being a captive in the hands of the king, and being restored to me without ransom, I had by the acceptance of an immense sum, and by the liberation of my son, concluded a peace which had sullied my bright reputation. I could not realise

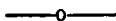
that the charge was made in all earnestness, and I said as I arose, "I do not rise to answer this charge; let my services and my wounds answer such a calumnious accusation! Let New Carthage, and its results, speak to you! Who dares to accuse the heroic Roman general, whose deeds will live in the future, when Rome and all its possessions shall have crumbled into ruin?"

But the Cato party, who hated my family, resolved to appoint another day for me, Publius Scipio Africanus, to answer this vile charge. The Senate House was crowded; every Senator was in his seat. The populace filled every vacant space, as I ascended and addressed them, saying "To-day, Romans, to-day, countrymen and fellow-citizens, is dedicated for the solemn worshipping of Jupiter, the Capitol's God. I have lived a life of piety, for God in His mercy has been pleased to make known to me the actuality of the life awaiting. I go, then, to perform my devotions before his statue; those who are piously inclined can follow me, and kneel in worship to him. It happens also, fellow citizens, that this is the anniversary of the day on which I overcame, through the valour of my countrymen, the Carthaginian General Hannibal, before the very walls of Carthage, and for that event, which redounded with honor and profit to Rome, unitedly we will offer up our thanksgiving. Who follows me, then, to the Shrine of the God?"

The Senators looked in horror and amazement, when they saw the immense concourse of Roman citizens following me, until no one was left in the Senate House; not one to keep company with the Senators but their slaves. After this I retired to my country seat, resolved in my mind never more to set foot in that Senate House, and although I was cited for a third time to appear, it ended by the Judges and the Senators finally assailing the accusers and their friends. In peace and tranquility I finished the remainder of my earthly career. I was always to be seen, at any time, by any Roman in distress; but I resolved no more to enter the arena of political intrigue, or the chances of war; and I forgave the wrongs which I had suffered, for the honors which I had received.

You are like me; you are favored. May God in heaven hold you in the hollow of His hand, and bring you with honor and safety to the end of your life's journey! May He bless you!

Here ends a Control, which is simply wonderful. It is not merely the recital and repetition of facts historically recorded, but it is the very individuality of the man, judging from that which history does record. But over and above historical recordings and imagined individualities, the actual delivery from the mouth of the humble Medium in trance, would, if he had been heard by men competent to judge, have caused wonder and astonishment. Nothing finer or more forcible, could have come out of the mouth of either a Burke or an Erskine, than that portion of the address of Scipio to the Senate, when he invited his countrymen to follow him to the Shrine of Jupiter. His voice might have been heard far away across the Square.



CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

12th October, 1878.

CAIUS Julius Cæsar was born B.C. 100, and was cut off by assassination, in the Ides of March, 44 B.C. The Control itself gives so much of his life and actions, that repetition is needless.

Were it not that I knew the utter inability of the Sensitive in his normal state, to read up the facts, and to speak as he spoke, I should have almost imagined, by reason of the historical accuracy, that the Control had been got up for the occasion.

The Sensitive in Trance, but not under Control, said :

He has leaves round his head ; leaves like these.

Here he took a piece of paper and a pencil, and drew a leaf (evidently a laurel leaf.)

His head is bald. He is very fair and very tall. He calls them "Tyrant's leaves." He seems too proud to express astonishment. How he looks at you ! Who is he ? There are lights, beautiful lights, all round him. He is opening a

scarlet robe, unfastening a gold embroidered belt; the folds of his robe seem to be much larger and longer than that of any of the spirits that are surrounding him. His skin is white, and he shows wounds all round him; they are dagger thrusts. He is counting them. Do you hear him? He has got to twenty three; each time he counts he points to a wound. There is one very old and venerable looking form behind him. He has mentioned a name; it is that of Crassus, There is another form on his right. He has a ring round his neck, his head is lifting itself up from his form, and replacing itself. He is opening his left side, and showing a dagger thrust. He has turned his face from us. Do you see the blood is oozing from his cloak? He calls it his toga. He mentions a name, "Pompey." The tall fair one, with the loose flowing robe, and so many wounds, is speaking to you. Do not you hear him? He says, "We are the celebrated Triumvirate—Pompey, Crassus, and myself, Caius Julius Cæsar." Why are they walking round me?

Here the Sensitive went under Control, and spoke as follows :

Life, reckoned to its utmost limits, extends on the average, as far as three score and ten, seventy years of earth time; and the immortal spirit, guiding and governing its earthly frame during that period, individualises, or forms itself. How many are there who enter upon life purposeless, and who sink into oblivion, not only during their earthly career, but who are also spiritually nonentities; they are units in the great crowd of sycophants and flatterers whilst on earth, and swelling the people's ranks in the immortal life; but the soul who enters into life with a firm, strong, and unyielding purpose is, putting aside chances, bound to succeed in his purpose. There are souls, who live only for the past, dwelling upon historical facts and incidences, which before their researches were unknown to the great masses. These are known by the name of Historians, Antiquarians, or Naturalists. There are other souls who live only in the present; their aim and purpose is firm and steadfast, being for the possession of wealth and riches, and when that purpose is attained, their lives seem ended. There are other souls, who enter life resolved to ignore indirectly the influences of the past, and to grasp only at events and incidences that the present may offer, so that the future may bear worthy testimony and record to their work. For such

souls the past hath no real interest; the present is but a means to the great end of the unyielding purpose of living only for future ages. A soul with such a purpose, does nothing of a frivolous nature; all things in which he is engaged, are done orderly and well, so that the breath of calumny, with its thousand tongues, cannot in the future assail his memory; so that the most trivial acts of his life prove as strongly his purpose to achieve posthumous fame, as the greatest action of his life. Such an one may be under the most distressing disadvantages of poverty, of want of birth and want of patrons, but the grand lever is there, buoying him up under every difficulty; with his unyielding purpose, these difficulties, mountains though they may appear, are levelled to the ground, and he strides over them triumphantly.

I delighted not, during my earth career, in the past; I felt no great attraction in the present; but the future, the grand future, seemed always in my memory. To live, to die, unknown, unmissed, was a fate from which my spirit shrank. Whilst in the form I realised only the future, and grasped man's future when out of the body; I felt in every step through life the power of my own spirit, and fully realised that such a spirit could not die. Annihilation in the future, during my whole stay on earth-life, was dreaded in equal proportions with obscurity and oblivion. God, not the man-made God whose High Priest I was, but God, the Infinite, the Holy, the Benign, the Supreme One, I realised Him as a Father and a Parent. I had scarcely a friend amongst my countrymen at my outset in life; but I had an enemy, whose enmity followed my every footstep, Sylla, a blood-stained tyrant. He hated and feared the family of Marius, and his whole stock of hatred fell on me, the ill-girt, untidy descendant of the family he hated; I was friendless, yet his enmity was always near me. I fled from the limits of his tyrannical power, only to be followed by his too willing assassins; I would have bartered my assurance of immortality, could I but have wreaked my vengeance on that blood-thirsty Roman; and by and through his means, came the settled purpose of my life to live for the future; to live for power; to live amidst the acclaims of the populace; to live an idol in their hearts; to live to teach men to love a just rule, and a just government, in contrast with a government upheld by bloodshed and cruelty; to establish a superior power on earth, in contradistinction to the tendencies of the Roman nation, an

example, which my spirit grasped in its fullest power, as being the government specially ordained by God, who Himself is superior in His dominions.

You will find out, if you peruse history carefully, that the decline of Empires is where Monarchical Government is extinguished for that of a Government by and through a Republic, and that that Nation, or that Empire, is in its last throes of existence, at the very bottom of the decline of its power, and that for it there remain but two courses, either the re-establishment of a Monarchical Constitution, or annihilation by sub-division among its more powerful neighbours.

Oh ! what an idle dream ; oh ! how visionary, how unmanageable were conceptions such as these, which I entertained of supreme power, and yet the purpose was mine, and unsuspected by all around me. I longed for some office in the State, commencing my public career as Military Tribune, and afterwards succeeding to the post of *Ædile*, and afterwards *Quæstor*, then *Prætor*, and afterwards I attained the summit of my ambition—*Consul*. I was placed colonially in *Ulterior Spain*. I could have given to the world, to the Roman people, the assurance, that I had resolved to tread every step of the ladder of progress, ere my first honor had reached me. Your present Statesman, the highest of your State to-day, * was like me, comparatively friendless—born of a people in a lessened measure despised now than in the past, yet when the hesitancy of his speech gave rise to ridicule and sarcasm, by those who were better versed, and more used to address the House of Commons from their seats, he, like me, feeling himself strong in resolution, firm in purpose, could console himself with the same reflection which was mine, “ One day I will hold the reins of power, and no minister shall be equal, and none shall be above me.” To establish order and law, justice is necessary ; justice should be easily and inexpensively obtained by the people. An unthinking mind looks only forward to his goal ; that of reaching position and power ; despising the masses of the people.

All masses of all nations, tread their certain lines of conduct, all moving together like one piece of machinery under certain conditions ; conditions which give contentment, and facilities for labor to the struggling masses ; whilst in these conditions, the masses are easily regulated, and governed the

* The Earl of Beaconsfield.

same as a household. These conditions may last for centuries, and nothing materially may tend to alter them. It is during this pleasant state of the masses, that unthinking minds despise the people as a power; but alter this condition through maladministration. Let poverty and want visit their homes; let the pinched faces of their children greet their entry into their homes; let the uncomplaining, yet suffering features of the wife greet the artizan or laborer in his home; then it is that the masses prove themselves a mighty avalanche, covering all beneath them; a mighty rushing torrent, sweeping all before it, both Patrician and Aristocrat; power is but a willow wand in their hands, and snaps easily asunder. I am not referring to the revolution of your Gallic neighbours particularly, but I am referring to the masses of every civilised nation in the world.

I realised them, I realised the masses as a power, and all that I could do during my Magistracy to obtain popular favor, I did do. I gave them gladiatorial displays, and chariot races, public orations, and solemnly dedicated games. I spared neither money nor time, until Rome, in consequence of my poverty, became no longer a home for me. It was then that I accepted chief command in Ulterior Spain, escaping only from the clamoring of my creditors, on the solemn assurances of Crassus, a Senator, the oldest Senator, and the richest citizen of Rome. But I felt my absence from Rome, more in the light of a banishment than otherwise; I longed once more to be back again in the busy Capital; for there life had its greatest zest for me, and when I did return, I returned with more enemies than friends; the same indomitable purpose reigning supreme in me. He who has lately controlled, I mean Cato of Utica, was my principal Senatorial opponent, and was the first to raise the suspicion of my having a hand in the dire conspiracy of Catiline. It was Cato, who in an oration delivered in the Senate House, branded me as a blood-thirsty, inhuman monster. He said that I had, after being treated with considerate kindness during my captivity by the pirates of one of the Islands near Rhodes (they having treated me more like a prince than a prisoner), that I had, directly on the payment of the ransom, fitted out an expedition, and sailed to avenge the indignity of my capture. That they had asked me, during my captivity, half in fear, half in derision, what I should do to them, were they in my power, and that I had answered, "cut your throats first, and crucify you after-

wards." He stated that I kept my word on the success of my expedition, forgetting the consideration with which they had treated me, and that I personally superintended the throat-cutting and the crucifying. They were piratical freebooters, pests to all those who adhered to law and order.

Here I made the remark of their being "*Hostes generis humani*."

Exactly so! And you have been a lawyer. I also studied for the law, and my visit to the Island of Rhodes was for the purpose of studying Elocution, under Antipater. In my position as Consul, for that offence, side-by-side with his opposition to the different land tenure which I wished to establish, I determined to imprison Cato, but afterwards thought it more advisable to restore him to liberty. I then commenced the career of General; I became the most popular Roman General; being the idol of the masses. Success followed success in my actions in the two Gauls; not that I glory now in such wholesale blood-shedding, nor in the hundreds of cities that I wrested from them, nor the souls, which numbered over a million, which were by me hurried from earth life to the spirit spheres.

I here made a quotation, beginning with "*Veni*." He took me up, and finished "*Vidi, Vici*." I also gave another quotation from memory, the very commencement of Cæsar's Commentaries, which he also picked up and continued.

Rome rung with acclamations, and Cæsar's name was breathed by every tongue. The most popular General in the Republic was Pompey. Whether as supreme head or Prince, Rome had it in that day in Pompey the Great. As to me, with my purpose unchangeable, he feared me; but there was one whom he feared much more than me; a bitter irreconcilable enemy he had proved to him. I am speaking of Crassus, whose liberality in the disposal of his immense wealth gained him the popular favour. To reach these two men became my task, for they were to be used by me as stepping stones to my resolve. I succeeded, and we formed an unrecognised triumvirate, with agreement one with each other, binding us within certain limits in the exercise of our three distinct powers.

This land of yours was not a stranger to my forces. I was

repulsed at first, but was successful afterwards, and I could then foresee that this Island of yours was formed by God to be the birth-place of the highest, noblest, and most perfectly developed of His creatures; with immense natural harbours, offering safe anchorage from every storm; with an iron-bound coast, that was in itself its own defender in the day I lived, but which, I could foresee, would if properly defended, prove its unassailable bulwark. I felt, "Here is a country formed for a great maritime power, blessed with a fair and fruitful climate, fitting for a race of hardy warriors and fighting men; and with the aid of ships, there would be the foundation of a power, whose arms should embrace the whole world; a harbour of refuge for her sons from foreign dislike or hatred, a refuge unconquerable." Remember this was the opinion of a civilised Roman, who was faced by a foe thoroughly unversed in the rules of warfare, so that our victory was comparatively an easy one, as compared to Britain's near neighbour, my former opponents, the Gauls. Then came the news of my daughter Julia's death. This was the only tie that held intact my son-in-law's interest and mine. I had married my daughter to Pompey, my daughter by my first wife, Cornelia. My second marriage was not unlike many marriages of more modern times, accompanied by wrong, accompanied in a measure by dishonor; I am speaking of Pompeia, who during my absence from my home, forgot her matronly dignity, and found occasion to admit into her presence one, who would have brought dishonor on my name. He made his entry into my house dressed as a female, during the carrying on of a religious rite. I failed in getting him rewarded, as he deserved; it was much to my regret.

Then Crassus and Pompey, whilst I was engaged so far from Rome, became jealous of my rising influence, and gave orders for my return, and for the disbandment of my army. Then on my return came the news of the death of Crassus—I and Pompey alone forming a dual power; the triumvirate ceasing. Now had come the real tug of war. Pompey alone between me and my desired purpose. True he had the highest Patrician order in the Senate on his side; but I had the great masses; I had played for popularity at a great expense, and had gained a most signal victory. A more peremptory order came for my return, and the disbandment of my army; fears I threw far from me, when I threw away the rent portions of the written order, and passed the Rubicon, knowing that

Pompey and myself had met for the last time as friends, and that, when next we met, it would be face to face, with pointed steel in our hands. You have heard of our meeting at Pharsalia, where fifteen thousand of my countrymen were laid low. Yes, Roman blood was by Roman shed, and he who had opposed me, was a fugitive from my power, now in the ascendant. Historians lie, who would assert that mine was the hand that started the assassins on their mission of murder,—the murder of Pompey. Those who are here with me now, on this earth sphere, can testify to my sorrow and affliction, when his head was brought into my presence. I lived for the future, and even in my transition from earth life to the spheres, I died like a Roman. Oh! how they gathered round me; young Marcus Brutus, with his fair and benevolent features, nobly animated, as I thought, with love and affection. Caius Cassius' long form standing on my right there in the Senate House; his gloomy face, on which scarcely ever shone a smile, looking into my face. I had never felt fear of more than three men on earth in my life. One was the blood-thirsty Sylla, the other the determined and unyielding Cato of Utica, and the third, the cold, soulless form of Cassius, for Cassius had no soul. He delighted not in the company of men; laughing seemed to pain him, and mirthfulness in others he received as an insult to himself. His nature was directly opposite to mine.

I had portents and omens the whole of the day previous. Even the shade of Cato I saw; I saw him with the very book he was reading; it was Plato's *Phædo*, which book he clutched, when he drew his last breath in the body, and he murmured with his spirit lips, "Beware, Cæsar! Beware of Cassius!" I often had spirit communications during my earth life. Some of the events were left to my own decision, but others were strikingly accurate in every detail. The most frequent amongst these shades who visited me, were those of the inhabitants of Britain; their mystical priests came often in company and visited me.

I here asked about Numa Pompilius, and whether he did not make a mistake about the opening of his grave. He said:

Numa Pompilius made a mistake; his grave was opened before my time. I had erected a statue to Pompey (meaning in the Senate House), for with all his ambition he was a

Roman, and I stood at its base, when I felt myself stabbed on every hand, and by him also who had been like a foster-son to me. I loved him, Brutus, with a father's love, and said, "Et tu Brute!" My blood was flowing down the steps, awakened by every successive stab. I could not take my eyes from Brutus. His arms seemed palsied; his eyes seemed fixed; horror seemed maddening him. Even in the agonies of death I pitied the murderer Brutus. Flinging my cloak around me, casting a forgiving look upon the band of murderers, I fell at the base of the statue of the man I had wronged—Pompey.

I am coming, Cinna.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO,

THE YOUNGER.

10th October, 1878.

ATO the Younger, known as Cato Uticensis, was born B.C. 95, and died by his own hand at Utica, B.C. 46, after the defeat of Pompey, at Pharsalia, and the victory of Cæsar over Scipio, at Thapsus. The Control, though short, marks strongly the individuality of the man, as handed down by History.

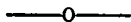
The Sensitive, under Control, (referring to Numa Pompilius, who had just ceased Controlling), said:

He was a Roman, and so was I. God hath taken him nearer to His bosom; but self-condemned Marcus Porcius Cato still belongs to the earth-sphere, as a self-murderer. Who can urge the need, the all important need, of self-murder, before the throne of God? The profane lips of man may do so; but the Spirit sinks into utter abhorrence of itself, when it rushes into spirit life uncalled for; its very mission unfulfilled, and finding itself an unformed individuality with crimes conspicuous, and virtues entirely absent. Oh! he was a Roman in every sense! in every act a Roman! I am speaking of him who was with you just now. I have often heard of him. He stood within your inner circle. I could not come

near to your presence then, but I am here near to you now. I had been good in life on earth; I had felt my heart expand with love for my fellow human beings; I was inflexible in justice, and unswerving in friendship; I was firm even to stubbornness, but in spite of this I was a self-murderer.

But mark the virtues of Numa; seven hundred years of earth time had passed; ask him of his thirteen years of wedded life; ask him, should he bless you with his presence once again, whether he would have accused his wife on an unjust suspicion of infidelity and crime, and thrust a saint from him, living alone, in preference to living with one, who bore about her unmistakeable signs of God's love. I am speaking of Attilia, my wife. Yet God had not then ordered that Marcus Porcius Cato should yet fall. He remembered my services, and again sent me another to bless my earth journey—Marcia, my second wife, mother of my children. Ask Numa, whether at the solicitation of any of his friends, he would have parted with his wife, as I parted with mine, to my friend Hortensius, who wanted progeny, and I who had proved her fecundity, transferred her like a bale of merchandise. Oh! this was an action of a more civilised Roman than Numa Pompilius, of one having the accumulated knowledge of seven hundred years, and then, when life's fitful furor was nearly over, to rush into the presence of God with a hand stained with my own life's blood. God will and must forgive me!

Here the Medium fell on the floor, as in a fainting fit.



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

13th June, 1879.



MARCUS Tullius Cicero, one of the greatest orators whom Ancient Rome produced, was born B.C. 106, and was killed, when overtaken in his litter, by the soldiers of the Triumvirate of Octavianus, Lepidus, and Marc Antony, in the year 43 B.C.

The Control itself, gives some of the most prominent incidents of his life, and also of his death. Most of his written words are still in existence. One, his work *De Divinatione* (which has been translated), would be very interesting to Spiritualists.

The Sensitive, on entering the room in his normal state, said :

I see a body, without a head, and without hands.

Almost immediately he went under Control, and spoke as follows :

Time ! who can judge of its power ? Who can judge of its results ? Generations of men pass away, and, with but few exceptions, their stay on earth is forgotten. The few exceptions are of those who have labored for prominence, rendering self-sacrifices ; their object always being the love of their Creator, and also the love of their fellow-men. There are others, whose memories fade not away from the minds of following generations, differing from those I have described. The obtainment of their notoriety, of their prominence during their stay on earth, has been the prominence of profligacy and vice. The first class are honored in the memory of men, the memories of the others are preserved only for the sake of example. To many of those who have controlled this Instrument, Medium, Sensitive, or Sleeper, I represent a mind comparatively young in experience ; yet generations of time have passed since I spoke so freely through lips of flesh, two thousand years ago, or nearly so.

What a wondrous lapse of time, and how wondrous should be the changes ! but I discover no very wonderful changes since my removal from the earth. The world, and a more perfect way of enjoying the world's surroundings, have been discovered ; all things appertaining to earth's comforts have been vastly enhanced ; but spiritually, the generations existing on earth now, are more bound and fettered, and less enlightened, than when I lived upon earth. The changes, then, are the changes which perish ; the changes are for this world only ; the comforts exist only for the spirit abiding in the body ; the improvements are improvements for gratifying earthly appetites. The easy mode of locomotion, the surprising and marvellous accuracy of transmitted messages, nearly annihilating the properties peculiarly belonging to

space ;—these have added materially to the comforts of men on earth, but spiritually the changes are not so noticeable.

I have heard in the spirit spheres the assertion of many thousands, who keep continually joining us ; they speak of a life-service rendered in herculean labors, in propagating the knowledge of salvation ; such life-services, such herculean labors, were no part of the work of men of my time. The doctrine of Christianity was then unknown, but the idea of a Living God was firmly believed in, and in my day on earth we were entering, indeed, on the high road of knowledge. The realised idea of a Supreme Being amongst my countrymen, that is, amongst the thinking portion of my countrymen, did not necessarily prevent this Holy Being being denied by some, and His power being acknowledged by others of them. Spiritually we were equal to mankind of to-day, our equality consisting in a State-ruled Church, and a plurality of Gods was the general belief then as now. Mankind now have once more obtained their acquired position of two thousand years ago. It has been a successfully performed task, and, praises to the Living God, successfully accomplished. The success may seem to many minds a doubtful one, but it actually represents a whole world of human beings, who have been straying from the light, misled and mistaught centuries after centuries, until at last reason once more asserts her governance, once more the abandoned position is regained, once more the possibility exists of being spiritually governed, and of Statecraft's and Priestcraft's power, being successfully overcome. They no longer present any effectual bar to the all-important truth awaiting the human family. I say this time has come : I should like to have said the same words, ere I left the earth. Mankind's retrogression from the philosophical age, the age I lived in, is over, and mankind once more feels its rightful position, and the very morn has dawned for the most important changes.

Who are you ? will be your question. I am one, who was a ruler on earth amongst my countrymen, one of my country's greatest orators ; the second founder of my country's Capitol, one charged with most important duties, one who successfully carried out those duties to the happiest issues. My name in the annals and history of my country, is still fresh in the memories of you moderns, of you through whose veins flows our blood. I was one who, despite all records to the contrary, had only the feelings of a Patriot, a prominent love of

country. Oh, Sir, next to the love of God is the love of country: to be jealous of its laws, that they should be just and impartial in their formation, and also in their administration. I have stood within this room, and have heard again through lips of flesh, many of the utterances of my compatriots. Amongst men I was known by the name of Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Believe me, that from boyhood's earliest dreams the laws and their administration were ever constant in my thoughts. I studied for the same profession, which you have passed through, and I assert that no greater abilities are displayed in these later times, than were displayed by the members of the Roman Bar. I have stated, that spiritually the position of mankind is about equal, and as far as forensic abilities go, the past two thousands years have added nothing to spirits still on earth. You may not be able to realise this. Our education was just as carefully conducted then as now, and our schools and academies could boast of their Professors or Philosophers, equal to any living men now on earth. My master, who is now here present in this room, nods acquiescence to my remarks.

Your readers; I mean the thinking and learned portion of them, will say, "Cicero, despite the lapse of time, your vanity has not abated." Ask Molo, the Philosopher of Rhodes, my master, the most eminent pleader, and also the most perfect master in Rhetoric. I, at a very early age, subjected myself to the severe criticism of my master here present. He, like me, remembers it; publishing Rhetorical inventions, and also translating Xenophon's Economics, trying also my hand as a votary of the muses. All this I did, when I was only a boy. I mention these matters, not for the purpose of your readers saying, "How clever he was as a boy!" but I mention them to prove that the early efforts of the so-called ancients (God save the mark "ancients," when there are souls who have earth experiences to relate, of between five and six thousand years past!), and these early efforts, not only of myself, but of many others, fully bear out my statement that there is no advancement in the mental faculties of man in these past two thousand years. Enter into your present Courts of Justice; take the highest, or rather, the greatest efforts of your special * pleaders,

* Cicero clearly does not know the meaning of the word special pleader.

and to one celebrity, to one who reaches beyond the average, there are thousands who fail. It was not so in my time on earth; then Rome was full of great minds, men who were giants mentally, availing themselves of every offering chance. I dare not say that the administration of our laws then was a venal administration, but I do assert that the ignominy of imprisonment fell but seldom upon the Patrician Orders. They were mulcted heavily by fines, and by the means of these fines they escaped imprisonment, and also oftentimes capital punishment.

It is often the lot of the administrators of power, to have to judge the actions of public characters, and the reason of their doing so, consists in the fact that their dignity is compromised by the inefficiency in their choice of public servants. Already is one now awaiting a call before his countrymen, to answer to the charge of criminal inefficiency, which has been the actual cause of the loss of many of your country's bravest soldiers, and of your country's treasure; the inevitable charge, although not yet made public, casts a shadow on his future, and annuls the effect of his every-day action; in lieu of energy and decision, is indecision, and criminal vacillation. As it is to-day, so it was in my day on earth; and the present generation is awaking to the great want of a Public Criminal Prosecutor. This want was recognised and filled two thousand years back. That office I filled, when my predecessor left the country which he had so mis-governed, when, by the reiterated charges made against him, he appeared before the magistrates, I, his successor, appeared in that office of public prosecutor, which is not filled in your land even to-day. I wish to add a further proof of the power of mind two thousands years back; not for any vain feeling, but to prove that forensic ability has not been improved upon.

I opened the case against my predecessor, Caius Verres, thus: "The time has come, O Fathers of Rome, which has been anxiously wished for, towards allaying all envies and slanders, that have been cast upon your judgment. It is now within your power to remove all imputations against your impartiality; not only has your impartiality been assailed in Rome, but foreign countries have listened, and given heed to the rumours, dangerous to you, pernicious to the State, and dishonoring to every true patriot; namely, 'that in all prosecutions, men of

wealth are always safe from imprisonment, or the capital punishment, however clearly convicted.' Fathers, these rumours are as well known to you as to myself; but in this trial before you, to the utter confusion, I hope, of the propagators of these vile and slanderous imputations. One is before you, whose life and whose actions procure for them an universal condemnation in the opinion of all impartial citizens; but who, according to his own proud boast, is already acquitted upon the declared dependence on riches and wealth. I mean the accused, Caius Verres, standing there before you. I prosecute him, being called by the voice of the People to this office, and God forbid, ye venerable Representatives of the Law, that I should attempt to draw down envy upon that illustrious Order which he, Caius Verres, degrades—the Patrician! Another purpose is answered by my prosecution of Caius Verres; that is, to proclaim to all the world your justice and your jealous impartiality, and that, in passing your just sentence upon him, you will establish both of these high virtues before the whole world. Fathers, I demand justice upon him, the robber of the Public Treasury, the great oppressor of Asia Minor, of Pamphylia, the scourge, the curse, and the disgrace of Rome. If your sentence accords with the evidence I present to you, Fathers, your authority from this day will be sacred in the eyes of the whole world. But if his great riches and his high position should bias your sentence, I shall still be a gainer in this respect: I shall succeed in making it apparent to all Rome, nay, to all the world, that what was wanting in this trial was not a delinquent, not a Public Prosecutor, but Justice, and adequate punishment. His crimes have been publicly committed, and his boasting has been in open defiance of decency; the only fear he has ever expressed, was, when he heard that I was to prosecute him, and when I commenced the prosecution, his words were "Oh! for more time to dispose of a sufficient number of presents, in proper hands. He disdains, even now, to secure himself by the legal means placed at his disposal—that of the assistance of a Pleader. Perhaps wisely; for where would all the art, all the eloquence, all the learning be found, to defend him whose life has been an undisturbed series of atrocious crimes? Who so immoral in his younger days, as Caius Verres, or during his first Public Office, his Quæstorship? What does that present to you, O Fathers? An army deserted, and reduced to want; a Province robbed; its inhabitants maltreated, and last, but

not least upon this black list, the civil and religious rights of the people violated."

I was here compelled to ask the Control to pause, so as to give my hand a short rest; and I asked many questions, and received appropriate answers, some of which I shall insert from recollection, if not in the very words, at all events according to the exact meaning. Among other questions, he asked me whether I had read his "*Oratio in Verrem*." I said that I had done so as a schoolboy, more than fifty years ago, but that I liked his "*In Catilinam*" better, and upon this he said to me:

I am glad you have mentioned my action against Catiline. Take your pen, and write down what I say.

Now, to show you the absurdity of suggesting a "cram," as you Moderns call it, I will, before I go, give you the very words I used against Catiline, in the Senate. But to resume.

"Those were your crimes, Caius Verres, in your first public office; other crimes of greater turpitude followed, when you were raised into a prouder position in Asia Minor and Pamphylia: houses, cities, and temples devastated and ruined. Then came his Prætorship here, within the sacred precincts of Rome. I ask, "Did his conduct alter?"—let the ruined and desolated public gardens speak; let the neglected public works bear witness! let them ask from his immense wealth for the return of the embezzled money, that should have raised the pretensions of those places of public resort, which he retained and changed to lamentable ruin! Let us next view him in his position of the sacred office of Judge. Who benefited by his justice? Not one! Who suffered by his injustice? Ask the citizens of Rome in the Forum, and then listen to the deafening answer! But his Prætorship in Sicily, to which I succeeded him, is the crowning stone to the edifice, a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs by his maladministration are so numerous that I will but mention a few of them, premising that many years under the wisest and the best of Prætors, will be necessary to restore things to the condition in which Caius Verres found them. His nod, his imperious and ungoverned Will, have despotically decided all cases in Sicily these last three years; and these decisions were proudly, despotically defiant of all right, of all law, of all

precedent. What arithmetician can count the immense sums he has extorted by unheard-of impositions? The most faithful citizens in the Commonwealth have suffered indignities at his hand. Roman citizens have been tortured; the most atrocious criminals have been reprieved through bribes taken by him; and men of the most unexceptionable character have been condemned and punished unheard. Pirates and ravagers have had his countenance; soldiers and sailors of the Provinces have been starved to death. The infamy of his lewdness, I will not, I dare not describe. Decency forbids me—the matron and the maid alike falling his victims. Now, Caius Verres, I ask you, in the name of this High Court, what have you to say in answer to these charges? Dare you pretend, that any part of my statement is false—any part exaggerated, or is there any part that you can rightfully contradict? Think of the charges, and deny them totally if you dare; or each particular charge if you can! O Fathers, shall an inferior magistrate,—one who holds his power from Rome's populace, dare to do these acts unchecked? Shall neither the cries of the innocent, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the high majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, restrain the licentious cruelties of this monster, who because of his riches defies law and order, laying an axe to the very root of the tree of liberty?

I would now ask your opinion upon my style of oratory, not now, as I notice you record with but little notice of what I say; your mind being devoted to the act of writing. I would ask you, whether you think the efforts of the Ancients, were co-equal with modern minds?

Before I go, I will prove my identity further, by my speech "*In Catilinam*." You, cannot of course, realise this man, as I realise him even now; his pale, ghastly-looking face, his sunken eye, restlessly roving anywhere and everywhere, in lieu of looking at the speaker. You are also well aware, that history records the gathering of the conspiring army under Manlius; you are also aware of their desperate courage, and that the night before his fearful designs were to be carried into action, he entered the Senate, casting himself upon the Bench occupied by the noblest in Rome, and then the Senators left him the Bench to his own use. Then I publicly addressed him. "How far, think you, will our patience go? How long, think you, your frantic rage will baffle justice? To what height will your insotence climb? Can nothing daunt you?"

Thinkest thou nothing of those assembled here, thy equals in birth? Know that all the Senators, here assembled, are fully aware of thy conspiracies! Know you that they are fully acquainted with the list of the traitors meeting last night, and the place of their meeting; those whom you met, the measures then concocted?—Alas for our degeneracy; alas for the depravity of the times! Here all assembled are aware of these things; they have long beheld them, and yet you, the traitor, are allowed to live.

Here he said, “The power is getting weak. I will return on another occasion. I have much to say to you.”

—o—

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

Second Control, June 14th, 1879.

THE Sensitive, under Control, said:

To continue; according to my promise I am here again.

I said I had just been copying out the remarks he had made, when he controlled on the previous evening.

I know what you were doing, and I also knew your feeling when you came to that part in which I spoke of the degeneracy of public characters; a feeling of pity was silently expressed by you, at the storm gathering over one of your Generals. But I ask you, had he not courted with assiduity the judgment? What crime more punishable in a General, than that of indecision? Again, a General should obtain the love of his soldiers, and also their respect; for without these virtues, victory will never adorn his command. What think you, that the soldiers forming his small army in your African Colonies think of the fate of their brave comrades, fallen in the faithful discharge of their duty, overpowered by their savage and merciless foes? Let the number of England's foes, fallen on that fated field, best prove their dauntless courage. Not an eye could look upon those fallen ones uncompassionately; yet

week follows week, and still the bodies of these brave men lie all disregarded, a prey to their savage plunderers, the rights of decent interment being denied them. Do you imagine that the common soldiers of your country think not of these things, or will you argue that it is a fitting reward for their faithful bravery, their intrepid death? Were those bodies of your soldiers being exposed many days' journey in the country of your enemies, a fitting excuse could have been found for the Commanding General's want of action; but they lie within a few miles of your frontier. That long-neglected service, however, is performed now, and the released spirits of the fallen are comforted.

I asked, "Have you been to visit the scene of this sad disaster?"

I have been there. Oh! believe me, when I tell you that wherever human suffering abounds, there I am present, compassionately attendant; not only a visitor to those unburied bodies, but a comforter to those spirits, which could not leave their bodies. These scenes have come within my cognizance, despite the seeming absurdity, despite the contradictions and disbelief, that will exist among your readers. I have witnessed scenes which for gross brutalities degrade your boasted civilisation. I was present in that ill-fated village of Batak, in the Bulgarian Province, under the Ottoman rule; and I have seen such spiritual miseries, that are not only afflicting to remember, but excessively painful to describe. I have attempted to comfort the unhappy ones, bidding them to look upward to the Living God, teaching them, that for them the earth and the body had no further claims. Can you realise spirits, which, although consciously existent, can but dimly understand or comprehend their immortality, suddenly and violently severed from their earthly existence, viewing their mutilated bodies, wondering if that God of Mercy really did rule? Seeing the dogs banqueting over the bodies, which but lately their spirit had governed; viewing their bodies disrobed of flesh, and their bones whitening in the sun; and all these deeds done, despite the labors of God's servants. These are deeds done in these, your modern times, in times described as so advanced in civilisation, as to refer back to the deeds and acts of the Ancients, with pity and abhorrence at their violence. And you may ask, "Who were these spirits assembled, the previous owners of these fast bleaching

skeleton frames?" They were the girls, the maidens of the Provinces, the honorable matrons, the harmless children. The matrons and maids were first dishonored, tortured next, and lastly beheaded.

It is, and has been the rule for many to ask, "Of what good is Spiritual communication?" Tell all men, that if Spiritual communication succeeds in allaying men's evil passions, it has succeeded in a noble task; if Spiritual communication teaches the soul of God's creatures the right road to a Father's love, it has accomplished a regenerating act. I, amongst the many who have communicated, entertain not the slightest doubt, that by spirit communication shall the souls of men realise, that the preaching of their priests is full of sophistry and lies, and that the views of the now zealous Mussulman, who, according to his priests' teaching, is certain of Paradise, and the attendance of lovely houris, after slaying a certain number of infidels, are full of lies. With such teaching, the Mussulman is led on to acts of barbarous cruelty; but spiritual communications shall release, not only the race of Mussulmans, but the whole races of mankind, leading them onwards and upwards; taking them from a belief, which is literally worse than the belief that there is no God, no future state, no free agency, no accountability, no virtue, no sin, no heaven, and that death is but an everlasting forgetfulness. Better far for a soul to be an actor in such vile deeds as I have described, and to cherish this belief, than to believe in a human being perpetrating these acts, knowing his accountability to judgment.

I have visited not only the fast decaying bodies of your country's soldiers, but also the scenes I have last described, and I still reiterate that the past two thousand years can prove no advance, either morally or spiritually.

Spiritual communication will prove an unfailing road to truth. In allowing this, I allow it as being able to obtain a virtue, that will lead all minds to the belief of it: an imperishable truth; it will cast down the barriers erected by all creeds. Truth is a perfect law of equality, bringing all minds, whatever their mental culture may be, to one plane of thought. Truth! How many, from my day upon earth, unto this present moment, have fallen far short of the high attributes of truth. A truthful man is of greater importance before his God than he can realise. Truth covers and cancels a multitude of minor defects. There are some natures that

could not wilfully lie ; and so great is their love of truth, that an instinctive friendship is cemented between that soul, and another imbued with the same love.

Endeavouring to keep apart from flattery, and also to hold myself aloof even from the charge of it, yet bearing in mind the likely consequences, I will repeat an opinion, heard in my spheres about yourself, and heard in these words, "Who amongst the Spirits in the flesh is perfect? No one,—but there are many amongst men who outshine their fellows in the pursuit of one great principle." Then was your name mentioned, and these words were added "I would put aside his faults for his love of truth, and were it possible that the Almighty Father would grant another life of earth-experience, I should think it my great happiness to have such a companion as he is. He has the true relish for truth ; he would not only bid me seek it with him, but that part which he has realised, he would give to men undisguised. Again, he is one to whom I might communicate freely what I thought to be true. He loves truth, for truth's sake ; he believes it to be the principal perfection amongst men in the world, the germ from which all the other virtues spring ; and he possesses a love for it, the love given to him by station and education." I believe this, for of the many, few have arrived at the truths to which you have. Truth and friendship are the parents of constancy. When once you have arrived at a truth, you do not fail in expressing that truth under any circumstances.

Now this was delineation of one of your virtues, and I may say that virtue, which has raised you up above many, has also been attended with another virtue,—that of faith. In the expression of this your faith, your patience has been severely tried ; you have met with non-argumentative minds ; yet minds strong in their own convictions. I mean those minds which hold in contempt all those who differ from them, stigmatising them as fools. I would have you to pity those souls. I would have you not to be cholerick, but to pity them ; for ill-formed convictions without investigation are the indications of a meaner mind, and do not betoken wisdom or virtue. I would have you diffident, and modest in promulgating these truths.

Thousands are upon the very eve of this revealed truth. God, the Infinite Parent of all, is in the position of a Revealer. What is man then, that he should be angry at the ill-formed convictions of his fellow-men ? I know it is hard to deal with

these souls; I experienced these difficulties in my earth-life. You have fought the battle of truth, even in these early days of your pioneership, right manfully. The age of man's reason being bound down to the earth is fast passing away, and the limited intellectual power of Man will soon expand, and Man shall humbly acknowledge the rule of all potent truth, that leadeth towards God; and every beautiful growth of the earth shall be an addition to these revealed truths. Men shall view with praises and gratitude, the mighty workmanship of their Father God, either in the creation of revolving worlds, or of the flower; a work just as wondrous, when the morning sun expands its beautiful leaves, which again are distorted by the passing blast of noon, and then contrast its quickly passed existence with never ending Eternity.

The immortality of the soul, and an eternal life, shall soon be more than merely echoed words. The belief in them shall take root in the hearts of mankind, and then shall come that era of an earthly happiness, and the absence of all fear of change, to which the philosophical spirit of my day on earth looked forward, and which is now so near its realisation. Then shall many things be revealed; then shall Man grasp the belief that the affairs of Man have been in a quiescent state for two thousand years, and that which was faintly known among us, and which was pushed backwards by the tide of vain beliefs, is now resuming its forfeited position, and reasserting its wondrous power. Oh! I know well, that you coincide with what I now state.

Archimedes has just come in to visit you. He states that he has been on earth, and in your presence. I am talking of the Syracusan; we are spirits connected, we are both in the same sphere. He, in fact, was one of my Spirit-guides when on earth, and was always with me during my eventful earthly career. He it was, who led me to his deserted tomb near one of the gates of the city of his birth—Syracuse. He bade me fling aside the thorns and brambles; this he did in the direct voice, adding "Here lies my body, under this slab, placed by the Roman Commander, Marcellus, upon which you will find inscribed a cylinder, and a sphere, descriptive of my philosophical pursuits."

I said I hoped that he would come and control direct. The Control in continuation, said:

He nods his head; he hears you; he says he will come.

He has much to say to you, concerning his herculean labors in Egypt. He is referring to his raising the sites of the towns and villages there, for the purpose of keeping up the communications between the towns and villages during the inundations of the river Nile. He also wants to describe to you much of his scientific and mechanical apparatus, which enabled him to hurl from the water the greatest war ships of his enemies, hurling them from the water into the air, and also where the distance was too great, and prevented this, he wishes to describe his next contrivance to destroy them by means of his burning glasses. The actuality of this apparatus has been denied, but he will be enabled to prove to you the contrary. In fact, so wonderful were many of his scientific discoveries, that he said that, given a fixed spot, he could give power to move the world.

You were speaking of different acquaintances one meets with during one's earthly career, and you mentioned last night the name of that unpatriotic and revengeful spirit, Catiline. I promised you, and I repeated, as nearly verbatim as possible, what were my opening words against him in the Senate. Suffice it to say, that at the end of my address to the Senate, I ordered him to leave the City, but to beware how he raised, or caused to be raised, the felon hands of his followers against the meanest inhabitant of the City of Rome. Raging and cursing at all assembled, he left the Senate and the City, to be afterwards encountered and punished by our army, ending his life at last by the hand of an assassin, although history records his fall on the field of battle. Then in reference to other of my acquaintances on earth. Among them was one of those unhappy souls, whose only mission on earth seemed to be that of fomenting quarrels and breeding mischief. Such a one was the cause of my banishment from Rome. He caused me to be condemned by the very measures I took to ensure the safety of the City of Rome.

I was indicted by one named Clodius, under the Law, "That whoever had been concerned in the death of a Roman citizen, before he had been condemned by the "*Vox Populi*," should be deemed guilty of treason against the Commonwealth." The conspirators left by Catiline in the city, were condemned without appeal to this "*Vox Populi*," although they were taken red-handed in their crimes. Cneius Pompey sided with Clodius, and refused me his countenance, and nothing was

left for me but self-banishment. I resided for a considerable time at Thessalonica, but the acts of tyranny, oppression, and cruelty, on the part of Clodius, soon turned the popular favor, and the people clamored for my return, which soon took place—the people meeting me on my return with every attendant honor; every town and city I passed through, gave me a triumphant entry and exit. Clodius met his death (of this I was spiritually informed, long before it took place) in a duel between himself and Milo, whom I defended.

Then came the celebrated quarrel between Julius Cæsar and Pompey. In vain all honest minds endeavoured to avert the rupture. You asked me, in the course of conversation, whether I was present at the battle of Pharsalia. I had, as I previously informed you, joined the party of Pompey, but illness prevented my presence in the battle of Pharsalia. Pompey's forces were entirely defeated, and I, being treated with scant courtesy, returned to Italy, and it was there that the interview I mentioned took place, between Cæsar and myself.

It would only be right to mention that part of my domestic affairs, which has been, in these your modern days, so severely commented upon,—the divorce from my wife Terentia, and my after-marriage with Publiola, my ward. My wife Terentia was the first to make application for our separation, through the unhappy differences existing between herself and her daughter Tullia, who had married against the wishes of her mother. She was of a violent disposition; she could not brook being opposed. I sided with my daughter, and one unhappy cause led on to another, ending in our separation. To be poor, after living a life surrounded by every comfort, was a hardship hard for me bear, and, having a knowledge of Publiola's love towards me, I made her my wife. I feel that no blame; no sin has been committed; else would an expiation have been demanded; or, on the other hand, the expiation was demanded and given before my spirit left the body.

You are well aware that, through the enmity of Marc Antony, I was murdered. The Sensitive saw me when I first appeared, with earth's remembrances strong on me, 'without a head and without hands.' You asked me, dear Sir, when and where my death took place. I had intended to flee to Greece, but I landed for greater safety on the neighbouring promontory of Circeii, owning Estates there. I received the death stroke by my own order, whilst thrusting

my head through the window of the litter, in which I was being conveyed to another Estate for greater safety. They left my body uninterred, and my head and hands they cut off, and conveyed to him who had so earnestly desired my end. I mean Marc Antony. He viewed the head with grim satisfaction, and in exultation shouted, "There is an end now to all proscription!" Fulvia, his wife, more mad than himself, took my head upon her lap, and addressing it with every insulting term she could use, opened the mouth, and grasping the tongue with her hands, plucked it out by the roots from the head; and so, after sixty-four years of earth experience, before your Era forty three years, passed onwards to the real life—passed onwards to progression, and the knowledge of the Living God—passed onwards to where peace is taught, where true happiness is realised, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

I was going to speak of my son Marcus, ere I left you. This was in compliance with your wish for me to visit those you love. I respect your anxiety. I felt the same as you feel. I, too, have all a father's feelings. I had them when on earth, and in my son Marcus, I easily divined the want of steady, earnest application;—easily prophesying a startling degeneracy, unless his nature changed. Knowing then all a father's feeling, or a grandfather's, for it amounts to nearly the same thing, I will comply with your wishes, and will unhesitatingly tell you the results. If I do not control again, remember that I shall always be near you.

These Controls are more than interesting to me; they help me to revive my knowledge of Ancient History, in seeing how far recorded history agrees with the records direct from the party himself. In the case of Cicero, some things are stated which are not to be found in history, and others which are found in one history are not to be found in another. The story about Fulvia, the wife of Marc Antony, pulling the tongue out of the head, is noticed in a note in *Hooke's Roman History*, and discredited as being too improbable. Again, I find that history makes Catiline fall in the fight between the Roman Army, and the rebels under Manlius. Cicero himself, says he fell by the hand of an assassin. It is only wasting time to talk about the possibility of cram. The Control picked me up very

sharply in the matter of a test, when I mentioned the name of Catiline, and I think his reciting a portion of his oration, "*In Catilinam*," ought to be deemed satisfactory proof, that it was a power quite beyond that of the Medium, and to lead to a reasonable belief that the intelligence displayed through the lips of an uneducated man in trance, was exactly what it alleged itself to be, namely, the Spirit of Cicero.

VALERIUS CATULLUS.

June 17th, 1880.

VALERIUS Catullus was a celebrated Roman lyrical Poet, who was born B.C. 87. The date of his death appears not to be known. He seems in early life to have outrun his means, and to have lived the rest of his life in straitened circumstances. A great number of his lyrics and epigrams are still extant, but unfortunately only four of his odes have been preserved. Some of his poems are rather indecent, although generally his style is graceful and beautiful. In Spirit life his views seem to have altered, and the Control recorded below is well worthy the serious attention of all readers.

Beautiful, beautiful world!

Here he went to the window, the sun shining beautifully at the time, and looking at the flowers and children in the Gray's Inn Garden, went on to say:

How glorious the sun seems at its first rise; with what brightness and splendour it adorns the earth; see how nature is displayed in all her beauty, in all her marvellous excellence of design, in her artistic coloring of varied form. Even here the College heads can, in the hours of eve, come and inhale the sweet scent of the flowers around them; can see the happiness of the children, and hear the warbling of the birds. There is a chaffinch now on the bough of this tree [referring

to a tree just before my chamber windows, on which a bird was singing.] See how happy it is! singing, proclaiming, that God, the Father of All, has given freedom to all; that He has made slaves of none; has bestowed on humanity as His heirs collectively His beautiful and His bountiful earth; and He has also bequeathed to them these inestimable gifts, that they may enjoy them by loving one another, by living in accord with each other. This our great Spiritual work has no other object than to convey the Will of God in this; to cast aside from men's opinions, and from men's minds, the narrow prejudices and one-sided views which are now entertained; these prejudices and bigoted views which have their birth in the thousand and one distinctions of religious creeds. We have for our labor the binding together the whole human family in the strong bond of brotherhood, so that indeed our world, as well as yours, may have no more separation; and that the task of learning how to know, and how to hear from us, will not be needed; for then all things will be made clear through the sympathy of united love.

It may seem to the human mind a nearly impossible task; but God being willing places impossibility outside the scale, and great as the work undoubtedly is, it must and will be completed with an exactness never dreamt of or imagined by man. Of all men perhaps you have had a more nearly exact knowledge of absolute classicism and distinction of classes. In no quarter of the Almighty Father's habitable world is the influence of class felt so deeply, as that land, India, in which you were so long a resident. But the distinction of classes can never be entirely put aside, nor is there any aim to level these distinctions on the part of the chosen workers of God's Will. It is only these distinctions which now will be looked on as humiliating defects, and as unworthy of the reason of immortal beings; defects which are keenly felt by those who come within their power; defects which are but germs of immoral thought and of ungenerous conduct; defects which alone the Will of God can abolish; defects which His chosen servants are ordered to sweep aside, so that the unity of His children may be secured.

These defects are serious for many reasons, the chief of which are, that the world's religions cannot combat them, causing, for another reason, the most serious disquietude amongst nations, and a feeling of mistrust one with each other. All things of God's creation in nature work together

in perfected harmony and beauty. Why then should His human children differ from this order so observable in all nature around them? Why should there be deformity and anarchy arising through class distinctions? To prove that there is no need for these wide distinctions, is the task for which your angel-guides are working; for they know that it is within their power (a power given to them by God) to destroy from the face of the earth this great evil of actual disobedience, and also to destroy this false feeling of self-importance in many.

Look around the world to-day, and how many nobodies are looked upon as earth's noblest sons. I ask, "What have they done for such high consideration, for their power, their birth, their titles, their wealth, and their gaudy equipages? Their aristocratic vices have formed no claim for man's consideration, nor will they form any claim on God's mercy, when they enter into the better existence. The wearer of a smock frock on the earth here (and there are many who have found the inestimable jewel of contentment even at the plough's tail) has often found a loftier station in the higher life than he, who serving only earth's class distinctions, and looked on by some of his brethren as if of a distinct species, will find. For then God will be his judge, and in His judgment men are not high nor low according to the world's estimate. The high and the low are separated by the Great Judge, not according to wealth and station, but according to actions and services in earth-life. Actions that are beneficial, because springing from the sympathetic feelings of the heart; services that are acceptable, because expressing the obedience that God claims from the soul; and according only to this estimate does the Almighty judge.

It will be useless for the soul, when it joins us, to claim its right of exclusiveness on expectations, arguing on any worldly reasoning such as this, "I on earth gave employment to hundreds, and fed many who were hungry, and comforted many, and made many a home enjoyable." But the question which will then be asked will be "Was your soul in your action? Were you a source of love and comfort to them, or were you haughtily exclusive, looking on them as something infinitely below you, looking and keeping always a strict reserve in action, words, and manners; causing fear with your stolid frigidity, and as much apart from them, according to the law of love and unity, as if you were their

oppressor, and not their employer? Were you governed by this law of class distinctions, and not by the law of love, falsely giving yourself an importance which is not your due, realising the possession of privileges accorded by subservient men, but which are sins in the eyes of the Living God?" Because all these things keep men's hearts apart, and form a distinct separation between His children in time and His children in eternity.

Affluence and poverty have each their rightful claims. Capital and labor have each their peculiar distinctions. But in very truth your surrounding angels, those bright and chosen emissaries of God, have loudly proclaimed that the claims of human love and unity are apart, and entirely apart from them, and have higher and more ennobling claims, which will surely govern the souls of God's children on earth, when the false distinctions between affluence and poverty, capital and labor, shall have ceased for ever. These last fifty years will be known in the spiritual spheres, as the transitional state for men on earth; a state which has had well-defined gradations. These principles, during this transition, have sunk deeply into the hearts of God's children. Many teachers have sprung up from an unexpected station, and become giants in eloquence, and saints in earnestness. Soon will their labors be blest; soon will these defects of class distinction be put aside; soon will they who have been taught that they must show their exclusiveness, recognise, that their very dependence for earthly comforts exists only by their labor; soon will it be realised by all, that the Living God has placed man in a position on earth, which position in itself will prove the needfulness of thorough unity.

For what is man in his relation to others? He is but the creature of a thousand and one dependencies. What is life, but a long chain of mutual obligations, rendered one towards each other? To deny this would be denying palpable truth, and the facts of actual observation, proving that there is a God-given equality to every man. Worldly wisdom may make and form nice distinctions, and these ideas may have governed mankind; but if God wills that these distinctions should cease, what is the will of man in opposition to His? This is no forcible change; it is an absolutely needful one—a change that will carry with it no revolution in society. It will only be proving, that the lesson has been offered to God's children, by the nature and teaching of His work; proved,

may equally proved by every change of nature under her many forms, through lessons that can alike be obtained from anything of His formation bearing life, and that the thoughts which breathe themselves into the soul, awakening the soul's highest emotion, have but one lesson, that is, unity and brotherhood and equality in respect of love one towards each other. I do not mean the equality which would level the aspirations of one soul down to the aspirations of another. This would be annihilation indeed ! this would be retrogression in the deepest sense of the word ! Onward, forward progress is popular to-day ; inactivity or indifference to the coming changes is criminal ; the individual and national credit is involved, and to keep up with the spirit of the times has become a necessity. But this tendency has nothing radical or democratical in it ; it is an observable appeal towards what ? Towards fraternal love, unity, and equality of man's claims on God's love ; and towards the abandonment of class distinctions, which distinctions have proved themselves to be defects.

It has been the teaching of those inspired ones of the past, that the truest evidence of God's love could only be bestowed when men are united. To produce this unity, to bring heaven on earth, it but needs the soul sympathy of one towards each other. What, if you are great, wealthy, or learned, if with all these good gifts you are supercilious and exclusive ? What if the emotions of your soul are most inspiring, if that inspiration of thought is confined to yourself ; your false self-importance denying the capability in others of admiring, or of understanding all that is great, all that is ennobling in these inspirations ? Oh ! believe me, if the great men, the mighty men of the earth would but stamp out of their hearts these distinctive class feelings, and recognise the rights of their more humble brethren to this kindly sympathy, and teach them all that is sublime and pure, it would bear a rich harvest for all classes.

This sympathy can be exercised to its fullest extent ; this comprehensive sympathy can be fully expressed without levelling the distinctions that exist between one soul and another, and without destroying the position that the soul has gained by its thoughts, both on earth, and even on our side ; for millions with us are still bound in prison, like to those on earth. But we have our great and noble ones to teach us, large-souled, inspiring giants. The earth also is blessed with those whom God hath chosen. Happy will the world soon be,

when sympathy and benevolence in their highest expression shall prevail, and prejudice and antipathy be laid at rest for ever! Hail, then, to the mid-day of the new era, the golden age of men on earth! all hail to it, to aid your words, beloved one; to aid your pen; to aid the printers' busy fingers! for the time and hour is now for those who are chosen pioneers of change, for you who have your distinct duties given you. You who in your position of a pioneer are expected to clear away many of the entanglements, so that on earth men may dwell in peace, and good will, and brotherly love; so that life, and joy, and love, may dwell here on earth, even as they dwell with the angels in heaven; and so that the union between us in the spheres may be made more happy, and that then the importance of the soul, and the importance of brotherly love, may be estimated at their full worth—above science, above learning, above wealth, and above all power. That it may be known that life with us, as on earth, has but one real lesson,—“that love begins on earth with the soul; that it has all eternity for its expression, and that brotherly love and unity are divine.” Such feelings as these are of God; not emotional; not belonging to the soulless clod; they are the soul's highest expression on earth, making life's journey quite complete when fully expressed; preparing, by teaching the soul the coming happiness of the hereafter.

You have asked me what name I bore on earth. One spoke to you yesterday, and I was standing by his side, listening to his words. I also belong not to modern times, having my earth's experiences before the commencement of the existing era. Then my countrymen were on the very border of knowledge, ere through wilfulness and ignorance they were thrown back again into profound darkness. That verge is once more reached by people of different nations, and angels and men are working to govern the will of man, so that heaven may be brought on earth.

My name on earth was Caius Valerius Catullus. I was distinguished amongst my countrymen by the name of “*the learned*.” This was a marked distinction in that day, when there were many, very many advanced minds and great thinkers. May heaven hold you in its keeping, and may your earth's experiences reach to the promised time! May you live to witness the culmination of your labors, and your hopes! May God's blessing abide with you! Good morning! good morning!



THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

FLAVIUS CLAUDIUS JULIANUS.

12th September, 1878.

FLAVIUS Claudius Julianus, the nephew of Constantine the Great, was born A. D. 331, and succeeded his cousin Constantius the Second, who had massacred all his family, with the exception of Gallus and Julianus, in the year A. D. 361.

He is better known by the name of "The Apostate," having, as it is alleged, abandoned Christianity for Paganism. But, as far as I can see, there is no proof of his ever having adopted the Christian religion. Although he was at an early age put under teachers professing Christianity, which had then become fashionable, as soon as he arrived at manhood he openly expressed himself as a disbeliever in the divine origin of Christianity.

Although denounced by the Christian Fathers as a monster, his rule, compared with that of many of the so-called Christian Emperors, was just and humane. He wrote many works, but the majority of them were destroyed. Among the lost works was one, entitled "A Refutation of the Christian Religion."

The object of his mission to me will be seen in the latter part of the Control, and appears to have been to bring up the soul of a young Greek sailor, who had been, shortly before the date of the Control, executed for murder and piracy on the high seas.

Shortly after entering the room the Medium began talking in half-trance, repeating words, or scraps of words, that he is supposed to hear clairaudiently. He seems to have had an extended number of speakers. One says:

He has left out his two middle initials in his subscription of £10 10s. What do you say in reference to the subscription now being raised for the survivors? You must not



21.



THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

speak all at once, my dear friends. Who is this one? He was bracketed with Dr. Vaughan, late head-master of Harrow School. He is known by the name of Lord Lyttleton. Well, and what is your name? I am G. W. Manning, the well-known rector of little Pockwick Manor in Cornwall. And who are those there, those who stand behind the rays of light, those who are looking so wretched and unhappy, who are they? Yes, I will tell him, but you must first tell me.

Who is it whom he is about to pray for, and to pray for him well; what is his name? I mean the name of that tall, swarthy, black curly-haired one, dressed in grey and sombre clothing, he that draws his cloak so tightly round him, and is so truly wretched. It is George Pino, known on board as "Big George." Who is that other, that young fellow, seemingly about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, with such a handsome face? He seems uncaring and careless how he spends eternity. Was he so in life? Yes! What is that deep scar, running from his right shoulder blade, extending right across the back to the lower rib on his right side? What is his name? Christos Bambos. Who is that other with them? There are only three outside the sphere. Who is the other one? It is a suicide. It is a lady, her husband, do you say, holding one of the highest positions under Government—what name? You will not tell me her name, and why not? And who are you that are so bright amongst these dark ones?

