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BORDERLAND



Telepathy.
 Clairvoyance
 Crystal-
 Gazing.
 Hypnotism.
 Automatic
 Writing.

To myself I seem to have been
 as a child playing on the sea shore,
 while the immense ocean of Truth
 lay unexplored before me. Isaac Newton.

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Character Sketch: MRS. BESANT.

THE CURES AT HOLYWELL.

By Miss X.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Miss X. and the President of the Folk-Lore Society.



Quarterly Review & Index

1/6

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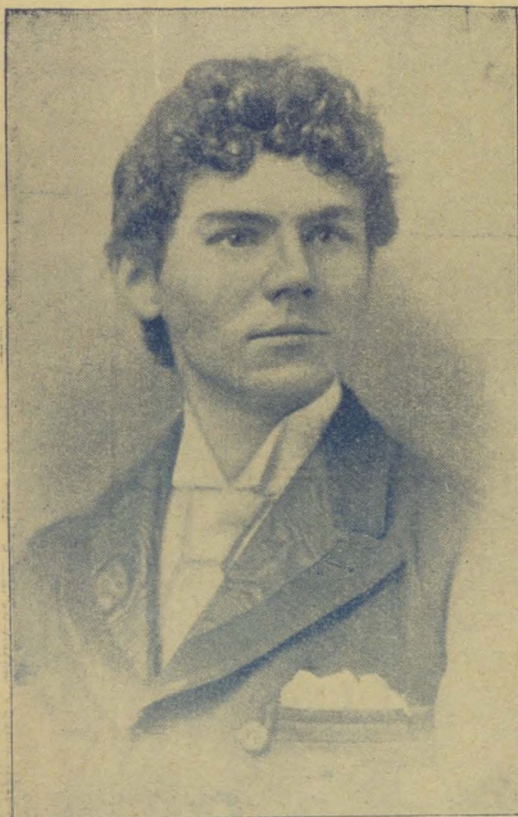
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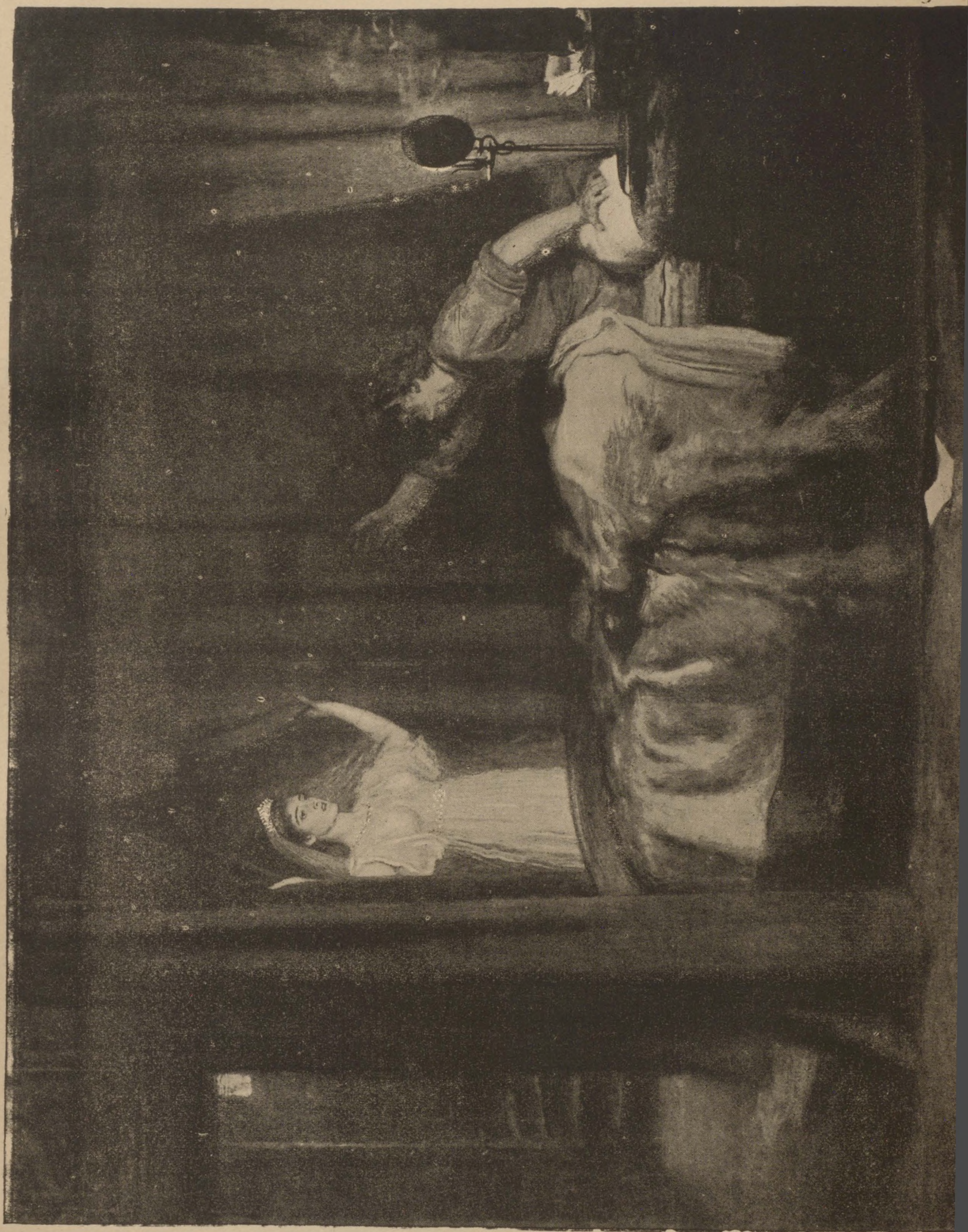
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BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1895.

No. IX.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

July 15, 1895.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

BORDERLAND appears this quarter in the thick of a general election, but so far we are left without any hint from any student of the occult as to how the General Election is going to terminate. The only prediction which has been made from those on the other side, as far as I am aware, was made two years ago to the effect that the Liberals would be left in a minority of over 100. By the end of the month we shall know what truth there is in that prophecy. Should this result come to pass, it may be interesting to state that the same prophet predicted that after Lord Salisbury got his three-figured majority he will in three years' time pass a measure of local government for Ireland, which will be Home Rule in all but name.

SOME PREDICTIONS MADE IN 1893.

Eighteen months ago I appealed in vain to astrologers to give me the date of the dissolution. The nearest approach to what may be regarded as a successful prophecy on this subject is to be found in Mr. W. R. Old's horoscope of Her Majesty the Queen, which was written in 1893. In this he predicts that in the month of June, 1895, the moon comes to the semi-square of the mid-heaven by progressive direction. "This will bring some trouble upon the country, the Government will be unpopular, and foreign allies will show signs of unfaithfulness." The same astrologer also predicts evil for Her Majesty in the autumn of this year, and especially urges her to avoid the public streets in October, and to safeguard herself from accident. Another horoscope, published in the *Astrological Magazine* for April, 1894, intimates that the Prince of Wales is likely to succeed to the throne at the end of this year or early in 1896. There seems to be a general agreement among all astrological authorities that this autumn will be a very trying time for Her Majesty, and not for Her Majesty alone, for there is

menace of foreign war which may pass if we are circumspect and strong; if not, the outlook is serious indeed.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN ART.

A very interesting article might be written upon the supernatural in art. Our frontispiece this quarter is the reproduction of one of the most notable pictures exhibited at the Academy this year. Sir John Millais has selected as a theme the apparition of a bride. Her startled lover seeing the astral visitant at the foot of his bed starts up, crying, "Speak! speak!" The picture, however, leaves a good deal of the story untold. For instance, there is nothing to show whether the apparition was the ghost of a dead bride or the double of a living lady. There is a welcome absence of all shimmer and shine about Sir John Millais' apparition, which is true to facts. So far as the evidence goes, ghosts, when they appear, are remarkably like other people. They are only discovered to be ghosts when they disappear. A much more typical ghost of the popular kind is shown in "The Voice of Other Days," where the phantom form is ethereal enough to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur in spooks.

THE SPLIT IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Theosophist Society, like the Christian Church, has divided itself into two parts, the eastern and the western. It is curious to see history repeating itself in this way. The Eastern Branch, which consists of the lodges in Europe and Asia, holds by Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott, while the American lodges as a whole support Mr. W. Q. Judge, whose conduct has been equivocal, to say the least. This the Greek Church will consider as a still closer parallel to the events which took place when, as they maintain, the Bishop of Rome broke off the Western world from the rest of Christendom by asserting claims which were untenable, based upon documents which were forgeries. It remains to

be seen what will be the result in the Theosophical Society. However undesirable splits may be in religious organizations, there is no doubt that such organizations are often like those organisms which multiply by division. The American branch of the Theosophists have at any rate the courage of their convictions. When they decided to support Mr. W. Q. Judge they determined to drop the motto, "There is no religion higher than truth." That is honest, to say the least, although a trifle more cynical than could have been expected from the followers of Mr. W. Q. Judge.

JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

The American Section of the Theosophical Society has finally separated from the English community, with Mr. S. Judge as Life President. It should really adopt the above as its motto.

The new H. P. B. Lodge has moved into rooms in New Bond Street. It appears to represent the English following of W. Q. Judge, and is said to be steadily growing. We gather that a new missionary "Lodge" now working in the East End belongs to the same faction. The organization seems to be active in work rather than dogma, and includes a Lending Library, Savings Bank, Sunday School, and the Visitation of Workhouse Infirmaries.

THEOSOPHY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Sinnett's interesting paper on Spiritualism (*Transactions of the London Lodge, No. 23*) is not only important as a contribution to the literature of the subject, but also as indicating the rapprochement between Spiritualists and Theosophists. There must be much in common between the really sincere on both sides, and all must rejoice at the minimising of differences.

THE SPIRITUALIST CONFERENCE.

The meeting of the Conference of Spiritualists last May was an interesting indication of the reviving interest in the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena. At the same time its discussions brought into clear relief what has been one of the greatest obstacles in the spread of a belief in the persistence of the individual after death and the possibility of communicating with that individual by the observation of certain simple laws. Instead of adopting a policy of concentration which Lord Rosebery has pressed so eloquently upon his own party, many earnest and enthusiastic spiritualists have imitated the Newcastle programme in the diversity of the articles of faith with which they have encumbered the spiritualist cause. Instead of saying, "This one thing I do," these good men have constructed a whole superstructure of religious doctrine, which is none the less dogma because it is set forth by men who profess to hate dogma. The so-called religion of spiritualism is just as dogmatic in its way as the religion of the Church of Rome or of the Church of England. At a time when the more spiritually-minded of the Christians are endeavouring to disencumber the church of its impedimenta in the shape of dogmatic formulæ, which have become anachronisms, it is odd to find those who call them-

selves spiritualists bent upon founding an organization based upon a series of dogmatic statements, the chief interest of which lies in their negation of the Christian creed.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

As a matter of fact, so far from spiritualism and the study of psychic phenomena tending to destroy the Christian religion, its natural and immediate result is to supply a rational foundation for many of the disputed dogmas that are taught by the church. For Roman Catholics especially, the study of Borderland reveals many an unsuspected mine of wealth. On this subject the remarks of the Rev. J. Page Hopps, in his introductory address, were as wise and sensible as those of the sect of an anti-Christian propaganda from the North of England were unwise and inexpedient.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

Much the most important contribution, which was made to the discussion of psychic phenomena at the Conference was Mr. Traill Taylor's valuable paper on "Spirit Photography." Mr. Traill Taylor, whose eminence in the photographic world is undisputed, and whose good faith is beyond all question, lays down the paradox that spirit photographs can often be proved to be no photographs at all in the first place, and in the second that they are not photographs of spirits. A photograph must be a picture produced by the action of light, whereas in many cases, under test conditions, pictures have been obtained on sensitive plates, which have never been exposed. Clearly the term photograph in this case is a misnomer. Neither can these photographs be said to be photographs of spirits. In some cases, they are admittedly photographs of existing pictures. Therefore, Mr. Taylor triumphantly maintains that it is quite possible to have genuine spirit photographs produced under test conditions, which are not photographs and which cannot profess to be pictures of spirits. The question as to what these so-called spirit photographs are is one on which Mr. Traill Taylor wisely refuses to dogmatise. The subject is so obscure and the difficulties in the way of forming a working hypothesis so great that the best thing we can do is to accumulate facts and theories alone for the present.

SOME PROVISIONAL CONCLUSIONS.

Certain things may be taken as established by the testimony of competent witnesses of good faith. First, pictures do appear on sensitive plates, which are exposed in a camera under test conditions. Secondly, similar pictures sometimes appear upon sensitive plates, which have never been exposed in the camera, and merely been in the hands of mediums in cellars and rooms where no light is allowed to penetrate. Thirdly, pictures so obtained are sometimes recognised as portraits of deceased persons, at other times they are admittedly the reproduction of pictures, which may or may not have been seen by the medium. There has also another curious fact come to light that when photographs are taken in ordinary course so

spirit faces appear more or less distinctly discernible upon the plate. In one case which was brought before my attention last quarter, photographs of three different persons taken at different times in Ireland, England, and the United States of America all contained a shadowy miniature portrait of the same face. I publish an article kindly contributed to *BORDERLAND* by the Editor of *Sphinx*, which contains a careful summary of the controversy which raged over the photograph of the so-called Cyprian priestess.

THE LATEST SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

A very interesting specimen of "spirit photography" has lately been on view for a select few in Mr. Cameron's studio, some months having elapsed since we first heard of it. Then the story was quite perfect, but like a good many such, loses somewhat on nearer view. The story is that a Miss C—, having focussed her camera for a certain view of the library formerly occupied by Lord C—, who has been dead for some time, left it in position, the room being unoccupied, as a long exposure was required, and that when the photograph was developed the deceased Lord C— was found to be sitting in his accustomed easy-chair. The fact that the figure has not been satisfactorily identified as that of Lord C— and that the figure does not bear any very exact relation to the chair in which it is "sitting" facilitates explanation. Though, of course, the portrait may be the one perfect specimen of its kind for which we are all waiting, it may equally be that of, let us say, the butler, who may have come in "to see to the fire" during the exposure of the plate; or it may equally, as is not infrequently the case in "spirit" photographs, especially at the hands of the amateur, be due to the use of a plate already partially exposed.

THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

The death of Professor Huxley removes from our midst the most eminent of our literary men of science. Few men were more combative and more dogmatic, but Professor Huxley had an open mind, and it was from a passage in one of his famous essays that I found the watchword which I adopted as the keynote for *BORDERLAND*. He said of the apostolic injunction to suffer fools gladly, "I am deeply conscious how far short I fall of this idea, but it is my personal conception of what an agnostic ought to be." Two years have passed since the appearance of *BORDERLAND*, and for one thing, at least, I can take credit to myself, not even my most malicious critic can assert that I have not suffered fools gladly without even displaying any of that impatience which so often led Professor Huxley to fall short of his ideal. His removal from our midst deprives us of one of our most familiar tests to which we have continually referred. To convince Professor Huxley and Mr. Maskelyne has been the standard heretofore set up for the demonstration of the truth of any psychic phenomena. I suppose we must now substitute Professor Ray Lankester for Professor Huxley. The change is not an improvement, but who could be suggested in his place?

JEANNE D'ARC AND HER VOICES.

Cardinal Vaughan has come back from the fêtes at Orleans greatly delighted with the celebration. He is full of admiration for the way in which the Orleanais succeeded in making the most of their material to produce a great scenic effect in honour of the heroic maid. If the cult of Jeanne D'Arc is judiciously nursed on both sides of the Channel she may become a kind of patriot saint of the two countries, a point of reconciliation and of good will in a region in which such points are none too many. From the point of view of *BORDERLAND* the chief importance of the prominence which is now given to Jeanne both in France and in England is the witness which she bears to the possibility of clairaudient communication between the mortals and the invisibles. On this point Mr. Andrew Lang read a paper before the Society for Psychical Research, in which, like almost everyone else who has investigated the subject, he arrived at the conclusion in favour of the objective character of her voices. As a matter of fact, no student of *Borderland* will have any difficulty in believing that Jeanne's Voices really came from the invisibles. The most wonderful thing about her was that her Voices always seemed to give her trustworthy information and advice, a characteristic which is by no means common to all the Voices which reach the mortal ear from the other side.

THE SCARCITY OF WITCHES.

My appeal for a witch last quarter remains unanswered. Even my one stock witch upon whom I relied as a never-failing resource in case all other members of her sisterhood failed me, has lost her cunning, and although her repute as a healer of disease still seems to be as great as ever, as a psychometrist and clairvoyant she has fallen off so much that it is impossible to make any use of her. Should any of our readers know of any wise women or gypsies in their neighbourhood, I should be much obliged if they would communicate with me.

THE CLONMEL WITCH-BURNING.

Several Irish peasants at Clonmel have been convicted of manslaughter for burning Bridget Cleary to death, in the belief that they would thereby compel the fairies to bring back the real Bridget, whose counterfeit they believed they had put in the fire. The husband received the heavy sentence of 20 years' penal servitude, his assistant shorter but still severe sentences. Mr. Edmund Clodd, president of the Folk Lore Society, has taken steps to memorialise the Crown for a mitigation of sentence. Mr. Clodd says:—

This poor, illiterate Cleary shared the belief common to the Celtic peoples that illness, especially of the, to him, perplexing kind that afflicted his wife, is due to the real person having been abducted by fairies, who substitute a changeling resembling the person. Consequently, Cleary had no doubt that the creature whom he was torturing was not Bridget Cleary at all, but a changeling whom the fairies would rescue when they saw her thus treated, and at the same time restore Bridget. "You will soon see my wife come down the chimney," said Cleary to his onlooking neighbours. So ingrained is the belief, that after the poor creature's death these same neighbours

repaired to a so-called fairy fort in the belief that she would appear as a captive in the possession of the "good people," when they would have rushed forward to rescue her.

But have "Doubles" no rights? Is it any less wrong to burn a changeling to death than to burn the original woman? Still, 20 years is an excessive sentence, which may well be reduced to two.

PSYCHIC HEALING IN AUSTRALIA.

Psychic healing has reached Australia. We learn from the *Sydney Daily Post*, March 9th, that an organization has lately been started which aims—

at educating the people to an understanding in spiritual communion, the divine nature of man, his inherent power for good, the philosophy of spiritual healing force acting through the physical brain and body, and how to develop this latent faculty.

Unlike most new religious founders, the leaders in this body move without any of the usual methods adopted to create a sensation, and gather large numbers around them, for they are deeply convinced that it is by calm reflection, steady investigation, and reverential feelings that their much-needed teachings will be appreciated and spread on the world.

They propose to open—

a home or hospital, especially fitted, where sensitives and magnetic healers can treat the sick and suffering. Now many diseases baffle medical skill. These we intend to treat. We have resolved to do this, and nothing will turn us from it. Also, a school for so-called waifs and strays, but they are not so, they are God's children. We want to teach them the higher philosophy of their own beings. Also a platform for the dissemination of the most perfect truths among the masses.

A later issue speaks of several cures wholly or partially accomplished.

THE DIVINING-ROD.

How long will it be, I wonder, before the divining-rod is taken out of the category of superstition and recognised as one of the legitimate implements of science. Hardly a month passes which does not bring further evidence as to the potency of the hazel wand held in the hand of a water-finder. People who have never looked into the subject are, no doubt, sniffy and sceptical, but those who are drinking the water, found by aid of the divining-rod, naturally look at it from a different point of view. The best test which was ever proposed in this connection was a challenge put forward by a young undergraduate who was twitted by the dons for his superstitious belief in the divining-rod. He offered, with the aid of a competent waterfinder, to draw a complete map of the water supply of the University town in which he was then living. The challenge was not accepted, but something like this might be tried with advantage.

SOME RECENT EXPERIENCES.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Leicester Gataker's success in water-finding continues. Some "tests" were tried a short time ago by a party of investigators, the expert being asked to find water, the whereabouts of which was known to those present. We are told—

The diviner's powers were very marked in this case, for he traced the water to the vestry of the church, where, he said, it was to be found at a certain depth. This was admitted by the Rector to be the case, the well underneath the vestry being of the depth stated by Mr. Gataker. A further test, a known spring in a field close by was also submitted, and he again the exact spot was divined by the diviner, and the diviner given.—*Bath Chronicle*.

It is a pity that so-called investigators should not know their business better. This is the sort of thing that gives the enemy occasion to blaspheme. Mr. Gataker has done some really good work, of which we hope to speak in our future paper on water-finding, and it is therefore no slight upon him to say that this sort of child's play, though an amusing episode, should not be published as evidence. Mr. Gataker is a well-sinker by profession, and the experiment was carried out in his own county of Somerset where he may be supposed to know something of the whereabouts of underground water. Moreover, when the place was known to some of the fifty persons present, the chances are that there would be many without the same restraint desirable on such occasions. Without the same conscious dishonesty on either side, it is very probable that one or other of these facts would affect the experiment.

The diviner stands in no need of such assistance, as his water-finding achievements in Essex have proved, to the nothing of the fact that he makes a rule of taking no fee unless water is actually found at the spots indicated.

SOME OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Our old friend the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has curtailed its name and its inches. It is now the *Philosophical Journal*, and of much more convenient proportions than formerly. We wish it continued success, and would suggest to its new publisher that more efficient separation between the text and the advertisements would contribute to that end from the point of view of the reader, to which it is disturbing to be interrupted, say in the course of an article on The Bankruptcy of Science, to have his attention called to a cure for baldness. It looks offensively like an illustration of the argument. Another Spiritualist magazine has gone under. The *Medium and Daybreak* no more seen. Mr. Burns has made a brave fight for it, but this is an ungrateful world, so some folks tell us, the Spiritualists have given very inadequate support to the work of one of their earliest pioneers. There is some pathos in the following paragraph:—

I stopped the publication in order that I might devote my entire energies to the liquidation of the liabilities of my father, for which I am personally responsible, and more so because of the absence of adequate support from Spiritualists as a body, and many societies in particular, who have enjoyed the free use of its columns for years. In this connection I may say that the week following its withdrawal I received more than a dozen "reports" and "announcements" for insertion, thus showing that the active members of those bodies concerned in this remark did not so much as invest three pence to obtain a copy of the issue containing their effusions. This is a fair sample of the prevailing spirit among this generation of the "faithful," and surely there is nothing savouring of dignity or utility in continuing to make a sacrifice for individuals, or any of a like disposition.

II.—IS MAN IMMORTAL?

A DISCUSSION BY VARIOUS THINKERS.

THE American Press Association has been publishing, in this present month of July, in newspapers circulating in all parts of the United States, a series of papers discussing this question—Is man Immortal? The appearance of such speculative essays in journals possessing an aggregate circulation of seven millions, is a sign of the times of which we shall do well to take due note, and then to thank God and to take courage. The papers, all of which were written at request, are contributed by Professor Max Müller, Cardinal Gibbons, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Bishop John Newman, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Professor Elliot Coues, President E. Benj. Andrews, Swamee Vivi Kananda, and W. T. Stead. As Mr. Stead's paper sets forth what may be regarded as the outcome of an experimental study of the borderland between the known and the unknown, and may, therefore, be of more interest to our readers than the more strictly speculative or philosophical essays of the other contributors, it is reproduced here in full.

WHY I BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY.

BY W. T. STEAD.

YOU ask me to say why I believe in immortality.

But do I believe in immortality?

That is surely a prior question, and I am not quite certain how to answer it.

IMMORTALITY UNPROVABLE.

Immortality is a subject upon which mortal men or mortal intelligences are not competent to speak. Only the immortal can either assert or deny immortality. But, if I am right, what you are driving at is not the immortality of the soul, but the persistence of the individual entity after the dissolution of the body, through which that entity has manifested itself during its earthly life. That is a much simpler question, and one on which I can speak without hesitation or misgiving.

It would be a mistake to say that I believe in the persistence of the individual after death because of experiences of phenomena usually called spiritualistic. I believed long before I subjected my faith to the test of experimental demonstration. But whereas once I believed, now I do not, and that is a great difference. How do I know?

