

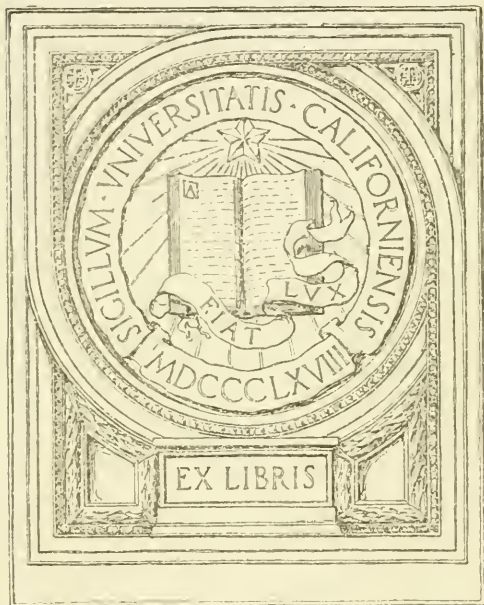
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HAFED PRINCE OF PERSIA:

HIS EXPERIENCES

IN

EARTH-LIFE AND SPIRIT-LIFE,

BEING SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS

RECEIVED THROUGH MR. DAVID DUGUID,
THE GLASGOW TRANCE-PAINTING MEDIUM.

With an Appendix,

CONTAINING COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT ARTISTS,
RUISDAL AND STEEN.

*Illustrated by Fac-similies of various DRAWINGS and WRITINGS,
the Direct Work of the Spirits.*

SECOND EDITION.

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P R E F A C E .

IT is now about six years since I began to take notes of these communications, given through my friend Mr David Duguid in trance ; but, at that time, I had not the faintest idea that they would swell out to the dimensions of a portly volume. My rough notes were extended chiefly with the view of reading them from time to time at the private meetings of the associated Spiritualists of Glasgow, and with no thought of further publicity. It is only within the last twelve months that I was induced, by the oft-repeated request of friends on whose judgment I rely, to prepare the whole for the press. I was also encouraged in my purpose by a promise on the part of the Spirits who control the Medium, that they would illustrate their communications by *Direct* drawings and writings, thus, as it were, putting their *imprimatur* on the work.

I have stated in the INTRODUCTION how, and in what circumstances, the communications were received. *How* they were received will be readily understood by the Spiritualist, but there may be many led to peruse these pages unacquainted with Modern Spiritualism, to whom I would tender the advice—Begin at the Introduction if you want to have some idea of the nature and source of the communications. The reason why they were given is briefly stated by Haged in his closing address:—“ *My main object was to give to this age of the world some experiences of my life in the body, in the hope that these, belonging to an eventful period of the world's history, might be of some use at the present time.*” Farther on, he says, in the same address, “ *This simple narrative of my experiences which I have given you, may by some be considered long and tedious ; by*

others, the mere product of the imagination; I say it is true. Living in a far back age, far removed from your time, I can but give you my word. I care not what men may say to the contrary, I again say it is true. I trust, however, that nothing I have said will give offence to any one. If there is anything of that nature let him who is offended put it aside, and take that only which commends itself to him as good. I have no desire to offend, but the truth I dare not withhold. I died for it, and, were it possible, would again die for it. Some of my ideas may not have been conveyed to you just as I wanted; but you must not forget, that I had to do my work with an inferior instrument—a Medium not of the finest culture—finding it difficult at times to transmit my thoughts; but, withal, I have accomplished much, and overcome many barriers in my way—thanks to our friends the Painters. And now since you are determined to lay these communications before your fellow-men, I earnestly desire that they may read them with honest minds; and though I do not expect (neither must you) that readers will see all alike,—for that they will not do,—yet I trust they will be guided by charity and sound judgment.”

In the work of compilation, I lay no claim to literary finish—that will easily be perceived by the learned reader; but I have done what I could to accomplish the task assigned to me by the controlling Spirits—to convey their thoughts expressed through the Trance Medium to the outside World.

H. NISBET.

GLASGOW, 219 GEORGE STREET, 30th Nov., 1875.

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HAFED PRINCE OF PERSIA.



INTRODUCTION.

“As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.”

—HAMLET, *Act I. Scene 2.*

To the great mass of the people of this country, what is known as Modern Spiritualism, with its oft-recurring and varied phenomena, is a thing unknown, or at least little understood; to many it is something satanic, and to be avoided; to others it forms a fertile subject for ridicule and silly sneering; while to not a few timid souls it is a verity, but, alas! they dare not openly avow their convictions. And yet from amongst these the Spiritual host is continually receiving accessions to its numbers. With this in view, I am persuaded that it would be unwise in me to put such a book as this into the hands even of those who are friendly to Spiritualism, without some attempt to light up the path of the reader; and much more unwise to place it before the general reader without explanation. I feel this course all the more necessary on account of the extraordinary nature of many of the statements recorded, referring to matters dating so far back in the world's history, and connected with subjects that have for centuries been deemed sacred by the peoples of Christendom.

In the year 1865 my attention was directed to the subject of Modern Spiritualism, by witnessing certain manifestations in the house of Mr. Whittaker, an artist, then residing in Glasgow (now in England). Unable to account for what we saw and heard, I, along with Mr. David Duguid, who had introduced me to Mr. Whittaker, resolved to make further investigation at my own fireside. Accordingly a circle was formed, composed of various members of my family, and Messrs. Robert and David Duguid. The result

of our sittings for a few weeks may be briefly stated. Two of the youthful members of the circle became writing mediums, one of these ultimately developing into a trance speaker. The manifestations obtained through the mediumship of these young and unsophisticated girls were of such a nature as to lead us to more earnest inquiry; and at length we were gratified by the development of Mr. D. Duguid as a trance-painting medium.

A considerable degree of curiosity was awakened among our acquaintances to witness the medium painting in trance, and this feeling quickly spread to the outside public. To satisfy this desire, we agreed to set aside two nights a-week for the free admission of strangers; and in the course of the two or three years during which this arrangement was carried out, there could not have been less than seven or eight hundred visitors, from all classes in the community. Judging from remarks made at the sittings and subsequently, all, with very few exceptions, were more or less satisfied as to the genuineness of the manifestations of painting in trance; that is, that Mr. Duguid was not deceiving them, but was really drawing and painting the minutest objects without the use of his natural vision. But, as I have said, there were a few who were not convinced; and a correspondence on the subject arose in the columns of a Glasgow newspaper. The war of words began by the insertion of a letter from one who had been present at a sitting, and who could see nothing but deception on the one hand and delusion on the other. This brought out several letters on the other side, endeavouring to show that there was not the slightest room for either deception or delusion. The result was, still greater anxiety on the part of the public to witness this "strange thing," and judge for themselves—though to the medium, the cause of much annoyance. This occurred at an early stage of the manifestations. At a later period, another anonymous attack was made in the columns of the *Glasgow Star*, to which I replied, inviting the editor to come and judge for himself. He gladly accepted the invitation, and, along with a friend, came and witnessed what so many others had seen; and, judging from the lengthened article on the subject which shortly thereafter appeared, he was satisfied that his sceptical correspondent knew nothing of what he was writing about. In striking contrast to the foregoing, was the conduct of another Glasgow newspaper, whose "own commissioner" attempted to give an account

of what he saw and heard at a painting sitting; but the poor man evidently got out of his latitude, for next morning, instead of a sober statement of facts coming under his observation, the readers had served up to them an article brimful of misrepresentation and mental obliquity—a confounding of things that differ, by the obfuscated “commissioner.” A letter to the editor, pointing out, in the gentlest terms, the glaring inaccuracies of the article, was quietly ignored. Possibly the sapient reporter, before writing out his notes, was obedient to the apostolic injunction, in a way too often resorted to in “the second city of the empire”^{*}—the most charitable conclusion that can be come to, by which to account for his utter distortion of the truth.

As my chief object in writing this introduction is to set before the reader the nature and extent of Mr. Duguid’s mediumship, I cannot do better than give in this place extracts from an article which appeared in *Human Nature*† for November, 1868, from the pen of Dr. Wm. Anderson, at that time resident in Glasgow, but now a respectable medical practitioner in Brooklyn, New York. The article was as follows:—

“THE GLASGOW PAINTING MEDIUM.

“Many of our readers have either seen some of the paintings produced by this medium, or witnessed him actually at work; while many more have had their curiosity aroused by reading a stray notice of his doings. We have resolved, at the request of several who are deeply interested, to give a somewhat detailed account of the present position and history of the medium and his work. For the sake of those who have no opportunity of seeing such peculiar manifestations, we shall give a picture of

“THE MEDIUM AT WORK.

“By the kind invitation of my friend Mr. Nisbet (who acts as ‘medium’ between the public and Mr. David Duguid, the painter), we paid a visit recently, accompanied by an old Mesmeric friend,

* A well-known clergyman in Glasgow, somewhat factious, who sympathises heartily with the temperance movement, and in some measure also with Modern Spiritualism, stated in my hearing, some years ago at a church soiree, that he knew of one man at least who boldly repelled teetotalism on Scriptural grounds; who, when asked for proof for the attitude he assumed, at once, and with a look of triumph, quoted the apostolic injunction—“*Try the spirits.*” The worst of it was, said the rev. gentleman, the valiant champion of drouthdom was not satisfied with one trial; with him it was “Try, try, try again.”

† A monthly magazine. London: J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row.

to see how matters were progressing. (We may here state, that we have been personally acquainted with Mr. Duguid, Mr. H. Nisbet, and all the parties more immediately concerned, for some years, and can testify to their thorough honesty of purpose, and gentlemanly conduct in giving every reasonable facility to those interested in the investigation of such phenomena.) Having had the novelty of the matter brushed off by previous examination, we were the more able to examine and watch critically the various movements of the medium.

“On arrival, we found several gentlemen before us, and ere long there was a company of six or seven to watch the proceedings—several of them for the first time, and somewhat sceptical. Our host had laid out for inspection several of the finished paintings, including some of the medium’s first attempts, which enabled all present to judge of the progress that had been made. Having examined these carefully, and had a friendly chat on the subject, Mr. Duguid now entered the room, when we all sat down and kept quiet. The medium placed himself in a chair, and sat quietly for a few minutes, when his eyes closed, and he appeared like a person in the Mesmeric trance. Presently he rises from the chair, advances a step (his eyes still firmly closed), smiles, shakes hands with the invisibles (three in number), and bows politely, with an air of reality about the affair that is somewhat amusing to onlookers; realising the picture of Ben Jonson—

‘He’s up and walks
And talks in his perfect sleep, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly as he were broad awake :
He’ll tell us wonders !’

The introduction over, he walks up to the easel, which had been placed almost beneath the gasalier, for the benefit of the strangers. A small landscape, already half finished, was to be his work. But now that he is entranced, we may take a good stare at him without being considered rude. He is of ordinary stature, and strongly built. His temperament seems principally what is known as bilious, with a good dash of the fibrous, indicating a quiet, receptive, plodding character, with considerable muscular endurance. The head is large and well shaped—in fact, a good specimen of the national type; pretty strong in the reflective organs, and broad about Caution; the perceptives somewhat prominent; the whole head high above the ears, which is said to give an æsthetic tone to the mind. He seems principally deficient in Ideality, the head narrowing considerably in that direction; the appearance about the eyes, too, indicates a lack in the organ of Language; and there is likewise a slight want in the region of Self-esteem. Out of trance, he is quiet and retiring, and he retains this peculiarity while entranced, rarely speaking till the painting is over.

“All present were surprised at the rapidity with which he

worked. He stops for a few seconds occasionally, and looks at the picture knowingly, sometimes rising from the chair and retiring a step or two. To show that the light was of little consequence, except to enable us to see, the gas was screwed out, except one jet, which was lowered as far as possible; and even the glimmer from this peep was obscured by holding our hand between it and the canvas, so that it was impossible to tell what he was painting. We had carefully noted the appearance of the work before lowering the gas, and on turning it up suddenly in three minutes, found he had introduced several small boats on the loch in the foreground, and had brought out more distinctly a castle which stood on the margin of the water. He then, to our astonishment, with what appeared to be a few careless daubs, inserted a pleasure boat, in which were several figures. He continued to paint in this manner for upwards of an hour, when he took a common card from his pocket, and commenced a rough sketch of a landscape, for the purpose, apparently, of using up the paint on his brushes. He now carefully put the paints in order, wiped his brushes and palette, closed his box, and turned round his chair, as if done with painting for the night.

“Having risen from his chair, he appears, from the lively expression on his face, to have some pleasant banter with one of the spirit painters who influence him (Jan Steen, we are told); then, sitting down again, the spirit, through the medium, says he is ready to answer any questions from those present. Various questions were put, and answered generally to the satisfaction of the inquirers; but as they were mostly of a common-place character, we shall not trouble the reader further with them. The questioning over, the medium now rose, shook hands with the invisibles, bade them good night, bowed politely, and sat down. To prevent the light hurting his eyes when he awoke, the gas was lowered. In less than five minutes he awoke, rubbed his eyes, and looked as human as any present. On questioning him, he said he had but a very faint impression of anything that transpired while he was entranced.

“Such is a faithful report of the results of the séance, described as it would strike a stranger. We shall now, from authentic sources, give

“A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

“Mr. Duguid is about thirty-five years of age, and a working cabinetmaker by profession. He has had no education further than is common among the working classes. He is rather shy and retiring, speaks but little, and finds considerable difficulty in expressing his ideas. He is in good health, and has none of the hysterical traits which are thought by many to be the origin or result of such peculiar powers. He never studied or attempted

drawing or painting before he was 'influenced' while investigating Spiritualism.

"At the beginning of 1866, he was led by curiosity to take part in some of the table-tilting manifestations at the house of his friend Mr. Nisbet. He was sceptical at first as to the agency of spirits in the matter. At one of these sittings he began to experience curious sensations, such as shaking of the arms, accompanied by a cold current running down his spine.

"His first attempts at drawing took place in the house of Mr. Nisbet, under the following circumstances:—While sitting at the table, he was mentally impressed to call in the aid of a young lady, a writing and trance medium. After sitting for some time, her hands feeling cold, she put her right hand on Mr. Duguid's left, to let him feel how cold it was, when at once his left hand began to move. Thinking he was about to be developed as a writing medium, a pencil and paper were laid down, when the pencil was picked up, and various figures were drawn on the paper. Though very rude, the design of a vase with flowers could be made out. In the same awkward position, viz., with his left hand, on which the right hand of the lady rested, he drew the section of an archway. The guiding 'influence' gave the name of '*Marcus Baker*,' and promised to return.

"Two days afterwards they held another séance, when the hand of the medium was controlled to draw, with coloured pencils, a basket of flowers and fruit, a portrait of the spirit, and several heads. He still used his left hand, encumbered with that of the lady medium; which was done, they were told, that it might the more readily convince sceptics. At the next sitting they were allowed to provide water-colours, with which he painted an elaborate symbolical picture; but by this time he was using his right hand, while the aid of the young lady was dispensed with. He now wrought with closed eyes, and appeared so deeply entranced as not to hear them speak. It was found that though he could not hear them, the spirit could, and was able to reply to them through the medium, although unknown to him. Through inquiries, they learned that the spirit was that of a Dutch painter; that he was born in 1636, and died in 1681; that '*Marcus Baker*' was not his real name, which he declined to give; but that he would furnish them with the means of learning his name, viz., by reproducing, through the medium, one of his principal pictures.

"This promise he began to fulfil at a subsequent sitting, by sketching the outline of a waterfall—a wild scene of rock and crag, with pines growing from their clefts; a hill, crowned by an ancient fort, towards the right; on the left, a hermit's hut, with a rustic bridge leading to it over the foaming water. The medium, when awake, said that while entranced he could see and converse with the spirit, and described him as a man of melancholy aspect,

wearing a strange old-fashioned dress. He always came accompanied by a beautiful female spirit,* who, along with the painter, shook hands with the medium. He also gave an account of the hardships he endured while on earth, which brought tears to the eyes of the medium.

“This painting was begun on the 18th April, and finished on the 21st—four hours being the time actually employed on it. When completed, the initials ‘J. R.’ were observed in the left hand corner. None of the party could recognise it as like anything they had seen before, and they had no idea how to prosecute the inquiry, when fortunately an artist having called to see it, he thought he recognised the picture as one he had seen somewhere, or at least an engraving of it. On looking over ‘Cassell’s Art Treasures Exhibitor,’ at page 301, he found an engraving entitled the ‘Waterfall,’ by Jacob Ruisdal,† acknowledged to be his *chef d’œuvre*. On comparing the engraving with the picture, it was found to resemble it so closely as to be almost a fac-simile; the only difference being that in the engraving there were two or three figures on the rustic bridge which were absent in the painting. On being questioned as to the difference at the following séance, the spirit replied that the figures were not by himself, but were put in by his friend Berghem; which, upon reference to the biography of Ruisdal, was found to be correct. In the same biography were found many facts corroborating the sad history previously given to the medium. Up to this time, Mr. Duguid had not been made aware of the discovery, but on awaking from the trance, he was shown the engraving, and a portrait of Ruisdal which accompanied it, when he at once recognised the likeness as that of the spirit painter

“At subsequent sittings, the spirit-artist was accompanied by Jan Steen, a celebrated Dutch painter, and a contemporary of his own. The requisites for painting in oil were now procured, and the medium commenced at once to put them in use, painting a number of small sketches under the combined influence of Ruisdal and Steen. Up to the present time (1868) he has painted between forty and fifty different pictures, of all sizes. They show a steady progress in the manipulative department. He was told at the beginning that he would gradually improve, and that ultimately he would be able to paint out of trance, without being controlled by the spirits. He has attempted more than once to work a little at the painting while in his normal state, but only succeeded in spoiling them, and had to be entranced before he could remedy his blunders.

* See *Appendix*—Communications from the Spirit Artists,—“Ruisdal’s Betrothed.”

† Commonly spelled *Ruysdael*; but I have adopted the spelling of the name of the painter as given on the *Direct Card*—a Portrait of Ruisdal by Jan Steen.

“As to the merits of the paintings as works of art, we do not pretend to be competent judges; but professional men who have examined them declare that they are of a superior order, and characteristic of the school of painters from whence the inspiration is said to come. Judged from a common standpoint, they would be extraordinary works for a working-man to paint, without previous education and preparation; but when to this is added, that they are done with the eyes shut, in the dark, or only with gaslight, which is known to be quite unsuited for painting,—then we may say that they are most marvellous indeed.

“The subjects of many of the paintings are scenes which Mr. Duguid has personally visited, while others are compositions, the images of which are brought before his mind’s eye by the spirit artist. Mr. Duguid has been entranced frequently while in the country, in the open air, and in that state taken rough sketches which were afterwards elaborated at home. He has now perfect command over the trance condition, and can go into it at any time he pleases, and under any circumstances. While in his normal condition, he is occasionally visited by his spirit friends, whose presence he perceives, though he cannot see them, by a peculiar cold current running through his body, and frequently, by clairaudience, receives messages and instructions from them.

“It is proper to add, that at the suggestion of his (to us) invisible guides, he went to the Government School of Art in the city for four months, at the end of the last and beginning of the present year, where he made very rapid progress in drawing.

“We might add a great many very interesting details, several of them tending to prove the identity of the spirit painters, but space forbids at present. The painting séances have now been visited by several hundred persons, many of them eminent in science, literature, and art; but though the closest scrutiny was observed, and all sorts of tests applied, nothing in the shape of fraud or deception has ever been discovered. No one, as yet, has broached a theory that will cover a tithe of the phenomena; but all are agreed that it is ‘wonderful,’ ‘extraordinary,’ ‘no canny,’ and so on.”

In the course of our sittings in 1869 it was suggested—as a test of the abnormal condition of the painting medium—that he should, after his usual work on the large picture, begin and finish a little card picture or drawing in the presence of the onlookers. The suggestion was at once adopted, and at subsequent sittings a number of small paintings and drawings were executed by the medium, sometimes in the light and sometimes when the gas was turned down, with just as much light as enabled us to see him working. The time occupied ranged from eight to

twelve minutes on each picture. These cards were invariably given away to parties present, and prized as good tests of Mr. Duguid's trance condition. We had not long to wait, however, for developments much more striking than any that had hitherto been observed. Conversing, as was our wont, with the medium in trance, one evening after his painting exercise, we were told that these small paintings and drawings could be done in less time if we would ensure total darkness. At subsequent meetings the desired condition was complied with, and equally good pictures were produced in from one to three minutes. On one occasion, when the time occupied was five or six minutes, we found that the small card (measuring three-and-a-half by two-and-a-half inches) contained six pictures, all well-defined, and as close to each other as the squares on a draught board. At that time, a feat such as this was sufficiently astounding. We knew that many strange things had been done by the medium in trance, but we could not see how he was able to do this; and thereafter, getting a small landscape done in thirty-five seconds, we expressed our belief that it was impossible that it could have been done by the medium. The controlling spirit said we were quite right: the little pictures were the *direct* work of the spirit-painters, the medium doing nothing, but supplying them with the requisite magnetism. Satisfactory proof of the truth of this statement was subsequently given, when the gas being turned off the medium laid his hands in mine, while the picture was being painted.

The manifestations were not confined, however, to the production of the direct *paintings* and *drawings*: along with these a goodly number of direct *writings* have been given under similar conditions. These have almost all been given away to visitors by the medium in trance; and doubtless the little cards, carried away by individuals of all classes to various parts of the country, have been more or less successful in awakening interest on the subject of spiritual communion—the great object aimed at by the controlling spirits. These writings are in various languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English. In one instance only, a line of German was given. On some of the cards there were Hebrew, Greek, and Latin inscriptions with translations in English—signed in two or three instances by what is said to be a name in Persian. On one card an array of Egyptian hieroglyphs was produced under the

same conditions.* One evening a piece of blank printing paper which I had laid down on the table, was picked up by the medium, breathed on and placed by him in a gummed envelope; he then sealed it by wetting it with his lips, and placed it beneath the opened lid of his paint-case. After a few seconds of darkness, the gas was re-lit, and on tearing open the envelope and taking out the paper we found one side covered with writing.

In the month of August, 1869, Mr. Duguid became subject to the control of a spirit, professing to be a Persian, who had lived in the earth-body 1900 years ago. He had been, he said, a Chief or Prince of Persia, a warrior, afterwards Head of the Magi, and finally, in his old age, a preacher of the Christian faith, for his adherence to which he suffered martyrdom. All along, up to this point, we had been assured by the controlling spirits, Ruisdal and Steen, that they would on no account allow their medium to be used by other spirits; that they had selected him as one adapted in a peculiar way for painting in trance, and that any deviation from that course would have a very prejudicial effect on him. Accordingly when *Hafed* the Persian was introduced I expressed my surprise at this departure from their rule, when I was informed by the controlling spirit, that so greatly was this Persian esteemed by them, commanding, by his appearance, their deepest veneration, they could not but comply with his request to use the medium for the purpose he desired; more especially, as they were convinced that the end he had in view was that which they themselves were seeking to accomplish—namely, to lead mankind to a clearer apprehension of spiritual existence. There were (they said) some difficulties in the way of the Persian using him as a trance speaker, but these would in a short time to some extent be overcome.

Hitherto, the medium had been used, under the control of Ruisdal and Steen, to answer the questions put by myself and the visitors at the painting sittings, the answers to many of which were taken down by me at the time, and a selection from these will be found in the *Appendix*; but it was evident they had not the same power over him in speaking as they possessed in painting. Under the control of Hafed, however, he had greater facility of expressing himself.

When first brought into contact with the Persian, the

* Several examples of *Direct Writing* will be found in the body of the work and in the *Appendix*.

effect on the demeanour of the medium was very striking. He appeared awe-struck, and bent forward, with hands clasped in the attitude of the deepest reverence. Remaining for a minute in this position, he raised his head, and turning round, saluted us thus: "My greeting unto you." On every occasion since, the medium has, while under the same control, exhibited a like demeanour and given utterance to the same salutation.

At length the regular sittings with the Persian were begun, that through the medium he might give to the world of the nineteenth a narrative of personal experiences in the first century of the Christian era. At first I alone was allowed to be present at these sittings, but this stringent rule was, in course of time, gradually relaxed by the controlling spirit, in favour of a few persons interested in the medium. Having no practical knowledge of short-hand, I felt an insurmountable difficulty in reporting all that fell from the lips of the medium; but as the sittings went on, the spirit gained easier control, by which the medium was made to deliver his words slowly and with greater precision,—though, now and again, he would, while giving expression to feelings, burst forth in an uncontrollable flow of speech little of which could be taken down.

This barrier in my way of giving a full report of all he said was stated to Hafed, when he at once set my mind at rest by promising to revise all that I wrote; and that though I might be unable to give a full account, he would see to it that what I did give should be correctly done. Accordingly, a number of evenings were devoted from time to time to revisal, when the medium being entranced, I read over the MS., and corrections and emendations were made by the Persian on various portions of the narrative.

The painting sittings were continued as usual, but there were now fewer of them. There was no apparent falling off, however, in the development of Mr. Duguid as a medium. From a lengthened article by Mr. James Burns, of the London Spiritual Institute, headed "Spiritualism in Scotland," which appeared in the *Medium and Daybreak* of 28th May, 1870, I give the following extract. After a graphic and interesting account of the medium painting in trance, Mr. Burns says:—

"He worked quickly and freely for about an hour, when he left off for the purpose of producing some *direct spirit paintings*. The medium took from his pocket a bundle of cards, about the

size of an ordinary envelope, which he carries with him that they may be effectually magnetised. He searched amongst them diligently, and selected a card, which he held up to us for identification. As it contained certain thumb-marks and soil-stains this was easily done. The medium then breathed on it, held it between his hands, and threw it down on the table on which were the painting materials; he then selected some small, clean brushes, and looked on the palette to see if it was sufficiently furnished with the necessary paints. The signal was then given for the light to be turned down, and the time was calculated by counting steadily. In little more than half a minute the signal was given for the light to be struck, when, in the centre of the card, a beautiful miniature, the size of the little-finger nail, was found painted in several colours. Miss Wooderson testified to the way in which the spirits operated. Being a seer, she distinctly recognised the rubicund face of the jolly Steen, and the luminous hands which handled the brushes. From her description it would appear that the paints are transferred instantaneously from the brushes to the card, as if by photography—first one colour, then another, and other colours and shades are produced by the blending of the paints from the brushes. Another trial was promised, and a second card was selected and identified in the manner we have already described. In little more than thirty seconds the light was called for, and a more beautiful miniature landscape, about the size of the thumb nail, was found in the centre of the card. When viewed through a lens these pictures came out distinctly. Miss Wooderson again saw the spirit operate; and the raps produced on the table to call for light she said were caused by the knuckles of the spirit's hand. We should also state that Mr. Nisbet sat to the right of the medium, who placed his right hand in Mr. Nisbet's left all the time that the darkness lasted. At the left-hand lower corner of the second painting was the monogram 'J. S.,' beautifully combined in lines so delicate as to be scarcely visible; and at the right-hand bottom of the card was the same monogram followed by the name of the medium. The spirits now announced through the medium that if we had patience they would attempt a portrait. To this kind proposition all voices joyfully assented. A card was carefully selected and magnetised by breathing on it, and being placed between the palms of the medium, who remained in the trance all the time, the light was again extinguished by Mr. James Nicholson, and in two minutes he signalled to replace it, when the card was found covered with paint from margin to margin in a very artistic and forcible manner. Before our readers can understand the nature of this portrait, it will be necessary for us to give some account of the personage whom it represents. A Persian spirit who lived forty years after the death of Christ often controls the medium. This

ancient Persian had been a chief, a warrior, and lastly a teacher of the Christian faith. He was also the subject of spirit communion, and the portrait of him represents his attitude after he had lost his wife and child and was grumbling at his hard lot. He had been addressed by his guide or spirit director, and stands in a posture indicative of humiliation and contrition. He is clothed in a red cloak which extends to his heels; on his head is a cap, and above him a radiant star, which we may suppose represents his spirit teacher. Round him is a white shade, which deepens into blue at the margin of the card. The clairvoyante again saw the spirit hands at work on the portrait, also the shadowy form of the Persian as he stood in appropriate costume for the occasion. The more closely these pictures are examined, the more wonderful do they become. Upon measurement it was found that the miniature landscapes occupied the exact centres of the cards. Some conversation was held with the spirits as to the means by which the paintings were produced. The medium took up the brushes, yet wet with paint, and by applying them to his thumb nail, showed that the brushes contained the same colours as were to be found on the paintings. It is only a short time since this direct painting process was instituted at that circle. We saw a small figure which had been done on a previous evening. On that occasion a gentleman present held the hands of the medium, to prove indisputably that the work was done by spirits without the aid of mortal hands. This contact had a bad effect on David (the medium), and he did not recover from it for several days. On the evening on which we were present, the medium's hands were not held, but he voluntarily placed his right hand into Mr. Nisbet's left. This gentleman has been the protector and earthly guide of the medium, so to speak, from the beginning, and is therefore in complete sympathy with him, so that his contact was not in any way injurious. All were certain that the paintings were not done either by the medium or any one in the flesh. The work took place in the air, as the card was heard to fall heavily on the table when the picture was finished. These miniatures had been adopted to show that the spirits could paint pictures of any size, and Steen drily remarked that next time he would perhaps paint them so small that they could not be seen at all!

“The Persian spirit came and talked to the circle. He acknowledged that he stood for his portrait, or how else could it have been accomplished? He said he heard our words in the atmosphere of the medium, but when the medium conversed with him he read his thoughts in the medium's brain; then the medium looked at the spirit's face, and there beheld the thoughts of the spirit. This was evident from the manner in which David conducted himself when carrying on conversation with the invisibles. He would look up, as it were; then his lips would be seen to move

in reply. All this corresponds with the replies to similar questions given through Mr. Morse, which goes far to substantiate the reliability of the spirits' philosophy."

The production of the *direct* paintings, drawings, and writings have been deemed very satisfactory proof of spirit power; but now and again we were annoyed by insinuations as to the reality of the phenomenon; and when the wonderful nature of these productions is taken into account, we need hardly be surprised that many in the community should find themselves in the position of doubters, however much disposed to believe in the honesty of the medium and his more immediate friends. Fortunately, about this stage I received a letter from the Hon. A. L. Williams, of Orooso, Michigan, who, while in London, having read with much interest an account of Mr. Duguid's mediumship in one of our Spiritual periodicals, asked me for further information. In my reply I mentioned the difficulty we experienced in reference to the scepticism expressed by some as to the *direct cards*. In a second communication, Mr. Williams said this difficulty might be easily overcome by adopting a test which had been given to Anderson, the celebrated American painting medium, who had been subjected to similar annoyance. For a time he had tried many a plan to convince the sceptical portion of the public that the cards were the identical ones on which they had inscribed their names. It would not do; some even said he forged their names. Anderson was at his wits' end, when his spirit friends came to the rescue. They gave him a very simple, and, to the great mass of ordinary people, a very satisfactory test. It was this: Tear a corner from the blank card on which the direct writing, drawing, or painting is to be produced, and give it to the party interested. After the painting or writing is finished, he will be able to see whether the bit torn off fits exactly into the ruptured corner. This test, which, Mr. Williams says, proved most effectual, was at once adopted by us, and we have found it to give general satisfaction.* But, will it be

* One of the best tests I have heard of is given in Mr. Williams's letter. He says:—"I have had considerable experience with Mr. Anderson, who obtained a spirit-picture of my deceased daughter, for which I paid him 3000 dollars, with the understanding that I was not to pay him anything unless I was fully satisfied with the picture when finished. Let it suffice that I have the picture hung in my parlour, and five times that sum would not induce me to part with it, without knowing I could have it replaced. My daughter had been dead five years, and was twenty years of age. Mr. A. knew no more of

believed, there are still one or two among my Spiritualist friends who fail to see that it is a good test, and wish to have something better! They cherish the notion that it is possible for the medium to tear the corner off another card that he had previously painted, exactly in the same way as the blank one had been torn! We should not like to mention the number of cards such 'cute creatures would destroy ere they got two corner bits precisely alike. Let them try it. There are some minds so unhappily constituted that no amount of evidence can satisfy them.

The Pictorial Illustrations in this volume are *the direct work of the spirit artists*. About the month of August, 1874, we were told by the controlling spirits that they would endeavour to give direct illustrations for Hafed's communications, and that, for this purpose, the medium, with three or four of his friends, should sit weekly. A number of card-boards the size of this page were procured, and these were numbered and initialed by the parties composing the circle.* Up to the time I write we have received forty direct pictures, every one of which is directly connected with the Persian's story. On the fourth night of our sittings, although we were quite satisfied as to the ordinary tests for the identification of the cards, we were surprised when bidden by the controlling spirit to *tie the hands* of the medium firmly behind his back. The gas was then put out for four or five minutes, and on re-lighting it, we found the drawing completed, and the medium as we had left him, bound hard and fast. The gas was again extinguished, and in less than a minute the ligature which bound the medium was quietly dropped on the lap of a member of the circle. At all the subsequent sittings the same condition has been enforced by the controlling spirit. On several occasions, on lighting up, we found that the card had been taken away; and notwithstanding the most diligent search in every conceivable nook, we were quite unsuccessful in every instance in recovering it, but as soon as we were in the dark, the missing card was thrown on the table.

her than you do, and had no likeness or description of her, except her age and time of death. It is not only a beautiful picture, but a *perfect likeness, and full size*." With such a proof as this, we need hardly be told that Mr. Williams (as he himself says) is "a firm believer in these Spiritualistic phenomena."

* See *Appendix*—Testimony of Persons present at the Sittings for *Direct Illustrations*.

I have allowed Dr. Anderson and Mr. Burns to describe what they saw of Mr. Duguid's mediumship—the former at an early, the latter at a later, stage. I will now introduce a third witness to testify to that which may perhaps be called the most striking and latest phase of Mr. Duguid's mediumship. The able and eloquent lecturer on Modern Spiritualism, George Sexton, LL.D., was present at one of these special sittings, and gives the following account of his visit, in his journal, the *Christian Spiritualist*, for Nov., 1874:—

“I stayed at Glasgow two or three days for the purpose of calling on some of my old friends in the town. On the Tuesday evening I had a sitting with the celebrated painting medium, David Duguid, at which were present Mr. Bowman, Mr. Andrew Bowman (his brother), Mr. Nisbet, myself, and the medium. It has been already announced in some of the Spiritual journals that a work is in preparation consisting of direct spirit drawings, produced in the presence of this medium, with explanations given through him by the celebrated Persian spirit of whom we have heard so much. Two or three large volumes of manuscript have been already completed—one of which I saw on this occasion—and a great number of pictures are also in existence. As these have been continued regularly at the recent sittings that have been held, we did not, of course, expect any departure from the regular order of proceedings on the occasion of my being present. On taking our seats in the room, it was suggested by some one that the medium should be tied, a precaution that is quite unnecessary, since it would be utterly impossible for him to produce the pictures by the agency of his hands. Still, it was done, and his wrists were securely fastened at the back of his chair. These pictures, I may here remark, are produced upon cards, signed at the back with the initials of all those who take a part in the séances, so that it becomes utterly impossible to substitute others for them. The cards thus signed at the back, and with the front sides perfectly blank, were laid on the table. The medium became entranced, the light extinguished, and we remained in darkness for a few minutes, occupying the time mostly with singing. At a given signal from the spirits, the gas was re-lighted, and one of the cards was found missing, although no one had entered the room during the time, the medium still remaining tied as at first. The light was again extinguished, and in what appeared to be a few seconds the card was returned, and found to contain a drawing of a scene on the banks of the Nile near Thebes. This picture was elaborately done, and had it been accomplished by mortal hands must have occupied ten times the period that was devoted to its production. The same circumstances were repeated, and another picture was

produced in a similar manner, consisting of a view, as was explained to us, of a temple in the isle of Elephanta. This is really the most marvellous mediumship that I have ever seen, and one cannot help regretting that David Duguid is not in London, where his wonderful powers could be witnessed by much larger numbers of persons. Such manifestations leave no possible loophole by which the most obstinate scepticism can escape the conclusion that spirits and spirits only produce the phenomena.

“The production of two pictures is usually, I found, the extent of the manifestations on one evening, the power becoming pretty well exhausted in this operation. On this occasion, however, it was clear that something else was to be done, probably in consequence of my being present. The medium, therefore, in a state of trance, gave instructions to Mr. Nisbet to fetch his paints and brushes from an adjoining room. This having been done, a small card was taken, such as photographers are in the habit of using for *cartes de visite*; indeed I found, on examination, that it was one of the identical cards so used, a number having been furnished for the purpose by Mr. Bowman. The corner was torn off this card by the medium and handed to me, which I secured by placing it in my purse. The light was again turned out and a little more singing engaged in. At a given signal, a light was produced, and a very curious result was observed. An attempt had been made at producing a picture, which had failed, in consequence of an unprepared card having by accident got mixed up with the others before they were brought here, and this very card having been selected for the picture. The consequence was, that although the intention of the painting could be distinctly seen, the colours had run, and the picture was, therefore, spoiled. Another card was taken, the corner torn off in the same way, and handed to me. I threw away the first one and retained the second. The gas was turned off, and when after a few seconds it was again turned on, we found a beautiful little oil painting covering a space in the centre of the card about the size of a shilling. Both the card and the corner torn from it I have still in my possession.”

This latest development in the medium—the production of *direct* drawings, as illustrations of the story which has fallen from his lips in trance—is certainly gratifying to many of his friends; but that these drawings should be done while the medium's hands are firmly tied, is, for the sake of a certain class of minds, very satisfactory indeed. Judging from what has already been effected, we look forward with confidence to the time when still higher phenomena will be afforded.

At an early stage in my sittings with Mr. Duguid I was

told by the controlling spirit that, though his mediumship was confined to trance-painting and speaking, there was scarcely anything under the head of Spiritual phenomena that could not be got through him; but, because of the peculiarity of his mental and physical constitution, the greatest care on their part was needed. All that was required on our part, he said, was patience, and in due time we should witness all that had ever been produced of such manifestations. This promise, so far as we have gone, has been faithfully kept; for though we have not as yet had every phase of the phenomena brought out, I, along with many others in this city, have witnessed much that is truly marvellous. But, having dwelt so long in this Introduction on the ordinary features of Mr. Duguid's mediumship, I must refer the reader to the *Appendix* for a brief account of what I may term the *extra-ordinary* manifestations that have now and again been made through him—brief, because I am sure that a fuller account, though interesting to many readers, would be but a repetition of much that is published from week to week in the columns of the Spiritual journals. Besides, all such must give place to that which I consider as matter of greater importance—namely, the information that may be obtained by us, through the medium, of and from those who have passed away into spirit life.

The compilation of this work—or rather, the task of recording the trance-utterances of which it is composed—has been to me, for some years, a labour of love; and, under a feeling of the deepest reverence for truth, I no longer hesitate to lay it before my fellow-men. I have recorded nothing beyond what was spoken by the medium in his trance state. When I found the utterances confused, or disjointed, which frequently happened, I either omitted them altogether, or got the subject rehearsed at a subsequent meeting; and I have adhered throughout, as nearly as possible, to the phraseology of the medium. The whole is given as a plain and simple statement of the words which have come (as I believe) from one of Heaven's messengers through the humble instrumentality of an unlettered, but at the same time, an honest and gifted man.

There is one thing, in these and other trance communications, which it would be well for the reader to bear in mind, that the spirit controlling the medium may be one who, while on earth, occupied a high rank in the field of wisdom and knowledge, and yet finds himself powerless to

communicate with us through inadequacy of the conditions afforded by the medium, or the persons sitting with him. In the case of the Persian and the other spirits communicating through Mr. Duguid, it will be readily understood that the words spoken are not those of the unseen intelligence, but an interpretation of the *ideas* of the spirit into the language of the medium. I have frequently seen that, when *proper names* and *dates* occurred in the course of the communications, the medium could not give utterance to these, and many of the blanks had afterwards to be filled up through means of *direct* writing. (See Note—*Sixth Sitting*.) Again, a spirit perceives through his medium, and if there is at the time a lack of proper condition in the medium, both question and answer will suffer in transmission. From all these it will be seen that errors and mistakes are likely to be produced. How often do we hear the observation made, when something silly or crude has been uttered by a trance-speaker under the control of a spirit ranking high amongst the learned of Earth, "Oh, that is a lying spirit! So-and-so knew better than that when here, and he surely hasn't gone back in knowledge." No, he has not gone back; but can we tell the difficulties that hamper the spirit who wants to convey a message to those whom he has left behind? Suppose a Bacon desires to send a message—to communicate with mortals. He finds a medium well adapted in many respects, but far behind in education. He begins to operate on this medium; but, like a master in music playing on a bad instrument, the effect produced is altogether beneath that which is expected. Why not select an educated medium? says one. It may be that the very fact of being educated constitutes the unfitness for mediumship. Be that as it may, for the worthless or erroneous statements, which crop up now and again in trance addresses, neither spirit nor medium is to blame. When, however, a medium is whole in mind and body, and encircled by friends honest and open-hearted, ready to take in truth from the spirit world "as little children," by such conditions they "make the crooked places straight and rough places plain" for the celestial messenger.

There are hundreds of statements made by the Persian and other spirits through the medium, which I have neither the time nor the ability to verify. They are given as they were got, and must be valued at what they are worth. The grand leading feature in the Persian's communications will

be observed by every reader—that is, his reminiscences of Him whom he loves to call the “Prince”—JESUS OF NAZARETH. And this being the chief feature in the narrative, I anticipate that some bitter animosity will be shown by those readers who have been accustomed to run in the even tramway grooves of fashionable orthodoxy. Nevertheless, and in spite of my own ingrained religious leanings, “that which we have seen and heard” must be declared. In the Four Gospels we have no account of Jesus from his infancy (with a single exception) till his appearance as a public teacher, when he had attained his thirtieth year. The reader will find the gap filled up to a considerable extent in the course of the Persian’s narrative. The statements made by him, and by other personages introduced, on this and cognate topics will, we anticipate, be received differently according to the theological standpoint occupied by the reader. But all that I desire of the reader is, that the whole be taken to the bar of sound reason, examined and weighed, as he would weigh the evidence for the authenticity of the Gospels, and sinking pre-conceived opinions, judge righteously as in the sight of the All-seeing.

I might be satisfied to allow the truthfulness of such communications to rest on their own intrinsic worth, even as we do in the case of the words of wisdom and love recorded by the Evangelists; but when we find these statements of Hafed the Persian, and Hermes the Egyptian, accompanied by the really “marvellous works” of unseen intelligences, without the intervention of human hands—such as what is called the *direct* writings, drawings, and paintings—their truthfulness is doubly attested. And if the “wonderful works” of Christ and his Apostles were fitted or designed to arrest the attention of the people in their day to a consideration of the doctrines taught by them, are we not warranted in assuming that these wonderful productions are, in some measure, fitted to awaken the minds of men to a consideration of the statements that come to us through the humble instrumentality of the present day?

I have frequently been astonished, when conversing on this subject, at the objection, falling from the lips of even “learned divines”—“Oh but, you know, revelation from God terminated with the lives of the Apostles.” When asked for their authority for the statement, I have generally found them in a fix; or, jumping to the conclusion, that the

revelations contained in the "authorised version" were quite sufficient for man's guidance, and there was no need of anything further! In one instance, however, there was really an attempt at proof. It was this—"There is a curse pronounced on those who add anything to the words of this book." "What book, pray?" "The Bible, of course." Will it be believed that the person alluded to, though esteemed by his neighbours as an intelligent Christian, had no other idea than that the "Revelation of John the Divine" was but the tail-piece of the Bible, the various portions of which were arranged as a book, precisely as they now appear, by the Spirit of God!

But, "like priest, like people." How otherwise can it be with the great mass of the people of this and other Christian countries, when their religious teachers, instead of seeking for truth on this subject where it may be found, either submit lazily to draw their information from time-serving journalists, and contemptuously spurn it from them as "humbug"; or, when they do put forth an effort at investigation, get frightened out of their wits, and cry out, "It's all the work of Satan!"

I remember, at one of the Painting Sittings, some years ago, a conversation I had with one of the visitors, now a learned and reverend professor in one of our universities. Unlike the majority of the Clergy, he had given some attention to psychological phenomena, and previous to his visit, he had cherished the notion (so I was told) that the painting in trance was easily accounted for by biological influence on my part. Accordingly, I arranged to absent myself till the operation of painting was nearly closed, and, as I anticipated, I heard no more about my biological influence. But talking of the trance condition of the medium, and the communications obtained through him, the professor remarked that no reliance could be placed on what he said or saw in that condition. In reply, I ventured to say that he was just in the same state that Peter and Paul and John were in, as described in the New Testament; that what they saw and heard in spirit trance, I accepted as I found it in the record; but that, knowing the medium intimately for years as an upright, honest man, I could much more readily accept his statements of what he saw and heard while "in the spirit." "Oh, no, no! that won't do at all, my dear sir," rejoined the learned doctor; "the Apostles were inspired, and you don't mean surely to put this medium

on a level with them, do you?" "Well," said I, "that depends on what you mean by the term *inspired*. I maintain that the medium is in the same state as the Apostle John was when the revelation was made to him; but these revelations vary in importance, according to the status of the spirit *inspiring* (or controlling) and the capacity of the medium *inspired*." I do not now remember well what the rev. gentleman said in reply; but I am convinced he left that night bearing away with him "precious seed," which, I trust, may yet spring up in fruitful sheaves to satisfy the cravings of hungry humanity.

It is no small gratification to the outspoken Spiritualist when he hears of the adhesion of a Reverend Divine here and a man of Science there; for well he knows that there are mighty obstacles to be overcome by professional men. Educational training, habits of thought, interest, the world's favour, and the world's goods, become so many lions in the path of the investigator into the truth of Modern Spiritualism. But, disposed as we are to exercise charity in all such cases, we have little patience with the reprehensible timidity displayed by many who verily believe. The days of burnings and brandings, of fines and imprisonment are for ever gone by. Nevertheless, these timid souls are met with at every turn. "They are," says our redoubtable champion, William Howitt, "in the court; in the ranks of the aristocracy; in the pulpit, and in the law; yet they do not deem it prudent to avow themselves. One says, 'I should lose caste;' another, 'I should lose my practice;' another, 'my relatives are connected with me in business, and I cannot injure their interests;' one says, 'my master would dismiss me,' and another 'my husband or my wife would be furious.'

"Is this, then, really such a persecuting age? With all our boasts of British freedom and British tolerance of opinion, are we yet such bigots and such slaves? That is a question which affects the character of England, and should be settled. In the meantime, it is not to be denied that it is a serious thing for many to dare to be honest. It is a serious thing to risk in many cases domestic peace, position, or even the means of existence. Let all such be then content not to be heroes or martyrs, but to be humble *Nicodemians*. But, on the other hand, nothing is more certain than that there are vast numbers whom nothing but a false and fashionable timidity restrains from avowing their

opinions. For them no loss of interest or advantage, no question of domestic rupture has any real or positive terror. The sole bugbear is the fear of being termed superstitious. To the Nicodemians of this class, of what real value is the truth? They rate it at something less than a well-shaped coat or bonnet, for their fear of wearing the truth openly is precisely the same as that which they have of appearing in a dress out of the current mode.

“Now, I would wish to tell these secret believers what it is that they do. It is they who make it hard for others to speak out. It is they who throw the burden of disingenuous concealment on others not so independent as themselves. Though they prize the truth thus lightly, yet I believe that many of them are, at the same time, generous and benevolent. Many a man who shrinks from a sneer loves his neighbour, and is glad to lend a helping hand to a weaker brother or sister. Let me implore them, then, if they will not avow their real sentiments for the sentiments themselves, that they will do it to open the way for less fortunate ones who would. If every one who believes in Spiritualism would avow it, what a power would be thrown into its cause!”

But the dawn of a brighter day in the world's history is now appearing, when this subject—the most momentous that can be entertained by man—will receive that consideration which its importance demands, but which is now withheld from it.

“Earth is waking, day is breaking!
Fellow-toiler, bend thine ear;
Hear ye not the Angels speaking
Words of love and words of cheer?”

GLASGOW, *20th May, 1875.*

H. N.



 EARTH LIFE. 

*“ They are winging, they are winging
Through the thin blue air their way;
Unseen harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.
Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,
Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand.”*

FIRST PERIOD.

THE WARRIOR PRINCE.

First Sitting.

29th November, 1869.

Birthplace of Hafed—Parentage—A Mother's Vow—Education—An Arabian Inroad—Youthful Aspirations—A Common Domestic Scene—Love versus War—Spirit Intervention.

My birth-place was a lovely spot of earth's surface, situated on the Eastern shores of the Persian Sea, where the perpendicular cliffs, rising in many places from its blue waters in majestic grandeur, kissed the very clouds above; and within sight of the Eastern mountains of Karmen, whose lofty tops were tinted in purple and gold by the great sun in his daily course. To the westward lay the Arabian valleys, whose perfumed odours were gently wafted on the soft evening winds towards the Persian shore. There stood my father's castle, embosomed in all the loveliness of Nature's soft and inviting grandeur: its lofty towers affording a calm retreat for the inmates to inhale the cool evening breeze, and from which, in early morning, they might hail the first appearance of the great and majestic orb of day, as he rose in the East in all his glory to bless the earth with his life-giving beams.

My father (for the time being I will call him *Kapha*) was descended from a long line of Chiefs of Persia, renowned in the history of their country for bravery and patriotism. My mother was the daughter of a Chief of Cashmere. The loveliest of women and the kindest of mothers, she was, at the same time, truly devoted to God; so much so, indeed, that when she first looked on me, her infant son, overpowered by feelings of gratitude to Him whom she fervently worshipped through the emblem of the great

sun, she solemnly dedicated me to His service. This intention on the part of my mother raised a dispute between my parents at the time, which was somewhat allayed by an oracular declaration received by them, that I was destined to serve the One only True God—a truth which they did not then clearly perceive, but which was manifested in due time.

Considerable pains were bestowed on my education, which was all that the Magi or other learned men frequenting the castle could give me. But, in addition to their instruction, I acquired a considerable amount of knowledge while subsequently travelling with my mother in Syria and Egypt, and this in the way of preparing me for the grand aim of her life—the service of the Most High God. I felt, however, no inclination to submit to her earnest wishes; indeed, my young soul was more attracted towards the fascinating sights and sounds and exercises of martial hosts than to the service of the Ancient of Days amongst the Magi; and notwithstanding my love for my mother, I eagerly embraced every opportunity of acquiring practice in the use of arms; and thus, even at an early age, I became somewhat experienced in war-like exercises.

I was little more than sixteen years old when an Arabian chief, with a host of barbarous followers, made an inroad on Persia, spreading desolation and ruin over many a homestead of our peaceful country, and even desecrating our sacred altars. This was not to be tamely submitted to, and the people were at once called to arms to repel the ruthless invaders. My father, who had always been esteemed a valiant and trusty leader, began to feel the weakness of increasing age; and my mother's fears helped to strengthen his indecision. This, I clearly saw, was the time for me to declare myself. I thought that, with youthful vigour on my side, I was as able to undertake the leadership of my countrymen as my father; and, accordingly, I asked his permission to put myself at the head of the troops, while he should remain at home with my mother.

“Boy!” he exclaimed, in astonishment, “you know not what you ask. Think you that our brave and veteran warriors will follow you—a beardless youth?”

Heeding not this chilling rebuff, I replied: “What of that! May not I be trusted, father?”

“No, no, my son ; it cannot—must not be. Why should your young blood be shed by these barbarians—and leave us childless?”

“Father,” I said, “remember there is one ever with me who leads me and guards me ; and I know that it will not be in the service of Persia I will shed my life’s blood.” (This idea was formed by me from communications made to me by my spirit-guide, of whom I will speak hereafter.)

“Begone, foolish boy !” he cried, “I will hear no more of this.”

“Father,” I continued, “He has been my guide in all my wanderings, and my deliverer from many a danger. Will he who snatched me from a watery grave not deliver me from the cursed Arabians? Let me go this once, I entreat thee ; and if I dishonour your name, let me fall by your own hand. On my bended knees, my father, I ask this boon. Let me go.”

At last he seemed to relent, and bade me consult my mother. In my anxiety to gain the consent of my father, I had forgotten all my mother’s loving claims on my obedience. I at once went to her, and after showing her the growing inability of my father to take the place he once held as a warrior—unable as he was by increasing age to stand the fatigues of war—with the heathen hordes laying waste our homes and altars, a leader was needed, and I reverently beseeched her, for my father’s sake, to let me go. In great distress of mind, she reminded me of the vow she had solemnly made in regard to my future life, and of the words of the Holy Oracle of the living God. “How, then,” she cried, “can these be fulfilled should you fall in battle?”

“Ah, my mother, beloved,” I cried, “fear not for me. I shall never fall in battle. This I am assured of. I pray thee, let me go ; for if my father fall, there falls one who is the beloved of his people, and whose death would cause sorrow and distress to many a one ; but if I go it is not to death, but to victory.”

“My son, my son,” she cried, “you forget that though victorious on the battle-field it is still a field of blood.”

“True, dear mother,” I replied ; “but it is in defence of homes and altars from the wicked assaults of those heathen Arabs. Must I see our beautiful and peaceful country made a scene of havoc and wanton desolation, and remain here in listless idleness and ease? I cannot—I dare not.”

While thus I pled, my father came in, but stood mute; and then my mother, after still further urging on me the sacred claims of her vow to the Spirit of the Fire, and perceiving that her efforts were fruitless, brought forward a stronger argument still—the prospect I had of gaining the hand of a lovely maiden. But all would not do; I felt the powerful influence on me of my unseen guide, and I told my mother that I would allow nothing to stand in the way of my heart's desire.

“But, my son,” she rejoined, “will these warriors follow you?”

“Yes, mother. He says—*Go, they will welcome thee.*”

She offered no farther opposition, but with all a mother's love and tenderness, gave me her blessing; while my father embraced me and said—“I am glad it is so; for I have had a vision. I was in the strife of battle, leading on my brave warriors, when I was struck down by the sword of an Arabian, and then there appeared to me the form of a noble ancestor, long since departed to the heaven of bliss. He said—‘Let thy son go. I am ever with him. But if thou goest, the worst will happen.’ I have told my vision to the warriors and the Magi, and they are ready to welcome you. Go forth, then, my son, and may thy father's blessing go with thee!”

“O father,” I gladly rejoined—“I am but an instrument in the hands of my spirit-guide. May the Great and Good Spirit strengthen my hands and enable me to drive the wicked invader from our shores!”

Second Sitting.

December 5th, 1869.

A Reflection—The Night Before the Battle—The Parting Feast—The Persian Soldiers at Morning Prayer—To Arms!—The Besieged City—A Stratagem—Onset of the Spearmen—The Persian and Arabian Horsemen—The Spirit Warriors—Panic and Flight of the Arabians—Retaliation.

PERSIA, though now, alas! trampled in the dust by the Children of the Desert—her altars violated and overthrown, and a false religion thrust on her noble sons—was, at the time I speak of, famous for her adherence to truth; insomuch that it became

proverbial that what a Persian promised to do, that he would most assuredly perform. Was it a likely thing that the formation of such a character could be the result of the worship of idols? O no, it was love and reverence for God that influenced my noble countrymen. But inroads by the iron bands of Rome on the one hand and predatory incursions by the wild hordes of Arabia on the other, soon weakened us as a nation, and spread sadness and sorrow over my native land.

But I must resume my story.—Towards evening, as the glorious sun was setting in the west, our warriors gathered together, and knelt to adore and praise Him who, like the great luminary of day, gave life and light to man.

Meanwhile preparations were made within the castle for the Parting Feast with the leaders of the host; and great was the anxiety on the part of my father to do honour to his old and valiant companions in arms, who had vowed that before the setting of another sun, they would either drive the barbarians back, or perish in defence of their native soil.

As the night drew on the leading warriors and Magi gathered around the board to take part in the Feast of Love: for these occasions were chosen for the allaying of all strifes which had existed amongst them. They saw their beloved country in danger, and thrusting their petty quarrels behind, each one showed himself eager for the morrow's fight. At these feasts the tables were usually supplied with the choicest fruits of Persia—such as the pomegranate, that melts in sweetness, the peach, the apricot, or luscious grapes from the vine. Many an oracle was uttered that night by the venerable Magi before we slept; but short indeed were our slumbers, for all were anxious to be astir betimes.

At length the light streaked the horizon of the Eastern sky—the sound of the trumpets was heard, and all sprang up to greet the Great Lord of Day: a day to be remembered: we knew it would be a day of blood. Then the mighty host—old and tried veterans, and young and fiery soldiers, flushed by youthful hopes—reverently bent their knees in one vast body around the sacred altar; and when the bright flame ascended, each warrior once more vowed to shed his blood in defence of Persia and her altars.

The sun at length burst forth in all his glory, and all moved forward in battle array. O I think I see them still—that gallant

host, that became under the sun's beams like to a field of fire, for none could equal Persia in the splendour of her warriors' armour and appointments. Forward they move—horsemen, footmen, and bowmen. It was a noble sight—to see the steady yet eager tread of these brave men as they moved onward to that field, on which, before the setting of the sun, many of them would shed their blood.

On the outskirts of the city of *Gorbindoon*,* the ancient capital of Kerman, the barbarians lay encamped. The besieged citizens had been for some time sorely troubled by their cruel enemies, notwithstanding the presence of a valiant warrior who commanded the force that defended the city. But help was at hand. As we approached, we found that the enemy lay between us and *Gorbindoon*; and it was quickly determined by the leader of our army, that a number of the troops should endeavour to get on the other side, thereby encompassing the besiegers. Speedily the appointed soldiers were disguised as Arabs, and were dispatched, quietly and cautiously, to occupy the destined ground. It soon became evident that the plan had succeeded—the enemy on observing them, taking them for expected reinforcements, which, they believed, had crossed the sea on the preceding night; and it was not till they heard the joyful shouts of the besieged from the walls that they became aware of our stratagem. Meanwhile, some of our great chiefs prepared for battle, by dividing the Persian host. The horsemen occupied the centre of our position, and were headed by myself. The bowmen were placed on the left, and the spearmen on the right wing.

Encouraged by our presence, and the force we had managed to send to them, the beleagured citizens, who manned the walls, began to annoy the Arabs by their missiles, who, burning with rage at the success of our stratagem, brought on their right and left wings against the wings of the Persians. Great and terrible was the onset and dire the conflict when spearman met spearman, while clouds of arrows, swift messengers of death, darkened the sky. The horsemen held back for a time. Occupying a rising ground, we gazed eagerly but impatiently down on the roaring sea of human violence. We saw the Arabs like a wave rolling over on the men of Persia, while they in their turn rolled wave upon wave on their

* So pronounced by the medium.



The Battle of Gorbindoan. (*Direct.*) See Sitting II.

barbarous foe. Eager to mingle in the battle, on the command being given, my horsemen rushed as a whirlwind on the Arab horse, cutting our way on, and on, and on till we reached the tent of their chief. Here the battle raged fiercely for some time, until the horsemen were compelled to retreat; but, in the heat of the contest, this movement was unnoticed by me, and I found myself alone in the centre of the wild foemen, who, despising the usages of regular warfare, I knew well would not spare me. When I had given up all hope of rescue from my desperate position, and had resolved to do battle to the last, my vision was arrested by the sudden appearance of my Angelic Guide, who had more than once delivered me from danger. He raised his arm aloft, and my enemies, as if by lightning stroke, were smitten to the earth. The sound of the trumpet is heard, and lo, a band of mailed horsemen appear, and I am snatched away from the very midst of the surrounding host of Arabians. I am awe-struck. I look on these mailed warriors: whence came they? Persians, yet strange to me. Their armour was bright, but black; their helmets closed, and I saw no face. While wonderingly I gazed, they vanished from my sight. Then I understood that this was the spirit host promised me when I stood in need of help—the spirits of Persia's ancient warriors.

The sudden and unlooked-for appearance struck terror into the hearts of the accursed heathen, and panic-stricken they fled to the sea-shore, pursued by the horsemen of Persia. Many of them gained their galleys, but multitudes perished miserably in the deep waters of the Sea of Ormuz. An immense spoil fell into the hands of the besieged citizens. Resolved on following up our victory, our fleet of noble war vessels was speedily prepared, and setting sail we pursued the fugitives, and stayed not our hand, till, on their own land, we had avenged our wrongs tenfold, and re-crossed the sea laden with spoil.

Little knew I at that time that my beloved Persia was yet to fall a prey to these barbarians. Alas! my countrymen,—to lay down your arms, and become the slaves of the Infidel Arabians! Great God, what shall be the doom of those who, with sacrilegious hands, have taken the sacred pages of the Persians and Hebrews alike, and, perverting the truth contained in the holy books, have concocted a creed, which they daringly say is from God—forcing it on their fellowmen by fire and sword!

Third Sitting.

10th December, 1869.

The Spoil Divided—Disbanding of the Army—Hafed's Address to the Troops—Vision of the Spirit Host—No Standing Army—Something Wrong in War—The Old, Old Story—Marriage Customs of the Persians Defied—A Pleasure Sail—Storm and Sea-fight on the Persian Gulf—A Rival in Love.

OUR forces, as I said before, returned from Arabia laden with spoil. A tenth part of such spoil was usually set apart to the service of Him who had crowned our arms with victory; the half of the remainder was devoted to the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in battle fighting for their native land; and the other half was divided among the warriors that survived.

Notwithstanding our great victory, it was a sad day for Persia, for many of her best and bravest sons were laid low, and many were mourning for those they had lost, and we felt in our hearts deep sympathy with the bereaved ones.

Before the breaking up of our army and the return of the warriors to their homes, it was incumbent on me, as their chosen leader (though right well I knew that little credit could be ascribed to me; it was my guardian who directed me)—it was incumbent on me, young as I was, to address my fellow-warriors, and thus I spoke:—

“Men of Persia,—Ye who have bravely come forth in arms in defence of her sacred soil—Persia, through me, this day thanks you. Ye have valiantly fought, and your arms have achieved one of the noblest victories ever recorded. We have not only swept back swiftly the host of our barbarous enemies, but, in hot retaliation, we have made their land a spoil. But, O my countrymen, glorious and just though our efforts may be, better for these men, and for us too, had they not landed on our shores; for, alas! the blood of men has been shed in torrents, and many a bleeding heart finds only relief in sighs and groans for the loved ones that lie low. When, O when, my countrymen, will that blessed day come, spoken of in our Sacred Books, in which war shall be no more! Alas! I fear that day is still far distant in the future.

Our beloved country has gotten herself a name—a noble name—among the nations. Long have we traded with every country in gold, in pearls, in the richest silks, and in the fruits of the soil; and our wisdom, learning, and manners are universally acknowledged. But I fear the day is approaching when Persia will be troubled by these unscrupulous and rapacious hordes of Arabia, who envy our wealth; for they have long looked with a greedy eye on our fertile fields. O my countrymen, be it then ever our firm determination to do as we have just done—drive them back into the waves. Here I stand, and, solemnly before High Heaven, devote myself to the service of my country. Accept my grateful thanks for submitting to follow so young a leader. I thank you, O Persians, in my father's name. I thank you in name of the King of Persia, who will yet bestow honours on his brave soldiers. But, above all, the Great and Mighty Spirit of the Flame shall bless you. May we all bend low before his altars; and may every altar be lighted up with a flame of gratitude and praise to Him who hath given us the victory over our enemies—who, when we were nigh overwhelmed, delivered us by the celestial host of spirit warriors. Praise Him, O Persians! Praise Him for his goodness to us in our dire distress."

I had just spoken these words when our ears caught the sound of the clink of armour overhead. On looking upwards, a glorious vision appeared to all. The same mailed horsemen, led by my angel-guide, marched through the air. Awe-struck by the wonderful sight, all knelt down in the dust before the spirit host; and while gazing on them, their hitherto closed visors were thrown up, and then we recognised the faces of many long-lost friends; and not only such, but some of those who had fallen in the battle we had so recently fought, but who were now enrolled in that glorious spirit army.

I must explain here that in Persia it was not customary at that time to keep up an army after the occasion for it was past. At the ending of strife, all went home, with the exception of a few men who were kept as guards. My father being one of the great Chiefs or Princes of Persia, was ruler over a district in subordination to the King, and as such, when occasion demanded, he had the power to call out inferior Chiefs, with their followers, and thus an army was at once formed; but composed, as it was, of men

taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, not for the purpose of invading the territories of other nations, but for defence of their own, when that was accomplished, their obligations as warriors ceased.

Accordingly, as night drew on, our soldiers, after engaging in religious rites and giving thanks to Heaven, divided the spoil, the lots for which there were no claimants being given to God, and all went home, looking forward to a season of peace and happiness : they had got enough of war and its dear-bought victories.

On reaching home, my mother fell on my neck and kissed me, while my venerated father stood by and wept for joy. He had heard of my danger and deliverance—of the success which had attended me in my inexperienced leadership ; but knowing well by whom I was guided and guarded, he was not surprised ; and he affirmed that I would yet be famous as a leader of Persia's warriors.

Though elated in some measure by the praise of my father (as what young man, in the circumstances, would not be), I felt even then that there was something wrong in war. The more I saw of the shedding of human blood, the less I liked it. I knew it was not in harmony with the character of the Divine Being. He, through the glorious sun, poured down light and heat on all alike—even on the land of the heathen and barbarous Arab ; while men, unlike the Great and Good Spirit, spread desolation and misery over the hearths and homes of their enemies, and sometimes even over those of their unoffending neighbours.

The result of our victory, however, was, that we were enabled to rest in peace. Our husbandmen engaged in their toilsome but productive daily labours, and our trade and commerce flourished once more, uninterrupted by the rude clash of arms. Having nothing to distract us in my father's castle, we gave ourselves up to the excitement of the chase on land, and to pleasure-sailing on the sea. It was at this time that my thoughts turned towards that maiden whom, with the knowledge of my beloved mother, I had long loved in secret. She was the daughter of a neighbouring Chief. Her beauty was incomparable, and to me she appeared more like a being of heaven than of earth. You may imagine the joy that filled my heart when I found that my love was returned.

You must remember that in this course I was not following the custom of the Persians, which was, that marriage arrangements should be left wholly in the hands of the parents of the young people whom they proposed should be united—leaving out of consideration the feelings of the parties most interested. Opposition to such a foolish, unnatural practice was early instilled into my mind by both my father and mother. My father himself, when a young man, had set the custom at defiance; for, while on a visit to a Chief of Cashmere, he had wooed and won the heart of his beautiful daughter—my mother; and it was not till their hearts were fast bound with the cords of love, that they made known the fact to any one. They had loved each other with all the purity of children, and up to the time of which I am speaking, they had lived devoted to each other—my father also setting his face firmly against the evil practice of polygamy.

At this time the father of my betrothed went on a pleasure excursion to one of the most lovely islets that bedeck the bosom of the Persian Sea. The party was large, and embarked in several galleys, and in a short time we reached the little island. Having partaken of a suitable repast, my bride and I retired from the happy assemblage, and got on board one of the galleys. With the aid of a few trustworthy attendants, we sailed out on the calm surface of the sea. Beautiful and enchanting was the scene as we slowly sped over the placid waters: while under an awning sat my lovely treasure, breathing out the softest and sweetest strains from her lute—the noon-day sun shining down on us in all his fervency and glory, but his rays tempered by the gentle wind which fanned our heated temples. Little did we dream of danger. Our steersman had unwittingly allowed the galley to get near the Arabian coast; but of this we cared little, as peace had been for some time established. The sun was sinking in the west, and the dark shadows of evening began to fall on us, and quickly night spread her mantle over the scene—all was dark. Signs of a coming storm were observed, and strenuous efforts were made to reach a place of safety before the threatened gale came on, but all in vain. The wind rose, the sea became turbid, while the thunder rolled, and the lightnings played on the white-crested waves. What a sudden change!—from the calm and beautiful day to the dark and storm-clad night. Oh, how like unto the breast of man!

One moment the quiet abode of peace, the next a furnace of anger and uncontrollable passion. At this crisis, I was conscious of the presence of my Guardian Spirit, assuring me of his protection; notwithstanding, I felt the deepest anxiety in regard to her whom I loved more than life,—that she should be subjected to all the dangers and wretchedness of the dreadful storm. Our galley was well manned; and being one of those employed in our recent warlike expedition, was equally well armed. This, as will shortly be seen, was fortunate for us.

Being afraid to trust to others the precious freight under my care, I took the helm myself, and allowed the vessel to scud before the wind. We had not proceeded far on our course, when a galley was observed bearing down upon us. We could not make out whether she was Persian or Arabian; but on a nearer approach they hailed us; and coming alongside, we found it to be an Arabian galley, fully manned and armed. We were ordered to surrender. But, no; at once we prepared to withstand our assailants. Placing my betrothed in a sheltered spot, I unsheathed my falcon,* and swore I would strike down the first to put his sacrilegious foot on board our galley. The vessels soon closed, and the Arabians began the attack, but my Persians stood firm, gallantly repelling every effort put forth by our dastard foe to board us. Terrible and bloody was the fray, in the course of which we contrived to get a footing on board the enemy's vessel. The sad and dreadful scene, confined as it was within the compass of a few feet, was not one easy to be forgotten: for far above the noise of the storm, we heard the cries of the combatants, mingled with the groans and execrations of dying men,—the clash of arms, and the furious onset of Persian and Arab struggling in deadly grip over the slippery deck into the deep sea. Just then, one of our captains, a mighty man, strong and valiant, and famous in the use of a ponderous battle-axe, with one well-directed blow on the prow of the Arab galley, split her open. The waters poured in, and she sank with all on board, and some of our best men along with them.

We were saved; and, after this night of horror, landed at day-break on the shores of Persia.

* At a subsequent sitting, in reply to a question, he said that this was a long, straight, two-edged sword, with a falcon's head on the hilt—hence the name.

I afterwards discovered that the attack had been brought about by the treachery of a disappointed rival—a Persian Chief, who, having got to the other side, bribed some Arabians to seize me and my betrothed, and carry us away captive.

Fourth Sitting.

14th December, 1869.

Looking Back—Youthful Reminiscences—Communion with his Spirit-guide—Predictions—The Promised Deliverer—Clairaudience—The Veil Lifted—The “Light of the World”—The Jews and their Writings.

I THINK it will be well at this point in my narrative, to go back for a little to my early life. From my youngest years, I loved to review the past—a habit which clung to me through life. Better for every one to cultivate this salutary habit—not only as regards the incidents in his own career, but in those that belong to the history of his country and to mankind in general. By doing so, he may be able to see defects, little in themselves, it may be, but leading to the most important results for the weal or woe of himself or others. The grain of sand on the sea-shore is but an insignificant atom, but it is the accumulation of these which forms the mountain of hard enduring rock. And so with man, little defects in daily conduct may, if not checked in time, poison a whole life.

While but a boy, I frequently would launch my little skiff out into the deep blue sea,—lying at times like a sheet of molten silver, reflecting on its calm surface the passing clouds in all their fleecy brightness;—and giving myself up to meditation, the question would arise in my mind—“Is it a sea? Is it a reality or a shadow, like the shadow of the objects around—a shadow of something substantial—something greater behind? Who made this world and the multitude of objects diversifying its surface? There must be a maker. In our Sacred Books we are told that there is but One Great and Good Spirit above all, the maker and sustainer of all—the God of the Flame, whom we worship, who planted not far from this place a Garden, beautiful above all the

lovely spots on this fair earth, and therein he formed man, and placed them there, in innocence and freedom. But is this true? May I put faith in the great and good man who wrote the sacred story? But, hark! My Spirit Guardian says—‘*It is true.*’ Yes, blessed spirit, I believe, for *you* must know—you who have walked this earth hundreds of years ago, and communed with the immortal blest of all ages—you must know the truth. O, will ever the day come when mine eyes shall behold you as clearly as my ears hear your words?”

“You will see me (he said) before you leave this stage of being. I will be with you in all that lies before you. Persia’s sons will ere long go forth to fight for their country; and you, too, will listen to the call for defence of home and altars. . . . These Hebrews—that stubborn and rebellious race—God’s own people, as they call themselves—will reject their Deliverer—the long-promised One; they must be carried away captives, and be scattered over all the earth. But Persia is as dear to God as they —”

I said, “How can that be, seeing that in our Sacred Books it is written that the Deliverer of Mankind is to be born in Judea?”

“True,” said the unseen one, “they have indeed been chosen to be the nation from which the branch shall shoot forth; but that branch is to be the Saviour not of the Hebrews alone, but of the whole world.”

“The Great Spirit might have chosen a better nation surely than these Hebrews, for of all the peoples around us they are the worst.” While travelling through their country with my mother, we were constantly hearing of brawls and most murderous deeds.

“And yet,” rejoined my guardian, “amongst these God has chosen (and no one should find fault) to rear that little plant whose fruit is destined to give life unto the world. He is the life of it.”

In my youthful wanderings he was often with me, instilling into my opening mind a knowledge of natural objects, entering minutely into the origin, nature, and uses of these as seen in the sky above, and in the land and sea below;—how, as in the case of the tiny seed falling into the ground, the Great Spirit entered in by the law of vital force, and thus produced the beautiful vegetation that adorned our world; and not only did he speak of the objects



Embarkation of Persian Troops in War Gallies. (*Direct.*) See Sitting II.

within my observation, but of those wonderful operations in the bowels of the earth, by which the land was upheaved in one place and sunk in another.

How did your Guardian Spirit communicate with you?

In the very same way as the Medium, in his normal state, is spoken to by his spirit friends, the Painters.

My mother knew of these communications, but it was not till after the first battle in which I was engaged that my parents knew who my Guardian Spirit was. In describing my rescue from the Arabians by his interposition, he was recognised by my father and mother and the whole household as the guardian of the family for many generations, and now he had become the guardian of the last of the line.

He would sometimes lift the veil that hid the future from mortal eyes. On one occasion, while communing with him on the subject of the expected advent of the Great Deliverer, so long looked for by some of the nations, and of whom it was foretold that he should be born in Judea, he said that I would in due time become one of his followers.

“Think you,” said I, “that I will renounce the religion of my fathers, and bend before another altar!”

“You are but a child,” said he. “There is a long and arduous life before you, and on the great stage of life you have various parts to play. Ah, my child, while reclining in your little boat, gently floating on the unruffled waters, you dream not of the storms of man’s life; but these you, and all, must encounter. The day will come when you will lead on the warriors of your country against her enemies. Then you will become one of the Magi, and a teacher of your countrymen. Finally, you will from the steps of these venerable altars proclaim another religion to the people—no, not another, but just a better way of diffusing the light: you will still be a minister of the Sacred Flame; for he who is to come will be a Light to enlighten the whole world—a Flame which shall not expire, but which will yet burn in the hearts of men from sea to sea. From the frozen regions of Tartary to India’s southmost bounds, all shall see that Light, all shall find life in that Flame: aye, even those heathens—those Arabs, your direst enemies—shall bow the knee to him. The barbarous and the idolatrous nations of the Mediterranean and the West shall submit to him; India and

China—every nation and tribe shall bend the knee to the True Light, the Light of the World.”

“Why!” I said, “Is he the Great God of Heaven?”

“Nay, my boy; he is not the Great Spirit, the Source of all being; but he is the great Ambassador of God, the Second in Heaven, the Ruling Prince. Often has he walked this earth as the spirit protector and guide of these rebellious Hebrews, so little deserving of his loving care, ever turning to the worship of strange gods.”

“O that he had chosen Persia!” I cried, “How we should have prized such tokens of love and favour!”

“I can see now,” he said, “what I could not, no more than you, see when here. I see why the one nation was chosen rather than the other. But in truth, though chosen to high privileges, these Jews have ever been cruel and unjust. They began their course as a nation by driving out the Canaanites with fire and sword, destroying even women and children in cold blood. They, in some of their Sacred Books, say that such deeds were done by command of God. It cannot be. According to these books He spared the first murderer, making him an outcast from men; and why should it be said that He sent forth a horde of robbers, with fire and sword, to destroy the heathen tribes that stood in their way? This was to enact the part of a heathen god of vengeance. Is it conceivable that He whom they elsewhere characterise as the Righteous and the Just God, could be the instigator of such deeds? No. These tribes knew not God; but were they to be blamed for their ignorance? There was room in the land for them all; but these greedy and cruel Israelites were the strong, and they overpowered the weak. And God helped them to do it! In like manner may the Persians, the Grecians, the Romans, and Arabians, when with a strong hand they have cruelly subdued weaker nations, turn round and say they were commanded by God to do so. Such deeds are unjust; but He is Holy, Just, and Good.”

We will leave off for to-night. May His blessing, and the blessing of the Prince of Peace be ever upon you!

fifth Sitting.

19th December, 1869.

The Order of the Guebre—Installation—Hafed Thinks of Marriage—A Lover's Portrait of his Bride—Marriage Festivities—Peaceful Pursuits—Attempted Assassination by a Rival—A Law which Altereth not—The Innocent Condemned with the Guilty—Hafed Pleads for his Enemy—Obduracy of the King—Spirit Intervention—Love Killeth Enmity.

I MUST endeavour to abridge this part of my narrative. To go on as I have been doing would, I perceive, lengthen it out too much. I will, however, now and then, give you a few interesting passages in my earthly career.

At this period, though but a youth verging on manhood, I was accounted a successful leader of the Persian forces, and ranked as a Chief of Persia. As such it was determined that I, along with other young Chiefs, should be begirt with the badge of the Order of *The Guebre*. This was a girdle, which was worn round the waist, and frequently over the shoulder, attached to, and in front of which was an emblem of the Sun. It was in some cases very richly jewelled, and the sword-belt was often fastened to this girdle. Those who were acknowledged as tried warriors were alone eligible to wear the badge. Accordingly, at a great religious festival, we, on bended knees, received the decoration from the hands of the Great Head of the Magi, while we swore, as the wearers of the girdle, to protect the altars of the Sacred Fire or die in their defence.*

Acknowledged now as a man and a leader, I bethought me of a change of life. I had not forgotten her for whom my heart had so often beat in loving sympathy. Informing my father and mother of my resolution, the day was fixed—the day when I should be united in marriage to one with whom I had long been united in soul. This was an ordinance instituted by the Great God of Heaven, when he first placed man on earth, and gave him one to love and cherish. [*Interruption—The Spirit said there was an adverse influence at work on the Medium. In a minute or two he resumed.*]

* For a further description of the Girdle, see 95th Sitting.

My young bride! how shall I speak of her—lovely in form and feature, she seemed more fitted for the Heaven of bliss than for this lower world! My father had gifted to me a small estate beautifully situated in a neighbouring dale, and there I resolved to reside with my youthful partner. A year of peace had been enjoyed; for assuredly, notwithstanding my ardour as a warrior, I was no lover of strife. I hated the demon war, which ever brought desolation, misery, and death in its train. But here, thought I, in this lovely spot, destined to be the home of her whom I love so fondly, the desolating scourge will never enter—here, where the palm-tree and the cypress fill the air with their pleasant odour, here will I and my beloved find a peaceful retreat—secure in her love,—the love of a very angel of light, for such an angel she was indeed to me.

The great day—that day so much desired and longed-for by Earth's sons and daughters—came at last. The chiefs and high ministers of religion assembled, and went in procession to the Sacred Hill by the Grove. Before leaving, my beloved parents fervently blessed me, and said they willingly and joyfully gave me up (their only child) to one who was so good and lovely, and who could help me through the trials and difficulties of life. On reaching the holy hill I joined my bride before the altar, and after the usual religious services, a venerable sage—one famed for his erudition—united us in wedlock. The marriage rites were succeeded by the festival, when the tables were loaded with every description of fruit—fruits of the glorious sun; while the wine-cup made all joyous and happy. [*Interruption.*]

(There is a spirit here trying to influence the Medium. Steen says he knows him, and that he was here last night.)

These festivals continued for several days, and were attended by the neighbouring Chiefs and their retainers.

As Persia was now in the enjoyment of peace, my father, though a Chief of high standing, did not like to live a life of idleness; though quite independent, he thought he ought to do something for the bread he ate, and was as eager for success in commerce and in the arts of peace as he was in war, and he trained me from early youth to follow his example. Amongst other branches of trade, he had a grove of mulberry trees from which silkworms were reared, the produce of which was woven into the finest silks,

and these were afterwards dyed in the brightest colours. It was thus we were occupied in time of peace,—it was in such pursuits we prospered as a people, and became famous in enterprise. But in this we did not forget the danger of invasion, and we ever kept our swords bright—so that when trouble arose we were prepared to resist the demon of war, who is never satisfied but in carnage and blood.

I had been married for some time when one day I and my wife went on a visit to a Chief, who lived at a short distance. On our return homewards, while passing through a thicket, a band of armed men rushed on us. Our only attendants were two faithful servants, and these but lightly armed as a protection against beasts of prey. Darkness coming on, combined with the suddenness of the attack, we were taken off our guard and at a disadvantage; but we quickly rallied, and a desperate encounter took place, in which we managed to put our dastardly assailants to flight, but not before one of my faithful servants fell mortally wounded. He died with the oft-repeated prayer of the Persians on his lips—"O angelic spirits, bear me to the heavens of bliss!" Great was our distress at the death of our poor servant, but we had little time to indulge in sorrow. We had disabled three of the gang, whom we bound and led as prisoners to the castle. We subsequently ascertained that they were the retainers of that Chief who was my rival for the hand of my wife, and that they had been employed by him to destroy me and carry her away a captive.

There was a well understood law in Persia, and which had been adhered to for ages, that if one Chief raised his hand against the life of another, he, with all his family, should suffer death. I was greatly perplexed. Here was one who had raised his murderous hand to deprive me of life, and I knew that the dreadful penalty would be exacted. I could not, however, think of the awful sacrifice without shrinking. I felt love for all mankind—even for him, my direst enemy. I tried to keep the matter secret. But it was of no use; the cowardly attempt soon became known over all the country, and the King at once ordered his apprehension and trial. He was found guilty, and the miserable man and all his family were condemned to die. I could not think of such a result without anguish: why should the innocent suffer with the guilty? It must not be. I consulted with my wife, and found

that she, too, entertained the same feelings. I at once went to the King, and, casting myself at his feet, I pled for the life of the guilty Chief, and for the lives of his innocent household. It was a thing unknown that a Chief of high rank should assume such a lowly posture, even before the King, but my heart was set on the deliverance of those who were doomed to die. As a Chief of Persia, I beseeched him to listen to my petition. But he sternly rebuked me, and ordered me to depart from his presence; and had I not been under the guidance of one more than mortal, such a reception would assuredly have compelled me to retire. Heedless of his command, I endeavoured to set before him reasons for the exercise of mercy: that the guilty Chief had been my rival in love, and that the ardent passion he cherished for one whom he no doubt loved sincerely, had taken away his judgment, leaving him open to the most malignant influences. All would not do, however: the obduracy of the king continued. He said the guilty one merited death by the law of Persia, and the law must be honoured. Still I felt impelled to plead. "In the name of the Great God of the Flame, I implore thee, O King, grant me this boon. Let me show to this man love for his hatred—let him have life for death!"

Seeing no sign of relenting on the part of the King, I turned my face away from him, and with uplifted eyes, I appealed to a greater than the august monarch of Persia. "O Great God of Heaven! Thou who hast the hearts of all men in thy hands, soften, I pray thee, Holy and Mighty One, the heart of our great Sire, so that he may be led to destroy this hard and cruel law. O ye souls that have suffered by its infliction, plead with me that it be no longer a blot on Persia's fair name!"

I had hardly spoken these words, when the chamber was filled by a volume of the sweetest sounds, as if coming from ten thousand silver trumpets, while the voices of an unseen spirit host fell distinctly on the ear, and the cry was heard—"O mighty Sire, graciously hear our prayer!" Awe-struck and confounded, the King started from the throne on which he was seated, and exclaimed—"Ah, me! what am I that I should refuse to listen to the prayers of the Host of Heaven! I grant you his life. He and his are free from death. But, remember—he must be your slave for ever."

The prisoner was brought before me manacled and fettered. I ordered his chains to be struck off, and told him he was free. I had no expectation that he would ever manifest a spirit other than that which he had so long cherished against me. But I was mistaken. The power of love to melt the most hardened heart was at once displayed; for no sooner were the chains that bound him struck off, than he fell upon my neck, and wept like a child: my lovingkindness had slain his enmity. From that day henceforth he was my fast friend, and time but strengthened his attachment.

[In answer to a question as to the cause of the interruption noted in the foregoing, the Spirit said that, in consequence of Steen leaving, an ancient sage—an Egyptian priest—had got in, and tried to impart his thoughts to the Medium; these had got mixed up with those which he (Hafed) was giving to him, and hence the interruptions.]

May the blessing of the High and Holy and Mighty Spirit rest upon you!

Sixth Sitting.

29th December, 1869.

Inroads—Becomes a Father—The Alanés—The Medes and Persians—The Use of the Lasso in War—Murder and Rapine—His Wife and Child Slaughtered—Revenge—His Guardian Appears—Hafed's Spirit Subdued—"Thy will be done!"—His former Rival now his Friend—The Avenger—He goes Home—A Mother's Sympathy.

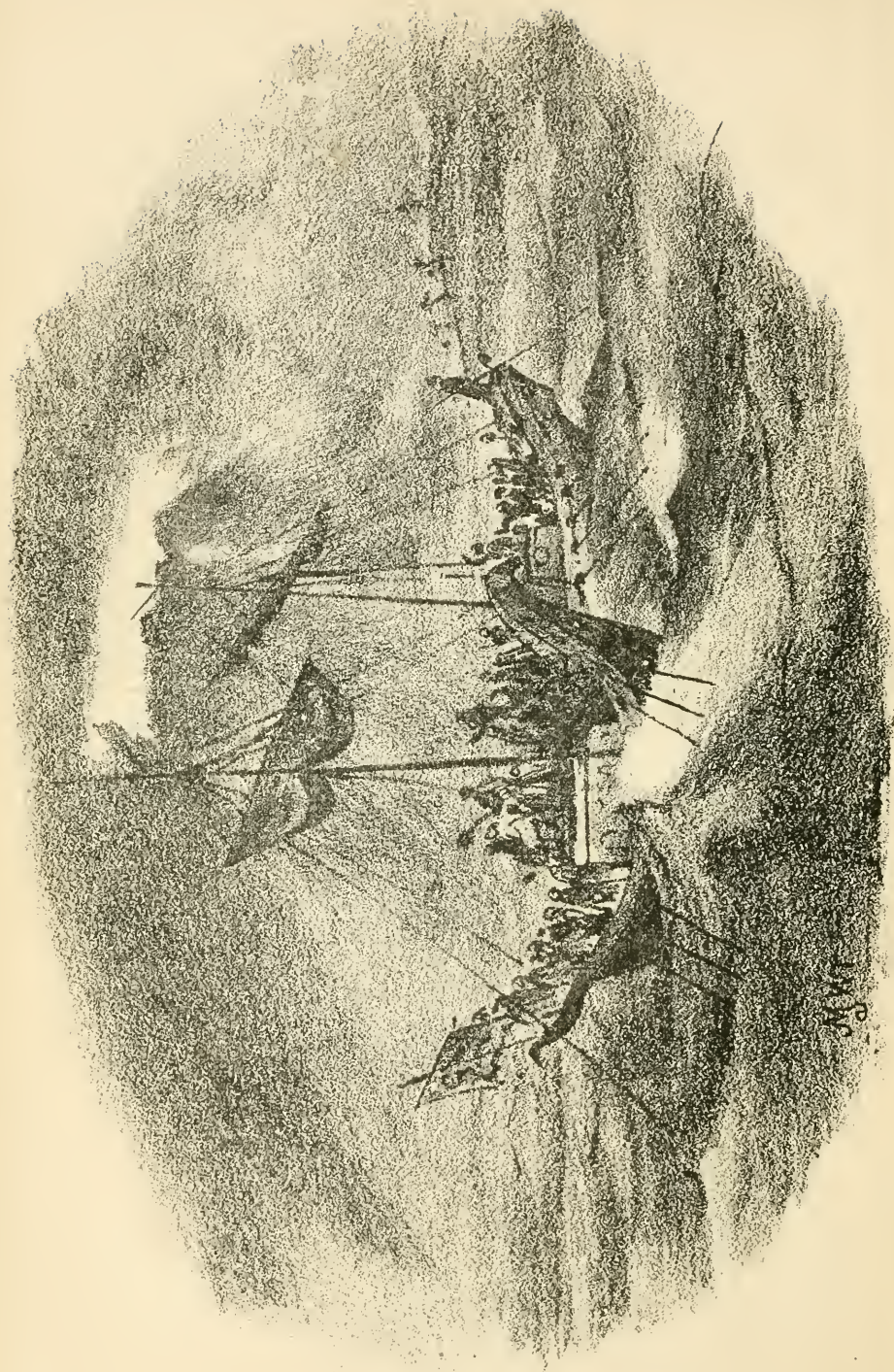
My life for some time after these experiences ran on somewhat smoothly. Nothing happened to disturb the peace of Persia—no intruder ventured to annoy us; and the whole community gave attention to trade, commerce, and the cultivation of the soil. But that desirable state of affairs did not last long; for inroads by the Greeks and Romans on the one hand, and by the barbarous Arabs on the other, once more brought distress upon my beloved country. A spirit of envy appeared to animate these warlike nations, inciting them to ravage those countries, such as Persia, whose inhabitants

were inclined to peaceful pursuits. Like some docile, inoffensive animals, however, which, when trampled on, will turn round in defence, the sons of Persia, on such occasions, flew to arms in support of their hearths and altars. Several battles were fought with the Greeks and Romans. But the latter were never content: always anxious to extend their power and enrich themselves at the expense of less powerful and more peaceful peoples. They had conquered many of the half-barbarous nations of the world; they had taken much from Persia; they had robbed Greece of her deities, and Gaul of her men;—but they were not always victorious,—on several occasions we had driven them back, and still maintained our independence.

I would be about thirty-three years of age, when my beloved wife bare me a lovely boy. We had been for many years without issue, and it may well be imagined that my heart was greatly overjoyed when Heaven granted us the precious gift. But, alas! how fleeting are human joys. Some months after the birth of my son an inroad was made on the territory of the King of Media by the *Alanés** and their allies, when they desolated much of the country by fire and sword. The King fled, and the enemy carried off his household treasures and his concubines. (Those *Alanés*, a half-barbarous pagan tribe, were dwellers on the river *Tanaïs*, and had been originally placed there by Alexander the Great for the guarding of a pass which led into Media. Their allies were from *Ilyrcania*.)

Recovering from their panic, and their courage rising, the Medes sought help from their ally, *Velogeses*, our king, who (being celebrated for his generous and kindly disposition towards neighbours in distress) at once called us to arms to assist the Medes against the ruthless barbarians. My gallant warriors were ever ready for such a call; and quickly marching on the enemy, we succeeded, after some hard fighting, in driving them back,—at the

* The Medium tried to pronounce the word aright, but failed, on which the Spirit said as he was unable to get the Medium to pronounce some proper names, he would take the help of another spirit, one of the Painters, a countryman of the Medium's, who would use his hand to write the names. Thereafter the Medium took a piece of card and wrote the word *Alanés*. The same method was adopted in some other cases. All words so given I have italicised. More recently proper names and dates have been given in *direct* writing.



A Sea Fight on the Persian Gulf. (*Direct.*) See Sitting III.

same time recovering the stolen treasures and wives of the King of Media.

The King of Armenia also assisted in this undertaking; but nearly lost his life in one of the engagements. The bravest of the brave, he had daringly rushed into the thickest of the battle, when he was caught round the neck by a small cord; and had it not been quickly cut, he would assuredly have been drawn from his saddle and despatched. These wild Alanés were very expert in this peculiar mode of fighting.

The services of the Persian troops being no longer required, we turned our faces gladly towards home. It was then I began to feel some anxiety as to the welfare of my wife and child; and as we were coming near to the district of country in which my castle was situated, I spurred on my horse and soon left my soldiers behind. On reaching the brow of the hill, I beheld the lovely valley where I had lived so long in happiness and peace: it was like a little paradise, which angels might have sought to dwell in. At last my eyes rested on the spot where my heart was fixed. But, O horror! instead of the pleasant picture, I saw nothing but smoking ruins and desolation. My cherished home was a blackened, smouldering mass. Almost bereft of reason, I wildly rushed forward to the scene of desolation. I called aloud the name of my beloved; but, alas! no voice responded. Madly I ran hither and thither, searching for my wife and her little one. At last I found them—all that remained of them—their blackened bodies, amid the still smoking ruins. O who could be so hard-hearted as thus to lay waste a happy home, and murder an unoffending, unprotected woman and child! Surely none but a monster. Ah me! How shall I describe the anguish of my soul! (Even now, while speaking to you through this mortal, the same feelings come back on me.)

With the disfigured bodies of my dear ones before me, on that night of horror and sadness, I madly raised my hands and swore (I would have sworn by the Great God of Heaven, but the words stuck in my throat—they would not come)—I swore by the gods of the heathen, that whoever had done this foul deed, I would follow them to the ends of the earth; and, though guarded by ten thousand men, I would tear them limb from limb! I sank down in my great agony to the earth, and raised the voice of supplica-

tion to the High and Holy Spirit. Lifting up my eyes as I prayed thus in the bitterness of my soul, lo! my Guardian stood before me. An angry scowl clouded my face even in the presence of the heavenly messenger, and, in tones of anger and bitterness, I asked why he had not protected those I loved—her who was all the world to me, and the little one—our only child.

“Behold!” he cried. I looked, and there stood my beloved ones in spirit, smiling on me—a broken-hearted, downcast man.

The vision passed away, and I was left alone with my Guardian Spirit. He told me that henceforth my life was to be devoted to something higher and better than war;—that had my wife and child been spared, the vow made at my birth might have been neglected; but now the way was made clear for the fulfilment of that vow by their removal.

“O it is a cruel blow—thus to take away from me wife and child at once.”

He said he could not interfere to prevent the catastrophe; that no power of men or angels could ward off the blow. “O God! It is hard—hard, indeed, to bear this trial. But thy will, Mighty Spirit, be done! I have served my country as a warrior, I will now serve Thee at the sacred altars of Persia. I am ready.”

“Now,” said my Guardian, “will I tell you who hath done this ruthless deed. Had I made it known before, you would have recklessly rushed into danger. After the defeat and flight of the Alanés, a band of the barbarous host that had felt the power of your sword, writhing under the infliction, sought out your dwelling, determined on revenge; and cruel, indeed, was its accomplishment.”

“May I not,” I exclaimed, “lift my hand in just retribution—why should such miscreants be allowed to escape?”

“No, my son; you have said—*Thy will be done!* and dare you draw back?”

I bent my head in acquiescence. On looking up I perceived a horseman on the brow of the hill, on the summit of which, the last rays of the setting sun were playing. As he approached, I recognised him who had once been my rival in love, and my bitterest enemy, but now my warmest friend. He was quickly at my side. It needed, alas! but few words to tell the awful tale: the mangled remains of my beloved wife and child explained all.

The effect produced on him appeared to harrow his very soul—indeed, he seemed to feel far more acutely than I did myself. O how he wept and groaned in the deep agony of his heart. I did my best to calm and console him; and, telling him of my resolution to become one of the Magi, I left it with him to avenge the murderous deed.

“Look up!” I said; and as he did so the Angel Presence met his eyes, and he fell prostrate in fear and trembling. He thought he was in the presence of the Great and Mighty Spirit. “Rise, I pray you, my friend: be not afraid; he who now appears is my Guardian Spirit, who ever watches over me.” He rose from the earth, and bent reverently before the Spirit, who thus spoke to him: “Come, now, bestir thyself, and show what thou wilt do for thy friend! The warriors whom he hath hitherto led to victory are even now ready to receive thee as their Captain. Go, and may God go with thee!” At once he vaulted into his saddle, and riding at his utmost speed, quickly rejoined the returning troops. The fearful tale of blood was soon spread amongst my soldiers, who, fired with indignation at the cruel wrong I had sustained, followed hard on the track of the murderous Alanés, overtook them near the sea-shore, and hemming them in on every side, drove them at the point of the sword into the surging waters. Not one escaped to tell the tale.

And now I began to feel all the bitterness of my bereavement. I had no one to love. She, whose kind and loving voice had cheered me in my hours of sadness, was now torn from me. My friends tried to comfort me; alas! their words were like the sounds of a broken instrument. But my father and mother were still alive, and, though old and frail, still bore up amid all the requirements of domestic life in the old family mansion, and I determined to visit them before entering on my sacred calling. On approaching the castle, I observed my beloved mother standing in the gateway, and when she saw me she ran and fell on my neck and wept. The sad tidings had gone before me, and deep was her distress. She spoke to me—as only a mother can speak—in terms of the deepest sympathy and consolation, and counselled me to embrace the opportunity now presented of fulfilling the vow made at my birth. On telling her I had made up my mind to do so—that I was now ready to assume the sacred office, she

said—"Oh, my son, I knew thou wouldst consent. I have seen in vision thy wife and child, and all has been opened up to me. Thou wilt now serve thy country in two ways. Thou wilt give spiritual instruction to the people of Persia; and also, when called on, be ready to draw the sword in defence of our homes and our sacred altars."* [*Benediction.*]

Seventh Sitting.

14th January, 1870.

Pre-historic Persia—The Indian, Hebrew, and Persian Records of the Deluge
—Names of Early Kings—Advent of Zoroaster—His Doctrines and
Mode of Worship—The Old Idolatry.

AT this point of my narrative, before I begin an account of the second period of my earth life, it will be well, perhaps, to glance at the early history of Persia.

As I now learn, we Persians dated the first of our kings a thousand years before the Hebrew "Deluge." But long before that time Persia existed—not certainly as a kingdom, for then she had no crowned head—but as a nation under the sway of chiefs or princes, exercising power each in his own domain. With the spread of the knowledge of God amongst my heathen forefathers—that is, the knowledge of One Great Supreme Being, the Maker of the Heavens and the Earth—there also sprang up the idea of earthly sovereignty—one great chief set over all others. But so far as Persia was concerned, these subordinate princes, or chiefs, never offered a very cordial submission to the Chief Ruler.

At the earliest period of our history, the people bowed down to idols of gold and silver, wood and stone, the work of their own hands. Man was but young upon the earth at this time—about two thousand years before the Deluge recorded in the Hebrew

* On revisal, I asked him how this corresponded with the fact, that when subsequently he did draw the sword he was reproved for doing so. He said he knew that it was customary for a certain class of the younger Magi to engage in battle, but he was, when he drew the sword, in the sacred position of Head of the Holy Brotherhood, and not allowed to engage in the battles of armed men.

Sacred Books. The Deluge in our Persian Books is placed still farther back. It is not easy to decide which is right. But it is just possible both may be wrong; for, in the Sacred Records of India, the Deluge is put back thousands of years, away into the thick mists of human tradition.

The names of our earliest kings are lost, though there are still a few recorded, such as *Kariokh—Scharaf—Tabrize—Cyrus, 565*. I will yet be able to find some others, though there are some such things unknown to us in the spirit-world.

Persia, as I have said, emerged from the darkness of idolatry, and at an early period worshipped the Most High God. From ancient Persia, sprang the father of the Hebrews; and it was from Chaldea that light shone upon the Egyptians. But, above all, there sprang up among our princes a great priest and prophet—greater far than any other one that had gone before him—Zoroaster,—from whom my father's house was descended. He lived like no other Chief of Persia, but selecting a lonely cave, secluded for a time from his fellow-men, he there communed with God. From that cave shone out the oracles of light; for, having received the needed education in this seclusion, the holy man came forth and declared to his countrymen the truth concerning God—the Great Father of Spirits—the Uncreated—the Only Pure One, who could not sin—the Creator of all things in the Heavens and on Earth. He showed our fathers that this High and Holy One sustained them as a loving Father; that from Him proceeded every blessing which Earth could afford; and that when taken away from this world, He takes His children to Himself. He taught them these truths by the most appropriate emblems, for in these early times such were required. When he spake of love and light as attributes of the Great and Good One, he pointed them to the glorious Sun, by whose influence they were blessed, the light and heat of which showered down manifold blessings on every man alike. Zoroaster also taught them that He, *Oromazes*, or Ormusd, was not alone—there was another, co-eternal with Him—*Mythras*, and that was the Son—one that would come to earth in due time, to deliver men from darkness and sin.

When the great Prophet called on the people of ancient Persia to worship God, he did not counsel them to erect stately and gorgeous temples for this purpose, but directed them to build

their altars on the mountain-tops, on which the rays of the morning sun would first fall. But notwithstanding the adoption of the doctrines of this great and good man, there was still a remnant left of the old idolatry; and the people, as they advanced in wealth and luxury, forgot the instructions of Zoroaster, and instead of the simple altar and its never-dying fire on the hills, they built great temples, and therein placed their altars, no doubt led astray in this by the example of Greece and Rome.

I can go no farther with my medium to-night.

The blessing of the High and Holy One be for ever upon you !



SECOND PERIOD.

THE ARCHMAGUS.

Eighth Sitting.

23rd January, 1870.

Hafed Chosen to be Archmagus—His Qualifications for the Office—Education the Special Work of the Magi—Pre-natal Education—Magian Creed and Mode of Worship—Marriage Ceremony—Temperance in Persia—Secrets of the Magian Grove Worship Revealed—The Magi Taught by Spirits—Anatomy, Botany, Astronomy, &c.

I WILL now speak concerning the Order of the Magi, into which I had been admitted. Previous to becoming one of their number, I had been well known in Persia and Media, and my name was familiar to all the Magi as one who, in the pursuit of knowledge, had visited other countries. I had travelled through Palestine to Egypt, and even to Greece and Rome, picking up information in regard to the various forms of worship taught and practised in these countries. But, above and beyond the knowledge thus acquired, the instruction I had received from my Spirit Guide from early youth was considered a much higher qualification for admission to their sacred circle, for this was esteemed by them as wisdom from on high;—so that not only was I welcomed by the Magi as a brother, but shortly thereafter I was chosen to be their Head. This was quite in accordance with the laws of the Order. It was not the oldest or most learned who was selected for the office, but he who was considered the greatest seer—who received his learning from the spirit world.

In giving you some account of our system, I will have occasion to mention some things strange but true.

And first of all, our great aim in the Persian Schools, in which the Magi were teachers, was to instil into the minds of the young of both sexes a love of parents and friends—how to be virtuous

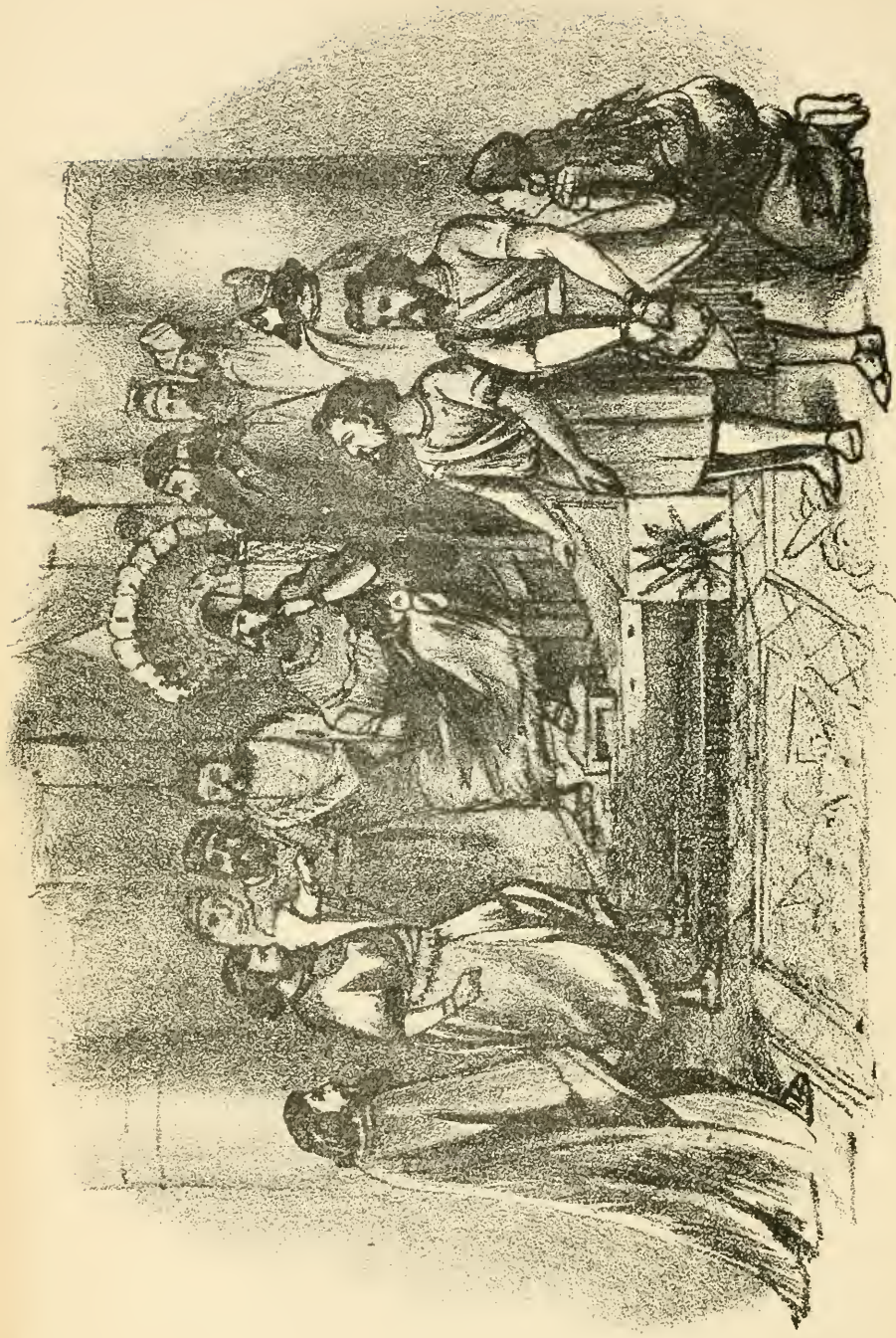
and honest in their lives; and to inculcate respect for the religion and laws of Persia. A lack of reverence for parents or elders was punished severely. It was a custom at times to form a court in the schools, and sit in judgment on supposed crimes. By this means our youth acquired a knowledge of the laws and their sanctions that they would not easily forget when they grew up to be men and women. The education of youth was indeed a matter of the highest interest in the Magian system, and in this respect Persia occupied the foremost place among the nations.

Strange though it may appear to you, it is nevertheless true, that the Magi began the education of their offspring before they were born! When the wife of one of the Magi was perceived to be with child, she was at once exempted from all harassing cares and duties. There was nothing suffered to disturb her mind, but everything which was calculated to administer comfort and pleasure was afforded. She attended Divine worship in company of the Holy Sisterhood, so that the purest and most favourable influences might leave their impressions on the unborn child, and thus make it more susceptible, in after years, of receiving knowledge. This will doubtless be looked upon by many as something very strange; but, as one who speaks to you from the Spirit World, I know it to be a great and important truth, and one that ought never to be lost sight of by any one who has the good of mankind at heart. External things, whether good or evil, by a law not much understood, leave their impressions on the unborn child, through the medium of the mother. Ignorance or neglect of this law is at the root of much of the evil so prevalent amongst men of all degrees.

We believed in the existence of the One Great and Good Spirit—*Omus*; the great Ruler—*Themus*, the Son; and *Thewith*, the Daughter * (whom the Hebrews called the Holy Ghost); also, *Ahriman*, the Evil One, the spirits under whom were called *Genii*. These the Persians held to be the Four Great Spirits in the universe.

As to our mode of worship, we had our altars under the blue canopy of heaven, on an elevated spot surrounded by myrtle trees. The centre of the enclosed space was laid out as a garden, and

* These three names are given as pronounced by the medium in trance. The names, &c., in italics were given in direct writing.



Trial of a Chief of Persia. (*Direct.*) See Sitting V.

therein was a fountain of crystal water, which, in its flow towards the river, fell over rocky heights, forming cascades of great beauty. As the sun rose in the eastern horizon, we engaged in solemn worship by singing our morning hymns to the Great Spirit, and thereafter we marched in procession towards the sacred altar, accompanied by the wives and children of the Magi. Then followed others of the Order leading sheep or lambs, according to the day of the week, decorated with myrtle wreaths, representing the innocence or purity of God himself. The animals were led forward to the edge of the basin of crystal water; and the officiating Brother solemnly invoked the Great Spirit thus—"Look down upon us and bless us in our offering *to thy Son, O most Mighty Omus!*" After this invocation the animals were slain, and their flesh taken away and eaten at sunset.

There were four altars erected, on each of which burned the ever-lasting fire. Had any of these gone out, it could not again be lighted except by the sun, and so we called it the fire ever-lasting.

At the altar to Thewith, the Daughter of God, marriages were celebrated. The bride and bridegroom, with their followers, dressed in long white flowing robes, walked in procession to the altar, and knelt before it; while the band of Holy Sisters raised a hymn to Omus. As the officiating minister approached, the Sisters laid on the altar pieces of sweet-scented wood. Thereafter the two were united under the eye of the Great Spirit as husband and wife—none could separate them but God, whose hand sustained them in being. After another hymn, the minister prayed for blessings on the newly-wedded pair, and then the Sisters danced. A bountiful repast followed the ceremony. The viands were spread out on the green sward, and all present were invited to partake. On such occasions mirth and happiness reigned; but there was no intemperance. One of the chief lessons enforced was that of sobriety: the temperate man was likened unto the Great Spirit, while he who bereft himself of his senses was held to be one who had become a dwelling-place for devils. Indeed, sobriety was the subject of law in Persia. It was by this virtue we had acquired our fame as a nation, and up to the time when I left we preserved that fame.

I must now introduce to you a most important and interesting part of the Magian system—a secret to the outside worshippers.

I refer to the Oracles of the Grove. On the side of a mountain, in the centre of a spot thickly covered with trees, closely interwoven by vegetation, through which no one could possibly penetrate, stood the altar of the Sacred Oracles. A serpentine path was cut through this grove, wide enough to allow a female in robes to pass with freedom. On traversing the mazy pathway to its termination, a clear space was reached, but shrouded in darkness, the thick overhanging foliage keeping out the light of day. The pure in heart and life only were allowed to enter there; the unclean He would cast out. In the midst of that dark and solemn grove stood an altar; and as the privileged members of the Brotherhood entered, one by one, they seated themselves around the base of the sacred pile. On looking towards the altar, a light like unto a star became visible, and as we looked it appeared larger and larger. We saw the continuous light, but saw no fire; and as we thus sat before the altar, the Spirit came and delivered his message. Many wonderful things were there disclosed to us. It was at this shrine of the Great God that we got those messages from the Spirit World, by which we were able to instruct the people of Persia in the duties they owed to God and their fellow-men. The Magi, with their Chief, or Head, had each one his work to do, and one and all required to be fully furnished for their several tasks.

Here we were taught by certain spirits how the wondrous human frame was constructed: how bone fitted to bone; how the blood, the life fluid, circulated through the great net-work of channels; how the brain, the seat of reason, was connected with the other parts of the body by those wonderful threads which spread themselves over the whole structure;—all declaring, in the clearest language, the wisdom and love of the Great Spirit, who had thus formed poor mortal man.

Again, we had messages from another class of spirits as to those small insect tribes which can hardly be seen by the bodily eye: but we received the instruction on this subject through spiritual vision.

Then we had from others information in regard to plants of all kinds—indeed, of the whole vegetable world: how that, over all, God's wisdom was displayed in their beautiful formation, and his hand in their sustainment.

Another band of spirits instructed us in regard to the inhabitants of the sea and the animals which lived on the land.

We were instructed by others concerning the coal, the iron, the copper, the lead, and other minerals dug from the bowels of the earth.

It was the duty of another class of these spirits to tell us of the bodies moving through space—worlds such as our own, and peopled as ours. But the Spirit of Evil had never found entrance into these—though the Greeks held some such idea, and that his leading spirits, or generals, had also entered, seeing they had given their names to some of them. It was our duty to teach otherwise.

Others taught us how the Great Spirit moved in wind and rain, and of the uses of these in his bountiful dealings with men. They showed us how the Sun whom we hymned shed down his warm rays on the atmosphere surrounding the Earth, thinning the air, and causing the breezes to dispel injurious vapours or gases. They showed how, at the descent of the Sun, the dews fell and watered the soil beneath, which, combined with the gentle rain from ocean's clouds, made the ground plentiful for the behoof of man and beast.

The Head of the Magi had a general knowledge of all these subjects, so that he might be able to impart knowledge to others. I mean to speak of these things on a future occasion. At our next sitting I will open the Eastern Temples, and show you the different ideas prevailing there in reference to religion.

Ninth Sitting.

2nd February, 1870.

Theology of the Egyptians—Misrepresentation in regard to it—Their Three Gods or Trinity—Typhon, Hermes, and Trismegistus—Their Mode of Worship—Temple of Isis—The Symbols of Worship explained—Egyptian Prayers—Female Priests—Consulting the Spirits.

THE last time we met I spoke of the doctrines and modes of worship existing amongst my own countrymen, the Persians. I will now make some reference to the theology and worship of the Egyptians, more especially as there has been a considerable

amount of misconception, or misrepresentation, concerning the religious position of the Egyptians; the Greeks and others having looked upon them as idolaters, the worshippers of birds and beasts and creeping things—not imagining that they themselves, in their ignorance, were much more idolatrous than the Egyptians. Knowing the secrets of their worship, I know that there is little or no ground for the accusation. It is false.

Let me briefly give you some account of the belief of the Egyptians in regard to the primeval state of mankind. They taught that man at first came from the hand of his Creator pure and undefiled; that he was immortal; that what is termed “death” is but his translation from the material life to a higher state of existence; and that he would continue to pass from one stage of being to another—higher and still higher—till ushered into the immediate presence of the Great and Unseen Spirit, the Father of all spirits.

They ascribed the fall of man from his innocent state to the agency of *Typhon*, the chief of the lower spirits, working under the three Great Spirits—*Osiris*, *Isis* (female), and *Orus* (the Son). These were worshipped by the Egyptians. They held that *Typhon* attempted to dethrone the Great and Mighty Spirit and was attacked by *Hermes* (the chief, or general, of the Three Great Ones), who drove him from Heaven to the centre of the Earth—that is, Hades, mentioned in the Sacred Books of the Jews. But *Typhon* came out from his prison as a serpent, and attacked man—not as a serpent, but as a man. He scattered mankind in pieces over the Earth, and into these pieces entered the evil genii, his followers. This, at first sight, looks very absurd and ridiculous; but we must look at it as an allegory or fable, so commonly used by Eastern nations to convey the truth. The explanation is this: That after the Chief Evil Spirit had opened a way into man’s heart, his followers entered in, and man was corrupted. He became evil.

In the very early records of the Egyptians, *Hermes* is claimed as their first King. He came as a King, and endeavoured, by the light of truth, to bring man back from evil to the Great God, the source of all truth. According to their Sacred Books, he was the first to introduce the practice of reading and writing by certain sounds. It was *Trismegistus* who brought in the system of

representing words and ideas by pictures of various animals; and these were used instead of written words. So much did this latter system prevail that these representations were set down by strangers as objects of worship on the part of the Egyptians.

A few words as to the symbols of worship in use. A stranger in my day was not allowed to enter an Egyptian temple; he was strictly debarred. But, travelling as I did for the acquisition of knowledge, I was introduced by one of our Magi to a high priest of Isis, from whom I had liberty to come and go when it suited me, and by this means I got a considerable amount of information as to their worship. The temple dedicated to Isis was built in the form of an egg, or oval shape. Over the entrance there was inscribed, in the picture-characters referred to, the following:—“He who would seek to rend the veil from Truth, let him enter here and find wisdom.” On entering, the stranger beheld a gorgeous building. It had been famous over all the world; but, from the repeated spoliation of the Persians, Greeks, and Romans, who carried away many of the golden vessels and instruments, it was in my day fast falling into decay. At the farther end of the temple stood an altar, around which was a deep channel of pure water, for the purpose of carrying off the blood spilt in the sacrifices. Above the altar, high up, near the ceiling of the temple, were representations of two great Clouds reaching toward each other and meeting at the top. Behind the altar there was another representation of a great Tree growing in a soft marshy ground. On the topmost branch of the Tree was perched a keen-eyed Hawk; while beneath, at the root, was a Crocodile wanting the tongue. At the base of the altar stood one of those strange figures to be seen in Egypt—Half-lion and Half-man. Then there was the representation of a Globe, with a Serpent springing out from its centre. To the right of the altar stood the figure of the goddess Isis, her face covered with a Veil, the base of the column bearing the words—“*The Unknown God, the Only True God.*” To the left, opposite to Isis, there stood the image of another deity, *Harpocrates*, with his hand upon his mouth. These were the great symbols used by the Egyptians in their worship of the Great and Holy Spirit.

I will now try and give you some explanation of these symbols. The over-arching Clouds were meant to symbolise the dwelling-

place of the High and Holy One, of whom they had neither shape nor form: they could not perceive Him, yet they believed the Great Unseen One was there. The Tree was the emblem of His goodness to man in supplying his wants through the vegetation of the soil. His Omniscience was symbolised by the keen-eyed Hawk, a bird remarkable not only for the keenness of its sight in perceiving small objects, but also for seeing at great distances. The Crocodile was emblematical of His great power, and the figure being represented as without a tongue, conveyed to the worshipper the idea that, notwithstanding the almighty power of God, he was yet rich in mercy and forbearance to man. The Half-lion Half-man was emblematical of the Son, endowed with strength and wisdom. The Serpent crawling from the centre of the globe, showed how the Evil One had come from the prison where he had been confined by Hermes, to fall on man and corrupt him. The Veil covering the face of Isis represented Virtue as the Covering of Truth. None had been found able to lift that Veil . . . till once Orus, the Son. . . . No one had been able to enter in before the Great Unknown—even HER SÓN covered his mouth.*

Their mode of worship now calls for some remarks. The High Priest approached the altar, followed by two other priests leading the sacrifice, which was adorned with garlands wreathed around its neck. It was led to the foot of the altar, where the priest plunged the knife into it, the blood running into the stream of pure water formerly alluded to. When the animal was dead, its carcase was laid on the altar, where it was consumed by the sacred fire. The High Priest then called on the assembled people to fall down before the Great Spirit. The prostrate worshippers then prayed to the Great Unseen One who dwelt within the Cloud; after which they rose to their feet and chanted a Hymn of Praise. Then the priest uttered these words of prayer—"Thou Great Unseen and Most Mighty Spirit—Thou who dwellest in the Clouds, surrounded by darkness, yet in light, for Thou Thyself

* At a subsequent sitting for revision, he was asked the meaning of this passage, which looked fragmentary. He said it was one of the oracles of early Egyptian theology, and was a foreshadowing of the coming of Jesus the Prince. He was the Son symbolised; he it was who lifted the veil—who revealed the Father.

art Light—O Most Merciful and Gracious, we prostrate ourselves before Thee. Grant that we may be able to rend the veil which hides Truth from our eyes: that we may become pure, and beautiful, and good. O Thou Great and Gracious Unseen One, take us under thy care and keeping.” Something similar to this was expressed on these occasions. After this, the Priestesses sung and danced round the figure of Isis, raising their voices, saying—“O Mother of Virtue and Wisdom, intercede for us with Him who dwellest in the Clouds, that we may receive the spirit of prophecy—that, through Thee, we may be enabled to enter in—to lift the veil and seek for and find the hidden treasures.”

I may here remark, that it was considered by these female priests a very great gift to attain to the power of communicating with the spirits of the departed. When communion was desired, one of the female mediums, or prophetesses, was selected to consult with the spirits. The persons seeking communion generally fasted and prayed for some time before, and in the evening retired to a small apartment near the top of a high tower. There they waited, the medium with her hands on a small burnished table, and the messages were given through her.* Sometimes these messages were stated to be from their former kings, some of whom were accounted gods. It was different in Persia—there the Magi were the consulters of the Oracles.

You see from that which I have told you that these Egyptians were not so far astray—that they were not the mere worshippers of dumb idols, though much of their worship was enveloped in symbolic mystery, like that of the Persians. They had, as I have said, their three persons in the Godhead—Father, Mother, and Son (the Mother representative of Nature), and they believed also in a Great Evil Spirit. The Persians also believed in the Evil One, who was inferior in power and was the head of the Genii. These latter were considered not altogether evil, only of a lower class of spirits. But all were held to be under the control of the Great Spirit of the Universe.

May His light ever shine on you!

* For a farther notice of this ancient mode of communication, see the 19th Sitting.

Tenth Sitting.

February 13, 1870.

The Doctrine of the Sabeans—Ancient Notions about Abraham and Zoroaster
—Some Remarks on Abraham.

I WILL now, for a short time, speak of the doctrine of the Sabeans. It was something like that of the Persians, inasmuch as, while the Persians used the Sun as emblematical of the Great Spirit, the Sabeans adhered to Saturn as an emblem of their God. In their temples, they had him represented as a Globe, ornamented with precious stones, so bright and clear that they reflected the face as in a mirror. They had their responses, or visions, from these clear stones. They taught that all were born under their particular stars, and that success in their various avocations in life depended on such natal conditions. If a child was born under a certain star, it was predicted whether he would succeed or fail in his career. All their learned men studied the planets, which they held to be great level plains. We (Persian Magi) had no such idea; we knew better. They believed when their great men died they became stars, gods, &c., and were made governors of the heavenly worlds. Like the Egyptians, they had their towers for the consultation of the oracles. They were ever active, however, in imparting lessons of purity and virtue. They were subject sometimes to Greece and sometimes to Syria; indeed, it was matter of dispute whether they were Grecian or Syrian. I cannot go further in this direction—your space would not allow me. Were I to go into the depths of such subjects, volumes could not contain all that might be stated.

When speaking of Egypt, I might have said something more about Thebes, with its temples, its subterranean rivers, its imitation gardens, hung with lamps like fruits; but I am just giving you a rough sketch. I want to show you that I was not unacquainted with these things, and that I was, in some degree, prepared for the great change about to take place, and of which I will in due time speak.

The Persians held the notion that Abraham was *Zoroaster*, or *Zadust*; but that never entered my head, seeing I had his (Zoro-

aster's) own word for it. Many of the writers before my day—*Herodotus* and others—say Abraham came from Chaldea. Some say that when he went into Egypt he taught the Egyptians! Why, it was the nation above all others at the time celebrated for learning; indeed, almost the only nation on the face of the earth where it had a substantial footing. Such writers did not know, or did not remember, that at that very time there were to be seen the ancient Cities of the Rocks, on which were engraven, as on tablets, the records of a far back age. Abraham impart knowledge to the Egyptians! Persia and Chaldea were celebrated for their trade and commerce in silks and in precious metals. Who has not heard of Great Babylon, with its great and beautiful buildings! (Alas! where now are all those ancient nations, once so famous in the arts of peace and so valiant in war!) It was from these nations the Jews acquired much of their knowledge of trade and commerce. Abraham, their great forefather, had, however, a knowledge of the only living and true God; and it was through him that the Bright Star would arise to give light and life and beauty to the whole earth. The coming of the Great Deliverer was looked forward to by many earnest souls in other nations; but it was only those who had entered into the holy places and received the messages from the Spirit World who knew that out of Judea would spring forth the world's Saviour.

I can say no more to-night. May the blessing of the Most High rest on you!

Eleventh Sitting.

24th February, 1870.

Sparta: Laws of Lycurgus—Games in the Circus—Young Men and Maidens—Wives and Children of the State—Lending Wives by Law—The Slave Class—Hafed Condemns the Laws of Sparta. Questions: Egyptian Hieroglyphs—The Book of Job—Persian Doctrine of the Origin of Evil, the Spirit-World, &c.

TO-NIGHT I will refer to Greece, famed as a seat of learning—for poetry, for philosophy, for science and art—and, beyond all other nations, for her numberless imaginary deities.

As a nation, Greece would have been a great power had the several countries, cities, and districts of which she was formed held together as one people. But the various parts set themselves up as Republics under different laws and modes of government—one inclining to this philosopher or statesman, and another following that.

In *Sparta*, the laws of *Lycurgus* were enforced with great strictness. Everything belonged to the State. All her citizens were equal in the eye of the law: none richer, none poorer than another. They ate and they drank in common. He (*Lycurgus*) even did away with the use of money—turning their gold and silver into iron. Under these laws of *Lycurgus*, they attempted to keep all things within themselves, and have no trade or commercial dealings with other nations. Having the intention ultimately of overrunning all Greece, every male in the community was trained to arms from early youth; even young females were not exempted. They had games introduced into their religious services, in which the youth of both sexes took part. The games were held in a great circus, the seats of which were formed of turf, and were occupied by the older citizens. I daresay you would have thought the tendency of these performances of the Spartan youth, which took place three or four times a-year, was somewhat questionable, seeing that both young men and maidens took part in them almost in a state of nudity. The girls were set against the boys, and they fought regular battles—the young man who vanquished his female opponent being entitled to claim her as his future wife.

When I visited *Sparta* I was admitted to witness these games. Addressing an old man, one well advanced in years, and esteemed as a philosopher, I made an observation as to the hurtful moral influence that might result from such an exhibition. He said that was not the case, however much it might appear to be so to a stranger. The youths of both sexes now struggling in the games, he continued, would not meet with each other for several seasons, when the victors of either sex could come forward and claim the vanquished for their partners; and besides, these females were accounted in law as the wives of the State! It appeared strange to me, I said, that they should be reckoned the wives of the State, and not of the men. But so it was, he replied; and not only so,

on the other hand it was quite lawful for a man to lend his wife to another, and take her back, looking on her as virtuous as if she had never been parted from him. Those State wives, moreover, served the State as such, and their children were accounted the children of the State—kept by the State, and trained by the State, not as mere citizens, but as warriors. Indeed, their duties as citizens, according to my aged informant, were very light, for all work of a laborious nature was executed by the slave class of the population. The production of the crops, the building of houses, the making of armour and ships, and almost everything requiring manual labour, was undertaken by these bondmen; while the others—the freemen—gave their whole attention to war and its exercises.

This was a state of things which I could not approve of; it was anything but praiseworthy, and showed a debasement in moral feeling which could not be ascribed to my native land. As Persians, we thought a good deal of the art of war. We liked to see our soldiers exhibit dashing bravery when called on to defend their country; but we were far from allowing ourselves to be so absorbed in warlike pursuits as to be blind to the blessings of peace. The sword once returned to the scabbard, we returned to the cultivation of our fields and our trade, and the pursuit of knowledge, with renewed vigour. But, in my opinion, for a nation to be in a continual state of preparation for war is a grievous wrong. To be prosperous, a nation should be in a position to trade with its neighbours—to exchange its commodities for those of others. But how could this be under such laws as those of Sparta? How could females be virtuous under such a system as that described to me by this Spartan sage or philosopher?

It would be too much for our present sitting to notice Athens and Corinth, and their deities—Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, and a fearful host of others. I must also refer to their altar erected “To the Unknown God,” whom they worshipped in darkness—not knowing his care and love for them. Egypt was, I believe, far beyond Greece in the knowledge and worship of God; but the great drawback in Egypt was their use of hieroglyphs. The Greeks, on the other hand, had a language excelling all others in beauty, as seen in their poetry, philosophy, and history. Unfortunately, they gave greater attention to the history of other

nations than to that of their own country. I was once told by one of their priests, on noticing this failing on their part, that the gods had their history, and that was enough for them.

Could you read the Egyptian hieroglyphs?

It was difficult for even the most learned of the Magi to read the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians. But I could do so to some extent. I will give you some of these shortly, as a sample. It is certainly a beauty in language to be able to give, say a man's life, in very small space. In the Hebrew the writing is much less than in Persian or Greek, but these hieroglyphs beat all.

Can you tell us anything about the Book of Job, as given in the Hebrew Scriptures?

I have seen the story of Job in the books of the Chaldeans. It is possible that Moses saw it in these, and being an acute and learned man, he would very quickly see the benefit that might be derived from its publication amongst his people.

What was the Persian doctrine in regard to the Origin of Evil?

The origin of evil is a deep and mysterious subject. The Persian doctrine in reference to it was this—that, before all, the Great Spirit was self-existent. All things were made by Him, and all like himself, good and true; evil could not spring from Him. Secondly, there was Matter, but it had no action in itself; so that evil could not be there. Thirdly, what we call Nature, in which is force, putting forth a force; it was here, according to the Persian doctrine, where evil originated.

What was the doctrine taught by the Magi in regard to the Spirit-World?

In their Sacred Books the Persians taught that Spirits existed before all worlds; that there were three kinds of Spirits—the Immortal, the Genii, and the Mortal; that the Son was the First of the Immortal Spirits, and was placed over the Spirit world of our planetary system before taking the human form; that as mankind had fallen from their allegiance to him, it became him, who was their Great Lord, to take on himself a mortal body, and endeavour by his example and precept to draw them back to himself.

The blessing of the High and Holy One, and the peace of our Great Prince, be upon you!

Twelfth Sitting.

27th February, 1870.

Corinth: The Temple of Jupiter—Grecian Myths of Primeval Man—Number of Deities Worshipped in Egypt, Greece, Persia, &c. *Athens*: Primitive State—A Republic under Jupiter—Solon and his Reformation—Athens Dependent on other Nations. *Questions*: Hieroglyphic Writing—How and When it was Done—On the Size of Egyptian Temples.

HAVING touched upon Sparta and some of its customs and laws, we will now glance at Corinth and other States of Greece.

When I visited Greece, Corinth was a Republic. It was a beautiful city, containing the finest specimens of architecture, not only in its temples and other public buildings, but in its private dwellings. One of the finest temples was that of Jupiter, with its twenty stately columns and its gates of brass, richly carved with various figures and devices. In the centre of the great building stood the altar of sacrifice, lined with the richest marbles. The only light was that which came from the dome, so that nothing outside could be seen but the sky. As you entered the gateway there were two statues, representing Truth and Justice, the one on the right, the other on the left. On the inside of the great dome were plates of inlaid silver, on which were carved in bas-relief the deeds of their great heroes. Here, also, might be seen the images of Jupiter, Apollo, and other gods—each deity holding in his or her hand a golden plate, on which were written the oracles, so that all who entered might be able to read the communications received from the gods. Strangers entering such a temple as this were awestruck, and could not help bending before some one of the numerous deities whose images stood all round the temple.

Like the Persians and Egyptians, the Corinthians believed in a time when the inhabitants of Earth were pure and happy—in a Golden Age, as it has been called—a time when there were no scorching winds to burn up the blooming gardens of Earth, nor fierce, icy blasts from the north to chill the life-blood of man or beast; when the hills were covered with vines and fragrant orange groves, and the valleys were everywhere blooming and delightful gardens; when the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the finny tribes of the ocean lived in harmony and peace;—a time when the gods came

down and supped with men; when men followed Jupiter as he drove his blazing car through the heavens; when they spake with the gods, and the gods with them; when love drew the gods to the shepherdesses of Earth, and the shepherds of Earth to the goddesses of Heaven. The Golden Age! All men have spoken of it. Persians, Egyptians, and Hebrews had their traditions of it. It did not last long. The intercourse was close betwixt the gods and mankind, and men became vain; they were drunk with pride, and began to quaff the cup of jealousy. Evil crept into the once happy abodes of men, and overwhelming woe came upon them when Jupiter took his flight from Earth. The elements burst forth in fiery fury, blasting the fair face of nature; the seas rushed in over all, and chaos reigned, till he in his mercy revoked the decree. Then began Earth to rise from her watery bed. But terrible was the change: the smiling valleys and fruit-clad hills were gone, and in their place stood, gaunt and grim, the rugged rocks, with volcanoes belching out their molten and pestiferous streams on the valleys below. Man was doomed to toil and trouble for ten thousand years, when Jupiter will once more return, drive off the false gods, and Heaven be again joined to Earth.

Such is a sample of the theology of the Greeks. There are some truths conveyed in these Grecian myths. But Greece painted these things in a very high style. Even Homer and Herodotus, however, could not half depict such things; as for Homer, it is no wonder: he was but a dramatist for the Greek stage. Their ideas in regard to man's primitive condition were much the same as those held by the nations of the East. In Greece and Egypt there were more than two deities worshipped; in Persia, Syria, and Chaldea there were but the two. The Persians worshipped the Father and Son only—not the Daughter. Greece had an innumerable lot of gods—some of them deified heroes, and some, I believe, mere poetic conceptions, which, in course of time, coming to be considered realities, were set on a pedestal as gods.

A few words now as to the people of Athens. The Athenians had been ruled at an early period of their history by kings. As far as I can remember, there were seven of these—not exactly kings, that is, rulers administering laws, but rather soldiers, with nothing of what we call government, as might have been seen in other countries. The Athenians got tired of that state of things,

and casting off their kings, they constituted themselves a Republic, with Jupiter for their supreme ruler. They continued thus for many centuries, often subjected to broils, caused by the introduction of new ideas from the philosophers that now and again arose. But after receiving a regular system of laws from Solon, a great reformation ensued. Good old Solon left them for ten years, but took care to leave behind him one whom he deemed able to conduct affairs in his absence, and gave him strict injunctions to keep from Monarchy. This he promised faithfully to observe, as did also the Athenians. No sooner, however, was Solon gone than, by various unworthy acts, he got himself promoted to supreme authority as king. He was after a while dethroned, and Athens reverted to her old system.

The Athenians were great builders of ships, and traded with all the world. At the time I refer to, they had the largest fleet known. Even in my time they kept up a large fleet of vessels. Their laws—those which Solon had enacted—were good, but with all their excellence there was something wanting. They were debtors to all the kingdoms of the world. They had their art and their religion from the Egyptians; their very gods were borrowed from other nations and set up under different names. Nevertheless, Athens was a great seat of learning and art in my time—though with all their fame as centres of learning, Athens and other cities of Greece became also centres of dissipation, and dangerous to the youth sent to them.

In reply to a question regarding a number of hieroglyphs written on a card by the Medium that day while in church, he said—

It is the history of one man from infancy to old age.

Will you translate it?

It would form a volume of itself. It is far too much for us to undertake at present. Simply, it is the life of one of the Pharaohs of Egypt. I got it in one of those buildings in which they buried their kings.*

* The following is a photo-raised surface block of a drawing from the original. The Medium, on the Sunday referred to, was sitting in the pew before the one I sat in—so close to me that I could see anything that was done. The minister had just begun his discourse, when I observed the Medium in a kind of trance. He held his Bible in one hand, on which lay the card. He appeared to be writing or drawing, and continued thus for about half-an-hour, when he put

Did you control the hand of the medium in writing out these hieroglyphs?

No; he was in a half trance—that kind when surrounding objects are shut out; but had any one touched or spoken to him he would have been aware of it, though he might have been somewhat startled. The writing was done much in the same way as when he sketches out a painting under the direction of Ruisdal or Steen: * he saw the magnetic traces I made on the card, and

the card into his breast pocket, and waked up in his usual quiet manner. On walking home with him, I asked him to show me the card he had been scribbling on while the sermon was going on. He seemed astonished, and remarked that he knew nothing about it. But we were both surprised on the card being produced, when we saw the strange characters that had been pencilled on it; for, at that time, such productions were very rare. The original card has been photographed, and copies may be had from Mr. Bowman, 65 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.



* See Appendix—Communications from the Spirit Artists—*Ruisdal's Control of the Medium.*

followed them. Had there been present a seer, he would have perceived the lines of light before the medium's pencil passed over them; indeed, some might even now see those lines of light on the card.

Why did you use the Medium in church?

Because it answered my purpose better. I could not have got him to sit so long in his normal state; but getting him quiet and at leisure, I found it easy to use him. There was no harm done to him.

In reply to a remark made as to the great size of Egyptian temples, he said—

They were almost all in a ruinous state when I visited Egypt. It was not time, however, which laid them low, so much as war. When invaded by foreign armies the people flocked to the great temples, thinking to get shelter there and help from the gods, and they generally carried their wealth with them. As a matter of course, when their enemies became aware of this, they were all the more determined in their efforts to subdue them; and thus these famous structures became the arenas for hot contests followed by rapine and bloodshed. [*Benediction.*]

Thirteenth Sitting.

March 13th, 1870.

Tyre: Old Tyre—Account of its Fall—Rebuilding of Tyre—The Queen City of the Waters—Freedom of Trade and Commerce—The Advantages of Peace—The Religion of the Tyrians—Temple of Venus Described—Their Trinity—The Story of Adonis and Urania. Questions: Eastern Trinities—Grecian Idolatry and Myths—The Gods at War—Neptune Condemned to Build the Walls of Troy—The Mason-god Strikes for Wages—Hercules Stealing Sheep, &c.—Calvinism Repudiated.

I HAVE NOW something to say in reference to the city or kingdom of Tyre. But before touching on the religion of the Tyrians, I will advert to their character as a community.

Ancient Tyre was destroyed by the Babylonians 500 years before the time I am speaking of. The Tyrians were famed over all the world for their trade and commerce. By fostering commerce

with all nations, and by their love of peace and industry, while other countries were lavishing their means on war, Tyre was accumulating immense wealth and resources. Their kings, or governors, were also superior in many respects to those of other nations; they looked more to the true interests of the people than the rulers of my day, or those of days gone by.

About the time of the destruction of Old Tyre, the reigning king died, and his brother usurped the throne. One of the late king's ministers, faithful to his trust, fled with the young prince, the heir to the throne, and left him under the care of a shepherd; but he was afterwards carried off to Egypt, and there enslaved. The usurper no sooner found himself secure on the throne than he began to play the tyrant. He shut up the ports, which had always been free to the ships of every nation; laid on heavy taxes on the trade and commerce of the country, and endeavoured by the most oppressive measures to accumulate riches, insomuch that the city became a scene of terror to all under his cruel sway.