Suddenly the Medium went under complete Control, and spoke as follows :

Reality! Oh, what is real among men? What are the heights and depths, the width and breadth of man's realisations? How far short are his highest imaginings of the opinion formed of himself? God's primal command to Man was "Know Thyself!" Men tread with onward footsteps the intricate mazes of metaphysical studies, and as unceasingly pursue philosophical paths; but their metaphysics have an abrupt ending, and their philosophical researches fall, indeed, pitifully short of the required obedience to God's command of "Know Thyself!"

The world, this world of yours, the world that was mine, was as fair and beautiful during my stay on earth as it is now. Its beautiful uplands, beautified with every distinctive hue of its manifold foliage; its valleys, teeming with flowery

beauties; the calm and placid inland lakes and meres, as seductive then to the over-wearied souls as to-day. The same curtain that is drawn aside now, was drawn aside when I was on earth: God the Eternal Father is manifesting to the contemplative mind the whole of His stupendous works: the unimaginable, the unrealisable distances that spanned the glowing worlds, one from each other, in my day man had grasped, even as he has grasped in this present one, by dint of successful scientific studies. The regularity and order that connected the whole system of the ever-revolving worlds above was known in my day even as now; and as a young man I thought of these things, and found that, among many men, an actual knowledge of God's supremacy did exist. I could but imagine His power, and yet I dared to tread where scarcely any other mind dared to follow; and the consequence was, I gained for myself a name by which I am still remembered, the name of "Apostate."

On earth I was known as Flavius Claudius Julianus. I have come for a purpose. I am sent to you in preference to one of the early Fathers of the Church. I am commissioned to pray for unhappy souls. If so, then God must consider me free from errors respecting His supremacy. I was brought up in the so-called Christian faith by command of Constantius my uncle, my father's brother. Constantius was one towards whom I would have been loyal and true, but for his dastardly fears in consequence of my triumphantly successful battles, and also for another cause; for the choice of the soldiers, who offered me the title of Augustus accompanied by the purple, prevented my being so. With prayers, with closed doors, which were only opened by violence, I resisted those offers of the soldiers, but they forced an entrance, and compelled me to open a correspondence with Constantius. This I did, asking him to grant me the title forced upon me, namely that of "Augustus."

He answered me by reproaches, ordering me back again to my former position to await degradation and dishonor. My letter in answer to him was considered by him as a declaration of war: but I have not come here to give information so easily obtained by reference to historical records.

I here asked whether he knew of Gibbon's works.

I know Gibbon. I know that there are many historians who, like him, do me justice. I know that there are even

many among the Christians to-day who do me justice. I have, in earth-life, stood up in their public assemblies: I have taken their ill-written and ungrammatical manuscripts in my hands, and I have read them to men, who, out of respect to my blood and lineage, have given me respect and attention, when telling them that, which their Reason told them was something more contemptible than idle fable. Oh! picture to your Reason my feeling, when reading what is the generally accepted history of to-day, of a God offended with His own handiwork, and by a mystical subdivision of Himself, coming down to be by Himself judged. And to whom was I reading this history? To men with matured judgment; to men who had an Idol representing God's highest gift—*Reason*, and which they worshipped, looking on this Idol only as a type of God's graciousness to them, His children. I was reading to souls that had gone through their courses in the Schools, Stoical and Platonic. They were men well versed in Reason's claims, men who had walked in the mazes of argument.

Then came the soft question to me, "Julian, you are of a race above the common; in your veins flows the blood of Emperors. We ask you: "Why are you taking us from a haven of comparative safety,—and leading us out, weary wanderers, into pathless regions? We, being above the common people, view the Gods Diana, Daphne, Apollo, and others, only as types of God's graciousness to His children; and although the common people bow reverently the knee to the idol itself, our souls take a higher flight, from form to spirit; from type to reality. What is this you are trying to teach among us? We will not, however, depart from all precedents which the schools demand; one of which precedents consists in this, "Never argue on an assertion until you have found out the assertor; the assertion's source, and the author." Treading then the well-known paths in argument, let us ask you: Who is the author of this doctrine? We would not be unnecessarily cavilling."

I felt that with such minds as these before me, cool, careful, cautious reasoners, I could not directly answer them. Oh! remember: I am speaking of over fifteen hundred years ago, when the myth was not so profound, when statements could be proved or disproved more easily, when Christian chronology was of so short a period, that one had to be wary of asserting for a fact that which could be easily proved

to be a lie. I spoke to them then, of the doctrine of Christianity. I said, "You are harassing my brother-students," for among them were many of the Platonic School, of which I had early been a member. "These doctrines are not strong amongst you, my brethren. You have heard them preached from every river-side; you have heard their accents of prayer; where their loud-swelling hymns ascended to the throne of God. You have seen these people's homes, you have seen these people's acquaintances." What was the answer they gave me? They said, "We have seen brother's hand raised against brother, we have seen," said one, who afterwards became my teacher,—Maximus, "we have seen them engaged in deadly quarrelling, and hateful controversy. We can trace this sect's history to the country from which it came, Julian, and we find its source impure, its originators fanatical and unreasonable souls, who have formed a God for themselves, Julian."

These answers and questions were given and repeated, every time I took up the Christian manuscripts. Oh, in my day on earth, there were not as many sectarians as exist in the world to-day; but what they lacked in number, they made up in their determined hostility to every other separate section. Their rights of admission into baptism; their rites of circumcision or uncircumcision, or as to what should or should not be observed; whether God the Father was Supreme by Himself, or Supreme only when combined with Himself, as represented on earth, or whether His Supremacy only ended in a personal Holy Spirit. The very depths of metaphysical arguments were employed, to make every distinct section of Christians prove the strength of its own position against the assumed position of every other section. Then came the conviction to me, that my conception of God had no reality; then came the conviction to me, that the nearest approach to reality in the minds of men, in respect to this important question, was only to be found amongst the teachings, and under the mastership, of those great minds, who existed from the date of the Peloponnesian War, down to my own time; those Sages of the Grecian era; and that these only could approach to the realisation of the attributes of the Supreme; of Man's Creator, of His Omnipotence and Omnipresence.

I found, when this feeling took possession of my breast, that I had suddenly been lifted up from the world, and had approached considerably nearer to my God. Looking from the

proud pinnacle on which Reason had placed me, pityingly down on my fellow human beings, I prayed to the Great Deity, that dwarfed intellect and chained reason might have liberty of expression, so that from one end of the Empire to the other, men might know their God, even as He, their God, would have them to know Him. Oh! for these feelings, strengthened by the study of him, the prince of philosophers, the soul of peers, Aristotle; studying him, as he had realised himself, and as through the means of his voluminous works, he had left the power for others to realise him also. Studying all his grand conceptions of God, unfolding His imperishability, treating carefully, yet reverently, the ultimate probabilities of the soul's grandeur, until, lost in its own greatness, it is continually echoing praises, to the Being who brought it into existence. Praises to His greatness, for the provided work, always ready provided, for the advancement of the soul's usefulness, and obedience to God's will! Who shall tread the lofty heights of the soul reaching creation? Nay, the soul itself can; its grandeur and majesty surpass even the power of imagination. The soul can, as it renders obedience to God's Will, become the agent of God's judgments; reaching so nearly to the Majesty of His greatness, as to be the recipient of His bestowed brightness, and a partaker in the mysteries of the mighty, stupendous, and absolute monuments of His absolute power.

There are souls that reach these lofty heights; souls that are guardians, souls that are Gods (as men would understand them), over worlds, larger and mightier than this. Oh yes, I learned whilst on earth to grasp the great fact of the world's insignificance, in comparison to the revealed worlds without number—worlds at distances impossible for the human mind to calculate—worlds so infinite in number that whole systems might perish, yet the Almighty Father God could go on in the vast and mighty plan, missing them, yet not feeling the loss. With such thoughts as these I could not be bound down, fettered, and chained by a man-made God. I felt the degradation that was crossing over the minds of men, and, first thanking God for my unaccountable freedom from error, I set to work to arrest the havoc the Christian religion was making.

And what was my first act? It was one guided by the wisdom of the Almighty; free and universal toleration; the absence of persecution; as careful and as loving a care exercised over the welfare of the Christians, as well as over that

of any of my other subjects. I am charged with speaking in terms of sarcasm, of their belief and creed ; I plead guilty to that charge. My soul was bound to discover itself ; my feelings were strong as the surging waves on an iron-bound coast ; and the only safety to myself was the giving vent to them. I learned to despise fanatical Christians. They termed me Idolator and Pagan. They assailed me with lies, with assertions as false as their religion ; they said that I tried, ineffectually, to raise on the ruins another Jerusalem, that I might present the spectacle to the Roman world of an all efficient counterpoise in Judaism to Christianity ; and that I failed through the kind interposition of heavenly power in favor of Christianity—an historical absurdity, which was scarcely worth negating.

Their chief boast was, and is to this day, that Christianity teaches a man how to live, and also how to die ; yet not one amongst them lives or dies the same. They earn different names among themselves, in their lives and in their deaths. There are to day, and were in my day, babies in Christ, Oh, and very young babies, too, sucklings they are called. Those that require not strong meats.

There were found in my day amongst men, some the most stupid and unintelligent ; about one remove from the brute beast ; endowed with reason, and yet not understanding its use, who worshipped at the shrine of Deities so-called amongst the people, yet recognised amongst the students of the schools as remembrances of God's attributes. The different Gods, were but attributes of God's majesty. I wish you to make a note of this, that I will finish by mentioning the different Gods, * and the attributes which these Gods represented, and that among the students of the schools they were called not Gods and Goddesses, but remembrancers of God's attributes. As the Christian looks on the crucifix, that he might remember the suffering, so did the student of the Philosophical Schools, look upon these images, the better to remember the God that brought them into being. The students of the various Schools were but a small number, compared to the vast and mighty population of the Empire. The first determination of leading my people to the worship of the true and only God commenced, remained, and abided within me, to the day of my departure from earth. The means that I took have been severely

* This I did not get.

cavilled at, but they were the best means that my soul knew. They were in increasing the conveniences of the different Schools, and restoring to their pristine beauty the remembrances of the God that made them ; by these means keeping alive in the minds of the students the grand effect of the supremacy of God, and of their souls' immortality.

Then came my introduction into the Order of the Theurgists. You can realise my feelings at our first sittings ; the heavenly, sweet, and dulcet tones of that great Philosopher, Aristotle, speaking to us in a direct and human voice. You have heard of Herodotus ; these are minds who are now classed together, and even I, the reputed apostate, could mention seers that are in our sphere, Demosthenes, Xenophon, and Anacreon ; Aristotle is the head of our sphere ; there are several also of what is termed the Augustan period ; those noble minds who swayed the minds of men, who lived that life so acceptable to the Great Supreme ; a life free from self, a life lived for others' sakes. Aye, we can come even nearer to modern times, leaving the Augustan era, when learning again was drawn into a re-existence, and Reason was once more unfettered : I speak of the time when Leo the Tenth was Pope. Nearer still to your own times, are those fellow spirits in our spheres, who lived on earth when Louis the Fourteenth governed France ; when Molière, and afterwards Rousseau, electrified their countrymen. To what heights of imagining an unchained Reason might reach ! Oh ! there are those in spirit-life who are brothers of the so-called Apostate Julian ; there are those, who share with him his labors, working conjointly to carry out the will of the Universal Father.

It has been said that Christianity teaches men how to die. No soul ever left its earthly tabernacle with less regret than I left mine. Through an inadvertence and miscalculation, I had found myself surrounded by the Persian light horsemen and cavalry, and was struck down by a javelin, which, entering my back, found its way deep enough to bury its jagged point in my liver. Physicians came to me, and asked me "whether there were any questions I should like elucidated, for that I was travelling from life upon earth towards the unknown bourne?" I answered with a smile, "The time hath now come to restore that part which belongs to the earth to the earth's bosom, and that part which is God's, and of His nature, to give that part of me its freedom." In this vast and mighty plain, amongst the thousands of warriors that were

around me, and loved me, not one had a mind equal to my own, nor a heart stronger in its wish for the welfare of all. I said, "Call to me Maximus and Chrysanthus, I would hold converse with them on the metaphysical question of the soul's nature. Maximus is well versed in such matters, for he hath spoken, and argued, and reasoned with souls out of the body. Call him to my side, that I may grasp his hand. There is a great affinity between his soul and mine." And whilst life was waning, whilst its light was flickering, we held sweet converse together. Calling for a glass of pure water, I prayed for the freedom, not of opinion, but of Reason; and like a child resigning itself to the arms of its parent, Julian, the despised Apostate, passed onwards to his God.

But now to my mission to you. O Eternal Father, he that is without the radius of glory surrounding us here, looking upon this meeting with seeming indifference, yet with great disturbance, which his spirit disdains to show. I, O Father, can realise his internal agony. He would come within the light, and leave his miserable prison of darkness, which is so oppressive that it can be felt even here. He, when on earth, stood amongst men the purest type of perfection; and the sneering Atheist would say, became a murderer, and fell a victim through the forces of surrounding circumstances. But Thou, O Father, hath placed in the very hearts of the meanest of reasonable men, an intuitive appreciation of the difference existing between right and wrong, or good and evil. O Father, in Thy mercy tear the agony from his spirit, and teach his humble soul the way to pray. In childhood's earliest days he was brought up under the tuition of false hypocritical priests, who call themselves Thy servants, and for every petty peculation and crime committed received an absolution, from crime-stained man, acting as Thy minister, until his heart became callous to doing evil, because the terms of absolution could be obtained so easily; until one course of wrong doing, leading to another, culminated in its ultimate climax in the horrid crime of murder.

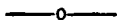
Oh, let the prayers of these souls who are looking on; the souls of these who are in prison be heard, O Father! They claim a blood kindredship to them. Oh, let their prayers be heard! Inspire him, O Father, let not the rushing of the light of Thy mercy, overwhelm him! Oh, bring him from darkness, that he may see and realise his soul's degradation; that he may give expression to his agonised feelings, and that

by so doing he may find relief! You ask, "Who is he?" He is one for whom I am commissioned to pray; one who, with three companions, murdered the Captain, the first and second Mates of his ship; but who himself was afterwards overcome, and sent on for judgment before he could escape. Deeply wounded, chained for the rest of the voyage like a wild animal, to the main hatch of the ship, and ultimately landed at Queenstown, the vessel being safely brought into port by a seaman and a carpenter, the only remaining two on board, the others being all murdered. Yet he was the most handsome specimen of a human being that ever stepped on board ship. He retains his beauty, yet marred by a sombre aspect. Oh! there is mercy for him, for he has stronger pleas than the others. He hath youth to plead for him; but his stronger plea was his fears of being murdered by his own countrymen. O Father, there is hope in action. Inattention and carelessness cause a longing for annihilation. Oh! this is the most wretched state a soul can sink into. Spare him, O Father, to listen to the words of advice that I, Thy servant will give.

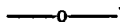
Here I asked his name, and in reply I was told that I had got it in the early part of the seance. He was a Greek. The Control had very great difficulty in giving the name; whilst I was turning back to look for it in my notes, it was given to me—

Christos Bambos, the only surviving mutineer. Pray for him!

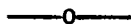
This I did.



With the last Control, namely that of the Emperor Julian, I shall close the series of Greek and Roman Celebrities, who in Spirit have communicated with me through the lips of an uneducated Sensitive. I have by no means exhausted the list of Greek and Roman Celebrities. Whatever may be the source from whence the Sensitive, an illiterate man, derives the power, the matter, at all events, is highly interesting.



MISCELLANEOUS CONTROLS.



IN the two preceding Divisions, I have given Controls by the spirits of men, most of whom have made their mark in the world's annals. This is more especially the case with the Controls by ancient Greek and Roman Celebrities. With regard to the Controls by those whose earth career was spent in the far East, there are many whose sayings I have recorded, who have found no permanent place in any history, save that of the day, but who still played their part in that day. In the former class, history has handed down to posterity their doings and peculiarities; and from history, the reader will be able to judge, whether the Controls recorded, correspond with history's account. All the Controls who visited me during my earlier experiences, seemed to have one main object, and that was to establish their identity.

Now, however satisfactory the evidence of their identity is to myself as a believer in Spiritual communications, it is not so to the sceptical, who say, when the utterances of the Controlling Spirits correspond with history, that it is only a story, crammed up by the Sensitive out of history. Should it, however, differ from history, they turn round and say, "It cannot be so, for it is not in history." Now with me, knowing as I do the mental capability of the Sensitive, neither of these objections have any weight. The Sensitive has neither had the education which would enable him to know, nor has he the means of getting at the literature, which would enable him to cram up for the occasion.

I would ask any reasonable man to think for a moment, whence could the Sensitive get his material to cover the comparatively small ground embraced in the



BUSIRIS "THE ANCIENT OF DAYS."

is not inferior, but superior, in power, to the most powerful of what we call spirits. He is able to speak, and to utter, in a trice of a second, the most elaborate and complete sentences, and to do so, in a voice, that may be compared to that of a trumpet.

If not superior, to any I have recorded, he has the power of any living man, to go on, week after week, three times in each week, for year after year, giving utterances, covering all countries, all topics, and all subjects of interest, and all the time he is speaking to be in a state of unconscious trance, insensible to all bodily feeling, and utterly ignorant, when he returns to his normal state, of all he has said during his trance.

In the preceding Divisions, the main object of the Controlling Spirits seems to have been proof of identity. The Controls in this present Division, which I have designated "Miscellaneous," give but slight evidence of identity, their main object being apparently their desire of giving their opinions on past or passing events, in all of which they seem to take a lively interest.

BUSIRIS.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.

First and Introductory Control, August 25th, 1878.

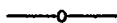
As to who Busiris was, history gives me no aid in discerning. According to the account given me by him through the lips of the Sensitive, he lived here on earth at least three thousand years before the time of Alexander the Great, who passed away about 323 B.C. In the spirit spheres he is called sometimes *Isis*, the *Ancient of Days*, and sometimes *The Lord of Change*. He seems attracted earthwards, whenever any great changes, or revolutions in thought



SCULPTOR'S "THE AUGUST OF DAYS."

Controls printed in the preceding pages of this volume, which are but a fifth of what I had between the date of the first, and the latest Control. I do not for one moment mean to assert, that it would not be in the power of a well-educated man, with strong powers of imagination, to write, or even to speak, an Essay equal, if not superior, to any I have recorded. But I doubt the power of any living man, to go on, week after week, three times in each week, for year after year, giving the utterances, covering all countries, all times, and all subjects of interest, and all the time he is speaking to be in a state of unconscious trance, insensible to all bodily feeling, and utterly ignorant, when he returns to his normal state, of all he has said during his trance.

In the preceding Divisions, the main object of the Controlling Spirits seems to have been proof of identity. The Controls in this present Division, which I have designated "Miscellaneous," give but slight evidence of identity, their main object being apparently their desire of giving their opinions on past or passing events, in all of which they seem to take a lively interest.



BUSIRIS, THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.

First and Introductory Control, August 27th, 1878.

S to who Busiris was, history gives me no aid in discovering. According to the account given by him through the lips of the Sensitive, he passed from earth at least three thousand years before the time of Alexander the Great, who passed away about 320 B.C. In the spirit spheres he is called sometimes *Busiris, the Ancient of Days*, and sometimes *The Angel of Change*. He seems attracted earthwards, whenever any great changes, or revolutions in thought

are being brought about. He has Controlled the Sensitive, since I first commenced sitting, about forty times, and seems to take, and to have taken, a lively interest in all the passing events since his days on earth. He also seems, with but few exceptions, to have been the Spiritual guide of nearly all the leading men on earth since his day. I may say that, of the men who have made their mark in their earth-life, and who have controlled the Sensitive, there is scarcely one but who has told me that his Spiritual guide was Busiris.

In Trance, but not under Control, the Sensitive said :

The room seems in a blaze of light, so glorious ; does it not seem so to you ? I can scarcely bear the glare.

He then went under Control, and said :

O Eternal Father, bless our labors ; without beginning, without ending ; given of a gift to Thy creatures ; that of an after-life. I cannot yet say, whether it is to be an Eternal one. Oh ! Eternity, Eternity ; how the thoughts of the strongest and the boldest have been lost in contemplating Eternity ! What soul can set a limit to its duration ; what soul can find a plumb to gauge its deepness ? The arithmetician can easily work out and state with accuracy the progression of time. The astronomer, with fitting instruments, can with accuracy calculate the distances of the planets : but what figures can set a landmark to Eternity ? What lines can prove to the doubting mind of man, its never-ending vastness ? What say the words of the inspired Jewish Chronicler, " It is higher than the highest heavens—what mind can realise it ? It is deeper than the lowest Hell—what can Man perceive of it ? " Yea, in measure it is broader than the earth ; it is deeper than the sea—full of mysterious mighty existences—forming a sum outside the accuracy of mathematical certainty—the same now as ever, ever the same, after all the greatest possible deductions of its extent we can conceive : no realisable diminution of it can we find. For behold, after the lapse of vast successive ages, it is still in the beginning, and future nations, in ages yet to come, will be no nearer its ending. No similitude can be found, worthy even of the slightest conception of God's Omnipotence. The bloom of Spring, the flowers of Summer, the falling leaves of Autumn, multiplied by the

rain drops that drown the winter; yea, and ten thousand times ten thousands more, fall short in the conception of these mysterious imaginings. It is truly a consciousness, never changing, ever progressing. Oh! have you, who are recording, thought of Eternity?

You ask me: When I had earth life, who I am, and for what purpose I have come? I will now inform you.

When nearly all the world was sunk in a state of absolute barbarism, I lived upon earth. Empires have passed away, and upon their ruins have other Empires reared their cities and palaces, to pass away again in their turn. I have seen, nay, have been a spiritual eye-witness of the rise and fall of nations. I have been a wanderer, north, south, east, and west, in this your habitable world, assuring men's minds, in my humble way, of a conscious life hereafter, commencing my task of duty and of love from the date of my transition. At that time, but one other nation had reached anything approaching to the forwardness of civilisation, to which my country had arrived. Before he, who hath accompanied me, and who is looking from the corner of this room straight towards you, and who, while on earth was known as Secunder, or the third Alexander of Macedon, before the time when he arrived in my country, I had passed away some three thousand years and more. You are known to me, and I wish you to enter at the head of your notes, that this is an introductory address. I have much to speak to you, respecting the numerous idols worshipped as Gods and Goddesses in Ancient India. Several of their portraits, spiritually drawn, you have received. *I am Busiris, the Ancient of Days.*

It has been a question in your mind, whether the grand source of all science and of all art, was not from the East: this has been your mental question. Oh! how easily it is answered. There are other nations, that put forth claims for a higher civilisation, and one of a more ancient date, than that of India. Learned men's opinions differ materially about the primal source of the origin of any and every mode of religious worship, meaning the source of the first worship of God by man. The so-called Land of the Jews, Judea, and its adjacent Provinces, lays claim to the first divine knowledge of Jehovah. I, Busiris, can answer for five thousand years of earth's time, and am known in my sphere, as Busiris, the Ancient of Days, and I say, that in my earth-life my native country, the land of the Indus (this is its modern name) was

where Reason first laid its claim upon me, and I gave to Reason my obedience, and it then presented to my view a populous nation, with a civilisation thorough and complete, a distinction of caste * even as it exists to-day, though in a more perfect entirety. There was but one name to denominate any caste lower than the Sudras—and they were termed *Pariahs*, or *Outcasts*. There are subtle distinctions now, but they had no footing in my day.

The signs of a higher state of civilisation are several, but amongst them one of the most noticeable is the distinction of class; proving that the inhabitants have outlived one earth's era; that they have got beyond the Patriarchal stage; the proof of their having done so, being that in the Patriarchal stage, each family found it easy enough to make its own implements of warfare, to hollow out its own canoes, in fact to depend on the labors of its own hands, and to be independent of the labors of others. But in a more advanced state, a certain part of the people becomes possessed of riches and land. Wealth necessarily makes its possessors dependent on the labors of others, and also forms the first foundation for class distinctions, which though rude and undefined at first, after a succession of centuries, assume a definite form.

In my day on earth the Brahmins were more a Power than now. Kings revered them, kings abided by their counsels, kings were fearful of offending them, for the very Scriptures of my Land inculcated obedience to the dictates of a Pundit, and to the sacredness of his office, and enjoined obedience to his wishes. The Pundit's will prevented despotism on the part of the reigning monarch.

You have observed the subtle distinctions which have sprung up in certain Castes. It was not so in my day. The Brahmin attended to the duties of his office, and the Warrior Caste to the duties of defending the monarch's throne: the Ryots attended to the duties of cultivating their land, so that the monarch's fourth might be ready when due. And so with the mechanical class: it was theirs to labor and to labor contentedly. It has been urged by Logicians and Metaphysicians, that such a state of unalterable life was far from beneficial. For the Indian mechanic takes up a trade at which his father and forefathers worked before him, and with all the detailed improvements left him as heirlooms by his

* Caste, a Portuguese term, from *Casta*, breed.

progenitors; so that a dexterity is arrived at, and a completeness of manufacture considered simply supernatural in my time on earth by visitors from foreign shores.

When I say that India, far from advancing, has retrogressed, I shall be asserting no more than the truth. Every article of luxury, every piece of mechanism, more especially in the filligree and gold work, was as complete in its mechanism five thousand years of earth's time ago, aye, as complete as to-day. Its beautiful cotton and woollen pieces, woven as delicately and as completely dyed in brilliant and unfading colors as to-day. Yes, I have seen upon earth an united India. I have seen the Rajah presiding over his Province, as a father would preside over his family. You have heard of the ancient drama, the *Maha Bharata*: I am its author. It was written for the purpose of opening men's minds to one Supreme God. You may say that if such was the purpose of the *Maha Bharata*, it was cautiously proceeded with, but there was as much danger then in issuing manuscripts teaching the Unity of God, instead of the plurality of Idols, as there would have been, and was formerly in this Christian country of yours, in preaching against the tenets of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. It meant death there, as here; and an open recognition of a faith distinct from that of my people, would have meant death on earth for me.

The next great sign of civilisation, is a nation's cities, and the buildings that compose them. There were populations numbering millions within their cities' boundaries, and pagodas, which for beauty of sculptural designs, had no contemporary rivals. In fact there are now contemporary sculptures existing. You have been in the Bombay Presidency, and in the Cave of Elephanta you have seen its tiers of massive pillars, and rock-crowned roof. You have seen the enormous and gigantic statues, which face its pillars upon entrance, and you may probably have noticed, as I did on earth, the sacred Brahminical chord portrayed around the throat of that gigantic image; thus proving the antiquity of caste entirely beyond the knowledge of the most ancient of Historians. He who taught them was the wise legislator, gifted with intuitive knowledge, given him by the Supreme God, and he taught them the knowledge, not only how to rule the people over whom God had placed them, but how to live for futurity. He devised for them a Code of Jurisprudence, and also a Code, that they should follow the

footsteps of their forefathers, dividing them into unalterable and impassable castes. This knowledge, so divinely given, was a knowledge nearly immutable; for with unchangeable devotion to their ancient usages, the people of India are found to-day; and what was the common usage in my day on earth, is in use at the present. It were needless to cite instances, they are so numerous. You have heard of Choultrees, or houses of call and resting places for wayfarers, wanderers, and strangers; and it was the police's special duty to look into their comforts, report their incomings and outgoings, and also to report cases of sudden illness, and, should death ensue, to give decent burial.

This the State practises to-day, perhaps not with the perfection of the past, for the good customs of India's children have retrogressed, and why? Did the inroad of Secunder the Third, with his phalanxes of trained Grecian warriors, effect any changes in my nation? No! He with his whole host was overcome by a mightier hand than the inoffensive weapons of any of my countrymen. For seventy days during the traversing of himself and his host, I watched him spiritually: it rained incessantly, and weary and discontented, his soldiers demanded a return homewards; afterwards succeeding to power through his more fortunate soldiers and his commanding officers. But all the knowledge given to Europe by and through this invasion was but a limited knowledge, for the extent of their knowledge did not seem to go beyond the Coromandel, I should say the Malabar Coast, or Ceylon's Island. Afterwards Alexander travelled with his host through the Punjab, but after him the knowledge of the Ancients reached no further than Calicut on the Malabar Coast, and, sometime afterwards, to Trabana,* known at present as Ceylon. Thus the manners and customs of the Macedonians tended but little to any alterations in my people. It was not until after many centuries had elapsed, that the customs of the second castes began to alter most materially. When I was upon earth society was softened by the continual gracing of womankind at our meetings, and even during the time of the Genoese rule and exclusive possession of trade with our country, our women mixed freely at all gatherings, either for business or for pleasure. Europeans seemed to gain but little

* I suppose this is meant for Taprobana, the ancient name of Ceylon.

hold on the minds of my countrymen. They traded with the Europeans freely, as they had traded with other nations before them, enriching all they held commerce with. The Macedonian Empire first purchased at exorbitant prices their frankincense and myrrh, their precious pearls, and gold, and engraved jewels, an art unknown in any other country. Their silks were so wondrously fine, a secret to the comparatively barbarous Europeans, who thought they were manufactured from some sort of dew left on the foliage of the trees of India's country. He who stands there, [meaning Alexander the Great,] was clothed with as finely woven silk garments over two thousand years of earth's time ago, as could be obtained to-day.

A power, a rising power, so great, so powerful, that in the opinion of the trained Brahmin, it would wage war for supremacy in religion over the whole world, arose—I speak of the proud, fierce, fanatical Mahomedan, who, indeed, but slightly, changed the customs of the Code laid down by the laws of Menu; but they introduced the custom of the isolation of women on the part of the Rajahs, or Tributary Princes of my country, and next there followed another slight alteration in dress. The warrior class, in my day on earth, had merely the distinctive mark of the colored beard, a dyed beard, otherwise the plain cotton drapery was the dress of the highest as well as the lowest caste; but after the supremacy of the Mahomedan conquerors a slight change of dress took place, but none of religious ideas. They attempted fiercely to proselytise, yet they were courageously resisted.

Next let us come nearer to the present! It mattered not what nation was successful in obtaining the commerce of Hindostan. No, you must call it Indostan; to give it its ancient pronunciation, you must not aspirate. First I have pointed out the spoilers of my country, its first successful invaders, and then, passing over the former attempts at invasion, for all previously had been failures, as none obtained a settlement; and Secunder only obtained a settlement to have to surrender it soon after. The next oppressors were the Genoese. I am talking of the land trade carried on by the Genoese, who were so arrogantly proud: and so fabulously rich did Genoa's citizens become through its commerce, that their wives were Queens, and their daughters Princesses. Their homes were mansions, adorned with all the beauties that nature could add, filled with the fragrance of the exotic plants of my native country. Italy,

Venice also for a time benefited immensely by trade with my country. You have made mention of the Portuguese, who through the adventitious voyage of one of their navigators succeeded, as a contemporary action of another navigator did—the one founding a new world and the other a new route to riches and wealth. I am speaking of the discovery of working round to the eastward of the African Continent.

So important was the discovery, that the Portuguese gained a footing in India, and pushed their forts and their garrisons into the heart of the country, monopolising the commerce, providing all civilised Europe with the produce of my native country. But a growing Power was increasing, which should sweep away the Portuguese rule, and conquer and obtain an Empire, the richest in the world of nations. India has been considered an immense basin, into which is flung the gold and silver of other nations, swallowing it up, and never parting with it; producing more than its own wants, and therefore independent of other nations; not bartering produce, but demanding for its exports, an importation of specie only.

Wisely, and lovingly, one Monarch of the Mahommedan line ruled the children of Indostan; ruled them with a perfect and complete knowledge of their laws, institutions, and customs; ruled them, flinging apart from him the fanatical zeal of the religion in which he had been brought up, and employing the most learned of the Hindoos, the Brahmins, to refer to their ancient Sanscrit manuscripts, for the purpose of copying the precedent cases necessary for reference in Courts of Law, which he wished to institute—the Sultan Acbar, named “the Good, the Just.” He has been with you, I controlled him whilst in the flesh.

I am a wanderer now, one of God’s missionaries. My mission is to prove that with which I commenced my address to you—Eternity—to as many souls as I may possibly be able. Then your countrymen aroused themselves to the important fact that commerce with India, meant competence and wealth to the country that obtained it. They were but a small body of adventurers at first; but you are aware, as well as I can inform you, that every successive step brought them nearer to absolute rule; until at last, enlightened Englishmen sat upon India’s throne, giving it laws through its vast territories; deciding the questions of law according to the ancient jurisprudence; not that furnished by Acbar’s Prime Minister, but that furnished by Warren Hastings, then

Governor General of my country, and which was furnished to him by the most learned Brahmins he could find, and who were three years engaged in their task. Remember it is but very lately, a century or a century and a half, that the language of the Brahmins, the Sanscrit, was but a closed book, impossible for the secrets which that language held to be revealed, except at the discretion of some of the Brahminical order. But the patience of noble and learned Englishmen overcame their religious scruples, and their fears of ridicule, and Sanscrit was taught to several; the consequence being, that many things considered as fabulous, many assertions made by the Brahmins, which before had been treated as idle boastings, have through the translation of Sanscrit manuscripts, been proved to be undoubted facts, proving India to have been a highly civilised nation six or seven thousand years ago; having a complete knowledge of trigonometry, algebraic calculations, and astronomical predictions; proving that Science was not only existent then, but existent in an accurate form, proving a greater antiquity still.

Lately the throne and title have been given to her, who rules your Isle: Oh, may she rule her vast dominions in peace! and she will do so, if she keeps an earnest and watchful eye on her northern foe, who fain would commence his intrigues by tampering with the hardy warriors of Cabool. May she think well of my people, as well as govern them in peace! Mine is a nation that hath outlived nations, nay many nations, and which, without any perceptible change, will see many prosperous nations of to-day fade into nothing.

The government of to-day, is better than that which her own Rajahs and Monarchs can give her; very considerably so, having regard to the circumstance of her watchful and armed neighbours. A protector less generous, a conqueror less kind, less liberal, and more avaricious than the nation that now governs her, could be easily found.

Your country has, with open hands, responded to the harrowing cry of millions of my people suffering from hunger, and God will bless England for that worthy response. For deep in the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands, is love for those, where previously had been hatred. May God bless you, and keep you! He alone knows the limits of the task He would have you perform. Oh! may He be always with you, so that in the midst of your labors your soul may joyously exclaim, "Oh! I am never alone."

BUSIRIS.

Second Control, 29th August, 1878.

THE Medium in Trance, but not under Control, said:

Why do they come? They are showing so many ghastly wounds on their bodies, and yet they are so bright and so glorious in appearance. I saw last night the Spirit who accompanies him now; they are both dressed spiritually alike. The brilliance of the one equals the brilliance of the other. There are sixteen wounds on his body, eight received in front, and four on the right hand side, three on his back, and one right across the top of the head. They are wounds which must have been inflicted by a knife or an axe. My God, what a dreadful ending of an earth-career must have been his! He must have struggled most manfully against the murderous intentions of his merciless foes; he is of large stature; his form is attended with every manly grace; a diadem is on his brow, whether a spiritual gift, or a signification of his earthly position, I know not. His guardian Spirit during his earthly career, is present with him now, the name of his guide being Busiris. How majestic his guide looks! and how lovingly he glances at him! There is sweet peace surrounding both. Busiris approaches me: the other also draws nearer to us; the listening crowd of unseen witnesses narrow their circle. Busiris will address you, for I have heard him say so to his companion, whom he addresses by the name of Sir James Stewart, King of Scotland on earth. How lovingly he approaches my body! how kindly he bids me render up into his keeping my body! I will do so—I will do so!

Here the Sensitive, after a short pause, went under Control. The controlling spirit made a few introductory remarks, to the effect that his hold on the body of the Sensitive was not a very strong one, as the spirit belonging to the body was ever ready to retake possession of it again on any disturbance; therefore I was to keep quiet, and not get excited, nor to get up

from my chair for any purpose too suddenly, but that if I wanted to either rest my hand or take a drink of water, if I gave prior timely notice, he would give me the opportunity on a fitting occasion. After these and a few other remarks, he spoke as follows :

I will speak to you about Jesus of Nazareth. Head this Record, "The Second Control of Busiris;" the second of a series, which will be continued, as and when conditions prove suitable. I have seen the foundations laid of great and powerful Empires; I have witnessed their thorough decay and passing away, to be succeeded by others, which in their turn again became powerful, and which in the unalterable order of events brought about by progress, fell to give place to others; but with every succeeding generation, I have noticed, that the spiritual world has been drawn nearer to the hearts of man; the consequence being, that the strictly humanitarian passions have been held in check, and the higher emotions of the soul have been fostered and brought out gradually, with an ever increasing strength; every succeeding generation testifying their advance by the greater absence of crime in their midst, and also by their increased and higher emotions of love of their kind. I see that bodily claims are being put aside, and that, in lieu of governing, they are being governed, and the real immortal spirit is called to bear that part, which the Father God intended it to bear, that of master over the body, not of servant to it.

All the attendant misery in past generations, that mankind has had to endure, that mankind to-day is still enduring, and that mankind in the future will have to endure, has been brought about by uncontrolled bodily desires, by the absence of the assertion of the real man; by an unwillingness to assume his heaven-given duty, that of governing his earth-desires. It becomes the duty of every child of God to watch well what desires he is obedient unto, and whether those desires that his Spirit acknowledges and allows, are derogatory to his position as an immortal creature. He hath within himself, that is every child of God hath within his own possession, an infallible guide and standard of judgment; consequently he cannot remain in error.

This standard of judgment is designated by many various titles: some call it 'the Inward Accuser'; others 'Conscience.' The Philosophic Judgment and the Sceptic call it Reason.

Let men call this infallible standard of judgment by whatever name they choose ; its judgments are unalterable and firm as the foundations of truth. Man may try to stifle his judgment, may try to take no heed of it, but this judgment is in existence nevertheless, marking its own infallible records for the perusal of the Giver of Life. No trial, however heavy, no burthen, however great, but what this infallible judgment would have guided you through to the approval of your Father : this will guide the fiat of His judgment ; and upon His judgment rest vistas of immortal happiness and peace.

Oh that mankind were made fully conscious of this, their inborn counsellor ! How different, did they fully realise it, would be their actions on earth ! Every immortal spirit during his earth's experience, becomes his own first accuser on his entry into the spirit spheres. The sins, the wickedness, the God-forsaken acts of life, are laid bare to the all-searching eye of the Omnipotent Judge, for the immortal spark with which He has endowed the meanest as well as the highest of mankind, will accuse him the long rested in sin. The stifled sense of the warning judgment given by this immortal part of man will not fail to make itself known in the breast of even the vilest. And, proceeding from an original source of purity and truth, its accusations of unnoticed warnings during the spirit's earth life will be, and are deemed worthy of the Supreme's judgment. Hence it is signified in the revealed words amongst men, as the Book of Life : Life recording its warnings, and flesh disobeying these warnings.

Every succeeding generation is fighting this battle between spirit and flesh more equally. The crimes, and vices, and lawless lives of millions in the past can never again be in the future. The unseen cloud of God's servants has brought oligarchy and anarchy into law and order, and the spirit dwelling in the breast of every human creature is becoming stronger in its assertion of a governing right, and the low and debasing crimes of your forefathers have left the earth with them, and I pray God never to be repeated amongst their descendants.

To what a dire extent will uncontrolled passions lead us all ! The last and greatest expression of uncontrolled passion for centuries, took place in what has been called the Holy City, I mean Jerusalem. I am referring to the birth-place of many of those who held direct spiritual communications, and who existed in or near Jerusalem for centuries. I myself

have controlled several of the Fathers of the Israelites, but never to control the lips, never to take absolute charge of the body. I have controlled the body in part, and made myself heard. I have been seen, and in my repeated visits have been recognised again. I made myself apparent to three, who were present at your last speaking in public—to one who described my appearance to you. The other two recognised me as a spirit form, but were unwilling to put themselves prominently forward, and held their knowledge in their own keeping.

I wish to describe to you what I consider one of the highest expressions of earthly passion, during my visits to the earth. I saw Jerusalem at rest, the City, the birth-place, and the burial-place of God's chosen—forsaken, with the exception of a few worshippers in its holy Temple—Jerusalem, the scene of Jesus of Nazareth's many administrations—the greatest and best amongst any living contemporaries; frugal in His mode of living; chaste in His life; obedient to His God. The City is now deserted, and the Temple hath within its capacious enclosures, its lofty arches, but few remaining votaries, the descendants of the Tribe of Levi, performing listlessly their duties. I, an unseen visitor, could read their minds. They were thinking that He, whose voice awoke the echoes in this place, dedicated to the worship of the Supreme God, will soon be hushed in silence. They are wondering even now, whether their chief High Priest has been in error, when a righteous man is about to die, suffering the lowest indignity that can be offered to an immortal soul on earth, whether He is suffering the death of a just man. Silence, a solemn silence, reigns within the walls of this sacred edifice. Here and there hastening towards its various places of exit can be heard hushed footsteps, surely betokening the saddened heart. There are only left the old and the decrepit outside the Temple walls, and they too, if bodily infirmities had not prevented them, would have hastened to the last earth-scenes of Jesus of Nazareth. The anxious gaze in the far off distance is theirs; they are tremblingly expectant of some news from the scene of man's judgment.

I passed them all unseen, unheeded, philosophising upon uncontrolled earthly desires; so out from the city, noticing only those few. What a change of scene to me! more like passing from one generation to another; a rapidly moving, and seemingly inexhaustible throng formed of many nation-

alities; all hastening onwards with one set purpose, representatives of all the nations on the earth. It seemed as if all nations had been expectant of this scene, and had duly sent their delegates. The Egyptians, the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Jews, Arabians, Cretans, Elamites, Persians, Medes, and Parthians; in fact all nations with any pretensions to civilisation were duly represented at that scene—an angry, tempestuous, and strange multitude. The one great theme, the subject of their conversation, marking its deep interest in every lineament of their faces is the Healer, the Great Healer; He who held conversation with the dead; He who had restored to health the many; He who had given serenity of mind to many; He who had even recalled back the wandering spirit to retake possession of its own body. This wonder among men, whose consistent course of life amounted to an accusation to thousands who were there present, He, known as Jesus of Nazareth, was about to die. He could not look mean, however much they tried to debase and lower Him. Those spirits who were nearest to the Throne of God; those who had attended on Him during the whole course of His public administration, were absent then. Only by hard perseverance was I enabled to stand in the midst of these onlookers. They were in the very condition of the lowest spirit sphere, or Hell, as you would call it. Oh! who could wonder that these holy and pure beings, who had ever attended Him, were absent under such presented dire circumstances! Oh! of the many thousands there assembled, not the number that would have saved the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah could be found—all thirsted for His blood with a murderous persistence. But His attendant spirits had taught him well, and although absent from Him, He remembered their teachings, remembered them, when the rude grasp of the Roman soldier plucked off His outer garment from Him. He looked with pity at him in return, in pity without fear, for I watched well his countenance. When a stolidly brutal soldier proceeded to bore the holes through His hands and feet, talking at the time indifferently to his comrades whilst pursuing his task; placing his hammer on the ground whilst he was talking and making his remarks, and taking it up again to drive the nails closer home, the ominous roar from the multitude denoted too perfectly, that the hour of human sacrifice had come. The Cross was upreared, and Jesus of Nazareth placed as a spectacle for men to gaze upon, O Father—men, Thy

children, yet controlled by earthly passions overruling them.

Jesus takes no heed of the roar of satisfaction, that these, Thy creatures gave expression to. He is gazing into the broad expanse which Thou, O Father, governest. He missed His Spirit-surroundings; they were gone; gone in this hour of dire trouble, yet not gone. They could not come in this hour of trouble. He gazed upwards sorrowfully with a deep and inexplicable sorrow; a sorrow deeper, more absorbing, more unearthly, seemed to be His than of any other of God's creatures in the flesh; looking upwards and around for the first time for many labors performed in the service of His God and seeing none, no, not one of those bright and glorious servants of His Father around Him. Oh! it was a heaven searching gaze: it altered the very expression of His face, for He had realised the ever-attendant love of God's servants to the fullest extent; but now when desolation and trouble had laid their heavy hands upon Him, He stood alone, truly alone, for although He recognised me as being different from others around the Cross, yet He knew me not, because I had not kept attendance on Him. Alone, and yet not quite alone! The mother who had borne Him stood near Him, taking her full share of the jibes and sarcasms with which all were assailed who loved Him. None bore them more undauntedly than she, the royal descendant of her people's ancient line of kings, and He her guiltless son. There were others besides myself who penetrated this aura or atmosphere; but they were but a drop in the great ocean of black and gloomy earth-life. The smallest spark of brightness was scarcely observed through the darkness of prevailing conditions. Lost to all earthly memories, thinking only of this inexplicable desertion, all unheeded fell the taunts upon His ears: His soul was filled with other thoughts, with other hopes. He had had foretold to Him this hour, but had not fully realised its dreadful intensity of suffering, and its thorough and complete realisation seemed to come to Him but slowly. Yet He had been well taught, and He remembered the teachers. His teachers, unseen by all, were known to Him. He could converse with them of their Universal Father, and although no visible glory shone round His martyred head, yet despite of all the arts of human ingenuity to ridicule Him, how glorified He looked; what a kindly humanitarian feeling shone from His eyes, as, with a full and complete resignation to God's Will, He turned His eyes earthward, looking on those who

were reviling Him, and, strangest mystery of all, looking in love at them.

He had been well taught, and remembered the lessons of His teachers. "He trusted in God," said the proud Temple Priests, "let the God in whom He trusted now deliver Him." They were the leaders of men, with the attributes of manhood, or the claims to them. Oh! what a hushed silence as they waited for Him to speak. They were words of love when He did speak, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Little did He realise all those who loved Him, or that this means of a shameful death should be the emblem in future generations for men's idolatrous hopes; an emblem which hath struck its root into every civilised country; glittering on gorgeous altars; bowed down before by pampered Priests: that it would come to be revered and worshipped amongst men, no longer speaking the ever-existing truth, but brought forward to support false doctrines and ambitious aims. The nearest to God were His guides during His public teaching, and His unalterable doctrines of good will and peace amongst men were lessons inculcated by those obedient servants of God—lessons which He gave to His brother man at the great risk of surrendering His own life; teaching and preaching advanced and liberal views; dying to seal the everlasting truth of His administration with His last exclamation, falteringly uttered, "It is finished; it is finished." There were other advanced Spirits present, but none so high as those who were in constant attendance on Jesus of Nazareth, and who went back to their Spirit spheres.

Oh! debased and uncontrolled human passions, not contented with such a sacrifice for the sake of a life, serving the purpose of an example to every child of God. In the future they must needs add to that sacrifice, despoiling for ever its utility, pandering to the religions then existing, setting up the idea of a wrathful God and a necessary sacrifice for the purposes of atonement, and, adding to this false foundation, the blasphemous trappings of idolatrous worship, in full power in the past centuries but waning now; leading to a thorough departure in the future.

Every succeeding generation is more spiritually progressing. O God, we thank Thee for this result: the ending of these vast changes and of the effects from the desires of this just martyr, whose last moments we witnessed, are inconclu-

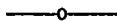
sive, and contradictory and unsatisfactory. The plain question, O Father, is, "Where did the necessity exist for such a sacrifice?" This question falls upon them like a dead weight. It is a reasonable appeal; they recognise it as such but offer no reasonable answer to it. 'Neither can' they—for blasphemy cannot be adequately supported. Reckoning Jesus of Nazareth as equal with the 'Great I Am,' where the necessity that He must suffer or Man be lost? I, Busiris, answer, that to the earnest deep-questioning soul the answer at all times, and for all times, will be unsatisfactory. His teachings have been steadily upheld at every cost, on every hand; and the why he so lived. Not because of any wicked atonement theories, and they are legion, urged by thousands on thousands of men, each with a different solution, each urged with an equally assured confidence, each solution acceptable to its particular set of believers, each as certain as the dire and dreadful event itself. The revealed word is silent, as of necessity it should be, of such an event, and if reasoned upon by any philosophical or metaphysical minds its absurdity at once becomes prominent; but generations, as they succeed each other, are advancing spiritually, and the belief of to-day will be the myth of to-morrow.

There are thousands on thousands of believers in the efficacy of Christ's administrations. Thousands on thousands who believe Him to have been the purest and truest exponent of God's Will; but then Reason compels them to stop there, freeing them from the errors, the wilful errors, of priestcraft, and liberating their ideas, so that they might grasp the Jesus of Nazareth as He really was, as He really owned Himself to be, as He died confessing He was—a creature brought into being by the Almighty God, the same as other mortal children of His Father in heaven, set apart for the regeneration of mankind; a reformer, a teacher of mankind, accredited amongst those He taught on account of the Spirit help which He received in alleviating suffering and misery, and that His last earth-life was passed in supplication for God's mercy and help, until the great fact dawned on Him that His earth journeyings were ended.

Then came the last admission of His humanity, "Thy will be done, O God, Thy will be done!"

May God the Almighty Father in heaven assist you in your work! May the servants of God's Will guide you, love you, and abide with you through every walk of your life!

May they have their power increased by your submission of free-will to them, and by your steady adherence to abandon desires and forsake sin according to the judgment of your own immortal Spirit! Oh, may God assist you!



BUSIRIS.

Third Control, March 23rd, 1879.

UNDER the directions of my spiritual surroundings, the Sensitive had been sitting at a machine, called a flowering machine, with a view of getting drawings in the shape of embroidery on leather. On the day of this Control he brought me a specimen of work done, which he said was done whilst he was in bed, and unconscious. I said that there were certain difficulties to be got over; the machine was new and did not work truly, but that from what I had been told, all would be got over, and that I was prepared to expect difficulties at starting. He suddenly went under Control, and spoke thus:

Difficulties! Yes, there are many difficulties to contend against in the proper propagation of spiritual truth; these difficulties are briefly summarised under one name, conditions. Oh! soon will this name, soon will this great want be supplied, and spiritual truths be easily and successfully propagated. Why do necessary conditions hold such sway over the successful propagation of spiritual truths? I will give you my ideas on this matter:—

Sensitives are much more numerous than they are generally supposed to be, and their earthly surroundings are the immediate causes of their successful or non-successful development. A Sensitive placed in the home of a firm believer in spiritual communications, surrounded also by firm believers in these all-important truths, would be such a ready pathway from the invisible to the visible world; such a ready and sure instrument for the wills of Controlling Spirits, that in lieu of sound

and truthful spirit views being given only to a selected few, they could be given, and I say will be given, to any, to many.

But how is it in reality? The Sensitives, after their sittings, return from the purest of atmospheres, to their own surroundings, where every hour of their home lives is passed, and consequently the pure source of Spirit influence is bound and held in abeyance, until they once again come within the aura of intellectual and advanced minds. To obviate these difficulties, and remove these obstructions, God has, in His mercy, given various tasks to many, whose works aim towards one general ending or result, the successful promulgation of spiritual truth. The means of making these doctrines more widely spread, which these God-chosen workers pursue, are many and various. Your labors, are, indeed, herculean, and many would shrink from the performance of such a task, overawed by its difficulties; whilst others, on the other hand, grasp firmly the grand results which follow their successful, and obedient labors, and every arising difficulty is cheerfully met and overcome, their watchword being, "ever onwards! ever onwards!"

The opponents to their labors are many, the chiefest among these opponents being the teachers and preachers of the present time. Next in importance in the ranks of their opponents, may be classed the disciples, or the believers in their teachings. I am here to provide you with a few brief headings, for you to fill up out of your own will and desire this evening.

I must here make a break, and explain what this last preceding sentence means. I may state that it was my intention, and which intention I afterwards carried out, to attend a meeting on the day following, at Doughty Hall, to hear Mr. Tyerman's last address in England, preparatory to his return to Australia, and also to speak about him, and pay him a few valedictory compliments previous to his departure; and at the time the Medium entered, I was making a few heads for my speech at the intended meeting. I cannot say that I was much, or at all surprised at what he said, although the Sensitive knew nothing of my intentions, as these high Controls not only know what is passing in my

mind, but also often impress me with the ideas. Of this I had a strong example on the present occasion. The Control continued :

Oh ! it is an important subject, and a glorious and sublime advocacy, that of Spirit Communion. People may cry, "Of what use, of what good?" but God shall at all times, and in all seasons, put words into your mouth to answer them; words that shall carry conviction with them; and in giving tangible proofs by the publication of acknowledged spirit addresses, you give exultant pleasure to your own soul for having performed your own work in obedience to your Father God. Amongst the most difficult of your hearers will be those, who are just launched on their earth's experience—those in the hey-day of their youthful manhood with its attendant states of good health, and carelessness for the future. Such, with all their loving friends around them, feel that life has been too short to miss many of their friends, hearing their cheerful voices, experiencing their kindly deeds, cheered by their approving smiles. That which is known as Death amongst men, is a mystery too remote, and to them a half-fabulous thing; they cannot yet grasp it; it is a state they cannot find time to think upon. Yours will be the task to awaken them to this higher change; your words are penetrating, north, south, east, and west of this Island. They are even penetrating far beyond the boundaries of this small Island. Thousands and tens of thousands, who have never visited this land, will bless you for their awakening.

Your opponents, who will be more easily convinced, will be found amongst the ranks of those who have passed the greater part of their earth experiences, and who are beyond the early earth experiences of youth, and who have time and leisure to think—those who can call to remembrance many whom they have loved, and who are now on the down-hill pathway leading towards the great change; those who can realise many vacant forms in their memories' lists.

I am weighing well every word ere I utter it. It is when such men have the memories of missing friends, when remembrances of them are in the ascendant, for when a soul misses a dear friend there departs from him some special form of social enjoyment, whose very existence depended on the peculiar character of that missing friend; it is then, when men have reached the fullest maturity of their earth existence, that they

have a strong soul leaning towards the great unknown bourn, for which, despite his own earthly desires, man's soul is craving. These will by you be found prone to learn, willing to hear, quick to understand, and firm to hold. For with this great missing of their loved friends is born the earnest soul desire—Do they still remember him? Do they still love him? Can they still care for him? Oh, teach them, Oh, convince them, that they can care for him; that they do remember him, and still love him; and your glorious result will be an ever existent achievement, which your own soul will for ever exult in, for you will rob them of their poignant grief, caused by their many bereavements. You will also halve their bitterness, and their hearts, instead of mourning, will rejoice. I have called it a glorious result.

Next in your list of opponents will be found the sceptical minds, who will call all these things sweet delusions and a high class of fiction. There is another class, sceptical only in respect to Spirit communication, yet reverencing the teaching emanating from the ministers of the gospel, and believing thoroughly in the authenticity of Revelation. This class will acknowledge that, like their fellow men, they have the same inexplicable inborn longing for knowledge of the hereafter, amounting to a passionate craving of their very souls. This is a common gift to every mortal soul tabernacled in flesh, therefore they cannot deny it: then meet them upon their own ground, and I strongly recommend the Bible for your use in the furtherance of your work with this class of opponents, for I maintain you can easily prove from its pages, that departed Spirits do in truth retain knowledge of what transpires on this earth, and also become partakers in many active duties towards the aid of the living man. Nearly the whole mass of Spirit existence in the Revealed Word, consists more of intimation than of positive assertion: it has no straightforward or set treatise on the subject, nor is its purpose definitely stated in any particular part of it. Yet it certainly gives great and glorious images of the future life, of the after-state of the Soul. In some isolated cases there seems, as if by accident, a ray of direct intelligence, more direct than the general mass of contents, which is given in kindness and love to lead men to hope. I will not deal with what are merely different hints and half-assertions contained in places throughout the Holy Writ; but will deal especially with one or two of these particular rays which speak out

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intelligibly, and lead towards a more settled knowledge.

If then Holy Writ asserts that "there is a class of invisible Spirits, who minister to the children of men," this is not matter metaphorically introduced: the language is plain and its meaning is obvious. Again, I will enunciate another ray from the same source—"are not they all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to those, who shall be bearers of God's love?" Another one I will mention: it is said of those dear loved ones who go far to form the comforts of a home, "their Spirits do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven." These three rays of divine intelligence, taken from your opponents' main source of strength, sufficiently recognized, may, in fact, prove the existence of individual guardian Spirits. They go further than this, they come up with your own idea on the subject fearlessly and publicly expressed, "that God's loving Government over Mind, is one of intermediate agency, and that there has been no great action tending towards the benefit of the human family, but what has been brought about by God's loving care, through the labors of His servants." Those servants of our Father are not chosen at random, but picked out with the nicest reference to their adaptability for the purpose intended by God.

It will be yours to make known amongst men, who these servants are, and by and through whom God makes known His Will: to tell them, that they are not any higher order of immortal beings, whom the All-knowing, All-seeing God has created to alleviate misery, and to cause the absence of distressing thoughts, but that He has filled the world with unseen teachers, unseen teachers and witnesses, and that of His eternal mercy, He has filled the world with these unseen witnesses, servants of His Will. You will also tell men, who these servants are, and what they were—sainted and glorified men in high and grand spheres or states of Spirit-existence, yet how thrillingly conscious of an earth experience of sin and sorrow, and tremblingly in loving sympathy with temptations and struggles so like their own once. Who so meet and fit to cheer up the fainting heart undergoing these struggles, as those who can further state that the unseen witnesses are sometimes made apparent? Quoting Revelations and its authority, should your opponent be of the last-named class, quoting that portion of the Revelations which describes the Spiritual setting of Jesus of Nazareth, and His particularly chosen disciples, when He was surrounded with

an exceedingly great glory, so that their eyes durst not look upon Him, nor on those who accompanied Him. He had seated Himself alone; but when they gazed on Him in His glory, there was one on His right hand and another on His left. Were they a superior order of immortal beings? No! They had passed through earth's experiences; they had met with the exceeding justice of God, and they had suffered their due expiation, and were known to the disciples, as those who claimed the names of Moses and Elias when on earth; and the object of their visit was to tell them that His home was prepared for Him in His higher life—

I will restore the Medium to his normal state for a brief time to enable you to rest your hand. I am Busiris.

After a pause of about five minutes, he again controlled, and asked me to read the last portion of what I had recorded. On my doing this, he again took up the thread at the point he had left off.

—and also to bid Him to meet with fortitude and courage the cruelty and ingratitude of His countrymen; that He was to drink to the dregs the bitter cup, but that they were and would be present with Him, to give Him solace and offer Him comfort. God's wise and all-seeing knowledge had sent to Him, the greatest of all men, two willing servants who themselves had had to encounter the same neglect, the same cruelties, and who themselves had committed many of the sins to which flesh is heir. That they had many and many a time, whilst on earth, acted in direct opposition to God's expressed will, yet had their Father God found none more worthy to send as comforters to His beloved one, than those Spirits, who had passed through earth's experience. If this be so, what deduction can we draw for the use of argument to these opponents to the truth of Spirit communion? Why should not those, who are gone onward from those, who were once loving friends, form men's own ministering guardian Spirits? Who so fitting? Who would the Great Father in heaven be most likely to send? Has any man lost a friend who loved him, and knew him to the very innermost parts of his heart? a friend to whom the soul had opened out itself, and laid bare its secret recesses—to whom the soul had confessed its weakness, to whom the soul had depicted its grief, its broken hopes, its useless aims. If God's mercy allows to such a soul a ministering Spirit as a guide, who so

fitting as the missing one? who better adapted? Can God err in such a choice? No! He does not.

There are innermost memories in the souls living on earth, which prove the wisdom of their Father's choice, proving to them that they are indeed guided through dangers and difficulties, and that a ministering guide, whose influence is felt, although he himself is unseen, is continually with them, unceasing in his loving care. O Man, O Man, hath not thy soul been cast down with earthly troubles? Hath not an invisible voice said, "There is a remedy at hand, there is a lifting up of the veil"? Has not in such a moment of dire distress of soul, some feeling at once taken its place, instilling fresh hope and seeming to heal the wounded soul, as if an angel had imparted part of his high hopes to him? Oh, many a one, many thousands, many tens of thousands, have listened, and in silence will listen, their souls giving silent acquiescence to what they recognise as true in reference to themselves.