HOW LIFE AFTER DEATH CAN BE PROVED.

Very much in the same way that we get to know of the existence of friends on another continent, severed from our own by an ocean which we have not the means of crossing—that is to say, we hear from them from time to time by letters or occasionally by telegrams. Travellers who have crossed the sea return to tell us of their welfare, and occasionally our friends themselves come back to assure us of their continued existence.

If we could imagine the regular postal service suspended, the ocean cables severed, a strict blockade established, preventing all access to or egress from the American continent, immigrants from Europe would be practically "dead" to those whom they left behind, and the moment of embarkation on the emigrant ship would be regarded as that of final separation from kinsfolk and friends.

A HELPFUL ANALOGY.

If this interruption of communication lasted long enough, it would come to be commonly believed in the old world that the tradition of a continued reinvigorated existence of the immigrants in the western hemisphere was a mere myth or tradition of the ancients which no rational man could believe. If, then, we can suppose, after centuries of silence, the postal service were to be resumed, how-

ever fitfully; if the Atlantic cable were once more to pulse messages across the sea; if travellers began to appear among us, telling of the existence and well-being of our departed kinsfolk—nay, more, if now and then one or other of these immigrants returned on flying visits to their fatherland, it is easy to imagine the ridicule and contempt with which these renewed evidences of life beyond the Atlantic would be received by "Europe's wise men in their snail shells curled," who had settled it once for all to their own infinite satisfaction that human existence could not exist outside the confines of the old world.

DEATH AND THE ATLANTIC.

This analogy between the revelation of life beyond the grave, and the evidence which would be demanded to demonstrate the continued existence of our friends beyond the Atlantic, is very close and very helpful, and it will be found upon examination that most of the objections that are taken to the evidence of spiritualism would hold good as against the evidence which proves the existence of the American people. To ninety-nine out of every hundred denizens of Europe the fact of the existence of human life in America is not, and cannot, be a matter of personal experience. They have never been in America: neither have they been able to see its shores across the heaving billows of the Atlantic. They accept the fact on trust on the authority of the minority who have been there.

DO EMIGRANTS SURVIVE?

A much larger minority have received letters from the other side, which they verify according to their own lights. If they can identify the handwriting, that is evidence. The fact that the writer can send the envelope to their address is further evidence, and the further fact that he can, and does, communicate to them freely about matters private and personal, unknown to any but the writer and the recipient, would generally be accepted as conclusive proof that the unseen immigrant still continues to live in his new habitat. The evidence from cablegrams is less conclusive, for it lacks the element of identification supplied by handwriting. Still, an intelligent answer received to a pertinent inquiry relating to matters of private concern would satisfy most men. But the most conclusive test of all is the reappearance in their native land of the returning emigrants. We see them changed, no doubt, bronzed by the western sun, their hair whitened by the snows of many winters, the young become old and the whole visage changed as much as their outlook on life, but, although transfigured, they are still recognisable as the same persons.

who, amid tears and lamentation, bade us farewell many years before from the deck of the emigrant ship.

THE EVIDENCE OF JULIA.

Now, apply all this to the evidence that is accessible to any one as to the reality of life beyond the grave, and you will find the analogy is very exact. My friend, Miss Julia —, emigrated to the world beyond the grave scarcely four years ago. Before her departure she solemnly promised that if she could she would return and show herself to a most intimate friend of hers, with whom she had lived for years as a sister beloved. Hardly a month had elapsed from the time of the burial when she stood, radiant and loving, by the bedside of her friend. The latter was not sleeping. She saw her friend exactly as she had known her in life, only with a greater joy on her features. As she gazed, the form, which at first had seemed as solid as in life, slowly dissolved into a vapour and disappeared.

Six months later the same apparition delighted but awed her friend, who, on this second occasion, like the first, could not speak until the form had dissolved away. I happened to be in the house at the time. My hand had then begun to write automatically. As I had known Miss Julia in her lifetime, I suggested that it was possible she might be willing to transmit any messages she might have for her friend through the agency of my automatic hand.

TESTS OF IDENTITY.

On the following Sunday morning, before breakfast, when I was sitting alone in my bedroom, leaving my pen full freedom to move as my right hand, under the unseen influence, directed, I received a message signed by my deceased friend, accompanied by a comparatively trivial, but very conclusive test, a reference to a death-bed message, of which I was completely ignorant, accompanied by the use of a pet name unknown to any but my friend on the other side and her friend here, to whom the message was delivered.

The test was simple, but it seemed to me so ridiculous that I hesitated to deliver the message. When, however, I had done so, I learned that what had seemed to me an absurdity was one of the most clinching proofs of the identity of the invisible presence from whom I had received the message.

A still more conclusive test in the shape of a reference to a trivial accident which had occurred seven years before in a place, the name of which I had never heard, was then furnished me. My friend had forgotten the circumstances, and denied that such an accident had occurred. Miss Julia, writing through my hand, gave particulars of time, place and circumstance that brought back the fact to the memory of our friend.

LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

After this, for many weeks, the invisible intelligence used my hand to write long, loving letters to her friend, beginning and ending with the familiar affectionate phraseology with which, unknown to me, they had always corresponded. In these letters she showed an intimate knowledge of the circumstances and anxieties of my friend which I could by no possibility have possessed, and on more than one occasion informed her confidently of events which were to occur—events which were scouted at the time as impossible, but which nevertheless actually took place. By the agency of my automatic hand she wrote the name of the nurse in the public hospital where she had died, the name of the friend on this earth whom she visited after death and the names of four friends or relatives who

received her on the other side. None of these persons were known to me. They were all—or all but one—recognised as correct by the friend to whom the letter was addressed.

The writing thus begun has continued down to the present time. To me Miss Julia is as real an entity, as distinct a personality and as constant a friend as any of the men and women in my own family or in the circle of my acquaintance. The only difference is that she is more uniformly affectionate, hopeful and sympathetic than any friend who is still encumbered with a body.

THE EVIDENCE OF CLAIRVOYANTS.

But I am not clairvoyant. Although I can receive communications from her by automatic writing, I cannot see her, but others possessing clairvoyance have seen and described her repeatedly. Total strangers both to her and to me have described her personal appearance and told me her name. Only once, however—and that with considerable effort—did a clairvoyant tell me Miss Julia's surname. She was a stranger whom I had met for the first time in a distant city, where I was quite unknown. On another occasion a clairvoyant acquaintance who spent an evening with me told me that "the lady who writes with you" had called upon her the previous night. I said nothing. Shortly after my friend picked out Miss Julia's portrait from twenty others that were standing side by side on the mantel. "There!" she exclaimed, "there is the portrait of the lady I saw last night!"

Other clairvoyants have at various times and in places widely removed from each other, both in England and in America, described her personal appearance, have given details of her dress which were quite unknown to me, but which, on comparing notes with ladies who had known her intimately, I found were quite correct. Telepathy, or mind reading, fails to explain how one clairvoyant was able to give me particulars on one important matter of detail which I believed were quite wrong, but which I found afterwards were quite right.

I have also had writing from Miss Julia in a closed slate, which I was holding in full light on the top of a small table. The writing somewhat resembled hers, although it was smaller.

WHAT I BELIEVE.

Now I feel that it would be quite as absurd for me to doubt the persistent existence of my departed friend merely because I cannot see her physical frame, as it would be for me to refuse to admit my cousins are living in Canada because I cannot see them from Trafalgar Square and I have to be content to rely for evidence as to their existence upon the memory of a flying visit, the receipt of an occasional letter or the testimony of some traveller who has visited Toronto.

I have given my own experience not because it is any way extraordinary or out of the common, but because when I am asked for the reason of the faith that is within me I think it better to state simply and briefly what I know to be the truth. My communications with my friend are direct. No medium, professional or otherwise, has been employed—save in the experiment for direct writing in a closed slate—to secure any of the messages to which I have referred. The usual hypothesis of fraud is therefore out of the question. If I am deceived, I am self deceived, and as to that I can only say that I feel exactly the same certainty about the reality of Miss Julia's existence, and that I receive communications directly from her, as I do about the existence of the editor of *The Times*, by whose agency I learn the news of the world before breakfast.

SCIENTISTS WHO HAVE BEEN CONVINCED.

It will be said, no doubt, that my evidence is not worth anything because I am not a man of science; that I am credulous, a journalist and possibly a madman. Therefore let me dismiss the evidence of my own senses, the mature convictions of my own judgment, arrived at in direct opposition to my own material interests and personal convenience, and turn to the evidence of men whose reputation stands in the forefront among men of science. There is no living naturalist of higher reputation than Alfred Russel Wallace, who divides with Darwin the honours of discovering the law which bears the name of the latter. There is no living chemist of greater fame than Professor Crookes, F.R.S., the discoverer of thallium. There is no living astronomer better known than M. Camille Flammarion of the French observatory. Among English physicists there are few whose standing is higher than that of Professor Oliver Lodge. Yet one and all of these supreme scientists of our time have been compelled—and in most cases very reluctantly compelled—to admit that the facts that can be endlessly verified by experiment prove beyond gainsaying the survival of the individual after the change which we call death.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S TESTIMONY.

Professor Lodge indeed has stated as the result of his prolonged study of the subject that the persistence of the individual after death can be verified by the patient investigator like any other fact in nature. Professor Crookes' testimony is well known. So also is Professor de Morgan's. But I prefer to conclude this brief statement of some of the reasons why I believe in the survival of man's personality after the death of the body by quoting the testimony of Dr. Wallace:—

"Spiritualism, if true, furnishes such proof of the existence of ethereal beings and of their power to act upon matter as must revolutionise philosophy. It demonstrates the actuality of forms of matter and modes of being before inconceivable; it demonstrates mind without brain and intelligence disconnected from what is termed a material body, and it thus cuts away all presumption against one continued existence after the physical body is disorganised and dissolved. Yet, more, it demonstrates as completely as the fact can be demonstrated that the so-called dead are still alive; that one's friends are still with us, though unseen, and guide and strengthen us when, owing to absence of proper conditions, they cannot make their presence known. It thus furnishes the proof of a future life which so many crave and for want of which so many live and die in anxious doubt, so many in positive disbelief."

HOW HE WAS CONVINCED.

That, Dr. Wallace tells us, would have been his own experience but for the proof afforded by spiritualism. He says:—

"From the age of fourteen I lived with an elder brother of advanced liberal and philosophical opinions, and I soon lost—and have never since regained—all capacity of being affected in my judgment either by clerical influence or religious prejudice. Up to the time when I first became acquainted with the facts of spiritualism I was a confirmed philosophical skeptic, rejoicing in the works of Voltaire, Strauss and Carl Vogt, and an ardent admirer—as I am still—of Herbert Spencer. I was so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence or for any other agencies in the universe than matter and force. Facts, however, are stubborn things. . . . The facts beat me. They compelled me to accept them as facts long before I could accept the spiritual explanation of them. There was at that time no place in my fabric of thought into which it could have fitted. By slow degrees a place was made, but it was made not by any preconceived or theoretical opinions, but by the continuous action of fact upon fact which could not be got rid of in any other way. . . . That theory is most scientific which best explains the whole theory of phenomena, and I therefore claim that the spirit hypothesis is most scientific. Those who believe as I do—that spiritual beings can and do, subject to general laws and for certain purposes, communicate with us—must see in the steady advance of inquiry the assurance that, so far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers."

That is briefly stated in the words of the most eminent living scientist—"the argument for immortality from spiritualism."

THE BODY AS THE TELEPHONE OF THE SOUL.

In this materialistic and scientific age it seems to me to have more "bite" in it than any of the others. But although I believe that we can demonstrate experimentally the survival of the soul after the dissolution of the body, we as yet cannot even conceive the possibility of proving scientifically that the soul will persist for ever. All that we can say is that it certainly survives the dissolution of the body. But as to whether it is proof against a subtler decomposition which in the future eons may consign our personality to oblivion or merge it in the abyss of the infinite, spiritualism can afford us no answer. It is sufficient, however, if it satisfy a sceptical and materialistic generation that the personality of man no more perishes when it is disengaged from the body than we vanish into nothingness when we ring off the telephone with which we have been holding converse with our friend. The body, after all, is only a portable two-legged telephone through which the soul, or part of it, communicates with other souls which, for purposes of education and evolution, are temporarily imprisoned in these cumbrous and ingenious, but very inconvenient physical machines.

OTHER ANSWERS TO THE SAME QUESTION.

The answers to the question about Immortality are various, but they may be summed up under several heads. There is first the Elbow-Room Argument, which is so called from the somewhat profane remark that if the Creator is to justify His creation to His creatures He needs the elbow-room of Eternity, because even He could not do it if He were limited to the narrow confines of time.

Secondly, there is the utilitarian argument, which is also profanely dubbed the Hangman's Whip, without which it is argued man would have no motive to be virtuous;

Thirdly, there is the argument from authority and the universal conviction of all men in all times that death doth not end all; and

Fourthly, there is the argument based upon the consciousness of the individual.

Most of these will be found expressed more or less clearly in the extracts given below, from the essayists who have taken part in the discussion.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ANSWER.

Cardinal Gibbons states the views of the Catholic Church in an article to which no Protestant can take exception:

Our minds grasp what the senses cannot reach. We think of God, and of his attributes; we have thoughts of justice and of truth; we perceive mentally the connections existing between premises and conclusions; we know the difference between good and evil. This consciousness is inexplicable on the basis of a solely material principle of being.

All nations, ancient and modern, whether professing the true or a false religion, have believed in the immortality of the soul, how much soever they may have differed as to the nature of future rewards and punishments, or the mode of future existence.

Belief in the soul's immortality follows necessarily from a belief in an all-wise God. God, who created nothing without a purpose, has given us a desire to know, and a longing to be happy.

God has given us a desire for perfect felicity, which he intends to be one day fully gratified, and if this felicity cannot be found, as we have seen, in the present life, it must be reserved for the time to come.

God is all-good and all-just. Yet, if death end all, how can we reconcile our experience of the world with our idea of God's goodness and justice? If death be the end of all, where would be the reward of virtue, the punishment of evil?

Eradicate this belief, and the world becomes the theatre of anarchy and crime. Remember the result of the experiment when tried by France. Figuiere, the materialist, hesitated not to say, "It was not petroleum, but materialism, that destroyed the monuments of France." Destroy this belief, and duty becomes but a "rope of sand." Religion, virtue, civilisation, and liberty are parts of the same chain, linked together by a belief in the immortality of the soul. Break this necessary connection, and the whole chain will go.

DR. BRIGGS ON WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs sets forth what he regards as the true Biblical view of the question of immortality:

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul savours more of Greek philosophy than of the religion of the Old and New Testaments. I cannot find in Holy Scripture any statement that implies that immortality inheres in the nature of the soul or that it is a characteristic of the soul as distinguished from the body. The development of the doctrine of a future life in the Bible is entirely dependent upon the development of the doctrine of redemption.

The doctrine of an ultimate resurrection from the dead first appears in the Old Testament in the Maccabean book of Daniel. But the prophet conceives of only a partial resurrection, some to everlasting life, others to shame and everlasting abhorrence. The resurrection of the dead is connected with the ultimate judgment at the end of the age of the world.

In the New Testament the universal resurrection is certainly taught by Jesus in the gospel of John and by the author of the book of Revelation. Paul dwells upon the resurrection of the righteous, but it is not so evident that he teaches the resurrection of the wicked. The synoptic gospels certainly know nothing of a universal resurrection. The resurrection of the dead in the New Testament is attached to the day of judgment and the second advent of Christ. The Biblical doctrine of the future life has therefore two parts—first, the life in the middle state between death and the resurrection, and, second, the life in the ultimate state subsequent to the resurrection.

The New Testament does not teach that the soul is immortal in itself any more than that the body will rise from the dead of itself. The life of the resurrection is entirely dependent upon the resurrection of Christ. It is redemptive in its character.

The Biblical religion guarantees the continuance of life after death. The resurrection of Christ secures it. Why should any one doubt it?

We know that the body is laid aside for ever and is dispersed in all nature. The only possible continuity is in the ghost in a disembodied state. The scientific doctrine of the persistence of force urges to the persistence of that higher life which has left the body in another body suited to the new environment.

Is it credible that man should so clearly see his ideal, and, striving his utmost, never attain it? Is failure the lot of man forever? Have all the men of holiness and virtue, the prophets, the reformers, the heroes of our race, followed an ignis fatuus and led humanity for all these centuries in pursuit of an impossibility? Nothing can be so incredible as such a universal delusion.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS' BEST REASON.

The author of "The Gates Ajar" has done much to popularise a rational and realising faith in the future life. She belongs to the Elbow-Room school. She says:—

If the Creator has made a planetful of suffering never to be relieved, of mourners never to be comforted, of love never to be satisfied, of grief never to be assuaged, innocent hope never to be fulfilled, noble power never to be exercised, aspiration never to be realised, evil never to be conquered, and doers of evil never to be either punished or purified—if, in a word, this whole scheme of things is the freak of a malevolent fancy or the accident of a blind force—then we are face to face with difficulties as much greater than the difficulty involved in the doctrine of immortality as madness is sadder than sanity, and despair blacker than blessedness.

There are many valuable reasons for a belief in everlasting life upon which this is not the place to enlarge. I suggest that the *best* of them is that we have not yet found any better way of accounting for the mystery of creation.

THE UTILITARIAN VIEW.

President Andrews, of the Brown University, says:—

The best single thought in the direction of such argument is the mental necessity resting upon us, in order to strong moral living, that we should think of the present life as a part of a rational plan, which it is not and cannot be if death ends all. We need to feel that this distressed and billowy existence is not an accident, but part of a truly cosmic order. Otherwise our moral struggles are no more important than the collisions of molecules. Moral responsibility is naught.

Discussing how the soul persists, President Andrews indulges in the following speculation:—

There is no comfort of any sort in picturing the next world as a mere continuation or reproduction of this. But growth, whether mental or moral, when unhindered, goes on at a geometrical ratio. Moreover, spiritual growth means breadth. We may expect that our spirits, while for ever retaining each its own personality, will lay off in the course of their development all angularity and mere idiosyncrasy, and in this sense blend in one. And what will this blending be but a return to the bosom of the Infinite Personality whence we came? If

memory abides intact, there is no contradiction in supposing a continuance of personality on the part of each translated spirit, and at the same time a degree of community in being among spirits which shall make "Spirit" (God) and "spirits" signify practically the same thing from different points of view.

A RATIONALIST'S BELIEF.

Professor Elliott Coues differs from all the other writers in thinking a belief in immortality unimportant. He says:—

The question of a future life seems momentous to most persons. To me it is of no present practical consequence, and has very little ethical significance in its bearing on character and conduct. It is a question of fact which no faith or want of faith can affect, and with which religion has nothing to do. If it be true that "death ends all," then we have every conceivable inducement to make the most of this life. If there be a life after death, we may suppose the transition to be as simple and natural as the process by which each one of us has entered this world from the womb. I presume, also, that our present opinions on the subject no more affect the facts in the case than the imagination of an embryo does the progress of pregnancy. No one knows anything whatever of the future, even in this life. What, then, is the use of having opinions based on data which only our ignorance supplies?

For his own part he believes in the immortality of the soul from the fact of his own consciousness. He says:—

Speaking for myself alone, I know that I have a soul, and that I shall not die like a dog, because it is the nature of the soul God has given me to know its immortal self with a kind of knowledge in comparison with which the knowledge of material things acquired by the bodily senses is no knowledge, but delusion only; with a kind of knowledge whose servant, not whose master, is reason; with a kind of consciousness which is self-conscious.

But this cannot be proved. It may some day; but not yet. This is what he says about the evidence from Spiritualism:—

I am well informed on the claims of the Spiritualists. I am exceptionally well informed on the physical phenomena by means of which they would support those claims. My attitude of mind toward them is one of respectful attention, intellectual hospitality, and cordial sympathy, but I fail to find that they prove their case. This raises the question of the competency of scientific methods of investigation to handle the problem, and I am well-nigh convinced that we must renounce all hope of its demonstration in that way, at least in the present stage of evolution of the human intellect. But I have great faith in the possibilities of mental and spiritual as well as physical development. It is tolerably certain that our bodies have been fashioned from such as the brutes possess by natural genesis with progressive improvement. It is probable that our minds or souls have developed *pari passu* from brute instincts, and as I see no necessary limit to such "ascent of man" from the monkey to the angel, it is reasonable to infer that the human race will in time acquire the capacity of affirming absolutely, or denying with equal certainty, that a soul survives intact the dissolution of the body. But as that is not likely to come in our day, and certain not to be attained by present processes of scientific intellection, he is wisest who refrains from dogmatic assertions as long as he lives.

A METHODIST BISHOP'S ARGUMENT.

Bishop John P. Newman comes very near to asserting a belief in apparitions and psychic phenomena as his ultimate basis of faith in immortality. Nor does the fact that he limits his references to such phenomena as are chronicled in the Bible materially alter the significance of his remarks.

And with Job we inquire, "If a man die, shall he live again?" If I cannot prove that man is immortal, no one

can prove that he is not. We retain all our mental powers, with volitions, sensations and consciousness in full force and the exercise of our physical senses up to the last breath. Why not longer? What we call death is a change of conditions of existence and may not be the extinction of life. All of us had an existence prior to our birth. We lived in our mother's body. May we not live after our second birth, commonly called death, when we shall have passed out of this body wherein we now dwell? Science and religion more than intimate that within our outward body we live in an inner body, sometimes called a "spiritual body," not of flesh and blood, but sublimated, etherealized, adapted to a higher condition of existence, capable of sound, sight, taste, smell, and sensation, whereby we shall still be part of the material universe. The accepted theory is, founded on analogy and supported by Scripture, that in the moment when our mortal life ends we emerge in our spiritual body.

This our reasonable presumption is fortified by many facts—by the essential differences between mind and matter, the two and only two known units in the universe: by the phenomena of thought which cannot be the product by matter organized or otherwise, by mighty minds in feeble bodies, by the oneness of our consciousness, by our love for the dead, by our desire to live, and by the perpetuity of our personal identity. Some great thinkers rely much upon the constant change which, in all their parts, our bodies are gradually undergoing. If we survive this gradual dissolution, may we not outlive the instantaneous?

But to me scientific presumption and logical inference yield to certainty in the presence of the epiphanies recorded in history, as well avouched as that of any history known to man. There is a record which covers 4,000 years, during which two worlds impinged and visitants from out the unseen conversed and dwelt with man. Only such visitations can satisfy the mind. All else is probable. In this there is certainty. I must hear from beyond the grave, from those who had ever lived there, and from those of the departed who have returned.

Those who came appeared in their personality, known by their earth names, and were conversant with the events of earth and time.

Do the dead come back to us? Not all of them. Not constantly. In great emergencies they should come. If Christ needed the presence of celestial visitants, we do more than he. If Sarah and Hannah and Mary, the mother of our Lord, were thus visited, why not the mothers of our day? If Daniel conversed with a heavenly man on the banks of the Ulai, and Paul on the plains of old Troy, and Peter in the dungeon of Antonia, why not our great leaders of humanity? The last recorded and greatest of all these blessed epiphanies was Christ's appearance to his friend St. John on the isle of Patmos after the lapse of thirty-five years. St. John beholds him, and once more hears that voice that had so often stirred his inmost soul, "I am he that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore!" To me this is the sweetest, the grandest of all the manifestations on record in the New Testament, and is to me the crowning and unanswerable argument that our departed friends are alive, who still love us, who think of us, and who are often ministering spirits sent unto us to assure us of our immortal life.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER ON THE SOUL.

Professor Max Müller's essay is the longest and most elaborate of all. It is largely devoted to his favourite thesis—the relation of words to things, of language to thought. He begins thus:—

There is an excellent book by Alger, published in America, on "The Doctrine of a Future Life," with a valuable appendix by Ezra Abbot, librarian of Harvard College, containing the titles of 4,977 books relating to the nature, origin, and destiny of the soul. Is not that enough? Can we hope that anything may be said on the immortality of the soul that has not been said before, whether for or against it? Shall we ever know anything about the soul after the death of this body? It stands to reason that if we take "to know" in the ordinary sense of

the word we cannot even in this life know the soul or anything relating to its nature, origin, and destiny, and yet there are these 4,977 books and probably a good many more! Knowledge possessed by men can have but one beginning. It begins with the senses.