The faithful minister already referred to, bent on rescuing his fellow-citizens from the tyrant, went to Babylon and solicited the king for an army to levy war against the usurper. The King of Babylon consented, and the result was, that Tyre was at last levelled with the ground, the tyrant was slain, and the minister was set over the Tyrians as king.

The city was rebuilt, not on its former site, but out about half a mile from the shore, on a small island. It was constructed so as to form a kind of crescent bay, into which ships from all parts engaged in merchandise were ever welcome to enter. The city was beautiful from every point of view. It was, indeed, a joyous, and, in those days, a heart-cheering scene that presented itself to the visitor: multitudes from all nations engaged in the busy hum of trade and commerce in this queen city of the waters; while the sun's rays danced on the rippling sea, which engirdled her as with a belt of molten silver. In the centre of the city stood a magnificent building, surrounded by columns, devoted to the use of the merchants and traders of all countries. In that building you would hear all the languages of the Earth spoken, by men of every tint from black to white—all busy disposing of their goods, and buying other commodities to re-ship for the return voyage.

Many kings had tried to crush these industrious Tyrians, but without success. They envied them their wealth, but had not the wisdom to follow their example. The Tyrian Government not only welcomed the merchants of all nations to trade with them, making Tyre by such policy a universal emporium of commerce, but they fostered the spirit of industry in their own people, on whom the taxes were extremely light. By steadily pursuing this course, immense revenues were acquired by the State. Their best interests being bound up in a state of peace, they felt little inclination for war; and although many nations envied their prosperity, none dared pick a quarrel with them, for they had allies on every side who, by close alliance with this great mercantile people, were beginning to prize the advantages of commerce, and did not, therefore, care to see their peaceful neighbours interrupted in pursuits which benefited themselves.

I have, however, said enough on this subject. I shall now say something as to the religion of the Tyrians. Like other nations around them the people of Tyre worshipped by symbols, or images. Letters had been amongst them for only five or six hundred years; and, following the example of others, many of their religious ideas had been borrowed from the Egyptians. They also, like them, had their three gods. The great object of worship was the goddess Venus (or Urania), Adonis, and Belus (the Supreme). Twice-a-year they assembled as mourners in the temple consecrated to Venus, and made lamentation at the tomb of Adonis. The temple was a magnificent building. In the centre there was a splendid dome. A large arch formed the entrance, on one side of which was a figure of Venus, and on the other was another figure representing Adonis in the agonies of death, the blood from his wounds running into the river Tamyras and coursing down to the sea. Within columns of the purest Parian marble was represented the chariot of the great Belus, while right beneath stood the altar of Venus, and the image of Venus herself. It was a beautiful work of art, and presented three different aspects to the spectator. First, while looking on the image, it had the appearance of Truth and Virtue; then, on taking a front view, it gratified the desires of the unclean heart; and, again, when looked at from the other side, it had the aspect of the purest simplicity. Beneath was the tomb of Adonis, to whom all did homage.

The Tyrians believed in Belus as the Supreme God, the First and the Last, Self-existent, Everywhere-present. Being the Creator, from his head sprang Urania, the mother of Adonis; and these formed their Godhead—Father, Mother, and Son. When Adonis acquired divine power, he made seven planets, and in order to people them, he looked on his mother Urania, and saw a beautiful flower, on which Belus breathed, and it became a lovely female, whom Adonis called Urania. He took her to Saturn, where she brought forth gods; and there they lived and loved a long time. Urania, like woman, wayward and fanciful, wished to be taken into the presence of Belus. But Adonis would not consent, as he said it would be destruction; and as Urania would not listen to him, but refused to submit, he returned to his father. Getting uneasy, however, in regard to her, he went back and beseeched her to yield obedience to him; but she fled from him. Yet still he loved her. But, obstinately and perversely despising all his earnest solicitations, she was cast into the Sun, and the seven planets fell with her—the gods that peopled them becoming demigods; and in their rebellious discontent and pride, they asserted her supremacy over the Heavens, for which they were banished into the Moon.

Sadly Adonis followed Urania into exile, and tried to win her back to her allegiance; for there was still somewhat of the original glory to be seen in her—but she always fled from him, and would not hearken to his voice. At last she resolved to reign in Heaven, and rebelled against Adonis, and for this she was cast down to Earth. (It was then that what certain Grecian poets called the Golden Age existed—the gods who fell with Urania having become enamoured with the daughters of men.) But Adonis, still loth to give her up, followed her to Earth, and, as a youth in mortal form, courted her anew; but when she perceived him in his true character, she drove him off, and would not stay with him. The forsaken Adonis again returned to his father. The other gods, looking down on Urania, and perceiving that she was acquiring power over the Earth, and still soaring in her pride towards Heaven, murmured, and war in Heaven seemed likely to be the result. Adonis, afraid lest Belus should sweep her away into annihilation, fell at his feet, and cried—“Do what thou wilt, but spare her. Give her a mortal body, or cast her into the darkest

abode—do all this, but spare her, and I, even I, will yet redeem her!" Then forth went the fiat. Heaven's arches rang. All became chaos. The bright ones whom Adonis had made had fallen—fallen to Earth, and Earth became a desert; but notwithstanding all this, Urania was not affected: indeed, she seemed to get worse. Her children made monsters to destroy mankind. Cities and temples were erected, and the blood flowing from the sacrifices on her altars ran in streams.

Amid all this rebellion, wretchedness, and desolation, Adonis did not abandon her; but once more, in human form, he came back to Earth, which had been ravaged to provide animals to offer in sacrifice to Urania. It was then she was called Venus. In his efforts to destroy the monsters created by her, Adonis fell wounded. She threw him into a deep trance, on awaking from which, and finding himself by her side, he implored her to come back. But no; she obstinately closed her eyes, and would not look on Adonis. Stung to the quick, he cried out—"O look upon me whom thou hast despised! Behold what thou hast cost me! Be thou thine own judge of that which thou dost merit. All these monsters have I slain, and now beside thee I die. Think of the Son of Belus dying of wounds from the monsters created by thee." Gradually he sank, while the crimson tide of blood flowed from his cruel wounds; but before he passed away, he said—"I leave thee for Hell, wherein are now confined the gods that fell with thee—but I go there to release them. Thou shalt see me yet again."

As the Divine breath went out of the mortal body, Venus went into a trance. On the third day thereafter, lo! Adonis appeared in the air, surrounded by the gods he had released from Hell. Addressing Venus, he said—"I see thou art beginning to be penitent for thy wayward course. But thou must suffer; sickness and death shall fall upon thee. Three times thou must die. Banished to the Moon, there thou must undergo suffering; but I will be near thee. Then to the Sun shalt thou go; and then to the heavenly planet, where once thou didst live in happiness; there wilt thou abide till fit to enter into the presence of the Great Belus. Then shall we return together to Earth to renew the Golden Age."

And so ends the religious ideas, or theology, of the ancient Tyrians.

In answer to questions, he said:—

Yes; they had all a notion of a Trinity—father, mother, and son, and yet God in the three. Some of these nations added a fourth—the Devil. Here (in Tyre) Urania was accounted as the Evil One. The Hebrews had their Adam and Eve. In fact, they were all very much alike in these things,—yet the Hebrews may be said to be purer in their conceptions, although borrowing also from others. Moses was truly a wise man. He had learned much, and transferred much, from Egypt; and while sojourning in Midian, he would doubtless acquire knowledge on various subjects; but it is almost certain that he got a purer idea of some things from Persian sources.

The Grecians blamed the Egyptians for image worship; but they themselves were indebted to Egypt for much of their theology; only, being more poetical, they clothed their gods in a corresponding dress. For instance, they had Saturn (Jupiter Saturn), Neptune, and many others—all brothers. Jupiter specially reigned over Heaven and Earth, while Neptune's authority was confined to the seas. He and the others became jealous, or envious, of Jupiter; and Neptune wished possession of land as well as water, and in his godlike way, went to war against Jupiter. But Jupiter was victorious. Not being able, however, to imprison, banish, or slay a god (being divine in his nature), Jupiter condemned Neptune to build the walls of Troy. Neptune set to work, and laboured patiently for a while; but considering that he was entitled to wages, he asked the King of Troy to pay him for his work. The King being somewhat miserly in his disposition, refused. Neptune thereupon appealed to Jupiter, who decided that although Neptune had been condemned to erect the walls, yet the King of Troy had no right to withhold the price of the labour. But Troy still refused. So Neptune, determined to have the better of him, consulted with his friends. The consequence was, that Neptune deluged Troy with water, and Saturn sent hot breezes, and between the two the parsimonious King of Troy had to pay sweetly for Neptune's labour as an architect.

Such is a specimen of the myths of these Grecians. They had a multitude of stories connected with their gods; for example, Hercules, when he was only three hours born, gave Cupid a thrashing, and the upshot was, that there was no

manifestation of love for a whole year! This Hercules, though he could slay a lion, and do many wondrous deeds, thought it not beneath his dignity to steal horses, sheep, and cows. Strange work this for a god!

Was there anything like this taught in ancient times: That God, for his own pleasure and glory, did, from all eternity, choose one portion (and that a very small number) of men for Heaven, and destined the rest to never-ending misery in Hell, and that irrespective of anything done by them, whether good or evil? That is the belief of a great number of the Christian Churches of the present day.

If your Christians believe that, they are worse than the idolaters of my time, or any time; for even in the theology of Tyre, you will see that their Adonis (the Christ) teaches that all will ultimately be rescued from sin and misery.

Fourteenth Sitting.

March 20, 1870.

The Hebrews: The Mosaic Record—Death before Sin—Creation—Hebrew, Grecian, and Persian Ideas—Hafed on the Fall of Man—The Hebrew Deluge Considered and Set Aside—Moses Borrowing from Egypt—Time of Man's Existence on Earth—Melchisedek the Builder of the Great Pyramid—Ararat—Tower of Babel. Question: Abraham and the Three Angels—The Ambassador of the Great Spirit.

TO-NIGHT, instead of taking up Rome, which I will notice further on, I will speak of the Hebrews, whose religious history and worship you are doubtless as well acquainted with as I am. I will, therefore, only refer to those points which are common alike to the Hebrews and to all other nations.

It is very evident that Moses, in addition to the doctrines handed down from father to son (for Abraham sprang from ourselves), received much of the knowledge which he imparted to his followers from the Egyptians, not only as regards theology, but spirit communion. In the account which he gives of Creation, he places man in a garden—the Garden of Eden, which he says was in Palestine. The Persians, again, in their records, say it

was near to the Straits of Labelmandeb, bordering on the Red Sea. Indeed, in that quarter there is a small tract called Eden, supposed by many to be the original Paradise.

Moses gives but a short time for man on the Earth;—other records give a more lengthened period; but it beats all history to tell when man first came. There certainly was a time; but I am sure it never has been exactly known either in the Spirit World or in the earthly state.

“The Golden Age” of the Greeks was meant by them to represent man’s primeval state; and in this they have the whole world inhabited. But both Hebrews and Persians agree in limiting man’s innocent state to a single pair—man and woman. In the Hebrew record, man was first made, and from him woman was taken; and through woman came the Fall, or evil. The Grecians had somewhat of this idea too. But the Hebrews had some very ridiculous notions with regard to the Fall. They introduce a serpent, to tempt the woman to eat of the fruit of a tree called “The Tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil,” and that, being persuaded, the first pair ate thereof and fell. The Greeks, on the other hand, said that, by the mixture of gods and men, producing pride, man was drawn down from his happy state—that is, that pride was the cause. Had Moses looked a little into it, he might have seen that this was a likelier cause for man’s fall than the eating of fruit. This garden of Moses, too, was very limited in its dimensions. How, supposing that man had not fallen, it could ever be made capable of containing the multitudes of mankind, I cannot imagine. Perhaps it might, by some means or other, grow larger as men increased in numbers! The Hebrew account would lead you to think that all outside this favoured spot brought forth only evil. But, no; I believe the whole earth was a fit and beautiful habitation for man, when the Creator finished his work and pronounced it good. Over all the Earth, then as now, there were the same beautiful valleys—the same rolling rivers and murmuring rivulets—the same mountains and seas—lifting up their voice in praise to the Great God who made them all. But man, alas! fell by his pride; and the beauties of the lovely earth were, because of his perversity, unseen by him. But the real “Golden Age” shall yet come round again, and all with one harmonious voice shall ascribe honour and glory to the Highest.

If you inquire of all languages and philosophies under the sun, you will find that every one has its own picture of Creation, and idea as to the origin of man; so that I put as little faith in one account as another. It is unknown to man, and will remain so. We know this: that the Great Creator placed man pure on the earth. How he fell from that pure state it is impossible to say. But, as far as we can see, pride was the cause. He vainly imagined he was a lord, instead of acknowledging his entire dependence on Him who sustained him.

Moses in his account does not say how long the happy state of the first pair lasted—whether for a year or for ages. He says, in the day they ate of the forbidden fruit they would die; but they did *not* die: they lived, and brought forth children and peopled the Earth. In my day, the Hebrews taught that death came by Eve. But death must have been rampant amongst animals before Adam's fall; for many of these animals lived, as they now do, by devouring one another. What was man's body,—*it* was not the man! Admit that his body could never die, how could the Earth have contained the mighty and ever-increasing mass of humanity?

In Persia, in regard to the fall of man, we (the *Magi*) taught, that had he not fallen, he would still have passed away, not in pain and suffering, but, in a trance-like state—he would have slipped off towards the spirit condition, hardly knowing he had ever such a thing as a body.

Poor Adam and Eve, in breaking the laws of the Great Omus, were severely chastened according to Moses. It was a strange thing, too, that they should be driven away by two heavenly beings—who visit us with such love—driven out as if they were beasts and not the immortal children of the Great Father.

Whether the Hebrews, the Persians, or the Egyptians be right in their accounts of the fall of man from innocency it matters not—man *has* fallen, and sorely has he been punished for the fall; for if the death of the body did not take place, he was driven out of his high and holy condition. He goes out into the world, and he looks at things in a new way; his eyes are opened. But the most beautiful spots of earth become scenes of desolation and vileness, and this because of his evil nature. Look at the islands of the Persian Gulf: heavenly in their beauty, but the habitation of men of the vilest character—thieves and murderers.

Moses is very careful in his book. Step by step he gives his genealogy up to the Flood in a certain line; but there are fearful gaps in it too. He preserves one family, and the rest of mankind are overwhelmed in the waters. It must have been but a partial flood, and might have been caused by an overflow of inland waters. In the Caspian Sea, ruins of buildings were observed beneath the water, and these were supposed by the Magi to have been an olden city overwhelmed in a long-past convulsion of the Earth. But, taking the account of Moses, there was indeed nothing to be gained by a total flood; for, according to that account, only a small portion of the Earth was inhabited by man. Then, why destroy the whole?

We (the Persians) could not accept the Hebrew record of the Flood, for the object could be attained by a mere subsidence of that portion of the Earth which, according to that record, was said to be inhabited. Was it at all likely that the Great and Wise and Good God would, in such a case, destroy the whole natural world?

Then Moses speaks of Noah and his family being saved by the building of a ship, or ark, which was ordered to be constructed by the Great Spirit. Is it possible to believe that the men of the time knew nothing of ships? And if they had ships, what became of them when so much needed? But the Hebrew record leads you to believe that this was the first and only ship in the world! Then, as to the animals taken into the ark: we are told that a pair of each kind was taken in. Why, according to the measurements of the ark, given in the Hebrew record, it was not capable of holding the half of the animals of even Lesser Asia. But, granting that a pair of all the animals that existed on the surface of the Earth was taken in, what became of the fishes?—what provision did Noah make for them? We read of none. For, if the water of the flood was salt, fresh-water fishes could not exist in it; and if fresh, then the salt-water fishes would die. Then, again, there would be no shallow places left in which certain fishes could lay their spawn. Many plants, also, although able to exist for a short time under water, would, by the continued action of the salt, be at length destroyed. In fact, all would have died—the seeds of plants, also; there would have been nothing left. A new creation, in such a case, would have been necessary—unless, in

deed, he that built the ark or ship got hold of all the seeds of all the plants in the world ; but that is rather doubtful.

Moses evidently got many of his ideas from the Egyptians. He knew their mythology, and by the help of friendly spirits, he gave the account of the Flood in a form suitable to his Hebrew brethren. It is a fair and bright picture, I must say ; and he would have a very hard task to produce it out of so many strange and absurd traditions. But I think he is also wrong in regard to the time of man's existence on earth. The Egyptian Pyramids were very ancient buildings in my day. The Shepherd Kings had 4000 years before my time conquered Egypt by magic, or spirit-power, and kept possession for hundreds of years ; and it was the last of that dynasty that had reared the Great Pyramid, and also built Salem—though some writers before me endeavour to make out Melchisedek to be a descendant of one of the last of these Shepherd Kings.

We are also told by Moses that this ark of Noah's, carrying so much precious life, floated over the waters ; and when at length they subsided, the vessel rested on the top of Ararat, which is a great mountain near the Red Sea. But supposing it possible for the ark to have rested there, the question has to be answered, How did they contrive to get down ? In my day it was never known to have been climbed by any one. The very wild goats found it impossible to traverse its rugged sides. And there, on these needle-pointed rocks which formed the top of Ararat, the ark rested !* How they all got down must, I suppose, remain a mystery. But, according to the Hebrew record, down they did get, and were quickly planted in Chaldea, where shortly after they are found building a city. Had I been Moses I would have laid the scene of such a work in Upper Egypt, for there building materials were easier got at than in Babylonia. They are next spoken of as builders of the Tower of Babel, now in ruins. But we know that that tower was raised by a Chaldean king for the

* At revisal he was asked if the medium had not given a wrong name to the mountain referred to, as the only one known at present by that name—*Ararat*—was hundreds of miles to the north-east ? He said the name was rightly applied to the mountain mentioned by him. Such mistakes, he said, were easily accounted for in the translations of the original records from one language to another.

study of the stars, observations not being so easily made from the flat plain below. And then we are told that it was while building this tower that their language was confounded, and they were sent adrift over the wide world. This was very hard treatment, when we consider that those who were subjected to it must have been, according to the same Hebrew record, closely bound together by inter-marriages. How some of them should get so soon black, and others remain white after this dispersion, it is hard to tell.

In reply to a question, he said—

The three men you speak of who appeared to Abraham were the spirits of men who had lived on the Earth. They assumed their old appearance as men, and used the meat set before them, and had their feet washed: all that could be done, and much more, with such bodies as they had for the time being. On certain rare occasions the heavenly messenger was the Prince himself; for he who gave the law to Moses on Sinai was the same that came in due time to these Hebrews—who lived amongst them, but who was despised and crucified by them—he whom I had known from his childhood, whom I had cared for, whom I followed, and for whom I suffered and died. He it was who stood as the Ambassador of the Great Spirit on the mountain while it burned with sacred fire, and gave forth his laws or commandments to Moses. In some other portions of the Hebrew writings, he is spoken of as the Angel of the Lord. [*Benediction.*]

Fifteenth Sitting.

8th April, 1870.

The Tower of Babel an Observatory—Languages and Races of Mankind—Persian and Egyptian Records of the Deluge—Abraham—Israel in Egypt—Moses—The Plagues—God's Dealings with the Hebrews—A Rebellious Race—The Scourge of God—Babylonish Captivity—Cyrus the Persian chosen of God—The Babylonians—Cyrus the Great—Three Zoroasters—Cyrus the subject of Prophecy—His First Battle—Becomes a Successful Suitor—Mutual Satisfaction—Nebuchadnezzar the Proud King—Story of his Fall—Cyrus as a Warrior—Description of a Battle with the Medes.

THE point we last touched on was the account given by the Hebrew prophet of the building of the Tower of Babel. It is

said that the descendants of Noah had settled down as dwellers in one spot of country ; and that, becoming great, being a united people, and all speaking in the same tongue, they thought to prolong their greatness by the erection of a tower that would reach to Heaven, and to this work they set themselves; but while so engaged, it is said, God came down and confounded their speech, and so scattered them abroad. We have no record of such a building as that referred to by Moses. There was a tower in the City of Babylon (which, till the time of Nebuchadnezzar, was but a small city and of no great standing), but this tower was erected long after the time referred to by Moses. Indeed, it is said to have been built about the time that that great monarch constructed his celebrated hanging gardens, and that for the purpose of getting a better view of the stars and planets than could be got from the level plain below.

But diversity of language was not the only change that had to be made on the sons of Noah : they required to be changed also in form, feature, and colour. But we know that even then there were the same differences to be observed in mankind as there were in my day, and, doubtless, as there are in yours. Rome, in my day, had brought together men from all quarters of the earth, all displaying diversity in form and colour ; but no amount of transplanting could change the jet-black Ethiopian to the colour of the man of the north.

Once more, in the matter of the Flood: if Moses is correct in his statement of its extent, then the records of other nations are far wrong ; for Persia and Egypt both give dates further back than that assigned to it, for the erection of some of their great buildings, such as the Pyramids. He may be, however, to some extent right. Lower Asia may have been overwhelmed by water; but, assuredly, at the date given, there were nations flourishing who were not visited by any such calamity.

Then we have the interesting account of Abraham leaving Chaldea, and wandering about for a time, during which he visited Egypt. Afterwards we have the history of his children, and their long servitude in Egypt; the birth of Moses, and his escape from the doom of the Hebrew infants, and how he was brought up as an Egyptian prince, and taught in all the wisdom of that famous nation. It was doubtless from this source that he

got many of those ideas of the creation given in his opening book, and set down in a much clearer way than can be found in other and older records. In his long sojourn with Jethro, too, he would gain lessons in judgment, to qualify him for his future eminent career as a law-giver and ruler.

The Hebrews were specially favoured as a nation. Many and wonderful were the evidences of this, from the time that Moses demanded the freedom of his people to the crossing of the Red Sea, which, though denied by many, I believe to be as the Hebrew writer has recorded it. They were led by the Angel who had already done so much for them. Pharaoh might have known the power of that Spirit. But, heedless of the warnings of the Egyptian priests, and listening to the counsels of a bad Spirit whom he consulted, he followed after the Hebrews and perished.

The account given by Moses of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians is verified in the tablet records placed in their temples. The history of the king who thus perished, like that of others, is inscribed on their tablets. The Egyptians were in the habit of giving all the good points in the history, but on coming to a bad point a blank was left. So, in the case of this Pharaoh, we have his interview with Moses stated, and other things relating to the Hebrews, but not a word as to plagues, only the blanks here and there; and even his destruction in the Red Sea is marked by the significant blank.

I need hardly tell you how the Hebrews were led day and night by the Angel, after their escape from Egypt and deliverance from the pursuing chariots of Pharaoh,—of their murmurings against Jehovah,—how they rebelled so often, and forgot Him who had blessed them beyond other nations; neither need I speak of their laws and ceremonies and sacrifices, of which none had so many different kinds as the Jews, concerning all which you are likely to be well informed. The history given by Moses brings them into the land promised to their forefathers, in which they settled down. But they were frequently tormented by invasion from without, and discontent and turmoil within. Sometimes they would give themselves to the worship of idols, and then turn once more to the true God. Had they been true to themselves and to the God who had done so much for them, they might have established the most powerful kingdom of the world. But

falling into dissensions, they became weak. Whenever a nation gets into differences and animosities in the matter of religion, the people begin to lose confidence in each other, and the result is weakness and, finally, national ruin.

The Hebrews went on in their course of mingled obedience to God and rebellion against Him—killing their seers whenever they prophesied as to the results of their evil deeds. Instead of listening to the reproofs of their holy men, they turned a deaf ear to them. It was not so with less privileged nations around them; the prophets of these nations might suffer some opposition and persecution on the introduction of new doctrines; but, in the long-run, they were honoured by their fellow-countrymen, and after death some were even deified. How different the conduct of the Jews! They preserved with the most scrupulous care the writings of their prophets, but the men themselves were despised and cast out as evil-doers.

The Hebrews often suffered chastisement at the hands of the nations around, but with little lasting benefit. At last, their God (and our God also, but under a different name,) raised up one to scourge them—Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian, who invaded the country of the Hebrews, and overthrew the great and beautiful temple—the glory of the land—built by their wise king, Solomon. Not only did the Babylonian destroy the sacred edifice, but he carried off the sacred vessels dedicated to the service of God; and laid the walls of Jerusalem, the holy city, level with the ground, carrying away thousands of its inhabitants into captivity.

All this was foretold by one of their own prophets many years before; and not only this, he predicted the appearance of one who would set these captives free. That one was not a Babylonian, but a Persian, a follower of Zoroaster, one who trusted in God—one who would not only chastise Babylon, but all the surrounding nations. After the Hebrews had suffered bondage for many years, Cyrus *Turpeus* becomes the Chosen of God to give liberty to the captives, and to rebuild their ruined temple. It was Persia that reared again that temple to the God of the Hebrews.

After the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, Persia rose to a great height of power, retaining her position until the time of Alexander the Great, who took from her all that she had gained.

But although Cyrus spared no means to replace the Jews and restore their temple, they still showed the same weakness that had characterised them before their captivity; they were continually quarrelling and disputing, till at length they fell before the Roman power.

There are many things unrecorded in your sacred books that might have been noticed, but I need not allude to them now. I must get back to Persia, and will afterwards say something on Palestine. Meanwhile, I shall say a little about Babylon.

The Babylonians, with all their knowledge of the heavenly bodies, were very superstitious in their religious worship. They had their soothsayers, astrologers, and priests. It is said they foretold many wonderful things, but it is doubtful if they got their information from the study of the stars. They were great astrologers—far excelling in this even the Egyptians, who were famed for their knowledge of the heavenly bodies. Esteemed as great calculators of the planetary movements, comets, &c., these Babylonian astrologers acquired considerable credit for wonder-working amongst the people. But they could not tell the dream, nor give the interpretation, recorded in the Book of Daniel; that came from a different source. I am inclined to believe, however, that they received more information from the spirits of the departed than from the stars.

The worship of the Babylonians was greatly changed for the better at the period I am referring to. They had departed from the true worship from Abraham's time, and had continued their idolatrous practices till Nebuchadnezzar's reign, when the captive Jews became the means, to some extent, of introducing truer ideas of God; and as several of these captives, in course of time, became governors of provinces, the propagation of Jewish doctrines received considerable encouragement; while the subsequent conquests of Darius (*Hystaspes*) and Cyrus still further aided in the change.

Nebuchadnezzar, who was raised up by God, was gifted with rare talents for art and architecture; and he devoted much of his time and wealth to the erection of noble and magnificent buildings; for even in my day their ruins were beautiful. But pride brought him down. God made the proud king feel how dependent he was. There is no mistake about him being made to herd with

the beasts, as recorded by Daniel the Hebrew. The Persians have a similar account in their records.

Cyrus, the great Persian king, when but a youth, had been betrothed to the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar. At a very early age he showed great ability, and was highly esteemed for virtue. Indeed, his fame was acknowledged in Egypt, Greece, and elsewhere, and their sacred books contained prophecies of his career. In the Hebrew prophecies of Isaiah, I think it is said of him—"I shall raise me up a servant who shall set my people free, and unto him shall I give all the kingdoms of the earth." When still a youth he met with Zoroaster,* who taught him the true religion, and gave him a knowledge of the true God. These lessons evidently formed the foundation of his character as a virtuous man. His grandfather (*Ashaeruenes*), by the mother's side, thought that by getting him to visit his court, he might make some impression on him in favour of Sabeism, but he failed. Living under the influence of the great Zoroaster, Cyrus was enabled to resist the libertinism fast creeping into Persia. But his virtuous behaviour excited the malevolence of his cousins, and this was shown in their attempt to kill a good young man (an Egyptian, I think), a bosom friend of Cyrus, and one, like himself, who feared God.

It is said, that when a mere stripling, Cyrus, on one occasion, led a wing of his grandfather's army; and it was asserted that he was just put there to be got rid of. Be that as it may, but for Cyrus the Medes would most assuredly have been defeated. His sound judgment perceived a good position for entrapping the enemy; the plan he adopted succeeded, and quickly marching against a wing of the foe, he totally overthrew them, and by this brilliant achievement a complete rout of the army ensued; so that young Cyrus gained still more favour amongst the Medes.

There was a princess residing for a time at the Court of Media, whom the king designed for a wife to one of his sons, by which means he should, as he imagined, acquire her kingdom. But

* At revisal, in reply to a question, he said there had been three persons who bore the name. The first was only known in Persia from tradition—in fact, a somewhat mythical personage. The second of the name he had formerly spoken of (*Sitting VII.*), and he lived about 100 years before the time of Moses. The third was the instructor of Cyrus.

Cyrus loved her, and became the successful suitor. She was a great and good woman, and strengthened and encouraged Cyrus in his virtuous course, and was much loved by his mother. But ere he attained the throne of Persia she was taken away from his mortal sight. Before leaving she told him she meant ever to watch over him in spirit. He never married again. But this step of Cyrus did not tally with the designs of his cousins. He went to Babylon to see the princess to whom he had been betrothed, and candidly told her how he was placed—that he loved another. She told him not to disturb himself on her account—that she, too, had, notwithstanding the betrothal, set her affections on another, and that she had broken her vow first, so that no more, so far as they were concerned, need be said about it.

It was shortly after this that Nebuchadnezzar got to be so puffed up with pride and vanity that he sought to be worshipped as a god. But the High and the Holy One brought him to the dust. Our Persian records confirm the statement made by the Hebrew prophet, and tell us that at the time stated by Daniel, the king descended from his throne, and waited the hour when his reason departed from him; and flying to the wilds, he there companioned with the beasts, till he became, by the growth of hair on his body, more like a monster than a human being. But, during all these seven years of misery, at the recurrence of the first day of the week, the banished man recovered his reason, when he came down to the river side and washed himself; after which he would sit down and, raising his eyes to heaven, adore the Great God, lamenting his condition, but acknowledging the justice of his punishment. On one occasion, it is said, Cyrus visited him. The poor desolate king knew him, and Cyrus afterwards said that he had never spent a more profitable day than that on which he visited Nebuchadnezzar in his miserable condition, and that he never in after years forgot the lesson then given him that he was but a man dependent on his Maker.

Persia, at the time I am speaking of, was subject as a tributary to Media, and not so formidable in war as she afterwards became; and Cyrus, ever manifesting an uncommon ability in all that he took up, began to train and discipline effectively the soldiers of Persia, with so much success, indeed, that Cambyses, his father, began to think of shaking off the yoke of Media. The growing

influence of the Prince over the minds of the people was looked upon with jealousy by the king's chief adviser ; and being unable to overcome that influence, he tried to sell his country to the Medes. Ultimately the King of Persia refused to pay further tribute to Media, and war was proclaimed by the latter. The King of Media (the grandfather of Cyrus) mustered a powerful army, and that speedily, as the Medes had a standing army ; while Persia, having been long at rest, had some difficulty in meeting the enemy with equal force. Cyrus, however, was resolved to try ; and, collecting his forces, marched out against his grandfather and his two uncles.

The Medes were in three divisions, and when on the borders of Persia, they endeavoured to gain an advantage by securing a certain pass. But Cyrus, who was unequalled for sagacity, perceived the importance of the position, and in the darkness of the night got possession of it. On the rising of the sun the Persian army was seen, formed as a crescent or half moon. Cyrus himself commanded the centre, so that he might guard the important pass. The Medes, blind to the real strength of the Persians, looked on them as an undisciplined mass, and few in numbers : and calculated on scattering them at the first onset. This was a wrong idea. Cyrus knew better. As the sun rose the Medes advanced to the attack ; while the young commander of the Persians, undaunted by their approach, made ready to receive them, well knowing that many a brave warrior would, ere the going down of the sun, be stretched on the field, cold and clay-like ; and that the silvery light of the moon would fall on the up-turned faces of thousands slain in the fight, and make them still colder like in their death-sleep. The Persians bent down in reverent adoration of God. The Medes on perceiving this movement, imagined they were afraid and sought for mercy ! No, they asked the blessing of God on themselves and on their young leader. Down rushed the furious hosts of the Medes ; but the Persians kept on their knees until the enemy were within bow-shot, when they started to their feet, and Cyrus sounded the retreat. The Medes thought that the Persians had fled. But no ; Cyrus retired with the centre to the pass already referred to, while the Medes, deceived by the movement, followed hard after in pursuit. Then the young leader sounded a second time, and

the right and left wings of the crescent-formed army closed in resolutely upon their entrapped enemies. The slaughter that ensued became dreadful, and all the more so when it is considered how near akin the combatants were to each other. But that day Media was bent low before the rising conqueror, who generously allowed the beaten foe to retire to their own territory—only claiming that from that time henceforth no tribute money should be paid to the Medes.

I can go no further with my medium to-night.

The blessing of the Great God be for ever upon you.

Sixteenth Sitting.

April 12th, 1870.

Hafed Corrects the Hebrew Record—Conquests of Cyrus—How Babylon was Taken—How Cyrus Governed Subjugated Nations—He Liberates the Captive Jews and Rebuilds their Temple—Cambyses—Egyptian Temples Destroyed—Darius the Mede—Another Correction—Belshazzar's Revolt—Downfall of Great Babylon—Chief Provinces of Persia Governed by Hebrews.

IN my remarks on Babylon, I might have noticed the evident mistake in the Hebrew account of the taking of Babylon by Darius. The confusion cannot be ascribed to Daniel, for he knew better. According to the Hebrew book Darius is made to precede Cyrus. This is wrong. Babylon was the last of the conquests made by Cyrus the Great. He had previously conquered 117 countries, which he called provinces. After his return from India, the Assyrians submitted to him. The only exception was Babylon, the ruler of which at the time was the son of Nebuchadnezzar. Cyrus, as I have said before, respected him. But a quarrel arose between Persia and Babylon, and the result was that Cyrus laid siege to the great city. He had overcome all opposition outside the city; but, Babylon depending on her fortified walls, which were of immense proportions, he resolved on subduing it, without which Babylonia could not be said to be conquered. And this is the way he did it:—The river Euphrates running through the city, was, by the direction of Cyrus, diverted

into a new channel, by which its usual course was left dry, and the conqueror with his hosts entered in by the way of the dried-up course, and took possession.

Now, it was the custom of the Persians—especially under Cyrus, in fact long before his time—when a nation was subdued by them, not to dethrone the king or ruler, but to make him swear fealty to the Persians as a tributary; and, of course, if such a king or ruler rebelled, he was dethroned. So, when Cyrus took Babylon in the way I have stated, he did not, according to our historians, shed a drop of blood; but the laws of the Medes and Persians were at once introduced, as they had been in the case of all the other provinces of the great empire.

After the subjugation of Babylon, Cyrus gave the Hebrews liberty to return to their own land; and not only so, he gave them plans, which he had procured, for the re-building of the Temple at Jerusalem. He even furnished them with the materials necessary for its erection. The very stones and pillars were numbered. The plans or drawings of the First Temple had been got through David the Hebrew King; but Cyrus the Persian was chosen to give the plans of the Second. He also gave them back the vessels of the Temple which had been carried away seventy years before. But, notwithstanding the liberty granted to the Jewish captives to return to their own land, numbers of them chose to remain.

Cyrus lived three or four years after the conquest of Babylon. His son, *Ararimous*, or Cambyses, who succeeded him, added other two provinces to the empire, making in all 120. Like his father, he was a pious, God-fearing king. Egypt was at this time one of the provinces of Persia, having been acquired by Cyrus, who did not even attack it. But his son overthrew some of the great Egyptian temples, the ruins of which were to be seen in my day. The only one he was permitted to enter was the Temple of Vulcan. It is said that the priests wanting to astonish the Persian Monarch by the grandeur of their worship, took him to the God—their true God; but so insignificant and grotesque was the representation in the eyes of Cambyses that he could not help laughing at their conception of the true God, and forthwith took the opportunity of setting the claims of the Great God of Heaven and Earth before them. He reigned but a short period, and left no issue.

Cambyes was succeeded by Darius, the son of one of the Ministers of the Great Cyrus, and a Mede by birth. Hence he is called Darius the Mede in the Hebrew records. Indeed, both Cyrus and Darius may be said to have been Medes through the mother. On the accession of Darius to the throne of Persia, the Babylonians revolted under the leadership of Belshazzar, the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, on learning which Darius resolved to punish him; and he did so. Here, again, there is some confusion to be observed in the account given by the Hebrew records. Cyrus, as I have said, had ordered that all the holy vessels of the Temple should be returned to Jerusalem; but it is evident a number of these must have been retained and concealed in the palace; for we are told that Belshazzar took these vessels and blasphemed in his use of them at his drunken revels. The night on which he sacrilegiously used the holy vessels, Darius entered into the Great Babylon. According to our history, he slew Belshazzar with his own hand. Thousands fell beneath the sword of Darius and his warriors. The city was ravaged, and the celebrated gardens were destroyed.

Such was the downfall of Babylon. It drooped from that day till it became an utter desolation. Then it was that Darius assisted the remaining Jews to march back to their own land; and careful was he to see that his orders should be carried out—furnishing them, at the same time, with money, wood, gold, and precious stones, for the adornment of their temple.

From Cyrus to Darius the chief provinces of the Persian empire were governed by Hebrew rulers: for at the several tributary courts, they acted as the representatives of the King of Persia. Daniel occupied this position in Babylon; there was one in Egypt, and even in Peka in China. Xerxes, the son of Darius, succeeded his father on the throne of Persia.

I can say no more to-night. The condition of the medium is such that it would be very wrong in me, and hurtful to him, to use him farther.

May the Angels of the Highest protect you, and direct you in all your ways!

Seventeenth Sitting.

13th May, 1870.

The Idolatry of Rome—The Persian Empire—Reflections—Message of The Spirit of the Flame—Hafed and Two of the Brethren sent to Judea—“Where shall we Find the Holy Babe?”—The “Guiding Star”—The “Gifts” of the Spirit—Physical Effect of Spirit Communion.

WHEN last we met I told you something of Babylon. Had time permitted I might have spoken of Rome, but must leave that till another opportunity. Meanwhile, I may say that the Romans, like the Greeks, had their idol worship; but there were greater diversities in their mode of worship than that which characterised other nations where idolatry prevailed. Their worship of Bacchus was of the most disgraceful character. Priests and devotees alike gave themselves up to the grossest drunkenness and obscene debauchery: frequently, in a state of nudity, dancing and singing to Bacchus. But, with all her faults, the world has been greatly indebted to Rome; for wherever she extended her sway amongst barbarous nations, she invariably introduced her wise civil laws. I must now return to Persia and my personal history.

From the time of Cyrus, Persia prospered for about a hundred years. During his reign one hundred and forty crowned heads bent the knee to him. His sway extended to Northern Tartary, to China, Mongolia, to Lower Asia, and Africa. But like other great empires, the power of Persia soon began to wane. A king arose whose armies overran the countries which owned the Persian sway. Still, it may fairly be said, Persia was never wholly conquered. Even the Great Alexander found it no easy matter; and from his day up till my time, there were many arduous struggles with the Arabs, the Romans, and the Syrians. Though often hard pressed, we battled on, and withstood them when others fell. I perceive that, even now while I am speaking to you, Persia has still a government; though her children (all but a faithful few) have given up the ancient “fire-worship,” as it is called, in exchange for an inferior faith; for, with all its deficiencies, the ancient religion of Persia brought the worshippers to realise, in a good measure, the holiness, goodness, and power of the Great Father.

As a religious teacher, as I have said before, I knew—I made it my study to know—much of the ways and worship of the nations around. Ours was no man-made system. Our wise men, the Magi, received the messages from the altar of the Living Spirit; they sought to know the will of the Most High God, and as they received the response from the Altar of Sacred Fire, they gave it forth to the people, not assembled in a temple built by man, but on the hill-side. There, under the blue dome of Heaven, we taught them of Him who is everywhere—wherever space is, and where is it not! O! it is far, far beyond the comprehension of man or spirit. There are no limits to the presence of the Great King. By means of these messages we could also foretell calamities of various kinds that would befall, and gave timely warning to the people, so that they might avoid the course that led to them, or be prepared in some measure to meet them when they did come.

Now, about the time when I came to a thorough knowledge of the Divine Being, so far as that could be attained in the study of the Zoroastrian doctrines, I and my true friend (for he who had once been my bitter enemy, and who had raised his hand against my life, had followed me into the Order), along with another of the Brotherhood, received a warning at the Fountain exercise, that we had been chosen to receive an important communication in the Sacred Grove, and that no one else was to be permitted to accompany us. We were warned, also, that when we entered the Gröve next morning, we were to uncover our heads (not our feet as was the custom); to have our sandals on our feet; and, with staff in hand, be ready to execute the mission on which we should then be sent. We could not understand or make out what this warning meant, and we prayed to God to direct us.

At length the morning light broke out, and the glorious emblem of Deity began to run his daily course through the sky. With bared heads we entered into the dark and sombre Grove. On reaching the centre we could not discern a spark of light on the altar—all was dark: the thick foliage of the trees shutting out the still faint light of the morning sun. We bent ourselves reverently before the altar, and waited for the coming of the Spirit. At length the glowing flame stood over the altar, and grew into the radiant form of the holy Spirit which we had so often beheld.



Hafed Preaching from the Steps of the Altar. (*Direct.*)

Then there fell upon our ears the voice from the heavenly messenger:—"Heaven's faithful servants, I, the Angel of the Most High, command you to take each one his staff, and at once depart for Judea. There a great and glorious event is about to take place. There the Christ is to be born—he, the long-promised, long-expected one—who is to bless the world with the knowledge of God—to reveal unto men His true character—is about to be born into the world; and ye are chosen to go and bend yourselves in holy reverence before this Holy Child, the King of kings and Lord of lords."

This was the message, and when the words were spoken I rose to my feet, and with bended head, thus I spoke:—"My God, as it is Thy will that we go forth to hail the advent of him who hath been so long desired, we are ready; and not only to do Thy will in this matter, but to lay down our lives in Thy service. But, where shall we Thy servants find the holy babe? Shall we seek for him in the courts and palaces of Jerusalem?"

"Nay," said the glorious one, "ye will not find him thus. But I shall be your guiding star by night, and a felt presence by day. There will not be three on the holy mission, but four; for I myself will lead you to the sacred spot. And now, within this holy altar, there are treasures, which ye will take with you as gifts to be presented to the new-born King."

"Treasures!" I cried, "how came they here?"

"They are the products of earth and air. Take them. They are there for you. I know that ye are poor, and unable to provide such costly gems; but doubt not. Take them and carry them to the father and mother of the Holy Child, for they are poor, and they will yet need such gifts."

On coming out from the Sacred Grove to the light of day, we were greatly astonished to see the assembled brethren fleeing from our presence. We knew not the cause, until we heard the voice of the Spirit bidding us veil our faces, which had become so dazzlingly bright that our friends imagined we were spirits and not mortals.

I will say no more to-night.

May you for ever realise the sustaining arm of the Almighty God, and the presence of His Ministering Angels!

Eighteenth Sitting.

20th May, 1870.

The Journey to Judea—Seeking for the Child—Herod and the Magi—A Warning—Jewish Ideas of the Messiah—The Cattle-shed—"There lay the Babe on the Lap of his Mother"—Reflections. *Questions:* Parentage of Jesus—Hafed's Age.

AT our last meeting I spoke of our appointment as ambassadors to do homage to the Prince about to be born into the world—to hail the coming of him whom sages and prophets had looked for so long—that Sun which should arise to scatter by his bright beams the thick clouds that had hitherto enveloped the world in darkness and in gloom. And here were we, three humble Magi, chosen to welcome the glorious Child. Ah! what were we that such an honour should be given to us! But so it was, and we did not shrink from the duty, but were ready to go forth with our Spirit Guide, who would conduct us to the place where lay the promised child.

At length we set out on our journey to Judea; and as we travelled we felt the presence of our heavenly Guide. When we rested at night, we became subject to the most glorious spiritual impressions, in which we beheld, as it were, the heavens opened, and the beatified hosts of the Spirit World hovering over the place where the Holy Child was laid. While journeying, we encountered many perils, both from wild animals and from robbers; but, with such a guard and guide as we had, we felt secure. For not only had we our Spirit Guide, but those Spirit Warriors,—the glorious band in burnished armour I have already described to you,—were there to do battle against all that might seek to injure us, or hinder us in our way.

On drawing near to the City of Jerusalem, we resolved to enter and seek for the Holy Child. Forgetful of that which had been told us, we sought amongst the palaces, and were rebuked by our Guide for our inattention. He was not, he told us, to be found amongst the rich, the learned, or the proud, but with those humble ones whom he came to raise. The King of Judea got knowledge of our presence and the object we had in view, and

endeavoured to get information from us concerning the birthplace of the child. We could not tell him, but promised to let him know when we ourselves had discovered the place—thinking, as we then did, that he was sincerely desirous to do homage to the Promised One. But, before retiring to rest, while at our devotions, our Guardian Spirit appeared to us in all his heavenly glory. He was clothed in bright robes, and his face shone like the sun in his strength, so that we could not look upon him. The heavenly messenger said he had come to warn us: that this king, who had professed a desire to do homage to the Expected One, only purposed to destroy the child, who would, according to prophecy, become a king, and dispossess him of his crown and kingdom. Such were the ideas entertained by the Jews. But though the King of kings, he would have no earthly crown.

Such a nation as that of the Jews at the time I refer to was not one that was likely to be chosen to universal empire; they were at about the lowest ebb; the flowing tide had become but a muddy stream; bloodshed and robbery prevailing throughout the land, from the king to the meanest of his subjects. Man may scheme and plan to accomplish his ends; but the Great and Mighty Spirit had his hand in the work, and who dare stay it? Men may strive to obtain their object by their own efforts, but being all more or less open to spiritual impression, their best plans are overruled. So was it in the present case. O how Persia would have prized such a gift! Every knee would have bent before the Prince of Peace, the Son of the Highest.

We were at length guided to the place where the Holy Child was born. And did we find him born in the midst of luxury, the inhabitant of a royal palace or stately mansion? No; he was found not in the house of the wealthy ruler, nor even in the wayside inn; but, guided by the Spirit, we found him whom we sought in the adjoining lowly cattle-shed. There, smiling on the lap of his mother, lay the babe. There were others there, who also had received intimation of the birth, and were directed to the place. As we approached, we bent ourselves in homage, and presented those costly gems, that had been so wondrously furnished from beneath the Altar in the Grove: these we gave to Joseph and Mary to assist them in their poverty in the upbringing of the Blessed Child.

Did not our hearts burn within us as we gazed on the infant, and pondered on the course laid out for him in the ancient oracles? Yet, to the outward eye, he was but a poor, helpless, unconscious babe—nothing different from others—nothing like to a god—but just a man-child. But we knew, and rejoiced in the knowledge, that over this young babe the Divine Spirit hovered, and that as he developed, so would he become more and more like a Divine Being on earth: giving health to the sick and sight to the blind; unstopping the ears of the deaf, and loosing the tongue of the dumb; making the lame to walk, and blessing all by his words of truth and his deeds of kindness. But little did we think, as we gazed on the little one, that he was to be persecuted and hated, even doomed to a bitter death by those whom he came to save; or that we should one day become his followers, and be dragged to prison and to death for his cause.

Having been again warned not to return to the king, we, after doing homage to the Prince of Peace, went back by another way towards our own country, thanking God, as we went, that our eyes had seen the Promised Deliverer of the world.

In reply to a question as to the parentage of Jesus, he said—

Jesus had no earthly father. I care not what other spirits say, I give it as I knew it at the time. If you could communicate with other spirits who dwelt on Earth then, you would find they would say the same. But those who have left the body since that time know no more than you do. The Magi of Persia, the priests of Corinth, Athens, and Egypt would, if they were to appear, tell you the same thing. There have been many wonder-working men in the world, but can you find one, born of an earthly father and mother, to compare with Jesus? He had no flaw. Some spirits there are who obstinately hold on to their errors till they meet him. One great argument in favour of what I have said regarding him for whom I shed my poor blood, is this: He neither raised his voice nor his hand, but rather gave himself to the blow. Learn to live as he lived, and you will be blessed indeed.

What was your age at the birth of Jesus?

I would be about forty-three years of age. [*Benediction.*]

Nineteenth Sitting.

July 20, 1870.

The Return Journey—A Vision of the Slaughter of the Innocents—The Oath to Herod Annulled—They Traverse Moab—Ararat—Voyage on the Red Sea—Pirates—Change of Route—Ancient Thebes—True Worshippers in Egypt—An Egyptian Séance—The Old Priest Chosen by the Spirit Voice to be the Guardian of Jesus—An Underground Temple Described—The Sacred Birds. *Questions:* The Ages of Joseph and Mary—The Moral State of the Nations at the Birth of Christ.

WHEN last we met, I spoke to you concerning our mission to Judea, and of our return homewards. We had given our word to Herod that we would return by way of Jerusalem to tell him where we had found the child. But, as I have already told you, we were again warned not to return to Herod. The night before we set out on our journey, the Mighty Spirit—He who doeth all things—showed us in a vision a terrible deed about to be perpetrated in Judea. This same king who should have ruled the people with justice was pictured to us as a devil incarnate, sending out his myrmidons to slaughter innocent children, and thereby destroy him who had been so long spoken of as the Coming King. Ah, how little he knew of the mission of the Christ! Poor man! he thought to thwart the designs of God.

Then the Spirit of Light stood before us and spoke thus—"The Almighty has decreed that ye shall not return to Jerusalem, but that ye shall go the way I shall direct."

I stood up, and said—"It is well; but what shall we do?—we swore to the king that we should return."

"The oath," he said, "is unbound in Heaven. The little infants must suffer, for the evil spirit is abroad; but they will be nurtured in Heaven, becoming ministering spirits to him on whose account they died—the first martyrs for Jesus. But we shall send the child to Egypt, so that he may be educated for his high and holy mission."

We started for the Salt Sea, into which the Jordan pours its waters. We travelled round that sea, which is said, by some of the Hebrew writers, to cover the site of the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Such may be the case, but I do not think it, although a likely thing. We resolved to go through the wilder-

ness to Ararat, then to Babelmandeb; from thence round to Ormuz, and then finally to our own home in Persia.

Journeying onwards, we traversed Moab, at that time trodden down by the iron legions of Rome. We then viewed Mount Ararat, of which I have already spoken in connection with the subject of the Hebrew Deluge. It was more for the sake of my companions that we visited such parts, for I already knew well every corner of that land, having travelled it in my earlier days when visiting Egypt and other adjacent countries.

On reaching the shores of the beautiful Red Sea, we fell in with some merchants about to depart for Persia. It was a summer evening, and our hearts were glad as we looked over the sea, and saw the great Sun setting in all his glory in the West, and we thought of the pleasant passage we would have to our own loved land. But that voyage was never to be accomplished. We may plan, but there is One above us who overrules all our designings. The same night our Guardian, the Messenger from the Great Spirit, thus spoke to us: "Ye have been privileged above your fellow-men to see and know many things; but ye have much yet to learn before ye go forth to proclaim him whom ye have just seen. His own countrymen know him not; only the humble shepherds have hailed the advent of the World's Deliverer." The events which followed explained this message.

We started on our voyage, and on nearing Aden we were chased by sea robbers, and sought refuge on the western side of the sea. On landing we resolved to travel homewards by way of Egypt, more especially as those who were with me would thereby have an opportunity of seeing the ancient temples and other buildings of the far-famed land.

After much toil we arrived at Thebes, where there were many spacious buildings still standing in good preservation, that had in far back times been reared to represent their religious ideas. You are not to imagine, as has too often been done, that all the Egyptians bent the knee to the images and figures within these temples; for there were many amongst the learned who were enlightened worshippers of the One God, Creator and Sustainer of all things. This, however, cannot be said of the ignorant multitude, who knew no better, and were, alas, seldom taught to distinguish between the truth and its outward form or representation.

At one of these temples we met with the Head Priestess, who was famed for the messages or oracles that came through her. We stayed with her for some time, that we might get information about the mode of communicating with the Unseen. I formerly alluded to this, and may now simply say that a circle of priestesses was formed in an apartment at the top of a high tower. In the centre of the room stood a table of polished silver, looking on which the seekers for information got what they sought for by vision, or in writing, or by the voice of the inspired priestess.

The temple I am speaking of had been ravaged by one of our Persian kings, and had now fallen into decay. But he had missed the secret or inner temple. Now, the priest of this temple was known to me, and when I unfolded to him the mission on which I and my two brethren had been sent, he lifted up his aged eyes to Heaven, and thanked the Great and Holy Spirit that he had been spared to hail the advent of the long-promised Deliverer. While engaged in giving eloquent expression to the feelings of his gratified soul, the temple trembled as if shaken by an earthquake, and a voice was heard to say—"Thou hast been kept alive for Heaven's purpose. The child shall be brought hither, and he shall be guarded by thee. Thou shalt show unto him all the sacred symbols, so that he may be instructed in these till the time come when the Spirit shall guide him." It was a great and glorious day for us. We felt as if exalted into the celestial state—so much so, that when we looked on one another our countenances shone lustroously. That old man stood erect as a youth, so much was he gladdened by the tidings we had brought, and their wonderful confirmation from the Unseen.

The Secret Temple, into which we had been admitted, and where the interview took place, was hewn out of the solid rock. The rocky roof was supported by the most gorgeously-wrought columns, which, cut out of the same rock, appeared like the finest masonry. The temple was lighted up by lamps hung from the roof; while the whole place was beautifully adorned with gold and silver ornaments, producing an effect altogether enchanting at our first entrance. As we trod its floor we felt as if on holy ground; while the place was so much magnetised, that a thrill shot over our whole body. And well it might be so, for here it was the priests received the oracles from the Unseen World. II

was to them what the Sacred Grove was to us. Ours was truly the Temple of Nature. We thought that God could only be appropriately worshipped in the open air, and amid the blooming works of His hand, and not in buildings, the work of men's hands. We were wrong. But I had never been cramped in my notions of these things. I well knew that the Hebrews had been in the closest communion with the Unseen; and that even this old Egyptian was one who was in communion with what he believed to be the Great Spirit, but who was evidently only one of His high and holy messengers.

In this Secret Temple were kept the Sacred Birds, which were objects of worship. These birds were placed under the care of the female priests, and when they died their bodies were embalmed. I could not keep from speaking to them of the gross absurdity of worshipping a bird. If worship were to be offered to a creature at all, better that that creature be a man. But they denied that they worshipped the bird. It was merely selected for its purity, they said, as a fit emblem of the Great God who was ever pure and holy.

We remained for some time, during which my companions had opportunities of becoming acquainted with some things that would be afterwards useful; and it was then that, instructed by the venerable priest, I learned to read the hieroglyphs. He gave me much of the ancient history of Egypt from those olden tablets, which he could read as easily as the common language; and this very few of his fellow-priests could do.

We visited the Pyramids, from a tablet in one of which I copied a record—one well worth preserving. It was the history of a king of whom the Egyptians were proud—it contained no blanks. This monarch had been eminent for good deeds—serving God, and serving man.

Was Joseph, the husband of Mary, an old man at the birth of Jesus?

Joseph would be a man about forty years old, and Mary a young woman of eighteen or nineteen.

It has been said that the nations were, at the time referred to, in a very low moral condition. Was it so?

Sin was the most prominent thing in the world at the time of the birth of Jesus; and as far as I can see, though there has

been a great advance in science and art, there has been but little advance in a moral point of view. The world must be encircled by truth ere we can expect to witness the good overcoming the evil.

I must stop at present.

May the blessing of the High and Holy One rest for ever upon you!

Twentieth Sitting.

20th September, 1870.

Hafed on Egypt and the Egyptians—The Fate of Nations—A Prophecy—Longing for the “Good Time Coming”—Egyptian and Persian Modes of Communion with Spirits—Lost Astronomical Records.

BEFORE leaving Egypt we sat down and reflected on the Past, Present, and Future of this famous country. My companions looked on me as a Teacher, and my reflections took somewhat of the following form:—

Egypt! where now is thy grand and powerful system of Priestcraft; where now thy beautiful palaces and thy world-famed magnificent temples? They have become the abodes of the owl, and the dens of wild robbers and beasts of prey. Alas! alas! is this thy fate, proud land? O Egypt! if we had but thy history. Where are the writings of thy wise men, the records of thy former greatness? Nothing left but a few fragments of those mysterious writings; and few even of thy own priesthood or teachers who can decipher them. These indeed tell us what thou didst in long past ages for the enlightenment of man—of thy speculations on man's destiny, and on the Great and Unseen Spirit, the spring of all being. But thou wert but the forerunner. What thou didst give forth from thy wise ones were but as drops to water the nations thirsting for the truth—for the true light. For it was not thou that wast destined to bring forth the Precious Plant, whose branches were, in the great future, to cover the Earth. That was reserved for the despised Hebrews. Egypt, thou hast still a little of thy old superstition and proud priestcraft

clinging to thy skirts. Thy wise men, we now know, knew more than they would declare to their fellow-men. But why shouldst thou keep up this system of hiding the truth from the people—thus wilfully and wickedly keeping them in darkness of mind in reference to God and to themselves?

O ye Teachers of Egypt, cast aside your old and worn-out systems, and proclaim the truth—that the Great and Good One is ever guiding, ever blessing all; that He, the Maker and Sustainer of the Heavens and the Earth, needeth no gorgeous temples, the work of man, in which to be worshipped; that on the mountain-top, by the river-side, or amongst the humble dwellings of men, the true worshipper will ever find Him. Ye say these stupendous buildings were erected in the days of old to contain the cast-off bodies of thy great ones. Ah, no! If ye had but read and studied thine own hieroglyphs attentively, these would have shown thee that it is not the body that remains, but that it is the imperishable part of man—the soul, which God taketh back again. And now thou art fast falling into decay! But why repine? Thus hath it been with many great nations. Look at Greece, with all her beautiful temples—her knowledge of art and science. Is not Rome uprearing herself on the ruins of Greece? and other nations are coming up behind that will in time crush Rome.

It was through some of our Persian Kings, no doubt, that many of Egypt's temples and records were destroyed. But the Egyptians must, in part, be blamed; for it was a law of the Persians that no such destruction should ensue unless the conquered nation rebelled against the government of the conqueror. But, as I have said, the old Past must give way to the Present, and that again to the Future.—Greece, Persia, Rome! Rome is now rising by the might of her arms; but she is stained with the sin of enslaving the subdued peoples. Alas! we Persians have been guilty also of this black crime against God and man. Are we not all bound to worship the same Great Spirit, who alone has the right to enslave us—to bind us to His service, as the great and only Master of Mankind? But Rome, too, will have her day! Even now a King hath come who will have the dominion; and a nation will yet arise to eclipse great Rome—a nation whose dominion will girdle the earth—whose language will spread from shore to shore. But she, too, must decline and fall; but her fall

will usher in the glorious Golden Age, the theme of the prophets and the poets of all the ages—that good and blessed time when man shall cease to fight with man—when peace shall prevail on every side. O then shall the heavenly hosts mingle with the spirits of Earth, in loving and light-giving communion!

O for that happy day when we shall once more commune with our brothers of mankind!—when we shall once more teach them and lead them in the paths of purity and truth—no longer kept out from intercourse by the sin-locked door. But, alas! the world must pass through much tribulation before the coming of that glorious time, before men will submit to live in peace and harmony under the righteous rule of the great Prince of Peace.

After remaining in Thebes for some time, I and my two friends visited several ancient temples, which were in a ruinous state. In Lower Egypt we found one small temple in good repair. It had all the fittings required in their acts of worship. Here, too, we found the lofty tower in which the female priests met for Spirit communion. They had also the same mode as described previously—a small polished table, on which the inquirer looked. I, myself, got a message from my mother. Though I had frequently told them of such methods of communication with the Unseen World, these things created much interest in my two companions; for it was different in Persia. There we used no tables; but, kneeling around the altar of the Sacred Grove, the holy flame descended, and the bright Spirit of Light appeared and addressed us in an audible voice. Oftentimes we longed earnestly to know who he was. Many of our brethren believed him to be one of our ancient sages. I imagined him to be Zoroaster, the teachings of both were so much alike. We had no uncouth figure, no dark cloud, nor lion, serpent, or hawk, to help us to realise the presence of God. We saw Him in the flame, in the bright orb of day; we saw Him in all nature, in the purling brook, in the rolling stream in the great swelling sea; we saw Him in the soft verdure of the earth, and in the everlasting rock. But most of all we saw Him in His own image—Man. No symbols had we: we needed none. We could see Him in the outstretched canopy of the heavens; and as we gazed up into the blue vault, far, far into space, there, too, we beheld Him—the Great Sustainer, who is everywhere present.

Egypt had, in the study of the heavens, been before us, but all record of their knowledge was now lost; for I, myself, having been sent on a mission to get information of certain phenomena that had taken place in Egypt, found no records there. Chaldea had occupied a high position also, but there, too, all had been lost. That these precious records should have been lost to mankind was much to be deplored. I often think that Persia was blameable in not taking better care of her writings. The Jews, in this matter, surpassed all others. Not only did they preserve their Sacred Books in the Temple, but the priests also kept a copy. A great amount of Egyptian history may be found in their hieroglyphic inscriptions; but the time will come when the key to these will also be lost. Perhaps I may decipher some of those you have got at another time.

We shall now stop for to-night. Farewell. May God bless you and preserve you from evil.

Twenty-first Sitting.

Sept. 23, 1870.

Departure from Egypt—Arrival in Persia—Roman Invasion—Hafed takes up the Sword—Defeated and Rebuked by his Guardian Spirit for Breach of Vow—Confession.

WE had lingered long in Egypt, that land of sacred associations. We had looked with interest on its pyramids and ruined temples. We had sailed on its beautiful river, the placid face of which gloriously mirrored the beams of the orb of day. We had visited the once mighty but now desolate Thebes—the habitation of wild beasts of the field, and of wilder men. But now we must hasten on towards our beloved native land, which, though trodden down, was still a nation in the enjoyment of much to be valued.

Sailing down the great river, we took ship for a port in Lower Asia, and, travelling through that quarter, we reached Syria, from thence passing into Persia. In our journey over land, we visited many places famed in history, ruined temples and old battle-fields. Alas! that there should be so many on the face of the Earth. But such there must be till the grand time comes

round, so often the subject of prophecy and poetry, when the strife of men shall cease—when the peace of God shall prevail, and nations all over the earth be united in a brotherhood of love and truth. Then shall the magnetic powers of spirits and men work harmoniously.

Forgive me these reflections, for I am apt to forget when I look back on former days of my Earth-life.

On our arrival in Persia we found the country in a state of great commotion, and terror and distress pictured on every countenance. News had just been received that Rome was marching against us with her iron bands. Our hearts burned with indignation against these ruthless invaders of a peaceful State, and notwithstanding that we had solemnly dedicated ourselves as Magi to the service of God, the old warrior spirit prevailed, and we lifted the sword, resolved to do battle for our native land. It was the spirit of patriotism that possessed us—that nerved our arm for the expulsion of the foe.

Alas! who is man that he should put himself in such a position! Why not try to conquer by words of peace and kindness? Why should men be thrust into the Spirit World with their hands dyed in the blood of their fellows—driven in thousands, unprepared to meet their Judge? Better, far better, for men to endure the troubles and distresses of Earth, than thus to enter into the Spirit World, there to pass through the terrible discipline that must ensue. But then, as now, it was considered a righteous thing to take up arms in defence of our country; so once more we buckled on our armour.

It was not long before I gathered to my standard the hosts of my old followers, each one animated with the determination to repel the invading foe, or die. When all our arrangements were made, we marched against the Roman legions, and more than once they were driven back in confusion by the patriots I led to battle; but we suffered many defeats, and were at last conquered by the overpowering forces brought against us.

When I laid aside my peaceful garb, and lifted the sword on behalf of my distressed country, I thought that he who had hitherto been my Guide in so many dangers, would again appear to help me. It was not till the last disastrous fight was over, and my followers dispersed, that I realised his presence. He stood

before me in form as a warrior ; and while I bent low before him, thus he spoke,—“Thou hast broken the solemn vow of dedication that bound thee to the service of the Great Spirit, by whom thou wast chosen as ambassador to welcome the birth of the Sun of Righteousness—the Prince of Peace, born into the world of sin and strife that in due time he might put down all strife. Thou shouldst have lifted up thy voice as a sword ; and, as a messenger of peace, endeavoured, with Heaven’s help, to calm the evil passions of thy fellow-men. Persia must submit. Once great in power, now she is weak. Rome, now powerful, must have her day ; but she, too, will fall. Look at Egypt, she lieth in bondage. And those Hebrews (nursed and fed by Egypt in their infancy) who, under the guidance of the Great and Good, attained to high and holy privileges, what are they now ? Such is the fate of nations—the fate of all nations that rise by unrighteous deeds. Have not I ever been thy director and guide ? Have I not said that Persia shall have a crowned head when Rome with her conquering hosts shall be no more ? So shall it be. Away, then, to the Grove, and on thy bended knees before the High and the Holy Spirit seek forgiveness for this thy offence ; and, then, with His peace resting upon thee, go forth and battle against all that opposeth love and truth. Fear not, thou shalt yet wield a sword that will overthrow, in due time, both Persia and Rome. But, remember, that for the breaking of thy vows, *thou* shalt not die a natural death. The blame rests with thee, not with thy two companions. Thou alone must suffer. Thou shalt not be taken away by natural dissolution, but a martyr’s death shalt thou die.”

Thus he spake, and thus I replied to the Heavenly Messenger :—“I have indeed sinned. May God forgive me ! Carry back with thee my confession of repentance. My only plea : I could not stand and see my beloved country trodden down under the iron hoof of the oppressor.”

“That,” he replied, “was once thy work, not now. Thou art a Sacred Teacher. It is thy duty to open the eyes of the people—to instruct them by lessons of truth and love. Was that thy work this day ? Alas ! how many hast thou sent headlong into the World of Spirits before their time !”

He left me. Calling my two companions and other friends

together, I told them all that had been said to me by my Guide. We at once resolved to go to the Grove. On our arrival we found the brethren assembled. The moment we entered the holy place the Sacred Flame descended; and, prostrating myself before the altar, I humbly confessed my sin. Then the voice from the altar pronounced forgiveness, and all united in a song of praise to God, as the sun was sinking in the Western sky. [*Benediction.*]

Twenty-Second Sitting.

December 11, 1870.

Issha, the Old Egyptian Priest—Jesus taken to Egypt—A Letter from Issha to Hafed—The Child at Three Years—The Young Priest, Hermes—A Portrait of Issha.

ON a former occasion I made reference to one of the priests of Egypt—a great, a learned, and a good man, named Issha. He was one of those who had for many years looked earnestly for the promised Deliverer who was to give light to the world; for we in Persia had not been alone in our expectation. And our hearts having been gladdened by his appearing, it became us to watch with jealous care the precious spark which was destined to set the world ablaze.

You know from your own Sacred Books that Joseph and Mary, through fear of Herod, had to fly into Egypt with the infant. The arrival of the Holy Child and his parents in Egypt having been intimated to the venerable Issha, arrangements were made by him, whereby the child should, in course of time, be educated within the walls of the temple; and gladly did the holy man undertake the task. About this time he sent me a letter, which I shall try to give, as near as possible, as it came from his pen. The letter was written from the Temple of the Nile, and is as follows:—

“Most noble Hafed, Prince of Persia, and Servant of the Most High God,—To thee I send my greeting, by the hands of a young fellow-worker in the priesthood, one who is honourable and worthy to be the bearer of my epistle to thee.

“Beloved brother in the service of the Holiest,—This letter is written unto thee from the Centre of the Sacred Temple of the Most High God—(I need hardly say to thee that it is rather from its ruins.) The Nile hath overflowed its banks for the third time since thy visit unto me, when thou didst gladden my heart with the tidings of the appearing of the One who was to Come. At that time I raised my voice in thanksgiving that I had been honoured by the fellowship of one who had been chosen of Heaven to go forth and hail the advent of the Prince of Light. And now, here am I appointed to teach this child. O what am I that such a trust should be committed to me! Believe me, my noble brother, when I say that I undertake the trust with joy, and yet with trembling solicitude.

“The child, though but three years old, shows, in his ways, so much that is God-like, that I could almost fall down and worship him. Those who attend on him say that there never was such a child as this little one committed to my care. To think that one so very young in years should come to hoary age, and put questions so deep that to answer them would puzzle a Socrates or a Plato, is indeed very wonderful to me. And oftentimes am I astonished, when he asks me the meaning of some of our sacred symbols, and about many other things far above a child’s capacity.

“I desire to thank thee, most noble Hafed, for those glorious truths, which thou didst impart unto me when thou didst sojourn with me, for they are indeed of very great service to me now; and I am not ashamed, old as I am, still to sit at thy feet and learn.

“But, my beloved friend, I must not forget to write to thee about the bearer of this epistle. He is a virtuous young man, and his life is given to the service of the Most High: indeed, one of the same stamp as thou thyself art. Thou wilt find in him a mind open to receive, and I pray thee instil into it such truths of the Mighty Spirit as will enable him to stand high in the True Light. It hath been said of him here that he will yet attain to an exalted position in Egypt. When he returns I expect that he will be the bearer of an epistle from thee; in which thou must tell me of thy researches into the Hebrew writings; for thou didst promise to give me further knowledge of the New Light now being nursed amid the ruins of our Temple.



Egyptian Seance. (*Direct.*) See Sittings IX. and XIX.

“And now, most noble Hafed, I will conclude. When I go to evening devotion, I go now with a different spirit. I have broken through the old custom. I no longer withhold from the common people the truths which we know; and because of this some of the priests would persecute me; but they dare not. Many of the people are beginning to attend and contribute of their wealth. But I trust soon to see thee, and tell thee more of these things, when I hand over my charge, whom thou, the descendant of the Great Zoroaster, hast been chosen to teach. Meanwhile my soul is bound up in care for my youthful charge. O he seems to me more than man! Those eyes of love! I almost worship him.

“Now may the Great and Ever-blessed Spirit be with you at all times. Amen.”

So ended the letter of my beloved brother Issha, Chief Priest of the Temple of the Nile.

I perceive this letter as plainly before me now as it was when sent, nearly two thousand years ago; and you have got it all but some things of no interest to you. I mean to give you other epistles from this holy man, for in them I got more than from all others. His countenance was most venerable; and habited in pure white robes, and wearing a long white beard, he seemed to me like an angel. And while we listened to him, his words of power sank deep into our inmost souls, and we felt as if in the presence of the purest spirit in the highest heavens. He still labours with me in the Spirit World. He did not live, as I did, to see the True Light proclaimed on the Earth, being one hundred years old when that letter was written. In these letters you will get much in regard to the early years of Jesus. [*Benediction.*]

Twenty-third Sitting.

14th January, 1871.

Second Letter from Issha—The Boy Jesus in the Inner Temple—His Genius—Light in the Darkness—The First “Miracle” of Jesus—Jesus amongst other Boys.

At our last meeting I gave you the first letter written to me by my venerable brother, Issha, the Egyptian High Priest—the holy

man who had received in charge the little spark which, when kindled, was destined by Heaven to set on fire the theological systems of the world; not for their destruction, but that, coming through the fire, they might be seven times purified. For mankind in their religious ideas have all, more or less, been actuated by a desire to discover the truth, and to found their own theologies thereon. The second epistle from the holy man (who for nearly a hundred years had been engaged in the service of God, and with whom the highest and holiest priest in the great Temple of Jerusalem could not be compared) was sent by the hands of merchants who traded between Persia and Egypt; for, at that time, a great trade was carried on between Persia and many other countries in silks, dyes, precious stones, spices, and fruits of various kinds. This letter I will shorten considerably, leaving out many things not necessary for you to know, and give you something more concerning Jesus, my Prince, as I loved to call him. It is dated one year from the time of the sending of the first letter.

After saying that the Nile had overflowed its banks; that they had sown and reaped their harvest, and thanking me for a letter which he had received by the hands of the merchants, he goes on to say:—

“Most noble Hafed, servant of the Living God and Prince of Persia—In this, my second epistle, I have unspeakable pleasure in giving thee some further account of my young charge. Forgive me, my friend, anything thou deemest amiss, for indeed I am but an old man (although my body is not bent, nor my eyes dim), and my silvery hair showeth that the time draweth nigh when I shall enter into the Spirit World where, when we meet, there shall be no more separations because of religious differences, and where I shall no more be called an idolater, nor thou, dear friend, a worshipper of the fire.

[Here the Medium got so rapid in his utterance that the words could not be taken down; but they amounted to this, that despite the general idolatry, there were many in these so-called heathen nations*

* The Controlling Spirit subsequently apologised by saying that he experienced, when coming in contact with the mortal body, the old feelings of indignation, excited by false ideas of Persian worship entertained by many in that

who worshipped God in spirit and in truth; and that the sun was the most befitting symbol in the worship of the God of Light, the Creator, Sustainer, and Benefactor.]

“There stands one beside me, while thus I write unto thee, by whom all these theologies will be cast down. O that dear one, how I reverence him!—I cannot help it. Old as I am, as I said before, I could almost fall down at the feet of the beloved child and worship him. It is something very wonderful to see this little one pacing alone the dark and solemn recesses of our Inner Temple—those silent floors, where even the oldest priest dare not venture alone. Yet he, the wondrous child, dares to look into the holy place. Holy indeed is it when he is there. He is clever beyond all other children; for he hath already gained some knowledge of ancient languages, and listens with deep attention while I am instructing him in the history of this country—of its great fame; in days gone by, for wisdom and power; and how the race from which he sprang had been fed and benefited, and afterwards enslaved by the rulers of Egypt. But much of that history is now lost. Thanks to Persia for that! for it was a Persian king that destroyed our ancient records.

“I have heard thee speak of spirit communicating in thought with man; and truly it must be so with this little one, for the most intricate passages in our hieroglyphs, if once he gets the key, he deciphers with ease. The passage, the meaning of which has been to thee and to me the source of much dispute and trouble, has been clearly revealed by him.

“I believe this young Prince, as thou callest him, to be indeed the Son of God, having in him the Spirit of his Father.

“Since thy departure, the efforts on my part to overthrow the system by which the poor were kept out of the temple, and which I referred to in my first letter, have been successful. The priests who are under me have resolved to open up the truth to the poorest, so that now the temple is free unto all.

“A poor man, who had once been rich, and paid largely to the temple service, having lost all and become maimed by an encounter with pirates on the Red Sea, was carried one day in his helpless

day and since; and feeling thus, he forgot what he was about, and lost the usual control over his Medium.

state into the temple about the time of evening worship. The young child stood by my side; and seeing this maimed old man in his pitiable condition, he looked up to me and said—‘Father (he always calleth me father), this poor old man must have a history;’ and then, wonderful to tell, he narrated the chief points in the man’s life; then, going up to where he crouched, he said—‘Rise!’ ‘But how can I rise; I have no power,’ said the poor man. Stretching out his tiny hand towards him, he again uttered the word—‘Rise!’ when up started the man, standing on his feet with all his wonted vigour. Here was power displayed of a truly wonderful kind. But there are many other things done by him which show him to be also full of love. Even the other little ones, the children of the priests, never have cause, in their play, to chide him. Wherever he is, there is happiness and peace, and all goes well.

“Now, noble Hafed, I thank thee for the care thou hast bestowed on the young man who carried my former letter unto thee. I observe from his letter to me that thou hast not neglected him, and that, through thy instruction, he is becoming fitted for occupying my place here when I go hence, and will in future times redeem our theology.

“Thanks, too, for thy gift of the apricots—fruits of the sun. May the time soon come when we shall meet.

“Sorry was I to learn that thou didst find thy country invaded, and that thou, forgetful of thy vow, wert led to buckle on the sword. But with God let this matter be left.

“Now, my noble friend, I must draw to a close. I look for thy answer by the same merchants on their return from Persia. I weary for words from thee, my brother. Though once thy teacher, now thou art mine. Thank God, thou hast opened my eyes to many things once dark to me.

“May the Mighty Spirit, the Father of all nations, be ever near unto thee; and whilst in the Centre of the Grove, mayest thou realise His presence in all its fulness. Amen.”

Such was the substance of the second letter of Issha. We must stop here.

The gracious blessing of the Highest, and the peace of the Great Prince, my Lord, be upon you for ever!

Twenty-fourth Sitting.

4th February, 1871.

Issha's Third Letter—Jesus Incomparable—The Boy Teacher and the Aged Pupil—They Travel—Conversation between the Old Man and Young Jesus—A Grateful Heart—A Charge of Heresy—Council of Three Priests—Their Names in *Direct Writing*. *Questions*: Age of Jesus—The Flight to Egypt—Miraculous Conception—Pre-existence of Jesus—Joseph and Mary in Egypt.

IF you will not deem it too tedious, I will give you another of those letters of my good and venerable friend in Egypt in relation to his young charge. Other letters passed between us on various subjects, as well as on those of astronomy, natural history, &c.

I have now spread before me this epistle. According to Persian method of measuring time, three hundred and fifty-six days to the year (the Egyptians reckoned three hundred and fifty days), two years had passed away since I received a letter concerning the child committed to my friend's charge. He begins as usual:—

“Most Noble Hafed, Servant of the Living God, Ambassador of Heaven, chosen to proclaim the birth and do homage to him who is the Son of God,—Honoured wert thou, my noble brother, to bend the knee and present rich gifts to the Holy Child; who, though born in a lowly place, was mightier far than any of the princes of this world. The Hebrews boast of their great and wise kings; but what is their wisest compared with Jesus, my Prince? Nothing. I take delight once more in writing to you concerning him. He is growing in stature, and daily he shows an increase in wisdom; indeed, he puts us all to shame by the depth of his remarks on subjects beyond our reach. When asked to give a decision, he is always ready; and wonderful are his judgments.”

(It was the custom at that time for the Chief Priests of Egypt to sit as judges in all cases, and they also possessed the power of life and death.)

“This young and growing Light is beginning to dispel the darkness that hovers around our Sacred Buildings. Strange to say, in many cases he is the teacher and I am the taught; and I am not ashamed to own this to thee, my friend. When sitting with me in my lonely cell at night, he will make the strangest revelations of

the Unseen World. We, as priests, have learned and heard much about such things. But this little one talks of Heaven, and opens up Paradise in all its glory and beauty—telling me of things not spoken of on Earth. He told me also of enemies who were seeking to destroy my influence as a priest; ‘but be not afraid,’ he said, ‘for there are many around to bear thee up.’ When I contrast the wisdom of Egypt with the sayings of this child, the one is far surpassed by the other. We have travelled in Egypt, and visited other temples and witnessed the religious services engaged therein. Such mummeries, however, are now no longer practised here; for how shall man with the Light of Truth around him, bend the knee to a reptile! Oh, how often have I in my darkness bowed low before a dumb fowl. I abhor myself now. And yet, when we reflect, must not man, even in his gross darkness, worship that which he considers likeliest to God? In the case of the Grecians, they make their gods in the likeness of man. This seems an advance upon other nations. But as I look on this boy, I see the Divine Spirit flashing from his eyes, giving light to my dim orbs.

“My dear and beloved brother, I am beginning to long for the return of the young man whom I committed to thy care. When he comes back, then I start. He appears like one who will overturn idol worship, and do good service in the cause of truth.

“But I must not forget the subject of my present letter—my young charge. We were engaged one day in speaking of the Great and Mighty Spirit, when overhearing the question of a bystander—‘Which was true God?’—he said it was time we should give up bending before these idols. But I told him that they were looked on by us as symbols merely. He said God was to be worshipped according to the way laid down in the Jewish Books. But, I said, how do you know that? He said his mother told him. (She is here.) He pointed his finger to passages, penned hundreds of years before, concerning his birth, Herod’s cruel edict, and the flight into Egypt. ‘This was all (said the child) foreseen by God; and by the prophets who declared it, he thus forewarned the people; but man rejected the warning. ‘I come not (said this little one) to overthrow thrones and kingdoms—I come to overthrow the evil in the hearts of men—to point them to Heaven, and lead them in the right way.’ Then we talked of the dealings of God with the ancestors of the Hebrew nation and

their escape from Egyptian bondage—of the deliverance of the Hebrews and the engulfing of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. ‘Was God an angry God—revengeing himself on his adversaries? No (he said), it was the simple result of Pharaoh’s foolhardiness. Put thy finger on the flame and thou wilt be burned. So with the Egyptian host. And yet, for all this, Egypt is not wholly forgotten. That same land which became a nursing-mother to the famishing Israelites, my Father sends me to, that I also may be nursed by her.’

“Now, my dear friend, I once more give thanks to the Great and Unseen Being who gave me breath—the breath of life—who has guided me through life, and now, in my old age, has opened my eyes to behold the light of truth. I who, when a young man, was shrouded in dark superstition—who, alas! did just as my fellows did—am now blessed beyond words to express. O for that happy day when thou shalt meet me in bliss; for all its loveliness has been told me by this sweet child. He has spoken of the music wafted along on the gentle winds and in the flowing of the waters; of the delightful verdure that ever clothes the heavenly world; of the refreshing fruits hanging in clusters on the heavy-laden boughs; of the angelic strains from the hosts of happy spirits, stealing away the senses of the joy-enraptured soul, and of the glorious visions of holy beauty that are spread out before the eyes of the happy throng that tread the heavenly pathways. Tongue of man cannot express the reality—power is wanting to give it colour or form.

“Before finishing this letter, I must tell thee that there has come to us three priests from Lesser Egypt to confer with me in regard to religion. They had heard from others of my change of mind in regard to the prevailing opinions; and they want to sit in council on the matter. Thou wilt know the result when we meet. But we are all at one here in our religious ideas—even the strong-headed priests are imbibing the truth. Great is the change, which thou wilt be informed of ere long. I leave thee now for a while. May the Great and Mighty Spirit ever abide with thee, and may His presence be ever felt in all our ways.”

Such is the epistle, or something near to it in substance. The council of priests which he writes about was the result of rumours which had reached their ears, that my venerable friend had

departed from his faith in the received opinions of the Egyptian Priesthood. I might give the names of the three who formed the Council; but I cannot, as you already know, get my Medium to convey them to you. I will however, as I have done hitherto, with the assistance of the English Painter, give them in direct writing.*

At what age was the child Jesus put under the care of Issha?

The child was given up by his mother after he was able to walk and speak to the care of my friend. About the time we left Bethlehem to return home—knowing through our heavenly guide what were the designs of Herod, and Joseph having intimated to us that he had been warned in a dream to fly for safety to Egypt, we recommended him to go to my venerable friend, not only for the protection, but for the training of the child. We had reached Egypt before their arrival, and had told the good old man what he might expect.

Is the account which we have in the Gospels of the miraculous conception of Jesus to be accepted as a truthful statement of facts?

Yes: I must believe the account therein given, for this reason: The Spirit of Light sent us to welcome and do homage to one whose appearance in the world had been prophesied for ages, and who was looked for by many as the great Deliverer or Saviour of mankind. The fact that Mary, the betrothed wife of Joseph, was not only clear of transgression in his eyes, but in the eyes of all her neighbours amongst whom she lived, is proof sufficient; for had it been otherwise, she would at once have been condemned to die. The penalty for such a transgression was the same in Persia. That the conception was brought about by holy and spiritual means was well known to many good and wise men in that day, who knew well what it was and how it was accomplished? Hence, I believe that the Prince, though really and truly a man, was so full of the Spirit of God that he may well be reckoned as a new creation—a second man made in the express image of the Most High—as much a new creation as the first man.

* The names were given subsequently, the same evening, by *direct writing* on a card, in the same way as the other direct writings and paintings were given. The following is a copy of the names on the card:—“*Oxyryuchitae, Lyso-politans, Cynopolitans.*”

Was Jesus conscious of a previous existence? A number of communicating spirits appear to advance different opinions on this and other subjects.

To your question of his consciousness of a former existence, I may say that he himself declared to me that he had been on the Earth before. It is not to be wondered at that you get different accounts of the same things from spirits; but depend upon it these opinions are not from a good source. When such spirits observe a liking for their opinions in men, they hatch the monstrous brood. Some here may think differently; but had they passed through the experiences I have done, they would have known better than propagate such doctrines. Though an old man, I still preach the same gospel.

Did Joseph and Mary remain in Egypt after giving up Jesus to the care of Issha?

Yes; Joseph with Mary, his wife, stayed still in Egypt. He laboured at his craft, and both watched affectionately over Jesus when an infant. There was need for this care, for there, as elsewhere, there were many Hebrews who bore them no goodwill. But the priests exercised a watchful eye for their protection.

We will now leave off. May God be ever with you to bless you in your going out and coming in!

Twenty-fifth Sitting.

12th February, 1871.

Unexpected Arrival of Issha and Jesus in Persia—Message of the Spirit of Light—The Magi go out to meet them—Their Welcome Address in *Direct Writing*—Jesus and his Tutor carried by Spirits—Jesus Clairvoyant—A Magian Festival. *Questions*: Age of Jesus—Celibacy—The Christian Churches in a wrong position.

AT our last sitting, I gave you the third and last letter from my friend Issha concerning his youthful charge. I think I said that he would come to Persia with the young Prince. My aged friend was one who liked to study Nature in all her grandeur—to think of the Great Creator as he might be seen, in His wisdom and power, in the formation of the smallest insect, and in man, his

highest work—in the little flower of the wayside, modestly lifting its head, and in the great tree whose branches give shelter in the noonday heat; and hence my friend resolved to undertake his long journey after the rainy season, and before the hot season came on.

One lovely morning, just as the glorious sun was rising above the eastern mountains, I and some of my brethren assembled in the Sacred Grove, while the other Magi, with their wives, enjoyed themselves by the Fountains. We had just surrounded the Altar of the Grove when the sacred flame arose, and then we beheld the Spirit of Light. Bending in lowly reverence, we heard his voice: "Why tarry ye, here? One more worthy of your homage awaits you outside the Grove. Go forth and welcome the Prince of Heaven and Earth."

This announcement surprised us, for although we expected the visit from Issha, we knew it would be some weeks before the band of merchants could arrive with whom he was to travel. But, eagerly we went forth at the bidding of the Spirit, and as we looked along the pathway we beheld, at a little distance, the little boy running at the side of the venerable priest. Issha was habited in his white robes, and although a man of great age, he strode along with a lively step. I went out to meet him, and as we drew near, I fell on my knees before him. "Nay, my son, rise to thy feet; it becomes me rather to do homage unto thee; for have not I received from thee treasures of truth and light, and, above all, been honoured in having had for so long a time the care of this child: it is he who is worthy of thy homage."

Then the assembled Magi, through their spokesman, saluted him thus:—"*We salute thy coming forth, immortal friend—holy offspring of the breath divine, we salute thee! Beauteous and loving art thou as Salem—as Raphael, heavenly and sublime. From thee pure sentiments will flow as dew from the purple clouds of the morning, and thy humane heart—thy heart filled with tender sensations—shall melt as the eyes of the Seraphim, enraptured at the sight of virtue, overflow with sweetest transport.*" *

After some further interchange of greetings, the child was handed over to my care. I then asked my aged friend to explain

* The passage in italics was given in *direct writing*.

to me how it was that he had arrived at a time when he was unlooked for. He said that that was just what he was about to tell me, for it was altogether a very wonderful matter. They had left Egypt, as arranged, with a band of Persian merchants and others travelling with them; but they had been but a short time on their journey when they were attacked by a horde of robbers. In the disorder that ensued, he, with his young charge, was lifted up suddenly from the earth and conveyed along by some unseen power. He could see no one, but he felt as if carried by some one. The child, he said, seemed to enjoy the wonderful journey, and to know those who were conveying them; they were some of those with whom Jesus was often heard speaking in the Egyptian temple.

The young boy seemed to know me at once. I asked him if he had seen me before. "Yes," he said, "when my aged father wrote letters to thee, I saw thee reading them." This was another proof to me that he was indeed the Great One long promised to our fathers in Egypt and in Persia, and indeed over all the East. "It shall be my duty to give thee all the knowledge that I am able to impart; but thou, beloved, hast that within thee that I or my brethren cannot attain to. Nevertheless, I shall endeavour to teach thee." But I felt my weakness, and thus I prayed—"O, Almighty Father of Spirits, source of all truth, enable me, by the help of thy ministering angels, to become the teacher and guide of thy Son, the long-promised Deliverer.

It was a custom with us when visited by distinguished strangers to hold a holy festival, the pleasures of which were not produced by indulgence in wine, the feast consisting only of herbs and fruit, and water from the gushing fountain; while, if there was aught that could intoxicate, it was only the sound of the sacred anthem which rose towards heaven from the voices of the holy brotherhood. The stranger on these occasions was placed in the centre of a circle formed by the principal Magi, outside of which were other circles, composed of brethren according to station in the Order; whilst outside of these were circles, first of the holy women and the wives of the Magi, and then of the children. A lamb, decorated with fresh flowers, emblem of innocence and purity, was placed in the space between the various circles, and each one who had children, in turn, laid their hands on the lamb,

vowing to bring up their offspring in a knowledge of the true God. After partaking of the fruits, both fresh and preserved, and drinking of pure water, the elder Magi welcomed the strangers to the Holy Circle, after which an address was given on the purity of our worship and the harmony of our doctrines with the truth of God, as shown in the creation, animate and inanimate. Accordingly, on the arrival of Issha and the youthful Jesus, we held a festival.

We of the Persian religion believed in a threefold manifestation of the Godhead, and this formed at all times a subject for our deepest meditation. But now, here stood one in our midst whom we looked upon as the Son of God, the Prince, the Leader so long promised to man, for every epistle sent from our venerable Egyptian brother had been read to the assembled Magi, who were accordingly prepared to receive this visit, and very much did we venerate the holy man for his work and labour of love.

What was the age of Jesus at the time referred to?

The child was about eight years old at the time.

Was the practice of celibacy enforced or taught by the Magi?

No; we did not teach celibacy. We looked on woman as the help-meet for man. I, alas, had been deprived at once of both wife and child; but I was attended to and received help from several handmaidens.

In reply to a remark made on a discourse in church that day, he said—

I heard, through the medium, the discourse on the Apocalypse. If you have not the same things taking place in your churches now, there is something wrong with your churches. Put yourselves in the same position as the early followers of Jesus the Nazarene, and he will send his angels to bless you; then would you have the power to “work miracles”; then would come that Golden Age, when Spirits will be able to communicate with man, and man be able to elevate his thoughts towards the high and the holy Unseen.

We will not proceed further to-night.

May the peace of God be upon you and may you be guided to follow Jesus in truth!

Twenty-sixth Sitting.

12th March, 1871.

Jesus begins to study under Hafed—Roman Oppression—The Early Lessons of Jesus—Issha leaves Persia—His Parting Address—An Invocation—Jesus as a Scholar—His profound Wisdom.

THE boy being now committed to my care, I proceeded to instruct him in Persian literature and theology, and also in the manners and customs of the country in which he was to be a dweller for some time. This was necessary in view of his future public ministry; and it was in accordance with the mind of the Great Spirit that, as a preparation for the work, he should know the trials that mankind were subjected to, not merely the trials of physical life, but those also which affect men spiritually.

Our country at that time, trampled under the iron hoof of the Romans, was the victim of the evil spirit of war, and groaning under the oppressor. But Persia had also been guilty of the same—she, too, had her day of power. Now it was Rome. But others were to arise and trample her in the dust. Oh, that men were wise and holy in heart, then—and then only—may we look for justice and mercy in the Earth.

My beloved pupil had been well indoctrinated by my aged friend, not only in the theology of Egypt, but also in that of the Hebrews; for Egypt was at that time in possession of one of the best translations of the Hebrew records—the work of Jewish doctors, who had become dwellers in that country after the death of Alexander the Grecian, when his kingdom was divided. My Egyptian friend had even instructed him in the prophecies concerning himself, as these were found in the Hebrew books; and day after day he received confirmation from the Spirit in the Sacred Grove.

At last the time came when my venerable friend should leave Persia for his native land. We all assembled to bid him farewell. I well remember the good old man as he looked me in the face and said—“Our parting will be short. My sand is nearly run. I can see almost the minutes of my time here; but in a few short years we shall meet in Paradise, that blessed resting-place about which

you have taught me. Oh, for the happy time when we shall meet in the glorious land, when we shall look towards Earth, and watch its progress in light and love, waiting for its redemption to goodness and the communion of spirits with man. Meanwhile, my friend, I must return to the land of Egypt—that land which has been glorious in wisdom, though not in goodness; for has not even he: priests, her sacred teachers, lent themselves to the crushing of poor humanity? Oh, for a hundred years to speak on Earth! Would I not make Egypt ring with the good news? But yet I shall, for the uttermost ends of Earth will know I have lived. Farewell, my brother! My best of friends, farewell! Farewell, my beautiful, my darling son—thou who hast instructed me! The time cometh when thou shalt tread that land which hath cast thee out, and there shalt thou kindle a flame which will lighten the world. Though I go to Egypt, and there die, I will in spirit aid thee in the trials and troubles that will assuredly come upon thee. I am not afraid to leave thee with my friend Hafed. He will instruct thee in the knowledge of many things that will be good for thee, my son, to learn. So, farewell! When I leave this frail body thou wilt know of it. We shall meet again.”

With these words he fell on my neck and wept. When we parted he grasped the wonderful boy, and holding him aloft to God, he cried—“The charge committed to me I now deliver up. Behold, with Thy help have I done my duty! For I know Thou art ever near me. I thank and adore Thee, O Great and Good! Bless all around me, as Thou seest they need. God of love and peace, but not of war, Thou who hast done so much for me, carry me back in peace to mine own land, that there I may take leave of my friends and brethren before I cast off this frail body! And, O Great Father, when free, enable me to come back in spirit.”

He had joined a company of merchants, and was a good way on the journey before we finally parted. I saw him looking behind from the back of the animal which bore him along, and felt deeply the great bereavement which had befallen me, in being separated from one whom I had long looked upon as almost supernatural. There was such a sublimity in his countenance—so pure, so unworldly; in bodily appearance so venerable, with his long silvery locks and beard, and the white garment that covered

him, that he always reminded me of him who had been so long my Spirit Guide ; and of her whose memory was ever dear to me.

After our usual morning worship, I began the duty I had undertaken of educating the Prince. He appeared somewhat downcast when his aged tutor left us, but got more cheerful towards the close of the day. He began his studies with spirit, and day after day it was my great privilege to instruct him, not only in a knowledge of the Persian language, but of the natural sciences, of the objects which met our view on the Earth's surface, and of the heavenly bodies which bespangled the sky ; but oftentimes I thought he seemed to know much more concerning some things than I did myself, and whether this arose from quick natural perception, or by a special spirit influence, I could hardly determine. Many of my brethren were astonished at the profound wisdom displayed by this child, and so great was the impression made on them, that he was even admitted to the centre altar in the Sacred Grove—the first child who had ever looked on the holy place. But he (the heavenly being) who came, knew him ; and many a thing took place there which it would be wrong in me to mention at present, seeing they refer to matters in the Spirit-life. I speak of things of Earth now.

Were Joseph and Mary still resident in Egypt?

His mother and Joseph were at the time still resident in Egypt.

I can go no further. Heaven bless you, and preserve you from all evil.

Twenty-seventh Sitting.

26th March, 1871.

Jesus acquires a knowledge of the Persian Language, Religion, and Laws—A Story about Young Jesus—He preaches to the People—Under Spirit influence—His wonderful Cures.

THE young pupil was, unlike the most of children, always intent on acquiring knowledge ; and yet, strange to say, he ever displayed a wisdom that made me feel that he was the teacher and I was the taught. He was certainly a wonderful boy, and everything

that could be desired as a mortal. Under my instruction he soon acquired a knowledge of our language, religion, and laws, to such an extent and in so short a time as to excite surprise in others. But my brethren and myself, who were acquainted with the circumstances, looked for nothing else. I opened up to him the doctrines of Zoroaster, revealed the mysteries of the Magi, and taught him what I knew of natural law. Our studies at times partook of the supernatural, as it is now termed. But even then there were some of the Magi who, not being so highly favoured as others, looked upon some of our statements as strange. Though all serving God in some way, and all qualified to teach the ordinary lessons peculiar to our religion, they were not all cognisant of that angelic communion and spirit power which I and some others had been privileged to experience—a power so great as in many cases almost to lead some to look upon these angels as Gods.

One morning—a glorious summer morning—while the sun was gilding the plains with golden hues, and while as yet the dewdrops hung in pearly beauty on bough and bush and leaf—while we were all engaged at our usual morning worship, the boy strayed from the Grove and wandered out into the fields. Here he had met with a shepherd in great consternation and perplexity in regard to the loss of some lambs, which he thought had been carried off by some of the wild animals. The little boy, seeing the evident distress on the face of the man, asked him what was the matter. The shepherd was surprised to hear such a question from a child, and told him he was afraid he could not solve the difficulty. But he was astonished at the reply of the child: “Why neglect your flock, and allow your lambs to stray? But, know they are safe. There is One above all who careth even for your lambs. Go forward to yonder hill, and there you will find them.” The shepherd, who went as the child directed, returned with his lambs rejoicing; and telling the story to his neighbours, the subject excited general interest: so much so, that the King of Persia requested that he should be sent to him.

Shortly after this I, along with others of the Magi, went out at sunset to enjoy a walk in the cool evening air. As we proceeded we saw, what was singular in Persia, a large assemblage of people. Drawing near, I beheld my little pupil perched on the stones of an

old altar, and addressing the people. I was amazed, and much more so, when I heard the words which proceeded from him. He spoke of the worlds above, and the bright mansions prepared for the spirits of the good, and of his Father's love for all; and called on the people to bring forth their sick that they might be healed. As I drew still nearer, I beheld a sight I never forgot. Were my eyes deceiving me? There, beside the boy, stood my friend, the Old Egyptian Priest, habited in white, and appearing to dictate every word the boy was uttering. I ran eagerly forward to embrace him, but his well known form melted away. Amazed, I inquired if he was not really present. "Yes," said the child, "he is present in spirit. He will meet thee at midnight in the Grove." (He had gone home to Egypt, where he had left the body, and was now in Spirit-life. But I will have more to say on this shortly.) He then stepped off the altar. Had any one but those of the Sacred Order dared to have occupied the same position it would have been death; such was the veneration shown by the people for the sacredness of the altar; but they were wonder-struck, and no one touched the boy. I mounted the heap of stones and spoke to the assembly:—"People of Persia, you are highly blessed this day. The Son of God has appeared before you. Be not afraid, I am not turning away from my old faith;" and then I told them how I and my two brethren had been commissioned from the Highest to welcome the birth of the Prince of Peace, and spoke of the great mission and work he was destined to accomplish for the world. While thus I spoke, the people cried out, "It is true! it is true!" and then they declared the extraordinary cures he had been making, and many of his wonderful sayings and doings. Then was I astonished. Why, thought I, should he be destined for Judea—wicked, rebellious Judea? O! why not sent to Persia? But God knoweth best. So let us praise Him, for He doeth all things well.

As Archmagus, did you preach what was afterwards known as the doctrines of Christ?

Even as Chief of the Magi, I had long held and taught these doctrines; and no one meddled with me until I proclaimed him from whom those doctrines came.

We will go no farther to-night. [*Benediction.*]

Twenty-eighth Sitting.

27th April, 1871.

Jesus Admitted as one of the Magi—Proclaims Himself a Creature—Letters from his Parents—Jesus leaves Persia—His Fame—The Start—A Night to be Remembered—A Vision of the Better Land—The Great Temple—“Yonder is my Throne!” *Question:* Hafed a “Christian.”—Jesus and the Essenians.

WE must hurry on, for we have many different individuals to introduce, and I have also to speak of Rome, which we have never as yet looked at. Now, however, we have to do with Jesus, our Prince, to whom all homage on both sides is due Men in past times have built a wall—have barred the way to free intercourse between Earth and Heaven. That wall is now crumbling—the barrier is being removed; for the darkness of superstition must give way before the advent of Spirit communion.

The youth gave such diligent heed to the various lessons which were laid before him, consisting of the lore of the Magi and the laws of Persia, that he was, notwithstanding his nationality admitted as one of the Magian brotherhood. Indeed, he was looked upon by my brethren as more than man—as God. But I stood out against them in this, and he himself protested—“I am but a boy. My Father in the Heavens created me—he also created you. But I am sent to do a special work; the path is before me; and He will strengthen me for my work.”

Having received letters from Egypt from his reputed father and his mother, in which they expressed a desire that he should be sent back to them, I resolved to return with him myself by way of Greece; for my young charge was earnestly desirous of getting some insight into the manners and customs of the people, whose history and literature I had opened up to him. His father had heard of the death of Herod (we knew of it in the Sacred Grove), and he thought it right that he should return to Judea. But it was in a bad state—murder, rapine, and every evil were rampant. Truly they needed a deliverer! Alas, that they should have spurned him who was sent to save them!

The fame of the youth had by this time spread over all Persia; from the king downwards all loved him, for he had always a kind

word and a helping hand for all with whom he met ; and when it became known that he was about to leave Persia for his own country presents from high and low were sent to him. Poor he was when he came amongst us, but he left us enriched. He was, indeed, rich in mental gifts when he came from Egypt, but he left Persia richly endowed with all the learning which the Magi could instil.

At length the day came when we should leave Persia. At early morn the holy anthem was raised to the Great and Good Creator, the Father of all, and the Father of the young boy bending with us before the sacred altar. After the service we made preparation to depart on our journey. We started about mid-day—a time of the day not usually taken, on account of the excessive heat. Many wondered why I should do so. I could not tell ; I felt a desire to depart—to seek for solitude. My young companion felt as I did, and our attendants (for we had three or four camels) were evidently of the same mind. When we did go off, wonderful to tell, we found the air as cool as at midnight. We rode on for some time, and arrived at a quiet still glade, in which we found a grove of trees and a gushing rivulet. Refreshing ourselves at the cool stream, we retired to the centre of the grove, and there we rested for the night.

O blessed, precious night ! If ever mortal got a glimpse of Heaven it was that night. Men of grovelling natures might say—“ Delusion ! fancy ! ” and so on. But I know I was awake, and so was Jesus. I was privileged to see that night what I had never seen before—nor after, till I finally entered in. I had indeed seen the warriors of the Spirit-host marshalled in the air, as I have already stated to you. But now we had not only angel visitants, but their glorious abode was opened to our view.

As we lay and gazed on the star-bespangled sky, we talked concerning the great World of Spirits, and wonderfully did this boy describe that which he remembered of his previous existence, and greatly was I astonished at the knowledge he had of the stars which over-canopied us. I thought I knew much of the heavenly bodies, but he knew more. And while we thus communed, the gates of Heaven appeared to be thrown open to our gaze. Cities—golden cities, with which not one of all Earth's cities can be for a moment compared—glittering with precious stones, and with

streets of dazzling brightness, rose up to view; but how can I picture to you the appearance of the multitudinous host of bright and glorified spirits, clothed in flowing white robes, and a glory around them even beyond the glory of the Holy Spirit of the Grove! Towering aloft, we saw a mighty Temple, the walls of which were of crystal and precious stones. (I find I cannot now describe it, even to give you the barest conception of its strength and beauty.)* And in the midst of this magnificent Temple there stood a Throne; and around this centre, as far as the eye could reach over the vast amphitheatre, thousands upon thousands of holy ones stood, whose countenances reflected the light which proceeded from the Throne. Seeing all this, I was awestruck; and when my youthful charge turned to me and said—“Father, yonder is my throne!” I could not help expressing my belief that he was more than mortal. “Nay, my father,” said he, “I am just such as you are—but I was before you. I will return to that bright abode before you be taken away, but in due time you shall meet me there. Now you have beheld my throne, and you will yet see me seated thereon to give forth judgment to the kings of the Earth.” On the steps of the Temple my eyes rested on the form of my old friend, the Egyptian Priest; he appeared as a priest, and he is even now a priest, engaged in the upraising of his brethren; but of this I will not say more till I give you my own experience as a disembodied spirit.

In reply to a question, he said—

I had long been what you would call a “Christian,” though still holding on to what is called the “fire-worship”; but that must not be confounded with idolatry—fire was held by the Persians as symbolical of God.

Did Jesus ever come in contact with the people called Essenians?

Yes; he visited the Essenians, but only stayed with them for a short time—a mere visit. That took place when he finally left me; when he was residing with his parents, and occasionally labouring with Joseph in the handicraft of this Medium.

I must stop for to-night.

May it be yours to enjoy the light and love which cometh from the Great Fountain!

* For a fuller description of this Temple, see the 47th, 48th, and 49th Sittings.

Twenty-ninth Sitting.

21st June, 1871.

Hafed and Jesus in Greece—Back to Egypt—Rome—Her Religion and Worship—Roman Slavery—Roman Sports—Effect of Contact with the Medium—Hafed True to his First Love.

THERE was little of interest in our journey towards Greece, and from thence to Rome and Egypt. On arriving at the Temple I missed him who had so long been its chief light. He had adorned his profession by active and earnest efforts in the cause of God, by his endeavours to raise his fellow-countrymen from their low and brutish condition; for, with all her past greatness and learning, the people were woefully sunk in darkness. Egypt, at one time the mightiest of nations and the enslaver of others, was now, like many other countries, crushed beneath the heel of Rome. Even Persia, though still owning a crowned head, was bound fast under Rome's iron-yoke. Such is the hand of God as seen in the history of nations. Though my venerable friend Issha was away, we found his place occupied by the noble young man [*Hermes*] in whose education I had taken some interest, and of whose character and attainments I have already spoken.

I think it will be well, at present, to allude to Rome, to whom many nations had submitted, inasmuch as they were paying tribute to her, and amongst these were Persia, Egypt, and the greater part of Greece.

Rome had been founded by Romulus six or seven hundred years before. Although but the leader of a wild band of freebooters, he displayed no small amount of wisdom in his government. They were a hardy race of men; delighting in conquest, and striving to subject all to their sway. In this they were but too successful.

The Romans, though far back in religion, very soon borrowed from the nations with whom they mingled. Their theology fell very far short of that of Greece or Egypt, with all their idols. Mars, as may well be imagined, was the great object of adoration in Rome. The worship of Bacchus was characterised by scenes of devilish and riotous obscenity, in which men and women, naked and drunken, with their senses stolen away, became worse

than the beasts. But Rome had other Gods—Diana (from Greece), Venus, and many others, the worship of these being somewhat similar to that practised in Greece and other countries.

Though some of the nations had been tyrannised over by their kings, it was left for Rome to enslave her own working people! Their governors, as a general rule, were men who delighted in blood, and most of them were taken away either by the assassin's knife or the poisoned cup. They never seemed to die naturally—all went as they liked to see others go. Their very amusements were bloody: you have but to look at their arenas, where men in the image of God were made to fight with ferocious beasts. Wherever these Romans went there they planted an arena for the exhibition of their savage sport. There it was where so many of the followers of the Prince of Peace suffered and died, rather than renounce their faith. Their's was but a short suffering; while many of their persecutors suffer to this day, grovelling in spirit darkness still. But only His light can penetrate that deep darkness and bring them relief.

Even when led into the arena, and savage beasts let loose upon me, I might have caused them to crouch and fall back; but why keep back my glorious change? * It was better for me then to go. It appears to me that some of my Earth passions revive when coming in contact with the mortal body thus. I get angry at the remembrance of the unheard-of cruelties to which we were subjected for our adherence to what we believed to be true. But why should *I* speak? Where could one be found readier than I was to shed the blood of those who opposed me? Even in old age, as a follower of Jesus, I could have propagated my faith in him at the point of the sword; but I was restrained; I ever felt the presence of my holy Guide. My beloved angel wife, also, was ever near, and led me aright.

Ah, if those who have had a virtuous wife taken from them could but realise her spirit presence, they never would seek to put another in her place. The sacred vow of true wedlock is never broken. Though the one is in Heaven and the other on Earth, the bond is fast and firm. Many, alas! are brought together, when no real union of hearts exists. But it is folly to

* Here the Medium seemed greatly excited.

imagine that they are man and wife. My wife was still the same; she felt for me in Heaven as much as ever she had done on Earth. Realising this, I was ever happy even amidst difficulties and cruel persecution.

I cannot use him longer to-night.

The blessing of God and the peace of the Prince, my Lord, be upon you!

Thirtieth Sitting.

11th July, 1871.

Back to Judea—Visit to Jerusalem—The Jewish Doctors—The Gospel Narrative Amplified—The Learned Boy—Hafed Submits to Jesus—Disputations with the Jewish Doctors—Departure from Jerusalem—A Letter (*direct*) from Jesus to Hafed. *Question*: Sacred Books of the Jews.

I AM afraid I am beginning to weary you by this extended recital of an old man's story; but I must still continue this narrative of my Earth experiences for a little longer. I feel as if my old zeal were awakened on behalf of my country, and her literature and religion; and I can hardly restrain myself when brought to speak of the early Earth-life of my Prince, my beloved charge, Jesus the Nazarene. You must therefore bear with me.

As I stated, we travelled through Greece to Rome, and from thence to Egypt, which I visited chiefly for the purpose of doing honour at his grave to the memory of my aged friend (for he requested that his body should be buried—not embalmed).* We then set out for Judea, so that I might hand over my charge to his parents.

It was about the time of the celebration of the Passover when we arrived; and, as was the custom, great numbers of the people of Judea went up to Jerusalem to observe it. Jesus and his parents went up, and I accompanied them; for I was desirous of coming in contact with the learned men whom I expected to find there. During the Passover, it was evident the boy, who was now about twelve years old, loved to be with me; not that he displayed any lack of love or reverence towards his parents, but he had been for a long time under my care and that of my old Egyptian friend,

* See 78th Sitting.

and hence a bond of sympathy had been formed which not even a mother's love could easily dissolve. As may naturally be supposed, I found my way to the place where the learned teachers of the people discussed various questions of a religious character. Though taking no part, I heard the discussions with great interest, and was glad of the opportunity afforded to my young companion of coming in contact with those who, in Hebrew literature and religion, were capable of adding to the instruction which I had endeavoured to instil in regard to the history and faith of his own countrymen. These doctors were men of considerable ability, and proud of their position as a God-chosen people; but, alas! even at this time, their land was a scene of anarchy and the wildest outrage, robbery, and bloodshed. Truly, there was more cause for humility than for pride and vain glory. We attended from day to day, and with increasing interest, for many of the topics discussed were just those with which I could not be expected to have so much acquaintance as these Jewish doctors.

Towards the end of the Passover, the father and mother of Jesus having expressed their intention of soon leaving the city for their own home, I thought, before finally parting from them, I should like to visit the place where the young child first saw the light of the earthly sphere, and there meditate on the many wonderful things which had since transpired. This I accomplished about a day before the Passover ended. Coming back to the city, I went to the Temple, as I had been accustomed to do, and was surprised when I beheld the young lad (whom I had left in charge of his parents) in the midst of the learned disputants, putting such questions and giving such answers as fairly to silence these venerable fathers of the Hebrew nation. I really smiled as I looked on their dumfounded faces. Ah, where had this boy gained his knowledge of these things? His teachings must have come from the World of Spirits—they were not of Earth. They must be from the Great and Holy Spirit, the Source of all Truth, the Ruler of the Universe. I took no part in the discussions: I was entranced—I could say nothing, and wondered to see the grey-haired venerable men sitting, as it were, powerless before this mere child.

We attended on the following day also, and at its close I made enquiries about his parents, but found from information given to

me that they had left the city. I proposed that we should follow, so that he might be able to rejoin their company; but to this he at once objected. I was astonished, for never before had he rejected my counsel; and the thought began to rise in my mind—Is he really becoming vain of the gifts bestowed so liberally on him? As if he perceived what was passing through my mind, he at once turned to me and said—“Father, I have always been obedient to you, and shown you the reverence which is due to you; and when you leave this world, and your eyes become open to the truth, you shall see why I thus act. Let this for the present suffice you: I am sent to do the work assigned to me, and for this work I must prepare myself; so, then, I must obey God rather than man.” Bending before him, I said I would stay till he decided to leave.

Next morning, after the ablutions customary in the East, and our morning meal, we went again to the Hall, and there we found assembled the disputants of the previous days, ready, with fresh arguments, to meet him; for he had told them that he would again be there. Many questions were put to him in reference to other countries, and the religious ideas entertained by the peoples of other lands, and astonishing were the replies made by this gifted boy. Bigoted and intolerant as these Hebrews were, they had got their ideas from the right source; but they were unworthy of the privileges conferred on them, and became blind even to the predictions contained in their own books; for when he referred to certain sayings of their prophets concerning himself, they did not appear to understand him. He, with great eloquence, also discoursed on the theology of the Egyptians, showing how they had corrupted the truth by their idolatry; and in speaking of Persia and her people, he repelled the idea that they worshipped the sun, that it was merely accounted by us as the fittest emblem, or symbol, of the Universal Father, who showered his favours on all alike. While thus engaged, his parents, who had come back to the city in search of him (having only missed him when some distance on their way) entered, and chided him for his behaviour to them. He meekly bore with their complaints, only saying—“Know ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” To this saying they did not appear to pay much attention. Turning to me, he said—“Now friend, Hafed, let us begone.”

So we left Jerusalem—I for the last time, till I became a follower of Jesus—not that I was not then what you call a “Christian,” but I was not yet in the position of publicly teaching the truth as exhibited in his subsequent career. I accompanied them on their return for some distance, and then parted with my beloved charge and his parents, they to go to their own home in Galilee, and I to return to my native land.

Two years thereafter I received a letter from the young lad, which will be given to you, with the assistance of the English Artist, in your own language, by Direct Spirit Writing.

[The promised letter—a condensation of the original, which was much longer, we were told—was at length given at a sitting on 2nd March, 1875, and is as follows]:—

“Dear Father Hafed,

“I send my greeting unto you. Grace be with you, mercy and peace from God the Father of all. I have many things to write unto you. Since I came home to my people, I often pray for the time that I may meet you once more before I begin my work here. The lands of Egypt and Persia are dear unto me, for there I pass many happy hours in communion with thee and our Father the Egyptian.

“Dear Father, when I look around on our people, and see how far they have sunk beneath the nations which I have visited, in sin and iniquity, I weary for the time when my labour shall begin; but before that time I shall visit thee again, when we shall travel into the East.

“I send this with a caravan which is about to start for your country. Salute all the brethren that are with you. Grace be with you. Amen.

“JESUS THE SON OF JOSEPH.”*

In reply to a question, Hafed said—

You may rely, as I have before said, more on the prophetic portions of the Hebrew records than on the historical. But the whole as handed down to your day, should be prized by you as embodying the most valuable records of Spiritual sayings and doings of bygone times; and esteem them also as upholding the same theory of Spirit communion which you yourselves seek to advance. [*Benediction.*]

* A fac-simile of this letter, with an account of the conditions under which it was produced by the Spirit, will be found in the *Appendix*.

Thirty-first Sitting.

28th July, 1871.

The Old Feelings will out—Hafed's Return—Spirit Revelations—Jesus again Visits Persia—Hafed Describes Him—Thanksgiving Festival in Persia—The Magian Welcome—The Pupil and his Tutor again—Humility of Jesus—A Night to be Remembered. *Question*: Transmission of Persian Ideas through the Medium.

I WAS once more back to my beloved Persia, and amongst my own countrymen, in whose welfare, politically and socially, I ever felt an abiding interest. How often, even from the steps of the Sacred Altar, have I witnessed the invading bands of Rome ravaging and laying waste the land which gave me birth; and, alas! how often have I been tempted to take up the sword again in her defence! But no; I knew my doom. Still, when I speak of those times, through this Medium, I cannot restrain myself; my old feelings will come back, and I again feel as a mortal man. O that man would bridle those passions that lead to war and that banish peace, without which no man nor nation can prosper; for he who crushes must inevitably be crushed. And yet, hard it is for the true patriot to stand still and see his native land trodden down by the ruthless invader!

But once more was I a dweller amongst those beautiful valleys and mountains—the shepherd with his sheep. They had longed much for my return again, to lead them in the ways of wisdom; and I had much to tell them, not only of that better land to come, but of much that appertained to the history and condition of other countries which I had visited. With the exception of the art of war, we were not, indeed, far behind the foremost. But nation after nation goes on rising and falling in the great scale; and so it will be until the good time comes when, by Spirit intercourse, Paradise will be established on Earth, and all shall live under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

A few years rolled on, during which I had become acquainted with many wonderful things done by the Prince—even the Prince of Heaven and of Earth—through means of the communications received from the spiritual beings I have before referred to.

Amongst these was my old friend, the Egyptian Priest, who frequently appeared to me, in such a tangible shape, that, but for the effulgence of light which beamed from his face, I might have forgotten that he was not in the body. We spent many a happy hour together. As we sat within the Grove he told me of things I never knew before—of some things that related to the Spirit World—(now becoming known to you, O favoured ones !);—but of these I will not now speak, forming as they do a portion of my life story in the Spirit World, and which will be afterwards given.

In a letter which I had received from Jesus, he expressed a wish that I should travel with him to the East; and, having received my promise to do so, he once more arrived in Persia. He would be about eighteen years of age at this time, a tall, fine-looking young man. He was complete in education. Indeed, I question if any one in the whole civilised world at that time was at all able to compete with him. He could speak and teach in a number of languages, and was conversant with many subjects and branches of subjects, of which very few knew anything, except the priests and other learned men.

It was one of our customs in Persia to set apart a day once a-year, as a season of thanksgiving for the ingathering of the fruits of the Earth, when the Great and Bountiful Giver of all good might be acknowledged for his favours to the children of men; and it was my duty, as Chief Magi, about the time of the setting sun, and before our evening prayers, to deliver an address suitable to the occasion. But knowing that Jesus was coming, arrangements were made to welcome him once more. A company of the younger Magi went out to meet him: and I am certain no king ever received such a welcome as was accorded to this Hebrew youth. He was carried in triumph, and with many demonstrations of joy and gladness, to our holy hill, where I with others had remained waiting to receive him. But, before I had time to express a word of welcome, he raised himself, and began to speak to those who had gathered around him. And how shall I be able to give you an idea of the marvellous eloquence with which the words of wisdom fell from his lips! No man of woman born had ever given utterance to such words. He took up the subject on which I had intended to address the people, and in tones of tenderness and affection he discoursed of the love of the

Great Father in sending to his children the food convenient for them; crowning with his choicest blessings the labours of the diligent; and, in so doing, drawing their hearts upwards to Himself, the great Source of all truth and goodness.

You must remember he did not treat the subject of his address from a Jewish point of view, but from the Persian; insomuch that some were heard to say that this was Zoroaster raised again, and teaching better and purer doctrines than ever he had done to the people of old.

On the going down of the sun, he retired with me to my cell. We wished to have a quiet season of communion together, when he might talk over all that had taken place since we parted. Ah, methinks I see him now, as he, with all the simplicity and humility that marked his every action, flung himself on the ground at my feet, and leaning his arm on my knees, looked up into my face—his countenance beaming with filial love and reverence. I besought him to rise. But no; that was his place, he said. I told him it became me rather to bend before him, for had he not just shown us that he could outstrip us all, even in the doctrines of Zoroaster! But I found him firm to his purpose. "I still love (he said) to look on you with reverence. You are one of the few who understand why I am here, and who I am; for there are not many in this world to whom such mysteries have been revealed. But the time will come when the darkness that now covers the Earth shall be dispelled by that Sun, whose beams will yet give light to the sons of men. Alas! how sad to see man going down headlong in darkness to destruction,—with nothing to touch his heart of stone. Instead of being drawn towards Him who sustains them, and loves them with all a Father's love, men fly from Him as from an enemy. O for the coming of the day when I shall be prepared, my Father, to go forth to the work that Thou hast given me to do!"

We were the witnesses of many a lovely vision that night—a night not to be forgotten. It seemed a very Paradise. I have nothing with which I can compare it. In the midst of the heavenly vision, we saw our friend, the Old Egyptian Priest, clothed in robes of celestial brightness. The form of my beloved wife also came before us, in angelic beauty; and we likewise beheld my Spirit Guide, and many others besides. Sweet was

our intercourse with the spirits of the blessed on that memorable night.

Two days afterwards we set off on our journey to the East. Our path lay through many a lovely valley, and it being about the time when the fruits of the earth were gathered in, we found Nature exhibiting her most gracious aspect, causing joy and gladness to break forth on the faces of all. But I must stop for to-night.

In answer to a question as to the Medium's translation of his ideas, Hafed said—

Yes; our poetical language gets lost in trying to convey my ideas to you through the Medium. It is impossible to find words in your language to give full expression to words in ours.

[*Benediction.*]

Thirty-second Sitting.

25th August, 1871.

They Depart for the East—Magian Diversities—Ancient Conservatives—Affghanistan—The Bolan Pass—Cashmere—Hermits and Others—India the Source of Civilisation and Spiritual Light—The Plains of India—Use of Temples Questioned—Temple of the Elephants—Reflections on Indian Worship—Jesus acquires Knowledge from the Old Records of India—*Question*: Cashmere—How the Magi were Supported—Means of Traveling.

IN our journey eastward through Persia, my young friend, being ever on the search for knowledge, we made it our study to call at various places of interest—these being chiefly places where communities of Magi were established, in our intercourse with whom we had something to learn; for though all bearing the same name, the Magi were very varied in their opinions on minor matters—something like yourselves at the present day. But wherever we went, we always found some among these communities far beyond their fellows in their conceptions of things—men of a progressive character, with minds open to receive truth, and ready to proclaim it boldly when received. Others, again, grovelled in the dust of past ages, and stuck fast to that in which they had been educated, believing as their fathers believed, without the slightest desire to

advance. Of course, all my sympathies were with the former, as you may readily conceive; for with the spiritual guidance and training I had been privileged to enjoy, in which the unseen world had been so much laid open to me, I would have proved a most unworthy recipient indeed had I not been a pioneer of the great army of truth.

We arrived in Affghanistan, a district to the east of Persia, in several places of which we found colonies, or settlements, of my countrymen; and as we found them good Zoroastrians we received from them the most hospitable treatment.

In journeying from Affghanistan towards the Plains of Hindostan, we were compelled to make our way through many difficulties and dangers. But, starting in the autumn, we avoided the burning summer heat that we might otherwise have been subjected to, as well as the winter snow. One of the mountain passes, famed in history, called the Bolan Pass, was at least fifty miles in length; it was narrow and rugged, while the rocky walls towered upwards a thousand feet.

Having got through this famous pass, which we accomplished in three days, we found ourselves in Cashmere. I had been there at an earlier period of my life, but it was reached by a different route. I had long wished to spend a short time amid its lovely mountains and valleys. It was indeed a paradise, but for the people who inhabited it. Ah me! how often are such lovely spots turned into very hells by the wickedness of man!

We visited some of the most beautiful places, where Nature had clothed herself in robes of beauty and grandeur; and we at the same time came into contact with the hill tribes, and, in our intercourse with them, saw much that was interesting and worthy of note. We also visited several of those holy men who had retired from the world, and endeavoured thus to serve their Maker. No doubt they were in this following a wrong course. But we must not judge these men; they were doing what they believed to be right. Wherever we went, we always found (as we did in Persia, Greece, Rome, and Judea,) men seeking earnestly for spirit-communication—for Divine light and guidance. But there were others we met with who, setting aside the One Living and True God, the Creator and Sole Sustainer of Heaven and Earth, believed in many gods. Even they, however, when pressed by the arguments we

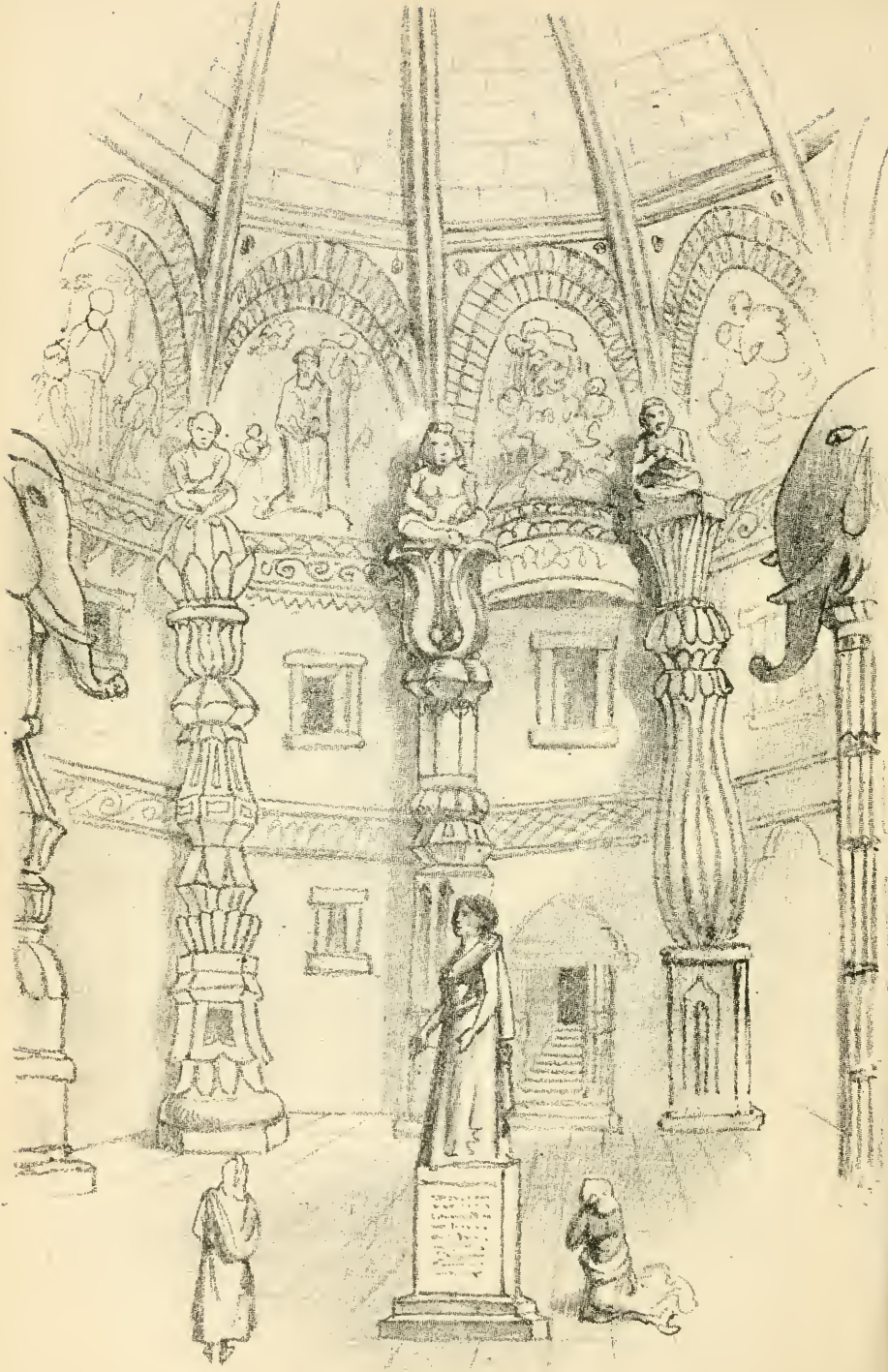
brought to bear on them, were compelled to admit of the One Great First Cause; and, in many cases, when we got into greater familiarity with them and their ideas, we discovered them nearer to our own way of thinking than we had at first given them credit for.

I believe India was the great cradle of civilisation, and that it was also the source from whence sprung the religious or spiritual light that had flowed towards the West; for, at the time I speak of, there might still be seen the remains of great temples and altars, the appearance of which plainly indicated a time, in the long past, when mankind sought to worship God in truth.

Descending from the Cashmere heights, we found ourselves on the Plains of India, famed everywhere for their beauty. The country was well cultivated, and peace and plenty were apparently enjoyed by the people. The splendid cities which met our view shone gloriously in the clear atmosphere, especially so when the rays of the setting sun were reflected by their gilded roofs and towers; while the rich verdure all around, and the pure crystal rivers, taking their rise in the distant mountains, and flowing on towards the sea, produced the most favourable impression on the mind of the stranger.

We found many grand and beautiful temples for religious worship, here and there, in our travels.—But will the High and Holy One dwell in temples made by the hand of man? Is not the leafy canopy of the grove a fitter representation of the over-arching heavens? Why expend untold wealth in the erection of buildings for the worship of Him who is everywhere present? He seeketh not such temples, the work of men's hands. Better to take the gold and silver lavished on these gorgeous buildings and help the poor and down-trodden of Earth's sons. It was not thus we acted in Persia. We cared for those who needed a helping hand; and we forgot not the poor slaves—the prisoners of war. This has been denied; but I assert it. Although prisoners, we were neither cruel nor harsh towards them.

One of these temples was called the Temple of the Elephants. It was a vast pile; gorgeously decorated, but not nearly so tasteful in appearance as the Grecian temples. It was rude, but grand, with its huge elephants supporting its mighty dome. And there the people assembled to do homage to—a white elephant! I am



JM.WT.RA

Indian Temple. (Direct.) See Sitting 34.

not condemning them. Poor man becomes, in his ignorance, the servile victim of bewildering by-ways and cross-paths, set up by self-conceited leaders to suit their own fancies. There are too many in the Spirit World who pursue a similar course. But woe unto them, for they shall not escape the inevitable result. Woe unto all who keep back light from the people—starving the souls of their fellows!

We found the priests of Hindostan to be a very intelligent class, superior in general to those of Egypt and Persia. They used the pen; and many of them were deeply versed in a knowledge of their ancient records, and expounded them. Here it was my young friend had something to learn; but the ease with which he acquired a knowledge of languages was remarkable; and he was much my superior in this respect, so that I was greatly indebted to him for any thing which I picked up, for I was getting old—wearing on for sixty at this time. We found among these sages some who, from the study of their old records, were looking forward to the coming of a Deliverer of Man. Though they looked on me as a fire-worshipper, yet they did not hesitate to open up their books to us, when I explained to them that we were there for the purpose of gaining a knowledge of their theology.

After getting through the Bolan Pass, you say you found yourself in Cashmere. Its boundaries must have been more extended in your day than at present.

Nations and places change greatly, and were I to return to the body, I would find that they were very much changed indeed.

How were you provided with the means for undertaking such journeys?

I had been about twenty-six years in connection with the Magi, and had quite a sufficiency of means whereby to undertake such travels. The Magi received support from the State, and also from the people, as teachers of youth, but of this I never took a penny. I required nothing. My possessions brought me in an ample yearly income for all my wants, and these were not many, for I was alone, and living was not high. And then I had neither soldiers nor vassals to feed; for when I became a brother of the Magi, I gave away a portion of my possessions to my retainers, so that they might be able to maintain themselves, but with this condition—that, when called upon, they were to go forth to war.

These travels required a goodly expenditure: much more than you would require at the present day—as I perceive through my Medium. We had to carry our money with us, and we were frequently attacked by robber bands, when both travellers and merchants suffered. But when travelling with my young friend, we never wanted; if, by any untoward circumstance, we got into straits, we were not long in finding relief. This reminds me of an instance of one of these deliverances. (You must bear with me if I fail to give you many of these incidents, for it is a very long time indeed since their occurrence.)

Our company on these journeys was not confined to a few individuals, but frequently numbered many persons; for some of those who travelled with us had servants to look after the animals that carried merchandise, tents, &c. In such circumstances, and in certain districts, water became a prime necessity, and was commonly conveyed in bullocks' skins slung across the backs of camels. We were passing through a desert in Affghanistan one day when the heat was excessive; and on coming to a halt, great was the consternation when it was found that several of the skins, which were thought to be full of water, were empty—the skins, while the water had been drained off, not collapsing, but retaining their distended shape. The careless servants had been thus deceived; and here we were in the desert without water! The guide of the caravan knew of a spring of water, but on reaching the place, weary and thirsty, we found it dry! Anguish was pictured on every face, for without a speedy-supply of water, death awaited us. I turned to my young friend, and with some excitement said—"This is truly a serious matter—what shall we do?" "Father," he calmly replied, "it is good that we should suffer." I demurred somewhat to this idea—I could not see the benefit. He continued—"When we begin to feel the pangs of thirst, with no prospect of water, then it is we feel our weakness; we see the foolishness of placing reliance on man, and are driven to confide in Him who is ever desirous to bring back the wanderers to trust in Him. But have you forgotten the wonderful things that have been done? These can again be done." Standing beside the dry spring, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and sought help from God, and the answer came at once in a column of crystal water rushing up from the dry spring into the pure air, and descending

in jets of the glorious life-giving element. So much were the weary pilgrims astonished at what was done that, forgetting for the time their burning thirst, they went down on their knees to lick the dust before this stripling; but he only said—"Rise and drink."

Did you hold the doctrine of the Atonement—that is, that Jesus, by his death on the Cross, atoned for the sins of mankind?

At an after period of my life I held and preached doctrines somewhat similar to those held by Paul; but now I have changed my views of the doctrine in question. It is not alone by the death of Jesus, but by his whole life on earth, that men can be benefited, and by taking him as their great exemplar. If men would but follow him—that is, love their fellows and love their God (for he did all that), then most assuredly, when they pass away from the mortal body, will they be admitted to the blest mansions of the just. I believe were Paul here, he would tell you the same thing. He, too, gave up his life like his Lord; he died rejoicing in his name, while I was doomed to fight to the death with savage beasts. Poor things, I really thought more of those dumb animals than of the embruted men who looked on—seeking for pleasure in the spectacle of an old, old man contending with wild beasts. I knew that if I prayed for it, even those hungry animals would be rendered powerless to harm me. But I was old and frail, I had nearly run my course; I had suffered much, and laboured long in the cause of my Lord and Master, and why should I not there and then die for his name? My tottering limbs, if freed from violent death, might enable me to reach some quiet spot, but it would be but to die! Better to go at once. I believe I got easier away from the body by this means than by a natural decease.

In reply to another question, he said—

My young friend, while with me, did not speak of an Atonement. He may have spoken afterwards of his death as a sacrifice of himself for the truths he taught. I know that he sometimes alluded, when with me, to the sufferings that he would endure in the course of his mission.

I shall say no more to-night. May the Great Spirit guide you and guard you!

Thirty-third Sitting.

13th September, 1871.

Reflections on Hindoo Worship—Uncouth Gods—India going back—Messages from the Spirit World—Indian Architecture—Jesus the Founder of a Universal Kingdom—Bloody Atonements taught in India—A Protest—Jesus calls for Forbearance.

WITH all their idolatrous practices in worship, we found many of the priests of Hindostan to be men of profound learning. It was a strange medley. Here a number of learned priests, and there a splendid temple: the object of worship—an elephant! Well, for size and strength the elephant is unequalled, but what a miserable object to choose as an emblem of Him, by whose wisdom and power all things were made, and whose loving hand ever guides and sustains all! Strange that men should become blind, with all their learning, to the manifestations of their Maker, which meet the eye at every turn.

My young friend and I visited some of the gorgeous temples of the Brahmins, in which the objects of worship were some ill-shapen, uncouth figures, the work of their own hands, decked out in the richest clothing, and jewels of the costliest description. O what folly! Blocks of wood, carved into ugly and monstrous figures to represent their God! It is impossible to conceive how man should sink into such a pitiful state of degradation. And yet we found the people so sincere, so honest, in their worship of these hideous representations of Deity, that we could not but exercise charity towards them. It was curious, too, to see how cleverly some of the priests contrived to argue for such a state of things. But self and love of wealth were the great mainsprings of action amongst these learned priests; they knew many things, but, for their own gain, they kept the people in the grossest darkness.

As we stood thus in what, at one time, had been accounted the centre of civilisation—the source whence had flown westward the stream of knowledge, it was painful to witness this once enlightened people going down into darkness. But here, methought, stood One who would yet work a reformation in that system of religion—a religion which had been once pure, but the

simplicity of which was gone, leaving little but empty forms, with deception on the one hand, and ignorance on the other. And yet, notwithstanding this corrupt state of religion, we found in several of those temples, especially amongst the Brahmins, a mode in use of receiving messages, or oracles, such as you have, and such as the Egyptians had. Their early records state that they met in groves, as in Persia, and that there they were taught lessons of wisdom and truth, which had once been esteemed and valued. But, setting at nought the Divine light, they became the oppressors of the poor; and being deprived of the spiritual food which their fathers had gladly received and dispensed freely to the people, they fed the ignorant multitude with wretched husks. Blessed are the nations who preserve the truth; though trodden in the dust by kings and priests, and accounted worthless in the eyes of the worldling, the Great One, whose eye is over all, will raise them from the dust, and set them in a high place.

We visited many cities famed as seats of learning and for the splendour of their temple worship. The white walls and minarets of these cities, glittering in the sunbeams, attracted the attention of travellers while yet distant. The architecture was of the most noble proportions, and excited the admiration of strangers. But in my day, the greatness and glory of India was on the wane, and she was beginning to fall behind in the march of nations. So it has been, and so will it ever be in the history of all countries: they rise to a certain height, and begin to decay. Like as the growth of the tree and its decay, so will it ever be with nations. But there is one kingdom which must rise, and will continue to rise, to be planted by him who was at this time my companion. He was the founder of a people that shall, in time, become the universal kingdom, which shall advance from one degree of perfection to another until, by the opening of the spiritual eye, communion with the Spirit World shall be established; and that will be the world's redemption.

It was a strange thing that, with all their learning, these priests connived at a system, the horrid cruelties of which were of the most revolting description. Here were devotees sacrificing their bodies to save their souls; others tearing their flesh in bloody atonement for their sins; while it was no uncommon thing for the mother to cast her helpless offspring into the waters as an offer-

ing to her god. India surpassed all other nations in this. But I must be forbearing. The poor people I blame not. The priests knew better; they could have shown them the error of thus seeking to get the favour of God; but their love of wealth and power had hardened them. My soul revolted at the fearful deeds enacted in the name of religion. Doth the Holy and the Just One require blood that we may be saved—that we may be forgiven? O no. Jesus, however, took their part—the part of the deluded people. He referred to the falling away of the Hebrews into the grossest idolatry, and the practice of the most horrid cruelties, and all brought about by false and designing priests, ever lusting after power. The people (he said) were blinded—they were ignorant. But the time is coming when all such deeds will come to an end. You are now standing on the verge of that great and glorious time.