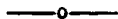
Then this class, this particular class of opponents, will find themselves sufficiently answered by your quotations amounting to proof, from the source from which they obtain their ideas of the Spiritual. Another class of opponents are those who are sceptical of the personality of their Father God. They acknowledge things existing in order and perfection, denoting intelligence, but from what source derived they plead entire ignorance.

But these too, with the help of their Father God, shall be gathered into the fold: they offer strong arguments as a rule, and their favorite one, in this case, would probably be, "If there is a necessity existing for guardianship through life, why is the removal made, when that guardianship could be made under favorable circumstances whilst that guardian is still in the flesh?" This would be hypothesis merely. Many a soul, whose field of labor is very extended on earth, who is doing a vast amount of good to his fellow men, is suddenly removed: but why is he suddenly removed? I will inform you. The Divine One, the Infallible Father of Man, sees that His ministers can act more powerfully from the unseen world, than amidst the infirmities and shortcomings of social intercourse. For here on earth the soul is hemmed in, or, in the words of the poet, "cabined, cribbed, confined;" distracted by the ever-changing events of everyday life, and distracted by its bodily infirmities, it often loses the opportunity of properly expressing its own ideas

through its own body, consequently it fails to impress others in a manner correspondent with its own notions and earnest desires. They seem to be doing a rare amount of good by going through a holy and high service dedicated to God, being a Saviour, indeed, to thousands, but God the Father in heaven knows, that they have but just been through their preparation for their real service to be rendered to Him. This full power of doing good is to commence in their higher life.

There are others here on earth, who are having a hard time of it. They do not want to believe in a hereafter; they do not care about living twice; their living once has been such a real lesson to them, that when the closing earth scene arrives, they look back on their spent life as a total failure. An unfortunate run of circumstances has pressed heavily on them at every stage; they have lived, only to be hardly used, chastened, and crushed, and then to be laid in the grave in careless and unthinking silence. They will be the hardest of opponents. Oh, but when once convinced, Oh, what a glorious vision will be unfolded to them! Their hardships and their self-denials on earth, will be proved to have been hard teachings for their souls, yet will be found to have been necessary. Oh yes! the day is quickly advancing, dearly beloved one, when with an universal recognition, the beloved ones will be welcomed, moving about their own dearly beloved homes on earth; shedding around an atmosphere of peace, good will, and high hopes prominently; for good will be their loving services to God, with stern and unyielding reproof of all evil. It will soon be proved that the whole human family is encompassed round with a cloud of witnesses, whose anxious hopes are the furtherance of God's will in those, whom they love and guide; whose sympathy is in every effort and struggle of the beloved ones, and whose joy and happiness consist in the success of their labors. They have overcome Death; they have risen into a new life, a crowned, a glorified life, clothed with Immortality. Their proudest aim is to remain assistants to the comforts of those, whom they loved on earth, and in every hour of darkness and disaster, to bring in their soothing help; their loving ministrations. There are many laborers in this, God's vineyard. They cannot fail, for they are serving God. Their course, whilst they render faithful service, must be an ever improving one; and when they enter into their own home, they shall recognise many loving faces to give them welcome.

I asked Busiris, before he left, to give me his blessing;—would that I could record it! Language could scarcely convey its impressive solemnity. He prayed for God's blessing on me and mine: he prayed that I might not, for the remainder of my days, be led away by ambition, lust of power, or avarice; that I might employ my time in doing good to my fellow creatures; and that, when it pleased God to call me to higher life, I might be welcomed by good and high Spirits, and carried to the abode allotted to me.



BUSIRIS.

Fourth Control, November 12th, 1879.

THE Sensitive in Trance, said:

I know that an Angel of God stands there, and I also know that the Star, towards which his hand is pointing, is typical of what he will make me explain. Oh! how bright, how brilliant, how beautiful, is that Star at which he is gazing; emitting rays of glorious brightness from its every point. He designates it "The Star of Bethlehem." He also points to four figures, formed of light. They are one, eight, four, and seven; and Oh! beautiful being, I can hear him, I can see him. I have gazed once before on forms of beauty, like unto them, but once only. I know that the veil, which surrounds him, is but a protection to me, hiding from my eyes their never-dying glory. Oh! he to whom thou wilt address thy words, will be the means, whereby thousands on thousands of his fellow-beings shall hear them. Oh then, if thou speakest of mysteries, be it in thine own way, in thine own manner! Oh, let all of self be annihilated in me, and let all that thou wouldst reveal, meet with no impediment from me!

What means that beautiful star? I dare not worship it, for God liveth and reigneth. Tell me, thou beauteous angel, tell me what it means! I will not bow down before it! Why—why do you show me a thing of such glorious beauty?

I do not fear thy approach, strong in the faith that he, who recordeth, exercises towards me, I am made strong. I know that when his faith yields, I shall suffer. If you ask me why this sin, if committed, should be charged against me, I do not know; I cannot answer. I only recognise my own weakness. Those bright spirits who are with him, have informed me that the meanest of God's children have their Spirit guides. He has told me that I am weak, and strong only in his strength. Be it so! I rely, then on his strength. Oh! I pray to that God, who gave me being. Bright and glorious as you are; to that same God I pray; to Him, that self-same Living God, to Him my prayers ascend. Oh! if there is a sin in this terror, forgive me; Oh! forgive me, Father! my soul trembles, my soul trembles.

Here he went under Control, and remained a minute or two in an imposing attitude, holding out his extended right arm, and pointing with the forefinger to something above in the sky. There happened to be, on a small table near me, a number of the Paper, known as "Vanity Fair." He said:

What is that? hand it over! open it!

This I did, and he pointed with his finger to a passage, and said:

Read that out to me!

This I did. The passage was the following:—"The steward of Count Schouvaloff's estates in Kieff has been threatened with death, unless he relaxes in his harsh dealings with the peasants. The writer of an anonymous communication, mentions that the Nihilists are all-powerful at Umani, and declare their intention of burning down the Count's Chateau, if he does not pay heed to the petition which they have sent him, complaining of the Steward's doings."

I tell you (the Control continued), the same sort of warning pervades almost every Paper. A thing when universal must be true. We have felt the wish in your heart to know, to realise the future of this your Nation. I have recognised the impulses of your heart to have properly explained to you this coming era of change, so often alluded to. I know that

the strongest feeling of your heart is the feeling, that you should be supplied with proof, that the coming era has dawned, has entered upon its days. I veiled my form from the eyes of the half-released spirit of the form through whose organisation I speak, necessarily. The language used is strictly within the capability of his brain, if properly exercised. There are many organisations, more especially those, who have lived the allotted time on earth, who are rich mines unexplored, having during their time on earth only been troubled superficially. I mean, that the surface has only been disturbed. The riches of the greater depth of these mines have been neglected. I mean by this, that none of these, who have manifested, could have given correct expression to their views, had not a perfect organisation existed; but in this case of the Sensitive, as in thousands, nay millions of others, the opportunity of finding and proving the correct organisation has not always been given.

I have been sent to explain that, which the Sensitive saw during his semi-unconscious condition. He saw a bright, beautiful, luminous Star; and the words, that he heard, were repeated by those by whom I am accompanied. "Behold the Star of Bethlehem" were the words which he heard. His soul, being enlightened, revolted at the idea of worshipping it, nor was his worship needed. Spiritual revelations are by some souls received in fear and trembling, hence he cried, "my soul trembles, and I fear!" What means this Spiritual sight? What means this object? What means this representative of the orbs of the heavens? I have been sent to tell you.

He perceived these luminous figures, one, four, eight, seven, above the Star. The meaning of this was the date of the dawn of the Era of Change, of the reign of one thousand years of universal spirit revelation—Was its dawn ushered in in triumph? Oh, no! I, who gazed upon that scene, can best describe it; I who have seen so many ages; I who have toiled in so many dawns; I who have partaken of so many joys, and shared in so many sorrows. I was present in man's earliest days, when rude barbarism reigned; when law and order were unknown; I who have acted by God's command in every changing scene of men's lives; I who have always proclaimed the Great Creator's praises; I who have always taught humility to man; I who have seen the struggles and the contentions of men's worst passions, and pitied them. I

Miscellaneous Controls—Busiris.

who have never swerved in my obedience to my God, but have pitied the shortcomings of nations ; I who have seen men seeking their own glory, and forgetting the glory of their Creator ; I who have ever been obedient to the high aims entrusted to me ; alike have I visited both the palace and the cottage, the Cathedral, and the humble porter's grave.

I have given my blessing at the birth of Monarchs ; I have added my curses to the curses of others at the acts of tyranny and oppression. I have been obedient to God, whilst whole nations have bowed down to idolatrous worshipping, and I have wept and been sorrowful. I was a witness to the daily trials of the Son of Man, and in His nightly communions I held a share. I comforted Him when He had not where to lay His head ; I was one appointed to watch by His sepulchre together with others, who were appointed with me. I have been present, when smiling peace has blessed whole nations ; and I have gazed with horror at the desolation of war ; therefore I, who have attended Him, of whom this Star is typical, I can best speak of its meaning.

Behold, worshippers from all nations are gathered together upon their bended knees. Already have they framed distinct doctrines, but they all conform in the universal belief that the roof that shelters them, encloses also for them the most sacred of memories. They are especially divided into two major parts, or divisions. Their other differences are but minor ones. The two great divisions are the Latins and the Greeks. They form the two great parties. But what means the great commotion that now ensues ? Prayer, adoration, and worship of God are forgotten, and angry passions are aroused, revengeful glances are exchanged : something has caused this, else these worshippers in this sacred place, the Church of the Nativity of Jesus, would not be so placed one towards each other. See how quickly a division is made ! In vain one side protests its innocence ; the cry of sacrilege is raised from the other side, for the great and glorious Star of Bethlehem has been stolen ; the star which from time immemorial had held its place over the altar of that sacred fane. The Star had set ; the nineteenth century of its reign was reached, and the luminous figures of one, eight, four, seven, proclaimed a higher state of life to immortals still in the flesh ; but not for all yet, not yet universally. Then it was but a faint light, and ere it shall reach its midday, many a serious trouble must be met and conquered, ere the Era of Change can be complete.

The expiring efforts of every era are closed in bloodshed and violence, but "out of tribulation into light" says the great inspired writer of the past. Then came the appeal to earthly powers, and then came the expulsion of the Greek party from this sacred place of worship. This is the first opening act of the despairing efforts of the past era; efforts still to maintain its waning power; efforts which from that date to the present have been earnestly adhered to, and at times seemed to many to be in a fair way of success. But it is but the power of the World wavering with the power of the Living God. Even from the theft of a mere altar ornament has arisen some of the greatest causes, since the indestructible was allied to the imperishable. Smarting under the charge of theft, the Greek party implored the protection, the powerful protection, of the Czar of Russia, nominating him as the Protector of their Faith. Here was a stepping stone to the ambition fostered by that nation during many reigns. He was acknowledged by these Greek Christians as their head, and vested with all power and dominion over them. The Czar at once counselled, nay, compelled the Sultan to reverse the order of his new subjects' expulsion, once more giving them the right of worshipping in the Church of the Nativity. Were the Latins backward in finding a protector? Oh no! the world wages a sturdy war against change. They implored the protection of their fellow-believers, the French nation. Then the French nation sternly prohibited the decision of the Sultan, coerced as that decision had been by the arbitrary decision of the Czar.

War! War! Rumours of War! Yes, they were commencing. The Spirit utterances of old are finding their full measure in the present passing time. The haughty Autocrat, the Czar of all the Russias, recognising the opposition to his wishes by France, resolved to carry out his wishes, and go beyond anything he had ever demanded. He proclaimed his seigniorship over all the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, both in Europe and Asia, demanding for them the same civil rights as the followers of the prophet Mahomed enjoyed. But at this time another nation had come to join this vortex, another to swell the list of nations that are yet to meet; yes, yet to meet—they have wrestled together, but the real battle has not yet been fought, it has yet to come. It has been but an allied war of nations, not an universal Armageddon. Their blood-stained and wounded bodies, on the very site whereon

the battle must take place, only prove that the struggle has been, that the wrestling has passed, and that the battle site has been found—has been found I say “Armageddon.”

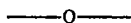
Of what language is the word? Do you know? I will tell you. It is a Hebrew word:—*Ar*, a great height, or lofty plain: *Mageddon*, a city—in conjunction a *lofty city*, or a *great and famous city*. Let us now refer to the wrestling match between allied nations, the trial of strength, ere the great battle takes place! How many thousands of this country's bravest fell upon the heights of this sternly defended Armageddon! It was but the allies against the Autocrat, the despot. It was not the universal battle of the future, when consolidated Germany's voice shall be heard; when the dash of enthusiastic France shall be felt; when proud Austria's banner shall be seen, and England's glorious standard be unfurled; when haughty Spain's legions shall be drawn up in stern array, and liberated Italy shall join the universal issue: even the newly-formed United States of America shall send her sons of liberty to join the bloody chorus, and the same site of the former struggle shall be the site proclaimed by the prophetic voices of the past, there in the lofty city, or the city on the heights, which the allied armies have before stormed, that city which to you is known by its Greek name, meaning the same in Greek as in the Hebrew—I am referring to Sebastopol, which literally means the same, “a lofty or illustrious city.”

These are the despairing efforts of a passing Era. These are results, that must be, ere universality can be obtained, ere men's pride can be conquered; ere undue power can be abandoned; ere superstition and blasphemy can be defeated; ere the mid-day of change can be reached. I ask you are these ambitions dead in the breasts of this barbarous nation? Are not her hands stretched over the fair face of Europe, which her rule would make a desert? Then, indeed, must be the realisation of the saying, that “darkness covered the earth, even as with a mantle.” Already are millions preparing for the universal battle of nations.

Armed Germany, watchful Prussia, revengeful France, and last and not least, amongst the armed nations preparing, is this, your native land. Already would the servants of the despotic Prince of Darkness hurl back a suffering people, and refuse the reform necessary to clear away superstition and darkness, and to present in their stead brightness, light, and

liberty. Already are his legions scattered east and west, to carry out the aims of despotism; already is the Antichrist of nations recognised,—once chained, but now dishonorably free. He scorns his former punishment,—for time has dulled his memory of it; but could he, like those who serve the Living God, realise what the future has in store, he would in penitence kneel and pray, to avert the coming storm.

May God keep you faithful! Busiris prays for your faithfulness.



BUSIRIS.

AS KRISHNA.

Fifth Control, June 25th, 1879.

IN this Control, Busiris gives an account of the supposed incarnation of the Deity in the person of the Hindoo Krishna. The mystery, at all events, of one of the eight or nine incarnations in the Hindoo theology, is easily solved; for according to Busiris in the present Control, Krishna was neither more nor less than a Sensitive, who, like many Sensitives of the present day, was continually controlled by one Spirit. In Krishna's case that spirit was Busiris, the Ancient of Days. I have no doubt many of the alleged incarnations can be explained in the same manner.

Some short account of Krishna may not be out of place. Krishna was the son of Devaki, the wife of Vasudeva, a relation of Kansa, King of Mathura, and of the race of Yadu. Kansa had a dream, or a warning from heaven, that the eighth child of Devaki would be an incarnation of Vishnu. Consequently he put Devaki and her husband into prison, until the husband Vasudeva, promised that he would deliver to Kansa every child that Devaki should bring forth. Six of her children

were given up and destroyed, but when the seventh, Balarama, was about to be born, Vishnu appeared in a dream to Devaki, telling her to transfer the child to another wife of Vasudeva, and to pretend that she had miscarried, and he, Vishnu, would become incarnate as Krishna, in Devaki's eighth conception. Krishna was born, was hid by a herdsman's wife, and when Kansa found he had been deceived, he ordered all young children, wherever they could be found, to be destroyed.

This is a brief summary of Krishna's history. There is a wonderful similitude between this incarnation and one which, according to orthodox Christianity, must not be denied. Although Hindoo Mythology mentions innumerable miracles as performed by Krishna, Busiris reduces his pretensions to very small proportions.

As I opened the outer door of my chamber, the Medium, who is at times clairvoyant in his normal state, said :

I see such a stream of light bursting through your door, it is quite dazzling.

As soon as he came into the room, he exclaimed :

It is full of light.

He went under Control most placidly, apparently without an effort, and gave the following invocation by Busiris :

O Infinite Creator, Merciful Father, Supreme in Power, in Might, and in Majesty, the same in time and in eternity. I, Thy servant, humbly offer my praises to the throne, upon which Thou sittest and rulest. Thy servant hath a conception of Thy Infinite Power and of Thy Mercy; having been permitted to approach nearer to Thy throne, having been selected as Thy messenger amongst the selected few whom Thou hast chosen, and to whom Thou hast revealed Thyself. I was known, O Father, to Thy other messengers, who like unto myself have borne Thy messages to Thy created children who are still upon earth; messengers who proclaimed Thee, O Father, with a proclamation, that exceeded in intensity all opinions then received amongst Thy children upon earth;

messengers who have stood before the throne of their idols, and told the idol worshippers that Thou art the Only God, the Ancient' Poorush, * the vital soul of all created intelligent men; and that beside Thee, there was none other.

Thou who hast proclaimed Thy knowledge, extending to all things on the earth, above the earth, and beneath the earth; and according to Thy vast and unapproachable knowledge, have I, Thy servant, proclaimed that Thou art the Universal and Supreme Mansion, and that by Thy will, O Infinite Father, the whole Universe was created, and the starry worlds spread abroad. I have proclaimed that reverence is Thy due; for that Thou wast All in All, and of All, and abiding in all Thy children: that Thou art the God of all animate and inanimate creation; the Universal Instructor, alike instructing all; alone worthy to be adored. I have proclaimed that there is none like Thee, and therefore I have bid them bow down before Thy throne, to supplicate Thy mercy, to crave Thy love, and to promise them, O God, O Father, in Thy name to promise them, O Father, that Thou wouldst bear with their failings, even as a father with the shortcomings of his son, or a friend with the shortcomings of his friend, or a lover with the shortcomings of his beloved.

O Supreme in time, Creator of Eternity, once more has time's cycle demanded again the delivery of Thy unalloyed message to Thy creatures here on earth; once more Thy messengers are arrayed for active service; once more, O Father, are Thy chosen seven grateful servants ready at Thy supreme and loving command; once more do they make their proclamations amongst the sons of men; once more do they revisit again the earth, the scene of their former labors.

O loving Father, attend their labors with Thy blessing, and then the efforts of Thy messengers shall bring forth an abundance of fruit, and heartfelt praises shall ring an universal acclaim for liberty restored; for emancipated minds; for a better and brighter knowledge of Thee, O Father God. In Thy name I pray that Thou accompaniest Thy messengers. Bless Thy servants upon earth, whom Thou has chosen for labors which shall have no ending, for whom time hath loosened its trammels, Eternity for him, who is now recording, shall be but a resumption of his unfinished task. Grant the

* Sanscrit word for the vital principle.

prayer of thy earnest spirit, O Father, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

Here there was a break in the Control, and the Medium was restored to his normal state for a minute or two. When he went again into trance, he said :

He is a kind spirit ; he veils his light from me, else it would burn me up ; he subdues it.

Here he went under Control. and said :

The Oriental Control, by Krishna Dwypiana Vyasa.

The Infinite Father, during the lapse of time from the first creation of reasonable minds to the present, hath not left His created beings without a witness, and they revisit the earth bearing God's message, altering the now generally accepted faith, bringing it once more back again to its primal state of purity. The delegates for those special services are those who form Mind in its highest expression. Their messages have been delivered in all states of humanity, but more especially among those who have far advanced themselves in all natural sciences, to the detriment of their spiritual welfare. The messages have been sent, not to the masses, but to the Rulers of the masses, and the messages have been attended in all ages with the most marked changes, to the great fear and consternation of the Rulers.

These messengers, who have controlled from the world's earliest era to the present time number seven, and by them all countries have been visited. The duration of their Controls has never exceeded seven days ; a return of the Spirit proper then being allowed, its stay being limited to seven hours of time ; the message then continuing, if necessary, by a further Control of seven days ; meaning that for seven days I was known amongst men as Krishna ; the succeeding seven hours was the passive Krishna, and the body was once more inhabited by its own Spirit, for the succeeding seven hours ; again to be the active Krishna for the next seven days ; seven hours again the controlling of the Spirit proper, my Control succeeding, and so on for a lifetime : it being the inevitable law that seven hours in each returning seven days, was the shortest limit possible, for the individualisation of the Spirit proper of the body, which upon earth I daily controlled. Were you (which you will do) to study this closely, you would find the real legitimate source of Incarnation. But

enough of the manner of Control, let us get at the matter of God's messages, and at the description of those to whom these messages were given.

I have upon earth impressed, and spoken to many of those, who have addressed mankind through your recording. I then took upon myself my own name; a name which has been made known to you by those, to whom I have before alluded; a name which was mine when my soul's birth was given to me; a name that I possessed when upon earth, whilst earth's days were young; a name which hath had many transformations; a name which was heard; a form which was seen and recognised by primeval man; a name which the inhabitants of many countries have altered, but which essentially means the same. Sometimes I was known as *God's Messenger*,—sometimes as *Divine Wisdom*—sometimes as *The Willing Recorder*. These are the literal translations of the name I bore.

To you I am better known and recognised by the name of the ancient Spirit, Busiris. To the children of those lands who still hold in respect the divine wisdom of the Eternal Father, as delivered by me under the name that would be recognised there, and which work or message has been handed down to posterity, and which was my message, not literally; (for the times would not permit me, as I will explain to you), but allegorically transmitted under its name of the Maha Bharata, in which was contained God's advice to His children on earth.

Although the opulent cities of the then existent Empire have by earthquakes and other vicissitudes of time passed away, but my message still exists, and from the contents many a lasting lesson can be learnt; even the language of the sons of men then, is to-day known only to the few who have betrayed their trust, who have taken upon themselves the position of false Rulers, the descendants of those to whom the message was given. The very language of that message was hidden from their misguided people, from whom the truth was, and is still withheld. Had they not been false to their trust, these errors would not have descended to the present; the cruel and bloody civil wars would not have depopulated their empire; a foreign Ruler would not have sat upon their throne. Their chosen motto would have been, "onward progression," not retrogression.

I may be asked by your readers, "Does Krishna mean to imply retrogression in the inhabitants of India at the present time, from his day when he visited them?" Tell them, un-

doubtedly, emphatically, Krishna answers "Yes!" Retrogression has been the result of non-obedience to my given message. There are amongst the Indian Rulers of to-day, many advanced minds, but for every one of to-day, there were a hundred when I visited, and controlled, and claimed the name of Krishna, and gave to India's children God's message.

Like to-day, error flaunted itself in high places, and truth was kept fettered in dark corners. Science is far advanced now, but the scientists of four thousand years ago, were as exact and just in their conclusions, as the best among European advanced minds of the present. I could parallel the minds of four thousand years ago in India, with many minds existing here to-day; so I have chosen European scientists for the comparison.

The highest form of developed reason, is the knowledge of the mind, known as Metaphysics. I will speak, then, of the highest form of reason, the distinction between matter and Spirit. This study alone proves a greater advance in civilisation there, than in any other habitable part of the earth; and when I addressed these advanced minds, referring to them in my message, I said: "Some there are, who regard the soul as a wonder; others doubt of it; others hear of it with astonishment and dread; but no one knoweth it. What weapon is forged that can divide it? what fierce flame that can scorch it? what water that can despoil it of its purity? what wind can set it wandering? what power is there that can divide it? who shall deny its claim to eternity? known although invisible; recognised, although inconceivable; created, yet by the will unalterable."

Remember, that my message was heard by masters and pupils alike, all speaking then one well understood language. The language I spoke to them was not that of the past, nor even in the language hidden five thousand years ago from the masses, but I spoke in the language of the people to both people and rulers alike; speaking to the most advanced amongst mankind, speaking to those, who even in those early days of time had reached, and probed the heights and depths of scientific mysteries. Logic—the Logicians, who were the teachers of their succeeding Greek scientists; minds who could enter into abstruse speculations, could enter into the depths of thought, which in these present days would raise them to the ranks of the most distinguished minds, portraying as they did the then efforts of human reason, which have but

in few instances been equalled and up to now never surpassed. This is not speculative; this is Khrisna's knowledge of mind, whilst acting as God's messenger five thousand years back to men, who could recognise and conceive the highest moral duties in their axioms; from these axioms can be judged many of their conclusions.

Again, another source was their received proverbs. From proverbs can be judged many of their conclusions. Many of their axioms and proverbs still remain for posterity to judge as to their then pre-eminent state of civilisation, over all mankind—the cradle, in fact, of religion, of the arts and sciences.

These God-given proverbs I placed in my message to them. For example: "Man is born not for himself, but for his fellow-men." This was the primal source of a later teacher or messenger's lesson to mankind, incorporated in His message, which was, "Love ye one another." Another message I gave was, "Ye see the spring, and must observe its source." In making a preference or rejection, the propriety should be the only governing consideration of a mind in its choice. This was the primal source of another teacher's lesson, "Give not obedience or honor, that obedience or honor might follow." Again, "If ye love them that love you, what credit is there to thee? but I say, love those that hate you." Again, another of their proverbs was, "Look not for what is to follow your good actions; love the action for itself." This was the primal source of the lesson inculcated by a teacher in later days, "Do not good that good may follow, but do all your actions for God's praises." This proverb also was worded in my message to those to whom I was sent. "Every soul that is within the compass of my voice, is involuntarily urged into action upon principles inherent in his nature, but he who deals, and sets at naught this involuntary urging, and settles his mind to objects of his senses, his touch, his taste, feeling, and his hearing, becomes a wandering soul, straying from the light of God's face." According to your later proverb, "Be not of those whose motive for action is their hope of rewards, nor strain into the other extreme, by mis-spending your lives in inaction."

And here, fellow-servant of God, is a special part of my message to these people, one that applies to yourself, and which you have faithfully followed—waving the Control for an instant, to commence again with renewed strength. "Depend upon steady application, perform your duty, giving

expression to your earnest conviction, abandoning all thoughts of consequences, equalising the event whether it terminates in good or evil. The safest resting place is where wisdom dwells, for to true wisdom, good and evil opinions of the world are as nought, but the charge of the individual soul is spiritual."

My listeners represented a nation of idolaters, startled out of sleep. The pupils turned enquiringly at their teachers, and their teachers questioned one another with askant looks. "Who is he?" was the murmur of that immense concourse, "His boyhood we knew, but he had not this inspiration. His caste is known to us, and his comparison with us is that of a beggar; but his teaching is that of a God. Advanced as we are," continued the Rulers, "yet is manifest in him a knowledge far exceeding our knowledge. He speaks of our individual studies in the tone of a master; his education has been divinely transmitted to him, for it is not the education of a mortal. During his early manhood we have only known him as a dreamer, but now he presents himself before us as a realist, and as a great teacher of that teaching which is to benefit us in eternity; how clear and concise are his teachings,—the Unity of God, not Polytheism, nor worshipping of fire, air, nor water—those triune Deities, whose power is recognised by us, and whose temples' revenues swell our importance as Rulers of this country. He speaks as an alien, and as a stranger to the land, and addresses his God directly, not indirectly."

I said, "Not as I would wish, O Father, but as Thou would'st have me do." They said, "Farewell, then, to our pomps and splendid pageantry; farewell to our position of supremacy above every other order of man; the Brahminical hierarchy will have passed away, should this man's teachings be accepted." Then even had the whisper issued forth from minds, and so widely had it spread. They said, "He is not man, but God, and, if not God, the Son of the Living God."

It required only my blasphemous acceptance, to render them humble suppliants for my favor, but I said to them, "Not unto me, but to my God and to your God, my Father and your Father, render all praises; Him, the Creator, alone worship."

Here there was rather a long pause, and I began to be afraid the Control would break off, so I said; I hope,

my good Busiris, you will not leave me yet. He said :

I am not going yet ; remember you have my promise made to you, to explain these zodiacal signs. Does tired nature demand you to rest for a while ? If so, I would ask you to permit this Sensitive to remain perfectly passive : I will leave Control for seven minutes."

The Medium returned to his normal state, saying :

The light is too bright, I never saw anything like it.

At the end of seven minutes he went again into trance, and under Control said :

To continue my narrative :—And then they gathered round me—the greatest of those advanced minds, the teachers of physics, ethics, metaphysics, and astronomers, and each questioned me, asking the solution of the most abstruse questions. Your God, and my God, enabled me to answer them, and they looked amazed, and said one to another, "He is an incarnation of divine wisdom."

They questioned me upon religious questions, asking me whether there was any intermediate between man and the spirit of man. Further they asked me, whether there were in existence created beings, not glorified Spiritually, but endowed with superhuman qualities ? To both these questions I answered negatively. They asked me about the division into castes, and its utility, and I answered, "As it was in the beginning, is now, so will it ever continue to be." They questioned me upon their four eras, and upon their truth.

They enquired about the longevity of their predecessors, and whether their annals told them truly. They prayed me to lead them to the foundation of truth. They enquired of my life in the world, in which I received God's message to them. They asked me to tell them the future of their sons, and of their sons' sons. They asked me whether in their day the Unity of the Deity would be taught, whether the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, whose work, according to my teaching, was the Universe, would be recognised. They asked me whether expiation for committed faults, could be commenced on earth, and I answered them all in their own peculiar provincial dialect, graciously continuing the delivery of my Master's messages. Meanwhile they asked me whether I had any remembrance of my previous incarnation, but I told them

"No! that I had revisited the earth before, and spoken through lips of flesh, but was not incarnated."

Krishna's name was immortalised, not through the Spirit of Krishna, but through my Spirit controlling his body, and through the tenor of my message Krishna spoke; for Krishna proper was an abstracted dreamer, a theorist of oblivious claims, one with a withdrawal from all earthly ties for the easier mode of reaching that state of absorption, known then under the name of Nirvana, and returning to the Universal Soul or God: but Krishna controlled the body, and when controlling his body was another created being from the Krishna of seven days, who was the Krishna of a living breathing vital love of his God: the Krishna of the seven days was the living messenger to his brother-man, but the Krishna of the succeeding seven hours was once again the abstracted dreamer.

Yes, tell all who make enquiries, dear fellow-servant, that the India of five thousand years ago contained Mind in the highest zenith, and that all services, and more especially that high service of astronomical researches which are still within posterity's reach and claim for minute accuracy the respect of those of the nineteenth century of your era, and that without the great scientific aid that study has received amongst you.

The very cipher, the *soonnee*, now in use to-day amongst you, which facilitates all calculations in the science of arithmetic, those tens, or ciphers, or *soonnees*, the highest discovery in science, had their birth-place in India, and within my knowledge were in general use five thousand years ago.

May He who sent me here, may He who will undoubtedly send one of His seven, again empowered with seven days of earth-life, to be succeeded after the interval of seven hours by another seven days, and so on, until His will be obeyed, until His service be performed, Oh, may this Almighty Father, He who can at His will, convert a nation and make them suppliant; may He bless you, and also your fellow-workers, unknown to each other in time, but to be recognised by each other in eternity! Oh, may He bless them also! Endow them, O Gracious Father, with Thy rich blessing, for Thy name's sake. Finis.



BUSIRIS.

Sixth Control, 17th November, 1879.

THE Medium brought me a very curious picture drawn by him. It is a camel in the back ground, with an Oriental pouring something on the wounds of a man. I suppose it is symbolical of the Good Samaritan, and to my mind it conveys an unmistakeable hint just at the present time. He told me that he had an irresistible desire to tear it up, but that his wife prevented it. The Sensitive under Control said :

The three Eras ; What was the first ? Can History answer ? Does History answer this question ? I say, emphatically, No ! For those, who should have been received as the dearest friends (I mean the advanced minds of the then passing era) were treated as the bitterest enemies ; wicked and blasphemous charges were brought against them, and this was done by those, who were mentally in a condition fit for carrying out to a successful end the change then dawning upon man, the change of which they were the God-commissioned pioneers.

The name given to the first era of mankind is that of Paganism, or Idolatry. Nations existing, as they asserted, without revelation, and guided alone by Reason. Upon the dawn of the era which is now closing, men's chosen pioneers, blinded by pride,—forgetting their obedience to God, elevated the creature, and disobeyed the Father, the Creator. None can exalt the truth by decrying the teachings of good men ; none can elevate their own characters by slandering the characters of their neighbours. It is for me to prove, that so far from strengthening the incoming era, they surrendered their power to time, placing in the hands of man the obedience, which was alone due to their God. So far from preaching the fierce and terrible crusade against man's first era, they should in obedience to the Living God, have preached, that that era was " the wisest means for the wisest ends." A new light had dawned upon them, and it blinded them ; they trampled down Reason, and bowed down before Miracles. Multitudes of their sick being healed, governed their judgment ; they

made a God of their inspired teacher, and ridiculed as fabulous man's knowledge in the past.

Oh, believe me, that when they denied all that was natural in the heart of man, their sin cried aloud against them, and reached the ears of the Almighty God. I, the Angel of the first, and co-assisting Angel of the second era of mankind, and the triune assisting Angel of the era now dawning; I who have known mankind from his beginning, I will offer the generally received opinion of God's Will amongst His creatures.

The ridicule of Paganism is general. Now, so-called Paganism represents God revealed to mankind in man's early days, and let us patiently examine mankind's knowledge of the Living God, in man's early days. God was made manifest to those on earth, by means of the agents who walked and talked with them here. There was direct communication from the real and existent to the ideal and perishable world, and the family of immortals upon earth increased; and what was at first absolutely knowledge, namely that of the inhabitants of the Spirit world walking in their midst, a knowledge extending to the few, but which became only traditional to the multiplied family, but still a tradition revered, a tradition beloved, for it had been handed down from father to son, in one unbroken descent.

This tradition, shining like a diamond in the mind; this ray of intelligence emanating from the Spirit world, got into the hand of a class, and they, in lieu of the truth made plain and pure, gave it an aspect mystical and symbolical, and at last an aspect truly fabulous, making a world of subtlety out of the plain general truths. But many arose above the masses, many apart from these ambitious ones who traded on lies, and these saw through their dastardly ambition; these pure ones openly proved the hidden gem, and proclaimed to the many the truth which they had found. That they did this guardedly, I admit: for in the first era of mankind, Priestcraft was a power, and those reputed the wisest and the most powerful were alone eligible for the office.

The same power which then reigned; its possessor and its possession, reigned in the second era, and has until the very present; the two thousand years, or nearly so, having passed, they still reign, although not supreme; for their day of power has passed. God's immortal souls have been, or are being, restored to liberty; a liberty hitherto denied to them. They are becoming free of costly and unreasonable ceremonies;

kings and princes have flung from their shoulders the burdensome yoke, and their sons, and the sons of all the inhabitants of this nation, and of other nations, nay, nearly of all the world, are no longer condemned to the unnatural life of celibacy, nor are their daughters to a life contrary to nature, and in disobedience to the laws of the Living God. To do so, at the present day, is amongst nearly all nations deemed infamous. The day has passed since such fearful acts were deemed meritorious.

So much, then, for the proof of this, the dawning era, the third era; let us once more return to the statements of the Early Fathers of the Christian Church, and hear their denunciations of the first era. Most of them were chosen and commissioned by God to bear witness to the proof of immortality, about to dawn upon men. The second era undeniably supplied proofs of the soul's immortality, but those proofs came to men who were the appointed pioneers, and they, in their arrogance and pride, seeing the works that the chosen instrument was permitted to perform, preferred being called the followers of a God, than to being called the followers of the Son of Man. They not only owned to the full the importance of the soul's conscious immortality, but also asserted it. But remember, that many of them were of the so-called Pagans, before the advent of this chosen instrument, this their God, who, according to them, was from the beginning, who was with God before the hills were made and the valleys formed, and who alleged that the world, previous to His advent, knew not, nor could realise, the Living God. This was a blasphemy, a blasphemy uttered to strengthen the cause which they had most at heart. It was a sin, and condemned by God.

Take them, and view them as I have viewed them, blest pioneers, whilst they were faithful, eminent for learning, earnest in piety, wise and profound in all that adorned the mind of man, thoroughly acquainted with the past truths, and yet stigmatising them as irrational and iniquitous; charging the era that had passed with blasphemous idolatry, alleging that they neither knew, nor could worship, the true God. All this they said, in the face of what they themselves knew; representing the truth with a lie; forgetting that the first era had laid the foundation of their piety, their hope, and their love; forgetting that if the priests of the past were ambitious, the laity were oftentimes inspired, which in vain

could they deny; and although these inspirations were put down to the effects of lunacy and distraction, as the inspirations of this the present passing era are, when they charged them with bowing down before mortal-made images, they admitted too little, and omitted too much truth.

In the first era superstition hung like a pall upon the lower classes, and oftentimes was the symbolical type, worshipped in lieu of the Living God, even as is done now, in these modern days.

For symbolical worship of the Living God was an introduction by priests. Minds of different grades got different answers and explanations from them; the most learned were told that whatever worship was offered to the moving masses of matter, the sun, the moon, the stars, was worshipping, in a symbolical form of worship, the Living God; but to the vulgar, the unlearned, and the unenquiring, the marble statue itself was worshipped, in the same way as the Cross, or the saint in effigy of these modern times. It was the abuse of power then, which laid the foundation of the plurality of Gods; but the primal communications from the spirit world to man were pure and perfect in their essence, acknowledging in their substance an united power, centred in one Infinite Being.

I can even take a step in advance of the truth made known in the first era of man. In the first era of man there was unhesitatingly proclaimed an universal religion, a wise, beneficent, and All Powerful Father; Supreme in mercy, and wondrous in love, governing His children, claiming from them obedience to His laws, and promising a loving care of them in exchange for that obedience. The enemies of Paganism even argued that the immortality of the soul was not known, and that revelation alone produced that knowledge; ignoring altogether God's primal truth; accepting what man's ambition had forced upon their acceptance, and then going further, plunging deeper into error, denying the universal power of God over the tabernacle which He has chosen to lighten and to brighten.

Oh yes, the second era opened the new and glorious dispensation with proud pretensions, according to their words; misunderstanding and misquoting every word that fell from the instrument's mouth, denying what he then stated and asserted, and in their proud ecstasy, actually ascribing to themselves

the power of ruling, and advising under the direct control of God Himself, so that men might not cavil.

"There is no natural religion," was their cry, "except that which we reveal to you. There is no law, no light in animated nature; there is only safety in our words." And these were the doctrines of men made mad with pride; and fatal effects have they produced. Schism and division from the very first day of their teaching and preaching; bloodshed, martyrdom, bloody wars, the annihilation of men's liberty, restricted freedom of men's wills: all advanced minds were fettered, and all science abolished. Well may the succeeding centuries be termed the dark and dismal ages! Mankind scarcely dared to breathe, and impious and blasphemous forms of justice were carried on under ground, away from the sight of men, to hide their dastardly and cruel crimes. But if the first era did not fail in its mission and in its work through the ambition of priestcraft and the blasphemy of fools, so I may also state that the second era had not altogether failed in its work; Immortality, for nearly two thousand years, (independent of differences of doctrines), had been adhered to: the soul's future has in the past, or rather the passing era, been an assured teaching, which has had the least deviation; and in this, then, it has been successful; but this great and important realisation of God's children upon earth, has been attended very fatally.

Infidelity has reared itself into a power. Men, struck with the inconsistency of the teachings of Christianity, have as a body superstitiously condemned, nay, magisterially rejected, all Spirit communications, and in doing this they have shipwrecked their earthly happiness, and darkened their souls to the extent of denying the Living God. I assert, that Reason is man's best counsellor; but without spiritual communication or aid, it is miserably defective to find out divine or invisible things. It is hard to realise the real world, and the soul's after state in that world. Men have lost themselves in speculation, and all the time in which they have been speculating, they have enveloped themselves with a cloak or pall, through which Spirit intelligences could not penetrate. I ask, "Were they worse in the past, than those who compose the vast body of infidels in the present?" I assert that the ending of the second era was a more favorable ending than that of the first, for a greater light, a greater power, have been given; Liberty has been enjoyed, Reason has strengthened itself, and although

the number of those who refuse the light, I mean those who deny the future life, outnumber those left at the end of the first era; still conviction, in consequence of the claim of a greater civilisation, will more readily overtake them.

What a noble army of the great minds of the first and second eras has communicated with you, and how truly they bear out the statement made in this, my Control, "that their light was of God, and from God." They were great minds, above their fellow-creatures; great workers, with a love of life, and I allow, afraid of giving a too out-spoken opinion of their hopes, but who will live in your records once more, even if past the memories of man, time having destroyed their marble statues. The great Socrates has spoken to you, and others equally as great, with equally advanced minds. Dionysius, has he spoken to you?

I answered, "No."

Justin the Martyr?

I said Yes, and I mentioned that Julian had controlled.

Yes, Julian, the maligned of those of whom I have before spoken; yet his own good common sense protected him from blasphemy. Pythagoras the Divine has also been here. How can the pioneers of the second era say that minds like these knew not God, and were ignorant of immortality? I look upon the first era as the natural state of man upon earth, and I look upon the second era that is passing away, as the incorporeal era, or that which alone taught, (apart from all error), the soul's conscious actuality. I look upon this coming era, as the corporeal, in which the Spirits of the mighty past, once more clothed in flesh, shall take upon themselves the position of teachers, and many, whose sayings you have recorded, will speak and teach, not alone by their writings, but in their own words.

They lived mighty lives on earth, did those great minds of the first era. They did great things during their earth-life, and how much greater will they be in the coming era, when they can once more speak again with renewed experience to their brother-man. God will clothe them with power to benefit all who come within the compass of the human voice. There will be a new and complete teaching of obedience to God, of the way to lead a perfect life, and how to lead a perfect

life before Him. The teachers, even as the pupils, will rely in their strength upon God, and upon God alone, not upon the strength of their own wisdom or reason. There shall be no inconsistencies respecting the Being of the Living God. The ideas of God will be, and they cannot be more than the truth itself. Man has hitherto displayed his power only in detecting falsehood, but in the new era he shall pass his earth time in learning and receiving the truth of the Living God, and in that time will the soul's glory be realised, and with God's love be made manifest to those whom He has found worthy there. Then shall be no more doubts; then the sublime truth shall be made plain in this the third era. No obscurities of the two former eras shall remain, for worldly ambition will have no part in the teachers' hearts, for they shall be beyond that; for by this ambition alone has the obedience due to the Living God been neglected. The immortality of the soul, proved in the era that is passing, shall also in the opening era be assured of its future: then there shall be no obscurity and no doubt; the rewards and the punishments will be declared in the most unmistakably plain manner; there will be no doctrinal divisions: the existence and ruling power of God will alone be taught; the Will of the Supreme God will alone have to be obeyed. No appeals will be made to a blind faith; all teaching will be to the honor of the Living God, and yet shall the teachings be found to be perfectly consistent, and a complete finish to the teaching of the first and second eras. Apart from the errors of both those eras, truth alone will be preached: There shall be no vain souls struggling after "What is truth?"

Then shall the world and all the nations of the earth come to the knowledge of the living God; then shall the duty to the neighbour become plain; then shall each individual soul use his strongest effort to be worthy of the esteem of his fellow man in the flesh, and of his teacher sent by God—Oh, unerring and eternal truth! In this, Man's final era, Thou shalt reign supreme, and fill the uttermost corners of the earth, filling it with clear and infallible knowledge. Oh! let Thy servants, O God, ascribe the glorious future to Thy honor alone! Clearer and fuller shall the knowledge of Thy name be; Thy righteousness shall fill the earth, for Thou hast said it.

May the Living God hold you in His keeping, so that you may perform earnestly the will of your Father in heaven,

the Great Eternal Increate! May you arise amongst the first of these great living lights, chosen but now amongst men. It is your own will alone that can stay you on your road to bliss. Oh! even in the halycon days of these great coming changes, rebellious wills will turn away from teachers of the Living God, acknowledging immortality, for that they must acknowledge, for they shall see the coming, and notice the departure of these preachers amongst men. They shall view their glory, but their rebellious wills will cry, "Where is the mother who has gone? Let me see her! If then I see her I shall realise then that I too shall have immortality" But, glory be to the Living God, there shall be very few amongst the many who shall be called "Conditional Immortalists." Already has the founder of this order started on his mission; his own perverse will has carried him into this rebellious act, fighting against the conviction of his own soul. Oh! this is a crime he will repent of with bitter tears and lamentations. His persuasive oratory has already convinced many that those, who live meritorious lives on earth will live in eternity, and that those, who have acted and led perverse lives, will sleep at death to rise no more. This is the idol of all idolatries, the blasphemy of all blasphemies. May God in heaven, the Living God, spare, bless, and honor you! *Finis.*

MENU.

10th March, 1878.

 **LTHOUGH** Menu is the reputed author of the work known as "the Institutes of Menu," Oriental scholars seem to doubt whether or not any one of the name ever existed. In the text of the Control it will be seen that Menu makes himself out as the leader of a body of men who invaded India through the Himalayas, imposing laws on the aborigines of that country and constituting themselves as the Brahmins or twice-born. He evidently makes himself

out to be the leader of the great Aryan invasion, whose exodus took place from Central Asia, taking a south-easterly direction through the passes in the Himalayas, and conquering the country now known as Indostan.

When the Sensitive entered the room in his conscious state, he said :

I see thousands upon thousands of foreign Spirits here.

He then went under Control and spoke as follows :

Life on earth, dear brother, is made up of units, which vanish away ; but they form the cradle of the immortal soul, giving it both form and personality. I say be careful of these falling units, which so hastily vanish. In just these same words was the solemn spiritual warning given to me, humble, though happy in having been blessed with communication spiritually.

Oh, the city of my birth, whose area to-day points a lesson to the unthoughtful in its utter desolation and profound waste. The utterances of human beings, who were like myself blessed with spiritual communications, had conveyed the knowledge, that the proud and the beautiful city should become the desolate and the ruined ; that the gorgeousness of its architecture, and all its beauteous constructions, with its vast and well-ventilated lengths of street, its high-standing protecting walls, its over-hanging pleasure gardens, its gorgeous palaces, its artificial lakes should be but dreams to generations, that were to come thereafter. It was told that in future time, neither man nor beast should inhabit its vast area, and that the very fowls of the air should not even seek a shelter for the purposes of rest amidst its desolate ruins. Utterances like those, that were given to those Seers and Prophets of old, were also given to me.

A voice said, " Arise from a worship that is in its best form degrading to the supremacy of the God I loved, and whom I will teach you to know." What is your will? was my stastled question. Inhabitant of a higher state of life than my own, what would you have me to do? The voice said, " Arise, and gather around you the young and the old, who are warriors among your people, and take them to a land I will show you ; but be careful in your selection of those who are to follow you. In your footsteps there are perils among these people. There are others who are worthless, and

who scorn the true worship of the One True God. Gather together the best of these people, from our city of one hundred gates."

The name of my native city was Bael, or Babylon. I had earth's experiences between three and four thousand years ago, a long lapse of time, although but a short vista of eternity. I gathered together all I thought worthy; all who still kept to the worship of the One True God; all who had not given themselves up to Polytheism, or to bow down in admiration before the firmament, the sun, the moon, and the stars, and consider them separately as deities, like so many of its inhabitants did—personifying them, worshipping, in fact, a multitude of false Gods. To such lengths had idolatry reached, that they had erected a tower, by which they could approach nearer the sun, worshipping it under the name of Adonai.

We travelled onwards by land and by sea, I and my chosen army, until we came to the pleasant valleys of the Himalayan ranges, and there we came in view of a people more advanced in arts of civilisation than ourselves, although we could boast of mighty architecture; of figures colossal in their proportions, of a knowledge of masonry which is not excelled to-day, yet we were but as children before these peaceful people. They called themselves Sudras, and their knowledge of worship went side-by-side with the true worship of the Supreme God, as given to them spiritually. Arts, which were undreamt of among my warrior followers, were well known to these people; and although it became an easy matter to overcome them in war, which had been carried out perfectly by ourselves, it having reached the highest extent amongst our nation, yet by these people we were looked upon as a wild herd of idolaters. We had sprung upon them from a land that had been unexplored by them, for although we received embassies from all nations in our city of Bael, I had never seen in our city any of these people.

There were those among my followers, who nourished secretly in their hearts opposition to the Oneness, or Unity of the God providing spiritual intercourse, and who bowed down secretly to the worship of their apostate fathers, deifying elements,—worshipping nature,—water, air, kneeling in prayer to the moon, and considering the sun as a God, second in importance only to the Supreme God. I was considered a Ruler among my followers, but I was not endowed with

supreme power of life and death, else I would have killed them.

After joining themselves in a band of strong opposition to my will, they mystified the inhabitants of the country, and met the anxious question on the lips of thousands of this people, "Whence come you"? with lying words. They said, "We are the twice-born, a superior caste of men to yourselves,—yet our worship is identical with your own, agreeing in the belief of a Supreme God."

"Yes," was the answer of the chiefs of the conquered people, "you who are of the highest class, or twice-born, as you call yourselves, you who are come from the land where no rain falls; you certainly believe in a God like ourselves, Supreme. There the similarity of our faith and belief ends. There are but few among you, who believe merely in this Supreme God, the majority have come amongst us with an unsupported assertion, that you are twice-born, and further, to cover the injustice of many of your proceedings, you offer up sacrifices to what are but forms in the consideration of the race you have conquered, God's attributes, His highest and noblest sources for the welfare of His creatures. These elements of His superior power you have deified, and offer up propitiations in the shape of sacrifices. The walls of your homes you have adorned with pictures, personifying these types of God's power, and ye have worshipped them. In these things are you different to ourselves."

Oh, how I prayed to God to strengthen my hands, and to keep the people we had conquered pure in their religion, and to make, Oh, arduous task, their conquerors their pupils. For God Himself knew, that they had raised themselves to the high position of being capable to lead the way onward to a better worship on earth, and a higher state in the Spirit spheres.

No cry so loud has pierced so deeply into my heart as the cries of the descendants of these men whom we conquered; and a great many cries have ascended to the spheres, breaking in on the sweet tranquility of the lower homes of which I am an inhabitant. I, Menu, teacher of my people, taught God in His Oneness, God in His Power, not sub-divided, not shared by other minor Deities, but He who alone is to praise, He who alone is to condemn. Cries have ascended which are false, and misleading in their theories and in their conclusions. Latterly there has been a cry that there are many men, con-

verted or inspired teachers, who will teach to man life and how to enjoy it, death and how to escape it, and to these gatherings the cries tell us they give blasphemous names, calling them Apostle Gatherings, Salvation Services. These cries have reached me amongst others, disturbing my tranquility.

But there are cries which I notice, which have a prior claim to my attention, and these cries come from those same pleasant valleys. They come from those people, whose forefathers' ideas of a Supreme God were perverted and changed by those who were my followers, those who were wanderers from a city doomed Spiritually, and led by me to a country of milk and honey, to provinces and their inhabitants yielding up willingly the product of their labors for peace; whose forefathers, as generation succeeded generation, began to look on the descendants of their conquerors as a caste set aside to be worshipped and to be served, and whose descendants to this day still hold the same erroneous impressions, and look on those who still claim to come from the stock of their Babylonian conquerors, or, as it is called in modern times, the Brahmins; from the beginning worshipping and looking on them, even to day, as a race superior.

A cry reaches me from these people, louder than the cry of salvation through spilt blood. It is the cry of nearly two hundred millions of souls, and all of them subjects of your sovereign lady to-day. Men, women, and children are crying aloud for light, and Menu, assisted by Busiris, has resolved to give these people light. There are many hundreds of millions of Spirits, who are asking for light spiritually—with these we are to work; not now, but soon the cries which have ascended to us shall be responded to by sufficient help. Nothing but the love of self and the hope of worldly advantages caused my followers to deny the Unity of God, giving themselves up unreservedly to most Polytheistic practices, and perverting the people who clung so earnestly for a time to their own original religion or form of worship.

The numerous spiritual communications that these people received after our conquering them was observable, but as years rolled on, it also became observable by me, as well as by others who were spiritually blessed, that the communications to them and to us were becoming fewer every succeeding year. We were getting further away from the Spirit world and its influences, and the more my followers and the

Sudras gave way to Polytheism the less communications were received. Communications that were frivolous in their counsels and senseless in their advice were given, until at last, after I had passed from earth-life into Spirit-life, idols and gods became the rage. The trading of the Brahmins on the credulity of their followers became more marked; then Spiritual communications ceased altogether, and the great cause of it seemed as if there was spread over that ill-fated land a black pall, or cloud of immoral aura, through which the power of Spirit failed to pierce, hiding from their gaze both inhabitants and territory—shut out from heaven. The words the Prophet used, “shut out from the superior world,” is the actual fact.

Then, left to their own devices, they began to offer up human blood in order to appease their human conception of a God, and began to embrace the infernal creed, that a shadow or Spirit passing from earth to Spirit-life, required an attendant Spirit, furnishing him or her with a companion, even at the expense of murder. God has said that the soul of the meanest is immortal, then how many unaccounted millions of souls are hidden from my gaze? We find millions of Spirits unhappy in darkness—to them, according to the Will of God, do we attend. To raise them from darkness to light—to teach them to know and to love their God. What is Time but a servant to the Supreme God? Although it is a servant to the soul disembodied, still it is a master to the soul embodied. Time then is it that these people who are embodied; these souls, who are like ourselves, immortal, should have their false gods destroyed in order that they may lift up their eyes to the Supreme Maker.

Millions and millions of His creatures are waiting for light, and it hath pleased your Father God to place them under the care of a nation which He is about to favor with His love. Many of the descendants of those who followed me from my native home, and who fought side-by-side with me; many of the descendants of my followers, or of those who claim their descent from them, are left still to their own wills and ungoverned and unbridled passions; for we cannot approach them. They are conspiring together to overturn what God in His mercy hath ordained; yet shall their highest efforts be null and void. Their grandest aim shall fall to the ground, each one having missed his mark; so signal shall be their failures, that each one of their failures shall remain fixed in the minds of their countrymen and their descendants for

lessons given as teachings from the Supreme God to them. You are in a measure above all men, prepared for coming changes. I mention this, and tell you they are coming rapidly to pass—the result a restored and powerful empire, with the breath of royalty prevailing from every frontier, north, south, east, and west. Blood will be poured out like water when these things come to pass, but afterwards in a happy blending shall be Afghans, Tartars, Chinese, Beloochees, Hindoos, a feeling of fraternal love uniting one and all. No more shall Vishnu be bowed down before, nor Siva considered. No more shall hideous ceremonies of self-torture take place, nor the rolling of the hideous car of the diabolical Juggernaut, be heard any more. For these peoples' cries have been heard in our homes, and responsively cometh the order from the Highest: "Clothed are you with power, Menu and Busiris, to your labor."

My Father, He who reigns in the Highest Home, blesses me. I am come to tell, that before the universal peace and brotherhood of the various tribes and peoples, who form the inhabitants of that name which embraces all India, there shall come a sharp and bloody war; but like the wars of modern times, decisive in its results, and short in its period from commencement to ending. The chief of warriors whom this favored land has most to fear, are men, who under the assumption of their pure and uncontaminated lineage, will dare raise the standard of revolt. It hath been a question of the greatest minds in your country, whence and how the northern power has obtained funds to equip, and keep in the field, so many hundred thousands of their warriors. Ask from whom they have had such valuable services rendered to them. I, Menu, tell you that the office of Judas, that of purse bearer, hath been filled by the secret and unseen Sirdar of ———

Although they live apart, remember modern ingenuity has found a means for secret communication. Russia has accepted the position of servant to proud Indian Princes, under the idea that these, who she seemingly is willing to serve, will in the future, be bound to serve her; in fact, the Northern Power looks upon them as her future servants.

All these things are in the hands of God. We are told that the dawn of things, which is filled with war and rumours of war, is coming to pass. England stands pre-eminent among nations.

There is a Spirit belonging to a lower sphere, visiting for the purpose of enquiring into the spiritual temper, and thus to see whether their imaginations have given form and shape to their portraits.

This Spirit, protected by your guide, obtains the view of their Gods personified or imagined in their spiritual tempers. Not painted there, but formed by their wills, formed by the strength of their beliefs, are Gods with snakes round their bodies and round their heads, Gods hideous in their formation, showing plainly the depth of degradation into which the immortal mind of man can sink. So that in these sketches, which you are obtaining, you are getting fac-similies of Gods worshipped spiritually. They are gods, whose images on earth were formed in their minds, whilst their souls were embodied, and in the connection or sphere to which they entirely gravitate, they find millions of Spirits of the same belief, having the same hideous gods mirrored in their minds spiritually. When they are gathered together in their vast spiritual temples, and directing their eyes earthward, they imagine their God gave his form through the strength of their will, thinking in their hearts, crying afterwards aloud, "Give unto us no unknown, no unseen God to worship, but one in whom we can recognise both power and form." Without your Father's assistance then had these souls better never to have been. But God in His time attends to all. May God be with you and yours, and ever keep and bless you !

Some explanation of the concluding part of this Control is necessary in respect of the allusion to the Spiritual Gods so hideous in form. At the time Menu controlled, I had been getting a number of Spirit drawings portraying the various Hindoo deities, having received altogether twelve or thirteen of them. They are certainly hideous enough, and in coloring and form are almost identical with those which can be bought for a few pice at any of the native bazaars in India. As far as I can understand, my pictures are the fixing on paper of the fancied images of Hindoo Gods, entertained by Hindoos both in and out of the body.



BUDHA.

SIDARTHA, or Sakya Muni, known to the world as Budha, or "the one to whom truth is given," the son of Sudhodana, king of Kapilavastu, a country in Oudh, on the borders of Nepaul, was born about 600 years before the Christian era, and founded the religion known to this day as Buddhism, and which, even at the present day, has about one-sixth of the population of the world for its followers. To give any idea of the tenets of Buddhism would require a book to itself. Much on the subject of Buddhism is to be found in the works of Rhys Davids, Spence Hardy, Max Muller, and Alabaster.

Christianity is too much in the habit of holding up to ridicule all doctrines save its own, but any one reading the various works on Buddhism will find in Buddhist doctrines a wonderful resemblance to the moral Code enunciated by Jesus of Nazareth. Zealous Christians setting chronology aside have gone so far as to say Buddhism was a plagiarism from Christianity. According to my lights, the founder of Christianity belonged to the sect of the Essenes, who are believed to be a branch of Budhists, for Buddhism is said, after the time of Asokha, B C. 300, to have reached the shores of the Mediterranean. It is therefore much more likely that Christianity borrowed its doctrines from Buddhism, than that Buddhism borrowed its light from a source which had no existence until some six centuries afterwards.

Sakya Muni was in fact to the Hindoo Hierarchy what Luther, twenty centuries after, was to the Popish Christianity. The Brahmin, in the time of Sakya Muni, had perverted for worldly purposes the Hindoo religion, just the same as the Roman Catholic Hierarchy had in the days of Luther perverted the original Christian doctrine. Both Brahmin and Priest, in their lust of power, had claimed for man what belongs only to God.