He then attempts to define what is meant by the word soul, tracing it to its derivation. He says :—

If we simply define soul as that without which, breath, life, feeling, movement and thought could not be, and what is itself neither breath nor life nor feeling nor movement nor thought, we may not know what this soul is apart from its living body, but we do know that it is something—nay, something more real—than anything that has been taken from it, and not a mere Chimæra, sprung from the poet's brain.

A man speaks of his soul, but who or what the possessor of a soul could be we ask in vain. The soul may be said to possess the ego—not the ego the soul. If spirit is used for soul, people have actually maintained that they have seen spirits, and ghosts are recognised as visible spirits or souls. It is difficult to frame a word for soul. The best name I know is the Sanskrit name *atman*, which means self. This *atman* is very carefully distinguished from the *aham* or ego. It lies far beyond it, and, while the *aham* has a beginning and an end and is the result of circumstances, the *atman* is not, but is and always has been and always will be itself only. We must accept this *atman*, this self, or the soul, as something of which we know that it is. This may seem very little, but to be is really far more important and far more wonderful than to breathe, to live, to feel or to think. Thinking, feeling, living and breathing are impossible without being. It is the *sine qua non* of all we are, we see, we hear, we apprehend and comprehend. It is not our body, nor our breath, nor our life, nor our heart, nor what is most difficult to give up—our mind and intellect. It is simply that in which all these reside—that, in fact, in which we move and have our being.

We can now take a second step. If what we mean by soul, unknown as it may be otherwise, is at all events known to be not the body, on what possible ground could we make the assertion that the soul is mortal? Mortal is applicable to the body only, for it means originally decaying, crumbling, falling to pieces. Morbus, illness, is that which wears the body; mors, death, that which wears it out and utterly dissolves it. This we can see with our eyes, but no experience has ever taught us that the soul, or what we mean by soul, is worn out, does ever decay or crumble or dissolve. The breath may fail, the body may die, the intellect also may grow weak, but of the soul, we can never say that it is at any time more or less than it has always been. What right have we, then, to call the soul mortal, and to apply a term such as mortal which is peculiar to the body, to that which is not the body, the soul? To deny the non-mortality of the soul would be the same as to deny its existence.

Professor Max Müller then indulges in speculation as to whether we shall carry with us our memory after the dissolution of the body. He doubts it from the analogy of birth. Reincarnation is evidently a doctrine which commends itself to him. He says :—

Personally I must confess to one small weakness. I cannot help thinking that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in a former life, and that the souls who repel us here, we do not know why, are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from which we kept aloof in a former life.

Still more clearly he says :—

Let us remember that we do not know what the soul was before this life—nay, even what it was during the first years of our childhood. Yet we believe on very fair evidence that what we call our soul (though it is not ours, but we are his) existed from the moment of our birth. What ground have we, then, to doubt that it was even be-

fore that moment? To ascribe to the soul a beginning on our birthday would be the same as to claim for it an end on the day of our death, for whatever has a beginning has an end. If, then, in the absence of any other means of knowledge, we may take refuge in analogy, might we not say that it will be with the soul hereafter as it has been here, and that the soul, after its earthly sitting, will rise again much as it rose here? This is not a syllogism, but it is analogy, and in a cosmos like ours analogy has a right to claim some weight, at all events in the absence of any proof to the contrary.

But, say some, If in the next life we are not to remember anything of this life's experience, what is the use of living again. To them the Professor replies :—

Our soul here may be said to have risen without any recollection of itself and of the circumstances of its former existence. It may not even recollect the circumstances of its first days on earth, but it has within it the consciousness of its eternity, and the conception of a beginning is as impossible for it as that of an end, and if souls were to meet again hereafter as they met in this life, as they loved in this life, without knowing that they had met and loved before, would the next life be so very different from what this life has been here on earth—would it be so utterly intolerable and really not worth living?

MR. GLADSTONE ON CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

Madame Novikoff has this year published a curious little brochure entitled "Christ or Moses, Which?" in which she prints as a kind of challenge to all and sundry the assertion that the Old Testament contains no trace of the conception of an immortal soul in man. She follows this up by translating a German pamphlet which examines in detail all the references to a future state in the Old Testament, and summing up strongly in favour of the view that the Jews were gross Materialists without a glimmering vision of immortality.

The Old and New Testaments are based on opposite and irreconcilable principles. The doctrine of the first is principally materialistic. The doctrine of the second is purely idealistic. The Old Testament represents God as Jehovah, quite otherwise than He is pictured by Jesus Christ.

Mr. Gladstone being appealed to by his Russian friend, wrote her a letter from which the following extract is taken. It will be seen Mr. Gladstone has an open mind on the question, apparently with a slight leaning in favour of immortalisable rather than immortal.

I have myself been a good deal engaged latterly in examining the question of a future state, and have had occasion to touch more or less upon Jewish opinion. The subject is very interesting, but is also large and complex.

My own state of information is by no means so advanced as to warrant the expression of confident and final conclusions. But I think there are some things that are clearly enough to be borne in mind. We cannot but notice the wise reserve with which the Creeds treat the subject of the future state. After the period when they were framed, Christian opinion came gradually, I believe, to found itself upon an assumption due to the Greek philosophy, and especially to Plato, namely, that of the natural immortality of the human soul. And this opinion (which I am not much inclined to accept) supplies us, so to speak, with spectacles through which we look back upon the Hebrew ideas conveyed in the Old Testament.

Another view of the matter is, that man was not naturally immortal, but *immortalisable*. That had he not sinned, he would have attained regularly to immortality; but after his eating from the tree of knowledge he was prevented, as the text informs us, from feeding on the tree of life, and the subject of his immortality was thus thrown into vague and obscure distance.

I suppose it to be a reasonable opinion that there was a primitive communication of divine knowledge to man, but of this revelation we have no knowledge beyond the outline, so to call it, conveyed in the Book of Genesis. That outline, however, appears to show in the case of Enoch that one righteous man was specially saved from death; and the words of our Saviour in the Gospel give us to understand that there were at any rate glimpses of the future state underlying Jewish opinion. We must not, I think, forget the respect with which our Saviour treats that opinion.

Nor can we forget that the Mosaic dispensation, coming as it were upon the back of the old patriarchal religion, being essentially national, was also predominantly temporal, and tended very powerfully to throw the idea of the future state into the shade.

Nevertheless, it is, I think, generally admitted that, while

in certain passages the Psalmist speaks of it either despairingly or doubtfully, in some Psalms the subject is approached with a vivid and glowing belief; as when, for example, it is said: "When I awake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it."

"GOD AND A FUTURE LIFE."

This is the title of a book published by Dickinson, containing six lectures delivered in Brixton Congregational Church, by the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, LL.B. Three of the lectures are thus entitled: "Future Life: Its Possibility," "A Future Life: Its Probability," "A Future Life: Its Necessity." The argument is clearly stated, but contains little that is not covered by the foregoing extracts.

AN EXPERIENCE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

The discussion of speculative theologians lack the element of reality that is to be found in the testimony communicated automatically or otherwise to those who live on the earth by those who have passed over to the other side. The new and enlarged edition of "I Awoke," is a very remarkable little volume, composed of communications written automatically by a young lady in the City, when she is in company with two elder relatives. It contains a narrative of the experience of the person who communicates the information, which is interesting. Even if its authenticity is impugned, it is curiously suggestive and very original. The narrative is as follows:—

January, 1894.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I understand that you wish me to relate my experience after death, and I will do my best so to describe it that you may realise it to some degree.

With regard to my life on earth, it will be necessary to give you only those few particulars which had a direct influence on that experience.

I was in the prime of life when I passed over—a man without close relationships, but with one very intimate friend. After twenty years of unbroken communion and fellowship, I discovered suddenly that my friend was false to me.

We were at that time separated by some hundreds of miles. I started off to confront and upbraid him for this treachery, when an accident occurred, and in a few hours I was dead. Death, what a misnomer! To me it was hardly a change; I did not lose consciousness, but stepped across the threshold and entered the undiscovered country in which hitherto I had not believed. There was to me no sudden change, no violent displacement of feeling or of circumstance; but most gradually, one by one, the old things gave place to the new. The first change was this:—there seemed to flow into my being a great stream of health and of power. I breathed easily, moved freely, and a sense of harmony with my surroundings filled me. For a time it was enough that I was alive; mere sensation was sufficient to satisfy me, and the knowledge that there was life after death, even if it should only persist for a time, was decidedly good.

You will naturally ask me here: but what were your experiences as to your environment; with what form, if any, were you clothed, and what were your new powers? I can only say that I was simply unaware of my surroundings and unconscious of myself. I mean that I did not ask myself where and what am I, but accepted all without question as one does generally in daily life, or in a dream. My sensations were not complex, but simple, and very gradually it dawned upon me that I had undergone a change.

After a period of pleasure in the strengthened natural powers of which I have spoken, there came to me the recollection of my friend and of his conduct to me. Then there sprang up a great sense of injustice and of hatred to him, and this was more powerful than I had felt in life.

At the same time I became aware, and this without surprise, that there was about me a number of men and women whose outward appearance made no conscious impression upon me, but into whose inner being I seemed to look, and I found there like passions with my own: hatred, desire for revenge, a call-

ing for one's own rights at any cost to others; a hungry, bitter restless spirit; this was in all hearts. "Welcome, brother welcome," they all said; "there is no brotherhood so close as the brotherhood of hate."

There was something within me that responded at once and fully to this greeting; but no sooner had I done so, than a great darkness enveloped me. I lost consciousness, and a feeling akin to faintness took possession of me. How long I remained in this state I know not, but when I awoke it was to find myself still in darkness, a darkness that was now and again broken by flashes of light, revealing to me hidden shapes and fantastic forms that filled one's soul with thoughts of cruelty, or savage, revengeful fierceness. Yet I knew well that I did not really see these forms; I was aware that they were only as the distorted images of a dream, but the suffering and the horror were great. Harsh and terrifying sounds filled my senses, and I cried aloud for some way of escape. Nearer and nearer came the figures, and louder and louder were the discordant noises, but just as they became unbearable there was a sudden lull, and again my senses forsook me.

Many times did this experience recur; and while I am obliged to describe it as if it were physical, it was not so, but in my inner self alone. Vainly I questioned myself as to why I thus suffered, and how I could escape. Is it because I cannot forgive the injustice, the deception of my friend? Yet if so, how was I to alter my mind towards him? Could I really forgive, truly and inwardly, just to escape suffering? I felt it to be impossible.

After a while a thought arose within me, which came like a blessed draught of water in the desert. Give up this striving after a way of thinking and of being, and let yourself go; let nature do as she will; struggle no more to think and experience in the old ways, let her lead you in new paths. Once more my senses sank in oblivion, and when again I became conscious a sense of peace was within me, though it was a peace rooted in sadness.

These alternations of feelings occurred again and again in the same order; the terrors, the soul-conflict, the temporary oblivion, the peaceful thought; yet ever increasing in intensity; both the anguish and the peace being deeper. Finally, after what may have been a day or a thousand years, a change came. Consciously I went over the whole of my earthly life, especially in relation to my friend; but while the circumstances passed before my mental vision more clearly than when I had first lived through them, the inner life was unrolled before me in quite a different aspect.

I saw to my utter mortification that through all it was I that had been in the wrong. I do not mean that my friend had not committed the act of treachery, nor yet that I was wrong in calling it treachery, but that the spirit in which I myself had lived had been altogether a wrong one. In the past I had thought that if the action were correct—moral, and the thoughts of the heart in accordance therewith, that was sufficient. Of the hidden springs of the spirit, the fountain that had sent up the waters, I had known nothing. All my life, I saw, had sprung from self, and returned to it again; therefore its limitations were so great, its form so puny and fruitless; it was a dead thing. What mattered it that another did or did not certain things; that was not the question, but what am I, and what is my relationship to others.

After this I became aware in some way of the present state of my friend's mind and feeling towards me and towards his action. I perceived that he was not at all sorry or ashamed of what he had done, but that rather he was relieved at my death. Also I saw that this last action was the outcome of many years, during which the inner reality of his affection had been eaten away, leaving only a hollow pretence.

Last of all there came to me a kind of review, a summing up, something in this way.

I understood, first, that my anguish was neither sent as a punishment, nor was it the outcome exactly of any special sin on my part. It was rather analogous to the pain of body caused by the twisting or distorting of a limb. My soul-vision had been distorted; I had seen the false rather than the true, and naturally I suffered. Next I saw that the special form which these experiences had taken was not so much because this one side of my life was more important than another, but because that incident had been so strongly impressed upon me just before death, therefore it became a kind of lesson book from which to learn these truths of life. So much for this first chapter of my history; I will now try to tell you how I began to live in reality.

About this time I saw that my friend was in a state of indecision as to his future action with regard to the very matter in which he had cheated me. One mode of action, I saw, would bring him comfort and prosperity, the other failure. I felt within myself the power to influence him either way. It was not difficult, however, for me to choose the right one, but when I did so, and he acted upon my suggestion, there came to me, not the peace that I expected, but a new tide of anguish. The crowd of embittered spirits who had welcomed me before, now turned from me, and, in awful loneliness, I lived apart in a desert land. Hungry and thirsty, my soul fainted within me; yet underneath I was conscious of the stirrings of a new life, which I felt was my true one; and a voice said to me: "If you would bear the sins of your brother, you must be willing to bear the suffering which would otherwise have been his."

After this I suddenly found myself back on earth, approaching the house of my friend. The old senses were again in use. I saw the houses and the people; I heard the sounds in the streets, but at once I recognised the fact that these sights and sounds were what I had heard and seen before my death; this was only a vision, a memory; all, all was unsubstantial and shadowy, and again a great horror seized me.

After a while I returned (if I may so express it) to this world, and those who had previously turned from me now pressed eagerly round inquiring as to the result of my visit to my friend. "Are you avenged?" they said; "does he suffer for his sin?"

A strange feeling of pity filled my soul, as I looked into their hungry and miserable faces. "I am avenged," I said; "all my suffering has been made up for, and I am repaid a thousand-fold." "How is that, tell us," they cried. "Simply by the old sense of hatred having died completely out of my being," I replied; "I have seen life from a new standpoint. No longer the centre of my own universe, all around has taken its proper place, and for past experiences I am only and simply glad whatever those experiences have been." "Fool!" they exclaimed, "then we cast you out of our brotherhood with all its advantages, and never again shall you have power to return to earth." "I shall go to my appointed place, wherever that may be," I said, and at that moment I became conscious of others

round me whose bright, smiling, and loving looks were a great contrast to the others, whose faces began to grow dim, and gradually disappeared from my vision.

I then understood that sight was not like the old physical vision, but that I could only see what was really connected with my true being, and that rays of soul-vision came to me through the atmosphere of soul-character, instead of through the atmosphere of earth. For some time this sight of love and purity was all that I perceived; no intercourse could I hold with them except by looks.

I quite despair, dear friends, of making you know at all adequately the glory and joy of the period that now commenced. Nothing perhaps more surprised me than the great variety of my experiences. All desires seemed to spring from the affections: love thirsted and was satisfied, hatred hungered, but was now dying of starvation; the wish to hold intercourse with others, and the longing to help them, blossomed into the power to will and to do.

After these feelings were satisfied, there came a sense of peaceful rest, akin to bodily slumber, and then again I would awaken to fresh desires.

At this time I entered into a special friendship with one to whom I was greatly attracted. I had no power to question him as to who he was or had been; but gradually, as a flower unfolds, his character unfolded itself before me. I saw in him what a true friend could be, and from that learned how faulty and pitiful my own friendship had been.

You may perhaps think I dwell too much on this subject; but the reason I do so is that these first experiences of mine were so closely connected with it. The ruling passion was not only strong in death, but it seems to be the impetus which drove me into this life, and determined its earlier course. Later on, earthly things faded, and I grew used to my new powers, but those it would be much more difficult to describe.

You will remember that I had been an unbeliever, and even after I passed over I thought the life here might be a kind of mechanical continuance of the other; like a top that goes on spinning after the hand that has set it going is removed. Now I saw that it was an independent, high and beautiful reality.

I must speak a little more of this friend, to whom I was attracted by the mingled strength and sweetness which shone in his countenance. Without words we held communion, and I made known to him my past history. As I did this there came to me from him in response a growing sense of my own deficiencies, with a gradual, but complete dying out of all bitterness or animosity towards my friend. Thus the last wound was healed, and undisturbed by conflicting feelings, I was able to turn my face towards the future.

After some time of happy fellowship, new desires sprang up within me. I wished, if possible, to give as well as receive. You may now return to those you saw first, I was told, and help them to distinguish the true from the false; but it will be a painful task. I replied, that I was willing to undertake it, and soon I understood what is meant by the descent into hell.

He descended into hell; the third day he rose again. How very true that old creed is, if we view it in a larger way as speaking of Man and his universal experience!

I believe in One, the ever-living Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ,—(Man) who is conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin. He suffers, dies, and rises again; He ascends into heaven, and from there judges both the living and the dead. Happy are we if when our individual turn comes to descend into hell we know that even in the bed of hell the Higher One is with us. How shall I explain to you the state of these souls in prison! The pain arises chiefly from this: The body is cast off, but while the man still dwells on the earthly plane he cannot use his new powers, therefore the limitations of his nature are so great, he is so straitly shut up in himself that it is like a conscious death; he cannot do the old things, and is ignorant of the new; he is in the chrysalis state of the psyche. My part was to suffer with them, while knowing that there was a new and better way, and by my sympathy lead them to believe in it. I could now say, "Take up thy bed and walk;" and they, having learned to believe in me, could make the effort, and find it possible to obey.

III.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

ANNIE BESANT.

WHATEVER we may think of her various vagaries in politics and philosophy, we are all proud of Annie Besant. She is one of the foremost women of our time, the most eloquent woman of all those who speak the English tongue; one of the most fearless, uncompromising, whole-souled of all her sex. She is now high priestess of the Theosophical movement, beloved and even idolized by enthusiastic disciples in India and among all English-speaking lands. But to me she is ever first and foremost, the tried and trusted comrade and friend to whom, eight years ago, I gave the right hand of fellowship over the open grave of a slain Freethinker, who perished as one of the martyrs for the people in the struggle for Trafalgar Square. In that troublous time she and I were thrown much together. We worked together, wrote together, spoke together, and more than once it seemed by no means impossible—so fierce was the tumult and so savage the violence of the police—that we might die together. It is an experience not to be forgotten to stand side by side in front of a great mob seething with sullen hate, which at any moment might be ridden over by a charge of mounted constables, or bludgeoned into the side streets and alleys by the helmeted custodians of law and order. One lives intensely in such moments, experiencing many things and understanding much that might otherwise have remained for ever a sealed book in each other's lives.

"FOLLOW THE GLEAM."

Mrs. Besant is a woman who has, all her life, endeavoured to "follow the gleam," whether it led her through Ritualism to Atheism, or from Socialism to Theosophy. She has never been at rest. The woe pronounced upon those who are at ease in Zion has no application to her. "They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth," and Mrs. Besant has shown time and again that no ties of party or family or sect can restrain her from paying homage where she considered homage was due, whether to a person or to a cause. She stood by the side of Charles Bradlaugh when that stalwart Radical was gibbeted by respectable conventionalists as the filth and offscouring of all things; and now she is standing, with the same unflinching resolution, by the memory of Madame Blavatsky. Two persons more reviled than Bradlaugh and Blavatsky it would be difficult to discover in our time. Mrs. Besant stands as the devoted disciple and comrade of both.

HER DEVOTION TO H. P. B.

There is something very touching about Mrs. Besant's devotion to Madame Blavatsky. The passionate and personal nature of the ardent Irishwoman asserts itself in every line which she has written, every word she has spoken, of her Russian mentor. Madame Blavatsky may have been to others a cheat, a liar, a consummate dissembler, foul with every vice, and burdened with every crime. To Mrs. Besant, Madame Blavatsky was as the one of whom it was spoken by the Hebrew Seer, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings,

good tidings of peace." And her gratitude for the glad Evangel makes her resent, with scornful indignation, any reflection upon the Evangelist. She says, for instance, in *Lucifer*, of May 15th:—

Having followed the Light she showed me, and having found it grow brighter with each succeeding year, it is not unfitting that my first words here should be words in her defence; for gratitude to the one who first showed the Light is ever expected in the school to which I belong, and my gratitude to her increases as I realise more and more the priceless value of that Light.

* * * * *

What her early life was I do not know, nor do I particularly care, since errors in youth do not prevent usefulness in maturity. She is dead, and cannot defend herself, or explain what occurred, and these accusations are kept back until Death's touch has sealed her lips. I refuse to rake through the muck-heaps of dead French and Russian scandals, rotting in the dark these forty years and more, to search for a rag from a dress she once wore. I can only speak of her as I knew her, as I found her while I lived beside her—pure in life, unselfish, laborious, forgiving, generous, most wise, and withal most free from vanity. Thus I knew her, and thus I bear witness to her, and I learned from her truths that changed the world to me, and have illumined all my life. The priceless services she did the world in bringing to it the knowledge she gained from her Teachers, knowledge that has revolutionised the thought of thousands, and has changed the drift of opinion from Materialism to Spirituality, remain as her title to gratitude, the heritage left behind by her great soul.

THE REAL H. P. B.

That is well said and justly said. But Mrs. Besant in her passionate devotion to the memory of the dearly-loved Blavatsky is more Blavatskian than H. P. Blavatsky ever was. For Madame Blavatsky was not ideal, nor was she given to idealizing herself. She was a rude, rough realist, who rather prided herself upon her excrescences. "Paint me warts and all," would have been her command, as it was Cromwell's. Mrs. Besant will probably find in the service of the Religion which knows nothing higher than Truth, that she need not refuse to recognise that her idol had feet of clay, and that if the Secret Doctrine be as water of life to the thirsty soul, it is a treasure which came to us in a very earthen vessel.

Madame Blavatsky, even if we admit all that Mrs. Besant claims for her, was no garden enclosed, in which grew, as in unsullied Eden, the Tree of Life. Rather was she as a tract of the jungle primeval, where, no doubt, the Tree of Life was blooming, but in company with the deadly Upas, and the poisonous nightshade. And in that jungle lurked many a cruel and ferocious beast of prey, the tiger and the leopard, the python and the cobra. She was without form, but by no means void, but rather teeming with life, and as frankly non-moral as nature herself. No doubt it goes against the grain to have to admit that your teacher and Spiritual Director was sometimes, and in some phases of her misregarded character, a kind of



MRS. BESANT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. LEVY, BELFAST.

Rabelaisian fantasy of Gargantuan proportions, cynical, scoffing, reckless, passionate, everything that a Hierophant of the Divine mysteries should not be. But the facts are there, and if there is no religion higher than truth, there is no religious duty higher than that of admitting frankly and honestly that H. P. Blavatsky was—well H. P. Blavatsky and no one else.

GREAT IN SPITE OF ALL DEFECTS.

Very idle and hollow, as the crackling of thorns under the pot, seems to me the laughter of the pharisaic fools who, having proved that H. P. Blavatsky perpetrated frauds, and lied, and swore, and generally misbehaved herself, imagine that these demonstrations of the Old Bailey, have settled the question of H. P. Blavatsky's claims to be regarded as a spiritual teacher and revealer of the Path to many bewildered souls. What they do by these demonstrations is not to demolish her credentials, but to increase a thousandfold the marvel of her achievements. H. P. Blavatsky was a fraud, a liar, a dissembler, a profane person, and unclean. Well, granting all that, how much the more wonderful is it that a woman handicapped so heavily by having to carry all that enormous top-hamper of disadvantage could, nevertheless, do what Madame Blavatsky undoubtedly achieved. A saint, an anchorite, a great philanthropist—had H. P. Blavatsky been any of these things, it would have been easier to understand how she succeeded in exciting the devotion, and firing the enthusiasm of so many Westerns in the pursuit of truth by the occult paths of the ancient East. But she was none of these things, H. P. Blavatsky was a hideously ugly, monstrously fat old woman, with rude and violent manners, an awful temper, a profane tongue, and a very dubious record. Yet, with all this against her, she succeeded where all the rest of us failed, and failed dismally.