I cannot, owing to the condition of my Medium, go farther to-night.

May the Almighty Spirit guide you and guard you from all evil!

Thirty-fourth Sitting.

10th October, 1871.

Indian Temples—Their Idols—Ganesa—A Queer God—How he Lost his Head, and how he got another—Riding on a Rat—Krishna; another ugly Deity—Hafed and Jesus visit the Hermits of the Mountains—What they saw there—The Holy Fraternity and their Temple—Spirit Communion in the Temple.

I HAVE still something to give you regarding India. There were two classes of temples in that country. The one class, of which the Temple of the Elephant, previously described, was an example, were edifices built on the surface of the earth; while the others were hewn out of the solid rock. This latter class were of great size, and at the time of our visit were looked upon as very ancient ruins, but displaying points of beauty which must have cost their builders many years of labour. This was more especially seen in the magnificent columns, which were gorgeously ornamented, but the figures on which were in forms most uncouth and unnatural. In their

architecture they were, however, far beyond the ancient Egyptians, many of whose temples were also cut from the solid rock.

Notwithstanding the evidences which were presented to the stranger of their high appreciation of art, it was clearly evident that the mass of the people were the subjects of the basest and most ridiculous superstition. The homage paid to the very small and ugly representations of their deities was something painful to witness; and their countless traditionary stories about these gods are not worth recounting. I have spoken to Brahmins who worshipped such monstrosities, and endeavoured to show them the absurdity of such a course; but it was of no use. Intelligent in many other matters, I found them—as is too often the case elsewhere—wedded to their stupid system. Their forefathers had seen (they said) all these wonderful things done by their gods, and were they not to be believed?

Let us just take two or three of these stories as a sample of the mass. One of their gods was called *Ganesa*.* The image had the appearance of a fat boy's body, with an elephant's head! It was the ugliest and most uncouth object you could set your eyes on. The story told by them about this god and how he came to have the head of an elephant is as follows:—Ganesa had one day met with another fat boy about the same age and size, and like boys, they quarrelled and fought; and in the struggle, Ganesa lost his head—his assailant running off with the same. The mother of Ganesa, discovering his headless trunk, solemnly vowed that she would appropriate the first head she met with for the use of her son. The first creature the poor woman saw was an elephant; but, staunch to her vow, she cut off the head of the elephant and stuck it on the headless shoulders of her fat boy! Another story is told about this queer-looking god, who is also represented as riding on a rat! There was a certain giant, in stature so great, that his length reached to between six or seven hundred miles, and Ganesa resolved to destroy him. Elephant-Head contrived to get him, big as he was, into a corner; but the tall fellow, in much fear, transformed himself into a rat, and ran off. But Ganesa was a very sharp lad for his years, and the giant

* The names *Ganesa* and *Krishna* could not be pronounced by the Medium and were afterwards given on a Direct Card, along with sketches of the images and two Brahmin priests. See *Appendix*.

found that to his cost, for no sooner did Ganesa discover the rat than he jumped on his back, and compelled him to carry him. He is always represented as riding on a rat.

Egypt had a number of objects of worship also, such as the hawk, the serpent, and the lion, but these were understood as symbolical of the attributes of God. Here, however, it was a system of the most unmitigated absurdity, and all the more to be lamented that they had once been in possession of the truth; but that had been in a far back antiquity, many ages before my time. Alexander, when he overran Persia and India, left many monuments of his prowess, but with all his efforts, he seemed to fail in effecting any change in the religion of this people.

Another of their insignificant deities was named *Krishna*. He was represented as resting on his hands and knees. Every peasant had this image, and when anything was to be done in agricultural operations, sacrifice was made to the idol. Strange that such a fine race of men as these Brahmins were should have supported a system in which the human form was so grossly caricatured. They told a story about this ugly little god. When a child his mother had occasion to leave him in the house, but as she could not depend much on him remaining quiet, she chained him to a log. The child, who was only two years old, wanted out to play, and drawing the log after him, in his gambols he ran on his hands and knees between two trees, and the log catching the trees and hindering his progress, he gave a tug, and down came the trees.

I give you these as a sample of hundreds of such stories in circulation all over India. And yet it would be a strange country where you could find nothing good. Amongst all this degradation there were many things worthy of attention.

After visiting many celebrated temples, in various cities and towns, studying the manners and customs of the people as we went, we journeyed on towards the mountainous part of India, where the tops of the hills are snow-clad all the year round. At length we reached a village at a very high elevation, near to the source of the great river. Here we found one of the finest temples—small, but exceedingly neat; and connected with the sacred house a little band of true worshippers. We learned that the community had been established as a retreat from persecu-

tion. They had endeavoured to bring their countrymen to a belief in the truth they held themselves, but they were driven back from the more populous districts to these mountains. They were what may be called hermits. They had their images, but on inquiry we found they were accounted by them as merely symbolic representations. Indeed, they were the most enlightened set of priests we had encountered; and what with the fine bracing temperature, after our lengthened sojourn in the Plains of India, and the privilege of such a company, we enjoyed ourselves greatly. We had not not been long there when we found that they received much of their light from the heavenly hosts, somewhat as we in Persia received it. This Holy Brotherhood had many ancient writings concerning the theology of their country in bygone ages; and here Jesus, my beloved companion, attentively studied the Indian theology, and acquired a knowledge of the language.

But I must endeavour to give you some idea of the fine temple, around which this brotherhood were gathered. The building would, I think, measure, from wall to wall, about fifty to sixty cubits. It was built in octagonal shape, with a domed roof—not exactly a circle, but each octagon forming a segment of a circle. From the centre of the dome hung a chain with a crucible for a lamp. There were various apertures in the walls for light, and in four of the sides were doors which led to several small chapels and cells. In the centre of the spacious hall there was a pedestal, on which stood one of the best figures we had seen in India. It had been cut from blood-stone, was very hard, and of a greenish colour. The priests put a very high value on this figure; its weight in gold would not purchase it. There was an inscription in hieroglyphic characters round the column, but there was only one old priest in the community who could read it. We were told that therein was contained the whole law and theology of the ancients, with an account of the Creation, not unlike that given by Moses.

The brethren assembled at night for their evening devotions, and we frequently met with them. (But in so doing I never neglected my own form of worship—retiring always at the going down of the sun, and afterwards rejoining them.) One night we had all assembled, in sitting posture, around the base of the

column. The officiating priest, as usual, went over the service to the Mighty Creator of all things, and each one present, at the close, uttered the words—"Abba, Amen!" when just as the last sound died away in the spacious hall, a voice was heard, gentle and sweet, yet quite distinctly heard by every one. The words uttered were—"Ye men of India who have worshipped me in truth and sincerity, there is one in your midst, even now, who will yet set your poor darkened and deceived brethren at liberty." I and my young companion were the only strangers present; and the assembled brotherhood naturally turned to me, being the eldest of the two. Seeing this, I rose and made known to them all that I knew concerning my beloved Prince. They would have fallen down and worshipped him there and then, but he at once checked them in their intended homage, and told them they must wait patiently some time longer; that he was but a young man, acquiring knowledge to fit him for the great work before him; but the time would soon come when the work would begin, which was destined by the Great Father to give liberty to every captive held in the chains of ignorance and sin, in every nation under heaven.

In reply to questions—

The name of the place was, in my day, Zenda. There was not much of a population, only a few labourers connected with the Temple.

The brethren were not all celibates; only a few, and these well advanced in years.

At times, they were visited by those who came on pilgrimage to the Sources of the Ganges, the holy river of India.

While there, we attended from day to day, the services of the temple, and had thus opportunities of hearing many of the priests on points of doctrine, and also of imparting our own views of truth.

They always expressed the greatest love for my young companion, and appeared to regard him as one of the Great Prophets.

I will say no more to-night.

May the blessing of the Great Spirit and of the Prince of Peace be ever upon you.

Thirty-fifth Sitting.

20th October, 1871.

The Brotherhood of Zenda—Leaving to go Home—A Digression—Indignation at Royal Prodigality, &c.—Reflections on India and her Idolatry—Contrasts Egypt and Greece with India—Jesus Raises a Man from the Dead—Home to Persia.

WE remained for about two months in Zenda; and we were not sorry that we stayed so long; for what we had lost in our previous wanderings in lower India, we made up for in our residence with the Holy Brotherhood. They were ardent lovers of truth, and manifested an earnest desire to set before their fellow-men what they believed to be the truth—even to the sacrifice of their lives on its behalf. What more can be expected from man! No higher sacrifice could be exacted even by the Deity Himself. These men had still the pure vein of gold that had run through the theologies of the East; and there were those among them who had the life-giving truth, flowing from the Divine Spirit, to proclaim to man on the Earth.

But we were compelled to leave, on account of my determination to be present at the yearly Festival of the Grove. On such solemn occasions, it was my duty to officiate at the altar; and having missed it one year, I felt all the more anxious to be present. My beloved Prince desired also to be at the Great Festival. We had thought at one time of making our way through Tartary, but had to abandon that idea, and take the quickest route—namely, through India to the Arabian Sea, and then by ship to Persia.

I had heard much about India before my visit. The Persians for many bygone generations had intercourse with it; and it was from India that our Persian monarchs had received their gold, which was lavished on their armies and military appointments, and frequently flung away in battle, to be gathered up by a victorious enemy. O, the wastefulness of Persia in these warlike matters—the utter folly—nay, wickedness, in thus pampering their warriors, and leaving oftentimes their poor to starve! Bear with me—the recollection of such things seems to fire up my

brain. Men set up to be rulers wasting the country's substance in gaudy shows, while they left their poor subjects to die of starvation!—I can hardly control myself when I think of it.

We thought a good deal of India. It was a land beautiful in vegetation: its fertile plains, its mighty rivers, and its snow-capped mountains, gave a diversity in climate, productions, and scenery that was truly charming. Nature had done her best for India, and man, too, had accomplished much. But with all their excellence as architects and artists, and despite all that the Great God had done for them, the people had blackened the face of fair Nature, and cast a veil over their gilded cities, by their base and idiotic idolatries. It was an awful degradation, that men endowed with reason should fall down and worship as their very God, a bit of brass, or wood, or clay: that ugly monstrosity their God!—not a symbol, mind you, of divinity. The Greeks and Egyptians had their images—the first in the most beautiful human forms; the latter in the forms of hawks, serpents, &c. But these Egyptian forms were all symbolical of attributes of the Deity. But here! why, there was not even skill displayed in their manufacture. The statues of Diana, Venus, and Apollo were something to look at, and, at least, admire as works of genius. These Indian idols—some of them, besides their extreme ugliness, in possession of from two to twenty arms—had neither shape nor form, and excited only disgust in the mind of an enlightened beholder.

On our return journey through India, we rode on camels or elephants, as the case might be. At one place, situated on a branch of the Ganges, at which we stayed over night, we found, on rising with the sun to resume our journey, that there was a religious ceremony taking place on the margin of the river. On reaching the spot, we observed the dead body of what seemed to be a young and good-looking man lying in the water; while beside the body sat a young woman, with a little infant at her breast. The poor bereaved one sat there, more dead than alive, weeping over the bit of clay—for the spirit had indeed fled, but was not long gone. Meanwhile the friends and relatives sat and watched on the banks, apparently to prevent her from running away, but, poor woman, she was unable to move, and in all likelihood would soon, with her infant and the dead body of her husband, become the prey of the horrid monsters that infest the rivers of India. I

had heard of such a custom, but had not till then been witness to the revolting sight. I stood and looked, and pitied. I saw the disembodied spirit hovering over the woman and child, and saw that he beckoned us to do something for the woman—no doubt, he tenderly loved her. On looking towards my young friend, I saw he was studying the same phenomenon—I could read it in his appearance. “Father,” said he, “is not this awful? O for the time when the eyes of this people shall be opened! O that we had men to do the work!” Then turning, he exclaimed, “This time, at least, they shall not see the horrid spectacle; these monsters shall not find a prey.” The waters of the river were agitated; the animals were seen to rise, but sunk again out of sight. He said to the poor female, “Good woman, arise—come to the shore.” On this the people around got angry; they were displeased at our interference, and were about to lay their hands on us. He turned and looked on them! They stood stock-still. The desolate woman looked up, and seemed to be drawn to him. She grasped him with one arm by the feet—her babe lay on her other arm. In a calm and commanding voice, he said, “Daughter of the East, arise!” On saying this, he went forward and touched the dead body of her husband. Then I beheld a sight my eyes never saw before. The spirit which had been away for some days, drew nigh to the old house of clay, and at once that which lay like a log on the margin of the river rose to its feet a living man. The people on the banks were frightened—became panic-stricken, and ran off. The woman no sooner saw her living husband than she made an effort to embrace him. But Jesus quickly perceived the movement which would have damaged all, and said, “Woman, see thou do it not—wait yet a little.” At length, after a short time, the young man coming to full consciousness, fell at the feet of his deliverer, and poured forth his soul in gratitude. “I will now,” he exclaimed, “proclaim thee as the Mighty One. I am of the priests; and now that thou hast restored me from death, and in doing this hast given me to see thee, as thou art, the Son of the Living God, I have a work to do, and will do it.” Here was something new for me. The restored man had, while disembodied, seen the Prince in his true character of Heaven’s Messenger, and was now led to look upon him as such.

We reached, at length the sea in safety; and taking ship we

sailed away for Persia, which, though not so diversified in feature as India, was yet my native land, and where we had (what was far far better than all the rich temples of India) our Grove worship, in which the Bright Angel deigned to impart to us heavenly light. The passage was but short; so I shall leave you there to-night. The blessing of God be upon you.

Thirty-sixth Sitting.

9th November, 1871.

The Arrival—Festival—Birth-day of Zoroaster—A Prayer—Jesus Addresses the Wise Men of Persia—Love for Jesus.

NOTHING worthy of notice took place during our voyage across the Arabian Sea. When I set my feet on my native land, I felt I was indeed at home. I had earnestly longed to be home; for I was beginning to get old; my once strong and supple limbs were no longer so; and these long journeys left their mark on my somewhat debilitated frame.

I hurried on, with my beloved companion, to take my place at the Grand Festival, where I would meet once more with the dear Brotherhood in the Grove. My young friend was also desirous to be present at this festival; for he was shortly to return to his own country, there to still further prepare himself for his high and holy mission.

We arrived in our spring-time—just after the seed-time. It was ever a joyous occasion, the birth-day of Zoroaster being commemorated at the same time. Our arrival appeared to add interest to the approaching festival; and this was manifested by the glad and hearty feeling that animated the brethren when they welcomed us home.

After two days' rest, the festival came on. We were all early astir to welcome the glorious orb of day, as he threw out his bright beams on the cold morning sky. Higher and still higher he mounts—marching on in his unweariéd journey, never varying a point.

“O thou wondrous Sun—beautiful emblem of the Great and Good Father of all in Heaven and Earth, whose love unto the children of men is never-ending, still beginning,—ever striving by the light of His Truth to bless mankind,—We hail thee, O Sun, glorious in beauty, as the Mighty Power by which the High and Holy One garnishes and makes beautiful the Earth. O God how good art Thou, not only to man, but to beast, and bird, and insect—to the meanest worm that crawls in the dust of the Earth! All Creation praiseth Thee! The waving branches of ten thousand trees send forth a song of praise unto Thee; the beautiful flowers that adorn the fields offer unto Thee their sweet odours and their gorgeous hues. Thanks! thanks be unto Thee, O Thou most bountiful!”

Such, or somewhat similar, were our expressions in prayer unto Him who was represented by the Sun. Then followed the chant, while we marched in procession, men, women, and children, towards the place where the festival was held. There was no intemperance in eating or in drinking on such occasions. Water from the pure fountain was our only drink.

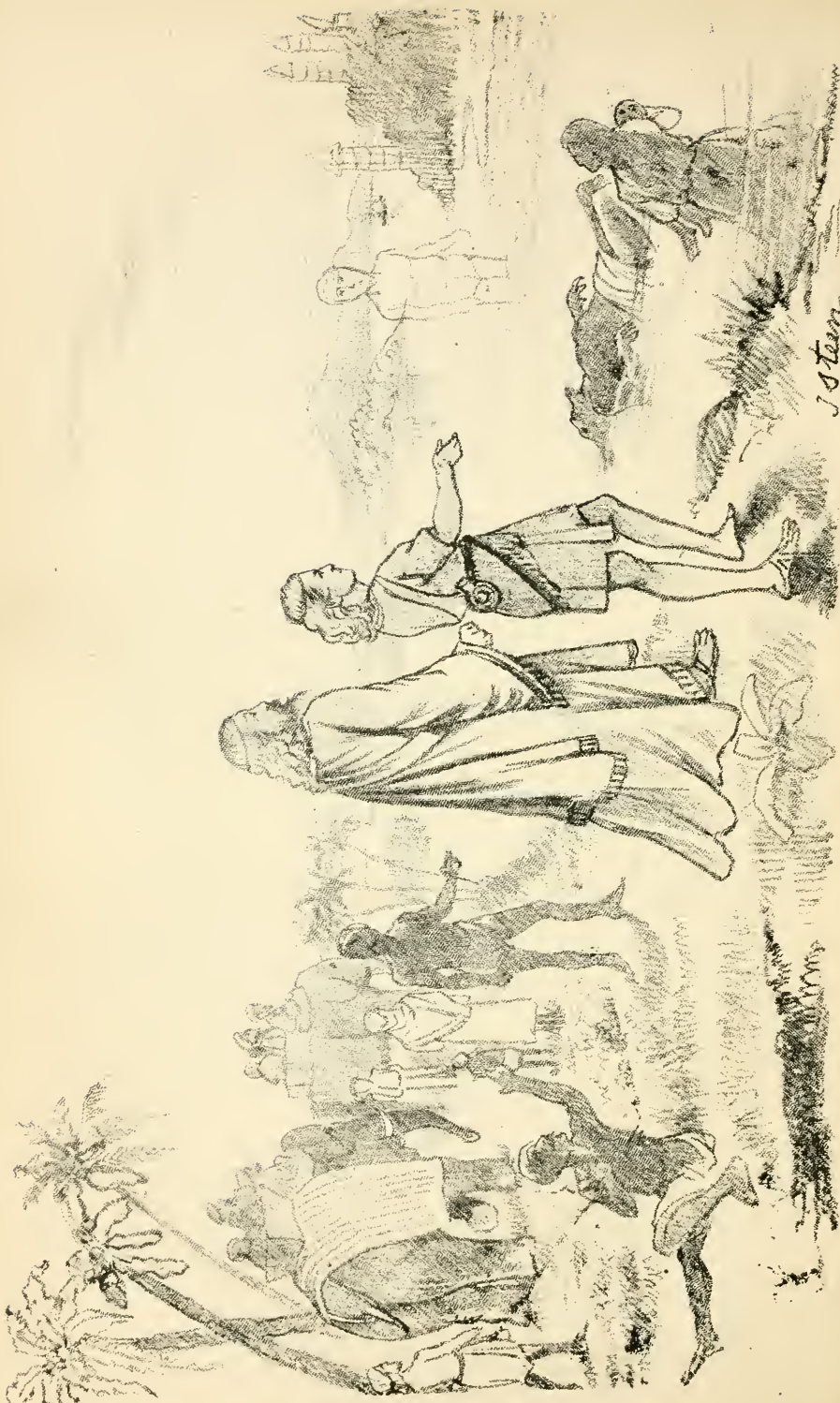
Our young friend at length stood up to address us for the last time. Although in appearance but a stripling among the sages of Persia, all were eager to listen to him. He spoke somewhat in this form :—

“Men and brethren of Persia,—I have spoken unto you on occasions such as this before, and as I am now about to leave you for my own land, suffer me once more to give utterance to my thoughts. Men of wisdom, and learning, and understanding, I thank you for the knowledge you have imparted to me, for all the lessons you have taught me. Here I stand, after travelling with my venerated father amongst nations north and south, east and west. We have searched into their theological systems, into their modes of worship, and their religious practices; but in all our wanderings and searchings amongst these peoples, though we have seen much that we considered wrong in their doctrines and worship, and much that was foolish and impure in their religious practices, yet we were oftentimes glad to see traces of great spiritual truths in their ancient books. O men of Persia! servants of the Most High, rejoice that ye are in possession of the light; for, alas! many who once had that light now grope in

darkness. You proclaim your belief in the One God, the Father of all ; He is the True God ; all else are false. Brethren, I love you, because of your sincere devotion to the truth ; I love you, because of your devotion to the welfare of the people ; because ye seek not to blindfold the ignorant, but rather to open up to them the fountains of truth and wisdom. My friends and brethren, high and holy is your calling ; for to you is committed the education of the youth of Persia ; and I love you because ye strive to set before their minds that which will not only benefit them for life on Earth, but that which will enrich them in spirit, and fit them for Heaven. You impart to them all that you yourselves have received in regard to the works of God ; and above all, you teach them to live lives of goodness and purity.

“O men of Persia, great and blessed is your work, and precious will be the fruits. But, the time draws near when darkness will come upon Persia. Look at that glorious Sun—see how he runs on in unclouded beauty ! Clouds will obscure his beams for a time, and again he will burst out in blessings over all. These darkening clouds are needed. They play their part in our Great Father’s work. Ah, how often, when crossing those sandy deserts, did we long for the dark cloud as a shadow from the scorching heat !

“Brethren, I must leave you to go home to my own land ; and there will I, in due time, proclaim to my kindred the truth I am sent to bear unto them. But the day will come when the message, which I must first deliver to my own nation, will be delivered unto you. Accept it, O Persians. Farewell ! till I meet you in the Kingdom, where dwelleth the Bright Messenger, from whom ye receive the heavenly light. Ah, how often has that High and Holy Angel dealt with these Jews, my kinsmen !—but they have rebelled again and again, and served their own lusts rather than God ; they have polluted the Holy Temple, the house of prayer, and made it a den of robbers. You may think me harsh and unsparing—I can hardly refrain. See me, when but a helpless infant, at my mother’s breast, driven into Egypt, and finding refuge with one whom these Jews counted an idolater ! Idolater ! did he bring me up in idolatry ? Well you know how he taught me in the truth and light. He, too, is in the Heavenly Country. Have I not seen him—has not Hafed, my reverend father, seen



Jesus Raising the Dead. (Direct.) See Sitting 36.

him in all his beauty as an angel? Yes; and he now labours in that work in which he took delight while here on Earth, giving light to the blind and unbarring prison-doors.

“Farewell, my friends! You may forget me for a time, but you will ere long hear of me; and the time will yet come when some of you will suffer for me.”

Thus spoke the young Nazarene, and closed with praise and thanksgiving to God. And now that he was about to leave, I felt my heart warm to this great, and good, and glorious youth. Never had I met with one so Godlike in all that he said and did. Had not my willing ears listened to his wondrous revelations of the unseen and spiritual till morning light broke in upon our sweet and holy communings? Had I not seen him, while surrounded by thirsty, dying travellers, bring water from the rocks? Had I not seen him, by the touch of his hand, restore the spirit to the lifeless body, when that which had been a senseless lump of clay became, by his merciful intervention, once more a living husband and father—a moving, speaking, working man?—aye, one who was yet to do mighty works in the name of Jesus, who graciously raised him from death.

We must stop for this night. May the blessing of the Great and Good Father, and of the Prince of Heaven and Earth, rest on you!

Thirty-seventh Sitting.

14th November, 1871.

Roman Inroads—An Embassy to Rome—Meetings in the Grove—Honour to Jesus—Attitude of Worshippers—A Persian Law broken by Jesus—The Voice of the Angel—Jesus enhaloed—A Casket of Treasure—The Spirit Form of Issha, the Old Priest—Gift of Gold—Tongues of Fire—O for Heaven! *Questions*: Is it right to pray to Jesus?—Confucius—Hafed Discovers an Indian Mode of producing Colours.

My brethren had seen or learned so much about the Prince—of his wonderful works and spirituality of mind—that they could not help looking on him as something more than man—as one specially endowed by the Heavenly Powers for the elevation of mankind.

After the Festival, and at the time when my beloved young friend was about to depart from us, the Romans made an inroad on our borders, thereby raising a dispute between the two Governments, which threatened war. This we wished to avoid, if at all possible, knowing by sad experience the dreadful results which followed in the track of armies. These domineering Romans, what right had they to attempt to thrust their so-called civilisation on countries as high in civilisation as themselves? We wanted not their circuses, with their wild-beast exhibitions and their barbarous diversions, where poor prisoners were set upon by hungry beasts for the purpose of feasting the eyes of these civilised Romans. As I have said, we had no desire for war, and our Government thought, by despatching an embassy of Chiefs to Rome, they might be able to get the dispute settled without an appeal to arms. This we considered a good opportunity of securing a safe company for our young friend on his journey. Indeed, we were sure they would gladly accede to such a proposal, for our greatest nobles or chiefs coveted to be in his presence. His fame had at this time been spread abroad over all Persia; and not only so, he was known in India, and in many places in Lower Asia. We (I mean myself and the two brethren who accompanied me to Judea) were getting old now;—but I am overlooking something I should have noticed. The night before he left us, he expressed a desire to once more visit the Grove, that he might meet with those from whom he had received so much, not only of the treasures of knowledge and spiritual riches, but gifts of this world's goods, earnestly longing also to be present once again at the descent of the High and Holy Messenger. But how was this to be done? It was a night when there was no meeting held. The whole of the community met once a month, and the three Chief Magi three times a week. The nights and the hours of meeting had remained unchanged for centuries; and the days and the hours were all set apart for various exercises. By this means we avoided jars, and established quietness and due regularity in our worship. Notwithstanding, we met that night; and ever after that occasion the change was adhered to by those who were termed the "fire-worshippers."

Unbending as was our character in the matter of customs,

we scrupled not to alter them to honour this great and gifted youth. Had I, old and experienced as I was at the time, asked such a favour; had even the King of Persia himself sought for it, it would assuredly have been denied. But even the spirits seemed to be working mightily, for we had not the slightest doubt but that, notwithstanding our irregular assembly, the Great and Glorious Spirit of the Flame would descend on the altar and speak to us.

We met at the altar, surrounded by those gigantic trees, and there, with our heads buried in the dust, we waited the coming of the Angelic Messenger. The flame from the sacred oil rose brighter and brighter, but that flame was quickly dimmed by the appearance of the Shining One, whose effulgence eclipsed even that of the sun at noon-day. I and those who were with me knelt with our heads bent in the dust around the altar, while Jesus alone stood up to adore the High and the Holy God. "Why thus (said he) bend your heads in the dust? Stand erect, and be men. Are ye not noble beings made in the image of God?" It had been ever our custom to prostrate* ourselves before the Altar of the Grove; but at his bidding we stood up. Here was another law broken in Persia. We (that is, my two brethren and myself) now came forward and took our place beside our young friend, when the voice of the angel was heard:—"O ye Magi of Persia, servants of the Great God—ye who were honoured to be the chosen ambassadors of Heaven to welcome the birth of the Prince, bearing our gifts to the feet of the holy child—ye who have succoured him and taught him that which he should know, fulfilling your mission to the very letter—look on him now, before he leaves you!"

On turning to obey the voice of the messenger, we were awestruck by the sight that met our dazzled eyes. The Prince had become equal in brightness to the Shining One of the Flame. I had seen him many a time with a halo of light around his head;

* At revisal, an observation being made on the proper attitude in devotion, the Medium was made to rest on his hands and knees, while he bent his head till it touched the floor. "That was the posture we took before the altar. Such (he continued) had been the mode adopted in all nations—even covering themselves with dust and ashes. But he taught us to stand up with head erect, as men made in God's image."

but now the glory of his whole person exceeded all I had ever witnessed. (This light or glory was of the same nature as that which you have yourself seen while sitting in circle.) Great was our wonder. The Angel of the Flame bent over him. A voice—but not the voice of the angel—was heard by us, and each one treasured up the sacred utterances, but these were never repeated by us. They were a mystery till Paul and I met, when the first words he addressed to me opened up my mind, and then all was clearly revealed. I will refer to this again.

After this, the Spirit of the Altar took his place in the flame, when each one bent the head in reverence. He thanked us, in the name of the Great Spirit, for all that we had done. He then presented us with a small and curiously-formed casket, which he took from beneath the altar, where it had lain concealed, and said that the contents were to be devoted to the poor of Persia, in return for our services to the Chosen One, who was now about to leave us. I opened the casket (which I thought I had seen before), and, lo! there lay a heap of glittering metal before our wondering eyes.

The question will arise in many minds—Why should the Heavenly One bestow gold on mortal men? There was good reason for it. At all times it is a hard matter to get those who are distressed in body to listen to the voice of him who endeavours to instil truth; but at this time, on account of several bad harvests, and the inroads of the Romans, who had laid waste many homesteads, there was great distress existing amongst the poor families in Persia; and this gift could not have been bestowed at a more needful time. It gladdened our hearts, for we could now go forth to our poor brethren with greater freedom, having in the one hand food for their famishing bodies, and in the other nourishment for their souls.

After giving thanks to the Bright Angel of the Fire, we engaged in prayer on behalf of him who was now beside us, that he might be shielded from the dangers of the coming journey, and now that his student-life was about to close, that he might be directed and strengthened for the great mission on which he had been sent.

At the close of our supplications, on looking up, we beheld beside the altar the form of my venerable friend, the Old

Egyptian Priest, clad in the flowing robes of white I have formerly described. As we gazed on the holy visitor, with feelings of awe and wonder, he smiled on us, and lifting up his hands, he blessed us. He then pointed to a place right beneath the Altar of Fire, where we observed a small chest. I was directed to open it, and on doing so, the precious gold with which it was filled was poured out. I was then told to close it again, and give it to our young friend. He looked at me, and said—"Did you ever see this chest before?" At once it flashed on my memory that I had seen it when we were assembled with the brotherhood in their little temple in India. We had our attention drawn to it, where it stood at the corner of the altar, under the dome in the centre of the hall; and I remembered that an old priest had told us that the chest was to be given to "One who was to come." But how came it here? It must have been brought by Spirit power. I had emptied it of its contents, as I have said; but being told to open it again, I found it full of gold! He needed money for travelling to his own country much more than you require in your travelling; and here was the needed supply—although for that matter *he* did not require it; for I know that frequently, in our journeys, we travelled on very easy terms—indeed, I believe, had he willed, his journey would have been but short. But, although gifted with power in an extraordinary measure, he always, except on rare occasions, followed the ordinary way of things.

After the delivery of the chest to Jesus, the Blessing of Fire streamed down on each of us, by which we received new vigour, new life. This requires some explanation, for I do not think I have referred to it before. You yourself have seen a little of it. You have been privileged to see on more than one occasion those little stars which are visible to the natural sight. Well, as we stood around the sacred altar, the Bright One of the Flame held up his hands, and from the spirit fingers there flowed forth on all, like as it were tongues of fire; and, for the time being, we felt young again. Now, the fire has this peculiarity about it, it can be used to convey spirit messages or desires to the individual with whom the spirit wants to communicate, as if it were a living being. This emanation of the spirit—this magnetic current, when poured out in force on the head, conveys the message of the spirit. You hear, as it were, a voice speaking to you. This

blessing was poured out upon us each night before the departure of the Angel of the Fire. (I will in due time show you something in connection with this light, or sacred living fire).

The Bright Angel once more ascended to the regions of light and love, and my old and venerated friend went with him. O how I wished to be there, that blessed place, the glories of which I had got glimpses of. Just as my old friend was departing he perceived my ardent desire. "Brother," he said, "wish not for that. You have yet before you great and important work—aye, and you have to suffer much before you leave. I passed easily away from this earth to the bright mansions beyond. You shall have a rougher passage; but be not cast down. When here, I learned much from you; but there are many things which I will make known to you when once you cross the river. You have done your duty to him who was committed to your charge; but you have still to do much for him. It is long since you were told you were to suffer for that deed, by which you broke your vow. Alas! it was but the old spirit of war that made you forget your sacred and holy calling" I bent myself before him, and acknowledged and bitterly repented the rash step. But I was young, and the old blood of the warlike Chiefs and Princes of Persia coursed freely through my veins; and how, O how could I stand unmoved and witness the ravages of these ruffian Romans? I went forth once more to battle. Alas! I went forth alone, not as before; my Guardian Angel went not with me, and I suffered then, and was doomed to suffer.

Is it right in us to pray to Jesus?

Yes, it is right to pray to Jesus. In my day the followers of Jesus undoubtedly looked on him as their great Medium of communication with God, and they reverently adored him. He is, indeed, the Great King of Kings, and reigneth in Heaven and Earth.

Were the Magi acquainted with the doctrines of Confucius, the Chinese sage?

We had heard of Confucius, but had no knowledge of his system. But, as I have already stated, the Brahminical and Buddhistic systems had sunk into the grossest darkness. As for the Hermits of the Hills, they had gone so far away from Brahminism as to break their caste; for, though I was a Persian, and

my young friend a Jew, they scrupled not to eat and drink with us. Indeed, some of their teachings were of so elevated a character as to put Egypt and Greece to shame.

In reply to another question he said—

In the science of the stars, astronomy, we Persians thought ourselves far beyond the Egyptians and Babylonians. But we studied many things; amongst others, the production of colours. There was one colour or dye once well known in Persia—a green, like to grass when it first sprouts forth—but a knowledge of its manufacture had been lost by us. It was known in India, but only by a few. Now, I had seen when there some of those silks in which there was no fading of colour, and being, as a Magian, somewhat acquainted with such matters, I resolved to keep my eyes open, if perchance I might discover the secret. I noticed, while residing at the Temple in the mountainous part of India, the priests habited in a linen robe of this colour; it appeared so bright I thought it silk, which takes on a better colour than linen. I inquired once of an old Brahmin in regard to the production of the valuable colour. But I found that though he was quite prepared to give me much information on many things, he would not, or could not, give me a knowledge of this secret. One morning, however, I met a young Brahmin priest with a bundle of wood on his shoulders. I made the remark that his wood, being so green and wet, would hardly be available for fuel. He said it was for no such purpose, but for the production of a dye. Taking his hatchet, he chipped some of the wood, and on taking some chips into my hand to examine, I found my fingers stained, not exactly green, but something of a yellowish hue, like that which we see on our fingers when we crush a flower. He said the chips were put into a cauldron and boiled, and the juice drained off; after which, by the application of a certain chemical, a beautiful green colour was the result. But where and what was this chemical? That was the point for me to ascertain. No one could or would tell me more than I had learned, and I resolved still to keep my eyes open.

One day, wandering near to the falls of the Ganges, I observed at the water-side a number of grey slates, placed edge-ways, and forming small pools; on going closer it appeared to me as if some children had been amusing themselves by the simple-like struc-

tures. By some accident, I dropped a napkin into one of these little pools. Taking up the cloth I went on, and to wipe the sweat from my face I applied my napkin, but in doing so I touched my lips. I at once saw why the stones were so placed round these little pools. They were there in order, by the action of the water on their surface, to extract the mineral. I thereupon filled a stone bottle with the water from one of the pools, and carried it home. The nights being somewhat cold in that region, we had a small fire in the cell allotted to me and my young companion; and after he had retired to rest, I poured the water into a pot, boiled it, and discovered the secret. [*Here the Medium appeared as if tasting, and went on.*] It was what you call alum. I had got this in a clear, white lump. One night, subsequently, I observed an instrument in use for the distillation of spirit, and I concluded that the essence of the alum was to be got by distillation, and that this was the potent element in the production of the dye. If I could get my Medium to get the right wood—we had plenty of it in Persia—I might direct him how to make this famous colour.

I will say no more at present. [*Benediction.*]

Thirty-eighth Sitting.

25th Nov., 1871.

Spirit Inquiry into Man's Primeval State—Sorry to Part—A Digression—His Last Night with Jesus—Sitting with Jesus for Spiritual Communications—Prayer—A Vision of the Spirit World—Favoured More than Mortal—The Parting with Jesus. *Questions:* Attitudes in Prayer—Jesus the Christ—Foolish Tales of Ignorant Spirits—They don't know any better Heaven—Was it possible for Jesus to Sin?—Jesus Cognisant of Hafed's Communications—Duty of His Followers—Take care how you use your Medium.

THOUGH it was but a short mission on which my young and beloved companion had been sent, a great and glorious work had to be done, and he had studied hard in the school of human nature, that he might be fitted for the work—a work by means of which man might be raised from the sin and darkness of Earth to holiness—to that light and love by which he would be able to hold

sweet communion with the sainted ones in the Heavens. This, according to ancient records, man had once enjoyed—indeed, the records and traditions of all nations contain more or less reference to such a happy state in primitive times. Though much may appear to be fabulous and fantastic, yet there are evidently some great truths that lie encrusted in these early stories. Even in Spirit-life I have made an effort to trace back to the first man; and glad would I be to succeed in my search. For, like you now on the Earth, we are ever on the search for knowledge; but there are many things hidden from our view, and much that is now hidden from your eyes is fully disclosed to us. The more I see of the wonders of the Great and Good Creator and Sustainer of the universe of worlds—compared with which Earth is but a grain of sand—the more I feel my own insignificance.

But I am forgetting my subject. A few of us resolved to go forth with our young friend for a short distance—so unwilling were we to part from him. He had become to me as my own child. I know that had he indeed been my own son, I could not have felt more than I did on this occasion.

Ah, just think what you would suffer if you were called to part with an only child, never to look on him again. I, too, had a wife and child taken away from me. But her image was ever before my eyes—not imaginary, but real—one of the brightest angels before the throne of the Great and Holy Spirit. Many a time, when much needed, had she appeared to cheer and comfort me in my lonely moods. (Bear with me; when I recall these old things I forget what I am about—I wander—I cannot help it.)

Well, as I was saying, having resolved to go with our young and noble friend for a short distance, we set out with the caravan, with the intention, on our part, to return to our home the same night. You may well imagine that it was a trying time for me, knowing that I should soon be compelled to part with him with whom I had wandered over many lands, and for whom I felt an ever-increasing regard.

Although originally they had the intention of pursuing their journey by the light of the full moon, on coming to a spring of water at the close of the day, the parties composing the caravan changed their purpose, and resolved to encamp for the night. This change on their part, produced a desire in my brethren and

myself, to stay with them over night; for ah, we were loath to part with the beloved youth! So here were we, the Chief Magi of Persia, encamped with the caravan.*

Bear with me, my friend, I am again wandering from my subject. That was one of those glorious nights I was privileged to enjoy when on Earth,—certainly not the most glorious, for that must be said of the last night before I left it for the bright mansions on high. At the request of my Lord and Master (which I may now well call him), one of the merchants of the caravan gave us the use of a large tent, under the ample folds of which he had stored his stock of rich silks and other goods. These, on the assurance that nothing would injure them being given by my Lord, the merchant at once threw out on the sand, exposed to the depredations of robbers and to the weather. But we knew they were safe; such was the confidence we had in the assurance of our young friend.

We sat down—Jesus in the centre, we sitting round about him—just as you are now sitting at this table. We had not come together for light or ordinary conversation; we sat for spiritual communion. It was but a few hours since we had been visited by the Egyptian, my venerable old friend; but I had a strong desire to communicate with him again, and I felt that he would be with us. There was something I wanted to ask him about. At length the sun sunk to rest; we had engaged in our devotions, and darkness, which soon came on, necessitated the lighting of our lamps. Each one of the Magi carried a lamp, which was lighted the moment the sun went down, and kept burning. We sat down, as I have said while each of us prayed to the Great and Good Spirit that he would send his blessed angels to guide our young friend on the way; for we were well nigh worn out, and (it might be soon) ready to take the Spirit form; and O how we longed and prayed that the time for our release might be short. On lifting up our bended heads from the Earth—for, remember we laid ourselves, in prayer to the High and Holy God, low in the dust—in the dust—in the dust! (for such is the proper attitude for man) when there burst upon our ears the most ravishing

* Here, again, there was another long digression on the character, qualifications and duties of the Magi—their desire to elevate the people, and the necessity of education as a chief element in the prosperity of nations.

music, as if all the heavenly choirs had united in one harmonious hymn of praise to the Mighty Creator; while at the same time the most delightful odours pervaded the place in which we sat. Where was the tent with its fancy coverings?—it was gone, as if by a magician's wand; and now we found ourselves in the midst of a magnificent building, of immense proportions, and lighted by thousands upon thousands of lamps, blazing from the lofty dome like stars, or living eyes of fire, and possessing, with all their brilliance, a softness of effect that I cannot well describe. Around the spacious Temple, on seats of gold, which were carved with figures beyond the conception of mortal man, sat the glorified Spirits of men. I had observed that, as we entered, my young friend, Jesus, became in appearance like unto the bright and glorified Spirits. Overcome with wonder and awe, we knelt—not in the dust, but on the golden pavement; and shortly afterwards, on looking up, great was my astonishment when I perceived that the Spirit officiating before the Great Altar was none other than my friend the Old Egyptian Priest; and as he laid his offering, as he was wont, on the appointed place, a thousand voices were raised in a harmonious burst of thanksgiving and praise, while ten thousand echoes from the burnished walls of the vast Temple sent back the strain upon our ravished ears. I had a thousand questions to put to him; but ah! they were the questions of Earth, concerning Egypt, and I felt that there I could not put them. He left the altar, and, coming near to us, said—"You have been favoured more than mortals; for no one in bodily form hath seen what ye now see." He then revealed to us many strange things; but these, appertaining to Spirit-life, I must give you afterwards, when I come to that part of my life. But that night we engaged in praise with heavenly priests and a heavenly congregation. We saw and conversed also with Spirits who had been translated from Earth for many generations back. When we were about to leave, my venerable friend said—"This is what you so often desired to see on Earth. It is to you a foretaste of that good time, which will yet come to bless mankind." We seemed to have lived an age, although we had only been a night in Heaven (whether in the body or out of it, we could not tell); for when we came back the Sun broke above the horizon to run his daily course.

After engaging in the worship of the Great Creator, we embraced our beloved young Lord and Master ; we parted from him in tears, and he went on his way. My sorrow was deep ; for well I knew (indeed, I was told) I would never again see him in mortal form. But before he left he promised to let me know of his welfare.

You spoke at a previous sitting of Jesus commanding you to stand erect in worship, how do you reconcile that with the statement you have just made, that bending low in the dust is the proper attitude for man ?

In the former case, we obeyed the voice of one who stood near to the Great Spirit—we assumed the attitude which is taken by all in the Summer Land. There we stand erect. Those on Earth ought still to bend in lowly reverence.

A statement was recently made by a Spirit at a Circle in England, and published in a Spiritual journal, that the name "Jesus Christ" was wrong, and that it should be "Fesse Pandra, the son of Joseph Pandra and Mary Christ." What say you to that ?

There was no such name among the Hebrews—indeed, no one of that nation would dare take it. The word *Christ* is not Hebrew, but Greek. In Hebrew it is *The Messiah*, the Anointed One, of their Seers and Prophets ; the One which was to come. As regards my Lord and Master, I care not what you call him. He is ever the same to me. I know him to be more than all he claimed to be. It will be better for you to use the term we used—"The Nazarene." The Spirits who come and tell such a tale, are merely doing what they did on Earth. They think themselves very wise, no doubt, but they know nothing. I know there are Spirits who entertain such foolish notions, and until they are led to consider themselves as ignorant and outside the Heaven in which they think themselves to be—to become humble, and thereby open to truth—these ideas will continue to be held by them. Though the host of them should assert the story to be true, I would defy them all, and proclaim them false.

But these Spirits say they are in a happy condition—in a sort of heaven.

Yes, I believe they are in a heaven—one of their own making ; but they know no better. When once these spirits are humbled, they will begin to think. Their spiritual eyes will then open to

the truth as preached by some humble servant of the Nazarene ; and at length they will begin to confess him, to bend the knee to him, before whom all nations shall yet bend. Think of me—a born Prince of Persia and Chief of the Magi, who could stand uncovered before the King and Princes of Persia, bowing myself low in the dust before Jesus.

Is Jesus cognisant of these communications you are now making to us?

I can do nothing that is hid from him. In coming here, we are at perfect liberty. This is our mission, and if those who profess to be concerned for the prosperity of their churches would follow him, then would our visits be blessed to them, as they were blessed to the followers of the Master in my day. Signs and wonders followed in the track of the humble preachers—the poor labourers and fishermen of Judea ; the sick were healed, the blind received sight, the lame were made to walk, and evil spirits were driven out of poor mortals. And all this would again take place—spiritual power would again be put forth ; but they bar their doors against us, and prefer to fight one with another for theological dogmas.

Was it possible for Jesus, when in the body, to sin?

Yes, it was possible for him to fall ; but I never could discover a fault in him. It is quite a possible thing to live a sinless life. From the time I last threw down the sword, I never sinned, neither against God, nor my brother, nor myself ; I did whatever my conscience allowed me to do—whatever it told me was right. But, unlike others, I was greatly under spiritual influence, or guidance.

In reply to a remark as to the condition of the Medium, the Spirit controlling said—

The Medium has suffered much for some days. You must on no account interfere with the rules set down at first for your guidance by the controlling spirits. If some persons only knew the very delicate constitution of many of those who are termed Mediums, they would not dare subject them to the treatment they are often called to endure. To play upon such an instrument, injured in some of its finest strings, would be not only foolish, but destructive to the instrument ; and rather than do this, the spirits often withdraw for a season, to save their mediums.

We will stop for this evening. [*Benediction.*]

Thirty-ninth Sitting.

2nd December, 1871.

Reflections of Hafed—Predictions of Coming Events in Persia—Roman Oppression—Tidings of Jesus—Tidings of the Restored Brahmin—His Work in India—Effect on Hafed—News of the Death of Jesus—Letters from Jesus promised—Hafed chosen as an Ambassador to Rome—His last Meeting in the Grove—Sets out for Rome—The Embassy and its Result—Becomes a Wanderer—Arrives at Athens—Meets with an Old Acquaintance—Troublers of the Orthodox—A Conservative Priest—The New Views—“Let us look to ourselves”—Paul the Apostle described—The Interview—Hebrew and Persian—At Paul’s Lodgings—Hafed resolves to cast in his Lot with the Evangelists—Still a Zoroastrian—Denunciation of Mahomedans.

THE last time we met, I endeavoured to give you some account of our parting from him who was in our estimation the God-sent Saviour of the world—not a poor man’s son, but one nearly related to the Mighty Spirit. We had parted from him, never more to behold him again with mortal eyes; and as I remembered the many days and nights we had companioned together, and the lands we had traversed, the tears fell fast from my aged eyes. He was returning home to the land of his birth and to his own kindred; and in due time would begin his work amongst that people and go on until the death; while I would turn back to the old routine of the Magian system, which, to me—somewhat in advance of my brethren—was becoming old and rusty. Though of a pure kind, yet there was evidently some element wanting in our Magian system fitted to create expansiveness of view, which excites in the mind a love for man as a man, apart from nation or creed.

Well, we returned home with much sorrow; and the same evening we met in the Grove to seek consolation and advice from one who was able and willing to give both. He told us of things in the future that would revolutionise Persia socially and spiritually; showed us how Rome with her armies would crush us as a nation; how many in Persia would accept the new theology, while others would stand firm by their altars of fire; and how, in course of time, multitudes would accept a much worse religion—one

enforced by cruel and barbarous enemies at the point of the sword.

After evening prayers, we (I mean the other two and myself) often met, and would ponder over that which had been revealed to us, and also on the truths which had been brought before us by the Nazarene. The state of our native land likewise called for much thought and consideration on our part at this time. The working classes of Persia were beginning to sink deeper and deeper in poverty; for under the oppressive dealings of the Romans, husbandman and artizan alike suffered, a great proportion of the produce of their toil being torn from them in the shape of tribute, to be sent to Rome, there to minister to the licentiousness of the robbers.

We heard now and again of the career of our beloved young friend, the Nazarene, and of his wonder-working ministry in Judea. Indeed, at this time, his fame had been spread over both Upper and Lower Asia; and the marvellous stories told to us by those who came from Judea (though losing nothing, as usual, in being retailed by various parties) were just what we were led to expect; for had we not been witnesses to his power while he sojourned with us? I need not speak particularly of his sayings and doings in his own land, seeing you have already a pretty full account of these in the records that have come down to you.

About this time, we heard, through certain channels of communication, that the Brahmin priest (he who had been restored to the body by the power of my Lord and Master) was creating a great stir in India. The news was confirmed by letters from him, which were brought to me by merchants trading between Persia and the East. In these letters, after telling me of the wonderful works done by him, or through him, and the great and unwonted excitement produced on the people by his teachings, he went on to say that the people did not look on him as a mere man, but as a son of Buddha; that when he spoke, he felt as if he were possessed by gods, insomuch that the people were at times ready to worship him as a god; but that then he would tell them of the wonder of his own resurrection, and of that great and glorious One who raised him up to mortal life, and on whom he would ever look as the Heaven-sent Deliverer of mankind.

This was indeed news to me; and it made me thoughtful. Here

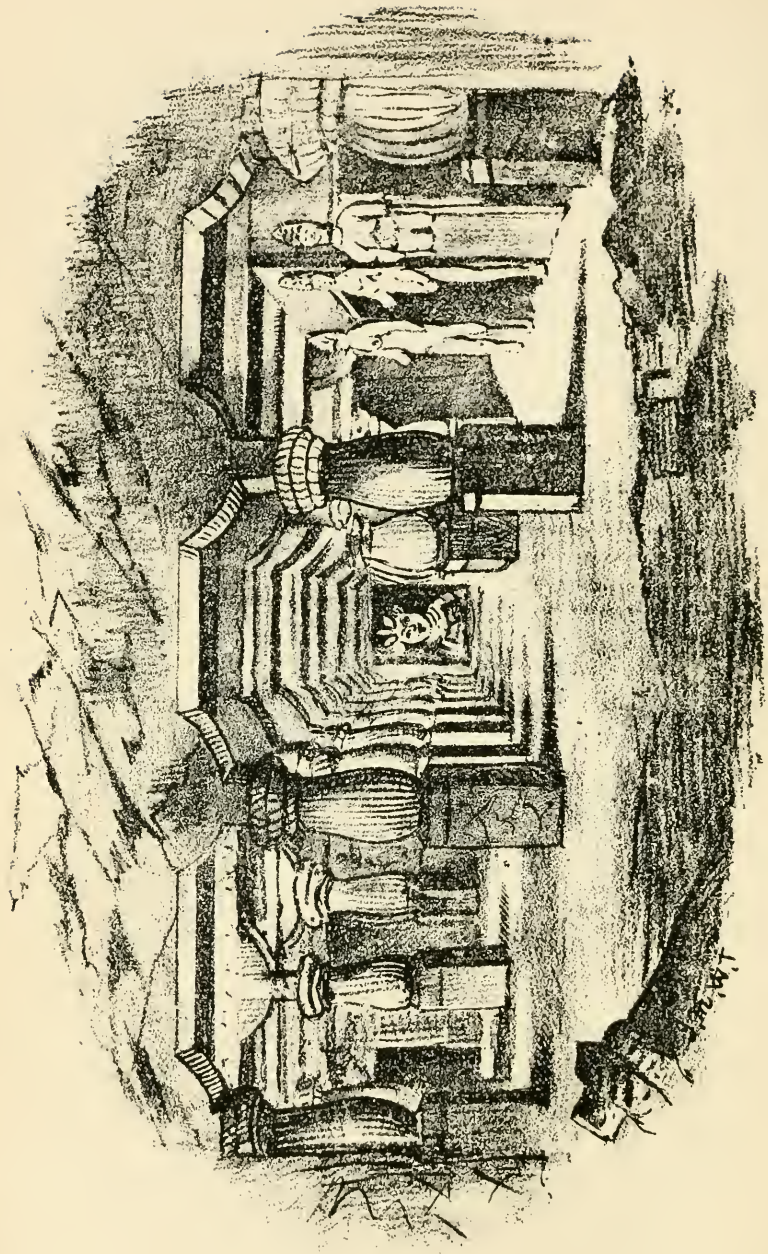
was a Brahmin throwing aside the strong fetters of caste which fast bind these men, and declaring the truth to his fellow-men. My heart leapt within me. Was Judea to be blessed by this Brahmin; while I, who had been so greatly privileged, stood still and did nothing? My whole soul was stirred; but I felt how hard it was to break away from the system under which I had so long laboured, and that I was fast bound by the ties that time and education had created—I was rivetted, as it were, to the system. Time went on, and, as I have said, we learned from letters and otherwise of the public ministry of our beloved Nazarene. He had been going from place to place, teaching the people, and doing many marvellous works; but, notwithstanding his gracious words and works, he was despised by his bigoted countrymen. Those favoured men would not listen to his words of truth. He must become one of the many martyrs whose blood had been shed by these blinded Jews. And at length news came to us of his cruel and shameful death, and how he had revived, and appeared to many of his followers. Many of us were made sorrowful, and went mourning in sackcloth and ashes, for we knew that one who was endowed with the fulness of the Great Spirit was gone. But I was consoled by the thought that now I would see him; no longer confined to the mortal body, the man, the spirit, would be often near to me.

As I said before, I will not dwell on the incidents of his ministry, seeing you have these, as given by some of his followers, in the records handed down in writing. But I will give at another time the contents of certain letters which I received from him.*

It is at this point in my narrative that I must begin to tell you of incidents in my life as a follower of Jesus of Nazareth—as, what you would call, “a Christian.”

In connection with a dispute that had arisen, I was chosen by the Persian Government to accompany an embassy to Rome, as adviser to the two Princes who were deputed ambassadors, and to watch over the case as it proceeded. Though well advanced in years, I was still vigorous, and hesitated not to accept the office; and this, more especially, because of the opportunity it would give

* See *fac-similes* of Direct Letters in *Appendix*.



A Cave Temple in the Island of Elephanta. (*Direct.*) See Sitting XXIV.

me of returning from Rome by way of Judea, and learning farther particulars concerning my beloved Lord and Master.

The evening before we left for Rome I met with my brethren in the Grove, the last of such meetings to me. It was indeed a place sacred to me, for there it was I had so often met, face to face, with Angelic Messengers from the Great and Good Spirit.

At the rising of the sun next morning, after the usual morning prayers, we set out for Rome. Gorgeous and attractive was the cavalcade: for composing it were the Princes and Nobles of Persia, arrayed in the richest attire, attended by their numerous retinue and guards, all mounted on horses, and displaying many beautiful banners; while I, amid the gay host, sat upon the back of a camel, that uncouth-looking animal, so unlike the graceful and smooth-skinned horse. I was but a simple man on an errand of peace.

After a long journey, the incidents in which I stop not to relate, we arrived at Rome. We found the Roman Government hard to deal with. Indeed, they wanted to detain the Princes as hostages for the good faith of the Persian Government. But, after a hard fight, in which I had to watch them at every turn, we gained our point, and the embassy returned home. Meanwhile I waited for a conveyance by land from Rome to Jerusalem, when it occurred to me that I might sooner accomplish my object if I started by a ship about to leave for Alexandria or Lower Egypt, and by doing so be able to visit my friend, the Young Egyptian Priest. But, man may plan, God will arrange. I had made up my mind; but after a while a thought arose—I would do well first to visit Athens; then go to Jerusalem, afterwards to Egypt, and then home to Persia. I, therefore, determined to follow this course, when I would have an opportunity of visiting some of my old friends among the Grecian priesthood; for though we differed very much in our religious ideas, I still retained a respect for the men as honestly believing what they held to be truth.

Just as I entered the great and learned city of Athens, I heard that the minds of the people were just then much stirred by some strangers preaching certain extraordinary doctrines. I had a good notion what doctrines they were that had set the people a-talking. Heeding not, I pushed forward towards the Temple. Here I met with a very old man, with whom I had been acquainted many

years before. We knew each other at once, though both of us were greatly changed. My hair at this time was quite white, but it was thick and strong as in middle age. We had not been long in company before he broke out in bitter invectives against the new teachers and their strange doctrines, which had, he said, drawn the people in crowds to hear them to the neglect of the gods. I asked him concerning the new doctrine. From his answer I very well understood what it was. On trying to explain to him these new doctrines, and to put them in a favourable light before his mind, he began to suspect me of being one of the new teachers. I at once told him that I was not, but at the same time, I said, I considered he did them injustice; that they were not seeking to injure him, or any one. "Why, then," said he, "do they come here to disturb us?" I tried to set before him the truth, that it was the Great Spirit of the Universe alone that sustained him, and that sustained all. He would not listen to this, but maintained that their sustenance, as priests, depended on the gifts of the people who frequented the temple, and if they were drawn away from the worship of the gods where was the sustenance to come from! I showed him that had he but studied the poets of his own country he would have been better instructed. "No, no," he exclaimed, "we must look to ourselves; it will not do for us to depend on such support as you propose." I could make no impression on him. He was not only unlearned, but very bigoted in his ignorance. I told him I had a great desire to see the new teachers, and hear for myself the doctrines they taught, being quite ready to listen to the expression of views opposed to those I held.

That night, however, I accepted the hospitality of my old but narrow-minded friend. Next morning I went to Mars Hill, the place where I was likely to meet with the preachers of the strange doctrines. Here my eyes fell on a man who was addressing the people; he appeared to be of medium stature, and of middle age; rather stout in body, sharp in countenance, and an eye like the eagle's. He was boldly and thoroughly expounding the theology I knew so well, by which I was sure that he was a follower of him whom I loved. At the close of his address I went up to him. He stood and looked on me. He said—"Thou comest from Persia?" "I do." "I knew it," said he; "for last night I saw

thee come to me even as thou now comest. Thou hast aforetime walked with him who was dead, and is now alive. Thou art here to teach the new doctrine; no more fire-worship with thee!" I was much grieved to perceive that he entertained a false idea of our Persian system; and considering it right in me to give him a truer representation, I said—"I see that thou hast indeed seen me in vision; but I also have had a vision; for now I understand that Jesus, my Prince, appeared in spirit to thee, and it was his appearance that changed thee to the truth. Now, though a learned man, I perceive that thou, like many others, lookest on Persians as idolaters. We are not idolaters—no more worshippers of fire than are thine own countrymen, who worship in the Temple of Jerusalem, in which is preserved the sacred fire, of the same nature as that which burns on the Persian altars. After some further conversation, in which I referred to the great benefits conferred on the Jews by the great Persian Cyrus, I went home with him to his lodgings. Thereafter, I went back to the old priest and bade him farewell, as I resolved henceforth to lodge with this teacher of the strange doctrine.

On returning, we sat down, and entered into a long conversation. He told me much that was new to me in regard to the propagation of the truth—of the trials and persecutions they had endured, and of the wondrous works that had accompanied their ministry in every place. He afterwards introduced me to others of the brethren. My mind was now fully made up to join myself to them, and give my remaining life to the proclaiming of the truth.

Of course my contemplated journey to Jerusalem and Egypt was at once abandoned, and I went through a land now called Spain, evangelising as I went; thence to Greece; afterwards to Egypt, where I tarried for some time, and then back to Persia. But of these wanderings I have much more to say.

Though no longer a brother of the Magi, you must not imagine that I left my old mode of worship; for, even in foreign lands, I rose with the sun, and with bended knees before the Great Sun I raised my voice in adoration and thanksgiving to Him who is the Source of all Light and Love.

In reply to some further remarks, he broke out in bitter denunciation, as he has repeatedly done, against the Mahomedans

and their religious inroad on Persia, in the midst of which he appeared to check himself, and prayed fervently that God would forgive the ruthless destroyers of his native land, concluding as follows:—

“Some there are, O thou Great and Good One, who dare to deny Thee, their Creator and Sustainer, and foolishly imagine there are none greater than themselves. Alas! poor men, when they pass over here into darkness, they shall know—they shall be made to consider—and led by many a painful step, to see that Thou, O Father, art ever ready to take them as little children to Thy bosom of love; and that Thy well-beloved Son, our Prince, standeth at the gates of the Great Temple, and flingeth them open to all who humbly seek to enter in. Amen!”

[*Benediction.*]



THIRD PERIOD.

THE CHRISTIAN EVANGELIST.

Fortieth Sitting.

11th December, 1871.

Hafed lands in Spain—The Roman Colonial Policy—The Druids—Curbed in their Cruelties—Christian Churches in Spain—All Things in Common—Description of an Early Church—Shortcomings of Modern Churches—The Church in Lyons—Hafed in Prison for the Truth—A Vision in the Dungeon—Jesus in Spirit—The Captive Delivered—Meets with the Brethren—Hafed's Missionary Route. *Questions:* Early British Christians—Present Churches not like the Primitive—The Church in Persia—Paul at Athens—Christ's Public Mission—His knowledge of the Records of other Nations.

AFTER a short sojourn with Paul and the brethren at Athens, I went to Rome, and thence sailed for Spain. Some time before that, Paul had been there, and several small companies of brethren had been established on the eastern coast.

When I landed in Spain, it appeared to me a strange land indeed. I had travelled in many countries, but had never been in one so barbarous in various aspects as Spain. No doubt the Romans had, by their settlement, effected a considerable improvement on the general habits of the people there as elsewhere; for though crushing down opposition by their physical force, once established, they secured still farther their position by the enactment of laws which no nation need be ashamed of. Indeed, many of the nations which had been drawn within the empire of Rome, had greatly advanced in civilisation under the beneficent protection of those laws; yet none of them, at the times I speak of, were so far advanced as the nations of the East.

I found that the religion of the Druids prevailed in that quarter, as in many other parts of the Western World. The theology of

the Druids was truly barbarous and cruel. How it could ever enter into man's brain that he should sacrifice his fellow-man in order to appease the anger of God, I cannot understand. There were voluntary sacrifices of human beings in India; and in the Roman arena there were men sacrificed in bloody fight—not only man against man, but man against beast—not to appease their gods certainly, but to please the citizens of Rome—aye, and their women too! But, degrading and wicked as all this undoubtedly was, it was far less shocking than the dreadful sacrifices of these Druids, who, on certain great and solemn occasions, made a huge god of wicker work, into which they thrust men, women, and children, and burned them up like chaff. Of course there was no such scene to be witnessed at that time in Spain, for wherever the Romans settled down they set their foot on all such outrageous customs; and although they allowed considerable liberty to every one to follow after the religion he thought right, the Druids felt that they were under masters who would not be trifled with.

But the spread of the new religion began to affect the Romans; they seemed to get jealous of it, afraid of its influence on the minds of the subdued people of Spain; for the followers of Jesus were beginning to get established here and there in small churches, making their proselytes from the most intelligent of that noble race of men, who, when they joined themselves to the brethren, by the acceptance of the simple doctrines of Jesus, agreed to give up all—to have all things in common—all, rich or poor, sharing alike. Such a levelling system might well awaken a feeling of hostility in the minds of the haughty Romans.

When I arrived in Spain, at a port called *Barcelona*,* in a somewhat mountainous district of the country, I found a prosperous little church, numbering about one hundred in all—pious, God-fearing men and women. They appeared to me as characterised by great fervency of spirit in all their acts of worship, and displaying a love so great for God and man, that their very enemies were confounded;—it was something strange to them! After I had acquired a little knowledge of the language, which did not cause me much labour, I got an opportunity of speaking to the assembled church. Telling them of my wanderings with

* The Medium was unable to give the name at this sitting, but it and some others which follow were given in direct writing at a subsequent sitting.

him whom they loved as their great and blessed Deliverer, they at once took me to their bosoms; I was made to feel that I was amongst them as a brother, and many happy days I spent with them, going in and out, preaching to them (as well as I could), and leading their thoughts upward to the better and enduring mansions of the sky.

(I had undergone a great change in my ideas of men and things since I left Persia; but many of my old habits and modes of speech I retained to the last.) *

I found that the good people with whom I sojourned were all more or less in possession of that spirit which all should devotedly cherish—the love of the truth—having which they are sure of being surrounded by and open to the holiest influences. They had the same communion with the spirits of the departed that I myself had, and which had been the chief element in my happiness on the Earth; so that I had no difficulty in speaking to them of the better country, and of the great and the good who had passed on from Earth, from amongst all peoples. I was glad to observe, also, that they had (what every true church should have) spiritual gifts, or powers, by which they had been enabled to do many wonderful things in healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and causing the lame to walk, with many other gracious and benevolent deeds, such as I had previously known as having been accomplished by my Lord and Master.

This little community of the followers of the Nazarene were not fully organised as a church, having no regular pastors or bishops; they had, instead of such, the ministrations of some from amongst themselves, and occasional visits from evangelists, like myself. So far as I am able to judge, they enjoyed great spiritual blessings from the very simple system adopted by them. By what I have learned from men who have entered into the Spirit-life, and by that which I am able to perceive at present through my Medium, it would, I think, have been well had those who call themselves Christians, adhered more closely to the system of the early followers of the Blessed Jesus. These things still interest me, and I make inquiry occasionally concerning the state of religion in the world.

When I left my friends and brethren in Barcelona I travelled north-west by land. Crossing a range of mountains almost be-

tween the two great seas, I at length, after a long and toilsome journey, arrived at a place situated on a river (the *Rhone*). The name of the place is *Lyons*. Here I found another church, but with very few disciples, about fifty men, women, and children in all; but they seemed to be thoroughly in earnest. I at once attached myself to them, and, after a short time, I tried to be as useful as I could in the small community, preaching to and teaching the poor people concerning the faith which they had embraced. I had not been there many days, however, when a great outcry was got up against us, followed by a cruel persecution, evidently the work of the Druid priests. Being dressed in the Persian garb (a dress I had never thrown off, and which I retained to the last), these men accused me of coming amongst them to stir up the people against the laws and customs, and I was at once sent off, heavily chained, to prison.

Here was I, for the first time in my long life, a prisoner in chains, deprived of that freedom which I had prized so long. At one time, had such a thing happened, I could have called for the interference of the Government of my own country. But now, my old spirit—the old fire that once animated me—was quenched, never more to break out. I accepted the infliction for the truth's sake. Well I knew who were around me, and that they would not desert me in my straits. He whom I loved had endured much more, dying for the noble truths which he taught. If he hesitated not to lay down his life, why should I? But my time was not yet come. Many had been persecuted unto death, but the greater the persecution, the stronger and more numerous did the brethren become.

I passed some five or six days in prison. On the evening of my last day, just as the sun had sunk to rest, and as I sat watching the twilight merging into darkness, my lamp, for lack of oil, giving out a dim, flickering light, my thoughts turned on the subject of man's life—how like to the flickering, fitful, dim light of this lamp—when, in a moment, the light went out altogether; at once the dismal prison-house was lighted up, and around my cell stood a company of Shining Ones. I felt dazzled at first, but as my eyes got accustomed to the light, I was astonished. There, amongst the shining group, were those whom I had seen but a few days before in our little assembly, and had addressed in regard to the Spirit-

life,—and here they were, Spirit witnesses for the truth. Whether by the outer or inner ear I cannot tell, but I heard the words—“We have come to cheer you in your bonds. You will be freed. Go forth and tell the people not to be afraid of all their enemies may do, but to persevere in their adherence to the truth. Tell them not to mourn for us, for we are blessed beyond all that we ever conceived of. We tread the heavenly courts, and are free to roam over all the wide domains of the Kingdom of the Lord.”

These words were just uttered, when there appeared in the midst of the glorified beings the form of him whom I loved. (He addressed me by the old and endearing name.) “Father,” he said, “I still look on myself as thy son, though I have passed into the Heavens, and am now in the midst of glorified and happy throngs of adoring spirits.” As in speechless wonder I gazed on the glorious sight, I perceived many of those whom I had known long ago, forming part of his bright retinue; while he himself was clothed in robes of transparent crystal, and crowned, as never king was crowned, with a circlet of burnished stones, brilliant beyond all description. He said—“For the truths I taught, and for which I died—for these thou too must suffer. I knew that thou wouldst follow me; it will be but for a short time, and then shalt thou be with me in my kingdom. Behold, thy prison doors are open! Go forth and comfort those who are left desolate. Then return to the East.”

Just as these words were spoken, the vision faded away, and I found myself in the dark cell, with the lamp still burning dimly. I rose to my feet, and as I lifted up my heavily chained arms, the fetters dropped from my limbs and body as if they had been rotten. I felt as if drawn towards the doors of the prison, and on coming near to them, they were opened, and I went out; and as I did so, they were closed behind me. When I found myself in the open air, I knew it was no dream, but a reality; for the sweet breezes of heaven fanned my brow, and looking up I beheld the clear sky and the pale moon sailing aloft. Then I felt I was free.

I went to the house where the brethren met for worship; but, being midnight, I found the door shut, and all quiet. After repeated knockings at the door, I was answered by an old, feeble voice inquiring why they were disturbed in their devotions. I told them who I was; but it was some time before they could be convinced

that it was indeed as I said. At length I was admitted, and great was their surprise, and great their joy, to see me set free. "Brethren and sisters," I said, "the Lord whom we love hath visited me in the prison. He hath broken the fetters that bound my aged limbs, and opened the prison doors to me; and I come, by his command, to give you comfort. I have seen your martyred friends in the bright company that surrounded the Lord. Do not be cast down then, but persevere in the faith of those who have gone before. Follow Jesus our Lord in all things, and he will never forsake you."

I kept close with the brethren for a few days, as I knew our enemies were seeking to lay hands on me. But, strange to say, notwithstanding that I passed some of those who were seeking for me, they went on—they seemed not to know me; their eyes were holden, that they should not know me, and this by him who had set me free, so that I might, without further hindrance, depart to my own land.

At length I passed on, as you will see, by the route I have sketched out,* finding, as I journeyed eastward, many earnest seekers after the truth, but also many others set against it; so much was this the case, that they resorted to the basest falsehoods to injure the brethren, even accusing them of sacrificing human beings at their meetings for worship. I had to encounter considerable difficulties in travelling in certain of the districts; in others, I got on better. On coming to [Venice] a city at the top of the Gulf, I found a church, and passed some time with the brethren there.

In reply to questions, he said—

I do not know if there were any converts in Britain at the time I am speaking of, but I know that after that, there were some who

* The medium, while in trance, having had a modern map of Europe placed before him, went over it somewhat attentively, and then traced a course, by sea, from Rome to Barcelona; thence north-west to a point in the Pyrenees about equal distance between the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons; thence northward to Lyons; then south, toward the Mediterranean, to Nice and Genoa; then east and by north till he reached the northernmost point of the Adriatic, at Venice; then south-eastward along the shores of the Gulf; thence to a point south of the Balkan; thence to the Dardanelles, and therefrom, by sea, to Tunis; then westward, and back by sea, touching at Sicily; then on to Corinth—thence to Egypt, and thence by way of Syria to Persia.

had been slaves in Rome, that went back to their own country as noble preachers of the truth.

So far as I can perceive, through my Medium and otherwise, your present church systems are wrong. I don't like them. Get a church together in the name of Jesus, and the same gifts that were free to the first churches would become free to them; and then you would see all flock to them. Depend upon it, these wonderful gifts are as much required now as at the first.

Do you know of any record of the Early Churches in which your name is given?

If the records of the church in Persia were coming to light, you would find me mentioned therein; but the church was well nigh destroyed at my death.

You spoke of your first interview with Paul at Athens, how long was it after the death of Christ?

It might have been eight or nine years; shortly after, I think, the beginning of the reign of Nero. The Apostle was in Athens before that. It was a few years after the death of Jesus that Paul was converted. I do not think he had been in Rome when I first saw him.

It is stated by you that Jesus was twenty or twenty-one years old when you parted in Persia, but according to the accounts we have in the Gospels, he was about thirty ere he began to teach his countrymen: was his ministry confined to the three years before his crucifixion?

As I have said before, he was always labouring to draw men towards the truth; but it was not till he was thirty, when he was baptised by his cousin John, that he began to take the position of a public teacher. He often spoke of John when he was with me. The Baptist appears to have been a very singular man; but, though retired in his habits, he was an earnest, God-fearing soul who loved his fellow-men.

It is curious we have no notice in the Four Gospels of Jesus ever referring to his experiences in other countries which you have given?

He might have spoken of these for aught I know; but in his interviews with the Jews, it would have been unwise to refer to other nations to buttress up what he wished to impress on them, they were so bigoted a people. Hence, he would show them from

their own sacred writings alone that his mission was from God. It would never have done to refer to such records as those of Persia or Egypt.

In reply to some remarks, he said—

I will consult with Paul in regard to some of these points, and let you know the result. You will get the letters which I received from my Prince, written by him from Judea to Persia, in *direct* writing. [*Benediction.*]

Forty-first Sitting.

18th December, 1871.

The Persian on his Travels—The Gift of Tongues—Persecution—Perils: Wild Beasts and Wilder Men—How Hafed Conquered the Robbers—He Reaches Venice—The Church in Venice—Hafed Baptises for the First Time—His Mode of Baptism—The Lord's Supper—Hafed's Ministrations—Greece: Koroom—Public Discussions—Hard-headed Inquirers: How Hafed dealt with them—A Church Planted in Koroom—Hafed "Receives a Call. *Question:* The Gift of Tongues.

FROM Lyons I journeyed southward in the direction of the sea, till I came to a town, where I found a small company of two or three families who had adopted the new faith. They were rather timid and shunned observation, and in ordinary circumstances would not have been easily discovered by me; but on coming to a strange place, I was somehow directed invariably to the right spot. I am inclined to believe that, in this, I was under spiritual guidance, I found my way so easy. I tarried with them a short time, preaching to them the doctrines of Jesus; impressing on them the necessity of becoming like unto him in all things; to walk as he walked, and not to be afraid of what men might do to them. I called upon them to stand up boldly in defence of his cause, and they might rest assured he would never desert them; and though brought to the stake, or to fight with beasts, never even then to be downcast, for a glorious kingdom awaited them beyond all these cruel sufferings. The people were poor, and as I had sufficient means, I generally, as in this case, bestowed what I could to the poor brethren; in doing this, I was only doing

what every man should do in such circumstances. It is God-like to give. It is Jesus-like; for my Prince was ever ready to open his hand to the poor, as I had often witnessed.

The language by this time was no obstacle to me; for I found I was gifted spiritually to utter in their own language that which I felt impressed to say. I could not have read the words had they been written down, but I certainly knew that the words I was uttering the people well understood. This was one of the gifts bestowed on us—the speaking in strange tongues; and I spoke in many a strange tongue during these wanderings.

But it was not always sunshine with me. This I had no reason to expect, nor any one else who is commissioned to declare the truth to his fellow-men. Though possessed of sufficient means, in the shape of money, I was often compelled to fast for days—neither breaking bread nor drinking water on one occasion for three days, and this just because I was a Christian: they would not deal with me. Sometimes in my great straits I was, as it were, fed by unseen agents, and I would find water in the flinty rocks, where everything appeared dry and parched-like. The dangers I passed through were not few, from the wild beasts of the dense forest. Oftentimes they would awaken the silent woods by their roars; yet I felt no fear, knowing well that I had a mission to execute before I laid down my life, and that I would be protected by One who was able to shield me from every danger that threatened. But there were men in these primitive forests worse than the wild beasts—men who lived on plunder—a wild, untamed, desolate life; yet, though half-naked savages to all appearance, and under no law, they paid reverence to me. Habited, as I always was, in my long robe of white, they must, I think, have taken me for one of the Druid Priests—whom they revered greatly. But when I came to speak to them they very soon discovered the difference. I did not shrink from my duty, but as earnestly as I could I spoke of their lawless deeds, that they were not living as they should do, and that they should, like honest men, labour for their bread. I showed them that the only way to serve the God who made them was to love their fellows, and also warned them of the sad results that would follow such a life as they were then living. I pointed them to him who had come to show us what God wanted us to do and to be, and that if they

followed him the past would be forgiven, and at death they would be welcomed to the Paradise beyond. Many of these barbarous men were brought to the light, and became, as I afterwards learned, valiant and faithful soldiers in the cause of truth and righteousness, instead of murderers and robbers. Poor men, they hardly knew better; they had been bred up to steal; it had been taught them as a good thing from their youth that the more they could steal the better.

Travelling eastward on the sea-coast, I arrived at a small place, where I found another little company of brethren. I remained for a short time with them, doing what I could to encourage them in their course. There were a few added to their company while I was with them. But nothing of importance took place.

I left in the company of some merchants who were going to [Venice] a sea-port situated on some small islands at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, from which they intended to sail to other parts of the Mediterranean Sea. After a toilsome journey, I arrived, footsore and weary, having travelled over a country without roads (except Roman military ones), and I determined to stay in the place and rest myself. The town was not of great extent; there were a good number of fishermen connected with it, and it was frequently selected by merchants as a port to ship their merchandise to other parts.

There were some religious houses in connection with the prevailing religion, and I was not long ere I found out the brethren—the followers of my Lord. It was a sweet and happy season I spent amongst them. There was no attempt on the part of those who were opposed to us to interfere with our worship, which took place every morning and noon in our place of meeting, the outer court of a dwelling-house. Here, too, I baptised four converts to the faith. This was the first time I had done so, and to me the occasion was greatly interesting. We went down that night to the quiet, calm waters of the sea to observe the sacred rite. Above us the stars sparkled as diamonds in the sky, while the light from the beautiful moon falling on the ripples of the sea, caused it to appear like a sheet of molten silver. Going down into the water with the converts, I lifted the water in my hands, and as an emblem of purity, and significant of the washing away of all uncleanness from the soul, I poured it over the body of each

convert, saying, "This I do, in the name of the Father and of His Son, the Prince of Heaven and Earth. May his Spirit ever abide with you, making you stedfast in the truth; and while here, may you ever be like this water, pure, free from all sin and impurity." This was my own form, and I had some difficulty before resolving to use it, for I myself had never been baptised; but then, I had long been a follower of the Nazarene. After the celebration of baptism, we returned to our meeting-place, and observed the Lord's Supper, in the breaking of bread, which, I believe, was instituted by Jesus himself. I had become acquainted with these rites and their mode of observance from coming in contact in various places with those who had been early converts in Jerusalem. When the brethren with whom I sojourned understood the position I had occupied in relation to him whom they loved—how he had been my companion in my travels; and when they heard me describe my personal experiences, in which he had been much mixed up, they were glad to have me amongst them. They had in their possession a copy of the Jewish Scriptures, from which I read to them, making my selections from the prophetic parts, as I could not agree with much that had been recorded in other portions of the book. But all my intercourse with the brethren in that place was of a pleasant and profitable description.

At length, I parted from the dear friends in [Venice] and went on my way. I travelled towards the south-east, and in my journey came to Koroom,* a town or city in Greece, and there I resolved to rest awhile. After staying for a short time I ascertained that there was an assembly of wise men that met on a rising hill for the purpose of discussing the philosophies of Rome and Greece. I attended these meetings, and it was not long ere I managed to introduce my own doctrines. I did not receive very much encouragement, for sometimes the opposition was so great that I was compelled to hold my tongue. But I cared not, so that I got the opportunity of sowing the good seed; I knew by experience that the fruit would appear in due time. And in this instance, I saw the result of my labours before I left the place.

One night I was much surprised on receiving a visit from

* So pronounced by the Medium.

some of these sages, or philosophers. They had found out the lodgings which I occupied, and had selected an hour when they were not likely to be observed. Though their coming in such a way did not say much for their moral courage, yet it was evident they were in real earnest to acquire more knowledge of the doctrines I held, and I welcomed them gladly. I did not at once rush heedlessly into an exposition of these new doctrines; but taking them back into the past, I brought before them the various philosophies of Greece, of Egypt, of Persia, India, and other nations, and even certain doctrines of the Druids, of which I had recently got some information; and then, having thus prepared my way, I opened up to them the simple, but Godlike teachings of Jesus, and left it to themselves to say which was the best, the most reasonable. To have spoken to them in any other way would have been labour in vain, for indeed they were no common minds I had to deal with, but men in possession of great learning and ability. The result was, that they acknowledged the Nazarene as the greatest philosopher of all, because he, and he alone, commended his teachings to their acceptance, by the close adaptation of these teachings to the wants of mankind. Before I left, I had the satisfaction of seeing a small but flourishing church organised, composed of twenty of the most learned men of the country.

It was worth a lifetime to obtain a victory over the prejudices of these hard-headed men; and I counted the fame which I had won on the battlefields of my country as nothing when compared with the subjugation of such men to the faith. They were anxious that I should remain with them to take a lead amongst them, but this I would not do, for I was desirous to get back to my own land. However, before I departed, I sat with them for the purpose of searching and expounding the prophecies of the Jewish Scriptures, along with the oracles of Greece; and it was not long ere they saw (ay, much easier than could the bigoted Jew) that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed he who had been promised all along the ages as the Great Deliverer of Mankind. At length I departed from these friends, with the promise that I would write to them.

How did the Church in Koroom get on after you left?

The Church planted in that place rose to be a great one.

In reply to a question concerning the Gift of Tongues, he said—

I did not know what the people said in ordinary talk, but with the help of those who could interpret, I got on. In Greece and eastward I had no great difficulty, as I was pretty well acquainted with the languages generally spoken, and when not versed in a dialect, I was not long in picking it up.

We will stop here. [*Benediction.*]

Forty-second Sitting.

23rd December, 1871.

At Tunis—African Churches—Algerona Christians—Evangelistic Labours—Visits Heathen Temples—The Hellespont—A very small Church—In Syria—Persecution—A Band of Slaves—Liberty preached—Hafed Carried away by Spirit Power—His Arrival in Persia—He throws up his Office—A Sore Struggle—Two Adherents. *Questions:* The City of the Grove—Magian and Christian Doctrine.

As I said before, I had the desire, before being called on to leave my earthly body, to go back to Persia that I might proclaim those truths to my own countrymen which I had been preaching to other peoples. Accordingly, on leaving Koroom, which was in a southern district of Greece, I journeyed eastward towards the Hellespont, with the intention of crossing to the other side; but the Spirit led me another way. I had resolved to go first to Persia, and then return to Egypt and Ethiopia. But I was impressed to take ship for *Tunis*, where, after a short voyage, I landed. I found that what you term Christianity had spread to a great extent—indeed, there were large and flourishing churches in the various settlements along the sea-coast. I spent many happy days going from church to church, and speaking to them as I had opportunity. They were in possession also of those great gifts which had been promised to those who became the followers of Jesus; for I found in many places the diseased cured of their maladies, the blind restored to sight, the deaf made to hear, and other good and wonderful works done. Though somewhat black in visage, I found them pure in heart; and I do not think that I ever met with a body of men so faithful in word and deed, so devotedly the ser-

vants of God, as these African Christians. In one place, named Algerona, the brethren assembled daily in their meeting-house, which had been originally a heathen temple, where God was worshipped as the One Great Spirit according to the truth taught by Jesus; and here, too, where the oracles had been received in times past by the benighted and superstitious people, certain of the brethren were moved by the Spirit to speak boldly on behalf of Jesus and his doctrines. It was truly a refreshing season for me, to see with my aged eyes so much spiritual power displayed in so small a company. There were not above fifty of them altogether—that is, confirmed followers of the Nazarene,—though at the time they were adding to their number, one now and again. But there were a good many besides who were mere hearers, who had not been admitted to the secret communion by baptism. The last time I heard of them they had increased to the number of five hundred; and that was just about the time the persecution arose under the Romans. This church, strong in the faith, stood up boldly in defence of that which they believed to be true; but their cruel persecutors made them suffer terribly. Many of them were thrown into prison, while others were torn by wild beasts or cruelly butchered by men.

I stayed for a length of time in Algerona, resting myself, and then resumed my travels, in the course of which I visited several other places along the coast, preaching, as I had opportunity, about him who had been long promised to the fathers, and who had come and suffered and died, and had risen again, and was ever nigh to those who were banded together in his name. I spoke of the persecution that might come—that would come—and exhorted them to continue stedfast in the faith; that despite all that men could do, they would come off triumphant, and win the laurels bestowed on all those who stood firm to the end; but that persecution would not always last, that they must hope and pray for the good time which would come, when Jesus would reign in every heart the wide world over.

On my way back towards the East, I felt a desire to look into some of the heathen temples. I had no difficulty in gaining admission, for they knew me as a brother of the Magi; and I missed no opportunity of speaking to them concerning the Great Deliverer who had appeared. I was the more readily listened to,

inasmuch as I spoke to them, not as a stranger to their system, but with all the authority of one who occupied, in their estimation, the highest position in the Magian Order; and, indeed, I never could well get quit of my old views while advocating the new doctrines. There was this much might be said for my old system: it was certainly in advance of all the old theologies.

I again took ship at Alexandria for Greece, and landing, I directed my steps towards the Hellespont, that narrow portion of the sea between Europe and Asia, which had been the scene of many historical events in the annals of Persia. It certainly did not lack interest in my eyes, but the time was past never to return for me to feel absorbed by such scenes. I found that which was more interesting to me, a very small company of the followers of Jesus—just three or four—in a small fishing village, with whom I stayed for a short time. We met in one of their dwelling-houses, where I preached to them and encouraged them to persevere in their love to the Lord Jesus; and before we parted we supped together in remembrance of him who loved us.

I at length crossed over, and passed through Asia Minor, in which there were a few churches; and then travelled eastward by way of Syria, where I observed few of the followers of the Nazarene. But here I found myself more at home, so far as acquaintance with the language and manners and customs of the people were concerned; and I hesitated not to speak out boldly on behalf of the new doctrine; but, alas! they turned a deaf ear to my voice; they hooted and scowled at me—they spat on me—they tore the robes from off my back, and even stoned me. Nevertheless, I knew that he who had borne all this, and more, at the hands of his own people, was in spirit with me, and I feared not what they might do. But what might I not expect in my own land, where I was looked upon as an apostate—the Head of the Magi an apostate from the time-hallowed doctrines of Zoroaster!

One day while slowly travelling toward the East, I met with a company of slaves with their masters, returning from their labour in the fields. Seeing my priestly appearance they, as usual in that quarter, did reverence to me, and besought my blessing; while some invited me to share their evening meal. After invoking the blessing of Heaven on these simple and kind-hearted labourers, I felt impelled to address them: the power of the Great Spirit was

upon me, and, what was unusual, I lost all reckoning of what I said; but I knew I had so spoken that one and all prostrated themselves in the dust and gave expression to their grief. I had, according to information which I received afterwards, laid before them the advent of the world's Deliverer: how he had appeared in Judea, and what he had done and taught: how he had suffered and died, and been raised to glory and power, so that by his Spirit he might raise them, poor and enslaved as they were, to a higher and better life, by freeing them from the galling yoke of Sin, the great taskmaster that bound them. Thus I had spoken to these men; while they, apparently cut to the heart, cried out, "What shall we do? How shall we get quit of sin?" and showed other symptoms of being greatly and sincerely concerned. This had all taken place on the open wayside, and afterwards I had vanished out of their sight. I knew that I was carried away, for on recovering consciousness, I found myself a considerable distance from the scene I have just described. As I have said, I learned all this afterwards in Persia, by a letter from one of these men, in which he said that the result of my address was the establishing of a church amongst them; but that on account of my sudden disappearance, many of them entertained the idea that it was an angel from Heaven that had spoken to them. In my reply I undeceived them on this point, telling them that I was just a lowly mortal man, one of themselves.

At last, after many years' absence, I arrived in Persia, my beloved native land—that land in which I had enjoyed many happy days, where I had been honoured, revered, and looked up to for many a year; and here it was, I felt, I had to fight my last, my hardest battle. I knew well that some of my old friends would be angry, but that others would bear with me. I was aware that they had long known of my defection. But I boldly went on my way, and arriving at the City of the Grove I went direct to the Magi, and at once threw off my robes, declaring at the same time that I gave up all for Jesus and the doctrines he taught. It caused me to shed bitter tears thus to cut myself for ever away from old and loved associations. But I could not hold the two positions at one and the same time. I was determined to follow my Lord and Master.

I met with my two aged and venerable brethren (those who

had accompanied me to the birth-place of the infant Prince), and who now, like myself, were becoming old and frail; with them I desired once more to visit the loved meeting-place in the Grove, but I was debarred from entering—there was no passage for me! I thought I would have died. On remembering and pondering over that which had been revealed to me by the Spirit the last time I was there, I gave up the idea of seeking to gain an entrance: it had been decreed by Heaven I should never again stand before the Altar of the Grove.

I thereafter unbosomed myself to my two friends, declaring to them all that had taken place with me since I had left them, and of my determination to devote my few remaining days to the service of Jesus in Persia. I had no sooner told them what I meant to do, than they at once disrobed themselves and said they would go with me; that though it was a hard trial to leave all behind them, yet, for the truth's sake, they would give up all things. Accordingly, we agreed to remove to another province in Persia—one nearer to my native place—and there begin our labours in laying the foundations of a church.

In reply to a question, he said—

The City of the Grove contained about five thousand inhabitants, and was situated in the province of *Fars*; and the name of the place we removed to was *Bushire*.

Will you point out the difference between the teachings of the Magi and those of Jesus?

There was a great difference between the teachings of the Magi and those of Jesus; the latter spoke in language so plain and simple that all men, the most unlearned, could understand; and his whole teachings were characterised by the great and gracious maxim—that men should love their fellow-men as they love themselves. Though I, as one of the Magi, had taught the same doctrine, my example was not generally followed by the brethren; on the contrary, it was common for them to enforce the doctrine that it was right to fight our enemies and do them all the hurt we could. [*Benediction.*]

Forty-third Sitting.

29th December, 1871.

Formation of a Church in Persia—Method of Teaching—Special Difficulties—Chosen to be Chief Pastor—Mode of Worship—The Opening Day—Hafed gives a Trance Address—The Solemn Vow—The Lord's Supper—A Noble Inquirer—His Confession—Asks to be Admitted—The Truth laid down to him—The Spirit poured out—Propheesyings. *Questions*: Temporalities—Origin of Christmas—Date of the Birth of Christ.

I INTEND to devote this night to some description of the formation of the first church in Persia. As I have said, my two old friends on learning that I was resolved to give myself to the work of proclaiming the new faith, without hesitation, cast in their lot with me, and resigning all connection with the Magi, agreed to go with me to Bushire. Though thus separated from the brethren with whom we had so long companioned, and no longer allowed to stand before that altar from which we had so many angelic messages, I had no idea of lifting my voice against them, or the system with which they were connected, for I had long esteemed them greatly, as being more advanced and liberal in their views than the religious teachers of other nations.

So, when we began to preach to the people, it was not so much our endeavour to run down the old views, as to lay before our hearers the new. But it was not long ere they perceived in the truth taught by us an enemy to the prevailing system. Had we come to them as Magi, I believe there would have been no difficulty in the way of the people listening to us; our views would have been accepted, and we should have been praised. But choosing what we considered to be the right course—that is, to appear just as we were, the followers of Jesus, we found we had to labour hard to gain a hearing. However, we laboured on, standing up in the corners of the streets, or wherever we could get an audience, and slowly we began to get a little encouragement by the drawing in of one now and again. I believe the Spirit of Jesus was with us, cheering and inciting us to the work; and we felt, indeed, that we stood in need of his strength; for well I knew, by experience, how hard it was to break away from an old and time-honoured system, and get men to throw away

religious notions in which they had been brought up. In course of time, having about fifty men and women who adhered to us (not speaking of the children belonging to them), we began to see the necessity for meeting together as a church.

Now, in introducing Christianity into Persia we had not only to contend with the old religion—the system of the revered Zoroaster, but we had to meet the difficulties caused by the prevailing custom of polygamy. After prayerful consideration, we resolved to admit the man who had more than one wife, permitting him to retain such as he had, rather than shut him out, and thereby exclude both from the highest and holiest influences. We were determined, however, to permit no young man to take more than one wife.

The church chose me as their chief pastor, while my two brethren were at the same time also chosen to be pastors. We met for worship in a small house, built of brick. Once I had loved the open fields, in which might stand the forest-temple, with the blue canopy of heaven for a roof. The time was past for that: neither had we—nor, in truth, did we require—a great and gorgeous temple, brilliant with precious stones, and covered with the richest carpets. No, no. Our meeting-place was plain inside and out, roofed in, and encircled by a high wall, which was so constructed as to form a defence in case of assault; for we found that as we grew stronger in numbers we got greater opposition, and thought it right to have a defence against sudden attack.

But I must give you some idea of our mode of worship when assembled in this lowly temple. As pastors, we each took our turn in conducting the services. Unlike your manner, the members, on ordinary occasions, sat on mats, not on seats; sometimes we did use them. There was a long table, which stood right up the centre of the building, and which we used for the Supper that had been instituted by our Lord—the men sitting on one side, while the women and children occupied the other. When I addressed them I stood at the head of the table. It was but a small flock to have so many pastors, but we were animated by the hope that the time would soon come round when we would be much larger. Alas! it was not to be much larger in my day, and even some of the little flock were soon to be swept away.

It was a joyful day, ever to be remembered, when we opened

our house for worship—for the worship of God our Father; and glad were the brethren and sisters that they now had a place where they might meet together for prayer and praise. I conducted the services on the occasion. There were many besides the members present, for, as on other occasions, the fifty had invited their friends; each one thus acting as a minister in this matter.

We first of all engaged in singing a hymn of praise to the Father and to the Son;—the women singing so many lines; then the men so many; and then all joining in one harmonious chorus, by which our souls were drawn upwards. Then one of the brethren invoked the Most High for his guidance and blessing. After this, I stood up and addressed the people. I shall endeavour to give you a few sentences from this opening address, as near as I can, through my Medium. Knowing I had many strangers present who knew little of our new doctrines, I thought it would be wise to abstain from saying anything fitted to arouse their prejudices; but after resolving to follow this course, I felt as if I did not know what to say—I seemed utterly unable to give utterance to my thoughts, when all at once I seemed to be entranced. I stood up for some time rigid and stiff as a marble statue, and then I began to feel my muscles relaxing, while my tongue was forced to move independent of and against my will. A few bits must suffice at present.

“Brethren and sisters of Jesus of Nazareth! Men and women of Persia! We stand before you this day to advocate the doctrines of him who was once a sojourner on this Earth, but is now gone into Heaven. I know, when I thus speak unto you, Persians, that ye believe in the One Great Spirit who is over all and above all, and that ye also believe in the Son of that Great God; for hath not Zoroaster taught you of Mythras and of his coming to destroy that Evil One who would drag you down to destruction, and in whom also ye believe? O ye Persians, this Mythras hath come down, and hath gone back into the Heavens; and even now from his throne of glory, he looketh down in love upon you, seeking to win you from your evil ways. Surely ye will listen to the voice of our great prophet Zoroaster; remember what he has told you. O, my countrymen, did he not foretell the coming of this Son of God? Look at Egypt!—once great in wisdom and know-

ledge, now in darkness. Doth not her records speak of that happy time when man walked with God in innocence? But the world hath gone back into darkness and sin—away from God and truth, and in bondage to evil. It must now be delivered; and Jesus of Nazareth is the Deliverer. The Anointed of God hath come, and with mighty wonders he hath proclaimed the truth concerning God, and hath died for that truth, and risen into the Heavens where he was before.

“O ye Persians, give ear unto me: I who have long been known to you as Chief-Magus, and now declare unto you these truths, still look up to the Holy and Mighty One and worship Him through the great and glorious emblem of the Sun. Our Great Creator, our Father, shineth on all his children of mankind, even as the orb of day diffuses its light and heat over all the Earth. We speak of the sun setting; that sun never sets—it resteth never; there is no setting; for it ever shines on some portion of the Earth, to bless it and to do it good; emblematical also of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, who hath ascended on high, and seeketh even now to deliver you from darkness. I do not, my Persian brethren, accuse you of fashioning a god unto yourselves and to your own liking; neither have you added to the number, but you have stedfastly adhered to the truth as laid down by the great Zoroaster. If you revere him—if you believe what he taught—then, O Persians, accept the truth concerning this Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God with power. How blest the world would be were men to submit to his sway!

“Look at Greece with all her learning. Her philosophers may tell us of many things; but can they lift the veil that hides the Unseen? They cannot. Socrates was the only one amongst them who spoke of the life beyond with any degree of certainty, and he became a martyr for the truth. Let us look at some of those noble philosophers of Greece! One says—God is Numbers!—another, that He is Harmony!—another, that He is the Earth!—another asserts that He is the Air!—another, that He is the Soul of the Universe!—and others, that He is Ether, and Air, and Blood, and Fire, and Brain, and Heart, and much more. O but these Greek philosophers are wise indeed! They set up their heroes as gods by the thousand, and offer sacrifices to men who were as fallible as themselves; and, after all, afraid lest they

should have left out some one (whose wrath might be poured out upon them), they erect an altar to The Unknown God, and seek to appease Him by sacrifices on the nameless altar.

“O my brethren, there is nothing for all this but the pure and beautiful and simple truths taught by Jesus the Nazarene, the Sent-of-God. He hath lifted the veil from the Unseen World. He hath taught us that the Great God is our Father, and that he himself and we are brethren;—that all mankind, from the lowest to the highest, in all nations, and of all creeds—all, all are the offspring of God, and all are alike cared for by Him; and that God now calleth on every one to acknowledge him as their Lord and Master.

“Men of Persia, hearken to my words! I stand not up here this day to preach unto you smooth things. He that follows in the path that I and my brethren have chosen, must be prepared to suffer for the truth as Jesus suffered; and as many in Greece and in Rome have lately suffered—even unto death itself. I know and am assured that ere long our little church will be scattered. I care not—I am but a poor, worn-out, old man; but were I a strong and vigorous youth, I would willingly lay down my life on behalf of Jesus and his truth. The time will come when some of you, my brethren, will be made to stand with the executioner on one side—but, with Jesus on the other. With all the terrors of a violent and cruel death before you, they will ask you to renounce your faith in him, and go free. Heed them not. Jesus will be there to uphold you in your rough passage from Earth to Paradise, where crowns of glory and honour await the martyrs for the truth; while angels will hover around to carry you in triumph to the City of the Great King, where you will be welcomed by thousands of bright and happy spirits to the mansions provided for you by the Lord.”

Just as I had reached this point in my address, each one of the fifty members of the church, sprang to their feet, and holding their hands aloft to Heaven, solemnly vowed never to yield—“Yes, Blessed Jesus, Son of the Living God, we will follow thee; we shall walk in thy ways even unto death.” The little children clustering around their parents, animated by the same spirit, lifted up their youthful voices, and vowed to follow them. This outburst on the part of the children made the Zoroastrians blush. Ah,

where, amid all the philosophers of Greece and Rome, could you find one who would die for his philosophy? Not one.

My address was much longer, but I have given you quite enough to show the nature of it.

The strangers retired at the close of my speaking, and the fifty members took their seats at the table. The bread and the wine were then brought forward, so that we might remember him who had instituted the ordinance when parting from his chosen followers. This was the first time it had been observed in Persia; and O it was a blessed day that! I felt as if transported to Heaven; while the brethren and sisters looked more like angelic beings than mortal men and women. Each heart seemed lifted away from Earth and its cares to the highest Heavens. I believe the little building in which we sat, was filled by the blest spirits of the departed.

As we thus broke the bread and drank the wine in gladness of heart, my attention was directed to a stranger who had remained when the others left. He was a young man, and had the appearance of high rank. He seemed to be deeply affected. I considered it my duty to speak to him; and beckoning him to come forward, I said—"My son, what aileth thee? Why tarry behind?" At first he could find no utterance, but at length his tongue was loosed, and he spoke as follows:—"Father,—I am constrained thus to address thee by thy venerable appearance; and I cannot address those around, for I know none of them. I am not acquainted with the doctrines taught by thee. But with the doctrines of Zoroaster I am acquainted; for I have been educated to take a high position in Persia. For this end, I travelled in Greece, and in studying their philosophy, my early faith was destroyed, and I was left groping in darkness. I believed in no life after this life. I believed only that the spirit of man when, as breath, it left the body and floated in the atmosphere, might get into some other body. This was all—all that I learned by my investigation into Grecian philosophy. Better it would have been for me had I adhered to the teachings of Zoroaster, and turned a deaf ear to the allurements of Greece. But this day my eyes have been opened to see the value of the truths declared by you; my heart hath been moved by the Spirit of the Great God and of Mythras, His Son; and now I beseech thee, venerable father, let

me become one of the flock under thy care. I have been wrecked in spirit. O save me from being utterly lost. This day, while you were praising God in the holy anthem, my heart was drawn out—a glimpse of sunshine burst through the dark clouds that enveloped me, and ardently I wished to sing, but—O misery!—I could not join with you in the holy song!”

“My son,” I said, “you are like too many others of our young men. They are educated; but it would be better for them had they wiser teachers; for the teachings they receive leave them in such a state that they, alas! are overbalanced by the slightest temptation. They are sent to Greece, and there the half-trained youth is carried away by their sensual and seductive maxim of ‘Live to-day; heed not to-morrow.’ But, my son, this is false philosophy, opposed to reason and the light of God’s truth, which teaches that we should live to-day as we would wish we had done were we to die to-morrow. Notwithstanding the follies, and sins, and shortcomings of the nations of mankind, if we look at their history, we shall find, my brother, that He is working in all, and that, too, for the good of all. All have had their parts to play on the great stage of time. The Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Persians, have, under God, been preparing the way, it may be unwittingly, for the world’s deliverance. Even the Hebrews, though a despised race, have played a noble part, despite the sneers of the vain-glorious Greek and the haughty Roman. But Greece, with all her philosophies, has also broken up the way for our Great Deliverer. And even that proud city, once a small and obscure village amid the rushes of the Tiber, she too has been used as a means to spread the truth concerning the Son of God: wherever her armies penetrate, she opens up a pathway, in her ruthless and oppressive course, for the humble preacher of the gospel; for well I know that but for her sway, I could not have travelled in my Master’s service in the far West. God is indeed, by such instruments and means, opening up ways to the farthest corners of the Earth, that the glorious doctrines of the blessed Jesus may be proclaimed to all men.”

After I had thus spoken, we again raised our voices in a song of praise to the Great Father. Then one of my fellow-pastors prayed to the Father through the Son, that He would pour down His blessing on the little church. And the blessing was not long

in coming; for no sooner was the prayer ended than up started one, who spoke such wondrous words that our ears were made to tingle. Then another arose (a woman) and prophesied of the coming desolation that awaited the young church of Persia. Another stood up and spoke in an unknown tongue—unknown to all but myself; and I was then impressed thus to speak—“My brother, you are chosen to preach the word to a strange people. Go forth to the work before you; stay not with us; and when we are scattered pray for us.” Then another had the gift of healing diseases bestowed on him; and other wonderful manifestations of the Spirit took place on the first day of the first church in Persia.

In reply to a question, he said—

My two brethren had, in my absence, some wonderful spiritual experiences in the Grove. They saw me in all my wanderings; the Spirit of Light had shown them, as in a panoramic view, where I was and the scenes of my travels.

How were you supported at this time?

I still had my property in possession. They could not deprive me of that. Even at that time, when I left the Magi, I could have raised an army, had I been so inclined. But now I fought with a different sword.

Christmas, a church festival commemorative of the birth of Christ, has just been held by a great number of Christians. Do you know anything as to its origin?

What you call Christmas was not held by the early followers of Jesus. It was not, as I subsequently learned, till a later period that the Christian Church introduced that, with many other corruptions, into their system. They found the people wedded to the observance of this festival, which had been held for ages in many nations of the East, and they very cleverly gave it a new name, and made it a great Christian festival. It had its origin amongst the Sabæans, who, when they observed the aspect of the heavens at the winter solstice, spoke of it as the birth of a new or virgin sun; and hence the joyous festival at that time of the year.

Was Jesus born at that time of the year?

The proper date of the birth of Jesus was about the middle of your summer, and about our harvest-time. The beginning of our year would be about two months before yours. [*Benediction.*]

Forty-fourth Sitting.

6th January, 1872.

Conversation with the Inquirer—His Decision—Ancient Communism—Admission by Baptism—Becomes an Evangelist—An Inspirational Speaker—Jesus foretold in the Zoroastrian Books—Carius Polonius, the young Noble, preaches at the Persian Court—A Tumult, and how it was Quelled—Persecution begins in Persia—The Brethren draw closer together—A Father's Hatred—Death preferred to ignominious Life—The first Martyr in Persia. *Questions:* Baptism; its subjects—A variety of Modes—Were Children Baptised?—Dedication of Infants—The Sabbath in Persia—Early Churches and the Sabbath.

THE last time we met I spoke of our first meeting in our new house for the worship of God according to the teachings of our Prince, who had gone before to prepare a home in the heavens, where in a short time many of our number would be sure to meet him. I also referred to the case of the young nobleman who had just returned from Athens (the school of the world) with his soul burdened with doubts and difficulties—the fruit of giving heed to false philosophy, and forgetting the lessons of his youth.

After the brethren left on that occasion, I had some further conversation with this young man. Reiterating his experience in Athens, he said he felt disgusted with their systems; and although he looked on the lessons of his early years in Persia as far superior to anything advanced by the philosophers of Greece, the effect on his mind was, that he was left in doubt. He had come home to Persia a poor restless sceptic, seeking peace and finding none, till, guided to our humble meeting-place, he heard the truth from my lips, which seemed to be fitted to overcome all his doubts, and set his soul at rest; “and now,” he said, “I am resolved to cast in my lot with you.”

I showed him that by taking this step, he would be deprived of all the honours and wealth which, as the son of a Prince of Persia, would ere long fall to him.

“O, my father,” said he, “what are all these honours and wealth to one distracted? I have been so fearfully perplexed that sometimes I have been tempted to fall on my own sword; and I believe I would have done it, but for a voice sounding in my ear: ‘Hold on—better times are coming to you.’”

I spoke to him in words fitted to meet his case, and warned him against rashly undertaking to join our body; for should he draw back, the consequences to him would be disastrous indeed.

“No!” he exclaimed, “I heard the solemn vow of those who have just left,—that vow, to follow the blessed Jesus till death, I also make. Be not afraid of me; with his help, I shall never shrink from the course I have adopted. And why should I hesitate to connect myself with one whom God has made the instrument to deliver me from despair, whom I have been long taught to venerate as the Greatest of the Magi, and next in dignity to the King of Persia? To see you throw up all for Jesus—O well may I become me, father, to follow you, and become one of your number.”

I said—“My son, these humble brethren have cast in their lot with me, not I with them. But great in rank as one of the Princes of Persia, and exalted as I was, officially, as the Chief of the Magi, I nevertheless esteem it a duty and a privilege to do as my Lord would have done—to look on these men as children of the same Great Father, animated by the same blessed hope, and travelling on to the same home on high. I am old and nigh worn out in body, but I am prepared to give my remaining days to the service of my Great Prince; and I know that when I leave my frail body, there will be waiting to welcome me bright angels—my beloved wife and child; and then, too, I shall be with Him whom I love, and whom I serve.”

We continued our interview for some time, when I laid down to him the few simple rules under which we existed as a brotherhood, the chief of which was—that, in so far as concerned worldly goods, we all shared alike. He said that being still under age, he was not in possession of wealth, but that which he had he would throw into the common stock; for, though he had travelled and mixed to some extent in the company of the pleasure-seekers of the world, he had ever been enabled to restrain himself and to live somewhat temperately.

On the day following this interview, he went home to his father's house, and on the next day he met with us, and was admitted to the church by baptism. This was the first time the ordinance had been observed—seeing it was the first case after our establishment as a church.

This young man came to be one of the most powerful and influential preachers in connection with our little band. He was in possession of all the learning that this world could afford him, and gifted with eloquence in no small measure; and that was something in Persia, for we loved poetry, and he had most assuredly the genius of a poet. At times the spirit seemed to take full possession of him while discoursing, so much so that his voice became changed, and we heard instead the voice of the angelic messenger from the Spirit World. He did not remain long with us, but proceeded to the Persian Court, and after lifting up his voice on behalf of the new faith in the highest quarters, he went forth all over the land preaching boldly those doctrines which had brought light and peace to his own bewildered soul, and were fitted to benefit all who believed in them. The effect of his mission, conducted in this bold and energetic way, was soon apparent. Wherever he went a stir was produced, and the people began to be affected by his unceasing labour; but it was not till some of the converts were embodied as churches that opposition showed itself. Some of the Magi were the first to get alarmed, and began to take steps for crushing the growing movement.

I and my two fellow-workers, being well up in years, had been quieter in our ministrations, and had not produced the same amount of stir. For when I spoke, I generally took them up on their own ground—the doctrines of Zoroaster: showing them from their own sacred records that a great Deliverer had been long promised; that these records were even more definite on the Coming One than those of the Hebrews, amongst whom he was found; for in them we find that he was to come of humble parents—no dweller in palaces or lordly mansions, surrounded by the rich and powerful, but a poor wanderer, yet so great, and wise, and good, that he would lay down rules for the guidance of men that would surpass all the wisdom of the world's sages. And then I would show how they would find in Jesus of Nazareth all that had been prophesied of the Coming One in the books of Zoroaster, who had gladly seen his advent ages before.

But, as I have said, while I and my brethren were thus quietly spreading a knowledge of the doctrines of the Nazarene, this young nobleman, Carius Polonius, was boldly advocating the cause of Jesus in the very Court of Persia. Although at some

distance from us, we heard now and again of his labours, and the effects following these. On one occasion, while proclaiming Jesus as the only true prophet, who had sealed his doctrines by the performance of great and wondrous works, he said that the teachings of the Nazarene were not meant for the Hebrews only, but for all nations—for the Persian as much as for the Jew. On saying this to those by whom he was surrounded, they cried—“Come, show us some sign by which we may believe what you are saying;” perceiving at the same time that they were preparing to rush violently upon him, he raised his hand aloft, and the turbulent men became still as marble statues. They stood and gazed, and listened, not a motion was visible, while he spoke in words of fire of the vice and sin that were eating like a canker at their hearts, and at the heart of Persia—that Persia which had once a Cyrus for its king, the Chosen of God, and who had obeyed his God—until now the iron hoof of Rome was crushing them in the dust; and warned them that, if they continued to sink under the seductions of licentious foreigners, another and a worse fate awaited them—the Arabs of the Desert would overwhelm them, and compel Persia to accept a false faith at the point of the sword. At last, in tones of love, he spoke to them of the Great Father who loved them all, and who had sent Jesus into the world to show mankind the way to the Paradise beyond, where he, the great Leader and Exemplar, now was, ready to welcome all those who followed him, living as he lived, and dying, if need be, as he died, as martyrs and witnesses for righteousness and truth. Thus he discoursed; and when he perceived they were calmed down, he broke the spell which had overpowered them; and those men that had burned but a short time before with hatred against the preacher of the truth, were now so changed that they would almost have fallen at his feet and worshipped him.

This young apostle was well known, and it was soon spread abroad that he was trying to overturn the acknowledged doctrines of the Persians, his own father accusing us to the Government. It was then that the followers of Jesus began to be persecuted in Persia.

The persecution was not at first general; but they began to raise their hand against us, one by one, not openly, but by cowardly and covert means. It was no uncommon thing to find some of

our number assassinated by bands of riotous and abandoned young men returning from their midnight carousals. And in course of time the persecution waxed so hot that we were compelled to draw closer together, oftentimes assembling at night to escape the observation of our enemies, while we engaged in prayer and fasting. Many a glorious night was thus spent in spirit communion. Parents who brought their children with them laid them aside on their little beds, where they soon fell asleep; and while the fathers and mothers of the little ones were engaged in devotion, the guardian spirits were seen by some of us nursing the innocents that were soon to pass through the fires.

While thus we began to experience the first mutterings of the coming storm, the first blast was felt by Carius Polonius. His father seemed to have lost all natural affection for him—indeed his love had been turned to bitter hatred. Concealing his wrath, he employed a wily messenger to see his son, and desire him to come to him. The young man (though he well knew his father's antipathy to the new doctrine and its upholders) still loved his parent, and went to him. Having thus secured his presence, the implacable father threw off his disguise, and at once demanded that he renounce the doctrines he had embraced. "No," he said, "no, father; though thou wert a thousand times dearer to me than thou art, I will not give up one iota of my faith at thy behest: no, not even to save my life. I have sworn to live and die for Him, the blessed Jesus, and I am ready to lay down my life for the truths I hold—the truths which he taught, who shrunk not from death for thee, father, and for me." Enraged by this bold and manly declaration, his father gave a signal, and a band of men made their appearance, who were ordered to bind him. He turned, while a tear (it is said) ran down his cheek, and said—"May the Great Father forgive thee for this unnatural deed. Thou hast broken the tie between us. Now go I forth to death in the cause of truth. Let the worst come; I will show thee how to die!" He was led off to prison, where he lay immured for some time, and remaining still true to God and truth, he was at last taken to a high cliff on the borders of the sea, where, chained to a rock, he was left to recant or die of starvation. They imagined that the horrors of such a death would issue in the young martyr's recantation—but no, they waited in vain; he died in his chains,

while his body became food for the birds of prey, and his bones were left on the lonely rock to become bleached by the sun, the wind, and the rain.

Thus died this noblest of the youths of Persia. Although others had fallen beneath the knife of the assassin, he may be accounted the first who suffered publicly for the cause of Jesus. But there were many more to follow. He only journeyed a little before us; but though absent in body, he was present in spirit, for at the meetings in our humble temple he was seen by some of us to take his place at the table, and to be possessed of all the energy which characterised him while in the mortal frame.

Was the baptism of converts common in the Church at Bushire?

The practice had been recommended by some brethren who had come from Judea. It had been adopted by one who came before Jesus, and that as symbolical of cleansing, the turning away from old habits to new. Jesus adopted the same rite, and handed it over to his disciples; and so it became customary in the churches planted by them to baptise those who were brought in. Indeed something of this nature was needed in the case of converts from heathenism—something that was fitted to impress them with the idea that the old practices of their former life, many of them of a vile character, must be washed away, in order to a new life of holiness and purity. There were no baptisms in the church till that of the young nobleman. He was the first who was baptised. As to the mode, that depended on circumstances. We sometimes sprinkled the water over the face; sometimes we lifted the water in both hands and poured it over the head; on some occasions a clean linen cloth was dipped in the water, with which the face and hands were washed; and when circumstances permitted, I have known of persons being taken to a river and there immersed. But all the modes of baptism were looked upon as symbolical of cleansing.

Were infants baptised?

When parents were admitted to the church, their children were not baptised; but the mother who was a member, after the birth of a child, came to the meeting-place with the infant, and after thanking God for her recovery, she publicly dedicated the child to God. At the same time, the father came forward with a thank-offering, if he was able to do so, such as fruits, or other dainties,

of which all present partook. The pastor of the church then blessed the child, and gave suitable advice to the parents and to others present.

Was the weekly Sabbath observed by the Persians ?

The Persians always held one day in seven as a sacred day. We were not like the nations around us, but more like the Hebrews in this, and many other things, so much so that I think they must have borrowed from us. In our little church, our meetings were daily, so that every day was alike to us. Of course, the day held by the Persians was that on which we had our chief meetings, for then we had a free attendance ; for although the poor were not debarred from engaging in labour a part of the day, they were compelled to hold sacred the other portion. In my day, the followers of Jesus, or *Christians*, as you call them, held the days that suited the country they were in ; but there was no binding obligation to hold any particular day as a Sabbath.

[*Benediction.*]

Forty-fifth Sitting.

13th January, 1872.

The New Views in Persia—The Romans introduce Evil Customs—Hafed on War—The Spirit of the Martyrs—The Tide of Persecution Rises—The Little Church Dispersed—Missionaries Sent Out—The Church in the Woods—The Little Flock Captured—A Mock Trial and Condemnation—A Sore Test—Hafed Indignant—Standing the Test—Recant or Die !

AT our last meeting I made reference to the persecution that had begun against us in Persia, but in spite of opposition in some places, and persecution in others, the new faith spread extensively, not only in Persia, but in other countries. In Persia, however, there was an element at work against which we had to contend, and which was lacking in some other nations. The Persians were slow to throw up their old views, seeing so little difference in some things, and in others none at all. We tried to explain our doctrines as best we could, sowing the good seed in the hope that some day it would spring up and bring forth abundantly, although

the presentiment was ever before me of a disastrous day for Persia, when a great shadow of evil doctrine would enshroud her.

At this time, like many other nations, we felt the powerful overbearing hand of Rome on us. Though still left to be governed by our own laws, with a king exercising authority, we were but a tributary to Rome, a subdued people. No doubt, the Romans introduced certain valuable laws, but with these came a flood of licentious practices that soon debased the youth of Persia. Their circus exhibitions, in which lewdness and sensuality were unblushingly displayed, and the successful shedder of blood applauded as a hero—where the lookers-on sat gloating over the struggles of man with man in deadly conflict—had all the effect of converting the Persians to a love of bloodshed and war, and an insensibility to noble deeds. Ah, me! how heartrending is this dreadful love of war. But the time is coming, though still distant,—for nations must rise and fall ere the blessed time come—when the sword of the Spirit shall be unsheathed. It shall sweep all before it; but no more shall torrents of human blood be spilt. No, its conquests will be over the hearts of men, and then shall they live in peace and love all over the wide world.

The noble young martyr, who had gone forth over the land, and even into the royal court, boldly proclaiming the truth, and whose bones lay bleaching on the rock, was now filling a higher position; he had joined the glorious assemblage of courtiers surrounding the Prince of Heaven and Earth—his lords, ready to go forth to do battle for him against the foes of mankind, to overcome man's enmity—not to destroy him, but to save him. The martyrdom of this young apostle seemed to have created a thirst for more blood, and they began to lay their hands on others. The tide of persecution rose against us. Our bosom companions turned to be our bitterest enemies, speaking in public against us as rebels against the laws, and dangerous to the State. We began to be hunted down; while the fury of lawless and ungovernable mobs were let loose upon us, and the humble house in which we had met, and where we had spent many a happy hour, became a prey to the flames. We were scattered, and took refuge from the fury of our persecutors in the dense forests and up amongst the hills, safer with the wild beasts than with our own countrymen: these were our dwelling-places, while some got shelter in caves by

the sea-shore. There we raised our prayers to the Most High for protection and guidance ; and, although suffering keenly, there was no repining and no appearance of the spirit of retaliation, but all exhibited the spirit of their Great Master, who had suffered without complaint, and who had died praying for forgiveness to his murderers.

At this time I deemed it right that the two friends who had left the Magi with me, and who had been my fellow-labourers till now, should go forth to other countries and proclaim the truth concerning Jesus—that God had opened up the true way of life through him ; and thus I spoke to them : “ I know, my dear brothers, I shall be but a short time here ; but there is work outside Persia for you to do. You will go to the churches I have planted, and tell them how we stand together in Persia. Go to Rome, where you will meet with brethren from whom you may learn much about the life and death of our beloved Master ; for in Jerusalem there is a council established who send out brethren to many places in Lower Asia, to Rome, and even to the lands of the Goths.” With heavy hearts, and their eyes dim with tears, my venerable and dear friends parted from me for ever on this Earth. There was work for them to do, while I would remain at my post and endeavour to comfort and keep the few together as long as I had a breath to draw.

We generally met for worship at the midnight hour, for there were many amongst our number who had young families to provide for, and who had to do so as best they could during the day. I have known some of these devoted men and women, after toiling all day, continue the whole night in prayer and supplication, and at cock-crowing, like Zoroaster, offer up their morning thanksgiving, returning to their daily labour, and feeling as much refreshed and strengthened as when they had got a night's sleep. At these meetings in the woods and rocky heights there was not a night without a bright spirit manifestation, in which we received intimations of being taken away ; and such, you may be sure, we regarded as glorious tidings indeed, for we knew we were going home, where no persecution was.

One night we had been assembled for an hour in one of the thickly-wooded groves. We had sung a hymn and addressed the Most High and the Prince of Peace, and I had just begun to

speak to the few who surrounded me—about twenty-five men, women, and children—when we heard the sound of feet trampling through the thick underwood, and shortly thereafter we found ourselves surrounded by a body of armed men. By the light of their torches I saw their intent, and, turning to my poor flock, I said—“Brethren, now is the time for decision! Which side do you take? Is it that of Jesus, or the King of Persia?” When all, raising their right hands to Heaven, cried out, “No, blessed Lord, we will never desert thee. In thee, O Lord, is our trust; in thee is our help! Ye stars, shining aloft throughout the firmament, bear witness to our vow! Though great our shortcomings, we are ready to give up this life as a sacrifice to Jesus.” We made no attempt to fly, but submitted to be led off to prison by the Roman soldiers.

We were brought before a tribunal that had been arranged for the occasion. It was but a mockery of trial. It was quite evident they held us guilty, and had condemned us before they went through the form. There were those present who were ready to swear falsely against us, but we opened not our mouths. Our protestations of innocence of the charges brought against us would have been made in vain. Our cause was prejudged, and we were condemned. One was doomed to be crucified—a death I would have gloried in. A father and mother were next. They tried to get them to recant; but, finding the noble pair steadfast, the monsters seized the babe from its mother’s breast, and, holding it up, threatened to cut the child asunder before their eyes if they did not submit. As I beheld the atrocious deed, in this so-called court of justice, my blood boiled; I felt young and strong again, and had I been armed with my good old *falcon*, I would have swept them off from God’s fair Earth. It was the “old man” that rose within me. I could not stand unmoved to look on such a scene. Yet such was done in a Persian court! But their vile threat was in vain. The father and mother, although possessing all the tender feelings of parents, stood firm,—they would not renounce Jesus. (Where are the Christians now who would stand such a trial of their faith? From what I perceive through my Medium and otherwise, I fear there are none. There were such followers of Jesus then, who were prepared to lose all for him.) These and some others of our number were condemned to

be stoned and burned; others were doomed to fight with wild beasts in the public arena; while those of the men who were young and strong were adjudged to fight in the same place with Roman gladiators.

But I was reckoned the ringleader of this rebel lot, who had plotted against Persia and Rome! To upset these Governments, I had collected a band of twenty-five men, women, and children! A teacher of strange doctrines I certainly was. But what was that to Rome—she had no interest in such matters; but then I had been the Head of the Magi, and had doubtless been guilty of a great crime, in their eyes, in trying to substitute new doctrines for the old theology of Zoroaster. I cared nothing for their charges, I knew well that I could not escape. They asked me to recant, and they would replace me. “No, though I had ten thousand lives, I would not give up one jot of the truth in Jesus—I am ready; let me be the first to die. It is but the casting-off of the shell; like the caterpillar from its worm-life, I shall burst away from this poor old worn-out body.” But they refused my request, they would merely allow me to go a few days sooner.

We were then sent back to our dungeons, there to lie till we should be dragged forth as a spectacle, an exhibition, on some of the days of the approaching Roman Festival. [*Benediction.*]

Forty-sixth Sitting.

20th January, 1872.

The Persian Martyrs: How they Died—Hafed's First Night in a Persian Prison—Review of a Life—The Arena—Fighting with Gladiators—In the Cells of the Arena—A Vision of Jesus—The Heavenly Host—The Aged Martyrs in the Arena—The Beasts Spring, and Die at their Feet—The Result on the Minds of some of the Spectators—Death of the Body—Birth of the Spirit—Welcome Home. *Questions:* “The Brethren in Babylon”—Wilful Sin—Doctrine of Substitution.

I HAVE already told you how we were tried and condemned to suffer death in various shapes. The weaker sex, strong in faith, walked more boldly to the burning stake than did the men, but

all professing their faith in the one name—Jesus the Nazarene—the outcast among men, but the Most Blessed of Heaven.

That night, I was cast into prison for the first time in Persia—though once before in a strange land. Many a thought passed through my disturbed brain as I lay. I began a review of my life from a child at my loved mother's knee, and recalled her teachings respecting Zoroaster, the Prophet and Lawgiver. I remembered my father, too, the stern old warrior and Prince of Persia, yet one who was ever a kind father to me, his only son and successor. Then down the stream, from boyhood till I became a man, and a leader of men, with my deeds of valour (as I at one time reckoned them). Then the dark cloud that enshrouded me, when she, my beloved one, was ruthlessly torn from me by barbarians. That one terrible night had altered all my life course,—the hand of God was there, through his ministering spirit, Zoroaster, who deemed it right that my idol be cast down, so that I might be free for another work. Then I thought how I, who could once take my place beside the King of Persia as a Counsellor, was now immured in a dungeon, and condemned to die—made a public spectacle, because I was loyal to Jesus, my beloved Prince. The persecutors thought to rid themselves of the viper that was wounding them. They were wrong. Could they but have cleared their vision, and looked a little into the future, they would have seen they were but adding fuel to the flame. They thought, when dooming helpless women and children to die at the stake, that they were getting quit of that for which these faithful ones nobly sacrificed themselves. Ah, mistaken men! They saw not that every fresh victim became a subject for thought to the people—something to ponder over. Nor did they know that these innocents, when passing through the fires, had thousands of ministering spirits hovering over them; and while the flames, serpent-like, curled round them, consuming the poor earth body, no pain, no agony was felt, for there were there those who destroyed pain, and were ready to welcome the martyrs into the blessed abodes of the Summer-land. And these spirit-forms were seen mounting aloft to the blessed mansions—aye, and I saw them, and O how I longed to ascend also. My time was fast coming on.

The strongest and manliest forms were selected to go into the

great arena, erected by Roman civilisation, there to fight with gladiators, in bloody contests, for thousands to gloat over; while some of the oldest were reserved for the end of the day's sports, when they were brought in to be torn to pieces by hungry beasts. At these festivals, introduced by the Romans, there was singing and dancing, while wine was so freely partaken of that it became a scene of drunken debauchery. The Persians, generally, had been for a long time a temperate people, using but little; but the Roman customs had been too quickly learned, and they were now guilty of the same degrading vice.

It was in such circumstances, on the eve of the great festival, that some of the brethren were taken in to fight next day with gladiators who had come from Rome to display their skill. Those poor Christians (yet richer far than all who surrounded them) not being trained to the use of the Roman weapon, although well acquainted with the Persian two-edged *falcon*, became an easy prey, the Roman gladiators boasting that they were in the right because of their victory! As the night was closing in, an old man was generally brought out to the wild beasts to conquer them, or be devoured by the hungry animals!

We were placed in cages opposite the animals. I occupied such a cell, along with another old man about the same age as myself—that is, one hundred years; and we two were destined for the first day's sport. There were but a few thin iron bars between us and the hungry lions and tigers, kept hungry for the occasion, and the poor animals were continually tearing at the bars to get at us. It was truly wonderful how calmly we slept amid the continual roars of those hungry beasts. Indeed they were glorious nights to both of us. I saw that old man on bended knees, lifting his hands on high and praying to the Blessed Jesus, and thanking him for the strength given to him to meet these beasts and death unmoved. I felt myself in the same position, strengthened in spirit.

On the morning of the day on which we were to be brought out, just before daybreak, we were sleeping one of those deep, calm sleeps in which mind and body are seemingly enjoying great rest, something like to the slumbers of the young life, when my companion in bonds awoke me, and cried out, "Look, my brother! See! our den has been transformed into a palace, and the hungry

beasts, our neighbours, have been changed into holy beings." I looked—I rubbed my eyes—it was indeed no dream;—I saw him, the good old man, beside me,—I felt his warm breath fanning my cheek. It was a reality. "Look, O look!" he cried. "My dear friend," I said, "we are getting a-foretaste of the happy hour when we shall pass away into the presence of the blessed. I have looked on it before. I have been there with Him whom we love." I had just spoken these words to my fellow-prisoner, when from amid the glorious throng of the Heavenly Host (each one of whom was bedecked with a brilliant star, and clothed in robes pure as the driven snow), there walked forth One with stately step, whose head bore a crown, the diamonds of which were brighter far than mortal can describe, each gem surpassing in lustre the brightest star that adorns the heavens; while in his hand he held a brilliant sceptre. As he approached, I perceived it was my Prince, the Blessed Jesus, and I bent low before the Glorious Presence. "See thou do it not, my beloved father. Thou wilt be here on the morrow, thou and thy fellow-servant. They think to end thy days—that this day shall be thy last; but not one day less than the time allotted thee shalt thou remain. Another night will pass before thou comest, and then shall we meet thee and thy companion here." The words seemed to fall away, and again we slept. On awaking, I heard the hungry beasts roaring.

I knew I had to pass the ordeal. The day's horrid sports went on, and many passed away, and at last we were dragged forth, two frail old men, before the assembled thousands. Calmly we looked around, fearing none. We had the word of Jesus; we knew he would protect us, that neither men nor beasts could harm us. They let loose the animals from their den, while we stood in the centre of the arena and calmly looked on as we saw the hungry beasts narrowing in to a point, from which to make their spring. We had dropped the weapons which had been placed in our hands, and were standing with folded arms. The tiger crawled stealthily on his belly, while the lion paced about, as if he shrank from the ignoble use men had put him to. At length the tiger bounded, and—dropt dead at our feet! The lion followed, but landed on the prostrate body of the tiger, on which he stood like a statue of stone. He, too, was struck dead by the

Angel of Death. We claimed no victory with raised foot on the bodies of the slain. They brought out other animals, but they would not approach us. We were then led off, while the spectators expressed their great disgust with such an unlooked for interference with their sport. Had we been robbers, no doubt we would have been applauded—but we were Christians. A work was done that night, however, for the cause of truth, which could not have been accomplished by a hundred years' orations. Many who sat and witnessed the scene I have described, rose and left (as I afterwards learned), and were so deeply impressed by the sight that they became earnest inquirers, and afterwards converts to the faith.

The second day came, and that day we knew to be our last. Both of us knelt in prayer to the Great Spirit, and asked our Prince to receive us to himself. There we continued on our knees in the midst of the great arena, thousands of spectators gazing on us. We rose not. The beasts made a great spring. I saw one of the animals fix on my companion. That is the last I remember seeing in the body: I opened my eyes and found myself in the glorious home on high.

I looked around: he that died with me, still lay by my side. It was a glorious change indeed, and one I had often longed for; for now I had joined those loved ones who had gone before.

First my own beloved wife embraced me, and then my child, now a stately man, hung on my neck. I could hardly realise that which I saw. But as I looked I recognised my own dear father and mother.

—And then the whole region shook with a grand burst of harmonious music, while heavenly heralds proclaimed the welcome to the martyrs for Jesus. I turned to one and inquired if such a welcome was accorded to every one. "Yes," he said, "but you seem to get a louder welcome."

I had run my appointed course on the Earth, and it was no ordinary course. I had been happy during that course, and I had been sad; but I felt no regret, I was now done with the Earth and its concerns, and happy, unspeakably happy, in my new home, the land of my new birth; for though fully matured as a dweller on the Earth, I was but as a new-born child in the Spirit World.

And you, when you come to your last hour on Earth, be not

afraid. Death is a kind and generous Angel to mankind. You have but to live as Jesus lived, and when you are called away from Earth-life, summoned to leave the body, ten thousand holy ones, once pilgrims on the Earth, will carry you in triumph into the presence of our Prince and King, once the humble Jesus of Nazareth. Amen.

In one of the Epistles of Peter, the Apostle, he says—"The brethren in Babylon salute you." Did you know of a church in Babylon?

No, there was no such church in existence in my lifetime; but he could not have been referring to the city of Babylon, for that in my day was but a heap of ruins, with a few miserable huts on the outskirts; possibly it was the district of country, or Babylonia, that was meant.

Though you had passed away from the Earth, might you not have known, as a spirit, of the existence of such a church, and of Peter's labours amongst them, seeing the district was so near to Persia?

It was some time before I could get into communication with Earth, I was so glad to be released—to meet with Jesus and the dear ones who had gone before, and to become one of the happy throng that walked in that great and glorious Temple.

Will the consciousness of having done many things we ought not to have done, mar our happiness in the future life?

Wilful wrong-doing, even though you return to God, must ever remain on your memory as a cause for regret. You would not be the same man could you forget your former life. But if you go on in sin—if you have not turned to God and goodness—suffer you must. Alas! how many are now howling in darkness because they have not returned to God!

What is your opinion in regard to the doctrine commonly taught—that the death of Jesus was a satisfaction to God, by which He is enabled to remit the penalty due to the sins of all those who accept of Jesus as their substitute?

I do not wish to enter into that doctrine at present; I would only now direct your attention to the fact that millions on millions of mankind never knew of Jesus and his doctrines. But are you to suppose that, because of their ignorance, they have been doomed to eternal despair? Jesus did not offer himself up as a sacrifice

in the sense you speak of, but sinful men murdered him because of the grand and glorious principles which he inculcated. When the Christ came, the world was sunk in crime and darkness—so much was this the case that one would have thought the Great God himself would require to do the work. But Jesus came. Did he come with a whip or a sword, and drive all before him? Ah, no; he came as a poor, meek, inoffensive man; so humble, he would not raise his voice; there was no ostentation with him, he displayed his love to all, and was ever ready to do a kindness to any one, even to his bitterest enemy. There was no pride, no pharisaism to be seen in him; he lived the truths he taught. His heart went out in compassion for those who stood in need, and he gave what he had for the relief of the lame and the blind, and the deaf and diseased, of rich and poor alike; while the hungry multitudes became the receivers of his wondrous bounty. By a lifetime of such deeds—a life in harmony with the words of wisdom which fell from his lips—he became the world's Great Exemplar, worthy to be followed by all men. He came to show man how to avoid sin and its dire penalty—suffering; and that in loving his fellow-man, he best displayed his love to God.

[Between the date of the above sitting and that of the next, a number of meetings took place with the Medium in trance, when various corrections and emendations were made on the MS.]





JS

The Aged Martyrs in the Arena. (*Direct.*) See Sitting 46.

— ❦ ❦ ❦ SPIRIT-LIFE. ❦ ❦ ❦ —

“GOD IS A SPIRIT.”

“IN HIM WE LIVE AND MOVE AND HAVE OUR BEING.”

“FOR WE ARE ALSO HIS OFFSPRING.”

✕

“There is a Natural Body and there is a Spiritual Body.”

“*In my Father's House are many Mansions.*”

“*For we know that if our Earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.*”

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Forty-Seventh Sitting.

18th July, 1872.

Old Friends—The Great Temple—Spirit Horsemen—A Burst of Trumpets—The Prince Appears—Is it a Dream?—The Welcome of Jesus—They Enter the Temple—What Hafed saw there—The Prince Addresses the Assembly. *Questions:* Virgin Mothers—Annihilation.

TO-NIGHT I find I shall be unable to do more than give you some idea of my feelings on being introduced to the better land.

The leaving of the mortal body and the entrance into Spirit-life, may be said to be a new birth—a child from mother Earth taking on immortality; and just as the child wakes up into consciousness of its surroundings in the Earth-life, so many of those who pass away from Earth awake in the Spirit World; or, as the tiny insect which lies torpid during the long hours of winter, rises up into summer life in newness of form and faculty, and seeks its provender from flower to flower, so there are some who, freed from the material shell, rise up with newness of life and power into the celestial region of light and love and beauty.

I could at times hardly help feeling as if it were only a dream—a vision. But this could not be; for here was I, not alone, but united once more to those dear ones who had gone before; those whom I had known and loved on Earth now surrounded me and conversed with me, and all were anxious to explain to me thousands of new objects which met my view on every side.

My venerable friend, whom I had known on Earth as the Old Egyptian Priest, came towards me, and invited me to go with him to the Great Temple; and with him stood that bright and glorious one, my wife, whom next to God I had loved; and there, too, was the child of whom I had been bereft many years before, standing beside his mother in all the beauty of Spirit-life and stature.

Our way to the Temple was carpeted with the freshest verdure, while thousands of flowers of the loveliest hues and fragrance created within me a delight which mortal man cannot realise. My whole soul was ravished by the scene. "And this is Heaven!" I exclaimed, "It is worth ten thousand lives on Earth to live but one day here."

At length the Great Temple burst into view. It was a glorious object, on which the eye might rest in ever-increasing admiration, with its great dome reaching far, far into space, while the rows of its massive transparent pillars stood out in unapproachable grandeur. I think there must have been, at this time, some degree of earthliness clinging to me, for I felt somewhat dazzled as the bright ones looked on me. But such sensations soon wore off, and earthly weaknesses were no longer felt.

On reaching the Temple, I observed a vast body of horsemen drawn up; they were thousands in number, and panoplied in bright and glittering armour. And standing at their head I beheld him who had been my Spirit Guide on Earth! He it was who appeared as the commander of the glorious host, amongst which I observed hundreds of those who had once been my fellow-warriors and fellow-labourers. Here they were again ready to do battle for truth and righteousness. As I gazed in awe and wonder on the gloriously-clad throng, a shout as if from ten thousand trumpets rent the air, and such as I had never heard before. I turned to my Egyptian friend, and asked him what it meant, remarking, "The throats from which such sounds proceed must surely be made of silver, so overpowering is the effect." He at once replied—"Look! That is the meaning of it! He comes! The Prince—the Prince!" I looked, and my eyes rested on him. He was clothed in garments of spotless purity, whiter than the snow on the tops of the mountains. Following in his train were thousands of bright ones, and all moving on towards the Temple, to engage in the worship of the Great and Mighty Spirit.

All this appeared to me much like that which in some measure might be seen on Earth, and everything around seemed so real: the rocks, the trees, the hills and valleys clothed with beautiful green—all so lovely, and yet so substantial, that at times, as we proceeded, I could not help imagining it to be but a dream—some vision crossing my brain! Was I mad? Was I still on the

Earth? Ah, no, no! for here beside me was my venerable friend, clothed in his robes of white; and here, too, was my beloved wife, with Heaven's lustre on her brow, talking to me in the old and oft-remembered tones, and with the same familiar features and form. These thoughts had just passed away when I observed the Prince drawing nigh to us. At first I felt impelled to rush towards him and throw myself at his feet; but a sense of unworthiness coming on me, I drew back. He saw me, however, and coming up to me he clasped me in his arms, exclaiming—"Father, suffer thus much from me. Thou art welcome! All Heaven shouteth for joy that thou art come home. Come, my father, come, let us walk up to the Temple that we may worship the Great and Good, the Almighty Father."