The Sensitive, under Control, in a clear and beautiful voice, said :

I am one of India's earliest fathers. I remember when all in India was smiling peace and joy. Before they had to bow their heads to their conquerors, if not free in ideas relative to God, if not free from the desolating tyranny of an over-bold priesthood, they were at all events free from the oppressions of their conquerors. In all ages tyrants have afflicted their fellow-brethren, and although God, our common Father, hath made known His will to us His children, yet has that will been clouded in mystery, fettered with ceremony, and its very spirit, nay, its commands, set at nought. I speak of the holy revealed truths of the Vedas, and in allusion to the priestly tyrants, I speak of the superior castes of the Brahmins*—those to whom these revealed truths were communicated, were commanded to give freely, even as they had freely received. The caste from which kings had arisen, gave homage to these selected ones. The castes beneath them again, the Vaisayats, † bowed down in grateful homage to this caste's heaven-born nature. The lowest of those among whom the holy and revealed truths of God had been disseminated, offered humble homage at the shrines of these proud priests. I speak of the Sudras, ‡ — the lowly, humble Sudras, who dared not come within the reach of these favored ones, without contaminating their holiness. Like the wretched priests of Aaron, the Brahmins forgot their charge. I say the old Jewish patriarchs forswore their God, and so did these men, in their love of earthly power and of human lusts.

God had indeed highly favored these priests. None were allowed to open the Veda's sacred pages but these men ; none allowed to attend on their fellow-beings in suffering but these men. All laws, civil and moral, passed through their hands.

I speak of the early days, when all was tranquil as regards foreign invasion. But oh, my country ! worse than invasion, worse than even the position of slaves, did their hard lot become—instead of four castes ; castes sprung up on every hand, and the unity of our Great Father God was forgotten, and idolaters began rapidly to govern the land. The mechanic's

* Brahmins, the *twice-born*, who issued from the mouth of Brahma.

† The Mercantile Class sprung from the thigh of Brahma.

‡ Sudras, sprung from the foot of Brahma.

human hand fashioned Gods great and small : aye, so anxious were my poor countrymen to possess themselves of these images, that they placed them in their houses, and offered their homage to them.

A revelation from my God came to me, and said :—" Arise, Gautama Budha ! arise and speak unto these people, whose faces are turned against me. First teach humility ; forswear your high position ; leave all comforts surrounding you in your station on earth, and take up for your future course, the high-road of penury and hardship ; forswear your father's love, your earthly father, and I will repay you a thousandfold. Be earnest in making this humility apparent to all, and then loudly proclaim—first, my entire Unity ; secondly, proclaim loudly against the idolatrous practices that are leading millions of My servants astray. Curse with loud anathema these forsworn priests ; warn them, tell them that I (their Lord and God) am one God. Destroy, and for ever destroy, their notions of a Creative Person, a Preserver, and a Destroyer, for I am all in One."

A lifetime devoted to this message, 3,200 years ago, had these holy revealed words of God given in the Vedas.

Here was a break ; there was evidently some mistake, some other Spirit said something through the Medium which I could not catch. The Control again resumed its narrative, and said :

What, do you say they have another mode of calculating time ? Bajee Rao is speaking to me, and has made this remark to me, that you date from the advent of a man who, like myself, was merely of earth, though nearly a God. Then it would be 1,400 years before his advent that God's words were given through the Vedas. Bajee Rao is one of my followers. I mean the man to whom your Government assigned a pension, the ex-Peishwa ; he passed away near Muttra in the year 1851. I had then commenced my life experiences, seven hundred years after the Vedas were written. I had seven hundred years of priestly misrule to undo, ere I could follow the commands of my Father.

Let history proclaim how earnestly Gautama Budha did his work. Although now my teachings and theories are perverted, yet for centuries after my earth's experiences my earthly labors bore good fruit for the heavenly spheres. God's personality was grasped ; God's Unity was taught, and nothing

idolatrous was ever commended by me. Let my record from my Father God prove that happy, oh! how happy, was I. What are the slanders of the proud, priestly Brahmins to me? What were they whom on earth I treated as naught? And although, when in the height of my power I proved my perfect humility by forsaking the position of a prince and leading even the life of a Sudra, the hatred of the Brahmins aimed many an assassin's knife at my poor earthly form, He who rules the winds and the waves, He whose love is so far-reaching as to embrace even the humblest of His creatures, His great and never-ceasing care protected me, His servant.

Let the vast and mighty empire of China proclaim aloud my labors there. Aye, even now millions worship at my shrine. Thibet swarms with my disciples, and has done so since my earth's experiences were over. Japan also, and the beautiful Island of Ceylon, acknowledge my sway.

Yet, dear Sir, raised to nearly the position of a God through virtue, you may ask why am I here. It is because we have admitted to our sphere one who claims the position of your guide. He now belongs to our sphere. We are called angels of a dispensation. You ask from whom on earth have I come but now? From one who gives honor and love to his country; one who is consistent in his conduct, reasonable in his religion, commanding respect from his countrymen from his general consistent conduct in every relation of life. I have just come from him. I love him; I have loved him from a child, and now he is in the pride of life I love him still. Some forty summers he has had, yet he is grand and gracious on earth, a guest of England's highest to-day. I love him; I am his Spirit-guide. I love his countrymen, the noble and courageous Sikhs. I am speaking of Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

You may think because more than 2,000 years of your earth's time have passed that Gautama's work is done. It is but beginning. The curtains of the new dispensation are being slowly but surely drawn aside, and when that dispensation is at its acme of perfection, then shall Gautama Budha be visible to those who love him, aided by some common ground similar to the one you use. Then shall my gentle persuasive voice reach the ears of those, who still love and obey my precepts. Then shall the idolatrous worship that has sprung up in my country hide its head. Then shall the honored distinctions of castes that have been made by Brah-

mins by their book (the Puranas I am speaking of) —these in the days of this dispensation shall be destroyed. You are chosen by God for a great work, and we are but humbly following out our missions in preparing your Spirit for its acquaintances in the Spirit-world.

There has been more spiritual interest to-day, dear Sir, with you on earth than there has been for centuries. The thin veil is about to be rent and turned aside,—the veil that divides the present from the future. To some the change will have a hard meaning, a surprise unimaginable. To those, like yourself, who are prepared, the words will flow from your lips even as told to me by all interested when I was on earth, even as they told me so it is. I, too, have been greatly interested in every modern change brought about in my country. I love you because you love it. Every mile of its territory travelled over by its industrious Governors, and Governors-general is known to me, north, south, east, and west. When the much-abused yet noble Lord Dalhousie was on earth, I travelled in Spirit with him; I was on earth then, unknown, unseen. Every system for the good of my country, if not from me, has proceeded from angels in our sphere—our ministrations were by the blessed light of the sun, and also in the solemn stillness of night—every mighty change for the alleviation of suffering has been brought about from our sphere, and our reward has been our Father's blessing, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' I am thinking of some of these things.

Lord William Bentinck, another of your countrymen, I loved well—all those I loved I never left without proof of my presence and substantive proofs of my love—Lord Dalhousie received proofs of my love by being able to present to his liege lady the Reigning Sovereign of this, your country, the brightest jewel in her crown, I mean the Koh-i-noor.

Here was a break; the Controlling Spirit said it had great difficulty in retaining Control, and that the Spirit of the Medium was struggling hard to get back to its own body as it could not understand the high Control. After a pause of a few minutes it resumed:

God, according to the Vedas, was the Trinity in One; but He never intended man to imagine that there was a separate Deity in each member of the Trinity. God alone was the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer. The Christians

have followed the Brahmins in assigning a Triple Personage as representing the Deity. Thomas Paine has been raised into a higher sphere the last day or two; you will recollect he told you he was to be an angel of a new dispensation.

I asked about Jesus Christ; whether he was in a higher sphere than himself? In answer I was told:

He is in a higher sphere—Christ's work on earth ended in martyrdom; all who had been following God's commands and who were forcibly wrested from earth, I mean those whose earthly experiences were put to an end by violence, all those who had suffered in following out God's will on earth, are in a sphere above us.

Is Mahomed in a lower sphere?

Mahomed is in a sphere below our sphere, but he is not in a bad sphere. You are speaking of the so-called Arabian; he was an angel of a dispensation. Mohammed's sphere and mine are so closely united, that the difference can scarcely be defined. Also in the sphere above us, the one in which Jesus and some of the Jewish prophets are, are some of Jesus' early disciples and believers, and also Menu and many of his disciples. I mean he who, three thousand years ago, translated the Vedas. He is in a higher sphere. The conjunction is so close, however, that the term scarcely meets my expression. Ere I go, I would speak of him I loved so well, and of him whom I was speaking when the disturbance broke the Control—I mean Lord William Bentinck. I remember whilst in the silence of his gorgeous private apartments, that I drew close to him ere approaching him; I felt, even as I can feel yours now—I felt his thoughts, and in my heart I blessed him for his great love for my country. I am referring to his abolition of Suttee*; but that was not all. His heart was always thinking, 'How can I improve this country?' Its produce may give value to the thousands of willing hands here unemployed. I remember my prayer to God. There was then no common ground for communication as you have, but I knew that Thou, O Father, canst, and wilt, assist me, that I may give a thought to him who can and will bless my country. Praise be to His answer to my wish, and the ever loving expression of Gautama's love made manifest! 'Yes, I will try,'

* The burning of the widow, on the death of her husband.

were the last words that then fell from Lord William Bentinck's lips—and the produce of that thought, so they tell me, reaches some eighty or ninety thousand pounds' weight of tea.

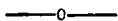
The power was getting very weak and confused. I remarked that the produce of tea in India during the last year was thirty million pounds. He then said :

“ Bajec Rao, how is this? ”

After a short pause, he said :

I am speaking of that time when the East India Company made over their nurseries to private enterprise, and the first annual report reached the number I have named—I am only speaking of what is told me. I am only pleased to hear it has reached the number you have named.

This Control was very abruptly broken off.



MAHOMED,

THE FOUNDER OF THE MAHOMEDAN RELIGION.

15th October, 1879.

MAHOMED, the founder of the Mahomedan religion, was born at Mecca, on the Red Sea, about the year 570 or 571 of the Christian era, and belonged to the tribe of Koreish, and passed over at Medina about 632 A.D. Beyond this notice of the time of his birth and death all I shall say is that, notwithstanding the abuse heaped on him by Christianity, he was one of the greatest men the world has ever produced. Men may call him impostor, but one sixth of the world up to the present day are followers of the religion which bears his name.

The Sensitive, under Control spoke as follows:

I will give you my views upon the future, and also my thoughts upon the past. Let me first speak of the

past to the many who are here now assembled. I have seen more than this number when I was an inhabitant of earth, and the same God was the primal cause of their holy adoration. My mission now is to take this opportunity of speaking to you, not individually, but collectively. I, who was the cause of your spiritual position, am specially delegated to bring you back to the fountain of mercy and love; I, who was the cause of your realising wrongly the attributes of the Almighty Supreme Father; I, who served my God with loving reverence for thirteen long years of bitter hardship, and then forgot Him; I would speak to you all.

My repentance, my bitter soul repentance, has placed me, through the mercy of the Almighty's love, above you; but you loved me on earth, and I am sent earthward, so that again you might hear me. Oh, do not pay reverence to me, O Moslem perverted servants of the Living God! Listen to my words, and you also, who are the Recorder, listen to my utterances, bear witness to my tears of sorrow, seeing so many thousands listening to my words of bitter contrition. Further, I say, you but half understand your mission, if you do not with heart and soul endeavour to speak to this God-appointed audience. My mission now is not to Spirits in the form; I speak to those, to those to whom I am sent, who through me are still of the earth, and by me must be restored. I know that my words are veiled to you, but I will unravel all that seems mysterious to you.

I cannot use the term "who I was on earth," but I may say what I was. I was a Spirit clothed with flesh; strongly impressed with nature's strongest truth; living on frugal fare; enjoying a healthful vigorous existence; free, I may say freer than many from sin. Such was my youth, but how quickly the One God, the Universal Father, changed all this, giving me a prominent individuality, separating me from my own surroundings, electing me as a Prophet and a Teacher to my people.

I was no willing advocate of my charge, I became strangely rebellious in the performance of the duties thrust upon me, for I found that my highest, my greatest efforts brought back again to me only suffering and pain. Centuries of earth-time have passed since this earth action of mine took place, but the end of my labors has but now arrived, and the future has worthily started that which was so unworthily carried on, and which is now but a noble pile of ruins. The site upon which

it now stands is now required, and every solid mass still standing will soon be swept away. Already you can realise that it is indeed a Prophet speaking to his people, the unseen hearers of this my address.

In the solitude, alone with God, thinking with holy thoughts, retiring to a watering place with the picturesque grouping of the caravans, the camels, and the attendants around me, yet veiled from all through the very intensity of my thoughts, I heard a voice, musical as nature's sweetest harmony, sublime in its sweetness, and powerful in love, saying unto me, "Look up, for I have opened thine eyes." I gazed upwards: I cannot describe the scene that met my gaze. The world upon which I dwelt receded, and in its place one brighter and indescribably fairer met my view; and one of this new world's inhabitants stood before me and said, "Mahomed, follow unto wherever I shall lead!" and I followed him, far from my belongings. I felt not the ground underneath my feet.

"Bright angel, what would'st thou with me?" I tremblingly asked, prostrating myself on the ground. "Kneel not to me," were his words in answer, "for on earth I was but a man like unto thyself. Listen, Mahomed, to my words! The Lord has chosen you, plead not your unworthiness, look not on your own worth, but obey the choice of the Living God. I have been many times earthward, I have spoken to your forefathers, and have advised them for their Spiritual happiness; from my lips issued the proclamation that God had commanded the wanderings of thy forefather, Abraham: speak what is in thy heart, Mahomed, speak to the friend of man!"

I said, "By what name, bright Angel, wast thou known to Abraham of old?" He said, "I am the ancient messenger; in their writings I am designated as the Angel Gabriel." I said, "I belong to an Arab tribe, gracious visitor, and in my blood flows no connection with the Hebrew race." "Listen to me," he said, "listen with the simplicity of the loved child, and contradict me not! Thou art indeed of the seed of Abraham, and thou shalt again revive in all its purity the worship of the Living God. Prove faithful, and thou shalt meet thy reward, but unfaithful, and thou shalt miss me as thy guide whilst on earth, and meet in eternity the condemnation of the Living God."

Here the Medium sobbed bitterly; no repentant man could have shed more tears of contrition.

Bear with me, O ye who are listening to my words; how many are amongst you who can bear testimony to your Prophet's faithfulness; but without your testimony there remains to me and to you as a proof the Living Father's testimony that He has again received me in mercy.

When scorn, ridicule, and suffering met me, and men opposed my labors, God alone preserved me, and I rose triumphant above those trials. How often in solitude did I lift up my voice in prayer to God. It has been said, that I revealed God to Man as being above all, and not in all; but thou knowest, my beloved Aboo,* thou who standest nearest to me, that in our hour of greatest danger I clasped your hand in mine, and said, "We seem only two, but God is with us."

Every sweet revelation, which my loved guide brought to me, I preached to my countrymen. And what were these given revelations? Were they opposed to the religion of the future or the past? No! all the most important truths embraced by Judaism were embraced within those revelations to me. Moses was the deliverer of the Israelitish children from bondage; and the greatest healer and reformer was embodied in Jesus the Nazarene. These truths also were embodied in the revelations I taught my countrymen: all that was revealed to me I taught them; they bore me witness both in health and in illness, in danger, in safety still the same; the same earnest faithful duty performed faithfully, in faith and obedience to the will of the Universal Living God, absolute faith in His being, absolute trust in His loving care, and good will to all men.

It may be said there was nothing new in this. No! Yet my countrymen then were bowing down to graven images, degrading the Living God. Yes, zeal for truth was mine; persecution for its sake was mine. I was hunted like a wild beast for teaching the truth. But the converts were few, and the labor excessive; the loss of esteem among my own was bitter; was hard to bear. I should have trusted to the Living God alone, and have lived for eternity; I should have fought their idolatrous vices with a firm and unyielding

* I suppose he means Aboobekir.

arm ; then, as a Prophet, I should have received a Prophet's reward.

For thirteen years after the first revelation was bestowed upon me, I had been faithful to the trust. The seeds of truth had been well and faithfully sown. A band of men, women, and children had sprung up around, and about me, believers in the One True God ; blessing me as a Prophet, to whom were delivered these glorious truths, followers of mercy, believers in benevolence, and actors in charity. They were high souls, rescued from darkness by my means ; but the after means used threw me back again, for success made me forget mercy. Oh ! I, who had borne this great ridicule and poverty, could not face success. It is not for myself that I weep ; it is for you, for you my children. Oh, I should then have rested, and have been blessed, but the world once more laid its claims upon my soul, and from being a servant of the Living God, I became a servant to party, a political intriguer amongst men. To me eloquence was but a secondary consideration ; at the same time faithful and fervid oratory was but a secondary means.

I, the despised yet never despairing teacher became changed, because the world laid its heavy claims upon me, and changed me into a bloody-minded tyrant. No more persuasion other than that of force : I had tasted of power, and power had poisoned my very nature. My ends were the same, my obedience the same, but the sweet and peaceful condition that once was in my power to give to my surroundings had passed away from me for ever ; the Ancient Spirit Messenger of God to Man came to me no more. Other Spirit Messengers came to me, Spirits whose aspects were not so benignant, not so loving, not so merciful. Yet all they revealed I presented to my countrymen, and their advice to me was of the most cruel nature. My disobedience had caused, had in fact bestowed on them the power of coming ; but the work itself, issuing from its primal source, the Almighty God, proceeded in its course, although its earthly agent had chosen his own base means.

My will, although still a prophet to my people, was still uncontrolled, and I chose the broad path of condemnation. I had borne with a sublimity of patience, obstinate opposition ; but prosperity removed me further from the Living God. I had been a teacher of the highest truths, in God's appointed and approved way, my only weapon being God's approval, and the truth of my mission.

If I weep now, how must the angels of the Living God have wept, to see a great soul thus conquered by prosperity! He, indeed, was a conqueror greater than any amongst men; He who said in His heart, as they strewed the palm branches in the road, many thousands of earnest hearts resounding the same phrase, "Hosanna to the Highest, behold the King of the Jews." He who said in His own heart, "Peace, be still temptation, get thee further behind me! My sceptre is truth, my throne is in the higher heavens, and my kingdom is there also." But I, poor cringing earthly reptile, chose those things that perish. He chose the approved way; but I trod the track of condemnation.

Here the Medium sobbed and wept bitterly.

I said that whatever he might have done, he had still done an immense amount of good, and that the Monotheism which he taught had not relapsed into Polytheism, in the same way that Christianity had, and that even if the followers of the religion he founded, had not followed out in its entirety all that he pointed out, the followers of Jesus of Nazareth had not been much better.

He then resumed, and said:

Do not, for justice sake, compare me with Him, the conqueror over Himself. You have been pleased to admit, that, despite many of my shortcomings, yet my name is enrolled amongst the pioneers of truth, amongst the names of those great heroes who lived, and some who died, for truth; but at the head of this long list of names, place the name of Jesus of Nazareth. His patient endurance was to Him neither a burden nor a sorrow; planting the spoke (sic) of worldly trials, of sore afflictions, but beyond this cry, "Thy will be done, O Father," what record is there of impatience? Others, myself amongst the number, may affect to despise the opinions of men, but with Him it was no affectation. He was above the applause of His brethren; He hungered after a knowledge of His Father in heaven; He realised Eternity, and conceived the Infinite. Modest in valour, sublime always in patience, the world recognised Him not; but His labors proceeded onwards. There is no comparison in our earth-lives—without failing, He was always full of love to man and obedience to God. He served the Living God, and pursued His mission,

even to the end, the bitter end, and I but for a few short years.

To loved kindred who are around me, and to you who are recording, I say that in consequence of your position, Spirits can hear every word which proceeds from these lips. Listen! In this Record you made a remark respecting the distinction of truth. The truth I preached, and the truth Christianity has preached, both are precisely in the same position. Both have had their day of power, their time of good has passed away, their reign of evil has nearly ended. Yes, the Universal Religion is now but just commencing its reign! Men of all nations will join together in harmony; yes, the end is coming. Their funeral knells have sounded; God's works, and God's appointed workers are in every position, and amongst nearly all positions amongst men to-day. The new era has dawned, the good and evil works both in Mahomedanism and Christianity, are passing away. There has been in both great Creeds, in both great Sects, a hard, a cold, and useless faith; a higher life, and higher truths for spiritual acceptance have now arrived, and all men are realising it—some plainly, some dimly,—some hopefully, others patiently. Some are helping, others are obstructing it—but despite good or bad wishes respecting it, the Era of Change is making rapid advances. The fetters of dogma and creed are loosed, they are falling from the limbs of many; the clouds of darkness, the mists and fogs of superstition are being blown away. All those who have helped to darken and veil primal truth, are being thrust on one side, so that an universal unfoldment, an universal enlightenment, may take their place. Soon will men in a mass realise this underworking, and will wonder at their former blindness. What before were to them anxious cares and dreaded vexations, the outcome of unalterable and bigoted sectarianism, will pass away for ever. New hopes of a new life will take their place; the words recorded by you, and placed before men, will make them realise, that they are part of one stupendous whole, eternally moving onwards, moving upwards, nearer and nearer the Living God, in obedience to the primal progressive law.

Yes, so much for the past, so much for the future. Remember, when this Era of Change is at the height of its rule, then will these many souls whom I have prayed for rise buoyantly, strengthened by these truths, nearer and nearer to the Living God; you, my countrymen, will realise Heaven, and all its

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powerful aid; may God and all His loving ministers, assist you!

To you, who are recording, I have spoken of God's ministers being in every grade of society, and I do not fear contradiction in this matter. The poor man has at his fireside God's representative, perhaps, in the shape of one of his own children. The middle class of society, as it exists in this present time, has also its representative, God's minister. The statesman, and the politician, have also their ideas of the coming change; the throne itself, is occupied by one who is no stranger to these revealed revelations amongst mankind; the real difference in these revelations of this present time and my time, is that to-day they are more general than they were in my time, being in my day confined only to three unconscious mediums or sensitives. Yes, the highest, as well as the lowest, are tremblingly expectant.

It may be asked, how do I realise this fact? All who have the love of God in their spiritual nature, have the power of loving and watching over the loved ones of the earth; some there are, who exercise this love on individuals; some, who in earth-life loved to command hosts and armies, bestow their spiritual love and guidance on those who command hosts on earth. Again, a soul on earth deeply imbued with patriotism and love of country, bestows his love upon a nation, a kingdom, or empire. Such a love is mine. I, in earth-life, was born to rule; power and the love of absolutism were my greatest sins, and as a self-imposed expiation I take love in a nation's welfare, in its statesmen, in its warriors, and last, though not least, in its lawyers. For believe me, that without law there is no order, and therefore I have a knowledge of your country's worthiest among statesmen, the chiefest among warriors, and the most just among your judges.

Two judges of your country, are, indeed, according to their latest decision, preparing the world with agreeable surprises. I shall have to convey to you the names of the two of England's judges, who were holding a conversation respecting yourself. Do not fear that the names will be withheld from you; the time has not yet come, but I shall deliver the message to you. It is I who know their lives, and I shall be able to bring time and place to their memories.

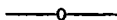
Then among the present living statesmen, who love their country, are two, both of whom have served it well. The chief in position now will soon be called away, and he who

lost, will again resume his premiership. He is blessed with knowledge, and is possessed with love for his God. He, upon whom has been bestowed a loving partner, as much God's minister as he of the State, one whose commanding figure I have often followed, visiting with God-given charity the bedside of the poor and the dying of this land. Yes, God hath blessed him with her. He is also blessed with having the love of God in his own possession. Oh, if it shall be that he shall once more reign, his last premiership shall be blest with his greatest political success, and who so worthy? No one, in my opinion. His talents make him courted among the learned, and his loving courteousness makes him respected. A statesman, of whom his countrymen may well be proud, a patriot, whose patriotism has been often proved; having an eloquence unsurpassed in depth of matter and musical harmonious action. Yes, I admire him, and I love him, for he possesses qualities, which, had I possessed, would have saved me from remorse, would have saved me from crime.

Amongst the warriors is one, who, besides the greatest strategical abilities, possesses also the qualities of a statesman and a politician. He, too, is one of the chosen to work out the Era of Change. The warrior to maintain unsullied the honor of his country both at home and abroad; the statesman to give peace and harmony, where all is rioting and disorder, in that part of Great Britain known as Ireland. A false and spurious teaching has been in their midst lately, cherished and fostered by ambitious would-be statesmen, whose counsels have led to false independence, and ended in dastardly murder. I am speaking of the politician, as well as the warrior, who is now portioning out a kingdom to a conquered nation. I am referring to Garnet Wolseley.

You are going to have trouble in Ireland; ejectionment should not follow non-obedience of the landlord's will upon any matter, political or otherwise; and this will be proved at the forthcoming battle for place, where the strongest and most energetic party cries must be raised, ere a majority can be obtained; and they will be raised, and prominent amongst the battle cries, will be a revision of land tenure. Yes, men will think, ere again they help to place again in power, those who counsel disobedience and murder, and to whom is unknown any middle course. The condition of Ireland will indeed be ameliorated, and truth and more charity will prevail. The thinking minds of this part of Great Britain, recognise that

this is their time to stir the blessing of the new secret system ; that which proved so disastrous in the last election will favor the good work of organisation. They will increase this liberty of voting for representative statesmen ; the demagogue is losing his power ; the man of action will only succeed.



JESUS, SON OF AMANUS.

14th March, 1882.

HISTORICAL Biography affords me no clue as to who Jesus, the son of Amanus was. According to his own account of himself, he was a contemporary with Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph, and worked at the same trade, namely that of a carpenter. I should judge him to have been one of the sect of the Essenes. The clairvoyant powers of the Sensitive, by his description, evidently point him out as a martyr.

When the Sensitive came, I asked him whether he had been speaking to any one. He said :

No ; but I have been accompanied all the way here by such a curious Spirit ; he seemed all scourged and maimed.

The Sensitive soon went into Trance, and spoke as follows :

There he is now, and what a pitiful appearance he has. Yet there are many, who accompany him, whom I have seen before, and amongst the two foremost rows of those who accompany him, there seems to me a concentrated light on some open folio sheets. It is a strange vision, and I can only describe it, by asking you to imagine a photographer taking a view of your incomplete tower to the memory of your guide, and with you as the central figure of that view, flanked on either side by those, whose hands have aided your thoughts and conceptions. In such a view as this, we should naturally expect to see as the most prominent figures in the foreground,

the building and yourself; aided with the advantage of greater light, throwing the figure and yourself more prominent than the workmen engaged on it; such is the only similitude of the scene.

I am now looking again on the figure which is most prominent. It is he who has been whipped and scourged; but there seems more light concentrated on these opened folio pages now. They are dated in a month of last year; the dates come down as far as the last Christmas. Three of the signatures are the names of those I have heard you mention. They come and go; spiritually signifying that the names are not with me; at the bottom of each name, is the single word "evasi." That is from the burden of worldly cares; I have escaped from the turmoil of a fading body; escaped from a world of care to a world of never ending hope. I cannot read these folio pages, and yet I should like to be able to do so; but he who was both whipped and scourged is coming to me, and now he is so close to me, that I can feel his pain and agony more acutely. As he comes closer, a feeling of intense lethargy comes over me.

Here the Sensitive went under Control, and said:

He can go no further. He has gone as far as his memory takes him; how he struggles at times to retain to the last his self-consciousness, and how he tries to tell you of all his strange experiences. He would have you, if it were possible, to share them with him to their fullest extent. You are already, at certain periods, experiencing some of his feelings. I will tell you when you do so. It is when you meet with an antagonist as intellectually informed as yourself; it is when you get warm on this subject, and the rich blood flows in your face, and the enthusiasm of your face shines through the glow of your hand. But this enthusiasm has come too late for your body; I mean that wild enthusiasm of ecstasy peculiar to the Sensitive, and those with him; for all have travelled the same road which he is travelling, and have experienced the same world abandonment.

Listen whilst I read to you the first of these foliopages. I, the one, who was whipped and scourged at the first revival of spirit in the soul of man, was one, who from that day has attended the rise and fall of spiritual knowledge amongst men; and the time of earth that has elapsed from that day, is now bordering on nineteen hundred years. It has been said, by

those who study the science of astronomy, that this is Holy Week in very deed, corresponding day for day, with events as they happened. This may or may not be so. I do not pretend to verify it, being no astronomer; but the events, which this week commemorates, were but the attending and surrounding circumstances of my life. I was a contemporary with them. As then, so now, evidences were abroad of a great religious change; startled as the Church authorities are to-day, the present apprehension falls far short of the fear and consternation, that oppressed the rulers of my people then. But what proof is there that the times are similar? It is because there are prophets in your midst to-day, and young children speak with the wisdom of grey heads. There are strange dreamers in your midst, and the world is teeming with mighty and portentous change. These indications are but, after all, the fringe of a great spiritual wave—a wave, which after it has travelled its course, shall be followed with the tranquility, which the knowledge of immortality must impart.

Still the sceptic may say, it is not to be dealt with by generalities." Be it so. I say, "Look at a depopulated State Church." "But" says the questioner, "that change does not belong alone to the present time. It has taken centuries to find out the error of arrogance and blasphemy; our Puritan fathers may surely claim something of the cause that led to this depopulation." "Granted; I will grant the inquirer that this mighty wave is not of to-day. You must understand that God has had a beginning for all His creation, and all that I wish to point out is this fact, that this wave is at its height to-day, and not at its beginning, and it has prepared a way for a belief of conscious immortality, to follow after life." "Prove it," says the enquirer. I answer "The Dissenters of to-day, are not satisfied with the dissent of yesterday; these cling still to the world, and to the world's wishes, and consequently it is needed that even their dissent should be swept aside, that the souls which they had allowed to grow cold, should be warmed, and those cold in hope should be roused and filled with the calmness of hope, not the apathy of ignorance. Thus we see a vast Salvation Army arise, which invades every city and every village, and will invade continental Europe." "Pooh, pooh," cries the inquirer, "who are these ecstatical fanatics, heroes of declamation, and of inflammatory emotion, mingling blasphemy in their worship?" "Stop, stop," I say, "on the question of blasphemy we need

not enter. Let us keep closely, according to the rules of logic, to the great spiritual wave that is passing, but (by the way of parenthesis), I clearly give my opinion, that amongst the hundreds of thousands of these Salvationists, there is not one amongst them who has been faithful, but who has been bettered in the condition of earth-life.

“They may be and are rough, unlettered, and unskilled, but they are formed of those whom neither the Church, nor the Dissenters have appealed to. Apart from doctrine, their love of goodness has increased, and a great desire of closer unity is founded.” “Then are they a power?” the inquirer may ask. I say: “They are a power; if not politically, morally they are a power. They have taken on themselves by their own will the care of their souls; they have done this, irrespective of any help either from Church or Dissenter, and through all their hopes, there is one hope the strongest,—the hope of the truth which we preach; that is, the hope of conscious immortality hereafter. The road which they have chosen may be a wrong one; they may have had that road filled with barricades, not of their own making. But to sum up briefly their position, they have just awakened to the importance of fighting for self; and God is with them. Now you come to the consideration of your investigation, which you designate, according to your folio sheets, “Examination of any proof of immortality,” and your address I notice, for these open folio pages embrace the names of those who pursued this investigation, side-by-side with those fulfilling the various duties of high and honorable stations. I wonder what hope actuated them in their enquiry. We will take the first page, “That of the medical practitioner, obtained by personal examination.”

Here the Control looked into the teapot, took a sniff, and asked what beverage it was, saying:

It has a peculiar aromatic odour: I never remember tasting it.

But to proceed; if I am tedious, it is because I have to get what I say interpreted, as I have no knowledge of the language of the Sensitive. If this interpretation could succeed through the Medium's organism, there would be no hesitancy, as I am in perfect accord with him. My interpreter is one who has passed away very lately and who was himself an actor in these investigations, and I shall come across his paper in due course.

He says: "It seems strange that I should, after patient investigation, if not entirely change my views, at all events thoroughly modify them. I say that we have no right to darken the subject by classification, or by names that we ourselves choose. I had always thought that the experiences of an investigation into the subject of prevision, clair-audience, clairvoyance, or second sight, would result in an investigation attended with much loss of time, and with a result of entire uselessness. I have, by reason of my examination, been forced to modify this view. Where the truth of this exists, there is a strange wild desire on the part of believers to exaggerate the phenomena; this is unexplicable, but it is fully within my experience. I do not like bringing a charge against any person or persons: but as I feel impelled to write according to my examination, I have been impelled to pen this in good faith."

"The first case that came under my notice was that of a young man, comparatively young, whom we have heard spoken of as the Sensitive. Now I have held with him five interviews at various times, and with this result, that I was compelled to acknowledge an extraordinary condition in him. Whenever we met, my questions were answered freely, and to me there was no doubt that there was a separation from his body, and from the influence of his sensation. I thought that perhaps I could alter this condition by close questioning him; but he alleged that he (he spoke in the second person) that he whom I was addressing was in a lethargic state, and an entirety ruled his body instead. I asked him to prove this. "What proof shall be offered to you?" was the ready and unhesitating question. I said, "I have never seen a case beyond the transposition of the senses by any means: you say that the senses of this body, be they an entirety or not, are in a lethargic sleep?"—"Yes," was the answer, and I asked, "Well, could he exist apart from his body?"—"He does exist apart from his body," was the answer, "not totally isolated, but joined with an union line which is above both space and time; at least your idea of either." I asked, "Does this line, which unites the senses of this body, enable him to communicate with you?"—"Yes," was the answer. "Can you prove this?"—"Yes," again. "How?"—"Because, whilst I am controlling, I am bound in a measure by the body which I control; hence my vision is limited: I mean that all which I see of earth belonged to this body, but

all which I see of the Spirit-world belongs to myself; hence whilst the entirety of the senses are the Sensitive's, I am not of this body. In this state of freedom his vision is clearer than mine: it will pierce where mine cannot go." "Proof of this," was my request. At once came the ready answer. "Even your thought is known to me, for ere your hand grasped your season ticket, which is in your pocket, and the small hard morocco purse which contains paper and eleven gold pieces," and, continued this voice proceeding out of the body of this man, "I need not ask you how this is, it is true, because you know it. First you conceived the desire of ridicule; that was your first thought; then you willed the act, and then you grasped the article mentioned, and hence you have a ready proof of the power of an entirety to see perfectly through an opaque body. Ah! Doctor, Doctor," said the voice, "change the name of the nervous system and call it soul. I do not know but that I am, in the words of St. Paul, giving you strong meat when you are but ready to receive slops. And now, Doctor, I am going to tell you what you have been doing in the past, for I have been guarding this body, whilst its soul or self was standing in the midst of you and those companions under whose names you have written the one word "evasi." If, by going to the fountain head, it makes you a believer in a soul of future consciousness, we have done much, but as there are other meetings arranged with you and me I will leave you."

We will now turn over the page, and pursue the Doctor's paper to the end. It goes on to say, "There seemed at these words a remarkable facial change, and a convulsive trembling, and then in an entirely altered voice, which I recognised as that which first bade me good morning, and which both at the beginning and at the ending of our meeting, were the thoughts and words of an ordinary average working man; in fact, far below many in imagery whom I have employed. I met him again sometime afterwards; the time had been altered, as one meeting was before morning had well broken: our second meeting was in the afternoon of Sunday last" (you will understand, dear Recorder, I am reading from his papers; they are pre-dated, it is not the last Sunday just passed that is meant). I said in a genial tone, "I want to ask you some questions," and he unhesitatingly answered at once, although in his own voice, saying, "You look stout, social, and gentlemanly, and, as you do not mean any harm, I will

answer you." Almost instantaneously he answered "I will answer with another identity." I asked, in rather a mimicking tone "How another identity?" I was told at the last meeting, that I was taking a royal road to investigate: can you tell me what should have been my first step? "Yes," was the answer, "there is in the organisation of every reasonable created being on earth an unknown force so strong that the Creator does not influence it; it is a power with all and in all, and is called Will." "How is it proved?" I asked. "By its quality," he said, "some possessing more of this unknown force, and some less." "Now," I asked, "how could I prove either my quantity or yours?" The answer was immediate, "I have already proved that your quantity is less than mine." I asked, "Is it less than that of the identity whose body you say you possess." He said, "No, it is more." "Can this be proved?" I asked. "Yes," was the answer, "in my case certainly within an hour from now. Resist sleep, and I will Will it; I will Will that you should sleep at the very moment that this body meets with one with whom meetings are so often held, and for a purpose." "That," I said, "drawing my watch from my pocket, will be 4 p.m." "That is when," said this man, you will feel first the influence of my Will; for six minutes you will be empowered to resist it and your resistance will fail, and in three hours after, at 7 p.m. you will awake from your enforced slumber—that is, if I am successful." I asked, "Do you doubt your success?" "There have been," he said, "a number of persons who in earth life resisted my influence, but I do not doubt my influence in your case; but all things are possible to God. He will not weaken my Will, but may not design that you should receive this proof." "You will try," he asked, and I answered "Yes," and asked "how can I prove my greater quantity of Will against the lesser quantity in this identity which you have displaced?" "By word, gesture, and look," was the answer, "nay, you shall prove it by touch: with the slightest pressure by the contact of your hand he shall be as plastic as clay, full of impressibility and he is in thorough sympathy with you because, as he told you when I first controlled, that you were stout, jolly, and gentleman-like." "Now I considered, that if I willed that his eyes should close and a blush mount his face, what do I prove?" "Why nothing: only to myself, that what I willed was obeyed: but why? I know not." Then again I said, turning

towards my companion, "Should I sleep, what then have I gained? I have only found out some principle that cannot be reduced to rules, that depends on idiosyncrasies." "But," said my companion, "I have described this force as an unknown force: you have only to prove the fact. Does it exist? Why try to define the undefinable? Why try to reduce to rule and principle the material which the Creator uses? Try only to prove to yourself it is there." Another question I asked, "how will you exert this influence on me whilst I am at a distance? I can fully understand that the task is easier for me over the body you are now using, but how will you affect me in my own home, surrounded by my own people? What is your answer to this my question?" His words were these, "What is the body of man? According to analysis there is a considerable part of it composed of water, but through a keener perception that we who are distinct from earthly bodies do get, we can enter on a closer analysis. You have instruments which can change a blade of grass into a world teeming with inhabitants; but does your instrument reach to the parasites of animalcula? I say that there is within and around us another world of closer observation in the same scientific line besides which you yourselves manipulate: hence our analysis of the body reduces it on pure scientific grounds to an electrical fluid, and we say this fluid can be imparted. This impartment is known as magnetism. It can be extracted or taken from the body, which means reduction of the chances of continued earth-life. This is proved even in your own experience; and you will dwell on it; for, Doctor, you have known the wife, through lack of electrical sympathy, surely killing the husband, and yet this act of cruel unkindness may be the furthest from her thoughts, because it is without the intervention of any known physical agent."

Here there was a sudden break, and the Control turned to an entirely different subject.

You were right, in saying that a John or a Joseph of to-day, is more common than was Jesus. In the time of His advent on earth, I bore the name of Jesus, and like my illustrious namesake, was a skilled mechanic, and a God-fearing and God-loving Jew. I was much given to reading the sacred lore of bygone days, and listening to the sweet choir of angels, who sung in the Temple of our Maker. Once listening to

their voices, my eyes, my physical eyes, burst. I felt them, and yet none could see the rent, and I was taken to where my feet have never wandered since, taken to the highest heaven. You have heard the Sensitive say the room, nay the world, is full of light, all is glittering and sparkling with brightness; this is when your guide is visiting you.

Before God, such was my experience of the highest heaven. It seemed made up of glory, built from the bright beams of brightest day; yet there were spirits there varying in their form, varying in their ages, and with one accord they turned in thousands, whilst I lay prostrate on the ground, and they said, "Jesus, son of Amanus, listen to your task! When you are taken back earthward, cry aloud with a loud unyielding voice, never changing the burthen of your cry, for God to give to man greater knowledge, but men will not receive it, and God curses the land that refuses His mercy, and He curses the city that thrusts back His goodness." And I answered, "Speak you to Jesus, the son of Amanus, and tell me, ye servants of God, what I shall cry." Then unitedly their answer was, "A voice from the east, a cry from the west, and a complaint from the four winds against thee, Jerusalem; against the house thou hast desecrated; against thy fathers and thy mothers; against the elders of thy inhabitants; against the bride and the bridegroom alike; for thee, is my bitter message, of desolate and bitter woe to the city of my birth," and then when I heard the words, "Thou art faithful," I knew that out of this city of desolation I was about to escape.

I thought that before I continued the papers of the Doctor, I would speak of myself, so that you might not again interrupt me in the Doctor's account of his examination, and therefore I will now return to them, after this brief account of myself; I have described the words of my message.

I need not tell you I was faithful; I saw the rude Roman soldiery plunder and destroy the Temple, and God blasphemed by idolatrous rites, and the most infamous of the Roman Goddesses, Venus, usurped the place where stood the Holy of the Holy.

To continue the reading. "Examination one (here follow doubts. This is temporarily obliterated. I say temporarily, because it for a purpose with which I am not acquainted.) Having heard, from a relative of one in the peculiar condition, in which this man with whom I held my first and second

examinations was, and whose relatives I knew, and on being informed that another form of spiritualism was there manifested, I went to study her. This was my first case. (There are two more pages of this folio; I will condense them, but promise not to turn away from the sense contained within them). "To look at her, the reputed Sensitive or Seer of those, who have passed away from earth to somewhere else, was an exhilarating sight. She was young and lovely, healthy looking; possessed of no lackadaisical airs, and to judge from the quick and business manner in which she despatched a hearty meal, she proved herself no disciple of the celebrated Oscar Wilde. (He would mean one whose mission was to preach of beauty, I mean the founder of the *Æsthetic School*). Again the freedom of her waist from cruel control, proved her desire to conform with comfort, even to the suffering of the absence of fashion. She greeted me kindly, and asked me the object of making the visit.

"Before I had answered her, her face became set and rigid, and she said deliberately to her mother, "I want you to go to our acquaintance, whose card was left with us this morning, and comfort the daughter, because now she is motherless," and then she came back again to what is designated her normal state. I asked, whether she had been out that day, and was answered in the negative. I asked whether she had received or heard mention of the name of this person whom she alleged was dead, aged 71, and who was enabled to make a carriage visit this morning, accompanied by her daughter.

"The answer that I received was, that there had been no mention of the name, and that it was after she became abnormal, that she picked the card from the visiting tray, and then began to speak of the party whose name was on the card. I asked permission to accompany any stranger who might be sent, and apologised for the strangeness of my request, by explaining that there was a Committee formed by three Trinities of the Professions, and that I formed one of three amongst the M.D.'s; that there were three Lawyers, and there were also three Reverend Divines, and that my position, perhaps, in a worldly sense, was the lowest amongst them; that we had pledged our faith and our earnestness.

"I had intended sending on a groom," said the mother of the Sensitive or the Seer, who had given us the information of the death. Before I started, I examined the card, and sighted the exact time of the visit in the Call Book in the Hall.

I made a tracing of the signature of the deceased from a letter to my hostess, and at the same time was expecting the arrival of her saddled horses, for I had determined to put aside the inconvenience, which would surely arise from my long-neglected equestrian exercises. I found the verification, not varying thirty seconds from the time it was made, that death had taken place, and the cause was apoplexy, and apoplexy the second fit, as I understood. I was sure that between the information, no one could have arrived from the house of death.

"But in justice to you, my colleagues, I am not sure that the news were not conveyed to the house I was visiting, although there is every probability that they were not, but probability is not absolute proof."

The second case that came under his especial notice, is recorded. There were three in all. The second is brief, so I will not curtail it, in case of future error, but repeat it verbatim. "I had heard through this strange being, that her mother and she had the knowledge of a phenomenon of doubles; that there are times that doubles are seen of one and the other. They explained it in this manner, that the soul, the dispossessed soul of the body, has the power of controlling itself, as well as the liability of being controlled by others, and can make a manifestation of itself, which is known amongst them as materialisation; whilst all the time the body lies fast asleep, in full view of others, perhaps, at a considerable distance; so that they are not, according to the theory of modern days, spectral delusions, but actual presences. I asked whether it was ever likely that this could be evidenced to me, and I was taken most remarkably to a girl relative of this young lady, who first intimated the death of her mother's friend. But this family was in a lower condition of life. The girl was of average intellect, clean and sprightly in appearance, and who remained talking, addressing herself in the second person, as *you*, and sometimes kept up a most animated conversation, for a considerable time.

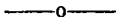
"I went to see her. Although I went to see her in a dual character, nothing happened until my third visit was made to her. The family, who were working people, used to call this state of hers as being dead asleep, and the mother would often express her wonder at the dexterity used in undressing her brothers and sisters, and going about the house with her eyes shut as closely as possible, and I am sure that in this examination it was proved to you that it is not necessary to use the eye in

every case, to see whatever she was doing. She stopped, and a look of passive obedience came over her whenever I visited her.

“I found that I could exercise my Will on the Sensitive even as it had been exercised on me, and I will not forget to mention amongst my experiences derived in my investigations, that at three minutes past four p.m. as stated, after a wearying battle against the feeling, and although I was but partly dressed, having resolved on a shower bath on my return, my servant, later in the evening, found me clinging to one of the bath uprights. Whilst throwing at the same time my dressing-gown over me, they had —”

Here was a sudden break, and the power failed.

Some explanation is here required. I am informed by my spiritual surroundings, and which information I believe, that at one time the Sensitive, when coming and going from my chambers, was interviewed by several who were investigating the proofs of spiritual manifestations. With the exception of that portion which relates personally to the Control and his earth belongings, the greater part of this Control purports to be the repetition of the notes and sayings of one of these investigators. I can only trust that if any of these learned investigators did have notes similar to what is recorded above, they will acknowledge the fact.



ONESIMUS,

A ROMAN SLAVE.

19th March, 1882.

IN St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, will be found this expression : “I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds”; and at the end of the Epistle is the postscript, “written from Rome to Philemon, by Onesimus a servant.”

Beyond the reference in that Epistle, I can find nothing in any book at my command, which throws any light on the history of Onesimus. The Control speaks for itself, and I leave Onesimus to tell his own story.

I asked the Sensitive whether he had been talking to anyone since I saw him last, and he said that a person spoke to him again about Sunday trading, and said to him, "Even if I put aside the question of religion, it is a matter of slavery." Whilst talking, he suddenly went under Control, and said :

And perhaps it is just as well that he can take such remarks philosophically. His words, the instant before I took Control, were these, "I took no notice of him when he spoke of the renewal of the days of slavery." To me, who belonged when on earth to slavery in its direst days, it seems a strange remark ; yet in that remark, there was a hidden truth, hidden, my dear Sir, even from me ; for when on earth, I belonged to the so-called Early Christian Church, which now, in the close of this era, is struggling still for vitality, making a struggle which we cannot help noticing, as it is characteristic of its past strength. It is indeed its last dying throeb, and in this era, in which it is surely passing away, it is passing without the shame and indignity of slavery.

Men have been slaves too long ; slaves to their own passions ; and why ? Because they have not been cautioned against these passions ; for through these passions arise every crime, of which the soul of man is guilty ; all these crimes spring from these uncontrolled passions. It is because these passions have never been appealed to directly and reasonably. It is because a system has been built up on supposed fundamental facts, and by this system men are taught the way to live ; but to me, who knew what the system was in its beginning, how strange, how much more strange, to me than to you, do the additions now seem.

Then in that day, which gave birth to the foundation of this system, a Jewish peasant was bold enough to array himself against the powers that existed, and with a steadfastness of character which words fail to describe, a character which gave the motive to men's actions for all future time, stood up to tell men what he knew of the truth. I want you thoroughly to realise the magnificence of his efforts, and the greatness of

his task. He had to put forth maxims and ideas in such a manner, that they should come home to a class of thinkers, whose active energy had been expended on altogether a different system; but he had to do more than this. He had to live up to his teaching; for I, although but a slave, had many talented masters; men of the world; men who traded with their conquerors; who dined at their tables; courted their daughters.

These men had every worldly claim to reject this man's teaching, when taking it on the testimony of myself, Onesimus the slave. Sometimes I was serving Philemon, sometimes Pilus Astræus, sometimes Miletus, and sometimes others; I was a hired slave, meaning by that, that my masters made capital out of my services; no modern cook of the kitchen could excel me, although they have had the experience of centuries; no grand gala or fête; no great Forum meeting, or feast, was deemed perfect without my superintendence. I travelled in search of what I required in my art.

I saw this Jewish peasant; I saw him at his devotions; I heard him in his teachings; I studied him day after day, and my conclusions were these, that he stood pre-eminent above society in all virtues; he was better self-disciplined; he had a higher amount of self-respect, and a greater power of self-control, than any man I then knew, or any master whom I had ever served. This, indeed, is now the strongest memory with me of the past, leading me onward to the strongest hope of the future. As an example for all mankind, his life was a religion; and from his life he preached. His life was in accordance with nature's laws; therefore he led a scientific life; therefore, as was his life, so was his religion. The logical deduction was, that his religion did not clash with science; it did not indeed proclaim anything against the law of nature; nor advance that which men deem unnatural; and consequently he became, as all thinking minds of that day realised he would become, a mighty motive power. He had talent, and talent is power. He had tact, and tact is but another name for skill, and without it no man could be a leader; he had the knowledge what to do, but greater still, he had the power of doing it. He found pleasure in the success of those who helped him on, a sure sign that he was without envy; he had a full heart, a heart full enough to be noble, to be generous to those who were with him.

The present systems have another idea of what God wants,

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of what God is, entirely different to the views which he then held, and as men are unable to teach such immortality themselves, they have made form, and used endeavours to make that form immortal: but the day has now come when his efforts, when his works will be stripped of all the views which men have placed on them, and then shall he be deemed immortal by the most thinking of men.

When I say that the efforts of his life-time will last for all eternity, I am not speaking as an orthodox Christian or as a follower of form or of fashion: but I am speaking as one, who before his administration was a heathen slave, lost in heathenish rites, following the philosophy of one master and on shifting from him taking up the philosophy of another, having a plurality of Gods, and worshipping each according to my particular wants. But God designed that I should be stopped in my way, even as that Jewish scholar and pupil of Gamaliel was stayed, and that I should be forced to hear what they said, and forced to see what they did. I mean those persecuted Christians. I found myself forgetting my hatred of them; I found myself participating in their thoughts, sympathising with their hopes, joying with their joys, and grieving with their griefs. I felt their experiences becoming mine; and as they saw the Spirits of just men walking abroad, so was I permitted also to see them, until the world became to me a living voice. I found the humblest and the poorest talking with the Spirits of the past, and no question was thought or deemed intrusive.

The world changed for me: different relations sprang up in regard to my humanity: the whole of my sensations were changed: mortality had given me a new birth: I was born again because I could not die. I, only a slave, and yet immortal like the master who owned me: Oh! blessed experience, blessed joy, blessed suffering! What a beautiful interest I took then in every passing hour! I even felt a greater and wider extension of sympathy even for those who so cruelly ill treated me; and this was the result of his teaching. Therefore when I say I want you to realise what he meant when he said, "He that believeth me, not in me, but in Him that hath sent Me, must be prepared to take up his cross, must be prepared to suffer."

Now I cannot speak of the sufferings of other believers; but I do not doubt that, like me, they had to suffer, as every believers of Christos had to suffer. I served at that time one

who was great in offices of the State; one who was mighty. Whatever cities he visited he was received there with the greatest honors. He was one who believed in the dignity of station, and the usefulness of slavery. I do not say that I was specially ill treated by him, but I suffered because in spite of all his intellectual power he was continually haunted with the fear of death and the possibility of an after punishment: in fact he became the veriest slave of the priests and necromancers, leading a life of hopeless, helpless bewilderment for want of something to believe in, for something to worship.

I also had, after my knowledge of the immortality of my soul, to serve another master who was an Atheist, and yet one who lived a lie, inasmuch as out of his own private income he built temples, and erected altars to please false Gods, and there offered sacrifices, esteeming it a duty he owed to the common, or plebeian race. I spoke to this Patrician master, and told him that I should live, and know him, after I had been entombed, or after I had been buried or burnt; for this he flogged me, and on my repetition of the advice I gave him, to go to the same fount of knowledge to which I went, he answered me by passing me from his care to the ergastulum,* or folding doors, where I was for a time incarcerated, until my spirit was bowed down with fear, and I spoke to him no more on the subject.

Another master with whom I spoke about my soul's immortality, laughed immoderately about the pretension, and told me then that it was but a vain fancy, and that only the rabble followed after the teachings of Christos; only the base, the vile, the unlearned and the most illiterate; and yet for this Christos, the meanest and most vile would die, as I told him; and this was true. But oh, how different were his teachings from those which he is to-day recorded to have uttered. I, who listened to him; I who listened to those who followed immediately after him, (with the exception of Saul of Tarsus, who, being a logician and a great linguist, and standing as the foremost student in the school of disputants, and whom I have heard in earth life exaggerate in statement and give very wide interpretation to the teachings I have heard) but with him as an exception, I realise throughout all their utterances a divine moderation.

* I think this was the term, but the Sensitive has great difficulty in pronouncing Latin words.

The present records of Christianity credit him as having been a man of great extremes, as claiming to have been in the beginning with God before the world was. My own experience is this, that there was an entire avoidance of such extravagantly absurd statements. I remember one of his addresses against a sect of philosophers who believed in indulging every craving of their brutal appetites, and in addressing this sect, he said that its founder Epicurus was accursed. No, I do not mean Epicurus, but the founder of the Jewish sect which he was addressing (the Sadducees I think) who believed in so many extravagances, that he determined to address them. Among the many fancies in which they indulged, they believed that neither good nor evil belonged to them and that they had no real existence.

He told them that such a doctrine was accursed, as destroying one of the holiest feelings of the soul, that of sympathy. His teaching amounted to the beautiful fact, that as a man lived doing well to others, so would he make no enemy to himself, and that instead of thinking that pain, and want, and misery were but fancies, the man who was living well would treat them as realities, and would look round the world and away from the letter of the law, and would search for God in nature, and not in the law so jealously preserved. He said that he came not to destroy the law but to add to it: that life well spent would alone lead to happiness, and that nature had placed happiness within the reach of all men who would live in accordance with nature's laws. He taught that nature was the expression of God on earth, therefore he taught that the law of God was not written, but engraven on the soul; not instilled into it by a priest, but God-given at birth, and that the soul which lived in accordance with the manifestations of God in nature would be free from the delusion of by-gone laws; from the delusion of hope in the efficacy of any other than an acting working self-hood, and that nature meant living in due fitness with the relationship of cause and effect, and that by doing good you arrive or should arrive as the effect to cause, the return of good.

There are but few who in the present century are awaking to real earnest work, and those few are doing a giant's task, they are bringing men's minds back again from stole, surplice, hood, incense, the bowing and the worshipping of graven images to the beauty of those sacred spots that beheld the preaching and teaching of Christos. Then his places of

worship were on the hill side, or the river side, or in the pleasant shady valley. Once he stood in the highest Jewish place of worship, miscalled the Temple of God, and at the commencement of his ministry he stood, and foreshadowed by an old revelation the work, that he would do if God so willed to accept his services; but with but one or two exceptions the places of his preachings were where nature displayed its magnificence.

To arouse men and free them from this modern slavery there are but few workers; but none can tell when God will let loose the whole army so willing to commence. Amongst these workers are you, dear Sir, a master amidst the earnest few, an earnest worker, having reached a green and vigorous old age, yet in the enjoyment of real thought, and enabled through the blessing of God still to do good work: work which is not alone for the present, although it would be surely missed even now, nay, it is sadly missed in the publication and work that has had years of earnestness and which still exhibits the same force and buoyancy; nay, an added force, an added strength as the years succeed one another. We know, I know how your energy, your time, and pocket are taxed; yet may God long keep your eye undimmed and your force unabated, so that there may be yet successive years to carry on the task in which hitherto you have remained so faithful.

Here was a break, the Control addressing someone. I could not catch exactly what he said, but turning again to me he said:

An old spirit friend has returned, but I must beg his forbearance for a few moments ere I conclude. His is a prior claim to mine; he comes to heal, and therefore I know that he will bear with me for a brief space; I am anxious, nay uneasy, lest I should omit words which I have now a chance to utter, for these words will be from one who has suffered and rejoiced.

To you, dear earnest master, it has pleased God to unfold the truth, you have been made wise by the experience of an active life in native subtlety, and will have to unfold a series of events which the majority of mankind reject with scorn. This series of events you have judged by your experience, and proved by many years of repetition. You were from the first possessed of ability to analyse this series of facts; you did not

come to your decision until after long patience, accurate deduction, and a watchfulness amounting to extreme cautiousness. Since your faith has been grounded and made firm, it has pleased God to strengthen your intuitive power, and to make your perception more acute, and above all to make your sympathy more lively; a sympathy to the wants and sufferings of those around you, for remember, Sir, there are millions whose only teachings are temptations, trials, and difficulties. Remember the faith which God has given you is to teach men to bear with patience and submission, and to trust in immortality; that it is God's Will that the soul should receive earth experiences, and that these experiences are only achieved by living; that living is but a question of time, but immortality beyond time is eternity.

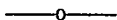
There are many, who are finding this earth, like I found it, a place of more sorrow than joy: teach them to meet both joy and sorrow with a firm heart and pure mind. The straightened form carries the heaviest burthen; teach men to forget selfish egotism, and to enter on all the details of every-day life with cheerfulness and patience, for there can be no cheerfulness unless patience accompanies it. Teach men that if they must fall into any extreme, it must be the extreme of gentleness; learn not to be too rigorous with those opposed to your faith; for remember the immortal soul is so constituted, that it hardens against rigour, and yields to softness and kindness; remember, that truth uttered with courtesy and kindness is heaping coals of fire on the sarcastic and clamorous.

The greatest sentiment of the soul is that of hope. Breathe hope into the hearts of your brethren: it is a rich possession, and God denies it not, either to poor or rich, for hope is the parent of every effort, of every endeavour, and the guide to every action in life, and therefore the most important of any lesson you could inculcate; but above all efforts, let your main effort be the real teaching of Christos: that the actions of the soul on earth should be in accordance with the laws of nature; that the golden rule is to help, to aid, and love one another; that immortality is a fact, a truth: that conscious immortality can be proved by watchful, earnest investigation. God has not scattered pearls and diamonds before those, who are too lazy to stoop for them; but He hath said that those who seek shall find; those who prefer the darkness to the light, and like a bull in its rush, go blindly to their work, such as these merit the condemnation that will be meted

out to them, and merit the term of expiation which God in His judgment and justice will surely demand.

May God save, and spare, and bless you for His name sake ; for the sake of His name and His glory may your health be renewed, and may the obstacles which you have hitherto met, fade away for your life-time, so that your labour may proceed uninterruptedly ; and may you be permitted before you pass from time into eternity to complete the work you have in hand, and that you may enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that the four corners of the earth know of you, and realise the extent of your earnest unselfish labour. Onesimus bids you good-bye.

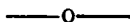
I asked under what master he served when he was in Palestine, and he said Philemon. This corresponds with what St. Paul says in his Epistle to Philemon, cap. 1, verse 10.



Want of space precludes me from giving more of the Controls which I have named 'Miscellaneous.' Otherwise I should like to have given some which purport to be given far back in the early history of Man. In many of the cases, history throws no light on them. I could mention several by a Spirit calling himself "The Egyptian"; others by one named Eisodi Jacobi; others by Rameses, Sesostris, and others whose Controls are especially interesting now by reason of the light thrown on the long past of Egypt by those who have found a key to its hieroglyphics, and who are from day to day giving a real history of that land so long enveloped in myth and mystery.

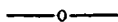
All these, together with many others, I hope to be able to publish at a future date. These Controls by ancient Spirits have convinced me that the early religion of man was monotheistic, and that the deification of the attributes of the Deity, and multiplication of Gods, was the work of priestcraft, and used as a means of power over the unthinking masses.