SUCCESSFUL WHERE ALL OTHERS FAILED.

I am not afraid to bear testimony in this matter. For I was one of those who were beaten. I did my level best. I tried all I knew, as did many others, far better, braver, and nobler than I could pretend to be, to bring Mrs. Besant out of the darkness of the Atheistic Materialism into the light of the life of the other world. But with all our efforts and our prayers, the Day Spring from on high visited her not. She continued to live and labour, a Christian, no doubt, in deed, but a blank unbeliever in theory. We had advantages enough and to spare. We had behind us tradition authority, the witness of generations of heroic souls, the record of a thousand years of Christian philanthropy, the Written and the Acted Word. But with all these we failed. And Mrs. Besant, if she had survived, might have been a materialist and atheist to this day but for the "Secret Doctrine" and Madame Blavatsky. That which the whole regimented array of organised Christendom failed to accomplish, H. P. Blavatsky succeeded in effecting. Through her upon one, at least, who until then had sate in the shadow of darkness, a great light shined, and Mrs. Besant passed out of storm and gloom into the peace and joy of believing. What H. P. Blavatsky did for Mrs. Besant, she did for many another storm-tossed soul, but for the moment let us stick to Mrs. Besant. Seeing that H. P. B. succeeded where all the rest of us failed, it seems like the height of absurdity to endeavour to belittle this achievement by harping upon her manifold and manifest disqualifications for the task. Those who have been beaten in a race find it but poor consolation to be told that the winner was lame in one leg, was short of breath, and bur-

dened with a hundred-weight of lead. So long as he was first to the winning-post, what does it matter?

It is not necessary to describe in detail the whole story of Mrs. Besant's life. I wrote a character sketch of her in the *Review of Reviews* some few years ago, to which those who desire further information can turn if they please. In this Gallery I naturally confine attention to her psychic history. Of this there is ample material in her Autobiography and in her other writings. It is incomplete, necessarily so, for Mrs. Besant is still with us, and if anything can be predicted with certainty also that as long as she lives she will furnish fresh material for the student of the occult world.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ESTIMATE.

Before beginning our extracts from the Autobiography it may be interesting to quote Mr. Gladstone's criticism of the book and its author. If the late Professor Huxley or Professor Tyndall had been writing of Mr. Gladstone himself and his political itinerary, they would probably not have altered many words in Mr. Gladstone's estimate of Mrs. Besant, so difficult is it to see ourselves as others see us.

This volume presents to us an object of considerable interest. It inspires sympathy with the writer, not only as a person highly gifted, but as a seeker after truth. The book is a spiritual itinerary, and shows with how much at least of intellectual ease, and what unquestioning assumptions of being right, vast spaces of mental travelling may be performed. The stages are, indeed, glaringly in contrast with one another; yet their violent contrarieties do not seem at any period to suggest to the writer so much as a doubt whether the mind, which so continually changes in attitude and colour, can after all be very trustworthy in each and all its movements. This uncomfortable suggestion is never permitted to intrude; and the absolute self-complacency of the authoress bears her on through tracts of air buoyant and copious enough to carry the Dircean swan. Mrs. Besant passes from her earliest to her latest stage of thought as lightly as the swallow skims the surface of the lawn, and with just as little effort to ascertain what lies beneath it. An ordinary mind would suppose that modesty was the one lesson which she could not have failed to learn from her extraordinary permutations; but the chemist, who shall analyse by percentages the contents of these pages, will not, I apprehend, be in a condition to report that of such an element he can find even the infinitesimal quantity usually and conveniently denominated a "trace." Her several schemes of belief, or non-belief, appear to have been entertained one after another, with the same undoubting confidence, until the junctures successively arrived for their not regretful, but rather contemptuous, rejection. They are nowhere based upon reasoning, but they rest upon one and the same authority—the authority of Mrs. Besant.

This is, of course, just what the Unionists say of Mr. Gladstone's political conversions, and they would add gibes as to the disinterestedness of the convert as no one has ever giped at Mrs. Besant.

II.—BIRTH AND EARLY TRAINING.

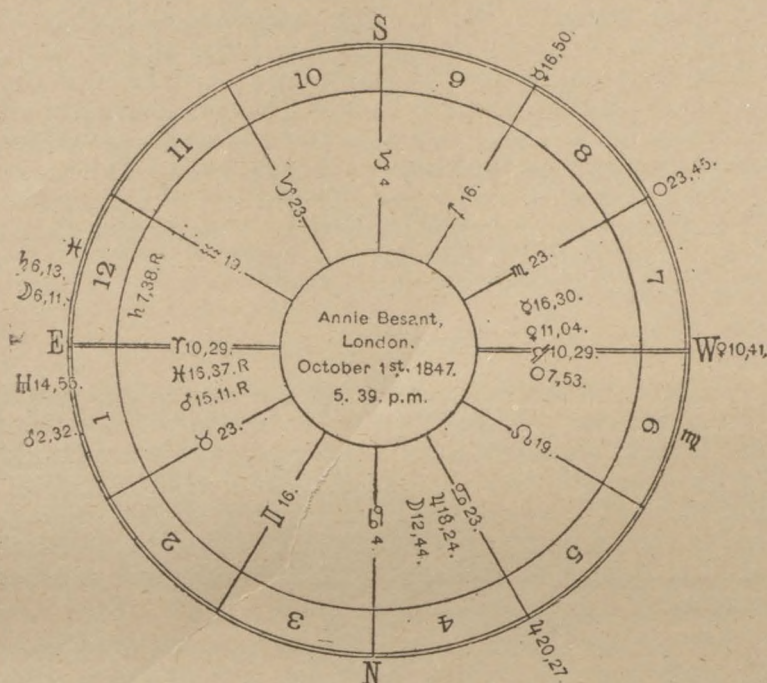
Annie Besant begins her autobiography by printing the chart of her horoscope, which I reproduce here for the benefit of my astrological readers:—

HER HOROSCOPE.

Mrs. Besant says:—

A friendly astrologer has drawn for me the following chart, showing the position of the planets at this, to me, fateful

moment; but I know nothing of astrology, so feel no wiser as I gaze upon my horoscope.



Commenting on this Mrs. Besant writes:—

Keeping in view the way in which the sun, moon, and planets influence the physical condition of the earth, there is nothing incongruous with the orderly course of nature in the view that they also influence the physical bodies of men, these being part of the physical earth, and largely moulded by its conditions. Any one who knows the characteristics ascribed to those who are born under the several signs of the Zodiac, may very easily pick out the different types among his own acquaintances, and he may then get them to go to some astrologer and find out under what signs they were severally born. He will very quickly discover that two men of completely opposite types are not born under the same sign, and the invariability of the concurrence will convince him that law, and not chance, is at work. We are born into earthly life under certain conditions, just as we were physically affected by them pre-natally, and these will have their bearing on our subsequent physical evolution. At the most, astrology, as it is now practised, can only calculate the interaction between these physical conditions at any given moment, and the conditions brought to them by a given person whose general constitution and natal conditions are known. It cannot say what the person will do, nor what will happen to him, but only what will be the physical district, so to speak, in which he will find himself, and the impulses that will play upon him from external nature and from his own body. Even on those matters modern astrology is not quite reliable—judging from the many blunders made—or else its professors are very badly instructed; but that there is a real science of astrology I have no doubt, and there are some men who are past masters in it.

A CLAIRVOYANT MOTHER.

Mrs. Besant came of a psychic stock, and one of the earliest stories in her autobiography tells of a clairvoyant experience of her mother's:—

For as a child I was mystical and imaginative, religious to

* The *Astrological Magazine* for April, 1894, commenting on this horoscope says, that the birth moment is wrong. Mrs. Besant's impression was that she was born at 5.20 p.m., but she allowed the American astrologer to rectify it to 5.43 p.m. This Separeal thinks was a mistake, due to his taking the 9th of January for the epoch instead of the 8th. Her rectification brings it to 5.24 p.m. According to Separeal the horoscope indicates that, like Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant will die in her sixtieth year.

the very finger-tips, and with a certain faculty for seeing visions and dreaming dreams. This faculty is not uncommon with the Keltic races, and makes them seem "superstitious" to more solidly-built peoples. Thus, on the day of my father's funeral, my mother sat with vacant eyes and fixed pallid face—the picture comes back to me yet, it so impressed my childish imagination—following the funeral service, stage after stage, and suddenly, with the words, "It is all over!" fell back fainting. She said afterwards that she had followed the hearse, had attended the service, had walked behind the coffin to the grave. Certain it is that a few weeks later she determined to go to the Kensal Green Cemetery, where the body of her husband had been laid, and went thither with a relative. He failed to find the grave, and while another of the party went in search of an official to identify the spot, my mother said, "If you will take me to the chapel where the first part of the service was read, I will find the grave." The idea seemed to her friend, of course, to be absurd; but he would not cross the newly-made widow, so took her to the chapel. She looked round, left the chapel door, and followed the path along which the corpse had been borne till she reached the grave, where she was quietly standing when the caretaker arrived to point it out. The grave is at some distance from the chapel, and is not on one of the main roads; it had nothing on it to mark it save the wooden peg with the number, and this would be no help to identification at a distance since all the graves are thus marked, and at a little way off these pegs are not visible. How she found the grave remained a mystery in the family as no one believed her straightforward story that she had been present at the funeral. With my present knowledge the matter is simple enough, for I now know that the consciousness can leave the body, take part in events going on at a distance, and, returning, impress on the physical brain what it has experienced. The very fact that she asked to be taken to the chapel is significant, showing that she was picking up a memory of a previous going from that spot to the grave; she could only find the grave if she started from the place from which she had started before. Another proof of this ultra-physical capacity was given a few months later, when her infant son, who had been pining himself ill for "papa," was lying one night in her arms. On the next morning she said to her sister: "Alf is going to die." The child had no definite disease, but was wasting away, and it was argued to her that the returning spring would restore the health lost during the winter. "No," was her answer. "He was lying asleep in my arms last night, and William (her husband) came to me and said that he wanted Alf with him, but that I might keep the other two." In vain she was assured that she had been dreaming, that it was quite natural that she should dream about her husband, and that her anxiety for the child had given the dream its shape. Nothing would persuade her that she had not seen her husband, or that the information he had given her was not true. So it was no matter of surprise to her when in the following March her arms were empty, and a waxen form lay lifeless in the baby's cot.

THE FAMILY BANSHEE.

It is natural that a family so psychic should have boasted its own banshee:—

I do not mention these stories because they are in any fashion remarkable or out of the way, but only to show that the sensitiveness to impressions other than physical ones, that was a marked feature in my own childhood, was present also in the family to which I belonged. For the physical nature is inherited from parents, and sensitiveness to psychic impressions is a property of the physical body; in our family, as in so many Irish ones, belief in "ghosts" of all descriptions was general, and my mother has told me of the banshee that she had heard wailing when the death-hour of one of the family was near.

A CHILD OF DREAMS.

The child is father to the man, and little Annie filled her early days with dreams:—

To me in my childhood, elves and fairies of all sorts were very real things, and my dolls were as really children as I was myself a child. The dreamy tendency in the child, that on its worldly side is fancy, imagination, on its religious side is the germ of mysticism, and I believe it to be far more common than many people think. But the remorseless materialism of the day—not the philosophic materialism of the few, but the religious materialism of the many—crushes out all the delicate buddings forth of the childish thought, and bandages the eyes that might otherwise see. At first the child does not distinguish between what it “sees” and what it “fancies”; the one is as real, as objective, to it as the other, and it will talk to and play with its dream-comrades as merrily as with children like itself. As a child, I myself very much preferred the former, and never knew what it was to be lonely.

BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED HER.

The shaping influence of books was clearly felt by the dreaming mind. Bunyan and Milton seem to be responsible for moulding the girl of the future leader of the Theosophists. Spenser, although she does not mention it here, exercised a great influence upon her life. She has ever been a knight of Faerie Land, after Spenser's own heart:—

I was between seven and eight years of age when I first came across some children's allegories of a religious kind, and a very little later came “Pilgrim's Progress,” and Milton's “Paradise Lost.” Thenceforth my busy fancies carried me ever into the fascinating world where boy-soldiers kept some outpost for their absent Prince, bearing a shield with his sign of a red cross on it; where devils shaped as dragons came swooping down on the pilgrim, but were driven away defeated after a hard struggle; where angels came and talked with little children, and gave them some talisman which warned them of coming danger, and lost its light if they were leaving the right path.

A PREVISION OF THINGS TO COME.

Annie was only in her early girlhood when she conceived the possibility of playing the rôle herself that she was called to on the death of H. P. Blavatsky:—

And as I grew older the dreams and fancies grew less fantastic, but more tinged with real enthusiasm. I read tales of the early Christian martyrs, and passionately regretted I was born so late when no suffering for religion was practicable; I would spend many an hour in day-dreams, in which I stood before Roman judges, before Dominican Inquisitors, was flung to lions, tortured on the rack, burned at the stake; one day I saw myself preaching some great new faith to a vast crowd of people, and they listened and were converted, and I became a great religious leader.

SPECTRES FROM THE ASTRAL PLANE.

All her psychic experiences were not so pleasant. She seems to have had an uneasy consciousness of the near proximity of visitants from the astral plane, although then, of course, she had not so much as heard of that mysterious region:—

The things that really frightened me were vague, misty presences that I felt were near, but could not see; they were so real that I knew just where they were in the room, and the peculiar terror they excited lay largely in the feeling that I was just going to see them. If by chance I came across a ghost story it haunted me for months, for I saw whatever unpleasant spectre was described; and there was one horrid old woman in a tale by Sir Walter Scott, who glided up to the foot of your bed and sprung on it in some eerie fashion and glared at you, and who made my going to bed a terror to me for many weeks. I can still recall the feeling so vividly that it almost frightens me now!

THE KEY-NOTE OF SACRIFICE.

As she grew older the Church exercised the natural fascination of its authority and its traditions upon the enthusiastic girl. She became a student of the fathers, was constant in her devotional exercises, and if she had been born in a Catholic country would have been in a fair way to becoming a nun. She says of this period:—

The hidden life grew stronger, constantly fed by these streams of study; weekly communion became the centre round which my devotional life revolved, with its ecstatic meditation, its growing intensity of conscious contact with the Divine; I fasted, according to the ordinances of the Church; occasionally flagellated myself to see if I could bear physical pain, should I be fortunate enough ever to tread the pathway trodden by the saints; and ever the Christ was the figure round which clustered all my hopes and longings, till I often felt that the very passion of my devotion would draw Him down from His throne in heaven, present visibly in form as I felt Him invisibly in spirit. To serve Him through His Church became more and more a definite ideal in my life, and my thoughts began to turn towards some kind of “religious life,” in which I might prove my love by sacrifice and turn my passionate gratitude into active service.

Looking back to-day over my life, I see that its keynote—through all the blunders, and the blind mistakes, and clumsy follies—has been this longing for sacrifice to something felt as greater than the self. It has been so strong and so persistent that I recognise it now as a tendency brought over from a previous life and dominating the present one; and this is shown by the fact that to follow it is not the act of a deliberate and conscious will, forcing self into submission and giving up with pain something the heart desires, but the following it is a joyous springing forward along the easiest path, the “sacrifice” being the supremely attractive thing, not to make which would be to deny the deepest longings of the soul, and to feel oneself polluted and dishonoured.

It would be interesting to have a biography of the previous life to which Mrs. Besant here darkly alludes. That she has been permitted to know something of her existence in a previous incarnation is, I believe, her conviction, but on this subject she preserves not unnaturally an impenetrable silence.

II.—THE PSYCHIC LIFE SUBMERGED.

Mrs. Besant's psychic life is practically a blank from her marriage to her meeting with Madame Blavatsky. During this period of intense activity in many spheres of life, her occult gifts appear to have been submerged by the rushing tide of political and polemical life. She became atheist, free-thought lecturer, radical propagandist, and Neo-Malthusian. The part which she took together with Mr. Bradlaugh in insisting upon the liberty to preach and circulate the Fruits of Philosophy, a somewhat antiquated manual advocating the adoption of material checks to prevent unwilling motherhood, brought down upon her head a storm of abuse, not always of the cleanest description. Calm and undaunted she persevered through ill repute, until at last the justice of her contention and the rectitude of her intention was all but universally recognized. Then to the astonishment and dismay of many who had supported her throughout her contest, she announced that Theosophy had convinced her that the doctrine of artificial checks on conception was contrary to the Higher Law. Hence she withdrew her book from circulation, a step which represented the loss of a capital sum of £3,000 to £5,000, and publicly denounced the doctrine of which she had, until then, been the most conspicuous advocate.

HER RECANTATION OF NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

I have never been able to see the force of the argument which converted her, but she must speak for herself:—

For what is man in the light of Theosophy? He is a spiritual intelligence, eternal and uncreate, treading a vast cycle of human experience, born and reborn on earth millennium after millennium, evolving slowly into the ideal man. He is not the product of matter, but is encased in matter, and the forms of matter with which he clothes himself are of his own making. For the intelligence and will of man are creative forces—not creative *ex nihilo*, but creative as is the brain of the painter—and these forces are exercised by man in every act of thought. Thus he is ever creating round him thought-forms, moulding subtlest matter into shape by these energies, forms which persist as tangible realities when the body of the thinker has long gone back to earth and air and water. When the time for re-birth into this earth-life comes for the soul these thought-forms, its own progeny, help to form the tenuous model into which the molecules of physical matter are builded for the making of the body, and matter is thus moulded for the new body in which the soul is to dwell, on the lines laid down by the intelligent and volitional life of the previous, or of many previous, incarnations. So does each man create for himself in verity the form wherein he functions, and what he is in his present is the inevitable outcome of his own creative energies in his past.

THE ROOT OF THE WORST SOCIAL EVILS.

Applying this to the Neo-Malthusian theory, we see in sexual love not only a passion which man has in common with the brute, and which forms, at the present stage of evolution, a necessary part of human nature, but an animal passion that may be trained and purified into a human emotion, which may be used as one of the levers in human progress, one of the factors in human growth. But, instead of this, man in the past has made his intellect the servant of his passions; the abnormal development of the sexual instincts in man—in whom it is far greater and more continuous than in any brute—is due to the mingling with it of the intellectual element, all sexual thoughts, desires, and imaginations having created thought-forms, which have been wrought into the human race, giving rise to a continual demand, far beyond nature, and in marked contrast with the temperance of normal animal life. Hence it has become one of the most fruitful sources of human misery and human degradation, and the satisfaction of its imperious cravings in civilised countries lies at the root of our worst social evils. This excessive development has to be fought against, and the instinct reduced within natural limits, and this will certainly never be done by easy-going self-indulgence within the marital relation any more than by self-indulgence outside it.

THE NOTE OF SELF-RESTRAINT.

By none other road than that of self-control and self-denial can men and women now set going the causes which will build for them brains and bodies of a higher type for their future return to earth-life. They have to hold this instinct in complete control, to transmute it from passion into tender and self-denying affection, to develop the intellectual at the expense of the animal, and thus to raise the whole man to the human stage, in which every intellectual and physical capacity shall subserve the purposes of the soul. From all this it follows that Theosophists should sound the note of self-restraint within marriage, and the gradual—for with the mass it cannot be sudden—restriction of the sexual relation to the perpetuation of the race.

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE PALLIATIVE.

Such was the bearing of Theosophical teaching on Neo-Malthusianism, as laid before me by H. P. Blavatsky, and when I urged, out of my bitter knowledge of the miseries endured by the poor, that it surely might, for a time at least, be recommended as a palliative, as a defence in the hands of a woman against intolerable oppression and enforced suffering,

she bade me look beyond the moment, and see how the suffering must come back and back with every generation, unless we sought to remove the roots of wrong. "I do not judge a woman," she said, "who has resort to such means of defence in the midst of circumstances so evil, and whose ignorance of the real causes of all this misery is her excuse for snatching at any relief. But it is not for you, an Occultist, to continue to teach a method which you now know must tend to the perpetuation of the sorrow." I felt that she was right, and though I shrank from the decision—for my heart somewhat failed me at withdrawing from the knowledge of the poor, so far as I could, a temporary palliative of evils which too often wreck their lives and bring many to an early grave, worn old before even middle age has touched them—yet the decision was made.

BUT NO NEW SUBSTITUTE PROVIDED.

Now no one can for a moment question the loftiness of the motive which prompted this decision. But considering that what she abandoned was a real, although it may be "temporary palliative" of admitted and horrible evils, it is to be regretted that so far for the mass of mankind no palliative, temporary or eternal, has been substituted for that which Mrs. Besant abandoned. Granting for the sake of argument all premisses as to the desirability of restricting the sexual relation to the perpetuation of the race—a matter on which Milton's view seems preferable to hers,—it is difficult to see how the ideal is brought nearer by refusing to check one evil because you cannot check two. Conjugal indulgence may be deplorable, but conjugal indulgence plus unwanted children is more deplorable still, and it is doubtful whether you appreciably lessen the former evil by insisting upon linking it with the latter.

THE FIRST DREAM OF THE CHURCH OF—THEOSOPHY.

Leaving this debated and delicate ground we come to the period when Mrs. Besant's socialistic sympathies were weaning her from Mr. Bradlaugh, at the same time that her participation in the Trafalgar Square agitation brought her into close union with me. It was about this time she began to dream of the Church of the Future, of which she thinks she sees glimpses in the Theosophical Society.

Out of all this turmoil and stress rose a Brotherhood that had in it the promise of a fairer day. Mr. Stead and I had become close friends—he Christian, I Atheist, burning with one common love for man, one common hatred against oppression. And so in *Our Corner* for February, 1888, I wrote:—

"Lately there has been dawning on the minds of men far apart in questions of theology, the idea of founding a new Brotherhood, in which service of Man should take the place erstwhile given to service of God—a brotherhood in which work should be worship and love should be baptism, in which none should be regarded as alien who was willing to work for human good. One day as I was walking towards Millbank Gaol with the Rev. S. D. Headlam, on the way to liberate a prisoner, I said to him: 'Mr. Headlam, we ought to have a new Church, which should include all who have the common ground of faith in love for man.' And a little later I found that my friend, Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had long been brooding over a similar thought, and wondering whether men 'might not be persuaded to be as earnest about making this world happy as they are over saving their souls.' The teaching of social duty, the upholding of social righteousness, the building up of a true commonwealth—such would be among the aims of the Church of the future. Is the hope too fair for realisation? Is the winning of such beatific vision yet once more the dream of the enthusiast? But surely the one fact that persons so deeply differing in theological creeds as those which have been toiling for the last three months to aid and relieve the oppressed, can work in absolute harmony side by side for the one end—surely this proves that there is a bond which is stronger than our antagon-

isms, a unity which is deeper than the speculative theories which divide."

How unconsciously I was marching towards the Theosophy which was to become the glory of my life, groping blindly in the darkness for that very brotherhood, definitely formulated on these very lines by those Elder Brothers of our race, at whose feet I was so soon to throw myself.

MY CO-EDITOR ON "THE LINK."

By way of realising this ideal at a time when she knew nothing of these Elder Brothers she adopted me as a kind of Younger Brother, and together we published a half-penny weekly paper called *The Link*. Of this short-lived but very sound-hearted little journal she says:—

It announced its object to be the "building up" of a "New Church, dedicated to the service of man," and "what we want to do is to establish in every village and in every street some man or woman who will sacrifice time and labour as systematically and as cheerfully in the temporal service of man as others do in what they believe to be the service of God." Week after week we issued our little paper, and it became a real light in the darkness. There the petty injustices inflicted on the poor found voice; there the starvation wages paid to women found exposure; there sweating was brought to public notice. Another part of our work was defending people from unjust landlords, exposing workhouse scandals, enforcing the Employers' Liability Act, Charles Bradlaugh's Truck Act, forming "Vigilance Circles" whose members kept watch in their own district over cases of cruelty to children, extortion, insanitary workshops, sweating, &c., reporting each case to me. We cried out against "cheap goods," that meant "sweated and therefore stolen goods."