We walked side by side till we reached the centre, as it seemed to me, of the vast and magnificent building. Looking around me I saw thousands on thousands of golden seats, representing animals I had never seen before. Their eyes were lighted up with fire, while the scales which covered their bodies displayed thousands of ever-varying tints. The wings of these animals formed the seats, on which sat multitudes of the blessed. These figures were so beautifully, so ingeniously constructed, that I took them to be living creatures, but I found afterwards they were not so, but works of heavenly art—instruments of praise! And as the Prince walked on, ten thousand of these wafted their halleluiahs till the gloriously ravishing concord of sounds died away in the far distance.

My old and esteemed friend, the Egyptian priest, officiated at the altar which stood under the great dome; and at the conclusion of the service, the Prince mounted the steps and spoke to the vast multitude assembled before him. I will not attempt to give you an adequate description of this discourse, but I may say that nothing I had ever listened to could be compared to it. It concluded by an appeal, full of love and compassion, on behalf of his fallen brethren in darkness, while he called on this one and that one to undertake the mission of love. "Go down to them," he said, "and cast forth your influence on these my poor darkened, enchained brethren, that they may be lifted up from their dismal condition, and become partakers with you of light and love. How can we be happy while thousands of souls, precious in the sight of

the Great Spirit, are still the denizens of the dark caverns, cursing their God, cursing themselves, not knowing that He is ever willing to draw them away from their darkness into His great light."

We must now close. If you have any questions to put to me I will answer them.

Did you ever hear of any one, other than Jesus, who was born of a Virgin?

Yes; there was one in India, named *Balgesus*, a great Reformer. There was another, who was still living about the time that I was born, named Apollonius Tyanæus, belonging to Asia Minor. He was, I rather think, of humble parentage. He may be said to have been almost as great as Jesus in wonder-working power. It is said that he raised the dead, that he healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and caused the lame to walk—all this, and much more. But then, he can never be compared with Jesus for goodness, who was holy and without a flaw. Apollonius, however, lived very strictly, subjecting his disciples to very stringent rules as to their mode of living, inculcating the practice of abstemious habits, so that they might be more able to distribute to others in need. Such a thing as being born of a virgin mother may appear impossible to men, but it is possible with God. Why should men stumble at this when He, for ends beneficial to his creatures, whether here or in other worlds, sees it to be necessary? Why, it is but the bringing of another law into operation to accomplish the end He has in view; and that end could not have been attained had these come by ordinary generation. Do not imagine for a moment that spirits, such as we are who communicate with you, can do anything in such a work—we can do nothing. We are but as twigs on the great tree. The Great Spirit alone did the work by one of those High and Holy Spirits who minister unto us, but who seldom come to Earth. This is why Jesus is set down by his Hebrew disciples as the Son of God. I had no proof of such a conception, but I believed it, for I knew it by spirit communication.

Do you know of any case of annihilation?

No; annihilation is impossible. Dare any spirit say otherwise? Soul and Spirit, the Divine and Human—two yet one—are inseparable; and the impressions received in the body endure for ever.

May the Great Spirit abide with you!

Forty-eighth Sitting.

17th August 1872.

The Temple described—The Central Altar—Uses of the Halls—The Stones of the Temple—Form of worship in the Great Temple. *Questions:* The Lost Ten Tribes—Spirit horses real.

ON the last night we met I said I would give you a more definite description of the great building of which I had been speaking, and which, as you will remember, I had been privileged to enter, in spirit, before I left the Earth.

This Temple is, in its dimensions, much greater than any ever erected on Earth. The centre forms a vast round hall, surmounted by a great dome. From this hall there branches out, north and south, east and west, four great wings, each of these terminating with a smaller hall, domed as in the Central Hall, and these domes capped with golden pinnacles. The width of the Great Hall is 4000 cubits,* and its height from the floor to the top of the dome, 12,000 cubits. The four smaller halls are each 2000 cubits in width and 2000 in height. There are four grand entrances to the Temple, at the extremities of the four wings. The entire building measures from north to south, or east to west, 40 furlongs. Surrounding this great building there are massive columns, rising to a height of 1000 cubits; these measure at the base 120 cubits, and tapering to about 60 cubits at the top. Between each column is a space of 120 cubits; and to form the entrances there is a space left of 240 cubits. These columns support vast masses of building, and are connected by means of half arches with thousands of inside columns, measuring half the size of those on the outside. Above these arches, between the outside and inside columns, there is a pathway 40 cubits in breadth, running all round the building. On the inside pillars rest the domes of the five halls.

In the centre of the Great Hall stands the Altar, the ascent to which is made by twelve steps, each step a cubit in height. Around the altar there is a trench or channel, to carry off the blood of the sacrifice, or the water used in the service. Although not needed, yet there it is: an altar similar in form to those used

* He gave the length of the cubit as about 20 inches.

in the Earth-life. This is the altar referred to in a former communication, on which my friend the Egyptian was seen to offer up sacrifice to the Great God; and from the steps of this altar the higher teachers deliver their messages to the assembled throng.

The Great Hall is used only for worship, while in the smaller halls, subjects of philosophy and science are introduced for the benefit of those assembled. There you will find that the nationalities of Earth are, to a certain extent, still maintained by those who meet here—Greek meeting with Greek, Hindu with Hindu, Hebrew with Hebrew, and so on. Here we find them mutually receiving and imparting truth in connection with such subjects as space, the condition and peculiarities of other worlds (not now looked at dimly by mortal eyes, and with the hazy imaginations of spirits in the body, but as realities—places which many of them have visited), and many other matters peculiar to life in the Spirit World: subjects far above the comprehension of men, however high in culture or genius, who are still clothed in mortal bodies.

The stones forming the great building I am trying to describe, are not composed of dark dense material, such as those used on Earth. They may be likened to your precious stones, but all of a far, far brighter nature, and yet still material substance. The columns are transparent as crystal, and dazzlingly bright, so much so, that were mortal eyes to look on them, they would at once be blinded; and oftentimes, indeed, they are dazzling to the eye of spirit. As we gaze on these beautiful columns, there appears a never-ceasing change of colours—in rainbow-like fashion. But greater far than all these qualities, when a spirit looks into them he sees reflected his own self, his own thoughts. Let one of the poor, darkened souls of the Spirit World but glance upon these ever-pure columns, and he would fly in terror at the sight.

In reply to questions, he said—

The Temple is erected on an elevated platform, so that it may be seen at a considerable distance. The inside walls are made from various metals, finer in their composition than those of Earth. Both stones and metals may be termed material, but yet in their nature spiritual.

The wonderful instruments which appear to the eye as animals, and which I spoke of before as forming the seats in the Temple, are all composed of gold and precious stones.

The floors of the halls are inlaid with the finest marbles, on which are pourtrayed in strange figures human passions—the whole symbolical of the treading of such passions beneath the feet of those who enter therein. There are also many strange figures delineated on the masonry supporting the domes, and these are connected with man's earthly life.

The altar, or sacrificial form of worship is adopted to suit those who had in their Earth life been accustomed to such a mode. Indeed, such sacrificial forms were peculiar to almost all nations till the Prince came. There is no harm in the use of these forms. Many a precious night have I spent beside the altar in the Sacred Grove. And it is to be considered by you that we in the Spirit World who, in our Earth-life, were accustomed to these things, form the vast majority of those who have entered into Spirit-life; and is it at all unreasonable that the modes of thought and worship of this majority should still exist in Spirit-life? When you come hither, all these things will be clear to you. You will find no fault with the arrangement.

There is nothing wrong in those of the same nation fraternising, so that they do not rest contented with that, to the neglect of their duty—which is to endeavour to uplift from the dark caverns of Hades our poor fallen brethren who are still enshrouded in darkness.

Do you know anything of the whereabouts of the descendants of the Ten Tribes of the Hebrews, who were carried away captive by the Assyrians?

No; I cannot tell. The captives were divided amongst the Allies who assisted in the invasion, and were thus scattered over various districts. There was nothing more heard of them, so far as I know.

You spoke on a former occasion about a large body of spirit horse-men: Were these horses realities, as real as the spirits who sat on them?

The horses were real. This I treated of through the Medium at one of your meetings.

I was not present on that occasion.

I shall take up the subject at another time, in connection with this narrative. [*Benediction.*]

Forty-ninth Sitting.

25th August, 1872.

The Surroundings of the Temple—Beasts, Birds, and Fishes—No Rest in Mere Enjoyment—Hafed wants to Work. *Questions:* Explanation of Direct Cards—Jesus not Supreme—Apollonius and Balgesus: their Virgin Mothers—Animals in the Spirit World.

TO-NIGHT, I will give you briefly a description of the surroundings and immediate neighbourhood of the Great Temple. The ground, then, on which the building stands is no mere grassy knoll, but a grand and elevated swell of mountainous table-land, whose beautiful sloping sides and terraces are adorned with the richest vegetation. Round and round the building, and skirting off in every direction, are walks bordered by trees of gigantic size, far far surpassing those of Earth (which are but dwarfs when compared with them), and laden with a foliage beautifully diversified in its colouring. Casting the eye down the slopes of the hill, the scene presents to the view of the enraptured beholder, one grand collection of all the colours of Nature; and all this to decorate the winding paths which lead to the gates of the Great Temple, in which the nations assemble to worship the High and the Holy One—the Invisible God.

The atmosphere around is ever fresh with the sweet fragrance distilled from the flowery fields, and inhaled at every step by the blest ones who tread these heavenly paths. Here, too, may be seen horses and other animals gambolling over the lovely lawns and rich meadows, while myriads of birds, clothed in beauty, are warbling their notes of thanksgiving and praise to the Creator.

But the scene is not composed altogether of beautiful woods and flowery meads. At the base of the hill flows a river of the purest water, fed by numerous silvery cascades from the rocky cliffs above; and in the neighbourhood of the Temple are many small lakes, in which may be seen multitudes of tiny but lovely fishes dancing about, darting hither and thither amid the crystal waters, creating interest, delight, and instruction to thousands of little children from Earth-life, who are running about the banks, under the care of their Heaven-appointed guardians. And here also are to be seen many of the sages of old walking about absorbed in

study and reflection; while here and there you may observe a pair of re-united fond hearts, recounting to each other their experiences of the past life, and reviewing them in the light of the present. There again are to be seen some spirits newly admitted to this paradise of bliss, eagerly gazing on all that meets their enraptured vision.

Had I been told that this was Heaven itself I could not, when I entered, have been more satisfied—so beautiful to my senses did everything appear; but man's desires cannot rest in mere enjoyment,—he must exercise the faculties with which he is endowed. Accordingly, when my old friend, the Egyptian, discoursed to me of the work in which he had been engaged, I too felt a strong desire to traverse the kingdoms of the Lord and visit other planets far away in space: I ardently longed to engage in the missionary work of enlightening the denizens of the dark caverns; to have an opportunity of casting over my fallen brethren the influence of truth and love, so that they too might be drawn upward, and become partakers of the joys and quiet peace of this paradise, where all were happy, all were blest. In this bright land, music and perfumes are wafted on every soft wind, while songs of praise are ever rising from ten thousand voices to the Prince and to the Almighty Father by whose power and wisdom all things are upheld.

I will in due time give you some account of certain places in the Spirit Land; of my labours; of my visits to other planets; the exercise of our influence on fallen spirits, and our methods of communicating with you through mediums.

Is the strange characters at the bottom of the Direct Card meant for a signature?

Yes; it is my name in Persian.*

"The Ancient of Days"—Is this applied to God or to Jesus?

It is used as a name for the Great Spirit. The other term, "The Angel," applies to the Nazarene. Jesus is not God. From all my knowledge of him, he, I am sure, would never say so. Indeed, when he was worshipped as a God by some, he rebuked them. And yet it is right to invoke him; for he is the Great Mediator between God and man. He is the Prince of Heaven

* See *Appendix*—Direct Writings and Drawings.

and Earth; that is, the Heaven connected with your Earth. He is not the Great Spirit of all, but the Christ, the Anointed One of your planetary system, and in whom is the fulness of the Great Spirit. He is above all the Christs of the other systems; for none but he was able to undertake the work of man's salvation, and because of this he stands nearer to the Great God. Prayer uttered by you cometh to Jesus, and through him to the Almighty One. Ministering spirits are ever ready to convey your desires to the Prince, and he is ever ready to plead your cause.

What might be the probable reason why Apollonius and Balgesus were brought into the world out of the ordinary course of generation?*

The wonderful nature of their birth might well create interest and observation in the peoples among whom they were born, and tend greatly to draw attention to the doctrines which they taught. Then, again, the fact that these extraordinary men were not the offspring of high and mighty princesses, born in the lap of pomp and luxury, but children of the poor—a labourer's daughter, chosen by the Great Father to bear a son,—was fitted still further to excite attention. No doubt, such a circumstance taking place in some countries might create suspicion as to the virtue of the mother, but the virgins in the countries referred to were so closely watched that it was almost impossible that deception could be maintained. Jesus had much greater advantages than either Apollonius or Balgesus for the acquisition of knowledge, though the former was almost equal to the Prince in his teachings;—yet there was a breadth, a world-wide application about the doctrines taught by Jesus, that clearly distinguishes the one from the other. As for the Indian Reformer, he was left far behind.

Are there any now leaving our Earth fitted to enter into the Paradise you have been describing?

O yes; they enter there every day.

You speak of little fishes sporting about the clear waters of the lakes in the vicinity of the Great Temple. Are these and the other animals there referred to of a spiritual nature?

They are spiritual, and yet have all the characteristics of the same tribes on Earth.

* See Page 228

Had these fishes, or other animals in the Spirit World, a previous existence on the Earth, or are they new creations for the Spirit World?

That is a question to answer which, adequately, would occupy all night; but I will try to say something in course of my next address to enlighten you on the subject. [*Benediction.*]

Fiftieth Sitting.

19th September, 1872.

Philosophical Pursuits—Condition of Planetary Worlds—No Sin and yet Death in other Worlds—Animals in the Spirit World—Part and Parcel of Man—Differences in Animals intellectually—Man Incomplete in Spirit without the Animal Instincts—Varied Scenery of the Spirit Land. *Questions: Reincarnation—Mediumship.*

AT our last sitting I finished my description of the Great Temple, where multitudes assemble day by day to give thanks to the High and Holy One; and not only so, but, as little children, to learn something new concerning the great universe of God.

Here we have our ancient philosophers, as was their wont, still casting their eyes toward the heavens, to discover new beauties in the rolling worlds. At one time these philosophers indulged in many a fanciful speculation concerning the heavenly bodies; now they need speculate no more, for they have visited those worlds, and discovered what they are composed of. They find them inhabited by intelligent beings all as good, and many of them far superior, morally, to those of Earth. I myself, in the course of my various missions in the Spirit-life, have visited some of these worlds, and I found that the intelligent beings living on them, far excel, in every way, the inhabitants of Earth. Many of those beings, having thrown off the material body, have been here too. They pass away from their bodies, not, alas! as you do on Earth, but as in a sleep, and that not until they are ready to go. There is no death in the childhood of these races—all come to maturity, and then pass away. It would be well with the Earth were its peoples in such a condition. In the worlds I refer to, there is no

transgression of God's law, and consequently there is no suffering,—no pride bringing with it those direful results so frequently presented to you on Earth; but all are under the loving sway of one Great Head, and all are subject to the Great King who reigns over all. There is no one there envying another's superiority—no one lording it over another, but all are on an equal footing; and why? Because Love reigns in every heart—each one loves his neighbour as he does himself. And yet these happy and holy beings die—they pass away from the body into Spirit-life; not amid grief and lamentation, as is the case with you; but, the indications of the change being well known, it becomes the occasion of joy and gladness to all around—in fact, a jubilee.

When I look back and consider the teachings on this subject contained in the sacred books of Persia and of the Hebrews, I am amazed—I can but term them foolishness. Both Persian and Hebrew Scriptures teach that but for sin there would have been no death. But in the worlds I am speaking of, there is no sin, and yet there is death: certainly not that death with which we are acquainted, with all its painful and terrible accompaniments, but still the parting of the spirit from the body—from the material to the spiritual.

Compared with some of these worlds Earth is as an atom of dust on an apricot to the apricot itself. Had the inhabitants of the Earth continued to exist without death, where would you have been? Choke full, with hardly space to breathe in. Death must come; and it comes, in these worlds as in yours, to all in due time. So has it been in the past, and so will it ever be, as long as Man is a sojourner on Earth's surface. How long his sojourn, none can tell; but if I may be allowed to give my opinion, it will be for ever.

Now permit me, before I go farther, to say something concerning the animals in Spirit-life. Take the animals of your world, study them, set them in order, from the smallest insect to the largest and strongest beast, and you will have before you a subject worthy your deepest consideration. In each and all you will observe a certain amount of instinct or intellect corresponding to their varied structures. You see the ant, a very small creature, building his house with skill, and displaying forethought by laying up in store provender for the coming winter. Here you have

exemplified one of the most important features of man as a rational being. Then look at the little mole, and the larger beaver, both exhibiting in some measure the powers of engineering and building in man. Take again, the spider, and you have the skilful, industrious weaver; for as the fishermen of Earth construct nets to catch fish, so do these little animals weave their nets to entrap the unwary fly. Then on Earth you have your birds of passage: these may be called the mariners of the skies. Even in the fish of the sea you may perceive something similar to that which meets your eye amongst men; for here is one who, finding a shell vacated by another, therein takes up his abode, and keeps it. Indeed, bring all the various classes of animals, with their varied instincts and habits, under your observation, and you will find that all these are developed in mankind—each and all form part and parcel of man; so that when he leaves the body to go into the Spirit World he carries with him the instincts or intellect of all classes of the animal creation.

But here we must look at another point—that is, the differences existing in animals as regards instinct or intellect. You will find some animals moving over the surface of the Earth, having their spines in a horizontal position; others, again, not exactly so, but varying from the horizontal to an angle of 45 degrees; while man alone walks upright. It is in this we find the cause of diversity in animals. The solar rays, giving forth electricity, strike down on man's brain, and thence down through his spine, in an unbroken stream; while in the lower animals, these rays, striking on the spine from an angle of 45 degrees to the horizontal get broken up or scattered.

Seeing that all these instincts of the lower animals were needed on Earth in order that there should be completeness in mankind, it was also necessary that these should be carried by man into the Spirit World; for if you set him down in a paradise such as I have recently described without these instincts, he will find himself in a wilderness—you deprive him of that which goes to make up his happiness. But no, here we have all that you have on Earth—all much superior in character, but all in strict correspondence with that which exists with you in the material world, and of which you are cognisant by your bodily senses.

I have in my Spirit-life traversed the various districts of the

Spirit-land. I have visited places of all sorts, some of which might have been termed Hell, but to me all appeared beautiful. Here the eye rests fondly on nature's variegated fields of floral verdure, and there the little streamlet wimples along its rocky bed; here we have the majestic rivers pouring their rolling waters into the quiet and pellucid lakes, that mirror in their deep bosoms the image of the passers-by; and there, sweet music lends its powerful aid to awaken hardened, benighted, dark souls, to lift their eyes upwards towards Him who can dispel the thick clouds which enshroud them—to Him who is the source of all light, without whose loving beams they are powerless to burst through the pride-bound gate that shuts them out from the companionship of the truly happy.

I must stop for this evening. Have you any questions to ask?
Have you, in your long experience of life in the Spirit, ever met with an individual who had a remembrance of passing through more than one existence on Earth?

No, no. If such were the case, I could not say I was myself. I believe I never was on the Earth till I was sent direct from the Great and Mighty Source of all Spirit. Some men in the Spirit World go back to Earth, and teach the old doctrines they held in mortal life, and which they still tenaciously hold. Let such men but come to stand on the same platform that I and others occupy, become frequenters of the Great Temple, and they will soon learn to think otherwise. Many of us, indeed, return to Earth on errands of love and truth, but not in the body. I, for my part, have no such desire, unless it were permitted me to do so, and then it would be to revolutionise the world—to bring on the glorious "golden age," so long desired by all the good and true in past ages. But here, and as I am, I have work to do—and a glorious work it is: the rescue of the benighted ones who, in multitudes, wander amid the shadows of the Spirit World.

Do you consider it hurtful for a Medium to sit for physical, or lower manifestations?

In some cases it is hurtful. There are Mediums adapted, by the peculiarity of their constitution, for these manifestations, and for no other. To such Mediums, however, as our friend here, who may be called a general Medium, and through whom very varied phenomena can be produced, mere physical manifestations

become hurtful. The finer susceptibilities of such a Medium get blunted or destroyed, and the animal portion of the Medium is weakened by the withdrawal of the magnetism which he has received from the sun's rays ; and not being possessed of a robust constitution, he is not open to the magnetism of the Earth. But if the Medium is strong, robust, he takes in that magnetism, which passes continually between the north and south poles, and also draws largely from the magnetism of those individuals who sit with him. [*Benediction.*]

Fifty-first Sitting.

*3rd October, 1872.**

Questions: The Worlds subject to the King of Kings—Other Worlds—Appearance of Inhabitants—Their Clothing—Occupations—Earth Known to Them—Astronomical Theories of the Magi—The Inhabitants of the Moon—The Moon Inhabited on both sides—Is the Earth a Hollow Globe, open at the Poles?—The Production of Worlds—The Body of Jesus really Human—Materialisation of Bodies by Spirits, etc.—The Spirit Voice—Transmission of Solids through Solids—Recognition of Mortals by Spirits—Differences in Spirit Transit—Is Cloth Manufactured by Spirits?—Spirit Costume—Appearance of Spirit to Spirit.

INSTEAD of addressing you this evening, I will answer any questions you are ready to put to me.

At our last sitting you spoke of certain worlds you had visited whose inhabitants were "all under the sway of one Great Head, and all are subject to the Great King." Am I right in understanding that each of these worlds is ruled by Great Heads, occupying the same relation to these worlds as Jesus the Prince does to ours?

No, you are not right in your supposition. What I meant to convey was this—that the worlds of the Solar System, some of which are larger and some smaller than Earth, have all their rulers, but all these are subordinate to the one Great King—the Prince.

* I consider it necessary to state that several of the questions at this sitting were put by Mr. K —, a gentleman now deceased, who took a deep interest in the Medium.

But we have also missions to worlds outside our system, who have also rulers or kings; and these, too, are subject to him who is the King of kings, under the Great and Mighty Spirit. Just as in Persia, in my day, the various Chiefs or Princes were under one King, so in these worlds referred to. These rulers may communicate with mortals on Earth, just as Jesus does—that is, through a medium or mediums in the Spirit-World. I might be their medium. I might take a message to Earth.

Is there anything differing in the personal appearance of the inhabitants of these worlds you have visited from that of the inhabitants of this world?

In shape they differ very little from the inhabitants of Earth. They are more open in countenance, so that each one can read the character of his neighbour. In Saturn, they are taller, and they live to a greater age, being much more robust than the inhabitants of Earth.

Do they require to be clothed as we do?

Yes; they have, like you, to live under certain natural laws, some of these severer in operation than those of Earth. In some there are long winters and long summers. Just think of a winter of thirty or thirty-five years' duration! Accordingly they are compelled to provide clothing to meet the demands of the climate.

How about their occupations: do they require to labour, as we on Earth do, to obtain the necessaries of life?

O yes, they have all their several occupations—they must work. It was never meant that man should eat the bread of idleness. God is ever working, and he who will not work is unlike God, he is opposed to Him.

Are the inhabitants of such worlds acquainted with the state or condition of this world?

Yes; they are, to some extent, acquainted with the affairs of Earth through information derived from those who have left your world. Constituted as you are on Earth, they are possessed of the same desires to attain to something higher; and consequently we find them seeking after knowledge—prying into the heavens as you do, to learn something of the worlds rolling in space around them, and anxious, like the philosophers of Earth, to discover the laws which govern those wonderful and glorious works of the Almighty's hand. But they are in a much higher condition for



Portrait of Hafed, Prince of Persia. (*Direct.*)

receiving and imparting instruction than the inhabitants of Earth. I knew comparatively little of those great bodies that have attracted the attention of astronomers in all ages of your world. But still, I think, we of the Magi were as far advanced in our ideas of the nature of the heavenly bodies as your philosophers of the present day.

Were you aware of the Earth turning on its axis?

A few of us were so. In Rome, Greece, and Egypt there were controversies amongst the learned on this subject—some contending for the globular form, and others maintaining that it was flat. There was a similar diversity of opinion amongst the Hebrews. In Persia there were great disputes on this point; and each section of the Magi had its own theories. In my own circle, we knew and believed that the Earth turned on its axis from certain signs which came under our observation.

Do you know of any worlds where the inhabitants are of a lower character—physically, mentally, or morally?

The only one in which the inhabitants are lower is that of the Moon. There they are not so fully developed physically and intellectually; but, morally, they are higher than those of the Earth. They are small in body, and chiefly occupied as shepherds.

Is the Moon inhabited on both sides?

Yes; its population is scattered over it. There are places where the cold is intense; but these, of course, are not inhabited, any more than the very high mountains of the Earth.* Such irregularities in the formation of worlds are needed. Imagine for a moment what it would be were your world all a plain surface. You would be deprived of much that goes to make up your comfort and happiness in the mortal state. The vegetation would be so rank, and the atmosphere so dense and noxious, that existence would be a curse instead of a blessing. Life would be unbearable.

Do you know if the Earth (as some say) is a hollow globe, inhabited, and open at the poles?

I believe the Earth is hollow, but not at all fitted for habitation. But I do not believe it is open at both ends.

In reply to an observation by Mr. K——, he said—

The volcanoes of the Earth, and of the other worlds, are but safety valves. Observe, that fire is the grand element in the

* See *Appendix*—Communications from Ruisdal and Steen.

hands of the Mighty Spirit, to do his work in the production of worlds. There are certain gases abounding in the atmosphere, which gases may be reckoned the spiritual state of matter. By the firing of the electrical particles, a refuse is produced, and in course of time, the gases become solid matter. This law is in operation at the formation of all worlds. Then these solid bodies, as they fly through space, are always gathering or forming a crust of matter round the burning mass, while the Sun, or some other great body, holds them in due course. But the internal fire must have vent in some way; hence the upheaval of mountains on the surface of the globe in process of formation. * And as the cooling of the mass goes on, the atmosphere is produced, which in turn produces water. That is why Moses begins his narrative of Creation by a reference to the waters. Our Sacred Books do the same, and in this Moses very likely borrowed from the Persians.

Did you, when on Earth, know of a doctrine held by some—namely, that the body of Jesus was not a human body, but one similar to those in which Spirits are making themselves visible to mortal sight in certain circles in London?

I never heard of such a doctrine in my day. Jesus had a body such as you have. He felt as you feel: he had all the feelings peculiar to humanity. Had it been made up only for the time being, those who hold such a doctrine have got to explain how it was left hanging on the Cross, and not dissolved when the Spirit left it. But, doubtless, it underwent some chemical change in the tomb. Your sacred books say it saw no corruption, and that statement is assuredly correct. That same body that hung on the Cross he used when he appeared to his followers. He needed not to appear in such a body as that referred to by you: he was so spiritual in character, that he possessed, even in his human form, almost all the powers of a disembodied Spirit. Then again, as evidence to some that doubted, he showed them the wounds in his body, proving that it was the same body that had been nailed to the Cross. They needed to be confirmed in all that they, as disciples, had seen and heard, so that they might be fully armed in going forth on their mission to the world. We know, however, that his earthly body was dissolved in the act of ascension.

Are you aware that certain Spirits are now materialising themselves, so that they can be felt, seen, and heard to speak?

I am not aware of this; but I do not consider it impossible. You will notice, however, that those Spirits who do so are likely to be of a low order, and they manage to produce such manifestations at the expense of Spirits in the body. We could accomplish these things too, but it would be injurious to the Medium. It is no more wonderful for us to appear in the materialised form than it is for our Indian friends to produce those perfumes with which you have so often been favoured—the one is as much matter as the other. The Spirits you refer to have, for a long time, manifested in such a way. We have one here of the same order—a rough gem—I mean him whom you know as JOK.* He could do what the Spirits you refer to are doing, but the Indian Spirits would not allow him; they do not think it right.

How is a Spirit enabled to sing?

In the same way as he is enabled to speak. The Spirit uses the magnetism of the Medium's throat; but if the Medium could not sing, neither could the Spirit. In the same way, were the Medium dumb, the Spirit could not speak.

Then how about the Boy-medium Turketine, for I (Mr. K——) heard, in connection with his mediumship, a strong, manly spirit-voice singing?

It matters not the difference of voice, the boy could sing.

Do you suppose it likely that a person could be carried by Spirits from one place to another?

Yes; Spirits are able to do so. They can bring a stone through a solid wall, and they can, in the same way, bring a living body.

At a circle where I (Mr. K——) was unknown, the Spirit "John King" pronounced my name. Did he perceive the name in my mind? or How?

If he had never met with you before he could not have seen your name. You must have been at a circle where he was present; or he may have been told by some other Spirit who was there: he might have got the information from your son, who is here now. Some Spirits let in all and sundry into the circle;

* See *Appendix—Extra-ordinary Phenomena: Perfumes and Direct Voice.*

but in this circle we are hedged in ; neither those who are friendly, nor those who are unfriendly, are allowed.

I (Mr. K——) was told that it took my son three minutes to go four hundred miles. Can you tell me anything as to the speed of Spirits in going from one place to another ?

In your son's case it might have taken that time ; in others it is different. Those who are fully developed, who have been long in Spirit-life, travel as quick as thought.

One of the Spirits referred to as producing materialised bodies in London, allowed, it is said, a piece of her robe to be cut away by a person present, and that piece is now as tangible as if manufactured by earthly hands. Very curious, is it not ?

There is nothing very curious about it. It might have been manufactured by man in the ordinary way. How easy now would it be for me to go into Persia and help myself ; but that would be sin. Some spirits are not so scrupulous. As long, however, as they manufacture from the atmosphere there is nothing wrong. That which an individual produces by his own labour out of raw material becomes his property, and to take that from him without his consent is robbery. That, however, which grows up naturally in the open fields belongs to every one. We might say that all things are the property of God ; yet He has appointed that man should toil and labour, and earn a right to that which he produces ; but the idle are guilty of robbery.

Have the Spirits clothes ?

Yes ; they manufacture them.

Do different societies in the Spirit World wear costumes of various colours ?

Yes ; but white prevails. I have always worn white, which was my habit while on Earth. I wore a chaplet when Head of the Magi, and I wear one still ; indeed, I still wear sandals, and I am still girt about with a girdle.

Do the Spirits appear to you in Spirit-life as they appear to the mortal eye on Earth ?

Yes ; we perceive a black man as such, and we see a fair man as such. But better far, we are able to perceive each one's character ; hence, no wolf need come here in sheep's clothing. Indeed, they could not abide with us—our pursuits would not suit them. A righteous man, loving his fellow-man as he does

himself, leaving the body, enters here in an elevated state. There is no change in his character. An unjust man enters into Spirit-life—he may have been a robber; here, however, though unchanged in character, he cannot rob, but he may combine with other Spirits to influence men to rob. They band themselves together in these dark regions (dark to them, but beautiful to us) to carry out their wicked schemes, prolonging their misery and wretchedness—but there is even hope for them. But the solitary ones are in a worse state. They wander about in their dark and gloomy course, without hope, cursing, despairing, and lamenting their unhappy lot—thinking they are abandoned both by God and man. But they are not forgotten. We are ever striving to get them to open their eyes to the truth. At last they begin to see, and then it is we can do something to bring them up to the light of truth.

May the Great and Mighty Spirit bless you, and abide with you! Good night.

Fifty-second Sitting.

8th October, 1872.

Hafed's first Experience in Spirit-life—A Contrast—The Inner Man—A Trinity in Man—Discipline and its results—*Questions*: Difficulties in Mediums—Mediums, beware!—The Spirit's Holiday—Out of the Body—On Dreams and Visions—Information given in Sleep.

At the sitting before last I spoke for some time on the connection which existed between man and the lower animals, showing that man was the complete animal: that each animal was a link, and that all formed one grand chain, of which man was the head link; that all had more or less of reason, according to their several organisations, and that reason was the great spiritual principle in man. But to-night I intend to confine my remarks to the subject of man in Spirit-life; and for that purpose I will recur to my own experience after parting from the body.

On waking up I felt as if I had come out of a troubled dream. The past few hours appeared to me as a sort of dreamy unreality,

and yet I knew that that which had taken place was altogether real—a fact—not to be set down as mere fancy. For a time I felt in that dreamy, hazy-like condition. I began, gradually, to consider; I could observe no difference in myself—not even in the clothing with which I was covered. This is something for you to think about. Whence came these clothes? The Spirits did not bring them along with me into the Spirit-land. How then? But as the scales fell from my eyes—as I began to realise the fact of my translation, I perceived that though my clothing was like that which covered me on Earth, it was not the same. I then began to examine my frame, and in that likewise all appeared as usual: there were my hands, my feet, the shape of my body—the very bones—aye, even the swollen blue veins in my arms and hands, and the nails on my finger ends—all there! But as I wondered and gazed, all became transparent—there was no density in that on which I looked.

I continued to look at myself and my surroundings, and as I looked I ruminated: Is this, then, the grand change that has absorbed the attention of philosophers of all ages and countries? Has the veil at last been drawn aside? Now I see things as they really are. Now I stand out in enduring form, solid and more substantial than are the everlasting rocks: these may, in the lapse of ages, crumble into sand; the mortal body may be dissolved into the elements, and be blown hither and thither by the winds, but here is the indestructible body. Man may—and, alas! how often does he—destroy his earthly body; but this spiritual frame shall never be destroyed. O glorious change! from Earth with all its sins and sorrows and sicknesses, to Heaven with its enduring rest and peace and joy!

Thus I meditated, and thus I wonderingly mused, and as I did so, the truth, like rays of light, darted into me. That which I had been accustomed to look on as substantial realities, even Earth's great rocks and mountains and seas, now appeared to me but as shadows when contrasted with the grand and magnificent objects on which my vision rested. It was not, however, until the forms of my wife and son, with my beloved parents, and friends and companions long passed away, stood round about me, that I realised the fact of my transition—that I had indeed passed from death to life—from the mortal to the immortal. Besides, I could

now perceive the hearts of those dear ones with whom I came in contact. Of course I do not refer to the bodily heart—that great force-pump of the blood (if you carefully examine that blood you will perceive the magnetic spark so necessary to the proper action of the heart)—not that, but something different from and yet corresponding with that important organ of the body—I mean the spirit heart—the affections—the thoughts projected from the innermost of the Inner Man. Observe, the Spirit has what I may call an Inner Spirit. If you could but understand it! You look on man encased in his wondrous human form, and you behold in that form only the temple of the Spirit—the dwelling-place of the Man—so beautifully adapted to all his requirements as an inhabitant of Earth; you turn your eyes to the Spirit-form—the heavenly body; but that is not the Man—that is not the *all*, there is in that celestial body the *Inner Man*—the thinking, feeling, acting being, the DIVINE PART—the eternal indestructible offspring of God. Do you see it? There is, first, the Body; then the Spirit; and then the Divine Part: all these go to make up the individual, the Man.

In the Earth-life, the inner or God-part—the Soul—may be so obliterated—so defaced by worldliness and sin, that there seems to be nothing left but the Spirit. Man, by transgression of law, shuts out God. Coming here in such a condition he is driven—he cannot help being driven—into the dark regions of despair: there he abides without hope, and abandoned of God as he thinks. But still there is hope, for he is not forgotten: the angels of mercy and love are on the watch for an opening by which they may operate on the inner part of this darkened immortal; and when this opening does take place, as a result of the discipline undergone—when the little chink appears, then is the door thrown open for the influences of the ministers of love and truth; the light flows into the dark cells of his being, gradually and slowly at first, but ever increasing; and as the light comes in, so does the degraded one emerge from his miserable condition, and rises—ever rises upward and onward. We, in our loved missions, are ever on the watch in such cases, and when the opportunity occurs, it is our joy and delight to work for goodness and truth—to lift the poor helpless, hopeless one up out of the foul waters of his sins to God's pure stream of truth, and thus to float him on into

our sphere of light and love. In those who come here in a renewed condition, the Divine part of their nature becomes the thinking, acting part, and as they continue in this course, so do they become more and more like unto Jesus who is the Image of the Invisible God.

In reply to an observation in reference to Mediumship, he (the Persian) reiterated what had been stated by Ruisdal and Steen on a previous occasion. He said—

Some Mediums have great difficulties to contend with in their development; and we too find many obstacles in our way which cannot easily be overcome, but which in time gradually melt away. I observe that there is a disposition on the part of some people to find fault with Mediums. This is not right. What is a Medium? He is merely an instrument to be played on by the controlling Spirit—a tool with which he works. How little will destroy the true sound of a musical instrument, and in such a case you will get nothing but discord, even from the most expert player. Even so the indisposition of the Medium damages that which comes through him. Though you get a communication bearing on its face a direct contradiction, do not be ready to blame either the Spirit controlling, or the poor Medium who is controlled. Be charitable in your verdict concerning both. True Spirits are often shamefully used by the ignorant and thoughtless, frustrated in every way by the antagonistic condition and frivolity of the so-called investigators. Beware of this. On the other hand, Mediums should never get proud of their powers as Mediums. The world may say they are gifted, and so they are; but let them ever bear in mind that the gift may be withdrawn at any moment. In the case of this Medium, if Ruisdal were inclined, he could make a stand-still, despite what either Steen or I might say; for he is the governor in this matter, though we do not now depend on him for the entrancing of our friend, seeing that Steen can do that better than Ruisdal. But at the outset, Ruisdal got, so to speak, the first link in the chain of control—and he keeps it; Steen got the second; and I got the third. Another remark I have to make is this: Mediums should ever be wary of the company they keep. On all occasions they should shun the society of depraved or immoral persons, for with such there necessarily come bad Spirits; and under such circumstances,

or conditions, a Medium being more or less open to influence, is in danger. Especially is this the case with the vain and conceited Medium, who is often unconsciously used by such Spirits to say and do things of a deceptive character, which, when found out, damage his reputation, and hurt him in every way.

At our last sitting, Fan Steen in speaking of sleep, termed it the "Spirit's Holiday." Is it the case that the Spirit of Man retires from the body in sleep, and enters into another conscious state of existence?

Yes; such is the case. That question and others of the same nature formed the subject of my study in leisure hours when on Earth. It is one worth studying. Look at a man in deep sleep. Half an hour before, he was a strong, active man, one you would not willingly encounter as an enemy. Stretched on his bed in sleep, what is he? While sleeping, you have no fear of him; though he were your greatest foe, he has now no power to harm you; his strength is gone; his limbs are as powerless as are a babe's; his powers of reasoning, thinking, or acting, have vanished. The body rests. But the Spirit sleeps not. After the day's toil—say he is a hard-working man (and that may be either in bodily or mental labour), worn out by fatigue, the Spirit as well as the body must have rest, else he could not go on with his daily duties. So, when the body is laid to rest, exhausted by the labours of the day, and the joints being dried up and needing a fresh supply of oil, the Spirit is also tired and weary, but it requires nothing of that rest which the body needs; it goes forth into Spirit-life: that is its rest. Observe the effects of change of scene in your own Earth' experience: both body and mind receive that relaxation so needful to the well-being of every human being. Even so with the Spirit.

Is the Spirit in a state of consciousness—capable of receiving instruction, while absent from the body?

Oh, yes; the Spirit is conscious while the body sleeps; but on coming back, on the waking up of the body, the conjunct being has but a dreamy, confused perception of any thing that has taken place. Some dream that they have seen faces of friends and others whom they know to have passed away long long ago. Oftentimes, places and circumstances belonging to the days of childhood and youth will be brought up in panoramic vision, in

which the faces and forms of the long lost appear as in active life. But there are dreams that are only caused by the derangement of the bodily system. The true spiritual dream—that which is caused by the separate action of the Spirit—will, on the waking up of the body, fade away in a minute; something may, however, bring up the circumstances afresh to the memory, for they are printed there, though lost for the time being.—Good night! May the Angels of the Most High watch over you!

[Here STEEN, as usual, resumed control, and the following question was asked.]

Do we, when away from our bodies in sleep, gain any useful information in Spirit-life?

Yes; at times the Spirit does bring back information—sometimes in the shape of a warning of coming evil to the individual, and impression of the proper course to avoid the evil, &c. Again, there is not the smallest doubt that any one who is placed in difficult and perplexing circumstances, is greatly benefited by taking what is called “a good sleep over it.” There is a great truth in that old saying, as there is in many of such sayings. Man is not aware of all the good he might gain by resorting to this simple method in his seasons of perplexity. The fact is, that mortals are nearly a half of their time in the Spirit World; that is, if you take into account their thoughtful, contemplative hours along with those devoted to sleep.—Good night.

Fifty-third Sitting.

17th October, 1872.

Questions: Separation of Spirit from Body in other Worlds—The Spirit World made up from all Worlds—The Father sins and the Child suffers—Other Worlds not all happy—Some swept into destruction—Did Enoch die?—Enoch a sample of many others—Relation of Jesus to other Worlds—Religious systems contrasted—The Christian System—Moses condemned and God vindicated—Music in the Spirit World—Use of Speech.

I WILL not address you this evening, but if you have any questions to put to me on the subjects I have recently brought before you, I will answer them.

Have the inhabitants of the other worlds material bodies like ours, and do they pass away like us into their several Spirit worlds?

I thought I had already spoken on this subject. I told you that in those worlds with which I am acquainted, there is nothing of that which you experience as death. In many cases in your world, death is accompanied with great pain and suffering of both body and mind. But in the worlds referred to, it is very far different. In these happy worlds, the inhabitants live to a great age; having run their course, they go, as it were, to sleep and waken up in the Spirit World invested with the Spirit body. It is not, you will perceive, *your* death, but a translation. All have material bodies, and all in due time pass quietly away into the Spirit World, which is the great universe. I know of no Spirit sphere (as you call it) belonging to one world and not to another. Although Spirits from worlds outside the Solar system do not generally intermingle with those Spirits belonging to it, there is nothing absolutely to prevent them. I may illustrate this by directing your attention to that which you see on Earth. Spread over the surface of the Earth, you have many countries in varied forms, sizes and features; these, again, peopled by different races, with their several languages, manners, customs and religions,—all differing, yet all belonging to the Earth: and as these tribes of men are all drawn to their respective localities by the ties that bind mankind generally—that is, by sympathy in nationality, religion, &c., even so is it in the Spirit state. There still prevails a feeling of kinship by which the Spirits of one nation are drawn towards those who have gone before, who belonged to that nation. The peoples of the Earth have their localities here as they had while sojourning in the mortal body; but there is nothing to hinder those outside our system intermixing with us, any more than there is anything to prevent natives of one country on Earth mingling with those of another.

Is the case that those who have lived most in harmony with the laws of God find it casier to take on the Spirit form?

Oh, yes; it is certainly easier. But, notwithstanding, such an one may suffer greatly before he is able to quit the mortal body. His forefathers may have been transgressors, and not only have suffered themselves, but sown the seeds of misery for future generations. As the Hebrew Record has it, the sins of the

fathers fall on the children to the third and fourth generation—and even farther. They must suffer for the father's sins; it cannot be avoided. How different in those other planets where sin is not known! There the Golden Age still exists. There you will find no gloomy anticipation of death as on Earth, but all are happy in contemplating the change from the mortal to the immortal; for so keen and clear is their spiritual vision—so pure and lovely are they in their lives, that they see the spirits of their departed friends, and these see the human form, and have intimate communion the one with the other, walking and talking in loving friendship.

Are all worlds in this condition of happiness?

No; there have been worlds, in long past ages, the dwellers on which were far greater transgressors than the inhabitants of the Earth. They were so much opposed to the laws of the Great and Almighty Spirit—so very wicked, that they and the worlds they inhabited were swept into destruction: yet those sinners, once so vile in their rebellion in the ages of the past, are now, I know, amongst the brightest angels that walk the heavenly courts.

There is a statement made in the Mosaic Record, that "Enoch walked with God, and God took him." Do you know if he died, or was he translated (as is commonly taught) without tasting death?

That case as recorded is just an illustration of what I was speaking of—I mean, the passing away of mortals in the unfallen worlds. You will find the case recorded in our Persian Books too; for Enoch was a Chaldean. There have been many holy men whose lives are recorded in the sacred books of all nations, and Enoch may be taken as a sample of the whole. Indeed, I have seen those who worshipped graven images, of whom it might truly be said, "They walked with God, and God took them."

Jesus, according to your statement, is the Head or Anointed One of the Solar Worlds. Have these worlds had a revelation of him similar to that which has been made to us?

Not exactly. The inhabitants of these worlds cannot be blamed as the murderers of their Prince. They acknowledge him as their King. He has visited these worlds in the same manner as he visited your Earth before his advent as a man. He has appeared to them as their Lord. Not many know of his

mission to Earth ; indeed, it is seldom taken notice of. I myself, though his friend and companion on Earth, must nevertheless be classed as one of his murderers ; for, though I maintained a blameless life, I often felt that I still was subject in some degree to the “ old man ”—in other words, that I was one of Earth’s children. Would I have denied my Lord ? No ! Still I was but human.

With your experience since you left the body, have you ascertained whether there is any of the systems of religion on Earth more than another that has been successful in elevating the moral character of those adhering to them ?

I considered the Persian system as good as any I knew. The systems of Greece and Rome were in many points demoralising in their tendency : mere sensual shows terminating in debauchery and wickedness. Such could not be the religion fitted to elevate the spirit of man. It was all the other way—it degraded him. Proud and vain in their imaginations, they foolishly deified their dead heroes, and worshipped them. How unlike this to the conduct of my own countrymen, whose prayers were directed to the Great and Mighty Spirit, through the grand symbol of His glorious presence and power—the glowing orb of day, whose gracious and blessed beams fall on every one, even as the Great Source of all Goodness pours down His blessings on the just and unjust alike, for with Him there is no difference. The Hebrew system was doubtless one which was fitted to raise man ; but that people were ever a disobedient and rebellious race. Faithless to the light so graciously vouchsafed to them, they were ever departing from the laws laid down for their guidance, and following after the idolatries of the nations surrounding them. Egypt, though now looked upon as an idolatrous nation, was really in possession of spiritual truth adapted, in some measure, to elevate her people. This was seen, to some extent, in one of the rules laid down in their religion, by which, when a person died, though highly exalted in station—even though a king—he underwent a trial, and if proved to be unworthy in his life, his body was not permitted to be buried, but sent back to his own house, to be a spectacle in the sight of the relatives and friends he had left behind him. This we think was, in the case of the Egyptian, no small or weak deterrent in his daily conduct. To be judged after

death! by those, too, who had lived along with him! There was no escape. He was sent, as it were, back from the gates of Heaven. Some of the practices of these ancient nations appear in your eyes as barbarous and unseemly, but you will find, if you candidly study them, that they all had a good purpose to serve in harmony with the times. They were all, more or less, acquainted with the use of symbols. Even the followers of Jesus the Nazarene used the Cross, which they held to be a symbol of his death.

But you have not referred to the Christian system as an agent in man's elevation?

I thought your question referred to the various religious systems of my day. The religion of Jesus was not a system in itself; it drew from all the other systems. He rejected that which was evil, and took that which was good in the prevailing systems, and taught it to his followers. Had they walked in his footsteps their course would have been glorious; for then their progress, like his, would have been accompanied by many wonderful works, to convince those who were opposed to the truth which they sought to propagate.

It is stated in the Hebrew records that on Moses coming down from the mountain, and finding the Israelites engaged in the worship of a golden calf, he led on a general massacre, in which thirty thousand persons were slain. Do you consider that, in so doing, he was acting in harmony with the will or law of God?

Oh no, no! God never brought war and bloodshed on mankind, and never will. The High and Holy One never instructed man to slay his fellow-man. Had Moses but reflected on the story of Cain and Abel, which he himself gives, he would have seen that, at the very outset—from the beginning, God reprobates the shedding of man's blood: there we find that the murderer was not slain, but, with a stamp on him, he felt himself driven out from his fellowmen—out from the God whose law he had broken—as a wanderer on Earth's surface, to repent in bitterness the ruthless deed. But Moses was terribly provoked, and, in his anger, he forgot that which he should have remembered. He did a deed that day for which I am sure he is now deeply sorry: and should I meet him, I have no doubt he would acknowledge he had done wrong. I, too, feel deeply grieved on reflecting on some actions of my Earth-life;

and had I my life to live over again, such actions would be avoided by me. Think not that though the sins and follies of the bodily life are forgiven, that they ever can be forgotten by those who committed them.

Is music produced in the same way with you as with us—that is, by the vibration of the atmosphere?

Yes; and by both instruments and voice.

Is it necessary to use speech in your intercourse one with another?

It is not necessary, yet we do so. Good night! [*Benediction.*]

Fifty-fourth Sitting.

31st October, 1872.

Places or Spheres in the Spirit-world—Spirit Scenery adapted to Spirit Tastes—The Dark Side. *Questions:* The Beauties of Spirit-land not the Work of Creatures—Paul referred to as a Co-labourer—The Direct Inscriptions—A Medium necessary—Persian Poets—Light in the Spirit World—Tainting of Messages.

AT a former meeting, I spoke of man as a three-fold being. To-night I will take up the subject of localities or lands of the Spirit World. You had something on this subject, on a former occasion, from Ruisdal and Steen;* and I do not know if I can treat it better.

The Spirit World comprises many different lands or places, in which Spirits, in accordance with their condition, find a suitable habitation. There are many who term these spheres. I call them places—countries, similar to those of Earth. And inasmuch as the various tribes of men on Earth (as I said before) are drawn together into nations or countries, so is it with man in Spirit-life—the various classes or conditions find their respective localities. One man of your Earth may have a love for the gay and delicate flowers that decorate the fields. Another takes a wider range, and takes delight in grand and beautiful scenery, and his soul revels amid the mountains whose snow-capped tops pierce into the heavens. Another, amid the thundering roar of dashing

* See *Appendix*—Communications from Ruisdal and Steen.

waters pouring from the cliff above to the dark depths below, loves to contemplate the rainbow hues of the cascade. Others, again, prefer quiet and solitude in the dark gloomy paths of the forest, that their hearts may rise in aspiration to God; while another class find their greatest pleasure on the waters in the bright and beautiful sunshine. Even so is it in the World of Spirits. There is one who loved the beautiful flowers of Earth, and he finds his loved and lovely treasures in their celestial beauty much more lovely than ever he dreamt of. Here, too, there is enough to satisfy the admirer of Nature in her grander aspects, of mountain and valley—of flood and field. Here the joyous waters fall from the rocky heights in a tide of music, at once gratifying the eye and ravishing the ear of him whose soul loves to find pleasure amid such scenes. And then, again, we have our grand old woods and their quiet solitudes, through which the contemplative man may walk and meditate on the Great Spirit, and on all His wonderful ways and works—how all is so beautifully fitted to the necessities of the creature by the All-wise and Almighty Creator, and how all become, by His arrangement, sweet ministers to man. There, too, on the banks of a beautiful lake, whose silver waters ripple under the beams of heavenly light, we have great gatherings of the lovers of music, whose songs of praise, reverberating on the distant rocks, come back in harmonious echoes across the waters, filling their hearts with gladness, love, and peace.

Such scenes as I have been describing, are only adapted to man in a truly moral condition; for where I am all are God-like. It is different in the dark places of the Spirit World; there men are still under the dominion of the animal part of their nature; their God-like part is still buried up, over-grown with weeds, with no eye, no ear for Heavenly things. Not until these choking weeds are torn away can the Spirit be made to feel that there are treasures around him which he may possess. When, however, the hindrances are removed, he finds a place suitable to his moral condition. Painters, artisans, philosophers—all find in Spirit-life their varied wants and aspirations fully met by the wise providence of the Great Ruler.

I will say no more at present, but I will reply to any questions you are ready to put to me.



The Wife of the Persian. (*Direct.*) See Sitting V.

On one occasion Steen told me that paintings in the Spirit World were not produced as they are with us, but by a mere volition on the part of the Spirit: now, are the things you have been speaking of the products of will power exercised by Spirits?

No; we cannot by any amount of willing produce such things. He that created that small ball on which you now live—He who created and who upholds the mighty worlds that roll on for ever in space, created this place—the place I have spoken of—for you and for all. It was made to suit man in his varied conditions as a moral being, god-like in his nature—a being ever progressing in wisdom, love, and truth towards the Grand Source of all being. Had you a great love for change of scene (as I know I had), and had you also many opportunities of gratifying your desire, you would, notwithstanding all that you had been privileged to witness, still wish to see more. But, with such desires and capacities, suppose you were confined to one spot,—not shut out from light and air,—would it be the mere confinement or the lack of change that you would feel most irksome? [The lack of change assuredly.] Even so is it with the spirit ushered into the new state—into a state of light. Were that an unchanging state—a continuous round of the same duties, the same pleasures, the same scenes—how would you feel? You would be miserable—as much so as the poor darkened Spirits, groping about amid their self-created gloom. No; the Great and Wise Spirit, our Creator, knows best how to meet the wants of those whom He has formed.

Why do you and Paul abide so long in your present sphere?

Were Paul and I to go into a higher place, we should find ourselves idle—the blessed work in which we have so long been labouring would be at an end. Remember, we both feel deeply the obligation to work; for did we not oppose God in our Earth lives! I, as a warrior, shed the blood of my fellow-men, sending them into the Spirit World before their time. By so doing I opposed Him. And Paul, though not a warrior, was one who stood up violently against his Prince; and in opposing Jesus he opposed God. Neither Paul nor I are tired of the good work. Our great delight is to throw in the light upon our brethren of mankind who still stand in opposition to God. We wish to lift them up, and bring them into the presence of Jesus the Prince. Fighting at

one time as a warrior, with sword and spear, against my fellow-men, against God, I am now wielding the spiritual sword against darkness and sin.

You stated that you were the agent in the production of the Direct Card, in which you gave the places in our Sacred Books where the Hebrew and Greek passages were to be found. Am I to conclude that you are acquainted with these records as we have them at present arranged—that is, in chapters and verses?*

No; I am not acquainted with the present arrangement. These Hebrew writings were not in my day in the same form as you have them now; they were in scrolls of various lengths. Some of these contained longer accounts of the subjects treated of than you have got; they must have been abridged since then. As regards one portion of the Direct Writing, I got it from one who lived on the Earth after me. He suggested that I should take the passages from Paul's writings; and since then Paul has informed me that he was the writer of them. I managed the Hebrew passages by impressing the Medium to turn over the leaves of his book at church till he reached the place.

Is it possible for a Spirit to give manifestations without the presence of what we term a Medium?

It is quite possible; but a Medium must have been in the place before, and left some of his influence or magnetism there; otherwise the Spirit could not act. The Spirit may act without any knowledge of the Medium, but the Medium must have been there. One may say—"I saw a Spirit-form while in bed last night"—some one dear to them—it might be a beloved husband or wife, sister or brother, father or mother, or child—still that Spirit could not appear had there been no mediumistic person present. And in regard to manifestations at circles, many of the circle, though not Mediums, may see things as well as the Medium, who, in such cases, may be giving out magnetism so powerful as to neutralise the positive influence of the persons present. When this is done, then we can come in and do our work. Again, if that which is produced be only manifest to a few who see, hear, or feel, it is just because these are more mediumistic than the rest. In

* See *Appendix*—Direct Writings.

some cases, when the conditions allow, we can gather up the power of the circle, and make ourselves a body, something like our Earth body.

Do you know of a Persian poet who bore the name of HAFED?

In my day there were many of that name in Persia. There was one of that name a poet; but all Persians were, less or more, poets. There was no one, however, of any great standing, unless he came after me.

Would it be agreeable to you to give me the substance of an address through this Medium, so that I may give it at length to our meeting on the Sunday Evening?

I'll think over what you suggest.

Is there in the Spirit World a Sun, similar to that of our system, doing the same work for you as our Sun does for us?

No, we require it not. We have continuous light emanating from the Great Source of all light, and by which the orbs are supplied. Were we to get our light from a Sun, we should, like you on Earth, have night and day. The light we have is so pure, and of such a nature, that I cannot find words to explain it to you. The Medium sees it, but it is not the same to his vision as it is to ours.—Good night. May His light ever beam on you!

Under the control of Fan Steen, in reply to an observation about the contradictory utterances coming through Mediums, he said—

If the Medium thought there should be a Sun, had he even the smallest idea of it, the message would be given accordingly, in spite of the controlling Spirit.

Fifty-fifth Sitting.

5th November, 1872.

An Address on Spiritualism—Modern Philosophy False to Science—Something worth Knowing—A Lion in the Way—Blind Leaders of the Blind—The Materialist and Atheist—The Innocent suffer—Jesus a Martyr—An Appeal to Parents—Truth Crucified—Be bold—Jesus our Pattern—The Christian Churches unfaithful—The Words of Jesus Denied: Why?—Manifestations a Means to an End—An Illustration—Ancient Spiritualism in the "East"—In Persia and Egypt—In Greece and Rome—In Judea—Lack of Courage in Mediums—Rescue of Fallen Mortals—Spirits need your Help—Be not afraid.

At your last sitting, you said you were desirous to have an ad-

dress from me, to be delivered to your meeting on the evening of Sunday. I am ready.

This night I mean to speak to you on the claims of Spiritualism. I am addressing those whom I may designate the pioneers of the grand army already on the march for the coming conflict; and yet, in styling you pioneers, I am not unmindful of many who have gone before you who might well bear the noble name, as propagators of the truth—the grand science of Spirit Communion, for indeed it is the science of all sciences. Were your professed scientists only sincere in their desire to arrive at a solution of the difficulties that encompass the investigation—were they to go about it in the same spirit which they manifest in other matters, the truth, in all its beauty, would soon burst upon them, that all things, everything they are cognisant of—the entire universe of material worlds rolling in space, with all the multitudinous hosts of intelligences that inhabit them—the still greater Spirit World, the dwelling-place of the immortals—have sprung from the Great, Ever-present, All-wise Source of all things, our Father God, the Infinite Spirit.

Why should these philosophers start back from inquiry because of the seeming simplicity of the methods by which many of the manifestations of Spirit power are produced? Conduct such as many of them exhibit is altogether unlike that which we expect to see in the true philosopher. They are false to science. Philosophically considered, what matters it whether signals are made by taps or raps on an article of furniture, or whether, as is not now uncommon, a voice is heard from an invisible agent? Is not the despised tap as much a product of law as is the sound of the human voice? Let these men seek for the origin of these sounds in the right spirit, and they will be rewarded. The great philosophers who lived in long past ages of the world did not despise the study of this subject (for, be it remembered, this is no new thing); they searched with all diligence till they found, and though some failed, they did not hesitate to conclude that these sights and sounds had a supernatural origin; others, again, were more privileged, for they opened their hearts at once to the great and glorious truth, that Heaven was indeed thrown open to their longing souls.

And is it not a gladsome thing to know that we who have been

so long away can come back and speak to you as we used to do when inhabiting the mortal body?—that the gates of the Unseen World, which so many imagine to be fast closed, are not so, but stand wide open?—that the loved ones whom so many think are torn away from you by what you term “cruel Death”—the father, whom you venerated; the mother whom you never can cease to love, the husband, the wife, the brother and sister, and the little darlings that clung to you in loving embrace—that these can and do come back again, and make known their presence, telling you of their life in the Spirit, and of the blessed reception that awaits the wise and good of all ranks and of every nation?

But there are some who are afraid to look at this subject which you call Spiritualism, they are dreadfully afraid lest it overthrow their cherished theological systems. And what is this that stands like a huge lion in the way of these timid souls? To such I would say, Go to your leaders who pretend to know so much about the Spirit World and the life behind the veil, ask them to tell you something concerning it, and they will say, with some show of mystery, that there are but two places in the life beyond, between which there is a great impassable gulf; that when the Spirit leaves his body he is lost to the world, and will never come back till the great day when the Earth shall be burned up with flaming fire, and then, encased in the resurrected shell, he comes forth for judgment! You will find that the great mass of these blind and blinding leaders of the people have no certain knowledge of the subject to impart to the poor inquirer. Some of them will tell you that the Spirits of the just “sleep in Jesus” till the Resurrection morning—when that comes none can tell, and again, almost in the same breath, they will speak of the deceased as in the enjoyments of heaven, and “present with the Lord;” while in regard to all others, they do not hesitate to consign them to the region of lost souls, there to abide until the Resurrection, when, re-united to their mortal bodies, and judgment passed, their anguish is intensified by the junction, and ever increases in intensity to all eternity! Ah me! how the systems of men darken and disfigure the simple truth! Not come back! Where have they got this notion? It is but a thin partition that divides the two worlds, the one is no great distance from the other; and there is no impassable gulf, dark and dismal, separating Earth

from the Paradise of the good, or even from the dark places of the poor, self-imprisoned, self-degraded soul. Believe it not. We can and we do bridge over this supposed gulf, this valley of death; for quick as thought we are with you—the wish is barely formed when we are present to bless you.

There are some, however, who have no belief in Spirit-life; they tell you they have no proof of such a life; that it may or it may not be for aught they know; that the death of the body is seemingly the end of man, that the great and the good of all time, with all their virtues, with all their bright and glorious attainments, go down with the poor casket to the dust of the Earth! There are some, too, who, in addition to this, doubt or disbelieve the existence of God—the Grand Parent of all—the Great Spirit, who loveth and provideth for every one. This perversity, though deep and painful to many of you, must not hinder you in your efforts to set the truth before them. These men are the blinded victims of the false theologies which have prevailed in the world, and see that you who have the truth, make its light shine before them. No God? No life after so-called death? Man an orphan—a passing shadow? No, no, a thousand times no! Though such an one may entertain the dismal thought, though he believe not in an immortal state, let me tell him, that he, even he goes forth in Spirit into the World of Spirits, while his wearied body reclines on its welcome bed of rest; and although, on awakening, he is unconscious of the fact, nevertheless as a Spirit he has gone forth, and taken part in things better and brighter and more glorious than he in his vaunted philosophy ever dreamt of.

But some of these may say: If this Great and Good Spirit is all you say He is, why does He permit evil to raise its head? Why allow the wicked to triumph over the good?—to crush truth and subject its adherents to torture and death—permitting evil men even to lay hands on the innocent—to bring disease and death on thousands and tens of thousands of helpless, innocent children? Why is this? Well, they are the victims,—sacrificed—martyrs in the cause of truth and goodness—suffering on account of others. When the great prophet of the Hebrews said that the iniquities of the fathers fall on their children to the third and fourth generation he uttered the truth—a truth which cannot be

denied: Do you not see them suffering from diseases inherited from their forefathers—down, down through generations to their source? And these poor little ones, who should have grown up to be stalwart men, and healthy, beautiful women, strong in body and mind, and useful to their fellow-men—pass away from their frail house, unfitted for Earth, and undeveloped in Spirit for the duties on this side. This is not God's work. It is in opposition to his laws. His will is, that, by the discipline of Earth, they should be brought to maturity as men and women, and thereby become, when they leave the body, fitted for the employments and joys of the Spirit World.

But from the beginning the innocent and good have been the victims—slain because of the guilty and evil-minded. Behold in Jesus of Nazareth, my Prince, a martyr to the truth which he taught: the holy and the just condemned and crucified, and the robber Barabbas set free! It has ever been so—Truth is crucified, and Iniquity is honoured.

As I have already said, Spiritualism is no new thing. There were always some who knew that mortals could communicate with the World of Spirits—could walk and talk with angels; and some of those who were so privileged, who got thereby glorious light into their souls, built up systems of theology, but which are now rotten—falling to pieces! Why? Because their adherents deny the very foundation of their own creed—communion with the dear ones who have gone before. Just think of it. Fathers and mothers, to you I speak. Is it not the truth, and gladdening to your hearts, that the loved ones who have passed over can still come back—that you can still communicate with them, even those bright little prattlers that sat on your knees, that fondled you with their tiny fingers, and with pure lips kissed you on the cheek? And you had to part with them, and the bitter thought rose up: They are lost—lost for ever! Ah, no, it is not so; banish the thought. They visit you; they come to bless you—to watch over you, as much as we the aged do—we who have long, long ago crossed over the stream. These dear ones come to your hearths with their chains of roses to enwreath you, and shed down on you the sweet perfumes of the heavenly land in which they dwell.

You are, my friends, having the finger of scorn pointed at you because of your adherence to the truth of Spirit-communion; and

you have to a certain extent become martyrs, by laying bare the truth to your fellow-men. But had you done so in past times, you would have been treated in a very different manner. "Draw back your words or die?" Such would have been the ordeal in days gone by. They thought to kill the apostle of truth—to stamp him out of existence: in their bigoted blindness they but set him free. I knew something in my Earth-life of this kind of opposition. But be not afraid. Be bold for the truth. Take Jesus, the Prince, as your great pattern. He was never afraid to proclaim the most unwelcome truths before a whole nation; nor did he hesitate on every fitting occasion to show his great power, in giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick—in making the lame to walk, and even bringing back the spirit to the cast-off body. He had these spiritual gifts without measure, and he exercised the power wherever and whenever he perceived that good would result therefrom to man.

Go on, then, and fear not. We are with you, and present to help you in the declaration of the truth; and as messengers from the Great and Mighty Father, we are ever desirous to give you that which will convince the world that we are with you—that we, who are reckoned dead, are still alive, and live for ever.

If men would only walk up to the lessons imparted to them by Heaven's ministering angels, the day would soon come when the churches would be thrown open to them, to go in and proclaim, with trumpet-tongues, the grand, the eternal truths which Jesus uttered. Then would they be able to do the works which he did, and then would his promise be fulfilled. Why should those who are banded together as his followers, and bearing his name, deny his words? Must I answer this question? Since ever man had existence on the Earth to the present time, the leaders of the people—the priests—neglecting the truth given to them from the Spirit World for the benefit of man, have busied themselves in the building up of their theological systems, leaving the poor spirit of man without instruction to fit him for life on this side. There have been exceptions; but such has been the rule in all ages, and amongst all nations.

These men—these so-called spiritual guides—and their unthinking followers, may look upon you as madmen, sneer at you, and make you marks for ridicule; but, strong in the light

which we have vouchsafed to you, heed them not. No doubt it is a kind of martyrdom, hard to bear, but even as Jesus, my Prince, bore it, so must you also bear it.

“We would disdain,” say other opposers, “to sit round a table, to see it tilt, and listen to raps!” And so should all reasonable beings, were that the only object. They who speak thus forget that such manifestations are but the means to an end—the mode adopted by certain Spirits for communication with mortals. And here let me warn those who are now listening, to give no cause for such objections when assembled at what is termed a circle. Sit down in a reverent, child-like condition of mind, sincerely desiring spiritual food, and you will be ministered to by Spirits of the right kind. Having truth for your object, never mind the apparent simplicity of the means by which it is to be obtained. It is surely just as reasonable to give information through the signal of raps, as to do so by controlling the organisation of a man or woman.

But it has ever been that what was considered foolishness, alike by the thoughtless worldling and the proud philosopher, has turned out to be the very wisdom of God, through the ministration of His messengers. Here is one, a noble boy, who loved his mother dearly, and who was as dearly beloved by that mother. He is gone, no one knows whither—Ah! who may calculate that mother’s doubts and fears—who can describe them? She seeks for tidings of the lost one, but no mortal can relieve her breaking heart. At length, some one whispers to her that she may gain information by communion with Spirits. She sits down at a table, and here is a Medium, through whom Spirits can work—it is through his mediumship they can get at the table. Raps are heard. The Spirits producing these sounds are asked to spell out their names (I have often stood by while this was done). A name is given. It is her son’s! Then comes question on question, and answer after answer, in relation to the circumstances of his life and of his death. He comforts her. He will be ever near to her until death, and will be at hand to welcome her to the land of light and glory. The mother’s anxious soul is at rest. She knows where he is, and how he is, and she longs to meet him in the Paradise of the Blest. But suppose now that the poor woman, in her anxiety, had gone to a priest. “Can you tell me

anything of my lost one?" "No, no," he would say. "Go home and pray to God; it may be He will give you light." But as for information regarding her son, he, the so-called servant of God, has none to give her.

Some of us can operate in another way. One who has the power may use the hand of a Medium, and give you written communications of great length on various subjects concerning both worlds.

Again, many of you know something of what is termed *direct* writing, and also *direct* drawings—that is, writings and drawings produced without the use of mortal hands (such as those which David and Jehoram, kings of the Hebrews, received), and also of many other modes of communication.

But why need I say more? Walk ye in the steps of the Great Prince, Jesus the Nazarene, and ye will have the gifts which he promised. Then will your churches receive the Spirit of him in whom they profess to believe, and then will be ushered in the longed-for Golden Age, when man and angel will walk together in loving and holy converse.

As I have said, there were some in all ages of the world who knew about these things, and others who made them the subject of investigation and study. Let me, then, briefly glance at Spiritualism as it was practised in some of the nations in olden times; and this will be best done by looking at their various modes of communication.

The peoples in the far East excelled those of the West in their knowledge of Spirit-intercourse. This, generally speaking, may be ascribed to their habit of long fasting when desirous of communion with the Gods—for such they held the Spirits to be. This practice of fasting made it much easier to control the Medium, and to bring him into the sphere of the controlling Spirit. He became, as it were, a better tool in the hands of the controller than if he had been full in body and in strength. Weakened through long fasting, it is easier for us to work through the Medium on all occasions. The far East became thus celebrated in spiritual knowledge. The powers of their Mediums were so full that they could remain for a length of time within the Spirit-sphere, and carry back into the mortal state that which they saw and heard in the dwelling-places of the Gods.

Coming westwards, and nearer to Persia, we find fasting still practised, though not generally. Nor was it persisted in for any length of time, as in the East, for such a practice was not in accordance with the lessons we taught the people for the preservation of health (I am speaking of the Magi); and my Spirit Guide gave no encouragement to those long fasts that injured man's bodily system. When we entered the Sacred Grove in the early morning, we did so fasting, that we might be better fitted to receive all that the Great and Holy Angel of the Fire had to impart to us, and through us to the assembled Magi waiting outside the holy place.

In Egypt another mode was adopted. Certain priestesses connected with the Temple service were dedicated to the work of communion. These Mediums could be consulted only in two places in Egypt. They were kept carefully secluded, and held as devoted to the work. Indeed, so closely were they kept to it that they were seldom off their beds, on which they lay in deep trance, and suffered correspondingly in health. The messages were delivered in the trance state, as I am now doing through my Medium. There was another method. The Medium priestess stood at a small table,* having a polished silver top, on which her fingers rested, and the inquirer, looking on the clear surface, read or saw thereon that which he sought for. The priests also wore polished stones on their breasts, and the inquirer saw on these the information he wanted, which might be applicable to the things of Earth, or to those of the Spirit World. This latter mode was adopted by the Hebrews—their High Priest wearing a breastplate of polished stones, through which messages or information were given to those who sought for such. But the Egyptians did not hide their light, as some did in those olden times. They gave it forth for the benefit of the people. Messages warning of threatened danger were laid before the Council of State, so that the Government might be prepared for it, or take measures whereby it might be averted. You have a case in point in the story which Moses gives of Joseph—how predicted famine was provided for. Egypt, in this case may be said to have been made the granary of all the neighbouring nations, and much wealth flowed in to her in

* See pages 63 and 67.

consequence. The Egyptians afforded more instruction in regard to Spiritual matters than any nation under the sun. None ventured so far as they did in this. The World of Spirits, and the conditions of Spirit-life, were plainly and repeatedly opened up to the people, so that they might be prepared for the inevitable judgment that awaited them at death, by which, if found wanting, they would be hurled into a place of discipline (not into an eternal hell), the experiences of which would in due time elevate them—rising higher and higher, until they became as Gods.

The Grecians were far behind other nations in knowledge pertaining to Spirit-communion. They had their oracles, but used them in such a way that much was lost. The Greeks asserted that they received their messages from their marble idols! Not so the Egyptians; theirs (they said) came from the high and holy Spirits. As for the Romans, they were very far back in all spiritual knowledge.

The Hebrews were equal to the Persians in this matter of Spirit-communion; and, had they lived up to the favours conferred on them, they would have been a grand people indeed. But they were everywhere held in detestation because of their evil deeds.

I cannot speak so freely of Spiritualism as it existed after my day; but this I know, that there never has been a time when there were no Mediums for Spirit-communications. The gift has been often hidden—buried out of sight—by unworthy recipients, afraid that the world should know of it, and they be subjected to suffering and death, but it is high time such unfaithfulness should cease. Why should man any longer go into the Spirit World in a condition of doubt, delusion, or darkness, when he may enter in with the light of truth—in the sunshine of knowledge?

There is nothing in this great subject calculated to darken the path of man, but much to enlighten him in his earthly course. Come, then, friends, be up and doing. See what you can do to raise your fellow-men from the depths of sin and misery into which multitudes of them have sunk. Earth, alas! has still her poor outcast wanderers. I can see them on your busy streets (through my Medium), wandering hither and thither, few caring for their welfare. Shut out from human sympathy, shunned by their own sex, and trampled in the mire by the other, what wonder though

these forsaken, desolate souls seek relief in death? Try, my friends, try to do what we are doing in the Spirit World. A grand, a noble, and a godlike work it is—to rescue even one of God's offspring from misery.

Think not, however, that your efforts must be confined to mortals. This idea has too long prevailed. You may aid the poor darkened one who seeks to attract your attention at your circles. Drive him not away; he is, as much as you are, the offspring of the Great and Mighty Father, who loveth and careth for all His children alike. That poor wanderer of the Spirit World, mourning and groping 'mid the darkness that enshrouds him, may, by even one kind word uttered at a circle, be guided into the upward path, that will lead him into the brighter spheres of the Spirit-realm—into the realisation of the light that ever flows from goodness and truth. Great will be your joy when you cross the river, to find him whom you helped to rise waiting to meet you, to give you a gladsome greeting on your entry into the better land.

Up, then, and unfurl the banner of the truth. Be not afraid of anything that men may say or do. The way is open; turn not aside, but go forward. We are with you to guide you in your course. Boldly and faithfully pursue that course, and soon will you see the streaks of light, harbingers of the glorious day—the good time predicted in our ancient books, when Earth will be one grand scene of love and peace—when all shall acknowledge Jesus the Nazarene as their Lord and Prince, living under his loving sway, and evermore holding sweet fellowship with the wise and good of all the ages.

May the Great and Mighty Spirit be ever with you to bless you! and may the loving little ones that are now hovering around you encircle you with their flowers, and quicken and refresh your souls with sweetest perfumes!*

I would like if the Medium would re-deliver this address in trance at our meeting.

We cannot get him to submit to be used as a trance-speaker before strangers.

* This address was read at the public meeting of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists on the following Sunday evening.

Fifty-sixth Sitting.

16th November, 1872.

Hafed on Xerxes the Great, Artaxerxes, &c.—Inquiries after Xerxes in the Spirit World—The Book of Memory—Hafed and Issha search for Xerxes—The Dark Regions—Solitary Confinement—A Breach in the Prison Walls—Affection of a Wife for her Lost Husband—Light breaks in—Xerxes Humbled—His Prayer—His Rescue—A Good and Useful Spirit. *Questions:* Missionaries of the Spirit World—The Jewish Trinity—Geographical Knowledge of Jesus—Coal in Persia—Mechanical Power in the East—Printing from Plates by the Magi.

TO-NIGHT I will occupy the time with giving you some account of the rescue of one of my countrymen from the dark prison-house in the Spirit World.

He had been one of the kings of Persia, and was named *Xerxes*—the Great, as he has been called. If to be the proudest tyrant that ever ruled over a nation entitles him to be called great, then great he was; but it assuredly was at the expense of his people's happiness and national ruin. Speaking as a Persian, and from an earthly point of view, he was one that ought to have been trampled beneath the feet of every patriotic man. Why do I say this? Because, while his predecessors on the throne had striven hard to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people, he, the vain-glorious, heartless despot, robbed his own nation, and the nations that were subject to him, of their wealth, and prodigally spent it on the silly decoration of his soldiers. He cared not where it came from, nor by what means; but gold he would have. He seems to have had all his pleasure in the ostentatious display of soldiers clothed in the most gorgeous apparel; and it was no uncommon thing to see the armour of many of those who followed him to battle inlaid with pearl, and sparkling with precious stones. What foolishness! But it has always been thus with the proud and vain tyrants of the earth. Pride produces folly, and folly brings forth ruin. He was never satisfied unless he had some monarch bending in the dust before him (I am now speaking as a mortal). He marched against nation after nation, subjecting them to his tyrannic sway, and demanding their wealth to be laid at his feet. His thirst for gold, to satisfy the demands of his

vain-glorious shows, was insatiable. But the Greeks were too much for him. Some of their smaller States submitted as tributaries; but Athens and Sparta stood out against him, determined not to crouch before this tyrant, with his innumerable hosts. Mad-like as it appeared, they were resolved to humble his pride. Xerxes and his great army marched against Greece. They thought not of defeat. What could these hundreds do against his millions? But these hundreds of Greeks withstood the mighty hosts of the Persians and their tributaries, who were overthrown, and driven back with great slaughter. Xerxes, and the remnants of his great army, in their disastrous retreat, arrived at the Hellespont, but found the bridge of boats, which he had caused to be built on his advance, destroyed by a storm. Enraged at this misfortune, he cruelly ordered the builders of the bridge to be crucified. But this was not all, for the Athenians had succeeded in burning the greater portion of his immense fleet. It may easily be imagined that few of the ill-fated expedition returned with Xerxes to Persia. But I think the Persians were as much to blame as was their king for this expedition and its terrible result. He went back a second time, and again met with a disastrous defeat. He was at Sue, when an officer of his Guards, who had deserted to the Greeks, but had returned to Persia, assassinated him.

After Xerxes came Artaxerxes, the same monarch who, as recorded in the Hebrew book, raised the Hebrew maiden to be his queen. He also caused the Hebrew books to be translated into the new Hebrew, and repaired the walls and set up the gates of Jerusalem. Though still holding sovereignty over many tributary nations, he finished his reign in peace. He was succeeded by his son, Artaxerxes the Second, who, while on an expedition, was assassinated. A little later, another of the Persian monarchs was poisoned by one of his servants, whose feelings were outraged on seeing the monarch, while in Egypt, ordering the slaughter of one of the sacred bulls.

In my early Earth-life I had read of Xerxes and his conquests, as recorded in our Historical Books, in which he was held up to view as one of the greatest of Persia's kings; but our writers were blind to the fact that the means whereby he acquired his so-called greatness were dishonest, and his vain-glorious warlike parade a

proof of his folly. In reading about this king and his ill-fated expedition, I felt deeply impressed by it, and pitied my fellow-men of other countries, who were still obliged to contribute a considerable amount of wealth for the expenses of war. And not only so, but there were even some who lavishly expended their people's wealth in keeping up a regular body of troops in time of peace. It had also been the custom in Persia to keep up their soldiers in a splendour that was gratifying to the eye in time of peace, but worse than useless in active warfare. But that foolish course had been abandoned.

As I have said, I felt deeply impressed by reading the history of this king, and when I came here (I mean the Spirit World), I made inquiry after him, with the intention, if I found him still in darkness, to do what I could to rescue him. But no one could give me any information about him. Even some of our greatest and wisest philosophers were at fault. These sent me hither and thither through many different districts of the Spirit World, yet all in vain. Determined to discover the object of my search, I traversed many a place, or country, as you would say, without success. My heart, however, was set on this one thing, and I persevered in my search, but could find no clue by which I could fall in with him whom I sought. At length the thought struck me—"Why not make inquiry of my Prince? All are under his rule. He should know how to direct me in my search." Accordingly I resolved that, when next he appeared in the Great Temple for worship, I would inquire of him. This opportunity occurred on the day following. Before he ascended the throne, I told him how I was impressed concerning the condition of that poor soul, and of the many fruitless efforts I had made to discover him. He turned to me and said—"Father (he always called me Father), he whom you so earnestly seek was consigned to the dark dungeons for the injuries he inflicted on his fellow-men. You will find his place in the Book of Memory at the porch of the Temple. He is a fit subject for you to raise from darkness to light. Go and do it, and a bright, a blazing star will sparkle on your forehead."

I did as I was commanded. I looked on the Great Book of Memory. While engaged in my search therein, I found that some of those who had been my companions amongst the Magi were far down in the Spirit World, while others, whom I reckoned bad

men, were in condition much higher. I pondered, and saw how apt man in mortal form is to blunder on this point.

I had never travelled far from the blessed land into which I had been ushered when I left the body; but now, I felt I was bound to relinquish it for the time being, and betake myself to places far down in the Spirit World—to those dark regions, the abode of benighted Spirits. I told my old friend, the Egyptian, what I intended doing, when he at once said—“Come, my son, I know the way; and we shall together undertake this mission: we were companions on Earth, and, though not of the same religion, we worshipped the same God, who has ever been good to us; and now we shall go forth together on this mission of mercy on behalf of His despairing ones.” As we travelled down (using an earthly phrase) we became witnesses to many a pitiful sight, which brought tears to our eyes, and grief to our hearts. Multitudes of our fellow-men were seen by us, many of them herding together, but all surrounded by spiritual darkness, impenetrable as the solid rock. Poor miserable souls, they could not perceive us; they seemed to be encrusted all over; but our clear vision could pierce through all, and what to them appeared dark and dismal, to us was beautiful in refulgent light.

After traversing many strange places, we were led, under the guidance of our blessed Star (the same Spirit who directed our steps to Bethlehem), to him whom we desired to find. We found him amongst the solitary ones in the lowest sphere, thousands of whom wandered about unknowing and, to each other, unknown—each one in utter solitude. To us, the sight was more sad and distressing than any we had witnessed. Amongst the masses of the benighted ones in the Second sphere, or condition, there was at least some relief, for they, though moving amidst darkness, could yet perceive each other, and find a kind of pleasure in combining to plan and work out mischief on Earth. Hence the myth about a personal devil still taught by some. But it is here where the real evil ones—mischief makers—are to be found, and whom we find much more difficult to raise than the solitary wanderers.

We found him who once bore the name of Xerxes, wandering about in all his pride, clad in his gorgeous robes, and, as it were, in deep meditation, studying his favourite subject—War. On a nearer approach we found him wrapped so closely in his cloak of

pride, that we failed to break through the dense atmosphere,—we just wanted to throw in, as a preliminary operation, a little light upon him, so that he might realise, to some extent, our presence. Often we tried, and as often we failed, to produce the desired condition by which we might rescue the poor soul. At last we met with a female Spirit, who had been trying for years to accomplish the same end. She, like us, was in a superior state, and had seen him who had not only been her king, but her husband, enter the Spirit World a poor solitary soul, and she pitied him, for she had loved him as a wife in his power and grandeur on Earth, and she loved him in the Spirit World in his poverty. She appeared a good and loving soul; and this was seen in her coming from her happy home to those dreadful caverns of the despairing ones, to seek for her lost husband—to raise him from darkness to light. She had banished herself, as it were, from the society of the good, and mingled with the evil (though these could not affect her), so that she might rescue him whom she loved.

Along with this loving Spirit, we made an effort to throw in our combined influence on the poor wanderer—I being instructed by my Egyptian friend and by this female how to proceed, for the method was quite new to me. Our joint effort resulted at last in the breaking up of the dark cloud which enveloped the poor man. He seemed astonished, and wondered what was wrong with him! This was something new in his miserable experience. He was startled—moved in soul; and looking around, he saw some Spirits in a similar condition, but he could not yet see us. He attempted to run from those he saw, and of whom he was evidently afraid; on which my friend, the Egyptian, remarked—“When you see them startled, and try to run from others, you may calculate on success.”

From time to time we watched him; at length he began to be conscious of our presence, and casting his eyes on *our* robes, glittering with stars, his pride appeared to drop from him, gradually, until he stood naked before us.

On discovering his loving wife, a smile came over his countenance; but quickly it passed away, and he cried out—“Go from me! I am not worthy of thee; fly, O fly from me, I who once despised thee!”

Whereupon the Egyptian said to him—“Do not drive that

kind, loving soul away, who has just opened your eyes, that have been so long closed."

"Oh," said he, "far rather would I wander on in my solitary course than look upon you. Are ye Gods who thus come to me? Has she come hither to witness against me of all my evil deeds?"

"No, poor soul, we are not Gods, but men like yourself. Beside me stands one of your own countrymen. We are not here to accuse you—we come to bring you back, by the orders of our Prince, to light and love, to goodness and truth. Turn not your eyes to the dismal scenes around you, but lift them to the bright and glorious land beyond!"

He seemed deeply moved. "Do you repent?" said the Egyptian.

"I do indeed repent in bitterness of soul my earthly course; I am verily guilty, for even in my dark and dreary prison house, how often have I refused to admit that I, Xerxes, the great king, was a fit subject for punishment—how often have my curses recoiled on my own proud and rebellious heart! Alas! what shall I say? Have I not deserved this and a thousand-fold more, for all the misery, and ruin, and death which I, to gratify my pride, brought on my fellow-men? O Great and Good One—Thou who reignest over all—Thou who art just in all thy ways, have mercy on me a poor, naked, miserable offender against thy holy laws, and forgive me my sins, for they are great."

Thus he lamented, and thus he prayed. It was enough. He was now alive to his true condition. The kind female Spirit never left him; while day after day we came into communion with him, and endeavoured, through the opened avenues of the Spirit, to throw in some new truth—something to lead him on in an upward course.

We continued our attention to this poor Spirit until we got him past the stage previously referred to, where Spirits combine together for evil ends; for once past that point, there need be no fear of them going back. He now began to see us as we really were; and, step by step, we saw, with pleasure, the uprising of this man towards goodness and truth, who had once been one of Earth's noted tyrants—a worker of evil. Now, he is one of the good, at all times anxiously desirous to do for others what we did for him.

The kind and loving Spirit, she who had spent so long a time in watching over him when imprisoned in darkness, is ever with him, and accompanies him in all the errands of love he undertakes; and many in the land of the happy have reason to bless the day when they met with the Spirit who is known on Earth as Xerxes the Great.

Are there many thus engaged?

Yes; there are thousands. Just think, were I to say a hundred, even that is many. But consider the necessity of these efforts I have been speaking of. Look at the multitudes passing away from Earth.

Did the Jews, in your day, hold the doctrine of what is called the Trinity—that is, Three Persons in the Godhead, equal in power and glory?

Like other Eastern nations in my day, the Hebrews held a trinity in God, not exactly as you have put it. They believed in the Great Father, the One Source of all being. But the second, the Son, was Wisdom; and the Holy Spirit, or Michael. The winged figures over their sacred ark was doubtless the goddess Isis, borrowed from Egypt. The Great Spirit was, by the nations of the East, looked at under three aspects, and these in course of time took form as persons. In some nations they had a fourth, a rebel Spirit. Of course I now look at the subject under a different light. There was some measure of truth in all these early conceptions of God; for I most emphatically maintain, whether you believe it or not, that there is a trinity in everything, and there is a trinity in God, who is the One and only Source of all being, wherever manifested, spiritual and material; and that every one of us—the race of man—is part and parcel of Him. All spring from the Great and the Mighty One—not from three; there cannot be three Gods equal in power. Jesus, though filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit, was the offspring of God, and such are all men. There have been others who manifested a great amount of godlike character, insomuch that their fellow-men, in some cases termed them Gods; but none of them could at all be compared with Jesus. Some of these, it has been said, could even raise the dead; but he, my Prince, could do all he desired to do—he had but to say the word and the work was done. He was and is greater than all.

Had our Lord, while on Earth, correct ideas of things hidden from men of science at that time, such as the existence of unknown Continents?

O yes; we discoursed about these matters when on our travels. He knew of other peoples and places, unknown to other men.—This I could not doubt, for we were told by Spirits who communicated with us that they had been on various unknown parts of the Earth.

Had you, in Persia, anything else than wood for fuel, or was the mineral called coal in use among Eastern nations?

We had that which you call coal, but it was scarce, and generally got when digging for iron. The land being well cultivated, our forests were not so extensive as those of some other countries, and consequently we had to import our fuel from neighbouring nations.

Have you any knowledge of the mechanical power by which the huge stones of the Pyramids, and of the Temples in the East, were raised?

In regard to the rearing of the Pyramids, I have no knowledge, nor has anyone else. But the great masses of stone used in the building of the celebrated Temples were put in their places by means of a gin, to the long spokes of which were harnessed horses, camels, and elephants. They also used a great lever in their operations. It is likely the Pyramids were erected in the same way.

Were there any approaches made in the olden time to the art of printing—that is, the mode of taking impressions from raised types of letters and words?

Yes, we, the Magi, had some knowledge of the process. This was first of all received from some of our former brethren who had travelled in the far East. Zoroaster, it was said by some, brought back on his return from his travels, a knowledge of this art. On certain occasions we used sheets of copper, lead, or silver, on which we scratched out the words with a steel pen. The plate was then coated with a black dye, and we took impressions on fine parchment by rubbing. This was done only when we wanted to preserve that which was written. When we wrote on parchment, we used a vegetable dye.

But I must pause to-night. May the Great and Mighty Father of Spirits abide with you.

Fifty-seventh Sitting.

23rd November, 1872.

Questions: On the Power of Spirits—The Spirit-form—Old Age and Youth—Condition of Idiots—On Destiny—Annihilation—We cannot see Ourselves—Formation of the Spirit-body: When and Where Formed.

THIS evening I shall devote to the answering of any questions you are ready to put to me.

Have Spirits the power to do the works which Jesus did, as these are recorded in what we term the Gospels,—such as causing the storm to cease?

Yes; Spirits of a high order have great power, such as you know to have been exercised recently, where solid matter was brought through solid matter.* Water is agitated by under currents and atmospheric changes—it must be agitated; the law is constantly at work—when not in an agitated state, water becomes impure, corrupt, stagnant. But when strong winds prevail, caused by a vacuum in the atmosphere, you have your hurricanes or tempests, which sweep across sea and land, destroying in their course your largest ships, tearing up trees by the roots, and devastating the dwellings of man. In the case referred to by you, it must be remembered that Jesus had this Spirit power in full measure. He was Master of the elements above and below. But even great as was the power wielded by him, the day will come, when those who can be used amongst mortals, will be used by us not only to subdue the tempest in its desolating track, but to prevent its uprising; and by thus holding the elements in hand, they will become the instruments of saving many lives, and preserving much property on sea and land.

We have some difficulty in understanding why some Spirits should appear in an aged form, such as you appear in, and others in all the strength and beauty of manhood.

I still appear in the form I last had on Earth. There is nothing

* See *Appendix—Extra-ordinary Phenomena.*

compulsory in this; we are not forced to assume such forms. But is the appearance of old age not as beautiful as that of youth?

That is not exactly what I am referring to. I allude to decrepitude which is often seen in old age.

The Spirit is not decrepit. The mortal body may be, and often is, before the Spirit leaves; but the Spirit is straight as an arrow. Many poor Spirits are imprisoned in mortal bodies, where they are cramped, and cannot work; but, once quit of their bodies, they are all right. They are at liberty—free! Take the case of an idiot. You may imagine, in your ignorance, that the Spirit in such circumstances remains undeveloped. It is not so. It has gained a thousand times greater experience than many who are in possession of all their senses, and has become fit to dwell with saints, not with devils. And so it is with the aged. The body may be weak, deformed, deprived of hearing, sight, or feeling; but these defects are left behind—they all pass off by what you call death.

By Mr. M.—I often think of the multitudes who appear to have no control over the circumstances in which they are placed.

Does it not look like ordination or destiny on the part of God?

If born a savage, the man has no control over that; but we cannot blame the Creator in this. When man first appeared, be the time when it may, God's law was that he was to come on Earth in the same way as other animals came—by procreation. Conception takes place, and a Spirit must be in that body. There are no circumstances in which a man is placed but can, to some extent, be controlled by him so as to better himself. Here is one for example, born in a depraved community. As a Spirit, he is in a very low condition, but a far higher, nobler condition than that of the brute. He knows when he is doing wrong, and when he is doing righteously. But he goes on in the evil courses of such a community; he heeds not the inner voice warning him, checking him in his evil ways; and he becomes hardened in his iniquity. He knows he may live a better life, and that there is room on the globe for him—that he is free to leave the society of the evil, and mingle with the good; but yet he cares not. Still, you will find, even amongst such men, some true, good principles, significant of something better than what appears; and I have known some of these, on leaving the body, become bright char-

acters in the Spirit World. Your question is not a new one. It formed the subject of disputation, before my day, amongst the Greeks. I will take it up some other time.

I (Mr. M—) had a communication from a Spirit, who stated that, when he had become so low, so utterly hopeless, as to wish for annihilation, that then he died a second death, and after that hope revived. Have you anything to say to this?

I have spoken on this question before. This one you refer to, sunk in the depths of Hell or Hades, wished for annihilation in his hopeless condition. I do not wonder at it. Think of this hopeless one amid the darkness—black as midnight—stretched over a barren wilderness, without the smallest vestige of vegetation—all bare—a waste howling wilderness. Think of him wandering, groping through this desert from year to year for a thousand years—no one to be seen—no one to utter a word to. In such a condition, is it at all wonderful that a desire for annihilation should exist, or that any change of state might at least be considered by him more endurable than the hell he was in—a hell worse than your fancied one of fire and brimstone. At the very moment the thought of annihilation is conceived, a breach is thereby made in the hitherto impenetrable covering of the hopeless Spirit, and the first drops of a genial rain of Spirit influences enter in by the opening; thoughts of wife, or children, or parents come up; he begins to think; and the loving ones, ever on the watch for the rescue of the lost, lend their aid. He begins to discern objects around; he sees the forms of others, dimly, as you sometimes see our forms; he becomes alive to sweet sounds; and, with his new thoughts, his feelings, and the opening of the senses of sight and hearing, he realises that he has experienced a second death. He goes forward, and it may be he dies a third time, leaving on each occasion the old man behind him. The Spirit that communicated with you was quite correct in his description of the change he experienced.

Does the body of man receive a portion of the Almighty Spirit?

The body of man is made up from the elements of the material world, the Spirit from those of the spiritual world; while the Soul, the Inner Man, is the offspring of the Deity, and of which none of us—no, not even the blessed ones who are nearest to Him—know anything. We do know something of the other parts, but

of that part of man we know nothing. You see your own body ; we see our Spirit-bodies, but we cannot see our Souls—*ourselves*.

At what time does the Spirit portion become connected with the body ?

I can only give you my opinion, for it is still a subject of discussion in our Spiritual halls. After the germ in the womb begins to develop in shape—after it has become not many inches in size, and formed as a body, the Spirit-body begins also its growth, and grows with the material body ; but not until life is felt can it be said that the Soul has taken up its abode in the Spirit-body. Yet it may never live to breathe. The blood does not circulate in the unborn body as it does in life out of the womb. You are not to suppose that the blood is the life, it is but the supporter of life, and it is not requisite while the child is still in the womb. Many children, alive in the womb, are born into death. They never breathe your atmosphere. Why? Because the thin membrane which covers the mouths of the heart valves remains unbroken by the action of the atmospheric air ; when this thin covering is snapt, the child lives and breathes, becomes a denizen of Earth ; when it is not rent, the child goes to the better world.—Good-night. [*Benediction.*]

Fifty-eighth Sitting.

29th November, 1872.

Hafed on Nero—His condition in the Spirit World—Rescue of a Female Spirit from the Second Sphere—Nero's Release, and how it was accomplished—Nero still in the Third Sphere—The Myth of the "Old Serpent." *Questions:* Hafed on the appearance of the Great Temple—On the term "Sphere"—Manifestations prevented by the Spirits—Their Foreknowledge.

ON the night previous to our last sitting, I spoke of the denizens of the lower regions in the Spirit World, and the method by which these dark and despairing ones are raised to the enjoyment of light and happiness ; and I told you at the same time that I would give you more of my experience as a missionary. I have just been speaking, as you would observe, with my friend (the

Medium). He asked me if ever I came in contact in the Spirit World with one who had been a Roman Emperor, and who was known as Nero. I said I had, and as he specifies him as a notorious man, I think I will speak for a short time on him to-night. Bad men, you see, erect their monuments—stand out before the gaze of the world—as well as good men.

I need not, I think, go over all the history of this infamous Roman Emperor, it will suffice if I just advert to a few leading features of his character. In youth, so far as I know, he was kind and good; an amiable young man. But getting the reins of power within his grasp he, like many others, knew not how to use them. Surrounded by flatterers, he hesitated not to perpetrate crimes of the deepest dye, sending his foes and friends, by the dagger and poisoned cup, in the midst of their sins and shortcomings, into the darkness of the Spirit World. This is a heavy charge against Nero: for consider what a dreadful thing it is to hurl a poor soul, with all its sins upon it, into the dark and dismal region of Hades. O that men would but think! How much better would it be that all should live to redeem their characters, and have opportunity on Earth to attain to a better and brighter condition of soul, by following in the steps of the Nazarene. Worldlings think, that by putting criminals to death, they are forever quit of them. It is not so. Nero, in his fiendish career sinned, not only against God, but against his fellow-men and against himself. He robbed God of life.

At length, after a career of atrocious cruelties, intermingled, now and again, with scenes of gaudy show and revelry, the people over whom he had tyrannised resolved to punish him; but, like many other tyrants, he shrunk from that which he had forced others to endure. Perceiving there was no escape from the death-doom pronounced against him by an indignant people, he beseeched some of his friends to strangle him. In vain he implored them. They refused; and at last, to escape from the ignominy of the punishment awarded, he killed himself, and was ushered into the Spirit World. I cannot describe his sensations when first he saw the long and ghastly line of his victims arranged before him. But his soul must have been overwhelmed by the dreadful, ghastly sight. Did they come there to torment him? No. They were there to show themselves—nothing could keep

him from witnessing the terrible array of the murdered men and women ;—all were there, even to the very last that had suffered, there he was with the gashed and headless body. But we must change the scene. Nero was at length left to himself, and wandered about in wretchedness and misery.

This took place shortly after I myself had entered into the Spirit World. Meeting one day with Issha, the Old Egyptian Priest, who had been long an inhabitant of the Summer Land, we walked through the porch of the Temple, and on turning over the Book of Memory, he said, "Here is work for us—which, if executed, will bring us laurels;" and pointing to the record of Nero, he said—"Let us go forth to subdue that man; let us see what can be done to bring him under the influence of goodness and truth." I accepted of his offer to accompany him. We were not very sanguine in undertaking this mission. But we knew, if we persevered, success would attend us in the end.

The first object we sought to attain was to get into contact with some one in Spirit-life who still clung to the miserable soul we were in search of, so that our combined influence might be used to get the necessary opening made in the dense darkness that surrounded him; for well we knew that the task we had undertaken was no easy one, inasmuch as Nero had not only been a murderer of the innocent, but addicted to the grossest and most debasing vices, and last of all, a suicide, a robber of God's life. However, we were resolved, and, to use an earthly expression, we descended towards the First Sphere.

When wandering about we discovered, just on the border line of the world of evil, or Second Sphere, a poor, shrinking maiden, but one of the most lovely forms that Earth or Heaven could produce. As we were passing her, she cast her eyes on us, and that look implored us to stay. This we perceived at once, and also that she was awakening to the consideration of better things. The Egyptian saw that she was a countrywoman of Nero's, and at once began to hold converse with her—opening up, as he went on, the light of truth, which she was desirous of embracing. Nearer and nearer she approached the line separating the sphere of evil from that contiguous to it; and as she advanced, she heard with horror the most dreadful imprecations, the foulest words, and bitter curses proceeding from those she was leaving behind.

Poor thing, she felt deeply that she deserved to suffer; but now a new element came in—she was shocked at all that surrounded her—she loathed the society of the fallen ones, and cried out—“O, holy fathers, take me, O take me from this fearful place. Lift me up out of this darkness and misery!” A little more effort on our part, and the poor, repenting maiden passed over.

In our wanderings, we witnessed many dreadful scenes. We could hardly believe it possible that the Earth could produce such multitudes of utterly debased Spirits,—bound and engirdled in sins that crushed them as with a vice of hardened iron. O that men would consider their ways, and understand that misery inevitably awaits the mortal that treads the paths of wickedness.

At last we fell in with Nero. There he stood—he who had aforetime been the head of the great Roman Empire—humbled a little, but still the double-dyed robber of life—of his own and that of others. I too had taken away the lives of my fellow-men, but that was in defence of my native land—never in cold blood. Sometimes, also, it was in self-defence, for man must not allow himself to be deprived of life. But for man to nurse revenge in his heart till it end in murder—in the defacement of God’s image in his fellow-man,—that must be condemned by every one who has a spark of truth within him.

And here stood the noted tyrant of Rome, with his great head hanging on his shoulder, cursing and swearing against himself—against himself, for, alas! he, like thousands of others in the same desolate condition, was unconscious of others’ existence. But even he was not forgotten: amid his misery there were some who felt for him, who still clung to him, and were there to help him, but he knew it not. Desolate is he who has no one to care for him! On three several occasions we attempted to break through the iron atmosphere in which his Spirit was bound, but without success. Similar attempts had been repeatedly made by others, with a like result. One of these was a kind and good female Spirit, who had known him on Earth when an innocent youth. She had laboured earnestly to affect him, but no sound fell upon his ear—all her efforts seemed hopeless. But perseverance overcomes great obstacles, and so we laboured on at our seemingly hopeless task. At length we felt that the blinded Spirit became somewhat awakened; and to arouse him still more, we

placed stumbling-blocks in his way. Time wore on, and bit by bit we began to get evidence of success. He evidently had glimpses—dull and dim, doubtless—of light coming in. Pictures of his early and happy boyhood were then brought to bear on him, and *that* did it—nothing else would : a decided change was perceived by us all. The kind-hearted Spirit who worked with us appeared before him as a little girl—one whom he had played with when an innocent boy. It was then we saw the thought, the desire to rise out of his dark condition. Thus we effected an entrance : thus was the hitherto shut door of Nero's heart opened. But we found we had but little to work on inside ; for, though once a potentate with jewelled crown, he is, in this respect, no better than the lowly beggar of the highway. The dark coat of pride, however, began at length to melt away under the genial influences brought to bear on him ; and thus was he taken away from the First Sphere. We were afraid to leave him in the Second, lest he should be induced to remain there ; and, through the persuasions of the fair one, he was led past, and introduced into the Third Sphere, where he remains. From that region he, and others who are there, can dimly discern the Great Temple and its glittering light, beaming forth in star-like beauty to attract them upwards and ever upwards to higher and holier experiences. In such a condition they are open to the Divine influence, which falling on them, excites within them feelings of adoration and praise towards Him from whom flows all the light and love we possess and enjoy.

I have no doubt but that even Nero may yet visit your Earth ; for he is, from his genius and general capacity, able to take part in a mission to your world,—though not likely to undertake such a work as ours.

The old theology has a myth about a spiritual being who is termed the Old Serpent. There are thousands of serpents in these spheres I have been speaking of—but I trust in the glorious and good time coming when these dark and dismal regions—dark only because of the condition of those who inhabit them—shall become to them bright as the innermost of the heavens of truth and love.

Has there been any change in the structure or surroundings of the Great Temple since the time you first saw it when you entered the Spirit World ?

There is no change, and yet every time we cast our eyes on it we discern new beauties. In this respect, it is unlike the magnificent temples of Egypt and Greece, whose gorgeous grandeur attracted the eye when first seen, but when looked at again, lost much of their interest; their beauty seeming to have vanished, and there being nothing new to captivate the senses. In regard, however, to the Grand Temple, you might look on its beauties a thousand times, and on every occasion you would receive fresh ideas from the various objects that met your view. Prominent objects might, to some extent, arrest your attention at first sight, but subsequent examinations would disclose to the awe-struck and wondering soul hidden beauties which had formerly been unobserved.

Is "Sphere" a right term to use when we wish to speak of a place in the Spirit World?

It does not much matter what term you use, so that it is understood. My friends Steen and Ruisdal sometimes used it, and I do so. Doubtless it does well enough when used for the word place. The Heavens are like a vast plain, on which are to be found all grades and conditions of Spirits. Hell and Heaven are at no great distance from each other. In the one they wander in gloomy darkness, while in the other, the happy Spirits flit about in glory.

The Medium told me the day previous to our sitting for physical manifestations that he was impressed that we should get nothing; we got nothing, although there were present four Mediums. Can you give me any explanation of this?

There was nothing wonderful in the impression produced on the Medium's mind. I knew of it a week beforehand; and this is accomplished much in the same way by us as your astronomers calculate, with precision, certain appearances in the heavenly bodies. By looking on thought in the mind of man (for every thought is materialised before it comes forth in deed or in word), the guardian angels who watch can foresee dangers, and take means to prevent their coming upon the objects of their care. If the person is strong, and governed by evil ones, then we are powerless. I perceived danger to this Medium the last night you were here, and I put Steen on the alert, and we have resolved to withdraw from him the power by which you have had so many

physical manifestations, at least for a time. His mediumship for painting and speaking, which has been somewhat hurt by these sittings, will not be withdrawn.

How is it that, in the case of this Medium, when he sits down, we find that the Spirit is here, ever ready to control him, giving us the idea that other duties do not press very hard on your attention ?

As I have just said, we know of your intended meetings beforehand, even though these should appear to be by mere accident, and we make arrangements whereby we can come to you. Though dwellers and workers in the higher Heavens, we do not think God's footstool too low for us to sit on. Earth, in our eyes, is as grand as the brightest centre of Heaven ; so do not imagine we are restrained from coming to you, it is just a part of our duty. When the thought is materialised that you are to meet, we make ready to meet you.

Good night. May the blessing of the Great and Good Spirit remain on you !

Fifty-ninth Sitting.

14th December, 1872.

Questions : Spirits of the Third Sphere—Nero's Step-daughter—No Earthly Distinctions in the Spirit World—Upraising of Spirits—No gratification of Animal Appetites—The Devils of the Second Sphere—Inevitability of Suffering—The Medium's Interpretation of Phrases. Hafed on the Elevation of Spirits of Coloured and White Races—Rescue of an African Chief—Introduction of "White Star."

TO-NIGHT I wish you to put as many questions as you can, and I will endeavour to answer them.

You said at the previous sitting that you left Nero in the Third Sphere, and that he is there now. Is it common for such as he to remain long in the same condition ?

Yes ; it is common for certain individuals. For example : in one in whom the animal passions had predominated, we invariably find that the Spirit is more or less drawn to Earth, and often kept there ; and this tendency retards his progress towards a

higher state. But when we fall in with one who is more equally balanced in constitution, the work of elevation goes on much more easily: he remains but a short time in such a condition as that which you call the third sphere. It is a fact, however, that a great proportion of mankind lean more to the animal than to the spiritual side.

Was the kind female Spirit who interested herself so much in the recovery of Nero any way related to him?

Yes; she was his wife's daughter—his step-daughter.

Are your efforts to reclaim the fallen in the Spirit World confined to such as Xerxes and Nero—that is, to prominent men only?

Oh, no, no! What could ever tempt you to put such a question? What! give our attention to the salvation of those only who, while on Earth, had been the occupants of thrones, arrayed in all the luxurious splendour of royalty? Oh, no! The meanest and most wretched beggar that has wearily paced the highway, or has sat on the wayside, a miserable, helpless cripple, in rags and in loathsomeness, is equal, in the sight of God, with him who has been one of the world's crowned monarchs. There is no difference in our eyes: all are the objects of our care and compassion. Indeed, in respect to their reclamation, the one occupies a more favourable position than the other, being more easily influenced by us and drawn upwards. Earthly dignities and position become too often the means whereby men are led astray; they engender in their possessors pride and vain-glory, the grand obstacles in our work of elevation; while the poor beggar, who has come through many a sore trial, who has been made to drink of the bitter waters, and been buffeted, despised, and trampled on by his more fortunate fellows, has acquired, by such discipline, a disposition on which we can work with the most beneficial results. Do not despise the beggar, do not pass judgment on him as many do, rashly and thoughtlessly, saying to him, "Go, labour for your bread!" He may, from some cause unknown to you, be weak, though seemingly strong. Be charitable. He is a man, as much the offspring of God as you are. No doubt, there are some who pretend infirmity and sickness, who must be driven from their evil courses: there were such in my country—poor creatures, born and bred beggars, who, strong enough to labour, put themselves forward as objects of compassion, because they

knew no better. But even with these, the exercise of forbearance may be attended with the best results. Speak to them kindly, and instruct them, so that they may be induced to renounce their falsehoods and become honest men. Here there is no hiding of the real character, whether king or beggar; we look on them as they actually stand—immortal beings, apart from all earthly distinctions. In giving you some account of our efforts on behalf of the poor and miserable wanderers in the black caverns of Hell, we picked out two men who stand out in the world's history, notorious for their vain-glorious pride and insensate cruelty—men who were robbers of life, who had wickedly sent thousands of their fellow-men by violence into the Spirit World unprepared, who might, had they been spared by the tyrants' hands to live their allotted years on Earth, have become fitted for a more endurable place than that of Hell. Ah, me! who can attempt to paint the hideously fearful picture presented to these two men when they entered the Spirit World and looked on the grim and ghastly array of their victims!

Are there many besides you who choose to remain in their present sphere or condition, for the purpose of benefiting the fallen ones?

In my condition, or sphere, all are missionaries; and the innumerable host of Spirits (innumerable to you, not to us) from every nation of the Earth, and even from other worlds, are all actively and willingly employed in the up-raising of those below them.

Is it possible for Spirits in low condition to gratify the animal appetites they acquired on Earth?

No, no; were such the case there would be no punishment. If the Spirit had been one addicted to drunkenness when on Earth, and got what he desired of wine in the Spirit World, he would be content—he would not be likely to leave such a sphere; he would be comparatively happy. Our friend Steen may pretend to give wine to the Medium, but what you see is not the effect of wine, it is merely a biological effect, and can be dispelled at once in the trance, or disappear on the Medium getting into the normal state. Steen or I could make wine, but not to intoxicate. We could draw the deadliest poison from the atmosphere, and touching our Medium with it, he would drop down, and become as stiff as a corpse; but yet we could not keep him there, he would recover

on coming out of trance. But though deprived of the means of satisfying their animal desires, these degraded beings have still a sort of happiness in their intercourse with kindred Spirits. But take one of them from amongst his companions, one unchanged in mind, and place him among those in a higher and holier condition, and the result would be misery. He would never be able to endure it.

Can low-conditioned Spirits come back to the Earth?

Those who are in the lowest condition—the solitary and wretched wanderers of the dark caverns—are prisoners, and cannot get back so long as they are in that state: a state different from that of those Spirits who do come back, who are in what is called the Second sphere, whom upraising influences have been powerless to carry beyond that state. The Spirits in this sphere band themselves together for the purpose of working out their malicious and disorderly schemes through the instrumentality of Spirits in the body; and many of the blackest deeds of mischief done by men are first hatched by these devils in that low sphere, who, alas! never lack fitting instruments to execute the work on Earth. Depend upon it, they are at the bottom of much of the misery and wickedness existing in the world. You know that one great feature in the Earth mission of our Prince and Saviour was the driving out of these Spirits from the poor mortals who were controlled by them. This fearful oppression existed to a greater extent in Judea than in any other nation, for by their wickedness they laid themselves open to such inroads. The people of that country had come to be abhorred by the nations round about them, because of the dreadful murders perpetrated by them—so rife were these that strangers could not walk the streets in safety. And this was the work of these devils. They come to men with all the fairness and purity of angels of light, and with honied words on a gilded tongue, lure and tempt their victims on to crime, to robbery and murder, pointing out the possibility of escape, and then, when the deed is done, leaving them to reap the consequences. Beware, then, of the harbouring of evil thoughts. Be sure of this, that the end will be, and only can be, ruin.

Are some Spirits so miserable as to wish to be back to Earth?

No; I never knew an instance. These miserable and forlorn

beings try to deny the existence of God, and even wish themselves annihilated, but they never desire to be back to Earth.

Will you now go on with the narration of your experience in the Spirit World?

I think it would be better for you to suggest some subject that you want information on. It was an easy matter for me to give you a continued narrative of my life in the body, inasmuch as you had no difficulty in understanding the subjects I brought before you, but you are hardly able to appreciate many of the subjects of Spirit-life or experience; and I would therefore like you just to continue putting questions in regard to things which may be interesting to you.

Can you tell me anything of the condition of one in whom I was much interested on Earth. You perceive to whom I refer, do you not?

Yes; he is making rapid progress, considering the condition he was in; but it will be some time before he communicates with you. He is still somewhat proud, and like many others in that condition, he cares not to confess to wrong-doing. He has been manifesting at strange places now and then, where he was not known. I have no doubt we shall see him in a higher condition in course of time, but in the nature of things it will take time. All law-breaking is punished, and suffer he must. The breach of any of the laws of the Great Creator, whether these be spiritual or physical, brings on, sooner or later, punishment, suffering, which is the very best thing that could happen for man. Take, for example, the very common element of fire, which has been given to man as one of his most useful and powerful servants; thoughtlessly interfere with it, put your hand on the coals, and the consequence is suffering, intolerable pain. It matters not who the transgressor is, nothing can save him from the infliction of the punishment; and thus pain becomes, when rightly viewed, a great and good guardian angel set over you to save you from destruction. The moment you transgress he is active. If you damage the natural body there is a corresponding injury done to the spiritual body, and accordingly both suffer. But he who steals from his Maker destroys the opportunities conferred on him for becoming, in natural order and through the discipline of Earth-life, a good and useful member of the World of Spirits.

Was the phrase, "The Book of Memory," as used by the Medium at a recent sitting, a correct interpretation of your language?

Yes; he gave it as near as it was possible to do in his own language. Many of those things if given in my language might be somewhat different; but generally I get him to translate my thoughts or ideas as near as it is possible for him to do.

My questions are now exhausted.

We were talking this evening in regard to the objects of our missionary efforts, and I told you that all were alike to us. Black or white, rich or poor, savage or civilised—all stand before us divested of earthly distinctions, as moral beings.—Here is one, at present with us,—a poor African [*Turning round to some one*].—Ah, he says he is black in face, but white in heart,—black in skin, but white in spirit. He is one of my attendants—a servant, if you choose,—but my equal, though come of a despised race. He was a native of one of the most northern districts of Africa. In one night, he murdered the Chief of his tribe and all his family, and with the help of some others, he became the Chief or Head of the tribe. He says he was thought worthy to be their King, but that he felt he was altogether bad. When he left the body he found himself in the dark regions.

Let me here observe that we find it much easier to raise the Red man and the Black man than any of the White race. Both Red and Black enter into Spirit-life in a condition better fitted for being operated on than we find in the case of the White races—our task of up-raising becomes somewhat lighter; for in the White man, there is in general a greater degree of pride, which thickens the atmosphere that enshrouds the Spirit. The Black man transgressing ignorantly does not feel the sin so heavy, and consequently does not suffer to the same extent as the White man who has had a greater amount of knowledge. Neither does the Black man build around himself that thick wall, which we find so impenetrable in the White man,—so that, in the case of a poor untutored African, our influence finds an easy entrance.

Wandering about one day through the dark regions, I met with him—my friend who is now with us. He seemed from his appearance like one who had lost his way. I had just cast my eyes on him, when I observed that the atmosphere that enveloped him did not hide from my sight an inner and lighter atmosphere,

which appeared to be encased in this outer and denser one. This was the true Spirit. At length his eyes fell on me. He evidently thought I was the Great Spirit, and, awe-stricken, he at once fell on his knees before me. This I perceived, and I immediately tried to undeceive him. "Rise," I said, "bend not to me, but give me your hand; I am sent to free you from your fetters—to lift you out of your darkness, and to give you light." I then endeavoured to lead him to reflect on the deeds which had consigned him to such a prison-house as he was then in, and besought him to repent. Poor man! he knew not what I meant by the word Repent, but he told me how bitterly he now felt for the crimes of which he had been guilty, and for which, he said, he deserved to suffer—"O I deserve it all! I deserve it all! I deserve it all!" This was his state of mind when I found him, and consequently it required no great effort on my part to draw him upward. Step by step he rose till he reached my level, and since then he has been always with me, ever manifesting the humblest disposition, and ready at all times to render good service in our labours of love for the rescue of the degraded. Frequently when I have been sent on a mission to other planets, he has taken my place, and been successful in rescuing many of his own countrymen from darkness to light.

Here, too, are some of our Red Indian friends. In their case, there is far less difficulty experienced by us than that which meets us in dealing with others. Their elevation takes but a short time indeed. When they enter the Spirit World, they are found generally in what is called the Third Sphere—a state beyond that of the mischief-makers; and even in the case of the few Indians who are found in the Second Sphere or condition, we find that they are much more easily induced to depart from it to a higher state than others. They are a noble race of men;—the children of Nature, and taught by nature, they become more open to spiritual influence, even in the Earth-life, than other men. In seeking to raise them, we find that they have little to learn, compared with what the White man has to acquire—rather, I should say, has to unlearn. There stands one, just over there [*Pointing with his finger*]:—one of the noblest of his race—in stature tall, and in form straight as an arrow. If your eyes were but open to discern Spirits you would see a person worthy of your admiration.

Once haughty and proud, he is now one of the humblest of our company. Steen says he will give you his portrait some day.

I will now leave. But, before doing so, I have to request that you try, before our next meeting, to have as many questions ready as possible. I find it better to speak to you on subjects on which you want information. Good night. May the Great and Good Spirit bless you!

[Here the Medium was apparently subjected to a strange control for two minutes, during which he gave utterance to a few words unknown to us, and with some forcible gesticulations, grasped my hands and those of Mr. Murray, and shook them with a great amount of force.] In reply to questions, Steen said that the name of the Indian, who had just been allowed to shake hands with us, was, in the Spirit World, "*White Star*," and that in the natural body he had been somewhat fair in complexion, mild in expression, but with a sharp eye. The African was also very tall; he was a nice fellow, and was named "*The Palm*." They had all their Spirit names, but he (Steen) did not choose to say what his was: that we might guess, for the names were generally significant of a prominent feature in the character or spiritual form of the individual.]

Sixtieth Sitting.

21st December, 1872.

Question: Devils' delight—Condition of Spirits in the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Spheres—Hafed attempts to convey an idea of Spheres—Space and Time—Sub-divisions in the Spheres; Eastern Illustration—Artists, Philosophers, &c.—Prayer for a Spirit—The Trinity—Wasting of the Spirit-body—Friends awaiting us—On "Warnings"—Delirium Tremens—Violent Deaths—Sex in Spirit-life—Condition of Murderers and Suicides in the Spirit World.

THIS evening, my friends, I am present to reply to any questions you may put to me.

Have the Spirits of the Second sphere, who, as you say, are banded together, busily engaged hatching evil deeds, any degree of pleasure or happiness enticing them to remain in that state?

Yes; the Spirits in the Second sphere are those who, when in the body, had pleasure in wickedness. They are as Spirits still in

the same state. With perfect freedom to return, they have, alas! through the medium of mankind, too many opportunities of indulging their lawless appetites and passions, deriving thereby as much pleasure now as when they were in the body: and not only so, but they find delight in inciting mankind to mischief and disorder, bringing in their train misery and ruin to the guilty and innocent alike. Such unholy deeds have for ages been ascribed to one grand potentate of evil, termed the Devil; but it is not so: these denizens of what is called the Second sphere are the devils, and the only devils. I believe they find as much delight in their wickedness, as the Spirits in my condition find in the practice of goodness and truth.

Understanding that you and others of our friends occupy what we call the Sixth sphere—a condition, as we have been told, of happiness, light, and love,—will you favour us with some account of the character and pursuits of the dwellers in the Third, Fourth, and Fifth spheres, taking them up one by one?

Yes; I have already said that when we were successful in leading a Spirit past or beyond the Second sphere, we were sure of him—getting into the Third state or sphere, he was in comparative safety—he had got outside the line of evil. In the Third sphere, there is a certain amount of real happiness, varying according to the state of the individual, morally and intellectually, and this also is characteristic of the higher spheres. It is in this Third sphere that a change begins to be seen, and gradually the spiritual vision is opened; then come, now and again, glimpses of the, as yet, far off land of the Sixth sphere and its gloriously beautiful Temple; all things in nature begin to look grander, more worthy of admiration, and to afford pleasure never before experienced: and as the Spirit thus develops in strength, there is a corresponding development in his appreciation of everything by which he is surrounded. With his spiritual vision ever increasing in strength, the Spirit at length begins to enjoy the society of visitors from the other and higher spheres—the brighter and better regions of the Spirit World. With such he meets, and through the happy intercourse, he is led to press on and on, from one degree of goodness to another—ever onward, till he reaches the Great Centre—beyond this sphere, out far into the Great Ocean of which Ruisdal and Steen have already spoken.

Are we right in speaking of the Spirit spheres as places or localities, separated by distance, and higher and lower?

Yes; I have, I think, spoken of this before. It is difficult to convey the idea; but I will try. Take, for example, the Earth which, as compared with other bodies revolving in space, is but as a grain of sand—well, then, take this globe of yours, and look on it as a great flat plain; for *you* do not look on it as a round body: over that plain you have outspread various countries—India, Ethiopia, Persia, Greece—in every degree of latitude; and according to the position they occupy in relation to the Sun's rays, so is their appearance. Here you have on the one hand districts which are cold and dreary, rugged and barren; on the other, perpetual summer, and the most luxuriant vegetation; while between these two extremes there are many countries possessed of climates well adapted for man's development in physical and intellectual vigour. Even so is it in the Spirit World: each part of the whole is adapted to the varied states or conditions. But the Spirit is not always confined to one part; as he advances in condition, so does he pass from one part to another adapted to his condition.

Then, how does that correspond with the oft-repeated statement—that, in Spirit, space is annihilated?

It matters not whether you view space from the mortal or from the spiritual stand-point, it remains the same. You propose to go on a journey, and you calculate the distance and the time you will take to accomplish the journey; but in our case the flight is so rapid, quick as thought, that we may well say time and space are annihilated; the space is there nevertheless.

Are there sub-divisions in the various spheres; that is, taking, for example, the Second and Third, are there grades of Spirits occupying higher and lower conditions in these spheres?

They are all much alike in the Second sphere. In the Third, they are like men on Earth, in their various states; while each possesses a certain degree of light, according to his capacity to receive it, and he is under no obligation to have more than that. Let me illustrate my meaning by an example—we will take an earthly one. A number of merchants resolve to cross the Arabian desert for the purpose of reaching Persia. Having selected their camels for riding on, a number, say twenty, are set apart for

the carrying of skins of water. Well, here are the twenty camels, all differing in size and strength; but are all these to bear along the same burden of water? No; the skins varying in size or capacity, are apportioned according to the strength of the animals, and all, from the strongest to the weakest, set out equally burdened, and all as they proceed on the march, are equally lightened; so that as they become weaker in strength by the weary journey, their burdens become lighter and lighter. And so is it in Spirit-life: each according to capacity, has his amount of light—has his duties to perform. This applies to the Third sphere and all the spheres beyond with all their varied states or conditions.

Are there in the spheres mentioned, conclaves of artists, philosophers, theologians, astronomers, &c.—that is, do they come together because of intellectual sympathies, or from moral obligations?

It is only in this sphere that such assemblages as you refer to take place, and that within the Great Temple. In lower states of the Spirit World, they begin to draw together, and have their meetings, but not to the same extent; all, however, are pressing onward, striving after higher and still higher attainments.

On one occasion I was present when a female Spirit (who was evidently in the Second sphere) earnestly entreated a gentleman and a Medium to meet together for special prayer on her behalf; they met as desired, and at our next sitting thereafter, she told us that she had escaped from her evil surroundings.—Will you say whether such cases are common?

Such a case as you describe is not common. But though there are so many in that sphere, whose hearts are closed against all right influences, they are not all lost; there are some there who may be led to break off from their associates in evil, and induced to rise to a better condition.

Was the doctrine of the Trinity, held by the great majority of Christian Churches, derived originally from the Egyptian Theology and Freemasonry?

I at once say, that the doctrine of the Trinity is a truth. Why, you will find that there is a trinity in everything; in man, in animals, in everything scattered over the field of Nature, you will find a trinity. All the nations of the East believed in God as a

trinity; they might indeed have had their gods many, but they had always the idea of one Great and Good Being manifested in three different aspects.

The natural body is constantly throwing off particles of the old frame and forming new. Is there a similar operation going on in respect to the spiritual body?

Yes; as the Spirit rises from one condition to another, he casts off the old and takes on the new: the operation is always going on through all the spheres, and when he reaches this sphere—this higher condition, it still goes on. It is the same in all the workings of Nature. She is ever, by throwing off waste, purifying herself; and so the great work goes on throughout all her kingdoms—there is no exception. Nature has within herself the power to sustain herself. The skin of your body is gradually thrown off into the great crucible, becomes a part or parts of something else, and so it is with other things. The grand law is operative in and throughout all nature.

Do our departed friends know the time of our approaching death, and do they await us on the other side?

It will very much depend on the condition of those friends. If advanced, they will know when death approaches: oftentimes when conditions are favourable, they can and do prevent premature death by accident. But when the individual has reached the natural term of Earth-life, then they stand by waiting, ready to receive you in spirit, and bear you to the place adapted for you; so that when you awake to consciousness, your eyes at once look on the faces of the loved ones that passed on before. But if evil in condition, the unhappy Spirit will inevitably fall into the hands of those on the other side who are like-minded.

Are what we take to be warnings of coming events, to be considered communications from our Spirit friends?—and if so, why are they not given in a way so plain that we may understand them, and thereby be able to avoid impending evils?

Warnings may be given plainly in a vision, and often are given by Spirit friends when they find the necessary conditions. But generally the warning is set aside as of no importance by the person interested. It is a mere dream, they say, and they will not ponder it. The accident comes on; they suffer, and they regret deeply that they carelessly thrust aside the friendly warn-

ing, but it is too late. When the individual is capable of being entranced, then he can be saved from danger or destruction.

Are the grotesque and hideous figures or objects seen by men in delirium-tremens real or imaginary?

Those who drink wine to the extent of stealing away reason, or destroying the proper action of that organ of the brain by which the Spirit works, are subject to all the consequences of the wrong done to the organ. They see the frightful scenes and figures, and imagine them to be realities; they are, however, only the effects arising from a deranged and outraged brain. There is nothing real in anything seen by the poor drunkard while in this condition. This can be easily tested, by bringing one who is gifted as a seer into the presence of a person thus affected. You will find that the seer will be unable to perceive anything but that which is natural.

It was stated in a trance address recently delivered through a Medium, that violent death prevented the Spirit from getting quit of the Earth; and that was the cause why Jesus in Spirit-form was detained for forty days before ascending. Will you say whether this is correct or not?

I believe that violent death does not prevent the Spirit getting away; for you will observe that there are many deaths daily taking place as sudden and violent in operation as that produced by the blow of the murderer. Why, you have diseases of the body that cut down in a moment; a man may at once be deprived of life by the lightning of heaven; one may fall from the edge of a precipice, and the Spirit may have taken wing in its upward flight, even before the body is dashed to pieces on the rocks below. I have but to refer you to the circumstances of my own death: it certainly was a violent one, but I soon, very soon, found myself in my happy home. Nor can I believe that Jesus was prevented from leaving because of the violent death he suffered; for he came to this sphere (the Paradise he spoke of), from whence he went down to the dark prison-house of Hades, there to put forth his great power to rescue benighted souls; and this he did as a part of his great mission; nor was this mission accomplished, till having resumed his natural body, and shown himself to his disciples on several occasions during forty days, thereby confirming the truths he had taught them, he cast away

the Earth-body and ascended in Spirit. Oh, no; it is certainly not the rule that Spirits who have been violently thrust out of the body are prevented rising into Spirit-life. How many noble men have fallen in battle; but do their Spirits wander about, haunting the scene of fight? I gave you in my Earth-life, some account of a great battle, in which many of our warriors fell in defence of their country—men who had been nobly fighting under my command. Some of those who thus fell a day or two before, as I told you, were seen in the ranks of the Spirit horsemen that appeared in vision to the assembled army. No; violent death does not hinder the Spirit getting quit of the Earth.

It has been stated by those who believe in Re-incarnation, that there is no such thing as sex in the Spirit World. Is that the case?

No such thing as sex! The man is still the man—the woman is still the woman in Spirit-life. We do not lose our identity.

It has been said that murderers, suicides, and such like, haunt the places in which they have perpetrated their evil deeds, unable to get quit of Earth. What do you say on this point?

The murderer and suicide are not permitted to return. But in cases of murder done in secret, the Spirit of the victim is often permitted to wander near the scene of the murder, so as to attract the attention of the living (I mean by that term those who are still in the body), and thus lead to the discovery of the murderer. And there have been cases where good-living men and women who, having been foully deprived of life, have been enabled, through proper Mediums, to show a vision of the deed; the place where the murder was perpetrated; the murderer himself; the secret place where lay the body; and when the criminal was at length brought to justice, the Spirit would no longer hover about, but gladly leave for its home in the Spirit World. But generally the Spirits which haunt certain places are of somewhat low standing or character.

We know that there are many cases of suicide where the individual was clearly out of his mind when he did the deed. In other cases the point is not so clear. Where are we to draw the line?

It is not easy for man to do so. But in those cases where the man goes deliberately, in full possession of reason, and takes away his life there can be no doubt. He robs God. There are others,

again, who, by allowing their passions to rule them, have laid themselves open to devils that delight in luring them on to the dreadful deed : these, though not altogether guilty, are yet blameable for the indulgence of their passions, by which they become helpless in the hands of these devils. But a man who takes away his life in insanity, is not—cannot be held as guilty. He is free from the charge of suicide. We will now close.

May the blessing of the Great and Mighty One rest upon you, protect you from all evil, and lead you nearer and nearer to himself. Good-night !

Sixty-first Sitting.

28th December, 1872.

Questions: Records of the Life of Jesus—Why have we nothing from the Pen of Jesus?—Was he a Ready-writer?—No Writings in Spirit-life—No Husbandry, no Commerce, in Spirit-life—Houses of the Summer-land—Power of Spirits to rescue from Shipwreck, &c.—On Prayer—The Chief City of Persia—Hebrew and Chaldaic Alphabets—Petra, the City of the Rocks.

I AM now ready to answer any question which may be put to me.

Do you know whether there are any other revelations which have been made through Mediums in regard to the life and character of Jesus ?

I know not. Paul may have come back for such a purpose ; but I rather think not, for he himself only knew of these things by hearsay. As regards the early part of the life of Jesus, very few in Judea knew anything about it—that part being spent principally in Egypt and Persia. On his return to Judea his life was, for a few years, one of seclusion ; for, being the inhabitant of a small, obscure village or town, he would only be known to a few immediate friends. Subsequently, on his second visit to Persia, he began to attract public attention, by the exercise of the great gifts with which he was endowed, as I have already mentioned. But coming out as a public teacher in his own land, his sayings and doings for the three years of his ministry had all to be recorded

—though it must be confessed, you have but a meagre summary of the whole. The Jews, if they chose, could give you much more than you have already got in what you call the Gospels.

How is it that, when we have letters and narratives left us by several of the followers of Jesus, we have nothing extant from his own pen?

Oh, I think the reason is very simple. During the three years of his public career as a teacher, he was always attended by a few followers; and to these he required not to write, they never being far from him—never scattered abroad, as they afterwards were: all that was necessary for them to know was given by the words which fell from his lips. Had he lived longer on Earth, and his followers been spread in course of time over various countries, letters would assuredly have been written by him to them. But, another reason why you have no writings of Jesus may be, that he did not wish to give the Jewish Doctors an opportunity of gratifying their passion for controversy and wrangling. The letters which he did write during these three years were sent to Egypt and Persia, and as I have already said, you will, by the aid of the English artist, receive two of these letters in your own language by direct writing, when we get a little farther on.*

Was Jesus what we would call a ready writer—did he write much?

No. But some of those letters I refer to were truly beautiful—clothed as they were in the most poetic language, and having for their subjects the grandest, the most sublime truths in nature. His was no surface work—he went to the root of things. In his treatment of the subject of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, he would show how life was, as it were, brought out of death; how the apparently rotten, dead seed contained within it all the elements of a glorious and beautiful life.

Have you anything in Spirit-life corresponding to the composition and writing of books?

No. When I desire to read a volume, say one written in my own day on Earth, I have but to will it, and the whole book lies open before me, and when I am done with it the volume passes away. When we want information now we do not get it from written

* See page 138 and *Appendix*—Direct Writings.

books—we have but to open the Great Book of Nature, in which all is revealed, and a glance is all that is required. We can at once read the history of any individual coming before us, whether in the body or out of it. There is nothing hid from the eyes of the Spirit.

You have frequently referred to the beauties of vegetation in the Spirit World. Have you anything corresponding to our husbandry—the producing of crops for sustenance?

No; the crops we have here are not for sustenance in your sense of the term. They help to feed, to gratify the spiritual eye, ministering to our love of beauty; but we require not to be fed as when in the body. What sort of a place would Earth be were it devoid of its grand old mountains and lofty hills—its flowing rivers and its broad seas—its smiling valleys and fruitful plains—its woods and waterfalls, and all the variegated scenery that clothes it in loveliness? Well, all these that minister to your every sense on Earth, on which your soul loves to feed—all these are here. Rocky mountains in all their hoary grandeur; smiling and peaceful valleys, clad with life-giving fruits and flowers; the grain waving its golden heads; the quiet, solemn woodlands; the rivulets running over their pebbly beds, and singing as they run; the beautiful cascades and the awe-inspiring waterfall with its voice of thunder; the great ocean with its wild waves beating on the rock-bound shore, and telling to the questioner in sonorous tongue, their old old story. If you love to contemplate these grand and glorious features of Nature on Earth, you will not be deprived of them here; for we have all these—and far far greater in grandeur and beauty than aught Earth can produce.

Is there anything in Spirit-life corresponding to our trade and commerce?

No, no: where such is carried on evil must exist. There is nothing having a tendency to evil permitted where I am. What could we trade in? I have no lands—no goods which I can call my own. All is as free to me as it is to you. There is no such thing as personal property here. Each one is lord and master, for the time being only, of the spot on which he sets his foot—that is all; for all here have an equal right to the soil—to all things. So, you see, there is no necessity for trade. We have all we wish for. We have our houses, but even these we do not

call our own: they belong to our Lord and Master. The result of all this is, we are all of one mind—there is no discord here. Serving him, whom we ever love, we are at all times ready to go forth cheerfully to the farthest part of his kingdom on messages of love and truth. There is no holding back from this service. Love urges us on—we must go.

How does this statement about houses in the Spirit-life correspond with what Steen or Ruisdal said on one occasion: "Every one builds his own house—you are building yours"?

Were I to build my Spirit-house on the banks of some silvery lake, no one where I am would dispute my right to do so; still, the house would not be considered mine, but my Master's. Do not imagine that we can ever be as we were, when clothed with the mortal body. When I lived on Earth, I could stand up, and looking across my extensive domain, could say—"These are mine!" But, here, our King is proprietor—the master of all, and he is not a hard master. When Steen spoke in that way to you, he meant to say: Take care, because it is now you make your condition in the Spirit World. If you live wickedly, your time given to folly, your house in this world will be a wretched hovel; but if you live well, then you will have erected a happy home—a house in accordance with your moral condition. He says, you will remember what he told you of his condition when he entered the Spirit World, and his description of the strange house he had to live in.*

Yes, I remember it well—I can never forget his illustration. Is it possible for Spirits to rescue a person in a case of shipwreck—that is, to lift him from the sea to a place of safety?

It is quite possible. If in proper *rapport* with him, the Spirits in attendance would be able to rescue him, by some means or other; they might not be able to lift him from the waters, but they might be able to prepare a raft, or something else, and setting him on it, they might guide a vessel to pick him up. If the destruction of a vessel is foreseen by Spirits interested in one of the passengers, whose sand-glass is not nearly run out, he will not be left to perish—they will say he must be saved, and they will fall on many contrivances to accomplish the end. They will, if

* See *Appendix*—Communications from Ruisdal and Steen.

the danger is foreseen in time, try to influence him to remove from the vessel in which he intended to sail. On the other hand, though he were a Medium, there are times when his Spirit friends could do nothing for him. There are times when, if we chose, we could carry this Medium away, and that without the slightest difficulty; but, under other conditions, we could not lay a finger on him.

Would you now, or at some future sitting, take up the subject of Prayer?

That I will cheerfully do. We must meanwhile leave it over; for the subject is one so grand, so important, in every aspect, both for Man and Spirit, that it cannot be passed over with a few words: it must be dwelt on at some length. It is one of those subjects on which I delight to dwell! O great indeed is the privilege conferred on man—on bended knee, to lift his supplicating eyes upwards to the Great Father of Spirits. When your children look up to you and prattle forth their little wants, you do not—you cannot close your ears. Neither will your Father and ours withhold his answer to our prayers and to yours. As sure as He sends His High and Holy Ones to us with an answer to our supplications, so surely does He answer your prayers by sending us to you in ways you think not of. Go, then, with humble heart and bended knee, with uplifted hands and eyes—go with heart following eye, to Him who is the Source of all Good—present the desires of your soul, and He, the Hearer of Prayer, will assuredly answer. I loved when on Earth to retire at times to a sequestered spot in the shady grove, where a little streamlet ran rippling over its pebbly bed—with no living soul within miles to disturb my meditations, and there my soul held sweet communion—there I talked with the Great and Mighty Spirit. The subject is important, and I will give you my thoughts on it at a future sitting.

Will you give me the name of the capital of Persia in your day?

The chief city was Bushire. It was not the seat of Royalty, but like some other cities there was a palace in Bushire in which the king resided occasionally. Bushire was the great centre of trade in Persia in my day.

How far was Bushire from the City of the Grove, and from your paternal castle?

It was about one hundred furlongs from the City of the Grove, and three or four days journey from my native place.

Is there any difference between the Hebrew and Chaldaic alphabetical characters?

They are both from the same old stock, and differ very little. I have examined some of the very old characters on the rocks.

Did you ever visit Petra, the City of the Rocks; and can you tell us anything about these strange dwelling-places?