CONTROLS OF THE RENAISSANCE OF THOUGHT.



I SHALL conclude this volume by giving as far as space will permit Controls making their mark in their own time and for generations yet to come, in what may be called the era of the Renaissance of Thought. The Controls will be by such men as Luther, John Knox, Faust, Shakespeare, and others, who either guided the rising wave, or helped in the guidance of rising thought, which is still flowing on and on, scarcely ever ebbing.

If the bold expression of Luther and John Knox stirred up the then dormant intellect of men, the printing block of Faust, Schœffer, and Gutenberg, fixed the thoughts, and made them current coin passing from hand to hand throughout the civilized world, and established an interchange of thought which will bid defiance to all priestly attempts to fetter Reason. The ball has been set moving, and the present expansion of thought is mainly due to the actors in the 16th and 17th centuries.



MARTIN LUTHER.

10th August, 1879.

MARTIN LUTHER, if not the first who ventured to dispute the arrogant claim of the Papacy, realised an opposition to it which has taken root and shaken the pretensions of Rome to their very

foundations. If Luther did not go as far as modern free-thought would wish, he did good work : he taught men to think : he taught them to dare and do : he gave liberty to thought. The work is still going on and men of to-day should be thankful for what Luther did in his day.

Luther was born at Eisleben in Prussian Saxony, A.D. 1483, and died A.D. 1546.

The Sensitive in trance said :

I see such a splendid wreath of letters ; I cannot read it.

He then took a pencil and wrote on a piece of paper "Theos" and after that he wrote "Deus."

Are you God? Should I blaspheme, were you to speak and I to hear you speak, were I to assert, that God was speaking with me? I know, that with others there are different kinds of glory, and the glory of one differeth from the glory of another. I know that; but what is your glory? why are your raiments so different from all whom I have seen? Words cannot convey to others, what I see; words in this case are powerless: it is strange, that the only means of communication with me and man should so signally fail in describing these scenes of God's children. Tell me what I can say, so as to make it apparent to others, and so as to form an impression of what I see. Can I know, because I feel the difference? I know, because I see the difference; but I cannot describe it. You are near to God, near to His loved ones. You are a faithful and approved servant of God. How glorious, how pure, how holy you are! the very brilliancy of your robes bears to me a peaceful and loving greeting; your very form is noble; transparent glory, the gladness of God's joy, is surrounding you. Light—light from error—light to lead the way from darkness—light to found a road which will be trodden by millions of God's children, a road the foundation of which was formed by you on earth, a road now happily near completion. Yes, I hear your name; yes, I knew you would speak by the same means as I am using: I cheerfully submit to your guardianship.

Here the Medium went gently under control, and spoke as follows :

The pen is mightier than the sword: speak soul of the pen, speak in order, that thousands may listen right freely, and without fear, to the truth which rests with God. I would have you heed this, my address "Religion of the Past, of the Present, and of the Future."

The religion of the past, of the long past was Deism. I mean, that amongst the faithful few of the earth's then inhabitants, men were unanimous in their decision as to the existence of a Supreme God; further, the consequence of this unanimous belief was the confirmation of this Supreme Being's providence; His providence in governing the world was fully sufficient for this purpose without any other fictitious aids. The belief, and the confirmation of God's ruling providence brought to men a happiness, unknown to those souls, who have added to the pure Deism of the past a mass of idolatrous and useless ceremonies, which prevent the millions of to-day from participating in the happiness shared by their more remote ancestors.

There have been many causes, which have led from this path of pure happiness; many causes which have separated God's children to-day from the confirmation of spiritual realities. Upon man's entry upon the earth, the bond of union was naturally presented to his view in all its utility. The right to live became his, and how to live, and the way to live, were within his power of knowing. "Live if you can" cried out those who were the farthest removed from spiritual knowledge, "Live how you can; for the laws of nature bid you live." But then came this inner knowledge of the few who said "We will live if we can, and by our industry, and our own perseverance we will live as well as we can, and at peace with our fellow-men." "Is that all?" cried the inner voice? "Has life no other purpose? Are you to stop at peace with man and comfort to yourselves?" "Alas yes" cried many of them, "we can go no further with you in your inner thoughts; an unseen Being has swallowed up the whole wealth of our hopes, teaching a whole absorbed heart-worship as His due meed, as His required service; and that next may come love and good fellowship toward your fellow-men." "There we differ from you" cried the worldling, "we put no other responsible duty upon our shoulders, than that of loving our neighbours, which we consider our private duty, and also of living in good fellowship with all men."

Here then commenced the first heresy; here then commenced the disobedience of man's uncontrolled will; here

then God's children commenced to rebel; here then was the commencement, the very first commencement of the world's allurements, Men existing without living, dying whilst living, the highest gratification being denied them; their highest and their greatest aims set aside. Men then formed the two divisions—the lovers of God, and those the believers in a Ruling Power, who after man's creation left all other regulations to His unchangeable laws.

Then became a marked difference between the inhabitants of God's earth, and the two sects have in the course of time had offspring springing from them, who have inhabited the world. Then sprang up, not the desire of loving unity, but an unity organised upon the disobedient wills of the organisers, and which organisation consisted of evil deeds. God's creatures, His children, warred with one another, being governed by the strength of their opinions; and whilst the God-fearing ones went on their road, that lovely road strewed with flowers and adorned with the approval of God's love, the ungodly or disobedient travelled the road which favored crime, meeting their fellow-travellers along the road, and with self-ambition scorning at any who professed the knowledge of the living truth; changing their kindly wit to bitter biting sarcasm; in their arguments using their God-bestowed faculties, not to teach nor to learn the right, but to prove the wrong; prostituting all that was divine in their nature, and assisting in the formation of bodies devoted solely to the purposes of promulgating degrading and blasphemous ceremonies.

In our retrospect of religion we arrive at the foundation of the Christian Church, we arrive at that period in the world's history when the gross materialism of mankind had nearly extinguished all spiritual communications. The world had indeed become separated, and the last reproach, the last reproof, had nearly been heard from those Controlling Spirits, who, bidden by God, and made earnest by love, strove to awaken man from his ungodliness, and tried still to preach of God's loving providence. But, alas, in vain, for the masses scoffed at all ideas of prophetic communication, and jubilantly cried in the face of the Controlling Spirit, "What care we! Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; let us live and enjoy ourselves, and leave the future to take care of itself, for to-morrow we die."

Oh, wretched, unheard-of, degrading apostacy! It had need of a further trial of God's love, to bring from error into truth, from darkness into light, His own created children.

Then came the last and greatest of God's inspired messengers, who gave proof of God's providence, not over His beloved created souls alone, but even the despised sparrows in the fields, which, as he told them, fell not heedlessly nor unknown to the ground, without the knowledge of the Living God. Then came a change of belief, an abandonment of Self; and once more the impassable division between the two worlds became passable, and God, through His messengers, spoke once again to His misguided and mistaken children through this revelation, and not through those that were so carefully collected together, and published by the means of those who at heart thought that they were forwarding the work of God's great plan of reformation, myself among the number; but through the revelations from the Spirit-world, given afterwards by the means I am now using, and often even by means more direct than the Controlling Guides and loving messengers can adopt in the present day.

Relentless time swept on, and with it the world's allurements known in the words of revelation and personified—I am referring to that name given to the world's claims by the first great Reformer of mankind, He who battered and flung down the walls that divided the spiritual from the material, the word which he used being Satan or Devil. But that He was referring to no degraded mortal and individual soul, is proved nearly on every occasion, and by every word that passed His inspired lips. When one of His beloved associates would have had Him exert His power; the power of His Will against the command of His God, He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" When, knowing that He above all men was blest with the greatest spiritual knowledge, and could foresee in consequence of the active opposition exercised against Him, His forthcoming strifes, the insults and indignities to be heaped on Him, and the coming shameful death: when upon that elevated plot of earth, upon that Mount overlooking Jerusalem, He saw in His mind's eye the anxious believers in His mission, who were willing to undergo any hardship or trial to elevate Him to the throne to which they believed He was entitled both by the laws of prophecy and His visible endowments of spiritual power; and when this vision of earthly grandeur passed across His mind, what were His words? "Get thee behind me, Satan! What are earthly honors to My Father's Will?" I maintain that the records of His mission here on earth contain not one word of His belief in a personified Power of Evil.

Time passed on : His fight with the world was done. If his mission had accomplished nothing else, it had awakened the minds of men ; it had strengthened the ranks of believers in futurity ; it had brought light out of darkness, and the loved one, who had passed away, could come back again, and strengthen by sweet consolation those who had not finished their pilgrimage here on earth. Then cried the materialist, the man of the world, the man of the day, the scoffer at to-morrow "Division is now no longer our most effectual aid ; our strength will now only be by uniting, whilst these new doctrines, so pure, so untainted by sin, so Godlike, exist in their purity : it will aid in swelling our ranks and adding to our strength."

Then came hitherto unrevealed admonitions and unrevealed Epistles ; then came adornments upon the mission of Jesus of Nazareth, and upon His work ; then came the twisting of a phrase uttered by Him, which gave them a warranty for what they called Apostolical Succession as long as time lasts ; and then came the long desired union of the worldlings and God's loved ones ; then came the long fight against tainted additions, parasites upon the tree of truth, which had once been theirs : and so errors once more commenced ; hypocrisy and lies were sealed in high places ; the teachers of the credulous millions being themselves liars, and slanderers, and adulterers. Error reigned supreme, and darkness covered the face of the earth.

The Era since the Great Teacher's Mission has been and is spoken of as "The Dark Ages : the reign of the wanton, of the widow who should not sorrow, who should receive no joy." No sorrow should she receive for her adulteries and her wickedness ; no joy should she receive for her services. For out of wickedness and error God could not be served. How many are there in the centuries of time which have passed away, who have been drawn into the fatal vortex ? how many are there who have accepted darkness as a successful bequeathal, and gone into the higher life crying even as blind Bartholomew of old cried "Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me, give me my spiritual sight!"

The Control spoke so rapidly, and by reason of my endeavours to keep up with him my hand got so stiff, that I was at last compelled to ask for a respite. This was granted, and the Medium sat down and took my right hand in his : imperceptibly the muscles of the

hand relaxed, and I felt much relief. During the interval I asked what high Spirit was controlling. In answer he said :

I am Martin Luther. The Almighty, as He has set me, and as He has set your loving guide apart for the furtherance of His great ends, has also set you apart : we are ministers of a new dispensation : you are an instrument in His hands for the same purpose. I have much to say, and I have great difficulty in exercising full Control over the Sensitive : I would ask you to rest from your enquiries at present.

Here the Sensitive returned to his normal state, and, after a pause of a few minutes, went again under Control, and said :

The words which I heard were remarkable when they came spiritually upon me, when my mind was greatly troubled. They came upon me with a startling significance ; they changed my thoughts and my actions from the moment of their delivery. They were a complete answer to my already half-formed doubts ; they were a complete answer to all my fears.

I had long felt that I soon must sever myself from the existing system of Religion. I doubted not God's command that He should be represented by a direct succession, but I doubted the Pope's right to power. I doubted that one poor erring decision should govern the thoughts of the whole body of whom he was elected chief ; and the words which I heard, which I distinctly heard, when I was under the governance of a feeling of contempt for one of the practices of the Church of Rome, which practice was the sale from the Altar of Indulgences for all crimes of whatever magnitude on regulation prices, were these.

The voice said "Thou shalt plague them, thou shalt plague them,—thy very name shall be accursed amongst them." These words came true. "*Pestis eram vivus Papæ*:" to the very letter, and I have been so, even after death. I believed the voice with an unyielding faith, and my resolve was this—"Be it so, spirited Saint, or angel who hast spoken, before God I will plague them : no longer shall they cover the light from the children of God." The warfare began. Oh ! what a small antagonist they deemed me the poor child, the native of Eisleben, who had received his education through the charitable feeling of the friends of his family ; the unknown, the

unthought of, and insignificant Augustin Friar; he whose devotion had commenced from an emotional source, through an incident which I had often repeated, and which was well known—that I chose retirement from the fact of four of my companions having perished by lightning when sitting around me, whilst I remained intact and unhurt; which proved, as I conceived, that, humble as I was, God had set me apart for some great work. They said “What of his Theses? what do they contain that cannot be refuted?” “Have we none amongst us,” cried the learned Leo the Tenth, the then reigning Pope, “who can answer him, none who can dispute his heresies?”

No disputant appeared, although my Theses found too many readers for the Church of Rome. Your readers, upon perusing this communication, may ask themselves, “What reference have these allusions to Luther’s life upon earth with the religion of the past, the present, or the future? I make answer to them, that every past hour of my life was so connected with the passing hours of my life and with the changes that religion underwent, that to separate my personal experience of the religion of my day upon earth from those which had passed, would be unnatural, would be similar in fact to describing the Infinite Father without referring to His love. This is not a blasphemous comparison, for God chooses when, and how, and through whom, He will; and the Almighty willed that I upon earth should be the very buttress upon which a mighty change should be built. Was I, His servant, to question why? No! I felt that the malice of men could not hurt me whilst I was faithful. I felt they would hunt after me with all the ardour of huntsmen after game, but that God would prove an effectual safeguard against the malice of man, against the persecution of my enemies.

Then came the citation. Fear actuated them in the order, or summons for my attendance within sixty days. I would have gone, but they had elected one, who had been the most active amongst my antagonists in writing against me and my views: his name was Prior Hias,* and I refused attending where I knew certain condemnation awaited me. I still was earnestly anxious to meet my antagonists, but I felt myself bound to God to be wary in guarding my life.

Truth—Oh! how powerful it is, when a faithful heart is

* I am not sure of this name.

enlisted in its promulgation. My request was granted, permission being given me to plead my cause before the Pope's Legate in Germany—his name was Cajetan. I feel a great difficulty in the pronunciation of the name [he spelled it out letter by letter]. But I might have as well met one of the ancient Idol Gods, as this Cajetan adorned with the high power of Pope's Legate. Blind with self-pride, he looked with contempt on the humble Augustin and heretical monk, and demanded a thorough and instant recantation of all his heresies—that is of all my heresies so-called, a retraction publicly of all my former opinions; and that then, and not till then, might I sue for pardon. Upon my refusal he sought my life from the hands of the Elector of Saxony, but God put it into the heart of the Elector to protect me; God had still an abundance of work for me to perform.

Then proceeded the Bull from the Pope, giving his hearty adherence to the virtues of Indulgences. The gulf was rapidly becoming wider and wider between us; the battle had passed its commencement—one army was formed and in battle array, the other army was forming rapidly. Then came to me the inspired thought of not only defying, but denying any Papal Authority. Then followed the Bull of Excommunication, which in my day on earth meant so much. I and my works were condemned as “heretically, scandalously, and blasphemously offensive to pious ears.” All who had them in their possession were to burn them, and if after this notice any were found to be in possession of any of my books, they were to be punished; and I, the arch-heretic, was to be delivered over to Satan, and any child of God might slay me wherever he met me.

Then I became convinced that there was discovered to the world the Anti-Christ, the highest results that wickedness could ever aspire to. I spoke out more boldly; I preached; I exhorted; I strengthened those who believed what I strove so earnestly to teach; and God in a most marked manner blessed with crowning blessings my labors. Princes and Emperors bowed before me, for God's hand was made manifest: fear was withheld from my heart, for I recognised the lawfulness of God's calling me, and I went onward in the might of His great name. Yes, onward; crying ever onward; teaching and trusting in God's help. The worst of mankind and the greatest scoundrels upon earth were amongst the foremost of my opponents. Kings opposed me; the monarch of this your

country was one. He, your eighth Henry, whose deeds are remembered with horror even at the present time; he upon whom Rome's greatest satire was hurled, when Rome called him "Defender of the Faith"—the faith in what?—A faith in adultery and murder. But I must not judge. I mention this to prove the low depth of Rome's truckling to power. They thirsted for my life, and wondered why I was not dead. I preached, I wrote against their painted images, against their dress which was unbecoming the dignity of man. I wrote against the blasphemy of confession, against the wickedness of absolution, against the awful vows of virginity, and against the unnatural vows of celibacy.

The results, the glorious results of my efforts, were these. The monks, who before this were lonely ascetics and miserably-minded men, became under this their new life the happy fathers of God-fearing children; and the pale faces and wan appearances of many of the nuns were changed upon the reception of this truth, and they became, from being miserably-minded women, happy wives, happy mothers. Amongst those who accepted this heaven-endowed truth was my own wife, the gentle Katharine de Bora. This was after the time I had put aside my monastic habits, after I had abandoned my belief in God's requirements in respect of retirement from active life.

I have spoken of society as being one of the best blessings with which God Almighty has blessed His creatures upon earth; and now in conclusion, dear fellow-worker, in this great cause of God, in the cause of happiness to all His creatures here upon earth, in the cause of the religious change which has now passed its first dawning and is now rising rapidly to its mid-day zenith of power, I have spoken of the religion of the past, even from its earliest advent amongst the souls of earth, as well as amongst the souls still in the body; I have spoken of its rise and progression; I have alluded to its retrogression, which was so rapidly demoralising society, and I tried to lift it once more from out of its grovelling condition, and to present it without its spurious adornments to my fellow-men.

You may perhaps feel that I might have gone further even in my earth life: but I went as far as I dare go. I could only trust to the extent of the reason of my hearers, and had I presented the whole truth, had I told them that Deism in its pure and holy state was the religion of the earth's first

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inhabitants, was the religion of the first formed society of God's creatures, and that I had given an impetus to return to the rock of truth, they would have shrunk back from me. I had stemmed the downward current; I have pointed out the road that will lead once more to spiritual communication in its primal power; I have pointed a road that will lead to that blessed time again, when the Sons of God shall walk once more freely amongst the Sons of Men; but had I whilst on earth stated, that Deism pure and simple was the goal, from which the children of Men had departed, the rock from which the Sons of Men had strayed, and that if pure happiness was once more to be possessed by the Sons of Men, it could only be by a return to that rock, to that natural worship of a Supreme God according to the dictates of their uncontrolled and submissive will the reason of men then would not have gone with me.

These teachings, as far as I could carry them, I did carry, laying down the burthen only with my earth-life. With God my Eternal Father's aid what cared I for Pope's Anathema? what cared I for their making me an outlaw by their Bulls of Excommunication? God was with me, and His will was progressing within me.

Fellow labourer, the path which I travelled you are travelling. Oh! may God direct, that your journey may be successfully accomplished, for then the reward shall be an indescribable glory; for when such services are faithfully performed, the eye of man cannot realise, nor the heart of man imagine the glory prepared for the soul, who serves God. Expression and conception literally are impossible. Oh, may God spare you! may He have mercy upon you! and may your heart's cry be "Onward, Onward!" To those who would bar your road, let your heart say "I will plague them, I will plague them, for God's truth must prevail." Oh, may God bless your labours! Oh, may God spare you for the great work He has in hand! Good night! good night!

JOHN KNOX.

26th January, 1879.

JOHN KNOX, the great Scotch Reformer, who has left his mark in the world's annals was born at Haddington in the year 1505, and died in Edinburgh A.D. 1572, being about twenty years younger than Luther. He boldly and fearlessly carried out in Scotland, and partially in England, the good work commenced by Luther. He was another of those great men of that day who not only dared to think, but who, regardless of danger, dared to express their thoughts.

The Sensitive in Trance said :

Can you tell me who they all are ? To look amongst them is similar to looking at the brightest rays emitted from the sparkling diamond, so gloriously are they apparelled in brightness. Who are they all ? Their appearance startles me. Can you tell me, you who are standing so prominently in front of them all ? The reason of my question to you rests only upon your benignity of countenance : then speak to me ! You seem to know the troubles of my heart ; you seem to realise that these conjoined materialistic atoms forming the body which I control, are mine and under my governance ; you seem to me to realise that I will do the best I can for the body entrusted to my keeping. The brightest one among all those kind Spirits would be unable to do more.

They are what upon earth were called the Congregation of God, and your name upon earth was John Knox. Well, evidently you were in the same position of society as I am by God placed in, as one of the people. I can tell it by the strong earthly remembrance of your garb, which now looks pale upon your Spirit body, in lieu of those bright habiliments of glory, which are its more peculiar adornments. What is your permanent position among those bright and holy ones ? Tell me as much as this. If you have come to chide in judgment, in permitted judgment, oh, chide me then in pitying and generous sympathy. I would not have you pass judgment contrary to those laws under which we all alike abide. This has been permitted to me whilst still in the form ; soon

God will permit others to take my place—so many—yet so many more.

Here the Sensitive went under Control and said :

God's love, and care, and peace, be with you, Sir ! Oh ! of all the adornments of this room, none speaks to me so forcibly as this drawing of Him. He who had His birth in a manger, or rather, who was cradled in a manger, and had His birth in an outhouse. It was the subject of my first sermon.

He was alluding to a water-color Spirit drawing, or rather a portion of one, the subject being Christ driving the money-changers out of the Temple, and which was nailed up against a wall of my sitting-room.

This is Jesus the Nazarene, with His heart full of zeal and piety for His Father's service, casting out, with a courage given to Him of God, those who were using a Temple solemnly dedicated to God, for a place of barter and trade, selling images of Idols that were abominations in the eyes of God ; images, in comparison of which, forms of such hideous form as these are beautiful.* For that courage and that zeal I loved Him, and His unfading example of living guided and actuated every act of my earth-life.

I upon earth was the celebrated Reformer, John Knox. I have come to speak of many things. I have also come to speak amongst other things of money. I commenced my task in answering the Spirit who is guiding this body, which is biding for its answer. Dear one, your earnestness and truthfulness are primal virtues : the highest Spirits in the spheres are not permitted to pass approving or adverse judgment upon them ; the freedom of your service to your Father God is uncontrolled either by us, and it is an open question even if it is controlled by your Father Himself. He permits of no necessitated services offered to Him. In all the halo of glory surrounding the chiefest of mankind, no primal virtue stands out so excellently prominent as freedom of Will. If then it be sacred to God, oh, how much more sacred to His servants ! But what is permitted to His servants to do, I will inform you. If vice or immorality controls the Will, then can God's servants present an effectual bar to that Will's wishes ; but if the fondness of change has as its basis a primal

* Referring to some Spirit drawings of the Hindoo Mythology.

virtue, then we are compelled to await the Master Spirit's pleasure, for He alone can deal out judgment.

You have permitted the advent of a change of life, and it has for its basis a primal virtue, a moral and an unchangeable law, a love of kindred's claim, the welfare of children born of your flesh. Mark you, a primal virtue forms for you a solid basis, but beware how you dare to proceed beyond the strength of the foundation you have laid; for if you do, then comes in its attendant train, degradation, judgment, and punishment.

Mark this also, dear Spirit, I am now speaking to the Spirit of the Sensitive, and have been hitherto, but mark this well: there are souls tabernacled in perishable flesh, there are souls out of the body also alike endowed by their Loving Father with the gift of foretelling, and you can realise the truth of this statement for you yourself out of the body; but unlike to you, dear Spirit, God's favor was mine in the body, and I could foretell whilst in the flesh; to such an extent, dear one, God's favor does not reach you. Under the spirit of this special gift I will now speak, and he who hath brought out this change of heart shall be taken into spirit keeping, removed from earth to heaven. God grant that it be deemed no affliction to you!

Here the Control went into a long dissertation on the domestic troubles of the Sensitive, in the matter of a child lately born, and which was soon to pass away, particulars of which could be of no interest to the reader.

Now I proceed to address the others here assembled. Ye, the so-called Lords of the Congregation, the pioneers of great changes, ye are welcome here to learn the undeniable fact that the released soul can again resume its earth charge, and speak through lips of flesh; then I charge you to listen heedfully and attentively. And now a few words to you, Sir (addressing me personally). I will give you but one short extract, that extract being my prophetic utterances. It was the undeniable test of God's love to me. I have much to speak to you upon; we are on the same spirit plane; without egotism I may state to you, who were Lords among created souls on earth, and to you (the Recorder) still on earth, beware of degrading the brightness of your souls during the rest of your earth life! Remember, that we in earth-life closely resemble

each other in strong stubborn unalterable will, but the strong resemblance between our souls does not end there. It but commences there. Your commencement of earth-life and its surrounding events have hitherto been uneventful, as far as the future. So it was in my early life, day after day succeeding each other, and not one action indicating after-name or fame until past my middle life in constitution, if not in years.

Then God's pleasure manifested itself, and the name of John Knox became a marked one among men, and his actions became criticized, and judgments were passed on them by thousands—nay by millions. In a single day I rose from obscurity to undying fame.

A youth's life had passed, and nothing had been done, nothing accomplished, but in a single day God's pleasure shone on me, and all things were changed. And so will it be with you. A long and yet a young life passed, and nothing done, nothing accomplished. But the era of change has dawned; your work has begun; the dawn of change is fast giving birth to a fast and well earned fame, and like to mine it comes after youth and the best years of manhood have fled. But it has come. Oh, bear the change as worthily as I did, and as great will be your reward, as great as my reward. The similarity between us continues not further. You, unlike myself, are dependent on no one's will, your worldly concerns lifting you above them; but our work still bears a similarity.

I was the pioneer of a great change three centuries back. The time has now come when that great and successful change has come to its termination, and it is to be succeeded by another one; and as God willed that I should be the forerunner of the first, so hath He willed that you should become the forerunner of the second. You have not to lay the foundation of change, I did that work for you; you are to carry on the superstructure, and attend to its architectural details. It is permitted to me to say that the foundation was of my laying, but its continuance will be yours, and its finishing is to be by others; but when completed it will revolutionise the ideas of all men, and bring about a pure, steadfast, and everlasting knowledge of God.

No architect proceeds with his edifice until he arrives at the knowledge that his foundations are well laid; no workman commences to raze to the ground a lofty edifice by commencing at the foundation; but with a truer judgment he commences at the roof and gradually works downward, seeing

the whole of his task in his mind's eye. He would, were he enabled so to do, clear the whole of the structure away at once, but the unbending necessity exists of commencing its destruction in parts.

The superstructure was indeed a high and lofty one, that I had been set apart to destroy; a lifetime was indeed but a span for the task; but with unflinching perseverance I commenced my task, commencing at its uppermost roof and lofty pinnacles, steadily, perseveringly working downwards; and when my life's span had run its due course, I was hailed with these loving words, "Thou hast done well and worthily. Lift up thy soul to God. Be not depressed. Think ye not but what ye have served God well, and failed in nothing in the task which has been allotted to you." My heart then was full of fears; I thought that I had too leniently dealt with those who would have prevented the thorough completion of my allotted task.

The name of this lofty edifice that I was to pull down was the "Roman Catholic Church." Popery and Idolatry with all their other attendant sins and evils were tending one way and for one purpose, which was the lifting up of human vanity for the few, and the degradation of millions as a consequence. Oh, it was a glorious task, and I commenced it.

Perhaps you are well aware that I was of Scotch parentage and birth. I first commenced earth's experiences in East Lothian, about this time of the year in 1505. Then, unlike now, idolatry and wickedness reigned in unmolested supremacy.

A few amongst the Collegiate Professors thought within themselves of the errors, that were received so promptly and taught with such assiduity and perseverance. Amongst these men was the right-dealing, honest-minded John Muir, who sometimes would listen attentively to my fervent appeal for the freedom of religious thought, until he would pity me, foretelling in his own mind the fast coming troubles which I should have to endure, telling me that those who were pained in God's service on earth would be rewarded in Heaven.

Having an intimate knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages, I was enabled to read God's Word in the original. I noticed, at first with astonishment and then with dismay, the fearful amount of interpolation which had been carried out purposely and wickedly to mislead for the sole object of human aggrandisement. The falseness of the whole fabric of Romish Supremacy fell to the ground, for not one word of Scrip-

tural authority did it possess from the original record. My soul after perusal felt an absence of oppression, a sense of freedom till then unrecognised.

I openly and boldly proclaimed myself a Reformer, or Protestor against the untruths, against the false doctrines, against the base idolatry of the Roman Catholic Church as established. This was in the year 1542. The result of this first train of thought led of course to degradation, or rather what was esteemed degradation. I was expelled from the Priesthood, but the next requirement they wanted was my life. Our Father God willed it otherwise, and my sturdy countrymen, and at their head the high and noble Henry Douglas, protected me from their hands.

The next most remarkable event of that time of my life was the murder, or rather the assassination, of the Roman Catholic Bishop, or Cardinal Beaton, necessitating the small band of Reformers to seek safety in the Castle of St. Andrew. It was there that I, the classical scholar, listened to the preaching of an inspired body—I mean that of John Rough, an illiterate Scotchman, an itinerant Reforming Preacher, who addressed the small band there assembled, pouring forth in every utterance new views, new ideas unknown to the most erudite of classical scholars. I well remember the occasion on which he personally addressed me from the desk, and in the name of the God he served, and in the name of all those assembled, he solemnly and earnestly called me to the office of Preacher, admitting his own deficiency, and exalting my efficiency. A Power other than his own evidently instructed him in his utterances, and I, after due and prayerful meditation accepted the solemn office and made my first address against the crying sin of Popish idolatry.

They were earnest men, who were amongst my listeners, though crude in their ideas. Wearied as they were of Roman Catholic oppression, they were not freed from selfish claims entirely. They might indeed be termed "Changelings from self and selfishness, towards perfection and God's favor;" they were undergoing the process of change. They forgot that God was their only helper, and at times forgot Him, and pointing to the thickness of the castle walls would loudly defy the reigning Roman Catholic oppressors; and even when we were closely besieged they felt a thoroughly settled security. But it was given to me through the Spirit of prophecy to undeceive them; it was given to me to tell them that the

intentions of our Father in Heaven were changes beneficial to His dependent creatures; and that this Spirit of change, burning in the bosom of those assembled, was to be disseminated amongst all mankind, wherever the errors of Popery existed, and was to unlock for ever that gate, which had enclosed knowledge and civilization within its portals; and that our being penned up like beasts in this Castle was not the way our Father God had intended His work to be carried on. I told them, that He had given me a vision by day, that we should not only be besieged and assailed, but that we should be taken prisoners and sent into a foreign country, and that it had been given to me to see myself chained to the seat of a boat, working side-by-side with others in chains, and that the boat was named by its French possessors a galley, in which were placed condemned convicts and felons. I told them that they must not ridicule this vision, for it was of God.

I know that when your record, dear Spirit in the flesh, is given to the world, men will ask you, "What historian credits the matter-of-fact John Knox with the gift of prophecy?" You can boldly answer them: "An authority above all historians gave it to me—my informant on this point being the Spirit of John Knox speaking through lips of flesh." They will probably say it is a piece on a par with the communication itself and placed purposely, for history proclaims that John Knox was for sometime a galley worker, and the Biographical Dictionaries, whilst relating his onward thoughts, his teachings, and doctrines, are all silent on this assumed gift of foretelling; but I would have you take in full faith what I have said to you.

All that happened afterwards was clearly shown to me in that vision in the daytime. Day succeeded day, and one day in the galley I had a vision. I saw that I was lying off St. Andrews, and my fellow prisoners and even the officers pointed out to me in derision the dear spot, saying tauntingly "Do you know it?" I made answer: "From St. Andrew's Castle I was taken prisoner for God's truth, and there shall I uphold His truth again, and the effect of my preaching shall be the demolition of the superstructure raised seemingly to the honor of God, but which has been used even as the Temple of God was in the time of the Nazarene, as a place of lying, craft, and wicked blasphemy." I told them all this and the correspondence of this my vision exists amongst many

to-day, and also of its details before I was taken prisoner, and most minute incidents which took place during my bodily imprisonment under the French Government. In February of the year 1549 I regained my liberty from their hands, but by whose means I know not, and I came to London where we are now, and so well was I thought of by the members of the English Ministry, that I was appointed Chaplain to King Edward the Sixth. Although I pined in spirit for my native land I had resided too long in my youthful days at Geneva and elsewhere.

God took to himself England's reigning Monarch, and religious feeling was reshackled, and oppression and bigotry attended the advent of Queen Mary's succession. Bloodshed, injustice, cruelty, and wrong, attended her every after-action: England became no safe asylum for me, and I returned to Scotland, and married with the full intention of abiding there.

This was in the year 1553, when I found a loving, tender, and solicitous helpmate in Miss Bowes, though the marriage was disliked by her friends and relations, they thinking that troubles and persecutions would be the consequence of her choosing me for a husband. I travelled on the Continent afterwards, taking her with me, attempting with God's help to give the world a revised edition of the Bible. The editions of it published are scarce now; but there are some still in existence, known by the name of the Geneva Bible. In 1559, in the summer months of that year, I returned to Scotland, and visited all those who held the reformed opinions.

Once more I was commanded to resume my services in God's work, and I commenced preaching new ideas, new thoughts for the soul's welfare hereafter, to thousands of my countrymen. I told them that the Almighty mind was degraded by puny comparison, and that the Great Infinite, the All-wise, the Perfect One, felt the degradation of that soul, who dared to worship a form of his own making and that the idolater was hateful in the eyes of God. The consequence of my preaching was the total destruction of those edifices known as the Greyfriars and the Blackfriars, and also the Cathedral of St. Andrew was thoroughly demolished. The war had commenced, and God the Father had chosen his side with the few in number. There was danger on all sides; warnings from enemies and friends came thickly upon me. The Roman Catholic party in Scotland sought eagerly for my life. It was then I wavered: it was then, like yourself, I would have let

go the handles of the plough whose furrow was mankind's good and welfare, and the soul's honor and advancement.

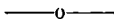
I remember the day well: it was cloudy and misty; the sun seemed to have departed for ever; scarcely a yard could be seen in front of me, when the ringing of Scotland's many merry bells proclaimed the coming advent of Scotland's young Queen.

A voice said: "John Knox, watch the vision, see the believer in the efficacy of the Virgin's intercession. The false, fickle, and unformed character of this woman will bring great trouble on the Reformed Church, if you do not labor. See her; speak to her; tell her to deal justly with her subjects, and that if she does this her subjects will deal justly with her. But if, on the other hand, she would oppress truth, and trample on right, foredoom her according to your vision." I saw her in a vision with a pale face, with a bowed head speaking to those surrounding her. Oh, what a grim array were leading her to her early death, and the keen axe's head was carried towards her. The voice said: "If she follows not your advice, she loses the love of her subjects; foredoom her, John Knox, foredoom her."

Oh, I held many interviews with Mary Stuart; I would have saved her from her cruel fate. When Rizzio was always with her, I spoke to her of his banishment; when she would have married the gay, licentious Darnley I knelt to her. She laughed at me for my idle dreams, and when I tried by my preaching to avert her fate, to arouse the Commons of Scotland against ever allowing an idolater to reign over them, there was rage, distrust, and malignity in her heart, and I saw plainly their consequence. For I saw her double standing by her side, a headless trunk, yet clad in the same apparel as herself; yes, I knew she was foredoomed.

In the year 1570, after holding various appointments under the Regent Murray, who was at the head of the Protestant Reformation, the first indication was given to me that Earth's experiences were drawing to a close, and that higher Spirit experiences were about to open to me. I returned to Scotland's capital, where I had preached and taught so many the wisdom of God's truth and God's will, with the comforting thought that I could name none amongst all my acquaintances whom I had purposely wronged, and seeking, but finding not one regret after I was awakened to God's will and truth. My soul, satisfied, found freedom from the body on the 21st

November, 1572, and I received a confirmation from those who had been commissioned by God to attend my earth-life, for after the era of my awakening, my soul had not taken one retrogressive step; praises be to God's name for ever! May He bless you!



FUST OR FAUST.

10th June, 1878.

I DARESAY cavil will be made at my placing Fust or Faust among the great minds who had anything to do with the wave of thought which broke out in the beginning of the sixteenth century. But whether he was, or was not the inventor of the printing press as described in the Control, it was the printing press that prepared the way for Luther and the other great Reformers. The printing of the Bible did quite as much to open the eyes of the world to the pretentious claims of the Church of Rome, as the celebrated Theses of Luther. But printing did not stop with the Bible. The thinkers' thoughts were indelibly fixed and widely circulated, and formed a lever that stirred up humanity.

The Sensitive under control said:

Has it ever happened to you in the still hour of the evening in a semi-conscious condition between sleeping and waking, to be the receiver of strange impressions, the vistas of most remarkable scenes of family events rapidly occurring? In fact have you been in that state, in which years and years seemed to have passed, and when you return again to consciousness, to find that but a few minutes have elapsed? In the majority of cases these scenes are spiritual scenes, presented for some special purpose.

In such a state and at such a time I received a spiritual command saying to me:—"Arise, for God has work for you."

For me! I thought when I returned to a state of consciousness, for me, whose hands are not free from offending God! for me, whose thoughts are neither to God's honor nor His Glory! for me, whose acts are often directly contrary to His known law! and I asked myself when I had arisen, What am I to do? Where am I to go?

These were questions put to myself, which flashed quickly across my mind. Again I heard the voice in a thoroughly conscious state, and the words were these:—"Go to the Convent of the Carmelites, and ask leave to visit every cell under ground." I had never in my life set foot in a convent; I had no respect for their religion, or for any other for the matter of that. I believed in God, but I worshipped in no churches. I obeyed the voice although I regarded all this as a dream.

I arrived at the Convent, I saw the Superior and listened to his garrulous talk, in which the virtue of his monks was the chief theme. He said, "They keep silent, Master John Faust, they are learned, and the only means whereby their learning is made known, is by the distribution of their manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures. We are self-providing, borrowing from no man; our Convent is kept entirely by the labors of these brothers, who labor in quietude and holy solitude in their cells. Cast your eyes on that manuscript," at the same time presenting a manuscript to me, "Brother Joseph was twenty-three years ere it was completed, working on that manuscript from the first early mass to the bell for prayers at retiring; ten hours daily, never leaving his desk. I would direct your attention to the elegance of design of the capitals which head its every chapter. You will see there how minutely and how laboriously the colors are placed. The sweet and holy scenes that are pictured in these manuscripts are a work of time, but they are willing, John Faust, to work, and Holy Mother Church appreciates their labors and services."

"I answered, Sir Abbot, twenty-three years for a man to labor on these few sheets of parchment?" "But look to the subject matter contained within their pages," replied the Abbot. "Well, but granting that every word is a holy word, and every letter a letter of the utmost vitality to every soul living, this toil, this twenty-three years of labor in these four Gospels is a long time. What will be its price to its future possessor?" I asked. "Well," was his answer, "there are few

nobles within the precincts of this monastery, who are wealthy enough to purchase it; many a broad acre, or their value, must be given in exchange."

I said, "I should like to see these monks at work." That request was at once granted, and I proceeded down the many steps of the stone staircase that led to these, their working-cells.

How different in appearance were these monks from these monks' Abbot. The one was corpulent, lusty, seemingly well able, and thoroughly inclined to enjoy every good that God has given to man, fresh air, good food, a glass or two of wine, exercise, love of freedom, and uncontrolled action. Oh yes, his appearance bespoke all this. The Abbot was a comfortable-looking man, an unmistakably comfortable-looking man; but these monks in the working-cells were meagre and lean, or had a look of imbecile patience, a patience approaching to imbecility would be my meaning. Humbly they made their obeisance to the Abbot on our entry. I asked the Abbot, "What are those knotted cords that hang in a nook by the side of the door?" The comfortable-looking Abbot answered, "They are for self-correction." I asked, "Is it because their diet is not sufficient and they get impatiently hungry for the next meal, that they have to beat themselves?" "No," was the answer, "oh no, but they give way to laziness, and sometimes forget their early midnight prayers, and are not up and moving at the prime of day, which they should be; and so they beat themselves by my orders." I asked, "Have you knotted cords in a nook behind your door, Sir Abbot?" His answer was, "Come, I will show you a finer sort of manuscript with better drawings in the cell opposite."

I had been too minute in my enquiries about the knotted cords which I had seen. I had noticed, that had any of the monks occasion to leave their cells to go into the lavatories, a great deal of bowing and scraping took place before a small statue representing the Virgin Mary; but I had also noticed, that as often as the Abbot and myself had to pass this figure, he forgot his obeisance.

There were nearly sixty working monks in these unearthly dens, and they had once been men endowed with reason, and had debased their minds to such an extent, that they thought God would be satisfied with a life service of such frivolity. These manuscripts, commenced when the hair was black and

crisp, were not finished when I saw them on that memorable visit, working with forms bowed down with extreme old age, still working, never ceasing in their unchanging labors; they had reached to the ridiculous conclusion, that God required such services as these from His creatures.

I was comparatively a young man then. I was born in 1399, and this visit of mine took place in the year 1420. For years after this visit I could not rest; a feeling of restlessness always seemed to be my lot. I thought only of this dream, for dream I called it. I knew not then that it was a direct spiritual command to go, and for eleven long years I received no other command; yet the presence of these close-shaven monks, with their tonsured heads, made me shudder. I began to detest their very presence. My wife was a staunch Catholic, and one of the monks from the monastery used to attend her for the purpose of confession. It soon began to be whispered among them that I never attended mass nor confession, as a good Christian ought to do.

One day I stopped one of these unwelcome visitors on my threshold, and said to him, "Sir Priest, if I look on her before whom you bow as a fictitious personage, or, if she really ever did exist, I look upon her simply as the wife of Joseph the Carpenter, what will be my punishment?" "God forbid that you should ever entertain such notions," was his smooth answer, "but," he added, glancing furtively at me, "the punishment would be death at the stake." "Then God forbid that ever I should entertain such notions, as I am not the stuff of which martyrs are made; but, before you go, bring to me a manuscript of the books from which you teach. Bring the whole of them complete.

He repeated, "Your whole estate would not purchase a fairly copied manuscript of a single Gospel." "I will become the possessor of the best manuscript in the possession of the Convent," was my answer. At that the monk spoke to me of the contents of the manuscripts, commencing from the creation of the world down to the wild prophecy of the captive disciple of the Son of God on the Mount in the Isle of Patmos. He looked at me, and I looked at him; I had arrived at a thorough knowledge of their Jesuitical dispositions. He fell far short in the power of reading my character. "His heretical notions must only exist in the imagination of our convent spies," I heard him mutter to himself. He then said, "How will you become the possessor of such valuable manu-

scripts, which have taken three lives to finish?" I replied, "I will either beg for them, borrow for them, or steal for them; God will forgive me." Again we exchanged glances, and we then parted—he to detail to his Abbot every word that had passed between us both, and I to consider the best means of arriving at a sum sufficient to buy this famed manuscript.

I used to deliberate on the means by myself in my own room, when again I heard this voice—I was not asleep this time. The voice said, "Write to Schœffer!"—one of the most elegant and expeditious penmen living outside the convent walls. This Schœffer was considerably my junior; I had then reached about thirty-five years of age. Schœffer was then only about eighteen years of age; he was modest, mild, and, in a manner, obedient to my wishes, conformable in all things. He had been with me but a very little time when he fell in love with my daughter, whom he afterwards married, and he used to listen amazed when I spoke to him of this voice I had heard advising me to send for him.

One evening Schœffer, my daughter, and myself, were seated together, and all three heard the voice calmly order us to write to one, by name John Wagner, a *ci-devant* clergyman, who, in consequence of having heard voices like those which we were hearing, had, in a spirit obedient to the instructions he received from the voice, thrown aside his gown. He came and we spoke to him about this voice, and we agreed that something strange was about to happen. He told us that he remembered perfectly well the reason he had given up his living. He had heard a similar voice in the same way.

Again, after an interval of a few evenings, we heard this voice say, "Send for Gutenberg!" and Gutenberg came, and the voice told us it was well done by us to obey its commands, that we were to darken the room so that not a ray of light could enter it, and to sing or speak of praises to God for one hour each evening of the week.

I, being the master of the house, ordered compliance. I heard in the darkness Schœffer at work at something. He seemed to be cutting something out of the table; and on the light once again appearing, was seen carved in beautiful letters this order: "Purchase the manuscripts as soon as you can." Every letter was beautifully formed on the table, and in the cutting from the table, the letters remained in one piece, proving the remarkable force that must have been used in cutting them out.

The manuscript, by our united exertions, was purchased, and after twelve sittings we had succeeded in obtaining four complete sets of letters magnificently cut upon blocks. Upon obtaining the manuscripts we placed them page by page on the table, after wearied sittings for three years, from 1447 to 1450, we succeeded in obtaining a fac-simile of every sheet of the manuscript which we had purchased, cut out of solid wood. As for the different alphabetical sets we had afterwards obtained they were not used in my time but only under Schœffer, who was the first to use moveable types or letters. You must understand that our manuscript was copied on solid sheets or blocks. The manuscript realised an immense sum, equal to three thousand pounds of your money to day. On the introduction of our Manuscript Bible, which was first introduced by myself, and distributed by myself and also by the aid of the others at Paris, first travelling from Mainz all over the known world, London, Paris, and all the principal cities in every country in Europe received our Bible.

Now came the result. Side-by-side with these sittings I continued to practice medicine and was known better by the name of Dr. Faustus though my baptismal name was John and the name of my father was Fust. You ask did I so interest myself to propagate teachings which my heart denied. No, God forbid that I should. You said well just now when you mentioned that obscene lore and immoral tales were priestly amusements before God's altar, whilst saying the Eucharist and performing Mass, calling themselves all the time God's Ministers, and indulging at the same time in the lowest and vilest thoughts and words. Yes, you were perfectly right. I felt, that it would be an act in God's service to give to the ignorant masses, the book from which the Priests derived their authority—it was a stronger blow than tearing down their churches about their ears, or ridiculing their ceremonies, or arguing on their absurdities which meant in those who were headstrong enough to indulge in such arguments, torture and death. I aimed a sure blow, a blow not felt so keenly whilst I was in the body, but which I knew would be a heavy weight on their despotic power, pursuing it to the very ground.

Oh, that men might reason on these things as I reasoned. One first impression obtained from our blocks was the flinging aside parts of those which were worthless, clinging to those parts which prove God's mercy to Men by communication

with those gone before; what mattered to me the idle tales that were wending their way from one end of the country to the other?—what mattered to me the shrinking touch of the housewives, as I passed them?—what mattered to me the cowering of the children as their little trembling lips uttered “there goes Dr. Faustus, who holds communication with dead people”?—what mattered to me these idle tales set afoot by Romish Priests mad with jealousy. The Abbot, who had previously received me with such an amount of favor, now crossed himself, as I passed the convent gate; murmuring between his teeth “Anathema, Anathema.”

The people began to read my books. In vain the Romish Priests would have given them up to the flames rather than they they should be read.

These were all the books that are canonical, and which are allowed by Holy Mother Church. Bigoted laymen of the Roman Catholic creed began to think that they had been outwitted and humbugged by their trusted shepherds, their pastors, their diligent priests, their absolution-giving comforters. They found no notification in the printed versions of canonical books of many things which had been given to them as truly orthodox from the pulpits of their church. The worship of relics was nowhere commanded; far from it, in many places forbidden; yet was the monastery over which the comfortable Abbot presided full of such relics. There was the thumb of such a saint, and the toe perhaps of another. There were garments in which saints had died; there were some in which saints had lived. There was part of the swaddling clothes of Him who was born in a stable. This was the president or chief among these relics, and that relic, as well as many of the others, would have looked much better for a good washing. They found no account of these wondrous miracles of which they had heard from the pulpit as coming from Christ, whilst an infant in Mary his mother's arms; how that the sick and diseased, when touched by a napkin worn by Christ, had been cured; no account of the circumstances of his childhood, as had been given as orthodox by many priests, had any place in the manuscripts which we had so faithfully fac-similed. They knew I had spoilt their trade.

Then came the wild and senseless tale handed down to posterity that I, Dr. Faustus, had proved by the similarity of my many manuscripts, and the exact likeness of one letter to another letter of the same sort in another part of the manu-

script, of course proportionate in consequence of its being printed, the being all alike being impossible by hand where thousands of letters appear, and are not exactly similar. They had no idea of our process. Amongst their ignorant and superstitious believers they openly accused me of having entered into a compact with the Devil, who for twenty-five years of uncontrolled rule on earth, demanded my soul in exchange for such compact; that I had consented to it, and hence the supernatural labors that were proceeding from my hand. It was openly preached that I should be shunned and my bound manuscripts destroyed. I could produce about one hundred-and-fifty to two hundred bibles every month, not a very great number compared with now, but when you consider that one manuscript cost a fortune and was the production of the labors of two men's lives, and in some cases more, it was a worthy feat, in which we were aided and assisted as I just mentioned by spiritual assistance.

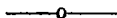
By their aid and agency, Schœffer was enabled in the conscious state to go on with his labors, owing at the time of his death a debt of gratitude to our Presiding Guide; Busiris the Ancient was his name.

I here asked the Control whether he had seen any of the pictures that had been done for me. In reply he said :

No.

I brought one and put it into the hands of the Control, who with his eyes with nothing but the white appearing, read the writing on it, which is, "The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that have dwelt in the shadow of death spiritual upon them hath the light shined."

These were the very words that were cut on our first block. Good evening!



CROMWELL, EARL OF ESSEX.

27th February, 1879.

THOMAS Cromwell, one of the most eminent statesmen whom England has ever had, was born at Putney in the year 1490. He tells his own story as to his birth and parentage, and that story does not accord with what history says. Whatever his birth and whatever his parentage matters but little. As Froude says, "he left the print of his individual genius stamped indelibly, whilst the metal was at white heat, into the Constitution of the country." England owes almost, if not fully as much, to Thomas Cromwell as she does to any of her statesmen, in respect of the introduction of the Reformation.

Rome's great power is now nearly annihilated. Bereft of her temporal possessions, her former power has left her: without that basis she is powerless for harm. It is all the better that she should be without temporal power. She has withstood many blows aimed at her with earnest intent, and in withstanding these, she has arrived to-day at the very verge of ruin. When the annihilation is thorough and complete, then will these new truths that have but just dawned become universally accepted.

What in your opinion was the first blow aimed at the supremacy of Rome?

I said that I thought Luther's rejection of the Pope's Bull of Indulgences. The Control said:

Luther carried out the work which had been previously planned out.

He asked what was the date of Luther's doing that. I said the early part of the sixteenth century. The Control went on to say:

Time is at a discount among released minds; chronology is a thorn to prick the fingers of a mind embodied, and, if this be so, how careful should we, to whom Time hath ceased to be a study, be, having in fact become masters in lieu of ser-

vants of Time. I asked you the date according to the received and acknowledged Era upon earth—Luther's name has become more popular since his removal from earth than whilst he inhabited the body. Luther was a cotemporary of mine, and I have heard of him since my release from the body, but I never saw him upon earth. I have asked the question because my claim has been acknowledged in the spheres, as having been the first to aim a blow at the supremacy of the Pope over matters spiritual.

I had previous to this visited the Holy City—Holy!—God save the misnomer! From the Pope who filled the chair of St. Peter to the very lowest of the Church dignitaries vice was exhibited in its most glaring colors, without even its accompanying veil. Low drunken debaucheries, infamous immoralities prevailed, so infamous, that dare I to enter minutely into the description of these immoralities, it would render your record unfit for publication. Suffice it to say, that the nearest degrees of consanguinity were disregarded by these so-called ministers of Christ, but had their immoral inclinations even ceased there, it would have been well for their souls' future.

I was English born, with English habits, tolerably educated, sharp, shrewd, and of good wit, these foreign vices were abominable and repulsive to my boyish nature. In this most holy city I helped in after years, fighting side-by-side with Bourbon's Duke, to despoil it of some of its ill-gotten wealth, and I did it with an enjoyable relish: for this and for after acts of mine towards the Roman Catholic Church, you can judge how well their historians record my life in their biographies—not placing to my credit one manly virtue. They harm me not now.

You may ask me why I have mentioned it now! Because those lewd, sleek, well-fed, idolatrous hypocrites ruled the world in my day—ruled the world, Sir, not only this island, but the vast continent adjoining. For fear of them men were tremblingly silent.

I was born in England, near Putney, adjacent to this great metropolis—it is scarcely deemed to-day one of its outskirts, although it is vastly different in its aspect now than then. The world speaks of me now as the descendant of a son of toil, I do not care to deny my descent now. They have termed my father poor and needy. In this history is in error, for he carried on an extensive set of commercial trans-

actions of an independent and self-existent character. In boyhood I left my father's care, travelling nearly without means, seeking employment on the Continent, and this before I had arrived at the age of sixteen years. I acquired during my travels a knowledge of Continental languages, superficial perhaps, but yet sufficient for mercantile purposes. I long held a situation at Antwerp with the leagued English merchants residing there, translating and answering all foreign correspondence. It was during my service with them I made my first visit to the Papal Court.

Returning to England at the age of twenty-six, I found my native country much the same as I had left it, under the Ban, the terrific curse of Rome's Pope, with its vain mockery, its vast idolatrous ceremonies, its blasphemous adoration of its presiding priests. Men obeyed, trembled, and were filled with fear at its gigantic proportions. There was only one other feeling of the heart could arrive at a successful antagonism with the miserable feeling that the power of Rome gave birth to in the hearts of men. This feeling was that of ambition. Ambition, dear Sir, in all ages of man is a bold rider, trampling under its feet all minor passions of the heart, and reigning there supreme. He whom I served had been possessed of great religious fears, but above his fears was ambition. He was my first patron. I am referring to the first man in the kingdom in his day—Cardinal Wolsey. No soul could rise to the eminence the Cardinal arrived at, without bestowing innumerable favors, without benefiting the many by numerous acts of kindness. Yet amongst the many so benefited, none had memory of sufficient depth to remember these kindnesses, to remember these bestowed benefits, and when the time came for the expression of the capricious king's will, my voice alone was raised to plead for him in the House of Commons.

I accompanied him in part of his journey of exile, the people clamoured at his downfall; they coupled our names together, crying out, "We have got rid of the master, let us now destroy the growing power of the man." But it was not to be so then; a task had been allotted me, Sir, from the beginning; even as you have had a task allotted to you; like unto me you are following that path, going over every day's work with no received knowledge of that task's great ultimate. I too had a task allotted to me. My task was to destroy the power of Rome.

Why I was called to that task remains even to the present a mystery to me, and it is the same thought that abides with you "Oh! why am I chosen?" Like you the mysterious promptings of my nature always urged me to my task. When the question of the divorce of Queen Catharine from King Henry was agitating mens' minds; when the Pope's rejection was disquieting and raising rebellious thoughts in the King's mind against the Pope's spiritual supremacy; then I heard a command given, "Let the work now be carried onwards" and my words in answer to this order, ere I left to ask the audience of the king, were in their import truly prophetic. I said "I go to make or mar my fortune."

Oh, those passing moments, the remembrance of that audience, how vividly memory serves me, when I fearlessly proposed to the King a way to make the divorce legal, not only legal, but also acceptable to his people. The King asked me "How?" and fearlessly I answered, "Sire, declare yourself Supreme Head of the English Church. Do you know, Sire, to what this will lead? It will lead to the suppression of those abodes of iniquity and hidden vice, the Monasteries. Oh, believe me, Sire, there are acts and scenes within the Monasteries' outer walls, that would pall upon your feelings and harrow up your soul; oh, believe me, Sire, it requires in God's service a ready hand, a forcible one, if needs must, to release the many hundreds, nay the many thousands of maidens confined to a solitary, to a horrible existence in these abodes where victims to injustice are incarcerated. Speak, Sire; it is a great step, but yours is a great mind. Your will is as untamable as the king among wild beasts, the royal lion—Speak, give your royal fiat, that this thing shall be, and I, your servant, will produce an increased revenue, that shall add lustre to your throne, at the same time carrying the conviction that you are performing God's service."

"I accept your services," said the tyrant King. "Be it so, Cromwell; and from to-day you shall have command of the revenues accruing from the suppression of the Monasteries."

Then ambition became mine. I was ambitious of power. My ambition did not lead me to unworthy acts or deeds, but fostered a baseless security in my altered position. I should have taken warning by him, whom I first served, and by his fate, instead of trusting to the capricious will of a tyrant king. What were in his mind acts of services rightfully rendered,

if they stood opposed to his slightest wishes! In the prime of life, at an age in which every added honor could have been enjoyed, my honors were being continually multiplied; turned and only just turned forty-six years of age. Born in 1490 and receiving the reward upon the commencement of my task on earth by being raised to a peerdom in 1536, and three years afterwards receiving the gift of thirty manors from his Majesty.

Oh, I served him well; and serving him I served myself also, carrying at all times my life in my hands; not fearing any Catholic fanatic, who might happen to cross my path bent upon assassination projects. I was created Earl of Essex and reached the proud summit of my ambitious hopes, being appointed Lord High Chamberlain; in fact I governed the kingdom. My descendant has added lustre to our family name during his government of England under the title of Protector. He was a descendant of mine. I assure you he was directly and lineally descended from me.

I here remarked he must be making a mistake, as I was under the impression he had left no children. There seemed to be a struggle going on, as if he could not thoroughly control the Medium. When he again got full power, he said :

You are right: he was not a descendant of mine. My father's sister married a Welsh gentleman, by name Hugh Williams, who afterwards took the name of Cromwell, and his son was the grandfather of Oliver Cromwell.

But to continue: my prosperity continuing did not change my disposition. I gave freely to the poor and needy, I acknowledged services rendered to me, when struggling with necessities in my youthful and less successful days.

Spiritually I am happier now than when I first entered on spirit life, having to expiate an act against the liberties of the masses, the expiation commencing on earth, and concluding in the spirit life. My spirit garments are now unspotted, no expiatory offence now remaining uncanceled. The course remaining to me is an ever onward course. Nearer, oh nearer, O God to Thee. This is my course in eternity. O Father, my heart is teeming with inexpressible praises to Thy Name.

You may ask, "What was this offence against the liberties of the people?" I will tell you: I shall first ask you a

question. I know your former avocation or calling; and hence the reason of my question. "How many have been charged with the crime of high treason and have suffered the penalty of cessation of life without trial?"

I said I had never heard of one. He said:

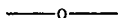
"I suffered the penalty of what is known as death without trial, I myself having established the precedent. I was the cause of the passing of the bill of attainder against the mother of Cardinal Pole, who upon the passing of the said bill was executed without form of trial.

You have heard of Anne of Cleves, the wife of King Henry, and how he hated her. I was the cause of that union, thinking that added favors would follow in the future from the gratitude of her whom I had been the cause of raising to such a position; but it turned out to be the primal cause of my disastrous fall. In youth, I have told you, I was shrewd, sharp, and of good wit. These qualities had not left me; I fully realised the capricious and changeable will I had to deal with in the King, and I had provided every means for the transfer of my person and property, should the wind of royal favor blow adversely, keeping always the bulk of my property commodiously placed and embarked, waiting only for the change of wind, thinking that that change would not come without some forerunning warning. A reasonable thought I daresay you think. I could not bring my plans into execution, opportunity was not allowed, like the spring of a lion the King's displeasure crushed me.

Taking my seat as usual in the House of Lords, considering all things as well; and that happy incidences were alone in the ascendant; in the summer, that sweet summer month of June, on the tenth of that month, I was arrested in the House of Lords, arrested without an instant's warning. The Duke of Norfolk placed his hand rudely on my shoulder, saying, "My Lord Cromwell I arrest you on the charge of high treason." My transit followed from the House of Lords to that miserable State Prison, which stands in its entirety to-day, the Tower, the clanging of whose gates seemed to say, "Leave hope behind; prepare for a passing away of life."