A notable little journal indeed. It led indirectly to the match-girls' strike, in which Mrs. Besant took a notable part. But I went to Russia in the summer, and Mrs. Besant, when I came back, had begun to grope her way through the phenomena of the spiritualist *séance* to the Theosophical Society.

III.—HER CONVERSION TO THEOSOPHY.

I remember well when, much to my surprise, Mrs. Besant told me in the autumn of 1888, that she was going to see if there was anything in Spiritualism. Herbert Burrows, who was then as staunch and devoted to all good causes as he has been ever since I knew him, had promised to sit with some others. They were to sit regularly, in the same place, no strangers were to be admitted, but if I wished they would admit me as a member of their circle. Living as I do at Wimbledon and always wishing to be at home in the evening, I declined the invitation with many thanks. I was kept advised from time to time of their progress.

THE HOUR AND THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

The Link was not prospering as we hoped. Our circles dwindled. Mrs. Besant says:—

Ever more and more had been growing on me the feeling that something more than I had was needed for the cure of social ills. The Socialist position sufficed on the economic side, but where to gain the inspiration, the motive which should lead to the realisation of the Brotherhood of Man? Our efforts to really organise bands of unselfish workers had failed. Much indeed had been done, but there was not a real movement of self-sacrificing devotion, in which men worked for Love's sake only, and asked but to give, not to take. Where was the material for the nobler Social Order, where the hewn stones for the building of the Temple of Man? A great despair would oppress me as I sought for such a movement and found it not.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

Mrs. Besant herself explains how it was in the midst of this depression she began to turn to the occult world. The tendency first made itself felt, when she began to turn to Socialism.*

Since 1886 there had been slowly growing up a conviction that my philosophy was not sufficient; that life and mind were other than, more than, I had dreamed. Psychology was advancing with rapid strides; hypnotic experiments were revealing unlooked-for complexities in human consciousness, strange riddles of multiplex personalities, and, most startling of all, vivid intensities of mental action when the brain, that should be the generator of thought, was reduced to a comatose state. Fact after fact came hurtling in upon me, demanding explanation I was incompetent to give. I studied the obscurer sides of consciousness, dreams, hallucinations, illusions, insanity. Into the darkness shot a ray of light—A. P. Sinnett's "Occult World," with its wonderfully suggestive letters, expounding not the supernatural but a nature under law, wider than I had dared to conceive. I added Spiritualism to my studies, experimenting privately, finding the phenomena indubitable, but the spiritualistic explanation of them incredible. The phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, thought-reading, were found to be real. Under all the rush of the outer life, already sketched, these questions were working in my mind, their answers were being diligently sought. I read a variety of books, but could find little in them that satisfied me. I experimented in various ways suggested in them, and got some (to me) curious results.

Among the curious results I remember one, not very curious perhaps but rather perplexing. In the *séance* room, the table solemnly announced the death of a well-known clergyman who was then travelling in Ireland. It gave all details and asserted that the spirit of the clergyman was present in the room. The news created some sensation at the time, which was suddenly allayed by the arrival of the clergyman himself shortly after in good health.

THE VOICE FROM THE SILENCE.

These and other experiences perplexed and confused her. But guidance was at hand. The following passage is the first indication of the re-emerging of the submerged psychic self.

I finally convinced myself that there was some hidden thing, some hidden power, and resolved to seek until I found, and by the early spring of 1889 I had grown desperately determined to find at all hazards what I sought. At last, sitting alone in deep thought as I had become accustomed to do after the sun had set, filled with an intense but nearly hopeless longing to solve the riddle of life and mind, I heard a Voice that was later to become to me the holiest sound on earth, bidding me take courage for the light was near. A fortnight passed, and then Mr. Stead gave into my hands two large volumes. "Can you review these? My young men all fight shy of them, but you are quite mad enough on these subjects to make something of them." I took the books; they were the two volumes of "The Secret Doctrine," written by H. P. Blavatsky.

THE LONG-FOUGHT KEY.

In these volumes Mrs. Besant found what she had sought so long.

Home I carried my burden, and sat me down to read. As I turned over page after page the interest became absorbing; but how familiar it seemed; how my mind leapt forward to presage the conclusions, how natural it was, how coherent, how subtle, and yet how intelligible. I was dazzled, blinded

* The extracts on the next two pages have already appeared in BORDERLAND. They are reprinted here to make the story read consecutively.

by the light in which disjointed facts were seen as parts of a mighty whole, and all my puzzles, riddles, problems, seemed to disappear. The effect was partially illusory in one sense, in that they all had to be slowly unravelled later, the brain gradually assimilating that which the swift intuition had grasped as truth. But the light had been seen, and in that flash of illumination I knew that the weary search was over and the very Truth was found.

H. P. B. AT LAST.

The following is her account of her first meeting with Madame Blavatsky.

I wrote the review, and asked Mr. Stead for an introduction to the writer, and then sent a note asking to be allowed to call. I received the most cordial of notes, bidding me come, and in the soft spring evening Herbert Burrows and I—for his aspirations were as mine on this matter—walked from Notting Hill Station, wondering what we should meet, to the door of 17, Lansdowne Road. A pause, a swift passing through hall and outer room, through folding-doors thrown back, a figure in a large chair before a table, a voice, vibrant, compelling, “My dear Mrs. Besant, I have so long wished to see you,” and I was standing with my hand in her firm grip, and looking for the first time in this life straight into the eyes of “H. P. B.” I was conscious of a sudden leaping forth of my heart—was it recognition?—and then, I am ashamed to say, a fierce rebellion, a fierce withdrawal, as of some wild animal when it feels a mastering hand. I sat down, after some introductions that conveyed no ideas to me, and listened. She talked of travels, of various countries, easy brilliant talk, her eyes veiled, her exquisitely moulded fingers rolling cigarettes incessantly. Nothing special to record, no word of Occultism, nothing mysterious, a woman of the world chatting with her evening visitors. We rose to go, and for a moment the veil lifted, and two brilliant, piercing eyes met mine, and with a yearning throb in the voice: “Oh, my dear Mrs. Besant, if you would only come among us;” I felt a well-nigh uncontrollable desire to bend down and kiss her, under the compulsion of that yearning voice, those compelling eyes, but with a flash of the old unbending pride and an inward jeer at my own folly, I said a commonplace polite good-bye, and turned away with some inanely courteous and evasive remark. “Child,” she said to me long afterwards, “your pride is terrible; you are as proud as Lucifer himself.” But truly I think I never showed it to her again after that first evening, though it sprang up wrathfully in her defence many and many a time, until I learned the pettiness and the worthlessness of all criticism, and knew that the blind were objects of compassion not of scorn.

IN THE VALLEY OF DECISION.

Mrs. Besant was fascinated. But she was not prepared at that moment to succumb. Was she prepared to take up the cross and follow the Gleam wherever it led? She writes:—

Once again I went, and asked about the Theosophical Society, wishful to join, but fighting against it. For I saw, distinct and clear—with painful distinctness, indeed—what that joining would mean. I had largely conquered public prejudice against me by my work on the London School Board, and a smoother road stretched before me, whereon effort to help should be praised not blamed. Was I to plunge into a new vortex of strife, and make myself a mark for ridicule—worse than hatred—and fight again the weary fight for an unpopular truth? Must I turn against Materialism, and face the shame of publicly confessing that I had been wrong, misled by Intellect to ignore the Soul? Must I leave the army that had battled for me so bravely, the friends who through all brutality of social ostracism had held me dear and true? And he, the strongest and truest friend of all, whose confidence I had shaken by my Socialism—must he suffer the pang of seeing his co-worker, his co-fighter, of whom he had been so proud, to whom he had been so generous, go over to opposing hosts, and leave the ranks of Materialism? What would be the look in Charles

Bradlaugh's eyes when I told him I had become a Theosophist? The struggle was sharp and keen, but with none of the anguish of the old days in it, for the soldier had now fought many fights and was hardened by many wounds. And so it came to pass that I went again to Lansdowne Road to ask about the Theosophical Society.

THE FINISHING STROKE.

It is characteristic of Mrs. Besant that the thing which decided her to throw in her lot with H. P. Blavatsky was the Report of the Society for Psychical Research, exposing Madame Blavatsky. Here is how Mrs. Besant tells the story:—

H. P. Blavatsky looked at me piercingly for a moment. “Have you read the Report about me of the Society for Psychical Research?” “No; I never heard of it, so far as I know.” “Go and read it, and if, after reading it, you come back—well.” And nothing more would she say on the subject, but branched off to her experiences in many lands.

I borrowed a copy of the Report, read and re-read it. Quickly I saw how slender was the foundation on which the imposing structure was built. The continual assumptions on which conclusions were based; the incredible character of the allegations; and—most damning fact of all—the foul source from which the evidence was derived. Everything turned on the veracity of the Coulombs, and they were self-stamped as partners in the alleged frauds. Could I put such against the frank, fearless nature that I had caught a glimpse of, against the proud fiery truthfulness that shone at me from the clear, blue eyes, honest and fearless as those of a noble child? Was the writer of “The Secret Doctrine” this miserable impostor, this accomplice of tricksters, this foul and loathsome deceiver, this conjuror with trap-doors and sliding panels? I laughed aloud at the absurdity and flung the Report aside with the righteous scorn of an honest nature that knew its own kin when it met them, and shrank from the foulness and baseness of a lie. The next day saw me at the Theosophical Publishing Company's office, at 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, where Countess Wachtmeister—one of the least of H. P. B.'s friends—was at work, and I signed an application to be admitted as fellow of the Theosophical Society.

“MY TEACHER IN FACE OF THE WORLD.”

Having thus made her decision, she hastened to communicate it to H. P. Blavatsky.

On receiving my diploma I betook myself to Lansdowne Road, where I found H. P. B. alone. I went over to her, bent down and kissed her, but said no word. “You have joined the Society?” “Yes.” “You have read the Report?” “Yes.” “Well?” I knelt down before her and clasped her hands in mine, looking straight into her eyes. “My answer is, will you accept me as your pupil, and give me the honour of proclaiming you my teacher in the face of the world?” Her stern, set face softened, the unwonted gleam of tears sprang to her eyes; then, with a dignity more than regal, she placed her hand upon my head. “You are a noble woman. May Master bless you.”

A CASE FOR “PASSIONATE GRATITUDE.”

The neophyte was blessed indeed. Nothing that occurred to H. P. Blavatsky shook her faith. She was on the contrary confirmed in it by her subsequent experience.

From that day, the 10th of May, 1889, until now—two years three and half months after she left her body, on May 8, 1891—my faith in her has never wavered, my trust in her has never been shaken. I gave her my faith on an imperious intuition, I proved her true day after day in closest intimacy living by her side; and I speak of her with the reverence due from a pupil to a teacher who never failed her, with the passionate gratitude which, in our School, is the natural meed of the one who opens the gateway and points out the path.

"Folly! fanaticism!" scoffs the Englishman of the nineteenth century. Be it so. I have seen, and I can wait.

THE MASTER.

Mrs. Besant had not to wait long before she was furnished with ocular and sensible demonstrations of the truth of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky.

In the midst of the whirl I was called away to Paris to attend, with Herbert Burrows, the great Labour Congress held there from July 15th to July 20th, and spent a day or two at Fontainebleau with H. P. Blavatsky, who had gone abroad for a few weeks' rest. There I found her translating the wonderful fragments from "The Book of the Golden Precepts," now so widely known under the name of "The Voice of the Silent." She wrote it swiftly, without any material copy before her, and in the evening made me read it aloud to see if the "English was decent."

Referring to this subject of direct first-hand experience Mrs. Besant says:—

This experience began in 1889. In the beginning of the year, before I joined the T. S., I was making desperate efforts to pierce the darkness, and was seeking with passionate earnestness to obtain some direct evidence of the existence of the soul and of the super-physical world. One evening, as I sat alone, concentrating my mind on this longing, I heard the Master's voice, but knew not whose it was; and after some questions asked by Him and answered by me, came the promise that I should soon find the light—a promise quickly verified. As I did not till later know Who had spoken to me, I ought not to put this as evidence at that time, and it was in the summer of 1889 that I gained my first direct evidence. I was in Fontainebleau, and was sleeping in a small room by myself. I was waked suddenly, and sat up in bed startled, to find the air of the room thrown into pulsing electrical waves, and then appeared the radiant astral Figure of the Master, visible to my physical eyes. Between that summer and my meeting Mr. Judge in 1891, I had had a considerable number of such first-hand experiences, appealing to sight, hearing, and touch, to say nothing of the exquisite fragrance generally accompanying such manifestations, and the statements made to me on some of these occasions were of such a nature that they were verified by subsequent events.

CERTAINTY.

Seeing is believing, they say, and Mrs. Besant having seen, touched, and heard the Master, not once, but a considerable number of times, stood up in the Hall of Science and made the famous declaration that "unless every sense can be at the same time deceived, I have exactly the same certainty for the truth of these statements as I have for the fact that you are here." This declaration, which is now said to be based upon the frequent apparition of the Master to Mrs. Besant herself was held by Mr. Garrett to refer to the letters which Mr. Judge alleged to be precipitated communications from the Mahatma.

MAHATMAS.

This is an appropriate place for quoting here Mrs. Besant's statement as to what a Mahatma is. In the last of four lectures delivered at Adyene last year in "The Soul and its Sheaths," Mrs. Besant explains the genesis of a Mahatma in terms which are at least easy to be understood, and which do not justify the cackling laughter of fools with which it is the fashion to greet all references to Mahatmas. After saying that the soul of man passes through incarnation after incarnation, it at last arrives at a point when it has rid itself of all desires. It may then choose whether it will go onward into freedom or turn backward to help the world. If it goes on it enters at once into Heaven, or as she phrases it into bliss, into all

consciousness. But if despising the joys of eternal felicity, the soul of a voluntary voice turns back to here once more in the world to serve its fellows, and becomes a Mahatma.

It says: "I will not have final peace till my brothers share it; I will not have final liberty that is not shared by my brothers, and enjoyment which is not theirs. I will not take Nirvâna for myself and leave my brothers in the bonds of birth and death, in their ignorance and in their darkness, in their helplessness and in their folly. If I have won wisdom, I have won it for their enlightening. If I have won strength, I have won it for their service. If I have learned to vibrate in agony for man, what avail is it then to throw aside the sheaths and go on where no agony is useful? I will stay where I am and will work for man. Every pain of man shall strike me. Every agony of man shall touch me, and shall wring my heart. Every folly of man shall be my folly by identification with humanity, and every sin and crime of theirs my suffering until the whole of us are free." Such is what we call the Master. Such is the Mahâtma of the Hindû, the Arhat of the Buddhist, the Supreme and the liberated SELF that remains voluntarily within the sheaths as long as Its brethren are in bondage and puts Itself at human service by the supreme act of renunciation, to remain in bondage till the whole are free, and to go into Nirvâna when all can go hand in hand with Him.

THE CHRISTS OF THEOSOPHY.

Mrs. Besant, it is obvious, regards the Mahatmas as Christians regard Christ. Indeed, to her Christ is a Mahatma—one among the elder brethren of the race; and when consulted by Christians she tells them to study Christ, to follow Christ, to obey Him. He is your Master. Follow Him. It is with these sublime Sons of God that she believes she is in constant communion. It is strange that such a claim should be regarded as preposterous by those who profess to believe that they are, by means of prayer, able to hold personal communion with the Infinite and Eternal Lord God Almighty.

INVOKING THE MASTER.

That Mrs. Besant does not hesitate to assert that she is able when she will to enter into personal communion with her Master, to see His radiant astral Figure, and to hear his voice, is clear from her statement of the case against W. Q. Judge. Speaking of the charges against Mr. Judge, current in the summer of 1893, she says:—

Of evidence at that time, however, I had none, only vague accusations, and so far was I from crediting these that I remember saying that before I could believe Mr. Judge guilty, I should need the word of the Master, given to me face to face. I went to America in September, 1893. Some words and acts of Mr. Judge awoke again in me a fear, for he spoke in a veiled way that seemed to imply that he was going to use Master's authority where no such authority had been given. The result was that I made a direct appeal to the Master, when alone, stating that I did feel some doubt as to Mr. Judge's use of His name, and praying Him to endorse or disavow the messages I had received through him. He appeared to me as I had so often before seen Him, clearly, unmistakably, and I then learned from Him directly that the messages were not done by Him, and that they were done by Mr. Judge. No details were given to me by Him, but word was sent to me a little later that no action might be taken before the public on information that I could not prove—and how could I prove what had occurred to me when alone?—but that I should find evidence on reaching Adyar. If on reading that evidence I found that, with other facts known to me, it was intellectually convincing, then I should take action to put an end to the deception practised. The order to take action was repeated to me at Adyar, after the evidence was in my hands, and I was bidden to wash away the stains on the Theosophical Society. "Take

up the Heavy Karma of the Society. Your strength was given you for this." How could I, who believed in Him, disobey?

There can be no doubt, therefore, about Mrs. Besant's claim. She asserts, and no one can for a moment doubt that she believes implicitly what she asserts, that she is in the habit of meeting personally this celestial or astral visitant, who is to her as Christ was to the Saints. She communicates to Him her difficulties and He gives her advice or commands. All this, of course, may seem very mad, to matter-of-fact people. But is it one whit madder than the visions of St. Teresa, of St. Catherine of Siena, and of Joan of Arc? The first two of these good Christian ladies were not content with the apparition of any one less than the Lord Himself.

CAN LEAVE HER BODY AT WILL!

Mrs. Besant is only partially clairvoyant but she can at will, so she assures me, detach her soul from her body; and leaving the latter lying unconscious can speed with her soul through the astral plane to regions beyond. There she sees things to come as if they had already happened, and is enabled to prepare for the evolution of her allotted destiny. Writing on this subject she says:—

I have been told that I plunged headlong into Theosophy and let my enthusiasm carry me away. I think the charge is true, in so far as the decision was swiftly taken; but it had been long led up to, and realised the dreams of childhood on the higher plains of intellectual womanhood. And let me here say that more than all I hoped for in that first plunge has been realised, and a certainty of knowledge has been gained on doctrines seen as true as that swift flash of illumination. I know, by personal experiment, that the Soul exists, and that my Soul, not my body, is myself; that it can leave the body at will; that it can, disembodied, reach and learn from living human teachers, and bring back and impress on the physical brain that which it has learned; that this process of transferring consciousness from one range of being, as it were, to another, is a very slow process, during which the body and brain are gradually correlated with the subtler form which is essentially that of the Soul, and that my own experience of it, still so imperfect, so fragmentary, when compared with the experience of the highly trained, is like the first struggles of a child learning to speak compared with the perfect oratory of the practised speaker; that consciousness, so far from being dependent on the brain, is more active when freed from the gross forms of matter than when encased within them; that the great Sages spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky exist; that they wield powers and possess knowledge before which our control of Nature and knowledge of her ways is but as child's play. All this, and much more have I learned, and I am but a pupil of low grade, as it were in the infant class of the Occult School; so the first plunge has been successful, and the intuition has been justified. This same path of knowledge that I am treading is open to all others who will pay the toll demanded at the gateway—and that toll is willingness to renounce everything for the sake of spiritual truth, and willingness to give all the truth that is won to the service of man, keeping back no shred for self.

I had hoped to have given in this paper some account of Mrs. Besant's wandering in her disembodied condition. But my space is exhausted, and the subject is one which demands more careful treatment than is possible at the close of this long article.

THE EVIDENCE OF PHENOMENA.

Mrs. Besant was not a thaumaturgist, but she has exercised the healing gifts in one or two notable instances. To her, even the capacity of leaving the body at will seems a small thing. In this she resembles Madame Blavatsky. Speaking of their stay at Fontainebleau Mrs. Besant says:

A little earlier in the same day I had asked her as to the agencies at work in producing the taps so constantly heard at Spiritualistic Séances. "You don't use spirits to produce taps," she said; "see here." She put her hand over my head, not touching it, and I heard and felt slight taps on the bone of my skull, each sending a little electric thrill down the spine. She then carefully explained how such taps were producible at any point desired by the operator, and how interplay of the currents to which they were due might be caused otherwise than by conscious human volition. It was in this fashion that she would illustrate her verbal teachings, proving by experiment the statements made as to the existence of subtle forces controllable by the trained mind. The phenomena all belonged to the scientific side of her teaching, and she never committed the folly of claiming authority for her philosophic doctrines on the ground that she was a wonder-worker. And constantly she would remind us that there was no such thing as "miracle"; that all the phenomena she had produced were worked by virtue of a knowledge of nature deeper than that of average people, and by the force of a well-trained mind and will; some of them were what she would describe as "psychological tricks," the creation of images by force of imagination, and in pressing them on others as a "collective hallucination"; others, such as the moving of solid articles, either by an astral hand projected to draw them towards her, or by using an Elemental; others by reading in the Astral Light, and so on. But the proof of the reality of her mission from those whom she spoke of as Masters lay not in these comparatively trivial physical and mental phenomena, but in the splendour of her heroic endurance, the depth of her knowledge, the selflessness of her character, the lofty spirituality of her teaching, the untiring passion of her devotion, the incessant ardour of her work for the enlightening of men. It was these, and not her phenomena, that won for her our faith and confidence—we who lived beside her, knowing her daily life—and we gratefully accepted her teaching not because she claimed any authority, but because it woke in us powers, the possibility of which in ourselves we had not dreamed of, energies of the Soul that demonstrated their own existence.

A TRIBUTE TO H. P. B.

Mrs. Besant always speaks of Madame Blavatsky with enthusiasm. At the strange community at Avenue Road H. P. Blavatsky was a kind of abbess, Mrs. Besant one of the most devoted of her nuns. She says:

The rules of the house were—and are—very simple, but H. P. B. insisted on great regularity of life; we breakfasted at 8 A.M., worked till lunch at 1, then again till dinner at 7. After dinner the outer work for the Society was put aside, and we gathered in H. P. B.'s room, where we would sit talking over plans, receiving instructions, listening to her explanation of knotty points. By 12 midnight all the lights had to be extinguished.

And we, who lived around her, who in closest intimacy watched her day after day, we bear witness to the unselfish beauty of her life, the nobility of her character, and we lay at her feet our most reverent gratitude for knowledge gained, lives purified, strength developed. O noble and heroic Soul, whom the outside purblind world misjudges, but whom your pupils partly saw, never through lives and deaths shall we repay the debt of gratitude we owe to you.

And thus I came through storm to peace, not to the peace of an untroubled sea of outer life, which no strong soul can crave, but to an inner peace that outer troubles may not avail to ruffle—a peace which belongs to the eternal not to the transitory, to the depths not to the shallows of life. It carried me scatheless through the terrible spring of 1891, when death struck down Charles Bradlaugh in the plenitude of his usefulness, and unlocked the gateway into rest for H. P. Blavatsky. Through anxieties and responsibilities heavy and numerous it has borne me; every strain makes it stronger; every trial makes it serener; every assault leaves it more radiant. Quiet confidence has taken the place of doubt; a strong security the

place of anxious dread. In life, through death to life, I am but the servant of the great Brotherhood, and those on whose heads but for a moment the touch of the Master has rested in blessing can never again look upon the world save through eyes made luminous with the radiance of the Eternal Peace.

THE SCANDAL ABOUT W. Q. JUDGE.

I have no intention of commenting at length upon the melancholy evidence that at last forced conviction home to the very reluctant minds of the leaders of the Theosophical movement, that W. Q. Judge had been guilty of bamboozling the faithful by bogus missives from the Mahatma. At first they tried to hush it up, therein acting as every other religious organization in the world has always done when a brother is overtaken in a fault. But Mr. Judge was not penitent. The offences were repeated, the scandal became public property. Then Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott acted with reluctant but resolute vigour. The European, Indian, and Theosophical sections combined in demanding W. Q. Judge's expulsion from the society. Mr. Judge, to avoid expulsion, seceded, professing to be the original society, a trick common to every schismatic.

MRS. BESANT'S EPITAPH.