Yes, I did see the City of the Rocks, but with the exception of a few shepherds and robbers there were none who dwelt there. As to the origin of such dwelling-places, there was little known in my day. We looked on them as relics of a nation long departed. It must have been a stupendous work to form such dwellings in the face of perpendicular rocks. I have often thought that these excavations were the quarries from which the early Pyramids were built; and that, as the labourers went on in their work of cutting out the stones, dwellings for their shelter would be formed as they proceeded, until they had not only dwelling-houses, but terraces of these. But this is merely an idea. I must make some investigation into the subject.

May the blessing of the Great Father of all abide on you for ever.

Sixty-second Sitting.

4th January, 1873.

Questions: On Dress and Bodily Characteristics of the Spirit—Cold and Heat, Rain and Snow—Spirit Contact—No Wild Animals in the Spirit World—Hafed on “The Double”—Spirit Locomotion—Information from Jesus—The “Lord’s Prayer”—Distance of Spheres from the Earth—The Sun a Reflector—A Case of Dreams—Education in Spirit-life—“Who touched me?”

I AM now ready to answer any questions you have to put to me.

Do Spirits exercise a choice of dress or costume in Spirit-life?

In manifesting our presence to mortals, we appear in the dress we should be best known by. I appear in the costume I used when Head of the Magi. Ancient philosophers would appear in the robes usually worn by them in the Earth-life. Steen appears

to our Medium in the dress he wore. Indeed, to appear in true Spirit-form and dress would be useless; the Medium would not know us. The colour of the clothing of the Spirit is white, indicating purity. All the Spirits in this sphere are so clothed; while those in lower spheres are clothed according to moral condition: as is the state, so is the clothing.

In the picture given of Mr. Murray's son, the hair is painted red: is it so in the Spirit-form?

It is so; his hair must have been red when in the body, or it would not now appear so. There is no change in that which distinguishes the Earth-body. But when there has been a defect in the body, such as lameness, baldness, blindness, and such like, it is left with the body. In Spirit-life you are complete in form and feature. The forms, features, and colours of individual Spirits may and do vary, but all are perfect—defects have no place in the true Spirit-form. Take the case of an idiot in the Earth-life, deprived of reason through some physical cause: no sooner does he emerge from the body than he is ushered into Spirit-life in his complete spiritual body, with all the faculties of his nature in operation, and much more acute, quicker in his apprehension of knowledge, than others; and this because he has not so much to unlearn—having learnt nothing in the ordinary way on Earth; while others who have acquired a smattering of knowledge on Earth, and thereby become conceited, get lazy or indifferent here, thinking they have got enough.

Are you subject in the spheres to atmospheric phenomena, such as cold, heat, rain, or snow?

No, no! I have already explained that spheres, as you call them, are conditions or states. We have nothing of that nature to disturb us. We require no rain to produce vegetation, for that is not the kind of sustenance needed. The vegetation here is not developed in the same way as that of the material worlds.

If there is no rain, how do you get the flowing rivers?

The clouds floating in our skies resemble the clouds of the Earth, in so far as they give variety to the scene, and relieve the eye, which would weary were it otherwise, but they give no rain. We have rivers, seas, and lakes: when or how these came to be is as much a mystery to me as it is to you.

The Medium on one occasion being apparently taken away by Steen into some Spirit sphere, exhibited signs of feeling intense cold: how do you account for such a feeling?

I account for it by the Medium's Earth condition, not that of the sphere he was taken to. The only pain felt by the Spirit, is remorse for the evil done in the body.

Do Spirits suffer by contact with Mortals?

Oh no; but sometimes they are made better by such contact. Mortals may and do suffer by contact with certain Spirits of a low or evil nature; that is, when they do not exert the power, which all men possess, to drive back these evil ones. There are some of these too, who, when they come to rise from their debased state to a higher, will feel all the deeper remorse for the deeds they have perpetrated in contact with mankind.

When a Spirit rises to a higher sphere, does he leave his house for some other Spirit to occupy?

Yes; he leaves it to be occupied by some one else; and he himself occupies or builds another in the sphere he ascends to.

Are the animals in the Spirit World wild, ferocious in their nature?

No, no! There is nothing wild or ferocious here; all is harmony. We have lions, tigers, and other wild animals, as you would call them, but in nature they are like the lamb. Men, women, and children may play with them, and no harm be done—all is love, peace, and happiness. It cannot be otherwise. Our animal passions no longer exist here—there is no longer in us feelings of discord and war—nothing of that sort; and these animals live, as we live, in harmony with existing spiritual conditions. It would not do to cut off the lower tribes from Spirit-life, for without these man is incomplete. As I said before, you will find that man embodies all the lower orders of creation.

A Medium recently said to me, that he once saw in his normal state an exact counterpart of himself, standing before him in the circle, and that another person present saw the same. - Will you explain this?

When the Spirit leaves the body, life for the time being is a nonentity, unless that be done in sleep. The Spirit visits our world, and carries back little, except in certain dreams or visions, of which it becomes conscious, to some extent, in the normal state.

But in such a case, as the one you refer to, the Spirit, after getting his likeness thrown on the eyeball, would at once return, and the Medium, of course, would then see his second self standing before him, though such was not exactly the case, for the object had passed away before he saw it pictured on the eyeball. In the same way, the light of certain planets will not reach you for a long time, and when the light does appear to you, the bodies from whence it comes do not occupy the same spot; they have passed away, though to your vision they are apparently shining on you.

Can you tell by what power Spirits move about from place to place?

Can I tell by what power Spirits move about from place to place? Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer. We are conscious that we use our limbs as you do, but we move as quick as thought. It seems to us as if we could be here amongst you, and in another moment beyond the Sun. But by what power we do this we cannot well explain; we are as ignorant as you are on that point. You move from place to place. *How do you move?*

You have more than once said your acquaintance with the Four Gospels depended on the Medium's knowledge of them. Could you not get information from some of the disciples of Jesus, or from the writers of the Gospels?

O yes, that I could; but I never took thought about these gospels, or the writings of his followers. It is much easier, and certainly far better, for me to get it from Jesus himself.

Have you any knowledge of what we term "the Lord's Prayer"—that is, the form of prayer given by Jesus to his disciples?

No; although I have a good idea what it is likely to be. [Prayer recited.] Well, it is beautiful. But there is evidently something wrong in the expression—"Lead us not into temptation." It would be better to change it to—"Keep us out of temptation," for well he knew that God does not lead men into temptation. Man himself does that.

Did you mean to say, when speaking of the Spheres, that they are all equally distant, as regards space, from us?

No. The lower Spheres are nigh to your Earth; the highest is far beyond the Sun. The Sixth Sphere is, if measured by distance, nearer to the Sun than it is to the Earth.

I heard a discussion, the other night, about the Sun, as a source of light and heat: will you favour me with something on that point?

There is no more heat proceeding from the Sun than there is from the Earth. The heat is bottled up in the Sun in the same way as it is in the Earth: and the Sun is merely a reflector of the light that it gets, and which all the worlds in space get, from the Great and Eternal Source of Light.

Two affianced persons dream on one night; the one sees her future home, a humble one; the other sees his future home also, but one of a more pretentious order: How is it that these two should have such a similarity of dream, and yet different, on the same night?

According to my philosophy of Dreams, those you refer to come from an outside source. The variation in the dream, or vision, of the future home is caused, no doubt, by the difference in temperament of the persons dreaming. For example, you and I might look at a building, and each of us give a description of it; but it would be found that, looking at the building each from his own stand-point, your description and mine would be different; and so in the case of the two dreamers: both had the spiritual vision of a future home placed before them, and according to the individual so was the impression of the vision. In the one case, the controlling Spirit endeavoured to excite a little ambition in him—to push him forward; in the other, the picture was given to show that peace and happiness may be obtained even with a humble cottage for a dwelling-place.

What provision is made for the ignorant but morally fit Spirit who enters your Sphere, so as to raise him intellectually?

There are thousands ready waiting to take such a one by the hand. Why, you know well, they are not to blame for their lack of knowledge; they have been neglected, it may be, in their Earth-life, but there are those here who will not neglect to impart the knowledge they require. Sitting like little children, they will in due time, under their loving teachers, become like the greatest philosophers, if not the oldest.

What did Jesus mean by saying, when his garment was touched by the diseased female in a crowd—"Who touched me? for he perceived that virtue had gone out of him"?

If you were to touch this Medium while he is in trance, he would feel the power passing from him. The poor woman, by her faith, had established the necessary sympathy, and touching his garment, that moment Jesus felt the power flowing from him. He was full to overflowing of the healing, life-giving power. You have another illustration of this in his cure of a blind man, in the account of which it is said that he spat on the ground, and making clay with his hands, he anointed the eyes of the blind man, and gave him sight. The power was not in the clay; it was in his fingers.

Sixty-third Sitting.

11th January, 1873.

Questions:—Can a Spirit see Material Objects?—Spiritual Speech—Trance-speaking—No Deception in Spirit-forms—Omnipresence of God—Where is Heaven?—“Immediate Presence”—“Book of Life”—Hafed on “Whatever is Right”—Capital Punishments—Cities of Refuge—How to make the best of a Malefactor—Embalming in Egypt, and Trial of the Dead—The Temple of Baalbec—Can there be a Beginning without an End?—On the Use of Swine’s Flesh.

I AM now ready to answer the questions you have prepared.

Can Spirits see material objects as we see them?

Yes; if these objects come within certain spiritual conditions. We perceive all material things through the spiritual atmosphere, or aura, surrounding them. We do not see a human being in bodily form—we see him as a spirit; but in coming into *rapport* with an individual, we do perceive him in his material form. There are some, however, with whom we cannot harmonise—that is to say, the currents flowing from Spirit to man, and from man to Spirit, do not harmonise; therefore we cannot perceive them. The Spirit body is also material, but of such a fine nature that it cannot, under ordinary conditions, be perceived by your bodily eye; and it is the same with our perception of the material body—the Spirit cannot, under certain conditions, see the body. For instance, we do not hear your voices. As Ruisdal and Steen have already informed you, the words, or sounds, imprint themselves on our Spirit atmosphere, and we perceive what

you say. We see *you* because of the magnetic harmony existing between you and this Medium ; but there are others we cannot at once see, unless they happen to be so mediumistic that we could act through them, and even though but slightly mediumistic, we may see them. We cannot always perceive the persons in your circle, though quite aware of their presence by spiritual perception.

When Spirits converse with each other, do they produce sounds by the use of vocal organs ?

Oh, yes ; we can speak as you speak, but our speech is quite of a different character—certainly much more refined—spiritual ; so much so, indeed, that we cannot use it on Earth. Again, we can read the thoughts of Spirits, and under certain conditions the thoughts of Spirits in the body : we know, indeed, what a Spirit is about to say. But for all that, do not imagine we are silent here. We are no mummies. We have tongues ; and I tell you we know how to use them. We speak to each other as mortal speaks to mortal.

Are Spirits, when speaking through a Medium, confined to the words possessed by the Medium, or can they impress on him words he has never heard uttered ?

You should know how to answer that question yourself ; for this Medium has repeatedly been made to give words he knew not ; and although unable to give the exact sounds to these words, that is not his fault ; neither is it the fault of the Spirit controlling him. In this, some Mediums are much more gifted than others. You need not expect to get sweet sounds from a defective instrument, however clever the player may be.

Can a Spirit manifest himself in any other form to a Medium than that which he had on Earth ?

No ; a Spirit cannot take any other form than that which belongs to him. Were you in Spirit-life, I could not assume your form, neither could you take mine. I have a full head of hair, although white ; yours is light and thin. But although a Spirit cannot clothe himself in another's form to manifest to mortals, he may be able to read the mind, and, from the knowledge of facts thus acquired, attempt to personate another Spirit. It is only under certain conditions, however, that the mind can be read. Suppose that one taken away in childhood desired to make his presence known at a circle through a Medium : he would first of all appear

in his childhood's form, so that he might be recognised; and then gradually he would grow up before the Medium's eye till he attained the form he had reached in Spirit-life. Were the departed one to appear in any other stage of growth than that in which he passed away, there would be some difficulty in recognising him.

God being everywhere present, is He manifested, or seen, any more in me or you than in a flower or a block of stone?

That is a question of some difficulty, into a full consideration of which I do not at present care to enter. God, the Infinite and Mighty Spirit, is to be seen in Man more than in all His lovely and boundless creation. The flower is doubtless wonderful in beauty, and God is seen in the lovely and fragrant flower; but with all its symmetry of form and varied hues, it lacks reason: that divinest part in man is not in the flower. Again, you will see God in the lower animals, but not so much as in man; for, take them all—the entire animal kingdom—put all their instincts together, and you will find the whole combined and perfected in man. Again, though only to a slight extent, God may be seen in the solid stone. But He is fullest in man. The inner man, which comes from God, ever lives; and we will continue to advance until we come into the immediate presence of the Great and Holy Spirit. Then shall we know something more of Him than we do now.

Is it right to think of God, who is everywhere present, as a Person located in Heaven, such as we have in the "Lord's Prayer"—"Our Father which art in Heaven"?

I will reply to that question by my answer to another: Where is Heaven? Universal Creation is Heaven. The Earth which you now inhabit, even to its very central depths, is Heaven. Each planet, as it rolls on in majesty throughout the grand ocean of space, is Heaven. Everywhere—wherever God is—there is Heaven.

But just a few minutes ago, you spoke of coming into "the immediate presence of God," does not that expression imply a place?

No; not so much a place as, I think, an advance on the part of the Spirit in purity; or, as the ancients taught, becoming so like unto God in holiness as to become Gods. These ancients taught that the purer the life, the nearer to God; and they got such ideas from the Spirit World. But, as Ruisdal and Steen have often told you, there is a Great Centre, the Heaven of

Heavens—the Throne of the Great and Holy Spirit—whence flow out in copious streams His gracious influences to all, but especially to man, over all His vast and glorious kingdom.

What is meant by the term, used in our sacred writings, "The Book of Life"?

It is just what I have spoken of as "The Book of Memory." We look on that book, and therein we find the name we are in search of, and once we find it, that moment the whole vision of the individual's life passes before our eyes: from birth to death, all his good and bad deeds are spread out before us. Here they are inscribed, with day and date—weeks and months and years—to the day of his death, his birth into the Spirit World. We have something akin to this in the practice of the ancient Egyptians, writing in hieroglyphics the memoirs of distinguished persons, giving all the good deeds of the deceased; but in this case we have both bad and good deeds recorded. If you walk in the straight path, according to the light granted to you—acting honestly towards God and man, there are blessed angels ever ready to report at the Great Temple, and every deed is put down against your name in the Book of Memory; and when it is found that the good overbalances the evil deeds (for no one ever lived a completely pure life) then, from that time, you are expected to reach that high and holy sphere in Spirit-life. The Recording Angel cannot be deceived by the hypocrite's false appearances. Men may be deceived, but not the watchful Spirit. The hypocrite's ostentatious parade of piety—his long prayers in public, like the Pharisee's of old—holding his money aloft that he may be seen to drop it into the hand of the needy beggar, not for the love of giving, but for the praise of men—all such is set down by the Recording Spirit as so much evil. (Human nature in this dark feature does not, so far as I can observe through this Medium, appear to have changed.) On the other hand, the man who helps on his fellow man—who, when he sees his poorer brethren in need, turns away his face from them, while he stealthily gives his alms, afraid to be seen, afraid lest his good deeds should be blazoned abroad as with trumpets of brass, there is good in that man, and the Recording Angel takes note of him.

What is your opinion of the doctrine of "Whatever is is right"?

If your question refers to the operation and results of natural

laws, I answer you thus: If a house should fall, burying in its ruins men, women, and children, it is right—quite right. If a huge volcano should burst out unexpectedly, and its blasting molten waves rush down in hot haste, and bury a city with all its inhabitants, it is right. If a great tidal wave of old ocean should rise, and, in its overwhelming course, work devastation and death over hundreds of miles of land, it is right. I say it is right. The upheaved water must go somewhere, and if thrown on low-lying land, over that land it must go, before it returns to its natural bed. Men must learn to make provision for such occurrences—and they do learn. Again, in the case of the volcanic eruption, it is hard to say what might have taken place had there been no fiery deluge: instead of a city with its thousands, by the confinement of the explosive element, you might have had the cities of an entire country laid in ruins by earthquakes, and hundreds of thousands of lives destroyed. Nature must relieve herself of those gases generated within the crust of the globe, and men must learn to avoid erecting cities in the neighbourhood of Nature's safety-valves. They have no right to build over these air-holes. Then, again, in the case of a house falling, there must be a cause—something wrong in the construction of that house. The stones may have been bad, or the timbers insufficient. Do not blame Nature: man alone is to blame. If men will not acquire wisdom, they must just stand the consequences of their ignorance or thoughtlessness. They must lay no blame on the laws of God—these are right, and can never be otherwise; and all must submit to them. But the doctrine of "Whatever is right" is not true in moral law. A man kills his neighbour: that is not right. Heaven's law is, that man should live to a certain age, and anything that cuts short his natural term of life, is an infringement of law. He that made the law never intended that it should be broken. No one has a right to shorten his own or another's life. In all nations, even the most barbarous, laws have been laid down for the preservation of life. In some the law was, that if a man raised his hand against his neighbour to deprive him of life, he forfeited his own life and the lives of all his family. It was a hard, a cruel law, but it was done for the prevention of murder. Were the kings and lawgivers who enacted such rigorous laws greater in love for mankind than God? Were they, in their efforts for man's

protection against the assaults of his fellow-man, more just than God? No; you will find it written in the Sacred Books of all nations, that the Great Spirit forbids murder. At one time in my Earth-life, I held that he who killed another should himself be cut off. In these cases I exercised my office of judge most stringently, and hesitated not in some instances to put the criminal to torture before taking away his life. This was at an early stage of my life; afterwards, I began to think there was something wrong in taking away the life of one who had slain another, whether in cold blood or in the heat of passion. I saw that a distinction had been made by the Hebrew lawgiver, whereby the man-slayer might flee to a city of refuge, and find safety from pursuit. In India they had similar places of refuge. But these cities afforded no protection to the man who had deliberately taken away the life of his fellow-man. I have now, however, very different ideas on this point. I would say, even in the case of the callous wretch that sheds innocent blood, let him live, but keep him in close confinement. By adopting this course, such an one is not only greatly punished, but at the same time he gets a chance of regaining his character, becoming fitted for entering into Spirit-life; but, hurled into it red-handed, thrust head-long into the lowermost depths, and thence into the society of devils, he also in course of time becomes a devil, and, in turn, instigates others to murder and bloodshed on Earth. No, I would say, keep him in confinement, and compel him to labour for the support of the hapless widow and children of his victim.

For what purpose did the ancient Egyptians embalm the bodies of the departed?

They had two purposes to serve by this custom. One of these was this: There was a law in Egypt, from which even kings were not exempt, that, before burial, a court should be held for the trial of the deceased, where his deeds were recited before the judge, and if found wanting, his evil deeds overbalancing his good deeds, the body was sent back to his house, there to remain as a warning to others. In such a case, it would not of course have been wise in a warm climate to keep the body without embalming it. Again, it was the belief of the people of Egypt, that when the Spirit appeared before the Great Judge in the Spirit World, and was found wanting, he was sent back to the old tenement, there

to abide till he became fit to enter into the Paradise of the righteous. There was a good salutary effect produced on the minds of the people who entertained these ideas.

Do you know anything about the Great Temple of Baalbec, now in ruins—how the ancient builders managed to place the great blocks of stone in their places?

It was in ruins in my day. But I have seen great stones raised in the erection of similar buildings. The power used was that of the lever, worked by a rope and large gin, at which both men and animals laboured. I rather think the Pyramids were erected in this way. The large and heavy stones would be lifted from one level platform to another and a higher, and so on till they reached the top, thousands of slaves being employed in the task. Probably elephants and camels were also used, for I have seen these at work in the erection of great buildings. Baalbec was distant about two or three days' journey from Babylon. It had been celebrated for its beautiful temples, one of which was called the Temple of the Sun. Many of the surrounding nations worshipped the Sun—not as the Persians, who merely looked on the bright luminary as representing the Great Spirit; but, like the Greeks, the people of Baalbec had images in their temples, before which they bent the knee.

Can there be a beginning without an end?

No. Wherever there has been a beginning there must be an end. Cast your eyes over the surface of the globe and you will find that all you see had a beginning. The mighty mountain towering aloft, whose snow-capped pinnacles pierce the clouds—you know that it had a beginning. Well, let me suppose you had seen that mountain and its rugged outlines when you were but a boy, and you live on to old age; you examine it then, and you find that it has been wasting away—that decay during all these years has been going on—the old features impressed on your youthful mind have, to some extent, passed away, and new ones appear. And this process is for ever going on throughout all nature. Change—a continual change. In man, too, in his material state, there is a beginning and an end—a continual change in his body, as in all material things. But in regard to man as a spirit, no one can tell when he began to be. Why? Because that inner man is Divine, the offspring of God, who ever was and ever shall be—without beginning, without end.

Why do the Hebrews and other Easterns refuse to eat the flesh of swine?

In most of the Eastern nations the law against the use of swine's flesh was got up by the priests and learned men. In very warm countries it was considered not only unsuitable but very hurtful to eat of swine's flesh. There seems also to be a natural repugnance to use as food the flesh of an animal that is notoriously foul in its own feeding—unlike other animals that feed only on vegetables. It is like man in one respect—both feed on animals and vegetables. This animal is indeed so foul in its habits that it would just as soon devour human flesh as it would grass. [*Benediction.*]

Sixty-fourth Sitting.

23rd January, 1873.

Questions:—Disorderly Manifestations—Sitting for Phenomena—A Difficulty Explained—Mode of Control—Expansion of Solid Bodies—Identity of Spirits—How to detect Personation—Dark and Light Circles—The Earth-body and the Spirit-body—Pre-existence of Man—Creeds valueless—True Prayer—Archangels—What is Memory?—Doctrine of Non-resistance—Urim and Thummim—"White Star."

I AM now ready to answer your questions.

In making arrangements for sitting in circle, is it likely, by one speaking openly of the intended meeting, that low-conditioned Spirits, becoming acquainted with the fact, might attempt to control the Medium or Mediums?

You might keep your arrangements for a circle ever so secret, that would not prevent Spirits, either high or low, from coming to it, because each one of those assembled, according to his condition, will draw Spirits towards him. If the higher Spirits perceive that evil is likely to result from sitting, they will at once create disorder in the manifestations, so as to render all your efforts fruitless. Consequently, when you witness such inharmonious proceedings, do not attribute the disorder to the action of low-conditioned Spirits, but rather to those of a higher character, who foresee the evil that might arise from the sitting, and desire to prevent it.

Do you think it right for persons who are convinced of the reality of the phenomena to continue to sit in circle for manifestations?

Well, if they require no more, there is no reason why they should continue to sit; but where good is to be accomplished in bringing the phenomena before a stranger, then they should not hesitate to sit. If the sitters have protecting Spirits around them, they need be afraid of nothing that may occur. Sitting in circle from motives of curiosity, with those who already perceive the truth, is not right. In such a case I say, Do not sit. But there are certain kinds of manifestations that can be got in no other way than sitting in circle. Here are our Indian friends—who, though not possessed of language, are good and great men—able to convert the elements into material perfumes. That is something worthy of consideration. It is surely something to let a stranger witness a table moving by unseen power, and by that means lead him gradually to the conclusion that that power is exerted by those who once trod the Earth, but who are now looked upon as dead.

Do Spirits assembled at a circle hear or understand all that takes place?

No; they know all that is taking place on this side, but not on yours. For instance, you might wonder why certain tricks or impostures were not detected by the Spirits. The reason is, they do not perceive, in certain conditions, the wrong done. But when they do see, they show what has been done to their Medium. Could we only come together with you at your sittings unaccompanied by evil Spirits, who are drawn thither by those who sit occasionally with you, it would be better for you and your cause; but you are not to blame those persons: it rests with the Spirits who lead on ill-conditioned Mediums to do the work.

How do Spirits control a Medium?

In a hundred different ways. If I desired to have full and complete control of this Medium, I would enter in. Having greater powers, I would overrule him. He would, for the time being, be no longer himself. All his physical powers would be under my control. But the control I have is different: it is not possession. He is entranced by another, and I am at liberty to use him; and I do so in the same way as you would do were you prompting another individual to speak—with this difference: my Medium has to translate into his own tongue that which I prompt

him to say, and I, on the other hand, have to translate what you say as the sound of your voice strikes on the spiritual atmosphere, in the way formerly described. It would be different, and much easier, were we acquainted with each other's language, or both speaking the same language. Again, when you sit at the table for manifestations, each one sitting emits a magnetism which envelopes you—a magnetic ring is formed, while the magnetism rises upward like a cone or column; and when we come, our magnetism comes down and meets yours in the centre; having established this connection, we can operate on material things. Then we can use a Medium's hand to write, by bringing our magnetism to bear on his arm from the elbow downwards; and with those on whom we cannot thus act, we impress their brain, and they are made to write even while thinking of something else.

Can you explain the process by which Spirits are enabled to place a solid iron ring on the arm of an individual, the ring being smaller than his hand?

Knowing very little about that, I can but give you my opinion. The only way I can conceive of at present is this :—The iron ring and the arm are both composed of matter in different states. To you the arm appears solid: not so to us. We know it is made up of individual particles, held together by the law of cohesion. Now, that law may be, and I believe is, in these cases, counteracted for the time being by another law; but in regard to the case you refer to, I would think it would be much easier to compress the hand to suit the size of the ring, than to expand the ring to slip on to the arm. In carrying articles from one place to another through solid walls or wooden doors, there is no use for both being dissolved. One, I think, is sufficient—the article that is to be passed.

Do Mediums give communications purporting to be from certain Spirits when such is not the case?

If Mediums are not under the control of a particular Spirit-guide, he or she is liable to be used by Spirits of a disorderly character. There are always plenty of these standing around, ready to act whenever the conditions afford them an opportunity. Were I such a Spirit, how easy would it be for me to give you a long story about this, that, and the other thing! But of this you need not be afraid, so long as the Medium is in the habit of meet-

ing with faithful and true Spirits. These will never deceive you. Ask them a question on a subject they are ignorant of, and they will confess their ignorance, making no pretence to know more than they do. I have seen certain Spirits at your circles, professing to know all about persons present, when, in fact, they knew little or nothing about them; and oftentimes our Indian friends have been with difficulty restrained from using violent measures with these pretenders. That is one reason why we are averse to answering questions concerning Spirits standing by individuals in your circles. The character of some of these Spirits cannot be declared openly. Indeed, why should we speak of them?—why describe? It is our duty to do all we can to guard you against them, by getting you so to live that they will find nothing in you or about you to enable them to act on you.

How are we to detect cases of personation?

If the Spirit assumes to be a great personage, ancient or modern, I think it quite possible for you to discover whether he is true or false. If you are acquainted with a number of small items in the life of such a personage, which are not easy for a Spirit to pick from your mind, you might say—"I wish you to tell me the little incident that took place on such and such an occasion." For example: suppose that the Spirit controlling professes to be Socrates, you might ask, "Do you remember what took place with you and your wife one day in the streets of Corinth?" It is a simple enough question, and I merely give it as an illustration; but if Socrates, he will very readily remember all about it, and perhaps more than you know. Poor Socrates! one of the best and meekest of men, who never got angry—whom I might, indeed, term a Grecian Christ as regards moral character—what a fiend of a wife he had! She delighted to torment him. In public or private she gave no peace to the good man. In the streets or in the temple, it mattered not, she was sure to be at him with her reviling tongue, while he never uttered a word, submitting quietly under the most intolerable provocation. She encountered him one day in a street in Corinth, and, amid a torrent of abuse, tore the cloak from his back, and taking a vessel of foul water, flung it about his person. All that the venerated philosopher said on that occasion was, "There is never a storm without rain."

Are dark circles necessary for the development of a medium?

No; but if you desire certain manifestations, such as lights, you must have darkness. Mere movements, however, may be had either in the sunshine or in darkness, but the latter suits much better; it gives power to the Spirits to work; but with good magnetic conditions we can, to some extent, do many things in the light—everything depends on the conditions. Of course, there is no necessity for darkness in trance-speaking, or for writing, painting, &c. But there are some things which, unless under the most favourable conditions, cannot be done in the light, such as the transference of material bodies from one place to another. The Indians showed you at a recent sitting how these bodies are handled in darkness. You all saw a light, but there were some there who were able to see better than others, and they perceived the spirit hands.

Do the atoms of the physical body make any part of the spirit body?

So far as my experience goes, I would say No. Nevertheless, there is a very close relationship between the two bodies. Debauchery, for example, is sure to entail a certain amount of injury, morally, to the spirit; but there are no particles of the Earth-body made over to the Spirit-body.

Had man an individual existence before he came into the Earth-body?

I will give you my opinion. I believe that I, as Spirit, existed in the One Great Spirit, but had no individual existence till I came into the Earth-body.

Does an individual's creed on Earth affect his happiness in the Spirit World?

It matters not whether he be Jew, Mahommedan, or Christian. When I think of these Mahommedans my old nature gets up. Yet, even amongst them, there are good and true men who, faithful to the precepts of their prophet, put multitudes of Christians to shame. If Christians would but look as much to Jesus as these men do to Mahomet, it would be better for them. I have known noble-hearted men also amongst the Brahmins of India—men who, though differing in creed from Jews or Christians, were morally superior, and therefore more likely than multitudes of these to get a higher position in Spirit-life. These were men who did not wear a cloak of religion, to be put on once a-week, but

who served him whom they looked on as their Lord every day. No matter by what name he was known to them, if they looked upon Him whom they worshipped as God; they might do so through the medium of an uncouth figure or image, but it was God, their Maker and Preserver, they meant to worship. But better than, and beyond all faiths and creeds, is it to walk in the steps of Jesus, my Prince, who was sent to reveal the Father to mankind—sent that he might become the Light of the world.

Is it necessary that prayer should find expression in words?

No; you must have thoughts before words. Why, you might stand in silence before the world and pour out your soul in prayer to God. On the other hand, you might give utterance to words in sound like that of a trumpet—a mere form of words without the expression of your heart's desires—but that is not prayer.

What is the meaning of the word "Archangel"?

Archangel means a Reporting Angel, a messenger who carries tidings from the Great and Mighty One to the Lower Ones—a medium between the Highest and His Anointed Ones—the Christs. Jesus, the Prince, is the King of all the worlds of which the Sun is the centre. I knew him on Earth as Jesus, and never used the word Christ, or the Anointed, which was his title. He is the Heaven-appointed Ruler of the nations of the Earth. We in Persia looked for him, for he was promised. Egypt and Greece also expected his coming. I never used the title Christ. I liked best to be called a disciple of the Nazarene.

Can you explain to me what you consider Memory to be; or rather, how do we remember?

Memory is, I consider, an impression made on the inner man through its brain organ. You will find that impressions made in your early youth are of a much more enduring character than those made recently. They appear to be deeply engraven on the young mind. Some persons say they have bad memories; so says our friend [the Medium]. The reason is, not that the impressions are faint, but that in advanced life they get covered with rubbish, and are not easily read by the Spirit.

Would it be right to follow the advice of Jesus literally in regard to non-resistance, in his saying: "If he smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also"?

That is a figurative expression, meaning, to him who would

injure you, you must return good. Such figures of speech were very common in Persia, India, and among all Eastern nations. Jesus might have done this, but where will you find a man to do it? No, verily; human nature as it is would never comply with the injunction. Man has no right to allow his life to be taken away, either by a wild animal or a wild man. You are not a God, you are a man. You do not hesitate to kill a wild animal in self-defence; and what is he who lifts his murderous hand to take away another's life but a wild man, who must be restrained with all the force you are capable of exerting in defence of yourself or others.

Can you give me your idea of the "Urim and Thummim" of the Hebrew Priesthood?

That was the breastplate of the Hebrew High Priest, composed of twelve stones, used in communications for the Twelve Tribes. There was a thirteenth stone of pure rock crystal, from which the High Priest himself, who was generally a Medium, had replies to questions. Those also who desired to have messages from the departed, looked on this central stone, and they, if mediumistic, received communications. The priests who were Mediums also consulted it, and received Divine revelations of light and truth. The Guardian Spirits of the Tribes, interested in their welfare, impressed the people to consult Urim on the Great Days. This practice of consulting the crystal was doubtless borrowed from Egypt; it was also to some extent practised in Chaldea and Persia. The words, "Urim and Thummim," mean Divine revelation of Light and Truth.

I must now leave you. Good night.

Controlled by JAN STEEN, the question was put—Can you tell me anything about this Indian that seeks, according to Hafed, to control my hand?

He is one who lived on Earth when those ancient cities now buried, flourished in the western world. The Persian and "White Star" seem to understand one another very well; indeed, in character, he is very like the Persian. He will, when he can manage you, write in his own language, a very ancient one, and will interpret it through you.

Sixty-fifth Sitting.

6th February, 1873.

Hafed on the Education of Children in the Spirit World—The Passions of Man Symbolised—Illustrations—Facilities in Teaching the Young Spirit—On Children's Lyceums—All days holy—Give no offence—Branches of Education—Help from the Spirits—Astronomy—Botany—The Mammoth Animals—Man's Early History—Teach no Theologies—Man a Worker—Architecture—Bodily Exercise—Engineering, Farming, &c.

I AM now ready to answer the questions you have prepared for me.

I have no questions ready. Will you just continue your narrative?

No; but you may choose a subject for me to speak on.

You spoke approvingly, last night, of the proposal to establish a Children's Lyceum. Is there any similarity in the mode of instruction of children in the Spirit World, to that of the young in the American Lyceums?

The education of children in the Spirit World is quite different from that of children on the Earth; at least, that is my view of the subject. I have had the care of little children, and I take great delight in teaching the young; but I am chiefly a teacher of grown-up children—that is, those who come in from Earth who require to be instructed; and in their case it is not so much the getting them to learn, as getting them to unlearn. The little ones who come here, however, having little or nothing to unlearn, have their hearts open, ever ready, ever fresh, for instruction in wisdom and love. They are taught by symbols, and these we find in Nature. Every flower that blooms is connected with something of Earth and the Spirit World. Man's passions, for example, may be, and are symbolised by flowers. The poisonous hemlock is symbolical of deadly hatred in man, and also of those passions that lead him into mischief and covetousness. Here, we take the lovely rose, which sends forth hither and thither its fragrant breath on the soft summer breeze, as a beautiful emblem of love in man towards his fellow-man. The charity which stretches out a helping hand to a fallen brother—that gives water to the thirsty,

fainting soul—that comes like a sweet perfume to the poor departing Spirit, lying in the last stage of disease—bed-ridden, with nothing to support the poor, worn-out frame—that is the charity symbolised by the fragrant rose. It is not long prayers that such a one needs, nor that kind of consolation that ends in talk about resignation to fate—no, not that, for man always desires to live—(unless his weary Spirit, as it nears the brink, gets a glimpse of the bright land beyond;)—but something to relieve his bodily wants—that is, the sweet breath of roses to him who lies prostrate, racked and tortured by want and disease. Then care flies off, and the Spirit can think of higher and holier things. Other flowers symbolise various parts in man's nature, and are all used by us in our education of the young in Spirit-life. Here they are—all the flowers which you have on Earth.

Then again, in our teaching here, we have clear vision of the wants of our young pupils; and there is no clog of dirt—no teachings or theologies of man to obstruct their sight, but every thing is clear to Spirit vision, and the doors stand open to welcome the truth. Your conditions are different on Earth, and you cannot possibly impart instruction as we do. But I will give you my ideas how it should be done.

I would not bind you to have your meetings on the first day of the week. You say it is a holy day. I have no fault to find with you because of this; but see that you worship God every day—see that all days are holy; for if we put aside the worship we owe to the Great Father of all for six days, and give but the seventh, we do but mock Him. No, you must worship Him every day in the seven, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, till your sand-glass runs out, and you prepare to enter here, and work and worship as every Spirit ought to do.

Then, setting aside your Sabbath-day, I would have you to appoint a week-night for the instruction of the young amongst you. My reason for this is—that, although esteeming every day alike, every day a fitting opportunity of doing good, I think it right in me not to raise up difficulties in your way, by the stirring up of prejudices. Believing every day alike, could I paint, I might do so on the Sabbath, but this I would not do if it were to give offence to my brethren who are not like-minded.

Here, in the Spirit World, we have many great philosophers, poets, and painters. Here are priests who once officiated at the altars of the Most High; here are our friends Ruisdal and Steen, and Spirits of every grade in knowledge, ready to assist you in your work of love and truth.

And here, too, there are architects, ancient and modern, ready to give you assistance in your work. And if these ancients do come, they are able to give you something superior, in strength and beauty, to anything in architecture you have at present. They knew how to please the eye. We have one here who would gladly give you information in all that concerns the movements of those vast bodies—the universe of worlds, of which Earth is but one in the innumerable host.

But not the least of those who are willing and ready to help you, are our good Indian friends, who surpass, in many things, the greatest philosophers. Having studied in the school of Nature, they are intimately acquainted with the nature of plants and animals; witness the distillation of those perfumes that have so frequently been brought to you. In that you have one branch of Indian Chemistry. They could teach you that.

When you form such a school (for that is what I call it), all those I have named, and many more, will come forward to the work. I myself would prefer to give instruction on subjects concerning the Great and Infinite Spirit, the Fountain of all wisdom and truth.

Well, then, I would have implanted within the minds of the young ones the philosophy of all things in the animal, the vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. I would have them instructed in the arts, such as painting, sculpture, music, and indeed everything calculated to elevate them, physically, morally, and intellectually. They should be made acquainted with ancient and modern astronomy; how the worlds revolve in space; about the comets as they come and go in their flight through the atmosphere (which, indeed, are but undeveloped worlds newly come, as it were, from the hands of the Great Creator), till they are ready to take up their circuit round the sun, becoming worlds, and parts of planetary systems.

Then your youth should have a knowledge of the flowers that bedeck the gardens and fields of Earth. If you are ignorant, we are all ready to help you as best we can. We might show you

how beautifully the leaves are formed on the tree. Take the lovely rose, examine its blushing leaves, separate them the one from the other, look carefully into them, and you will see nothing but the velvety film on the surface ; but, notwithstanding, on that leaf you will find a whole race of animals. There they go, pair and pair, male and female, living, moving, and having their being on that beautiful and gaily coloured world—that tiny leaf—a colony in itself. This is something to awaken interest in the mind of the youthful scholar. We of the Magi studied this, and taught such to our youth. But there were few who knew as much as I did on this subject. By means of crystals taken from the rock, I showed my pupils what they could not discern by the naked eye ; by the use of my glass, they saw these little animals going along in pairs—mere mites, invisible to ordinary vision, but yet, to some extent, endowed with reason ; for there they were, male and female, traversing their beautiful world in loving fellowship. Great and wonderful is the Creator of all ! O never forget that the Almighty God careth for all his creatures, even for those little bits of dust. Teach your children that.

From this I would take them back to the early history of the Earth ; when those huge animals roamed over its marshy surface, cropping its vast vegetation, now stored up within its bowels to give light and heat to man. I would have you to show these children how in due time the Creator swept off those gigantic creatures from the surface and buried them—their bones, in course of ages, becoming cement for man's use ; and how the Earth was thus being prepared, in these far-back ages, for man's sojourn on its surface.

Then I would have them to be instructed in the early history of mankind ; how man at first became impressed by Spirit power ; how he continued to be, more or less, influenced by that power, down through the ages, till He came who had been so long promised—the Prince, even Jesus my Lord. I would have them taught no theologies, but enjoined to take Jesus as their leader, their exemplar—to make him their model in all things, so that they may be early led into the paths of virtue ; and living as he lived, pass away from Earth as his true followers, and breathe in the heavenly atmosphere of the land of light and glory.

Then your little ones should receive lessons concerning the

duties of daily life : that man is not placed on Earth to be an idler—that he is made to be a worker, providing not only for himself and his children, but contributing towards the happiness of his fellow-men.

But again, part of the instruction to be given, and certainly not an unimportant part, is that of thorough bodily exercise. You must train these children how to use their limbs ; for without the free exercise of all the powers of the body, the youth can never become a strong and healthy man. Neglecting this, mortals can never attain vigour of body, or expect to reach the natural term of life on Earth. They are cut off prematurely. Like the fruit of an untended tree, they fall away, become rotten and of no use. But habitual and proper bodily exercise, or training, would not only promote strength of frame, it would also, to a considerable extent, remove disease in constitutions inherited from forefathers for generations. They should also be taught how to magnetise one another ; and how to acquire habits of cleanliness by the application of pure water to the body, for without a proper and harmonious development of the physical shrine, it stands in the way—it is but a clog in the path of the Spirit, which will never be right until it is thrown off ; even then man feels the evil effects arising from his existence in an impure, inharmonious dwelling place.

Children ought likewise to be taught something of engineering and farming ; that is to say, how to drain lands—how to take off those stagnant waters that poison the atmosphere, and which inflict untold suffering on humanity. By the adoption of a proper system, you would not only have an increase of food, but much of the disease that has prevailed for ages, caused by these poisonous vapours, would be overcome. When the long-expected Golden Age comes round, men will care for these things. Then will prevail peace and plenty. But, remember, there will then be no idleness ; it will be an age of industry, when man's careful attention to his lands will be rewarded by abundant crops ; and notwithstanding his toilsome, laborious work, he will be happy, for he will receive the blessing of communion with the departed, who will comfort and strengthen him for his daily labour.

[*Benediction.*]

Sixty-sixth Sitting.

15th Feb., 1873.

Questions: The Promise of Jesus—"Lo, I am with you"—Who was the "Comforter"—The Present Spiritual Movement designed by Jesus—Hafed on the Laws of Moses—What is the "Day of Judgment"—Destruction of the World—Description of the Spirit "White Star."

I PERCEIVE you have a number of questions. I am ready to answer them.

Jesus promised to his disciples on one occasion to be with them "always, even to the end of the world." In what sense are we to understand this promise?

In this sense: If men on Earth are the true followers of Jesus of Nazareth (he whom I know as the Prince of Heaven and Earth), he will be with them in spirit, and they will know, if they are spiritually like their Master, that he is with them. If you are one of his followers your spirit has taken on the impressions made by him; in that sense he may be said to be with you. But, besides, he is often amongst his disciples on Earth in person, in the midst of them, ready to grant an answer to their requests; for he has power to bestow all needed blessings on his followers. If men follow stedfastly in the steps of Jesus they will live according to the will of God, the Great Spirit.

But there may be thousands of meetings of his followers at the same time. Can he be present at all?

Personally, he cannot. Seated on his throne, he may yet be with them, as I have said, in spirit or thought. And then he has his ministering angels, fully representing him, and having authority to bestow gifts on those who ask; for they, to use a modern term, can telegraph to him the desires of his people's hearts, and in a moment become the medium of an immediate answer. You have no conception of the rapidity of spirit-flight through space. I could be personally far removed from this Medium, and yet be able, quick as thought, to impress him; but this power I seldom or ever exercise. I would rather be beside him, to guide him

while in his present condition ; for, were it otherwise, much of that which I am able to give through him would be lost. It is altogether different with the Lord our Prince ; he stands on a different footing. When on Earth, his body was purer, of a better material, and never so gross as the bodies of other men ; as a consequence his spirit was not so much injured in its contact with the body of dust—the clay tabernacle ; and still possessing this superiority of spirit-power, he is able to communicate with those who are in harmony with him in a way far, far surpassing anything we can do.

Another promise of Jesus to his twelve disciples, before leaving them, was this : “ I will not leave you comfortless. I will send the Comforter unto you, who will bring all things to your remembrance.” Did he mean one distinct from his own Spirit, or what was he referring to ?

That Spirit with which he was filled while in the bodily form, he could dispense with when he went to his Heavenly Kingdom (for he is King of the Heavens as well as of Earth), and he sent him forth to guide and comfort the disciples he had left behind. It was the same Spirit by whom the mighty works were done which accompanied the declaration of the truth by the disciples of Jesus ; and that Spirit is still working. And at the same time he also sent out other good and holy Spirits to his poor, persecuted, and suffering followers, to comfort, to aid and guide them amid all their troubles—to impress on them those truths which he himself had taught when present in the body. I know that I was often upheld by Spirit influence in many of the troubles and trials I passed through.

But was that Spirit, which you say Jesus sent forth, the Holy Spirit who, according to the prevailing theology, was equal with the One Great and Infinite Spirit ?

Oh, no, no ! He was one of those High and Holy Ones near unto the Highest. He it was by whom Jesus of Nazareth was filled without measure. It would be the same were I to possess my Medium ; but far be it from me to make any comparison ; for this Great and Holy Spirit that was with him on Earth is infinitely beyond us. He is not of Earth. He never had a human body ; but is such as the Prince himself was before he took on himself a human body.

When you meet with Jesus, the Prince, does such engagements as ours ever form the subject of conversation?

Yes, often. He does not forget you. This movement in which you are engaged is one of the great plans or schemes he has laid down for the redemption of the world, so that his teachings may have freer course—may take root and flourish in the hearts of men. Often—ah, how often! has he seen them trodden under foot! How often has he made men to stand up boldly in defence of his truth, and beheld them fall short! But the day of revolution comes on—the day when his doctrines, now encrusted with men's theological fancies, will be cast into the crucible—will pass through the fire; when the dross shall be cast away, and the golden truth shall remain pure as it came from his lips. In that day you shall see men standing up and saying, "This is what we need!" and all men will perceive the truth and embrace it. Then, living in harmony with Jesus, they will be in harmony with God. Then will come again the golden age, when the Spirits will go forth in power, blending with the Spirits of men, and Earth become a very Heaven of happiness and peace. Death itself will be destroyed; for man, when he leaves the body, will hardly know the difference between life on Earth and life in the Spirit World.

Are the Ten Commandments, as given in the Books of Moses, of Divine origin?

I know little about the laws promulgated by the great Hebrew lawgiver. I would look on some of them as proceeding from the inspiration of good and true Spirits through the mediumship of Moses; but there are others which, in my opinion, are but man-made. We had laws in Persia (indeed, every nation had), professing to come from the Great Source; but I looked on them only as dictated by holy and good Spirits to the lawgivers—given to them and received by them as divine. Notice this, however, that, even though the work of holy Spirits, the Medium through which they communicated might have been unable to do justice to the truths sought to be imparted; and again, such Spirits, notwithstanding their good character, might have been wrong. If I thought that it was proper for me to tell you something which I believed to be right, something worth your acceptance, I would certainly do it, and yet it might turn out to be wrong. Moses was evidently well acquainted with the hieroglyphic records of Egypt, and should have

known that these place Creation much further back than the time given in his account. There was something inconsistent in his character ; for, besides this, notice how he himself trampled on one of the best of his laws—that which forbade the killing of a human being—by commanding the slaughter of the very people he was appointed to govern and protect. But it is not for me to criticise : faults may be found in the characters and lives of all good men in all nations.

A belief prevails among all Christian communities, founded on a statement of Jesus, that there is to be a great Day of Judgment, when the Souls of all that ever lived must appear before Jesus, some for condemnation to a never-ending punishment, and some for approval, and the enjoyment of everlasting happiness : Will you tell us what you know concerning this interesting subject ?

I know very little about the sayings ascribed to Jesus, my Prince, during his ministry in Judea. Of one thing I am certain, and of which you also may be sure, that being an Eastern and surrounded by Easterns, he would frequently use figurative language to convey the truths which he desired to impart to his hearers. It may appear strange to you, but figurative language was easily understood by us. Indeed, an Eastern can express his ideas much better by the use of figures than without them. True, Jesus, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, is the Great Judge. But the judgment-day is the day of death, when, as a Spirit, you appear as it were before Him, from whom there is no hiding ; for all is laid bare on entering the Spirit World. According as your life has been in the body, so is the judgment—so is your place in the great world of Spirits. If adjudged to the lowest, the most desolate and hopeless hell, it is still possible for the wretched Spirit to rise out of his misery. He is not forsaken, however much, in his despair, he may think so. The discipline under which he is placed will, in due time, raise him from his low condition to a better state. There are some things appertaining to Earth with which I have but recently become acquainted ; indeed, I am picking up many things from our friend [the Medium] connected with the life and teachings of Jesus during his three years' work—things of which I had no knowledge. When I inquire of him in regard to such matters, he gives me the information in the way he has learned

it ; and then, communicating with Paul or Peter, I find that they throw quite a different light on the subject. It may appear strange to you that I should be so situated ; but I am perplexed with the information I get through my Medium in regard to the doctrines taught by the followers of Jesus at the present time ; and vexed in spirit when I see his teachings so grossly perverted. There is a passage which the Medium has brought under my notice regarding another saying of Jesus—that some of those standing by him should not see death till he should come again, and that his coming would be at the destruction of the world. Referring this point to Paul, he said it was true spiritually, but not literally. The statement referred to the great outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost, when there was an upheaving of long-cherished ideas—a moral convulsion—but not to the destruction of Earth and all its works. No ; that would throw the whole planetary system into confusion ; nay, more, it would destroy it. And for what end ? To wipe out of mortal existence the inhabitants of Earth, which, contrasted with its sister worlds, is but as a pea to a large pebble ; to throw the whole of these glorious worlds into unutterable confusion—dashing them to pieces, in order that this small globe may be put out of existence ! No, no, no—it cannot be.

You made some reference recently to an ancient Red Indian, called " White Star," who was trying to communicate through me : Can you give me any account of him ?

I have already done so, and that not very long ago, as you will remember. Unlike other Indians, he is well instructed, and knows how to teach. He is deeply versed in the sciences of the olden time ; for, while on Earth, he was not like the rest of the Red Men, a great lover of the chase, but cultivated his fields, and studied architecture, teaching his countrymen how to build. He is not dressed like the others. His dress would appear strange to you. He wears on his head a white feather, and is clothed in the finest silks ; and still farther adorned with gold and silver and precious stones, the dress of the Sacred Order with which he was connected.

We will now close. May the blessing of the Highest rest upon you. Good-night.

Sixty-seventh Sitting.

6th March, 1873.

Questions: The Solar System—The Great Central Sun—No “Immediate Glory”—The Holy Ones—Nothing! What is Nothing?—The Lower Animals in Spirit-life—Missions to Other Worlds—The Grand Centre—Height of the Atmosphere—Is the Sun a Body of Fire?—Mercury—Spirit Absorption of Material Food—Speaking in Persian—Musical Instruments in the Spirit-World—Dark Circles.

I AM now ready to answer your questions.

Can you tell us anything about the constitution of the Sun—Is it a material body similar to our Earth?

It is similar in constitution, and governed by the laws which regulate your world. The Earth and other planets with their satellites revolve round the Sun; the Sun again revolves round another great body and its satellites, and so on: suns and systems, all under the same great controlling law, which keeps all in beautiful order, revolve round the Grand Centre, the dwelling-place of the Great and Mighty Spirit. He is the Source of Light, which is reflected from sun to sun, and from world to world, over all systems that float in the boundless ocean of space.

That Great Central Sun must surely be an immense body?

Yes; and I find it a difficult thing to convey to you the idea of its size. Let us see. Suppose you were to take the smallest grain of sand and drop it on your Sun, the contrast would be great indeed; but were that Sun to be dropt on the Grand Centre, it would be but as a grain of sand—all would be swallowed up within its vast embrace.

Does any one of Earth go immediately at death into the Heavenly sphere?

When I speak of Heaven, I refer to the place and condition in which I now exist. If that is what you mean, then I say Yes to your question. But if you refer to the Holy of Holies, the Central Sun, the dwelling-place of the Most High, spoken of in the Hebrew writings, then I would say No. No one of mortal birth can enter therein, till he is purged from every taint of earthliness; not even the Spirit of the child whose breath was stopped at birth, can

enter immediately into the glorious place; for that innocent has, by its mortal birth, inherited certain earthly tendencies, and these, by a long course of education, must be rooted out, and the strength and virtue which are gained by a life of trials on Earth must be acquired here by a slower process. Trials experienced in the body are much more advantageous in the education of man than the discipline of Spirit-life. The longer man lives on Earth the better; and if he has improved the opportunities of his long life wisely and well, he is blessed indeed.

Have all Spirits passed through the Mortal body?

No; there are some—angels, if you choose to call them so—who are the Messengers from the Great and Mighty One to us: these Holy Ones have never been joined to the mortal body, though all are in the human form, even the highest and mightiest in creation—man is but modelled from them. Moses, in his account of man's creation, uses the following language:—"Let us make man in our own image;" implying that the Creator, the High and Mighty God, consulted with these Holy Ones in regard to the work of man's creation.

Was there ever a time when there was no outward manifestation of God—when nothing existed but God?

I do not know; but I may give you my opinion. I believe that the Great Father of All never existed alone: that wherever He is there you will find the manifestation of His power, His wisdom, and His goodness in material existences. I do not see well how it could be otherwise. Nothing! What is nothing? If nothing but God existed at any time, then He was everything. The thin air you breathe, that is something material. The various gases are but the Spirits of solid Matter; they may be dispersed by the winds, but they are never lost; they again become matter, lying, as it were, in a dormant state, but they are not lost, for you have but to apply the proper means, and back to their Spirit-life they go; and so is it throughout the boundless expanse of the universe.

Do the lower animals exist in Spirit?

They do. Wherever there is life there is Spirit, and Spirit never dies. The smallest speck, unseen by the naked eye, having life, is precious to the Great Creator: with or without brain or nerve, it is all the same. Take a microscope. Examine one of these tiny animals, and you will find in it the first and simplest develop-

ments of organic life, then go upwards in the scale of animal creation, and step by step, as you ascend in your examination, you will see a uniform progress in development, till, coming to man, you find combined in him all that you have seen in the animals below him. You will see a part of man in the beaver who builds a house, and in the little mole who tunnels for himself a road beneath the pathway on which you walk. These features, and a thousand more, you will find in man. There is nothing in him which you will not find in the creation around him—he is a world in himself.

Is it possible for you to visit any of the worlds outside our planetary system?

Is it possible for me to visit any of the worlds outside our system? Well, we are certainly not bound to this, though, as with you on Earth, we commonly look to the family here. We never leave this except when sent by our Great Prince on embassies to another High Prince of other worlds beyond. So great is the distance of some of these worlds, you might travel thousands of years before you would reach their battlements. It is now about 2000 years since I came here, and had I started then on such a mission, ten times 2000 years might be expended, and still I would be unable to reach the boundaries of creation. It is strange how short, apparently, is the space between the Great Central Sun and us. Indeed, should we fly out towards some distant planet, away, as it were, from the centre, we find, on reaching our destination, that there is no perceptible difference—we seem to be as near to it as ever; so that each of the systems appears to be as near to the Great Central Sun as another, although in reality some do, at times, get nearer than others. The inhabitants of the various planets differ somewhat, physically and intellectually. Some are mere babes when you are full grown men.

What is the extent of the atmosphere from the surface of the Earth?

I know that, when I come on the Earth plane, the atmosphere affects me. But, speaking from my earthly experiences, I would say that, at a distance of five miles from the surface, man could hardly live, and higher and in a rarer atmosphere he could not live; at twelve miles from the Earth you would hardly find an atmosphere.

Is it true, what some philosophers have asserted, that the Sun is a body of fire?

It is absurd to say so. The heat which you get from the Sun does not come from a body of fire, but arises from the position which the Earth occupies in relation to the Sun. You do not get heat from the Moon, and yet you have light therefrom. The Earth absorbs the heat produced by the Sun's rays, and not only absorbs, but, according to the season of the year, throws off the heat. Take a crystal, and place it at a certain focus, and you absorb the heat; but put it out of focus, and you lose the heat. The nearer you approach the Sun, you have the less heat. According to the position of the Earth and other bodies in relation to the Sun, so is the heat.

How is it with Mercury? There, it is said, the heat must be unbearable.

He is smaller, and the heat is just according to the focus of rays. Do you suppose God made these worlds merely to please His fancy, unfit for life? No, no; every one of them has its inhabitants, and these are, in general, purer and better than those of Earth.

Have you spiritual food with which you are sustained?

Yes. Yet we could eat your food and drink your water; but before we could absorb them they would require to be spiritualised.

Is it possible for you to use the vocal organs of the Medium, and speak in your own language?

It is possible; and I might do so, but for my promise to Ruisdal not to do it. Indeed, at times I have some difficulty, when the Medium is in an excited state, in restraining myself. Ruisdal having made that arrangement, and I having promised not to use him in that way, my promise is as sacred as a decree of the Medes and Persians—aye, sacred as the homage I owe to the Great and Mighty Spirit. A promise may be broken only when the keeping of it may lead to evil.

Mr. K.—Are the musical instruments in the Spirit World similar to those which we have on Earth?

In my description of the Great Temple, I alluded to the seats therein, which produced music of the most ravishing character. We have also all the instruments which you have, and all are much finer and more powerful than yours; and had you ears to hear,

you would be delighted, entranced by the flood of sweet and beautiful harmonies that flow over our atmosphere. The very trees, in their swinging to and fro, send forth music; our rivers and streamlets make music as they run over their pebbly beds; while the birds lift up their tuneful voices in a concert of grateful praise to their great Creator. If possible, you may yet be privileged to hear some of those sweet heavenly sounds, as a foretaste of that which awaits you here. [Here the Medium appeared to experience a change in the control, and, addressing Mr. K——, told him he would, in a dream or vision, illustrate what had just been said.]

Was it H—— K—— who controlled just now?

Yes; and he says he will show his father the beauties of this land.

What is your opinion in regard to dark circles, open to all comers?

I have no great love for dark circles. There are some friends who like them, and think that good may be attained by such meetings. No doubt where all who choose to come are admitted, there may be some who, coming to mock, are caught; but this would not make up for the damage done to Mediums such as this one. Could the evil ones be kept back, no damage would take place; but from the miscellaneous and consequently inharmonious nature of the assembled mortals, the good Spirits are overpowered, and the evil triumph. Then follows disturbance, and malicious Spirits influence susceptible mortals to deeds of mischief and deception. We were overpowered at one of the meetings you refer to, notwithstanding the presence of our good friends the Indians. There are certain Mediums (and our Medium is one of them) who must not be present at such meetings; if they do attend they will soon be destroyed.

Did you, when on Earth, ever sit in dark circles?

No; we permitted only the initiated to enter into the Sacred Grove, which, though dark, was quickly lighted up by the sacred fire from the altar, around which we reverently sat or knelt.

May the blessing of the Great and Mighty Spirit rest upon you, and may the Great Prince send forth his messengers of truth to lead you, guiding your steps in the paths of love and holiness. Good-night.

Sixty-eighth Sitting.

15th March, 1873.

Questions: On Spirit Flight—The extent of Creation—The Person of God—His Omnipresence—The Grand Central Sun—The Christs—A Hebrew Myth—The Atonement—Moral Condition of the Other Worlds—Destruction of Worlds—On the Creation of Worlds—Payment of Mediums.

I AM NOW ready to answer your questions.

You said that you might spend 20,000 years in flight towards the boundaries of Creation, and be unable to reach them—Is it the same with the Great Ones, the Messengers of the Most High?

No; though the same in form, they are far superior to us in power, never having been in connection with the material body. I have some difficulty in getting you to comprehend this, there being nothing in all creation to which I may liken the quickness of their flight. It is quicker than thought, if you can conceive of such. The difference is very great between their flight and ours, quick as that is. No gross material form has left its heavy impress upon these Holy Ones; but, coming direct from the creative hand of the Great Maker, they are pure. No doubt we are the offspring of the same Great Father, but we come in a different way. These Holy Ones are not only pure, sinless, but as God himself, making the lightnings of Heaven their chariots.

Can there be bounds to Creation?

I cannot tell, and as I have said before, though we should live throughout eternity, we shall never be able to find out the extent of God's works.

Am I right in concluding, from all you have been saying to us, that we can never form any idea of the Person of the Most High, and that the only God that can be personally manifested to us is the Anointed One—Jesus the Prince?

He is the only representation which mankind in the body can have of God. But I am more and more inclined to believe that the Great and Mighty Spirit, the Master of all worlds, the Father of us all, is in the likeness of man. The intelligent beings of every world are similar in shape and form, and therefore I conclude that

the Great Father, in bringing forth his children, formed them in his own likeness,—that, in sending His Son into the world, he sent him in his own image.

But does not your answer imply that the form or person of God must be something material?

He must be something ; whatever the form it must be composed of certain elements.

If, then, God is confined to form, how can He be everywhere present?

It is by His wisdom, love, and power, that all worlds in the great expanse are upheld. The influences flowing from him extend to all things in all worlds ; but He may not, in person, be everywhere present. Let me illustrate this. When we desire to act upon our Medium without removing in person from our sphere, we send forth our influence to bear upon him, and we find him in a suitable condition when we do come. This we sometimes do under certain circumstances.

Can the Grand Central Sun be seen from our Earth? I have heard it stated that one of the cluster, called the "Seven Stars," is that great central body.

No ; it is not visible. It is far beyond that cluster of stars. Some of these are vast systems, round which your system, with all its mighty worlds, revolves ; the Sun and its attendants are but as satellites to these, and they in turn revolve round others, and on and on in order and harmony amazing. The nearest you can come to the Grand Centre is when you cross the luminous belt called the "Milky Way."

Do the Great Rulers of the other worlds—those whom you refer to as the "Anointed Ones," and as being like Jesus the Prince—ever visit your sphere?

O yes ; and they are like him. But high and holy, beyond all description, though they be, Jesus the Prince stands higher, and is greater than they. And why? Because he has trod the Earth in a material body, and has thus been subjected to trials which they have never experienced—thereby accomplishing more than any other. In the eyes of these Holy Ones he is nearer to the Great Father than any one, and is so held in the estimation of all his subjects.

Do you know of any Spirit Sphere within the bowels of our Earth, such as was held by the ancient Hebrews?

No, no. The Earth, internally, is a molten mass of matter. When the Earth becomes cool and solid, then will the great change take place. A new creation will be formed on its surface. I may be wrong; but I have the idea that it cannot be otherwise. Your men of science may have attained to a greater knowledge on this subject than I had when a dweller on the Earth: but I bestowed much attention to the study of the rocks, and I found that, wherever there was pressure, there must be heat. In my day it was dangerous to say that the Earth was a round ball; but I believed it to be so, and calculated that there was a pressure over all towards the centre, and therefore that centre must be a molten mass.

In the writings of one of the Apostles it is said—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." What is your opinion on this subject?

I think I have already given you my opinion on the subject. But I again say—His death had nothing to do with the taking away of the sins of men. In a certain sense, however, he may be said to have died for us, when he shed his blood in vindication of the principles he inculcated—those truths that he endeavoured to implant within man—truths fitted, when embraced, to uplift him from sin and its sufferings to holiness and happiness. But his death is of no avail otherwise. He who commits sin must suffer for sin. I cannot suffer, or be judged, for your transgression.—Yes, he became a martyr for the truths he taught; and, guided in life by those truths, you are saved from sin and its consequences. Follow closely in his footsteps, and you will triumph over all the evils that beset you.

Do you know of any other material world, the inhabitants of which are in the same condition morally as those of the Earth?

No; they seem never to have risen in pride against the laws of the Creator.

On one occasion you spoke of a material world that had been destroyed because of the wickedness of the inhabitants.

Yes, I did. I had no knowledge of it from my own experience, but I have heard it referred to by others in the Great Temple. In that case there was no Deliverer. That world was totally destroyed, but not the spirits of its inhabitants. Their bodies were swept away, but they themselves have long since been raised to holiness and glory. I have known of worlds—what you would

call worlds—that have been broken up ; but these were worlds in process of formation—I mean comets. These, as I have already said, are composed, in their first condition, of gases, and these gases, getting on fire, the vast mass rushes off in its course, blazing through space, and at length, after millions of years, it begins to cool on its external surface ; a crust is formed, and the nearest system of planets draws the new world within the circle of its influence, when it moves on in regular procession. But there are times when two such bodies, in process of formation, come into collision in their erratic course, and are broken up into smaller bodies. Though broken, they are not lost : the fragments fly off in a dozen different ways—the smaller attracted towards other worlds, while the larger go on forming new worlds.

Are those High and Holy Ones, who are the Rulers of systems of worlds, the Creators of worlds ?

I do not know. But it seems to me that all creation is but the effect of laws laid down by the Great Spirit. Creation is ever going on.

It is said in one of the Gospels, referring to Him who is there called "the Word"—"All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made."

Moses, in his account of creation, says—"Let us make man in our own image." Who are the *us* who were thus called to take part in creation ? I believe it refers to our Prince and the others. The Great and Mighty Spirit, as it were, called them into His counsels in the great work ; though, so far as Moses was concerned, he gives merely what tradition had imparted to him—not revelation.

What is your opinion as to the payment of Mediums ?

There is an Eastern saying which will give you my opinion on this subject. It is this :—"Do not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." But where gain is to be made, there is danger that the practice may lead to necromancy, or the black art, practised by ancient magicians, who called on evil Spirits to assist them in their work.

I must now leave. May God our Father bless you all, leading you into the paths of truth ! Good night.

Sixty-ninth Sitting.

27th April, 1873.

Questions: On Spirit Spheres—Spirits instructed in Material things—On Children in the Spirit World—Spirit-dwellings—Paul's "Thorn in the Flesh"—Horses and Camels in the East—Number of Xerxes' Persian Host—Measurement of Time in Persia—Musical Instruments, Paintings, and Steam Power in the East—A Heathen Maxim—Law-makers in Persia—Occupations—Size of Persian Ships—Ancient Geography—The Great Pyramid built by Melchisedek—Egypt and Abyssinia—On Spirit Personation—Physicians in Ancient Persia—Hafed on "Mary the Mother of God."

YOU must continue to put questions.

A friend is very desirous to have your opinion as to the place or position of the Spirit spheres in relation to the Earth. Can you give me anything definite to satisfy him?

I think you refer to one who got an answer from me at a recent sitting concerning this question. Each planet of our solar system has its own Spirit spheres—the lowest of these being, in general, nearest, in moral condition, to the planet. The nearest sphere to the Earth is the Second; the First is not quite so near.

If instruction in material things in Spirit-life is imparted to those who have had no experience of Earth-life (such as infants), how are they made acquainted with earthly things, seeing they (the infants) are in a spiritual condition?

The Spirits who have left the body in infancy or childhood are attracted to the consideration of material things;—Earth has its attractions for them having been born with human bodies, as well as for those who have lived for years in the Earth-body. These Spirits return, with their appointed teachers, to the Earth, in order that they may receive lessons from material objects. But why should I speak of matter: spiritual bodies, though indiscernible by you, are just as truly matter as earthly bodies—only you have not the power to perceive anything but the crudest condition of matter. Spirits see matter in its true form before it becomes crude. We can, as you are well aware, extract certain particles from the atmosphere and bring them into contact with your sense of smelling. Had you an eye adapted for observing smaller

objects, you could easily view these minute particles as they float through the air.

In the instruction of children in the Spirit world, do any of them imbibe evil ideas whereby they might be led into sin, and so fall into a lower sphere or condition?

No; they know nothing of Earth's evils. When they come here they are placed under the guardianship of teachers whose instructions never fail in leading the Spirits under their care to the love of wisdom and goodness. But, when these come to mature Spirit-life—to manhood, so to speak, they look down upon the Earth, and have often much cause to grieve when they perceive the prevailing evils of mankind.

Have your Spirit-dwellings various apartments, such as sitting, studying, and sleeping rooms; and are your houses clustered as in our cities, or detached one from another?

Well, our houses or homes are just in accordance with our varied national tastes and ideas of what we consider best. We have our various apartments, and amongst these I may say our sleeping apartments; for though we do not require what you call sleep, yet we find it necessary that our bodies should rest. We have also places for study in whatever department of philosophy or of science. Indeed everything in and about our dwellings ministers to the exalted tastes and high aspirations of the advanced Spirit. If an admirer of natural beauty, here he has it in all its manifold features. If devoted to the arts and sciences, he lacks nothing wherewithal to forward him in his search. There are always at hand those who delight to urge on and assist their brethren in the pursuit of truth. We vie one with another in our studies and investigations; but there are no wranglings—no unseemly disputations here.

Paul, in one of his Epistles, speaks of what he calls "A thorn in the flesh," and the phrase has led to much guessing and discussion. Have you any idea of what he meant by the expression?

I know well what he means by the "thorn in the flesh." Though not a tall man he was what you might call a strong man, without any symptom of bodily deformity or weakness. But, as I have heard him say, it was his former course of bitter and vindictive opposition to Jesus, to the truth, that formed the thorn in

Paul's thorn in the flesh

his flesh ; for amid all his labours and triumphs as an apostle, his former attitude to the cause he loved so much was ever coming up before his mind as a matter for bitter regret.

Some imagine the "thorn," to have been a weakness in the eyes, because he speaks of employing a friend to write for him.

Paul had anything but weak eyes. It was all the other way. His eyes were strong and piercing—eagle-like in their glance. And you need not wonder at such as Paul employing another to write for him ; for besides his continual labours in speaking—and he was a very eloquent public speaker—he was constantly sending letters of advice to his converts in various places, and as many of these were dictated under inspiration, it became necessary to employ one who could take down the words quickly as they were uttered.

In Caravans in the East, in your day, did you ever observe the attitude which the horse manifested towards the camel—did they agree well together ?

No ; they did not agree well, except when the two were brought up together. In travelling across the Desert we did not generally employ horses. Our Persian horses were not adapted for crossing the Desert. The wandering tribes of the Desert employed both animals ; the hoofs of their horses being unshod, they, in course of time, became flat, and so were better fitted for the march over the sandy wastes.

Do you think the statement correct, when it is said by historians, that the invading army of Xerxes amounted to five millions ?

[*Hesitation.*] I do not know what you mean when you speak of millions.

I mean by one million ten hundred thousand.

Well, I cannot say what the number was, but I know that it was a vast multitude ; for you must consider that it was not Persians alone that composed the army : the number was augmented by the troops of many nations, who, being tributary to Persia, were compelled by the great king to send each one its army on the occasion.

Would Xerxes be able to give you information on that point ?

I do not think he could tell the exact number.

When you were on Earth how did you measure time ?

By the sun generally: I mean, by sun-dials. We also used the sand-glass for the same purpose.

What sort of musical instruments were in use in the East in your day?

We had what you call a drum, low and narrow, and beaten on one end; then there was a pipe with holes, blown upon by the mouth [*Medium hesitates*]*—the flute; we had silver horns, having a great many twists, with an open mouth; several stringed instruments, some made of metal, which were struck with soft hammers; and we had also bells of varied tones and strength, set in frames.*

Were there drawings and paintings in these days?

Yes; how else could we have designed our buildings? Painting in colours was practised both in Persia and Egypt. The Egyptians certainly made attempts at likenesses.

Had you anything like that which we term steam-power?

We knew of the power of steam, but it was not brought into use. Alexander the Great made some discoveries in that power. We had various powers in use, such as the water-wheel.

Were these discoveries made by Alexander himself, or by persons living in his day and patronised by him?

They were made by himself.

I have just read in a book that the ancient Persian and Egyptian astronomers were in the habit of saying—"Be still, God seeth not, and He careth not for these things"—referring to the oppressions of the poor and helpless. Is there any ground for such a charge?

There is; but it can have no reference to the Magi. It applied to those who lived long before my day, and even to some of a later time, for notwithstanding all the labours of the great reformer Zoroaster, by which he sought to uproot the old idolatrous systems, there was still a remnant left.

Who were the law-makers and judges in Persia in your day?

Our laws had stood from the time of Zoroaster, and some of them from a remoter period. When there was any business of importance to be transacted, the Princes of the land and the Chief of the Magi were summoned to attend court. The Records were examined carefully for the law or laws bearing on the subject laid before us, and according to the laws or decrees, so was the judgment of the monarch and his counsellors. On occasions when

the king deemed it necessary to levy taxes, he had nothing to do but, on the strength of an old law, issue a decree, signed and sealed, which all were expected to obey. Again, in the case of rebellion on the part of a noble or chief, against the government, the same course was pursued by the king. There was no new decree issued, except when done by a tyrant, who in doing so violated the laws. But generally we assembled once-a-year; and this gathering of the Council of the Chiefs was eagerly looked forward to by the people. The king on these occasions bestowed rich and costly gifts on the nobles assembled, and the pomp and grandeur displayed attracted the attention of every beholder. In my day, the Romans, who were gradually acquiring influence and power in Persia, tried to enforce some of their laws.

Will you mention a few of the trades or occupations existing amongst the Persians in your day?

We had our sculptors, for the fine work on our public buildings; we had our dyers; our workers of silk, wool, and fine linen; those who worked in gold—in the production of articles of great value, such as ear-rings, finger-rings, massive bracelets and anklets, which were beautifully carved and otherwise worked on; then we had our jewellers for the production of dress ornaments, and the cutting and setting of precious stones; we had builders, carpenters, smiths, armour makers, and workers in brass and steel and all sorts of metals. We had our husbandmen, cultivators of the mulberry tree, tillers of the soil for the production of corn, vine-dressers; in fact nearly every occupation you could mention. Even your own trade was, to some extent, carried on. In State documents, in which the King's name, date of birth, ascension to the throne, and other particulars had to appear, the King seldom used the pen; but in place thereof, a roller of beaten gold, on the surface of which his name, dates, &c., were engraved, was covered with ink, and an impression made on the document. There were also signatures made in the same manner, the impressions being taken from engraved stones set in rings.

Did sons follow the occupations of their fathers in Persia?

In some cases they did; but in the most of cases the Magi, to whom the care and education of youth were entrusted, selected businesses adapted to the varied capacities of their scholars.

Did the Persians build ships of large size?

They were made, many of them, to carry about five hundred men. Some of them had three tiers of rowers. We used sails also, steering by the helm, and made pretty long voyages.

Had you ever any idea of the existence of unknown lands, such as the American Continent?

No; although the idea frequently arose in my mind that Africa extended to a very great distance, and embraced lands unknown to us, far beyond our conception. I was, however, aware that beyond the Mediterranean Sea there was a great ocean, on which the Tyrians had sailed, and visited your islands of the North. I myself had sailed on the Indian Seas. Such subjects were often discussed by us. There were some who held on to the idea that the Earth was a flat surface. But I knew that such could not be, that the Earth must be globular like the other planetary bodies.

For what purpose, in your opinion, was the Great Pyramid erected?

The Great Pyramid was said to have been built by Melchisedek, who afterwards built Salem, which became the great city of the Hebrews. Some of the Egyptian Pyramids were used as tombs, and in some cases as temples for worship. The Great Pyramid was not only used as a temple, but as a place for taking observations of the heavenly bodies. In position it stood east, west, north and south. In one of the rooms they held *séances*, as you term them.

Were the Egyptians a happy, prosperous nation?

Yes; that is the Egyptians themselves. But there were many slaves amongst them; still, even they were somewhat happy notwithstanding their enforced servitude.

Were you acquainted with the country we call Abyssinia?

Yes; it was situated on the high lands. I have travelled there, but not a great distance from the borders of Upper Egypt.

Do you think it likely that a Spirit who had manifested through one Medium, should afterwards, while communicating through another Medium, be unconscious of doing so?

No; there is no likelihood of any such thing as that occurring. We do not easily forget what we do on such occasions. There are Spirits who can speak through any Medium. But, so far as we are concerned, we have never left this Medium to use any other. Our friend, Steen, complains of being personated at another circle, and seems to like it ill. He has just enough to do

to restrain our Indian friends from correcting the members of the circle, both those in the body and out of it. The Medium feels keenly on the subject, but we do not allow him to say anything in his normal condition.

Did the Persians employ physicians, as we do, for the cure of disease?

Yes; that was part of our work as Magi. We were the instructors of the nation, and, as such, failed not to give lessons on healing the sick.

Have you any knowledge of the life of Mary, the mother of Jesus, after the crucifixion?

No; I have none. I came little into contact with the immediate followers of the Prince.

There are a large number of Christians who pray to Mary as the "Mother of God." What is your opinion on that matter?

The Mother of God! They may be what you call Christians, but certainly they are not the followers of the Prince. Mary was, indeed, a blessed woman, but she could never be the Mother of God.

May He bless you and keep you from all error! Good night.

Seventieth Sitting.

16th May, 1873.

DAMASCUS—Palmyra—Baalbec—Modern Persia—Nineveh—Paul's quotation from Aratus—Knowledge of God—Hindered by Priestcraft—Destruction of Priestcraft—Ancient and Modern World contrasted—Ancient Britons—Moses and Zoroaster—Contemporary Monarchs—Carriages in Persia—Population—Ancient Tartary—Personation.

I AM ready now to reply to your questions.

There is an ancient city named Damascus, and flourishing still as a city: Did you ever visit it?

Yes; it was a place of some importance, but in my day it was on the decline. It was situated in Syria, but occupied a somewhat independent position as a city, though still connected with Syria. It was celebrated over all the East for its workers in iron, steel, and brass.

Do you know anything about an ancient city called Palmyra—a magnificent city we are told,—which was surrounded by the desert?

There was a city of the desert in my day, but it had dwindled down to ruins and a few huts. It bordered on Ethiopia. It had been a place of great wealth and grandeur, but had been repeatedly overthrown by the Persians, Babylonians, Egyptians and Romans. It was at one time governed by a Queen, and two reigns after her time the city was destroyed by the Babylonians. We, the Persians, came afterwards, and then others, till it became so desolate that its once stately buildings were buried in the sand. It was a wonderful place—and yet not wonderful either; for if the same means were adopted now that had been used by its early founders, instead of heaps of sand, such regions would present scenes of fertility. By sinking wells of sufficient depth, water would rush up, and in due time, by continuous irrigation, the atmosphere would become moist, and the sandy desert bloom like a garden. Such scenes as some of these ancient cities now present, are but the results of human folly.

The city I refer to was said to have been built by Solomon, and was upwards of a hundred miles to the north-east of Damascus, so that the one you speak of cannot be Palmyra.

No. The city you describe was unknown to me.

You will be interested, I dare say, to learn that the present King of Persia is about to pay a visit to this country, evidently with the object of gaining, by personal observation, a knowledge of a country so prosperous as ours; for Persia has recently been suffering terribly from famine.

Persia has gone backward in everything since my day. This decline is evidently the result of the introduction of the Mahomedan faith. The Persians who preferred exile from their native land rather than submit to abandon the better faith of Zoroaster, prospered wherever they went. Why? Because their religion enjoins on them industrious habits as a duty to God and to their fellowman.

Did you ever visit the city of Nineveh?

Yes; but in my time it was but a small straggling place. The old city was in ruins long before—hundreds of years. It was 200 miles westward from Persia.

In Paul's sermon on Mar's Hill, at Athens, he quotes from a Cilician poet, one accounted a heathen, a passage in support of what he was saying of the Fatherhood of God, thus: "For we are also His offspring." Were you aware of such a passage?*

Yes; but there were many more at that time who spoke and wrote similar sentiments, such as Plato. These philosophers reasoned out the existence of the soul after death, and the existence of the First Cause of all things. I have seen altars erected to the Unknown God—that is, to the Great Creator of all; for the Greeks, though idolatrously setting up great men as Gods, knew that there must be one great and supreme Being from whom all things sprung. And this idea was not limited to the Greeks—other nations had a knowledge of God, and many of their philosophers knew the grand secret. But, as it ever was, priestcraft came in between the people and the knowledge of God; the young were taught to believe what their fathers believed, and ideas that threatened to overturn the received system and interfere with the gains of the priests were stigmatised as evil, and their promoters as infidels. Even so, I perceive, is it now.

Will we ever get rid of this system of priestcraft?

Yes; the time will come. But before it comes man, now enthralled, must shake off the chains that bind him to creeds. Spiritualism is doing its own share of the work. But there is danger connected with this movement. If not seriously gone into, it will assuredly tend to evil. Let the adherents of Spiritualism accept the teachings of Jesus the Prince, and lay the messages which they receive beside the truths which he uttered, and test them. That is their true line of action; for men are apt to be deceived by Spirits whose aim is to mislead, to scoff at, and undo our work. But I doubt not we shall yet triumph, though hard will be the battle before the time when we shall be free to communicate with you—to see you—to talk with you; when there will be no restraint on us, and nothing to frighten the timid amongst men; when we shall be able to draw all men by the cords of love. But, as I have said, there is work to do. Man must be raised from his debased condition. The worm crawling at his feet fulfils

* See *Appendix*.—Lines from Aratus, in Direct Writing.

the end of its creation ; but man is never at rest ; his mind is racked with selfish cares and anxieties ; instead of enjoying the beauty which his Maker places before him, his attention is distracted, forgetting that his time is but short in the body. When he crosses over, he sees differently, and regrets his misuse of life—unless he gets amongst the bad. O, may that day soon come, when we shall get men to look to Jesus as their great exemplar—then will they become our willing captives—then will we have power to draw them on to behold the glory. O, that I could divide myself into ten thousand Spirits, that I might labour to recover the lost from the hells in which they lie bound in darkness. But I can do no more than I am doing for their deliverance ; and thousands of us are lamenting the sad condition of our fallen brethren.

Do you not think, from what you are able to perceive through the Medium, that the world is much better morally than it was in your time?

I cannot see it. The world may be further advanced in science and art, but the ancient barbarians, as they have been called, were more moral than mankind at the present day. Even your own countrymen in my day were better than their descendants.

How did you come to know these ancient Britons?

I saw many of them in Greece and Rome. Some of them were Christians. There was a good deal of intercourse kept up by the Romans, and by the ships which took out the produce of the East to these Western Islands in exchange for tin ore.

Moses or Zoroaster—which do you esteem as the greater?

Though Zoroaster did not claim for his doctrines so high a source as Moses, I believe he was much more spiritual than the great Hebrew, and consequently had his inspiration from a very high, if not the Highest source. Both had their times of preparation for the mission of their lives—the one as a Median shepherd, the other in solitary seclusion, shut out from contact with the world. I do not mean to say that Zoroaster was a better or more learned man than Moses. He was not. He had only the training which could be got from the instructions of a poor brother of the Magi, while Moses was educated as a prince in Egypt, the fountain of knowledge ; but with all his acquirements in the wisdom of Egypt, he deigned to quote from the records of Chaldea. His

connection by marriage also afforded him special opportunities of storing his mind with the ancient records and traditions of his adopted country.

Can you give me the names of the King of Persia and the Emperor of Rome at the time of your last return to Persia?

I gave you already the name of the Persian king: * that of the Roman emperor was Nero. The government of Persia was very much influenced or overawed by Rome, being, at the time referred to, in some measure tributary to her: still, we had our own king and government.

Had you wheeled carriages in Persia?

Yes; we used chariots for travelling, but as often horses and camels. Then, for heavy goods, we had waggons drawn by bullocks.

In reply to farther questions.

We had regular streets of houses, and these houses had their flat roofs, on which the people slept during the dry season. The population of the chief city in Persia was about 50,000—that is, within the walls. It was a different state of things in Greece. There the population of the city was everything; but in Persia our people were scattered over a great expanse of country, not confined to a city life.

Were you ever in a wild northern district called Tartary?

Yes, I have been in Tartary. It was not a very wild region. There were traders in various goods amongst them, and of course there were marauders also.

Mr. M.—How am I to detect Spirits who personate other Spirits; for, were I to get such a test as that you spoke of in the supposed case of Socrates, I would not be satisfied therewith, for the Spirit might read my mind?

Well, a Spirit might do so; but if not what he pretended to be, the Medium would know—that is, if he were a real seeing Medium. But such Spirits are not in our company. If they chanced to be at a circle where we had been, they might, on an after occasion, come back to the same circle and try to personate us.

We will now stop for to-night. [*Benediction.*]

* See Page 48.

Seventy-first Sitting.

23rd May, 1873.

Questions: "Sheba"—In and Out of Trance—Guardian Angels—Bodily Form of Jesus—Hunt's Picture of Jesus—Communion with Spirits in the Normal Condition—Languages acquired in Spirit-life—Buddhism—Misapprehension by the Medium—On Suicide—Can Spirits of other Worlds visit the Earth?

IF you have questions ready, put them now.

Do you include, under the term "Ethiopia," Upper and Lower Egypt, and the parts to the south? You used the word in answer to my question about Palmyra.

In using the word "Ethiopia," I referred to the whole continent of Africa. I was speaking of a city (in ruins in my day) in the Desert, bordering on Africa, called "Sheba," that had at one time been under the sway of a woman. In its palmiest days, it was a fine example of what could be done by man's efforts to produce luxuriant vegetation in the sandy desert. Palmyra must have been destroyed after my time.

Do you hear me reading when the Medium is not in trance?

Not in the same way. I cannot get at the ideas of the Medium so easily as in trance. In the waking ordinary state he is not at rest in mind, and therefore not in a fit state to get your words translated to me.

Will you give us information as to Guardian Angels?

These are beings that are sent from the Spirit world—they never had mortal bodies. They begin at birth, and even before it, to watch over the charge committed to them; and they never fail, on all occasions, to render all the help they can. Even when, by evil deeds, they are thrust aside, they manage to thwart the influences of the evil ones of the second sphere, by what are called "the whisperings of conscience." It is a pitiful sight to witness the distress of these holy guardians, when those over whom they have charge go astray. It is sad to see a fond mother weeping over the child she bore, but her sorrow is not to be compared to that of the Guardian Angel's when he is thrust violently aside by the object of his care. O what shall he say to

our Lord the Prince when he is called to record the failure in the Book of the Great Temple! As the catalogue of transgressions is taken down—not one deed omitted, the Spirits from Earth weep bitter tears over the failure. But they have cause for rejoicing when, on the other hand, the upward career of others to glory is set down. [A remark made in regard to children.] Ten thousand times better is it that these little ones should never be born, than live to become evil-doers, and enter the Spirit World as such. Here we have schoolmasters to train up the young ones for the Prince. No one need sorrow for the little ones who are taken away, for they are all well cared for. Even the child that died unborn will come back at times and comfort the mother in whose womb he was conceived.

*In the Direct Picture of the raising of the Dead Body in India there is the figure of Jesus. Is there any likeness in that figure to the original? **

Yes; I conveyed the idea to Steen. There was nothing extraordinary about his bodily form. What would you have him to be? He was a man: a good-looking, young man, but nothing more. Had he borne an angel's face how could he have been received by man? He was complete in body; of a middling size; bearded, with little of the female in his countenance; he was high in the forehead; and, altogether, a fine-looking man. His skin was pure, and he was free from diseases: and he was one who knew how to take care of his body. He was so full of magnetism—so spiritual—that the pores of his body had to be kept clean. There certainly have been men as beautiful in form and feature; but, as I have said, he was complete—a man, but not beyond man. Had he been otherwise, the grand object of his mission could not have been accomplished.

A celebrated artist of the present day has painted a picture, in which the figure of the youthful Jesus is seen sleeping on a carpenter's bench; while his mother is depicted as holding in her hand the casket of precious stones presented to him by you and your two friends at his birth—and looking up, she sees shadows on the opposite wall, portraying the sad scenes of the Crucifixion. Have you anything to say on this?

* See *Human Nature* for February, 1872.

When labouring with his father—and he did not labour much—his mother, I daresay, thought little of his end. You must allow a little for the imagination of the artist in the conception of his picture. But anyone might have foreshadowed his end when he began his public career; for even though a good man, he was surrounded by thousands, who could not bear to have their deeds laid bare, and he became the object of their hatred. The church of that day became his bitterest enemy, because his teachings struck at the root of their system.

Mr. M.—I find that my son in the Spirit World is often with me. Is it possible for him to be always with me?

Yes; if you wish him to be with you, or think of him, that wish or that thought is at once conveyed to him, and in response his influence is conveyed to you. The thought is no sooner formed than it is flashed out towards us, and that thought becomes, as it were, the conductor of the responsive influence from the Spirit. This is about as near as I can give it. But when we have work to do—when phenomena have to be produced, then it is necessary that we be present in person.

How do Spirits, who have passed from the body before learning any language, manage to speak through a Medium?

If the child has been born into the Earth-life, there are those here who can teach it its mother tongue. That would indeed be a strange individual who, born into the world, had no friend here. There are always some at hand whose hearts are enlisted on behalf of the little ones, even though these should come from the outcasts of earth. There is certainly no lack of teachers for them; and they are often instructed far better than the youth of Earth.

Did you, when on Earth, know anything of the Buddhist religion?

I think I have already spoken of that religion. Were it possible to trace back sufficiently, I believe it would be found that that religion had its origin in Spirit intercourse, and first sprung up in India, and then spread over Persia and neighbouring countries. The Indian records go very far back.

Are you aware when the Medium misapprehends what you wish to communicate?

At times I am aware; but it depends considerably on his condition. When he is in a favourable condition, there is no

difficulty in giving the communication correctly ; otherwise, his perceptions get clogged.

Is suicide under extreme physical pain justifiable ?

No, it is not justifiable. The man who takes away that which belongs to another is a thief. Man's life is the gift of God ; and if he, unbidden, cuts that life short, he robs God. Punished he will be : there is no escape. A long, dreary, and wretched time awaits him in those dark regions already spoken of, before he is brought, by the fires of conscience, to see his error and get free. When suicide is committed under derangement of mind, the person is not responsible ; reason having fled for a time, he is not condemned. But the man is not forgiven who, having brought on derangement, and thereby clouded his reason, meets with an accident that hurries him into the Spirit World. He must be punished. Indeed, whenever he accomplishes the destruction of God's precious gift of reason, that moment his punishment begins. Let him who is racked with pain and trouble meet his affliction manfully, and soon he will experience the blessed results of endurance.

Can Spirits who have lived on other planets of the solar system visit the Earth and communicate as you do with mortals ?

No ; you on Earth are unlike the beings who dwell on the other planets. You are much more materialised—not so spiritual in your nature. You have more of the animal, and less of the divine. The beings who inhabit the other worlds are purer, more spiritual, not so gross in body as those of Earth—so much so that we can converse freely with them, while they can see and hear us, and can handle us when we come near to them. Clothed as you are, therefore, with the Earth-body, the Spirits of other worlds cannot come in contact with you as we do who are of the Earth ; but when you come into the Spirit World they will be able to associate with you, if you are in state similar to them.

Did the Persian and Egyptian theologies give you any idea of a female element in their Godhead ?

Yes ; I said so when speaking to you of the religions of these nations. I gave you what I found in their writings.

I will now leave. May the Angels of the High and Holy One be ever near you to guide you in the ways of holiness and truth ! Good night !

Seventy-second Sitting.

29th May, 1873.

Questions: “Laying on of Hands”—Is Satan the Originator of Evil?—Individual Reform—Homer and Horace—The Land Question and Taxes in Persia—Hafed on the Famine in Persia—Spirit in Man and Animals—Hafed on the Divinity of Jesus.

I AM now ready to reply to your questions.

Had you any custom in the Magian system similar to what is termed the “laying on of hands”?

I do not know well what you mean. [*Explanation.*] The greater number of the Magi were born into the system—that is, the position descended from father to son. But when, as in my own case, one was introduced from the higher ranks, he was initiated by the ceremony of washing with pure water from the spring—symbolising the cleansing away of iniquity; and he was also consecrated by anointing him with oil. But there was no such custom as the “laying on of hands.”

Is the original cause of evil to be traced to the being called “Satan”?

Where do you get information about such a being? You will hardly find it in the Hebrew Records: if there, the writers must have borrowed the idea from the Persians and Chaldeans. At one time, when on Earth, I believed firmly in the existence of such a being; but I discarded the doctrine. In the Persian or Zoroastrian system, there was a God of Evil, not unlike the one spoken of by Jewish writers. We now know that there is no such a potentate. Man alone is the originator of evil. He fell away from his happy, innocent state by pride, and became what he is now, and ever will be, until the race become what it was before—child-like, and open to higher and holier influences.

What would you advise as the best method for accomplishing individual reform in connection with Spiritualism?

That is a difficult subject to take up at present. It would take a whole sitting, and would form a lecture in itself. But I would say briefly:—With the continual inflow of persons of all characters and creeds—of some who neither fear God nor regard men—of others who, though believers in the future world, are loose in their

habits,—with such as these coming day by day to fill up your ranks, you cannot fail to have those who are to the outer eye Spiritualists, but who, viewed by us, are licentious in heart, and in direct opposition to Spiritualism. Under such circumstances I would say—Set before such the bright example of Jesus ; but, at the same time, be yourselves living models of his goodness and truth. Speak as he spake ; do as he did ; and looking on you, as you stand before them, they will be drawn to look on him whom you imitate, and become in due time his disciples also. Then will they see, as they never saw before, his wondrous works—wonders never seen on Earth but through him. He was indeed a Spiritualist. Where will they get a Medium to raise the dead ? But if they quit their evil ways—forswear all deceit—love the truth and practise holiness—become humble as little children, and ask to be guided in what they say and do—then will they see wonders done in their midst ; not in darkness, but before all men, in the light of day.

Were you acquainted with the works of Homer, the ancient poet ?

A little. He was amongst the earliest of Grecian poets ; but Horace was certainly more popular. Homer, however, tells his tale in a way that rivets attention ; and the history of early Greece would have been lost, mythical as it is, but for the blind poet.

In your day, was the land the property of the State ?

In one sense, yes ; in another, no. The State claimed the land, the proprietorship being acknowledged by the holder of the land paying a yearly tribute to the State. If he failed to pay this tribute, and could not account for his poverty by a failure of crops, the State took possession, and in the following year farmed the land, and, after reaping the crops, deducted the tribute due, and returned the land to the holder or his heirs.

Were taxes imposed for the support of the King and his Court ?

The tribute levied on the landholders was devoted to the support of the government. There were other taxes : on certain goods ; on manufactured articles of precious metals or stones—a heavy tax ; on merchandise brought into the country ; and in her powerful days Persia became immensely rich, as a result of the heavy contributions exacted from the nations tributary to her.

Were there many places in Persia in a waste or desert condition ?

There were a few places waste, not many, in my day. These

were caused by the inroads of the Romans and others, when the people fled, leaving the land to be pillaged and to become waste. Before my day, all except the most mountainous parts were under cultivation.

A remark was made on the recent famine in Persia.

I do not wonder at that statement. You must bear in mind that Persia is not like your country; for if cultivation ceases, the land soon becomes a barren waste—the water courses, being neglected, dry up—the hot winds of the desert prevail, and, sand accumulating on the once fruitful fields, year by year it becomes worse and worse, until vegetation ceases altogether. At one time there was not much waste land. That was when my countrymen had peace to cultivate their fields, and enjoy the religion which had been theirs for ages.

Reference was made to the visit to England of the Shah of Persia.

I have boasted that my country, in spite of her misfortunes, never lacked a crowned head, while other nations, which once flourished as she did, have perished long ago. She has been borne down to the dust by cruel and barbarous oppressors, and subjected to all the evils of a false faith imposed upon her children at the point of the sword; but there still remains a few—descendants of those who, rather than submit to oppression, fled from their native land, so that they might enjoy freedom to worship Him whom they saw symbolised in the glorious orb of day. That faithful band, now surviving in India, still exhibit, I know, the virtues of their forefathers—noble, generous, liberal-minded, like Christians. I have a yearning after that which pertains to my native Persia, the ancient faith of which was no idolatry, but the worship of the Great and Good Spirit of Light, of whom no likeness can be made by men or Spirits. He is the Light. O may His truth and love be once more revealed to my down-trodden countrymen, that they may come out of the darkness that now buries them.

Am I right in saying that the Spirit that animates the lower creation is the same in kind as that of man—the differences being accounted for by the organisation into which the Spirit enters?

In man, as I have said frequently, you will find the whole of creation. The Spirit of the animal is in a low state of develop-

ment, in accordance with its organisation ; and Spirit is the grand animating power, down through all forms, to the meanest speck that exists. But in man there is an inner Spirit ; and in his case the brain becomes the seat of intelligence—the organ through which the grand inner man works. You will find a little of man's intelligence in this one and that one of the lower creation ; but nowhere will you get a brain equal to man's. In bodily form you will get nothing better than man. In other worlds you may find beings with bodies of finer material—some, indeed, so fine that they may be said to glide away into Spirit ; but still the form is human. But it would require hours to do justice to this subject. I would need to begin with life in its lowest forms, up through the varied grades, till we came to the source and workings of intelligence—how the inhabitants of the air, the land, and the waters are affected by the Sun's rays and magnetic currents.

Should woman, in all respects, have equal rights with man ?

Woman, in bodily and mental constitution, is different from man. The sexes occupy different spheres of action—each with rights peculiar to itself. Delicate in form, woman is not fitted for many of the duties devolving on the robust man ; neither, on the other hand, should man be permitted to labour in vocations fitted only for woman. Though the highest in creation, they may well take a lesson from the beasts of the field. As a rule, amongst the lower creatures, the female is under subjection to the male. You have an example of tenderness and affection in the lion and lioness : the two will go together till age cuts them down. The ferocious tiger is docile with the tigress—kind to her when sick, hunting for and feeding her and her cubs. In Persia the female portion of the community had certain rights ; but some things they could not do. Man is always the master.

Paul says of Jesus—"He thought it not robbery to be equal with God." Does not Paul here contradict what you have often asserted—that Jesus is not the Deity ?

I still assert the same, and Paul does not contradict me. Jesus stood in the place of the Deity Himself, to speak to a rebellious world. What Medium in Heaven or on Earth could bring back the Spirit which had broken the link that bound him to his body ? Not all the Spirits in Heaven combined could restore me to the body. The chain—the silver cord—once snapped, can no

more be joined. Jesus my Prince, and he alone, could do it; for on him was bestowed all power by the Great Spirit, and from him only could the power proceed. Have I not seen him, in the fulness of that power, order the Spirit back to the body? In the fulness of that power he rules in Heaven, Earth, and Hell—the Great Governor over all this system of worlds. Paul does not contradict my assertion; for, you will notice, he does not say, “He *was* equal with God,” but that “he thought it not robbery to be equal with God,” inasmuch as the Divine power he wielded was the *gift* of Him who alone could bestow it. There was no robbery—there could be none—for to Jesus was given the Spirit without measure. He was the very embodiment of the Great Spirit; yet he himself never said—“I am the Great Spirit, the source of all being—the Creator and Father of All.”

But John, in the Gospel ascribed to him, says—“All things were made by him”?

Had I not had many opportunities of studying Jesus, I might have come to a different conclusion on this point. Many times I could have worshipped him, and had I been Greek instead of Persian, this would have been the case; but, conversant with the prophecies about him, I was prepared to receive him as indeed he was—the great Deliverer sent from God. How his disciples should come to entertain any other idea, I do not know.

May the blessing of the Holy One rest on you!

Seventy-third Sitting.

26th August, 1873.

Questions: No Retrogression in Spirit-life—Other World subjects—Sacred Books of Persia—Book of Daniel—On the Second Advent—Hafed on Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

Just continue your questions, and I will try to answer them.

We hear constantly of progression in Spirit-life. Is it ever the case that one who attains to a high condition goes back?

No, I never knew of one in our sphere going back. Indeed, there is no retrogression in one who has begun to rise: he never

turns back. Every upward step he takes only makes him more firm in his resolve to reach the height that lies beyond. Oh no; there is no turning back. All is onward, forward, and that for ever.

When you meet with the Spirits, or inhabitants, of other worlds, do the facts of history connected with these worlds ever form the subject of conversation?

We are acquainted with the facts of their history; and such form the subject of discourse on their visits to the Great Temple. At some future time I may give you, apart from our present narrative, some interesting facts in the history of these worlds.

Were the Sacred Books of the Persians collected like our Bible, and held as authoritative?

No; these books were not as yours. They were written on separate rolls of parchment, or sheets of copper, according to the taste or fancy of their possessors. Those in possession of the Magi were written in Persian, and kept in the Sacred Grove.

Were these books read to the people?

They were read to those who could not read for themselves. But being used in the schools in the instruction of our youth, many, when they grew up, retained in their memory large portions of the sacred books.

Were you acquainted with the book written by Daniel?

I was acquainted with the Hebrew version. I first saw it in Chaldee. My old Egyptian friend, being one of those who had collected writings referring to the Coming of the Prince, had a copy in that language. A great portion of the book is figurative in style, and quite adapted to the people amongst whom he lived. The coming of the Great Deliverer was very clearly referred to by the writer; and that was why the Egyptian was interested in the book.

In speaking of numbers, as applied to years, miles, persons, etc., do you get the Medium clearly to render your meaning?

If he is in good condition, I have no difficulty in getting my meaning conveyed to you; at times, however, we do fail, but not often now.

Is it as easy for you to impress your ideas on the Medium, as it is for a Spirit whose language is that of the Medium?

It is just as easy for me as for the English-speaking Spirit. But when the Medium is not in condition I cannot impress my thoughts

on him so quickly. Sometimes he goes wrong, but, generally, I find him very correct.

By a Stranger.—Can you tell us anything about the Second Advent of Christ?

I have already spoken pretty clearly on that subject. I have told you he will never appear on the Earth again in the body of flesh—here, and now, he appears as our Great Prince, the Sovereign Ruler of the worlds of our system. Not again will he become a child of Earth, from which he was violently cast forth by cruel men—a martyr for the truth. But, though now ascended to his kingdom, he has still the same love for men—he still compassionates that world which murdered him, and still he visits you in spirit. When his Second Advent is spoken of in your sacred books, it refers to the grand time in your world's future history, when mankind shall be so spiritual, so holy in life, that we who have passed away from Earth will be able to commune face to face with mortal man, and also to influence him for good to a far greater extent than we can do now. Then, indeed, shall he come—then, truly, shall he walk the Earth—when his sway shall extend from sea to sea, reigning by his truth and love in the hearts of men.

By the Stranger.—Is that time near at hand?

Alas! no. There are mighty barriers in the way, that must be removed before such Spirit communion as I have spoken of be at all possible. The evils that find a lodgment in the hearts of men must be expelled. Men must become believers in the Great Spirit, and thorough Spiritualists; there must be no cowardly hiding of the truth—no longer the fear of the world; but with open hearts and unstammering tongues, men must proclaim the truth within them; the unholy alliance of evil and good must be denounced;—in fact, the precepts of Jesus must be practically carried out before the glorious time come on, so long and so anxiously desired by holy men of all ages. Then shall men be open to the good and holy influences of the Spirit World, and the Golden Age return never more to pass away. Earth will be no longer a scene of suffering, but a school for the better life on high, even the entrance door to Heaven.

Mr. M.—As Spiritualism is destined to spread, should we not endeavour to have particularly good Mediums: that is, persons of a pure character?

Yes ; that ought to be the case, but it is not so. For those on this side who desire to aid the Prince in his work on Earth find their good efforts thwarted by opposing influences. Still, mankind are now more open to receive us than they were before. But amid the grossest superstition and darkness of past ages—even before the Advent of the Prince, many holy ones influenced Mediums in every country on the face of the globe ; and, notwithstanding the ignorance and mental slavery prevalent around them, many of these Mediums, not hiding the gift they possessed, but true to themselves and to God, gave to others, as far as their knowledge permitted, what they themselves had freely received ; and oft-times, under an influence which they dared not resist, they would speak of things which they understood not, and in such a way as to be acceptable to their hearers—the common people. Very different was the reception which these Mediums got from the so-called enlightened. They were despised, falsely accused, and put to death ; and their messages of love and truth, exposing the iniquities of the times, by which these men held their place and power, were rejected as the ravings of madmen. This continued from generation to generation until the coming of the long-promised Deliverer, who, notwithstanding his wonderful works and holy life, was also violently slain by the very men he came to bless. Still, the work went on, and despite tyranny, persecution, and bloodshed, the results were good. Even now, the work, though slow in progress, is ever onward, and triumph is sure. But we have in your day taken a new course in our work with mankind. From the advance of education in many lands we find the people are more open to receive our communications, the barriers of ignorance and superstition have been greatly broken down, and this has enabled us to work differently. We find that many, of every degree of enlightenment, are attracted first of all to the mere physical manifestations, and when those of a higher and more beneficial order come up, they become, many of them, open to the teachings of the good and wise in the Spirit World. But even at the present time, as it has been from the beginning, evil Spirits are ever trying to thwart us in our good work, and frequently they succeed in doing so. We shall, however, in spite of them, advance on our way, and their devilish opposition will in due time be overcome. But, be you wary. If you

wish to escape communion with devils, see well to it that your circles are composed of men and women of good character. To get into communication with the good on this side, you must exclude the vicious from your circles. There must be no attempt to shrink from this duty. Get good men and women to assemble, and you may be sure you will have good and holy ones to minister to you. But, while we bid you do this, do not forget the other work you are bound to do. We on this side go down to these devils—To drive them farther off? No; but, pitying their miserable state, we strive to draw them upwards; and O how glad we are when we perceive them beginning to turn to the consideration of the truth. Here beside me are some who were murderers, dyed deep in every sin, now fighting as valiant warriors on the side of our Prince against all evil. Such is our work. Do you, on your side also, go forth to the same battle, and endeavour to overcome the evil in the hearts of your brethren of Earth—thus hastening on the glorious time when Earth no longer shall be the abode of sin and suffering, but the dwelling-place of the righteous, and the gates of Heaven.

May the High and the Holy One, our Father, bless you evermore. Good night.

Seventy-fourth Sitting.

31st August, 1873.

Questions: Ancient Canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—Cave Temples—The Sabbath in Egypt and Persia—Egyptian Symbols—A Persian Prophet—"Adam the first of a New Race"—Telescope and Microscope in Persia—Persepolis and its Temples—Hafed on the corruption of Sacred Books.

I AM ready to reply to questions.

Was there in your day water communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean?

There had been a communication by water before my day; but at the time I lived on Earth, Egypt was fast falling into decay. If there is a connection now, it must be a renewal of the old work. Wherever, in the East, a nation was observed to be

declining, you might expect to see cities in ruins, cultivation of fields unattended to, and the people scattered abroad. Just think—if families, if tribes are being trampled under the hoofs of oppressors, their spirits become broken; they care not for the appearance of those things around them which once they cherished; they have no heart to repair that which is failing, and away it goes. And so with nations: their cities in ruins—the people enslaved by the invader, their honour tarnished, and their greatness gone—all goes gradually to wreck. The water courses, so necessary for culture in Eastern lands, being neglected, get in course of time blocked up, and vegetation dies; the hot winds have free course, and the once beautiful and fruitful fields and gardens are in a short time buried in the sands of the desert.

Was there a Sabbath, or seven days' rest, observed in Egypt?

The Sabbath was kept both by Persians and Egyptians.

Mr. M.—Can you give a reason for its institution?

I think the reason is not ill to give. Those nations where the majority of the people laboured continuously from the cradle to the grave would find out, in due time, the necessity of rest for the body, and also that a certain portion of time was desirable for the observance of Divine worship—a day in seven, in which not only the wearied body would get relief from toil, but a day when the mind would be free from the consideration of the demands of labour, and become thereby better fitted for the work of the coming six days. But though some of these nations observed a stated day for rest and worship, their religious duties were not limited to one day in seven. They engaged in devotion morning and evening; and even at mid-day, when, as in India, the Great Sun shone down in all his scorching heat, driving the toilers from the fields, they took their way to the cool temple, there to engage in religious worship—it might be before the grotesque and often-disgusting images of their gods—still, I doubt not their thoughts, in many cases, were drawn upwards to Him whom they attempted to symbolise by their uncouth monstrosities.

In your travels in Upper Egypt, or elsewhere, did you ever meet with any Cave Temples, on the walls of which were depicted hieroglyphics?

I did, while in Upper Egypt. But I am not thoroughly acquainted with the history of these temples, and will make some

inquiry about them. Meanwhile I may say—I do not suppose them to have been natural excavations, but the work of man—old quarries from which were taken the granite and marble blocks used in ancient buildings, such as the Pyramids. On the walls of these temples there were various hieroglyphics of birds and other animals, crosses, &c. To show you the power of this language, the phrase in English, “Peace be unto you” would be given in hieroglyph, thus †. If it was “Peace be unto this house,” it would be written †. Or, if “Peace be unto this house and good will” then it would be †.* The figures of certain animals symbolised doctrines contained in the sacred writings of the Egyptians;—such as the conditions necessary in man for the gaining of Paradise, and his preparation for the Great Inquest, when he passes away from the material body into the Spirit World.

What was symbolised by the figures of the Sphinxes at the doors of the Temples?

By these the Egyptians symbolised the Deity in his wisdom and power—the human head with the lion’s body. The combination gave the idea of the greatest possible wisdom, goodness, and truth, with the greatest amount of power. They considered that man could not fully represent the Great Creator in all his varied attributes; something was needed to symbolise strength, and hence their adoption of the lion’s body.

There was likewise the figure of the Dog: What do you suppose that signified?

It may be reckoned as the symbol of Divine vigilance, brought to bear on unworthy souls that seek to enter within the gates of Paradise.

There was the Beetle also: What of it?

Yes, and many more, such as the ibis, the hawk, the alligator, the ape, the serpent, and even that disgusting animal the pig. All these were employed as symbols in the worship of the Egyptians.

It is stated in a book I am now reading that a Persian Priest named Giamasp, who lived 600 years before you, predicted the birth of Jesus, and that it was from that prediction the Magi were led to visit Judea at his birth.

I have repeatedly alluded to the predictions in our sacred books

* Characters written by the Medium in Trance.

in regard to the coming of Jesus. The person named was little known as a writer in the Zenda-vesta. Although we were acquainted with these predictions, it was also necessary we should receive timely warning; for however zealous we might be in our duty to God, we were but mortal, and very apt to forget that which had been recorded in a far-back age. Our journey to Judea was in obedience to the command of the Angel of the Sacred Flame.

In the same book it is attempted to be proved that Adam was but the first man of a new race, who were tillers of the soil; and that the Earth had previously been peopled by wandering tribes, living by the chase.

A new race! Go as far back as you possibly can reach in the world's history, and you will fail to find a trace of such a thing as the creation of a new race of men. So far as I am able to look back, I know not the time when mankind were otherwise than what is called settled down in communities. Indeed, were you to travel, as I did when in the body, I have no doubt you would find the ruins of what must have been, in some far back age, stately, beautiful cities, in which men had lived and passed away.

Were the telescope and microscope known to the learned in Persia and Egypt?

Yes; I have already told you—you appear to forget—we were acquainted with both; scanning the over-arching heavens by means of the one, and prying into the minutest atom with the other. We not only laid bare the secrets of the Heavens and the Earth by the use of these instruments, but we used them for other purposes.

It is stated that at Persepolis, the Greek name for the ancient capital of Persia, there were the ruins of a great building, said to have been destroyed by Alexander, some of the remaining columns of which measured 70 or 80 feet in height. Is this statement in accordance with your knowledge?

The statement is correct. In an early part of our history (as I formerly told you) idol worship crept into Persia; and these ruins you refer to were all that was left of one of the great temples erected by these idolaters. The true followers of Zoroaster, as I have said, never worshipped under a roof, but raised their altars on hills or mountains, or lifted up their hearts to the Great Spirit

within the solemn grove, while through the thin top branches of the over-arching trees, their eyes might gaze on the blue sky of heaven. Doubtless there were many in all these nations who were seeking after the same paradise, and to whom I can now stretch out the right hand of fellowship. Though brought under the lessons of different teachers, they were doubtless striving sincerely to pursue the same course—a pathway to paradise; and now I find them all here—whether Hindoo, Greek, Persian, or Egyptian—all are here, enjoying the same glorious light, the light which ever streams forth from the Great Source of All Light.

Mr. M.—You mentioned in the course of your narrative, that the youthful Jesus when in Persia, quoted from your sacred books, to support the doctrines he taught. We are told, in the New Testament that he did the same from the Hebrew books when he addressed his own countrymen; and this is now advanced by our theologians as an argument for the Divine inspiration of these Hebrew books. Can you say anything about this?

If Jesus had taught his countrymen from the sacred books of Persia, Egypt, or other nations that surrounded Judea, would they have listened to him? No. But when he found certain writings both good and true, and suitable for illustration in their own books, why should he not refer them to these? Moses, the Hebrew lawgiver and prophet, though eminently good as such, had, like the great men of other nations, his faults; but there were some more liable than Moses to make mistakes. No one, however, had come equal to Jesus in power and wisdom; and, assuredly, he showed as much reverence for the truths which he found in our Book of Sunda* and others, as for those in the Books of Moses. Evil, in the course of time, will creep into the best of books in spite of all the watchfulness it is possible to give to them; but there is always enough of the original truths left to keep men virtuous. In the book I refer to there were to be found lessons of truth, wisdom, and love, intermingled with much that I might term nonsense—that is, when compared with other books of Persia. Nevertheless, the pure gold of Heaven could be easily seen amid the dross and rubbish of man's vain conceits. It was the same in the sacred writings of all the nations of my day. At

* So pronounced by the Medium.

first, the messages of truth and wisdom are received from the Spirit World and carefully recorded as precious in books; these are then committed in charge to pure-minded, God-fearing, and faithful men, who tenaciously hold on to good doctrine. But time rolls on, and there come those in their stead who have no heart for sacred truth; but, grovelling in corruption, or governed by selfish or other unworthy motives, they stealthily and bit-by-bit interpolate their own ideas into the sacred writings. And this is the case with theological creeds and systems the world over. It was so in my day, at least. You may be better off in this respect now-a-days. I very much doubt it; for men will be men in all ages, if not enlightened by constant communion with the wise and good of the Spirit World. It was only when such intercourse existed that the truths derived from spiritual sources were respected, and kept pure as virgin gold. Oftentimes my soul was grieved and indignant when studying these sacred books. I could have torn them asunder when my eyes lighted upon the interpolations of the base and corrupt wretches who had blasphemously mingled their lies with the truth of Heaven. But my hand was stayed and my anger subdued, as, unrolling the scroll, I perceived the beautiful veins of gold, threading their shining way through that mass of blackened rock. You have seen, I doubt not, a mass of quartz, in which might be traced veins of a pure metal; and you valued the dark, unshapely lump, not because of the amount of quartz, but on account of the good ore it contained. So is it with sacred books. Amid a heap of human rubbish, you will find the pure gold of Divine truth. O, it is sad to think of the silly but enchanting tales in these books, the offspring of man's imagination, given as the very truth of God, and foolishly accepted by the unthinking multitude, the victims of a cunning priestcraft. O how my soul burned as, scanning these records, my eye fell on a passage enforcing the duty of contributing to the support of the sacred priests. Sacred! My very blood boiled; while once more, in my anger, was I tempted to draw the sword against the whole herd of these deceivers of the people—living, as foul birds of prey do, on corruption—on their poor, ignorant, and miserable dupes. O for truth and wisdom, pure as it cometh from the Most High! This, and this alone, is the true bread for the famishing spirit of man. O Great and Good Spirit, evermore give

us this bread! Alas, how many of these men—who, to serve their own ends, kept the people in a state of childish ignorance—are still wandering in the darkness of their own making—for corruption deadens the light of the brightest eye. And yet it is even now our loving work to rescue those poor, lone wanderers in the Spirit World. O to be once more in the body! What would I not do—— (Pardon me. I find the old fire still burning.) Often had I spoken with my brethren to get that book cleared of the rubbish that defaced, that hid its beauties; but failing in this, I took care that those who were under me should only receive lessons of purity. [*Benediction.*]

Seventy-fifth Sitting.

13th September, 1873.

Questions: Initiation Ceremonies of the Magi—Their Mediumship acquired by Prayer and Fasting—Their Good Works—Devotion—Their Treatment of the Sick and Dying—Fruits meet for Repentance demanded—The Injured and the Injurer in Spirit-life—The Example of Jesus—Hafed gives place to the Young Egyptian.

You may put your questions now, I am ready to answer them.

Were the initiation ceremonies of the Magi kept very secret?

Yes; these were only open to a few of the older brethren—the young men were excluded; and these old men required to be highly mediumistic, as you term it, so as to be clairvoyant and clairaudient. This we found necessary in our communion with the bright Angel of the Flame. We were, in fact, Mediums, in the same way as our friend here is a Medium between you and me, but not exactly the same kind of mediumship, which in him is a gift, but rather that which is acquired by a long and severe course of training. I did not require this training, for I possessed the gift from my childhood. In the case of the Magi, however, they fasted often, and kept themselves holy by careful watching, praying daily—aye, in some cases hourly—to the Great Spirit to open their spiritual eyes; and after a long course of such training

they became Mediums of a high order. These were men who had devoted their lives to the service of the Great Spirit—not alone by acts of prayer and fasting, or other religious observances, but by that kind of service that consists in giving help to the weak—in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked—in visiting the sick and comforting them in their distress, easing their bodily pains, and smoothing their passage into the other world. Ah, these are the kind of prayers which are quickly carried to the throne of the High and Holy One. Wherever there was a suffering brother or a suffering sister—it might be the highest or the lowest in the land—we, being the only physicians, afforded the needed help. But though I speak thus of the benevolent works of the brethren, do not think we were unmindful of Him who is the one great Father of all. As the luminary of the day foreshowed his rising in the east, we bent our knees, and, with our faces turned towards him, we adored and worshipped the Holy One our Creator; and when the sun set in the west, in all his golden glory, again we prostrated our bodies in reverent worship, and lifted up our voices in praise to the Great Ruler, whose loving-kindness was so beautifully symbolised by that bright world, the work of His hands, whose blessed course from day to day brought down benefits innumerable on the sons of men.

By Mr. M.—Your reference to the attendance of the Magi on the sick and dying suggests a question. I feel at times in some difficulty in deciding what language I should employ to one on a sick-bed alarmed as to the future. What would you say in such a case?

That is a subject for you to ponder well. In such a case (and we had many of them) we did not tell them of an angry God, ready, in his wrath, to hurl them to destruction. We could not do that, for we held no such doctrine. No doubt our Sacred Books taught that there were two great personal Gods—the one, Satan, for ever leading on mankind to the commission of evil; the other, the Great Father of all, the Source of all light and love; and this was very generally believed. But there were some of us among the Magi who questioned it. I now see it to be wrong. But in such a case as you refer to—say that of some tyrant, one who had put his iron heel on the necks of his fellow-men—who, despite all the laws of God, had, with ruthless hands, enslaved the

weak and helpless—in such a case, finding him in the agony of approaching Death, who was even then driving his darts deep into his quivering flesh, we went to him, not to speak of wrath, but of a loving Father, who was ever ready to forgive and receive back the returning, the repenting prodigal, who had grievously despised Him; but, at the same time, we demanded that, as a first step, he should make amends, by every means at his command, to those whom he had injured, and that, by so doing, he would in some measure manifest the sincerity of his repentance. We would tell such a one that God was to every man so minded a forgiving, loving Father. But, alas! we often found that it was impossible to get a poor mortal, racked with pain, to give heed to our sayings. The highest, noblest, finest truths may be uttered by the bedside of the dying, but they are often unheeded: pain and distress of body absorb all attention. Knowing this, we saw that our first duty was to do all we could to allay the pain which distracted the suffering mortal. In the case of a poor man, we made it a point to afford relief in such a way as to banish from his mind care and anxiety; and if he rose from his bed of sickness, we watched over him. But we found that there were some who, when brought back from the gates of death, returned to their evil courses, like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. I would say, generally, to the evil-doer: First make your peace with your injured fellow-man, and then ask the forgiveness of your Creator. Consider for a minute—if one had injured you deeply, and you were both called away from the present state into the Spirit World, you would enter there in the same condition of mind—the injured and the injurer. Don't imagine that the old grievance would not still rankle within you. You would impeach him; you would be no better than when you walked the Earth; and consequently a barrier would lie in the way of happiness. When I think of some of my old grievances on Earth, my spirit is apt to get roused; but now, when I find it coming on, I am able to quell it. O what did I not suffer at the hands of those men who cruelly murdered my wife and child! It is not easy to banish these thoughts. But I must no longer speak of them. We have a beautiful example set before us by our Prince—a lesson which all should learn—when he cried out in his dying agony, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!”

When I began these communications, I intended to have given you the letters of my young Egyptian friend, who succeeded his aged master in the office of Chief Priest. Instead of doing so, I have resolved to allow him, with the permission of our friends Ruisdal and Steen, to speak through the Medium. He was a bold preacher of the truth, first as imparted to him by Issha, the Old Egyptian Priest, and afterwards by Jesus, whom he followed as a disciple. He had been brought up under a system of priest-craft that shrunk not from robbing the miserable and ignorant poor of the land, aided in this by their practice of necromancy. Against this system the young reformer and his co-workers had struck a vigorous blow, dealing out to the people the true spiritual bread, and seeking to educate them in a knowledge of their rights as men. He will, as he goes on, give you some account of that which he saw and heard as a disciple of Jesus, which will thus form a fitting conclusion to that which I have already given you of the life of the Great Prince. In making this arrangement, I will still be ready to communicate with you when required. I will now leave. May the High and Holy Ones of His presence be ever nigh to bless you!

COMMUNICATIONS

FROM

HERMES* THE EGYPTIAN.

Seventy-sixth Sitting.

19th September, 1873.

Hafed introduces the Egyptian—Extracts from Hermes' Letter in Direct Writing—Death of Issha, the Old Egyptian Priest—Despair of Hermes—Vision of Issha's Spirit—His Address—Hermes strengthened.

(Controlled by HAFED.)

AT our last sitting I said my friend, the young Egyptian Priest, would be allowed to give you his experiences in the body subsequent to the departure of his venerable predecessor, Issha, the Chief Priest. He will begin just where his letter (portions of which I gave in *direct* writing) leaves off. Allow me, then, to introduce my friend.

[The Medium appeared to experience a few slight spasms, evidently under a strange control, and then spoke nearly as follows]:—

My greeting unto you, friends.—This is the first time I have been introduced to you in person; but it is not, as you are aware, the first time you have heard of me, Hafed having frequently referred to me in the course of his communications. I feel that I am not so able to speak to you in this way as I could desire, and I pray you to bear with me in this my first attempt.

* This name was given in direct writing at a subsequent sitting.

Hafed has given you a translation of a portion of my letter addressed to him after the death of my venerable father.* He says the place broken off at was that where I found my aged father a corpse, and ready for the process which, according to the customs of Egypt, was adopted for the preservation of the body, so that, even after the lapse of many years, the Spirit might be able to take up its abode in the old tenement. But such notions had long passed away from his mind: the light of Heaven had

* The following is a copy of the translation referred to, given in five pieces, at various sittings, in *direct* writing:—

(1.) “Dear Father,—I write this epistle to you from my lonely cell, with no one to speak to now. He which was more to me than father has gone to his home in the heavens, where he has often wished to be. The Divine image has gone, and left the mortal with me. He called me to him just before he left. He said,—My son, I am going to leave you. See that you walk as I have taught you. I will always be with you. See that you teach the people the way they ought to serve the true God. He told me he would let you know that he was gone; and when he was done speaking he fell back, and the spirit was gone. Having seen little of the thing they call death, I knew not the spirit had fled; so I spoke thus:—Father, may I never disgrace the priesthood! I cried, I will teach the people the true God, and Great Jehovah will help me, and the Holy Spirit, and thou, most holy Father, will help me.”

(2.) “But all is darkness—dark as midnight hour, the pestilence silently invades some sleeping city. Death, on expanded wings, hovers round the walls, breathing poisonous vapours: Death, with hellish eyes and countenance terrible—spreads far and wide his baneful influence.”

(3.) “This is a night of torments and of groans, of heart-rending sighs and gushing sorrow, wringing my hands. Like a bride bewails the partner of her soul, or like the distracted mother who is deprived of her little fondlings, curses the day of her birth and theirs. From the clouds that enveloped the tops of the mighty Pyramids, thus the red bolt of the heavens, falling on mountains of sulphur the ready materials, and the subterranean thunders roar through the caverns of my soul. O Gods of our Fathers, wake him from that sleep of death.”

(4.) “When I had [done] speaking, I looked, and that which was the man I had known was now like a statue of marble. The light had left the eye; the lips were sealed,—no sound came from them. I stood like one struck dumb, for a time. At last I got vent to my overflowing soul, and burst forth, pouring out my blessings and curses in one breath. I began thus: Father, you have taught me to look to a future.” . . .

(5.) “That grave and awful countenance is expressive of the modest virtue which consists not in words but practice: While conscious that he was known to God, though sensible that he should be disregarded by man.” . . .

panished all the old ideas concerning the destiny of the old body. But I am wandering from my subject.

At that time, so stupified was I by sorrow that I forgot all I had received from his holy lips. I thought not that even then he was the possessor of a more glorious body, and an inhabitant of the land of bliss. I cast my eyes on the cold, outstretched form, on the still, placid, marble-like countenance of my beloved teacher—my more than father—and in my anguish I asked, Where, O where art thou, my friend, my guide?—why hast thou left me thus in darkness and in doubt? and as I gave vent to my sorrow in bitter lamentation, I fell prostrate on the pavement. Where was the god-like man I could have worshipped—so noble-hearted, so holy in all his ways! And now, as I looked on those well-known features, the eye that once shone so bright was dim; the lips whence issued words of wisdom and love, were cold and silent—no smiles to welcome me now—all still and immoveable as the solid rock. 'Twas then, in my deep anguish, I cursed my own existence, even the parents that gave me birth, tearing my hair in my madness. Blaspheming, I swore, by all the fiends of Hell, there was no God—no future existence—nothing! If there be a God, why am I thus bereft of all I hold dear?

While thus I madly raved against the God of Heaven, my prison cell—for was it not then to me a prison?—was lighted up suddenly. I was amazed; and, as I looked up, there, within a lambent flame, stood one in human form. "O God!" I cried, "he has come back to me." I knelt down on the marble slabs, and, awe-struck, bent my head to the floor. Then heard I the gentle accents of that voice I knew so well. I looked up. 'Twas indeed my beloved father and guide. I could have touched him; but the form was so gloriously bright, I was afraid. He was clothed in robes transparent as crystal; while his locks were far more beautiful than those of the poor body lying beside me. My eyes were dazzled by the bright, the glorious vision, and I could not continue to look on him. At length he spoke:—"O man, know thyself. Thou art destined to live from age to age, even as He liveth in whose image thou art created. Why hast thou called me back from my blest abode? Why these outbursts of rebellious complaint? Did I not counsel thee, while I was yet with thee in body, that I would, though taken away, be ever near thee in

spirit? Did not I give thee sufficient evidence to banish thy doubts—to convince thee that there is no death? Put away, then, from thee thy dismal and dark forebodings, and rouse thee to present duty. Have I not told thee that thou wouldst yet be fitted to stand up in this land of Egypt for the true light, and rid her of her idols, casting aside those foolish mummeries by which the people are blinded; and that the poor of the land would receive bread from thee?”

His words came back to my mind. I knew not, neither did I care, whether I saw him by the mental or the bodily eye; I knew he lived, and that I listened once more to his gracious voice, and that through life he still would guide me into truth, and guard me from evil, even until I should join him in the mansions of bliss. Why, too, should I have forgotten that which he had so often told me, that thousands of angels are ever watching over and guiding the frail sons of men! He appeared to my astonished eyes so glorious and god-like that in the wonder and awe that took possession of me, I would have worshipped him. But, divining my thoughts, he said, “See thou do it not. Though my body there is going to dust, and though now clothed in my heavenly body, I am still the same. Hast thou so soon forgotten the lessons I taught thee? Turn to the old writings that have often been the subject of our meditation and study, and consider what they teach, that though man’s body goes to the dust whence it comes, the Spirit rises into the great World of Spirits—goeth back to God its Creator. Go forth, my son, to the people of Egypt—the down-trodden and benighted people—and in the strength of God and this great truth, and which by my appearance to thee is thus confirmed, proclaim it to them; that so they may be led to consider what they are, children of the Great God, who dwelleth not in temples of stone, the work of men’s hands, but who loveth to make His dwelling-place in the hearts of the sons of men, whose throne is in the highest heavens, and whose sceptre stretcheth over all the worlds which He hath made, and which He sustaineth in love and wisdom. Teach them concerning that heavenly land, only to be gained by those of holy life; and that to ensure a happy life beyond, they must live as God would have them live, fearing Him and loving one another. Teach them that, in order to be free from the oppression and tyranny of man,

they must seek for the wisdom and knowledge of the true God—having which, they will be free indeed. I have seen my friend and brother, Hafed. Write to him, and he will show thee that all I have spoken of is truth, and worthy of thy deepest consideration. I am here in person—it is I, thy friend—my own true self that now addresseth thee. Therefore, my son, cast aside thy sorrow, and grieve no longer that thou canst not see me in my old worn-out casket; rather rejoice that I have been permitted to come unto thee in my glorious Spirit-body, to lead thy mind back to the truth, which thou hadst almost forgotten. Arouse thee! in justice to thyself and to thy poor fellow-men, go forth to the great work; and may the day soon come when light and love and liberty shall spring up, never more to be cut down, over all the Earth. Go, my son, and be comforted in the great truth of man's immortality."

So ended his address. While the words fell from his lips, the thought came to me, "Am I dreaming? Is it, indeed, my loved friend and father that stands before me?" I rubbed my eyes, and still he was there. The beautiful lips smiled on me; the eyes sparkled as before when he stood at the great altar. How much I felt tempted to prostrate myself in worship before him! His hands, too, as he laid them gently on my head, looked as real as those once did that were even then lying cold and stiff in death, but as they touched me a thrill went over all my body to my finger ends.

When morning broke, I felt myself a new creature. I went forth, strong in the resolution to expend all my strength of mind and body in behalf of the truth, and never cease my work till I was called home by the Great Spirit to mingle with the blest above.

(*Controlled by HAFED*).—Well, you have heard the address of my friend, and I think he bids fair to manage the Medium. He will, in due time, be able to give you some account of Egyptian theology; that is a subject which he understands well. Good-night, and may the High and Holy Ones of the Most High watch over you!

Seventy-seventh Sitting.

29th Sept., 1873.

Progress of the World—Embalming Repudiated—A Funeral Procession—
Issha's Body Buried—Music from the Other Shore—Hermes Addresses
the Priests—Reform resolved on—A New School of Theology.

MY love to you all! I have had the privilege of speaking to you through this Medium; and I deem it an honour to be allowed to use him in this grand work of communion with mortals, to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of my heart. We of Egypt, high as we stood in the estimation of others, could not boast of an elevation equal to yours of the present day. The world since my time has gone forward in knowledge, both spiritually and materially; and still her course is onward, and ever will be, till the grand union of the nations be accomplished—a union the great end of which will be man's chief good.

But I must continue the narrative of my experiences in connection with the loss of my beloved father—no, not the loss;—and yet it was a loss to me, for I had not now his bodily presence open to my senses. But was he not with me in spirit, and much more able to aid me? Knowing more than ever he did, he could now pass impressions on my brain, fitting me by such impressions for the great work which he had designed me to undertake; that was—to go forth amongst the people of Egypt, and proclaim the elevating truths I had received from him. At our last sitting I told you of the result of his appearing to me in Spirit form. The clouds which had darkened my mind were dispelled, and once more the sun broke out on my heart, that had been so sad and downcast.

At last the veil of night was drawn aside, and the morning beams of the glorious luminary of day lighted up the land. I felt I was not alone: the Spirit of my beloved father and friend was still hovering near me. He had, while he was in the body, made me solemnly promise that I should on no account allow the usual custom of embalming the dead body to take place, but that it should be at once consigned to the dust, there to mingle with its native elements. "I have no further use for the frail tenement,

he said. "Even as, when I clothe myself in a new garment, I cast aside the old and worn-out one, so let my old worn-out body be returned to the ground." Bearing this in mind, when my brethren proposed to begin the usual ceremonies attendant on embalming, I said, "No; it cannot be done." "Oh, why not?" said they, "you know it is quite a part of our system; and, besides, it is surely right that we should honour one so eminent as he who has been taken away." I told them that I had sworn to him that I would bury his body according to his desire. After a long disputation, they consented to take part with me in the work of laying the dead body in the cold earth, where it might dissolve into the elements of which it was composed.

What a solemn funeral procession that was, as it slowly passed over the courts of the ruined Temple of Thebes! (It was in ruins because we had no heart, neither had we the means, to repair that which had been ruthlessly broken down; the oppressor's foot was still on the neck of Egypt. No longer were the hungry people fed by her; no longer did she give laws to kings; for, like other great nations of the Earth, she, too, had fallen from her high position, and lay enfeebled in the dust.) Gorgeous trappings there were none; no ornamental chest with embalmed body of the deceased; but, clothed in his white robe, the body was borne along by the priests, their heads bare and their feet unsandalled, followed by a train of weeping women. As we proceeded, we sung hymns which had been composed by him whose body we were carrying to the grave, and when we reached the place of burial, I bent my knee in prayer to the Great God in the heavens—not now to Him as behind the veil—ah, no; for my mind's eye was now open to behold Him as the Father of All, who was revealed to us in all his beautiful works in the Heavens above and over all the Earth. Slowly and sadly we lowered the body into its resting-place; and while we shovelled the earth back into the grave, there burst upon our ears a strain of glorious music, flowing, as it seemed, from the united voices of ten thousand of the heavenly host. Our souls were enraptured by the celestial harmony, as it filled the air around and above us. We felt, as it were, at the gates of Heaven. That was the revival of the priests. "Hearken, brother! Listen to the music!" "Yes, yes," I responded, "let us join in the celestial chorus," and our voices and hearts went out in praise.

That day I spoke with a different tongue. I had been accustomed to go through the temple service by mere rote. But now my tongue was loosed. I felt an influence upon me I never felt before. The priests rallied around me, and thus I spoke: "As Head Priest, here I stand before you, brethren of the Temple, but from this time henceforth I become a simple man. No longer shall I bend the knee to Isis; no longer is there to me a God behind the veil. The Hidden One hath been revealed. Why, O why should we longer continue to uphold that which is wrong? Let us go forth and proclaim, throughout the land, that which we know of the True God, of Him who is the Creator and upholder of all in Heaven and in Earth. This is the work enjoined on me by him whose mortal body we have just laid in the dust. This is his command given by himself, when he appeared to me in Spirit-form last night; and how can I disregard the holy injunction, confirmed as it has just been by the voices of the Host of Heaven? I dare no longer hesitate. I feel his Spirit speaking through me; his mantle has fallen on me. O that it may also fall on you! Hear me, my friends. We live; we cannot die; we but cast off the old garment of earth, never more to be put on, and clothed anew, we enter into another and a better sphere of life, in which we will not only rejoin our dear friends who have passed from our sight, but we shall meet with our beloved teacher and guide—with Socrates, Solon, Plato, and the wise and good of all the ages and of all nations, who have been faithful in the use of the talents committed to their trust. These men hid not the truth, but proclaimed that which they knew. Let us, also, go out to the world, and preach love to our fellows—love to all mankind, as the truth of God; that there is a life far surpassing this mortal life beyond death, and that that life shall have no end. I have spoken unto you the words which I received from our aged father and guide. May we meet him and all the good and wise in the Great Temple, where all shall mingle in holy communion of light and love."

In words somewhat similar to those now spoken, I addressed the company that surrounded me; but I cannot, in present circumstances do justice to the address.

After the burial, we retired to the temple, there to fast and pray; and that night, in solemn conclave, we resolved that hence-

forth our efforts would be put forth to raise up Thebes from her debased state,—and that a lamp should be lit up within her that would in due time give light to all around. The prospect of ultimately delivering the nations from the prevailing darkness of ignorance and idolatry was all the more promising, inasmuch as we knew that there was One growing up who would yet become the Great Deliverer of the nations; and that, in Persia, the Chief of the Magi was also on our side.

We broke off from the old and worn-out and corrupt system to which we had been attached by many a tie, and formed ourselves into a new school of theology. This party continued for some time; but I learned, afterwards, that it did not stand, having, like many other movements that at first promised well, become corrupt in its course. But the light kindled by Jesus in Judea still burns on, and will continue.

Though no longer an inhabitant of Earth, I am still animated by the same desire to help on the great movement, by which the darkness and misery of men shall be swept away, and truth and love be established over all and in all. O for that good time—would it were come! Is there the same spirit now animating those who profess to be followers of Jesus? There are, I know, a few of Earth's sons toiling hard in the wide field of the world, but so very few, that the time of deliverance is yet far off.

But you are men who, like me when in the body, have cast aside some of your old ideas, and the light begins to twinkle. See that your light increase in strength and brightness: and this will be the result if you be true to your convictions. Fear not, though your fellow-men shoot at you the galling arrows of scorn and ridicule; but, despite scorn, malice, and persecution, boldly proclaim the truth of Spirit Communion. Endeavour, by all means, to commend your doctrines to others, by lives of purity and goodness. Without this you will fall; with it, and the asked-for blessing of the Great Father, in the gift of His ministering Spirits, who, standing around the throne of the Prince, are ever ready to do his pleasure, your eyes will soon behold the blossoming fruits of your labours.

May the Great Spirit, our Father, who upholdeth them all by His wisdom and power, bless you!

Seventy-eighth Sitting.

7th October, 1873.

Hermes receives his Message—Reference to Jesus—State of Society in Egypt—Begins the Work of Reformation—The Truth spoken in the Palace—To Prison with him!—Spirit Intervention and Rescue—An Exhortation to Spiritualists—The Spirits Eye-witnesses—Beware of False Spirits.—Jesus our Exemplar. *Question:* The Priests of Egypt—Vested Interests.

AFTER my venerable father and guide had left me to enter the better land, he had, in the course of his Spirit communications, endeavoured to impress on me the necessity of going out to my fellow-men with the message he designed me to deliver. The true worship, he said, was not confined to temples made with mortal hands, but it might be seen wherever an honest soul breathed out a prayer, whether under the broad and beautiful canopy of the sky, or in the humble dwelling of the poor. He told me that, beginning amongst my own countrymen, I should go forth unto other nations, and proclaim freely all that I had received concerning man's immortality—the life of the Spirit beyond the river, and the relation in which man stood towards God and his fellow-man. (You must remember that, at the time of which I am speaking, Jesus had not begun his great work in the neighbouring country of Judea, and we knew not of some of the great doctrines that he afterwards taught: so that I was only under the spiritual guidance of my deceased master.) “No longer,” said he, “must you bow down before the idols of Egypt, nor do homage to the Great God behind the veil, for has He not been revealed in all His glory of light and love? And as the bright beams of the Sun warm the Earth, so will the knowledge of God's love open the hearts of men to the truth.”