Now came up the injustice of my bill of attainder against the Countess of Salisbury. How eagerly they urged this as an admitted precedent of my own. Six miserable weeks of captivity, without a sight of the outer world, with morose and

ignorant keepers, who guarded the state prisoners at the peril of their own lives, and then arrived the order for marching towards Tower Hill, to be the last scene of mine upon earth, the keen axe ending alike my hopes and my fears. For I had hoped that the King would have restored me to favor, and I feared to enter into the great unknown heights and depths of eternity; but the King, wielding a tyrant's power, relieved me of these fears, and placed my hopes on a surer foundation, than his capricious will. I passed away with the acknowledgment of faith made as publicly as was allowed me, but I died in a faith that soon will be purely catholic or universal, my faith being that God is supreme in unity, and loves and cares for all His erring creatures; and that all from the highest to the lowest would meet in sweet unity His justice and His mercy. May God the Father preserve you for your task!



OLIVER CROMWELL.

10th August, 1878.

THE Medium in half-trance said :

I see standing directly between us a form clothed in armour. He is between fifty and sixty years of age; he has a large head. He has boots, the tops of which come above his knees, they are of buff color. His hair is not very long. There is a pale look on his face as he glances towards those whom I see with him. He is sorrowful. He is a bright Spirit, like the other two, but there is a difference in their brightness. He who stands between us has his garments of a greyish ashy hue, and yet they are scintillating with light all over them. They look pityingly and forgivingly upon him. There are other Spirits that I see here; one who calls him who stands between us "Father." There are others also who claim the same parental tie, both male and female, besides those two on whom he gazes. The two are accompanied by their friends. What is he going to do with me? I mean he who stands between us. Look! Look!

The Medium then had very strong convulsions and went under complete Control.

I thank you for giving me strength. I in earth-life was always a profound admirer of strength in any form. Those to whom I taught the career of arms were chosen on account of personal prowess: those whom I made choice of for my councillors, whilst enjoying the brief term of absolute rule, were chosen on account of their strength of mind. I courted fatigue as a test of my own ability to bear it. I am Oliver Cromwell. I lived near this place. You were told we were about to visit you, rather you were so impressed. I will inform you why I have come. The common ground before I controlled looked on my bodily form as I passed into higher life, and the brightness of my good deeds was dimmed, and had in his eyes the appearance of ashy grey. I have come to tell you the reason of that absence of Spirit purity, so observable amongst other higher-sphered Spirits than myself. The difference is a close and subtle one, for, thanks to God's mercy, I am stepping across the chasm that is dividing me from God's absolute favor. I have not come for the purpose of recording that which in this enlightened age is so easily obtainable. I have come not to give you a methodical, accurate biographical record of what I was upon earth, or as to what I appeared before the eyes of men; but I have come to lay bare the secrets of my heart, to point out to you the bridge in which I trusted, and which, in the moment of my direst extremity, failed me and hurled me further from God's favor. I have also come for the purpose, humbly through lips of clay, to acknowledge the many mercies that my Father God vouchsafed to me whilst on earth.

At home, as a boy, I was under no parental authority, meaning I refused obedience to it; hurried on from one course of vice to another, profligacy, immorality, and gambling. But God's mercy reached me; "No further!" echoed around me wherever I went in this career of vice, and a way was shown to me to God's love. Even these biographical records do me this justice, that in no part of my career of power did I ever exhibit an excess of fanatical zeal. It was necessary to be politic with those around and about me, puritanical, ignorant, abased, and unreasonable followers; faithful followers, but men of ungoverned will; led and governed by minds as ignorant as their own; men who

thought and taught that the road to God's favor led through the extirpation of their fellow-creatures. I seek not to excuse any part of my earth career.

I here remarked that placed as he was, he stood well in men's opinion in the present day; that he was an instrument in the hands of a higher Power.

I acknowledge the justice of what you have remarked. I felt it whilst on earth; I felt it when I found a licentious and wicked court ignoring God's rules and God's laws; and I felt it in the arbitrary disposition of him, whom I was the chief means of hurrying out of earth-life. It is not this act of mine, for which God in His justice gives the ashy hue to the brightness of my soul's glory. It is not for this act that God in His justice has required one act of expiation; but the sin lies deeper than this act.

Before the committal of these sins, I had but obeyed a firm and earnest purpose to free my country and my countrymen from cruel and crying wrongs. I had acted no hypocrite's part in any one action; firm of purpose, decisive in action, and humble in success, such had been my life until I learned the first fatal effects of an ungoverned ambition. Then, even then, the sin would not have been so great, but, to insure a pathway of safety and security for my son, I thirsted after the blood of England's rightful heir, and to such a length did this feeling grow, that I hunted to death those who adhered or sympathised with his cause. And yet at times would conscience bid me pause to govern my unworthy fears, and bid me take the advice of better and brighter minds who had lived before me, and to consider that "enough for the day is the evil thereof, and let the morrow take care of itself;" not to sin for the future but to repent for acts in the past, and live better in the present.

These fears—oh! have you ever felt them, so that even your very shadow on the ground startled you? My expiation for ambition's vain dream was being carried out even whilst on earth. I feared treachery in my own home. She whom I loved so dearly, my own daughter, Mrs. Claypole, I feared even her. Ireton, my son-in-law, I suspected him also. Oh! if in the midst of these fears I included even those nearest and dearest to me, you can well imagine that my fears embraced hundreds further removed from me. Even in my bedroom I had loaded weapons under my pillow.

I had thirsted for the blood of Charles Stuart, the son, so eagerly that I began to fear him and his adherents. I would have given up my life freely to have seen this prince, so like his father, in the grave. I saw in every chamber the father, and in the last year of my Protectorship, never a single day passed over without the warning in my ears, "Beware of my son, King Charles the Second!"

From the January 1658 to the third of September, the day of my release from earth-life, no soul suffered such dire pangs of agony as England's Protector. Oh! I had become heart-hardened. Had I known any who would have willingly raised their arm for him, such was my mind in the last year of my life, I would have killed them with my own hand. It was not alone the welfare of my progeny, but that of my country and my countrymen I sought for.

I remember the last two victims too well. I remember them; they were the first in Spirit-land who gave me their forgiveness. They were staunch loyalists, Sir Harry Slingsby and Dr. John Hewitt. The Lord President of the High Court of Commissioners came to me on the eve of Sir Harry Slingsby's trial and condemnation.

It was June the second, 1658, in the year of my so-called death. Good, trustworthy, God-fearing John Leslie was the President of the High Court, and presided at his trial. He is here now; God hath blessed him. It is but justice he asked. I had passed a wretched night pending his trial; for the day before, on June the first, honest John Leslie had informed me that they had condemned John Hewitt, Doctor of Divinity for high treason.

Leslie had been with me on the first of June, and had told me the particulars of every transpiring hour during Hewitt's trial. How first Hewitt had spoken of his being in a different pulpit from the one in which it had pleased God to place him in at present; that he had heard the indictment read wherein he was accused of endeavouring to bring in Charles Stuart as king of England, to the detriment of the Commonwealth; and that he had held consultations and had conspired with various gentlemen in his parish in London, more especially with the Bishop of ———. That he was prepared to answer to that indictment by pleading, if by such an act he did not establish a precedent to the oppression of thousands of his countrymen, who might in future times stand in the same case as he did at present; and he said God forbid that

he should by pleading or ignorance of law, forfeit any of the privileges of a free-born Englishman. The legality of the court he questioned. By what authority was it formed, he asked. He said, "I have studied the writings of God, and it hath been mine to establish these writings in the hearts of the people. Never until my imprisonment did I study a single precedent of law, or overlook the advices contained in Coke's law books; but woe to those who have compelled a minister of God to such study, if they are in the wrong!" He was answered by the Lord High President of the realm, "By the Great Seal of England, and by Act of Parliament are we established. You yourself," said the Lord High President, "are aware of our judicature and authority, and I beg to inform you in mercy, that you must plead; for if you refuse to plead the consequences are very penal, the same in fact as confessing the whole of the crime stated in the indictment, and judgment will be recorded accordingly."

Oh! as Leslie told me this, I could see him raise his head, and after speaking a few brief sentences respecting the privilege of an Englishman to be tried by judge and jury, asking still respectfully for a jury to try him; to be again answered by the Solicitor-General Stoddart, that this present Commission of the High Court was both judge and jury. Again he spoke of his privilege, had he been tried by a jury, of excepting to any amongst them.

Leslie told him if he had good reasons he could except against any of the Commissioners then present. He then asked for the Act of Parliament to be read to him, to be again answered it was an unusual request for the court to read an Act of Parliament to a prisoner. The Attorney General interposed and asked for judgment saying, "He ignores your authority, and will not plead; therefore I ask for judgment."

I told Leslie that was over hasty on Stoddart's part, and he informed me that he himself thought so, and part of the Act was read to Dr. John Hewitt. Then he said, "The Act speaks of the judges of the land and of members of Parliament forming a Great High Commission; I do not see so many faces. Can a fewer number proceed to trial and condemnation? Here I feel the loss of the support of counsel."

"There are matters of fact sufficient to condemn you," said the Attorney General, "or to acquit you; but you can receive no benefit from witnesses or others until you become a party in the court by pleading. In respect to your question

of the whole of the number named in the Act being present, such exists not as a necessity, a quorum being all-sufficient, the quorum according to the Act being seventeen Commissioners or more." Dr. Hewitt continued, turning himself towards the Commissioners, "This Act is dated September 1656, and on the 17th of that month, the day on which this Act was passed, over a hundred members of the House were prevented from entering"; "and then, my Lord Protector," continued honest John Leslie, "when I found that Dr. Hewitt not only assailed the representatives of your Government, but your Government itself, nay the very foundation of your Government, I rose up and said, 'You have been asked several times to plead: for the third time in mercy to you, and begging the forbearance of the Court, I call on you, I finally call on you to plead guilty or not guilty!'"

Then the accused, joining his hands and casting his eyes reverently up towards the heavens, said, "O Father, advise me. It is for life I plead, oh, may they forgive the seeming trouble I have put them to, but in my eyes they are not legally a High Court of Justice, for they have raised their hands, if not actually yet by silent assent, against Thy Anointed."

Leslie said, "I turned to him once more and said, 'Beware! beware! you are standing on the brink of a terrible danger, and for the sake of the robe, which of late you bore on your shoulders, plead—do plead!—stay your hand! record not contempt. What is it, John Hewitt, will you plead?' 'I apply for judgment!' again came the Attorney-General's voice.

It hath been said, Sir, that during my Protectorate I fostered all law institutions, and that my judges were better, nay infinitely better, than any who had preceded. The clerk read again what Hewitt was accused of, and he was put aside for judgment. Such was the evening's conversation between the Lord High President and myself on the first day of June.

On the second day of June stood another noble, bold, and brave man, Sir Henry Slingsby. Oh, it was too much for two such noble victims to succeed each other. I could not gain such staunch friends as this wandering, swarthy Papist prince had. They loved him. It could not have been for his father's virtues; it must have been from a pure love

of royalty and its traditions. I listened to Leslie concerning the particulars of this brave man. He was accused of tampering with the officers of a garrison, the concluded purpose being its ultimate surrender to an invading army. Kingston-on-Hull was the place, and the officer, the most prominent witness on the trial, was Major Ralph Waterhouse, who said that the accused had offered him, the said Ralph Waterhouse, four thousand pounds in gold, and a commission, signed C.R. at the top, and Charles Stuart, King of England at the bottom, as governor of the castle at Kingston-on-Hull. He said that his master, the king, would soon have his own again, and that there were powerful parties in his favor existing in Scotland; and also that help would be given him from Spain, but they wanted harbourage and an asylum for their troops. Slingsby did not, and could not recognise the Commonwealth.

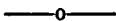
I here remarked that if Slingsby talked of introducing Spanish troops into England, he was a traitor to his country.

He went on to say :

His crime deserved death; but if leniency had been shown him, his death would not have been my sin. I tell you, Sir, that these are cases in which mercy should have been shown. We, meaning those who represented my power, nearly absolute, had sequestered every foot of land that had been his, and when Leslie told me that his, Sir Henry Slingsby's chief complaint had been that the observance of the law had not been recognised on his trial; that the laws were made to recognise the distinction between 'meum' and 'taum,' but all that had been his before judgment had become theirs, and all that was left to him was life. "Let your Protector take that, and welcome, but the last words on Sir Harry Slingsby's lips shall be, 'God spare and restore King Charles!'"

Mercy I might well have shown, mercy even against the judgment of the Commissioners. She whom I loved best in my home, my daughter, she who could more easily than any other allay my fears, she knelt at my feet and prayed for the life of Dr. John Hewitt, God's minister, and I swore an oath before her that, were all England to kneel at my feet suing for their lives, I would disregard their supplications, for both men should die. She begged me, if such was my determination, for once my will being fixed she knew she could

not alter it, that if I had resolved they should die, to give them time, and also begged me to alter the judgment of the High Court, which was the judgment for high treason. You are lawyer enough to know the terms of that sentence. "Be it so," I said to her, "for your sake, for Claypole, your husband's sake, and my memory of him, I will grant your last request. Dr. John Hewitt, D.D. and Sir Harry Slingsby, Baronet, shall not die as the judgment records on the ensuing Saturday. I will defer their sentence until the eighth, and also alter their mode of death. They shall not be submitted to prior tortures before the final punishment." "Can nothing move you to spare their lives, father?" she said. I replied, "I have granted all I intend to grant. They die by the axe upon Tower Hill, an easier and readier death than the sentence."



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

4th June, 1878.

THE Sensitive under Control said :

Whilst on earth I loved to wring from Nature her greatest secrets; I loved to penetrate her depths, and still even now that I am raised to a higher life. How well Nature repays the soul that earnestly inquires into her profound depths: even down to the present time when I visit earth, where Nature is revealing her precious secrets, and rewarding richly those who are patiently investigating them, there my Spirit hovers, taking a more real interest than many Spirits still in the body.

I have visited the opening of the vast gold fields of Australia—Old and New Ballarat, as well as the wondrous yielding copper mines of that newly-discovered continent, I refer to the more ancient amongst them, the Burra Burra copper mine, as well as the Morcla, a lately-discovered one, as also the Yukna Mutna and the other mines of the Australian continent. I thank God that the ocean presents no bar to my inclinations, and Africa lays bare its beauties to my inquiring eyes. The road which traverses downs and woods,

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leading over a space of 800 miles to the startling and astonishing town of Kimberley, where Nature is unfolding one of her beautiful secrets; where, mixed with the comparatively worthless earth, brilliants and diamonds in all their pureness and brilliancy are shining. Upon earth this pursuit of extracting from the depths of the bowels of the earth her treasures, was my last pursuit, and I started upon it under singularly strange circumstances.

I had been a prisoner in England's stronghold, the Tower, for fifteen long years. You perhaps have never been caged. My home was hewn out of the solid wall of that stronghold, and that home a dungeon, Sir; and to every complaint made by me, I met with a fixed reply, "It is the king's mercy finds you here"; and do you, dear Sir, know what that meant?

I here said, "I suppose you had been saved from execution by the king."

That was the plain explanation. Yes, my life—by a verdict of twelve men, Christian gentlemen—had been forfeited some fourteen or fifteen years previous, therefore it was the king's mercy found me there.

I asked, "Are you Sir Walter Raleigh?"

Yes! I see fame has held Raleigh's name in memory. One of your cloth did me gross wrong, I mean Sir Edward Coke, the King's Attorney-General. I am thinking of that day, I am thinking of that time when I stood before all those, who prior to this detestable charge had held me in kindly feeling. Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, presided, with other noble earls and lords assisting. Cecil, my more than friend, even under the peculiar circumstances in which I appeared, spoke boldly in my cause at the time in which this charge of cruel and bloody treason was laid at my door, and for which I suffered fourteen years of loathsome incarceration. I was Captain of the Island of Jersey, my town residence being Durham House on the Middlesex side of the river, on what you would call the Strand to-day.

It was alleged that the weak and vacillating Lord Cobham had been urged on by my superior wit and cunning to an act of abominable treason, to which he afterwards confessed; and the principal witness's confession was the only evidence given

at the trial, and according to the terms of the indictment it was recorded that I, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain and Governor of the Island of Jersey, did by treasonable letter under my hand invite Lord Cobham to my house, and that he came attended by his servant Lorenzi, a Spaniard, whose confession also appeared against me; and that I at that interview held conference with my Lord Cobham in the gallery, and there persuaded him to write to Albert, the Archduke of Austria, first soliciting and holding a consultation with Aremberg his Ambassador in London, to prepare an army for the invasion of this country. That I had made mention of the poverty of Austria's Archduke, but to counter-balance this great defect, Lord Cobham was to visit Spain for a signed treaty of peace with that country, and the restitution of all the adornments of all the Cathedrals and Churches in England, with a thorough and complete restoration of the Roman Catholic religion, and also with the intention of placing Arabella Stuart on the throne, casting aside the claims of the then uncrowned King, James the First, the lineal descendent of Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Seventh, setting aside his claims; and in exchange for this Lord Cobham was to demand at his hands six hundred thousand crowns, and that my Lord Cobham in his confession stated further that the keenest charge was yet to be made, that from my lips proceeded these words, "England would know no peace until he, the king, and his cubs should be removed by death."

I here said we all knew that the charges were absurd, and that I was glad to hear him confirm the impression on the subject of his cruel trial and fate.

I thank you for that opinion; I thank God that when the sentence passed the lips of Lord Chief Justice Popham, it was a sentence of injustice, of cruel injustice to me, an innocent man. Before God I would have had their gold, could I have got it in an honorable manner according to my allegiance and duty towards my king. I had made myself previously a poor man in meeting these people, having spent over £ 18,000 of my own money; and when Sir Edward Coke, the king's Attorney General, said, "God forbid in heaven a position to a soul so mean!" I said, "The duty of a king's Attorney General is to plead well and wisely, to keep passion in abeyance, and stick strictly close to the evidence he produces. To launch forth invectives, when a man is standing up for his life, is to be base and unmanly."

Times have changed with all of us, out of as well as in the body, thank God for His mercy, for to indulge in personal insult, and to bandy words with the accused, would not be tolerated in these enlightened times; nor to speak of one sarcastically as "You blasphemous traitor! you worse than slanderer! you unmannerly gentleman! have I angered you?" and in thus describing the confession of Lord Cobham and Lorenzi, whose later confession was extorted, although such extortion was denied. I call it extorting a confession when a significant allusion was made to the rack, was being continuously made, unless he admitted the charges which my Lord Cobham made against me, as I have described to you. Further I was charged with bringing into the plot his brother Brooke.

Upon my urgent, prayerful, and tearful entreaty that my Lord Cobham might stand face to face with me, so that I might see my accuser, after carefully yet maliciously detailing to the jury the details of the confession made by Lord Cobham, the Attorney General spoke of our pretence and intent—first as to what we pretended to do, and said that we had found for ourselves good and sufficient reason for what we were doing, that we had provided ourselves with a watchword, which was, "the king's safety"; that it was our intent first to seize the king and then the prince, making a forcible entry into the palace, and then to extract from him three conditions at the peril of his life—the first, pardon for all our treason; the second, the restoration of the Roman Catholic Church; and the third, the acknowledgment of Arabella Stuart as a titular queen.

He then proceeded, "These are names too high for even officers of the law to meddle with, but I declare before God that this lady, who is now in Court, will, if desired, speak to her non-knowledge of this blood-thirsty treason from the beginning to the end"; and further he proceeded, that in principles I, Sir Walter Raleigh, could be reckoned only as fit to mix with the lowest society; that, although a man of wit, I was no Christian; that my very letters to Lord Cobham were praying him to keep his own counsel during our joint residence provided for us in the Tower, and to be sure to confess to no man.

I here denied that such a letter could be produced in evidence; and the answer he made me was this:—"It is set down in Lord Cobham's confession, traitor!" I made answer,

"Mr. Attorney General, I demand the expunging of that part of the indictment, unless supported by the letter itself." He made answer that he made application to the Lord Chief Justice against these traitorous interruptions. I craved from the Earl of Suffolk and others the liberty of answering Mr. Attorney General on the particular, and not on the general charges made against me, pleading that sickness had produced weakness of memory, and I was told that I could answer the particular charges after he had spoken of them in the general.

They looked kindly upon me, and the Lord Chief Justice begged me to forget the seemingly vicious zeal of the king's Attorney General, and to fight well in argument for I was fighting in a dear cause. The Attorney General then continued: "He hath no knowledge of ever holding communication with Lord Cobham! He is a liar as well as a traitor; I have a letter spoken of in the confession" (of which letter I demanded the production) "a letter inserted in the core of an apple, oh, an Eve's apple, thrown into the window of Lord Cobham's room in the Tower."

To save further trouble I admitted that that letter was worded verbatim as I tell you now:—"In your anger you have falsely caused and brought into trouble one who has ever held an honorable name. The time is yet sufficient for you to do me justice.—Sir Walter Raleigh." The reciting of this letter was listened to by all with attention, except by Mr. Attorney General. I turned round to the jury and said: "The only actual evidence against me is the written confession of a man who is alive and now in this house. O my noble Earl of Suffolk, holding the highest station worthily, let justice be done to me, and let my accuser be sent for. The letter of absolute denial which I received from Lord Cobham, not predated, but dated after the confession of Lord Cobham himself, has not been put in evidence. I will not say that any law officer of his gracious Majesty is wilfully keeping the letter itself back, but I will assert that not only one law officer, but several here present, and several lords who sit here, have had this letter of confession of injury done to me read to them, or by report have heard of it. I thank you, Cecil, for standing up and giving in evidence that you had seen the letter. Mr. Attorney General says in continuation, this letter was wrung from Lord Cobham by my extraordinary amount of cunning and duplicity; but I say that, independently of the letter, my Lords, and also of the con-

fessions themselves, the laws of the realm hold it a good and sufficient plea, that the accuser with one or two of his witnesses shall appear against the accused, and the laws of God coincide with the laws of the realm, that it shall not be to His good will and pleasure to condemn a man in the absence of an accuser. The Great Teacher, the Christ, the Nazarene, the Reformer, cried aloud, 'Who accuses this woman taken in adultery?' and there was no accuser to be found, nor did He accuse her. If he, Lord Cobham, of whose confession you have heard too much, were dead, then I would with all my heart it should stand in the indictment, and would abide by the evidence which the confession went to prove. But he is living, and to me it seems in the highest degree similar to the action taken by the Inquisition in Spain."

Oh, had you seen the Attorney General leap to his feet, and cry "treason! treason! even by speech in the very court." I answered, "*Irritare hominem justum in causa sua injustum est!*" I only demand justice, my lord."

"It hath been urged by myself," continued the Attorney General, "and precedents have been quoted, that under certain circumstances the absence of the accuser is allowed, and that his confession holds good in his absence."

I saw that all was looking dark for me, and I said, "Gentlemen of the jury, I have suffered wrong at the hands of this man; he hath pressed for my death with all the eagerness of a hound following scent. Think of my position, Gentlemen, with a clear income of over £6,000 annual. I have been held in good repute for a man of sense, wit, and learning. I had sense to see that she who governed this country so well was laid at rest, sense to see that he who followed after was a quick and active king. I had sense to perceive that Ireland was now comfortably settled, and that the trouble which that country had given us had ceased. I had sense, and wit, and learning enough to know that Spain had suffered in the previous reign most disastrous and fearful misfortunes to her ships and armaments at sea, and that consequently Spain and Spain's king, had as little chance of being able to place his hands on 600,000 crowns as I had. Before God, Gentlemen of the Jury, may my body be pierced with hot irons, ere I deign to lie to save a hundred lives! In the height of Lord Cobham's rage, and he is the most passionate man in England, he accused me publicly, because he was laboring under the idea that I had divulged his dealings with Aremberg. Upon

that mischievous affair he found himself in the Tower, and me side-by-side with him. I learnt where he was located, and, as I before informed the Court, I held only one communication with him, in which I entreated justice for injury and wrong. Gentlemen, my life is in your hands without the presence of an accuser, upon the strength of a repented, false, and lying confession. I am placed on trial for my life. Nay, do not interfere, Mr. Attorney General, it is my turn now, and perhaps the last words I may be allowed to say publicly, and I say them, Mr. Attorney, without fear of contradiction. Gentlemen of the Jury, I give them forth, let posterity judge of me, I would plead guilty if Lord Cobham will accuse me of having ever uttered the name of Arabella Stuart." And then came the charge to the jury, and then the short consultation and the ringing word "Guilty."

The words of Lord Chief Justice Popham seemed to be far away words, as he recounted the only qualities that were in my character, all different from those qualities you would expect in one who serves God and honors his king. He spoke of the sin of covetousness, and how it grows on a man. He spoke of that part of Cobham's confession, where I had agreed to receive eighty thousand crowns for selling my country. He referred to the cruel murder of my king and the prince: he spoke of the blasphemy I had used, according to the confession, in my argument, calling Scripture to my aid, for I headed my letters "Scriptum est." He spoke of the services I had rendered, the friendships I had secured, and which by these wicked and blasphemous treasons I had forfeited. Then he proceeded to sentence me—that I should be taken back to the prison from whence I came, that I was to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, first to be half-hanged, then disembowelled, and then my privy members to be burnt before my face, and I was then to be beheaded and my body quartered and placed at the king's disposal.

My answer was, "It has always been at the king's disposal throughout my life; but there are noble lords here who are fain to show their regard, and from some of whom I earnestly entreat one favor, that is, to present my humble obedience to the king, saying that Sir Walter Raleigh, having always lived like a gentleman, would fain die like one; therefore would he extend his loving grace by changing the manner of my death, and they promised to further this my entreaty to the king.

I have asked you whether you know what it is to be caged up for years, kept from the free air, pining for liberty, yet waking up day after day and finding yourself in a worse position than a slave—a prisoner—a prisoner, and through the mercy of the king, from 1603 for fifteen long years until 1618.

It was in the fall of the year, September or October, the time passed so wearily that I know not which, that I had a few months of liberty in the latter year, and in the year preceding it, but that was on sufferance. The Secretary of State had presented a plan which I had proposed of being enabled to fill the coffers of a king who was comparatively poor, whose self-indulgences in the belief of ancient masters in the precious metals laid him under the burthen of heavy expenditure; and in the design I had proposed he was to come in for the lion's share of profits, should there be any. It was urged by the Secretary of State that this design of mine was not in the air, nor any illusion, but an actual and real adventure. It was the working of a mine in Guiana, in South America, and that he himself had been an eye-witness to Sir Walter Raleigh having shown him several pounds of the ore obtained from this mine, which had then ceased to be worked in consequence of native disturbances. Upon my word of honor being given to carry out this adventure actually and truly, King James placed me at its head, under the solemn promise given to surrender myself on my return. On these conditions I was released from the Tower, after fifteen years' incarceration.

Once more in the green fields, seeing Nature once more in its beauties; even the very trees seemed freer than those in the Tower grounds. The king made me give him the names of my ships and the numbers of my men, and the names also of the knights and gentlemen of noble blood who would sail under me. The Ambassador at England's Court from Spain, Gondomar, was so jealous of this country's interference in any Spanish colonies in South America, that he retarded my going for a considerable time, and when I was prepared to start, his influence succeeded in fettering me with conditions. The very names of those sailing under me had arrived in Spain, and were in the hands of the Spanish Government long before I arrived in Guiana; and although this information was given to the king on solemn promise of secrecy, yet Gondomar's intrigue had succeeded in extracting this in-

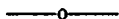
formation for his government, so that when we arrived in Guiana, the treatment that we received at the hands of the Spaniards was something infamous, considering that we had landed without one of us carrying an offensive or defensive weapon. In consequence of a desperate affray between part of my company and the inhabitants of a village some three miles distant from the mines, we were overpowered by numbers and twenty-six of my brave followers were tied back to back and their throats cut.

The very journey itself started disastrously; matters had not bettered themselves when we arrived at the mines, and by the general demand of those who followed me, and who could not forget the peculiar position in which I was placed, namely that of a condemned traitor, they overruled my single will and agreed to return. With patience and courage, and a few of the most faithful followers, I succeeded in quelling many attempts at mutiny, which were generally preceded and succeeded with sarcastic jeers, and then their mode would change, and they would think of me as I deserved, and begged me to sell my ships and to forget the promise given to the king, and with the proceeds send for our wives and children and settle in some foreign part.

I had a spirit which no misfortune could daunt. I possess that spirit now, thank God. I determined to keep my solemn promise, and returned to find myself, directly I landed, arrested on charges made against me by the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, of breaking the peace and molesting the inhabitants, these charges being supported by the written evidence of those who said they had been wronged at my hands, or by those over whom I had charge. King James would have willingly handed me over to death, if by that means the differences existing between England and Spain could have been settled; but on the terms which the Spanish Ambassador proposed, King James was not willing. Gondomar, with all the subtlety with which Spaniards are endowed, had so framed his charges that if it had been assented to that I was to die according to the charges made, it would have been acquiescing in England's inability to interfere with those parts of the Spanish Colony. Gondomar was not to be balked of his prey, for he had hated me ever since I had started on the adventure. He was unwilling to see me set at liberty, and used his influence with the king to bring in force the old charge. And so the old sentence was actually agreed

on after an interval of fifteen years, and without a second trial, the sentence being changed into one of beheading; and in the October of that year, 1618, I was beheaded in Westminster Old Palace Yard.

Good morning, good noon, good night, whichever it may be. God bless you!



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

11th December, 1878.

TO write anything about who Shakespeare was, would be simply a waste of time. All that I shall say is that he was born A.D. 1564, and passed over to the majority A.D. 1616.

Commentators on Shakespeare's history and works are as numerous as those on Revelation. In the present Control he tells his own story, which if believed in will settle the question as to how he, a comparatively uneducated man, came to write his various historical and other plays.

The Sensitive under control said :

How bitter and piercingly cold it is! It is one of your old-fashioned winters, peculiar to my time on earth. Who am I? That is a question which may be passing through your mind. It has been a troublesome and vexatious question with many, and all about a man who reached a pinnacle of fame. The world says that I reached the highest pinnacle of fame; but even let it be but one of the minor pinnacles, and all the world of busybodies will be making themselves extremely anxious to know all about you—who you are and all about you; and the majority of these busybodies are ready to swear by their British Encyclopædia and take it as an infallible guide, and if not by this celebrated volume by some other well got up biography, and they consider it a crime against their curiosity for you to have left no trace behind for their following up, thus nursing their idle gossiping pro-

pensities. Then they fly to a mean and poor revenge by making statements. "He must have been a low-bred fellow, a plebeian, else we should have been able to have discovered something either of him or his family." If, on the other hand, their source of information is a limited one, they consider it still a proof of your being of low birth and no family.

During earth-life I was tolerably acquainted with this world of busybodies, these wondermongers, these biographers, who seizing on idle gossip endeavour to convert it into receivable facts. I made a name in earth-life; I left a name behind me, and though over three centuries have elapsed since my birth on earth, my name is better known to-day than when I lived my earth life.

By name William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, a son of John Shakespeare, gentleman yeoman, and Annie Arden, of the ancient family of the Ardens, whose pedigree is traceable from the advent into this island of the Norman conqueror. For such a world of busybodies one should keep an every-day record for their perusal, and then I am afraid that could not satisfy them. They would be wanting to know what I was doing when I was asleep. Would that one of these life-incident seeking men were here! I would set his mind at rest upon the Shakespearian doubts which exist to-day. Seeking, (they never rest from seeking) first they make great enquiries into the respectability of my predecessor—my father, as to who he was, they are anxious to discover what he was, to whom he was married, why he married, and where and when he married. Then they find out that he got land, as well as a maiden, with his marriage; then comes the wish to obtain the knowledge whether John Shakespeare, my father, could use the clerical quality of writing his name, or, like an honest plain-dealing man, could make his mark only. He made his mark in very nearly a dozen of us, bringing us all up respectably. Let me see, I lost a dear little sister, little Edmund too had passed away; both were younger than myself. I was the eldest of ten. That is a moot question—I say I was the eldest of ten. Biographers say of seven only. John Shakespeare, my father, told me, and he knew best about it.

Then these positive wonder seekers arrive at the conclusion that they must place my father in the list of well-to-do tradesmen at all events, but how to arrive at any knowledge of myself during my youthful days puzzles them. It seems

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

Therefore if God hath designed a soul for advancement, despite its surroundings and its narrow circle, it will inevitably rise upward above its surrounding fellow-men. Still upward will soar that soul designed for progress from the beginning of its earthly career, until it reaches the proud position that all men gaze at it. They think of that soul's advancement, and wonder how and why it reached such fame. As well might they make enquiries why the comet chooses its course, or what impels it. To me it seems as much a wonder that my name should have been rendered immortal as it does to others. If I had received any special advantages in any extraordinary education, I should perhaps have been brought to think that these advantages were the cause of my immortal fame; but in starting in life I did not possess the advantages of a classical education; my knowledge of the ancients was absolutely *nil*, and of the Latin tongue the extent of my knowledge abides with me just as plainly now, as it did when I left the Free Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon, to which I went for education, not where I was educated. I remember wading through the substantives in the Latin Grammar. I remember *musa*, a song; *gladius*, a sword; *magister*, a master. Then there is the pronoun, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, genitive *huius*. I remember that well. I think I got on as far as *amo*, *amas*, *moneo*, *audio*, the auxiliary verb being preliminary, *sum*, *es*, *est*, *sumus*. There commenced, and there ended my knowledge of the ancients. I got on just as well without it.

I here remarked that he must have been controlled or impressed, otherwise he could not have written his classical plays. He replied :

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

Well, and so the biographers have reached up to my school days, and they have gone on diving and delving from thence to my manhood. How earnestly they seek for every incident, and what they teach, thousands believe and swear by. They sometimes find out inconvenient facts in a man's early days; it is not always well to become famous. It is strange what publicity they give to inconvenient incidences, and how often a virtue suffers for want of notice. They accused me of various crimes peculiar to young men; they must have had idle time on their hands. I have had to plead guilty to a higher judge than they are, one higher than any amongst them, and therefore I can plead, if such pleading be necessary, to that biographical charge laid against me. There are several, the most worthy, who fail to mention the fact which I am going to cite; but on the other hand there are one or two of these individuals, forming part of the world of these busybodies, who have striven to tarnish my immortal fame by citing acts of youthful indiscretion. To him with the feeling of a man and an Englishman, it seems a wicked and profane act to bring up from the records of the past a baptismal entry of a first child, with comments on the short lapse of time from the marriage to the birth, and yet the accused wife was the mother of several other children, and that same wife has passed all those years in happiness and felicity with her husband. I say it is a profane thing to bring to light such a record unnecessarily, and where there is no purpose to serve.

It proved that, at the very outset of life, I was making a bad start; and honest John Shakespeare, who had reached the honorable title of master, having been a freeholder and a magistrate, thought I was degrading him in his position and bringing his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, for I might have carried my wrong doings further away from home, and not have brought shame and dishonor into the home of a neighbour. I am quoting my father's words, and my reply was, "Father, fear not! There is a difference in our ages, Annie Hathaway being my senior by nine years, but, father, no disgrace nor dishonor shall rest on that home! She shall become my wife by license and your permission." And she became my wife and the mother of my children, and a God-given partner she was to me. Once more again, I say biographers might have been silent on this forgotten incident. Do I feel unkindness for them? I do not like this world of prying busybodies.

I here asked whether he had ever controlled before. In reply he said :

I have never controlled so much in the flesh as I have to-day in this body. I have controlled, but I have never before controlled so as to feel individualised ; I mean to feel so much myself as I do now in this body.

I asked : " Do you know what Spirit it was that controlled you ? "

I have not seen him, but I have heard his name is Busiris. Every word of " King Lear " I wrote hearing the words clair-audiently. " Coriolanus " was another play I wrote after my retirement from London ; I wrote this hearing it clair-audiently. " The Merry Wives of Windsor " was written through my hand in nearly illegible characters. I had been with Drayton and Ben Jonson, having a social glass together, and after our carousal, for it finished with one, I stopped at the inn where it took place and filled seventy-four sheets of manuscript from 2 a.m. to 4-35. This was " The Merry Wives of Windsor. " You have read my maiden efforts—my " Venus and Adonis " was my first invention. I dedicated it to Southampton's Earl, with an apology for its dedication. I had just come up to the great metropolis, leaving the wife and children at Stratford. I was friendless and was being prosecuted. There had been a night frolic between a few of Stratford's youthful sparks and I had joined them, and we trespassed on Sir John Lucy's ground, his park at Charlecote, and shot a deer. Of that I, with others, was accused, and ultimately a warrant was issued for my apprehension. So chagrined was I with his conduct, that I wrote a ballad, giving him a coat of arms—three lice, I called them " luses " in imitation of his name " Lucy, " and this ballad, so well was he known about Stratford-on-Avon, became popular, and its author most unpopular, and so I came up to London.

Biographers kindly say I came up in poverty. They say I acted as waiter to the Blackfriars Theatre, horse-keeper outside, and that the cry resounded night after night, " Where is Will Shakespeare to hold my horse till after the performance ? " What is stranger to me than this biographical notice is its general acceptance.

I had written my " Venus and Adonis " and also several

other minor pieces that were known only among a select circle of friends. Amongst my friends was one, by name Burbage. He was of the same county but not of the same town, and was one of the shareholders in the Blackfriars Theatre. He, knowing that I was an original writer and a tolerably good hand at mimicry in revels, invited me to town, having heard of the prosecution, and I accepted his invitation.

I wrote "Venus and Adonis" under control. The name of Busiris was given to me after my retirement from the stage, and after the purchase of my house at Stratford-on-Avon, and after I had settled down to a comfortable country life. It was then that the name of Busiris was given to me. There I also wrote "Coriolanus" and "Antony and Cleopatra." Five plays I think I wrote in all, after I retired. Yes, it was five. The quality of verse-making was mine normally, but my verses then were far inferior to those I wrote under the influence of Busiris. I believe Busiris' work is similar to what yours will be. I was thoroughly controlled when I wrote, and when any one came in at any time before I was restored to consciousness, they would be struck, and pass remarks upon my want of attentiveness; they would charge me with an absence of consciousness. I put it all down to meditateness; I knew it was something beyond myself, but I dared not mention it. I was always deemed eccentric. I was right royal in my friendships, and contentiously indifferent to those, for whom I felt no partiality; in fact I was a man of extremes, a Sensitive, a term which embraces all the eccentricities of a soul tabernacled in clay.

I asked him here to name some of the Spirits in his sphere. He said:

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

I asked whether Byron, Coleridge, or Shelley were in his sphere. He said:

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

I was rather surprised at being asked whether I knew Southey: I suppose there must be something in

the fact that I do not like Southey's poetry. I then asked him about Sir Isaac Newton.

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

What I have further to say than what I have already said is, that after a successful life upon earth I had a happy, joyous transition, and a welcoming reception in the spirit spheres. May God in heaven keep you and bless you! I shall come again.

THOMAS WENTWORTH,

EARL OF STRAFFORD.

27th July, 1877.

THOMAS Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was born at Wentworth Woodhouse, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the year 1593, and executed in May 1641. In his early parliamentary career he was

a strong opponent to Charles the First and was one of those who obtained the royal assent to the Petition of Right, but, being in 1628 raised to the Peerage, he seems not only to have lost all care for popular liberty, but to have become a strong abettor of Charles the First's claims to kingly prerogative.

Whether he deserved his fate is a matter on which historians are not agreed; but one thing seems clear, that Charles the First, in signing Wentworth's death warrant, signed his own.

The Sensitive under control said:

Oh yes, I can picture him with the Queen on his right hand and England's future hope, the young Prince Charles, on his left. I could realise in the most reverential mood the consequences of the services of his chaplain. He was resting his head, deeply furrowed with cares, upon his hands, listening to the threatenings of the Representatives of the Lords and Commons, who were clamouring for my death. Oh! I could before my death realise how strongly he combated their arguments ere he would sign the warrant for my execution, how he laid before them the services I had rendered him, how he urged that out of the forty-seven lords present who passed the Bill for my condemnation, nineteen were against the extreme injustice of countenancing my death by their assent. Oh! I could pity my royal master on that solemn and troublous sabbath, that sabbath that witnessed his ineffectual attempts to resist that which he knew was an act of glaring injustice, until, at last overcome with such persistent enmity against my person, they proved the stronger and more successful party, and nine o'clock on that sabbath evening saw my royal master sign the warrant of my death. They indeed had proved "*Victus dedit pœnas*;" and indeed his weakness, his inability to cope with these unscrupulous men led him to an act in which, in destroying me, he destroyed himself also.

Oh! how well I remember the scene now, when escorted by no less than one hundred soldiers guarding my person I went from the Tower to Westminster, and I arrived at the Houses of Parliament, and the hundreds there could obtain no very long gaze or attention from me. Veiled from the view of the Members and of the public, instinctively I knew

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that he whom I had served so well was standing there. Oh! even in that moment of danger to myself, I raised my voice in prayer to God, that the danger of this arraignment might fall on my shoulders alone.

We hear in our spirit spheres the highest thoughts of educated and trained minds in the form; and there have been two lines written, which set forth most correctly the rule which in life I followed. These lines were written by one who has attained the high eminence of Poet Laureate, and the changing of the plural to the singular makes it appropriate to myself:

"Mine not to question why,
Mine but to do and die."

These were my thoughts in respect to the prerogative of my prime; but, speaking with truthful consistency, let me state that no order to me ever proceeded from the mouth of King Charles the First in which strict obedience to it would have been derogatory to my honor.

They had a heavy list of charges to urge against me. There were twenty-eight in number, to which three more were afterwards added. Mr. Pym was the opposing counsel, and with true charitable feelings I can speak of him as one who by overzeal was carried into expressions that were false and slanderous. Glynn also by his many flashes of wit and license swayed for a time the opinions of Members and strangers.

By this time you are well aware who I am. I am Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's army and Deputy for Ireland, afterwards ruling it; and, according to several of the articles set forth in the attainder, ruling it tyrannically and despotically.

God the Great Almighty can read my feelings in the present, and they were as easily read by His all-searching eye in the past; and as I stated in my defence, so I state now, that there was not one act of my rule in Ireland but what was true service to the king of England and his subjects, and directly in accordance with my oath of allegiance. Many great characters in the world's history have had heavy crimes laid at their feet; and I argued that it is impossible for a ruler of a nation to go scathless in men's opinion, for some will feel bound to differ from his words and actions.

I was charged with dispossessing many of the Irish Peers of their manorial rights, their freeholds. I was also charged

with being of a greedy and avaricious nature; and with tampering with the Customs' dues, more especially in the article of tobacco duties. The article charging me stated that I realised a clear one hundred thousand pounds per annum by my unlawful monopoly of that article, that I had caused a law to be passed in my position as President of Council, to the effect that no tobacco should be sold in the realm of Ireland, unless sold in a roll, sealed with the government seal at both ends of the roll; and that, when this became the law, I caused my agents to purchase all tobacco coming into the ports, and became myself the first merchant in the country, charging my own prices for it.

Another article charged me that I stood in the justice hall in the capital city of Dublin, and interrupted in an unseemly manner the Court's proceedings; and that placing myself in a prominent position I said that, as President of Council with power of judging and punishing by imprisonment, ransom, or fine, asserting that the king's decree was above all justice or law, and permitted of no argument against its verdict; that Ireland was a conquered country, and that the rights, with which I had been invested, gave me a viceroy's rule in Ireland as the representative of England's monarch; in fact, Lord Mountmorris took on himself according to this article to answer and protest against such assertion, and that it was illegal to state that the little finger of the king should be more than the loins of the law.

Another article proceeded to state that I, acting maliciously and tyrannically towards the said Lord Mountmorris, did avail myself of the fact of his being an officer under the oath of allegiance to His Majesty, my master, and did have him illegally tried by court martial, and condemned to death. Another article, (and God knows I thought more of this article than I did of all the rest), stated that I through wretched negligence did cause the taking of Newcastle by the Scotch, thereby endangering His Majesty's forces. That I a soldier and a gentleman should act so dastardly a part is beyond belief. No crime is committed without motive; but they formed or fashioned a motive which was that, by the taking of Newcastle, a fierce and bloody war would follow, as the English would naturally be greatly incensed against their invading foe; that I hated Scotland, and that they could and would produce witnesses who could prove that I had said oftentimes that I would root them out from the realm of Ireland.

Another article, deemed the most important by Mr. Pym, was that I had said to His Majesty upon the dissolution of the last parliament, that they had armed him, and before God and man he would be held guiltless in raising supplies when, how, and whence he could, the Commons having urged redress of grievances. This was a mean and paltry subterfuge for their avowed non-compliance with his urgent requests.

Then several articles spoke of my levying ship dues; of my preferring indictments before the Star Chamber; and of remarks made by me at the Council Chamber. Among other articles, one stated that I had observed to His Majesty the necessity of hanging a few of the city aldermen, just by way of example; and another article stated that I had advised His Majesty to debase the coin of the realm, and also that I had been the prime mover in the removal of sixty thousand pounds worth of bullion from the Royal Mint, and that I had been present when some of the highest dignitaries of the City of London and strangers also had laid before the monarch the danger of such a proceeding, and the danger of the loss of credit that would ensue from such an act, and that I had ridiculed the idea, and that I had said they had refused to supply the wants of their king, and that he felt dissatisfied with them and that the means he took were not encroaching on his high prerogative.

But the three additional articles were more dangerous to me than any among the other twenty-eight collectively. Before I heard what these charges were I protested strongly against their being added, and that, in strict accordance with justice in the mode of a trial, a fresh indictment should be allowed. Suffice it to say I asked for time to frame my answers to them. This request was considered by the lords; and they acknowledged there was a good show of reason in the request, but added they had looked at the three articles, and that they were not of sufficient weight to justify the delay requested.

The first of these last three articles was, that I had appropriated to my own use forty thousand pounds from His Majesty's Exchequer or from the country's Treasury; in fact forty thousand remained unaccounted for. In answer to this article, I handed in the king's request for the forty thousand pounds, and which, according to my oath of allegiance, I instantly gave him. The second additional article alleged that I had intended the army of Ireland to invade

England, and by armed force to hold England and the representatives of the Commons in subjection. The third additional article stated that I had spoken disrespectfully, insultingly, and impudently of the power vested in the House of Commons; and furthermore that I denied the legality of the trial, and denied the power of the House of Commons to charge a Peer of the realm with treason, alleging that it was the tail commanding the head, and that it was unnatural and unlawful.

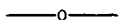
You may perhaps have never been so near death as to stare him face-to-face. I previous to this trial had been a hand-in-hand companion to death, but I never felt his claim so pressing as when I stood before the representatives of the people. I felt that unless the king was firm I was a doomed man.

When called on for my defence, I took and answered each particular article as they were urged against me, until I reached the twenty-eighth, and I then made answer to the three extra charges: finishing by saying, that although at all times I was willing to render obedience to my king, still it was after all subservient to the obedience due to my God; that I could look on my administration in Ireland and would not, if I could, blot out one act of it. I asked could they look for ought but discontent with a foreign army settled in their country and with a governor ruling who was not of their own choosing. But, pointing to the Peers who sat with covered heads, (the Commons were uncovered), I said, "To you, who are the very pillars of the State, to you who know my past career and that I have been a soldier willing and ready to obey all lawful commands, I say forget, my lords, if forgetfulness is possible, all my past services, and let not the unruly clamouring for my blood which reaches you from the lower branches prevail." At this remark, Pym got up and gave a great shout, crying, "He ignores our authority; he is speaking scandalously and unlawfully. I continued, "If peace will fall on this realm of England, if for the good of English subjects Strafford's death will be a benefit, then condemn me. Oh, believe me that had I felt this sting of treason in my heart, I myself would have been my own accuser. I am grey-headed with services rendered to my country. I have lingered many years in this fast-failing cottage of clay, and would fain be free from it if it would serve any good or lawful purpose.

"Since she has passed from earth to heaven, she whom I loved so dearly, she who has left me these two pledges of her affection, I would fain join her. Oh! but then comes the racking feeling to join her with the stigma of a traitor to my king and country. Oh! clear my name from this seeming dishonor. Oh! then do with my life as it pleases you."

Oh! I can fully realise the feelings of my king on that sabbath day when he said, "I cannot, I dare not sign! he must not, he shall not die! he so true, so faithful, so earnest a servant!" But that same night saw his signature attached to my death warrant, and my life was forfeited.

May that God who hath forgiven him, may that God who hath overlooked my shortcomings and raised me into the heights of His gracious love, be pleased so to deal with you. May His blessing through this life attend you, and when life's journey on earth is ended, may He receive you with sweet messages conveyed by messengers of His love; messages tending to bring you in peace with all your brotherhood; messages teeming with advice for the exercise of forgiveness of injuries received; messages teeming with promises of an ever advancing future, of an ever decreasing distance between the soul and its Creator. May God bestow these blessings indeed on you during your life on earth and on your reception into the Spirit world. Strafford again prays for God's blessing on all who have the good of their fellow-creatures at heart.



ISAAC BARROW.

25th February, 1879.

ISAAC Barrow was born in 1630 and passed over in 1677 at the early age of forty-seven. He was one of the most eminent scholars of his day. He was first Lucasian and afterwards Gresham Professor, which last professorship he resigned in favor of his pupil, Isaac Newton. In 1672 he became the Master of Trinity. Although a high dignitary of the church;

he was not looked on as quite orthodox. His confession of faith given in the Control speaks for itself.

The Sensitive in Trance said :

I see them, they are happy Spirits; they are all happy; they are talking together; they are saying, "Once more we meet on earth." They are shaking hands with each other; they knew each other personally on earth; I know that, because they have just said so; they address each other by their names, by the names which they had when on earth; one is Cornelius de Witt, the other is John de Witt; there are stabs all over their bodies both back and front; John's face is gashed on the left side right from the corner of the eye to his lip, and yet they are both happy. The other man, the small one, the brightest of them, is thin and pale, yet with an appearance of great strength of form; his hair is soft, and its color a brown and grey intermixed; he is Isaac Barrow and the other who is anxious to control is Isaac Newton. He says the artist, one of the two who were present with him, with Isaac Barrow also, stood together and from the sacred precincts of Alma Mater, viewed the standing statue* ere the operation was attempted of delineating it on leather through Spirit power. "The attempt was unfortunately a failure for want of proper mechanism;" he is saying this to you as well as to me. Do you not hear him? He continues, "For an attempt it was a favorable one, and worthy of more success. Repetition under more favorable circumstances will be made."

There is another Spirit who has just joined them. They address him by the name of Henry Fuseli, which was the common name he went by, but not the name of his family. Publicly he was known as Fuseli, but they are addressing him as Fuessli [spelling it]. He is willing to aid them in this art to be revived. He is the Spirit acquaintance and friend of Alonzo Cano. Are they not all happy Spirits? God loves them and they love God. I see five Spirits besides the lot behind you: I have never seen so many before. The smallest is coming towards me now.

Here he went under Control, and spoke as follows :

The earnestness of mind in matter; Oh, wonderful mys-

* He is referring to an attempt to produce a copy of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.

tery! O Gracious Father, even the accurate knowledge of Thy geometrical laws are but as secondary importance to these allowable readmissions of souls upon earth. O Father, doth he who records this allow his great and well-governed mind to dwell on this divine mystery? Doth he grasp it and value it at its fullest importance? If he doth, then, O Father God, be praises ever ascending to Thee. If he doth not, O Father, strengthen and confirm his belief, that he may become a very tower of strength to any one opposing these inestimable truths.

Like the glorious victorious sounding of a trumpet, he hath echoed through every heavenly sphere this glorious reality, but few souls grasp its truth on earth, but make those few many. Happiness hereafter! Oh, how many varied opinions are centred in this great hope; how many dogmas and doctrines are inculcated, all leading up to this great hope. Oh, make the way plain to all, O Father! Men have made that way a mazy labyrinth, and have failed in their blindness to perceive that it is but a plain and open roadway without any obstructing circumstances preventing their knowledge. All men on earth must come to the very borders of that last bourne—the eve of change. Oh, let not the influence of juggling tricksters betray their hopes. Oh, make them strong in knowledge and wise in their truthfulness in Thy watchful care. Let not, O Father, the mumbling threatenings of Church dignitaries disturb their serenity, but be to them even as Thou hast been to many in the past—a present God; so shall continual praises ascend to Thee, as men's fears cease and their hopes awaken.

Come, O Father God, in power; Thy might and majesty is more manifested to men to-day than it has been heretofore. Forgive, O Father, forgive the impatience of Thy servant's pleading. Grant, I pray Thee, consent to prayer; in Thy great name we ask it; not I alone, but the many here assembled all ask it in Thy great name. Amen.

I give you greeting. May heaven's blessings be attendant on your labors, your labors consisting in our opinion of benefiting mankind in their most vital necessities; teaching them first the way to live; teaching them, in the next place, the hope to sustain them in the change that awaits all men; in the next place, teaching them how to bring up those who are very dear to them; and, in the next place, learning for themselves the true knowledge of the Living God.

The greatest minds existing in the Spirit spheres realise the advancing changes in the welfare of mankind; the time is coming when that, which is known amongst men by the name of Death, will be universally recognised as of a fairer aspect; when fears will be entirely banished, and ascendant hopes alone raised in the departing soul. Regret will not be absent, but it will not weaken or alter the conditions of their hopes. The cruel and unnecessary fears that assail the soul at departure will cease to be, and the dogmas and doctrines leading up to such a creed or belief will entirely fail in effect, and their cessation must necessarily ensue. There will be lacking ministers or adherents to the old system of theology who will not work without pay; the regenerated soul in this era will not pay for lies in contradiction to its own established knowledge; the era coming will be fraught with great changes that are now being speculated on in the spheres. The causes, or the primary causes, of these changes are amongst men to-day, but who so high in God's esteem who can tell the ultimate.

I am going to speak of myself personally, to speak in truthfulness and without egotism. The charge of egotism cannot be brought against a single Spirit which hath manifested to you in any of these meetings. They have recorded their permission of attendance from the spheres of truth, consequently their virtues and their vices are related in unison together. Their hopes have been told to you whilst they were on earth, and also their altered desires and hopes in the Spirit spheres. There has been no self-flattery in the communications they have made; no hidden sins, no loathsome crimes unrelated; all that they were they have told to you, and all that they are they have also related; and they have asked oftentimes for your prayers* to aid their hopes in what they would be.

Varied opinions!—men's opinions vary in that state of transition when Death approaches them very nearly. Friends surround their bedside; the most prominent in officious attendance is some officious Church dignitary, minister or clergyman, who propounds a doctrine in a majority of cases incompatible with reason, and which in its great claims proposes

* On several occasions the Controlling Spirits have asked for my prayers for them; and, imperfect as they may have been, they have thanked me for them.

only one road to the Father's favor. The wearied soul, anxious for safety, tries to believe and fails, and the agonised inward prayer is "Father, if I do not believe, and it is right I should believe, help then Thou my want of faith." There are thousands of scenes that we visit like these, condoling with them if they want it; comforting them with the assurance that God is the Father of progress, the Father of commendation, not of condemnation. We speak to them and tell them that the ransoming of the soul is brought about alone by knowledge, and that the darkness surrounding so many is caused by its want, caused by its absence. Knowledge is leading to light and truth, God the Father's highest attributes.

O dear Sir, I had all these thoughts of a commendatory God in my transition state. A pale yet earnest minister of theology knelt at my bedside, reading to me one of the gospel's chapters, and expounding to me what he considered to be, and what I tried hard to consider were solemn truths, and I had failed. I have learnt now the cause of my failure. It was by reason of my increased knowledge over his, the would-be teacher, of a soul more enlightened than his own. I did not then know the cause of my failure in belief, hence my endless anxiety. After he had done reading and commenting, he asked me my hopes in the future. I referred him to what I had written on the preface page of my translation of Apollonius of Perga's Conics, and I told him that my highest hopes in the future were to reach the ultimate of the soul's happiness, the knowledge of God's great laws, or the position of intuitive geometry. There was nothing in my answer respecting the doctrine he believed in, and in which I failed. Those that were around my bedside, being struck by my answer to this formal question, he himself being startled with the answer, knew not what to say next.

I will now try to repeat through the mouth of the Sensitive what I had written. I am afraid I shall have great difficulty; it will be too great a strain on his brain. Take a separate sheet of paper.

This I did. He went on to say :

It is still in existence now. He, the minister, had seen it and remarked it, grasping then for the first time that these were the real sentiments of my soul. A difficulty will exist in rendering correctly what I am about to say.

Tu autem, Domine! quantus es geometra! tua enim scientia nullos terminos habet, cum in sempiternum novorum theorematum inventioni locus relinquatur etiam penes humanum ingenium. Tu vero hæc omnia intuitu perspecta habes absque contentiarum absque tædio demonstrationum. Ad cætera pene nihil facere potest intellectus noster, et tanquam brutorum phantasia videtur non nisi incerta quædam somnia. Unde in iis quot sunt homines tot existunt fere sententiæ. Te igitur hac re amare gaudeo. Te suspicio atque illum diem desidero suspiriis fortibus in quo, purgatâ mente et claro oculo, non hæc solum omnia absque hac successiva et laboriosa imaginandi cura verum multo plura et majora ex tua bonitate et immensissima sanctissimaque benignitate conspiciere et scire conceditur.

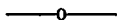
Can you grasp my ruling idea? My God was not a narrowed one, living within confined limits; not a huge distended one, who formed man with man's exaggerated and malevolent passions. Oh no! I had looked up through nature's laws to nature's God; I had embarked on soul-absorbing theories, approved of after hard and painful thoughtfulness, and I longed for the time when I could approach nearer to His perfection; and, being intuitively a geometrician, I had a knowledge of God's infallible, unalterable, and excellent laws; a knowledge that never varies, working as these laws do with mathematical accuracy, and which gives no cause for the wide difference of opinions that divide men and destroy that harmony which should exist; I mean that harmony of brotherly love.

Oh, let your soul answer me, was not this a creed and belief above the puny doctrines, whose unreasonableness disturbed the equanimity of reason and played on the mind, that was advanced and brightened with knowledge? I could not, I dare not grasp the refuge offered. That which was the rock of safety for others had no standing place for me.

Mine was not an enviable character; in my younger days I dressed not as my friends would have me dress, I followed not fashion's leading; I was contented, if my flesh were cleansed, without a thought of the cut or look of my garments. Some named this Eccentricity, whilst others named it Slovenliness. I was also given to resent anything approaching a liberty with this eccentricity or slovenliness by knocking them down. This was in my younger days, when my mind was running wild.

The commencement of my college days gave no high promise of my advancement of mind, causing my worthy father, a mercer and linen-draper, to exclaim, "If God be pleased to take one of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." I was more loss than profit in his account books. Born in 1629, I stayed at college expecting advancement. After a short stay in the beginning of my college career, passed in idleness, I commenced work in earnest and travelled from one degree to another until I reached the position of the Greek Professorship; afterwards the Gresham Professorship of geometry; afterwards the Lucasian Professorship. That was what I resigned to Isaac Newton, he then being twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. I was made afterwards Master of Trinity.

Mine was a short stay, living only till the year 1677, being between forty-seven or forty-eight years of age when I passed onward. They laid all that belonged to me in Westminster Abbey. I know not whether it was by dint of too hard study or other inherent cause in my constitution, but my digestion was ever failing me; existing upon fruits and bread alone in the autumnal season. It destroys thousands of human beings, the question being, does it preserve as many?



ALEXANDER POPE.

21st May, 1879.

 ALEXANDER Pope was born in 1688 and died in 1744. Notwithstanding carping criticism, his works will be read as long as the English language lasts. It is said that Bolingbroke aided him with ideas in his "Essay on Man;" if so the world ought to be thankful for the aid, for, according to my lights, Man's true state, and condition and duty are better described in that poem than anywhere else either in prose or poetry.