Of this melancholy episode we cannot do better than to quote the words used by Mrs. Besant about another, and not less difficult, task:—

It has cost me pain enough and to spare to admit that the Materialism from which I hoped all has failed me, and by such admission to bring on myself the disapproval of some of my nearest friends. But here, as at other times in my life, I dare not purchase peace with a lie. An imperious necessity forces me to speak the truth, as I see it, whether the speech please or displease, whether it bring praise or blame. That one loyalty to Truth I must keep stainless, whatever friendships fail me or human ties be broken. She may lead me into the wilderness, yet I must follow her; she may strip me of all love, yet I must pursue her; though she slay me, yet will I trust in her; and I ask no other epitaph on my tomb but

“SHE TRIED TO FOLLOW TRUTH.”

HER FUTURE FUNCTION.

I have not left myself space enough to discuss the most interesting question connected with Mrs. Besant. Has she arrived at the terminus, or will she make one more exodus; and if so, whither? There are many who, hearing that her daughter has found peace and reconciliation with the Roman Catholic Church—entirely, be it noted, by the proof which her mother's occult studies afforded her to the fundamental truth of many doctrines of the Church—have predicted that Mrs. Besant will end by being received into the bosom of old Mother Church. It may be so. As yet I see no signs of the change. Mrs. Besant is very happy where she is, and manifests no desire to abandon her Mahatmas, which can be seen, heard, and handled, for the pale and shadowy forms of the Catholic saints.

HER RELATION TO CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Mr. Gladstone having assailed Mrs. Besant's statement of what she regarded as the orthodox Christian view of the Atonement, Mrs. Besant contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for May a statement of her own theory of what may be regarded as a rationalised occult view of that distinctive Christian doctrine.

Mrs. Besant begins by postulating the existence of the deity. She says:—

I need not here argue the question of the Divine Existence, whence is our world: for Mr. Gladstone as Christian, and I

as Theosophist, can agree that our world and our universe result from the Will and Thought of the Logos, who was and is “God.”

THE LAW OF SACRIFICE UNIVERSAL.

Now, if we study this physical world, as being the most available material, we find that all life in it, all growth, all progress, alike for units and for aggregates, depend on continual sacrifice and the endurance of pain. Mineral is sacrificed to vegetable, vegetable to animal, both to man, men to men, and all the higher forms again break up, and reinforce again with their separated constituents the lowest kingdom. It is a continued sequence of sacrifice from the lowest to the highest, and the very mark of progress is that the sacrifice from being involuntary and imposed becomes voluntary and self-chosen, and those who are recognised as greatest by man's intellect and loved most by man's heart are the supreme sufferers, those heroic souls who wrought, endured, and died that the race might profit by their pain. If the world be the work of the Logos, and the law of the world's progress in the whole and the parts is sacrifice, then the Law of Sacrifice must point to something in the very nature of the Logos; it must have its root in the Divine Nature itself. A little further thought shows us that if there is to be a world, a universe at all, this can only be by the One Existence conditioning Itself and thus making manifestation possible, and that the very Logos is the Self-limited God; limited to become manifest, manifested to bring a universe into being; such self-limitation and manifestation can only be a supreme act of sacrifice, and what wonder that on every hand the world should show its birth-mark, and that the Law of Sacrifice should be the law of being, the law of the derived lives.

Further, as it is an act of sacrifice in order that individuals may come into existence to share the Divine bliss, it is very truly a vicarious act—an act done for the sake of others; hence the fact already noted, that progress is marked by sacrifice becoming voluntary and self-chosen, and we realise that humanity reaches its perfection in the man who gives himself for men, and by his own suffering purchases for the race some lofty good.

Here, in the highest regions, is the inmost verity of vicarious sacrifice, and however it may be degraded and distorted, this inner spiritual truth makes it indestructible, eternal, and the fount whence flows the spiritual energy which, in manifold forms and ways, redeems the world from evil and draws it home to God.

A THEORY OF REINCARNATED CHRISTS.

Up to this point, if her remarks were read from the pulpit, the congregations would probably recognise them as distinctly Christian, and entirely in accord with the spirit of the teaching to which they had been accustomed. It is not until Mrs. Besant begins to give a mystical explanation of the Incarnation that they would discern the cloven foot; but although the ordinary person would revolt against the doctrine of incarnation which is here expressed, there are few to whom religion is a matter of personal experience, and not a mere affair of barren polemic, who will not welcome more than one suggestion in the following passage as very helpful to the evolution of their own higher life:—

The working out of human evolution shows us another phase of the great truth, and its bearing on the individual soul. The world in which we are, the universe of which it is a part, is but one in a mighty chain of universes which runs backwards into the darkness of an infinite past as it stretches forwards into the darkness of an infinite future. Each universe has for its harvest a multitude of perfected human souls, grown to the “measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,” Christs that are the outcome of the long training of many lives in which experience brought pain, and pain gave knowledge and endurance and sympathy, until on the anvil of life, in the fire of suffering, the metal had been wrought into perfection. These Christs of one universe are the father souls of the next,

who generate, within the physical and animal beings evolved by lower nature, the embryonic human souls for whose evolution the universe itself exists. These should they watch over, and aid and guide, giving another example of the ever-recurring sacrifice in its loftier form, and as ever of self-sacrifice, sacrifice for others, vicarious sacrifice.

The soul itself, in its evolution, offers another instance of the same law. At first ignorant, it gathers a little experience in its life on earth, and then, passing through death, it spends a long period in assimilating and working into its own nature the experience gathered; with this enriched nature it reincarnates on earth, its faculties and its powers depending on the amount of experience it has assimilated, and so on, life after life. This persistent individual taking on body after body, life after life, is, in a very real sense, a Christ crucified in the body of this death, and between it and the yet active animal side of man there is constant conflict; its continuous memory is the voice of conscience striving to rule the lower nature; the reflection of its agony is the remorse that rends us when we have fallen; its hope is the lofty ideal which in silent moments shines out before our eyes. This is the Christ that is being formed in every man, for the forming of which the Christ-souls travail.

IN PRAISE OF PAIN.

The next passage in Mrs. Besant's remarkable paper is a little sermon on the text: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," a text which, although not quoted, recurs irresistibly to the mind on reading her remarks:—

Remains the truth at first repellent, then austere but attractive, finally peace-giving and inspiring, that each step upward is only won by pain. By pain we learn when we have struck against a law, and the law which pierced us when we opposed it becomes our strength when we place ourselves in harmony with it. By pain we learn to distinguish between the eternal and the transitory, and so to strike our heart-roots only into that which endures. By pain we develop strength, as the athlete develops muscle by exercising it against opposing weights. By pain we learn sympathy, and gain power to help those who suffer. Thus only is the Christ-soul developed and at length perfected, and when this is once realised pain is no longer grievous nor an enemy, but a sternly gracious friend whose hands are full of gifts. Nor are these gifts for self, as separated, but for all. For men are one by their common origin and their common goal; they are one body, and every gift won by the pain of each circulates through every vessel of the body, and every sacrifice of each adds to the general strength. We can neither live, nor die, nor enjoy, nor suffer alone, for that which one feels all are affected by, and all gains and losses enrich and impoverish the whole.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE WORLD.

Thus, according to Mrs. Besant, vicarious sacrifice becomes the foundation-stone of the world, if it is interpreted in a spiritual sense:—

If the vicarious atonement be made into a merely historical event, be regarded as unique, and be isolated from the general law of the world, its defenders are compelled to guard it by forensic weapons, and these wound the truth that is defended more than they drive back its assailants. Here, as elsewhere, "the letter killeth." But if the Law of Sacrifice be seen as the necessary condition of the manifesting Logos; if it be seen as the law of Progress; if it be seen as that by which man ultimately becomes united to the Divine Nature; then vicarious sacrifice becomes the foundation-stone of the world, and in all its forms it is recognised as essentially one and the same truth. We shall understand why it appears in great religions, and shall be able to separate the essential truth

from the allegories that often garb it, and the ignorant distortions that conceal. All sacrifices made for love's sake are seen as spiritually flowing from the supreme Act of Sacrifice, as minor manifestations of the Divine Life in man, as reflections of that cross which Plato—holding the ancient doctrine here set forth—spoke of as drawn by Deity on the universe.

In conclusion, Mrs. Besant gives the following reason for believing that her theory of the Atonement, based as it is on the inviolability of law, is better from a moral point of view than the forensic which she hopes it will supersede:—

Besides, this conception of vicarious sacrifice—of atonement, if atonement means not a propitiatory offering, but a uniting of man with God—leaves no room for the undermining of moral laws in the minds of men: a danger from which the historical and forensic conception will never be free. That law is inviolable in all regions of consciousness, as inexorable in the mental and moral as in the physical world; that a wrong consciously done must result in injury to the moral nature; that an evil habit formed can only be slowly unwrought by painful effort: that the cruellest thing that could happen to us would be that disharmony with the Divine Nature, expressed in the laws of the spiritual, mental, and physical worlds, could bring aught but pain, to become the Christ in strength, not in weakness, triumphant not crucified.

The last words of this remarkable article which, with very little alteration, might be reprinted as a tract by most of the Christian Churches, and circulated for the enlightenment of their congregations as to the true spiritual significance of the doctrines which, in too many cases, have become mere husks and dead bones, are the following:—

Thus I have learned from the teachings of the Divine Wisdom, from the Theosophy which is the core of every spiritual religion.

If by Theosophy we are to understand the essence of every spiritual religion, then all good people are Theosophists; but the only difference between Mrs. Besant's statement of what she believes to be the theosophical essence of truth and that which is held by any Christian Church, is that in Mrs. Besant's theosophical scheme there seems to be no place for repentance, or for outside reinforcement of the inner self which struggles against indwelling sin.

This curious ignoring of the need for forgiveness may perhaps be due, as Mr. Gladstone originally suggested, to the absence of any sense of sin. He said:

In all her different phases of thought, that place in the mind where the sense of sin should be, appears to have remained, all through the shifting scenes of her mental history, an absolute blank. Without this sense, it is obvious that her Evangelicalism and her High Churchism were alike built upon the sand, and that in strictness she never quitted what she had never in its integrity possessed.

It may be so. And it is possible, if there were to be a sudden awakening of this sense, there would come with it an awakening of another sense, to wit, a sense of the fact that a religion which holds out no hope of forgiveness and of salvation by free grace is a religion which fails to meet the deepest need of the human heart.

(Here for the present moment I stop. Before long I hope to give further details as to Mrs. Besant's psychic developments.)

IV.—THE CURES AT ST. WINIFRIDE'S WELL.

MY interest in the reported cures at Holywell when I first heard of them last year can only be described as moderate. The discussion of faith-healing in all its varieties, whether we study it in relation to Christian Science or to the Lourdes miracles, to Sequah, to Mattei Medicines, or to Psychic Healing, or to any other of the many varieties of which we are constantly hearing, has in it, or appears to have in it, certain extraneous elements, useful probably as means of distinction to the representatives of the various views, but which the average outsider is compelled to discard before arriving at the gist of the subject. One is ultimately compelled to accept the view, as in the case of hypnotism, that the cure is not one of activity but of receptivity. That it is dependent less upon the agent than upon the object, that the holy water, or the divine teaching, or the psychic lesson, as the case may be, is dependent less upon the chalice in which it is conveyed than upon the mental attitude of the recipient. For this reason, speaking for myself, the study of the cure as such had in it little of novelty or interest. From this standpoint the possible sources of interest are reduced to two—the first, human; and secondly, psychological. That is to say, one rejoices in the relief of suffering humanity, and one analyses with interest the state of mind that makes such relief possible. The nature of the relief itself is not in most cases *per se* of great importance.

THE NATURE OF THE MIRACLES.

But when I came to study the miracles of Holywell I began to feel that they had in them other interests—literary, antiquarian, artistic, perhaps one might almost say anthropological. The scene of them, a miniature Henry VII.'s Chapel hidden away in a beautiful valley of North Wales, has in it suggestions not to be found in an Islington Bethesda; their history, dating from the early British saint, and preserving its vitality through ages of heresy and unfaith, has in it a freshness not to be found in an American discovery of yesterday; their surroundings of ritual and litany and pilgrimage offer to one a stimulus not to be found in the clear cut outline of Christian science.

And yet, underneath all this, there remains the one factor constant under all forms of treatment; the factor of human pain and suffering in need of healing and longing to be healed, placing itself under one stimulus or another, in that attitude in which, if ever, healing is possible, that attitude in which the excess of mental energy is capable, if ever, of dominating physical weakness, when mental wealth may endow the physical lack, when, in short, to place the whole situation under the dry light of scientific discovery, "suggestion" becomes possible.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUGGESTION.

All students of hypnotic suggestion are well aware of the immense value of suggestion in childhood at the hand of the mother or the nurse, of the fact that the mere assertion, "Mother will kiss it better," or "Baby is not cross now," will effect a miracle of healing of body or of mind.

Meditating over the story of cures, as described frequently during the past twelve months, cures not only of women and children but of the Welsh navy or the Northumbrian pitman, one could not but feel that there is in the Holywell cures a special element of simplicity and childlikeness, which suggest the survival of a youthful vitality of a kind one rejoices to know still exists, despite the *fin de siècle* dead march to which our lives have been

attuned. So at the request of many interested in the subject, I was only too glad to organize a little party of investigation, and to find myself with three friends at Holywell on the eve of St. Winifride's festival on the 22nd of June.

WHAT DOES "THE CURE" AMOUNT TO?

It may, perhaps, be as well to anticipate here the question with which one is inevitably met on the occasion of return from such an expedition as this. "Did you see any cures, and do you believe in Holywell?" I saw many partial cures and one that was very striking, and I most emphatically believe in Holywell, in the sense that I would cordially advise anyone to whom the following account may suggest a faith in this cure to present himself or herself as soon as possible at St. Winifride's Well. As to my explanation of the cures, I have already said that I believe the cause to be in this, as in most similar cases, directly or indirectly, that of suggestion.

I suppose that many doctors even would allow that, except in the case of a surgical operation, about three-fourths of the cures they are able to effect are, in a greater or less degree, due to the same cause. In so saying I would not for one moment disparage the religious aspect of the treatment. I believe a religious cure to be quite as effective as a scientific cure, and to have probably many inherent advantages lacking in that of science.

SOURCES OF THE STORY OF THE WELL.

Before giving an account of St. Winifride's Well as we found it on June 22nd, 1895, it would be perhaps advisable to turn back to the seventh century, the days of St. Winifride herself. One word should, perhaps, first be said as to the sources of such history as we possess. These are mainly two, both dating from the twelfth century. One, preserved in the British Museum, by the monk of Basingwerk Abbey, is said by some to have been the work of St. Elerius, who towards the close of her life, became St. Winifride's director, and the other by the Abbot of Shrewsbury, written in the reign of King Stephen, the manuscript of which is preserved in the Bodleian library. A third history of St. Winifride, for the most part an abbreviation of Robert of Shrewsbury, is published in Capgrave's "Nova Legenda Anglice," and all three have been collated and translated by Father De Smedt, S.J., and form a portion of the "Acta Sanctorum" for November 3rd, the later festival of St. Winifride. In 1635 a certain Jesuit Father published what purported to be a translation of "Robert of Shrewsbury," part of which appears to have been afterwards included in a volume printed in 1663, by Father Alford, of the order of St. Benedict. This Father Alford appears to have some glimmering of desire for scientific investigation, for he asks very practically why there is no mention of St. Winifride by the Venerable Bede, or other ancient author dealing with early Saints. The answer he suggests is that Bede designed only to write the history of his own nation and ignored not only St. Winifride, but St. Patrick, St. Ursula, St. David, and other lights of the British Church. Probably in our own day, when the difficulty of going to Wales is limited solely by the trouble of changing at Crewe, we find it somewhat difficult to realise the state of things when the principality was a foreign kingdom, having its own language and its own government.

My experience is that any subject one happens to be studying at the moment will be furthered in the inter-

vals of other work by the reading of the English essayists and Aristotle. In the nature of things Aristotle has not anything to say about St. Winifride, but I was not surprised on taking up the *Guardian* for June 26th, 1713, to open upon the following passage: "Last year a Papist published the life of St. Winifride for the use of those devoted pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at the well. This gave occasion to that worthy prelate in whose diocese that well is, to make some observations upon it, in order to undeceive so many poor deluded people, to show how little reason, how small authority there is not only to believe in the miracles attributed to St. Winifride, but even to believe that there ever was such a person in the world."

The worthy prelate, by whom the "Papist" was thus snubbed (but apparently without any great effect), was a certain Dr. William Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph, and the book, published in 1712, was "The Life and Miracles of St. Winifride," to be had, together with her litany, for the sum of eighteenpence.

I am indebted to the kindness of a gentleman at Holywell for being allowed to see an extremely curious, and, so far as I could discover, a very rare copy of a book published in 1742 "at Mr. Gent's Printing House in York," entitled "The Holy Life and Death of St. Winifride and Other Religious Persons, in five parts, dedicated to a divine of the Established Church, written by Thomas Gent." I have subtracted about twenty lines of small print from the title, which is somewhat detailed.

A story of an abominable attempt to suppress the use of the well by the chief justice of Chester in 1637 is related in a curious document in the Royal Library at Brussels, as I learn from a life of St. Winifride, edited by the Rev. Thomas Swift, S.J., to whom I am indebted for this fact and for much else. A certain Father Leigh, who resided at Holywell till his death in 1716, has left us a published account of all the miracles which came within his own knowledge, and of which he had "documentary proof upon which he could rely," which documentary evidence is still preserved among the archives of Stonyhurst College. The cure of a certain Winifride White, published in 1805, attracted considerable attention, and was the subject of a quaint tract by the Rev. Peter Roberts, vicar of Madeley (a place one associates more pleasantly with the great Fletcher), under the title of *Animadversions on the pamphlet entitled "Authentic Documents, &c."* Accounts of St. Winifride are also found in Rees' "Cambro British Saints," and, of course, in "Nelson's Fasts and Festivals."

HISTORY OF THE WELL.

The accounts from which we have above quoted are both written, as has been already said, by historians of the twelfth century, at which period the well had already become famous for its cures, having at the end of the century previous been bought for, or by some means made over to, the abbey of Chester by the Countess of Chester and her son, who made a pilgrimage to the spot (then known as Halliwell) in 1115; but it was not long before the well again changed hands, and was given by Henry III. to the monks of Basingswerk. During the three following centuries we hear of the well from time to time, and in the fourteenth century we find that the Pope, Martin V., granted special indulgences to pilgrims to the well. At the end of the fifteenth century the importance of the site, and of the cures performed, received recognition by the erection of the very beautiful chapel which now stands above it, the crypt of which contains the well itself. The chapel and crypt alike of remarkable beauty, in spite of some injury which they received at the time of the

dissolution of the monasteries, and of the disgraceful neglect in our own day at the hands of Protestant Holywell. In 1629 a large band of pilgrims celebrated the June festival. The list of them, by an unknown writer, includes the names of Lord William Howard, Lord Shrewsbury, Lady Falkland, and many other representatives of Roman Catholic families, besides about fifteen hundred pilgrims.

The litany of St. Winifride, said to be of considerable antiquity, is the source of the phrase, "St. Winifride, most admirable virgin, even in this unbelieving generation still pray for England." One wonders whether that phrase were a reference to the despoiling of the shrine at the time of that "reformation" which the artist and the antiquary can never cease to regret, or to an episode in the year 1637, when the chairman of the assizes of the County of Flint, who seems to have been even more ignorant than the average provincial magistrate, issued an order to the churchwardens of the parish, "To take away the iron posts around the fountain, and disfigure the image of the saint, to close all the hospitals except two, and to report all the names of the pilgrims to the next assize." One hears with a certain sense of poetic justice that the judge died in the following January of a loathsome disease. History does not say what became of the pilgrims, but it is to be hoped that they had the satisfaction of hearing of the fact. It is recorded that the statue was whitewashed, which we may gather, from the present condition of the chapel, is the Protestant way of expressing contempt for the artistic products of "Papists," but we can learn nothing of its subsequent history. It has now entirely disappeared, and, until 1886, the richly-carved canopy and niche stood empty. The present statue is of marble, but somewhat unfinished in appearance.

The history of the well is fairly continuous down to our own time. Judging from the inscriptions to be found on the walls, pilgrimages seem to have been frequent at the close of the eighteenth century, and to have continued with varying frequency to our own date. The recent revival in Holywell cures is, I have reason to believe, due to the personal energy and interesting individuality of Father Beauclerk, to whose courtesy, self-sacrifice, and devotion to the cause, every visitor to Holywell cannot fail cordially to testify.

THE STORY OF THE SAINT.

The story of St. Winifride was told, though somewhat briefly, in these pages a year ago. But in view of those readers who do not possess the *BORDERLAND* of last July we may recapitulate it here. With the exception of one detail—the statement that, towards the end of her life, St. Winifride went to Rome, which appears to be disputed by later authorities—the account given by the twelfth-century writer is on the whole that which seems best to fit in with local tradition and local colour. As Basingswerk priory, built in the twelfth century, is but two miles from the well of St. Winifride, this is very easily accounted for.

HER EDUCATION.

Breui, whose name was later altered into Winifride, was the only daughter and heiress of a famous chief, a possessor of three manors in Flintshire. Early in her girlhood, she came under the influence of a certain priest named Beuno (pronounced Bī-no), to whom she was largely indebted for her education. The chief, anxious to propitiate the prelate, whose presence among them seemed to be in every way advantageous, obtained permission from the king, to dedicate to the service of God one of his three manors. It is interesting, however, to note that, even so early in history as the days of Good King

Arthur or thereabouts, socialism and altruism had already strong root in the British mind. For when the king was asked for leave to dedicate the manor in question, he replied, in words worthy of a hero of Trafalgar Square, "Reverend man, it stands neither in my right nor yours to alienate your patrimony from the public services of the state and of the community. But I give you permission to dedicate any one you like of these three manors to the service of God, providing you will leave to me the other two." Whether it was already the custom in those days for unclaimed property to revert to the crown I cannot say, but the king's reply certainly showed prevision of the events which followed. Thus it came to pass that the small manor of Sechnant, that is to say the "dry valley," was dedicated to the service of God under St. Beuno, as being that nearest to the home of Breui's parents.

On a certain Sunday when her parents had gone to the Chapel, which St. Beuno ultimately built at the bottom of the valley by the side of his cell, Breui remained behind to collect the fire, water, and salt required for the Mass with which the service was to conclude.

THE WICKED PRINCE.

Left thus alone she was sitting by the fire, possibly cherishing the embers for the purpose she had in view, when the door opened and there entered a certain Caradoc, a prince of royal blood, who had spent the Sunday morning hunting wild beasts, and being very thirsty, presented himself at the house of the chief, asking, in the good old fairy-tale style, for a drink of water. To his surprise he found in the house no mere simple serving-maid, but a beautiful princess with rosy cheeks and golden hair, and "his heart began to burn with desire, and leading her into the house where they were alone he forgot his thirst in the vehemence of his love." As she had already determined, unknown to her parents, but with the sanction of her teacher, Beuno, to become the bride of Christ, she repulsed him saying, "I am betrothed to another whom I am about to wed." Caradoc was not to be so repulsed, and, finding that he persisted in his suit, she attempted to escape him by strategy. She asked his permission to pass into the adjoining room in order to attire herself more suitably for his companionship. Having escaped from his view she left the house by another door in the hope of gaining the protection of her parents and of the congregation in the church.

Perhaps the student of old stories will find an interesting indication of the antiquity of the tradition, in the fact that contrary to the modern spelling-book morality, the punishment which awaited her has never been presented to posterity, as consequent upon the lie of which she was guilty!

Caradoc in his impatience shortly followed her, and, finding that she had deceived him, in his fury, he mounted once more upon his horse, and overtook her just as she reached the door of the monastery. The story is thus told in the pilgrimage hymn, which is set, with some effect, to the tune of "The March of the Men of Harlech."

"Then the tyrant prince pursuing,
Swore his sword should work her ruin,
Ah, that stroke was his undoing,
Winifride of Wales.

"For the chasm, yawning,
Swallows without warning
Him whose sacreligious hands
The bride of Christ assails.
While the holy head descending,
To the vale its progress wending,
Causes blessings never-ending,
Winifride of Wales."