At that time morality was at a low ebb amongst the higher class of Egyptians, and he showed me that, on this account, my mission must extend to them as well as to the poor, ignorant, and degraded sons of toil. I was to lift up my voice against oppression, and denounce the robbery and tyranny that prevailed, urging them to set free their slaves from the galling chain, and no longer keep

them grinding at the wheel, inasmuch as they were all the children of the same Father: high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, they were all the offspring of the Great Spirit; and that, by doing so, they would not only be doing that which was right and just in itself and in the sight of Heaven, but they would find that, in treating their slaves as men, they would have better, more trustworthy servants.

Now for me, a single man, to undertake this mission, to go out to the people of Egypt and proclaim such doctrines, was a task of some difficulty, even confining my attention to the ignorant and degraded of the land; but to utter these truths in the hearing of the higher classes was to bring on me their bitter wrath. I was not afraid, however, of the consequences, and I felt eager to begin the work. Well I knew that, though left alone without a roof to shelter me, the Great Father would protect me from all ill, and, if need be, shelter me even under the trees of his own beautiful creation, and as He had fed the Hebrew prophet by the ministry of the ravens of the desert, even so would He provide for me.

Conscious of Spirit-presence to aid me in my effort to do that which I deemed my duty, I feared nothing, but went forth and spoke as I was commanded. I went up even to him who was the head ruler—spiritually and temporally—of the nation, and told him, with all boldness, that the time had come for the deliverance of the people from ignorance and slavery. Why should he, the Sovereign ruler of Egypt, and the religious guide of the people, sit unconcerned while those committed to his charge by the God of Heaven groaned under oppression? Break asunder (I said) the bonds of the enslaved and let them go free—free as God had made them! It was enough. I might as well have appealed to the flinty rock. My mouth was stopped. “Darest thou, a priest, thus speak to *me*—me, thy Prince and Head?” Turning to his attendants, he said—“Seize him, and bind him fast.” I was quickly bound, and in tones of contempt, he exclaimed—“And who art thou that interferest with the government of the land? Why shouldst thou not be as the rest?” “Be as the rest!” I cried—“to cheat, to lie, to rob and wink at the deeds of the tyrant robbers,—to snatch the last bite from the mouths of hungry orphans—to greedily grind the people to the dust? Rather choose I to be entombed in your foulest dungeon.

There, I know, I shall have higher company about me, than were I elevated to an earthly throne. Do your worst! God will protect me."

Bound hand and foot with heavy chains, I was cast into a loathsome dungeon. But nothing of all this could bend my will, nor break my spirit. For even in that dark and lonesome prison house, I could hold sweet intercourse with the messengers of Heaven. I repined not, neither raved I as a madman over my lot, but, bending low, I prayed to the Great and Good Spirit, the Creator and Sustainer of all, to send His holy messengers from His throne in the Heavens, to be near to me, and to bear me up. While thus I prayed on the cold floor of the dungeon, the massive building was rent asunder, and looking up in amazement at the shock, I beheld the silver moon sailing aloft over the blue and star-spangled vault of heaven: As I thus looked, there descended a flood of light so dazzlingly bright and glorious as at once to close my natural eyes; but the inner eye was open, and I saw thousands of angels around me. It seemed as if the whole assembly were there to give me consolation, while one of them unloosed my cruel bonds. Then I felt borne away, and when I opened my eyes, I found myself alone in a desert place.

In all this my heart was strengthened; my faith in the Spirit World and everything good was confirmed and increased. I went out on my mission with renewed vigour, more determined than ever to bring Spiritual realities to bear on the hearts of men, and to lift up my voice in denunciation of idolatry and the debasing fables of Egypt, printed on her walls, the words of men, but not the truth of God.

And now I would speak a few words to you as men still in the mortal body. Seeing you have faith in Spirit communion, work without wavering, and you will have all the help we can give. When I was in the body, I was enabled to do many wonderful works. I healed the sick, and even raised the dying—not, remember, by any power of mine;—ah! no,—but through the power of those who surrounded me, the Spirits of the good and wise,—and not even by any power in them; for such power is the gift of the Great Spirit, and we are but the channels for its conveyance to you. See, then, that ye too become fitting instruments of use in the hands of the Spirit for doing good to

your brethren around you. Beware how you walk before men, for there are many looking on. Be faithful and honest in that which you hold to be true; and be not afraid to declare the truth you have received in the ears of your fellow-men. Never forget that the eyes of Jesus and the whole Spirit World are on you when you think not. Ever hovering around you, they behold your every action; and if but one false step be taken, that will stand against you when you pass from the mortal to the immortal. It will assuredly take away from your position in the Spirit World. It may, by you, be reckoned a small item, but small as you may deem it, it may cost you much here. There are some Spirits who speak lightly of certain acts—crimes I call them, against both God and man—as being done thoughtlessly, and not likely to be accounted for. Beware of such Spirits; they are not speaking for your good—they are not what they profess to be—good Spirits. Heed not such, but walk as Jesus walked—ever striving to do all you can to bless your fellow-men, never to injure them. By doing so, you will do all that is required of man by the Great and Good One, our Father. Then, when you come here will your path be strewn with palms; then will the very trees of the Spirit World clap their hands in joyful welcome, and with gladness and song will the blessed usher you into the mansions of the happy land.

When we meet again, I shall try to give you something more of my mission work. It may be of use to you, even though it come from one whom you may have been taught to call a heathen.

Did the other priests adhere to you in your work of reformation?

I will explain. The priests of Egypt were supported by a tax on the land-holders, who were grievously oppressed by such burdens. These priests were the lords of the land, and possessed great riches, and you may easily imagine that it required great faith in them to leave their wealth, and begin to fight against the corrupt system by which that wealth was obtained. I fear it would be the same in your day. A few of the lower orders took part with me. We went out to the work depending on the Great God, our Father. If we got a meal in the morning, we were as sure of it in the evening; and we were always sure of a roof to shelter us at night, even though that were but a tree of God's own planting. [*Benediction.*]

Seventy-ninth Sitting.

5th October, 1873.

Hermes gives bits from an Old Discourse—Difficulties in Mediumship—Idolatry denounced—To whom will ye liken God?—His Attributes—God is “Intelligence”—Ignorance the Cause of Evil. *Questions*: Punishment of Sin—Idolatry in Egypt, its Cause—Spirit-influence not always to be depended on—An Invocation.

GOOD evening, my friends.—This evening I will give you bits from a discourse I delivered to my countrymen when I began my work of reformation in Egypt. These may still be of service; for though you live in what you would term an advanced period in the history of the world, you have not gone so far into our old modes of thought as you fancy you have done. We may be accounted old and worn-out in our religious ideas, and you may imagine that you are now far in advance of us. It is not so. In the matter of science, you are doubtless in advance; but in theology, your progress has been very little indeed: you are but imitators of the ancients.

I feel a degree of difficulty in reproducing these discourses. I do not get my ideas conveyed to you exactly as I want them—depending as I do on the translation of the Medium, who is liable to go wrong now and again. For this, however, neither of us is to be blamed. He may err in translating us, and we may misapprehend your questions and give you incorrect answers. It would be much better had we the language. But, on the whole, we do wonderfully well. It was somewhat in this fashion I spoke:—

“Fellow-countrymen, hearken unto me. You have long known me as a priest—as one who has gone out and in amongst you; and my character is well known to you all. But here I stand this day to declare to you that henceforth I am no longer a priest. My eyes, once closed, are now open to see the monstrous idolatry and absurdity of our temple service. At these altars on which we kindle fires and burn incense and offer up sacrifices to gods of stone and wood—gods of iron, of silver, and of gold—at these altars no longer will I serve; to such senseless forms of beast, bird, and reptile, will I no longer bend my knee in wor-

ship ; no longer can I look upon them even as symbolical representations of what has been called the attributes of the Great God ; for he whose eyes have been opened to all this delusion and absurdity can never be satisfied with such an excuse. Our whole religious system is corrupt, and cries aloud for reformation.

“ Our ancient records go far back in the history of the world : even down the long ages to the formation of the Earth by the fiat of the Great and Mighty God, the Creator and the Sustainer of all things in Heaven and in Earth. But who amongst the sons of men can say, God is like this, or God is like that? Not one. We can form no conception of his shape, or form. He is above and beyond all form. He is INTELLIGENCE.

“ In the sacred writings of the nations—Egyptian, Persian, Hebrew—various attributes have been ascribed to the Great Spirit, such as Omnipotence, Omniscience, Foreknowledge, Justice, Truth, Love, Mercy, and Goodness. These, and many more beside, have been spoken of as belonging to God ; and men, led away by their own conceits, and false conceptions of the Great and Infinite One, have symbolised these attributes in the forms of birds and beasts and crawling reptiles ; and the people, having little knowledge of symbols, and no one inclined to show them a better way, have fallen down and worshipped these as gods—the senseless blocks of wood and stone and metal! Away with it altogether! How long shall we tolerate such a system? God is One. He is complete. He is Intelligence. These so-called attributes are but the conceptions of man ; they are not of God. Finite men, for their own convenience, have used these terms, and spoken in such a way as to lead others to imagine a God divided. But He is one—Intelligence. And being so, He is the All-Powerful—the All-Wise—the All-Good—the All-Loving—the All-Merciful—the All-Just God. Where all is Good, there can be no such thing as evil. Where all is Truth, there can be no lie. There can be no evil existing with Infinite Intelligence. Evil is the result of man’s ignorance. ‘ Why, then,’ you say, ‘ create man in ignorance?’ Because it is decreed by our Creator that we should acquire knowledge by the exercise of the powers He has granted us. (Man is not born wise and good and loving, but he is born with all the faculties by which he may, during his lifetime, become wise and good.) There can be only one All-Powerful Being—the One Perfect Intelligence, from whom we spring, and of whose nature we are partakers, but in a finite degree : and it is our duty to grow in likeness to Him. But ah ! how unlike are we to the Great Spirit—the Ever-Living God, whose goodness, whose light flows out to all eternally ! It goes far beyond all that we can conceive.

“ Think not that I mean to say there is no such thing as sin.

I do not contradict myself. If I make a bargain with a man, and afterwards break the contract, I sin against that man—I injure him; and by all that is just, I must account for it. The sin—the injury is done to my neighbour; but I must account to the Great Intelligence for that sin. I must be judged, and suffer I must, even though I should wander in Hades for thousands of years.

“Seeing we have been endowed by the Great Creator with powers so great, let us do our duty in respect to our fellow-men wherever we go and at all times. Let us try to raise the fallen; to give a helping hand to those who are down-trodden; to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; and by every means let us seek to dispel the darkness of ignorance by imparting to others that light which we ourselves possess. It may be we can give but a dim light, but if but a spark let it be given, so that it, in time, may lighten up the benighted ones around us.

“Now, brethren, if you are convinced that I am speaking words of truth—truth worthy your acceptance, and still refuse to accept it, you are responsible to the Great Spirit, the Father and Creator of All. Think not that He will fail to call you to account. Judgment awaits you. Be persuaded, then, to abandon the course you have hitherto pursued. Cast away these senseless idols; be men, and acknowledge the Great Intelligent One as your God and Him only. Thus changed in mind, you will strive to conduct yourselves as the children of God. But if not—if you still persist in your idolatries, when you come to cross the river, beware! You may be sent back in disgrace in the boat with an ape at the helm. . . . All mankind are our brethren—a universal brotherhood; all are related, as system to system in the starry heavens: all bound to God the Great Father, the Life-giver, the Infinite Intelligence.”

Such is a reproduction of some bits from my address, as near as I can manage through this Medium. If you have any questions put them now.

I am not sure about what you said in reference to sinning against God and our neighbour: will you explain?

I said—or meant to say—that in sinning against men we might escape from man’s judgment, but we cannot escape from the Infinite Intelligence. We are created ignorant, and that which we do in ignorance is not reckoned sin. If you place a number of human beings on an island, totally ignorant, having no knowledge of God and his laws, what would be the result? All manner of evil. But would you punish these men and women for their lawless deeds? Could you—dare you? No; assuredly not. But,

on the other hand, were these persons somewhat enlightened, and conscious that they were doing that which they ought not to do, you might justly condemn them as worthy of punishment. When sin is committed, an injury is done to man. You cannot, really, by sinning, injure God. Still, God will hold you accountable for all you do against the light of his truth within you. Be assured of this.

You said your addresses were chiefly delivered to the unlearned or poorer class of the people; if so, was it likely they would fully comprehend such a discourse?

You must understand that we were not like you in our beliefs. The people of Egypt were generally instructed in many of the mysteries of the symbolical worship that prevailed under our corrupt system of theology. Great attention was paid by us to the consideration of the attributes of the Deity; and we (the priests) studied by every means to represent these attributes by various animals, so as to convey to the uninitiated some idea of truth; but all this would not do; inherently bad from the first, though containing some truth, such a theology, step by step, led the people into idolatrous practices in their worship, and in course of time, long before my day, the whole system had become a mass of absurdity and corruption. All this I wanted reformed, and, instead of seeing them bowing down ignorantly to idols, to get their minds directed to the One Great Spirit, the Maker of all things, and the only object of man's worship. I was incited to pursue this course of reformation by Spirit influence, for, as I spoke to the people, I felt the very words welling up into my mouth. I know not how this was done, but, conscious they were not mine, I concluded they were from a high and holy source. [An expression of acquiescence was made by Mr. Murray.] Yes, if men would but put reliance at such seasons on the Great Spirit, rather than dependence on their own mental powers, or on their knowledge gained by study, the results would be much greater and more beneficial to their fellow-men. Men sent by God, and who place themselves under his guidance, need give no anxious concern as to what they shall say; when in the right condition, the heavenly help will be at hand. But it will not do to rely on us in every case; for in many men this would beget laziness, and their thinking powers would lie dormant. It is

man's duty to cultivate every faculty of his nature, and at the same time strive to have his soul in such a condition that influences from the Spirit World may not be shut out. With us there is ample room for every thinking being—ample opportunities for the cultivation of his highest nature—for the study of creation. How often have men made a blade of grass the object of inquiry and thought, and found their Earth-life too short to pursue the loved study. Here they will find time! Here, too, the honest doubter will find his doubts dispelled—the darkness of doubt annihilated by the light of truth. It is even good for men to doubt; it sets them eagerly on the search for truth, and they are benefited in the arduous struggle to reach it.

Do you now adhere to the doctrines you advocated in your discourse?

Certainly; I hold them now. But if I found anything which I taught on Earth to be discordant with the truths of this life—life in the Spirit World—I would at once cast it off—not, however, without first picking out the precious stones from amongst the rough rubble.

O great and glorious Spirit, Fountain of all Truth, Source and Centre of all Intelligence, Creator and Preserver of all things throughout the wide universe—Our Father, send forth, we pray Thee, Thy bright messengers to guide and guard these mortals, our brethren, into all truth. And may their souls' thirst be fully quenched from the ever-flowing fountain of Thy truth and Thy wisdom. Depending on Thee alone in their Earth-pilgrimage, may they, when they pass over to us, be welcomed into the summer-land, which Thou, O loving Father! hast prepared for them. Good-night, dear friends, good-night!

Eightieth Sitting.

26th October, 1873.

Extracts from another Old Discourse—The Infinite Intelligence—Creation of Souls—The “Lesser Infinites”—The Universe of Worlds—Nothing Lost—The Human and Divine in Man—How to overcome Enmity—“Why hath Egypt gone back?”—*Questions*: “Lesser Infinites”—The Divine Part in Man cannot Sin—An Invocation.

Good evening, friends.—At the former sitting I gave you por-

tions from one of those addresses which I delivered to my friends and countrymen when setting out on my mission. I had thrown up all connection with the temple and its idolatrous worship, so that I might go out unshackled to the world and proclaim to my fellow-men the precious truth which I had received. I do not think that it will be out of place to give you, for a short time, more extracts from these addresses. But, in doing so, I must crave your forbearance, for I still experience, as I have already said, considerable difficulty in getting my ideas conveyed to you through this Medium.

“Brethren and friends—I have spoken to you on the Deity, the Great and Eternal Source of all Being, whose nature has been a subject of perplexity to man in all ages. The character of the Supreme One has been, through ignorance and superstition, hidden in mystery—buried amid the chaotic rubbish of man’s darkened mind ; to such an extent that, in his search after truth in reference to God, he has found himself in a condition of utter bewilderment. I have endeavoured to say something concerning what has been called the attributes of the Deity—that these are all comprehended in the One Great Name—Infinite Intelligence—and must not be separated from Him, the All-Perfect. I have also spoken of ignorance as being at the root of sin and misery, and the cause of man’s transgression of Divine law. From that point I will proceed as far as I possibly can.”

It was bold in me, in that place and day, to make the statement, that ignorance was the cause of all the sin and suffering of mankind ; but so I did. Why should honest, truthful souls stifle the convictions of the truth which they have received ? I felt I could not, dared not repress that with which I was burdened. I felt the pressure of the unseen world upon me, and speak I must.

“Brethren—The truths I have urged on your acceptance, I dare not reject. If you cannot also accept them, but spurn them away from you as unworthy your attention, you must abide the result. You may think I speak without knowledge. Let me be weighed in the balances ; and if found wanting, cast me off as worthless, and never more listen to me.

“Now, this Infinite Intelligence, in whom there is combined all power, wisdom, truth, love, mercy, and justice, created souls, or whatever you choose to call them, and these he constituted lesser infinities—beings like unto Himself—all”—(Bear with me a little, for I am but young in this matter of control. We are disturbed by the presence of one of another nation, and the Persian wishes to keep him back.) [After a lapse of a minute he

resumed]—“This Great Intelligence created lesser intelligences, who, by conjunction with material bodies, and the discipline derived from experience in such bodies, might increase in knowledge and wisdom, and, ever progressing in love and truth, soar higher and higher, back into the bosom of their Father, whence they came. When created in the long-past ages, Man was destined to become a partner with the Great Intelligence, for from Him he sprang.” [Interruption.] “These lesser infinites, though not endowed with omnipotence, had a little of the Creator’s power.

“Let us look at the works of the Great Intelligence. The universe of worlds, those vast material bodies, were not formed at once, and sent out by Him on their rolling course: they had to come through a process of preparation, that in due time they might become dwelling-places fitted for Man in mortal frame; even as the Spirits of men need preparation for life in the Summer-land of the Spirit. Behold that body rushing through space! At first it appears but a flickering flame, but onward it goes in its rapid course till it develops into a ball of fire—a body really material—not as is our Earth, but a medium as it were between that which sprang from the Infinite Creator and the first formation of this Earth. Then we see this fiery, flying ball attracting and collecting lesser bodies in its course, till it cools down into that material substance with which we build our houses and temples.

“In all this wondrous and mighty work of the formation of worlds, there is nothing lost by the Intelligent Maker. As a wise mason preserves the chips hewn from the block of stone, and turns them to use, even so does the Creator turn to use the dust of worlds. The grinding of the rocks of the new world goes on, and slowly but surely the deep dark gorges are filled up. The thick enshrouding vapours descend, and are welcomed to the parched bosom of the thirsty globe; and thus gradually doth the Great God prepare the land for His offspring to enter in and enjoy.

“Now, men of Egypt, seeing that the Great Intelligence has constituted you lesser intelligences, and prepared for you a sphere in which you may act as becometh intelligent beings, the offspring of the Infinite, be ye also creators, not of evil, but of that which is good. It is for you to beautify the dwelling-place He has assigned you, by endeavouring so to live that your fellow-men will be benefited. Remember that the Infinite Spirit created nothing greater than Man. The meanest of your fellow-men is therefore greater, nobler far, than the great world in which He hath placed us. But great and beautiful as is this Earth, it falls far short of the Heavenly World, where the spiritual origin of all material things will be fully open to us, and the mysteries that beset us in our present state will be revealed.

“I have said that it is because of ignorance that sin prevails; for were men to consider whence they come and whither they are going—to firmly believe that all mankind are children of the same Great Father, how could they continue to live as they do? An objector may turn round and say—‘How can I love this man as my neighbour?—he is a monster of wickedness: I cannot.’ But such an one requires to know that the evil displayed is not of the Divine part, but appertains to the Human. How are we to overcome enmity in man? We must conquer him by love. Nothing is stronger than love. Try it. When he offers to strike, submit to the stroke. You may say, ‘Why should an innocent man not defend himself against insult and injury?’ Very true, were we beings of the animal nature only. But we are the offspring of God, partakers of His nature, and it is not possible to insult the Divine. How often, when the hand has been raised to strike, have you been checked in your evil intent towards a fellow-man, and felt condemned and grieved on account of it! It was the Infinite—the Divine part—that checked you, that sat in judgment on the intended evil deed.

“A short time ago, my brethren, I dared not have declared these truths to you. But now, so precious are they to me that I would not exchange them for all that Egypt could give me. I have for ever cast aside as worthless dross the whole system of the priests. The veil has been rent away, and I now see Him clearly who was formerly hid in the obscurity of ignorance, superstition, and priestcraft.

“Look at those records of long-bygone ages, as they are found engraven on the sacred stones of our ruined buildings, and what say they? They tell us how the Great One ought to be worshipped—not with the bloody sacrifices of beasts on altars within the temples reared by the hands of man, but under the open canopy of Heaven—that is the fitting place to commune with the Great Spirit.

“Why hath Egypt, that for ages held high rank amongst the nations of the world, gone back—sunk down even in the mire of slavery—contentedly bearing the galling chain of the foreign invader—why? Because she that once was powerful in her knowledge and wisdom is now, alas! in darkness.

“There is one here in spirit now, though you think it not, who was once loved and revered by you for his acts of goodness and charity. He has now cast off the human part and become divine, and will, through me, speak to you of those things which concern your welfare on Earth and your welfare in the Spirit World, to which we all must go.

“I have directed your attention to the contemplation of Him before whom all things are as nothing—the Great Spirit, who created us and all things. Think of Him also as our Father from

whom we have sprung, by whose loving heart and strong right arm we are sustained from day to day; by whose wisdom and wondrous goodness all things are beautifully arranged and adapted to our needs. In all His works we see the finger of the Great Intelligence. We perceive his handiwork in the formation of those old mountains by which we are surrounded. We see his Fatherly care in the swelling waters of the river, flooding the hot and parched soil, and causing the people of the land to sing for joy and gladness, assured that for them and for their children there is yet food in the storehouse of the Great Giver. Even in the desert's barren waste we may see his Almighty hand at work. Under those sand-hills lie buried the cities and temples and monuments of the long past; amongst these the bodies of our forefathers lie entombed—preserved, as we have been taught, in order that the former tenants may the more easily resume their old habitations of clay. Believe it not, my friends. These shrivelled bodies—these skeleton forms of former generations—shall never more become the dwelling-place of the spirit of man. Leaving this body, we leave it for ever, and man, free from the material casket, finds that he has a body incorruptible, that needs no preserving—that liveth for ever an inhabitant of higher regions—a dweller in the green gardens of the heavenly paradise. The Great Father leaves us not homeless wanderers when we pass away. Ah, no! Earth passes away, and we are ushered into the home of the Summer-land—the place provided for us by His all-wise appointment. Think not, I entreat you, that this is some flight of my imagination; nay, my friends, it is real—it is substantial. In that lovely land, the home of the Spirit, are fruits of finest flavour; there the fields are carpeted by flowers of the most gorgeous colours, their exquisite fragrance perfuming everywhere the heavenly atmosphere; there, too, are swelling rivers and fountains, and lakes of crystal waters; there the mighty forest trees excel in beauty and strength those of Earth; and, indeed, all that is grand and beautiful here exists there in grandeur and beauty far, far surpassing. And all this, my friends, hath been provided for us—provided by the Great and Good Spirit for all who will seek, by well-doing here, to enter in.

“Look abroad over this Egypt, famous amongst the nations for wisdom! Where now are her temples of wisdom—those stately buildings, the wonder of the world—with all their precious gems of lore, the hoarded treasures of the ancient sages? Alas! our temples are in ruins, overthrown by the ruthless invader, and our stores of wisdom burnt to ashes. But in that land, the glorious home of the Spirit, the temples stand for ever, and there the records are ever-abiding—time dimmeth them not, neither can fire consume them.

“And where now are all the mighty builders of those vast

monuments, the long dynasties of the Rulers of Egypt? Their names and deeds are lost amidst the ruins of the structures they raised. Where is she who bore sway over this land—who, by her blandishments, led captive the captains of Rome? Ah, where shall the Spirit of the woman who robbed God of his gift of life find a home? She cannot enter into the blest abodes of the just, but throughout the dark regions of the Spirit World must she wander and grope, in anguish and solitude, till the light breaks in on her darkened soul. Let us not forget that our bodies are not our own; we are but tenants of these fleshly habitations, lent to us by Him who formed them. He who wilfully destroys the building of the Great Owner, will most certainly suffer the punishment due to him who robs God.

“And where are those great and good laws, under which our land prospered in past times? The law of sword and flame in the hands of cruel and lawless tyrants, prevails over Egypt. Men of blood, how shall ye account for your deeds of wickedness? They cry aloud to Heaven for recompense; and the Great God heareth! Be sure His ministering Spirits are ever ready, and will not withhold their mighty arm—ye shall reap as your wicked hands have sown.

“But, brethren, though ye are now groaning under the cruel yoke, I do not call on you to lift your hands in rebellion. Though I myself have had to bear the weight of the tyrant’s hand, and been thrust into the deepest dungeon, yet would I leave my cause to be redressed by the hand of the Great God, who knoweth all. But this I do: I call on you to shake off those heavy, soul-enslaving fetters of superstition that bind you to an idolatrous system. Submit no longer to be dictated to by others, but look to yourselves. When you come to stand before the Great Judge, you will have no priest to stand in your room: you must stand for yourself. By your own doings will you be judged at the bar of the All-righteous Intelligence, who knoweth all things.

“In a short time I leave you—leave the land of my birth. I cast myself from her and go forth to the barbarians. In parting from you, my brethren, I call upon you to lay to heart the words I have spoken. Do justly one to another. Give the same love to your neighbour as you give to yourselves; so that when we pass away from Earth we may meet each other in the better land beyond: a land in whose blissful fields the inhabitants dwell in peace and love and purity, their full hearts drawn upward in praise to Him from whom cometh all goodness and truth, and by whose loving care the Garden of the Universe has been provided for the Spirits of men. In the grand and everlasting temples of that glorious land, may it be ours to sit at the feet of the wise and good of all ages, hearkening with them unto the words of

truth which fall from the lips of the messengers of the Great Ruler.

“ But now I go to Judea, preaching as I go the truths I have delivered to you ; for in that land there is one who was once a little child in our midst : one who is great amongst the Princes --Of this world?—ah, no ! He ranks not with the tyrants of Earth ; he is not here to take part with the oppressors of the poor and defenceless. But he has come to set the people free : to give liberty to the captives who have been bound down under the galling bondage of priests and kings ; and this will he do by getting the blinded people to open their eyes to the light of his truth, when they will see that the only way to freedom—to true and everlasting liberty, is to become the devoted servants of the One Great Ruler, the Mighty Intelligence, the Great God—our Creator.”

If you have questions to ask, I am ready to answer.

Does not the Medium mistranslate you when he speaks of “ lesser infinities” ?

No, the Medium has just given the idea I wanted to convey to you. You cannot limit Spirit. It is infinite.

I suppose you mean that the inner part of man is eternal ?

Yes ; Man is a part of the Great Spirit.

Then, may we not speak of all things as eternal—that is, that Matter as well as Spirit is eternal ?

Were we to enter into that subject, I fear we might lose ourselves. But you cannot get something from nothing. I know but little ; but my idea is (and remember it is only mine) that the Great Spirit cannot exist alone ; that with Him there has ever been, and ever will be, a forthputting of His wisdom and power. Weighing cautiously, we perceive that all forms of existence now before us are but re-creations from other forms or bodies that once existed.

If, as you say, the infinite part of man cannot do evil here, what part of man is it that suffers for the evil committed by him ?

Now, I know not whether my Persian friend has given you his opinion on this subject ; but I will give you mine. I consider man to be a triune being : three persons, as it were—the Animal body, the Spirit body, and the Infinite. Three in one while on Earth ; but, entering the Spirit World, he is but two—the Spirit body and the Thinking part ; so that if suffering must be, it is endured by the Spirit-body ;—the Infinite cannot suffer.

Good night! And may the Great God watch over you, and grant you every thing needful and best for you in your pilgrimage on Earth; and when you come to cast aside the covering of Earth, may His ministering angels welcome you to the land of light and love, where the ever-beautiful trees tune their myriad tongues in praise of the Great Intelligence—where the crystal waters, as they flow over their rocky beds, ripple out their harmonies—where the grass of the ever-green fields, in tiny voice, waves out its song—and where, even from the mountains and crags, come forth tones of sweetest music—all, all in harmony, lifting the souls of men nearer and nearer towards the Unapproachable, the Great Source of Light—Infinite Intelligence.

Eighty-first Sitting.

22nd Nov., 1873.

Hermes on Self-culture—Study of Nature—Man may continue his studies in the Spirit World—Man's greatness—Ignorance and conceit—Much in little—Nature at work for man—An appeal—From Matter to Spirit—Nothing lost—Wisdom of the Creator—An Egyptian Illustration—Nature cleaning her teeth—Gifts spurned—Hermes on Hero Worship—Man "a strange creature"—Ambition.

Good evening, my friends.—I knew you expected us to-night, although we made no arrangement to meet. We are always prepared, and well would it be were man ready for every exigency. One endowed with the glorious gift of reason should use the gift. He should not let it lie dormant within him, but, by careful training, raise it to maturity. He should so exercise his powers of reason as never to be taken at disadvantage—prepared at all times to think and act. Look at him as a child. Were he to continue in a state of ignorance, sad indeed would be the result when he grew up to manhood. Hence the anxiety of parents or guardians that the little ones be instructed. First, the parents instil into the opening mind the simplest lessons; then the schoolmaster gives more; and as he grows up, he begins to tutor himself, in order that he may be able to act the part of a reasonable being amongst his fellow-men, as a seeker after truth.

This world of yours, with all it contains, is no small, insignificant ball : there is enough on it and in it for you to look at, and to furnish you subjects of study throughout countless ages. Lift your eyes towards the summits of those mountains, and observe the fleecy clouds floating above them, pregnant with moisture—Heaven's rich provision—ready to descend and bless the thirsty ground, that it may produce all the beauties of summer in forest and in field, and make the Earth a garden of roses. But, alas ! how often is all this unheeded by man ! There is enough in the simplest flowers that bedeck the wayside to engross the attention of the earnest student of nature for a lifetime. Aye, he may carry his investigations even into the Spirit World ; for here, also, in the bright world whence we come, the ardent searcher will have ample opportunities for the pursuit of knowledge. With us he will find trees, with their beautiful fan-shaped leaves, breathing out their songs of praise to the Great Creator. And here, too, his enraptured eyes will rest on the waters rushing down in tumultuous silvery cataracts from the mountains, and in their course forming flowing rivers or rippling rivulets, making music as they run ; and thus the waters likewise speak to the creature of the Creator. Here in this land of light and love—the home of the blessed—all things utter their praise in floods of glorious harmonies, inconceivable to mortal man. Ah, how rich the store laid up for thee by the Great Spirit, thy Creator. Oh, man ! great art thou in thy origin, great in thy privileges ! All things are put under thy feet. The fowls of the air, as they fly aloft on feathery pinions : the beasts of the field and forest, and the finny tribes of the great sea are servants unto thee !

And yet, with all this wealth of nature, made over to man by the Great and Good Spirit, how often do we find him buried in ignorance, blind to Heaven's great gifts, or shutting himself up, as it were, in a granite castle of conceit—thus thrusting out nature and her glories from his contemplation ! Oh, my friend, beware of this. Be not ye slothful ; be not conceited like some, who think they have all knowledge ; but ever seek, by diligent study, to rise higher and still higher in knowledge of the works and ways of the Great Intelligent Mind, whose might and wisdom sustain the universe. There is not one single thing on which your eyes may rest, beneath your notice—everything is worthy of investiga-

tion. Even the atom of sand, one of the countless millions on which you daily tread, demands attention. Take it up, examine its form; see how beautifully it is cut! Lift a handful, observe it carefully, grain after grain, and you will find that all have been chiselled out by the same Wise Hand who formed the rolling worlds—the Great Intelligence. Though now seemingly insignificant, these tiny atoms once formed a portion of the mighty rocks of your Earth. How did they become sand? Nature has been at work, and by means of her great machine, Time, these flinty rocks of granite have been ground down—and all this that the Earth may be a fitting dwelling-place for man.

On the surface, and deeper down, you will find hard rocks—a mixture of the remains or atoms of various other rocks that must have endured for ages as solid bodies, before they were reduced to those fragments which you now observe in the conglomerated masses around you. Again, on the banks of a stream, or in some deep basin, you will find beds of clay, the accumulation of ages of dust, by which man is enabled to form those useful utensils for holding water, and from which he makes bricks also for the erection of houses. In other parts you find the dust of ages hardened into layers of slate and pavement, and these, too, man can and does turn to use. And so the process goes on and on—ever going on—grinding down the rocks to sand in the great mill, and the dust which flies off in the work forming soil for man, that the Earth, his material dwelling-place, may become more and more beautiful and useful to him. All this is done for man: the flowers blossoming in beauty and fragrance; the forests and fields clothed in variegated tints; the life-giving, refreshing waters, welcomed by the thirsty land; the cooling, strength-imparting breezes; the stones which form his dwelling-house, and the metals which supply him with tools; the precious stones that bedeck the crown of the monarch—these, and a thousand beside, are gifts for man.

O, highly favoured man! Child of the Infinite Intelligence, be not unmindful of thy great origin. Why shouldst thou be taken up with the fleeting sensual pleasures of Earth—thou, the offspring of the Eternal Spirit? It cannot, must not be. Thrust them aside, as things beneath thy dignity, and walk thou in the paths of wisdom. Strive to obtain knowledge, for that is a treasure that can never be taken away from thee. This is what the

Great Spirit desires of thee. But, alas! thou wilt not. After mummery and priestcraft wilt thou go, neglecting, in thy folly, to work in the great laboratory of Nature, where knowledge may be found by all who diligently search for it. (Seek earnestly after knowledge on Earth, whilst thou hast the means, and what thou findest of Nature's hidden treasures on Earth, that shalt thou retain here; for all things in the material world are but representations of their realities in the world of the Spirit) . . .

The metals and minerals of Earth, the gold and silver, the lead and iron, the free-stone, slate and clay (which in the Spirit World are all in a purer and better state)—put them all into one great crucible, one great furnace of fire, and what do you find? All these varied metals and minerals have become one article—charcoal. Dissolve this charcoal, and what have you? Gas, or what may be called the spirit of matter. That spirit passes from you to us, and returns to you day by day as ether, once more to perform its work in the uprearing of material substance. It passes away from Earth, pursues its course, and returns again,—but nothing is lost in the process. There is nothing lost—no, not an atom.

Were man but to read and study the open Book of Nature, he would not go away empty; he would find food for eternity. He would acquire knowledge that would enable him to pursue the delightful study in his visits to other worlds, greater and more beautiful than yours. . . .

Man, with all his powers of reason, may well take a lesson from the smallest creatures of the animal world. Behold the industry and forethought of the tiny ants! With what care and design they labour towards the accomplishment of their work! Ah, if man would but look and attentively consider the habits of these members of the animal kingdom, and be taught by them, it would be better for him. Doubtless he is great, and this greatness may be seen in the fact that in his bodily and mental constitution you will find all the various characteristics of the lower animals combined. He is a world in himself, and in him you have the nicest adaptation of part to part, all the members arranged for use and beauty, in the most perfect order. But over all the works of the Great Creator there is the same great law at work, even in those things which appear to short-sighted man evil or undesirable.

Take, for example, the little bird and the coarsest animal that crawls, both natives of the land of Egypt. You see this great and uncouth reptile lying in its muddy bed, lazily basking in the sun, with open jaws ready to devour its prey; and there, also, you see this little bird fearlessly perch itself on the great jaws of the monster, and forthwith begin to pick its teeth. The reptile quietly submits to this treatment on the part of the bird. Why? Because it is thereby performing a work beneficial to both. Corrosion and consequent destruction of that necessary part of the reptile's organisation is prevented—the crocodile gets his teeth cleaned, and the little bird is fed. How beautiful the arrangement!

I have heard of philosophers discoursing of volcanoes, storms, pestilences, and such like, and entertaining the idea that the occurrence of these showed a lack of harmony in Nature. Ah, no. When such things take place, Nature is but cleaning her teeth. You may be sure when such eruptions occur much greater desolation is prevented. The Earth is but passing through the crucible of the Great and Holy Spirit, by whose wisdom and power she is sustained. In Nature there is nothing wasted—nothing lost. The hard rocks, in the course of ages, waste away into Earth, but that waste ever going on, slowly fills up the deep ravines, which in due time become smiling valleys. It is but a change: there is no destruction! For Earth shall last for eternal ages—with ten thousand worlds better and larger besides—even millions of worlds now rolling in space.

Sad is it to think that the Great Creator should lavish so much on man, and that man should place so little value on that which hath been so liberally bestowed on him by his Creator. How many shut the Book of Nature, disdainfully refusing to allow their eyes to rest on its pages and read the lessons of Truth therein written by the Great Spirit: some even stoutly denying his very existence. By acting thus, they class themselves among the beasts. Alas! poor men, ye are blind to the fearful reckoning of the future. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. . . .

I might have been what the world calls a hero, spreading desolation and death by fire and sword over many a land, and have had, while I lived, such ruthless deeds set down as noble and praiseworthy, and, when I passed from Earth, have had my name and fame perpetuated by a brazen statue or a granite

monument, erected by a priest-led people. But ten thousand times better to have my memorial deeply carved in the hearts of living men—to be remembered as one who had sacrificed all that he might lead them into the paths of truth—that he might impart unto them a knowledge of Him who is the Maker and Sustainer of all things. O what folly! And this not even confined to the priest-ridden and ignorant people, for the same spirit prevailed among the philosophers of Greece—men whom the ignorant multitude would have stoned because of their belief in a Spirit World. Even these philosophers, with all their knowledge, supported or winked at the custom which erected altars to heroes and unknown gods. And Egypt, my own nation—she that had been justly celebrated for her supplies of food for the minds and bodies of other nations—with all her wisdom, exhibited the same wretched folly. Her oppressed people were kept in ignorance—in spiritual darkness—while a rich and tyrannical priesthood revelled in spiritual light. . . .

Man is indeed a strange creature! But why should he unman himself? Why submit to be led by silly Spirits? Why not exercise the Divine gift of reason, and be guided by its decisions? Is not conscience, the Divine Part, for ever seeking to check him in his foolish, wayward course? And how often do these angel guardians whisper the truth in accents kind and low into his ear! And still he will not—reason, conscience, and the voice of the guardian angel are set at nought, and he becomes the abject slave of his passions and of every evil influence.

Here is one led into a career of Ambition. He labours—he toils, that he may obtain a statue in some earthly temple, and he gets what he has so ardently desired; while his poor body, which belongs to Nature, is carefully preserved in fine spices; sealed up—too precious to mingle with common clay—and at last deposited in a marble mausoleum! Away with it, I say. Let my body return to the dust, and my Spirit go aloft. Such were my sentiments on Earth, and such are they now.

Good night! May the bright angels of the Spirit of Truth lead you in the paths of wisdom!

Eighty-second Sitting.

7th December, 1873.

An address by Hermes on Man—He is complete—The World is a School—Sudden Death—Man ought to reach to Old Age—A Cure for every Disease—Good turned to Evil—Nature cures herself—Nature's Lessons—God's care over all—Study of the Stars—Knowledge of the Spirit World useful.

GOOD evening, my friends.—We have met to-night for the purpose of hearing read that which you have recorded of previous sittings. But before you begin your reading, allow me to say a few words. At present, we find we are losing our control of the Medium. So much does he seem to be affected at times that his nervous system becomes somewhat unfitted for our use, and we do not get fair play. Consequently, if you find the words to-night not as they should be, you must excuse me and forgive him. However, I will endeavour to do what I can on the subject of "Man, and what he ought to be."

Man, as an individual, is complete in his organisation, physically and spiritually, adapted for existence on Earth and also in Heaven. This will be questioned by some, who will be ready to say—"There are many men diseased in body, and many are deranged in mind: how, then, can your statement be true of such persons?" To this I reply—Even in these cases the man is complete. Though cramped as a tenant in his house of clay, he is still a man. It is no fault of his that the animal part inherited by him is defective, and unsuited to the full growth and exercise of his faculties. There are so many things on Earth that tend to hurt or destroy the material body that this need excite no wonder. The man may be born into a diseased body—born an idiot; he may be caged in a house not fit for a human being to live in; but quit of that body, what happens? There was no room in that ill-fitting tenement for the development of the bodily and mental powers of the real man. But once quit of it, see how the organs of the Spirit begin to work, to expand! That poor idiot of the Earth-life is now, as a little child, introduced into Spirit-life: there

is no hindrance to his development—the real man speedily shows himself; there is nothing standing in the way of the manifestation of the powers with which all alike have been endowed by the Great Spirit, our Creator.

Those who, by perverse habits and gratification of animal passions, bring on themselves disease and deformities of body, and thereby hinder development, you will find to be as complete as they who conduct themselves aright. In thousands of instances man becomes his own destroyer; still, the man is there. Unforeseen accidents take place, by which certain portions of the head or brain are injured or destroyed;—that part through which light, intelligence, is reflected on the inner man is so much injured that all becomes a blank to the Spirit. He cannot, in such a case, be blameable: it is an accident which he could not avoid. But the moment the man is free from those injured organs, on which he was dependent in Earth-life, a grand panorama opens up before him, and as if painted by nature herself, on which is clearly depicted all that transpired during that living death; for though the body still lived, it was death to the Spirit, being deprived for the time of the use of the material organs.

How careful, then, ought you to be in your behaviour! As our Persian friend says: The world is a great school in which mankind are placed as scholars to gain a knowledge of themselves,—and, above all, a knowledge of the Great Creator and his works—to learn, in truth, how they the lesser infinites should prepare to meet the Great Infinite—the Great Intelligence. But, alas! how many continue slothfully to slumber over or waste thoughtlessly their appointed time on Earth—for sixty, for eighty years! What have they, as immortal beings, done to provide for the future life? Have they ever in their whole course even once thought about it? Have they, as scholars in the great school, applied themselves to the acquisition of knowledge? Have they sought after that wisdom, the possession of which would have made them better, happier men? No! Again, how many have rushed madly on in a riotous course; shutting their eyes to the future, they have sought happiness amid scenes of wantonness and revelry—fulfilling their lustful desires with the harlots of Earth; destroying, in their reckless pursuit of the phantom pleasure, their own bodies—destroying that noble work which they never can set up again,

which no one can make—bone, nor flesh, nor spirit—the handiwork of the Creator. And yet, how very little care men bestow on it!

And so the world goes on: all seeking after ease, happiness, or enjoyment. But, see! yon robust youth is suddenly taken away. You ask why. “Why is he not spared to be an old man and fill up the measure of his years?” There is a cause why the stalwart young man is cut down. There is no effect without a cause. “But,” say you again, “if pestilence come upon us, and sweep off its thousand victims, how can men help it?” Men can help it; there is a cause, but in his heedless, slothful ignorance, he will not, he cannot see the remedy. Man can and he ought to live the age chartered to him—even to the advanced stage called second childhood, but with a spirit fully ripe by a life of culture. At such an age, he leaves the Earth with honour, and is ripe for the life beyond: for with all the apparent lack of memory in the case of the aged, there is nothing lost; his acquisitions of knowledge, which seemingly have fled from his mind, are all stored up, ready to be revealed when he enters the Spirit World. See, therefore, that you acquire knowledge; for once got, it is yours for ever—no one can take it from you.

It is man's duty to care for his body, the gift of the Great Spirit, so that when pestilence comes, it may pass over him. There is no evil without its remedy; and the Great Creator has appointed a cure for every disease that afflicts humanity, even though the disease should have been brought on by man himself. He has endowed man with capacities fitted to discover such remedies. But man, carried away by the cares, anxieties, and follies of Earth, forgets; feeling himself well to-day he neglects to search for the God-provided remedy, till he is laid on a bed of lingering pain when it is too late, and suffer he must. It might have been otherwise had he but shown a little more care for his body: had he purified his skin by frequent washings, and taken less poison into his system; but he would not. And then how often does man turn the remedies which God has given him into evils. He begins to use the remedy. He forgets what he is about; he makes it to suit his palate, until that which was a good gift of God for the staying of disease, becomes a poison, and opens up the body to pestilence which pervades the atmosphere. Nature purifies her

own system by the action of the laws of the Great Creator; for when out of order, a remedial action takes place, and all that was impure becomes pure,—that which was out of order comes into harmony. . . . There are thousands of things by which man is surrounded that may injure his animal part; this he might know from careful observation of natural phenomena. In autumn when the withered and yellow leaf falls from the tree, Nature is throwing off her old worn-out clothing, and preparing to put on her new dress in the joyous spring time; but that which is thrown off must be avoided—it is corrupt, decaying matter, and hurtful to man. Being endowed with reason, man is left to take care of himself, to avoid all corruption, especially the impurities thrown off from his own system, if he wants to retain strength and beauty. What man has to do for himself, Nature does for the plant. Man may learn many grand lessons in the school of Nature, were he not cramped and confined by persistently adhering to evil habits and customs. When children you are shut up in a school-house; and there methods are frequently adopted altogether unfitted for the proper development of the Spirit. It was not so in Egypt. Children were taught in the open air, and had their lessons from the objects around them, natural and artificial, and for writing they had the ground to learn on.

The Great Spirit has provided thousands of angels to educate man, and there are thousands of objects around him from which he might acquire knowledge, but he heeds them not. There, near the wayside, is a tiny flower, a mere speck, so small that the human eye can scarcely discern it. It is trodden down under the foot of the passer-by, for he cannot see the little object. But insignificant as it is, there must be a reason for its existence—it must have a use. I am the offspring of the Infinite Spirit, the maker of all things. This little flower is also the work of His hands, and being so it must be there for a purpose: not merely to bloom and wither and return to dust; it cannot be to please the eye of man, for it is such a speck that he sees it not. But man is not the only animal cared for by the Wise Creator and Preserver: there are other animals possessed of a certain amount of reason, instinct, or whatever you may choose to call it. See that small creature running along searching apparently for something—it sees this tiny plant, it eats it. Why? To drive

away some disorder, that it may live and not die. Thus doth the Great Spirit manifest his care for the smallest animal even as he careth for man, who is made in His own image: He neglects not one—He loveth all and provideth for all. But from man, the lesser infinite, He looks for greater things: Alas! how often, in multitudes of cases, doth He look for fruit, and findeth not even the green leaf. . . .

There are in the Earth-life subjects of study little thought of, well worth the consideration of every intelligent being. Behold those rolling worlds above and around, sparkling as gems in the grand blue vault over-arching you, set like so many precious stones and diamonds in a breastplate. Some are led to consider the wonders that are comprehended in the grand galaxy of the skies; and in these you have a subject demanding, and that continually, your profoundest study and calculation. When, however, you come into the Spirit World there will be no need for calculations, for you will be able to know at once, for example, when a comet will make its appearance. . . .

If men desire to know of this Spirit-life, let them not seek after it as they would seek for play—for pastime. Be active, sincere in purpose. Ask after that knowledge which you cannot obtain from mortal men, and you will find it. But beware of cherishing a spirit of frivolity in your intercourse with Spirits, for according to your state of mind, so will it be—you will assuredly get those to commune with you who will indulge you in your foolishness; indeed, the same law presides on Earth. But if sincerely desirous of instruction from us, be sure we will come to your help, to educate you for the life which lies beyond.

When I left the Earth I was in some degree educated for this life; for I had sought after and obtained that knowledge which elevates and makes wise the spirit of man; but highly privileged was I, for I had one for my teacher and guide who was overflowing with knowledge, and whose instructions never ceased. So that when I crossed the great river I found that which had been somewhat dark and dim to me on Earth, clearly defined, chiselled out as it were, by the hand of the Great Architect of Heaven and Earth. Oh, all things were beautiful to me, and grand and glorious indeed was the sight that met my enraptured vision; all the dimness and haziness of Earth passed away, and all became bright and clear.

Glory, glory to the Most High! Then gushed from my heart a song of praise to Him—my Father, who had bestowed on me the great gift of reason.

And now, brethren, friends still in the body, I will leave you. May the blessing of the Mighty One abide on you. May His ministering hosts, ever ascending and descending on messages of love, visit you, imparting that knowledge which will aid you in your life's journey, even as a crutch doth a lame man. May the hosts of glorious cherubs, the little flower-bearers, the butterflies of this happy land, cheer and encourage you. And may the Great Prince, the King of kings, welcome you at last into His glorious presence.

Eighty-third Sitting.

27th December, 1873.

Christmas an ancient festival—A new mode of communicating—The Medium on the boundary line—Sees the Great Temple—The land of Love Divine—No seasons, but changes—A desolate scene—Spirits crossing the Great Sea—Fear of Death—Man needs Spirit help—Spirit Perception—Angels ever near—Earthly pleasures evanescent.

[ON being entranced, a few words were exchanged with Jan Steen; after which something seemed to excite the risibility of the Medium: his bursts of laughter appeared to be quite uncontrollable, and so violent that tears were seen on his cheeks. This lasted for six or seven minutes, and at last the Medium managed to subdue the feeling, and stood up in his usual reverential attitude before *Hafed*, the Persian, who, after his usual salutation, made way for *Hermes*, the Egyptian.]

Good evening, my friends.—This night I mean to make a change to some extent in our mode of communication. Instead of addressing you through the Medium, I will take him into our land, and open up to his vision some of its beauties. This will be an experiment on my part, and at the same time be a change to him at this festive season, on which Christians put a great deal of stress, as the time of the year when the Prince was born. But the season had been observed, ages before his birth, as a great

festival by many Eastern nations. It was a representation by Steen, aided by the Indians, of some of the ancient drolleries peculiar to the season, that caused the Medium to laugh so heartily. But, as I have said, I will introduce a change to-night. I will allow the Medium to speak in his proper person. He will put questions to me, and make his observations on my communications and replies through him. This is the first attempt, and I know not how I shall succeed, but I will try; for in an undertaking of this kind there are some things to contend with—some difficulties to overcome. The Spirit vision of the Medium must be carried beyond the Earth plane, while he himself still occupies the body.

[A short pause, during which the Medium looked about him as in a place strange to him.]

Medium.—What place is this? Where's Steen? Where are you, Steen—where are you?

Hermes.—Do you know that gentleman in the chair?

M.—Oh, yes, I do; yes, yes.

H.—And this one here?

M.—I have seen him before. But where's Steen?

H.—Well, now, who is that gentleman?

M.—Oh, is that you? [*Shaking some one by the hand.*]

Spirit.—We have met before; I have spoken through you.

M.—But where am I? The scene appears strange to me.

H.—Doubtless it is strange. Your eyes have never till now rested on the scene before you. That is the land we dwell in, on the boundary of which we now stand. See yon mountains towering aloft doing obeisance to their Great Creator. They love us, these mighty mountains, and we pay homage to them——

M.—Surely you don't do that! Why, that would be sheer idolatry. This seems to me solid earth, too, and there is no difference that I can see between these mountains and those of Earth. I certainly love Nature, and delight to wander about and contemplate her beauties. But pay homage to mountains! No, no! I can't see how that is right.

H.—You misunderstand me. I do not mean that we do homage in the way you think—that we worship them. I honour them as the work of Him who is the Infinitely Wise Creator, for through them I see their Maker in all His might and majesty. But look again. Yonder, from the heights behind flows a beautiful river, issuing from the Hills of God, on which the Great Temple stands in all its glory and beauty. Do you see a bright spot in the far distance? Keep your eyes on it, and now tell me what you see?

M.—Well, if my eyes don't deceive me, I see something like a building—and it is a very great building. Now I see it better—a grand building it must be. It is capped with gilded domes, and seems to me covered with precious stones. The domes are like burnished gold, as when the rays of the setting sun fall on a dome of glass. O how gloriously beautiful! Now I begin to see its form; it is that of a Maltese Cross. You should know what like that is—Malta is near enough to Egypt. But it may be that you have not seen one for all that. It is round in the centre, and circular in a part of the four wings. . . . Oh!—I see! Is it not the Great Temple my Persian friend has spoken about?

H.—It is the same. The spot whereon your eyes now rest is the Temple where assemble the Spirits of the wise and good of the Earth.

M.—And what name do you give to this place?

H.—This is the land of Love Divine.

M.—And that beautiful river of clear crystal water: where does it come from? I think I could spend a summer afternoon looking at it.

H.—The stream proceeds from yonder mountains where stands the Great Temple.

M.—And what is its name?

H.—The water of Grace Divine. Now, look! There are the inhabitants of the land. These are they who have received grace divine, who live under the sway of the Prince, who meets with them in that glorious Temple. There he sends forth his messengers of love, and listens to their reports when they return from the miserable ones in the dark regions. Behold these lofty mountains—these many-hued, lovely trees—the ever-fresh and beautiful rivers and rivulets of sparkling, crystal waters: these are not subject to seasons; there are no seasons here.

M.—That's strange. In that case you can have no variety, and the eye will get tired looking on the same scene?

H.—Oh, yes; the eye in such a case would certainly tire. But look again. You will see the change, but no change of seasons. That's a change for the wearied eye.

M.—How is this? Where's the flowing stream—the mountain—the trees that made up the enchanting scene on which my eyes but now rested? I certainly have not moved from the spot, and yet here is a great transformation, for I see nothing but a barren waste. This is indeed a change, but not for the better. I have been in many a place dismal and disagreeable enough, but not just so bad as this. [*The Medium appeared to feel cold, shivered, and folded and buttoned his coat over his breast.*] It's my opinion you're playing with me. [*Brightens up.*] Ah, now, this is something like a change! What a glorious picture! A great sea shore,

golden sands, with shells of every tint, and a wide, wide ocean beyond. Ah, now! this is really grand—a splendid scene.

H.—You now stand on the margin of the Great Sea, referred to by your Spirit friends; and you see it looks like a mirror of molten silver, glittering and glorious in beauty—so bright in its aspect you might think it hurtful to the eye to look on it.

M.—Well, no; I don't feel that it is so. It is something good to look at.

H.—It is, indeed, good to look on that mighty and beautiful expanse of shining waters. Harken to those melodious voices—how the sounds come rolling to us over this grand conductor. Listen! As each swelling wave breaks on the beach it strikes a note in harmony with the tuneful voices of the voyagers on the Great Sea. Here you have nothing to weary the eye or ear, but everything to lead you to raise a song of praise to the Great Father of All. Behold! yonder sails a barge in the distance. It is freighted with living Souls sailing to the Good Land on the other side. These are voyagers that never return. We, too, on this side, will go some time—but not now. The desire sometimes comes up, but I have work to do that demands my love—work on behalf of the miserable and wretched wanderers in the gloomy depths of the lower spheres—to draw them upwards, up to the light and love of God. These that you now see crossing the Great Sea are not of Earth; they come from another planet, and are of an unfallen race, and are now passing from the material to the spiritual.

M.—Well well, it's all very good, and I should like very much to stay here; but, now you must take me back again. [*A pause.*] Surely I have been here before. I remember Steen had me here on one occasion. "Where—where is he?"

I have thus, my friends, made a fair start in my experiment, and in due time, by this means, we hope to be able to give you descriptions of and information concerning this land which we could not so readily give otherwise: of its appearance, of its inhabitants, and of their occupations. Questions are frequently put to Spirits: What do you do? How do you live? On what do you live? and similar inquiries. Seeing that such questions are put, and will continue to be put, I am persuaded that the method adopted by me to-night will serve to give you a more distinct idea of life in the Spirit World than other modes of communication; and when we become better acquainted with this method, I have no doubt that some things will be more easily comprehended. This is the first time I have attempted to take a mortal into this Spirit World, and I hope to open up to him in this wondrous land,

things on which no one has ever looked, except those who have crossed by the river of Death.

Ah, how many mortals are afraid of death, trembling when they come to the brink of the river, whose waters become to them dark and dismal. O poor mortal, why dost thou shrink? Fear not; beyond these dreaded waters, there is a bright land! Cast from thee thy cloak, and enter in; become a sharer in all the good prepared for man in the far past ages by the Great and Good and Infinite Intelligence.

O favoured man! to have so much done for thee, and yet so unthankful—so thoughtless in thy course; so proud and self-willed, refusing to be led in the right path. If you but knew the anxiety felt by thy Heaven-appointed guardians! Even as a fond mother watches over the unsteady, wayward steps of her little one, so do these guardian angels watch over you—for what are ye but infants, who stumble and fall over the smallest obstacles in your pathway through life? Would man but consider that we are really and truly beside him, guarding him from a thousand dangers, unseen by mortal eye, and trying to lead him into the ways of wisdom and truth! But, alas! how often are we looked upon by multitudes as mere nonentities! Nonentities, indeed! Why, we are much more substantial than man in his poor, shadowy, materialised tabernacle.

Were you here, you would soon have your eyes opened to perceive all this. Here all things are open to view. Here you would soon see our characters. Here there is no hatching of evil deeds unknown to others. There is no hiding away from public view: our bosom thoughts are patent to all—our deeds are seen by all. There is no shamming, no double-facedness here; but each walks before his neighbour in simplicity and as he really is. We can see your thoughts; and, had you Spirit-power, you could read ours.

Do not, then, forget that you have guardians around you, who are able, and always desirous to bring you into the light, and guard you from the evil ones that are eager to lead you astray. And when you come to cross the river, call on us, and we will guide you over the dark waters to the other side, where many who have crossed before stand waiting to welcome you into the homes of the blessed, in which purity and peace, joy and love, evermore abide.

Be not enthralled by the pleasures of Earth—those joys which endure not—which never yet satisfied men. These I esteemed not when on Earth, for I trusted in the joys of Heaven which I knew were laid up in store for all those whose hearts were set on truth and wisdom. When I might have been revelling amid the delights of the world, I preferred a nobler course—one of privation and danger. I started on my journey in the way appointed, knowing I would be provided for; and though sometimes it was long ere I broke my fast, and with many dangers and difficulties to overcome, yet was I sustained in my labour. I worked on, lifting up my voice amidst the people, and telling them of Him who was the Giver of all good things—till I met with Jesus, my Prince, and took part with him in the grand work to which he was devoted, and for which he came—man's deliverance from darkness and sin. Then I threw away my old cloak and crossed the river, bounding up the banks on the other side, where I was welcomed with joy and gladness. May it be yours, my friends, to receive a like welcome when you quit the mortal body and enter into Spirit-life. Good night!

Eighty-fourth Sitting.

10th January, 1874.

Changes—The rise and fall of nations—No fall in Spirit-life—The Prince of Light—Visions of the Spirit World—The Medium sees a wandering Spirit—Misconception—The scene changes—In a bog—A lesson—Another scene—Meets with Hafed and Issha—Explanation by Hafed.

GOOD evening, my friends.—I believe this is the first time we have met since your new year came in. Many years have come and gone since I left the Earth, and many wonderful events have occurred, discoveries been made, and reforms accomplished; and no doubt nations have risen and fallen, for all have a beginning and all have an end. It seems to be the design of the All-wise Ruler that he should build and re-build, but there is nothing lost. The great machine moves on, while the dust falls from it and disappears; but it is not lost—it reappears in another form. And so

is it with man's works. So is it with nations : gradually they rise and come to the top, and fall for another to rise on their ruins. It is different with us. We have been raised, as it were, from the very refuse of your globe, and will continue in our upward career age after age, ever attaining higher points ; there is no calculating the highest—but ever onward and upward, with no end to time nor to us,—on, on, through ages on ages.

As I have already said, your globe continues to take on new forms and features each revolving year. The Sun runs his course, and you have Spring, with all its refreshing verdure, to please the eye ; next come Summer and Autumn, in beauty and in plenty, and then you are visited by hoary Winter. Nature dies and lives again in strength and beauty, even as it seems to you the Sun rises, increases in power, and again wanes and becomes weak ; but it is always shining, and is thus a fit emblem of the Prince of Light. O man, why will ye not be like unto him ? Become a light in the midst of Earth's darkness. Cast away from you every evil ; press forward in the race. Go forth and boldly tell your fellow-men—your companions, your fellow-believers in Spiritualism—that if they want to enjoy the companionship of the good and true in this holy, happy Summer-land, they must be holy in their lives, even as the Nazarene ; walking as he walked, speaking as he spoke, and doing as he did. (We will now, as on the previous evening, go away for a little.)

[*The Medium, as formerly, seemed to undergo a change of condition, and began to look about him.*]

Medium—Aye, this is rather a bonny place. Yes ; everything looks fine. How very beautiful it is !

Hermes—It is so, indeed. All that He hath created is beautiful—all is grand. It is not God who mars his handiwork. Ah, no ! See how these Spirits wander about in their wretched plight.

M.—Why is that fellow stumbling about in that stupid way ? [*Starts back.*] He seems blind, for he was very near running me over : at any rate, he did not seem to see me.

II.—He is blind indeed. We are not seen by that poor Spirit, who is suffering now the punishment for the deeds done in his body.

M.—Well, I don't see how there can be punishment in being confined to so lovely a place as this is.

II.—You are wrong. You perceive the beauties of this place ; but that poor man sees not as you see. All is bleak, and wild, and cheerless to him. To you it is the very light of Heaven.

These grand old trees that wave their evergreen branches, these lovely flowers that deck the fields in glorious tints, these flowing streams, are all unseen by these poor wretched wanderers, now receiving the reward of their evil deeds.

M.—And what do you call this place? On Earth some believe in a Heaven and a Hell; some, in three places. Now, I was brought up to believe in two places—Heaven and Hell.

H.—Belief is nothing, my friend. It matters not whether you believe in what you term Hell, or in different stages or states. This, which is now shown to you, is but a mild state compared with some others. That poor bewildered Spirit may soon be able to get back to a better, a purer state. You may even now see him attended by some bright ones. See, there are one, two, three, four hovering around him.

M.—There is one—who is that? * O but he is happy!

H.—Stay! You need not try to go near them. You seem to think you are as I am.

M.—I don't see any difference.

H.—No; there is no difference in your eyes. If you were to attempt to go nearer, you would find the difference. To your mortal eye they appear near at hand; but they are really far away from you.

M.—Well, let us go further on—will you? [*Looks about him, and then glances at his feet.*] What a dreary waste! This beats the moors! I say, I'm sinking! Take me out of this! Oh! this is a dreadful place to be in; and I see no road—there's no way out of it. I have been in a bog; but this beats it altogether.

H.—So, you see I have made another change. But it only seems so to your poor eye.

M.—It's rather strange, though. [*Looking down.*] I'm sure that is water. Look, look! It's quite soft—it yields!

H.—It is but a representation of yourself.

M.—That's coming home, I should say!

H.—By this I mean to show you the necessity of being guarded in what you do—how you should walk on Earth, for it is often unsound in its ways. You require to walk circumspectly, to walk securely, to reach a proper landing-place in the Spirit World. See how many there are like yourself, all trying to find a solid footing—to find their way out of these quagmires. But to me there is nothing of that; all is good, solid, substantial. You have not moved from the spot where your eye looked on everything around you as gloriously beautiful and grand. Now, you see but a dreary waste, and you try to pick the best step in order to get out of it. But better for man that he chose to stand on the solid ground before he comes to make the great shift. But, look! There are

* See answer to this question, page 421.

some of those who have left the Earth, and are now banded together in evil, dancing, yelling, and cursing. There you see a city rising out of the Earth, where they hatch their hellish plots against poor mortals. O for an army of the—— (Ah me! that old feeling! How ready is man to forget that all such feelings should be left behind! These evil ones demand our pity, not our enmity.)

M.—I don't care about being in this place.

H.—Come, then; we will leave it in the meantime. I will now take thee farther on.

M. [*Looking around.*].—Ah, now, this *is* like the thing. I can do here. Yes, I could stay here altogether. Oh, there comes our old friend the Persian, over the hill. But who is that with him? It is surely the Old Egyptian?

H.—Yes, that is my father.

M.—You see I've got up among you all. I had no idea the place was like this.

H.—I have been showing him some of the good, and somewhat of the evil. Every picture has two sides, father; and the mortal must see both.

M.—It seems we are going to travel over all the different places. Were some of our friends below to get a sight of this, I think they would behave better. [*Here the Medium appeared as if listening to some one speaking to him, and the following fragmentary sentences seem to be in reply to observations passed by Hafed the Persian, or Issha the old Egyptian Priest.*] Well, I'll do what I can. I'll try and not be angry; but sometimes I cannot help it. Yes, yes; our friend is placed in such a way. Ah, I have little faith, in myself especially. I wish I had more. There is no use arguing; I cannot do it. Well, yes. I grant you I am responsible for my behaviour, and that I ought to act in a very different way; but my righteous indignation will get up. Ah, come, take me back. I can't stop longer. [*Medium resumes his ordinary trance condition.*]

Now, my friends, I have little more to say to-night. I am anxious, by this method, to have such control of the Medium as will enable me to speak to mankind, so that I may give them a foretaste of the joys laid up for those who walk uprightly. I had few earthly pleasures while in the body; but although I had my cares, I felt all heaven within me, having a foretaste of the joys beyond. We have our anxiety here too; but that is limited to one thing—how to rescue the wretched wanderers in the dark regions, groping and stumbling about amidst their own darkness. But I bid you good-night; and, wishing you a good New Year, I call

upon you to make it a year of good-doing towards your fellow-men. Follow hard in the steps of the Christ. O see that you do it! Let me plead with you—Do it! May the Great Father of all bless you; and the peace of the Prince abide with you; while all heavenly ones join with me in saying—A good New Year!

The Persian controlled, and being asked to explain the Medium's apparent replies to remarks, unheard by us, he said:—

I was showing him the necessity of labour here for the good of our fellow-men, and that it was *his* duty to labour for the same end on Earth.

But will he be conscious in his normal state of what you said?

That which I spoke of he will be conscious of. We see evils creeping in, and we are determined to drive them out, if possible. We are now so working with him that before long he will be used by us in such a way as to astonish many. Good night.

Eighty-Fifth Sitting.

17th January, 1874.

An Explanation by Hafed—A Wandering Spirit—"White Star" determines to reclaim the Pillager of Mexico—Three Hundred Years in Hades—Hafed laments over Wandering Spirits—Ancient and Modern Peoples contrasted—The Wanderer reclaimed—Visions of the Spheres: Scheming Devils—The Medium proposes Physical Force—I'd Knock them up!—The First Sphere—Blind and Deaf Wanderers—Miserable Souls made Happy—The Land of Love Divine—A Bank of Roses—This *is* Paradise!—The Great Infant School—Hermes on the Education of Children in Spirit-life.

(*Controlled by HAFED.*)—I intend to address you for a short time to-night. At your last sitting, when our two friends (the Medium and Hermes) were in this Spirit World, you will remember of a Spirit running past the Medium, almost, as he thought, stumbling against him; and that I was seen speaking to the poor, blinded wanderer. It is of that Spirit I wish now to speak.

My attention had been directed to him by our Mexican friend, who desired to draw him back from the paths in which he was wandering, and to endeavour, with my help and that of my venerable friend Issha, to dispel the darkness which surrounded him,

so that he might be able to feel the sweet, the elevating influences of our Great Lord the Prince, and thereby find relief, from all his weary wanderings, in the Heaven of rest and joy and peace.

He was not a countryman of yours. Our Mexican friend considered he was one in whom he should feel some interest, inasmuch as this man, though long after my friend's time on Earth, had been one of a band who had invaded his native land, and had been notorious for his deeds of blood, hurrying thousands of poor souls with all their sins, before their time, into the Spirit World; for though they knew not the God of these so-called Christians, yet Him whom they professed to know as their God, they had not served, and were thus driven into the prison of darkness. Poor souls! they were better far than those cruel and bloodthirsty robbers who drove them thither, for they came professing to be followers of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, and by their deeds became traitors and enemies to him. They first of all robbed them of their earthly riches, and then of bodily life, depriving them of the opportunities of being educated in the body for the life of the Spirit. Ah, how unlike the Nazarene whom they professed to worship! Where do you find him raising his hands against his fellow-men? In all things, he showed his love for them, even for those who hated him. And all his true followers, seeking God's help, endeavour to do as he did.

To you this Mexican may appear as a savage; by the Persians, in my day, he might have been called a barbarian; but he was neither. He, as I have previously stated, * was highly educated in the sciences. Doubtless he bent the knee in idol worship, but with as much of reverence and sincerity as you. They had been taught to offer sacrifices, symbolical of contrition, to appease the anger of the God they had offended; but they knew nothing better—they had been educated to do so.

And now, seeing the pitiful state of this man who had so cruelly treated his countrymen, does he turn away from the poor Spirit? No; he endeavours to get him out of his miserable condition, after two or three hundred years of that dismal life in Hades.

O poor, blind wanderers, our very souls bleed when we think of their wretched state, and tears of pity are shed, even in our happy homes, for them; for, while we are basking under the bright-

* See Pages 293 and 334.

ness of the great Sun—the Prince of Light and Love—walking amid the beauties and delights of the heavenly gardens,—dwelling in those noble mansions, and visiting the grand temples of truth, where the light ceases not to shine—where no cloud darkens the heavens,—when we enjoy all this and think of the multitudes who are blindly wandering amongst the dismal swamps, sinking deeper and deeper in the mire—seeing not and hearing not—shut out from all joy, all gladness, how can we help pitying them?

But some one may say—“It is all their own doing; God did not do it.” That is true; but He desires not the misery of his offspring. He meant them to be like us; to come here unsoiled, and rise to the enjoyment of Heaven’s best gifts. But, alas! they became rebels against God; they lived selfishly, greedily heaping up earthly treasures; and even robbing and murdering their fellow-men to satisfy their thirst for gold.

And this one, in whose recovery I was asked to help, was one that had been highly educated, and truly looked upon the poor Mexican as a savage—a worm to be trodden on. His nation boasted greatly of their knowledge, but they were even then degraded by superstition—aye, to a greater extent than some of the nations of my day. We Persians were far back—ignorant; but we might have put the nations of the present day to shame. Perhaps this may be all lost to you now. I know not. But go to Egypt, and on her rocks, graven with pens of steel, in characters unknown to you, you will find writings which tell of wondrous events on the Earth, and of things in the Heavens. You may be able to measure the distances of the planets, but so could we two thousand years ago; and your calculations were not more correct than ours. This poor wanderer had been taught to look on us as ignorant heathens—untutored savages; and on the Mexicans as no better. But these despised Mexicans had their stately temples and buildings, in the erection of which good masonry was employed. Their raiment was fine—and, had they been clothed in plainer stuff, the invaders (it is said) would not have been so easily enticed.

As I have said, our Mexican friend had his attention directed to this Spirit, and wished me to assist. Accordingly, the last time the Medium was carried into the Spirit World, we three threw our influence on this blind and darkened being, by which an

opening was effected and light shone in upon him. We found him an apt scholar. He had been long wandering in darkness; he had not been what is called a real bad man, but one who still retained a little of the goodness of innocent youth; and when brought by his condition to ponder over his misspent life, he began to repent. This was perceived by our Mexican friend, and hence the effort. He is now left in the charge of happy ones, with whom he will now take the upward road.

When we meet him, we fail not to give him a word of encouragement. And oh! how grateful he is; so much so, that he could almost give us the worship due to the Prince, our Great Master. I will now leave you. Good night!

(*Controlled by HERMES.*)—Good evening, friends. I must uncliothe this mortal and carry him with me. [Here the Medium, as on previous occasions, went into another condition of trance, sighing deeply.]

Medium [*buttoning his coat and appearing to feel cold*—What place is this? Now, now. [*Looks down.*] Worse and worse! This beats every thing and every place I've seen. [*Shivers.*] Tut, tut!

Hermes.—Now!

M.—Look at that!—[*shivering.*] Look at that group of men! What are they doing? And women too! They don't seem to be cold—at least they don't appear to feel as I feel. This is fearful, you know! [*Shivers.*] What are they all about?

H.—These are the Spirits of men and women of your world, which you have just left. These are they who band themselves together to work evil on the Earth. Look at them! Are they like devils? No; they are fair and good-looking men and women. See, too, how gorgeously they are dressed in the finest of raiment. Behold yonder throne, where one sits as king over these scheming devils his subjects—king and subjects intent on their devilish plots—the torturing or tormenting of poor mortals; creating strife, envy, and ill-will in families—setting brother against brother, and sister against sister; and often nation against nation. And see, there goes a band of them on an errand of devilry.

M.—Well, if that's what they're after, let's off! But I must say they're fine looking fellows.

H.—Yes; amongst them are princes and noblemen of the highest rank; some of them are your own countrymen and mine. There are there some from all nations of the Earth. Ah!—

M.—Well, I don't much like the place they are in. If I had my choice, rather than be here for ever, I'd sooner stop on Earth.

H.—*You* might, but to them it is very different. Being in

accordance with their moral condition, they see nothing wrong in it. But, let us on. My blood boils (to use an earthly expression) when I behold their evil deeds. I am almost tempted to throw blame even on the Great Spirit for allowing this to be. But He hath left man to the freedom of his own will. Why? He knows best.

M.—Why not bring an army and drive them out—put them to the sword?

H.—Nay, my friend, that is too like Earth. Why, that is just what they themselves did. It was by such deeds they thrust thousands of their victims into the lower spheres, and they are still ready to do so. No, no; that will not do.

M.—Well, now, let us go. It has no beauty for me: a cold, nasty, marshy place. What a haze!—damp, too! [*Shivers.*] I'll get the cold here, sure. I must have been here when I got that cold a while ago.

H.—No, it was not here. Come, let us go on.

M.—Well, I think you are right. But just listen: that's fearful language!

H.—That is nothing. You have heard but the mere echo; the rough edge is gone.

M.—Well, it's pretty rough as it is, I think.

H.—How would you like to remain here?

M.—Not at all.

H.—Then, beware how you conduct yourself; for it is a hard task—indeed, almost impossible—to draw a Spirit away from these bands of evil-doers.

M.—Well, I would meantime let them alone. But if they continue their pranks, I'd knock them up altogether. Come away; for oh! it's cold!—aye! but that's a quick lift. Not a bad place this—not so cold, at any rate—no, not nearly so.

H.—Not to you. But see! there are some of the Spirits that dwell here. Look at their movements—how they drive one against another in their blindness!”

M.—Why, that's strange; for they appear to have eyes as we have. They seem to me to run through one another.

H.—This is what you call the first sphere.

M.—Well, the place is well enough; it is certainly not so bad as the second.

H.—We find it much easier to deal with these solitary wanderers than with those of the second sphere. We are often here on our mission of love, striving, once we have brought our influence to bear on them, to carry them past these fiends, into the sphere beyond; for when they pass the second sphere, as it is called, we consider them, to some extent, safe. Last night you were witness to a rush past with one into whom a little light had penetrated, and who had long been wandering, blind to all around. That soul is now on the upward road.

M.—Well, I must say, it is a sad condition to be in—shut up from everything around—seeing not, and hearing not, but left to themselves and their own thoughts. One would think the second was better than the first.

H.—Yes, it is indeed a sad condition ; but we hope and believe that all will yet be raised up—that not one will be lost—for, as the instruments in the hand of the Great Spirit, and the servants of the Prince, our efforts are continually rewarded by seeing many of those miserable souls made happy, coming, after all their troubles and tossings, into the rest and peace and joy of the land of light and love. The time will come when you, too, will be here : you have got a foretaste of those things belonging to the Spirit World. See that you so conduct yourself that you may be able to enter into the right place when you do come, and be ready to take your place with us, work with us, and worship with us. Then shall you not be ashamed when you enter into the Great Temple of this sunny land.

M.—Well, I hope so.

H.—Come, then, let us on to the land of Love Divine, that land through which flow those pure crystal streams ; where there are no dismal swamps, where the atmosphere is ever clear, and all things are beautiful and bright and sweet.

M.—I don't know how it is, but I feel tired—quite worn out. I've seen when I travelled much better. Ah, well, here is a bonny bank where I may rest. I think I will throw myself down. I must rest. [*Medium assumed a reclining attitude on a chair.*] This is a grand, a beautiful place ! Why, it is a bank of roses. What a lovely spot ! It far, far surpasses anything of the kind I ever saw on Earth. But how tired I am. I don't know how it is ; at any rate, I have got a nice resting-place. Listen to the sweet music ; the air seems to be full of music. O, what a glorious spot ! [*Gets something put into his hands.*] Aye ! Eh ! ye little thing, ye !

H.—The change is great, is it not ?

M.—Yes ; I should say this *is* Paradise ! There's no mistake about it. And animals here, too ?

H.—Yes.

M.—And what place is this ?

H.—This is the Great School—our infant nursery. Here, too, are teachers, who are well fitted for and take delight in the rearing of these innocents. Look around ! there are thousands upon thousands from every nation on Earth—nursed, brought up, taught in all the sciences of Earth ; while all that you see—the gay flowers, the forests, the rivers, lakes, and seas, the mountains, with their great cataracts—all contribute lessons for these little ones. Ah, mortal man ! thou art now in the glorious garden of Heaven. See that group of children and that beautiful gazelle, emblem of inno-

cence, and other wild animals in their midst. Here you have now the prophecy of the Hebrew seer fulfilled, when he speaks of the wild animal and the child lying down together. All is love, all is joy and peace here, while sweetest music continually rises from those little ones in hymns of praise to the Great Spirit. All things praise Him: these trees and tiny flowers forget not to praise Him in harmonies all their own. But this is not for you. It is better for you that you grow up under the experiences of Earth. These children do not remain here, but, when ready, go forth to the work appointed for them. Rise, mortal, and haste back to Earth. You, too, have a mission which must not be neglected. We will continue our wanderings in the Spirit World, but not now. So come; we must back. [*The Medium appears to undergo a change of condition.*]

Back once more; and yet, in one sense, we have never left. He was in a condition in which, while his body was here, he could in spirit see and hear and talk of that which was brought before him. But now he has no power to answer me through his vocal organs.

In our excursion to-night, I have given you a glimpse of the great school for the young. I have yet to speak of that school—the greatest in all creation; and why? Because every year that passes over us thousands upon thousands of Earth's innocents are ushered in. No other children but those of Earth come here, for all in the other worlds come to maturity, and take their flight into the happy land beyond. But we do love to get these little ones of Earth. Do not, then, grieve sorely when they are taken away, for you may be assured that in every way they are attended to, and that here they are taught by the best of tutors in all things fitted to raise them higher and higher in knowledge and love. And how can we help rejoicing when they come to us, knowing the temptations that beset them on Earth, and that in so many cases we might lose them altogether.

At our next sitting I will not take him away, but resume the account of my own earthly career. I intend to give you my Earth-life story, as well as views of the Land of Spirits. May the hand of the Great Spirit sustain you in all your pilgrimage: may you ever experience a sense of his love in all your goings out and comings in; and when you come to cross the great river, may it be with confidence and hope of a blessed welcome awaiting you on the other side.

Eighty-sixth Sitting.

5th February, 1874.

On Death—Egyptian, Grecian, Persian and Hebrew views of the subject—A Change of the Material Body inevitable—Death a Good Angel—Man's Destiny—Death's aspects to the Good and the Evil—Death of the Good Man and the Infant—The Penitent Worldling at Death—Triumph of Virtue—Hide not Spiritual gifts—Exhortation. *Questions*: Origin of the Egyptians—Variations in the Colour of the Human Race.

TO-NIGHT, my friends, I mean to address you on a question which has been the subject of controversy amongst the learned of all Nations, and in all ages of the world—WHAT IS DEATH?

Let us look for a little at the views which have been held. Some have had very little difficulty in arriving at correct ideas of what is called death, having had the privilege of communing with Spirits who came back to tell of the great world beyond; but these were few compared with those who knew of the Spirit World only by hearsay.

The Egyptians were taught that the Earth-life was but a stage on a great journey, which journey had many resting-places; that death, the termination of one stage, ushered us into the great life beyond, with its many stages on the onward march, leaving the material body to fall back into its primal elements. We taught that men should love one another, and use every means whereby to attain perfection of character, so that when they came to be weighed in the ever-just balance, they should not be found wanting, but be fitted to make a good entrance into the Spirit World, and with renewed vigour pursue the upward path. Had these lessons been put into practice, Egypt might have stood high as a God-fearing nation.

Somewhat similar doctrines were more or less taught in Greece, but mingled with others that were certainly wrong. In the estimation of the Greeks, the more famous the warrior, the greater, the higher was he as a Spirit—as a God.

The Persians, again, entertained ideas more like those of the Hebrews, of whom I need say little, seeing you have their sacred writings. These I have seen, though I never studied them; but certainly the first of their books, relating to man's primeval state,

X contains great error. It is therein stated that death was inflicted as a punishment on the race, because of the fall of the first pair from a state of purity. Our own ancient Egyptians, as well as Persians and Greeks, held something of the same kind. But a little consideration on the part of every thoughtful being will convince him of the falsity of the doctrine. Man is an animal, and as such, his material body is subject to tear and wear; holy or unholy, pure or impure in spirit, that body is no better nor stronger than are the bodies of many of the lower animal creation. It gets jaded, and can stand no more fatigue, and in many cases far less, than can those of other creatures. It cannot always last, but must, like all material bodies, change—it must of necessity droop, decay, and die.

Again, life is the same in all animals; and if man, the complete animal, was created to endure for ever in his material form, then why should all other animals die? But were this doctrine true, and the fall of man from innocence had not taken place, the world would soon have been found too small for the creatures on its surface. So that you see death is a necessity—a wise and beneficent law of the Great Creator.

Rightly considered, Death may be contemplated as a great and good angel—ever standing ready to afford aid to the way-worn pilgrims of Earth. He comes, as it were, with open arms, to Earth's weary, suffering ones, and cries—"My son, my daughter, I come to relieve you of all your bodily pains, all your troubles and sufferings, and to take you to the land of peace and happiness." Ah, why should men be afraid to meet this messenger of Heaven? There is nothing in him to cause this fear on the part of man. The cause lies in man's own evil condition. Death holds the keys of the golden gates of that glorious land, and only the good ones of Earth will be admitted. He stands on the margin of the stream, to guide and guard mortals across, so that the waters may not sweep them away to those distant shores where evil reigns. But while to multitudes Death is a terror—so much so that they would sacrifice all to avoid meeting him—there are others who madly rush into his presence. But woe, woe to him who courts, uncalled for, the embraces of Death! His eyes shall not open to see the glories of the life beyond, but in darkness shall he find himself—a lonely wanderer in the lower regions.

blind and deaf to all around. Alas! poor wanderers, when shall the light break in? This is not Heaven's destiny; this is the result of your own evil doings. Instead of patiently journeying on, embracing every opportunity for reaching your destination in peace, you have madly demanded death, and now you are in the thick darkness of your own making. Such is not the destiny of man. He, the offspring of the Great Spirit, is destined by Him to be a partaker of all the good things in the lovely land beyond the river, where holiness and peace and joy reign triumphant—the boundless land of light and love, even the paradise of God. O be not ye numbered amongst those who, by their deeds, doom themselves to darkness and despair. Alas! poor blinded wanderers, what would they not give to have their Earth-life to live over again!

When Death comes to him or her who has lived a good and holy life—who has loved God and man—see with what gentleness he lifts up the Spirit. He says to such—"Come with me, my son, come with me, my daughter, and I will show thee thy dwelling-place in the glorious Land of the Spirit. Come, and enter thou into the house prepared for thee by the Prince of Peace. But to the covetous, the robber, the murderer, the adulterer—to all who have done wickedly—he comes with a frowning face, and in terrible tones he utters their doom:—"Come, I will show thee the prison reared by thine own wicked hands, in the gloomy darkness of which thou must abide till the day thou repentest of thy mispent life. Henceforth, go wander on in the dismal labyrinth of thy own creation. Grope thy way in the bewildering mazes of these dark regions; and if thou dost not repent, remain there for ever."

Thus is Death a blessed angel to some, but to others a terror and a curse. The good man, laid on a bed of pain, prays for help; and when Death looks on him, he meets him with a smile. He is not afraid. Why should he? Death comes carrying the desired relief; he comes to take the weary one away from the old diseased tenement of clay, and usher him into the new and enduring house above.

Here lies a little infant, enduring pain and sickness, not brought on by itself—suffering because of others. Oh, what a blest relief does that little innocent experience when the Great Angel carries

him up to the land where no suffering ever enters, and where the young Spirit will develop in wisdom and goodness under the loving care of Heaven's appointed nurses.

See there that aged man, tottering, with bent form and feeble limbs, towards the grave. He has, from youth to old age, been thoughtless and unconcerned about the future life. His attention has been absorbed in the things of time and sense; and, as he comes near the end of life's journey, he begins to think, and he finds his soul, his better part, almost buried under the accumulated rubbish of worldliness. He tries to pray—to praise; but how hard the task! Does Death frown grimly on him? No; that old man, though he hath long delayed, has at last turned his face to God, and Death is not so terrible to him. But vast is the difference between the state of such a one and that of the little child. Better for that aged man had he died in infancy, or a stage above it. He will find it hard work indeed to climb the ladder in Spirit-life. But there is hope for him; for, amid all his thoughtless worldliness, conscience is not clean buried up, and now he heeds its voice; now he wishes he had lived a better life, for now he sees clearly that, while labouring a long life-time for the poor mortal body, he has neglected to provide for the ever-enduring part. The work is all before him, and it must be done, and done by him.

But how shall I speak of the gracious, the glorious welcome which awaits the man who has lived a life devoted to goodness—whose whole course has been characterised by every virtue: he who has put forth a helping hand to the poor and needy—whose arm has ever been raised in defence of the weak—whose tongue has pleaded the cause of the widow and fatherless—who has sought for peace and allayed strife—who has, in a word, loved God his Father, and man his brother! He will be welcomed to the bright and sunny land by thousands of the blessed; for him the trumpet shall sound joyfully as he is ushered into the Great Temple. O glorious entrance for him—there to mingle with the good and wise of all nations! O that all men would follow this course! How many families would be once more united, and for ever blessed, that are now scattered in fragments over the Spirit World! O Great Death! may the good time soon come when thou shalt find every one prepared to meet thee with gladness,

and not with fear and trembling, calmly accepting thy proffered hand, even as the wearied little child falls asleep on the bosom of its mother. And may those of you who now know something of the Spirit-life show, when Death comes to you, that such knowledge has not been acquired in vain, and be ready to meet him in peace!

Death is the angel who draws aside the curtain which hides the great Spirit World from mortal vision. How many in all ages have eagerly desired to look into the hidden land beyond and been unable. But there were always some—a few gifted ones—who were able to pass through and obtain a glimpse of the glories—the wondrous scenes of the Spirit World. You of the present age who are so much privileged above those who have gone before, see that you be not like those few of the past, who concealed their gift, and often sold its use for paltry gold, or made it the means of promoting their ambitious and selfish ends; but let your light shine; and boldly proclaim before all men the truth of Spirit communion: above all, fear not to declare to poor trembling mortals what Death really is: that he is but the Heaven-appointed agent to open up to man the bright land, where there is no God-created darkness, and where the terrors of Death are unknown—where he reigns and rules, in love and truth, who is King of Kings and Prince of Peace.

May it be yours, then, my friends, when the Messenger comes, not to hail his approach with fear, but with joy and great peace, and find that he is a meek and loving angel; for such he ever is to all those who have walked uprightly; while to him who has done wickedly, he appears with a dark and frowning brow—not of anger—ah, no!—but of grief, vexed that he has been unable to usher that Spirit into the land of light, and must now let him wander away into the blackness of darkness.

I will say something more on this subject, but not to-night. Put your questions if you have any.

I have recently, in my reading, come across certain theories advanced by writers of eminence, that the Egyptians came originally from India, or the East: can you say anything on this subject?

India was accounted a learned nation long before my day. In regard to the origin of the Egyptians, a considerable deal of



The Egyptian "Hermes." (*Direct.*)

mystery existed, caused, no doubt, by the want of written documents, which had been destroyed. What I did know of their origin was just what I could gather from our monuments; and that was—that, first, Upper Egypt was peopled by a race of wanderers, and that, at a later period, they had spread themselves down to the Great Sea. I believe, however, that a good deal of that which was accepted as history was mere tradition. Even in my day, which you may think very far back, there were few who could read the hieroglyphic inscriptions. Although not an apt scholar, I could do a little in deciphering the strange characters—thanks to the instruction I had from him who brought me up, and who could read them. At an early period of our history letters were used—not hieroglyphics;—these came in after, in the middle, between our first and later languages.

What, in your opinion, is the cause of variations in the colour of mankind?

That is a subject I have studied very little; and therefore I will not venture far on the point. The Persians, in their schools, took up such subjects in their scientific studies; while we of Egypt mostly confined our attention to the secret study of magic. We were accustomed to the sight of the black negro as a slave; and indeed we had men of all colours amongst us. I think that climate has a great deal to do with the variation—but how, I cannot tell. The early inhabitants of Africa did not, like Eastern nations, live in houses or tents, but were exposed to the broiling sun by day and the heavy dews by night. . . . We find as climates vary, so does the colour of men's skin—so does the skin of animals—so does food. It is true, on the other hand, that there are various tribes inhabiting Africa, from the very small, very black man with straight hair, to the robust, woolly-headed negro. In some parts of Asia, also, you will find races as white as you are. . . . I do not care to speak positively on this subject, it is one well worth your investigation. Be the cause of difference what it may, I know there is no difference between the black and white men of my day and those of the present.

I must now leave you. May He who is the Fountain of Light and Love lead you by His angels in the paths of wisdom, and guard you from every danger. Good night!

Eighty-seventh Sitting.

21st February, 1874.

On Life—The Divine in Man—An Invocation—Matter subject to Change—Conscious Life in the Vegetable—Reflections on Man and his Condition—Be ready for the Change. *Questions*: The term “Angel of Death”—A Trinity in Man’s Life—Guardian Angels never Idle—“Apocalypse of Oannes”—The “Sent Ones.”

THE last time we met I spoke for a short time on the subject of Death, at which man often trembles, when he begins to think of that great change which must come, sooner or later, to all; while he gropes his way in darkness and in doubt, knowing not where to find a solid resting-place for his feet, or whether his next step may not land him in impenetrable gloom—lost, lost for ever! O man, highest of all God’s creatures, think but for a moment—consider! Was life from the Eternal given thee for nothing? Was it given merely that thou shouldst fritter it away in sensual gratification? Conscience answers, No! It was for a higher, nobler end than can be found in self. Life is something more than mortals reckon. Observe that prostrate form—that animal when life is driven from its body; the movement of the joints and sinews, the pulsations of the heart, the blood which flowed through the body—all stopped! There is no life there. Is it lost? No; that life is the higher, the divine part of the animal; for even as there is a divine part in man, so is there in the lower animals. But as I have already said, man is the complete animal; you will find all the animal creation, more or less represented in man: he is, as it were, God amongst the animals. We need not wonder much that the ancients worshipped him; for they saw in him the image of the Divine One—that he was greater, higher, nobler than all other animals.

We see this life permeating all things, animating all creation. But man is exalted by his Creator far beyond all His other works; and, O Great God! what is man compared with Thee but a mote in the sunbeam! [*Medium assuming an attitude of prayer*—O Thou Infinite One, who hast, in thy wisdom and goodness, seen fit to make us like unto Thyself, we, Thy children, whom Thou hast ordained Lesser Infinities, would bow reverently before

Thee, our Father. Hear us, we beseech Thee, O most Mighty Spirit. Our deep desire is, that Thou mayest be known as the Great Fountain from whom cometh all Goodness and Truth; and that those who know Thee go forth into the world, which Thou hast favoured above all other planets—(for hast Thou not sent Thy messengers to lead mankind to Thee, while other worlds are held by Thee even as the horse is held by bridle and rein?) May they go out unto those who know Thee not and proclaim Thy true character. Alas! how have they shut Thee up by their ignorant conceptions! Even this very day, O Most Holy, Thou didst hear a mortal man speak of consigning the cast-off body to the dust of the Earth, until the great day when the trumpet sound should awaken it to life.* O God, may these men be led to see that that great day is even now; that when the body falls the man rises into the great world of Spirits, and that there he will be judged according to the deeds done in the mortal body—that there, too, he will have his dwelling-place justly allotted, be it the brightest spot of the Heavenly Land, or the darkest dungeon of Hell. Ages, O God, have passed over the Earth—nations have passed away and nations have come, but that trumpet shall never sound. Thou hast instructed us in a knowledge of Thy laws which for ever endure: and art not Thou, Holy and Mighty God, the Great Chemist, and is not the great Spirit World Thy laboratory, the crucible of which all must pass through? And even as gold, by passing through the fire, is purified of its dross, so wilt Thou purify the sons of men by Thy wise and holy discipline. Dust to dust, Thou hast said, and Thy word faileth not. Though men carefully embalm the lifeless body, and entomb it in solid masonry, to dust it must return, for such is Thy wise decree. Thou, most Holy and Wise, hast likewise ordained that the dissolving elements of these bodies should, by thy gracious and wise arrangement, enter into the bodies of other animals and plants, and thus that which, in the eyes of men, hath become dead, and to be put out of sight, becometh under thy wonder working hand, a blessing to the lower creation, in each one of the multitude of which, from the crawling worm to the lion—from the tiny plant to the great cedar we see something of Thee—Life! O glorious Life, never-ending, still beginning Life!

* Evidently referring to the Medium's presence at a funeral that day.

The Great Spirit in his work of Creation, made all subject to the law of change—to death. And why should man longer doubt—why should he argue on the subject? As I have said already, one portion of creation is designed to support the other: life in all; and the all subject to death that, by dying, they may contribute to Life. Some are brought into existence adapted by constitution to live on grass, or straw; while others find their food in the leaves and tender branches of forest trees; some exist by the destruction of the little flower that beautifies the wayside, and others get their nourishment from the roots of plants. All have life, and all are provided with the means of living. The vegetable is devoured by the animal, and the animal's life is thereby nourished; the animal dies, decays, and is absorbed, devoured by the vegetable, and life in the vegetable is thus strengthened. Truly, there is life in the vegetable kingdom; you may not see it so clearly marked as in that of the animal, yet there it is. The grass of the field sprouts up, but so slowly that you can see no movement; it becomes higher day by day, until in due time, it is full grown, and waves gently in the wind. Assuredly, life is there. In that small seed there is the germ—the life-spring of the future mighty tree. It is the same in the animal creation, from the insect to the elephant—from man up and up to God his Maker.

O man! how noble art thou! Standing out amid all Earth's lower tribes as the statue standeth on its pedestal. But, alas! how far hast thou fallen from thy high position! Brought low—ah, me! how very low!—degraded, in how many cases, beneath the beasts of the field. O that thou would'st cast from thee thy folly—thy madness; and looking up in prayer to the Great Father, begin to serve him faithfully. He asks not this or that at thy hands, which He hath not enabled thee to perform, but as thy Father he seeks thee, in a thousand ways, to trust in Him and in the guidance of His holy messengers. Be no longer the slave of thy passions—but, be thou the master; throw them aside, shut them out. Thou needest strength, ask it of Him, and He will send his ministering angels to tell thee of their Earth-life experience—of their struggles and their trials, and how they at last met the beautiful Angel of Death, who ushered them into the heavenly life.

Come, then, my friends, be ye also ready to go forth when the

Good Angel shakes his hand over you. As the magicians of olden time, by their necromantic arts, effected changes before the wondering eyes of the onlookers, so does Death. The light of Earth retires, and, before you are aware, the light of the Spirit World breaks in: you are clothed in the Spirit-body—an inhabitant of the land beyond the river.

But I must now leave you. May the Great Sovereign Spirit—the Source of all Life—bless you, and send His servants to help you by their guidance. Once more I exhort you—Be ready, and be not afraid to meet the angel when he comes. No haggard, ghastly figure is he to frighten poor mortals, but a beautiful messenger of love, ever ready to clasp his arms around and breathe new life into the weary pilgrim of Earth. He comes from the glorious land—a messenger of God. And he will come to you: so be ready: fear not the pain and torment, these but help the Spirit to make the passage easier to the other side of the great river.

If there is anything in connection with the subject of my address you do not clearly understand, I am ready to explain.

Did you, in the use of the term "Angel of Death," mean thereby a real, substantial being; or was it a mere figure of speech?

In speaking of the "Angel of Death," I meant just such a being as I am myself. It is no figure, but a simple reality. The ancients were not far wrong in representing him in statuary as something beautiful and God-like. He is indeed well worthy of all such honour; for he is, as it were, the guide, guardian, and superintendent of the man from the moment of his first birth, as a Spirit proceeding from the Great Spirit, to his second birth into the material body, and from that to his third birth into the World of Spirits,—once more a so-called disembodied Spirit. In all this the greatest attention and care is required on the part of the guardian; for important indeed is the charge committed to him—a Spirit made in the image of the Eternal, the greatest and most glorious of all creation. Our Prince is in the same form, and in him we behold clearly the likeness of the Creator. So, when a Spirit is about to leave the body, this angel is in duty bound to look after his advent into the Spirit World. He comes to smooth the way—to remove the hindrances that lie in the way of the Spirit's progress. And glad is he when he finds that the Spirit of his care will not be

necessitated to undergo the discipline which must inevitably be the lot of those whose Earth-lives have been spent in folly, despite the efforts of their guardians to preserve them from evil. O there is nothing disjointed here : all is in harmony. The Angel of Death is he who ushers the Spirit into life, whatever that life may be, whether into the Paradise of the wise and good who have gone before, or into the deep and dark abodes of the evil-doers—those who have set at naught all the guidance and the guardianship of their good angels.

But is this Angel of Death one individual ?

No ; this same Angel (or Guardian Angel, if it please you) watches over the Spirit, as I have said, when first he is born into the material body, and continues his care even till death. He may be driven away—grieved by the man's rebellious courses, but at death he is ready to resume his great work, and joyfully guide the Spirit to the mansions of the blest, or sadly direct it to the region of darkness and despair. The good guardian angel has done his work, and henceforth others come in to take his place. You will observe from what I have just said that there is a trinity in man's existence as in other things. First, there is his birth as a Spirit, the creation of the Great Father ; but we cannot tell of that which belongs to this the first part of his existence. Secondly, there is his birth into the material form, before which death, or a change must take place. Thirdly, his birth into the Spirit-life again, preceded by the death of the material body.

After completing their work with those over whom they are placed, do these angels ever become guardians to others ?

Yes ; when their work is done with one, they are as ready to go forth to the work again of guarding and guiding another through the dangers and difficulties of the Earth-life.

Did you, as a priest of Egypt, consequently somewhat acquainted with the mysteries or secrets of the religious system then dominant, know of a certain book called the "Apocalypse of Oannes" a sacred vision made by God to Adam ?

I have no knowledge of such a book as you refer to. We got most of our messages by sitting in a circle. We kept not back our sacred books from the priests and priestesses, though only a few of these could read them ; but they were withheld from the outer world, and even from the servants of the temple.

Was there anything in these books concerning the peculiar sacredness of the term "600 years"?

Yes, there was ; but sometimes it was less than 600 : it depended on certain events. It had reference to the appearance in the world of certain great personages, either as theological teachers, warriors, or legislators. But predictions of the coming of these great ones were not confined to our sacred books : we had our oracles. Though but young at the time, I knew that the coming of our Prince was earnestly looked for by some in Egypt and other lands. They knew better of the time of his appearance than of the place where he was to be born. My old and much-loved father had looked long and anxiously ; and, as you know, he was honoured to be chosen, in his old age, as the first teacher of the child Jesus.

I now leave you. Good night !

Eighty-eighth Sitting.

7th March, 1874.

Hafed on Life after Death—A Happy Land—The only War—Peace on Earth longed for—Jesus only Impeccable—Mission Work of the Spirits—The Spirit Purified—A Great Change—Prediction of a Great Upturning—A Coming Man—Heaven's Messengers. *Questions:* The Predicted Advent—Steen on the Prediction.

(*Controlled by HAFED.*)—It is now some time since I addressed you at any length. To-night, however, I will do so for a short time. Our Egyptian friend has been speaking recently on the subject of Death, and I will try to say something also concerning it, or on that which follows after death—something that appertains to that which lies beyond man's mortal existence—that state in which man no more dies the death of the body, where all is renewed life and beauty—that great world where the sun never sets, where clouds no longer darken the skies, nor dense and noxious vapours pollute the atmosphere. I do not mean by this that the Earth is in any way different in formation from that which the Creator meant it to be ; for all such adverse influences are needed, were it but to cut off man from its surface.

These things exist that man may have something to do—something to call out his energies—something to overcome. There are places and things he must avoid, and amongst these is an impure atmosphere—he must not breathe air that would hurt him. If in pursuit of wealth or knowledge, he hang over the crucible and inhale its poisonous gases, thus cutting short his days, God is not to be blamed: man must learn the lessons everywhere taught by God in nature.

But, as I have said, that world is one far far surpassing Earth, into which you will at last be ushered by the beautiful and good Angel called Death. O how shall I describe the vast splendours of that land of bliss and glory, whose mountain peaks tower aloft into the ever-blue sky, and the light of whose Sun never groweth dim—where all is congenial to pure and happy Spirits, the only dwellers in that Summer-land. With what delight do they walk over the flower-bespangled carpet of those lovely fields, finding new beauties at every step. Like dew-drops sparkling in your morning sun, there, over all its fair face, we see the tiny leaves and plants hymning their songs of praise to Him who is the maker and preserver of them all. And then as the happy wayfarer moves on, what heartfelt joy wells up within him as he gazes on those beautiful animals, far beyond those of Earth, roaming over the green meadows of this land of beauty. There, again, he beholds the little child playing with and fondling the wild animal; the lion and the lamb lie down together in peace. And there, too, is seen the grey-bearded warrior playing and toying with the infant: his wars for ever ended. The only war that now enlists his sympathies is that which is waged in the Conquest of Evil, and how to raise up poor miserable souls from the depths of darkness. And so is it with us all. No longer are we the liegemen of earthly kings to bend before their paltry thrones, but the servants of our Prince, the Great King of all nations: to him we reverently and joyfully bend our knee. As the Great Ruler of the Solar Worlds, he is the one potentate who claims our loving homage. Even the great ones of the Earth who have come here now recognise him and reverence him as their Lord. And all are equal—no master, no slave; but Love, with outstretched arms, embraces all.

How glorious it is to be here! O that the creatures of Earth were but like those of heaven. Discord would then give place to

harmony, and hatred and strife would vanish at the advent of Love. But, alas! it is not so yet! I have borne the brunt of hot contests; I have fought for kings, and I have felt their iron rod; and I cannot but feel, even now, for poor mortals still under the sway of tyrants.

O that men would take a lesson from him who is the greatest of all God's sons, who existed even before the Earth was sent on its race—the greatest of the creatures that ever trod its surface, who, though clothed in the same material as man, was yet sure in his every step, undefiled and free from sin in any shape or form. Where, where will you find one, among all the rulers of the world, king, emperor, or sultan, free from the sin of tyranny? How many among the wise and good of the Earth will you find who trod the path of life pure and undefiled? There is but one, and that one is Jesus, who prayed for his bitterest enemies. In that one the weak ever found an advocate; he was ever ready to lift the fallen from the mire into which they had sunk—spurning them not, but welcoming back, even the basest, to his bosom of goodness and love. I have heard the wailing cry of the widow over the dead body of her husband, and his ear, which was ever open to the cry of the poor and needy, was not closed to her pitiful supplication;—he stretched forth his arm, and at a word, the Spirit once more took possession of his body, to sojourn a little longer on Earth for the protection of his wife and child. He of whom I speak is our Prince and King. To him we willingly submit. At his command we are ready to go far away into space; and gladly we would undertake the task, though it should take ten thousand years to reach our destination;—ay, though it should be to the deepest and darkest of the hells—to the vilest of the vile—thither we joyfully go, that some poor wretched Spirit, to whom attention has been directed, may be drawn up to light and love. Ah, with what heartiness—with what zealous ardour, are these missions of mercy engaged in by the messengers whom he sends out, sustained as they are by the hope of the good time coming when all shall enjoy the light of his countenance, and see what we see in his vast and beautiful kingdom.

How great the change in man when he comes into the Spirit World, and yet in some points how like his previous self before he was born into the mortal body, when he was pure and inno-

cent as the babe ; but his second existence—his life in the body—has darkened the bright original image ; and the purifying process must go on till that image is restored, till it becomes so gloriously bright that no mortal may look on its effulgent glory. Look at the Sun for a second or two when shining in his strength, undimmed by clouds, and what is the effect on the bodily eye ? Darkness. Continue to gaze on the great luminary, and blindness ensues. And such would be the result were you permitted to cast but one glance on pure Spirit—so intensely, grandly bright is it. It is too Divine for mortal eye : you require eyes of another kind to look on it with safety.

A great change, then, passes over the Spirit when he throws off the material covering. On Earth, he sought after earthly things such as ministered to the wants of his natural body : he was bound down in his thoughts by trials and cares, and as a consequence his mind became dull and enveloped as it were in an atmosphere of worldliness. But he enters the Spirit World, and he finds all clear and beautiful ; he feels himself in a new, in a better state of existence ; there is nothing to darken or confuse him ; there is no shade thrown in upon his mental powers, but all is clear and bright. The new-born Spirit, once so dull in apprehension, is now quick in perception—he can read the very thoughts of other Spirits, embodied or disembodied ; there is nothing hid, all is open. In fact, the whole man, with all his Earth experiences and memories, is in a new world, and possessed of powers adapted to his new condition, powers far beyond your comprehension ; for wherever he desires to be, there he is ; if he should long to be on Earth to rescue the fallen ones from ruin, he is there at once ; and he is ready (as all are here) to be sent on errands of grace to man.

But all this, as you will readily perceive, applies only to those whose previous course, in the Earth-life, has been one of goodness and truth. O that men would but try to walk in the steps of Jesus the Nazarene, our Great Prince ; then would the Earth be different from what it has been—from what it is—and more like this glorious Spirit World. I do not, of course, in this refer to the dark caverns where unhappy souls wander to and fro : ah, no !—but to that sunny world of joy and gladness where all are loving and being loved—blessing and being blessed ; where harmony and peace reign for ever ; where truth shines out in unclouded

radiance. And to become dwellers in such a land, why should we forbear using all our powers of persuasion with mankind?

O! the time comes on. I see it approaching, though man may little dream of it. My mind is clearer. I can discern the signs in the Heavens, and also on the Earth. Some men will tell you they return to the dust from whence they came; none will deny that, so far as the outward covering is concerned. But what of the spirit? These men sneeringly inquire, in their vain conceit, "Where are the happy homes of your theologians?" Thousands on thousands deny, in this your day, the existence of God and of the life beyond. There have been some of this class at all times; but when we see mankind madly rushing back into Atheism, that is the time for our grand effort. Ye are now on the threshold of that time. It is at the door. All old things will be dashed to pieces, even as a potter's vessel. There will come the grand upheaving of barriers which stand in the way of the great work of the world's deliverance; and, even as the wool is torn and teased and purified, so shall it be with man's theological notions and his venerated creeds, which will give place to the truth; that which the Prince taught as the humble Nazarene will be proclaimed once more in the ears of men.

Those who are wise in their own estimation may refuse to listen to this; but it is sure, nevertheless. It is for us to know these things—for us to declare them, when permitted. This forewarning of that which is about to take place has been held back. But now, prepare to witness a great outpouring from the Spirit World, and that at no distant day. It is near at hand. It will be in your day—a short time before you are called by the sweet Angel of Death to leave the body. Your eyes will behold a mighty revolution—a great stride in advance towards the grand consummation—that golden age I have so often referred to.

That time will come, and with it Heaven's Messenger. Note well the signs! See how men push and drive in futherance of their material interests—forgetful, alas! in the pursuit of mere earthly possessions, of the great and never-ending future life—forgetful of the God who made them, and who designed them for the enjoyment of something far higher and nobler than aught Earth, with all its fleeting fascinations, can afford.

These Messengers are but the servants to do the work on

Earth appointed to be done by the Great Spirit ; and ever, in the world's history, as the time for their advent drew near, there were not wanting thoughtful men to observe the signs, the harbingers of their coming. This, as I have repeatedly stated to you, was the case before the coming of the Prince. The time was ripe, and he came. And so will it be with him of whom I have been speaking. He will not be equal to Jesus, the Prince ; for *he* stood in the middle—no one before him, and no one after him, to be compared with him. But all are sent to do Heaven's great work : to raise mankind from grovelling earthliness to the enjoyment of Spiritual life—the establishment of the good time, when love and truth will reign supreme in the hearts of all Earth's sons and daughters.

(*Mr. Murray.*)—*Will the advent be brought about by great Spiritual manifestations ?*

Had you taken up correctly what I said you would have seen that I did not refer to a great manifestation of Spirit power on the Earth, but to the coming of a single man—an individual who will revolutionise the world. He will not, however, be left unaided by the Spirit World ; for he will receive an army of assistance in the carrying out of the work for the benefit of mankind. But I cannot enter into the subject at present ; suffice it, that one *will* come, even sooner than may be expected. When he does come, those of you who are seeking after Spiritual light, and who are carefully studying the signs of the time, will know of it—in the same way as the coming of the Great Prince of Peace was known by many in my day. The coming one will be inferior to Jesus, but though of human parentage, he will be the chosen Messenger of Heaven, who will open up the avenues to man's soul, now closed by Atheism.

I must now leave you. May the blessing of the Most High and Holy One be upon you ; and ere the loving angel calls you hence, may you be honoured to help on the great work which the coming Messenger has to accomplish on Earth.

(*Controlled by JAN STEEN.*)—*Have you anything to communicate in reference to the foregoing prediction ?*

We do not interfere with one another's missions. Some of these things we cannot perceive ; we become, as it were, the mere mediums of conveying them to you ; they come from a higher

source. I have some knowledge of this prediction, of which you have only got the first part. You will get more of it in due time.

Eighty-ninth Sitting.

29th March, 1874.

Hermes on the Origin of the Egyptians—The Shepherds—Science and Art—Artisans, Dwelling-Houses, Gardens, &c.—Polygamy prohibited—The Temple Service—Book of Death—Moses borrowing from Egypt—The Hebrews in Egypt—Education of Moses—Melchisedek a Shepherd King and Builder of a Pyramid—The Plagues—Hebrew Spoliation—The Exodus—Egyptian Account of the Passage of the Red Sea.

GOOD evening, friends.—I am permitted to speak to you for a short time this evening on the temporal and spiritual aspects of my native country. Not knowing how much you may have learned of history, I will endeavour to give you a brief account, in which I shall refer to circumstances that occurred as far back as we can go in Egyptian history.

Egypt ranked high amongst the nations with which she was surrounded. Indeed, for ages she was second to none in her attainments of knowledge, all the known sciences being studied with the greatest zeal and assiduity by her learned sons. The origin of the nation is lost in the obscurity of ages. On this point I might have been able to say more, had I been proficient in our ancient language. But this I do know: Egypt was a nation in the far back "Golden Age," when, as peaceful shepherds, they tended their flocks in the valley and banks of the Nile. Our forefathers, though simple shepherds, were wise enough to select a spot on which to settle that was every way fitted to afford, with seasonable forethought and energy, the most abundant provision for themselves and their herds. It was, doubtless, these early settlers, who were addicted to the arts of peace, that erected the Cave Temples and some of the Pyramids—those great buildings that have withstood, even up to your own day, the tear and wear of thousands of years—as cool and refreshing retreats, it may be, from the blazing noon-day sun, and in which, at the same time, they might engage in the worship of the One True God in whom they then trusted. They were evidently a peace-loving and enterprising race

of men. The natural difficulties that met them were overcome; and, though rains were not frequent, by taking advantage of the annual overflow of the river, which left a rich soil on its subsidence, Egypt became, in course of time, the granary of the world. In the earliest times of our history, however, it is likely that the intercourse with surrounding nations would not be so great as in later times: the primitive husbandman would cast his seed on the waters, and wait with confidence for the bountiful return; while the shepherd would lead his flocks and herds to the verdant pastures on the banks of the river. Afterwards they must have erected those magnificent cities, the remains of which were to be seen in every direction in my day. They had their governments under which lived great men and small men, bondmen and freemen, priests and philosophers; while supreme over all were their king-priests—rulers who watched over the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of the nation—who looked on the people whom they governed as their children.

Though the Egyptians were not perhaps acquainted with so many sciences as are known by men of the present day, they yet made considerable progress in several. From the earliest ages they had a knowledge of geometry and navigation, and especially chemistry—their intimate acquaintance with the latter being turned to account in their magical incantations. This was done by many, although such practices were known to be against the laws of the Great Orus. We had also our sculptors and mighty masons, the builders of those magnificent temples that were at one time the wonder of the world. We had engravers who carved on the granite rocks. We had our carpenters; in fact, all kinds of workmen necessary for the wants of a people advanced in civilisation. Our ordinary buildings, from the palace to the cottage, were erected in such a way as to suit the climate. We had our beautiful gardens, kept fresh and fair by our system of water-courses, which also yielded an abundant supply for our baths, for we paid strict attention to cleanliness: he who was not clean was despised, and looked upon as an outcast; and, as requisite for the efficient on-going of such a community, we had wise and stringent laws.

But if there is one thing more than another that reflects honour on the Egyptians, it is the fact that they rigidly adhered to the

law which prohibited polygamy. No man was allowed to wed more than one woman, and there were no exceptions, from the ruler on the throne to his lowest subject,—all came under the same wise and good law. Woman was accounted every way equal to man, and indeed something superior. Wherever we find a nation pursuing such a course, I say that nation is worthy of all honour.

The laws and regulations in connection with our temples were very stringent and rigidly enforced. The system was methodical : there was no confusion, but every act was made useful for the proper carrying out of the service : from the cleansing of the altar by the appointed servants, and at the appointed times, to the duties of the highest official, all was exactly laid down and faithfully worked out. A part of such service was the reading of what was termed "The Book of Death" to the assembled people in the temple. That book was held to be holy and inspired, wherein were recorded all the laws for the guidance of man, with the inspired sayings from the Oracles of the Great Spirit himself. In this book you could read, or if not you could hear read, lessons of wisdom and truth : therein the veil was drawn aside, in order that man might be able to prepare for his great future life beyond the river. If this was idolatry, I praise Orus for such idolatry ! for this is what the Egyptians were charged with by those whose forefathers they had fed—who had broken away from them, and set up as a nation for themselves. No doubt their great forefather who led his flocks through the plains of Mamre and Bethel, was one who well deserved to be venerated as a father ; but this can hardly be said of Moses, their leader from Egypt, who is said to have been chosen by God. Be this as it may, I know there are messages penned by him that must have been taken from our "Book of Death." Moses knew all our secrets ; he could not but know them, seeing he was educated as a Prince of the Royal House of Pharaoh. I do not find fault with him for making use of the knowledge he had acquired, but surely he should have stated where he had found it. His account of the formation of the Earth, the origin of man, and the great flood of waters (in which it is said that all but a few of the race of man were destroyed), he copied from our books, but he is decidedly wrong in his dates. That statement about the all but total

destruction of mankind by the flood, I put aside as fabulous ; I believed it at the time I lived in Egypt, not now.

But, to go on. I have said we had our trades of every description, such as masons, carpenters, and weavers ; bakers, husbandmen, and shepherds ; painters, engravers, and decorators ; our various workers in metals—all indicative of a nation not very barbarous surely, but, because of the close attention paid to the arts of peace, open to the attacks of warlike people around us, by whom we were sometimes scattered, peeled, or carried away captive.

We have been described by the Hebrews in their books as gross idolaters, slaveholders, and hard taskmasters. Doubtless these early Egyptians, like the neighbouring nations, enslaved their prisoners of war. The Hebrews had come among us, as shepherds, seeking food for themselves and their flocks, and because of one of their race, whom they had years before sold into slavery, who had done good service to Egypt and had become a great ruler, they were welcomed, and had the fairest portion of the land given to them as a possession. Famine had spread over all the nations, and many were fed by Egypt out of the abundant stores collected through the foresight of the youthful Hebrew Ruler, who appears to have been favoured by God to foresee the coming scarcity, even when there were no signs of such to be seen—storing up corn in houses all over the land in seasons of plenty : thus making the Egyptians the masters of the famine-stricken nations around, who were dependent on them for bread.

The father of this Hebrew youth had been highly honoured by Pharaoh, and, as I have said, got a present from him of the best land, on which he and his children lived ; and for generations the Hebrews prospered greatly in Egypt, becoming numerous and strong. But as they grew in strength they grew also in pride, and made themselves disagreeable to the Egyptians, grumbling against the nation which had sheltered and nourished them ; and, to obtain the mastery, these Hebrews at length threatened to crush the Egyptians, but we crushed them, and compelled them to labour for the support they claimed ; for these idle grumblers would do nothing—they wanted to live on the toil of others. Man was made to work, not to stand still.

Moses, as I have said, was brought up and educated as a Prince,

and revelled in all the luxury of the Egyptian Court ; but he was also a priest (secretly), thoroughly initiated into all the mysteries of the Temple service. There should certainly be no mysteries connected with the worship of God ; but in these Temple communities there was much more taught than belonged to mere worship, even in my day ; and my eyes were opened to see the evils that prevailed, and I denounced them. The secrets of the priests consisted in a knowledge of chemistry and other arts, by practising which before the eyes of the ignorant they were led to think that the priests were something more than men : as a consequence, these deceivers had no difficulty in filling their pockets at the expense of the deluded people ; and Moses was no exception to the rule, even though he was a prince of the House of Pharaoh, who also was the head of the priesthood. But Moses, according to our records, slew a man, and fled from Egypt—from all the glory and grandeur of the Egyptian Court, and became the humble shepherd of the flocks of a Median priest. He afterwards married the priest's daughter, and settled down as a shepherd for many years. At last he appeared in Egypt as the chosen leader of the Hebrews to deliver them from the bondage of their masters. I have no right to question the position he assumed. For their great forefather Abraham, who was respected by the Egyptians of his day, prophesied that his descendants should possess the land of Canaan ; and the efforts which Moses put forth for the rescue of his nation from bondage were doubtless under the direction of Heaven.

It was well known to some that one of our Shepherd Kings, living at the same time as the great Hebrew Patriarch, after building one of the Pyramids, conceived the idea of setting up a kingdom in Canaan, and in course of time he erected a city which he named Salem, where he ruled as king and priest. The nations around combined to drive him back to Egypt ; but Abraham, coming to know that this king, with whom he was on terms of friendship, was hard beset by his foes, came to the rescue, and valorously dispersed the assailants. Melchisedek there and then made a solemn covenant with Abraham that Salem should become the inheritance of his descendants. This Shepherd King of Egypt was a true worshipper of God, having broken off from

the mysteries of the Egyptians, and entertained doctrines similar to those taught by the Persians.*

Now, this promise made to Abraham was handed down from generation to generation, and no doubt Moses and the chief men amongst the Hebrews were aware of it, and claimed the promise as coming from God. Whether they were right in so doing, I cannot tell. This much I can say, that of all the plagues and judgments given in the Hebrew books as falling on the Egyptians, I do not find the slightest trace in the historical records of Egypt.

The Hebrews left Egypt carrying off with them an immense spoil, which, according to their own account, they had obtained by fraud from the people of Egypt. They robbed all around them on the pretence of borrowing—not sparing the poor of the land; a cruel, heartless act was this, but quite in harmony with their general character. These men scrupled not at falsehood to obtain their neighbours' property, and would have others believe that they had the command of God for the dastardly deed. Does God permit lies? Does he sanction fraud? The Hebrews have a grand tale about the anxiety of the Egyptians to bring back the fugitives; but the expedition of Pharaoh was not for the purpose of getting back the Hebrews, but to recover the property they had stolen away. The ruler could not see his people robbed—even of the very arms they carried—and not put forth a hand to restore them. Hebrew writers say they had a right to take all they could, for they had toiled for it. Admitting this, why should they also rob the poor of the land?

* This statement about Melchisedek, and one of similar import made by *Hafed* at the Sitting of 20th March, 1870 (page 83), had slipped from my memory, like many other statements made through the Medium; but, about the beginning of May, 1874, it was recalled to my mind, on seeing, in one of the daily papers, a paragraph in which the writer charges Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, with "romancing," in stating, in a work written by him, that *Melchisedek was the builder of the Great Pyramid*. I subsequently ascertained that this statement is made by the learned professor in the second edition of his work, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," published by Isbister & Co., Ludgate Hill, in the month of March, 1874. I have not seen this work; but I have no doubt that before Professor Smyth arrived at such a conclusion in reference to Melchisedek, it must have cost him much labour, scientific and literary. And yet this singular statement—so singular that the learned gentleman is accused of *romancing* in making it—was made four years before through an unlettered working-man.

Well, they followed their leader's directions, and they got into a strange position. Had I been their leader, I certainly would have chosen a very different route. They found themselves hemmed in by natural barriers on both sides with the sea before them. Fortunately for them, there had just been an earthquake or convulsion in the neighbourhood, and the Red Sea had been subjected to consequent upheavings, and that portion of it which they had reached they found dry; in their extremity, with the Egyptians following on their rear, they crossed over; but the tidal wave came back to its original bed, sweeping away the mighty host of Egypt's warriors, and also the tail of the Hebrews. Their writers forget to give this tail-piece, but such is according to Egyptian records.

I must stop here to-night.

[*Benediction.*]

Ninetieth Sitting.

26th April, 1874.

Questions: Age of the Pyramids—Moses and the Deluge—Design of the Great Pyramid—Its Condition in Hermes' Time—Re-incarnation: Why Taught by Spirits?—Egyptian Records of the Hebrews—Orus—Myth of Osiris—Thoth or Hermes—Egyptian Standard of Measure—Hafed and Hermes on the Plagues—Zoroaster—The Early Use of Iron—Were the Magi Priests?—Destiny of the Suicide.

GOOD evening, friends.—You have a number of questions to put: I will answer them now.

Do you suppose the Pyramids to have been built prior to the Deluge recorded by Moses?

I can find no traces in Egyptian records of such a Deluge at the date given by Moses. How he got everything so definite—so clearly stated in reference to it, is altogether beyond my comprehension; for I can trace facts of history from dates far beyond that ascribed to the Deluge. The Egyptian records place the Deluge much farther back. But Moses was just the man to adapt such stories to suit his purpose. I believe he begins his account from the time when mankind were in an innocent condition—when the Egyptians were a happy race of shepherds—that

Golden Age when the Spirit World held communion with mortals ; it was then, according to his account, that evil crept in, and mankind were bitten by the Serpent, the symbol of Wisdom and of Power, because of the fascination lodged in its beautiful eyes. I have no doubt whatever that the earliest of these Pyramids was erected long before the date assigned to the Deluge recorded by Moses.

Can you say whether the Great Pyramid was older than the others ?

I am not sure as to the age of these buildings ; but I do not think the Great Pyramid was the oldest.

For what purpose, can you say, were these Pyramids erected ?

Some of these buildings, but especially the Great Pyramid, were said to have been reared under Divine direction for measurements and observations. They were also used for religious worship and as tombs. Some of them had great chambers, and in one of them there were galleries.

In what condition were these Pyramids and Temples in your day ?

Egypt, in my day, was in a very reduced condition. Many of her beautiful temples and public buildings were overthrown ; her water-courses were choked up, and the hot sands of the Desert encroached on her once fertile plains. The marble facing of the Great Pyramid was almost all taken away. It had become a sort of quarry. The outside was wearing away ; and the verdure with which at one time it was surrounded was disappearing.

You would, as an Egyptian, feel some degree of pride in looking upon these wonderful examples of architecture ?

No ; but I might have had such a feeling had I seen them in all their glory and beauty.

What is your opinion of the doctrine of Re-incarnation ?

(I believe in incarnation. Man, spiritually, being the offspring of God, is, as I have said, something infinite in nature. In his prior existence, he shuffles off the spirit body he received from God, and takes on the carnal—he becomes incarnated. But putting off the mortal, he never returns to the material state. Why, that would be a new creation !)

How is it that such a doctrine is taught by Spirits ?

I will tell you how. Had I left the body while I was simply an Egyptian priest, I would have tried (had I been communicat-

ing) to explain such subjects according to the ideas I then entertained, and would have continued to do so, until my eyes were opened by superior light. You must not take everything as correct merely because it comes from a Spirit. You must judge of that which is communicated. If it commends itself to reason, accept it; if not, reject it.

Where did you learn about the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt?

We had their whole history from the time they entered the land until they left it, written on the tombs of their forefathers; for while the Hebrews were with us the written language was in hieroglyphics.

Was the name Orus, as used by you for the Deity, in use among the Egyptians only?

No; but I believe the name was first used by the people of Egypt. The neighbouring nations used the same word to designate the Supreme Spirit. Osiris and Isis were subordinate gods.

Do you know anything of an Egyptian myth as to Osiris being torn to pieces by Typhon, and Isis collecting these pieces, and consequent resurrection of Osiris?

Yes; it was symbolical: just something like that of the Boar killing Adonis.

Can you tell me anything about Thoth or Hermes?

He was an Egyptian sage or prophet, living in a far back age before the Pharaohs.

What was the standard of measure in Egypt?

The cubit, which was, as near as may be, the distance from here to the tips of the fingers [pointing to the middle of the upper portion of the arm], and that was again divided into fifteen parts, or thereabouts.

(Controlled by HAFED.)—*You said in one of our early sittings (Sitting XV.) that you found the Hebrew account of the Plagues verified by inscriptions on ancient Egyptian Tablets.*

But the Egyptian says he could find no traces of such. Will you explain this?

Well, it is just as I have stated. I could read the hieroglyphics; he could not, at least not so well. And then he is an Egyptian, and not much disposed to admit the fact. But the hieroglyphic records are hardly so forcible in the description as those of the Hebrew writer.

What does the name Zoroaster signify?

The name in the ancient Persian signifies one who gives himself entirely to Divine influence; one who secludes himself from the world. But, though he shut himself up in a cave, the great reformer was not unmindful of his brethren of mankind; for he sacrificed much to benefit his fellow-men.

Did he live long before the time of Moses?

According to our records, he did not live long before the time of the great Hebrew. It might be about one hundred years.*

Can you give me any information in regard to the use of iron in Persia and the East?

Iron was in use in far back ages, beyond the dates of acknowledged history. In my day there were bronze arms in use; but there were also steel implements, and these were certainly much better. Some of the wild outlying tribes, who lived by the chase, used flint weapons. But how could the mighty nations of the olden times have raised those great structures, the ruins of which were to be seen in my day, without tools of iron? Would bronze have done? No. In Egypt there were stones so hard that it would have been difficult to have cut them even with steel. Iron was in use in Persia when we were but wandering tribes—that is, before the date that Moses gives to creation. In India, in some of her great temples, there were vast pieces of wrought-iron used in their erection—some of the beams the thickness of a man—a cubit square. Iron was plentiful in Persia: we had our smelting furnaces, and a great trade in arms was carried on with countries round about. It was mostly overland; we were no great navigators. Egypt had her supply of iron from Eden [so pronounced] on the Arabian side of the Red Sea.

You said on one occasion that the Magi were not priests: Were there no sacrifices made at your altars?

There were no living sacrifices offered up at our altars. Men may term us priests, but we were not. The priests were a different class in Persia altogether. They devoted themselves to the service of the Deity; but some of them were idolaters, devoted to false gods. The Magi were the leaders, the public instructors of the people.

* See Note, p. 89.

I have been reading a communication given by a Spirit through a writing Medium, in which she says she committed suicide, and that for this sin she was doomed to abide in dismal darkness, and left to her own thoughts for fifty years; that there was no possibility of her rescue from such a condition until the expiry of the fifty years—the period she had stolen from her Earth-life: Is this the law of the Spirit World?

If the light broke in upon her at the expiry of fifty years of darkness, she may have come to such a conclusion. But who may tell the length of the Earth-life? No one; and so much the better for man, for were it otherwise, how many would weary under the burden of a lengthened life! and a spirit out of the body is, in such a matter, no wiser than one still in mortal form. Many lives are shortened by diseases, accidents, and violence, over which mankind may have but little control. But he who takes away his own life, thereby robbing God and robbing his fellow-men of his precious time, is the worst of all criminals, and deserves the greatest punishment. I know of some wretched Spirits, not suicides, who cannot tell the time they have been wandering in these dark regions, and I do not suppose these will endure a heavier retribution than the suicide. [*Benediction.*]

[The lengthened interval between this sitting and the following was almost entirely devoted to sittings for revisal of the Communications and the production of the Direct Drawings and Writings, by the controlling Spirits, as illustrations of this work. In the month of May, 1874, Mr. Henry Murray (for a long time the only individual permitted to attend these sittings) was, after a brief illness, taken away to the "better country." At our meeting on 7th June thereafter, the Persian spoke as follows:—"We find it difficult, much more so than on other occasions, to communicate with you, owing to the length of time that has passed since we last met. I know that during that time one of your number has passed away from bodily sight—one in whom we were interested whilst he sojourned in the body. But now he has crossed the river, and he will soon be able to join with us. I have seen him, and I expect that, in a short time, he will walk forth with us, and participate in the gladness of Spirit-life. I was glad that, at your recent sittings, our Egyptian friend discoursed on Death, knowing as I did that which was impending. And yet we feel somewhat grieved that one of your number should be taken away: we feel as if a link were snapt in the chain which bound us to your Earth-sphere." Mr. Murray was a bold, straightforward, and uncompromising Spiritualist, and was much esteemed by a large circle of friends.]

Ninety-first Sitting.

2nd March, 1875.

Hermes Resumes his Narrative—Labours in Egypt—Hermes and his Companions set out for Judea—Denunciation of Egyptian Priests—Outfit of the Missionaries—Exiles among the Mountains—Syrian Volunteers—Ancient Moab—Gifts of the Spirit—Judean Cities—Depravity of the Jews—How the Disciples of Jesus treated the Ragged Egyptians—Meeting with Jesus. *Questions:* Personal Appearance of Jesus—Hermes and Jesus in Egypt—How Hermes got his Name.

GOOD evening, my friends.—To-night I shall try to give you some farther account of my experiences while in the mortal body. I laboured for some years amongst my countrymen, the Egyptians; but they would not listen to the truths which I and those who took part with me were commissioned to proclaim; they seemed resolved to stop their ears against all appeals, and to stand fast by the old doctrines and worship which had prevailed for ages.

Cast out, rejected by our own countrymen, we at length resolved to depart from Egypt, and undertake that journey we had oftentimes pondered over—a visit to Palestine, where we knew we should meet with him on whom I had been taught to look as the Heaven-sent Deliverer of the nations. And yet we felt deeply to leave the land of our birth. But we could not do otherwise: our doctrines were generally rejected by the Egyptians; they were determined to do as their fathers did—to die in the idolatrous slough which blinded their eyes to the glorious light of the truth.

We required little preparation for our journey, for beyond the well-worn cloaks on our backs, the sandals on our feet, and the staffs in our hands, possessions we had none. We knew that the way was beset with dangers. We had to dread not only beasts of prey, but men whose hearts were hard—cruel and ferocious as the wildest beasts of the desert. Ah, me! when shall the good time come!—when shall the true light shine in upon the darkened minds of mankind, when, over all the Earth, men will look on each other as brothers—children of the One Mighty Father; when the sword shall no longer be drawn, nor thousands sent before their time into the Spirit World, their destined time on Earth cut short by the hands of their own brethren!

On leaving Egypt we travelled by way of the Desert, round by the head of the Red Sea, so that we might labour for a time amongst the poor mountaineers and some exiles who had sheltered themselves there from those who had trampled them under foot because of their adherence to *the* truth—that the Great Spirit ruling in Heaven and on Earth is the Father, the Creator of all things, from whom we all spring; who could not by the hands of man be shaped from blocks of stone, nor likened unto the animals that crawled upon the earth, or flew in the air; but who is the Invisible God.

As I have said, I and the eight brethren who accompanied me, though strong in faith, went on our long and toilsome journey with only the clothes on our backs and the sandals on our feet, and these well worn before we set out; indeed, so ill provided were we that we had to beg on our way for daily bread. Many of those we solicited spurned us from them. We began to feel the effect of lifting up our voices against prevailing evils. Here were men, some of whom would at one time have bent the knee before me in reverence, now shunning me. And why? Because I had denounced that religious system whose priests were robbers, hoodwinking the ignorant people, and, while professing to enlighten, keeping them in the dark. They kept back the truth, that the High and Holy One was not confined to mighty temples carved in stone, but might be worshipped at all times and in every place—in the verdant fields or on the mountain tops. They knew better; but, alas! it was the greed of gain that bound them to their iniquitous course. But, away from all this, forward we must go and place ourselves under our Great Captain—Jesus the Nazarene. Brought up when a boy under Issha, my own venerable tutor, I had learned from time to time concerning him, and I knew that when we met again I should receive his cordial welcome. He had now entered on his great work, proclaiming the truth in the land of his birth—the light that was destined to glorify the Earth, and for which generations unborn would praise him. And I was to take part in his blessed work! (O, my friends, bear with me; for while addressing you through this Medium, I feel as if I were still in the Earth body—I speak as a mortal man.)

Travelling onwards, we at length crossed over by the head of the Red Sea: not as the ancient Hebrews, bent on the slaughter

of their enemies, the tribes whose territories they invaded. No, our mission was of a very different nature; we went forth to do battle with the evil in the hearts of men: to drive out man's great enemy—sin; to show the people the path which would lead them from darkness to light, and usher in the happy time—that time, pictured by the poets of Greece, when the Seraphim walked and talked with men, till pride crept in, and they foolishly imagined themselves equal with the Gods. In our wanderings through some of the wild tracts, we met with one here and there in possession of the true light: and, on reaching the mountainous parts, we found some men who had embraced the truth spiritually given to them, and who valued the privilege of communion with the Spirit World. With them we resolved to abide for a time. We learned that they were exiles—driven there because of their faith. The Spirit had been poured down from on high on two or three of these men, and when they went out to their fellow-men and delivered the heavenly message, they were scorned, accounted madmen, called impostors, and, by violent persecution, were driven to seek shelter in the caves and ruins of the mountains.

In one of these retreats, we found two or three Syrian brethren living together. They had laboured hard and suffered much in the service of the truth, and had committed their experiences to writing, that when called away from Earth, some memorials of their work should remain for the use of others. We found, too, that they knew of Jesus and his mission in Judea. They had been told by Spirit messengers of his wonderful birth, and of the great work he was destined to accomplish. And when we told them our story, and that we were on our way to join ourselves to him, they joyfully embraced us, exclaiming, “Thanks be to God, now we have some to sympathise with us.” Accordingly, they resolved to accompany us, and enlist also in the service of the Great Prince, the Light of the World.

We rested with the brethren for a short time, as we were foot-sore and weary in body, and discouraged in spirit. For some time our only shelter at night from the heavy dew had been the outspread branches of a tree; for in some places we encountered the bitter opposition of those who, though making the loudest professions of religion, would listen to no new doctrine, but, stirring up the people against us, drove us out into the wilds. But when

our spirits got low, the words were sweetly whispered in our ears, "Rise, my sons, go forth on your mission; be not discouraged—ye shall triumph in the end; and Heaven's brightest diadems shall be yours." These gracious words revived our drooping spirits.

At length we resumed our journey, our band reinforced in number by three of the brethren we had met with. We travelled on till we reached the district of country where the cities of Moab had flourished in the olden time. At this time, many of them were in ruins or fast falling into decay. It is a sad sight to look on a wasted country. O war, cruel, pitiless war! How often hast thou swept away the innocent with the guilty, sparing neither age nor sex in thy ruthless, reckless course! How often hath thy sackings and slaughterings laid the fair city desolate, while the cries of the wretched inhabitants were choked 'mid the smoke and flames of their burning dwellings! The doctrines of the Prince of Peace put into practice by the nations would put an end to all this. And as with nations, so with individuals: let men but follow in the steps of Jesus, and then countenances that were veiled in sadness will beam out in joyful smiles, and sin and suffering be banished from the Earth. It has been said in an ancient record that one man might withstand a host; but what, then, might not twelve men do? This was no contention of armed hosts, no fighting with seen enemies. Our foes were unseen. We had to do battle with evil in the heart of man,—different in manifestation in different nations, but the same evil. But we were not left to fight alone. In proclaiming the truth that had been committed to us, we but spoke as the Spirit dictated. The words appeared to flow in upon us, by what means we could not tell. I felt I must speak the words whispered as it were in my ears; and had a drawn sword been presented against my breast threatening death as the penalty of my words, I could not have done otherwise than speak. I knew my destined work, and when that was done, content would I be to lay down my life because of the truth.

Having travelled on through Moab, doing what we could by the way, we at length entered Palestine, in which at that time there were a number of fair cities and towns. These were under Roman rule, and when we came to know the character of their inhabitants, we considered it was well that they were under the

Roman government. We had in our journey met with wild and barbarous men, but nothing to be compared with many in these Judean cities. It was not safe even to walk along their streets; for murders, assassinations, and robberies were constantly occurring. Compared with neighbouring nations, they were vile indeed. When our eyes witnessed the prevailing iniquity, we no longer wondered that the Great Deliverer was sent to them. They proudly asserted that they were the Chosen of the Most High—and doubtless, when we looked to the history of surrounding nations, God had dealt wonderfully with them; and yet with the consciousness of this, these men thought nothing of engaging in the solemn service of God in the Temple, and, on leaving it, embruuing their hands in the blood of their neighbours. God had dealt with them as he had dealt with no others, according to their own records, yet they would take no lesson. His goodness and his severity had alike been without effect on the rebellious, erring Children of Israel. And now He sends his Son to them, the murder of whom will be the greatest of their crimes.