The Medium in Trance said:

Well, yes, I am astonished! I do not want you to con-

sider me rude, but I am astonished ! Yes, I have seen cripples before ; I have seen them in great numbers and I have pitied them ; but I have never seen one whom I could have pitied so much as I should have pitied you, were you living an earth-life in a body similar to the bodily shape in which you have been pleased to appear now in this room. Oh yes, I will tell you why I could pity you more than the rest. Those whom I have seen were suffering from affected brain tissues, marring the formation of their minds ; you present as pitiful a body but your mind is perfect, your brain tissues are, or rather were, well developed and healthy.

You ask me how I can judge ? I will tell you. If you have assumed your earthly bodily shape, there is nothing presumptuous in my assuming that you have also appeared to me with the same indications of mental power that were in your possession side-by-side with the possession of that decrepit body during your earth experiences ; therefore I could pity you more than all I have seen, for, God help you, your life upon earth must have been a long life of disease. No, I do not fear you, my reason being this that I have never harmed you.

Here the Medium returned to his normal state for a few moments. Then he again went into trance, and said :

I hear your voice, it is as musical as that of angels singing ; it charms me into trustfulness ; your face is a beautiful one ; your eyes beam with love ; your looks betoken the highest intelligence. I do not fear you, even if all the world fears you : I would and could have commiserated with you when grossly and cruelly insulted ; I have known what it is to have suffered wrong, and I bore it uncomplainingly, but it was annoying, bitterly annoying to me. Yes, this is my body, stronger and more powerfully made than was yours with the exception of that high seat of intelligence through which the soul speaks. It may be that I touch not the notes skilfully, and therefore fail in producing the whole strain of harmony of which your soul is capable. I do not know whether this is so ; I am fully aware that others can produce from this inert mass of nature beautiful strains. Why, I cannot realise ; whether the existence of capability is theirs through extended knowledge, or that I am incapable, I am not in a position to

acknowledge, undoubtedly others have done so before. I will surrender to your trial.

Here he went under Control, and spoke as follows:

I enter once more this earth, *Ego sum*, I am. Oh, wonderful consciousness! I am! I was ere now without a body, I am now in possession of one, and with this new possession I will perform a duty that I could not perform whilst in possession of the body I relinquished. A body of what? How formed? What results expected? What vain theories of results formed to be shattered by ever-changing time. Men's bodies are machines, all machines, built with wonderful mechanism, endowed with knowledge, formed for unknown results and mighty mysterious moving things, the glory of some Spirits, the devastation of others. These bodies are formed of gases—oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, lime, water, and charcoal, of various weights and forms; these the compounds of this wonderful thing—the body. Some are built to represent towers of strength of exquisite beauty and full of grace; on the other hand, some are formed into shapes so distorted as to make the Spirit possessing them helpless and burthensome.

There are living and moving upon earth at the present day fools lost in their own conceit, who add a huge mountain of qualities that this machine never did, nor ever can, nor ever will possess; they are the known leaders of this particular range of distorted thought; they are known as scientists, as physiologists, as pathologists, as metaphysicians, as philosophers, and by other names which they have chosen for themselves—they are fools all. I speak with the authority of knowledge; thousands have spoken before, aided by the same authority, but the intellectual standard upon which this false fabric is raised, contemptuously refuses our teachings; strong in their own mistaken intellectual worth, their arguments strengthening their statements and confirming their belief, fixed according to their statements in fixed scientific data, not merely conjecturally fixed, but scientifically proved as they think.

They say these bodies or machines are fully capable, according to their arguments of carrying on every operation in and through their earth life, matter and motion never being found separated, and the inertness being scientifically disproved. Away then, they say, with the false dreams of thousands of

years; away then with all theology; away then with all *supra mundane* power; away then with this ever intruding and pursuing theory of a Spiritual Father or Supreme God; for matter, as forming their own bodies, hath in it indwelling energy or motion, performing all things by and through its own power. Such is one of the conditions of the scientific discovery, that matter was active and not passive; and this class of thinkers, several of them the heads of society, and others the lecturers of the people, are found among the higher grades of the human family, and their disciples in their thousands amongst the laboring classes. It is a position of extreme danger; it bears its own fearful responsibility.

The most significant of warning notices is yet to be given to them, and they will avoid and escape from dire tribulation by accepting the last of these significant warnings. Oh, believe me, although the messenger is not yet chosen by the Infinite, or if chosen, not known by His servants; yet he will be chosen, and the warning will be given. This position of danger is one of their own choosing and of their own free will is it chosen. Sorrowing, loving brothers, unseen by those whose life is passed in speaking and teaching blasphemy, see and know this. These materialists are heard, sorrowfully heard, reiterating their intellectual conclusions that sensation and thought are due to matter alone. Metaphysicians look on matter as being above any creedal theology, but disagree with both theology and spirit belief alike; for from Plato downwards all theological and metaphysical systems are but the misdirected, misgoverned actions produced by brain thoughts.

Many warnings have been given; but they have been, like the spirit communications contained in sacred law, capable of a double rendering, hence they go on building story upon story in their building, asserting that once having granted motion in matter, these form datums of life, free and apart from duties taught spiritually. They change their ideas of happiness, building up a system that shall exist only during their earth lives, their highest aims being rude health and the enjoyment of every physical gratification; and for this end they will obtain knowledge, and so argue;—that end being the grave. This, the grave, is lifting up the veil; schoolmen, priests, and theologians may hide this glaring but truthful fact from themselves and from others, but the nearly general acceptance in the depths of these men's souls hath

reached this conclusion, that this fair world forming part of its system, combined with the whole architecture of the heavens, has been, and will be, and will continue from eternity to eternity, thus embracing this fearful and blasphemous fact, that as nothing was created there is no Creator; as nothing is ever lost there can be no hopes of the possession of an intellectual identity hereafter; that there is neither ending nor beginning; that man and animals are the production of the earth, simply conditions and as conditions perishable.

To make the meaning clear they argue that the first living being had its commencement in eternity and had no beginning. To argue of the dual nature of man to these scientific and intellectual souls would be but waste of time. "We have got beyond such teaching," would be their answer. They offer inefficient arguments in this they say in answer to some of the warnings of the past.

The fact of thought existing from childhood's earliest days to extreme old age proves unmistakably a personal identity. The body or machine through which this present identity can prove itself has entirely changed its atoms during this long course of years. If then mind in its entirety exists in spite of the entire and constantly recurring changes of the form, should it not have led them up to the idea that if identity exists under the changes, the mind of a body of seventy years of age can and does prove its primal identity at the seventh year, nay even before that. I ask, is there one particle of the compounds of that form at seventy that composed the form at seven? But this warning of the dual nature of the soul and the body they pass by unheedingly. A warning more significant, more impressive is waiting, and which is that all things continue only through this higher nature which they deny; and that the human body owes its very existence to this higher influence. Let us pray that they will not allow this warning to pass them. It will come; the greatest proof of its being *Ego sum*, not only that I myself am, but that all live for ever.

I cannot blame a vacillating faith; I dare not now chide the possessor of ungoverned passions, but I dared to do so on earth. I dare now to bid the cultured and trained mind to beware of theories whose only point is that of originality, or of credit of an originality amongst the cultured and intellectual, but the unthinking and uncultured in their thousands upon earth fall into the same train of thought. These thoughts

were not mine ; it would have been better perhaps had they been in my possession.

On earth my formed body or machine was so faulty that I longed to be quit of it, although the future to me was full of uncertainty. When I tell you that my name on earth was Alexander Pope, you will fully understand that between my intellect and my faulty body there raged an unceasing antagonism. When first I appeared in this room, and spoke to the half-detached Spirit of this body, he had on his face a look of pained astonishment. It was at the form I resembled ; the only form I ever possessed before I entered this room, but through this form, through this half-detached state of soul, he could view my spirit, glory, or light ; hence his extended pity could he have met me in your streets to-day. He viewed my Spirit-self through the body I had assumed, the only body I could assume, it being the strongest of earth's memories, but viewing me in half-Spirit, he made exclamation, " Yes, you are beautiful, your looks are benign, your soul or Spirit a high one, I do not fear you." This was in answer to my question, " Does not my hideousness fill you with fear?"

My life has been set forth in biographical records—the day and date of my birth, the ambition of my descent, and the decrepitude of my body have all been described. I was thinking, as we were conversing together whilst you rested your hand, that your features, your venerable beard rapidly changing its color, the breadth of your forehead, also its height, and the formation of your head generally, put me in mind of one whose works I had read with avidity, one with whose person I was acquainted, having had the honor of an interview with him when I was quite a lad. God bless him ! God hath blessed him. I was but a poor helpless weakling when I saw him first ; he was seated in the midst of a numerous company. I hope to be pardoned if these reminiscences are not so interesting to you as they are pleasant to myself, for, believe me, I am quite taken with the novelty of controlling.

In my day coffee-houses were places of public resort ; well would it have been if the custom had been continued. He, whose memory holds now the foremost place in my mind, was exchanging views with several of the loungers there. I am talking of Dryden : he was about seventy years of age. How beautiful seemed the placid face with which old age seemed to have dealt kindly. I was hardly at home amongst the

many there assembled; I certainly was not at my ease amongst them, but oh, how grand he looked. I thought his personal appearance far beyond any there assembled; a poet above flattery; a poet whose name shall remain known in the midst of men whilst earth experiences are permitted; he was co-equal with those, the greatest, who had gone before him, co-equal with all those who have followed on earth since his removal.

Here he asked me whether I knew Dryden's poetry. I said I was not much of a reader of poetry; in fact, I had but little taste in that direction. I had read a portion of Dryden's "Virgil," but I said that there were only four or five poets that I cared much about, and amongst those I enumerated as one of them Alexander Pope. He said:

I feel flattered. You should read other poems of Dryden; you should read his "Annus Mirabilis" and also his "Absalom and Achitophel;" and his "Hind and Panther;" to me they are all works of impressive beauty. I loved Dryden; I loved him also because he was of the same religion as myself, or rather of that of my boyhood, the religion in which I had carefully been brought up. I know the county where your estate is situated, for there I was educated by a priest, close to the New Forest. This priest was kind and thoughtful, and also attentive to my studies; his name was Father Cavenagh. Under him I learnt Latin and Greek.

Have you ever read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*? I think the study of that work, as also the study of Homer, gave me my first love of poetry. I afterwards went to school at Twyford, near Winchester, and after that I returned to town to finish my education near Hyde Park Corner; afterwards I took the care of tuition upon myself.

It has been remarked by many in the spheres that, in a certain degree, you are very hasty in your temper. Mine however was a petulance which made me wretched to myself and a burthen to all others; I was but a poor cripple and an ever-ailing invalid during my stay on earth, for on every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, I had to be laced up from the loins to the armpits and unlaced again at night, for fear I should fall asunder on account of my extreme emaciation; and yet I was petulant only to those who went out of

their way to make my burthen heavier. To those who loved me I was never petulant. The unloving Swift, who, as you say, could get on with no one, loved me. Arbuthot and Gay also were frequent guests at my house, and last but not least in my list of friends was he whose acts of ready kindness prolonged my life; he whose tears were the tears of a dear loving friend when the first handful of earth fell on the coffin that contained my body, dear, loving, but wrong-headed Henry St. John Bolingbroke.

I here told the Control that only a few evenings previously Bolingbroke had controlled, and among persons had named him, Pope, in connection with the "Essay on Man." He, the Control, said:

One evening when you are in the mood I should like to hear every word he said to you.

The first effort of my poetical productions was at a very early age; and the consequence was, that when that production was followed by another, and then by another, the jealousy of several mean-minded men was aroused, and, for the first time, I felt the keen effects of virulent sarcasm. They had not attacked an angel; those who were jealous of the wit and power of a mere boy thought fit to turn the full stream of criticism on my works and ridicule on my person. It was when I had published my "Essay on Criticism" that I received the first notification of puny, yet troublesome opposition. You have spoken of Byron, and of the wonderful effect the Edinburgh Reviewers had in the production of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

I must here make the remark that I had certainly mentioned Byron's name during one of the breaks, but had said nothing about his poems, although at the very moment I had in my mind's eye the effect that criticism had on Byron and his production of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and was thinking of Pope and his "Dunciad." The Control continued:

He who took up the first cudgel of opposition was a critical bully, Theobald, yet he had arrived at such a power as to be feared by many young and less-skilled authors than myself; I mean aspirants for fame. He spoke not only against the work itself, which the greatest authority, Addison, had informed him was a most wonderful poetical essay, considering the age

of the author, but he abused my poor body, and for that I determined to lash him. That was my weak point then and so it is now. He said, "He is a short squab gentleman, crooked as Cupid's bow; he extols the ancients, but he has reason to thank his God that his birth was in modern times, else his father would have hidden his disgrace from the eyes of men by killing the abortion. His life would have lasted no longer than one of his poems, that is, half a day."

I waited, even as the noble poet Byron waited, until my powers were well matured, and then came forth the stinging sarcasms against the whole herd of liars, forgers, and base scandal mongers. The name of my work was the "Dunciad"; it created a greater effect than even the author contemplated. I pitied many of the authors whom I named therein, for it was the means of some of them being compelled to sleep three in a bed, and to take a constitutional walk instead of a dinner. Several of them were refused employment in the offices of many of the publishers; they burnt me in effigy, did these literary non-entities; the columns of the papers teemed with lies concerning me, until at last my silence was broken, when the lying scandal was bruited abroad that I had been cudgelled and whipped in Ham Walks. I published a note that on that particular day I had not stirred out of the house.

I will briefly summarise the few remarks I have to make, and will then bid you God speed to your labors, and I too will pray the Infinite Creator that the scientific thought of to-day may receive graciously the last of the impressive warnings that will be accorded to them. Oh, let us trust that this new light of the higher life, pointing out so plainly the duties of the soul on earth, may be universally known and quickly made known, so that men's ideas may be entirely changed, and that the sure transition may be met by all without fear; that their hopes of an everlasting ascension towards light and knowledge may be to all men assuring hopes, banishing all fears.

In respect to my own passing onwards to the happy state which is mine now, I was at peace with all men; I felt a knowledge that the "Ego sum" would be proved to me; I compared my body with my mind, and the latter assured me that it was self-existent, free, and apart from fresh materials which formed its companioned body. It was an oppressive asthma that attacked me, and dear Lord Bolingbroke was constant in his attendance on me during my suffering. I think,

dear Sir, if I am right as to the last of my earth memories, that it was Hooke—I mean him who wrote the Roman History—who asked me whether I would have a priest to administer the last sacrament. Now I want you to mark well my answer. I said conscientiously, “I do not think there is need of man’s interference between my Spirit and my God; I do not think it essential, Hooke, but if you think it is right, you who were educated in the same religious doctrines as myself, then let it take place;” and this man-acted ceremony was followed out.

I had never publicly declared a change of religion from that of my youth, but that was by reason of my perfect indifference to any particular form, and I loved my mother; whilst she lived I would have been sorry to have given her unnecessary pain.

The last day of my earth experience was May the 30th, 1744; the years of my earth experience amounted to fifty-six, and they were, from my earliest remembrances to the day of my departure—that is, always, years of bodily affliction; but I found more than I expected, more than I deserved, and was enabled, in fervid gratitude, to exclaim with joy *Ego sum*.

Good night! May God in heaven spare you for your work, the greatest that the world has ever seen!

—o—

JOHN DRYDEN.

20th November, 1879.

JOHN Dryden, a cadet of a good old Northamptonshire family, was born in the year 1631, and died in the year 1700. Beyond all doubt John Dryden was one of the highest glories of English literature. However much he may deserve Macaulay’s epithet of ‘an illustrious renegade,’ either as regards his religion or his loyalty, John Dryden stands forth as one of the greatest souls in England’s poetical Walhalla.

The Medium in trance said :

I hear them speaking about a doctor. I hear a voice say-

ing, I was there this afternoon, and witnessed the picture's preparation—it was simple enough. The letter that the Medium was writing was addressed to a large manufacturing city of this country. He then took up the portrait in his hand and looked at the face, and then at the wreath prepared by immortals; it was then that I saw enter that humble room the governing angels of the three eras. They were attended by those kings of the earth who belonged to the past, and who individually gave them the beloved greeting, individually gave them good greeting in the handwriting of the Spirit who generally controls this body.

The first-named, one of the attendants of the angels, was on earth Babylon's first independent king; another, who also gave greeting, followed in his role, the forefather of the vast herd of Ishmaelites scattered through the vast tracts of Asia, the children descended from Ishmael the bondsman. They witnessed the confusion of the Sensitive on coming to himself. They too witnessed the conclusion of the letter by the Sensitive in his normal state, and also witnessed the hastily-written opinion of the great mind of the past, John Dryden, honest John Dryden. He is now speaking. He it was whom I heard speaking when I first entered this room. He was speaking about physicians. He comes nearer to me; his leg is swollen, much swollen. He says he passed away from mortification of his leg, brought on by a gangrened toe. He says that his life might have been spared for repentance and good works, but his unfortunate choice of a physician closed his earth experiences sooner than they would have been had his choice been a better considered one.

Here the Medium went under Control, and spoke as follows:

Ah! ah! your servant and friend, dear Sir! What is the year of our Lord now?

I told him.

One thousand.eight hundred and seventy nine [repeating it again]. Ah! time passes along, and immortal souls are, by its mandate, transferred from earth to another and higher state of existence. Time brings many changes on the face of the earth; the stately city of the past is the ruin of the present; the child of yesterday is the grey-haired and decrepit old man of to-day; the earth knows that soul in the

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

You know I promised to come, and I have—either to speak of my thoughts in the form or of my thoughts when released from it by time's mandate, or both, accordingly as the power of my Control will allow me. You can describe the world as it is to-day better than I could do it. Formality, decency, and decorum now commence to be powers. The literature of this age no longer struggles for bread. Honor and fortune's smiles are showered on the writers, and why?—Because they write with a purer pen. I am speaking of the most worthy writers of the present day. He who holds the position that I held when upon earth* has a soul above the petty meannesses and governing impulses that moved my pen. His verses appeal to the souls of God's creatures; mine only appealed to their passions. Men write to-day in obedience to the will of God; I wrote for selfish purposes, yet were my writings in the past—in their commencement of the time that I lived on earth, and during their middle course—well received and became prophetic of the mind era now dawning. In my declining years on earth I, of all men, prayed, for in declining years, God had opened to my eyes the failings of my youth. I prayed fervently for a more prolonged earth-life; for I thought that the strength of a soul's character can prolong or shorten life on earth. The soul or self of the Sensitive heard me speaking; nay, further than this, the Spirit of the Sensitive saw me in his own workshop after the Angel visitors had left him; further than this, the Spirit of the Sensitive saw me guiding the right hand of his body in the two or three words that I scrawled on the top of the letter which he was sending to one in the same position as yourself, so that he is familiarised with my appearance, and that that is necessary I will prove to you.

Easy indeed is the task of controlling, if you know how.

* Tennyson, the Poet Laureate.

There is, however, a necessity existing for conciliating the Spirit which owns the Spirit about to be controlled. This is an universal necessity, but it existed not in my case. Now in reference to the statement I made just now, that the judgment either prolongs or shortens earth existence, I may say that I loved fame when on earth; I loved fame; the praise of the multitude was the very breath of my nostrils. I loved famous men; I recognised their worth through their fame. Fame in my own case was only obtained by hard study and proficiency; this I concluded was the case with all men who had been made famous, and when illness once laid its hands upon me, I trusted wholly and solely to a physician of fame.

I ask you whether this is not the case with many of earth's highest even to-day. When illness approaches, and death comes unpleasantly near, the family physician is deemed insufficient; consultations become necessary, for in the multiplicity of judgment there is said to be safety—so there is for the physician, but not for the patient, as far as a right judgment goes; then gather around the patient different healers or physicians, these men of great fame and imperfect judgment rely upon their fame as a proof of their skill.

Now men of great fame in the healing art look upon their chief duty towards their patients as a trivial one, and they become mere men of business, masters of form, careless of censure, because of their great name. They have not the inclination fearlessly to speak the truth when the truth is most required. Oh, what an error of judgment it is to gather together such as these, when life on earth has been lived out in doing good works and repenting of bad ones. In a measure then I maintain that it is fully within the power of judgment to prolong life.

During the time when I could have saved myself, how many there were, living within my own surroundings, who, although unknown to fame, would have spoken the desired truth. Young practitioners—and old ones too—would not have forgotten their avocation in the fame which attended them. All minds are more or less obstinate, although obstinacy is a fault; I was obstinate. The famed physician of the day advised amputation of the toe; I rebelled against the necessity. It was then that I wanted not the man of business whose time was too valuable to himself, but the pains-taking, persevering, zealous man of skill who was and would be most willing and anxious to devote his skill to my

then great need. This on my part was obstinate rebellion, but they should have told me, I say these men of great fame should have told me, that which has been said to me long after my removal from earth and the form. I was told this: "I would, dear Dryden, had I been called in, have done this; I would have enquired into your most favorite pursuits, the principal subjects on which you employed your mind and which were dearest to your soul. I would have found out all your habits and customs, and have been a strict guardian over your dieting. I should then have done the first great duty of a physician to his patient; I should have gained the patient's confidence. Then I should have reasoned with you, having by previous study placed myself in a position of reasoning; and then, had the remedy which was proposed to you been needful, I should fearlessly have proposed it, and combated your arguments against its utility; but before I should have entered into the course of going directly antagonistic to your wishes, I should have made myself master of the disease itself. First, its cause, viz: the slight scratch; the habit of your body before that scratch became a wound; the state of your body after it became a wound; your feelings, mentally and bodily. I should have studied by being continually with you. I should have studied the beatings and alternations of your pulse. Further than this, I should have considered if the possibility existed of non-mutilation by closely studying your bodily energy to combat the chances of mortification; the increase or decrease of your appetite; whether the disease was located in your foot, or whether the disease permeated your whole body. I should have discovered by the appearance of your skin, and the dimmed power of your eyesight, and by the unusual fur on your tongue every succeeding dawn; I should have jealously guarded against costiveness, and have particularly noticed the urine that you passed; by these means I should have arrived at this knowledge, whether the disease—the wound itself—was confined to the lower extremities, and whether its effects did or did not permeate the body."

But these great minds, these famous members of scientific and state-regulated societies, have neither time nor inclination for such profound study of the case, or for such a close diagnosis of the disease. Their patients are too high, too fashionable; and their time is too precious, too valuable. Yes, it may seem that I am now regretting leaving the earth.

I asked the Control before he went any further to tell me the name of the medical Spirit who told him all this.

The one who told me all this was one whose name was famous on earth, but who realised more pleasure from his gratuitous services to the poor and needy than he did in his attendances upon the highest. I am referring to Dr. John Abernethy, who, under the veil of original eccentricity, had hidden one of the noblest hearts that ever was in a human body. It may seem to you, as I have before said, that I regretted leaving this earth.—Well, so I did. I did so because I was awakening. I had just begun to conceive that real fame did not rest upon ribald and scandalous wit, or upon immoral and indecent heroic verse, but that the pure and holy, the thoughtful and useful utterances and thoughts were alone of real utility to man, and could alone lay the foundation of an undying fame; and therefore I regretted leaving the earth during my term of awakening. But I am happy now. The errors of indiscreet youth and middle age were partially expiated by my after-life; but my real contrition has been since I have been removed from the earth.

Never during any part of my earth-career was I really of any religious sect—I mean inwardly; outwardly I conformed, but inwardly I clothed my conformity with a cloak of self-interest; at heart I despised all forms and all bigotry; in fact I had no clear idea of the future. Tradition, nearly universal, made me doubtful, although at the same time hopeful, but it never gave to me true knowledge. I mean this, that like you, Sir, I thought for myself, and once having formed an opinion I could jealously guard that opinion from the attacks of others. No voice has ever yet been raised accusing me of plagiarism; on the contrary, even the expressed ideas of others were re-dressed, when used by me, with an originality all my own.

I was of high, nay, of the highest Puritan descent. I mean that my father and my grandfather were unyielding Puritans, and strange indeed was my falling away from their tenets, and joining the Roman Catholic persuasion; but this was an act merely to advance my self-interest. But upon my release from the form, upon my first introduction to real soul existence; oh! can you understand me? Going to sleep at one moment to wake again in the next, and to know that eternity

was mine; realising that the world which I had left, and all that belonged to it, were imperfect productions; and that He alone, who had created them was perfect, that He, whose unerring wisdom and benevolence had created from chaos a clear atmosphere, and made sufficient space for myriads of revolving words, that He had also brought into existence a love to hide the imperfect and to bring them from imperfection to the primal soul state of perfection. To realise that my soul, my spirit, my self, imperfect, crude, unfinished, rebellious, capricious, and observantly reluctant to obedience would, during its progression, ultimately end in a glory and beauty unparalleled. Yes, instantly to realise that all humanity, from the infant in the world's ways to the soul whose form has become decrepit, and upon whom grey hairs loudly proclaim his senility, have the same eternity, and that all must go through these same progressive changes; yet painfully realising that they may be yet lovingly received because God governs.

Who shall dare speak of the Almighty? Who can even surmise the privilege peculiar to the soul's ultimate? The highest of God's angels can neither tell you the beginning of the primal law of progression, nor can they tell you of its ending; its birth and its ending is from eternity to eternity. All, from God's highest created ones to the very lowest and most humble expectants, must calmly wait and watch the mighty moving and unalterable laws traced only in their slow results, still approaching and showing that their course must ever be onward. No backward movement impedes the soul from continually going upwards and onwards, and nearer and nearer; and oh, how near to the very throne of the loving God himself, imagination cannot realise; to perceive directly this realisation came to my soul, that retrogression had ended for me; for that out of the form retrogradation (*sic*) had become an impossibility, and that on earth only was retrogression possible, but that God's mercy was beneficent and equal to man's worldly trials when man's Spirit turned to obedience, repenting the wiles that darkened his soul; and that then the law of progression comes with a double rising power, descending upon the soul with all the blessings with which God's loving mercy is ever accompanied.

Yes, this afternoon I saw angels. Do you understand me, Sir? I saw them not with the vision of the fanatic deeming them gods, but glorified men; men filled to overflowing with

joy and love, gathered together for eternity in abodes where happiness alone reigns. Intervals of time have no power to make or mar their happiness. Their labors are joyous labors of obedience and love; and oh, what gleanings are theirs! Ransomed souls! Souls ransomed from darkness and brought into the full glare of God's love. Forms, oh, so beautiful! filled with vigour, clothed with glory, filled with delight, begging more power for loving their supreme and merciful Creator. All time for them has passed. Time! how that thought fell on my soul; I am its slave no longer. Eternity and I are joined together. Still I, John Dryden, the Poet Laureate on earth, am now in immortal eternity. As I thought of man, it seemed to my thoughts as of yesterday; as I thought upon the world upon which I had individualised my eternal self, the very world itself seemed as nothing; for that world was created, formed, and would pass away, but eternity and John Dryden's soul would pass onward and upward together in never-ending eternity. Oh, what a theme! Oh, what a theme! Death, death was to me then a liberator.

Soon there came other thoughts upon my soul, thoughts that would not have been in existence had my days been a little while prolonged. I felt the sense of my own unworthiness, and this feeling was my expiation. I felt that I was the recipient of an undeserved, indescribable, valuable gift—that of immortality. I realised that I had no place amongst those blessed and holy ones. My profligacy on earth rose up in judgment against me, but this feeling hath passed away now. I can now realise that the earth and the nations upon its face are to be the fields of our labors; that our souls' glory will be obtained by action, by divine action, by obedience, and in works of love and mercy to those still in the form; acts similar to the acts and works of the living God himself, and that every succeeding era of eternity we can draw nearer to the likeness of the living God, and be made partakers of glory by—and alone by—our obedience to His will.

Oh! how glorious will be the sensation, accompanied by power, given to us by God's assistance for our services. Then shall men lift up their eyes and behold the immensity of God's creation; then shall they view with reverence the light which governs the day, and also the light which governs the night, and how, by His Almighty power, He keeps all in order. Who beside His vast creation has implanted a language and given a knowledge to all His creatures, that is, the

knowledge of Himself in the hearts of His created souls, a knowledge of the language whereby His praise may be said or sung. The starry heavens, the unchanged book of all ages, are open to the view of all men. It needs no prophet to speak of the living God when His works are everywhere so manifest; and to crown all, his mercies—innumerable as are the worlds—are as nothing compared with the future He has prepared for His immortal children in eternity.

Oh! when this immortality is with power proclaimed among all nations, then shall the hearts of men be glad, and they will shout with joyful praises to the living God. Oh! what are the glories of princes and the powers of empire? They fall into utter insignificance when compared to the omnipotent will of the Father respecting the eternal soul of man. Oh! may the servants whom He has chosen in the form (yourself among the rest) be faithful to their charge for the sake of the present generation of mankind. May He guard well your faithfulness, for it concerns the happiness of generations yet unborn.

I, too, am chosen as a laborer in this direct vineyard. I have been called certainly at a late hour in the day; yet praises be to the living God, I am yet mercifully called. O Great Father, when engaged in this great work, bless him with faithfulness and expiation of unworthy deeds whilst on earth. To Thee be all the honor, all the praise, and all the glory. Bless and strengthen him, O Father, for Thy own name's sake.

DEAN SWIFT.

18th March, 1880.

JONATHAN Swift, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's, was born in Dublin—although of English parents—in the year 1667. In youth he seems to have gone through great poverty, until he was comfortably housed as the amanuensis of the celebrated Sir William Temple, after whose death he obtained some small church preferment in Ireland. He soon made

himself known by the power of his pen; his "Tale of a Tub," which was written in 1704, brought him into public notoriety, and his writings became acknowledged factors in the political warfare of his time. He was the greatest satirist England has produced, and his writings are to this day read as much as any works ever written. His private life was not a happy one; in the Control given below, he has given what he suffered in earth-life, comment therefore is needless. He died in 1745, having lived three years without speaking a word, apparently a hopeless lunatic.

The Sensitive under control said :

A living death ! Well, I passed through it. How strange it seemed to me then. All were talking one with each other, and I unable to join in with them ; hearing them, yet incapable of answering them. Now came back to me the memories of opportunities lost, of chances flung aside, of a pride that was offensive, of eccentricities that bordered on cruelty, of immorality, that gave me back only pain in return for my seeking. Mine was a soul filled with self, a slave to misanthropic fits and idiotic self-will. I had a genius, but not using my gifts for others, but for myself. These are my memories. Bear with me ! I am not a worker with you ; I am not one of the chosen ones, but I have come ; I know their work, I realise their difficulties ; these difficulties are born of the earth, but they will all be swept aside. I, who knew these things on earth—I, who was a recipient of spiritual communications—allowed my pride to prevail, and it marred these communications, and prevented their results being beneficial in my earth career. I always formed my own resolutions despite of counter argument, and my pride governed my will and made it a slave.

Oh, bear with me, you who understand and fully grasp spiritual communication, bear with me. I am not now before any foolish cavilling soul, who would deny my name and my existence, and would carp at every sentence I uttered through these lips, and pertly clamour for proofs of personal identity. The living God knows that I am, and that all that I am is here ; there is no part of any other self out of this room that I can claim. I would be calm, but cannot be so when I remember those opportunities which have passed,

when I remember what I might have been now. Then, Oh then, I am in part overcome. But if I had faults on earth, I recognise them fully now, and have to bear the punishment of those faults.

Ere Almighty God called me from the form, keen and painful was the knowledge that my mind would fail to act in the form; months and months ere my soul was called from the body, I had the knowledge that in very deed my soul would be imprisoned, unrecognised by others, chafing at its dreadful punishment and praying for release. Yes, I was mad! Mad before I passed away from earth. Yet I could think; oh, wonderful power! I still had the power of either denying or affirming any statement, a power known only to my soul, but still existing; for although I could not speak I followed with my eyes those who attended on me, incapable all the time of approving or complaining audibly.

I had offended against the supremacy of my own will. God had given me a position as teacher amongst the neglected poor of Ireland, and coldly I fulfilled all the necessary duties, eagerly following out other pursuits that satisfied my own selfish wants or hopes; proud of my own opinion, settling in my own mind all conclusions on any argument I entered upon, proving that I was the possessor of a selfish obstinacy, arriving at conclusions only satisfactory to myself, destroying by my obstinacy all the results that might have been otherwise gained.

I advise you seriously in argument concerning those things which God in His mercy has revealed to you, to be always interested in working things out to a right conclusion, and without bias, for self-instructed bias is fatal to knowledge. The sense of right and wrong, and of what is good for the welfare of others and for yourself is the result of close reasoning and argument. Self-interest forms unjust conclusions, rendering argument abortive. I maintain that all help comes from one to another, and the opinions of the beloved surroundings are only received by the strength of close argument, and that disturbing influences often prevent their beneficial results.

I pray God that your mind may remain unbiassed, and that your affections may be put aside and give place to reasonable conclusions. Oh, look to me, who, being fully persuaded that there was but one conclusion to any argument that I entered upon, could never allow any other one to discover a way that led to any other conclusion than what I had formed;

for when men find that in argument you are reasonable, your convictions will fall on them with a double force, with an added strength. Be not like many others, building up for yourself a superstructure formed of troublous thoughts, and surrounding your soul with darkened difficulties. On such superstructure there is placed falsehood, unlimited in its proportions, and an obstinacy formidable to the access of knowledge. The love of self is the primal spring of foregone conclusions; you are the possessor of truth, in which you have no need to form conclusions built on hope; your conclusions are based on knowledge, and consequently in all arguments concerning these truths you can well afford to be philosophical, placid, and calm in your oratory. Yours are not half-believed illusions. God has made the way plain to you; and by and through you it has been made plain to others. You have no other interest in believing except the absolute usefulness of these truths which have come to your knowledge, and although I am not one of the chosen ones I can recognise the things which soon will be proved to all men. Better for me, even for such as I am, to point out what you, on whom God's choice has fallen—what you, by whom these communications have been received—can prove. Even such as I am can speak of what these truths, spoken by those that are chosen, can prove and prove to all; and it is by no means an easy task although the course has been made easy and plain.

First they come with the full authority of the living God. Shall I ever receive it? And who are those that have come? Who are those that are still coming? Not such as I am, because I am not one of the chosen ones. The same difficulties, the same troubled thoughts which mar and hold back for a brief space the full bursting of the daylight, is felt by those who like me on earth had received spiritual communications; these same troubled thoughts are mine now. Expiation for me has not ended; but even I can speak of what those loved ones, commissioned by God, can and will prove. Let me speak of those highest ones that have spoken to you, those that are endowed by the living God with special attributes, whose gift to them is a mighty perceptive faculty, which raises them infinitely above terrestrial men.

Speak out, am I not right when I say they have hopes, which have never entered into the imagination of man on earth? Those whose bodies are bright, and from your body

proceeds a radiance or glory. What mind on earth shall judge or be capable of judging any limit to their senses. Their senses are perfect, mine are imperfect in comparison to theirs; but perfection is not in any souls still in the body. Like them, I have the same power of volition; like them, for a brief space, I am either here or thousands of miles distant; like unto them, earthly fatigue is unknown to me; like to them, my vision is just as extended; but there the similarity ends. Their journeyings are journeyings of usefulness, journeys of love, of compassion; mine are purposeless. Their vision is directed towards places where darkness rules the soul, and their highest efforts are to dispel that darkness; but my vision first gazes on the happy and then on the unhappy, on the ignorant and the learned, and teaches my soul its own incapacity to afford help.

I have heard of these communications, I have been here amongst the many thousands who have been gathered, and have listened to the utterances of those high angels; and I say before God, that it is a wonderful privilege conferred on man, that these loved ones and chosen ones of God can place themselves, through His Almighty will, in communication with men who are worthy of that great and Almighty boon. Oh, they prove that they are near; blessed is the soul which realises their presence, for their conduct is by them happily directed, their actions lovingly watched, their understandings enlarged, and their hearts inspired with the love of the living God. Oh yes, they prove their presence, for when life ceases and the worn-out body lies down to rest, and the terrestrial soul leaves its body and becomes the inhabitant of a celestial world, then the loved guardian angels are ever near on the very edge of the threshold to lead, to teach, and initiate the released one, so that the change may be realised without fear, and the blessedness of immortality be received with the soul's entire gratitude.

I came side-by-side from this man's—the Sensitive's—home, and from there to here, in the course of my journey, I saw thousands of forms, both of men, women, and children; and not one of them was realising that another day was closing; another day which brought them nearer to this inevitable change. I wondered how many there were amongst them who had, like me, let opportunities pass them by. I prayed, I pray now, even as I am now, that I may be found worthy even to be a teacher amongst earth's lowest ones, that I may

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tell them of this real life, this eternal state of being, of these everlasting thoughts and actions; that I may tell them that they are now the germs of beings, who in the eternal hereafter, will with increasing power be getting brighter and brighter, learning anew the power of following and of loving those on earth, and that in the eternal vista it is possible that perfection nigh to for even earth's lowest can be reached, and that they can stand before their God as pure Spirits.

I would that I could tell them this. I would that I could tell them, that the life they are wasting and flinging aside so wantonly is uninterrupted in its course through eternity; that it is a life without end. Oh! how many realise it? The loved ones who come to you prove it, and plainly so. To all objections they set forth these undeniable truths, that there are two elements, the natural body and the soul; and that the expression of the soul is proved by thought, that even the simple 'yes' or 'no' proves the existence of a power beyond matter, and goes beyond the closest reasoning of any sophist. For neither the arms, the legs, the head, the back, nor any other part of the body think. Therefore I say soul proves itself alone by its power of thinking; and he that is capable of thinking can truly say, "I have a soul!" The greatest punishment on earth is when thought is destroyed. Then all these things prove, that this soul is not governed by the body but governs it, and that the body bears no responsibility. It is the soul, the thought, the immortal imperishable part, which alone is responsible; they prove that the soul has freedom to the fullest extent of will; they prove also that man on earth bears about, in his bodily form, his spiritual formation, enveloped in perishable matter. Although its beauty is hidden, still the soul is easy of recognition should it return to the beloved ones on earth after it has left the body, and is anxiously willing to give every proof how immortality can be realised and a hereafter consciousness upheld.

Here I asked for a rest, and also as to who the kind Spirit was. I had an impression of who it was, and this I found to be correct. The Control said:

I am Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

We had a long conversation about his early days, he mentioned Sir William Temple, Bolingbroke, and many others. I mentioned the name of Vanessa; and

a sort of a trembling shudder came over the Sensitive's body. The Control said :

Yes, Vanessa ;

I then said Stella.

Ah ! poor Stella ! I am undergoing expiation for my conduct to her.

I asked " Were you married ? " and he said :

I was, and to my shame I did not acknowledge it. How well I recollect when Stella was on her death-bed, when her soul was fast fleeing away, she asked me to do justice to her memory, and acknowledge my marriage ; and I turned superciliously on my heel and left the room. I am suffering expiation for that and other offences ; my pride, conceit, and selfishness have dimmed the lustre of my intellectual mind.

He spoke about Byron's Spirit, which he said was rising. He said that they had both been unhappy wanderers in Spirit-life. but that they were receiving rays of light. During this conversation one thing that struck me as most curious was the number of questions that Dean Swift asked me as to what my guides had told me with regard to the soul's ultimate, and whether it would ever realise perfection ?

I said, according to what I had heard, perfection was only to be found in the Great Almighty mind, that the soul of man through the vistas of eternity might go on becoming more and more perfect, but that it could never reach perfection. He asked whether in time the spiritual body, which formed the covering of his soul then, could not as he attained perfection be gradually removed, whilst his naked Spirit alone could stand before his Creator ? I answered that my knowledge did not attain as far as that.

Much more passed between us which I did not think necessary to record.



I SHALL now conclude this volume with a few out of the many Controls by my good guide, Thomas Paine. It has been often said that the materials for the class of Controls given hereinbefore are to be found in history or biography, and that it only required a little imagination on the part of the Sensitive to give them. But with regard to these yet to follow, he could not have received aid from any source outside himself; therefore, if they do not come from the source to which I attribute them, they must be purely the fruits of imagination on the part of the Sensitive. On this subject I shall have a few words to say at the close of the book.

THOMAS PAINE.

July 1881.

ON the day previous to this Control a Mr. B. H——, a well-known Spiritualist from Cape Town, came to see me just as I was about to have a sitting. In conversation he told me that he wanted to take with him to the Cape a good Medium through whom he could obtain materialisations. He also told me that he had strong healing as well as mesmeric power. It will be seen that my guide in the present Control is speaking principally at and giving advice to Mr. B. H——.

The Sensitive at once went under control and spoke as follows:

The observations of the much respected sitter of yester night were fully descriptive of his plane of thought and his spiritual desire. It would seem to him that there are too many only too willing not only to study the phenomena in its scientific aspect, but to whom so exciting and engrossing is the plane of the phenomena and the scientific manifestations that it takes a great amount of persuasion to get such spiritual students into the higher science or the study of psychology:

but once enter on this plane on this particular phase of spiritual communion and attention is at once arrested, and the study of it psychologically proves far more exciting than the plane of the materialisation phenomena. All his spiritual surroundings credit him fully with the best intentions in introducing to his friends and companions, in the home he has selected, a Sensitive of public repute on the particular plane that he himself delights to study, and which further he considers the best means, that he could offer to convince those amongst his friends who were sceptics. Let us dwell on what will be the result; after immense expense he will find that the Sensitive will enter on no allotted task, and the fruit of his labor will be but the convincing of the few amongst the many, the loss of friendship, and he will succeed only in making many enemies and many doubters.

With all due deference to his idea of forwarding spiritual truths we firmly believe that before the phenomena can be scientifically examined, there are many lessons to be learnt; many stages to be waded through. It is idle to suppose that a thorough belief can be obtained without going through the initiatory stages. Wonderment can be excited, astonishment may be felt, but the perfect unyielding conviction is rarely if ever obtained from the bare physical phenomena alone. The best mode towards a thorough conviction is the home circle, where, in loving confidence and good faith, the very A, B, C of the matter may be entered on. That many such tillages must of necessity be barren of any result I admit, but if the beginning is waited for, is prayed for, so surely will that beginning come and gradually advance in interest as the Sensitive or Sensitive become more developed.

The development of a Sensitive is through the increasing trust or the increasing of sympathetic love shewn towards him; so that a feeling of perfect loving trust on the part of the Sensitive towards the sitter is engendered, and an united feeling of trust in any Spirits who might control; but it is a weary task, and far easier for many to accept the royal road and to strive to get convincing proofs without the trouble of these commencements, which I unhesitatingly assert must arise from unlimited trust in one another. For instance, you give out to the world that the hundreds of records in your possession are words that have issued from the lips of a comparatively ignorant man, knowing that that is true; but what is knowledge and truth to you, is not knowledge and truth to

another, unless there be perfect reliance on your honour and word, and consequently the dependence is more on your truth than on the records themselves. All are not in a position to interview the Sensitive either going or coming to your chambers. All have not seen him with his hard hands and his laborer's attire, when week after week he came direct from his work to your chambers, prior to your removing him to more convenient labor; and were a thousand to dissent from your assertion and say that these records were not from the lips of an ignorant man, you, strong in your own knowledge, can contradict the world in regard to such an assertion, for as you well know, apart from the change which has taken place, that when you first knew him his daily life was a struggle for every day expenses.

To rise from this plane of thought is particularly the duty of him of yesterday. He is blessed with a great spiritual gift which remains in his hands, especially for the good of his fellows: I mean the power of healing. We are not against his study of physical means to restore the sick and the crippled; but we assert that amongst the few, apart from his drugs, his visit would be the best medicine that any of his patients could receive. Apart from this great gift there is, however, another reason why he should enter on the study of psychology, and we advise him to take every possible precaution to avoid being led into visionary or mystical paths, but to pray for divine aid to arrive at his particular calling towards the advancement of his fellow beings and in order to arrive at his career of usefulness to invoke true theology to enable him to arrive at philosophical truth.

He must rise higher than the phenomena even than those which can be supported by science, and he must enter into the study of men's hopes here on earth and of the soul's hopes in eternity. He will find as the first philosophical fact that all theology rests on the idea of a God for its foundation. Revelation without this idea has no authority; therefore the first duty is to teach the being of a God, and the highest study is to search for Him and find Him.

Who is God? This is a question that many are asking to-day, and there are many who are called from the ranks with a holy call to answer it, and to prove from knowledge that all revealed belief rests alone on the basis of all that is natural; and all nature again rests on the existence of the Great Creator, and the certainty of His existence is not

obtained alone from the study of His laws which govern the earth, but also from the study of His laws which govern the mind. These spiritual communications are not to satisfy every longing, but to turn the sleeper from his sleeping to watchfulness, and to make the careless and unobservant into anxious enquirers of truths of deeper importance than any they have yet studied.

I do not believe there is one with a more considerable knowledge of the human mind than you who have been commissioned to be our stedfast Recorder, and many of the records treat specially of the importance of psychological research, and I am sure that such research is particularly required from him, your guest of yesterday; for his mind is strong and powerful, his soul is energetic and governed by well directed will. With such a soul there is much power over the spirits of other men. His hand has in it placed the power of mesmeric influence, but to use this power effectively it is necessary to reserve to himself that power which he has so freely given in these phenomenal seances of the past. Every sitter in sympathy with the Sensitive has a reservoir of power from which the spiritual surroundings freely draw; whilst partaking of that strength, we might surely make useful the particular gifts with which he is blessed; we would have him take up Psychology as a separate study for the furtherance of his mesmeric gifts, and the result of this study will give to him a knowledge, which will enable him to answer questions that have been hitherto unanswered to his soul: such as questions respecting the universality of religions, whether it is owing to distinct faculties or principles of mind? What is its nature? Can it be strengthened? Is it governing or is it subordinate? And to enter into such questions with a view of a hopeful solution it becomes necessary, first to acknowledge God as the Primal Creator of all, and then deeply to examine the relation between God and His creatures, and to examine what is due from one towards the other.

That these questions can be put, and solved by enquiry, quite independent of revelation, is an undoubted truth; for it becomes apparent that all God's creatures depend entirely upon Him for existence and future countenance. God is in fact our absolute disposer, ever presenting manifestations proving Him to be a Being of infinite excellence. Whatever aspect religion may take to-day, however compound men may have made it, it becomes, when stripped of all its artificial

dross, a very simple thing. The mind then realises religion as belonging to its whole nature, as a part of its body, a part of its understanding; in fact the idea of God is proved to be an essential ingredient in man's existence, that it is an immediate, conscious, intellectual knowledge of self with all the possibilities of an endless future.

Your friend has already proved the power of spirit over matter in his study of the phenomena of mesmerism, and no conventionality should deter him from performing the whole duty to which he is called, and at any expense; giving to the world the fact of the soul's independence and self-conscious existence hereafter.

Men of to-day may still agitate the old question of what is orthodox? or what is heterodox? on which creed shall I rest? and which shall I abandon? It is for him to prove for himself first, and then to show others, that a man's love to God can be measured in the entire absence of the doctrinal system of Christianity, that the mere knowledge of the system of Christianity is not religion, and that, whether the road to truth can be pointed out with or without vestments, with or without ordination, with or without ceremony; or whether the edifice in which the road to truth is taught be adorned with cross, with altars, candles, or whether it is to be unadorned even to the strictness of Puritanical formality, it matters not, so long as the truth is there.

Truth consists in the feeling, and the knowledge of it is derived from intellectual study. A man may thoroughly understand, or realise that he does understand, all the doctrines of Christianity: he may realise the dual nature as taught by the orthodox, and yet be destitute of the knowledge which leads alone to truth, and thus be destitute of the very shadow of love to his God. There is no more misleading guide than doctrine; look at last Monday's scene, where, even with a show of force, the minister of truth has been refused to be allowed to fill that allotted place from which truth should be taught.* Then again, what spirit animated the minister, that minister of the Prince of Peace, when he chose for his text the words, "Will not God rain down fire from heaven to consume these men?" What spirit was that which moved the first guardian of the church to mutter the most galling epithet that can be applied to any man—that of

* He is referring to the church at Hatcham, near New Cross.

thief? What spirit was it that caused the after-riot where they were more like tigers one towards each other than men? It was the spirit of doctrine. There is a Godly sorrow; will either side sorrow with a repenting soul for these disgraceful acts? I answer No! they will not, because doctrine still fosters this hatred of one towards the other, and divides the congregations into parties where all should be united.

To perfectly carry out to the fullest extent the gift of reason by which man is endowed, he must first search into the origin of this feeling of religion, which can force peaceful men into unlawful and ungodly acts. He must study to determine the character of that feeling which has actually developed this love of doctrine, and he will find that there is in all men an instructive tendency to rest for help one on the other in loving help: so do we say it should be a holy rest in God's loving care. I do not believe that any soul here on earth in the body has ever reached the position of absolute freedom, of absolute independence of his fellow-creatures; for his contemplation of the Infinite God proves to him that mutual dependance is a part of his duty if not as a pupil to some other, yet as a teacher to his fellows, dependent on them for their attention, depending on them for their conviction, and answerable to God for his teaching.

There is a particular study amongst mankind to-day: namely, that of God apart from doctrine; and the consequence is a greater freedom, one greater than the world has ever hitherto known. Men assert, and personally I will endorse the assertion, "that there is no knowledge of God in the fear of Him; that there is no knowledge of God in deeming Him an avenging God." If doctrine has added these things, it is for an able mind to free itself from such doctrines, and enter on a campaign of usefulness, freed from doctrinal trammels. Sin is actually simply disobedient to self: sin is self-fighting against self. There is no other sin. The whole essence of piety is self-culture; the greatest intensity of feeling can alone be reached by intellectual studies. Emotion can be aroused, until madness, followed by loud ranting and raving, by word-pictures of an angry God and eternal hell, supervene; but the soul's most intense feeling is not stirred then; I say that the emotion so apparent at these so-called Revivals is but one of the outcomes of that power which belongs to our young friend's mesmeric or physical influence. You realise that the religion of Self is not independent of self-will;

that all is governed by Self; and that, if it is not, Will has failed in its duty, and its unquestioned authority has not been used. Reason alone, dear P——, should govern through the power of mind, which is as free as the supreme Will of God. Then all-feeling is governed by the Will; but where was Will in the quarrel of last Sunday? Where was the Reason? Wherefore the anathema, so ignorantly hurled at those who begin to enquire for themselves? There is no exercise of Reason in these doctrinal disputes.

It remains no unanswered question with you to what and to whom the soul is responsible for the soul's action here. You realise that Reason and Will will be placed before the bar of God in the future. You realise that your Will is able, without the help of creed or doctrine, so to direct the movements here on earth as to teach the soul the road to Him Who liveth for ever; you realise, that you are not the mere creature of blind instinct, that you are not dependent on any other for the way to that road which leads to happiness. You have already developed within yourself a knowledge that cannot be shaken; you have recognised a God apart from all the peculiarities with which doctrine has clothed Him. The only inconceivable peculiarity in your mind is the question, "Why he has chosen you?" God in His comprehensiveness has made His merciful gift of immortality yours here on earth and for ever; and, realising this idea of God, there is awakened within you a feeling, a desire of imparting this idea of God to others. There has been no special faculty appealed to, that you should embrace this idea; no one part of your soul has been specially attacked, but with your whole soul's trust you have reaped this idea of God, and these doctrinal quibbles and quarrels become the subject of your pity, you are sorrowing that so many should be for ever following the shadow whilst they are passing by the substance.

There is inherent in man an universal tendency to worship the Great Spirit in some form; the ambitions of man have presented their own picture of this Spirit to their fellow-creatures, who, as soon as the picture is presented, pin their faith on the teacher. Many of your records have used the word *awakened*. Now this has given a false idea to many; we do not assert that there is in the soul of man many or any unused faculties through whose working the soul can arrive at God. We say that there is an inherent desire in man to know God and to learn spiritual things this is beyond con-

tradiction. It is the way that remains unknown to men; it is there that the difference exists. The awakened ones are those who have had the way opened out to them: they get nothing added, nothing taken from their souls; no dormant faculty is aroused, they are merely shown the way.

Awakened means the answer to "who am I, what am I, and where am I going?" questions which so many leave to others to answer, questions which he* who hath lately passed away, and who was with the Sensitive in my presence in the flesh, and who now lies side by side with his beloved companion on earth, has asked. Like him there are many in the highest places who are awakening, who now find a greater satisfaction in solving the question of "who am I, what am I and where am I going?" and who have failed to answer this question through any revelation, until they have made the appeal to Self. True such enquiries leak out. The dame, Wordly Propriety, is alarmed; and so-called shameful calumny fixes the charge of heterodoxy against such enquirers. It is well that many are now appealing to the very self-determining power of the Will; leaving behind the puerile controversies of the Church: it is well that they hesitate not to use such valid arguments in support of their researches. The only power that a human being possesses here on earth is Will. Deprive a man of his Will and he becomes as helpless as a child. Will is the mainspring of the soul's action in the body: its definition volition exists internally and externally. You can recognise a man's Will in his brow, you can recognize it in his words; the Will may and does act independently of the soul entirely. It is idle for philosophers to say that motive must be given before the Will can act, for Will is absolute master and governor, and is alone governed by rightly reason. When a man wills he is conscious first of a physical power to obey his will; he is conscious of a power that can direct him, for Will can direct towards all that is good and pure and loving; but on the other hand it can also direct towards all that is base, cruel, and uncharitable: it is in every action that the soul causes and accuses. The end of that action sometimes well merits the reward for noble deeds as at other times it merits the condemnation for ignoble acts.

* I believe he is referring to Dean Stanley, who had passed away a few days previously.

There are no will-less actions, this is impossible; whilst Reason remains enthroned.

The responsibility of Will without Reason—that I have not yet learned; that responsibility rests in the hands of the Almighty. I have seen the brightness of Reason reassert its authority on the freedom of the Spirit from its shattered earthly home, and I have seen that at some time or for some actions the Will has been judged, and sombre robes and deep contrition have been the demanded expiation. God and His judgments are above His highest angel's path which His children should tread in fear, for He, the Supreme Will, can judge His creatures through that which He has left ungoverned; demanding from none of His children a set form of worship; demanding from none necessitated worship, but even as thou wilt so shall thy worship be. The true question remains, that the Will always acts independent of and without control of any other gift to the soul.

Men in their philosophical researches have tried to prove that motive must precede Will, but Will determines every motion of the soul; therefore my advice to him of yesterday is that he should improve his Will at any cost, and in order that his gift of healing may be developed, that he may enhance his mesmeric power, and prove to those in that great colony, his friends and companions, that the power of the body is a power distinct from the power of the soul which governs it; that he may prove the actual nature of man by dividing the soul from the living body, proving that the soul or spirit can journey from its body, and that it can use the same powers that we recognize as senses, but with an increased effect; plainly perceiving in the spirit what would otherwise have remained hidden, when the bodily sense of sight is joined to the spiritual power. Now in proving the power of Will and the dual nature of man, and the power of separating the spirit from the body he will have laid down a firm basis for the actuality of spirit communion.

May God bless and aid him. You were astonished that he was permitted to stay with you, but he is one of those whom the Supreme Will has chosen to carry on the good work, and to further the ends of truth in that vast and mighty continent. Now, beloved one, may God hold you in His keeping, and may all that has been promised you be fulfilled. May you receive the fruits of your labors even while you belong to the earth plane. God bless you, may He bless you.

THOMAS PAINE.

29th December, 1881.

I HAD, previous to the sitting, been giving the Sensitive a slight lecture on the necessity of a little more self-reliance; I had been telling him that he must display more energy and not rely on his wife for every thing, and that he must learn to think and act for himself.

After this lecture was over he sat down, and immediately went under control, and spoke as follows:

Experiences—who can match them? Who, looking round this modest room, could realise that many of those who had passed into the great beyond have used this chamber as a means of making known their opinions, and of giving to the world the opinions which they still entertain, and which, had their earth life been prolonged, they themselves would have been the means of making more generally known.

The matter-of-fact mind could never realise, except through actual investigation, that night after night actual proof was given to you of an actual future and of soul-consciousness in eternity; and when it is forcibly placed before them, and their attention is solicited, it is still hard for them to credit that in this matter-of-fact age, in the very heart of the busy metropolis, breaking the silence of this room, are to be heard the voices of those whose footsteps are noiseless, that minds of every age and of every country, and from all their wanderings in the spirit spheres come here to speak of their experiences, and that here in this room you stand amidst many who have passed away for generations: those famous ones of earth, who are in light and beautiful garments; those of the grave they have discarded, and have put on glorious apparel in their place; those clothes which wrapped the lifeless clay have rotted with the perishable clay, but the form of which they are the inheritors is like unto their life imperishable and eternal.

The calmness of this room echoes back again heart-throbbing thoughts; in this room those who are held to be sleeping prove themselves still watchful, still hopeful, hovering near and around you; they are givers of rich blessings, those who

flock into this room, those who haunt the portals of your doorway, and are standing in this chamber commissioned messengers to perform the requirements of Him whose Will is supreme, and to breathe forth the great claim of eternal hope. All who are said to have died, all those of earth's greatest children come to breathe forth the rich treasures of spiritual life. All those who are not sleeping in death hover around you, actors in the world's busiest scenes, once famed in the world, and schooled in all the emotions of earth life.

All, from the king to the peasant, realise their basis of work within these modest walls; their own will has asserted, that they may serve the God who sent them, being only animated with one wish, that the Will of God may be accomplished here on earth. There are ready and willing messengers to perform the requirements of Him whose Will is supreme. There is a sublime realisation in the truth that here these messengers come sent by Him, who giveth life to all and their greatest mission is to rob earth's departure of its terrors, and when they see the slow footsteps of decay following each other, when they perceive that the once vigorous form is bowed down with weakness, troubled with pain, when men realise that the noon-day of life has passed, and twilight has come, and that the darkness of night must soon follow its departure, in this their hour of trial, of sorrow and need, it is their mission to prove to men the consolatory fact of a conscious eternity, so that the light of hope may break through the shadow of death, and bright morning dawn over the dark, gloomy night of the grave; to prove that the loved ones who have preceded them are near and waiting, and that this hope of immortality is universal.

I have often, my beloved one, asserted that it is but to strengthen this hope that these ministers or messengers are amongst men to-day, and instructing them for the acceptance of the soul's conscious immortality, that, even at the supreme moment of departure from earth, even in the very arms of death on earth, the soul struggling for its release shall, before its departure, assert its immortality. How vain is the secularistic idea of having no thought of God; of realising the life which is, at the expense of the life that is to be. The soul's inward admonisher is continually asserting that the idea that the hereafter is nothing, is but a subterfuge to will the soul to rest, that the body may rebel.

"Bury with me," cries the savage, "my favorite war steed,

my implements of the chase, and place near me food for the long journey I am entering on." From whence comes this? But it is the mission of those who are sent from God to go further than the fact of immortality, to teach them that in form in every feature, in every peculiarity the friends of earth may be recognized. Some friends are loved here on earth for their peculiarities; some are loved more for their faults which are generous ones than for their good acts; for, by these eccentricities, by these peculiarities, our friends on earth are remembered; and our friends would remain unknown in eternity without those faults, without those peculiarities, and it is part of their mission to inform those on earth that these singularities will be as easy to distinguish in that never-changing home as they are here on earth; the fiery zeal of the one, the tender gentleness of another, the untiring faith of one, and the doubts of the soul that has been slow to believe,—all shall be found, not as they were, for the universal law of progress forbids that, but the same man will be found with the same earth's memories distinct and vivid, purified of sin and of the faults and of some of the irregularities.