The fact of the head "descending to the vale" is, by the way, a variant of the later historian, for the Monk of Basingwerk, whose version we are now following, places the murder at the monastery door. We took the trouble to mount the extremely precipitous cliff which bounds that side of the valley, where it is said the scene took place between Caradoc and Breui, and we came to the conclusion that had her head been cut off, as Robert of Shrewsbury tells us, on that spot, and had thence bounded to the present site of the well, the fact of its arriving there at all would be by no means the least of the miracles associated with it. Be that as it may, the head rolled into the church, to the consternation and alarm of the assembled congregation. Even the officiating priest, Beuno, left the altar and came to see who had done this murderous deed. Had the scene of the tragedy been, in fact, the top of the hill on the other side, it would have taken him some time to arrive at this point, whereas the old chronicler tells us, "That, raising his eyes, he saw Caradoc standing with his bloody sword in his hands, and, perceiving him to be the murderer, he cursed him as he stood. The miserable man melted away before their eyes as wax before the fire. Beuno went to the corpse of the dead girl, carrying her head, which had rolled inside the door, and, earnestly beseeching God to restore her to life lest his enemy should triumph over him, he fitted the head to the body. His prayer was heard. The body returned at once to life and animation, scarcely showing a slender scar running all around the neck, and on the spot where her blood had flowed there was an earthquake with a loud noise, and a great stream of water burst forth, and has continued to flow from that day to this. The stones in that stream have been ever since, and are still, the colour of blood. The moss has the scent of incense, and is a remedy for various diseases."

SIMILAR STORIES.

From the point of view of comparative folk-lore it may, perhaps, be interesting to know that cases of the resurrection of women who have been beheaded occur twelve times in the lives of Cambro's "British Saints"; that the history of the liquifaction of the body, as in the case of Caradoc, occurs in the lives of St. Cadoc, St. Illutus, St. Paternus, St. Lasrian, and St. Colman of Dromore. The flow of fresh springs of water on the site of a tragedy or of a martyrdom is a story very common in mediæval history, and occurs in Welsh story at least on two other occasions.

So begins the romance of the story of St. Winifride. The second and third volumes are easily anticipated. Of course, she became the abbess of a convent, erected upon the site of the hermitage of St. Beuno, and, of course, the well very early became famous as the scene of cures and of miracles of all kinds.

The name of Breui received the prefix of gwen or wen, which signifies white, the "B" being changed into "f" for euphony, she was commonly known as Gwenfreui, later anglicised for convenience into the English form of Winifride, variously spelt Winefrede, Winifred, and Winefrede. One story tells us that the syllable "wen," or white, was an allusion to the white mark around her neck which ever after testified to the miracle of her cure. The earlier biographer, however, gives as, in other cases, the more poetical rendering. She was quite "white" we are told, "because she spoke with the whiteness of purity, and lived in faithful and constant observance of her vows."

THE MISSION OF THE SAINT.

When St. Beuno left her, his mission to the vale of Sechnant being finished, he led her to the fountain, and,

placing her upon a stone at the water's edge, which is still preserved, and is known as St. Beuno's stone, thus addressed her: "My child, the Lord intends this place for thee. I must now depart. He provided another home for me. To thee three gifts are given which will hand down thy memory to the devotion of posterity."

Firstly, the stones which were stained with her blood should never lose their crimson colour, but should thus forever commemorate her martyrdom. This prophecy, as all visitors to the Well can testify, has been very literally fulfilled, though men of science attribute the colour of the stones not to miracle, but to the growth upon them of a minute red fungus.

Secondly, whoever should three times implore her help in sickness or misfortune should at the third time obtain his request, unless opposed to the Divine will. Should the third petition be in vain the petitioner might set his house in order and prepare for death. Instances in which, as predicted, at the third time the prayer has been granted are considerable in number, and many of them well attested. The proportion of failures is, of course, very much larger than the proportion of successes, and I have no doubt a great majority have gone away disappointed. At the same time it should be borne in mind that there is no *time* element named in the prophecy, and the Saint's dictum, "Then let him invoke thy assistance to prepare for death," may simply signify that the patient has nothing else in particular to look forward to.

Thirdly, St. Beuno informed her that on leaving Sechnant he intended to dwell on the sea-shore at some place which he did not name, and which we now know to have been on the coast of Carnarvonshire, where he founded a monastery in 616. He was anxious, however, to obtain occasional tidings of her, and desired that she would every year, with her maidens, weave for him a cloak, which she was to place on the stone upon which she was then sitting, and which now lies, and perhaps has long lain at the bottom of the water. The stream would carry the cloak to the river, and the river to the sea, and the sea would wash it to the future home of St. Beuno. The prediction of this miracle was, we are told, fulfilled, and every year St. Beuno received his cloak, which, in spite of the conditions of its journey, was never wet, neither by the sea which brought it to him, nor by the rain which fell when he was wearing it, so that he was for ever after known as St. Beuno of the Dry Cloak.

THE WELL.

My friend, Dr. Green, supplies a description of the village of Holywell, to which it is needless for me to add. On arriving we naturally began by visiting the Well itself, and in a few minutes we began to feel that we were already absorbing something of the local colour. The spring is situated symmetrically in the middle of the beautiful crypt, which we owe to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII., and to Catherine of Aragon. The spring rises to the surface with great force, and immediately forms a pool, part of which, lying outside of the arches supporting the dome-shaped roof, forms a piscina, and then, passing underground, flows outside of the crypt into a rectangular basin, known as the bathing-place, and which is surrounded by dressing-boxes.

Little groups of people were drinking water from the cups which hang from the surrounding pillars, and filling cans and bottles with the Holy Water for the use of others unable to leave home, or too feeble to come to the Well itself.

Beyond the piscina is a shrine, lavishly adorned with flowers and candles, and we noticed one poor girl, who had

been bathing her crippled limbs in the piscina, still kneeling barefoot before the enthroned image.

The arches supporting the crypt have been filled in recently, probably in the interests of privacy. Those between it and the bath were, at the moment, closed up by rough wooden doors, as the men were bathing there.

There was something strange in the whole atmosphere of the scene; something which made us feel that our distance from accustomed sights was not to be measured by the six hours of our journey from London; something so stirring and suggestive, that one felt it to be hardly possible to place one's self in the proper condition of æsthetic receptivity during the little stir and bustle of the talking groups, and we devoted ourselves at once to the human element in the scene, preferring to postpone the reception of merely artistic impressions.

A SUCCESSFUL CURE.

The women were busily discussing the case of a remarkable cure which had been performed the day before, upon a certain Katie Long, of whose name we at once made a memorandum, in the hope of finding her later on. The interest for us in their talk lay, not only in the degree of sympathy with which they viewed the case itself, but in the perception of the encouragement and hope with which it inspired them in regard to the person on whose behalf they were present. They seemed to take a personal pride in doing the honours of a place, to which, so far as we could discover, they had themselves been strangers but a few days before. They showed us a group of crutches in one corner and eagerly counted their number, forty-five; they showed us the little twisted boots, left behind it is alleged, by the mothers of children cured of their deformities, and various surgical instruments, full of horrible suggestions, which hung grotesquely from the elaborate gothic vaulting which supports the centre of the roof, as well as endless inscriptions carved upon the rough stone walls.

Some of these we deciphered with some pains. In one place the date of 1595 was clearly visible, though the initials which had formerly surrounded it were indecipherable. "B. M., 1604," we read in one place. The reading of "Nicholas Pennant, 1609," gave us some little trouble. "F. P. (or F.), 1629," appeared in another place. A somewhat elaborately carved "A. W., 1610," was easily traced. "D. A.," surmounted by an ornate "I.H.S.," was without date, but appeared to be of some antiquity. "W.M., 1621," "Crugan, 1795," "J. D. Ruthin, 1754," "J. Camden, 1794," the letters "G. E.," separated by a cross over some heraldic device, probably a lion rampant—all these we made out with very little difficulty. "J. M. Carew, Esq., Meath, W., Cured here Oct. 30, 1831," was an inscription still quite fresh. The name of Pennant we found more than once. "T. Smith, Manchester, 1808," carved with care and detail, was pathetic in its very contrast to the dignity of its surroundings. Above these hung in gay colouring of red and blue and gold the inscription, perhaps from some points of view as grotesque, from others infinitely suggestive, "St. Winifride Admirable Virgin, even in this unbelieving age still pray for us."

Returning to the outside we found the detail of the stone carving as exquisite in its finish of detail, and perhaps more perfect in preservation than within. The frequent recurrence of the rose and portcullis recall associations of Westminster Abbey and King's College, Cambridge, and carvings of cows, dragons, and fabulous monsters remind one of the much earlier decoration of Glastonbury Abbey.

THE HOSPICE.

In the afternoon we visited the Hospice, a large airy building, absolutely destitute of any ornament except a profusion of flowers and a great many cheap but well-chosen prints upon the wall.

We were very courteously received by the kind Sisters, in spite of the fact that they were obviously worn-out with the sudden demands upon their hospitality. Down-stairs, tables and benches were arranged even in the passages and outside in the court-yard, so as to make all possible accommodation; and over-head beds were placed wherever beds would go. In one of the women's dormitories a huge pile of mattresses and blankets, ready to arrange in extra corners, testified to the capacity of the Sisters for meeting emergencies. "We used to keep a little room on the second floor to rest ourselves and be quiet in," one of them told us, "but we can't spare either time or space now! We say our office in here;" and she opened the door of a tiny room at the head of the stairs, which, as she added, was within call for everyone.

CURED OF DUMBNESS.

The show visitor was, of course, the little deaf and dumb girl, cured the day before, and we were very glad to talk with her. She seemed unusually bright and intelligent—by no means the typical "hysterical" patient—and was radiant over her recovery. "We must take your portrait," we said to her, "and we shall give one to the Sisters here, for you have no crutch or bandage to leave to St. Winifride."

"I'm going to leave my ear-rings, please, Sister," she said simply, turning from us to the Sister in charge, and fingering the little gold rings in her ears, probably her only possession of any value.

We asked for her history. Her father was a "knocker-up" in Wigan, and she had a sister who had brought her to Holy well. Her name was Katie Long, and she was in service at Wigan. Her master had a dairy. Yes, it had been very awkward being dumb in service, especially with children to mind. She had had to write down everything. We ascertained that she could write and spell very well, and wondered how she had been taught, as she had been "years" in service.

She was in service when she became dumb, three years ago. She had been sent up-stairs in the dark, and she "saw something," and had never spoken since. I longed for details, but compassion prevailed even over Borderland interests, and, having all the circumstances in mind, I did not press my inquiries. The doctor had said "it had come with a fright, and might go with a fright."

No, she had not been really frightened at the water. It was the second time of bathing when she "felt queer," and the *globus hystericus* (she called it a "loomp o' soom'at") seemed to rise in her throat, and she went to her sister and said, "I'm all right now."

Of course one knows that such a case is one of mere hysteria, but it is none the less an occasion for rejoicing and sympathy. Here is no idle, fine lady, invalided by vanity and self-consciousness, but a poor little child, incapacitated at eleven years old, handicapped in that weary struggle for life into which she had already plunged; and when we have called the whole affair "mere self-suggestion," though we may have explained the process, we have, happily, not explained it away.

Others we saw. A blind man from Cumberland, brought all the way by a little grand-daughter—a fairy-like, dainty little creature—both grotesquely excited over the fact that he had been included in a photograph of the bath by the gentleman of our party, in a costume somewhat incomplete.

He was supremely anxious to possess himself of a copy, though what satisfaction a blind man expected to derive from such a possession we failed to discover. However, we took his address, and he has his wish by now.

OTHER PATIENTS.

We noticed that several came from Bolton, the result, we were told, of a cure earlier in the season, of a woman from that town, who had been paralysed from injury in a railway accident at Christmas. She had been carried down helpless to the Well, and had walked back! We talked with several who had come crippled with rheumatism and paralysis; and, as we looked at their bent figures and distorted limbs, we realised that it needed a strong faith to take an open-air bath in deep, cold water, for those unable to swim or take subsequent exercise, but they all said, hopefully, others had been cured, and why not they?

One fragile, anaemic girl, weakened by long nursing of a crippled mother, now dead, seemed full of hope. She bathed twice a day, and felt better already. I blamed myself for being unable to repress a sympathetic shiver as I looked at her bloodless face and touched her ice-cold hand. I begged her to keep out of doors in the sunshine, but we saw her later continually standing about the chilly crypt, inch-deep in the water that is constantly splashed upon the floor. The Well seemed to fascinate her.

One poor woman, unable when we saw her, to raise herself in bed, had come all the way from Edinburgh, and had been carried down to the bath the day before. Her faith seemed so pathetically strong that we rendered her such service as we could by added suggestions, and assured her very emphatically of certain amelioration. She had injured herself by over-fatigue three years before, and had been gradually losing power in her limbs ever since.

We considered it a serious duty to emphasise suggestion in any direction that seemed likely to influence the sufferers. A group of mothers discussed the condition of the poor, wasted, distorted little children on their knees. Saint Winifride was always good to children, they said; had we not seen the little twisted boots, so many of them, that hung as trophies of cure at the Well? Many of the children were already ever so much better. We heartily echoed the Saint Winifride theory, and passed on to a group of men who had possessed themselves of an analysis of the water. Most of the ingredients were outside of their experience; but iron, they ascertained, was present, and that was a capital thing. I did not remind them that the total proportion of metallic matter (alumina, silver, and iron) was 0.875 grains in an imperial gallon, but cordially agreed in the importance of the presence of iron.

They belonged to some depressing dissenting community, and had no opinion of St. Winifride and papists in general, though I noticed they were glad enough to accept the "papists'" hospitality.

A great many were occupied in writing letters to their friends, and some, blind perhaps, or crippled in their hands, were dictating to others. Everywhere we heard the same tune, that of hope achieved, or of hope waiting, and expectant.

A very intelligent, interesting man, a veritable giant, sat silent in a corner nursing a tiny kitten. We had passed him once before, and had noticed him as irresponsible to friendly greeting. For the first time I observed now that his fine eyes were sightless. I stroked the kitten, and deplored her puny condition. "T'kit ought to go to 't well," he said, in welcome West Riding accents. "She's main good is Winifride."

"I hope she's been good to you?" I asked in some doubt. "Main good," he answered brightly, "I've been

i' watter, an' I've prayed, an' happen I'm a bit more peart like, but it doan't mak' no differ to the eyes, and so now I knaw the wull o' the Lord." And he gently stroked the little kitten with great powerful hands, surely meant for work in the world.

ST. WINIFRIDE AND THE "BRUTE ANIMALS."

I regret now that I could not quote to him the words of St. Beuno which I have learned since, when in his parting charge to the Saint, he said, "Brute animals will not lose their share of these benefits, for God's clemency will so rest upon this place that great miracles will be wrought here for the honour of your name."

The very existence of the horses that toil up and down the hills of Holywell is a daily miracle I ached at witnessing!

In the evening, we learnt there was to be a procession round the well preceded by a service and followed by adoration of the relic.

THE RELIC.

This, by the way, is a very small fraction of the person of the Saint herself. After her final demise in 660 she was buried close by the convent of Gwytherin in the next county, over which she had long ruled, but was translated to Shrewsbury about 1136 under romantic circumstances, related at some length by Robert of Shrewsbury, but which, for lack of space, cannot here be particularised.

That very destructive period, from habit called "The Reformation," scattered her remains with the exception of one finger, which was long preserved in the Powys family, but presented at the beginning of the last century to the Pope.

In 1852 half of this was returned to England (one speculates as to what proportion of three unequal joints is considered as half!), and was divided between Shrewsbury and Holywell.

The ceremony began by a short, earnest, practical address from Father Beauclerk, the priest in charge of the Mission. It was one from which Christians of any denomination might receive practical profit, and was wholly free from excitement or any undue stimulus of the emotions of the people. Very little was said of miracle, much of prayer and personal effort, and the very lesson which the blind man in the Hospice had received was suggested—that spiritual cures were to be looked for rather than bodily. The pilgrims were reminded of the traditions as to the special sanctity of certain spots, especially St. Beuno's Stone (which was at all events hallowed as the scene of many prayers), and of what is known as St. Winifride's Stone. This last, we were reminded, being part of the building erected eight centuries after her death, could not really be associated with the Saint any more than could the red stones said to be sprinkled with her blood. But they had their value as reminders of the sacred example of her life. Saint Beuno's Stone had probably been coeval with the original building.

THE PROCESSION.

Then all not intending to join in the procession were required to stand back. The path round the pool was very narrow, and we thought ourselves fortunate in gaining a little recess by the side of the bathing cabins. The stones beneath our feet were inch deep in water, there was not room to pay any attention to the state of our dresses or of our shoes. All the crowd carried candles and I knew that one was singeing my hair, and another dripping down my

companion's back. Very little movement in our rear would precipitate us into the pool.

An image of the Saint was carried in front, then followed priests and acolytes,—bright little boys in scarlet, whose enthusiasm pleased us. Next the Sisters, with gentle faces and downcast eyes, after them some school-girls from the convent, whose conduct aroused in us the passing hope (repeated on all occasions in which they figured) that they were not supposed to represent the "devout virgins" who followed the Saint! Next the choir, mostly amateur, untrained but zealous, though we could have wished one powerful soprano voice had been absent. Thus we watched and criticised.

THE PILGRIMS.

And then came the pilgrims, and all thought of small annoyances and discomforts was swept away by the great wave of human sympathy that surged over us. There, in presence of the infinite pathos of human suffering and poverty, one must needs be reverent and mute. One after another, as the sufferers passed by, there arose before us visions of the sad drama of their lives, of their patience, and that other virtue, scarcely less, the patience for and with them, of their friends; of the little domestic tragedies, of sacrifice to make their journey possible, of months of toil silently added to the weight of some already over-burdened life; visions of humble homes the lonelier for the absence of the pilgrims—homes in which all else was forgotten in overwhelming anxiety for the issue of this, "the last chance"; of homes desolated by that saddest of all human spectacles, the helplessness of the strong—the bread-winner incapacitated, the active house-wife crippled—bright eyes and eager hands become blind or feeble; that awful burden of the weak flesh upon the willing spirit!

Each pilgrim had been supplied with a lighted candle, but in many cases we observed that some attendant friend was carrying it as well as his own. Some of the cripples were too much occupied with their crutches to spare a hand for the tapers, some of the blind and maimed were unable to hold them, here and there was the sad spectacle of a sufferer so helpless as to occupy the entire attention of a friend; in such cases, so far as we observed, both candles were carried by proxy.

One little picture we can never forget—a weary pale-faced mother carrying a child, an infant in proportions, a sage in dignity of demeanour. In the tiny face of a baby of a few months there shone a pair of star-like lustrous eyes out of which, as it seemed, there gazed a soul imprisoned in torture. He sat erect, his tiny hand holding a lighted candle, which he carried with perfect steadiness and apparent comprehension.

We came to know him later, he was one of twins, and three years old. The pair (the other was a fine healthy little fellow) were called St. Aloysius and St. Ignatius. "If ever there was a saint on earth, it's Alo-issius," his mother told us. "He's got the ways and the looks of the saint himself. The Sisters say so. There never was such a child! Five and sixpence a week he's cost me ever since he began teething and I ain't tired of him yet." That child fascinated us. He would sit serene and dignified in unspeakable melancholy on a little seat devised for him among the votive crutches. Now and then the tiny face would pucker in pain or weariness, but no cry ever escaped him. Saint Winifride had been good, we were told, to Alo-issius, he had a fine mouthful of teeth! We asked ourselves, how was it unless in sympathy with the wondrous mother love, that imprisoned soul was not released?

Now and then, some poor cripple would stumble, or a blind pilgrim go too near the edge of the water, or a candle

would be extinguished in the draught. Then willing hands would be outstretched to help, even the most suffering seemed always ready to help each other; not a sign of distress was to be observed, the very children never uttered a cry.

Thrice the procession passed through an archway of the crypt and around the pool beyond, returning through the further archway, and then through the crypt round the well, and out again as at first.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE RELIC.

Then all who could press in returned to the crypt, the space about the well and the steps and portico being all crowded by those unable to gain access. Beside the arch used for the exit of the procession is a small shrine profusely decorated with flowers and lights. In front, at a simple *prie-Dieu*, knelt Father Beauclerk. The service began by the recitation of the Litany of St. Winifride. At first the responses were made chiefly by the choir. At first others, perhaps, as well as ourselves, unfamiliar with the petitions, may have been startled at the mediæval quaintness of their language.

When the priest chanted—

O bright example of Chastity—O radiant star—O fairest flower of the British nation; it was the little acolytes whose voices most audibly responded at each pause, "*Pray for us.*"

But at—

"O hope and relief of distressed pilgrims," many voices took up the response and few were silent at—

"That we may be delivered from sickness, accident, and sudden death," or at—

"That God of His abundant mercy may vouchsafe to bless this our pilgrimage."

Then, accompanied the whole time by the singing of hymns, the veneration of the relic began. The hymns were well chosen, being for the most part familiar to Romanists and Anglicans alike. There were, however, two special "hymns of Winifride" that were new to us. These are both very spirited versions of the legend, one being sung with appropriateness rather than grace, to the tune of the *Men of Harlech*.

The arrangements were excellent; it was difficult to understand how, without the smallest show of officialism, such perfect order was kept under the conditions of extreme crowding.

There was not the smallest sign of excitement, though one felt in each sense, the living pulsation of sympathy and feeling. Slowly, one by one, the pilgrims approached the *prie-Dieu*, knelt for one moment, kissed the relic and passed out. Many would also point out to the Father a wish to have the seat of their maladies touched. Quick to catch these indications, he would lay it for a moment on eye or ear, or suffering limb, with a readiness of sympathy which the sufferers could not fail to appreciate.

On this occasion, as well as on others, we felt very forcibly that from whatever cause the promise to St. Winifride, of the spiritual blessings that should attend those faithful to her, was fulfilled to the uttermost. Looking into the faces of the hundreds who for themselves, or vicariously, performed this simple act of faith, one could not fail to remember yet another promise, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." The same look of child-like faith, of open-heartedness, of simple expectation of the gift, was upon each, and even if their maladies were not removed, surely few that evening went empty away. Many there were—blind, crippled, trembling—to whom even so simple

an act would have been one of difficulty had it not been for the ready helpfulness of all around.

During the whole time—and the scene lasted over an hour—I sat and watched the faces of the pilgrims as they filed past, young and old, sick and well, men and women, all with the same rapt look of expectation! We discussed afterwards the question, what would be the effect of the probable reaction, would the last state of the disappointed be worse than the first? For myself, I think not. I believe that the promise of healing would be in one way or other in its degree fulfilled. There is a fine old Persian proverb, "Hold all skirts of thy mantle when heaven is raining gold," and some share of the golden shower of hope, or resignation, or strength, or capacity for effort, or bodily cure awaited each.

SUNDAY IN HOLYWELL.

Sunday was a gloriously bright day. My friend went early to the well to see the women bathing. I was coward enough to await her report, for I dreaded a spectacle that might be full of horror, and I attended the early Mass instead. She came back regretful at my absence, and assuring me of what I afterwards found to be the case, that one easily overcomes the first shock of fastidious dislike in the intense interest of the scene and the possibilities of being of use.

We discussed her experiences in the little steep graveyard which encloses St. Winifride's Chapel, behind which stands the parish church, a small stone building with a short square tower, of no interest or antiquity.

Sitting in the green churchyard that sunny June morning, we could look over into the hilly street, which, beginning far above us, led down to the crypt beneath our feet. Great numbers of pilgrims and persons interested thronged the winding street or awaited the midday service at the well.

The scene was perfectly orderly and quiet; from first to last we were impressed by the reverent stillness of the place, perhaps the more striking when we remembered that for hundreds present this was perhaps the first holiday from pit or loom, of any duration, for several years.

It was a stillness, not of indifference, but of expectation—almost of tension. The bathing, with its attendant excitement, was but just over; last night's exhibition of relics was fresh in the mind; to-day's procession, though to the Roman Catholics present a more or less familiar act of faith, was looked forward to by the larger proportion of Protestants as something strange—almost miraculous.