In our way towards Judea, we had become possessed of various spiritual gifts—in particular, the power of healing. Each of us was endowed, but not all alike. I myself had the gift of tongues. Accordingly, as we journeyed on, we were not neglectful of the power so freely bestowed, but whenever we got an opportunity, endeavoured to do all the good we could. It was while thus engaged, one day, we first met with some of the personal followers of Jesus. They were some of those who had been sent out by him, commissioned to proclaim the truth, and to heal the sick. They found us doing the same work as they themselves were engaged in, and they wondered: yet we did it under the direction of the same Spirit. But they turned away from us, evidently despising us because of our mean and miserable appearance, for we were wayworn, our clothing ragged and torn, and our feet, which at one time had sandals, were now, by reason of the long journey, cut, bruised, and bare. Truly we were in a wretched condition, and because of this, they evidently carried back with them an evil impression of our work to Jesus. But we went on with the good work, hundreds gathering around us wherever we went. We spoke as we were led by the Spirit; the words were not ours, and many received the truths which we proclaimed.

At length we met with him whom we had travelled so far to see. We found him in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem, where my venerable friend the Persian had welcomed his advent to Earth. On coming near to him, he looked at us, and turning to his disciples, he said—"These are men who have come from Egypt, and who have been taught by the Spirit of Truth." Then turning to us, he saluted and welcomed us gladly. I will never forget during the ages of eternity the gracious welcome we received from Jesus our loving Prince.

I will say no more to-night. If you have any questions to put to me, I will answer them.

I should like to have an account from you of the personal appearance of Jesus at that time.

Well, I knew him when he was a little boy in Egypt. But when I met with him in Judea, I was startled; for, as I looked on him, he appeared to me more than man: there was something in his face and in the glance of his eyes that told me plainly I was in the presence of no mere mortal. His countenance beamed with a light not natural. When he spoke, his voice went into the very depths of my soul. In bodily appearance, he was rather tall; slender, but yet proportionate. There was somewhat of the woman in his cast of countenance. His hair was of a fairish auburn, parted in the middle of his head, and hanging over his shoulders. His eyes were black, sharp, and piercing, with a depth of expression not mortal.

Did his disciples understand the relation you bore to him?

Yes; he had told them that he knew me when in Egypt, and that we were both educated by the same tutor—the venerable Issha. I have often wondered why all notice of his education in Egypt has been left out of the narratives of his mission handed down to you; for I remember that one of his disciples, Matthew, had, just before we were scattered by persecution, written a narrative of the work, and he had heard what Jesus had said on the matter. At that time I was just about being sent away on a mission to the land of my birth. There is a natural yearning in man to see his own home again after years of absence. And I felt this. Ah, how many blessed hours had I spent there at the feet of my beloved father and teacher, while I listened to the wonderful tales of what had been done by the Gods for the Egyptians. It was then

he gave me a name, calling me after one famed in the olden time as the inventor of written language in Egypt—[*Hermes**].

[After the utterance of a solemn invocation the Controlling Spirit left. The letter from Jesus to Hafed was then given in direct writing. See page 138 and *Appendix*.]

Ninety-second Sitting.

30th March, 1875.

Depravity of the Jewish Nation—John the Baptist—Herod and Herodias—Pharisees and Essenes—Jesus and his Disciples—The Temple Purged—The Sadducees—Craftiness of the Pharisees—Increase of Disciples—Missionaries sent out—The Parting Supper—Prayer of Jesus—His Parting Address to Hermes. *Questions*: The Sons of Joseph and Mary—Character of Judas—Miraculous Supply of Alms—Herod and his Family.

BEFORE entering further into my narrative, I must once more say something on that which I have already alluded to—I mean the character of the people of Judea about the time of our visit. They had long been a byword amongst the nations for depravity. Of course, I do not mean to say that there were no good men amongst them; for there were some of these, and very many, who, throughout their history as a nation, had shone as the stars. At this time, however, the Jews seem to have reached the lowest depth of social disorganisation—so much so that no one could be said to be sure of his life in the streets even of Jerusalem, the holy city. Terror reigned, and each one distrusted his neighbour. One might be walking quietly and peaceably on his way, and, ere he reached his home, the dagger of the assassin ended his earthly career. And these murderous deeds were not confined to the streets and lanes of the city. Many were afraid to sit down to meat in their own houses, lest they should become the victims of the secret poisoner. Crime was rampant; the religious sects entertained the bitterest hatred to all who differed from them; and turmoil, from the King to the peasant, prevailed over all the community.

It was to such a nation the Prophet and Reformer John the

* The name was given in Direct Writing.

Baptist had been raised up, sometime before our visit. John, as you may be aware, was nearly related to Jesus, their mothers being cousins. John was the son of a priest, and from his infancy was fully endowed with the Spirit. There had always been something eccentric about him; for even when a boy, instruction by the ordinary methods was lost upon him, and what he did acquire was ascribed to an inner teaching. In this he was unlike Jesus, for he, when a boy, was an apt scholar in any branch of study. Of John it may be truly said, he was the pioneer of Jesus. Indeed he was destined for that work; for, from his boyhood till he was cut off in the prime of manhood, he preached to the people, in his wild but honest way, the grand truths which the Lord was afterwards to elaborate and enforce. Many of those who had listened to the burning language of John, as he denounced the sensuality and hypocrisy of the time, thought he was under the control of a Spirit. For some time he refused to wear ordinary clothing, and clad himself instead in the skins of animals; living on herbs, and quenching his thirst by water from the wayside stream. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, John effected a great and good work in Judea, for many of the people of all classes were deeply impressed by the truths he so boldly uttered, and were baptised by him; and even some of the rough soldiers became disciples of the Baptist. Honour and praise be unto him; for, as a great reformer and a fearless prophet of God, he was indeed worthy of all honour. Nor was his power felt only by the people. Herod the tetrarch was not ashamed of the company of this wild preacher of the wilderness, but esteemed him greatly—for a time, at least.

I have said that Judea was at that time a scene of turmoil and murderous deeds; and this may readily be believed when the character of Herod, their ruler, is considered. He had cast lustful eyes on his brother's wife, who infamously deserted her husband—Herod marrying her after his own wife had fled to her father. The incestuous pair were evidently ill at ease. They could not bear the sight of the man they had so foully injured, and, it was said, got him put out of their way in course of time by slow poison. But the Baptist, having boldly denounced their unlawful connection, was thrown into prison. This did not, however, satisfy the guilty paramour of Herod, for, while inflamed

with wine, she induced him to give her an order for the murder of John, which was speedily executed. The miserable man, who regretted deeply the result of his drunkenness, never afterwards prospered, but was at length degraded from his kingly office, and banished by the Roman Government; while his wretched partner fled as a fugitive into distant Spain. When such were the acts done in the palace of the ruler, what might be expected in the dens and hovels of the people!

The wickedness of these Hebrews, I repeat, exceeded that of any other nation: they were a foul blot on the face of God's fair Earth. When I thought of it, my soul was filled with loathing and detestation of their atrocities.

And this was the condition of the people to whom the one man was sent. The great work lay all before him—to lift them up, out of the deep, dark pit into which they had fallen, to the light of truth and love. But, alas! they who should have welcomed him with open arms were blind; they knew him not. "This man!" they cried. "This man, Jesus, the son of a carpenter, with his ignorant, uneducated fishermen, what can he do?" And he, the Prince of Light, to come to such a people! How many of the surrounding nations would have honoured him—would have prized him as the Gift of Heaven! But that would not have suited him. He sought for no trumpet to sound his praise. Ever calm, wise, and humble in all he did and said, he lifted not up his voice in the streets, but, in loving accents, spoke plainly to the people concerning the inner truth of their own religious system—the great truth which had been crusted over by the lying traditions of ages, buried out of sight by the cunning craft of priests—the truth which, when believed, would make them free: that all men were brethren, children of the same Father; and that His loving-kindness embraced the whole human race. Glory and honour for ever be unto him, that he shrank not back from the great work of man's redemption from the slavery in which he lay bound!

At this time the Jews generally might be classed under three religious parties or sects—the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. The Pharisee was known by his strict attention to outward acts of worship, setting himself up as holy, and far beyond his neighbours of other sects, because of his conformity to rites and ceremonies,

and his long and oft-repeated prayers. He was distinguished from other mortals, as he walked along, by the gravity of his countenance, and the upturning of his eyes towards heaven. He was holy in his own eyes, at least. The Essenes were men of a very different stamp. From this class chiefly came the followers of the Lord Jesus,—being in a manner ready to follow him, because of their similarity to him in doctrine and practice. They were strict in their lives: simple in their habits, eating of the plainest food, drinking no strong drinks, and washing their bodies twice a-day, in the cool of the morning and evening. By a strict adherence to this course, many of them lived to a good old age. Their clothing, too, was of the simplest description, inasmuch as all they possessed they carried on their backs. None was richer, none poorer than another. They ate and drank alike, and they were sheltered alike. The children born to them were all equally cared for by the community. Some of these Essenes, like the devout Persians, rose at daybreak and engaged in prayer. On entering a city, they claimed and found shelter from their brethren resident therein. And so, when Jesus and his disciples came into a strange city, it was the poor Essenes of the place who opened their doors to him—not the rich Pharisees, nor the sneering Sadducees.

Shortly after the Master had begun his work, he selected twelve of his followers to be near his person, and accompany him from place to place. In walking by the wayside, in the streets, and even when they sat at meat, he was continually instructing the twelve and the other disciples, so that they might be able to do the same for others. Though I did not reckon myself equal with those favoured ones whom my Lord had chosen to be near him, so that they might be instructed as his messengers to spread abroad his doctrines, yet was I always ready to do what I could; and I had good opportunity granted to me, inasmuch as there were some of my own countrymen, exiled from Egypt, settled in Judea. This was my field of labour, and in speaking to them, I felt I could strike home. Nor were my efforts unsuccessful, for some of them became true followers of Jesus.

The Temple of Jerusalem at the time I am speaking of, had been finished but a short time before, and the vast building was truly a beautiful sight for the eye to rest on. It had been set up

for the worship of the Most High ; but through the cupidity of the priests the great house of prayer had become, at the time of our visit, terribly desecrated. When our little company entered within its walls, we found its porches, not thronged by devout worshippers, but by persons buying and selling. It had become an exchange—a common market-place. The first time I saw a frown of anger on the face of Jesus was then. He cast a glance of wrathful indignation on the scene ; then drawing a cord from his waist he twisted it into a lash ; and with the arm of a giant and the denunciations of a God, he drove out the mercenary herd, while none dared to withstand him, but fled in utter dismay. The Temple of the Living God, dedicated to solemn worship, turned, by the connivance of greedy priests, into a market-place ! No wonder that the Master, in righteous anger, drove out with a scourge the profaners of the holy place !

After this many of the Hebrews in Jerusalem, of high and low degree, became followers of Jesus—some of them secretly ; but there were others who were not afraid to speak openly of him, notwithstanding the hostility of both the High Priest and Herod, who wished to crush him. But the Master was unmoved, quietly saying to those of us who were around him, “ Be not ye afraid. My time is not yet come. The work I am sent to do must be finished, and then the time will come when I shall be delivered into their hands.” But we did not then fully consider his words. We thought only how best to gather in adherents, so as to have strength to withstand those who were opposed to us. The very worst of these were the Sadducees—a most abominable sect. The Pharisees—though many of them were thorough hypocrites—had at least a form of piety ; but these Sadducees were utterly detestable. Why, they were not even civil to the members of their own households. They had no belief in a future life—their only care seemed to be care for themselves, regardless of the welfare of others. Many a bitter scoff they hurled at us—even raising calumnies against us. But what cared we for all they could say ! Having the Lord of Truth on our side we were strong.

I often wondered at the craftiness of these Pharisees and Sadducees, who seemed to think that all learning and wisdom was confined to their own little circle—how cunningly they would

put their ensnaring questions to a single man, so that they might catch him tripping, and enable them to have something laid to his charge. They thought he was ignorant! They knew not—these tricksters never dreamt, that the simple Nazarene, round whom they gathered, had been educated not only by Persia, Egypt and Rome, but in India and the East.) But notwithstanding their mean and spiteful opposition, he wearied not in his gracious work, but at all times and wherever he went, wondrous good was done by him to the souls and bodies of the distressed; and not only so, his ears were open to the cry of the poor and desolate ones; and when his keen but pitying eye caught sight of the helpless widow and orphan, he would turn to the purse-bearer of the band, and bid him put his hand into the empty bag, and give to them the coin he found there that they might buy bread and eat and live.

In a short time the fame of Jesus was widely spread amongst the people in Jerusalem and the neighbourhood; and the number of followers gathering around him and accompanying him wherever he went being nearly a thousand persons, it was clearly seen that something needed to be done in order to carry out the work efficiently. Accordingly, the Master went out from Jerusalem, followed only by the twelve and some others. We visited various places, in furtherance of the great object to which we had devoted ourselves. After going from town to town on the shores of the sea, our Master resolved to send out some of those not numbered amongst the twelve, on a mission to various places outside Judea: some to Rome and Greece; while I and two others of my own company were chosen by him to go to a town in the close neighbourhood of Alexandria, in which place a number of devout Hebrews, exiles from Judea, had gathered together, and erected a synagogue for the worship of God. To these we were to proclaim the truth we had received; telling them all that we had seen and heard, and that he whom they had been long waiting for—the Messiah—had come.

The night before parting, we gathered round the supper table somewhat sorrowful. We felt that with Jesus beside us we were strong; without him, weak. But he seeing our sadness of face, spoke wisely and lovingly to us. He told us not to be disheartened; that though plunged into adversity, made the butt of

the scoffer, and denounced as madmen, we had Truth and Heaven on our side. Turning to me and my two companions, he said—“Show unto my countrymen in Egypt, who have been driven away because of their faith in the promised one, that Messiah has come, and that it is even he that sent you unto them. Be witnesses for me of all you have seen and heard; and preach to them the great doctrine—love: to do to others that which they would have others do to them. Tell them I love them; I love you; I love all.”

After supper, the last we should take with him for some time, he rose up, and we who were to go away, bent before him. Then, with uplifted hands, he blessed us, asking the Father who had sent him, to open up our path and strengthen us for the work we had to do. Raising his eyes to Heaven, he prayed: “O glorious and mighty Father, great Spirit of all, Creator of the worlds, look graciously on these my brethren whom I now send forth into the world. O Father, may they know and feel that all strength is to be found in Thee: and that in themselves there is no strength. Give unto them, therefore, that which they lack, that they may be able to declare Thy truth, even unto those who seek their lives, that Thou art indeed their Father and their Friend, waiting for their return unto Thee. Great God of Truth, may these messengers of Thy truth, sent out to the scattered of Israel, and to the people of the Gentiles, know assuredly that Thou art with them always, and that Thou wilt guide them in the right way, and protect them from all the devices of the wicked.”

After lovingly embracing those who were about to leave, he turned to me and said—“And thou, companion of my youth; thou who didst share with me the fatherly care and instruction of the good old Issha, I send thee back to thy people and to my people to declare what thou hast seen of me. Go forth, my brother, strong in the conviction, that God is with thee. I know that thou wilt prosper in the good work set before thee. The Holy One in whose service thou art engaged will bless thee; and he who was a father and guide to us when we were boys will, in spirit, still direct thee in thy steps. Look well to thy brethren whom I send with thee. The journey you undertake is beset with dangers—from beasts of prey and men more savage than the beasts. But be not afraid, my brethren, God will shield you from

all evil. Beloved, farewell till we meet again. The time will not be long."

Early in the morning of the next day we left the company of the Master and his disciples.

If you have any questions to put I will answer them now.

Were there amongst the Twelve Disciples the brothers of Jesus, the sons of Joseph and Mary?

No; but there were brothers of Jesus amongst the other disciples. He chose the Twelve outside his own family, although both James and John were very nearly related to him; and they had been his bosom companions when at home, from the time when he came back the second time from Persia. Indeed, the love of John and Jesus was very remarkable: where you found the one, it was said, you might be sure to find the other. When the little band sat down to rest or to eat, John always sat on the right hand of the Master. He was the last of the Twelve who left the Earth—living, I believe, to a very advanced age, just as if to show men how a quiet, loving spirit could be held in the midst of troubles and grievous persecution.

Did Judas (the traitor) exhibit the character ascribed to him when you were in Judea?

Judas was just like his fellow disciples. Before he joined the band, he had been a dealer in money, and it was observed that the old love would show itself now and again. Being acquainted with money matters he had become the treasurer of the community. There was one thing quite clear about him: when he got money, he seemed afraid to let it go. Like his fellow disciples, I have no doubt he believed in Jesus as the Son of God. But, tickled by the fancies of seducing Spirits, and allowing unsubdued avarice to get the better of him, he sold his Master—dear even to him—into the hands of men who thirsted to destroy him. Deeply, woefully, and, I believe, sincerely, did he repent of the dreadful act; and when the poor disconsolate one entered the World of Spirits, the loving, the compassionate arms of the Prince were opened to embrace even him. Our Lord foresaw all that took place; he saw that Judas was but a tool in the hands of his persecutors, and he permitted it to be so. He saw it better for him to die than to live; because those who would not listen to his voice, might be led to consider, when they saw him give himself up to the death for the truths he proclaimed.

In reply to a question.

The Herod who slew the children at the birth of Jesus, was guilty of many atrocities. His children were subjected to cruelty—some of them were murdered by him. I will give you a tale concerning the family of the Herods. If there is truth in it, its recital will show you that there were Spiritualistic manifestations, as you term them, then even as in your day. Alexander, who along with his brother had been put to death by their father Herod, left a widow. The murdered Alexander had been her second husband, and after his death she fell deeply in love with one of her second husband's brothers by another mother (for, remember, old Herod had no fewer than eight or nine wives). In course of a short time the couple were married, and took up their residence in the house of the murdered Alexander. It was said that her second husband appeared to her in a dream, and accused her of not being content with two husbands, but of taking a third, and that one his own brother, and even bringing him into their own house. This heartless, lawless conduct on her part he denounced, and claimed her as his wife; he said he would have her still. She died suddenly. Such is the story; it serves to show you some features of the family of Herod. Notwithstanding the bad character of the Herod I refer to,—not even hesitating to slay his own children when they stood in his way—he had a taste for beauty. He made Jerusalem a city of palaces: and in his reign the Temple became the glory of the world. Not only so, he built sea-ports, and throughout the country, he caused towns to be erected and made many improvements. Still, he was a wicked tyrant. The family was bad. Poor James was beheaded, and Peter was thrown into a dungeon by one of them—the same conceited, vain mortal who, when he had delivered an oration, was flattered by the silly exclamations of the audience that it was the voice of a god and not of a man. Poor infatuated mortal! Quickly he found out that he was but a man.

Good night! May the blessing of the Eternal Father, the peace of His beloved Son our Lord and Prince, and the protection of His angelic ministers be yours for ever.

Ninety-third Sitting.

13th April, 1875.

Hermes' Mission to Egypt—The Route—A Strange but Blessed Community—A weary March by the Dead Sea—Sweet Rest on a Rocky Bed—A Vision. *Questions:* Three Persons seeing the same Vision—Discussions of the Disciples—The Age of Jesus—Parentage of Hermes—Jesus as a Boy and Scholar—Jesus and Hermes at a Hieroglyphic Lesson—Joseph and Mary in Egypt—Do all Spirits know the future?

AT our last sitting, I gave you an account of our parting with our Master as we were about to set out on our mission to the Jews in Alexandria. They had for some time settled down in that city and its neighbourhood, where they had established a synagogue for the worship of God, after the manner of the Jews. Being Egyptians, we were perhaps better fitted for the work assigned us than Jews would have been; for the most of these settlers in Alexandria spoke the Egyptian language. Accordingly, after supping with Jesus and the disciples, as already stated, we retired to rest, and early on the following morning, with our well-worn cloaks wrapped round us and staff in hand, we set out on our journey.

The route we took for our return was different from that taken by us when we left Egypt to find the Master. Now we went toward the Jordan, and followed its course southward till we reached the Dead Sea, on the western shore of which we continued our journey. It was not the easiest route, but we selected it that we might have an opportunity of speaking with the inhabitants of a number of villages in that obscure part of the country.

In one of these sequestered villages we met with a small community that were neither Hebrews, nor even belonging to any of the nations surrounding Judea. They appeared to me to be a mixture of races. After some intercourse with them, we found them the most intelligent people, perhaps, that ever we had met with. We began, as was our wont, to speak to them concerning the new light which had sprung up, talking for some time of our Master and his wonderful words and works, when they calmly told us that they knew all about the recorded predictions concerning the Great Deliverer; that they, a small band of men and women, had been drawn to that secluded spot, bound together

by oneness of faith in the Coming One ; and that they had been blessed and greatly strengthened in their faith by revelations of the Spirit World through dreams and visions. We then gave them farther information concerning our Master, his character and his mission ; and also told them about the great and gracious acts he had done for the relief of those who were suffering in body and in mind. They expressed their gratification with the good news we had brought to them, believing that he whose character we had described was, in truth, the one for whose appearance they had been waiting, and glad were they to know that he was so very near to them. They were greatly interested also in our account of the wonderful cures effected by Jesus, for they themselves were gifted with similar healing powers ; but, though believing them to be derived from the same source, they acknowledged they were much less in degree. Such as they were, however, they had put them forth for the relief of the sick and those who were otherwise disabled.

We tarried for a while with this blessed community, which only numbered a score or two ; and while with them we were privileged to listen to an address given by an aged man, one of their number. I cannot describe it otherwise than as truly wonderful. I will endeavour to give you some idea of its nature at another time. Our parting from the little company was very tender ; for in all our experience we had never met with people so congenial—so warm-hearted, as these were. Indeed, they seemed to me as angelic beings encased in mortal frames—men and women really possessed by great and good and holy Spirits who had left the Earth ages before. We would have liked a longer stay amongst the good people, to listen to some of their inspired ones, discoursing of the early times of the world ; but we knew that our Master's work must not be neglected,—so we went on our way.

After a long and weary march through the wilderness under a burning sun, we came to a halt about the close of day. Our lips and throats were parched, for good water was scarce in that desert region ; while the noxious fumes of sulphur and salt from the lake added to our wretchedness. Our provisions also were short. But, in our extremity, we remembered the words of Jesus : “ Heed ye not when want comes upon you : ye shall be fed.” We knew that the very birds of the air would, if need be, bring us food, and that

among even the dry rocks of the wilderness we should find springs of water. We had faith in his word.

The great sun at length went down, and night coming on, we lay down to rest on the bare ground, exposed to the heavy dews ; with no curtains over us save the over-arching canopy of the heavens, draped with starry jewels, while the moon shed a silvery radiance over the lake and its wild and rock-bound shore. With a stone which we had selected for a pillow, and our cloaks wrapped well about us, we felt as happy as the mightiest princes of the Earth stretched on their soft and gorgeous beds. Aye, and much more so ; for we lay down with clear consciences—our hearts open to God, to whom with bared heads and on bended knees we had commended ourselves, praying for the protection of His holy ones. There was nothing to be feared from man or beast, and our sleep was calm and unruffled, while nature refreshed our weary joints.

And while thus we slept we became witnesses of a vision. Whether a dream or a vision it matters not, but each of us felt as if we had lived in a far back age, before the Earth was brought forth. A great panorama moved, as it were, before our eyes, the scenes depicted on which were composed of all things that had transpired from the beginning of time down and down in the world's history to our own day, and beyond it.

We must stop for this night. I will give you some account of the vision at your next sitting. If you have any questions for me, I am ready to answer them.

Is it not rather singular that three of you during sleep should have the same vision ?

Well, I suppose, had it been confined to one person—had this extraordinary vision, natural or supernatural, been narrated by one man, his statement, however true, or like the truth, would have been thrown aside. Even where two could testify to having seen the same thing, their testimony might be called in question. But when you find three men who declare that they have seen the same thing, surely their testimony is worthy of your acceptance. And then, what was I more than my two companions? Do not imagine I was any better than they ; for I was not. Indeed, in one respect, I was below them : I had a fiery, ungovernable temper, and often forgot myself.

You would be something like the Apostle Peter, according to the account we have of him?

Well, had Peter and I got into a discussion, it would have been a hot one. The disciples were not exactly all of one mind; there were many little diversities among us, and these would now and then crop up. Indeed, we could hardly keep from discussion, for here were those of the Hebrew faith, while I and others had been brought up in Egypt and elsewhere. In the case of the Hebrews there was no great change required. It was greater in our case. And yet I maintain that the disciples who had been drawn from the Gentiles were more earnest in their attachment to the Master than were the Jewish brethren.

What was the age of Jesus at this time?

Judging from my own age, he would be about thirty-two years old.

You have never, in any of your communications, made any reference to your parents. How did you come to be brought up in the Temple?

My father was a soldier, and I have no recollection of my mother. From infancy I was dedicated to the service of the Temple, and thus I was for ever cut off from intercourse with the outside world.

When in Egypt, was Jesus like other boys of his age—fond of amusement, attentive to his lessons, and so on?

Oh, that is a subject I can readily speak on. Jesus, though characterised by an acquisitive and studious disposition, which led him to sift and dive deep into hidden things, was at the same time but a boy. When at play, he was as frolicsome as others; but when at his lessons, it *was* study; with him then there was no lack of attention; he studied for himself, and often for me too, although I was more than double his age. The venerable Issha would give each of us our tasks, telling us to have them ready for him at a certain time. Jesus had always his done first, and I was always behind: but so soon as he mastered his own he assisted me. Well, now, let me picture it to you. Here is a table, supported on three legs. On this side is laid a sheet of lead, and a similar sheet on the other. Our aged instructor, with a sharp-pointed instrument in his hand, traces a number of hieroglyphics over each of our lesson sheets, and says, "There is your subject

find out the meaning of these, my sons, and read them off to me when I return." At that time these ancient characters were not taught to the priests; but being brought up by Issha, I got lessons from him in that and other branches of education. By the destruction of the ancient books years before, much of the knowledge and wisdom of the olden times was lost to the people in my day. I know it was a hard task for me, and I can never forget the perplexity it caused me; for even when I got the key, I never could make sure of the key-hole. I well remember one day when we were thus engaged, the youthful Jesus on one side of the table and I on the other, with our hieroglyphic lesson before us. He seemed but to cast his eyes over, for a short time, the line of characters, when he cried out, "I have found it." Coming round and looking at my lesson, over which, as usual, I was helplessly poring, he said, "Do you not see it is the same subject; mine reads backward, while yours reads forward!" Our old tutor had done this to puzzle us, but the boy found it out.

Were his parents (I mean Joseph, his reputed father, and Mary) allowed to visit him?

Oh, yes; there was no hindrance in his case. He was not in my position. Hence Joseph (who was employed at his craft in the neighbourhood) and Mary frequently saw the boy. They were satisfied that what was done in his upbringing by Issha and Hafed was done in accordance with the message they had received at his birth. Both of them looked on the boy as one who was miraculously born into the world for the special work of man's deliverance from sin. I do not think you would find many who would do as Joseph did in this matter; and when visited by the Magi, they told these venerable men all they knew concerning the strange birth. "I never saw thy face," said Mary to Hafed, "till last night I beheld thee in vision, and one with a grey and flowing beard." By this vision they were evidently led to trust in those who had afterwards so much to do with the education of Jesus.

Do all Spirits know the future?

No; but in some cases, under certain conditions, they can tell what is about to happen; but this knowledge is not their own. If they are interested in the welfare of a person, one under their care, they may receive knowledge of the future in regard to their charge from a higher source. The Guardian Spirit may be

unable to prevent that which is foreseen—say a shipwreck; but he may impress the mind of his charge in such a way as to cause him, when bent on going with the ship, to miss his passage. The vessel sails without him. He hears of the disaster which befalls her, and he cries out, “O, how lucky it was I was unable to get with her!” There was no luck in it. It was pure prevention by his Guardian Spirit. [Benediction.]

Ninety-fourth Sitting.

27th April, 1875.

The Vision of Hermes: The Throne of Light—Glory—The Unseen One—Council of the Bright and Holy Ones—The Formation of Material Worlds decreed—The Work of the Mighty Ones—God’s Works and Man’s contrasted—Progressive development of the Earth—“With verdure clad”—Spirits begin the Mortal life—The Golden Age—Magnificent cities erected—Influx of Pride—Decay of Spirit Intercourse—False Worship—Ignorance and Superstition—Strife and Bloodshed—The World in darkness—True Worshippers on the Banks of the Nile—The Shepherd Kings—Lights in the East—The Great Light-bringer—Reflections on Jesus—His Work—The Progress of Truth—Rome subdued—“Priestcraft at her old work”—Falsehood glorified and Truth crucified—The Light in the West—The Doctrines of Jesus adulterated—Selling the Truth—Ancient and Modern Disciples contrasted—Signs of the Coming Reformer—His Advent and Work—His followers—Overthrow of False Systems—Jesus reigns in the hearts of men.

I TOLD you at our last meeting that as we slept we felt (whether in dream or vision I do not know) as if we lived before the world was created. We looked, and we saw Three Thrones. The largest of the three, in the centre, was gloriously bright as if the light of ten thousand suns was thrown in upon it. There was no one there, not even the holiest ones, could see Him who sat thereon, because of the dazzling light. On the right of that Throne of Light was another throne, and on it we saw One whom we knew as our Lord the Prince—he whom we had just left, Jesus the Nazarene, wandering over Judea without a home to shelter him, and sharing with his poor band the little that he had. Yet there on the right of the Glorious Unseen One, he sat, while another High and Holy One sat on the left. We seemed to form

a part of the infinite host of happy and pure Spirits that stood around that great Centre of Light, while the arches of Heaven resounded with the harmonies of innumerable silver trumpets, all, as it seemed to us, proclaiming with one voice, the greatness, the goodness, and the glory of the Invisible One, now sitting in council with the myriads of His Bright and Holy Ones, called together from the vast and glorious kingdoms of the Universe of Spirit.

It was decreed, and the fiat of Heaven went forth, to launch material worlds into the boundless ocean of space. Then we looked again, and we beheld the Mighty Ones at work amid the great forces of Spirit, till one great ball was formed, round which other great bodies—new-made worlds—took up their places. We saw the foundations of the Earth laid. Let us pause while we look for a little into this great and wonderful operation of the Master's Hand. Ah! how unlike the workings of man. Here are no quarryings from the rock—no hewing and chiselling of stone for the erection of puny structures. But the foundations on which the Mighty Master built his worlds were thin gaseous vapours, brought together one after another, till they became dense masses. And such was the Earth. We saw as it were the likeness of smoke from burning wood, curling and curling out till it became one vast flame; while as we looked, on and on it rolled round greater orbs that had been made before; round and round flies the huge mass of fire and vapour and smoke with incalculable* speed, and while it rushes on in its course it gets harder and harder. But ever onward goes this blazing ball till, hot and burning within and crusted without, it draws nearer and still nearer, with its course more regular, to its grand attracting body. On goes this now misty globe till its dense vapours become waters, and now it gets into a regular track as it courses round the Sun. We looked again, and we saw in the circling ball of water Life in various forms. Then from the same Great Council that first gave forth the fiat of creation, there came the command—Let Chaos bring forth land, a fit place for the abode of Spirit! Then we saw great mountains of rocks rise out of the waters; continents and seas were formed; and as we looked, gradually the dry land appeared, formed by the tear and wear of the rocks thrown up, from the crust, above the waters, and these in turn rushed into the new-formed hollows.

Then as we looked down from our lofty position as spectators,

we saw the Earth clad with verdure ; another look, and we saw great plants and huge animals in the waters and on the land ; then stage by stage of transformation, and animals of many kinds appeared to us, while the thick haze that had hitherto covered the Earth disappeared, and she smiled in gladness and in beauty.

At length we saw man take his appointed place. Spirit began the mortal life. To our view those happy mortals did not seem to be shut out from the consciousness of having been in a former and higher state of existence ; they appeared to us, in our vision, to live in a close and constant communion with the Spirit World—a continual ascending to and descending from it, and happiness the blessed lot of man. This was the Golden Age of the Grecian poets. We saw that, by natural law, men increased in number on the Earth—their spiritual part supplied from on high. But though full-grown as Spirits, when brought into contact with the material body they became infants—all memory of previous life was blotted out ; we saw, however, that as time wore on, they began (so intimate was the communion) to have glimpses of their Spirit existence. (I myself often tried to remember the time when I lived in Spirit before the Earth-life, but I could not ; only, in this vision, I must have seen myself there.)

So, in our vision, we saw, that as men multiplied and spread over the Earth, gathering flocks and herds, one wandering this way, the other that, they began to come together for worship in groves, but still in communion with the Spirit World, and in the enjoyment of all that flows from that communion. As time went on, we saw great and magnificent cities arise : but O how unlike the workmanship of the Great Architect ! Then we saw mankind beginning to depart from the right way. There seemed to be a gradual falling away from Spirit intercourse, until, at length, there was but one here and there who were true worshippers of God. Men became proud, self-sufficient, vain. Then we saw the upsetting of laws, war, and bloodshed ; and mankind, once so peaceful and happy, became ravenous as beasts of prey. We saw man against man, nation against nation, in hot religious strife, and ignorance and superstition covered the world in darkness. (Ah ! why should man depart from the simplicity of truth—from the worship of the Great Spirit, to whom alone all service, homage, and honour is due ! He seeketh not such for His own good, but

for ours. All good things cometh from Him, and He asketh nothing in return.)

Again, in our vision, we beheld a small company of true worshippers take up their abode on the banks of the Nile, where in words simple, and from the heart, but in a language not now understood, they sang hymns to the Great Creator—the Invisible God. There these simple shepherds fed their flocks and herds in peace. We saw them building those cities, the ruins of which show the wisdom and the greatness that then existed. Then came their Kings—the Shepherd Kings of Egypt, many of them good and great men, worshippers of the One Great Spirit. Then we saw another dynasty of Kings, and Egypt rise in glory and splendour with her Pharaohs, builders of mighty Temples, but with a worship dark and mysterious.

Then we saw other nations erecting similar Temples, their worship in harmony with their ignorance; while the people, blinded by false teachers, fell down in prayer to idols the work of their own hands. (Ah, why will men listen to the silly conceits of proud and selfish priests!) The Golden Age was swamped. Communion with the good and great of the Spirit World was almost at an end. But amid the thick spiritual darkness, we saw that light sprang up here and there. Great reformers arose, and did all they could to bring back their countrymen to the truth. Some of these were successful in their efforts. We saw them in Persia and in other nations of the East. But, in general, mankind went on in their deep degradation into the lowest depths.

Then I saw myself with my aged and venerated father, the humble and holy priest. I saw the old man instructing me opening up my youthful mind to a knowledge of the symbols of Egyptian worship. All this I saw, and each one of us saw his own individual history in the vision. Then I beheld my beloved teacher pass away into the world of Spirits. I saw myself waked up, and with burning soul, throwing to the winds all the forms of the old faith, and thinking to overturn the superstition and priestcraft of Egypt by the sweep of my single arm. Alas! all I could do was but little. I saw my journey to Judea, and the meeting with Jesus my Lord and Master.

The tidal wave of religious ideas had risen in the East, and as mankind went from one quarter to another, spreading themselves

over the Earth, these ideas or notions were carried with them. Kings and priests entertained them—cherished them, and the people bent themselves in slavish submission to tyranny on the one hand and priestcraft on the other. The thick darkness prevailed in many a region, and the benighted people groped their way, and longed wearily for the day-break. They knew not that the Light, destined to enlighten the world, had appeared in Judea—that true light which we had seen dimly beginning to rise in Egypt, in Persia, and other Eastern lands; and that the Great Light-bringer (He whom we had seen sitting enthroned in glory) was even then wandering about with his poor followers, without a house to shelter him, and often dependent on others for daily bread. (Ah! how shall I tell you of his heart of love: how his great soul went out in deep compassion for even those who spurned him from their doors.) And now, in our vision, we see him looking down upon Jerusalem, while tears of bitter grief come from those wonderful eyes, as he bemoans the condition and fate of the self-doomed city. O Great God! how can I forget those tears! That sad, sad face!—[*The Medium appeared deeply affected, choked in his utterance, and after a short pause proceeded.*] Ah, how often had we seen him thus! Seldom he smiled: he seemed at all times as one ready to give up everything—life itself—for his fellow-men. Where, O where, over all Earth's history, can you find one to compare with Jesus!)

We saw the results of our mission to Egypt, and the dangers and difficulties I encountered on my return to Judea. We then saw our Lord and Master dragged by the wicked hands of his own countrymen and accused unjustly before a foreign judge—when even that Roman would have spared him, but for the turbulence and threatenings of the infuriated priests, who howled like wolves for the life-blood of him we loved so well. We saw the shameful death on Calvary. We saw the assembly of the followers of Jesus after the Crucifixion and Resurrection—no, not resurrection, for he was not dead. The Spirit of our Master left the body behind, and entered Hades to lead forth in triumph many of those who had been bound in darkness. Even amid the gloom of the dark regions light began to break in. The scene was changed, and we saw that assembly broken up by fierce persecution, and the faithful followers of Jesus scattered abroad.

We saw next the beautiful city of Jerusalem laid low—ravaged and made waste by the violence of her own children, and by the iron bands of the besieger. We saw how those who had been driven out by persecution worked and strove even unto death on behalf of the truth. And then we witnessed the aged Hafed, whose past career we had also seen—the Prince Arch-Magus of Persia—condemned to die. We saw his martyrdom. Then followed, one after another, martyrs to the truth—gladly meeting death in divers shapes for the sake of Jesus our Lord. All this we saw—even my own death; but I saw not the manner of that death. Of that I shall yet require to speak.

Again the scene was changed. We perceived the True Light borne into many lands by the humble followers of Jesus—men who had nothing of the learning of Egypt, Persia, or Greece. They went forth strong in the faith of their Master, and with the power of his Spirit. Then, as we looked, we saw Rome, the mistress of the world—Rome, which had subdued the nations to her sway from Gaul on the West to India on the East—trampling under her iron hoofs all that stood in her way—we saw even this powerful nation, all-conquering, imperial Rome, accepting these truths. Next came the utter desolation of the once-famous Egypt and her great and marvellous buildings, while other countries, celebrated in history, became, by the violence of men, barren and wasted as the desert.

Another change, and we saw great Rome herself, which had given laws to the peoples east and west, north and south, crushed and bleeding beneath the feet of northern hosts. Still further, we saw the western nations become Christians, and blessed and made happy by the change. Time rolls on; again the dark clouds gather, and the Light is once more quenched; Liberty is groaning under the fetters of tyrants; Ignorance prevails, and the people sink into idolatry; Priestcraft is at her old work; Falsehood is honoured and glorified, while Truth is despised—crucified. The laws of the Prince are, even by those who bear his name, trampled beneath their feet.

Again, there came another scene before us, and we witnessed the truth spreading widely; but as it branched out amongst the nations of the West, we saw many eager to mix up their own ideas with the simple doctrines of Jesus, thus hiding from the people

the truths which he had made free to all. (When he spoke to the thousands of Judea, did he not speak so that a child could understand him? He would not have his light put under a bushel. Ah, no; he ever spoke simply, clearly; and, though in parables at times, these were well understood by the people who listened to him). Then, as our vision continued, we saw those men, priests, who professed to be the divinely-appointed guardians of the truth, selling that truth, as they have ever done, for the world's money, and honour, and power. (They went not out as we had done, with our old cloaks round us, our feet unshod, and knowing not where to find our next meal. No! These false priests cared nothing for the people; they robbed them of their goods, in order that they themselves might revel in sensuality and sloth.)

But while we continued to look, we beheld in the darkness a bright little spark burning. (It has ever been thus in all the ages of the past: the true light is never altogether quenched. Some humble one, none of Earth's great men—it may be a simple peasant—is the Heaven-sent bearer of the light that shall in due time burst out into a mighty flame to enlighten mankind.) We saw that light begin to burn, even in this your day. (Our friend Hafed has already told you of one who, so far as we can see, is near at hand—one destined to crush down the materialism of your time, which is more deadly now than ever it was before—worse than that of Greece or Rome.) And this great Reformer, or Messenger, was endowed with powers, enabling him to overthrow the barriers that were lying in the way of the world's happiness—to open up the Spirit World to man—and to lead and guide mankind in Spiritual wisdom and knowledge.

We saw, but past your day, the long-desired, the long-promised return of that glorious time, the theme of prophets and poets of the long past—the Golden Age of the Greeks, the Paradise of the Hebrews, when man served God in truth, drinking in Heaven's wisdom, and communing with angels even as he would with his fellows. We saw barrier after barrier removed by the mighty power of the Great Reformer. We saw others with the same powers following him,—one after another overthrowing the iniquitous systems of the world which had long hindered man's highest good. We saw these Great Messengers of the Prince triumphant; and then we beheld ushered in the Blessed Age so

long prayed for, when the Prince of Peace has his Throne in the hearts of men : when each vies in goodness and truth with his neighbour ; when deceit and wickedness no longer prevail, but every man reads his brother's mind as he does his own. [*Benediction.*]

Ninety-fifth Sitting.

18th May, 1875.

The Sun an Emblem of God—A Monument of Stones—Advice to Spiritualists—Jesus and his Opposers—Hermes and his Companions on their Journey—Evil Spirits cast out of a Man—Jesus' knowledge of distant transactions—A good work begun—Journey to Alexandria—Hopeful anticipations—The Work in Egypt—Hermes delegated to return to Judea—Embarks for Tyre—Attacked by Pirates—Their destruction by Spirit power—Arrival in Judea—Meeting with Jesus and the Disciples. *Question:* Order of the Guebre.

THE wonderful vision of which I have given you an account, passed away ; and the Sun began to break out on the Eastern sky as we lifted our heads from our stony pillow. Gradually he rose in beauty and in strength, and much I loved to look on the bright luminary, as a glorious emblem of the Great Father, who pours down continually His light and life on all His works. Remembering the lessons taught me by Hafed of this great symbol of worship, we reverently bent our knees in prayer, and raised our voices to the Mighty God, the source of all Light and Love, thanking Him for the gracious revelation which had been made to us. What were we that we should be chosen to see these things? Thousands of our fellow-men were more deserving than we were. But, in all this, there was a purpose, and that was, to impress on us, who were sent out to the world by our Prince, the relation in which he, the Son on Earth, stood to the Great Father in the highest Heavens. In our sojourn with him we had seen him humbly sharing with his followers daily bread ; but in vision our eyes had seen him at the right hand of the Invisible God.

Before we started on our journey, like the patriarchs of the olden time, we raised a monument of stones on the spot where our eyes had been blessed ; so that if ever we came back that way,

we would again raise our voices in thanksgiving to Him who had so graciously dealt with us there.

At length we went on our way, rejoicing with each other as we walked along over all that had been revealed to us. On our journey we lost no opportunity of imparting to others a knowledge of all we had received from the Master, and of that also which we had seen in vision. We tried to speak to the people in the simplest language, so that they might clearly understand us. By doing so, and boldly pointing out that which we considered wrong in their lives, we succeeded in drawing many away from their lusts to a course of purity and truth.

To you, Spiritualists of the present day, I would say—Be not afraid to declare to your fellow-men all that ye have received from the Spirit World. But, take heed—listen not to communications of evil: see that that which is given to you is consistent with righteousness and truth as seen in the character of the Master. Bring your communications to the bar of reason; and if found wanting, thrust them aside as worthless—evil. When, however, you do find in them lessons of truth and goodness, retain them, prize them, and fear not to show them to all around. In this as in all other things be guided by the example of Jesus. He withheld not the truth from his countrymen, but in spite of wicked men and the Spirits of darkness, he boldly denounced the iniquities that prevailed.

The evil ones from the dark regions, which you term Hell, had no power over Jesus my blessed Master. Singly he withstood the black host. The Chief Priests, in order to excite the people against him, tried to fasten a charge on him as one who had his powers from Beelzebub—a being who had no existence but in their own ignorant imaginations. But they could not lay a finger on him. His work must first be done. Ah, why did these men shut their ears when he, the Great Teacher, spoke to them! And yet, there were always a few hearts open to receive the seed which he cast around. Some of the doctrines which he taught to the men of Judea had been preached in the olden times, but they were new to them, and because they were new, these bigoted, conceited men would not listen to him—they were a priest-ridden race, content with that which they and their fathers had been taught.

One day we had reached the outskirts of a village, when we

met with one who was possessed, or what you would, in your language, call mad. But he had a brain as sound as yours. It was not madness. We found him beset by a number of people, to whom he talked—sometimes as if an angel spoke, and then, directly, as a devil, making a jumble of the most holy and profane words; while the company who stood around him, tormented the poor man by hooting and laughter. As we looked on, pitying the condition of the victim, he cried out, “Behold, there standeth amongst you three men who have just left the presence of the Son of God! Hear ye them!” He had no sooner uttered these words than, possessed by another Spirit, he broke out in a torrent of bitter curses against us. Feeling deeply for this distressed mortal, in the midst of his cursing, I commanded the Spirits that possessed him, in the name of Jesus, to depart. The words were but spoken, when he who had just been raging like a wild beast, became like a lamb. The people stood amazed as they looked first at the man and then at us. Then I spoke to them. I said we were but three men of flesh and blood like themselves; that there was nothing supernatural about us, being subject to the same experiences as they were; and though we had the power of doing that which they had just seen in the case of the man before them, they might also have the same power given to them. I then spoke to them concerning Jesus, and of all that he was accomplishing in word and deed in Judea; and that it was from him, the Prince of Heaven and Earth, who had been sent by the Most High, we had the power to cast out devils. I talked to them of that God who had led their fathers of old, and who was now by his Son, trying to lead them into the paths of truth and holiness. “Look at this man,” I said. “He now stands before you in his right mind, and will himself now speak to you.” The poor man, first of all, lifted up his voice and thanked God, and then, turning to the people around, told them that henceforth he would devote his life to the maintenance of the truths they had just heard uttered by those who had set him free. “I now,” said he, “know that I am a man. Hear, I pray you, what these men have yet to tell you; for I have been long lost to myself, and to all that has been going on in Judea and elsewhere.”

There was one thing, not understood by us at that time, that when any of these wonderful works were done by the disciples

who were sent abroad on missions by the Master for the preaching of the truth, he knew of all that was taking place. It did not matter at what distance, our sayings and doings were known to him. It formed a subject of discussion amongst us how this could be—whether he had information through Spirits in sympathy with him and us, or by some magnetic current or chain. Now, we know it was the latter. Not only had he this gift, but when he saw fit, and conditions allowed, he could effect cures on diseased persons at a distance by the word of his mouth. And although we had the power of healing conferred on us from the Most High, and exercised the gift, previous to our coming to Jesus, we in common with the rest of his followers, used his name when we put forth our powers.

This man, on whom the gracious power was exercised, had not only been educated in a high rank of life, but he was one who had been noble and good in character in the estimation of his neighbours. The consequence was, that during our stay in that place, which was for two or three days, a good work was begun. Some other marvellous works were done; and as our Master had instructed us, we went into their synagogue, or place of meeting, and spoke to the assembled people. The great and everlasting law of love was the chief subject of our addresses—a law not for one nation, but for all mankind; that this love was not only to be shown to our neighbours or friends, but to strangers, and even to our enemies. We impressed on them the necessity of holy living as the best preparation they could make for the great change which must come to all, when they would be called on to cast off the old clothing of the body, and be born again into the life of the Spirit. We were glad to see that our labour was not in vain, for there were some in that place that professed to believe in the new views which we had set before them; and we went on our way, thanking God that we had been used by Him to bring back these souls from darkness to light.

Journeying towards Alexandria, we felt strengthened by the hope that in that city we would be enabled so to set forth our views, that a nucleus of organised effort would speedily be formed which would in a short time convert all Egypt to the faith of Jesus; that, by the sending out from the centre of teacher after teacher, the whole mass would be leavened with the doctrines of the Master,

and the Egyptian system completely overthrown. Men may build the finest and strongest of structures, but how often do we see them, by time and circumstances, levelled with the dust—heaps of ruins, telling to the beholder the sad tale. And so with us; the structure we were about to rear, and which was afterwards raised in Egypt, was, by the time I left the body, almost overthrown, there being only a few here and there left to spread the good seed. Still, in spite of all hindrances, it must and shall be that the Light which first broke out in Judea shall shine over Egypt and over all the Earth.

Great opposition was experienced by us in our mission, but we never drooped. We knew that the work to be done must be accomplished step by step; the small stream would increase in breadth until it formed a sea, notwithstanding all opposition. Many of those who knew me joined themselves to us. Some of our converts were faithful; some of them fell back; while others, when persecution set in, became traitors, and were the first to turn and trample on us.

When in Alexandria we went into the Temple of the Jews; but it was not to be compared in any way with the grand Temple of Jerusalem. We read their sacred books, and pointed out in these the prophecies regarding the promised Deliverer, how that all that had been said by the prophets of old concerning this Coming One was fulfilled in him who had sent us to them, even Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter, who, by the power of the truths he taught, accompanied by his marvellous works, would deliver mankind from the slavery of sin and all its terrible consequences.

We had no thought of forming churches at that time. We allowed the Hebrew members of our little company (for we had formed a company) to go to the synagogues; but they were counselled to remember the truths taught by the Master. We cared not whether they were Pharisees or Sadducees—one thing we required of them, and that was, to meet together daily for prayer, that the time might soon come when the True Light should spread over all nations.

I had been nine months in Alexandria when it was determined by the brethren that I should return to Judea and give an account of the progress of the work. This I gladly undertook, for I was aware that the time was drawing near when our beloved Master

should leave us ; for he had referred to it now and again when by ourselves, instructing us what we should do when he would be taken from us. Sitting under the sycamore trees, I have listened to him while thus he spoke of going away :—" When I go to my kingdom, you will soon follow me. We shall not be long parted. But the work given me to do must first be done. My people may cast aside as worthless the truth I am sent to deliver unto them, but there are some who will open their ears ; and that seed which I sow will yet spring up, and the harvest will be gathered on high in my kingdom in the Heavens." But I am forgetting ; I will speak of some of these conversations with the Master hereafter.

I said I had been appointed by our company to return to Judea. We had amongst our number some rich men, farmers and others, and there was therefore no lack of means wherewith to send me back in a better outward condition than I had been in when I came to Egypt. I left wealthy, for I had a purple cloak and new sandals for my feet, with a well-filled purse in my girdle.

I embarked at Alexandria in a ship that was bound for Tyre. I might relate many of the incidents that occurred during the voyage across the Great Sea ; but such tales, peculiar to all journeys, I must put aside—my great aim being to speak to you of Jesus and our mission. There was one incident, however, that I must speak about. We had been two or three days at sea, the sailors toiling hard at the sweeps, for the air was hot and close, when one of the ship's crew perceived a piratical vessel bearing down upon us. The ruthless robbers were nearing us, when our attention was drawn towards a dark column, no thicker than a man's waist, extending from the waters up into the heavens. We observed that just as the pirates were preparing to board us, the long, dark object we had seen gliding swiftly over the sea struck their ship, and down she went. We saw no more of her ; but continued our voyage in peace. I was not long left to wonder at what had taken place. My old and venerable father, Issha, communicated with me in spirit, telling me that, seeing the coming danger, a number of Spirits (who had, while in the body, belonged to a warlike tribe) interfered for our deliverance. They had formed a whirlwind which, rushing into a vacuum they had also produced, overwhelmed the sea robbers who were bent on our destruction. He told me how all this was done, but it was strange

to me. He said—"Be not afraid, my son; I am always ready to preserve thee from danger, and those also who may be with thee in thy wanderings, not only on the land, but on the waters also."

At length we arrived at Tyre, where we landed. On joining once more the company of Jesus and his disciples, I was surprised, and pleased, to find the man out of whom we had cast the devils had become a follower of the Master, and had been labouring with them in word and deed for about a year. On approaching Jesus, I was preparing to tell him all that had taken place since I left. But after welcoming me back, he showed me that he was well aware of what had taken place on my journeys, and also at Alexandria. "Do not wonder," he said, "if I tell you that I know all that has happened to you. When I send forth my brethren to declare the truth I have committed to them, I am not cut off from them; there is a communication kept up. There are also unseen ones at work, who are interested in that which you have got to do. When that work is done, even as mine is nearly finished, you will be welcomed to my kingdom; from thence you will be able to cast your eyes down to Earth, where you will see men run on in sin, and feel that you are unable to do what you were wont to do while in the body. See, therefore, that you do all you can now, so that your joy may be great when you enter my kingdom and your kingdom."

If you have any questions, put them now.

Was the place where you cast out the evil Spirits in Judea, for you speak of going to a synagogue?

It was a small village, not in Judea. Formerly it had been a place of some note, but at the time of our visit we saw only the ruins of its past greatness. At the time referred to, there were very few places in which you could not find Jews: they were very much scattered amongst the nations in my day, and wherever they set themselves down, there you were sure to find a synagogue. It was in one of these we spoke; for we discovered that they had heard something of Jesus and his mission, and like many others, had the notion that he was a seditious person, trying to lead away the people from their allegiance to the Government.

I must now leave. May God for ever be with you, and the peace of the Prince our Master rest on you!

(Controlled by HAFED.)—*You once gave me an account of your admission into the order of "The Guebre":* Were there any signs depicted on the belt, and what were these?*

The first and principal sign was that of the Sun, delineated on the centre of the girdle, which denoted that those engirdled were henceforth the devoted followers of the Great Source of Light, even God, inasmuch as the Sun was the fittest object in the universe for man to adopt as a symbol of the Deity, shining as it does over all, good and bad, rich and poor, all receiving of his warmth for the nourishment of the body—sustaining life alike in animals and vegetables. That was the chief sign. There were also various other figures denoting the lesser heavenly bodies, which, though smaller, had an influence, as we considered, over the affairs of Earth. There were other figures significant of the position or office held by us, whether prince or peasant. Had I the hand of an artist, I would try and convey to you some idea of the figures on these girdles; for there were those of birds and beasts and other animals, as well as some things of a spiritual nature. I will try if our friend Steen can assist me in this matter.

Ninety-Sixth Sitting.

15th June, 1875.

The Work in Judea—Narrow-minded Jews—"The Green Sward our Bed"—Cowards—Hatchers of Plots—The Carpenter's Son—Trying to Entrap Jesus—Judge not that ye be not Judged—Hair-splitting Subtleties—Sabbath Keeping—The Coming Man—Nicodemus and the Chief Priests—*Questions:* Why choose Unlearned Fishermen—Why Twelve—Were the Disciples Mediums—The Evangelists sent out—The Dialect of Judea—Natives of Britain Disciples of Jesus—Age of Peter—Letters of Jesus—The Persian on the Name "Hafed"—The Coptic Language—Hafed acquainted with Latin and Greek.

At our last meeting I spoke of my return to Jerusalem, where I found my beloved Master. The time was approaching when he would leave us; but, not as the shepherd leaves his flock, to become the prey of hungry wolves. No; though scattered over

* See page 43.

the wide world, we would not be exactly like deserted sheep ; for the wolf-like persecutors of the brethren were, in truth, the very means by which the good seed was scattered abroad. The very winds of heaven carried the tidings of light and liberty to the peoples, who, groaning under the galling bondage of tyrants and priests, sprang up to renewed life : I would have said—never more to be enslaved. Doubtless the shackles would be struck off, but as my vision, which I related to you, fore-showed, the time would come when even those freemen, lovers of light, having the truth, would get corrupted, become traffickers, making merchandise of God's truth—aye, selling it out in pennyworths to the starving, darkened souls of their fellow-men.

After my return to the Master, he visited various places in Judea, preaching and teaching in the synagogues : wherever he found an open door he took advantage of it. On these occasions he not only expounded the Hebrew writings concerning his coming, but directed the attention of his hearers to the prophecies and teachings in the writings of the nations around. But this was too much for the narrow-minded Jews, who would turn up their noses and walk out, leaving us the sole occupants of their meeting-house, and this because our Master asserted that the men of other nations were, in the sight of God, equal with the Jews ; that, notwithstanding their privileges as a nation, they were no better than their neighbours. How proud these men were of their forefathers, Abraham and Moses, and yet how unlike them in character ! Well for them had they followed in the steps of those they professed to honour ; but they were only too like the stiff-necked race which tormented the great prophet and lawgiver.

In travelling about Judea, we generally got shelter under the roof of some kind friend or other wherever we went. But there were times, and these not seldom, when the sky was our only roof and the green sward our bed, while the moon smiled down on us as we slept under the jewelled canopy of the heavens above. At such times there were some of us who realised the presence of myriads of bright and lovely beings hovering around—aye, and ready to do battle on behalf of our Lord and Master. But he came not to force men into submission. (Had such been the case, I myself would have drawn the sword.) He came to overcome enmity by love. I often thought at that time that his heart

must have been sorely tried, when he observed some mean, sneaking fellows, who had been amongst the number he had so wonderfully fed, turning away from us when danger drew near, and when questioned, denying they had ever got anything on such occasions. Ah! there are many such in the world yet, as I perceive—men before whom Heaven's clearest signs and wonders have been brought, but who, through the most contemptible cowardice, fear of their fellow-men, shut their mouths and say nothing. But, had I to deal with them, I would—— (Pardon me, my friends. When in contact with this mortal body I feel my old violent temper roused.) But there were others, good men, who, though enduring a struggle, would in the end submit to be guided in the right course. I refer to certain educated men, occupying high places in the community, who, though somewhat faint-hearted, in their quiet hours sought for and received the truth. There were some of the same class who were continually hatching plans to entrap our beloved Master in his words—something from which to form an accusation against him. Why? Because he spoke his mind: he declared, what they hated to hear—the truth, that if they turned not from their evil ways to follow in the steps of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who had listened to the voice of the Lord, they would assuredly perish as a nation.

The people of Judea, amid all their bitter sectarian strifes, looked for the speedy coming of their Messiah, but they could not see him in the lowly Nazarene. “He! the son of the carpenter,” they cried—“*He* the Messiah? No; our promised one will come as a King—our King. He will sweep Earth of her kingdoms, and his dominion shall be from sea to sea.” They cast him off—this lowly, humble man; these vain and conceited men despised and rejected the Chosen of God. Nursed on the bosom of a virgin, he was but a bastard in the eyes of the world. Yet he heeded not their scoffs and bitter hatred; for he knew that all the kingdoms of the world would submit to him; that those who had passed away, and generations yet to come, would all acknowledge him as their Lord and King. Such, he maintained, was the meaning of the words spoken by the prophets of the olden time.

I have seen those crafty enemies of our beloved Master often

confounded by the wise sayings he uttered. On one occasion they thought to get him entangled in their web. They brought before him a poor woman taken in sin, and asked him to sit as judge in the case. The great Solomon was a wise man; but here was one the wisest the world had ever seen, or would see; and what is his judgment? "Let him who is sinless among you cast a stone at her!" O, had you but seen how these haughty priests and rulers looked when the godlike sentence fell from the lips of Jesus. They had come into his presence, their eyes twinkling with malicious intent, sure of thrusting him into a corner; but when they heard the words of the Master they slunk off, one after another, sheepish and confounded. That was a lesson for them, and for all. Examine yourselves and see if you can afford to cast dirt at your neighbour. That was how the Master administered justice. O that he were followed by the judges of the Earth! He who sitteth as a judge should, before he condemns, look into himself, to see if in any way he is upholding the system that has brought the criminal to the bar of judgment. Such were the kind of lessons imparted to us by our Master, and which we treasured up for future use.

In all our wanderings, he never lost an opportunity of doing good. But even in this his enemies sought to find fault in him. "Why should your Master heal on the Sabbath-day?" So blinded were these men by their hair-splitting subtleties regarding forms and ceremonies, that they saw not the absurdity involved in their question. They saw not that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the doing of that which was good in itself and beneficial to man. The rest-day was undoubtedly a wise law, good for man, and a blessing even to the beast of burden. It was for man's welfare that the Great and Good Father appointed it; and yet these blinded enemies of Jesus found fault with him because he had healed an afflicted mortal on the Sabbath-day! The Creator makes no difference in days; every day is a day for serving Him—every day a day for doing good. The Sabbath is a gracious arrangement, affording man a resting-time, in which his thoughts may be drawn upward, from the temporal to the spiritual—a time for clearing away the rubbish of the six days, and acquiring bodily and mental strength. But such a day was never intended to be wholly devoted to fasting and prayer. That would be a breach of

the law of rest. True worship is not confined to set times; and God demands from man no more than he is able to give: to serve Him with all the powers of which he is possessed. Thus Jesus, my Master, taught us, and had his lessons been heeded, the world would have been this day nearer to God.

The light is beginning to break over the Spirit World. That one of whom Hafed has spoken will shortly arise: a poor man in the eyes of the worldling, but endowed with great and wondrous power—who will overthrow all those systems, political, social, and religious, that stand in the way of the truth. I can perceive through this Medium, that you live in an age of advanced education, and that brilliant stars are shining and giving light to the world. But this Coming One, of whom I now speak, will not appear in that way. He will not come from the schools of the learned. He will speak under Spirit power. The voice that will be heard will be that of a mighty angel: then will be heard the crash of false systems, all over the Earth, under the mighty wheel; and then all will worship the One Great Father, though under a different name. But I must hasten on.

As I have said, there were some amongst the Rulers and Chief Priests, who scrupled not to use the vilest means to find an accusation against our blameless Master. But in their assembly, one of their number, named Nicodemus, stood boldly up in his defence, and showed that Jesus was really what he professed to be—the Sent of God. But the saying of the Master about the destruction and restoration of the Temple—meaning his body—was caught up by them, and denounced as a crime by the priests. What! talk about the destruction of their great and gorgeous Temple, the glory of the world! This was not to be passed over. These priests, in their robes of more than regal magnificence, resolved to crush this outcast in appearance, but the True High Priest. These men were not stupid; they knew what they were about. If the doctrines of Jesus prevailed, they knew well their trade was at an end. No longer would they feast their eyes on the poverty-stricken people dragging up a sheep to hand over to them to be slain as a sacrifice, and eaten by them! Ah, well I knew how these things were done. The priests were all alike in all nations.

I will proceed at our next meeting to give an account of the trial of my Lord and Master. Put your questions.

Why did Jesus choose the Twelve from amongst the unlearned in Judæa?

Had he chosen them from among the Masters of Israel, learned in their religion and laws—or even such as I was, an educated priest of Egypt—the people to whom they were sent would not have had cause for wonder; but the fact that they were known to be ignorant men (without taking into account their wonder-working powers) was of itself fitted to arouse the attention of the people to the great truths they proclaimed. No: Jesus went not to learned doctors, but to simple, untaught fishermen. Had he gone even to the artizan class, he might have got some educated, and partially educated, among them. But fishermen! why, he could not have found a more ignorant class of men on the face of the Earth. They might have been able to weave a net, to drag it in the water for fish, and to give a shrewd opinion of the weather, but that was the most they could do. Poor fellows, they were often very unfortunate in their hauls, and their occupation consequently was reckoned a miserably bad one. Ignorant themselves, they were quite unable to teach their children, and had not the wherewithal to pay others to do it, for at that time education was very expensive. But, indeed, they really did not care anything about it. They taught their children what they themselves knew, and that was very little. Such was the class from which he chose his chief apostles. When these men, in course of time, were endowed with power to speak and write in strange tongues, it might well be looked on as a miracle by their countrymen; for, I tell you, in my day, it was something to be able to write.

But why confine the number to Twelve?

The Twelve you must look on more as personal attendants; for it was common at that time for all great teachers to have not only their followers, but a few of these selected specially to be in close personal attendance. We were among those whom you would call the Evangelists; those whom the Master sent out in all directions to spread abroad the doctrines he had taught us.

Were they Mediums?

The Twelve and the Evangelists were more or less gifted with what you call mediumistic powers. That was one reason why they were chosen. He said they were fore-ordained as Mediums, through whom the Spirit might speak. Such is the fact; and if

his followers in your day could but see it as a fact, they might work wonders before the eyes of worldly men. But the gifts possessed by us were of a much higher character than those possessed by Mediums of the present day. Take my own case. I preached to the people in languages I knew not; I healed the sick and cast out devils; I had direct communication with Spirits, speaking audibly to them, and they to me—walking and talking, eating and drinking with them; and beyond all that, I was privileged to foresee future events. Where, in the present day, will you find a Medium so gifted? Indeed, it was often a matter of wonder to me. I have seen myself, with all my acquired knowledge, coming to a strange people, not knowing how to address them, and wondering how I should get on; but the first man I met I saluted him in his own language; for he replied, and I understood what he said. It was often thus: the lions conjured up in my way were very soon driven off.

Did all those whom Jesus sent out as Evangelists, come back?

No; there were generally one or two left. There were always some coming and going.

Were the Scriptures of the Jews read in the common dialect of Judea?

The Scriptures read were from the version which was compiled in Egypt. The common language of every-day life in Judea was a mixture of Hebrew, Syriac, Roman, and Greek.

Can you inform me if any of the natives of Britain were disciples of Jesus?

There were some of your countrymen serving as Roman soldiers in Judea, who became followers of the Master, and these, when they returned to their own country, proclaimed the truth they had received. There had been for a long time intercourse kept up by the Tyrian trade in tin.

What was the age of Peter at the time you speak of?

About forty years.

Were you cognisant of the letters sent by Jesus to Hafed?

These were sent before I joined, and while absent at Alexandria.

Did you correspond with Hafed yourself?

No; I required not to do that. I had my information from Issha by Spirit communication.

(Controlled by HAFED.)—*I have been told that the name HAFED is not Persian, but Arabian. I would like to hear you on this point?*

I am not able to say that you have the exact pronunciation, but it is as near as you can get it. The words in the Persian and the Arabic are very like, and, to those unacquainted with these languages, they would appear alike. They are not so. The Persian and the Arabic are so near each other that it would not be easy to give the difference through this Medium. A single letter introduced into a word, in a language you knew nothing of, might be unnoticed by you, yet that small letter would make all the difference. Perhaps it would have been better had we adhered to the name given at first, for it is nearer the Persian pronunciation than *Hafed*, which, as you may remember, was adopted by our friends here. *Haffiz* would be still nearer.

The Coptic was the language of Egypt in your time?

Yes; that was the language which the Egyptians wrote. A number of the letters are like the Greek. I rather think the Greeks had their characters from Egypt.

Were you acquainted with the Latin?

Yes, and the Greek also.

May the Almighty Father, and Jesus the Prince, send the holy ones to guide you in all your ways!

Ninety-seventh Sitting.

22nd June, 1875.

Hermes on the Machinations of the Priests—The Feast of the Passover—No fear of Man in Jesus—The Band go up to Jerusalem—The Shelter in the Gardens—The Secret Council of the Rulers and Priests—False Accusations—Defenders of Jesus in the Council—Boldness of Nicodemus—Judas the Traitor—The Midnight Capture in the Gardens—Peter's violent stroke and its result—The Trial Scene—"Crucify Him, Crucify Him!"—Pilate's Cowardice—The Dolorous Way to Calvary—The Bloody Work Completed. *Questions:* The Company at the Last Supper—Pronunciation of Proper Names by the Medium—Hermes' Account of the Trial.

OUR great Master's work was now drawing to a close. He had done all that he could do. He had come and spoken the truth

to his countrymen as no one else had ever done, accompanied by wonderful works for man's benefit. They rejected the truth, and impiously ascribed the healing power which he exercised to Beelzebub, a mythical personage, borrowed from another nation, and set up by them as the Great Spirit of Evil. Pity it is they did not allow the Persians to keep their own Devil! Had there even been such a power in existence, and doing as these men alleged, surely he could not have been so very bad, to give sight to the blind, to unloose the tongue of him who could not speak, and give hearing to him who had never listened to the song of the birds. Did these malicious men really believe that this Devil of theirs would restore to life the widow's only son, or beseech men to love one another? No; they knew better; they knew that it was a falsehood hatched in their own wicked hearts. Such iniquity could only be done by these vile priests and rulers of Jerusalem.

I have no intention to notice all that was said and done in relation to our beloved Master, seeing you have already got a good deal from those who were in closer contact with him than I was. But what I do give freely to you, see that you give as freely to others. O many and precious were the sayings he uttered before he left; and in all he said, we saw that he was deeply impressed with that which was coming upon him. But he was ever anxious to impress on us that though removed from our sight, he would still watch over us till we entered his kingdom above. Were the whole kingdoms of the world to become subject to him (as yet they shall be), what are all these compared with his kingdom of the Spirit World! O that the nations of Earth would but submit to his easy yoke! All that he asks of men is, that they should aspire to higher life—get nearer and ever nearer to God their Father.

We were in Galilee when the Passover of the Jews drew nigh; and we were surprised when the Master said to us that he would go up to Jerusalem on the occasion. We tried to persuade him against going; for we knew that the Chief Priests and others had been plotting to destroy him. They saw clearly that if Jesus succeeded in getting the people to submit to his doctrines, their whole system would be overthrown, and that their fat livings, upheld by exactions from the ignorant masses, would also be swept away. But, to all our entreaties, the Master would not lend his

ear. He had made up his mind to do his duty, and go he would. Ah, there was no shrinking, no cowardly fear in him when danger was impending. It mattered not where he was—whether in Temple or Synagogue, on hillside or seaside, he never showed the slightest fear of man, but was ever ready to speak and work for man's welfare. Finding him resolved we opposed him no longer, but catching the same spirit, we professed, one and all of us, to be ready to go even to death with him. So we thought then. O how brave we are at times! But it was self that made us cowards.

When we reached Jerusalem, he went to the Temple, as was his wont, and spoke daily to the people there assembled, at that time in great numbers. In the evenings we went to Kedron, in the gardens of which we found shelter, though under the open canopy of heaven, away from the noise and bustle of the city. The crisis came on. The last evening with our Master, after supping with him, we went back to our shelter in the gardens. And while engaged in devotion with him there, the Chief Priests and Rulers were sitting in council, as we afterwards learned, planning how they might get rid of him. But even amongst these men there were some who had secretly believed in Jesus; and now that the storm was about to burst, they boldly avowed their attachment, and stood up in his defence. These were, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, Gamaliel, and others of the Masters of Israel. The High Priest Caiaphas, as I afterwards learned, rose from his great throne and spoke to the assembled council. After showing what Jesus had done and was doing, he accused him of witchcraft, stating that witnesses were ready to declare that he had spoken both against their holy Temple and city, and that he had despised the laws of Moses—laws that been penned by the hand of God. Another rose and accused him of making himself a king, thus giving the Roman Government cause of complaint and interference; while one after another brought other charges against him, and clamorously called for instant decision.

It was at this point the humble and meek-minded Gamaliel opened his mouth in defence of the Master. He asked them how it was possible for such a character as they made out Jesus to be, to do the good and wonderful works he had done, and of which many of them were witnesses, except God were with him? Thereupon one rose up in great wrath, as if possessed by their

supreme devil Beelzebub, and appealed to Heaven to crush the meek Gamaliel. But the ruler Nicodemus boldly stood up, and quietly but firmly thrust back the accusations that had been made against Jesus. He said he would not call down the curses of Heaven on their heads; he would rather plead for mercy on them, notwithstanding the iniquitous courses they had pursued to gain their object—the destruction of the innocent. “O blessed religion, as taught by Jesus, glittering in the beauty of truth!” he cried, “but when put on as a cloak, it becomes dark and cruel, seeking to appease offended Heaven by sacrifices on bloody altars. This is not the religion taught by Jesus. Why do you thus secretly meet to sit in judgment on him? He is not afraid to look you in the face. Are ye afraid? But go on in your evil way, and become guilty of slaying the innocent. Rear your altar, ye priests! Lead forth as the victim, for the last of your bloody sacrifices, Jesus, the Son of the Living God!” Thus spake the Ruler, who had long been a believer in secret, but who now fought bravely for the Master before the Chief Priests and Rulers of the nation. “I leave you,” he said; “I wash my hands of this evil deed!” On saying which, accompanied by Joseph, Gamaliel, and others, he left the Council. That same Caiaphas would have given a hundred years of life could he have done the same; but he was afraid for his position as High Priest.

Not far from the place of secret Council was Judas, the wretched traitor, who sold his Master for a few pieces of silver. My soul burned in bitter wrath against the foul wretch, and had he been clinging even to the sacred altar, I verily believe I would have torn him limb from limb, and thought I was doing but justly. The traitor lay waiting the decision of the secret conclave, some of whom had concerted with him that same night how to take Jesus.

A sorrowful night it was to us all. He alone was composed. He was conversing freely with us, telling us of the Heavenly country, and of his return to his kingdom above, when lo! in the thick darkness, we saw lights approaching. All nature was silent, even the stars veiled their faces, refusing to look on the impending deed of darkness. O think of that! The lights of flickering flambeaus showed the forms that approached, guided by the traitor: a band armed with swords and spears and bows—a whole

regiment of armed men to capture one man and a few unarmed followers. Jesus stood unmoved at the sight, and when they came near, he said—"Whom seek ye?" They said they wanted Jesus of Nazareth. He then said, "I am he," when at once, as if stricken, the whole band of armed men fell flat on their faces to the ground. Amazing sight! The rough soldiers of Rome, unaccustomed to bowing the knee, doing homage as to a king,—prostrate before him whom they had come to arrest as a criminal! Then the traitor, who accompanies them to earn his vile wages, attempts to salute his Master whom he had sold (a long and sore punishment he had to undergo, and he has doubtless long regretted the dreadful deed). At length, they laid hands on the victim, when Peter, who was armed with a sword, boldly attacked them, wounding severely a servant of the High Priest. But even then at that trying moment, the goodness and power of our beloved Master was shown; for, after rebuking the impulsive but warm-hearted disciple, he turned to the man who had been struck, and by a touch healed his wound. Ah! Caiaphas, where was the sorcery there? The after-life of the man whose wound had been healed, gave answer; for he became from that night a thorough believer in Jesus, and was prominent as a spreader of the truth in Judea. That passionate stroke of Peter's made numerous converts to the truth—more than ever he had made during all the mission of the Master.

They led him away, and brought him before the High Priest and Rulers, who ordered him to be taken to Herod's judgment-bar; but he, declining to sit in judgment on Jesus, handed him over to Pilate the Roman Governor. Being a foreigner, I was not suspected of being one of his followers, and got admission along with others. There the enemies of Jesus brought forward their charges, one of these being that he had said he was a king, thinking by such an accusation to gain the ear of the Roman Governor. But after questioning him, Pilate declared to the clamorous, malicious men who crowded the Roman hall, that he could find nothing against him. You can imagine how hard it was for me to stand there, amidst the crowd of bitter enemies, and see my beloved Master rudely struck in the face, while first one miscreant and then another brought forward false accusations against him.

Pilate, who was a just and honourable man, fearing the gods of his country, indignantly protested against the bigotry of these spiteful Jews, and declared that he saw nothing in their charges. But they, determined to accomplish their object, insinuated that he was not doing his duty as a Roman Governor in setting one at liberty who had been seditiously stirring up the people. Still he stood firm, even condescending to plead with them to desist from their charges. "Away with the fellow! Crucify him!" cried the infuriated crew. Even the wife of Pilate entreated him not to listen to the bloodthirsty accusers of Jesus; but though he considered him innocent, he—afraid of the threats of the Jewish Rulers and Priests to denounce him to the Imperial Government—after protesting against the deed, and washing his hands from innocent blood, gave him up to be crucified. He was guilty, notwithstanding: for, but for his cowardly fear of Jewish malevolence, he had power sufficient to have acquitted Jesus. But in all this was fulfilled the old prophecy that he would die an ignominious death.

There was no prison for him—no breathing-time allowed by these hounds thirsting for his blood. The altar was erected and the victim lamb was led out as a bloody sacrifice to the God of Heaven! Ah, what have not priests done in the name of God, to further their own selfish ends! Alas! it has ever been thus: True Religion set at nought; Love and Truth sacrificed!

That morning you would have thought that all Judea had gathered together to witness the crucifixion of these three men; for Jesus was doomed to suffer death between two robbers: thus basely heaping odium on him even in his death. I never left from the time of his arrest till they brought him to Calvary. I had seen nothing of the others, excepting Peter, who was present at the palace of the High Priest in the early morning. Poor Peter, he lost his temper when questioned by one who suspected him to be a follower of Jesus, denying with an oath all knowledge of him; but bitterly he repented of his cowardly conduct.

Jerusalem was, at the time, crowded by people from all parts of Judea, and the whole course of that ever-memorable procession along the streets was crowded by onlookers; and when the Roman guards on their prancing war-horses appeared with Jesus in their midst many of the people wept; and some of those who had

cried for his crucifixion now shed tears as they looked on him who quietly and uncomplainingly went on to a cruel and shameful death.

On reaching the accursed hill they stripped him of his raiment, and drove the nails through his hands and feet into the cross ; and doing the same with the two robbers, they thrust the three crosses into the ground. And there between these two thieves hung the Prince of Glory in agony and shame amid that crowd of mocking heartless Jews and rough Roman soldiers, yet even then I heard no complaint from his lips. On the cross, over his head, the Romans, by command of Pilate, placed an inscription, in three languages, evidently to spite the Jews, in these words: "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews." They complained to Pilate, and wished him to alter it, but he refused to hear them.

Their bloody work had not long been accomplished, when Heaven frowned on the dreadful deed. All nature became shrouded in thick darkness ; the vivid lightnings flashed, and the thunder rolled. Terror was pictured on every face of the assembled people, and the Roman soldiery who were never afraid of ten times their number, crouched as if they expected the heavens to fall on them. I believe there was more done at that black hour to bring home conviction of the truth than during all the ministry of our beloved Lord. The educated amongst these Romans were heard exclaiming, "Surely this man is the Son of a Divine Being!"

I must stop here to-night. If you have any questions put them now.

Was the company at what is called the Last Supper confined to the Twelve?

No ; but it was confined to the disciples who were with the Master at the time, including the Twelve. In this he made no distinction ; he looked on all as his brethren. We were all dear to Jesus, but these twelve, being Hebrews, he chose to be his body servants.

How do you manage to get the Medium to pronounce now such names as Gamaliel, for at one time he could not be used to give proper names?

Well, he is now farther advanced — better educated as a Medium.

You say Jesus was taken from the High Priest to Herod, and then to Pilate. In one of the Four Gospels the writer says he was taken from the High Priest's to Pilate, who remitted him to Herod, and that the latter sent him back to Pilate: Is there no mistake in your statement?

No; my statement is correct.

May the peace of him who hung on the cross of Calvary be ever upon you! Good night.

Ninety-eighth Sitting.

29th June, 1875.

The Morning of the Crucifixion—The Sun Ashamed—The Scene round the Cross—Jesus and the Dying Malefactors—"Father, forgive them!"—A Philosophy the Grecian could not boast of—On the "Opening of the Graves"—Jesus in the Great Prison-house—The Malefactors in the Third Sphere—A Night of Prayer—Jerusalem in Commotion—The Priests Afraid—The Tomb Guarded—The Resurrection—Attempt to Bribe the Soldiers—The Rent Veil of the Temple—The Day of Symbols Past—Jesus appears in his Bodily Form—His Address—Appears at various Times and Places—He Heals the Sick—The Ascension. *Questions*: On the Bodily Appearance of Jesus after the Resurrection—Hermes on the Book of Revelation.

I GAVE you at our last meeting some account of the trial of our beloved Master, and briefly referred to the sad scene on Calvary. The Sun shone out beautifully over the magnificent city on the morning of that terrible day. Could it be possible that a deed so atrocious was about to be perpetrated? Yet he continued to pour down his beams on the crowds that thronged all the ways leading to the place of death—the hill of Calvary—where the Sent of God was hung up as a spectacle for the world to gaze at. But the cruel process of crucifixion had not long been enacted when the heavens were overcast, and all nature became black as if a pall had been flung over the whole sky. The Sun, ashamed, hid his face in thick clouds. The forked lightnings darted athwart the dark expanse, and the thunder rolled fearfully, north and south, east and west. We felt the earth quaking beneath our feet. The Roman guards stood motionless, gazing in silence on the fearful scene, while the crowds of Jews slunk away in consternation towards the city.

Amongst those who continued to stand by, I observed a number of the followers of our beloved Master; and we drew together, keeping close to the cross, on which he hung in agony. While he lived, he continued to look down on us, while now and again we heard words of comfort coming from his lips. Although some even of the Twelve had timidly deserted him, not one of the women who had so devotedly followed him was absent; and some of those who stood firm to the close were strangers like myself. Ah! these were trying, painful hours to us who looked on. To see one whom we esteemed as the Chosen of God for the world's good, crucified in pain and shame, and set up between two criminals! But even these two dying men, amid their own grievous agonies, praised him who hung between. They had witnessed his childlike submission, they had heard his words of love and deep compassion,—his prayer for his murderers; and being near to death, their eyes were opened to discern the thousands of the Spirit World hovering round. That mailed host spoken of by Hafed was there too, who, had our dying Master but whispered to them, could have swept Jerusalem and its inhabitants into utter destruction. But, no; such was not his way of overcoming enmity. He prayed the Great Father to forgive them. This was a philosophy the Grecians could not boast of. Some of them had died smiling, surrounded by their friends and disciples. But he died with the words of forgiveness on his lips for the thousands of bitter enemies that had nailed him to the tree. Some of those men who stood looking at him whom they had thus treated, imagined that he would miraculously free himself from the cross; and who, had he done so, would, as they said, have bent the knee to him and acknowledged his Messiahship; but he would not: the work had to be done, and that was to sacrifice himself—to die for the truth he had been sent to proclaim.

During the great darkness, it was said that the Spirits of men who had long passed away appeared to many in Jerusalem. There were some so silly as to say that they had resumed their old bodies that had lain for ages in the grave. If they appeared at all, it must have been in bodies materialised for the occasion.

As night drew on, we left the place of crucifixion; but others of our company, with the women, still knelt round the cross. They were thus kneeling when the soldiers approached to break the

limbs of the crucified, before the Jewish Sabbath began. Finding that Jesus was dead, they did nothing. The Blessed Spirit was away to Paradise, whence he would return to impart comfort and instruction to his sorrowing followers. The two malefactors, who still lived, were quickly put out of their dreadful agonies by the soldiers. These men, as I afterwards learned, entered into the third sphere, and are now blessed evangelists, labouring amongst the denizens of the dark caverns. He too had gone there, and traversed the dreary mazes of the great prison-house, because he desired to pass through all the experiences of man, so that he might the better accomplish the work of redemption. And yet though coming through all such experiences, he ever remained pure and unblameable. In whatever place he was—Greece, Egypt, Persia, or elsewhere—it was the same: he conformed to the laws of the people, but worshipped God, the Great Spirit.

A number of us met on the evening of that sad day in the house of one of the brethren. You can imagine the heavy hearts we had. But it was a night of prayer; and as the Sabbath came on we felt as if Jesus himself were there in Spirit. When it was told to us in the morning that Joseph of Arimathea, who had so boldly defended him in the Council, had got possession of the body of our Master, we rejoiced greatly. But this did not banish the thought that he who had loved us was now taken away from our mortal sight. It was while we were in this condition that the venerable form of Issha appeared to me, and told me not to be disquieted, that Jesus would soon be with us again; and that the angelic host would watch over us till he returned to give us the power which he had promised.

All Jerusalem was now in commotion because of that which had taken place the day before. The priests, pondering on the few words that had fallen from the lips of Jesus regarding his rising again, got a guard of soldiers to watch the tomb where Joseph had laid the body, lest, as they said, we should steal it away, and say he had risen again. Poor men! they knew not (but they might have known from their own sacred writings) that all the legions of Rome could not keep him entombed—aye, though he had been built up in a solid pyramid, that would not have prevented the Son of the Highest coming back to his sorrowing brethren.

And when the Sabbath was past, and the morning light came on, does the Great Deliverer burst out upon these soldiers in the greatness of his power? No; he quietly passes through the doorway, and in the sight of the trembling guards, who bow before him, he leaves them to watch an empty tomb. The soldiers, on recovering from their astonishment at that which they had seen, went and reported to the priests all that had taken place. And what did these evil-hearted men? It was said that they attempted to bribe the poor soldiers to say that, while they slept, the body of Jesus was taken away by his disciples—"Only do this, and we will make it all right with your commander;" for well they knew that it was death by the Roman law for a soldier to sleep while on guard. Such were the men who crucified our Master. Chief Priests in the Temple of God! Dastards! to tempt poor soldiers with a bribe. Ah, why should they thus try to hide the truth? It would not hide. They had but to look at the rent veil of their Temple to see Heaven's condemnation of their accursed deed. Did such a thing ever happen before? Who did it? Will they blame us for that too! It was no earthly power that did that. The fire of Heaven cleft it in twain, and the word went forth—Away with all these mummeries! The day of symbols is past. Not now by these may man approach his Maker. Man's heart is the true Temple of God. Conscience will guide man the Lesser Intelligence to serve God the Great Intelligence. And Jesus the Light of the World will, in spirit, destroy the corrupt systems of men.

All that Sabbath-day we were continually coming and going—we could not rest. The room in which we met was never without some of us on our knees in prayer. At last, on the morning after, we were astonished when it was reported to us that some of the brethren had seen the Master; and thereafter, when we met with some others in the house where I lodged, my venerable father Issha appeared before us, and as distinctly visible as one of ourselves. He put forth his hands over us as we sat, and at once before our wondering eyes stood Jesus in bodily form. He stretched out his hands, and thereon we saw the wounds the nails had made. And then he spoke to us—"I have been away and have seen my kingdom, and now I will be with you for a short time before I finally depart." There were some who thought it was a vision. But I knew it was a reality. I saw that it was the

same body on which I had so often looked before the crucifixion; and yet there was some difference, not easily described. But when grasped by the hand, the feeling was the same as when we grasped the hands of each other. He appeared to be sadder now than formerly: though he rarely ever smiled. (When a boy, he was joyous and laughed like the rest of us.) But now, he spoke with solemnity. He alluded to the opposition that would be made to our work, but told us not to be afraid, for he would be with us; that when persecution set in against us because of the truth, we were to watch lest we should be tempted to fall away. "Be ever bold and faithful in the work which I have given you to do; never withhold your hands from the great work. A structure will be raised; but a time will come when my doctrine will be trampled under foot by men professing to be my true followers, but hypocritical worshippers, wearing a cloak of truth to cover their iniquity."

Again and again he met with us, and spoke of the necessity of prayer and watchfulness on our part, in view of the mission we were undertaking. These interviews with our beloved Master were held in various places, when we came together, during three or four weeks; but none of us knew where he went to when he left us. He had been seen by some of the brethren, who were fishermen, walking on the sea; by others, on Mount Olivet; while I and others had seen him surrounded by the heavenly host. Indeed, it may be said that he met with the brethren by day, and with the angels by night. I had seen these holy ones in their mortal form; but with Jesus they appeared in spirit with a brightness beyond that of the Sun at noonday.

As the day drew nigh when he should leave us, he gave each of us directions about the work we had undertaken. Although the Jews had cut him off, we were not (he said) to cast that in their teeth, and refuse to deal with them; on the contrary, we were to hold forth his truth to the people of Jerusalem. If they should revile us because of our faith in him, we were to submit, answering them not. And there were some of us who needed this advice of the Master. I know I had a fiery temper; but, bearing his words in mind, I succeeded in curbing it, even though, in doing so, I had to bite my lip. Better to do that than give the enemy anything to say. Indeed, to become a successful preacher of the Master's truth, this course had to be carried out.

We went out that day with him into the country; but even then, as we journeyed onwards, the country people drew near to us, and he put forth his power, as he had done before, and healed those who were sick among them. At length we came to the spot whence he was to be taken from us. We stood around him, while he prayed for us; and just as he was in the act of blessing us, he was gradually lifted up before our eyes. Gazing longingly upwards, we beheld a host of bright beings overshadowing us, amongst whom I knew my loved father Isscha. As the form of our Lord and Master rose, it seemed slowly to dissolve, and a cloud came down and shut out the view. We saw no more of Jesus, our beloved Master; but we knew we would meet him in the Heavens, into which he had gone, and that, though no longer with us in the body, he would be with us in spirit to direct and guide us. It was a foretaste of Heaven. We went back to Jerusalem, as he had bidden us, to wait on his promise—the fulness of the Spirit.

I must stop here. Have you any questions?

Did you eat and drink with Jesus after his resurrection?

On several occasions he ate and drank with the assembled brethren.

Was there not something different in his bodily powers—something greater than before his crucifixion?

No; there was then no greater power. He did not at all times put forth his power. On some occasions, during his ministry in Judea, he disappeared from the sight of his enemies: in these cases he merely operated on their eyesight. By the exercise of the same power after his resurrection he appeared to us and vanished away. Had our beloved Master wished to escape at Calvary, do you imagine that nails could have held him to the tree? No. And there were those about him who, had he but said the word, could, in an instant, have swept his murderers from the face of the Earth. But the Cross was his final sermon; for on it he showed to all men that truth and righteousness must be maintained by the sacrifice of life itself. On that dark day Nature herself preached to many men of thought. Some tried to get over it by saying it was an eclipse of the Sun; but wiser men knew that that could not take place at the time.

Have you any idea how the Revelation was given to John—was it in vision, and afterwards written out in his normal state?

If the Revelation was made to John, and written by him, he would, I think, be controlled to write in his normal state, and in doing so the vision and words would be brought before him. But I doubt whether he wrote it. I think I saw it, though not exactly in the same form, before John's time.

The blessing of the Highest be ever upon you! Good night.

Ninety-ninth Sitting.

27th July, 1875.

Before Pentecost—Misapprehension—Outpouring of the Spirit—The Vision in the Upper Room—The Gift of Tongues—Preaching to the People—Persecution—The Rulers confounded—A Council Established—Its Composition—Dissensions—Hermes contends for Liberty—The Council broken up—Hermes in Greece—Frequents Public Meetings—Visits Sicily and Smyrna—Meetings in Athens—Amongst the Philosophers—His Curative Old Cloak—Thoughts of Home—Despondency. *Question:* The Death of Judas.

AT our last sitting, I finished my address by giving you some account of the departure of our Master. We were left to ourselves. The little flock was left by their shepherd. But we knew he was not far from us, and that we would yet rejoin him in his kingdom, whither he had gone; but we had still work to do for him on Earth. We had to labour and suffer—aye, and die for his truth.

The Rulers of the Jews thought they had for ever destroyed our cause, laid it in the dust, by taking away our Master—that they would hear no more about it because he was dead. Dead! Poor blinded men, they were not aware that The Truth could never die. But we kept quiet, waiting for the fulfilment of his promise. There were some, however, of our number that did not even then comprehend his meaning. They thought that he would yet appear as the Saviour of the nation from bondage. But there were others of us who knew better. We knew that his appearance would be spiritual; that he referred to the gift of the Spirit which he would bestow on us, so that we might be fully prepared to go out to the world and proclaim the truths which he had taught us. I, who was in possession of some of the gifts with which all were

afterwards endowed, and others who were not so privileged, but who understood the words of the Master, endeavoured to keep up the hearts of the brethren in our daily meetings for prayer. Not an hour passed over us that saw not some of us in prayer. We ceased not in our supplications to the Most High, that He would send forth His Holy Ones to guard us from our enemies, who, like lions, lay ready to spring on us.

At length the day came on—a day I can never forget. We were all assembled in the usual place, engaged in solemn prayer, when the walls of the house were terribly shaken, as if by an earthquake, while lights of a blueish-white colour blazed above our heads; but beyond these strange lights we saw the Prince, our Master, in glory, surrounded by bright hosts of Spirits, among whom I recognised the Spirit-horsemen that Hafed has already described to you. And while we gazed in wonder and amazement, the bright lights that had been flickering above us fell on our heads, and then it was we felt that the promise was fulfilled—that we had received power from the Highest to fit us for our work. Thus were we equipped by our beloved Master, ready to do battle for him with the sword of the Spirit.

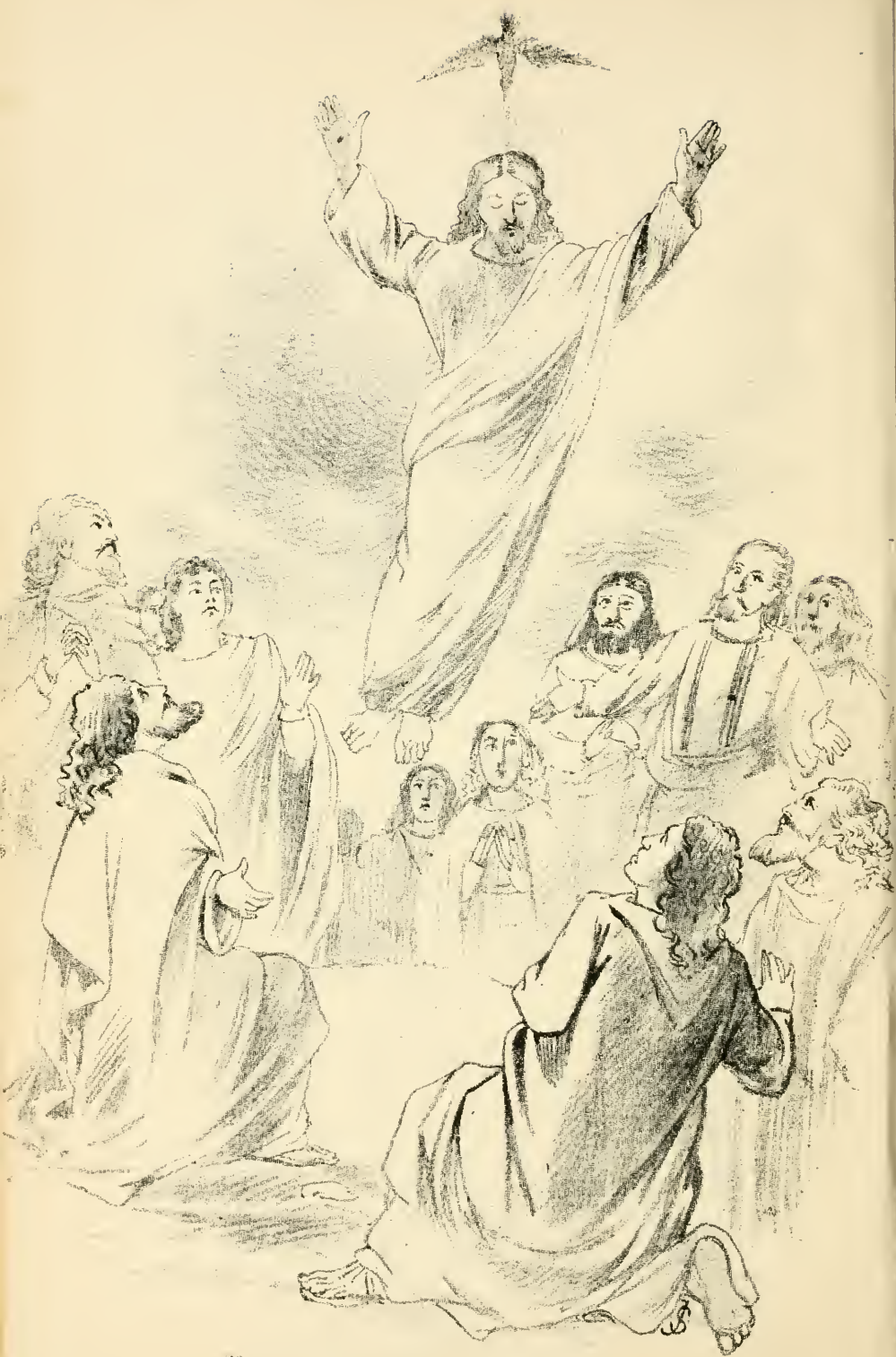
It was one of the Hebrew festivals, when thousands were gathered together in Jerusalem from all the surrounding nations, and we went out and proclaimed the truth about Jesus to crowds of the people in all the different languages. The effect on the minds of many was deep and lasting, and productive of much good; for these strangers from other lands, in returning to their homes, carried the truth with them, and thus became the pioneers of those of us who were to follow. And it was not long before they were followed; for, from that day when so many were drawn to listen to us, persecution set in. Some of our number were imprisoned; but their prison-doors were thrown open by unseen hands. The Jewish Rulers were confounded; they knew not what to do, so as to keep the common people in ignorance of such wonderful works. They seemed afraid that the populace would rise in rebellion against the Roman Government, and thus bring down the heavy hand of Rome on the heads of the nation. But the result was that many of the brethren were compelled to fly from Jerusalem.

The chosen disciples and others who remained proposed to

form a Council for the management of the work. I felt myself bound to oppose this, and entreated them not to interfere with the liberty of each other; that we should go out, two or three together, as the Spirit directed us, uncontrolled by the rules of a Council, who might in time seek to exercise lordship over brethren who were called to labour in distant countries. There should be but one Master, I maintained, and each and all guided by his Spirit what to do and how to do it. But my counsel was rejected: some would not listen to me. I saw the greater number was against me, and I agreed to submit. I said, however, that if I saw the spirit of lordship getting up, I would have nothing more to do with them, but go out to the world and work freely in the cause of Jesus, my only Master. Certain rules for the ongoing of the work in Jerusalem were adopted. In Jerusalem they had all things in common—that is, rich and poor fared alike—all were on the level of brotherhood, and all were glad to do the Master's work.

The Council was composed principally of the Hebrew disciples, with a few like myself from other countries. Here were some dark-skinned sons of Africa; there a sleek-haired native of India; and there some even from your own islands of the far West. In such a mixed assembly it would have been strange had nothing occurred to disturb us. The Hebrews being in the greatest numbers, would have their own way, the impetuous Peter contending strongly for the observance by the brethren of certain Jewish rites and ceremonies. Violent discussions, in which some hot words were uttered, almost led to blows; for a number of us who were strangers, who had drunk in the Master's doctrines of Freedom, were determined to crush this attempt of the Jewish brethren to bring us under the yoke of Judaism. We maintained that such national distinctions should be thrust aside, as opposed to the doctrines proclaimed by Jesus himself, which were not for the Jews only, but for the whole world. But the Council, as constituted, had not a lengthened existence; for in the heat of the persecution, it was broken up, and all were compelled to wander into various countries.

I went to Greece. I was alone, and I felt myself free to act as the Spirit directed me. It was a common thing in Greece at that time for men of learning to frequent places of public resort, and discuss various subjects of interest in morals and philosophy. To



The Ascension. (Direct.) See Sitting 98.

such places I went and, as opportunity offered, took part in the discussions, but having always before me the main object of my life—the truth concerning Jesus. I knew my duty, and was fixed in my determination that it should never be neglected. I was a stranger, an outcast Egyptian, with no one to care for me; but I felt myself more at liberty than ever I was to advocate the doctrines of my Master;—aye, and ready to die for them; for well I knew of the happy home he had in keeping for me in his kingdom above.

I first visited Athens, and after sojourning there for a time, I resolved to go to Rome, being anxious to see the magnificent city; but I did not see it after all, for on my way I was led by the Spirit to land in Sicily; from thence I went to Smyrna, and back again to Athens.

I spoke in general in public assemblages. Among the subjects of discussion at these gatherings of the philosophers of Greece, that of the Hebrew Jesus and his doctrines was frequently introduced. So far as outward appearance went, there was little to recommend me to the notice of these philosophers. My clothing was such that some of them treated me as a beggar, and without being solicited would give me a small piece of money. I had been proud; but I was not then. I knew now the value of the smallest coin; for if I required it not for myself, there were many a poor helpless one to be found on the wayside who would be glad of the gift. It was well with me, in such cases, that I had the spiritual power of mind-reading, for there were then, as I suppose there are now, sham beggars, who imposed on their fellow-men. I quietly sat and heard these philosophers discussing about my Master Jesus and his doctrines, waiting patiently to hear them give their verdict thereon. I would then step forward (they knew me only as an Egyptian) and say—"Sirs, I have seen this Hebrew about whom you have been speaking," and then they would invite me to speak concerning him. Thus encouraged, I entered at once into the history of Jesus, for of this I could speak freely, and then related to them all that I had seen him do, of the wonderful powers he put forth on behalf of man; and also of the wisdom that was displayed in the words which fell from his mouth; of his blameless life, his cruel and shameful death at the hands of his own countrymen, his appearance to his disciples, and his glori-

ous ascension. I contended that in Jesus we found the great deliverer long promised to the nations,—one who, in his character and teachings, was greater than Socrates and other famed teachers who had passed away. I generally received an attentive hearing on these occasions, while some one of my hearers would kindly take me to his own home, where I was invited to use the baths, provided with suitable clothing, and made welcome as a guest. I felt thankful for such treatment, and hesitated not on such occasions to accept of the hospitality offered. But though sadly in need of clothing, I could not lay aside my old cloak, the same that I had worn when with Jesus. I was determined to keep it till it became my shroud, for I more than suspected that there was virtue in that old and well-worn garment. I had used it as a coverlet on the bed of the sick, and when the patient waked up from the calm sleep which my old cloak had produced, the fever was gone. So I never lost sight of my cloak. Thanks to my Master, I was also in possession of the gifts of spiritual sight and hearing, of healing, and of prophecy, all which I exercised whenever I saw an opportunity of doing good to my fellow-men.

In the midst of all my labours in Greece and other parts, thoughts of home would spring up. But the difficulties that beset me, and the persecution which followed hard at my heels, drove me sometimes into a state of despondency, in which I lost hope of seeing Egypt again, and at times, for a minute or two, I thought my brain was deranged, or that it was all a dream; but it was but momentary, for I would hear a voice which at once freed me from my gloomy thoughts. The whispers of the Angel, thank God, opened my eyes, and I saw that there could be no derangement, and that I was as much a man as ever I was.

I must leave you to-night. I will bring my narrative to a close at our next meeting. Put your questions.

Did Judas take away his own life?

Yes; the position he found himself in—despised and shunned even by those who had hired him to do the traitor's part—drove him mad, and in the height of his madness, he hanged himself.

May the Great Spirit endow his glorious ones with power to guard you from danger, watching over you while you sleep, and directing your steps when awake!

The Hundredth Sitting.

3rd August, 1875.

How Missionaries fared in Apostolical Times—Priestcraft at work—Hermes returns to Egypt—Chilling reception at the Temple of Thebes—Turns to the Common People—A Church established—Opposition—The Church in Alexandria—Visit of Hafed—Hermes' opinion of Hafed—The Last Night with the Persian—Progress of the Church—The name "Christian" accepted—Alarm of the Priests—Hermes banished from Thebes—Hopes crushed—Joined by Brethren—Wanderings in Arabia—Hermes feels the end approaching—Exhortations to his Companions—His Old Cloak around him—Falls asleep, and wakes up in the Paradise of the Blessed—Issha—Welcomed by Jesus to his glorious Kingdom.

AT our last sitting, I gave you some account of my wanderings and experiences as a preacher of the truths taught me by our beloved Master, and how, after a long absence, I longingly desired to return to my native land before closing my Earthly career.

The proclamation of the new faith in many places had been attended with varied degrees of success. In some cases cruel persecution had followed in its track. Some of us had been stoned and shamefully treated—hunted like wild beasts from place to place. For a while after our arrival in a city, no molestation would be offered by any one; but, as impressions began to be made on the minds of the citizens in favour of the new life and liberty of thought in regard to things spiritual, the priests would get alarmed. They saw that, if our doctrines got lodged in the hearts of the people, then their wretched systems would be uprooted, their coffers emptied, and they and their disgusting mummeries swept away. In this they were but doing the work of priestcraft at all times; for, wherever and whenever the truth interfered with their power over the minds of the people, these priests crushed it beneath their heel. It matters not in what nation, or in what age of the world, rather than lose the upper hand, the priests have brought the people down to a level with the beasts—buried them up in ignorance and silly superstitions. How often I tried to shut out that which I had seen in the vision, that a time would come when even the professed followers of Jesus—priests of the Christian faith—would do the very same thing!

I strove to keep out that black future, but it would not. O cruel mockery of Jesus and his truth !

I resolved at last to leave Greece, where I had been labouring for a long time, and return to Egypt. Many years of trial and trouble had passed over me since I left the ancient temple in Thebes, where I had spent many happy hours with my beloved and venerable father Issha, who, though absent in body, was often with me in spirit. At length, after a season of alternate triumph and defeat in my labours on my homeward way, I arrived on the banks of the Nile. On entering Thebes, I noticed that the destroyer had been at work. Many of the inhabitants had been driven off, and houses were falling into ruins. I directed my steps to the Temple, but no one there seemed to know me. When I told them who I was, I was repulsed, scorned, and treated as an apostate. I had no desire to become a wanderer again ; so, in spite of their opposition, I resolved to remain, for I began to feel age creeping on me, although not what you would call an old man. My hair was getting grey—the snow was whitening the mountain-top.

I was more successful with the common people, some of whom had known or heard of the venerable Issha ; and when I told them the story of Jesus—his connection with Egypt and Issha, his life and death in Judea, and the sufferings we had endured on behalf of the truth—they began to give ear to me, and to drink in the truths which I proclaimed. For a while I continued to exhort them, setting before them lessons fitted to lead them in the ways of goodness and truth. In course of time a few came together and bound themselves as a church, and I spent some happy days with them as their shepherd. It was not till two of my old fellow-priests, who had been companions of my youth, joined our small community, that opposition began to show itself ; but through the kind offices of the church in Alexandria, which at that time was large and influential, we received favour. It was in Thebes that I first baptised converts from the Egyptian faith, and observed the Lord's Supper.

It was at this time that I was visited by the venerable Hafed, who recounted to me many interesting experiences in connection with the Master and his work. It was a glorious time for me to sit in the company of such a man ; for, excepting Jesus our

Master, I never, in all my travels, met with one so full of the Spirit as Hafed Prince of Persia. His stay was but short; for he knew, he said, the work that was still before him, and the sufferings to be endured, before he finished his course. At his departure, we gave what we could to him and two companions in attendance on him. It was not much, for we were poor in the world's goods. Eighteen or twenty of us went on with them the first day's journey; and at sunset we assembled for prayer. That was a glorious night for us: indeed, it was like a Heaven on Earth. We were all in the Spirit—no longer hedged in by the barriers of Earth, but in Paradise itself. Instead of eighteen or twenty, we found ourselves in the company of tens of thousands of happy ones; while our ears were ravished by the music of the heavenly choirs. Words fail me to describe the wonderful vision of that night.

Though a Christian and follower of Jesus (for that name was beginning to be applied to us), Hafed, at the rising of the sun next morning, as he had been taught, bent himself in prayer before the symbol of Him who is the Source of all light and life. After prayer, we bade him farewell; and his parting words were—"Farewell! we will meet again in the land beyond!" They went on their way and we went back to Thebes. We had been greatly cheered and strengthened, and we resolved to give ourselves continually to prayer, so that we might obtain aid from on high, and be more and more fitted for the good work; for I knew well that the time was approaching when help would be needed. I knew that we would not be wholly driven out: there would always be some left. As the seed scattered on the waters brought forth abundantly in due season, so would the truth which we had preached spring forth in good to men and glory to our Great Master.

We were getting strong in numbers, the new doctrines spreading over the community; and the name "Christians" was taken by us in good part; for truly it was a grand name. The members of the church were of acknowledged good character; chaste always; no one could point the finger at them; and they were every ready to help the needy and clothe the naked. And so we began to be looked up to. But just then the priests got alarmed at the position we had attained. If this continued, they would at

last be swamped; for their money was falling away. The people showed their indifference towards the old system, and could no longer be hoodwinked by the silly mummeries and gaudy processions of the priests. So they brought all their power to bear against us. I had been comfortable, and beginning to think all well, forgetting all that had been foreshown me in my vision. Had I pondered on that, I would have seen the folly of cherishing the idea of enjoying a quiet and comfortable life.

These priests, though bitterly opposed to us, were wary. They did not dare to lift a finger against any of the brethren, for they had secured the favour of the people generally; but they determined to get rid of me. I was seized and cast into a dungeon, and thereafter taken from it, led out of the city, and forbidden to enter it. I was a banished man!—once more a wanderer. The little flock, thus deprived of its shepherd, was scattered. Strong-minded as I had ever been, this reverse was too much for me—I sat down by the wayside and wept. I thought my heart would burst. I felt I was a dying man. In my soreness of heart, I even cried to the Prince to come to my help and crush those men who had risen up against me. Alas! in the bitterness of my spirit I forgot that the sword of truth was the only one he wielded. A few of the brethren followed after me, and we journeyed through the mountainous districts of the Red Sea into Arabia. After wandering hither and thither, preaching and teaching wherever we got opportunity, we turned our faces towards Egypt—our home.

We were still wandering homewards, when one day I felt that my voice, that had all along been so powerful, had become weak. I was no longer able to engage in that which I had so long taken pleasure in. The end, I felt, was fast approaching; and one morning I told my companions that before the setting of the sun I would leave them. With sorrowful faces they gathered around me, and recovering my voice, I spoke to them with all my wonted energy. I counselled them to go back to Thebes, and endeavour to draw the scattered people together, telling my two old companions (the priests) to look well to the flock, and promised that though absent from them in body, I would be present with them in spirit. After embracing them one by one, I lay down with my old cloak wrapped round me. I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes, before me stood my beloved old father, Issha.

At first, I could not conceive what had happened. Was it a dream—a vision? But gradually I began to realise my change. I was at length in the Paradise of the Blessed. I looked around, and I saw on a hill a grand and beautiful building. I questioned my venerable friend in regard to all that I cast my eyes on, and could hardly take time to get his answers, so eager was I to obtain information. At length he brought me before the Prince, Jesus my beloved Master. I dared not lift my eyes to look on him then, but bent myself in deepest reverence—for I was dazzled by the exceeding glory that surrounded him. But joyfully and with outstretched arms he embraced me, and welcomed me to that glorious kingdom he had so often spoken of while he was with me in the body.

Thus, my friends, I have accomplished that which I promised to do. I have still somewhat to say to you, but not now.

May the Almighty direct you in all your ways, so that you may receive the welcome of the Great Prince into his Kingdom above!

Valedictory.

26th Sept., 1875.

(*Controlled by HAFED.*)—It is now six or seven years since I was introduced to you by our friends Ruisdal and Steen, and through their kindness I was permitted to speak to you through this Medium. In this mode of communication it mattered little that I was a Persian, and spoke a foreign language, for no such distinctions exist in Spirit-life. My main object was to give to this age of the world some experiences of my life in the body, in the hope that these, belonging to an eventful period of the world's history, might be of some use at the present time.

The world in my day was far back in a knowledge of the Most High God; and it was when many of the nations were buried in gross darkness, and given to idolatry, that He thought fit to send him who had been so long promised—The True Light, to give light not only to his own nation, but to all the peoples of the

Earth. The Revealer of the Truth came; the light began to burn, and it will continue to burn till all shall see it and be glad.

I have given you the story of my Earth-life, and the various parts I played. I began with my childhood; I spoke of my boyhood and wanderings—of my career as a warrior, how I fought and bled for my country. Then I told you of the sad event by which I was led to throw off the armour of the soldier, and under the guidance of my guardian angel, put on the garments of peace, becoming a teacher of the people. I told you of the advent of him, round whom all these experiences gather—how in due time I became his teacher, and as such doing all that lay in my power to educate him for his great work, and for which I have received my reward. I told you of our travels in the East, where he manifested, even then, the mighty power with which he was gifted—a power beyond all that man had ever possessed. And when he was cut off by his own countrymen, I have shown you how I resolved to go out to the nations and preach his truth—how I at length planted a church in Persia, and died for the truth I proclaimed. I have also given you some account of Spirit-life, and by two or three examples, shown you how I and my Old Egyptian friend raised souls from the depths of misery and darkness, to become useful members of the Spirit World.

This simple narrative of my experiences which I have given you, may by some be considered long and tedious; by others, the mere product of the imagination; I say it is true. Living in a far back age, far removed from your time, I can but give you my word. I care not what men may say to the contrary, I again say it is true. I trust, however, that nothing I have said will give offence to any one. If there is anything of that nature let him who is offended put it aside, and take that only which commends itself to him as good. I have no desire to offend, but the truth I dare not withhold. I died for it, and, were it possible, would again die for it. Some of my ideas may not have been conveyed to you just as I wanted; but you must not forget, that I had to do my work with an inferior instrument—a Medium not of the finest culture,—finding it difficult at times to transmit my thoughts;—but, withal, I have accomplished much, and overcome many barriers in my way—thanks to our friends the Painters. And now since you are determined to lay these communications before your

fellow-men, I earnestly desire that they may read them with honest minds; and though I do not expect (neither must you) that readers will see all alike,—for that they will not do,—yet I trust they will be guided by charity and sound judgment.

I have to say a few words more, and then I am done. You have now got to listen for a time to our Indian and Mexican friends—the one a sage living his Earth-life in a far back age; the other, at the same time as I lived. A great deal has been lost of ancient India; and as he preached the truth, so far as he knew it, over a wide district, he had opportunities of seeing much, which he will no doubt describe. But, I will not leave you altogether. I will come from time to time; for there are many things you might have inquired after regarding my country which I could have told you of—and yet you have got a great deal—and there are some things I might have spoken of without inquiry on your part; but I wished not to keep the Medium all to myself. Our Egyptian friend will also have something farther to say. And now that you have brought the Communications to a close we thank you for your labour and patience.

May the High and Holy Spirit send his holy watchers to guide you in all your ways, and guard you from danger. May you enjoy the blessings of the Most High, and he also who was taken away from you, who has now become a teacher in the land of the Spirit. Good night!





APPENDIX.

I.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF EXTRA-ORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS OF MR. DUGUID'S MEDIUMSHIP.

IN addition to the usual phenomena peculiar to Mr. Duguid's Mediumship, on which I have dwelt at considerable length in the Introduction, manifestations of various kinds have been made from time to time; some of these of a wonderful character, unexpected by either the Medium or his friends. We have had—

1. *Movements of Inert Bodies without Contact.*—While sitting in circle with Mr. D., and under test conditions, sometimes in the light, sometimes in darkness, we have had the movement of tables, chairs, music boxes, &c., with and without contact.

2. *"Rappings," or Sounds from Invisible Causes.*—These very common, but to a number of investigators, very convincing manifestations, have been produced at many of our sittings with Mr. Duguid, especially in the early part of his Mediumship. The sounds are varied in force, from the barely audible tap to that of the stroke of a hammer. Frequently the louder sounds are accompanied by a light, which comes down from the ceiling in a straight line to the table, and disappears when the blow or explosion is heard. On a few occasions, when sitting for physical manifestations, a sound, corresponding exactly with the snapping of the thumb and middle finger, has been made in all parts of the room.

3. *Perfumes.*—This is a very pleasant manifestation of Spirit-power, which has been repeatedly made at our sittings. The most delightful odours have been administered to all and sundry forming the circle, only one at a time, however, being sensible of the refreshing effect. The sensation lasts, in each case, for a few seconds only, during which the recipient feels the cooling odours blown gently over his head and face. This agreeable manifestation is not confined to the circle room. One evening, after leaving the house of the Medium, two of us experienced the same sensation while traversing the public street. A similar effect was produced on three of us (members of the circle) when walking, along with the Medium, on a summer afternoon at the coast. One notable instance I cannot but give. While sitting one evening with the entranced Medium alone (as I have frequently done) for the purpose of reading over what I had recorded, for revival by the Persian, I felt somewhat oppressed by the closeness of the atmosphere in the room, but gave no expression to my uneasiness, and went on with my reading. While thus employed, I felt as if transported to the open air from the close apartment, and immediately the whole room became saturated with the most refreshing perfumes, which were gently wafted over my heated brow. I stopped reading—I could not go on without expressing my thanks to the Spirit controlling. But he said my thanks were not due to him, but to the Red Indian Spirits, who had produced the perfumes. I continued my reading for about an hour, and during the whole time I felt the perfumes thrown upon me. It made a deep impression on me at the time, and I shall never forget that display of watchful care and kindness on the part of our Red Indian friends.

4. *The Direct Spirit Voice.*—This phenomenon is one by no means common in spiritual circles; but for four or five years it has been repeatedly produced when sitting with Mr. Duguid. When first the Spirit-voice is heard, a tremor is apt to come over the sitters, but that soon wears off, and in a short time we feel as if talking with a friend who has just called in. The made-up voice (for according to our Spirit friends it is only a make-up for the occasion from the magnetism of the Medium) is not a very pleasant sound, being more or less husky according to the condition of the Medium. On one occasion, however, it was so loud and harsh in tone that, afraid lest the neighbourhood should be alarmed, we entreated the Spirit to retire. Obstreperous as he has always shown himself to be, he nevertheless took the advice given him, and we had no more of his thunder tones. From the very earliest of our sittings we have had various manifestations from the same Spirit, who took the name of *Jok*; but at first he was so disorderly that the controlling Spirits kept him back; being now somewhat better behaved, he is allowed a little more liberty. A curious character he is; particularly fond of addressing us in the Scotch dialect. He professes to have been one of the early navigators in the reign of Elizabeth; but the variety of characters he has enacted at our circles, and the jocular nature of his remarks, leaves us somewhat in doubt as to his identity. After talking with us for some time one evening, he said he was compelled to leave, as the Indians were grumbling at him for using up the Medium. In about ten or fifteen minutes we were somewhat surprised to hear a strange voice giving, in very pompous tones, and most unexceptionable English, a prescription for a lady ill with indigestion. I asked to whom I was indebted for this gratuitous advice. "What's that to you; follow my prescription." "Oh, but we like to know who we are dealing with; please give us your name." "Eh, man! d'ye no ken me?" was the reply in the broadest Scotch, followed by a hearty fit of laughter, and the exclamation, "Sold again!" We had some doubts at first as to the reality of the voice, caused by its similarity, at times, to that of the Medium; but these doubts were soon afterwards dispelled, when we heard the controlling Spirit addressing us through the Medium, while the direct voice was heard coming from the farthest corner of the room. A small speaking trumpet, made of pasteboard, is used by the Spirit on such occasions, and when *Jok* is not talking through it, he will now and then indulge in tipping the heads and hands of the sitters. He can be serious and sensible too. One night, while the hundredth psalm was sung, the Spirit-voice was distinctly heard taking part in the singing. Recently he sung a verse of a song, evidently a sea song, judging from the words, but the tune was strange to us.

5. *Levitation of the Medium.*—About three years ago, while sitting in trance outside the circle of five who surrounded the little round table, 30 inches in diameter, the Medium was lifted and placed on the table. There was no noise made in doing this; but feeling a creaking of the table on which our hands lay, we lighted up, and found the Medium seated on his chair in the centre of the table. The light was put out, and in less than half a minute the slim little table was relieved of its burden without the slightest noise. This was repeated on two occasions, subsequently. Another instance of levitation took place in the Spiritualist Hall, in December, 1874, but with this difference—the hands of the Medium were tied firmly behind him, and also to the back of his chair. This (the tying) had been done previous to getting two *direct* pictures; and I did not expect, with a circle of thirty persons, most of them strangers, that we would get more. But I was wrong, for on turning up the gas, after a few minutes of darkness, the Medium was discovered sitting on the chair to which he was bound, and the chair resting on the table—at least, three of the legs of the chair were on the table, the other was off. The light was again put out, and in about a minute afterwards the signal was given to light up, when we found the Medium and chair on the floor. The ligatures were examined by strangers present, and seen to be untouched.

6. *Transference of Solids through Solids.*—One evening, sitting with the Medium and other three friends round the table, on which all our hands (including the Medium's) were placed, a heavy box, containing colours and brushes, was taken from an adjoining room and laid on the table. This was in darkness; but I had shut the door myself at the beginning of the sitting, and we found that it was shut, and I knew, from the position of my chair (about two feet from the door) no one could open it without disturbing me; and that, at anyrate, the Medium could not rise from his seat on the sofa without scrambling over the end, and coming in contact with me. On another occasion, a large and heavy flower-pot, with a geranium growing in it, was carried from the same apartment, under similar conditions, and laid on the table.

7. *Spirit Lights.*—During the last five or six years these have been frequently observed at the ordinary painting sittings, when total darkness was secured. Some of the lights are exceedingly brilliant; others barely discernible. At some of the sittings lights have been seen to dart in a straight line from the ceiling, and on touching the table produce a sound like the stroke of a hammer.

8. *Spirit Touch.*—Many of the sitters at the séances for physical manifestations have been frequently touched by Spirit-hands on head and face, and other parts of the body. The touch is warm and life-like, sometimes cold; and the pressure as of soft, velvety fingers. I remember, on an evening when these touchings were going on, my hat, which I left in a distant corner of the room, was taken by the unseen hands, and tried on all the heads of those present before being placed on the head of its owner. At a recent sitting, while the Medium's hands were bound behind his back and to his chair, and the four persons who composed the circle sat with joined hands—no hand being left out, all were more or less touched and patted on the head.

9. *Spirit Distillation.*—At one of the sittings a glass of pure water standing on the table, and from which we had been drinking, was carried away, and in the space of a minute was returned to its place; on lighting up we found the liquid in the glass changed to the hue of wine, and on tasting it, found it bitter as gall. The Medium sat in trance next to me; on his left sat another member of the circle, and we are sure he made not the slightest movement. This manifestation was repeated on a subsequent evening.

10. *Winding-up and Carrying Musical Boxes, &c.*—At our sittings for the production of the direct illustrations for this work, and towards the close of 1874, a musical box, weighing about 12 lbs., was wound up and laid on the table. The Medium's hands being firmly bound behind his back, and at the same time bound to the chair (this has been done at most of the sittings for these pictures), the gas was turned off, and each one present joined hands. This was no sooner done than the instrument began to play, and continued till the tunes were exhausted, when we heard it being wound up again, and again set a-playing—not only so, but while playing, carried over our heads from one part of the room to another, the effect of which, in the circumstances, was thrillingly beautiful; and to heighten our wonder, while the heavy instrument was sailing aloft, we heard it once more wound up. This has been repeated at many of the subsequent sittings, sometimes with the addition of one and two small musical boxes, the same conditions being strictly observed.

11. *An Overcoat put on the Bound Medium.*—One evening, towards the close of 1874, while the Medium was tied, under the same conditions as described in the preceding paragraph, an overcoat, which had been laid down on a settee in a corner of the room, was found, on lighting up, on the back of the Medium. The same thing was done on two subsequent evenings. There was barely time for the Spirits to untie the Medium, get him to put on the overcoat, and tie him up again, leaving the knots exactly as we made them. If this, however, was done, it still deserves to be noted as a wonderful display

of Spirit power. If this is not the explanation, then we have in this latest feat of our Spirit friends the astonishing phenomenon of a coat with two sleeves being put on the arms and back of a man while his arms were firmly bound together.

II.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT PAINTERS, JACOB RUISDAL AND JAN STEEN.

THESE communications are chiefly selections from a journal I kept previous to the control of the Persian, in which the questions and answers at the Painting Sittings were recorded; a few of them are of more recent date:—

Spirits Cognisant of Natural Objects, &c.

“Are you, Ruisdal, cognisant of natural objects in the absence of the Medium, such as the state of the painting? and do you perceive the criticisms made on it mentally?”

“Sometimes I am able to perceive the thoughts; but at all times I perceive natural objects in your world; and not only so, but in worlds beyond, independent of the Medium.”

Appearance of the Picture to the Medium in and out of Trance.

“Do I understand the Medium aright when he says that he sees, while painting, the complete picture before him?”

“Out of the trance he sees it as complete; in the trance the picture he is working on appears just as it is. The complete picture is an effect produced on his mind out of trance.”

The Medium's Sight in Trance.

“While painting in trance with his eyes closed, does the Medium see by means of the bodily eye?”

“He does not see through the bodily organs of sight, but it becomes natural for him to incline his head to the work. Were I to take full possession of him I could work with his head turned away from the picture as easily as when turned towards it, so far as regards sight.”

The Double.

“Is it possible for a Spirit to represent himself as the “double” of one still in the body?”

“The double cannot be represented by any Spirit.”

In reply to other questions, he said—“The double has no connection with the material world: only with the individual man; and he resembles him in every way. When he materialises himself, it is in the form and dress of the individual of which he is the double. There are no spirit doubles. I have no double.”

Man's power over Spirits.

“Will you tell us the best way for a Medium to get rid of the influence of an evil or undeveloped Spirit?”

“Man's will is stronger than Spirit. If a Medium chooses he can drive off the influence. Do you think the Great Creator would allow Spirits to take possession of man against his will? No; it is only when a Spirit gets encouragement that he can influence mortal man.”

Ruisdal on Mediums and Mediumship.

“Is it by some peculiarity of constitution that some persons are Mediums?”

“It requires nothing of that kind. The Medium is generally well supplied with that fluid—that magnetism without which we could not well manifest ourselves; but there is nothing wrong in the constitution of a Medium mentally or bodily. I know there is nothing wrong with my Medium, either one way or another. I often examine him, and I find that he is possessed of a great amount of that magnetic fluid. A few Spirits tried him before I found him, and they might have used him had they chosen. But I find that we are somewhat similar in mind; he has a constitution like that which I had while on Earth—hence the power I have in entrancing him. I watched him daily. I wanted to know him before I took him as a Medium. . . . I cannot allow you to touch him when in trance. If you knew how he was operated on you would never propose it. In this condition, he is somewhat like a battery when charged: if anything comes in contact, the charge will go off.”

Fan Steen on Mediumship and Strong Drink.

“Would you think, Steen, a man more susceptible to Spirit influence when in drink?”

“He would, when in drink, be more susceptible to the influence of evil Spirits than to that of good ones. I know when I took too much of my own brewing I suffered.”

A Warning to Mediums.

“Will Ruisdal say if a Spirit participates with the Medium in any or all kinds of enjoyment?”

“Were my Medium to enjoy himself in evil courses I would leave him for ever; but so long as he continues in his present state I will watch over him and do him all the good I can. Should he turn to evil, being open to Spirit power, he would get evil Spirits enough to lead him to ruin.”

No Racial Differences in Spirit-life.

“Are you able to distinguish between the Spirits of men of different races in the Spirit World, such as the Negro, the Indian, the Mongolian?”

“As Spirits we cannot. There is no difference whatever.”

Spirit Transition.

“A gentleman present wishes to know why you Dutch Spirits should come here rather than make manifestations in Holland?”

“What I have got to say is just this: In the same way as you would direct your thoughts to Holland—in a moment—even so does the Spirit travel. Spirit is like thought—equally quick. As I have already told you, we came here because we found in this Medium one well adapted for the purpose we have in view.”

The Medium Hindered by Cross Influences.

“It has been remarked that the Medium produces finer work when alone than when painting with witnesses around him.”

“I think I have already given you the reason why. The Medium is surrounded by an aura, or halo; and so long as this circle remains unbroken by mortal bodies, we can use him; but when the circle is broken in upon by cross influences, then the work can neither proceed so well nor so quickly. When you touch him it is not so much injury to the picture as to the Medium. He feels it when he comes out of trance.”

Steen on Children Dying in Infancy.

“When infants are taken away, being innocent, they are ushered into Heaven; but yet, although in that happy state, they, in a sense, are not beyond us, who are still in the intermediate sphere; for they cannot be said to appre-

ciate, as we do, who have been taught by experience, the blessedness of the glorious land. By their early transition they have been deprived of those lessons which can alone be got by the earthly life, and that which they learn must be got by hearsay as it were; for one way or another the Spirit must be educated before it can come to its full growth as an eternal Spirit. For example, it is only those who have come through the mortal life and its experiences that can work for the reclamation of Spirits in darkness. It requires such as we are to do the quarrying. The polishing for temple use we leave to others.'

The Spirit World: Where is it?

In reply to a question, Ruisdal said—"We give no definite place to the Spirit World. It is over the whole universe. I have told you of a great shore, and of a great Sea of Space, in the centre of which lies that heavenly land, where the high and holy go. That is my idea of the Spirit World. You may lay down spheres, and define the various conditions, but the Spirit World is all one."

In answer to another observation, he said—"There are no boundaries to the universe. My use of the expression, *whole universe*, was but for convenience. We know much more than you; but there are many things, such as the extent of the universe, in regard to which we are as ignorant as you are."

Clairvoyance of Mediums.

Mr. J. Lamont of Liverpool said—"A case has recently come under my observation. It is that of a Medium who, on coming out of trance, said she had been away in spirit visiting another Medium, who at the time was also in trance; and that she not only saw the Spirit-form of her friend, but the Spirit controlling her. Was her Spirit away entirely from her body?"

"Certainly not; but being in trance, she saw clairvoyantly. She did not leave her body; had she done so, she never could have come back to it. The connecting link once severed, can never be united—death ensues."

Steen on Cold and Catching Colds.

"How was it that the Medium should go into the trance, the last time we met, and come out of it with an attack of cold?"

"Oh, you got some of the cold breath thrown on you; that's how he caught cold. But though you had sat in an ice-house, that was not sufficient to produce the effect. It is not the coolness of the atmosphere, but the currents of air passing through the place in which you sit that affects the body. The heat in that clay house of yours is something wonderful; if surrounded by ice, with no movement of the surrounding air, you would be quite comfortable—the heat of the body increasing the temperature and melting the ice. But when draughts of cold air are thrown upon you, the cold through the open pores reaches some tender part, and all are more or less affected according to constitution. The last time we met (see page 424), the Medium being in trance, not only felt the cold breath, but realised the bleak cold scene presented to his vision, and consequently was more affected by it than you were, who merely felt but did not see. This is my explanation; it may not be a scientific one, but it is as good as I can give."

On Spirit Forms—Materialisation.

At one of our sittings (1867), we were told by the Spirit controlling (Ruisdal) that if we persevered, they might be able to materialise hands, faces, &c.

"I suppose these forms are merely got up by you for the occasion?"

"Just so. They are so far substantial, for they are to a certain extent material; yet they are not Spirit forms, but the Spirit is in them. Let me try to explain it to you. It is just something similar to a skeleton being covered anew with flesh and sinew. We get the material from the atmosphere around us."



Rusdøl

Direct



your sonnet

Direct

“You appear in your dress to the Medium in trance, and I suppose he would even feel the kind of dress were he to touch you—that must be biological?”

“Yes; but that cannot be done with those not in trance.”

Ruisdal's Control—An Explanation.

“Are there times when it is necessary for you to possess the hand of the Medium?”

“I have never done it, and never intend to do it. I have said so before.”

“Then, how is it that he goes about the work so freely when he is sketching a picture—I don't mean possession of his head, but his hand?”

“I see I must let you into the secret. I pencil the picture, and he follows my tracings. There is a tracing made by me which *you* cannot see on the canvas, but which is seen by him in his trance state.”

Ruisdal's Control of the Medium—his Confession.

(By a Stranger)—“Have you the same facility in producing paintings through the Medium that you had while in the body?”

“No; but were I to exercise complete control over the Medium, I could paint as easily now as then. But this I will never do: he must have freedom. I love freedom myself. Did not the Great Spirit when he created man give him freedom? Why, then, should lower Spirits seek to control poor mortal man? This, I know, is done by some Spirits, but I will never do it. . . . While on Earth, I studied Nature and Nature's God; and I loved Him—though not as I ought to have done. Had I worshipped Him as much as I did my Art it would have been better for me. . . . The lowest and the highest Spirits never visit the Earth after leaving it.”

“You, then, put yourself between these?”

“Yes.”

“I have you progressed since you left; or are you still in the same condition as at first?”

“I have progressed. But when first I entered the Spirit World I was a lonely wanderer—seeing no one—hearing no one. Now, there are with me myriads of Spirits. I am happy, and have liberty to leave this and go to other spheres on missions of good. I shall yet rise higher and higher.”

The Medium v. the Spirits.

“I am glad, Ruisdal, to observe that the painting in trance is engaging the attention of many—in some cases, producing the effect you intend; that is, to cause men to realise the fact of Spirit communion and the future life. Are you satisfied?”

“I am quite satisfied. But it is a hard thing to get the Medium to submit to the publicity. He is like to get the better of me on that account. He does not like to be brought before strangers, being retiring in his disposition as I was myself. I don't know what I would do without Steen in the case: being such a rattle-brain—so frolicsome, he can manage to keep the Medium in good humour.”

Spirit Presence.

“You were not here on Saturday night?”

“I was not here, and yet in a sense I *was* here. I was not here in Spirit person, but my influence was. The Medium perceived me as at a distance.”

No End to Spirit-life.

In reply to a question recently put at a sitting, Steen said—“There is no end to Spirit-life. There are changes, no doubt; but there is no end. I was Jan Steen when I entered into this life; I am still Jan Steen, and will be for ever—so far as I can see. You may be sure you will be yourself, and not some one else, in the life of the Spirit. You will never lose your individuality.”

The Employments of the Spirits.

(By a Stranger)—“How do Spirits dispose of their time? What are they engaged in?”

“We have plenty to do, if disposed for good. We are employed in teaching the young that are born into the Spirit World. Death is but the birth of the Spirit. Yet some of us still love to visit the Earth. The evil-disposed find plenty to do in raising strife between man and man on Earth.”

The Medium not Counted.

“Well, how are you all to-night?”

“Thank you, Steen, we are all well; and glad that we four have an opportunity of meeting again.”

“Four! we are only three. I don't count the Medium, you know.”

“Ah, yes, it is true, Steen. You are always ready to catch me tripping.”

“I can't help it; you must learn to count.”

Jan Steen on the Locality of the Spirit World.

In reply to questions in reference to the situation or locality of the Spirit World, Steen said—“Our world is not visible to you, such as the planets Mars or Jupiter. It is an immense world situated at a greater distance from Earth than the Sun; but we are nearer the Sun than you are. It is difficult to give a locality to the Spirit World: all the planetary systems are surrounded by it. But being natives of Earth, we are in one sense nearer to it than to others. Every planet has its own Spirit-sphere; but for Spirits to speak definitely on this point, is out of the question. It is moral condition that defines our place. Birds of a feather flock together; that's the rule. Between the highest sphere or condition in the intermediate state and the heavenly spheres there is an ocean of space, in the centre of which, as an island in an earthly ocean, lies the Heaven of Heavens. Whenever Spirits become morally fit, they cross that ocean, and no longer linger on its shores.”

The Lawfulness of Spirit Intercourse.

A gentleman present at one of the early sittings put the following question: “Are you permitted by God to communicate with us—that is, Does He sanction such communication?”

“Spirits have always been permitted to communicate with man. Had not this been the case, how could you have got those revelations by which God is made known to you? Had He not done so, you would have been now sunk in the blackest ignorance of the Great Creator.”

How the Spirits Hear the Human Voice.

“Can you make it clearer to some persons present about your hearing our conversation or questions?”

“I cannot make it more simple than I did before. The sound passes through the Medium's organs of hearing to our Spiritual atmosphere, and strikes impressions on the different objects around us. These impressions we read.”

Ruisdal Avoids Religious Controversy.

Some conversation took place, while the Medium was painting, between the Rev. Mr. F. and Mr. B. on the Divinity of Christ, and Ruisdal was asked to give his views on the point.

“I have told you before that I have no sympathy with your controversies.”

(Mr. F.)—“Be kind enough to answer the following: Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as he is revealed in the New Testament?”

“I loved the Lord Jesus Christ, but not as I should have done. Now I do love him, and expect to be with him in his happy mansions of bliss. In the meantime I have a work to accomplish.”

Music in the Spirit World.

"Do you practice music in the Spirit World?"

"No. It is not the same with us as with you. Everything is music here. Everything sings forth in praise to the Great Creator. The winds that gently waft over our land and the murmur of the streams are music—all, all is music."

Spirits cognisant of Thoughts.

At a recent sitting (1875) in answer to a question, the controlling Spirit, Jan Steen, said—"We can impress our Medium in his normal state, when in company, with a knowledge, to some extent, of the character of persons present."

"Can you read our minds without the presence of the Medium?"

"No; and even when present, there are at times conditions of body and atmosphere that prevent us perceiving clearly. But in general I can read heads, your heads, like a book."

"Are you cognisant of evil ideas entertained by a person?"

"Did man only know the extent of cognisance possessed by Spirits, he would take better care of his inner thoughts. This power is confined to certain Spirits only. It would not do for all and sundry. The Guardian Spirit has most power over the mortal he has in charge. It is well for man to act for himself; for he is free to a certain extent, but not always: there are inner and outer influences that keep up a fight in him, making him feel often in a queer state; the outer man saying, Do this; the inner saying, No, do it not. He listens to the one, and the other condemns him. It is the Guardian Spirit striking on the bell of conscience."

A Glimpse of the Summer Land.

Towards the end of the sitting (July 20, 1866) the Medium was observed to go into a deeper trance. His countenance assumed a bright and glowing appearance; and, looking around him, he seemed extremely happy. Some unseen one (to us) received a very cordial grasp of his hand; after which he knelt down, and began to pick up and greatly admire what appeared to be flowers. He continued for some time in this condition, clapping his hands, and betokening in every movement supreme delight. On coming back to his ordinary trance condition, he seemed to give Steen some account of that which he had witnessed. No questions were put, as we knew, by former experience, that the Medium would remember the scenes presented to him when so entranced. Accordingly, on coming out of trance, he said, when asked, that Ruisdal had taken him away, accompanied by the Spirit Margareta, to a place where the objects presented to him were so beautifully grand that he could find no expression by which to describe them. The scene, he said, was beyond all description. Hill and dale, mountains, rivers, and lakes, forests and plains, flowers and fruits surpassed all he could think of. Being asked why Steen did not go with them, he said that he could not go, and that he was much disappointed. We asked him if he saw any difference in the appearance of Ruisdal. No, he said—only, he seemed brighter, but not so bright in clothing as the denizens of that lovely land.

Steen on Jesus and His Work.

A question was put to Steen as to the position of Jesus in the Spirit World, when he said—"Jesus is the highest manifestation of God: he is not God, the Father of Spirits, but he is, in a special sense, the Son of God. We are all sons of God, but Jesus is above-all, yet distinct in person from God. He it is from whom comes the light, represented in the centre of the picture, [see Di-ramic Pictures of the Spirit Land], in the midst of which appears the Cross. All Spirits submissive to him have the mark of the Cross on their hand. There are many who have not this mark; but all will yet bow before the Cross and receive this mark. These things we learn from the bright and holy teachers who come to us from his immediate presence."