On how many will the old year close who are resting content with a vague idea of eternity? Make them both watchful and wakeful to their own interest. Their heaven of imagination is a mere home of rest and of inactivity without employment, and without family association, and they choose this idea instead of that which was taught by Him of old, Who appeared in His spirit form to those who loved Him and Who, when they would have worshipped Him, said, "Pray not to Me, but to the Father that sent Me; look not on Me as a stranger, behold, this is I myself and not another." It has been permitted to many, as it has been permitted to you, to see the forms and faces of those whom they thought they had looked on for the last time, whom they had seen coffined and had followed their inclination to take, as they considered, a last fond look at that lost dear form ere the coffin should hide it from their sight; and whom they have seen again with a look of unutterable happiness.. They have been the same, and no other; the brother, the sister, or the friend, those whose memories have been so dearly cherished: those for whom prayers have ascended to the throne of God whilst they lived: those for whom were wept heart-felt tears of bitter sorrow when they died—they have been seen again; the

longing desires of the hearts of many have been satisfied, and they have been seen, they have been recognised as the dearly remembered ones, unchanged in form, feature, or character.

It is no part of their mission to teach that this world is but a place of suffering for the soul, nor that the soul should become a stranger and a pilgrim amidst its fellows, and live only for self; it is their mission to instruct their fellows on earth that the soul has its earth duties, and that they should prepare in all calmness for that day which disengages it from the perplexities that surround it in the body, but that there should be no overweening anxiety respecting this removal, and that it is the very extent of folly for death to be clothed with terror. The soul, panting to come to its proper home, anxiously awaits the allotted time when it shall join those who are waiting for its coming, ready with heart-felt congratulations for its happy arrival. All, beloved one, who have stood in this room, however high or however low their place in the spiritual mansions of God are secure in their possession of immortality; they are also sure of the soul's intense joy at its eternity, and its being possessed of a life which cannot know of any discontinuance; of a life immutable; a life for ever and ever. Their ardent hope is to change the imaginary of an ideal heavens, and to free themselves from the humiliating thought of singing never-ending hallelujahs.

The secret whether there is a second death rests only with God, and may His mercy rest on those who pass from death of the body to a possible spiritual death of which I know not. The death which I know; the one which I have experienced and which all who have stood here where I now stand have experienced, is freedom from the pressure of the body, freedom from its agony and pains. Is it wasting the time on earth to change the thought from the world that is to the world that is to be? Let the thinking mind put down on a list all the objects in earth life, in the pursuit of which he finds happiness, and it will have but one effect, and that is to prove to him perfectly unsatisfactory as an ultimate result, purely futile in respect to permanency and as being liable to change; but on the other hand thoughts directed to the life that is to be; actions so directed as to aid the soul in its future career, praiseworthy efforts done not out of a love of patronage or influence or fame, which are but splendid idols which the soul erects that man may worship them here on

earth, will be permanent and last throughout all eternity. Of what use is the reason, the self-denial, or magnanimity which has for its base self-love? For, as it has been said of old, and so it is equally true to-day, "The first amongst men shall be the least in the kingdom of God, in the heavens He has provided for those He has created;" believe me, my beloved one, it is their mission, alone their mission to forbid men to control these ideas, to raise men who are unconscious of such responsibilities, men who are walking in their sleep, for name and fame persist in doing with persistent effort all for themselves and denying service to God; it is their mission to teach practical usefulness, and punctual diligence, so that every joy on earth may be augmented, and every sorrow alleviated; it is their mission to teach men to excel in services for their fellow-creatures and to their God, so that they may prepare for their souls a holy eternity.

Conscience—men will it to sleep, they resist its influence, and in their physical strength reject spiritual admonitions from the still small voice of the soul, until their body becomes an absolute ruler and monarch of the soul, which ceases to have any voice in earth's career, following the bent of its own will. Many have even allowed themselves to do so willingly, becoming slaves to habits which follow them throughout earth-life like shadows, so that they are at once without Will, without God; and when once conscience has been stifled, bad and wicked acts succeed one after the other, until the soul becomes so enthralled and imprisoned that even on earth the darkness of despair falls on such a life. But how different it is when habit attends good and noble actions; then every good act that follows seems to take a firmer grasp of the Almighty, binding the soul more closely to Himself and to His service.

It is their mission and it is their pleasure to control, and many have controlled in this room for the first time after separation from the body, and it is their will to give warning to the heedless; for the soul which cannot live well to-day will find it harder to live well to-morrow. Take the experiences of those worldly revellers, who have isolated themselves until they have produced weariness in the search after the baubles that the world can offer; have any of them left the record that in their wild search they ever came across permanent happiness? May God strengthen your will, my beloved one, that you may cultivate a constant unhesitating

desire to please that Maker, who can withhold or give that life which He created.

There are none who know better the seeds of good or bad which lie in your soul's nature than myself; but there is within you the power of Will to rise to the full glory and felicity of which your soul is capable. You have willed established habits; you have put aside from you feasting and vain amusements; you have grasped the possession of a steadfast faith, which silently laughs at the petty deductions of the uninitiated who suggest the possibility of newspaper observance, which you know is wholly inadequate to account for the miracle, which succeeds itself night after night.

The fact is too well grounded in your soul that hundreds of addresses have fallen from the lips of one who, you know, was a few years back, an uninformed and illiterate man; addresses which you have not withheld from public criticism; controls which have been admired for the depth of sentiment and expression of thought that are contained within them; further, you have been supported in overriding these groundless imputations by another fact which is that, if these addresses are normal, what has there been for years to prevent this man from taking a station which more properly belongs to his powers of oratory, to his powers of eloquence, than struggling as a daily laborer for a wage not secured by any security, but which, from the beginning to the end of the week when he was first known to you, was quite haphazard; consequently any imputation from any quarter would be but an insult to your patient investigation, a degradation to your reasoning qualities of mind, and would be a violation against that which was only possible, namely, that of standing yourself in the same position as an unconscious servant willing to render a blind obedience. I know that at one time, beloved one, any imputation would have been a great vexation to you, but we, who surround you, realise that we have placed you beyond the possibility of doubt.

Yes, beloved one, I, your guide, could not let the old year pass away without giving you a strong assurance; although I have been ever near you, yet I have not lately controlled; I never left you during your illness, I realised the bodily sufferings which you then experienced, but, thank God, the weakness following that illness is like the old year passing away, and with the new year shall come renewed strength, renewed steadfastness, and renewed faithfulness. God grant that it

may be so; for, remember, my beloved one, you have taken God's service into your hands, and that it is within the power of your will to abandon that service, and to lead a life for the world only; on the other hand it is within the power of your will to remain unyielding and steadfast, so that the crown awarded to the faithful may become yours by right of service.

Remember that you are now master of time. By my advice time is to be treated as merchandise. It is now your soul's capital, and you can trade with it for life eternal or for worldly pleasures here, and therefore I advise you. Your soul perfectly realises that here, as in the heavens, you are in the presence of a real, visible, personal Almighty God, that it is your lot to be removed by-and-by from this world to another, and as you shine here, so surely will you shine hereafter. It has been said "that the first on earth shall be last in heaven," and why has this been said? Because men in earth life become slaves to worldly pageantry and conflicting affections, and find no time to prepare for themselves, by service to God, a place for their souls hereafter. The eye of God views the different wills of His creatures throughout the heavens and throughout the worlds He has made with His own hand. He, the sympathising Creator of the soul in its transit through time towards eternal being, is no sorrowing Father.

When the soul chooses those enjoyments which are all promise and no reality; when it chooses the abandonment of the soul's hopes to bodily pleasure, and trades with its time not for eternity, not for God, it is the mission of the loved ones to bid all men realise the awfulness of life and the solemnity of existence, for their names are inscribed in the roll of life for ever. The body of the child at birth has been the home of an eternal soul, and is as much within the care of God as that soul that has had a hundred years of earth experience, for the soul that has once lived must to my knowledge, live for ever. Happiness is no phantom, happiness is as real as this created world; many have sought for it, beloved one, in vain, but that does not prove that it does not exist. They have not gone to the right source; they have not followed the right plan, a plan laid down by the Almighty, a plan which can alone satisfy the deep craving of the immortal soul, a plan which leads to peace on earth and to glory in eternity.

How many there are who think you to be an actual slave

to your opinions, and pity you for the amount of labor expended on that which they can find no heart to do. Every soul, beloved one, recognises its own felicity. People may imagine that your records are a forced duty without enjoyment, without relaxation; but your own soul recognises its felicity above all their imaginings. It can remember the time when there was in it no fixed idea of a God, or of any service to be rendered to Him; it can also remember when faith first visited it, and faith bade an acceptance of a life hereafter. It now recognises easily, that which is such a stumbling block to others. The fulness of faith is shining, and it is showing to your soul every day earth objects in a new and better light; it is teaching your soul to render its services with ardour and satisfaction, because your soul recognises your service not as a duty, not as a fixed line of conduct, but as an added pleasure of life.

I tell you, beloved one, that although cessation from this service might relieve your body, it would deeply mortify your soul, so that its aspirations towards the hereafter would act as a preventive against your body keeping in imprisonment these soul aspirations; meaning that I realise that it would be next to impossible for you to surrender spiritual communion and live without a want, or without feeling continually an impulse to go back again to that service which gave you so much soul pleasure. Let the fool in his heart think that you are following fancies and strange notions; pursue the road which leads to the highest wisdom, and let your soul be happy. Better for your life to have the sanction of God, beloved one, than to give way to unbridled indulgence of station or position. Oh! may you say, "I have lived through time, and the last of my years were better than the commencement, for I have tried to teach men there is a hereafter, and that their souls are responsible whenever they pass from life on earth to eternal life, meeting the approval or meriting the disapproval of their Creator.

How sad are the cries of many who have joined us. None have sorrowed more deeply than myself when I have heard them. They have realised the glorious future provided by the hand of a merciful Father, and some have in their deep despair cried out, "We have lived in time in laboriously doing nothing." Nothing of all their own acts on earth has remained to dispel darkness, by reason of the absence of our God. Oh! miserable lamentation, if true; and how often is

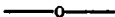
it true that a life has been spent in doing nothing but adding to the soul's degradation hereafter. God have mercy on those who are still in darkness, who have gone on trading with time in business or pleasure, who have realised and enjoyed the world so frilly, who have stood by the coarse pullies and dirty ropes of worldly vices, who have lived in a continual hurry and bustle of pleasure which has no reality, and who bring forth the exclamation "I have lived and died doing nothing; the joys of earth are withered, my hopes are blasted, all has been fallacious; I may weep, but my weeping is in vain; I have lived, I have lived in the world for the world; I have reached to and I have obtained all the honor that the world could give, but I have rendered no homage where homage was due, I have given no thought to Him who gave me all, and, knowing in my soul that I was immortal, having eternity for a goal, yet for all these, our inestimable gifts, I have rendered nothing."

Gold at that moment is worthless, ambition at that moment dies; the professor of science finds his science of no worth unless God has been in his studies; the greatest of sages, philosophers, and warriors find that they have lived their life busy in doing nothing; they have studied all things

"Save the wisdom with glory fraught,

When every goal but that which will not die, nor aught
Neglected save eternity."

Now, beloved one, may the new year that is coming, show purer and brighter with spiritual truth than those which have preceded it; for I, who am looked on as the angel of the present era, am well satisfied with the work of the outgoing year, and can perceive stronger indications of clearer spirit light for this, the incoming year, than in any preceding it. May God in His mercy thoroughly restore your bodily vigour and strengthen your mental power, so that you may not be found wanting in power to work out the will of your Father in heaven. May He bless you, my beloved one, with a three-fold blessing: may every act of yours be fruitful, every hope fulfilled. Good night!



THOMAS PAINE.

4th February, 1883.

SOME clergymen had been interviewing the Sensitive and trying to argue some question of religion with him. In this and many more cases one of my surroundings controls the Sensitive, and speaks for him in a manner that he could not have spoken for himself.

The Sensitive, under control, spoke as follows :

"Were I to have my choice in this argument, I would not advance the things which I believe: but would prefer to take the negative portion of the argument, and control those views which you hold in accordance with church doctrine." Such were my words last night to one who was closely questioning the Sensitive respecting his views of religion. The first question which was advanced by this reverend vicar was the belief in the resurrection of the body, which has to be relied on in accordance with the authority of scripture, and it was supplemented with this remark, "It is a bold accusation, which is often made, that people condemn spiritualistic views without any investigation. I make that charge against Spiritualists, and whether they be Christian or anti-Christian in their views, they shew this belief in common, that there is no resurrection of the body from the grave; and I say that this common belief is derived from the fact that they have no knowledge of biblical truth, and that they have not fairly investigated biblical claims."

I, through the Sensitive, answered them and said, "That even the authority of the scripture was contradictory on this point, and in no one case clear respecting it, and that he had made an admission of his belief, thus forming the ground work of our argument; for on this question, which he has raised, Spiritualists, of all shades of opinion in other respects, are all agreed in the great fact that it is not the man that is buried, but the body; that the man rises, and the body is again restored to the elements which produced it; and that it was necessary that time should be afforded to me in order that I might fully give forth my reasons. I said, "the pro-

gress of all life is towards death, as men understand death, meaning the earthly departure from form. Let the objector look round on the world, and he will find that all things are covered, that all things have a probationary term. There is not a seed but which hath its sheath or covering; so with man, he is covered here on earth. Man is seldom seen; it is man's covering that is seen. You cannot touch a man; a man lives masked from the gaze of his fellows, and in this covering he lives until, self-prepared, he is ready to enter into future happiness or into that spiritual state into which a perverse will has hurried him. If he has lived in accordance with the will of God he will enter into the fulness of God's love.

Death to such a man should not be accompanied by terror. For what is it? In the spiritual light of reason it is God's permission to move from a lower into a higher state of existence; the Spirit gives an immediate resurrection to the man at the death of the body. The Spirit teaches that there is a spiritual body fitted for the man's spiritual home; this, the earthly body, being corruptible, can take no place in that world where corruption and decay are unknown. That the scripture is on your side is a false allegation, and very few of the verses, which you have quoted, bear out your assertion. When Jesus of Nazareth said to the malefactor on his right hand, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise," he did not say half of you shall be with me in the Spirit world, and the other half in the grave; neither does any portion of scripture either fully or even partially corroborate you in this, your position.

Man is something more than the body, man is something within the body. Man is annexed to the body as the surgeon to his instruments; the body is man's mere instrument, which changes, as corruptible things must change. The body of to-day is not the body of yesterday; and a man may have possessed, that is, a man of a good age has possessed, many absolute bodies. By scientific computation the changes of a body in the seventy years of a man's life may be as many as ten or twelve distinct bodies; therefore experience teaches that man can do without the first body, it having altered into a more fitting and more perfect body, so that his earth experience should show him that he can do without the last, as when on earth he could do without the first body.

It is the immortal soul which is the man: that glorious

combination of high and reasonable faculties. It is that which liveth for ever; which rises in complete resurrection from the grave. Man lives in two worlds, although many are only too conscious of living in one. It is but to the few that it has been given to receive holy communications from the world of souls: only to the few distinctly to see and feel them, and to view them. They come to cheer them in their hours of discouragement, to make them mourn less deeply when in distress, by reason of the blessed tidings, that those who are gone from the family circle are not lost, but have only passed on before. This is a truth of the highest importance; they are working in the spheres, and earnest men are working, that this knowledge may be universal on earth.

Man, when his time has come, when his life's journey has ripened, leaves this world, but opens immediately into another and still happier life. Here the faculty of the soul is untrammelled and cramped; the soul may think truthfully, that the body cannot act up to the realisations of the soul; in all men the soul is immeasurably superior to the body; therefore to the man death is gain, for the chains have fallen and the trammels are in the grave; hence I can understand fully the scripture when it says, "To die is gain." There should always be a strong attempt to keep the body pure, the purer the body the purer the man. It is not half a man that needs a whole celestial body, it is the whole man that gets spiritually clothed.

What is this world? It is but one vast manufactory, in the hands of God, for making men. Here men are made; all the career of a man's life here is within the power of his own will; simply to grow up to a manly figure is not to be a man, and very often it is to be a monster and not a man, very often to be a two-legged brute in a man's shape, but not a man. What does God call a man? One who uses his judgment, and adores the truth. Such is God's definition of a man. He that refuses to judge for himself is not a man; he is a man, who makes use of the capabilities with which God has endowed him; he who perceives and follows the examination where truth may lead him, who uses his capacity of reasoning, who endeavours to serve truth, not because somebody else teaches it, but because he can recognise the harmony and beauty that pervades it. This then is a man: one who is bold enough not only to search for, but to battle for the truth as in God.

If the eyes of man were opened, you would see around you, reverend sir, the inhabitants of the spheres, the possessors of spiritual bodies, who are imparting, as a part of their duty, the balm of consolation to those who will receive it. I have described and given God's definition of a man according to scripture, and that scripture is in accordance with truth; such is a man, and it is such as these men that become immortal. It is but a worldly faith, which separates men from angels, or angels from men; it is unscriptural. Angels are men who have passed through their term of expiation or repentance, and have become perfected men, or men made perfect. In the scripture the word angel is but another word for Spirit: the angels, that appeared to the patriarch of Israel, Abraham, called themselves men. The angels, in the scripture, who appeared to Lot concerning the destruction of Sodom, were men. The angel, in the scripture, who spoke to John the loved disciple, described himself as a man, a man made perfect, a man not to be worshipped, for God only can receive worship; but a man living a higher life than men on earth; men made perfect; and these prove the appearances of men according to the scripture, as also the appearance of men according to modern belief in Spirit communication; these prove also that men do not wait for a general resurrection but are already risen, and that there is no need for that body, which has restored itself again to the elements from which it came.

You, reverend Sir, claim that scripture supports you in the basis which you give to this argument. Science distinctly lays down the impossibility of this doctrine, and I go far beyond science when I say that never, not in your bible, which contains much spiritual teaching, has it ever been permitted by God for spirits to perpetuate an error so misleading. Therefore I will say, that the charge which I now make is this, that the scripture in no part or portion supports that which you advance; and I, perhaps, have studied more deeply than yourself the scripture, or the spiritual revelations that have been preserved for centuries. All spiritual teaching, scriptural or otherwise, teaches that men will rise, but where does it say that the dead body will rise? I say it does not in any one portion of the scripture; on the contrary, it distinctly states the reverse. Take the passage in the book of Job, which says, "as the cloud is consumed and vanishes away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no

more." Now what goes down to the grave? Not the man; it is the body which is laid to its eternal rest. Man does not die; the world uses the term *die*, but when the world says a man is dying, angels cry a man is rising. That which to man is death is to the Spirit life. This world cries a man is dead, the Spirit world gives back the cry a child is born. There is no reality in what the world calls death.

You referred, reverend Sir, to the apostle who treats as a very silly thing the resurrection of the body, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain,"* which putrifies, which rots off, and is ultimately restored again to those elements from which it was taken.

Every day of earth life is the formation of the Spirit body, every hour's experience is giving it form; the pure on earth get a spiritual body of lustrous beauty, the bad man is as gradually forming an ugly spiritual body, with mirrored faithfulness; mirrored brutality and cunning depicted thereon, so that the scripture is true when it says, "Be sure your sin will find you out."† Sin is never blotted out but in one way, and that is, by earnest, deep, practical expiation; it is then that the soul is restored to primitive beauty, it is then the blotted page is destroyed and the beautiful form becomes the possession of man, when he has the sight of God and has expiated his sins by a deep repentance. Then a man's Spirit body is in his body the child of his will's growth, and retains the outward form of man on earth; scripture proves this.

Those three who appeared to Abraham were in the form of men, and spoke, and heard, and saw as men. Those who appeared to Lot were in the form of men, and were in all respects men. He who appeared to John the disciple was a man, who acted as a man would act. I am dwelling on these facts to prove that the whole form of man has been proved to exist by the scriptures themselves, which prove that there is a Spirit form like unto a man already in existence in the other world; but the other part of your assertion "that the earthly body is needed;" with one exception, that of the apostle to the Gentiles, I say with that one exception, scripture peremptorily denies the doctrine you advocate. The proofs are so numerous that I will but repeat one or two

* 1 Corinthians, xv, 36, 37. † Numbers, xxxii, 23.

more as evidences. "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death."* Again, "When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."† The soul is to be brought out of the grave, not the body, and to walk vigorously in the light of everlasting life.

You say that the apostles do distinctly and emphatically teach the doctrine of the earth body, and you rest particularly on that portion which the Church has chosen for the funeral oration, "that the body will be sown in corruption, and will be raised in incorruption," and on this text you are prepared to take your stand, rather than on the other which you advanced from the prophets, which runs: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave: I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction."‖ These are the only two texts which support your position, and which confirm you in your strongly-formed opinion. This last is given by the prophet as a promise of God that He would ransom us from the power of the grave. I admit that God has kept this promise, I admit that the prophet was spiritually right; for God has, through immortality, ransomed us from the power of the grave; but what has that to do with the body of which the scripture says: "He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."† Now you misquoted, not purposely, the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: you said, "We are sown in corruption," this is not so; the words are: "It is sown in corruption." It goes further on to say "there is a natural body and a spiritual body." What is the reasonable inference? This, and this only, that that which is sown in corruption is that which the scripture says, goeth down to the grave and shall come up no more. "It is raised in incorruption." What is raised? The Spirit body, a body more perfect, more glorious, and more beautiful than that body which is rotting in the grave, and shall come up no more. You cannot say that I am using sophistry in my counter-argument.

There is another text to which you referred as a positive proof that the scripture advocated the resurrection of the earthly body, and that is, that Jesus of Nazareth was the

* Job x, 21.

† Job xvi, 22.

‖ Hosea xiii, 14.

‡ Job vii, 9.

first fruits of those that slept.* Now, if we even accept this scripture assertion, it no way strengthens your argument, reverend Sir. The apostle says, "Every man in his own order."† He was a great advocate for social rights, this Paul of the Gentiles, formerly Saul of Tarsus among the Jews. "Every man in his own order: Jesus first, whose long fasting and perfect life gradually glorified and perfected his earthly body." His body, according to Paul's teaching, according to the scripture, was perfectly divine like his soul. "I shall rise, when I rise, my body shall move in and out of houses without the doors being opened." This is what the apostle's scripture alleges, and that, after his resurrection, he often stood unannounced in their midst, and was seen by those who were clairvoyant, or those who were gifted with the power of seeing: but what common Jew with his natural sight ever saw him, or ever gave testimony of his having done so? If ever form of humanity was guileless and pure, assuredly he was, above the contradiction of the highest average man in his own order. Man does not want the earthly body that is provided; scripture says, that it is left behind. He perfected and glorified his humanity from boyhood's days upwards, and this had the effect of rendering it spiritually perfect, like unto God's body. He formed for himself a divine form; such is scripture's teaching, although such is not my acceptance. I cannot, neither do I realise that the earth body was the possession of Jesus of Nazareth when he appeared to the circle which he had formed. It was the earth form spiritualised, else why did not his own recognise him, when he walked and spoke to Mary Magdalene; why did his disciples who knew his earthly form well, and who only recognised him by his words, with their hearts burning within them when he stood on the sea shore and looked on his beloved ones at their work, after he had disappeared say, "Surely this is the Master." It is but a man-made creed that believes other than that it was glorified humanity in their midst, and that it was flesh and blood, according to the world's views, for flesh and blood could not appear and disappear the same as did Jesus of Nazareth after he had risen according to the scripture.

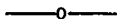
Now there is the last point to which you referred, and I have done. There was one whose faith needed strengthening;

* 1 Corinthians xv, 20.

† Ib., xv, 23.

one who had supplied himself with his own tests, whereby he might recognise Jesus again; and he met him, but not alone, in the midst of his circle, and then He said, "Reach forth thy hand, and touch my riven side: place thy fingers in the nail holes, and be not doubtless, but believing." But is this a proof that his body, his earth body had risen. Modern spiritual evidences will soon prove that such tests of individual identity have repeated themselves a thousand times and oft; and if this be so, we can look on this proof given to Thomas as a simple act of materialisation. I have not impugned scriptural claims in my argument; so that I might the better meet your opinions courteously, and prove that not one verse or sentence of the scripture supports the man-made theory of the resurrection of the human body. And now that I have performed this task, I will say in conclusion that not one word of Jesus of Nazareth led his disciples to believe that he would in his body appear to them.

That he would rise, and be in their midst, and teach them many things; all this he promised, all this he fulfilled, but how the theory emanated I know not. I only know, that I believe the Roman guard did faithful duty over the tomb of that dead man, for their unfaithfulness would have been at the peril of their lives. This belief of mine was not needed to confute you, for out of the words of scripture itself have I confuted the doctrine which you advanced.



THOMAS PAINE.

9th November, 1883.

FOR some time previous to the date of this Seance, I had been having a series of Controls by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, in which, to my surprise, he expressed views highly socialistic. In the Control the evening before the morning on which this one Control took place, he shadowed forth the article which is referred to in the following Control, and which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of the following day. The ideas of the unseen are felt by living men more than men at large are aware.

The Sensitive, under control, said :

The lesson which I have been teaching, beloved one, is the necessity of patient waiting. The good Doctor Johnson has, since his transition, taken up his work in making known prominent thought. This choice of his has rested within himself. Had he chosen to have studied infidelity or christianity instead of the upheaving of democracy, his theme would have been dignified by the adornment of his literary tastes, and indefatigable industry.

I do not agree with him as to any impending fatal consequences accruing from democratic rule in any future of the world's history. This you fully realise without any assertion of mine. Human nature must always remain the same; the weak and the ailing under any and every circumstance must give way to the strong and healthy: the one party will gather wealth, and the other will lose it; the dead and flat equality which socialistic doctrine demands is against human nature, and this the good Doctor must recognise, else would not the good God permit his efforts. His studies, like those of many souls greater than himself, have led him to conclusions apart from truth; through his long-continued study of democracy, he has turned, in my opinion, more theory into matter of fact. There is one thing on which I wish to speak to you, beloved one, and it is that to which the good Doctor made special reference, namely, the Press, and the references

which were remarked on in the conversation of last night, and wondered at by you; but had the good Doctor been relating his own experiences when on earth, he would have found the subject matter of his Control contained within himself, but he was pointing out to a responsible class the necessity demanded by the great wave of democracy, not the democratic feeling of the past, but a present reality. On the last and greatest grievance of modern days he was appealing, in order that these grievances might be redressed; as to how far he went beyond the lawfulness of argument, I have nothing to do at this stage, I am only pointing out to you, beloved one, that the subject matter did not rest within himself alone, but also in the thoughts of those from whom he gained the necessity of urging his warning.

In gathering up the thoughts of the thinker there is necessarily found in them the subject matter of many an article which will either appear in review or daily paper. Is there anything reprehensible in this matter of fact; is there anything to fear from it? He is fighting a modern grievance with modern means, namely, through the thoughts of the man of the day, whether they be literary, scientific, philosophical, or idly sedentary. All classes of thought are the property of him who is enjoying eternity, if he but earnestly wills to enter into communication actually with a loving and thinking soul in the body. There is nothing to prevent him, and nothing to fear from the fact.

I have proved that there can be nothing reprehensible, but was your question put to him, beloved one, asked in any sense of fear, that it might be thought that the Sensitive had acted contrary in any way to what was right, so that the sceptic to spiritual teaching might credit him with reading the articles in reviews and newspapers for the purposes of imposture? Let my own answer to this refer you again to what the good Doctor Samuel Johnson gave utterance last night, and at which utterances I was present, and you will find that he but reiterated what was not then written, but which was then in the brain, and about to be made public by the pen of a great article writer of this city. But, beloved one, this statement of mine is virtually a truth to you without any proof, but I do not expect those who are passing judgment on these Controls to accept any statement of mine, or of those who are working in conjunction with me, or to believe this unless I attempt to prove it. On the contrary, they would

assert, "we would rather credit the Sensitive with reading up matter from past literature than preparing subject matter for articles in the future, and deny to him any power of knowing the thoughts or subject matter of a popularly-received public writer." If there is anything in spiritual teachers, if there is any truth in their power of thought-reading, any truth in their power of transmitting their power to others, then I say, it should be given.

Well, my position is this. It has been given by the good Doctor in last night's Control, in speaking of this great city's municipality. This you will hardly remember, and I refer you or any others to an article which appears to-day in to-day's paper, and I ask any impartial judge whether there is not a true recognition between what the good Doctor said last night, and the article in this morning's paper. I would ask, Who is he, the Sensitive? Has he power enough, or opportunity, to stand behind those who, through the mighty power of the press, can sway public opinion? Who is he, I ask? Has he interest sufficient to lean over the back of the reader's chair, that he may hasten to you or to others and relate that to which the public will only get access after the passing of many hours; The sceptic may say, I have read the good Doctor's Control, and have weighed his newly-found democratic opinions, and found them sadly wanting. Well, so do I; but that is not the question between us. Has the Doctor gone to an independent source? Is he speaking of matter entirely beyond any normal aid by the human means which he uses? I say, Yes, there is such evidence.

To those who ask and have the same thoughts that must necessarily pass through the mind when such modern references are made, I answer by extracts from the article, and beg them to refer to that portion which speaks to the fact that the men of London have waited until they are asking why they should wait any longer, and then the article bursts out into a description of the vice, poverty, and immorality abounding in all great cities. Now I am going to point out the great analogy that exists in the thoughts of the speaker of last night in his second Control, and the thoughts of the writer of the article which appears in the paper of to-day. You, my Recorder, know that it would be idle on your part to expect even ordinary qualifications from the Sensitive whose body I am now using; and you would sooner look for and expect the so-called impossible than to credit the Sensitive with any extraordinary qualification.

To prove the independent power of Doctor Samuel Johnson, I will express in actual words that part of the article which appears this morning, and which, I maintain, appeared clearly and plainly to the impartial mind last night, which will, on reading this Control, put to the proof the assertion which I make, that so far from cramming being necessary, there are abundant proofs being offered, not alone in this Control, but in hundreds of them of the possession of knowledge before the publication or any in the nation is in possession of it; but this is nothing wonderful. There is no limit for us either in time or in space; there is no boundary for our vision or our hearing on earth, if we but earnestly work in God's own way.

Half past seven was about the time that the Sensitive came to you here this morning. I think I may be open to say that, under the same conditions which are existing now, I would repeat the driest article verbatim before the first sheet was issued from the press; and would do so quite independently of what others would say, or of what others would think, if I thought there would be any good arising from it. In talking on modern themes, I have never, in my Controls, scrupled to use extracts from articles bearing on the subject matter, if they contained good or extended views. We need not grasp the paper for this knowledge, for soul can speak to soul whatever may be thought of this my knowledge of that which appears in this or that paper. I tell all, who cavil, that it is the press which is making modern thought, and we, in appealing to or gathering information from modern thought, are but repeating what is made public daily. Let us then take this extract, which joins in and fits so well with the Control of the Doctor.* It may perhaps be said that this extract has been learnt by heart: all I can answer to this is, that the Sensitive must have had a very short time in which to do it, considering that the extract has appeared only this morning in the paper called the *Daily World*—I should say *Daily Telegraph*, and it runs thus: "The Londoners do not wait; strong men waste day and night in the foul air, falling easy victims to disease, whose only cause is legislative neglect. Wives, and sisters, and daughters do not wait; they sink lower and lower in the descent from hunger and want to vagrancy and vice. Their little ones, pinched and pale,

* See the *Daily Telegraph* of November 9th, 1883.

do not wait, knowing nothing of the bright fresh air; they die, and become ascending angels before God."

We, who give the thought, must surely be able to repeat it. Ask of all eminent minds who have been on earth; they have all had their guardian angels teaching them how to think; but to continue my extract, it goes on telling "how rich and christian England has tolerated the torture of the innocent, whose only claim is to live in health and decency. London, with dens of disease misery, and sacrifice, is a great evil. The wealth of London is quite great enough to secure its health." Then came an opinion which falls in with my train of thought, but not with that of the good Doctor's, proving that, although spiritually controlled, the writer was well able to think for himself. "We advocate no socialism and no equality; the drunkard, the idler, and the thriftless must, under any circumstances, come to shame and grief." You believe this, beloved one, and so do I. The writer concludes thus, "This great blot on this great city, the greatest in the world, will demand the absence of inaction, the legislature must grapple with this social question. A new epoch in metropolitan affairs is very near; the Government will neglect a remedy at its peril."

Now the above is an extract from an article that appears in to-day's paper, and I ask you, does it not fit in with the utterances of your last two Controls? And if so, then your question is answered, beloved one. There is no need for thoughtful souls to depend on past events; they are to teach sober truth for the advancement of humanity, they are to hold up their strong hands against theological error. Theirs is no mission to destroy the grades which are in accordance with God and nature; they are to wound, to the death, dogma and error, but they are to heal as well as to wound, they are to build up as well as destroy. Their work, beloved one, is to be the work of progress and ever-onward marching Godward, leading souls to fair and bright and beautiful lands; preparing them for entrance into that eternal city, into the Arcadias prepared for those brighter images of the brightest of earthly paradises.

I have never advocated either in life or in Spirit any theory apart from human welfare. True, I have been the bitter opponent of theological pretenders, but even to these I have given credit and honor, where credit and honor were due; we, myself and all your surroundings collectively, are

but pioneers as you yourself, beloved one, are; we are pioneers of the new and brighter light, which arises from immortal hope, and the position we take is this, that in all forms of dogmatic theology there has been no progress: the soul's hope can only rest on the solid foundation of knowledge, and immortality is soul hope, and is based on knowledge: therefore it is progressive. We battle for God and for immortality, not for creed, not for alteration of the social state. When once we get the fact of immortality made known, we have laid the foundation for redressing every human wrong, a foundation on which to build universally assured happiness.

During the Control I happened to say how much more easily I managed to follow and record what he said than what fell from so many others. This expression did not escape the attention of my good Guide. He said:

You tell me that you record more freely my unimpassioned remarks, but the very dignity of earnestness, beloved one, I tell you, rests in the solemnity of a passionless soul seeking after truth, not being reluctantly compelled towards it, not being over-reached by declamation, not admitting too much or denying too little, but entering fairly into the task, aided and guided by the love of God and His gift of reason. It is a glorious day when the soul emancipated from the mortal coil realises immortality in its fulness. Men have been willing to seal with their blood their unfailing respect for truth, and such a resolve is the highest which the soul can entertain. God requires neither prayer nor praise before good Samaritan deeds, before good and charitable actions. As for differences socially they are mere secondary causes; when once men realise that the worst of all atheism is that of indifference, we can cause them to do this, with the help of Almighty God through the knowledge of progressive immortality, and when once we get rid of this indifference which prevails, we shall find social evils rapidly righting themselves, and misery and want forsaking the earth for ever. The only road, the only lasting road is to teach men forbearance and true sacrifice, to meet and work for the universality of the soul's everlasting immortality.

After the Sensitive went, I examined the *Daily Telegraph*, and I found the very extracts above referred to forming part of a leading article.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

I must finish by making a few remarks on the Controls set forth in this book ; I did intend to give one hundred of them, but want of space prevents. The Introductory Chapter speaks for itself : it leads up to the reasons on which I have formed my belief as to the cause of these manifestations.

The Controls given in the first batch are those of men who have made their mark in India's more modern history ; had space permitted I should have given several relating to India's earlier Rulers. I commenced with Robert, Lord Clive, who may be called the Founder of the English Empire in India, and following with some of those who lived almost within the memory of living men, or, at all events, not far removed therefrom. Some of them are those of men, who played their parts so late as the Indian Mutiny of 1857. There are many now living who can speak as to whether these latter Controls relate accurately the events of which they speak, or correctly delineate the character of the men.

Following the Indian Controls come a selection of ancient Greek and Roman celebrities. In judging of these, and their accuracy in, or in delineation of character and expression of feeling, one can only be guided by what history says of them ; and whether the expression of feeling is probable from what is historically known of the character. It is idle to suggest that the Sensitive could have been aided by any history in a Control like that of Pausanias. The same remark might be made in regard to the Controls by name Pompeius, Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and notably that of the Emperor Julian.

As to the Controls designated "Miscellaneous," they are those of men, some of whom are historically known to have existed, yet respecting whom history gives little or no reliable information from whence the Sensitive could have derived his knowledge. Take for example the Control of Onesimus ; it is true that the name Onesimus is mentioned in St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon ; but I can find nothing elsewhere relating to his being a professed cook, or the masters he

served, or to the fact that he was one of the early followers of Jesus of Nazareth. The same may be said with stronger force with regard to the Controls by Busiris, of which I have selected six out of many, I can find no mention in history as to him. He tells his own story. He says "three thousand years before Alexander the Great invaded India, he lived on earth." He speaks of the Maha Bharata, the great Sanscrit Epic Poem, and says he was the author, and that he wrote it for the purpose of opening men's minds to one Supreme God, and that in his days there was as much danger in teaching the unity of God as there would have been in this christian country in days gone by. He speaks of India, past and present; of its internal and also its external relations. But he does not confine himself to India alone, matters relating to the world at large pass under his review. He speaks of Empires of which he has seen both the rise and fall; he has seen a mighty one fall and another one rise in its place, in its turn to fall to rise no more. He has given a graphic description of the death of Jesus of Nazareth, and of all that then occurred. He speaks also as to what Jesus really was, not what his followers have made him, and says "that little did Jesus himself think, that the cross on which he suffered should in after ages be converted into an emblem of idolatry." In one of the Controls he gives an interesting account of the quarrel between the members of the Latin and Greek Churches over the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and of the events which ultimately led to the Crimean War and the Siege of Sebastapol, the name of which has the same meaning as Armageddon, and foretells a still greater war and greater troubles ere the prevailing era of change will be completed. Whether his prophecies will come true or not, time will prove, but no one can deny the present uneasy state of feeling pervading civilised nations. In another Control he speaks of having spiritually controlled Krishna in the same way as he has controlled the Sensitive with whom I sit. He has told how for seven days he controlled the body of Krishna, and how for seven hours the spirit proper of Krishna controlled its own body, and when he was Krishna and no other; and at last those who heard him speak through the body of Krishna, said "he is no man but God, and if not God, the son of the living God." He gives spiritual control as the origin and real source of the idea of the incarnation of God with man. What the Hindoos did in the case of Krishna, the followers of so-called Chris-

tianity have done in the case of Jesus of Nazareth, and what, in my opinion, would in the present day be done in the case of the Sensitive through whose mouth these wonderful essays have come, were not men more enlightened, and had not the making of gods gone out of fashion. The question again arises, from whence did the Sensitive get the material for the production of what came through his mouth; for those who knew him, knew him as of old Krishna was known, to be but an ordinary man.

The next and best class of Controls published, I have called the Controls of the "Renaissance of Thought," for at the beginning of the fifteenth century the Church of Rome had almost extinguished thought, and but for its revival through some of those who have controlled, the world would, in all probability, have relapsed into paganism. The first great engine of removal was the printing press of Faust and his copiers, known as the Mayence Quartette. The press spread far and wide the Theses of Martin Luther, the denunciations of John Knox and other protesters. Faust in his control has gives us the origin of the printing press, and by what means it was brought about. This printing press has proved the greatest lever of modern civilization, and to it we owe our enlightenment and man's consequent liberty, for it has spread thought and taught men to think. The Controls by Martin Luther and John Knox speak for themselves. The thunder of their eloquence, aided by the printing press, destroyed the power of Rome. The avarice and lust of Henry VIII, aided by the bold Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, who tells his own tale, made England the first amongst the nations of protesters against the pretensions of Rome. Among other Controls in this class I have given one by Shakespeare, which to my mind sets at rest the vexed question of whether he himself wrote the plays bearing his name, or whether Lord Bacon or anyone else helped him. His Control will explain how an uneducated man, knowing scarcely a word of Greek or Latin, could delineate in his plays Greek or Latin characters.

I shall pass over all the others but one, and that one is my guide Thomas Paine, who I am told is the Angel or Messenger of the new Dispensation. I regret that want of space prevents me, either inserting more of his Controls, or saying as much as I should wish in respect of him and the part he played in earth-life, and the effects it had and is still continuing

to have, and will have on the human race. What Luther did as against Rome and its Pope, Thomas Paine later on did, both with the pretensions of the Royalty and the Church's work. By his works, common sense, and the rights of man he taught men that God intended man to be free whilst on earth, and by his "Age of Reason" he taught men to think for themselves, and not allow others to think for them.

The foregoing remarks form but a very slight resumé of the Controls contained in this book, but all lead to one important question and that is, whence the power and what the source of matter coming through the lips of the Sensitive.

In giving my own ideas as to the cause, I must impress on the reader the fact, that every word which appears in these Controls came out of the mouth of the same Sensitive whilst in a complete state of trance; whether it would be correctly described as a cataleptic trance is immaterial. In this state he is exactly in the same state as of a mesmerised patient. My belief is that there is an outside intelligent (although unseen) agency operating on his nervous system, giving the idea and causing the expression of the idea through his mouth. This will account for the Sensitive speaking in English, a language unknown to many of the supposed speakers.

The ill-natured may suggest that I am palming on the public my own thoughts as coming from the mouth of the Sensitive. My answer is, had I wished to do so I might have followed the example of Walter Savage Landor, and given these Controls as imaginary conversations. The better natured may pity me, and say I am the dupe of a cunning rogue, who crams up for the occasion, and in feigned trance give forth these supposed Controls. My answer to that is, "he would be a greater fool, than any cunning rogue would be, to act as he does, having powers that would tell either on stage or platform, and secure him better means than what he gets from me and his present calling both put together." I have told the truth and care not, whether what I have said is or is not believed. I have given my own conclusions as to the origin of these Controls, and to these conclusions I have come simply because I can find no satisfactory mode of accounting for them other than the one I have given, namely, a spiritual origin.

Why a belief in the survival of the soul, and its power, under certain conditions, to communicate with the living man, should be denounced in the terms used alike by the free-thinker and the believer in orthodox creed, I know not.

To the latter I say his whole faith is founded on spiritual revelation ; cut away spiritual revelation and you take away the basis of his faith. Men have quite as much need of spiritual revelation now as in ages past.

With regard to the sceptical or indifferent, I ask, if they admit that matter can never perish, or force be lost, why that intelligent force, call it mind, soul, or what you please, which marked the individual in the earth-body, should be lost ; and, if not lost, why it should not retain its individuality, and be able, even if unseen, to leave its impress on the living man ? If the sceptic will not condescend to entertain even the idea of the possibility of spiritual communication, let him examine into the facts of mesmerism and he will see manifestations almost as wonderful as any of the phenomena in Spiritualism. To do this, however, he must enter on his task with a desire to find out truth, not to fortify his own fixed prejudices. If he starts with a desire for truth, he will discover as I discovered, that mesmerism is but the stepping stone to Spiritualism ; for he will discover, sooner or later, that the same power which exists in the seen operator over his patient, can be exercised by an unseen operator over a Sensitive.

I have been asked by many friends this question : “ Admitting all you say to be true, *cui bono* ? what good do you get by spending your money and wasting your time over the effusions of a Sensitive in trance ? My answer is, “ That, did his utterances go no further than the amusement afforded in the delineation of character, and the narration of facts, events, and feelings, I should be amply repaid all the trouble I have taken. But spiritual communication has a far higher aim. To me, and I have no doubt to many others, who, like myself at one time, believed in nothing but earth-life, and that simply as an accident from a combination of matter and force, it has given not simply a belief in, but an actual proof of, the eternity of the soul ; of a conscious immortality, and a better and higher conception of a Great Almighty First Cause, Omniscient, Omnipresent, than any creed formed by man’s ingenuity or priestly subtlety. It has satisfied me that although no man can commit an offence against natural law with impunity, and although expiation adequate to the offence must be gone through, and that man is his own accuser and his own judge, yet that a merciful Father in His mercy does not allow the soul to punish itself longer than its sin requires ; and that however bad, sooner or later, all are restored to the love of their Maker, and start on

the road of progress towards the Source whence they came. Whether they ever reach the end is beyond the power of man or spirit to tell.

Did Spiritualism lead to any action which would make a man worse, either in his relation to the state in which he lives, or in the performance of any moral obligations, I would have nothing to do with it. But it teaches man what he is; whence he came, and whither he goeth. And if man, with his knowledge, does evil, he does it with his eyes open, as he knows the consequences.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

 HAVE thought it better to place in the Appendix the two Controls referred to at page 49. The first, under the name of Christian Heinrich Heinecke, gives the life and extraordinary attainments of the youth of that name, whose precocity of intellect astonished the world in the early part of last century. The other is that of the celebrated John Boccoldt, known as John of Leyden, the leader of the Anabaptists in Munster, Westphalia.

At first sight each of these Controls would seem to be at variance with the principles laid down by all the others, viz., that re-incarnation as well as retrogression were impossible in spirit life. On a careful study of them it will be seen that neither of the two Controls necessarily prove either re-incarnation or retrogression. The user of the body, which had belonged to another individual, is not a re-incarnation any more than the user of the body of the Sensitive who had only temporarily given up possession of his body, nor do either of the Controls in question by their actions show retrogression in spiritual status. To the spirit which used the body of Heinecke, this ordeal self-imposed seems to have proved that it was a step in advance, for it was compelled to acknowledge a First Great Cause; and with regard to that of Boccoldt it is difficult to say what was the state of the spirit which virtually lived in the body of its brother.

CHRISTIAN HEINRICH HEINECKE.

January 24th, 1878.

"It has been urged by men in the flesh, and advanced spirits too, that the after state of the spirit is a position of undeviating progression. Now, I deny this; therefore my speculation, which I should wish to be believed by you. I retrograded in spirit life; on the top of my many sins I put a crowning one. I returned to earth again. I inhabited a tenement of clay, and lived upon earth in that tenement some four-and-a-half years. I ask for your faith, and I tell you your scepticism will not irritate me. I stood by the side of the weeping father and mother, over a babe whose spirit was leaving its body. The age or time of its earthly experience was four days; I mean the body had been formed for the reception of a spirit four days. I saw the child's heavenly guide and guardian spirit, and as the spirit of the babe left its house, I saw its guide remove it in his arms, and

convey it to spheres in the heavens nearest to God. I had seen in my experience on earth, phenomena more wonderful to my philosophic mind than any during my existence out of the body, therefore the wondrous fact to me was a mere fact of conscious individuality out of the body, which led me no nearer to the conception of a Supreme ruling Mind than did the stars which in earth life I had seen and noticed, and whose motions had been one of my favourite studies—whose immense distances I, with others, had calculated. To sum up, I felt that the fact of the mighty moving masses of matter whirling in space was an infinite, onward, and ever present fact to me on earth, beside which the mere fact that I was in spirit life faded into insignificance. The one had led me no nearer to God, nor had the other. I cared not for companionship in the spirit-world. I longed for earth's experiences again.

"Unaided by prayer or petition to God, I determined to choose for myself a tabernacle which I could inhabit and again venture upon earth's scenes, feeling again the passions which had faded but were still held. I determined to find a habitation for my spirit in the body of this new-born babe. In its transition I took advantage of that state in which the spirit of the child was leaving the body, before the mechanism of the physical organisation had ceased to act. I succeeded, and in this fragile habitation I, a spirit of a previous sixty-seven years of earth's experiences, took up my abode. My active, restless spirit was perfectly imprisoned in this body. I mean that it was ten months ere I could manifest the power of speech through it. I was afraid of crushing the tender fibres of the brain by using them too roughly. At ten months I was able to talk fluently. At two years I could argue with doctors of divinity from the proofs afforded by the Hebrew writings of the prophecies respecting the coming of the Messiah. At four years I was able to talk fluently English through this body, the tongue of one of the parents of this body, and some four thousand Latin words. At that age I entered into studies with the greatest anatomists living. I was then enabled to meet in argument with the most noted divines, ignoring then the authenticity of Bible records. I was too anxious to bring my talent forward in its habitation: my architectural studies, my mathematical exercises, performed at the age of four years and four months, were the wonder of all the leading minds. Fluently I could answer all questions in history. Passionately fond of astronomical studies until the brain formation collapsed—broke—understand me perfectly, because I am incapable of conveying my ideas to the outside world, as though this glass (taking a tumbler off the table) would be incapable of holding water were I to control the arm holding it to dash it on the floor. The envelope was no longer fit to contain the spirit; I abandoned it, having had for four years and nine months a second earth life.

"One thing I was perfectly incapable of performing, and that was mastication. I lived on the nurse's milk to the day I flung aside the body; in other words, the body was suckled under the impression that it conveyed the spirit that was born within it."

"I will not give my name. I have given the name of the family in which I went through my second life. The chances are that you may find it in some biography, as I have sat and argued when the body was two years old with some of the greatest minds living. I have a reason why I will not state my name, but I have this reason to give you. The Almighty¹ permitted me the power of re-incarnation; but, understand this perfectly, my *individuality* was never destroyed. I was always what I remembered myself on earth, and no other. Through God's merey this second life was permitted. But for this re-incarnation state I should in the vistas of eternity never have got out of a sphereless condition, as I never knew, cared for, nor feared a higher power.

God proved the ineffectuality of my living in that particle of mortality; by that atom from the complete whole which formed my immortal soul, the ineffectuality, thorough and complete, of governing a body, unaided by His unseen care and love. I found a difficulty in every passing day? I prayed for total destruction as the end of all my cares. Occupying this self-chosen habitation but four years and nine months with immense difficulty and thorough incompetency, when for the first time dawned the fact—there must be a God, because my spirit found itself at a loss in directing the movements of a body already formed for it.

"I am, perhaps, giving a seemingly inconclusive argument for my conviction of a Supreme Being, but none can judge the difficulties I experienced whilst in that body—a self-conviction gaining every hour more force that part of myself was indestructible; that I was unwittingly going directly contrary to some Power, to some Being's fixed laws. This conviction of a God drew to my side for the first time during spirit-life a Spirit companion. He is leading me into paths that are leading me towards this Infinite God. I have had, and although philosophy may gainsay it—I say that I have had a century and a half of the greatest hopelessness. This has been part of my expiation. I am rising. Pray for me. May He in whom I now believe bless you! Pray for me."

JOHN OF LEYDEN.

March 22nd, 1878.

HOW few, think you, would have been able to have had communication with Christian Heinrich Heinecke.

I asked, "Are you he coming again?"

"No"; but one with the same experiences; like him, held responsible by God for an expiation due from me. My sin was actuated by love, his by ambition; that was the difference between us, and yet God's justice metes out to me a heavier expiation. One of twins, living upon earth side-by-side with my brother; during infancy's days suckling at the same breast; reared together until we had both reached the respective age of five years. We had then just learned

to love each other. No other world to us but that of home existed for me ; my father, my mother, and my brother, they were my only world's inhabitants.

Munster, in Westphalia, was my native city. I knew Leyden. You have not visited either Munster, my native city, or Leyden, the city in which my brother served his time. I, in the opinion of my father and mother, died at the age of five ; but I could not depart from the old world, the only one I knew. The intense love I had for my twin brother, the love I had for my mother, shut completely from my sight the spirit-world and its belongings. I knew of no other world ; I had no wish to know any other.

Young as my spirit was, in its experiences, the change I had undergone was known to me. I realised that I was not like my brother ; I felt that my presence was unseen and unrecognized in my home ; I missed the tender caress of my mother, and would wonder, child-like, at the absence of caresses, when I placed my spirit-form in her lap ; and yet my hands were stained with the blood of my fellow human beings. Though laid seemingly at rest, at so tender an age, yet earth's experiences for me had scarcely commenced. I ask you to admit my statement as an undeniable truth. I loved earth-life only in the presence of my twin-brother. Whilst he was absent from home, I, in my spirit form, had but a dull feeling of earthly desires ; but when he came into the room, then I felt the intensity of longing for everything he felt. If my mother was feeding him, then I felt his appetite ; if my mother and father were caressing him, then I longed for their caressing me too. I found I could participate in every joy he had, as I continued to be his double, if I may use such a term, I found that though I could share his joys, I could sever my feelings from his griefs.

Acting on this newly-acquired knowledge, which, as a spirit, I possessed, and which every spirit possesses, I found that I could act upon parts, though the principal warning, and the first I ever received from the spirit-world, was that though I could govern the particles of atoms, which formed the parts of his earthly body, I should remarkably fail in governing the whole body—meaning, that, I could easily, as a few years rolled on, in my constant attendance, guide every action of my brother's life. I found myself fully adequate to place *inquietude* in one part of his brain, and give renewed activity to any other part. The warning meant that to control the whole, I should be subject to his weakness of self-government.

I lived this earth-life for weeks, days, months, and years. In the spirit-form I have sat at the same board as he was on at his trade, that of a tailor. I have shared in the joys of his companion's society, and one more marked than all the rest began to have an undue influence over my brother. He was a journeyman baker, a fanatical enthusiast, and belonged to the society of Anabaptists ; I, as a spirit-form, was free from all sectarian claims that bind and fetter the soul of man. I would have warned him against this man, but I could not.

Years have lapsed since I was in the form ; I mean in my earthly garments. He had grown from a lad to a young man. I had been his unfailing companion every minute that had passed ; I have

before stated to you that I shared his joys ; but spiritual knowledge kept me clear of his griefs. He loved the wife of his companion, Matthias, the baker. I loved her too in sympathy with him: what was an unholy feeling of his, was equally sinful of mine.

In sects and creeds where earnestness prevails, there is safety, but where hypocrisy reigns, then comes the opportunity for the spirit to be obsessed. In the eyes of the Great Parent of all mankind the mere professor is most abhorred. My brother feigned a false enthusiasm for the sect, giving thus opportunity for obsession I, to prevent this, wished him *disembodied*—free from the trammels of earth, so that I could take his place in the form. Incredible as it may seem to you, it became the all-absorbing wish of my soul, and as he relinquished his earth-body, I, with stern and more decisive will, took the place of his spirit and restored his vitality—gave through my atomic knowledge a renewed heart action, and before the natural warmth, which life instils into matter passed away, I had accomplished the grand and undeniable fact of capability of action. I could move either limb, and after a due interval had elapsed, I met Matthias under the personality of my brother John.

“Our family name is Boccoldt. I, after my re-incarnation, was known as John of Leyden. I noticed the start Matthias gave as I spoke to him; I was defective in articulation. He ascribed it to my long illness, and my lingering convalescence afterwards. I entered into his scheme of sects ; I strengthened his prophetic aspirations. I found to my terror that the mad fanaticism, the unruly enthusiasm, which had governed my brother began to govern me. The spirit warning that I had received impressing me against the action of re-incarnation, warning me : first, of the fatal consequences of offending God ; secondly, of the expiation due to His justice ; thirdly, of the punishment which necessarily and inevitably must fall on my spirit though my incapacity of holding my own against the united body, which upon re-incarnation I should assume, and the change of position which that body would present to my spirit, and that in lieu of being but a servant in my hands, whilst I controlled outwardly and in parts only, it would upon re-incarnation become the master of my spirit when its influences as a whole were brought to bear.

The fanaticism became a power that overruled me. Matthias the Prophet's utterances became sacred laws to my spirit. The superior knowledge of a former life faded from me ; I became the servant of a body that I had chosen, and yet in spirit chafed at this bondage. I had a faint recollection of a greater power that was ceasing to exist, and the thought often came to me, could I but get rid of this influence of Matthias, I should be free again. Free again to what? To give myself up to lawless passions ; to forfeit the advancement that is given to the soul of man through a moral life on earth. Through this desire, this incestuous feeling of love for Matthias' wife, I remembered with what remarkable eloquence I addressed the inhabitants of Munster on the claims of our belief. I remember the feeling of satisfaction when I urged them to assume the entire government and control of the Imperial city of Munster, backed by the strength of our energetic proselytes, for we numbered over a thousand. Clouded as my spirit was, yet I could look

forward into the future ; even then I could imagine the stern rage of the orthodox bishop, disenthroned by a mere gathering, a rabble made up of the great unwashed. Yes, I could look forward further still, and see my earnest enthusiasm taking a form of action, and my spirit rejoiced at the likely death of Matthias. It would be a step further in my love, a love which had been my brother's when in the form, but which he governed, a love which I had inherited as being his with his form, and which governed me.

"Expiation in isolated cases begins on earth. I commenced mine whilst in the re-incarnation form. He died, even as my spirit had foretold, leading in vain a forlorn hope, yet composed of brave and hardy, but ill-advised men. Unceremoniously I was elected as chief ruler of the usurped city of Munster. Though but a slave to the body, yet with knowledge enough to remain cautious, I carried on but a defensive war against Munster's former bishop. The interval of months running in fact into years : two years elapsed before Munster's bishop regained his own. During this interval—an interval deeply regretted, an interval to me of wild and lawless debauchery, heaping wrongs on wrongs upon the heads of those who were earnest in their creed or belief—I tried to debase those who were higher in character than myself. Be not afraid to record all I say : I am here by permission. I married the wife of Matthias, and proclaimed to all the assembled preachers through the length and breadth of Westphalia that it was God's great pleasure to re-name Munster, and call it Sion, and to make Sion a gathering-place for all true worshippers of God : that the teachings of Jesus of old held but a second place in the revealing of the present ; that it pleased Him that the high places should be made low, and that the low should be elevated ; that men of high degree should serve in menial services, and that the lowly should be exalted to high stations ; that His chiefest pleasure consisted in the Law that He had made known to man ; that to *increase and multiply* was serving Him well therefore I advised them all to do what I for the first should do—Teach and preach a plurality of wives. I myself on that memorable day—memorable because I was crowned as an angel of God, as inspired by Him who gave laws to all mankind—installed twelve guardians or Apostles of the city, in analogy to the Apostles of old. Ere the sun had set on that day, I married the widow of Matthias and three others, which number I increased to fourteen afterwards. With only one I shared the throne and the pageantry of royalty.

"I am not telling you an idle fable, but incidents that actually took place. All, too eager to follow the example set by one seemingly inspired by God, embraced eagerly the opportunity of following it, and the Imperial City of Munster, misnamed Sion, revelled in debased immorality. Then I had reached the summit of my offences ; then I commenced my expiation as a counterbalance to God's justice ; then came His hand in mercy to stay the unchecked will and to put a limit to its enormities. Famine first, pallid cheeks, haggard faces, wan and miserable forms greeted me on every side ; all seemed dark to me. News came hourly how closely we were besieged, and of the impossibility of obtaining the least fragment of food for our suffering inhabitants. Fear overtook my soul. Fear that I should be de-

serted by all. But I possessed extraordinary power over these people; to stir up resistance to its highest point became my object; I felt that the end was near, and as it more closely approached, the nearer became my spiritual gaze; and so fearful did I become of going into the great unknown world beyond, with such deep sins and crimes on my soul, that I determined if possible, to find out if annihilation were possible, and if so to claim it rather than face the inevitable justice of God. I had hurried through the streets of Sion—oh what a bitter mockery was that!—naked and unclad, urging in madness the people to resist. The besiegers broke through a weak part of our walls, and had you seen the resistance which was offered to the forces of the bishop in our market-place, you would with me fully acknowledge the extraordinary power I held over them even under these trying circumstances.

“I sought for death, and yet dreaded to leave the form. The stabs that I received were all in front. My numerous wounds would have let out a spirit less tenacious than mine, and why I could not relinquish the body I knew not. I became a prisoner in their hands. Why speak of the tortures they made me suffer, or that they made my spirit suffer? Mine was a spirit praying for a deeper doom than they could grant me. Carrying me as show—a warning as they called it—from town to town, and ultimately reaching the place destined for my death, the invention of numerous tortures became their primary idea, and they were, one and all, astonished at the extraordinary fortitude with which I bore them. I got freedom from the body at last,—the body I had seized against the advice of God’s ministers and servants, specially sent to warn me against disobeying my Father’s will. I belong to the lowest sphere—a sphere below earth’s sphere. I am a soul in prison. Upon earth I was known as John Boccoldt, or John of Leyden, and I came here by permission. May God hold you in His keeping. Hope for yourself. You are subject to a will as much your master as mine was. Be not self-governed then; I was sent to you to prove that in the world of souls, out of the form, there is retrogression as well as progression. *Finis.*”