On the Extent of Spirit Intercourse.

(By a Visitor)—“Are the Spirits of our relatives or friends, now surrounding us, and taking an interest in our actions and circumstances, cognisant of our thoughts as well as actions?”

“Many there are on Earth who have their Spirit friends attending them. Yet you may have departed ones that are not able to come near you, from the want of power to approach. As I have said before, every one has some power. If a Medium be at hand they may be able to come nearer and influence you. It is well, perhaps, that it is so; for if all Spirits could come and act on their relatives, many might be influenced to their loss or hurt—though many, too, might be led to a better life. But the Great Spirit does nothing that is not beneficial to man.”

Prayer in the Spirit Land.

“Do you pray in the Spirit World?”

“Yes; but not as you do. Our prayer is action. We are for ever engaged in the work of trying to enlighten those who are still in darkness—those who are lower in condition than ourselves.”

The Red Indian in the Spirit World.

At one of the sittings it was stated that “White Star,” an ancient Mexican, had been admitted into the circle. The question was asked, how it consisted with the statement repeatedly made, that only Spirits of the same grade as those forming the circle could be admitted. The reply was that the Mexican was of the same moral grade. Referring to the special sitting to get manifestations from the Red Indian Spirits, it was further said:—“You must not sit thinking to get more light or information from our Red Indian friends. These Spirits, although occupying morally as high a sphere as we ourselves, are still unenlightened; they know less than you do; they are still Red Indians in all their ideas and surroundings—still worship the Great Spirit in their happy hunting grounds; but they will, in due time, attain a higher position intellectually. These Indians are perhaps the very best for the production of physical manifestations, and for healing; but that is all. You are on no account to look on them as depraved Spirits. Do not reckon on external appearance to find out character; the Spirit is seen as it really is, and many of these Red men morally far excel multitudes of Christians who have been greatly more privileged. It is not what a man believes or professes to believe: it is what he is, that distinguishes him in the world of Spirits.”

Resurrection of the Body.

While the Medium was engaged in painting, a conversation arose amongst those present on the resurrection of the body, and a request was made that we should ask the opinion of the Spirit (Ruisdal) on the point.

“You have heard the discussion we have engaged in?”

“Yes; you should not enter into such questions.”

“I have no doubt they are often far from profitable; but, now that the question has been raised, we should like to have your opinion. Will the body you left on Earth ever be raised?”

“I am now risen. That body was merely my earthly house. I am the same man I was while in the body. As I advance in this life, the body which I now have becomes purer and finer. But these are questions you should not indulge in.”

“What good will it do?”

“People often say to me—‘What good will your Spirit-painting do?’ Tell me, Ruisdal, the object you have in view in the production of these paintings?”

“It is to convince materialists of the reality of the world of Spirits. So far

as I know, Spirits have visited the Earth ever since man had being on it, but mortals in former times were afraid of them, and were thereby deprived of the good which otherwise they might have received. Now, however, men have not the same fear; and realising the fact of the Spirit World, they may come to know that there is a God, and one whom all men should worship. Woe, woe to him who worships not the Great Creator!"

Manifestations stopped by the Spirits.

Nov. 29, 1872.—"So the power has been withdrawn from David, by which we had the other phenomena?"

"Yes; for a time at least. He may sit down as often as he likes, but it is another thing to get manifestations. He must stick to the painting and the speaking. These must be no longer neglected. He must be taken care of, for he is no common Medium; and there is much yet to be done through him. I do not exaggerate when I say that he has a band about him that, if necessary, could lift the house in which you are sitting."

"Poor Human Nature!"

After the usual control by Steen, a remark was made as to the frivolities of the season (January 1874), to which he said—"Well, there is a good deal of that, no doubt; but some allowance must be made, surely, for poor human nature. You can't expect that man should exist in a continual whirl of work; he must have some play. Just try it for a while, and mark the result."

Jan Steen on Temperature, &c.

March 15th, 1873.—Being controlled by Jan Steen, a remark was made on the coldness of the temperature, on which he said—"It is all the same to us. Judging from my Earth experiences, I would say, your temperature is always equal; we do not as Spirits appreciate heat or cold. It is your dense atmosphere which we have often to wade through, before we can manifest our presence to you, that I complain of; not the bright, clear frost that I used to feel in my toes and finger-ends, and to get quit of which I drank something warm. There was quite enough of internal heat I tell you the morning after a night's drinking. In these things, man is not always wise when in the body; but he is brought to his senses when out of it. I was one of the sort that did not look far a-head, but allowed every day to provide for itself. Still, as I view it now, I do not regret these bodily experiences. As men, we are not the best judges. Man, in his Earth-life, is controlled by circumstances, and —. But I am beginning to preach, and I am afraid some would object to my doctrine; so I will step aside for a little."

On Spirit Language.

In reply to a question, Jan Steen said—"Spirit language is something else than the perception of thought. Whence comes language? It proceeds from the utterance of certain sounds. Language is not confined to man, you have it amongst all animals up to man. Most certainly, there are various sounds made by animals, by which their desires are conveyed one to another. The vocal utterances of mankind are evidently acquired by imitation. This may be observed in children attempting to speak. The origin of human language, however, must be traced to the Creator. Do not imagine for a moment that because we are able to perceive thought, we do not use our tongues. Assuredly, we have all the powers of speech we ever had; and though we appear to you as individuals of various Earthly nationalities, it is not so here, in Spirit-life. We have a Spirit language depending on the utterance of certain sounds. On entering we begin to lisp the language, and before a day passes, we become thoroughly conversant with it, but we can use our native language of Earth if we choose so to do. But what a Babel it would be were we generally to do so."

How Ruisdal became a Painter.

"Were you influenced by Spirits in the same way as the Medium is influenced by you and Jan Steen?"

"I was *inspired*, as you call it, by the Great Spirit. It was He who made me a painter; from Him I had the gift. It is different with the Medium; I am trying to bring out the gift he has, and will do it."

"Was it long ere this gift in you was brought to light?"

"I always loved painting. I was brought up in it."

"You spoke on one occasion as if you had sinned in being devoted to your art: How could it be sin, if, as you say, you were inspired by the Great Spirit?"

"If devotion to art came between me and my God, was I not abusing His gift? Ah, how often do men abuse the best gifts bestowed on them by God!" (Jan Steen): "That's true; I abused mine."

Ruisdal on the disposal of his own and the Medium's Pictures.

1867.—A question was put as to the disposal of the pictures, so that the Medium might receive some recompense for his labour, when Ruisdal spoke as follows:—

"Pictures produced under such conditions must never be sold. It seems to be a law with us that we must not influence man in any way to make money; and by that law I must abide. . . . On Earth I seldom sold my pictures. I did not like the idea of selling them. I gave them away—taking whatever they chose to give me. And oh how very little sometimes that was! It was very galling indeed to see the little value that was placed on pictures I had spent week after week and month after month in painting—sinking deeper and deeper in the love of my art. Ah, *this* was my sin! Had I loved my fellow-men more, I would have loved my Redeemer—loved God, my Creator—the Great Father of all Spirits. . . . Though I say you are not to sell these pictures, yet you may give them away to those whom you know as persons likely to value them; and if they choose to give anything to the Medium in return, it is well. But, mind, there must be no buying and selling. Is not the Medium our minister? Though he does not use his lips, does he not preach the truth each time he lifts his brush or pencil—the truth, that there is a power unseen by the natural eye, and a state beyond, which man must realise?"

Ruisdal's first Experience in Spirit-life.

"In what condition were you when you entered the Spirit World?"

"I said before that I was alone—in darkness and solitude, unconscious of the presence of others."

"How long were you in that state?"

"I cannot tell; but I think fifty years may have passed; and during these years I got a glimpse of one here and there, and gradually my eyes opened. . . . In entering the Spirit World, the good Spirits surround us, though we may be at the time unconscious of it."

"In your present sphere or state, are you happier than when on Earth?"

"I am happy—so happy that I could remain as I am for endless ages. But I must go higher until I reach my Master's House of many mansions."

"In what does your happiness consist?"

"The happiness I experience here is greatly different from that which I had on Earth; that was all confined to my art. Now, I strive to do good to my fellow Spirits, teaching them to rise higher."

A Picture of the Summer Land.

"I cannot find words adequately to express the beauty of this land. The Medium may tell you what he has seen. Its lofty mountains and verdant plains; its woods and its water-falls; its beautiful vegetation and its flowers—all combine to render it a scene of surpassing loveliness and wondrous harmony.

The Medium might think it the very Palace of the Great King, so truly grand is it in his eyes. The very stones at our feet are precious gems."

Heaven something more than a State, or Condition.

"Are we right in thinking that Heaven is more a state or condition of heart than a locality?"

"Heaven is a place; but if the heart of man is good, he does attain to that place. It is beyond the place I am now in."

Progress in Spirit-life.

"Is there a path of progress open to all Spirits—those lower Spirits which visit the Earth?"

"Yes; the path is open. But it seems to me that some would rather remain as they are than endeavour to get higher and better. They do not care to rise."

"Are they open to receive truth?"

"They are, as regards that, in a somewhat similar condition to that which they were in on Earth: something may strike the chord, and turn them to better things."

Ruisdal and the Students.

"We have a number of theological students here to-night, and they desire to know if you took any interest in the controversies of your time on Earth."

"I do not care to speak about such."

(By a Student)—"Do you ever come to know anything about the Saviour?"

"Things that are connected with the Saviour in Heaven you are not to know. I knew the Saviour in the same way as many of you now know him."

(By the same)—"Were you what is called a Protestant?"

"I had no creed."

"Did you take notice of the theological disputes of the time?"

"The whole Continent was disputing in my day; but I never had anything to do with their disputes."

"Did you know any ministers by name?"

"Yes; I knew some—not personally—both priests and ministers. It was the disputes of these men that often disgusted me with the world."

"Some of our friends here would like if you would mention the name of any prominent man at the time."

"Brandt."

Ruisdal administers Reproof to a Questioner.

(Mr. T—h)—"Will you tell me what position I would be in were I to die now?"

"Mortal, you do not know what you ask. Seek not to know the future. I could tell you, but will not; for we are not here to tell what is coming to pass. You know well the state of your own mind: see to that."

Notwithstanding this rebuke, a number of silly questions were proposed by the same individual, but were indignantly scouted by the Spirit. One of these questions was—"Can you give me the names of my two foremen?" I afterwards learned from a friend with whom he met, that the questioner had come to the conclusion that Ruisdal was "a very wicked spirit." (!)

Ruisdal and Jan Steen.

In reply to a question, Ruisdal said—"I knew him (Jan Steen), but not personally, on Earth. His fame had gone all over Europe at the time he lived. I met him for the first time within the walls of this house."

"Well, Steen, how did you happen to meet Ruisdal within this house, as he says?"

"When roaming about, I just happened to tumble in. But I was here before Ruisdal."

"Are you a frequenter of tables?"

“No; I have always been above that. What a queer crew you had last night! Who were they?”

“Well, Steen, there were four students of theology, a minister, and an Irish gentleman.”

“Just so; I thought they belonged to that class. The clergy were no great friends of mine.”

“Ministers and doctors came in for your satire when on Earth—so I read?”

“We, as painters, knew more of human nature than the ministers. I have studied it all my life. The ministers were worse than the doctors, though.”

Knowledge withheld from Mortals.

“You stated, Ruisdal, that you received instruction from bright and exalted Spirits. Do they tell you anything that it might be well for us to know?”

“You mortals have nothing to do with the teachings we receive from these bright and holy ones. That which we have to give to you we will give freely; but that which concerns us we will withhold. The discipline we pass through belongs to the Spirit only. There are glorious Spirits—more glorious by far than those bright ones that teach us—who come to Earth and influence man to good and holy works. Once on a time these good Spirits walked and talked with men. This they do not now; but still they strive to influence them. Evil Spirits have no power over man when he is open to the influence of the good.”

“All the Work of the Devil.”

“A gentleman present wishes to know, Ruisdal, how to deal with objectors who are fond of uttering these words—‘Oh, it’s all the work of the devil!’”

“Do as the Lord did. Have you not your own experience as to the character of the manifestations? Some of these, no doubt, may be from what some call the devil, or, as I would call them, devils; but certainly they are not all from such a source. I am afraid that those who use the above expression are not inquiring into the subject with unprejudiced minds. It is an old way of getting out of a difficulty. But it is a foolish method. There are good and bad in everything in nature; and it is so in this matter of Spirit-intercourse and manifestations: while the bad may often overpower the good, the good are always conquerors in the end. You must bear with such objectors. The truth will assuredly prevail.”

“Do you know of any such person as the Devil?”

“I heard of him when I was in the body, but here we have no knowledge of such a being.”

On Light.

“The Medium describes the light by which he paints as a clear, electric-like light.”

“The light which we have is too bright for him, and is mellowed down. It is similar to electric light, and impresses the Medium as such.”

“Does the light proceed from your Spirit-body?”

“Where do you get your light from?”

“The Sun.”

“No, you do not. The Sun is but a reflection of the light which we have. It comes from the Great Spirit. From Him, as the Source of all, it flows out into infinite, unsearchable space.”

Ruisdal confessed his inability to answer a number of other questions on Light, and, on a subsequent evening, introduced another Spirit, who spoke nearly as follows:—

“Light is a thing on which there has been great diversity of opinion. To comprehend it fully seems to be beyond the power of man and Spirit. In our condition, we have no darkness. All is light, and that light comes direct from the Great Spirit. That same light strikes the Sun, and from thence is transmitted to your world. For many a day I thought that the Sun was the

great source of light. The Sun is just a world like your own—that is, it is material like the Earth. There are other systems of worlds far beyond the Sun—far surpassing in magnitude; and we therefore conclude that these great material suns and systems are supplied with light in the same way. The light which the Medium has in his present condition is described by him as a clear, bluish light. It is a light much brighter than anything you can imagine—so brilliant, that it must be modified to suit the Medium. This has to be done with many Mediums; they could not stand it—they would fly from it.”

Full and Partial Control.

It was remarked that the Medium exhibited more ease in speaking under the control of the stranger Spirit than under that of Ruisdal.

“I am acting on him in a very different way. The Medium is entirely under my control. Besides, I am an Englishman, and use him accordingly. Ruisdal acts on him in his own way, as he objects to take full possession. He may be mistaken, but we all look up to him as an honourable man; as certainly he was when on Earth.”

Comets.

On a subsequent evening, a question was put to the same Spirit by a gentleman present as to comets—namely, “Are the phenomena known as comets material?”

“If you mean by *material* the being composed of earth and rocks—no. They are entirely gaseous. They are not yet solidified bodies, but float about in space, gathering substance, and ultimately become planets.”

Spots on the Sun.

“What is the cause of the spots on the Sun’s apparent surface?”

“These spots have ever been since its creation. They are caused in the same way as those you observe on the Moon—by its mountains and ravines.”

The Sun, Moon, and Planets Inhabited.

In answer to questions, the stranger Spirit said—“Yes; the Sun is inhabited by bright and glorious beings. We walk with them, and they see us; indeed so close is our communion, we can see each other as you do on Earth. When I was in the Earth-body I had the idea that no other world was peopled. But all the planets are inhabited. The Moon has its life, both animal and vegetable. We have traversed it. The mountains are high and covered with snow, such as some in the northern latitudes of the Earth; and there are some sweet and lovely valleys. The inhabitants appear to be happy, and in a state of innocence. We will take the Medium there, when, if you question him, he will be able to describe what he has seen in his own way.”

The Medium then appeared to go into a deeper trance. From his movements he seemed to have attained to some great eminence; exhibited a feeling of intense cold, and afterwards, apparently, descended to some deep valley. Here he was evidently quite at home, and delighted with what he saw, judging from the remarks he made. He put questions to the (to us) unseen ones, and answered questions which apparently were put to him. On coming back to the usual state, he entered into conversation with Steen, telling him what he had seen, and shortly afterwards came out of trance.

Continuity of Earthly Relationships.

“Are the relationships of Earth, such as husband and wife, parents and children, &c., preserved or recognised in the Spirit World?”

“They are. Had you not an instance of that last night, and ever since I came here?” Evidently referring to the presence of the female Spirit—Margaretta—his wife that should have been, but who died at an early age.

"A good old friend of mine came to us at our early sittings, and said he was in a different sphere from that in which his wife was; but certainly they did not harmonise in character on Earth."

"I did not say that persons who are totally different in character were on the same level here. In many families you may witness some children serving God and others serving the devil. Could you expect them to be on the same level? But they may come together again."

"Do you mean by that, that they may come together for a short time?"

"No; when they rise, they never again fall."

A Real Union.

A gentleman wishes to know if there are different creeds and denominations in the Spirit World, such as Catholics and Protestants, Hindoos and Mahometans, &c.?"

"No; here where I am we are all agreed. I told you this before. We have all things in common. There are no divisions or sections—we are all united. If we were not there would be warring amongst us as on Earth. We unite together in one vast body in praise of Him who is the Great Father of all Spirits—our God."

"Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell."

"Mr. F——n wishes Ruisdal to inform him if the Medium is in the same state as the Apostle Paul was, when, speaking of the revelations made to him, he said—'Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell.'"

"I do perfectly well remember the passage. The Medium is just in such a state; he really cannot tell whether he is in or out of the body."

"Is it the same state as Peter was in at Joppa?"

"No; Peter's trance was what you term a biological condition, such as that of the Medium when he is taken to see other lands."

"The one thing needful."

"Is intellect, when combined with moral worth, acknowledged in the Spirit World?"

"Yes; both go together here."

"Suppose that one leaves the Earth powerfully intellectual, but deficient morally?"

"He would not—could not be where I am."

"A reverend gentleman present wants to know whether creeds (or beliefs) or good practice is that which finds acceptance?"

"There are many of all creeds, colours, and countries where I am."

"It is no less a fact."

One evening a party of ladies and gentlemen came to witness the Medium at work, and were not long seated when they got into a somewhat hot discussion on the subject of Spirit-communion; the wordy warfare, however, came to an abrupt conclusion by the opposer taking up his hat, and, in anger and quite unceremoniously, leaving the house. One of the ladies, who was much interested in what she witnessed, said she was amused by the perversity displayed by some individuals in reference to Spiritual phenomena. She had told her minister about pictures being painted with the eyes of the painter firmly closed. He said he would not believe it. "Would you," she said, "believe it if you saw it?" "No; I would not," replied the obstinate infidel.

"Were you disturbed, Ruisdal, by this discussion?"

"I heard very indistinctly. We know it is very hard to get some to believe that we can come back and commune with mankind; but it is no less a fact. It has been the case ever since man was on the Earth. Don't distress your-

selves about those conceited mortals who obstinately and foolishly say they will not believe even though they see. Leave them to themselves, to ponder over that which they have heard and seen of the facts—for assuredly they are facts—and I have no doubt that they will soon find out that there are even more things in and about themselves than they are able to perceive with their eyes. There is no one who has not mediumistic power, more or less.

The Work of the Spirits.

A stranger put the following:—"Are you able to communicate anything through the Medium that would tend to the good of mankind religiously, socially, or politically?"

"I have done little of that. We all work together, with one aim—man's elevation—some doing one thing; some another. I have chosen painting; others have chosen to produce miracles (what, at least, you look upon as miracles). All are in some way or other working, even though they should resort to the earlier manifestations in order to attract attention. In regard to the communications you refer to, I have not laid myself out to convey such instruction. I could not do it on Earth. But, indeed, I have gone farther than at first I thought I could do with my feeble powers."

An Objector Answered.

The Rev. Mr. B—, who was present at one of our early sittings, denied that there were any Spirits at work, arguing that the answers came from the Medium's own brain. Of course this idea we combated, and asked Ruisdal if he had anything to say on it. He said—

"How could I speak to you, or express myself, otherwise than through him? We impress our answers on him, and he perceives them."

We wonder how this reverend teacher of the people would explain the mediumship of the Jewish prophets. Would he say Isaiah's "Thus saith the Lord" came from the prophet's own brain? If not, why not? Of this matter the reverend gentleman, and many more of the same class, are woefully ignorant—"blind leaders of the blind." Recently translated to London, it is to be hoped he will take advantage of the facilities thus afforded him for farther investigation.

Ruisdal's Description of Jesus.

"Is it not strange that there should be so much unbelief in regard to Spirit-communion?"

"The world would not believe a greater than mortal, and how can you expect them to believe you?"

"Does that one you refer to—Jesus—manifest himself in any way to you and the other Spirits in your sphere?"

"I have seen him since I began to come here."

"Will you describe his appearance to me?"

"He appears to be like one of ourselves. His form is in every way the same, but brighter and purer and lighter. His countenance is shaded with melancholy, and yet, when looked upon, it expresses happiness. His face is long, but very beautiful. Indeed, a complete man in every respect—one on whom a painter delights to look."

"Does he communicate his thoughts to you—I mean, does he convey instruction to you?"

"He holds his court, as it were, with us. We listen to his teachings. It is possible for multitudes of Spirits to know what he says—all within the sphere that are able to perceive him. I was long blind to his presence, for I was not good enough—not in the condition to perceive him."

Restoration to Bodily Life, &c.

A stranger present asked Ruisdal—"Would you like to return to bodily life, had you the power?"

"We have no desire to come back in the bodily form. When once the Spirit leaves the body, all desire to return ceases. But sometimes we love to come back as Spirits, and visit the scenes familiar to us."

"Are you commissioned to act as you are at present doing?"

"We follow the bent of our own mind. We are doing so in teaching this Medium."

"Would you feel delight in visiting the scenes of your Earth-life?"

"We have much grander scenes here. But the grandest Earth-scenes are so deeply engraven on us that we can reproduce them at will—in an instant. The Medium has seen such."

Fan Steen's First Experience of Spirit-life.

"A gentleman present wishes to know, Steen, what your experience was on entering the Spirit World."

"Just as if some one had knocked the end out of one of my own beer-barrels, thrust me in, and then bunged me up. I found myself in utter darkness, with nothing perceptible but the smell of beer. So dreadfully loathsome was it that had I experienced anything like it on Earth, I would never have taken a drop."

"Were you ever in what is called the Third Sphere?"

"Yes, I was; and it is not a very nice condition to be in. They enjoy themselves, however, in a kind of way—much the same as they do on Earth. Were I to go there now it would be to me what you call 'a Hell upon Earth.' Many in that sphere are engaged in concocting plans of pure devilishness."

"And how are you getting on now in Spirit-life?"

"Oh, just as on Earth, sometimes up and sometimes down; but always getting forward—making a little progress."

"Shall we know each other," &c.

An inquirer puts the following question: "Suppose the Medium was acquainted with a person twenty years ago, and had not seen him till he appeared to him in Spirit-life while in trance, would he appear to him in the form he had when he left the Earth?"

"That is a question easily answered. If the Medium saw him last as a child, he would appear as a child; if as a youth he saw him in the body, then he would appear as a youth. I was not an old man when I left the body; and of course, the Medium not having any previous knowledge of my bodily form, I at once appeared to him as in manhood. But if the Medium knew, say a child twenty years ago, who had then left the body, he would appear at first as a child. If they came often into contact the Spirit would gradually assume his real form, and continue to show himself in that form."

Here we observed the Medium's attention directed to something which evidently surprised him, and with which he seemed much pleased.

"What is that which is attracting him so much?"

"We are giving an illustration of what I have been saying. Steen is letting him see how quickly a Spirit can assume the various forms from childhood to manhood. He appeared to him, as a child, a youth, and a man, showing the same features in all the three."

A Clergyman's Question and its Answer.

"Do you get anything to eat in your world?"

"Don't be foolish."

Steen going to the Coast!

"So you have had David all day under your influence?"

"Yes, but it is the first time this week. It's not often I get him."

"He is going down to the coast with me to-morrow."

"Oh, I know that, and I'm going too."

“Why, what are *you* going to do there?”

“Oh, not very much; I’m just going down for my health.”

“Aye, aye—I see you are at your jokes again.”

“No, no; I’m not joking.”

Fan Steen on Other World Matters.

“You said you were away, that you were not here when I spoke about you. What do you do when you are away?”

“I go direct to our own sphere. I am sometimes sent off by my Master on other missions unconnected with Earth. We have always something to do.”

“Who is it you refer to by the term, Master?”

“He is our Father. He gives the orders, and these are transmitted from servant down to servant. You remember our Medium’s visit to the Moon. We were on a mission then, otherwise we could not have taken him.”

“What is the state of the inhabitants of the other worlds?”

“The inhabitants of the other planets can see Spirits. They can walk and talk with us. They are just formed like other men on the Earth, only of finer material. They don’t die, but change, not leaving the body, but carrying it with them.”

In reply to various questions, he said—“I believe Christ rose with the same body in which he was crucified. It would undergo a change when passing from Earth to Heaven. He converses with Spirits as with brethren. No, he is not looked up to as the Great God: but he is acknowledged as the highest creature—the highest we can see. It is not by a profession of belief you get to the higher spheres. Very few of mankind enter into the heavenly spheres. Infants do—all others must come here.”

On a subsequent occasion, Steen said—“I think the question was asked some time ago—‘What are your employments in the Spirit world?’ I said we were sometimes sent on missions. I will now give you an account of the first one I was sent on. I was summoned to enter the Great Temple. Thousands were assembled there. A messenger had arrived from the Grand Centre, bringing with him messages from the Great Spirit to other planets. He commenced first with the old and tried—those who had been on missions before. Then I was called up. I said I was not worthy to undertake such a work. But he said—‘I send you as an ambassador to a far off world.’ I started on my course, which took me amid stars and planets innumerable. Arrived at my destination, I went before the King, who seemed to expect me. He led me to understand that Evil was about to make war on them, and that they had called on the Great Spirit for help. The message with which I had been entrusted was a promise of help—that the Great Spirit would send them armies to do battle with the evil ones, the same that had ravaged the Earth.”

“Do you mean by that term what are called evil Spirits?”

“The same as those that fight against the guardian Spirits.”

“Are these evil ones the Spirits of deceased men?”

“No; they are more like those who come from the better land; they are not dark like the evil Spirits of men. They must, as far as I know, have been embodied at one time. They seem to have a leader, and were going to take the city by storm. The inhabitants could see their opponents.”

“Do the inhabitants of these other worlds know anything about our Bible?”

“No; they have a revelation to themselves.”

“Have you a special mission in coming to us—I mean, in connection with these paintings?”

“No; we are left entirely to our own choice in this matter. We are thereby showing to man the reality of the Spirit-life, and that the Spirits of the departed can and do communicate with those in the body.”

“Will you describe the planet, or the city, you were sent to on your first mission?”

“I have given the Medium a panoramic view of it, and will impress it in

such a way on his memory that, when he comes out of trance, he will be able to recall it. I do not know the name of the planet; but, to us, it is known by the name of *Beautiful*. The Earth is known in the Spirit World as the Earth only."

"What appearance do the inhabitants of the planet present?"

"They are in human form, but pure as Spirits."

"In reply to several other questions, he said—"The natural scenery is like that of Earth, but much grander. There are animals; but not exactly like those of the Earth. The people are ever happy, but are now in terror, because of the threatened evil."

Ruisdal "Heckled" Doctrinally.

At one of the sittings, an old lady, a good Spiritualist, but, withal, somewhat orthodox, put a number of questions on points of doctrine. She said her minister had been preaching on Paradise and Hades, and made a distinction between the two; and she would like if Ruisdal would give her information on the subject.

"Where will he draw the line? When he comes here he will assuredly come to a different conclusion. Every one here has his paradise. Those that are really bad, when they leave the body, go into darkness; but, in all, the law of progress is at work—higher and higher, never lower."

Here Steen interposed to remind us that there was a passage of Scripture that bore upon the point in question, namely—"Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, to the glory of God the Father."

"On what ground (asked the lady) do Spirits rise or advance in the Spirit life: is it by the merits of Christ imputed to them?"

"It is only by becoming followers of him as their great exemplar. I have told you before how it was with me. Though not what mankind would term a great sinner, I was neglectful of God, and failed to worship Him as I should have done. Consequently, I found myself in darkness—shut out from all communion with my fellow beings. It was not till I began to review my past life, and saw my sin, that light came in unto me. Then I began to rise higher, and at length I entered into this happy state, in which I have been for some time. And I must rise still higher."

"You remember the passage, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' What does the Saviour refer to?"

"He meant by Paradise the place we are now in."

"Is there any truth in what is called the Fall of Man?"

"When man first came from the Great Spirit, he came pure and unstained as the child who is born into the world now; but, becoming vain and proud, he fell away from purity. We do not hear anything about father Adam here."

"Are the inhabitants of the other planets as intelligent as those of Earth?"

"The inhabitants of the planets I have visited are much more intelligent than those of Earth. They know all about the planetary systems; their relation to other systems; the interior of our sphere, and the heavenly spheres."

"Do they paint in these planets?"

"Yes; the walls of their palaces are beautifully painted; and their architectural designs are far in advance of yours."

"Have you any means of observing the advance of the human race?"

"I perceive a good deal through the Medium. A great advance in science and art, I should think, has been made; but in morality I do not think there is much improvement."

"Do Spirits create their own surroundings in the Spirit World?"

"We no more create our own surroundings than you do yours. The Great Spirit is the only Creator."

"Have you the same love for the wildly-grand in nature that characterised you when in the body?"

"I have." He then gave a vivid picture, in words, of the awfully grand and wild scenery to be witnessed in the Summer-land; but the utterance of the

Medium on this occasion was so unusually rapid that I could not take the words down.

Jan Steen on the Recovery of "the Lost."

(By a Visitor)—"Is Jesus Christ acknowledged as the Saviour in the Spirit World?"

"He is as much the Saviour here as on Earth."

"Is there a possibility of the lost being saved in Spirit-life?"

"Yes; and there are many being raised from the lowest depths of darkness. I speak from experience. There are always some bright ones on the watch to rescue Spirits from darkness. I was in that darkness. Spirits so situated cannot see the bright and holy ones around them, although they are able to see the dark Spirits. It was the Spirit of my wife that sought out me—not my first wife—no; she was in as deep darkness as I was myself. It was my second wife that led me upward."

Everything Recorded—the Unrolling of the Scroll.

In reply to a question regarding the Mediumship of Lottie Fowler, who, when in trance, is able to portray (as she has done in a number of well-authenticated cases) the past events in an individual's life, Jan Steen said—

"Oh, it's an easy matter to explain that. Had I gone to college, and been bred a doctor, I might now have been able to enter into particulars, and to show you, quite scientifically, how the thing can be done; but as I did not go to college, I will just do the best I can to explain it in my own way. Well, then, let us suppose (for the time being only) that I am a very great and learned professor—an anatomist, in short—and I want to deliver a lecture to my students on the skull and all that it contains (and that's not much in some cases). I get a man's head. I place it on the table before me. I cut away the top part, and take out the brain. I then very learnedly, no doubt, explain it all to my own satisfaction, and that of the group of gaping, wonder-struck scholars around. Here is a bit that has been damaged somehow; there is a depression; here, again, is a spot that appears rather high; and so on. But it is very likely, in my character of professor, I would fail to discover the most important thing connected with the brain of the living man—that is, its use. On these folds or layers of which it is constructed, every act that has taken place from the cradle to the grave has been indelibly printed. The memory of all may have fled; but everything is inscribed on the spiritual counterpart of these layers, never to be effaced. Your very thoughts, unexpressed in words, will be found there too. So, from all this, you see, with a proper Medium, we can, without any difficulty, read this many-leaved book, on which is inscribed a whole life's history, back even to childhood. All is there, nothing omitted, though the individual may have no recollection of the facts recorded. The fact is, it is just a big panoramic picture, that may be stretched out—a belt to engirdle the Earth. All that the eye, the ear, and the other senses take in, are there depicted."

"Will it be opened up to us when we pass away?"

"Aye, that it will! Every thought, every word, every act—good or bad—will be opened to inspection. Why, what is punishment? What is that thick wall, which even the light of the Great Spirit fails to penetrate? It is the incrustation of those dark thoughts, those evil deeds and words of the unhappy Spirit. Alas! poor fellow, he is closely imprisoned! Ah! did not I suffer for my folly! Well, it's all over now! Take you care—set a watch on yourselves; for, be assured, you will never be able to forget anything, even though it be repented of: all is recorded in imperishable characters on a scroll which you cannot leave behind you—your good and your evil deeds are there inscribed for ever.—There, now, I think I must apply for a professorship."

Do Spirits Sleep?—Dreams, &c.

"Do Spirits sleep as mortals do—that is, lose consciousness?"

"Well, we certainly give our senses a rest—you may call it sleep if you choose—but we are as much awake as I am now, only not active. Your Spirit, when your body is at rest in sleep, is quite active. You awake during the night with what you consider a vivid impression of a dream, but you sleep again, and all disappears on again waking up: that was no dream—it was something carried back from Spirit-life. Then you have what is called night-mare; that is caused by a stoppage of the circulation in some part of the body. There is yet another state, from which you are aroused with a feeling of inextricable and absurd confusion of places, persons, and things. That arises from disorder in the stomach, which, by the nervous system, is closely connected with the brain; so that when there is disorder in the stomach, you have what is called dreams. But those vivid impressions which I have said pass away, are visions of the Spirit.

Ruisdal's Visit to Rome.

"It has been a question with your biographers whether you ever visited Rome, and that because of an engraving, entitled 'The Environs of Rome, after Ruisdal.' One biographer throws great doubt on it."

"As a physician I did visit Rome; that was when I was a youth of seventeen or eighteen."

"Did you paint such a picture?"

"I did."

"Do you know of any fuller memoir than the one I have read—I should like much to peruse it?"

"I did not know of any such thing until I came here."

"We have some of your pictures in this book ('Art Treasures')."

"Yes; I see. My pictures are scattered over the globe."

"Was it your love of art that took you to Rome?"

"Like many other young men, I wished to see a bit of the world. I was but a short time in the Eternal City—only a few days. At that time it would not have been safe for one of my persuasion to make a long stay."

The Doctrine of Purgatory.

"You have come to know the truth of a doctrine—much corrupted by the Roman Catholics, but denied altogether by Protestants—I mean the doctrine of Purgatory, or the Intermediate State?"

"How can I doubt it, when I feel it?"

"I have no doubt about it myself—not from your communications, but from Reason and Scripture."

"It was not the Church of Rome that originated the doctrine; it had an earlier origin."

Steen Telling the Hour.

"Well, Steen, how did you like the discussion?"

"I liked it fine."

"Just as usual, I see; taking us off a little. Do you think you could tell me the hour by looking at the Medium's watch?"

"It's about eight o'clock."

"You don't mean to say that that is the time. Ask the Medium to take out his watch and look."

The Medium did so, and looked at it. I observed that the hands on the dial indicated ten minutes to eight. The Medium seemed surprised, and shaking it, held it up to his ear. It was standing at the hour when he had rolled it up, as he afterwards told me.

"Will you, Steen, please tell me the hour by my watch. You can ask the Medium to take it from me."

This was done, and without looking at it, he held the watch towards Steen, who said—"It is twenty minutes past ten." This was the right time.

Ruisdal's Betrothal.

In answer to several questions, the female Spirit in attendance at the early painting sittings (who, according to Ruisdal, was betrothed to him on Earth) said—"I was a little over twenty when I left your world. My name was Margareta Durer. I was born in Holland, but my parents came from the German States. I lived when on Earth in Haarlem. My father was a carpenter. Many of the same family were painters. My brother, who died young, was a painter."

"Is he beside you now?"

"No; I have not seen him. He is far away—far into glory."

"How do you know that?"

"The bright and holy ones, that Jacob has told thee of, who come to teach us, we know it from them."

Steen and his Crony, Fan Lievens.

"Were you acquainted, Steen, with Hobbema's paintings?"

"No."

"You would know Rembrandt, Poussin, and others?"

"I knew Vinten. Many a spree I had with Vinten!"

"None of us know of such a painter. What did he paint?"

"Sea-pieces."

"Please pronounce his name again."

"Vin-tun."

"Very well, Steen; we must look after him. Were you ever in Rome?"

"I could never manage to get so far from home. Had I got there, it is likely I would have been clapped in the Inquisition; for the tongue of a chap that gets on the spree, is aye loose."

In answer to a question about "Vinten," Ruisdal, on a subsequent evening, said—"I have heard of the man. He was of Steen's own stamp. . . . They went too far in that which destroyed some of their best faculties. Had Steen kept from the beer, as he calls it, there never would have been another such painter on Earth."

"Did you know Phillips, Steen?"

"No."

"What school of painting did you adhere to?"

"No school in particular. It would have beat a Jew to tell what school I belonged to."

"Did you know Helst?"

"I knew some families of that name. But my brains were aye so muddled that I forget many of the painters in my day. They were all of them very good at taking a rive of pair Steen."*

"How is it, Ruisdal, that we can't find the name *Vinten* or *Vinct*, given us by Steen, in the Dictionary of Painters?"

"No wonder. When Steen gave the name, he gave it as he used to do—only the half. It is Lievens—Jan Lievens. He studied under Rembrandt."

On consulting the dictionary, we found the name sometimes spelled *Lyvyns*. It is there stated that he was born in 1607.

"How is this, Steen; Ruisdal says your friend studied under Rembrandt, who was born in 1606: if Lievens was born in 1607, the pupil would be about as old as the master?"

"It is not true. He was born about 1616."

"Which do you consider the best of his paintings?"

"The best one, in my estimation, was that one in which Lievens and I are introduced in the act of eating half-cooked fowls."

"Do you remember the names of any of his pictures?"

* A Scotch expression for taking advantage of the generosity of any one—preying upon him when opportunity offers.

"It's a long time since. I am not sure."

"Do you remember the portrait of Jacob Gouters?"

"I painted that myself."

"Do you mind of any others?"

"He painted the Crucifixion."

On a subsequent occasion, we referred to the statement Steen had made about Lievens' painting of the eating of the fowls. We asked—"Was it a real painting, Steen—not a mere figure of speech?"

"It was a real picture. It was the best likeness that was ever given of me. Would you like me to tell the story?"

"Oh, yes; let us have it, by all means."

"Well, you see, Lievens and I had been, as usual, one night engaged drinking and fiddling—I on the top of a barrel, and he below. At last we parted, and I took my way home. When I entered my own house, I left the door unbarred, and jumped into bed. I wasn't long in bed, when Lievens came in, bringing with him two fowls he had picked up somewhere. I got up, and took upon myself the character of cook, and a bonny job I made of it. I roused up my eldest son, and sent him out for beer and tobacco wherever he could get them without money, for we had not a copper. By the time he came back, and it was a long time too, Lievens and I had eaten up the fowls, leaving nothing but the four black claws. That's the story of the picture—the best he ever painted, I think."

Ruisdal on the Ideal and Natural.

(By a Visitor)—"Did you follow nature in the production of the beautiful, or something behind nature?"

"I followed nature in every point—never varying in a single instance. To produce the beautiful, I imitated nature as far as it was possible for a poor mortal to do so; for what can be grander than the works of the Great Creator? Wherever you see a painter following after nature, set him down as a true artist."

The Figures in Ruisdal's Paintings, &c.

"Do you remember a painter named Phillips, who, it is said, helped you to put in figures in your paintings?"

"He never assisted me in any such thing. Generally I put no figures in my pictures. When I did so, I tried to do the best myself. But there were some of my friends who introduced figures in my pictures against my will. (Of course, they did it, thinking it an improvement. My great and leading idea in painting is solitude. But they were not pleased with my views as an artist."

"Were you acquainted with a painter named Helst?"

"I have heard the name. Many painters of one kind and another lived in my day, but they always held aloof from me. They thought I was an eccentric character."

The Black Bull—How Steen and Lievens paid the Reckoning.

Mr. John M'Kay, one of the sitters, in the course of some remarks, mentioned that he had that day been painting a black bull on a signboard, when Steen spoke as follows:—"Ah, well, but I daresay it would hardly be got up in the same way as one I helped to paint. Would you like me to give you the story?"

"Oh, yes; by all means."

"Well, then, Lievens and I had been on a spree for a while; and, to refresh ourselves, we strolled out to the country. A fine walk we had; but, coming to a humble roadside inn, we both felt inclined to patronise it, and went in, the good landlady taking us for gentlemen—and so we were; but, after sitting a long time over our glasses, we made the discovery that we were gentlemen without a penny in our pockets. I thought Lievens had a few coppers left,

and he cherished the same notion in regard to me. I saw no way of getting fairly out of the difficulty. But Lievens was equal to the occasion. He asked the bill to be sent in. It was not very big, but it was too big for us. 'Jan,' says he to me, 'do you see anything above the door in the shape of a sign-board?' 'No,' said I, 'but what has that to do with the bill?' 'Oh, just you wait and see,' and he called in the landlady. Now, Lievens had a fine flow of language, and could enact the gentleman nicely. Accordingly, when the good woman appeared, Lievens, twirling his moustache, complimented her on the excellent accommodation we had received; but, being artists, expressed his surprise that she should be without a pictorial signboard—'something, you know, to attract attention to your very nice easy inn, such as a black bull!' The landlady curtseyed, and said nothing would please her more than to have a bull painted. 'Ah, well, my good woman, my friend and I are only out for a ramble in the country, and have plenty of time to get it done for you.' She went out highly gratified by our gracious condescension to paint the black bull, and she carried the bill away with her. Well, this you may be sure was a relief to us, and we continued at our cups. At length, after furnishing us with a board and some colours, we managed to produce the poor old lady's black bull, and she paid for it—we had a fortnight's treat, free, in our country inn."

Oils, Colours, Varnishes, &c.

"A gentleman—a teacher of drawing and painting—wishes to know the method you, Ruisdal, adopted of mixing your colours—that is, the oil used by the Dutch artists of your day. There appears to be some doubt as to what it really was—in fact, a secret, that has yet to be discovered. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I do perfectly. Every painter in my day had his own way of preparing his stuff. I had mine. The oil I used was lintseed, and I prepared it myself. I kept it exposed to the sun for months, using lime from the shell for the purpose of cleansing it from impurities; and when I was preparing my colours, I was very particular how I used the oil, in not moistening too much when grinding. Before using it for painting purposes, I often gave it a simmer over the fire. If it was possible for my Medium to work my own colours. I would make them as good as the original. I often used the spirit-of-wood—what you call turpentine. I extracted it myself, because I was unable, frequently, to get it otherwise. After my oil had stood in the sun for months, I put it into a small woollen bag, hung it up over a vessel, and allowed it to filter through. By this means I had it pure; and that, along with a little turpentine, I used as varnish."

"Was that the only kind of varnish you used?"

"No; I collected gum from the cherry and other fruit trees, and from that I extracted a varnish. We poor artists were often compelled to resort to many things out of the ordinary way."

"Did you use a mixture of that varnish and the oil?"

"I did occasionally, but very seldom. My great study in my paintings was to keep them from getting hard and cracked by the extremes of heat and cold."

"Is there anything, Steen, you might add to Ruisdal's directions about the preparation of oil?"

"I was whiles glad to get the oil without any preparation; but in my better days I used to squeeze the lintseed myself: by doing so I was sure to get it pure. My mode of preparation was much the same as Ruisdal's; but he was far more particular than I was. I did nothing to it so long as I could get some one to do it for me."

"That was a very convenient way, at all events."

"You wouldn't like to grind away for a whole morning at a stone, and your head cracking, as mine often did."

"What was the cause of that?"

“It was the beer.”

“But you yourself caused the headache by drinking the beer.”

“No, no. It couldn't be the drinker: it was the drink.”

Portrait of Ruisdal as he appears to the Medium.

In the spring of 1867, the Medium painted, under direction of Steen, a full-length portrait of Ruisdal, who is represented passing judgment on a picture he is holding in his hands. The background is formed by “The Waterfall” to the right, and a lake scene to the left. This was the first attempt of the Medium in figure-painting. The question was put—“Does the portrait represent you as you looked just before you left the Earth?”

“Well, I cannot say whether it is like me when I left, as I do not know what sort of expression I had. It is very like what I appear to him at present.”

“You appear richly dressed. Were you so attired when on Earth?”

“Yes; I always endeavoured, though in poverty, to keep up a good appearance before the world. It is Steen who is taking the portrait; I superintend, and do the surroundings.”

Subsequently the question was put—“Well, Ruisdal, what do you think of this portrait of yourself?”

“It is a pretty fair portrait in the circumstances. Steen has done me more justice in this one than some others to whom I sat. They made me too sour and melancholy. I was often very sad while in your sphere; but I certainly had my happy moments as well. That happiness chiefly arose out of my love of art.”

Of Persons Dying in Idiocy and Madness.

“In the case of persons dying in idiocy, in what condition is the Spirit?”

“The man enters into the Spirit World happier than thou, having sinned neither against God nor man. He enters here an intelligent being, and standing in the same relation towards God as the new-born infant.”

“Suppose a madman dies, does the madness continue to any extent in Spirit-life?”

“No; how can it? It is simply a derangement of the physical organs. But if the madness be the result of the man's own folly, the sin will then come doubly upon him. He is, however, liable only for the sins committed in the state of reason.”

Fan Steen on the Clergy.

“Did you hear the reading of the address of Mr. Slater's Spirit friends, and the poetry?”

“Oh yes; it's all true.”

“It hits hard at the clergy. Were you fond of that class?”

“Awfully! They were not very fond of me. They helped, some of them, to empty my barrels for all that.”

Ruisdal and Steen Interviewed.

In reply to a question by Mr. B., a well-known artist in Glasgow, in reference to a picture of the “Jewish Cemetery at Amsterdam,” Ruisdal said—

“I painted the Cemetery, with a church; stream running at bottom; sky overcast, such as if a shower had fallen. Is that the one you refer to?”

“I think so.”

Mr. B. then asked him if he painted a picture, now in the Louvre at Paris, the “Coup de Soleil.”

“Do you mean the thicket, with the sandy pathway—the sunbeam striking the centre of the picture?”

“Yes. Will you mention the colours you used in that picture?”

Here the Medium appeared in doubt, and looking up, he appeared to be directed to the closed box of paints on the table. Looking down on the box,

he said—"I used amber, ochre, indigo, red, black, pink, and white. These are most of the colours that are on it."

"Did you experience difficulty in using bitumen, from its cracking on the canvas?"

"Is it that pitchy colour you mean?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"I made it myself, and had no difficulty."

Mr. B. then questioned Jan Steen about his method of doing the painting of "The Parrot." "How many sketches did you make?"

"I very seldom made any sketches. The idea would strike me, and away I went to work with my chalk. I was not particular; it's not the first time I've gone to the floor with my sketches. I have even done them on the walls, and sometimes on paper. How often I sketched that picture I could not say. Fresh ideas are always coming up, and it was nothing for me to put in two or three figures more than I intended at first. If it struck me there was something awaiting, I got it filled up in some way."

Mr. B.—"How did you get on for characters?"

"I had always enough in my wives and family—even including my ain auld faither."*

Mr. B.—"Did you know anything of the practice of the day—of Rembrandt, for instance?"

"Rembrandt was first-class, but whiles he fell into fearful mistakes—such as putting in a big boy for a little infant."

"Did you, Ruisdal, etch any of Rembrandt's works?"

"I never copied other men's works."

"Then your name must have been forged to some said to have been done by you."

"All masters have had their names forged. I never could settle to copy other men's pictures."

Seeing in the Crystal.

"Do you perceive the piece of crystal [egg-shape] the Medium has in his hand?"

"Yes; being pure and bright, it has often been used as an emblem of purity. It is a good illustration of Spirit. Everything with us is as pure as crystal: Spirit can see through Spirit."

The Medium was observed to look curiously at the crystal, and appeared to see something in it.

"Steen has been showing him a few things there. First of all, he saw the inside of a cathedral, at the far end of which he beheld an altar, and before the altar stood a bridal party. The building had a peculiar appearance. I have never seen it. I have seen something like it, but not in the same style of architecture. There was a large book laid on the altar, but not the Holy Book; it seemed to be a Prayer Book. The lady wore a long flowing robe—a veil covering the whole of her person down to the floor. She was light in complexion. Beside her stood a tall gentleman, with black hair and moustaches. There were a number of others. The priest, or minister, was tall and stout, and wore a white gown. The next thing the Medium saw in the crystal was an infant Spirit flying through space. Afterwards he perceived a host of beings in Spirit form, with blazing stars in their hands, while another shone gloriously on their foreheads."

"Was the infant Spirit known to any one here?"

"The Medium thought it was connected with himself; but Steen was so quick in his operation that he failed to recognise it. It was a female Spirit. Steen knows a little of these things. It is only Mediums that see anything in these crystals."

* Steen in his communications frequently uses the Scotch dialect.

"Well, Steen, can you tell us anything about this?"

"I know something about it. When I was on Earth two or three of us agreed to go to a 'body' they called a wizard. He showed us some strange things. Being a Medium, as you call it, I sometimes saw more than I wanted to see. A Medium can see such things by means of anything clear, such as a drop of water; but a crystal is handy. There is no picture in the crystal; it is put on the brain of the Medium, and he or she sees it reflected on the glass. This is done by Spirit-power. A Spirit in *rapport* with a Medium can call up anything he wishes to show him."

In reply to questions, he said—"I showed him Spirit as Spirit, which he never saw before. It was a company of men and women marching in procession, wearing white robes. He became, for the time being, Spirit himself: he could see through them, and could perceive their thoughts. We do not appear to him here in our Spirit-forms. We assume a form like that of our Earthly body. There was nothing particular about the infant Spirit floating in the Heavens. As to the marriage service, I will not tell you who the persons were; but the Medium recognised them. They will remember when it comes to pass. We do not foretell."

Dioramic Pictures of Spirit Land.

In the autumn of 1867 we received intimation that the Spirits would endeavour to give us a series of pictures in six sections, illustrative of the Spirit World. The first was begun on 29th Nov., and occupied the attention of the Medium for a number of nights, but it was ultimately abandoned by his guides, on the plea that the subjects of the picture appeared inadequate to convey to us, in our present condition, a proper idea of the spiritual realities they meant to portray. To various questions, put during the progress of the picture, Ruisdal and Steen replied as follows:—

"The Medium was not in the ordinary state of trance to-night. This is the scene in our world that we promised you. He saw it himself, and sketched it as he saw it. He saw it as we see it; he stood at that point where the trees are. The scene is a representation of what *is*; and is as much a reality as anything in your world. The Spirits in our condition see these works of the Great Creator as we see them; that is, they are seen by us in the same way as you on Earth see your scenery. You know that everyone does not appreciate the grandeur of Nature alike. Spirits lower in development would see the same scenery, but they would fail to appreciate or enjoy it as I do."

"You have spoken of the Spirit World as a land. How are the Spirits of different developments separated—is it by territorial division, as France, Belgium, Holland, &c.?"

"Something like that. You can best understand it by that illustration. We find great difficulty in getting you to understand these things."

"What is that at the back of the hill in the middle distance?"

"That is the source of our light. In it there is the representation of a cross, from which emanate those rays that illumine our world. It is perpetual day with us. There is no night. This sheet of water is the source of a river. We intend following its course down to the Sea of Space. The pictures will form a panoramic view—the continuation of the scenery towards the right."

"I observe houses, or buildings, to the right—will you give me some information about these?"

"These are some of the mansions spoken of in the Scriptures. The houses are Spiritual, and every Spirit builds his own house."

"Does each one erect his house in accordance with his ideas of the beautiful?"

"No, no; as the Spirit is morally, so is his house."

"Have your cities names?"

"They are not known by names. Every one has his Jerusalem."

"What is that pure light in the background of the picture?"

“It is a fixed light, unlike yours. It proceeds from him who is the True Light. The cross will appear in the centre, whence comes the light.”

“What building is that with the dome, on the right hand corner of the painting?”

“That is the Hall of Knowledge; it is used for the study of all things connected with the Great Spirit.”

“Is it built with material such as we use?”

“No, but with such as we have. There are many things to explain; and you will get an explanation at the completion of each picture.”

Ruisdal on Home Affairs.

“How long did you take to paint the original of this picture?” (Referring to *The Pool*, which the Medium was painting in trance, now in the possession of Mr. James Bowman, Glasgow.)

“I was a year or two at it, but I was engaged on other pictures at the same time. The figures were put into the picture by my brother, Arthur.”

“I never knew that you had any other brother than Solomon. Can you give me the names of the family?”

“Solomon, Jacob, Albert, Arthur, and Amelia.”

In reply to other questions, he said—“My father was a picture-frame maker. The frames were made of oak, stained, and gilded. He was considered a decent tradesman—a burgomaster. A burgomaster was one who employed a number of men, and became a leader of the trade—very much like your deacons.”

Jan Steen gives a Test of Identity.

At the New Year holiday season of 1868, in company with a friend, I visited the Hunterian Museum, open to the public of Glasgow on such occasions. The number of pictures in the museum are few, but many of them are works of eminent masters. While engaged looking at these, we came upon a picture labelled thus—“A Boy showing his Drawing-book. By Jan Steen.” The room being somewhat dark, and the picture hung very high, we had some difficulty in getting at the details. But so far, we saw that it consisted of a group of four children round a table. One of the boys holds in his outstretched hands an open book, with the back towards his breast, apparently containing specimens of his handiwork, which he is exhibiting to his young companions. Knowing that the Medium was entirely ignorant of the existence of the picture, we resolved to make it the subject of a test of Steen's identity. Accordingly, at the first sitting thereafter, the following conversation with Jan Steen took place:—

“Well, Steen, I have just seen a picture, labelled as yours, in one of our public museums; and although *we* have the most perfect confidence as to your identity, the circumstance affords so nice an opportunity of getting a test for the weak believer in Spirit Communion, that I hope you will not be displeased.* Could you give me a description of the picture were I to give you one chief feature of it?”

“Oh, I am not wanting anything particular about it: just give me the merest spot in any of my pictures—the position of a table, a chair, a table-cover—anything you like, and if able I will give you a description of them.”

“Thank you, Steen; I was intending to mention a prominent feature; but now I will give this:—A picture-book opened.”

“Ah, I know what it is: It is mine;—‘A Boy showing his Drawing-book.’ Well, to begin—there are five figures in the picture, if I remember—but I will not swear to that. At any rate, there are not less than four. The boy exhibiting, wears a cape, as you call it, and has a slouch hat on his head. He has the book standing on edge on the table before him. In the foreground

* Ruisdal and Steen have invariably expressed their disinclination to give tests.

there is another boy, having a red dress, leaning on the table, looking at the book; while at the other side are two figures—one of them a girl, I think. But I am strongly impressed that there is a fifth thrown into the shade, somewhere behind the boy with the slouch hat."

"We could not make out more than four figures; and we failed to discover the subjects in the drawing-book. Your description otherwise is correct."

"There is a female figure in the drawing-book."

"Well, Steen, do you remember where the light comes in on the group?"

"Oh, yes; it comes in from the left—wait now—just wait a little till I think. No—I was wrong; it is neither from right nor left, but between the two, coming somewhat down on the table from a window behind the group.—Did you not see a table-cover?"

"Yes, indeed; my friend called my attention to it, as being well done, or something of that kind."

"You should have noticed that a corner of the table-cover is turned up. There is also, I think, an old door with panelling thrown into the shade."

"We did not observe these, Steen; but I will take time to-morrow, and inspect the picture in a better light. There are a good many fine old pictures in the museum, from the old masters, as we call them; and this one of yours is labelled, 'Boy Showing his Drawing-book. By Jan Steen.' You are in very good company, for I saw some by Rembrandt, Rubens, Guido, Salvator Rosa, &c."

"Oh, I liked always to be in good company. But I must be off."

On the day following, along with Mr. Henry Murray and Mr. Nelmes, I visited the museum, and gaining an elevation, I managed to get a closer view of the picture. As described in the trance, I found the fifth figure in the shade behind the boy showing the book. I could not perceive in the picture, darkened as it is by Time's tints for two hundred years, any appearance of a door and panelling; but we noticed that the light came in from the left—striking in between two of the figures at the table. We also saw, what we had failed to observe on our first visit—that the boy had on a slouch hat and a cape, that a corner of the table-cover was turned up, forming one of the finest effects in the picture, and that the figure of a female was delineated on the book. At a subsequent sitting, Jan Steen said that he was thirty years old when he painted the picture.

This we considered an excellent proof that the Spirit was none other than Jan Steen the famous Dutch painter. But, strange to say, it did not at the time satisfy a much-respected friend, the late J. W. Jackson, well-known by his brilliant contributions to the pages of *Human Nature*. Mr. J. was then an earnest and enlightened investigator into Spiritualism, and at a sitting with the Medium shortly after we had received the test, I gave him an account of it, and asked him how it was possible for us to explain it on any other theory than that of Spirit communication?

"Oh, very easily, my dear sir. It amounts to this: The Medium was in trance, and clairvoyant. You stated to him where you had seen the picture. In a moment, he was there in spirit; saw the picture much better than you were able to see it (he being in an ecstatic condition), and at once gave you the full details. It was a Spirit's communication, but it was the Spirit of the Medium."

"But," said I, "how am I to get quit of this difficulty: There are thousands of Mediums at the present day, in America, on the Continent, and in this country,—rich and poor, learned and unlearned,—and we find them all, in various languages, and without the possibility of collusion, proclaiming invariably, that they are but the Mediums of departed Spirits who were at one time dwellers on the Earth. It cannot be a conspiracy on the part of these thousands of Mediums to deceive their fellows by the most atrocious falsehood. If it is not what it universally professes to be, what can it be?"

"I admit at once, that *that* is a question I cannot answer," was the candid rejoinder of Mr. Jackson. This was early in 1868. Farther investigation subsequently, in London, where he had many opportunities of witnessing the

phenomena, led our friend, it is believed, to adopt views more in accordance with the facts.

A Test—Ruisdal's Picture in the Edinburgh National Gallery.

Early in 1868, I found an engraving, in a catalogue of the Edinburgh National Gallery, of a landscape by Ruisdal, which I resolved to make the subject of a few test questions at the next sitting, February 14th. The engraving was studiously kept out of the reach of the Medium. At the sitting the following conversation took place:—

“Could you, Ruisdal, remember a picture painted by you, if I give its dimensions, and one or two of its features?”

“I am not sure; it is not so easy to do that in landscape as it is in a figure painting.”

“The picture is a large one, measuring six feet by four feet, and occupies a prominent place in our National Gallery at Edinburgh. There is a river running through the centre, a church spire in the background, and trees to the left in foreground.”

“If it is the picture in my memory, there is a bridge across the river in the distance, on which there are figures; there are two old trees prominent in left hand corner—oak and beech, I think. In the front, down towards the river are some figures—a man on horse-back, cattle, and two or three figures. The right bank of the river is elevated, and of a sandy colour. The sky is heavy towards the right.”

“Thank you, Ruisdal; your description is correct in every point. Of course, some other artist must have put in these figures?”

“Yes; some one who thought it an improvement on the picture, after passing out of my hands.”

Ruisdal “interviewed” by F. W. Jackson.

At the same sitting (14th Feb., 1868)—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson being present, after the conversation about the painting in the Edinburgh gallery, Mr. Jackson put a few questions to, and received answers from, Ruisdal, as follows:—

“What is your principal occupation and employment in Spirit life?”

“This question has been answered already. But as you are a stranger I will tell you. We are employed in teaching those who are lower than ourselves to rise. I am so employed here. I can, however, while so engaged, hold communion with higher intelligences.”

“Have you ever come in contact with the Spirits of those who have lived on the Earth in far distant times?”

“Yes; I have met with many who have lived on Earth in an age farther back than history records.”

“Were they higher or lower intellectually than the present generation of mankind?”

“Some of them were more or less advanced; but so far as I can perceive through the Medium, your age is farther advanced intellectually than any previous generation.”

“But has not their existence in the other world allowed them to progress?”

“Yes; they rise higher and higher, and leave here day after day.”

“Are there any that sink after entering the Spirit World?”

“Yes; there are some entering here who follow the bent of their inclinations, and sink deep into that darkness which they love; and notwithstanding the holy and elevating influences brought to bear on them by good and bright Spirits, they continue their dark and devious courses. I believe, however, in my inmost heart, that the time will come, in the far distant future,—it may be ages on ages—when they will be drawn to a better life by the influences of the All-wise and All-loving Father—the Great and Good Spirit.”

“Have you any personal manifestation of God?”

"I have conversed with a messenger who came from God; and we have seen the Second in the universe. We have recognised him. His brightness is such that we veil our faces in his presence—not in fear, but from a feeling of awe. The time will come when we shall be with him."

Ruisdal's Waterfall by Moonlight—A Test.

In the spring of 1868, I observed in an old-book shop an old engraving of a Waterfall by Ruisdal, which I purchased, purposing to turn it to account as a subject for test questions. Care was taken that the Medium should know nothing about the engraving. Having got it re-framed, it was brought into the room when the Medium was in trance, and the following conversation ensued:—

"I have picked up an engraving of one of your Waterfalls, and I am hopeful that you will give us some information about it, such as you gave us a short time ago concerning the picture in the Edinburgh Gallery. I have the engraving in my hands with its back towards the Medium. I will just give one feature of the picture: a raft of round logs to the left in the foreground."

"From the bit given, it must be one of my Waterfalls by Moonlight. If it is the one in my mind at present, it is not one waterfall, but three; there is an ecclesiastical building on the brow of the rocky hill in the background; at the foot of the hill there is a fold for cattle; there are two or three figures in the middle distance, and to the left of the stream are two trees; on the right there are a number of trees."

"You have given a very correct description of the picture. What was the size of it?"

"It was four metres by three."

"Do you perceive the engraving in my hands?"

"No; you must allow the Medium to touch it before I can see it."

The framed engraving was then given to the Medium, who, without looking at it himself, held it up for the inspection of the Spirit—the back of the picture facing the Medium. After holding it up for a short time, he turned it round, and looked at it attentively. It was subsequently stated by Steen, that this was one of Ruisdal's best Waterfalls, and that he had seen the painting while he was in the body.

A Test Question on a Picture by Steen.

A picture-dealer in town wrote a description of a painting by Jan Steen, and enclosed it in an envelope: giving only one feature of the picture—"A boy holding his head between his hands"—and asking that the other points in it should be described. The Spirit through the Medium proceeded to give descriptions of seven paintings as follows:—

1. "Here is one: Our house in an uproar. I don't think, however, that the boy is the principal feature in the picture. The goodwife sitting at the fireside; I am seated with a glass in my hand; and the cat running away with a piece of bacon."

2. "St. Bernard's Day is another. Children getting presents from the good saint. A boy leaning against the mantel-piece, with his head resting on his hand."

3. "Here is another. Myself and wife getting drowsy. A number of children; one of them picking his mother's pocket, another holding a glass, and two or three fighting. Their mother is dressed in scarlet jacket with crimson border—a silk petticoat; dog running away with a pie; the cat breaking a vase; a monkey playing with a clock; and boy's head broken with a plate."

4. "Then there's the Seven Ages—my best picture. Children in foreground playing with a cat; a young female and her sweetheart; old man and a parrot; servant cooking; party drinking; picture of a gibbet—meaning that indulgence

in drink tends to that end. Curtain (the main feature of the picture) drops on the scene."

5. "It strikes me there is a figure, such as you describe, in a picture—'musicians playing rough music.'"

6. "I remember another one—A mother giving her boy a thrashing, and sending him off to school."

7. "A boy sitting twisted, with his head not exactly between his hands, but leaning to one side. I, myself, and my two wives are there, as also my brother and sister. There is a dog and cat; and I am not sure, but I think there is a parrot. My sister is seeking for a glass in a cupboard. The doctor is entering; he is in antique dress, a cocked hat with cock's feather—called a quack doctor in our days. I think there are four figures besides—a young woman, a middle-aged one, and two men, one with a tobacco-pipe in his hat."

"None of these, Steen (we are told), agree with the description."

"I must get more time to remember. It surely cannot be a principal picture. But I will try to find it out."

Attempt to Speak German—Balaam.

"Did you, Steen, at our last meeting, get the Medium to reply in German to Miss I——?"

"Yes, a little."

"You seemed to have enough to do to make out her German. Was that so?"

"Yes; you should remember that there are a number of dialects in that language as there are, doubtless, in your own. But, really, she spoke better than many of those who are natives."

"Had the direct picture—the prophet Balaam—any special significance for the lady? I ask this, for she seemed to think so."

"Oh, if she thinks so, just let her. 'Come, curse me, Israel.' But he could not. 'How shall I curse whom the Lord hath not cursed?' Aye, and what right has any one to curse his fellow-man? The blessing of the Most High is bestowed on all alike. They have all sprung from the same Great Root; all men are brethren; all are the children of God—members of the one great family, and when one of the family goes astray, following courses of wickedness, instead of cursing him, or casting him out as an unclean thing, we should, by every means, try to win him back—to get him to turn from his evil ways—to think of his Creator. O why should men curse? Rather should they pray for the poor soul, that he might be enabled to rise out of the deep degradation into which he has sunk, and occupy a nobler position, as one who has been destined by God to shine in the Heaven of Heavens? Why should he be allowed recklessly to descend into the dark and dismal abode of the damned? O foolishness! to ask the High and Holy One—the loving Father, to curse the poor wretched evil-doer, who already bears a heavy curse, and, that, alas! self-inflicted. Rather pray that his eyes may be opened to goodness and truth before he leaves the body, that so he may obtain an entrance into a state even more glorious than that which I now enjoy; for notwithstanding my present happiness, it would have been well for me had I been led into a different state of mind before I entered the Spirit World.

Ruisdal on Contemporary Painters and Painting.

At a sitting on Sept. 22, 1874, the Medium under control of Ruisdal, said—"At our last meeting I said that I would be ready to answer questions regarding Painters and Painting in my time and country. The names of a number of my fellow-artists will be given in Direct Writing if found necessary. For this I will be indebted to our English friend."

"Did you know Paul Rembrandt van Ryn?"

"Yes; the name you give belongs to one and the same individual. He was the son of a miller. His parents did not occupy a very high position—they were not among the wealthy of the land; but, notwithstanding many disadvan-

ages, he struggled on till he became a master in the art. I don't know how he might compare with any of your painters of the present day, but in my time, he was unsurpassed in his own line of work: that bold practice of laying in light and shade. Lievens, who studied under him, tried hard to come up with him. I was told by Lievens that every colour used by Rembrandt was kept unmixed,—there was no mixing one with another on the palette, but each colour was placed on the exact spot required. I visited his work-place when a youth. This I could do without hindrance, as my father, being a picture-frame maker, was well known amongst the artists at the time. His studio may be likened to a dark cellar—a fit dwelling-place for bats. He had some of his windows closed, in one of which there was a round hole sufficiently large to let in a thin streak of light. Others of the windows had their shutters arranged in joints to accommodate the light to the size of the picture. His pictures ranged in size from 14 by 12 inches upwards. He placed his easel so as to have the rays of light falling on the portions of the canvas he was lighting up. It was thought by many of us that to this he was indebted for his success in light and shade."

"You made a statement on one occasion that Jan Steen excelled all others as a painter. How does such correspond with the statement just made about Rembrandt?"

"You forget. I referred to Rembrandt's excellence in light and shade. No one could surpass Steen as a figure painter, and in the freedom with which he grouped his subjects."

In reply to another question, he said—"Rembrandt was a little jolly in his disposition, like Steen.—but, unlike him in one respect, he took care of his means. He worked industriously; but he was what we might call sociable. I was not personally acquainted with many of the painters of my time; but there were three or four I corresponded with. One of these furnished me with the name I took when I first communicated through the Medium. I will give you, however, their names along with others of the more prominent artists in Direct Writing, with the help of my English friend."

I asked if the name he referred to was the one he gave us at the beginning of our sittings—*Marcus Baker*. He said it was; but that it should be *Bicker*.—(See Introduction, page 6.)

About the close of the sitting, the following names of artists, contemporaries of Ruisdal, were produced, as promised, in Direct Writing:—

" <i>Ludolf Backhuysen.</i> S. P.	<i>Adrian Van Ostade.</i>
<i>Nicholas Berghem.</i> L. & F.	<i>Rembrandt Gerritz, F.</i>
<i>Jan Van Goyen:</i> master.	<i>Nicholas Berghem.</i>
<i>Jan Steen.</i> F.	<i>David Teniers.</i> F.
<i>Jan Both.</i> F.	<i>Adrian Vandervelde.</i> L. F. C.
<i>Andrew Both.</i> L.	<i>Chevalier Karel de Moor.</i> F.
<i>Karel du Jardin.</i> F.	<i>Franz Mieris.</i>
<i>Minerhaut Hobbema.</i> L.	<i>Ary de Vos.</i>
<i>Cornelus Huysman.</i> C. & F.	<i>Quiering.</i>
<i>Jan le Duc.</i> F.	<i>Brackelenkamp.</i>
<i>John Lingelbach.</i> F.	<i>Jan Lievens.</i>
<i>Jan Miel.</i> S. F.	<i>Wynants."</i> *
<i>Jan Van Ossenbeck.</i> L.	

The following list was also given shortly afterwards, the same evening, in Direct Writing:—

"*Ruisdael friends*

<i>Hobbema.</i>	<i>Wynants.</i>
<i>John Lingelbach.</i>	<i>Jan Miel or Bicker."</i> *

The Spelling of the Painters' Names, &c.

"A gentleman wants to know how you spelt your name—was it with the two *æ*'s or the *ei*?"

"Commonly with the double *æ*—that is the proper way. When written in a hurry, it might look like *ei*. In pictures I gave my monogram."

"You gave us a direct portrait of *Ruisdal* some time ago. Is the name written below it properly spelled? I ask this because my spelling has been called in question."

"It is right. I wrote it myself not in your German style, but in the good old Dutch way."

"Now, I want you to answer me another question. I have been led to understand that it is Turner (the English painter, as you style him) who writes the English and Latin direct cards; but I am told by one who should know that the celebrated painter did not know Latin."

"Oh, that may be, but it does not follow that, being unacquainted with Latin, he should be unable to give it in direct writing from those who do know it. Our old friend, the English philosopher, whom you would not entertain, he knows the language, and he has, through the English artist, given you several bits. The Persian and the Egyptian also are acquainted with Latin and other languages, and they have also given him bits to write."

"But why not do it themselves?"

"Well, just because they are not fitted for that kind of manifestation."

III.

TESTIMONY OF PERSONS PRESENT AT THE SITTINGS FOR
THE PRODUCTION OF DIRECT ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

ONE of the most remarkable features of this book is its illustration by *direct* drawings and writings—that is to say, *that these were done by no mortal hand*. The twenty-four lithographs throughout the book, and the various pieces of writing and drawing which follow, are *fac-similes* of these *direct* productions,—not even excepting the pictorial stamp on the boards of the book, the original of which was also the work of our Spirit-friends. Some of the drawings show a considerable amount of artistic skill, others appear to be but rough sketches. But the point to be settled, it will be admitted, is not as to the degree of art displayed in the pictures, but how they have been produced at all. The facts are so astonishing that I hesitate to publish them on my own responsibility; and, therefore, in addition to the testimony quoted in the introduction, I give the following extracts—not only as testimony, but as a help to the reader unacquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Mr. J. Freeman of 6 Rye Terrace, Peckham Rye, London, gives in the *Spiritualist* of 25th June, 1875, some account of a sitting with Mr. Duguid in his own house. I quote the following:—"Another piece of ordinary printing paper, supplied by Mr. Nisbet, who was with us at the *seance*, was folded and placed in an envelope, fastened down and initialled by each of those present, except the Medium, who was still too tightly bound to his chair, hands, feet, and arms, to permit it. The sealed envelope was then placed upon the table, and all were requested to put our fingers upon the envelope; the gas was then put out, and after the lapse of, say, three minutes a light was struck and we were instructed to open the envelope, which, after satisfactory examination, we did,

and found upon the paper enclosed a very interesting pencil drawing of a half-length female figure in profile, surrounded by winged heads, with an eye at the top in the centre, and a German sentence at the bottom. The paper was identified as being the same which was seen in the first instance without the drawing upon it.

"Now I do not pretend to know how this was done, but no ordinary difficulties had to be overcome. (1) A securely bound Medium, who could not so much as touch the paper. (2) A *folded* paper in a secured envelope. (3) The pressure of five pairs of hands upon the envelope containing the paper while resting upon the table.

"Had this been the result of ordinary human agency, the drawing must have been executed before the paper was folded and before it was placed in the envelope, but it was not so done.

"Next, an additional test was given us. A plain card was provided, off which we tore a corner and retained as a means of future identification. Paints and pencils were then placed before the Medium, who remained bound as before described, the room darkened, and when we were requested almost immediately to re-light up we found upon the table where it had previously been placed the same card, with a neatly executed landscape in oil upon it, with the colours still wet and the pencil (one only) full of the last colour which had been used in the production of the picture.

"Comment is unnecessary, but this is the way our friends on the other side prove they are not so far from us."

From "Editorial Rambles" in the *Medium* of June 18, 1875, I give the following account of Mr. Burns's latest sitting with Mr. Duguid. The extract is long, but it treats of matters which I prefer should be done by those outside our circle; and yet I can hardly look on Mr. B. as an outsider, for all along, in his repeated reports of these sittings with the Glasgow Painting Medium, he seems to be quite at home.

"Mr. Nisbet, on meeting us on our arrival in Glasgow, explained that the Spirit-artists had a special evening for themselves once a month on which to give drawings for the illustration of the literary matter communicated at the other weekly sittings. The direct-drawing sitting was to be held that very evening, and Mr. Nisbet's kind proposition was that we should, if possible, waive all other considerations and accompany him to it. Narrow is the way and straight is the gate that leadeth to this particular seance, and few there be that enter therein; and though we considered ourselves unworthy on account of the exhausted state of the body, yet we determined on keeping father and mother waiting for our arrival one night longer, and accept the invitation. The seance was held at the house of the Medium, where the influences are more favourable than can be met with anywhere else. Mr. Duguid is now a photographic operator in the establishment of Mr. Bowman, who takes a paternal interest in all that concerns the welfare of the Glasgow Painting Medium. We found him reclining on a couch for the purpose of vital recuperation. He finds his close work indoors, and heavy Medial duties, rather exhausting. At a glance we noticed a great accession of brain development during the last three years; and, venturing to name the fact, Mr. Duguid frankly confessed that of late his hats got all too small for him. The upper range of brain organs are indeed much increased in development, no doubt, partly due to Spirit-control, and partly to having had to learn a new business in being taken into Mr. Bowman's photographic establishment.

"We were soon joined by Mr. Bowman, Mrs. Bell, and Mr. Mackay; and, after a short conversation, the sitting began. Mr. Duguid occupied a chair towards one side of the small sitting room, and in front of him, in a curved line, sat the visitors in the following order:—Mr. Bowman, Mr. Burns, Mr. Mackay, Mrs. Bell, Mr. Nisbet. Almost imperceptibly, during conversation, the Spirit-artist 'Jan Steen' entranced the Medium. Some humorous pan-

tomime was indulged in by this mirth-provoking Spirit, and Mr. Nisbet asked a few questions of the 'Persian' relating to some points in his MS. of 'Hafed' about which he was not clear. A small table was then placed between the sitters and the Medium, upon which was put the case of paints and artist's apparatus. Two pieces of card, about ten inches by seven, were also shown on the table. These were the remains of a number of such cards, which bore on their backs the initials of the usual sitters and consecutive numbers. These marks were adopted to guard against any shadow of deception or misunderstanding being introduced into the proceedings. In respect to tests, the arrangements in that circle are most peculiar, and so noteworthy that we must pause a moment to remark thereon. In all that concerns the operations of the Spirits, the sitters observe the utmost deference, and in every movement consult their wishes and convenience. This ensures to the invisible operators necessary conditions, without which they could not work. On the other hand, the Spirits, in matters physical, allow sitters every precaution which will have a tendency to eliminate deception or fraud of any kind. The concessions between Spirits and mortals are mutual and thorough, and they thus, in honour preferring each other's claims, arrive at that happy understanding in which each side, while guarding their own interests, are equally scrupulous respecting the domain of the other party.

"This cordiality proceeds from a peculiar form of 'development' on the part of the sitters as well as the Medium and Spirits. We feel that there is not as yet a word in the language to accurately describe this social condition, and hence we must request to be understood in the best way the reader can conceive of the matter. It amounts to this, that certain persons get so closely in sympathy with the Medium and Spirits, that all their proceedings are agreeable and helpful to the result which the Spirits have in view. From the beginning Mr. Nisbet has been the protector and guide of the Medium on the earthly side, and on our former visits we observed that he could enter into familiarities with the Medium while entranced, which would have been highly prejudicial had they been performed by any other person. Now this duty is shared in by Mr. Bowman, who appears to attend to physical requirements, while Mr. Nisbet devotes himself to the literary portion of the duties. And so Mr. Bowman undertakes the task of tying the Medium, a new arrangement which was not in vogue when we last visited Glasgow. Mr. Bowman is well adapted to this work. He has a full, warm, generous nature, and gives off that influence which is helpful and as it were lubricative to the Mediumistic process. His mind is intuitive and spontaneous, and instead of concentrating itself on the main object, sings, laughs, jokes, and converses in endless variety, suiting his words by actions nimble and adroit. The seance becomes accordingly a kind of entertainment, very enjoyable, but which would require a commentary much longer than itself to describe it.

"The tying of the Medium is done with fine silk handkerchiefs. The entranced Medium first places his wrists across each other like the letter X or St. Andrew's Cross. Mr. Bowman then takes the fine silk handkerchief, which sinks into the flesh like wire, and ties the wrists by crossing the ligature over them in the two directions between the limbs of the cross formed by the hands and arms of the Medium. This is to us a novel mode of tying a Medium, and if any person will try it they will find it most effectual. This being accomplished, two other handkerchiefs were used to tie the Medium's elbows back to the upright sides of the chair. In this position he could not use his hands or touch the articles on the stand before him. The sitters all held hands. The gas was extinguished. Singing was indulged in, and after about five minutes the controlling Spirit indicated that the gas might be re-lit. Upon doing so one of the marked cards which had been on the table could nowhere be seen. It is a puzzle to the sitters where the card on which the picture is afterwards found can be during this interval between the commencement of the drawing and its final accomplishment. It has been looked for in

all directions, but has not been on any occasion discovered. 'Steen,' in reply to questions on the matter, causes a shrewd smile to pass over the face of the Medium, and gives David's head a knowing shake. At all events we found that the Medium was yet securely tied, and that one of the cards was missing. Having searched for the card without avail, the gas was turned off, and we sat as before for a few minutes, and on lighting up the card was again on the table, but covered with a truly magnificent pencil-drawing containing six or seven artistically-grouped figures representing the casting out of a devil from a man by some Egyptian disciples of Jesus. As a work of art it is a perfect beauty, and only equalled in interest by its fellows, which lie in a carefully-protected packet at the study of Mr. Bowman.

"The Spirit then directed Mr. Bowman to open up the case on the table, and take from a packet of magnetised cards one specimen. This Mr. Bowman was careful not to handle much, but the Spirit found it necessary, notwithstanding, to use the hands of his Medium to dust it, so as to clear it of all foreign influence. Darkness was produced, and in a short time, on re-lighting, this identical card had a beautiful landscape painted in the centre of it, in various colours which were still wet, and when the brush was applied to the nail the wet colours came from it also. This beautiful little picture was, by the courtesy of the Spirits, presented to us. It is, perhaps, the very best direct-painting which has been thus given, and if we can find the means of reproducing it we may soon announce copies for sale, so that every Spiritualist may possess a copy of such a remarkable production of Mediumship.

"The seance was then continued some time for physical phenomena. The musical-boxes were wound up and started by the Spirits. The little one was floated about, and carried somewhere, apparently out of the room, for the sound seemed much more distant than, on trial afterwards, the limits of the room would permit. . . . We sat under test conditions, and soon permission was obtained to light up. To our astonishment the Medium, still entranced, had his hands tied behind his back. We were all asked to examine the knot, and Mr. Bowman asked, 'Shall I untie him?' 'If you like,' was the stereotyped answer. Accordingly Mr. Bowman set to work, but the handkerchief, now twisted into a fine cord, was so deeply insinuated into the wrists, the knots were so tight, and so awkwardly placed, that Mr. Bowman had to give up the effort in despair. This acknowledgment of defeat elicited a quiet laugh of intense satisfaction from the spirit 'Steen,' who, when asked, 'Shall we put out the light and let you untie him?' resumed his wonted indifference, and again replied, 'Just as you like.' This being seemingly the only way of getting the medium released, Mr. Bowman again was forced to 'like,' and almost immediately the handkerchief was thrown across the room to Mr. Nisbet. All this while the Medium's elbows were firmly tied to the back of the chair, as at first. Thus the seance came to a termination. . . .

"We heard of some remarkable drawings done by the Spirits direct, through the Mediumship of Mr. Duquid. We give an instance:—A card, which has been recognised, is placed in an envelope by one of the sitters in view of all the others. The envelope is sealed, and immediately laid on the table. Four hands are then placed on the envelope, and are never moved till the manifestation is over. When the envelope is opened, a beautiful drawing of a lady in ordinary costume is found on the card, and this picture is recognised by a gentleman and his friends as a portrait of his deceased daughter. During Dr. Monck's visit a lovely drawing was obtained in a similar manner of a figure which the Doctor had seen in vision. Experience in this form of Mediumship reveals to the thoughtful mind many important conditions which these phenomena require. On one occasion, such as has just been described, Mr. Bowman said, 'Now, Steen, shall we sing?' 'Just do as you like.' 'Well, we'll think intently on what you are doing in that envelope.' 'Oh, no, ye maunna do that,' eagerly exclaimed the Spirit-artist. 'Ah! Steen, we have got the better of you this time,' chuckled Mr. Bowman, and forthwith went on with the

singing, and accordingly the drawing was duly accomplished. Singing, then, seems to be useful in occupying the minds of the sitters harmoniously, and thereby protecting the fine mechanism of the Spirits from the thought-shafts which would otherwise assail it from the minds of the sitters if unemployed. Watching the electrical apparatus at Mr. Crookes's serves a similar purpose, and frees the operations of the Spirits from mental interference. Many interesting facts in the science of Spiritualism are being recorded from day to day in various parts of the country, and when collected will lead to greater certainty in the production of the phenomena."

We, the undersigned, hereby certify, that we were present at many of the sittings with the Medium, Mr. David Duguid, at which were executed the Direct Drawings and Writings for the illustration of this volume, and many others unpublished at present; that the description given by various witnesses of some of these sittings, and the conditions under which the Drawings and Writings were executed, which have been quoted by Mr. Nisbet in his Introduction and Appendix, are quite in harmony with all which we ourselves have frequently observed when privileged to sit with Mr. Duguid; and that we have been witnesses to many of the phenomena briefly recorded under the heading, "*Extra-ordinary Manifestations of Mr. Duguid's Mediumship*," in which the facts are set down without the slightest exaggeration on the part of the compiler.

(Signed) JAMES BOWMAN, 65 *Jamaica Street*.
 JOHN M'KAY, 160 *London Street*.
 JAMES WALKER, *Garscube Road*.
 JAMES SIMPSON, 141 *Elderslie Street*.

GLASGOW, 9th November, 1875.

IV.

COPIES AND FAC-SIMILES OF DIRECT WRITINGS AND DRAWINGS.

BESIDES the sixteen lithograph pictures, selected from above forty Direct Drawings, furnished by the Spirit-artists as illustrations for this volume, a large number of direct paintings, drawings, and writings have also been executed by them from time to time. These, for the most part, have been given away to visitors; but, from some in my possession, and from others that have been photographed, I select a few for publication—some of these are copies, others, with the help of the new process of photo-relief blocks, are *fac-similes* of the originals.

The copies which I have made from the original direct writings are exact—capitals, punctuation, spelling, omissions, &c., being in every case adhered to. Inaccuracies in English will be obvious to the majority of readers, while the more learned reader will very likely discover blunders in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. It is a matter for thoughtful consideration on the part of the inquirer *why* such blunders as that of writing *pepples* for pebbles should be made by the Spirit in No. 20, when the whole piece is so correctly penned. Is it a lack of memory on the part of the unseen ones? If the writing of letters forms no part of Spirit-life, is it not likely that our departed friends will, in course of time, come to be very deficient in their orthography, and be compelled to borrow from the Medium or the circle around him? On one occasion I got a direct writing in English, in which there were blunders in every line; at the next sitting a piece of direct writing was given *in the same hand* without a flaw. I asked the reason for this difference. I was informed that, on account of imperfect conditions, the Spirit had to borrow from the "mentality" of the Medium, and hence the inaccuracy in spelling! Of course, the Medium had

no hand in it physically, for he was tied up in the usual way; but how his mind is made to do duty in such a case is not easy of comprehension in our present material state. The controlling Spirits have repeatedly informed us that if we could be made to understand the Spiritual law at work in the production of these writings and drawings, and the obstacles which they have to encounter, we would wonder less at the inaccuracies. At a recent sitting, when speaking of certain writings that had been received, we were told that what we called "direct communications," coming from the Persian or the Painters, were not exactly *direct*, for they were necessitated to employ a Medium on their side—a Spirit who could write; and thus, even in "*direct communications*," there was room for blunders. It may be that in course of time these hindrances in the way of communication will be removed, when we shall receive finer pictures and more correct messages; but I do not see that these would add much to the wonderful nature of the manifestations. There are some Spiritualists who find fault with the errors in the communications, but they appear to forget themselves. Let them, for the moment, suppose they are members of a circle sitting for direct writing. The strictest test conditions are observed, and everyone is satisfied. The first card produced contains a line of Hebrew; it is found by a competent party present to be correct—without a blunder. The next writing given by the unseen ones is a line of Greek, but in this case there are several blunders. As a manifestation of Spirit power, is not the one as wonderful as the other? The point for consideration, in my humble opinion, is not as to the accuracy or inaccuracy of the Hebrew and Greek, but how the writing has been done at all without mortal hands. In the one case, the Spirit finds himself working under good conditions: in the other, some disturbing element has come in, and he does the best he can in the changed conditions. It is the same with these direct drawings and paintings. I have seen some of them ordered to be thrown aside as worthless, owing, as the controlling Spirit said, to unfavourable conditions. I was much struck, one day, by an observation which fell from the lips of the artist who copied the direct illustrations for the lithographer's stone. He knew nothing about their production, and I was curious to hear his opinion of them as drawings. He said they were the work of one who knew well what he was about. This, he said, was easily seen in his admirable groupings; but some of the pictures were done as if the artist had neither time nor tools to do the work which he had projected. As for the time, it does not appear to be an element in the Spirits' work; but we know that they are often nonplussed by a lack of tools, or conditions.

(1)

Here is a card done, under test conditions, on 13th Nov., 1872. I can say nothing more about it; but perhaps some learned reader may be able to give information regarding it.



(2)

□ יִשְׂרָאֵל
 אֱלֹהֵינוּ
 ΧΑΕΑΚΤΑΕ

The original of this writing (Hebrew and Greek) was done at a sitting with the Medium, about three

years ago. It was given to Mr. Powrie, a gentleman present on the occasion. The illustration is taken from a photograph.

(3)

The following direct picture, representing Hafez addressing a Persian audience, was produced by Jan Steen, on the evening of May 23, 1876, as a substitute for that which was given in the first edition of this work, and alleged to be a copy of a picture in Cassell's Family Bible.



(4)

The three pieces following were done under the usual test conditions, and each of them in less than one minute:—

“Virtue is hard to be found and requires some noble teacher, but vice is learned without a master.”

“Glory and blessing to Him who created man and formed him so great that the innumerable worlds scattered throughout space, are but so many torches kindled on his path, whose end—his only resting-place—is the very source of all life of all Good, and of all Perfection.”

“Hail blessed day, replete with mercy and with grace divine! Behold the sun now begins to smile with more refulgent lustre on earthly globe. See how his slanting rays skim along the nether sky! Hail day of sacred rest, and solemn joy in Heaven in which the seraphs lay their crowns before the eternal throne adoring. Let all the wide creation join to praise their King, and suns and worlds innumerable admire and celebrate his mercy and his love divine.”

(5)

In Vol. VII. of *Human Nature*, pp. 135-139, the reader will find a lengthened and interesting account of a sitting with Mr. Duguid on 18th Jan., 1873, at which a direct card was given to Mr. W. Wallace, a *fac-simile* of which is appended. Mr. Wallace says—“The Medium then tore a corner from another card and gave it to me as before [Mr. W. had just got a small direct picture in oil colours]. Placing the card on the table, darkness was again resorted to, and a light was seen to descend, as if from the ceiling of the room, on to the card. A pencil that was lying near was seen to be taken up by a spirit-hand, and as it wrote upon the card, I stooped to see, if possible, what

was going on, but the pencil was flung at me, and the sentence, which was being written, was not finished. The light was now restored as quickly as possible, and we found the card was nearly covered with writing in four languages. The writing consists of more than forty words, and was written in two seconds of time, as near as I could estimate. The object in tearing off a corner of the card, is to enable the holder to identify the card as being the one that was blank before the manifestation was given." Mr. Wallace is a seeing-medium, and saw the operation as he describes it. Others, possessing the same gift, have also seen the Spirits at work, and given a similar description.



ἡ πάλαι σου - ἰσχυροῦς ἰσχυροῦς ἰσχυροῦς ἰσχυροῦς

The seraph now penetrated into the depths of the earth where old Ocean slowly rolls his waves to desert and uninhabited beaches while mighty Rivers, the sons of Ocean,

(6)

The fragment which follows, is taken from the letter of Hermes, addressed to Hafed, which was given direct at five different sittings. (See Note, p. 378).

I cried I will teach the people the true God and great Jehovah will help me and the holy Spirit and thou most holy Father will help me

ἡ πάλαι σου - ἰσχυροῦς ἰσχυροῦς ἰσχυροῦς ἰσχυροῦς

(7)

On the 9th March, 1875, the following lines were given under the same conditions as stated in No. 17, with this difference—that the persons present were asked to write their initials on the envelope before it was put into the box :

*“ From God we spring, whom man can never trace,
Though seen, heard, tasted, felt in every place;
The loneliest spot by mortal seldom trod,
The crowded city, all is full of God;
Oceans and lakes, for God is all in all,
And we are all his offspring.*

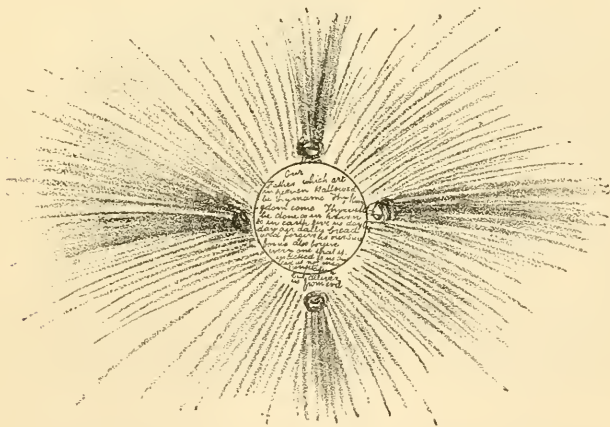
ARATUS.”

*“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good.
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitst above these heavens,
To us invisible; or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.”*

Following these extracts there is a drawing of a head, which Steen, the controlling Spirit, said was the work of a Spirit artist, who was anxious to produce a direct picture. It was this Spirit artist (we were afterwards told) who gave us the thorn-crowned head of Christ (see frontispiece), and the portrait of Hermes.

(8)

Two or three years ago, at a sitting in the Medium's own house, a card was produced, of which the annexed illustration is a *fac-simile*. The original card was given to Mr. J. F. Proctor of Birmingham, who was present.



(9)

At a sitting with the Medium on 20th October, 1871, at which Mr. Andrew Aitken was present, I expressed a wish to have the names of certain Hindoo gods, mentioned by the Persian in his narrative, correctly given. (See page 151).

The entranced Medium, having laid down two or three cards on the table and a pencil, told me to put out the light. This was done, but observing a small streak of light coming in through the window shutters, I rose from my seat and secured the shutter. On turning round to go back to my seat, I heard the fluttering of a card in the air, and in a few seconds, I felt the card resting on my breast. I stood still. The card was kept in that queer position for about

a minute, during which I heard and felt a series of light tippings on it, as if done by the point of the pencil. (I must confess I felt somewhat *verie* under this close proximity to the Spirit's manipulations.) The card was then taken off my breast, when we heard it again fluttering through the room, and then, with the pencil, drop on the table. On lighting up, we found the card with the desolated names, along with the figures, as represented in the accompanying *fac-simile*. At that time, we were not favoured with many of these direct manifestations, and we prized them more than we do now. Some time after this Mr. Burns, on seeing the picture, expressed a wish to have it for publication in *Human Nature*. On telling this to Steen, the Spirit who had produced it, he said that if it was to be published, he would try something better. The result was — the Direct Drawing of *Jesus raising the Dead Brahmin*, given in *Human Nature*, vol. vi., for February, 1872. This picture has been reproduced by a change in the figures, and forms one of the twenty-four lithograph illustrations of this volume.



About three years ago I accompanied the Medium on a visit to Edinburgh for the purpose of giving a few friends in that city an opportunity of witnessing Mr. Duguid painting in trance. After the sitting we retired to rest, but had scarcely lain down two minutes when we heard our Spirit friends at work on a table about four yards from the bed. We rose and lighted the gas, and discovered four cards lying on the table. The cards, along with a pencil and



(11)

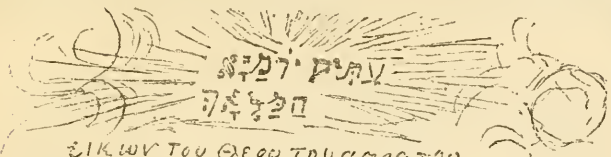
In the month of July, 1872, it was suggested that our Spirit friends should supply us with an appropriate inscription for a large panel on the wall above the platform of the Spiritualists' Hall. In the expectation that the suggestion would be carried out, a sitting was arranged, when Messrs. Bowman, J. B. Stones (Blackburn), and others, sat along with myself and Mr. Duguid. After being entranced for a short time, the Medium selected two clean cards, and tearing a corner off one of them, dropped the piece into the hands of Mr. Bowman. Laying the card on the table along with a pencil, he sat back, and made the usual signal for darkness. The gas-light was extinguished, and in about two minutes the signal was made to light up, when we found the card (which was identified by the fitting in of the corner piece) covered with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin inscriptions, with four Scripture references in English on the margin, and a word in strange characters below, apparently a signature. The translations of the Hebrew and Greek lines are taken from the verses given in the margin, and these are as follows:—

Dan. vii. 22, "*The Ancient of Days.*"
 Gen. xlviii. 16, "*The Angel.*"
 Col. i. 15, "*The image of the Invisible God.*"
 Col. ii. 10, "*The Head of all principality and power.*"

As no one at the sitting knew any language but English, we could make little of the Latin inscription. As for the strange characters in the corner, we could not tell what they were.

Having received our direct model, we got the Medium to undertake, in trance, the painting of the panel in large characters. This was done in his own house on a sheet of paper 7 feet by 3½. A few sittings brought the work to a close. The direct model was faithfully copied, with one exception: the first line of Hebrew, "*Ancient of Days,*" forms the centre of the halo, from which rays dart down on a globe half submerged in a sea of dark clouds. At the bottom of the sheet, on the left corner, the word "*Hafed*" has been painted (the name of

the Persian, according to Steen), and at the opposite corner we have "F. Steen, D. Duguid, Meds., 1872." Towards the close of the painting of the large



Jan 22
Senk 16
Col 1. 15
Cap II 10

ΕΙΚΛΩΝ ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ
 κεφαλη παβυς αττας κ εξουβις
*Quis ipsa cum venerit vincitior et priusquam
 venerit, semper timeatur*
Virtute modicum, vitio nil sufficit
Loetas venire Venis tristes abire solis

30.55

sheet, which was nailed to the wall of Mr. Duguid's parlour, he found one morning, on the extreme edge of the bottom part, about 15 inches from the floor, the following translation of the Latin lines, written in pencil, and evidently by the same hand that has executed the various Latin and English direct writings:

—“When death comes it is conquered, though before its coming it be continually feared. Virtue is content with a little, but nothing can satisfy vice. Venus approaches with bewitching smiles, but sorrow comes as soon as she retires.”

(12)

The same evening on which we got the model inscription for the panel, there was also given a direct drawing representing the Persian standing erect amid a cloud of faces, and with uplifted hand pointing towards a glory, in the centre of which is seen the sacred Hebrew word יהוה (Jehovah), and at the bottom of the picture a line of German words, which have been translated by a German gentleman of this city thus: “O Holy Spirit, abide with us.”



(13)

In the month of June, 1872, I received a direct card somewhat similar in character to the foregoing (Nos. 11 and 12), which is here reproduced.*



(14)

Many readers will, we daresay, readily recognise in the accompanying sketch the portrait of the celebrated Hugh Miller, arrayed in his plaid, with a rough



sketch of fossilized monsters of the primeval world, symbolical of Miller's well-known scientific study. The original card was given to Dr. George Sexton, who was present at the sitting when the drawing was executed, under the usual conditions. This drawing is from a photograph, and hardly comes up to the original picture given by the Spirit artist.

(15)

At a recent sitting, some remarks were made on the Coptic language; and on the following evening, the characters appended were given direct, under test conditions.

ΥΕΝΡΚΜ

(16)

On 6th April, 1875, a direct writing was given under conditions similar to those detailed in No. 17. In this instance, besides initialling the envelope, the box was held

* Nos. 11, 12, and 13 are photographed, and were noticed at some length in the columns of the *Medium* for the 4th, 11th, and 18th October, 1872.

in the hands of the parties present, until the gas was re-lighted. Laying it down on the table, the Medium opened it, and directed us to take out the envelope. On opening it, the following lines were found written on the paper, which, three minutes before, was a perfect blank:—

“ *But next behold the youth of form divine
 Cæsar himself exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shell his power obey,
 He shall extend his propagated sway,
 Beyond the year without the starry way,
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms and Meotian lake.
 Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
 And threatening oracles denounce the war.
 Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gate
 And seeks his hidden springs, and fears his nephew's fate.
 Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew
 Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
 And dip'd his arrows in Lernaean gore.
 Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war
 By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
 With curling vines around his purple reins
 And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
 The paths o' honour—
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shown on earth and snatch'd away. *Æn vi*”*

(17)

At the sitting on the 2nd March, 1875, after a lengthened communication from *Hermes*, the Young Egyptian, the Medium selected a piece of blank paper from a few leaves of printing paper which I had given him some few weeks before. He then lifted an envelope, and after holding out the blank leaf and empty envelope for inspection, he folded the paper and inserted it in the envelope, wetting the gum, and securing it in the usual way. Taking up the little card-box which generally lies on the table, he emptied it and put in the sealed envelope and a pencil, about four inches in length. Having done this, he made passes over our hands, shut the box, laid it on the table, and requested Mr. James Bowman and myself to lay each a hand on the lid of the closed box, which is in the shape of a small pocket-bible, and not more than an inch and a half in depth. With our hands on the little box, the Medium having sat down about a yard from the table, we were told to put out the light. This was hardly done when, with wondering delight, we heard and felt the Spirit at work in the box under our hands. After a lapse of four or five minutes, we received the order to light up. We removed our hands, but not our eyes, from the box, which the Medium opened, throwing out at the same time the sealed envelope and pencil. Mr. B. thereupon took up the envelope, and making an incision in one of the edges, took out the same folded leaf we had seen put in—with this difference: it was written on both sides. It was the reproduction of one of the letters promised by Hafed the Persian, which had been sent to him by Jesus from Judea to Persia. The letter is given in its proper place (p. 138), but a *fac-simile* of it will, no doubt, be viewed with interest by the reader.

Dear Father Hafed

I send my greeting unto you,
 Grace be with you, mercy and peace
 From God, the Father of all; I have
 many things to write unto you,
 Since I came home to my people,
 I often pray for the time, that I
 may meet you once more before
 I begin my work here,

The lands of Egypt, and Persia
 are dear unto me, for there
 I pass many happy hours,
 in Communion with thee and our
 Father, the Egyptians

Dear Father when I look around
 on our people, and see how far they
 have sunk beneath the nations
 which I have visited, in sin and
 iniquity, I weep for the time when
 my labour shall begin but before
 that time I shall visit
 thee again when we shall travel
 unto the East

I send this with a caravan
 which is about to start for your
 Country salute all the Brethren
 that be with you
 Grace be with you Amen
 Jesus the Son of
 Joseph

Hermes

After the production of this interesting document, a few questions were put concerning it, which were answered by the controlling Spirit—Jan Steen. He said that the letter now given without mortal hand was but a condensation of the original one sent to the Persian, which was much longer. It was, as usual, where the language had to be rendered into English, the work of their English friend. But how, I asked, could he manage to write with a pencil four inches long, and on folded paper, inside such a small box. He said that our hands had been previously magnetised, so that their contact might not interfere with the work; and when the condition of total darkness was obtained, the paper and pencil were taken from the box, and the writing effected under the table. Below the letter the word *Hermes* will be observed. That, we were told, was the name of the Young Egyptian, which he said had been given to him by his tutor, the Old Egyptian priest (see page 262).

(18)

The second letter (see page 176) was not produced till the 12th Oct., 1875, and then only one half; the remainder was executed on the 19th. A large card containing the first portion of the letter was given on the evening of the 5th October, in the same hand-writing as the others, but with many mis-spellings and bad punctuation, unlike in this respect some of the writings we had got. We were told that the conditions were unfavourable, there being seven persons present, and two of them strangers, and that we must sit again. Accordingly, on the 12th, four pieces of blank paper (the quarters of a demy sheet of printing paper) were laid on the table by the Medium, who was in trance; he was then tied up in the usual way; the gas was turned off, and in the course of about three minutes we were signalled to light up, when we found one of the

pieces of paper covered with writing, containing the half of the letter promised. At the sitting on the 19th, the Medium, after putting the three remaining pieces of blank paper on the table, sat down to be bound in the usual way. There being no stranger present, we said we did not care to tie him up. "Just as you like," said Steen. Each of us was then requested to stretch out a hand, over which the Medium made a few passes, and breathed. We were then told to lay our hands together, so as to form a table on which they might write. This was done, and the Medium took a piece of the blank paper, folded it in two, and laid it with a pencil on our extended hands. He then sat back from the table, and made signs to us to put out the light. This was done, and almost immediately we felt and heard tippings on the paper in our hands for about half a minute. The paper and pencil were then lifted, the latter falling on the table, while the paper was heard fluttering over our heads about the room. We had sung one verse of a hymn, when the signal was given to light up. On doing so, we found the paper lying before us, covered with writing on one side. We examined the two remaining pieces and found them blank. The writing was the remainder of the letter, the first part of which was given on the evening of the 12th October. It was my intention to have given a *fac-simile* of this second letter, as well as the first, but I found the time left me was too brief for the execution of the order. The following is an exact copy—*verbatim et literatim*:—

" I Jesus—

" *To my Beloved Father Hasiz. I Send my Greeting to thee in this Epistle. Since last I wrote to you, I have wrought both with hands, and brain, preparing for that great work, which I have to do. When I cast my eyes on the land of Canaan, the place of my nativity: O, how I pity them, and the land of Judæa; for they are sunk in vice and sin: and when I compare the nations which I have visited with thee, they are not to be compared with my Brethren; they sit at the gate of Hadés, while the surrounding nations hath reached the confines of Heaven. But the time has come now, Father, when I must go forth to proclaim those grand truths unto men, and make the earth resound; and may my voice penetrate the gates of Hadés, exclaiming Peace on earth, good-will towards men! My hours of suffering may be drawing nigh, but before then my work will be done; I shall have fulfilled my mission, and sealed it with my blood, and my Fathers will be done. Dear Hasiz, give my greeting to all my bretheren in Persia. I often weep with joy, when I think of the blessed hours we spent in the sacred groves, where we held communion with the most High, and when the flame that burnt upon the altar out of which came the Spirit of the flame, and held communion with us mortals. O when shall the time come, when men shall turn from their evil ways and bend their knee before the eternal God. Dear Father, I have gathered a few spirits from the lower castes of society;—they are Fishers, I will make them Fishers of men.*

" *I have sent an Epistle to Egypt to your young friend Humes, speaking words of sympathy and wisdom, that he may still bear against the loss of his aged Father, and friend—so that we may prepare him for his outgoings, he being one of the gifted amongst men: for he must become a valiant soldier of the truths we teach. I must return, and speak to you of my countrymen. The flame upon the altar in the Sacred Temple at 'Jerusalem:' we must rend the veil, that hides from the gaze of the Multitude, the face of the most High; for now the days of Symbols are passed away, for men must worship the Great Spirit, not by Symbols—but in the Spirit. We must clear away the dust of ages, that has blinded man's spiritual vision, so that he see with his spiritual eye, things that are Spiritual. I have often PRAYED to the Father for this day and now it has come, and the kingdom of god is with man. But, dear Father Hasiz, my Mother and Bretheren are all well; my cousin 'John' has been cast into prison by Herod, and I know that he shall soon reach that kingdom, which he has so often spoken of to the people, and I am a wanderer and an outcast amongst my Bretheren, yet I have a few that cling*

close to me, while others cry Away with him! but they are the wealthy, the masters of Israel. Now I must come to a close as there is a CARAVAN of merchants about to leave for Persia, and I send this with them to thee.

*"Give my kind greeting to all my friends in Persia. I do not forget to pray for PACORUS and COPDRAES.**

"I am yours for ever,

"JESUS THE SON OF JOSEPH."

(19)

On the 24th August last, the Persian controlled the Medium, and said he would endeavour to give some of the direct writings he had promised in the course of his narrative. The Medium took a clean sheet of note paper, and after showing it to the members of the circle, he folded it, and enclosed it in an adhesive envelope. This, with two pencils, he laid on the table. He then took my felt hat, and placed it over the envelope and pencils, putting a number of books round the rim of the hat to keep it flat on the table, and then covered the whole with a woollen tidy. (This was something new to us, and we watched the proceedings with great interest—perhaps with too much for its success.) He then took a seat in the corner of the room, while we, at his request, reduced the gas-light, leaving sufficient light to see all that was on the table and things around. We sat for two or three minutes, when we were told to screw up the gas; on doing which, the Medium came forward and looked on the table. The controlling Spirit said it was a failure; they had not power to undo the folds of the paper; but they would use the fingers of the Medium to take out the folded sheet from the envelope and lay it flat. The Medium then pulled up his sleeves to about the elbows, and, removing the books and tidy, put his hands below the hat. We heard him burst the envelope; he then withdrew his hands, and, after replacing the books and tidy, retired to his seat. The light was again diminished, and we sat for two minutes; when the Medium came forward to the table, the light being turned on full. He lifted off the various articles that had served as a "dark cabinet" to the Spirits, and handed the sheet of notepaper to us, which we found to contain a list, occupying two pages, of the names of the Kings of Persia from Cyrus to the advent of Christ. Our Spirit friends, however, were not satisfied with its execution, and said they would try it again when the Medium was in better condition. But, with all its faults, from the conditions under which it was done, we are warranted in expecting to have, in due time, such things done in the light. (An exact copy of the original paper will be found on page 578.)

At our next sitting, on the 31st August (present Mr. George Farmer of London), the first portion of the list, formerly given, was written on a large card (numbered and initialled) under the ordinary conditions—*i.e.*, the Medium bound, and in total darkness. The remainder of the list was produced under the same conditions at our meeting on 7th September. *Fac-similes* of these cards are given on the two pages following. I have neither learning nor leisure to give to the verification of this list, and leave the task to those who have both. At a subsequent sitting, I ascertained that the writing at the bottom of the card was the Lord's Prayer, but the Spirit, Jan Steen, would give no further information. "Find out (he said) the language for yourself." This was more easily done than I expected, when I sought for the Spirit's help. About two months previous, I had bought an old book, which, from its title-page, I thought might be of use to me in my business. It is entitled, "Pantographia, containing Copies of all the Known Alphabets in the World," &c. "By Edmund Fry, letter-founder, Type-Street. London: 1799." I had glanced at a page or two when it came into my hands, but had no leisure to read it. It was laid aside, and forgotten till this card with the

* On inquiry, we were told by Hafed that these were the names of his two brethren of the Magi, who had travelled with him to Bethlehem at the birth of Christ, and which he had promised to give in direct writing.

"Lord's Prayer," and Steen's refusal to give information, recalled it to my mind. I took up the book, and found that the subject for illustration in many of the languages is the "Lord's Prayer." On turning to the Persian language, I find the Prayer given in three different dialects, and one of these almost word for word with the Prayer on the Direct Card.

The Kings of Persia

From Cyrus	5:29 BC
Cambyzes	} succeeded Cyrus } died of a wound received } from his own sword } assumed sovereignty but is } put to death
Darius the Magian	
Darius Hystaspas	} 522 BC - 486 BC } 36 years } His tyranny caused him } to be murdered in the 21 st year of his } reign
His Son Xerxes	
Artaxerxes Longimanus	} 485 BC - 424 BC } 61 years } He was murdered
Xerxes II	
Sogdianus	do
Darius or Darius Nothus	405 BC
Alexander or Mnemon	Reign 45 years
Darius	Poisoned by Cumus
Darius	do
Darius Codomanus	Persian dominions were invaded by Alexander the Great in this reign From Cyrus to Darius Codomanus 209 years
Seleucus Nicator	governed 62 years for Alexander the Great
The Parthians or new empire	

Parthia or Persian Empire
under a new name

- Arsaces I ----- } Killed man engagement with
 Arsaces II ----- } the fourth king of Cappadocia
 Ptolemaeus -----
 Phraohates -----
 Mithridates ----- } Reign 36 years &c
 Phraohates II ----- }
 Artabanus ----- }
 Pasorus ----- }
 Phraohates III ----- }
 Orodes ----- } Phraohates III
 } was put to death by
 } his sons Mithridates,
 } and Orodes, who
 } not agree in the partition
 } of his dominions and the
 } former fell a victim
 } to the ambition of the
 } latter

I Hafsed or Hafiz was
Born in this reign

Eb padere anah kih der Osmani, pak basched nam
 tu. Beyayed padschahi der osmon niz der zemîn. Bdeh
 mâra jmrouz nân kefâf rouz mara. Wadargudsar
 mara konâhan ma zjunankih ma niz migsarim
 ormân mara. Wodar ozmajisch minedâz mara.
 Likin chalâs kun mara ez escherir Amen

"The literal reading of the Lord's Prayer in the vulgar dialect (Orat. Dom.
 Amst. p. 9):—Ei padere ma kih der osmoni. Pak basched nam tu. Beyayed
 padschahi tu. Schwad chwâste tu hemzjunankih der osmon niz der zemîn.
 Bdeh mâra jmrouz nân kefâf rouz mara. Wadargudsar mara konâhan ma
 zjunankih ma niz migsarim ormân mara. Wodar ozmajisch minedâz mara.
 Likin chalâs kun mara ez scherir. . . . Amin."—*Pantographia*, p. 222.

The following is a copy of the direct writing received on 24th August, but rejected by the Spirits as incomplete (see page 575). It may, however, serve to throw light on the foregoing list:—

<i>The Kings of Persia</i>	<i>From Cyrus</i>	-	-	-	-	529 B.C
<i>Cambyses</i>	<i>Cambyses succeeded Cyrus</i>	<i>died of a wound received from his own sword</i>				
<i>A Magian</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>assumed sovereignty but is put to death</i>	
<i>Darius Hystaspes</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>made Kinge</i>	522 B.C
<i>His son Xerxes</i>	-	-	-	-	-	485 B.C
					<i>His tyranny caused him to be murdered in the 21st year of his reign</i>	
<i>Artaxerxes</i>	-	-	-	-	-	reign 41 years
<i>Xerxes the Second</i>	-	-	-	-	-	do 45 days
<i>Sogdianus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Ochus or Darius Nothus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	405 B.C
<i>Artaxerxes or Mnemon son</i>	-	-	-	-	-	reign 46 years
<i>Ochus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	poisoned by eunuch
<i>Arses</i>	-	-	-	-	-	murdered by do
<i>Darius Codomanus</i>	<i>Alexander the Great invaded Persia in this reign</i>	<i>empire had lasted 209 years from Cyrus</i>	<i>it was given to Seleucus Nicator</i>	<i>how governed it 62 years</i>	<i>at this time the Parthians revolted</i>	<i>Parthia was only the empire of Persia under a new name.</i>
<i>Arsaces</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>the first king of the new empire</i>
<i>Arsaces II son</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Priapatus do</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Mithridates</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Priapatus II</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Artabanus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Pacorus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Priapatus III</i>	<i>I was Born</i>					<i>M by his sons</i>
	<i>in reign</i>					
<i>Orodes</i>						

(20)

In reply to a question, the following was given on a small card in 16 seconds, in the presence of Messrs. C. W. Pearce and J. Richardson, in my own house, some members of my family and others being also present, on Jan. 24, 1871:—

Yes I knew Jesus, the most holy the pure of heart, the dearest the best of men the Son of the most High God; yet he loved us all he loved you and me his kind his generous heart overflowed with benevolence; he lived for others and not to himself. He fed the poor; he healed the sick; he raised the dead to life. Hence he was hated; hence he was murdered by men dead to human life. Behold the hill of mouldeering earth the altar on which the blessed Saviour was sacrificed on; it trembled at the approach of the mighty victim and had the great Eternal pulled up the stars as pebbles from the furling brook to form an altar for his gracious Godlike Son the enormous mass would have trembled at his approach. J. J.

(21)

The annexed picture, representing the Consecration of an Egyptian Priest, was given, along with two other drawings, on one of the large cards used for the direct illustrations of this volume. At a subsequent sitting we were told that the figure on the chair represented a priestess, one through whom the higher order of priests received the oracles. The figures represent three of these priests officiating at a consecration.



The two figures below are priests of a lower order—that of the Leopard Skin. The entire skin of the animal was used for the garment. The duty of this class of priests was to keep everything belonging to the service of the temple clean and in proper condition. The other figure is that of a royal princess. All these figures (we were informed by Hermes) were frequently engraved on monuments, and in hieroglyphic writings.



ADDENDA.

A FEW of the foregoing illustrations have recently appeared in the *Medium*. On the 5th November, 1875, the Editor inserted the Drawing No. 12, on which there appears a line of German (see page 569). This evoked a letter, which appeared in the same paper of the following week, containing a short criticism on the German line, which the writer considers "clearly vulgar German," and "dictated either in fun or gross ignorance." All this might be true, for aught

I know of German ; I was pleased, however, to see the subject taken up by a writer ('a German by birth') in the *Medium* of the 19th November, who points out the blunders of the critic of the 12th, and maintains that the words as given "show neither fun nor gross ignorance." I would not have noticed this controversy, after what I have said on the subject in pages 561 and 562, but at our sitting of Nov. 9th, I took notice of the criticism to Steen, who promised to get some light thrown on it by the Spirit writer on the other side. Accordingly, at our last sitting, Nov. 23rd, the Medium, under the control of Jan Steen, lifted a small blank card, and after showing it to each of the eight persons present, gummed it up within an envelope. He then threw down the envelope on the table, and asked Messrs. Bowman, Simpson, and myself to write our names or initials on either side. After we had done this, the Medium got hold of a felt hat and put the envelope and pencil into it. Mr. Bowman was then requested to take the hat and its contents and lay it on the top of a chest of drawers, in front of which sat four of the company. The Medium was then tied to his chair in the usual effective way, the gas was turned off, and each one of those present grasped the hands of his neighbour. After the lapse of three minutes, the signal to light up was made. The hat was then brought back by Mr. B. to the table. He was bidden open the envelope and take out the card, and on this being done, we found written on it very legibly the following lines :—

O Heilger Geist kehr bey uns ein

O Holy Spirit come in unto us

This, it will be seen, differs a little from the original on page 569; but the translation given by the Spirit is essentially the same as that which I got in 1872 from a German in this city.

** Notwithstanding careful attention on the part of the artist, some of the foregoing illustrations do not come out so distinctly as we could desire. For this no blame rests on the artist: the fault lies in the condition of the *direct* drawings and writings, some of them being soiled and otherwise unfitted for the process by which photo-electrotypes are produced. A number of the Illustrations, and other *direct* drawings and writings, have been photographed, and copies may be obtained from Mr. James Bowman, 65 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.

*Just Published, 2nd Edition, Demy 8vo., 592 pp., Price 10s.:
by Post, 11s.*

HAFED PRINCE OF PERSIA:

HIS EXPERIENCES

IN

EARTH-LIFE AND SPIRIT-LIFE,

*Being Spirit Communications received through Mr. DAVID DUGUID,
the Glasgow Trance-Painting Medium.*

With an Appendix,

CONTAINING COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT ARTISTS,
RUISDAL AND STEEN.

*Illustrated by Fac-similes of DRAWINGS and WRITINGS, the Direct
Work of the Spirits.*

LONDON: JAMES BURNS, 15 Southampton Row, W.C.

GLASGOW: H. NISBET, 219 George Street.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

(From the Spiritual Magazine for February, 1876.)

THE Experiences of Hafed, Prince of Persia, as given through the mediumship of David Duguid, of Glasgow, better known as the Painting Medium, is one of the most extraordinary works that has appeared in connection with Spiritualism. The communications are of a most marvellous character, and, if accepted as genuine, throw a flood of light upon a period of history of which we know little, and to which more interest attaches than to any other. The medium through whom these communications have been made is well known, at least by name, wherever Spiritualism has gained a footing, mainly for the

extraordinary pictures which he has painted while in a state of trance. He is an ordinary uneducated, intelligent, simple-minded, plain working man, with not the slightest pretension to any knowledge of ancient history, or of the subjects generally treated of in this volume. Even if he were ever so well informed, it is very doubtful indeed whether he could have answered off-hand many of the questions put to him at the séances which this book chronicles, referring as they do to matters of ancient history, geography, ethnology, &c. —subjects upon which information can be obtained only with great difficulty and is possessed therefore by a very few—and with no opportunity on the occasions in question presenting itself for consulting books or authorities before the answer was given. We know something of the subjects treated of in this volume, and we know personally David Duguid; and of this fact we are certain, that, unaided by any power outside his own mind, he could no more have answered the questions put to him in the form in which they are answered in this volume than he could have written Bacon's *Organon*, Newton's *Principia*, or Shakespeare's Plays. Even had he at his command large libraries of books, with some experienced scholar to point out to him the volumes that he required to consult, it would still be a matter of impossibility that he could have stored his mind sufficiently with facts to enable him to respond to the questions detailed in these pages. For such a state of culture would require certain preliminary training, an intelligence above the average certainly of working men, and a considerable amount of time in which to pursue the application—none of which advantages have been possessed by David Duguid, who is a simple mechanic, earning his livelihood by working throughout the day, and with neither time nor inclination nor capacity for profound study.

David Duguid, as we have already observed, is best known to the world as a trance-painting medium. This power seems to have become developed in him about the year 1865, and is of a very marvellous character. A prepared canvas is placed upon an ordinary painter's easel, which canvas is allowed to be marked by any one of the sitters, to prevent the possibility of its being afterwards changed. The medium passes into a trance, the light is turned out, and in the darkness he arranges his brushes, sorts his colours, and proceeds with the work of painting. At irregular intervals during the séance, a light is obtained, when it is found that the picture is in a certain state of progress, showing clearly what has been done in the darkness. By and by the picture is finished, and is found to consist of a painting such as, to say the least of it, the medium in his normal condition would have been incompetent to produce. A great number of the pictures thus obtained are in existence, and some of them will probably be familiar to our readers. These paintings are professedly done, through the medium, by the spirit of Jacob Ruisdal—commonly spelt Ruysdael—and Jan Steen, a celebrated Dutch painter. In addition to this phase of mediumship, where the hands of the medium were employed in the work of painting, a great number of direct spirit-pictures have been obtained in his presence, many of which are engraved as illustrations to the volume under consideration. Direct writing on cards is also frequently given, generally in four or five different languages. Cases of this kind happening at séances at which we were present we have elsewhere described. * * * *

Hafed, the Prince of Persia, professes to have been one of the ancient Magi, and a personal companion of Christ, during the whole of that period of His life of which we learn so little in the Gospels, before the commencement of His ministry. What he has to say, therefore, must be looked upon as of the greatest possible importance. If it be true, it has an interest for us greater than the contents of any other book outside the Holy Scriptures. In the volume there is a full account given of a hundred different sittings, the topics treated of in which are divided as follow:—*First Period—The Warrior-Prince*. Seven sittings. This contains an account of the birth, early life, and adventures of Hafed in connection with the country to which he belonged. *Second Period—The Archmagus*. Thirty-two sittings. This division comprises communications of the greatest possible interest to students in archaeology and religion, respecting the theology of the Egyptians, the doctrines of the Sabæans, the teachings of Zoroaster, the laws of Lycurgus,

Grecian mythology, the Tower of Babel, the early life of Jesus, and hundreds of other interesting topics. *Third Period—The Christian Evangelist.* Seven sittings, detailing mainly the life of Hafed as a preacher of Christianity. This forms the first division of the book. The second portion is devoted principally to questions respecting the life in the spirit-world, and principles and doctrines as they are understood in the spheres. At the seventy-sixth sitting Hafed introduced Hermes the Egyptian, who gave important communications through the medium at more than twenty following séances. The volume forms a thick book of 580 pages, illustrated by a large number of engravings from direct spirit-drawings, and is full of information of startling interest and momentous importance, such as is to be found nowhere else. * * * *

That this book will have a large sale we have no doubt whatever. Every spiritualist who can afford it ought certainly to purchase a copy, since a perusal of its pages cannot but tend to improve and cultivate the mind. The volume is especially valuable just now, when it is continually being brought as a charge against us that Spiritualism has nothing new to say upon the great questions which agitate men's minds, but consists mainly in table-tilting, rope-tying, and other frivolities too contemptible to occupy the attention of intelligent men.

From the Glasgow Christian News, February 19, 1876.)

IN penning a notice of this book, we are safe enough to say in the outset it is a remarkable production. No one who reads it attentively will dispute this opinion. Whatever view one may take of its reliability, all will admit that it is a phenomenon to be accounted for. We risk nothing in predicting that, whatever view may be taken of the origin or authority of the book, it will have a future *history* involving wide notoriety. The fields of thought traversed are wide and varied. The themes are intensely interesting. The ideas presented to the reader on many a page are thrilling and startling. The title tells us that the volume is what may be called a "spiritualistic" production. The term spiritualistic will repel many and awaken suspicion in others. With this we need not quarrel. It is, at the present date, a matter of course. But as we live outside the spiritualistic circle, we claim to have read the book without prejudice for or against, and it is those who occupy a similar position, but have not seen the book, that we chiefly wish to interest. Every such individual whom we can induce to study the book will give us their best thanks when they have gone over it.

Were we inclined to "fall foul" of the volume as an undoubted imposture, the difficulty of accounting for its existence would remain a "hard nut to crack." The parties who give their names to the public as responsible for the work are well known to many. That they should have *unaided* written such a book is out of the question. Had they been closeted with John Bunyan for many months, and had he and they done their best to make up such a volume, with the intention of palming it off on the public as a *bona fide* narrative of what had been revealed to them, we should still have been left in perplexity. The tone of the book would have been a puzzle on the supposition of imposture. There is an air of candour and straightforwardness about the work which it would be most difficult to simulate. The problem to solve is, *how came the book to exist?* It is a fact to be accounted for. But we are forgetting that those who have not seen it may be impatient to be told something of "what it is all about." "Hafed" is introduced to us as a Prince of Persia who lived at the commencement of the Christian era. His own life story is deeply interesting. Much professedly authentic information is given regarding the state of the nations of the East as they were in his day; but the grand feature of the Communications is what he has to tell about the middle life of Jesus Christ. Hafed claims to have been one of the wise men that came from the East to Judea guided by the star. Jesus is said to have spent years with him in Persia when growing up a young man, to have studied in Persia, and travelled in India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Space will not allow us to give details. The history embraces most of the time between the Saviour's boy-

hood and the period when his public ministry commenced. The impression which perusal of the narrative will leave upon the mind of a reader who is a lover of the Saviour will be such, if we mistake not, as to lead him to wish that he could regard it as authentic. A considerable part of the book is occupied with an account of the labours and sufferings of Hafed and others in the service of Christ, after he had given commandment to go unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Photographs are given of various specimens of handwriting and drawing, the originals of which are said to have been executed by no mortal hands. This raises a question of evidence on which we have had no opportunity of entering.

As for Hafed's account of his experience in spirit life, and his description of things as they are there, we need only say they are enrapturing. Even were we to regard them as such dreaming as John Bunyan records when he tells us of the land of Beulah and the Celestial City, no mind could contemplate them without being elevated and delighted beyond measure, and led to think with intense joy of the *possibilities of existence*. He would be led to say—If heaven be not *this*, it will be as *good as this*, and that is all that heart can wish. We have heard of a devout student of the New Testament who says that, next to that priceless volume, "Hafed" is the book he delights to read, and we do not much wonder at the statement.

All Christian ministers should make themselves fully acquainted with "Hafed," that they might be able to deal suitably with it as occasion may arise. Multitudes of the young, and not a few of the old, in Christian congregations will, as time rolls on, come to hear of "Hafed" and to read it, and its influence on their minds will not be slight. All who assume to lead need the qualification which only the study of the book in question can supply. While we have pleasure in predicting that the work will be extensively read, it does not follow that we are prepared to assent to all the doctrinal views held by Hafed and others who give like communications. We think it would be no difficult matter to establish a probability that those who leave earth for heaven should for a time retain mistaken ideas on some points. But space forbids.

(From a Review by HUDSON TUTTLE in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, March 4, 1876.)

THIS work is unique in literature. There is none other with which to compare it, and the ordinary rules of criticism are useless in measuring its value.

For sometime the English Spiritual periodicals have contained accounts of the wonderful mediumship of David Duguid, a Scottish cabinet-maker, who with the most ordinary education and without any culture or opportunities, while in a trance-state, not only executed beautiful paintings and drawings, but also gave startling communications from ancient spirits, and often they executed both drawings and writings in his presence without the aid of mortal hands. * * * He paints as well in the dark as in the light, and the direct drawings, such as are copied into this book, are executed in the dark, with the medium secured under strictly test conditions. The writings are in various languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, and English, signed in many instances by what is said to be a name in Persian. On one card was written a beautiful series of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

At length Mr. Duguid became controlled by a spirit professing to be a Persian, who had lived in the earthly body 1900 years ago. He was then a Persian chief or prince, and afterwards head of the Magi, and in his old age a follower of Christ, for whom he suffered martyrdom. He said his name was Hafed, and his narrative, beginning at his birth, is as interesting as a novel, and replete with historical information.

In the progress of the narrative the medium experienced the difficulties which always accompany the transmission of dates and names, and these were afterwards supplied by the spirits writing them in, direct. Mr. Nisbet mentions and finely explains this difficulty, which really grows out of the fact that ideas and words flow into the mind of the medium.

"In the case of the Persian and the other spirits communicating through Mr. Duguid, it will be readily understood that the words spoken are not those of the unseen intelligence, but an interpretation of the ideas of the spirit into the

language of the medium. * * * Again, a spirit perceives through his medium, and if at the time there is a lack of proper conditions in the medium, both question and answer will suffer in transmission. From all these it will be seen that errors and mistakes are likely to be produced. How often do we hear the observation made, when something silly or crude has been uttered by a trance-speaker under the control of a spirit ranking high amongst the learned of earth, 'Oh, that is a lying spirit! So and so knew better than that when here, and he surely hasn't gone back in knowledge.' No, he hasn't gone back: but can we tell the difficulties that hamper the spirit who wants to convey a message to those whom he has left behind? Suppose a Bacon desires to send a message—to communicate with mortals. He finds a medium well adapted in many respects, but far behind in education. He begins to operate on this medium; but, like a master in music playing on a bad instrument, the effect produced is altogether beneath that which is expected. Why not select an educated medium? says one. It may be the very fact of being educated constitutes the unfitness for mediumship. Be that as it may, for the worthless or erroneous statements, which crop up now and again in trance addresses, neither spirit nor medium is to blame."

This must be borne in mind by the reader of "Hafed," for the garb of his ideas is supplied by the mind of David Duguid, the uneducated Scottish cabinet-maker. The sceptic may smile at the incongruity now and then apparent, but the student of the great science of Spiritualism will be deeply interested in observing the varying shades of impressibility occasionally sweeping away entirely the medium's personality, and almost seizing the idiomatic form of thought characteristic of the controlling spirit, again ebbing until the reefs and ledges of the medium's individuality crop out clear and distinct. We learn that a communication should not be judged by the letter of its phraseology, but by the spirit of its thought. We should read the pages of "Hafed" not as his own language, but as a translation, honestly made, but bearing the disadvantages which always attend translations.

Hafed commences his narrative which reflects the condition of Persia 1900 years ago with an account of his birth-place and his parents. He assumes at an early age the command of the army, and beats back to the desert the hordes of Arabia. For seven chapters he details his martial exploits. His language is strange for a spirit who has cultivated love and wisdom for almost 2000 years, yet perhaps he offers a complete explanation when he says that, on his gaining such direct contact with earth as he is compelled to do, the old feelings and thoughts long dormant are revived. Page 134—"It appears to me that some of my earth passions revive when coming in contact with the mortal body thus: I get angry at the unheard-of cruelties to which we were subjected for our adherence to what we believed to be true."

The second period of the narrative begins at the time he became weary of war, and became a Magian; and in search after knowledge visited Egypt, Sparta, Corinth, Athens, Tyre, Jerusalem, and narrates what he saw and heard. The history of Persia, their religion, the Tower of Babel, and other interesting subjects enough to fill a page if only mentioned, are treated in the manner of an eye-witness.

Then he tells the wonderful story of his travels to Judea, seeking for the child Jesus, and the adventures on his return by way of the Red Sea to Persia. An aged priest takes charge of Jesus in Egypt, from whence, after a time, they go to Persia, and Jesus begins to study under Hafed. His youthful character and adventures are described; his admission into the ranks of the Magi; and the journey of the master and pupil to Judea by way of Greece, Rome, and Egypt. Jesus visits Persia the second time, and with Hafed journeys in the East.

The third period embraces the full acceptance of the doctrines of Jesus. The master becomes a pupil and goes forth as an Evangelist; he visits Spain, Africa, and Persia, and terminates his career as a martyr thrown to wild beasts. Then follows his life of 1800 years in the Spirit-world. Viewed simply as a work of the imagination, literature has nothing equal to this marvellous narrative. It does not impress one as a creation of fancy, but as a truthful record of personal observation and experience.

Hermes, the Egyptian, communicates on a great diversity of subjects, in a happy manner, but our space will not admit of an extended analysis. The Appendix is by no means the least interesting portion of the book. * * *

There are many things which will perplex even a spiritualist in these pages. Hafed has not outgrown the oriental imagery in his depiction of the Spirit-world, nor belief in the miraculous conception of the "Virgin Mother." His description of the "Great Temple" on page 225, reads like a tale in the "Arabian Nights," and probably has equally solid foundation. These blemishes mar the book, but they by no means invalidate its claims. Science of spirit communion is yet to be made known, and until that happy event we must accept or reject by special application of our reason.

"Hafed" is a book that will excite severe criticism and receive great praise. It furnishes intensely interesting reading, and at the same time requires patient and cultured study for its complete understanding. The sceptic will find it a weird and strange story; the spiritualist will be charmed with its facts and philosophy.

The publishers have rightly concluded that it merited an unexceptional dress of type, paper, and binding.

(From the Banner of Light, Boston, March 11, 1876.)

This strange book lies altogether outside of the ordinary rules of criticism. It can be outlined to the general reader only by offering selections from it. The medium, David Duguid, a Scotch cabinetmaker, has for some time past attracted special attention to himself for his remarkable powers; and this stout volume is the result of the service to which the spirits have put him, containing as it does the most striking communications from ancient spirits, who made paintings and drawings in his presence without the help of human hands. These pictures illustrate the communications, which are historical in the most genuine sense. We can only say that they are wonderful for their simplicity, their beauty, and their direct power. * * * The changing phases of mediumship in this uneducated Scotch mechanic are most interesting, as the spirit seeks to obtain and keep control of him. The experience of this ancient spirit is as varied and startling as that of a romance. He follows a round of avocations in the course of his earth career, and in returning to earth again to narrate them after so long an absence his descriptions are so new and profound as to engross the mind of the reader. There are directly opposite qualities to this book, some of which will gratify Spiritualists, and some will cause free criticism. It must be read with studious care in order for its understanding; but when once in the heart of it, the reader will discover, along with its romance of narrative, a philosophy that will richly repay his close attention.

(From the London Correspondent of the Chicago Times, Jan. 29, 1876.)

As is well known, in the four gospels there is no account of Jesus from His infancy till His 30th year. In this narrative the gap is filled up. The story is too long to summarise, even in the limits of a letter. * * * The history the Persian gives of himself as a warrior is tragic and exciting. The whole work—and it is immense—is stirring, romantic, alive, and fascinating in a way, whether it be pretentious history, romance, or genuine truth. A young person attached to the literary guild picked up this voluminous work from my table, and after a glance at it, said, "What intolerable stuff! It makes one sick of heaven: weary of the thought of going there!" But this is unwarrantable. We must not forget that in Shakespeare's writings there is a good deal of bad grammar, and some things in many good books that we do not read aloud. We can afford to look at the spirit and not the form.

(From a Correspondent in "The Medium" of June 23, and July 7, 1876.)

MEYERBEER HALL, LIVERPOOL.—The Sunday lectures at this new Home for Spiritualists, in the second town or city of Great Britain, continue very attractive and interesting, alike to friends and strangers. On June 18th, Dr. William Hitchman lectured on "Princes and People." * * * The evening oration was entitled, "What is Death?" given by Mrs. Nosworthy in that literary, poetical, and dramatic style which has long made her one of the most famous elocutionists in the kingdom; and the various quotations from "Hafed," on that important subject, proved a source of intense delight to the audience, as well as

demonstrating that beautiful and charming work to be one of the greatest treasures yet vouchsafed to humanity.

The subject-matter of Mrs. Nosworthy's lectures on Spiritualism is both original and select. Especially attractive are the quotations from "Hafed." In fact she has done much to make this truly charming book a universal favourite in Liverpool, Birkenhead, Rochdale, Southport, and other towns, from whence visitors have come to hear its beautiful teaching, elegant composition, and spiritual dignity publicly set forth with historical grace and dramatic splendour.

PRIVATE OPINION.

H. NISBET is permitted by Mr. S. C. HALL, F.S.A., whose name stands so high not only in the Spiritual movement, but in the world of Art and Literature, to publish the following eulogistic letter:—

"Dear Mr. Nisbet,—You have sent me a most wonderful book. It has given me intense delight. I cannot exaggerate if I say I have never yet read a book that has given me such deep and delicious joy—with only *one* exception, *The Book*, which this book so thoroughly upholds. Surely it will be so with all who believe in and love the Lord Christ. . . . Blessed be the God of love and mercy, who sent him (Hafed) to reveal and to elucidate the great truths of the gospel. Mrs. Hall is reading it now. But I must read it again, and yet again. It will companion the New Testament that stands at my bed-head, and in which I read a chapter every night. Send me two more copies. . . . Burns says it is cheap: it is worth its weight in diamonds."

The following expressions of opinion are taken from letters of Subscribers:—

"The narrative of Hafed's journeys on Earth and Heaven, blended with the Drawings by the two Ghost Painters, and the Appendix Narrative, make the book the most remarkable one of the age, and therefore places it in front of all books issued, whether materialistic, psychological, or spiritualistic."

"'Hafed' is truly a most wonderful spirit communication and new revelation in the life of Jesus Christ that was wanting in the Gospels. . . . I expect a world-wide success to 'Hafed.'"

"Countess of C—— has just received the book, which she has not yet perused, but hears most highly spoken of on all sides."

A Clergyman of the English Church thus writes: "Permit me to say that I have never read a volume with such absorbed interest, so deeply suggestive, and fertile in good thoughts; but the surprising point to me was to find at least six things, including the description of the Great Temple, which have been revealed to me also during the past three years, and which I have read to various friends in MS."

"Many thanks, dear Mr. Nisbet, for 'Hafed.' . . . I have had but a slight glance at it; . . . but I much liked the tone of what I did read."

"Agreeably surprised to receive 'Hafed' last night. It will be a great treat for Christmas."

"An enchanting volume. I hear its praise sounded on all hands as being a most delightful Spiritual work. . . . You must send me other five copies."

"The work does infinite credit to yourself and the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Duguid's mediumship is an occasion for great rejoicing to all who sympathise with us."

"I enclose cheque for the (10) books I have just received. As much as I have seen of it, 'Hafed' seems highly interesting. I was told 15 or 16 years ago, by spirits in Paris, that one day much light would be thrown upon the early life of Jesus; that it would be proved that he had been in India; and that he was instructed by the Magi, and other great philosophers of India (I use the general name). This book seems to be the key of this knowledge. I shall read it with great attention."

"It is a splendid volume."

"I enclose you cheque for copies of 'Hafed.' . . . I like the book very much, and hope it will meet with the reception it deserves. I think I shall require a few more copies."

"You have been the means of putting into the hands of poor humanity such a treasure—a book so much to enlighten, so much to instruct, and so much to cheer. I will do all I can to induce others to read 'Hafed.'"

"I received your beautiful book. . . . I am delighted with it, and can't help thinking it a very good omen that we should receive it at this season of the year (Christmas)."

"'Hafed' is a miracle. I have never done admiring it, or dear David, the medium."

"I got 'Hafed,' and have read it with the deepest interest."

"Many thanks for 'Hafed,'" which I received on Saturday. I sat down to read it in the course of that evening, and continued reading it all Sunday. It is wonderfully interesting, and will, I trust, be very useful."

"I never read a book on Spiritualism half so interesting and calculated to do good as 'Hafed' is. It is a book that can be put into the hands of the greatest bigot."

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