In the distance, from the many dissenting chapels which alternate with public-houses in Holywell, came sounds of vigorous, if somewhat unmusical, worship. The little Roman church, almost bare in its simplicity—no one can accuse the Mission here of extravagance or ornateness of ritual—was perched high above us; nevertheless, many empty chairs about the doors testified to the efforts made by the helpless to complete the Novena urged upon them, while the constant tapping of crutches on the pavement intimated that yet more were climbing the steep hillside. We could see the overflow gathered about the doors, women and children on the steps, men standing in silent groups below.

We watched, too, the respectable townsfolk as they entered the church beside which we sat, and where we proposed to join them, according to Sunday morning custom, presently. We were very anxious to see what share our own Mother Church was taking in all the work done at Holywell, what was her special form of ministrations to the hungering and thirsting, expectant in mind.

and body, and soul. It is but seldom that such an opportunity presents itself, seldom that the unemotional British working man or woman comes before us with open-hearted unity of aim, and obviousness of intention, as now; tender and receptive with an emotion which is individual, not cosmic, which arises from no party or political sentiment, but has its roots in the sanctities of family and home.

All over England, from many a village church, thousands of prayers would go up that morning from hard-working men and women like themselves, from those to whom health and strength mean all else that life can hold for themselves and others—mean work and bread, and the possibility of loving ministration to the old, and the children, and the feeble, and the poor.

We would tear ourselves away from the scene before us, with all its suggestiveness and teaching, and we, too, would join, as is our Sunday morning wont, that prayer of hundreds of thousands—

"Finally, we commend to Thy Fatherly goodness all those who are anyway afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate, that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions."

We passed out of the sunshine into the church beyond, into an atmosphere eminently clean, respectable and orthodox, but hideous, bare, and cold. It was half empty. Not a single flower suggested acknowledgment of the Festival, not a hint of any occasion of special interest; and a printed notice announced a sermon and collection for the Church Missionary Society!

Since the hour when, on our way from the station, we had found ourselves in the crypt, had stood beside the well under its grey stone canopy, and among the groups of patient, suffering humanity, we had been conscious of some share in the emotions of our surroundings, of an atmosphere of energy, self-conquest, and exaltation.

For the moment all was quenched! Unspoken indifference, perhaps contempt for it all, was in the air. "We have seen it all before," one seemed to hear, "it is the story of the Ages. Men must work, and women must weep. Let us hear about the missionaries in Honolulu."

We did not remain. It seemed like passing out of a sunrise sky into a gas-lighted, suburban villa. I felt some sympathy for the member of our party, who observed, undoubtedly with shallowness and prejudice, "If ever I join the Church of Rome I shall date my perversion from that Church Missionary Society sermon!"

Empty as we knew it to be, alas! there would be more of sympathy for our mood in the deserted chapel of Saint Winifride, and I had been longing, ever since we came, to penetrate behind its close-locked doors. After some delay an obliging sexton procured the key, and, descending several steps, we found ourselves in this miniature specimen of Henry VII. architecture.

The proportions are extremely beautiful; the east end is a pentagonal apse, and has five windows with graceful tracery. The details of all the carving are very fine, both in wood and stone; but by way of practical illustration of the decadence of reverence and taste, everything is covered thick in dirty whitewash, the floor is decaying, the walls are scrawled and defaced in every direction, and even the hideous deal benches, which are all the furniture contained, are broken and disorderly.

We were told that there would be a service in Welsh here in the evening. We hoped that some ventilation would be effected first, and thankfully regained the shade of the chestnut trees.

Hundreds besides ourselves, sons and daughters of our Mother Church, lacked ministration that day, or sought

refuge, as did we, in a strange communion, where at least we found recognition of the common brotherhood of those who were passing, each one alone, through a crisis, in which perhaps more than in most, they had need of human fellowship.

The history of Saint Winifride's Chapel is somewhat complex. The original building was presented, in 1093, by the Countess of Chester to the monastery of that city. In 1240, David Prince of Wales, gave it to the monks of Basingwerk. The present building, of 1495 or thereabouts, seems to have escaped much injury at the Reformation, and in 1625 we have proof that it had then been for twenty years in the care of a certain Father Bennett (or Price) of the Society of Jesuits. In 1686 it was definitely made over by the King to the Fathers of the Mission, it having apparently been secularised in the meanwhile. At the Revolution it seems to have been again desecrated, but of the facts of its subsequent history, or how it ever came to be considered town property, I can find no record. Its present condition is, from every point of view, deplorable.

The ceremony of kissing the relic and the procession round the well was practically, except for an increase in numbers, the same as on Saturday night. There were more clergy, including the Bishop of Shrewsbury, and there were many more pilgrims and patients. We did not remain when we had once satisfied ourselves that there would be no new features—we desired no after-touches to the previous picture.

THE BATHING.

On Monday morning I went for the first time to watch the bathing. A thousand pilgrims of the Guild of Ransom were expected to arrive at Holywell at mid-day, and special services had been arranged for them. As all able-bodied pilgrims were to join a procession organized to meet them, the bathing was arranged at an early hour. We arrived at the well before eight o'clock, however, and soon found ourselves among old friends. Nearly all the women and children we had talked to at the Hospice, and many whom we had remarked in the procession were already there, in every variety of bathing costume.

The floor of the crypt was an inch deep in water from the drippings of the bathing-gowns, for the ceremony began, in the case of nearly all those at all able to walk, by a preliminary dip in the piscina, where St. Winifride's stone was duly kissed. Then, with bare feet and dripping garments, shivering with cold, the women made their way, one by one, to the *prie-Dieu*, in front of the shrine, where they would remain in prayer for a few minutes, many audibly entreating help for themselves and others. Then, perhaps, back to the well to drink, or to dip again, and finally, when their courage was sufficiently aroused, across the damp cold flags into the pool itself.

Still and green and cold it looked in that morning hour, but bravely the poor creatures plunged in. Little children were carried down in the arms of their mothers, or sometimes even by compassionate strangers. Helpless cripples were brought one by one by two men, one of whom I think I identified as my blind giant of the Hospice, "Pat" they called him, and it was touching to see how confident the poor helpless women seemed to be in his strong arms.

A few of the friends of the patients remained, as we did, on dry ground, ready to help those who needed it, for many were too feeble or too sorely crippled to go out of arm's reach of the platform above.

St. Beuno's stone, which lay at the foot of the steps, just under water, was the sacred spot to which all, sooner or later, resorted. Sometimes four or five clinging together would say a rosary, each with perhaps one foot on the

stone, and then, with fresh courage, would plunge again into the water, leaving the coveted spot for others.

Now and then some poor helpless creature, near to fainting, would cry out for support, and all were more than ready to give help to others weaker than themselves. One woman, who had the great advantage of being able to swim, remained in the water for at least an hour, solely, as far as we could discover, to be of use.

Never a single word of complaint was heard, all were helpful, hopeful, strong, for themselves and others.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

We were very anxious to be of use, and were glad of many opportunities for advising and helping. But our main idea was to sing our little part in the general chorus of suggestion, the suggestion of encouragement, example, and hope. We listened in reverent silence while the rosary was being told; we urged the example of others already brave in the consciousness of having made the first plunge; and, above all, we encouraged every suggestion of cure accomplished.

My friend found one patient whom she had already helped on an earlier occasion, who was an excellent illustration of the value of suggestion. We knew her by sight in Holywell, a poor, feeble, young woman, with dragging limbs and trembling gait. Before we left we saw her walking briskly up and down the hills at a pace many a Londoner would have envied. When she came out of the water the poor creature shivered so that she could not stand, and was with difficulty got into the dressing cabin. My friend rubbed some warmth into her, accompanying her efforts with verbal suggestions.

"I have often cured people by rubbing—can't you feel the life coming back? Now, when I have counted ten your limbs will not shake any more. Now I will hold your head still in my warm hands for a minute [it was shaking like an aspen leaf], when I release it, it will be perfectly steady. Now you are quite able to dress yourself, then you will feel quite strong, and will walk home comfortably."

Every suggestion was obeyed implicitly, and over and over again we found the value of treatment of this kind.

I had at first a heterodox longing to fetch a spirit lamp, and distribute cups of hot comforting tea to some of the old and feeble as they emerged from their dressing-rooms, but suppressed the guilty thought and distributed suggestions instead. It was not for me to interfere with a treatment the results of which were in so many cases immediate and beneficial.

There were, of course, certain cases which I watched with anxiety—I had almost said with *agony*. However, all the patients in the Hospice were under medical supervision, and I am bound to say that in no single instance did we hear of evil effects.

Hope, as every doctor and nurse knows, is a more potent tonic than any they can administer, and self-forgetfulness, even yet more strong for good, mental and physical, is never so vigorous as when learnt in the service of others.

CAUSES OF CURE.

I have left to an abler pen than mine the task of discussing the causes of the cures of which I was a mere outside observer. The case of Hannah Goddard, detailed by Dr. Green, has also been discussed in the pages of the *Lancet* for March 16th last. I have not seen this article in the original, but I find a translation of it in the *Revue*

de l'Hypnotisme for April. The account we are able to give is, of course, still later, but if Dr. Oliver, the author of the article, will forgive a translation of a translation, I should like to quote a single passage.

It is difficult to appreciate at their true value the effects of the immersion of the whole body in a well of cold water exposed to the air on a November morning, upon a person not habituated to, nor prepared for, such treatment, but it is certain that such effects must be considerable. The evil caused by lack of will-power, and the cure which such lack prevents, may be corrected by violent impressions, moral and physical. It is not the first time that the sudden contact of cold water upon the entire body—and that without a journey to Holywell—has reawakened a dormant nervous energy, and has been followed by results as satisfactory and permanent as the "miraculous cure" of the patient in question.

RELIGIOUS SUGGESTION.

It is only just to consider the question from all sides, and I should like to say, in conclusion, one word on the question of suggestion from the religious point of view. A novel of no particular merit called "Samson," by a Miss MacMillan, and published by the Clarion Newspaper Company, gives a picture of religious excitement at Holywell, which, as far as our experience goes, is utterly inconsistent with facts.

Even when the little town was literally crowded with pilgrims, we witnessed no religious excitement whatever. Even on occasions so picturesque as the blessing of the well and the veneration of the relic, though the emotion of the crowd was obvious enough, it was so absolutely restrained that a careless observer might have considered it entirely lacking.

The good Father, though ready to help all who sought him—weary and exhausted as we often perceived him to be—had yet *to be sought* in Chapel or Presbytery; we never once met him, or any of his assistants, engaging in any sort of propaganda.

The sisters never once, while we were there, assisted at the bathing-place, and we regretted, and were even inclined to reproach them for, their absence. However, sorely as help was needed there, it was perhaps even more essential that they should not neglect their onerous duties of nurses and housewives in the Hospice.

Except for those who desired it, there was no attempt whatever made to emphasize the religious aspect. All that there was of sympathy, of hospitality, of charity was done, I am ashamed to say, solely by our Sister Church; but except for those who wished it otherwise, it was done not in the name of the Church, but of humanity. The well is rented from the town by the Jesuit Fathers, but it is open to all alike at a nominal charge, and even at the Hospice, necessity and not religious opinion, is the passport to hospitality.

Holywell has been called the Welsh Lourdes, but in the aspect we have just been considering, the difference between the two places is, if M. Zola is to be believed, immense. In appreciating the emotional atmosphere of the place we have to discount neither for religious frenzy nor southern sentiment.

But, as says good old Butler in his *Lives of the Saints*, "As such extraordinary miracles are to be received with veneration when authentically attested, so are they not to be lightly admitted; and, as we know not what vouchers the writer of this saint's life had for these miracles, the credibility of them is left to everyone's discretion."

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON ST. WINIFRIDE'S WELL.

BY DR. THEODORE GREEN.

IN BORDERLAND* last year there appeared an outline of the history of and work done at this twelve-hundred-year-old shrine of healing. I made a pilgrimage there last May in search of—"Truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The ancient name for the valley in which both town and well are situate was *Sech-Nant*, the dry valley, but that was before the days of St. Winifride. I believe that there is a germ of truth in every fairy tale and legend, however improbable they may sound. An interesting article might be written to prove this assertion, but that is another story.

NATURAL ORIGIN OF THE WELL.

However, of the origin of this well, one account relates that when St. Winifride's head fell to the ground (*See BORDERLAND I.*, p. 543), there was an earthquake, and the water gushed out of the ground at that spot. Now the nature of the ground here is *carboniferous limestone*, as in Derbyshire, where we know there are underground streams, like that in the Speedwell mine. What more likely than that some pent-up stream ever struggling to be free, at last burst its way through to the surface at this very spot? Certain it is that the volume of water remains the same all



THE HOSPICE.

the year round, or rather century after century. It remains at nearly the same temperature, 54° to 58° Fahr., from winter to summer.†

ST. WINIFRIDE'S BLOOD AND HAIR.

It is said that the blood of the martyred Saint has permanently coloured the stones within the well. In a small Catholic book on the place, it is rightly mentioned that this blood-red appearance is due to *Janearubra*, and other species of *algæ*. The same kind of red stones are often found near low water mark at the sea-side. The "hair" of St. Winifride, which festoons the sides of the piscina, is

merely a green slime that is often found in wells that are not properly cleaned.

Mr. Stead aptly speaks of this well as a modern "Pool of Siloam." But while in the former case the pilgrims had to wait for the "troubling" of the waters, and then only the first one in was cured, at Holywell the "cures" may go on all the time, for the water is always "troubled." Looking down into the well, one can see the water bubbling up in a very lively manner at all seasons. After fine weather the water is of a beautiful green colour, transparent as crystal, but it gets very turbid after heavy rain. When I saw it, it was of a chalky green colour, and very opaque.

ANCIENT HOLYWELL.

A word may not be out of place here about the ancient town of Holywell. It lies a few miles west of Chester, on the south-west bank of the estuary of the Dee, population 3,000. It is a quaint little town straggling two miles up the hill from its railway station.

I advise any visitor to take one of the sixpenny

* Vol. I., p. 543.

† I am indebted to my friend, Mr. G. H. Morton, F.G.S., of Liverpool, for the following information:—"The chief solid ingredient of the water is lime. There is a good description of the well in the 'Proceedings of the Geological Society, Liverpool,' Vol. I., p. 83, by Robert Bostock. About 1874 the Halkyn Drainage system was undertaken. Prior to this drainage the quantity of water given by the well was 6,336,000 gallons in 24 hours; since then the volume has been about half. Mr. Morton is of opinion that the water of the well may find its way for some 20 miles from the north and south, through fissures and swallow-holes in the limestone, and that most of it comes from the river Alyn near Mold."

omnibuses that meet all trains, as the walk up to the town is not pleasant. A good broad road leads winding along through a poverty-stricken neighbourhood. On the one hand we see manufactories closed and fast tumbling into ruins, the waters of the miraculous spring running unheeded past their now unused waterwheels; and on the other, miserable little houses of considerable antiquity, showing many patches at divers hands. As your 'bus climbs slowly up the hill, the inhabitants come out of their dens, like those "strange creepy creatures" in the "Hunting of the Snark," and "gaze on with wondering eyes," having apparently little else to do. Such a rambling old-fashioned

place it is: there is a thatched barn, whose roof supports the life of a yard-long sycamore tree; here and there is a chapel, from which on Sundays you shall hear strange sounds of an unknown tongue, in curious inflection, now dying away like the wind in the trees, then crescendo fortissimo till you wonder how one man's voice can do it all—and then a hymn sung by lusty tuneful voices, singing as if the hymn belonged to them, much differing from the cultured choirs in some churches where the congregation have nought to do but stand, look on and yawn, or wax sentimental. Then you see a clock set over the gate of a disused copper-works, telling the time of a by-gone day long past; at one end of the building, the manager's house looking desolate with smokeless chimneys and broken

of slates, fastened together with large daubs of mortar. Next, a reeking flannel factory with foul sluices, and then a brewery.

THE WELL.

Till presently you pass a tall cliff with a row of tiny hovels set in the face of it, and just across the road evidence of an older and more substantial architecture, for you are at the well itself, with Protestant Church some 600 years old built over it. Here, as the 'bus stops, you will see the blind, halt, maimed, curious, indifferent, devout, incredulous, beggars in rags, tourists in the latest things in knickers and odd-patterned stockings, and the ubiquitous Kodak, loafing about the keeper's wicket, or going inside to see what the fates or blessed St. Winifride have in store for them. Here the pious may buy Catholic trinkets, medals, photos, and pamphlets, reciting the wonders done by the all-powerful Virgin and Martyr. But I advise you to journey on for the present up the hill, now grown steeper than ever, through clouds of dust and fume of suffering humanity, past the Hospice, now more than double the size it was last year, but yet not large enough; and *vis-à-vis* with it is the brand-new large school and lecture-hall just raised "A.M.D.G." and also to the glory of "W.V.M.," by the untiring energy of the courteous Jesuit Superior, Father Beauclerk, these standing cheek-by-jowl with more hovels, and quaint hostelrys, inscribed with the modern legend, "Tea, Refreshments, and Hot Water."

Then you turn a corner, past whitewashed and thatched—are they barns or houses?—and just as you think you will soon be in the midst of green fields and overgrown hedgerows along the limestone hillside, you find yourself in High Street, wherein are real shops where you can buy things, and a post office with bi-lingual placards outside,



FATHER BEAUCLEBK.



BATHING AT THE WELL.

windows, but glorified by a big pear tree, whose snowy blossoms cover one entire side. At the further end of the works is a row of former workmen's cottages, only saved from tumbling down by cross-ended iron stanchions running through them, while behind all this is a slime covered mere through which the sacred stream finds its way. Then you come through more steep streets past ill-smelling paper-mills, and houses roofed in with the tiniest



VOTIVE OFFERINGS AT THE SHRINE.

brewery offices, and a good old house or two made straight up and down like a mill, with many windows and well covered with creepers.

THE KING'S HEAD.

And then your sixpenny trip is at an end in front of the comfortable "King's Head." But which King rested his "Head" or "Arms" there, history telleth not: whether it was some heretic Protestant who tried to stop the pilgrimages, or the Catholic second James who journeyed thither once upon a time in his own proper person. Yet the irreverent may well wonder the cause of the latter's visit to this Virgin shrine. Here, I may remark, but do not laugh, that the beer of this land is good; and no wonder, for is it not made just below the well, and its water drawn from that sacred overflowing spring?

Right over the well, I have said, is a church, the Protestant one, the old and new building joining together and enclosed by the burial ground, which looks full enough for comfort.

CASTLE HILL.

And right above this again is the curious mole, "Castle Hill." It is one of nature's castles, being a mound at least 100 feet high in the midst of the valley. No ruin is on it now, but legend is probably correct in ascribing a

British fortified encampment as a crown to it. Now it is crowned by the roomy rambling old mansion of Dr. Williams, whose white hair and courteous manner bespeak one who has lived long for the service of others. Fringing one side of his Castle Hill are some of the noblest beech-trees you will see in a day's journey. One of these has its roots interwoven with those of a well-grown sycamore, and both these diverse trees are flourishing.

THE EXAMPLE OF LOURDES.

Let us now stroll down the hill to the well, and pay the entrance fee—twopence. If you go there during the season, which begins on 22nd June, the Festival of St. Winifride, you will find the service, "Devotions," at noon each day, conducted by Father Beauclerk, who told me he meant to follow the example of Lourdes. He thought that this assembling of the pilgrims together with one accord and with the aid of religious rites attuned their minds and promoted "faith," and therefore gave better results.

An account of the power of religious expectancy induced in the pilgrims at Lourdes by this means is most graphically portrayed by Émile Zola in his book, "Lourdes."

CATHOLICS ADMIT THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

I must, in justice to Catholics, say that they admit the possibility of suggestion or expectancy helping towards cure in some cases, but they certainly believe that many of the cures by the water of this well are due to the miraculous intervention of St. Winifride. Their formula of invocation is: "St. Winifride, most admirable virgin, even in this unbelieving generation still miraculous, pray for us." Father Beauclerk also said he believed that the immunity of the town from epidemics such as typhoid fever was due to her aid.

NO SANITATION.

Holywell is without any sanitary drainage, and also without a water supply. But I was told that these two almost incredible defects may be remedied some day soon. I hope they will. For this unbelieving generation has more faith in Mr. Condy and modern sanitation than in the blessed virgin and martyr, St. Winifride.

THE SPRING BOILS UP FROM THE EARTH.

Well, let us descend the few steps till we are below the level of the high road, but only three or four yards distant from it, and push open the heavy creaking oaken door. There, beneath handsome pointed arches of stone, is the well, about the size of a small room, fenced in with a wall of stone; the water is in perpetual commotion, for it is rising from the bowels of the earth, it is said, at the rate of a 100 tons per minute. Surrounding the well, or suspended from the arches, are many trophies of the healing power of the water, some many years old, others quite recent.

CRUTCHES NO LONGER WANTED.

Crutches and sticks of all sorts and sizes, trusses, children's little boots deformed to match the little feet they once encased, a stiff felt jacket now no longer required to brace the feeble spine, and other appliances of infirmity.

Pilgrims do not bathe in this well, but they dip out cansful of the water and wash their eyes with it, and so on, or else carry it away in tins. The water then flows under a narrow stone partition into the first piscina, which is the size of an ordinary bath. Here, I was told, people often have a dip first before going into the larger bath. Thence,

the water flows under the stone flagging into the larger bath, which is about 25 feet by 10 broad, and some three or four feet deep.

THE STATUE.

Within a groined niche stands a life-size stone statue of the saint holding the palm emblematic of martyrdom in her right hand, her face being of the stereotyped expressionless form of beauty that is common in saints. Here the afflicted ones are to offer their prayers before and after bathing, and many times during it. Surrounding this bath are thirteen dressing-boxes. The bathing apparel is obtained from the keeper of the well. Certain hours are set apart during each day for each sex. I wish the generous would subscribe to provide less worn-out bathing-gowns than those I saw.

THE PISCINA.

Covering the sides of the bath is "St. Winifride's

hair" floating in the water. This is the ordinary green slime that one sees in dark and stagnant pools. The devout take some of this away and bind it on the affected part, or wear it as a charm. It is said never to waste although so freely removed. Anyhow, it soon grows again, as most cryptogamic forms of life do. An attendant informed me that this bath was cleaned out "last Christmas," at Easter, and would be again at Whitsuntide. This is cheering. For I was told at the Hospice that ulcers are often washed and abscesses break therein. Still it is only fair to say that the water is, night and day, continually running through the bath. When the overflow gets outside part of it supplies the motive power for a brewery, and part the Westminster swimming-baths; thence it flows down the valley, turning water-wheels and supplying mill-dams. During the late severe frost neither did the well freeze nor the water that flowed from it.



VILLAGERS FETCHING WATER.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE.

A very good picture of this chief piscina is reproduced from "Sketch" in BORDERLAND, Vol. I., p. 542, but it makes the whole affair appear larger than it really is. I sat there alone one quiet, sunny May afternoon, and invited the *genus loci* to come to me and explain the reason of this curious bit of mediævalism flourishing here in the end of this nineteenth century of an "unbelieving generation." Are "the times out of joint?" thought I. And as I sat I pondered. I seemed possessed with the spirit of the place, and it did not seem so wonderful after all. I realised that, in spite of boasted civilisation and higher education, that the majority of us are simple-minded like children, forgetting science, and seeing only that which is nearest to us, believing that nature is not cruel, and that the gods are nearer than we think, and will hear us when we call.

Meanwhile the great chestnut overshadowing all the place rustled softly in the breeze as with continual prayer, and with long fingers of shade pointed to the healing waters.

CURES.

CASES.—For a shilling you can get a little book descriptive of the ancient legend, and containing cases of cures. See also a pamphlet by Rev. M. Maher, S.J., "Holywell in 1894," containing accounts of authentic cures, some of which are related in BORDERLAND, Vol. I., p. 543, *et seq.*

One "cure" in this pamphlet was printed rather prematurely. On p. 18 Miss Sarah Murphy was said to be cured of a fibroid tumour, which caused great swelling of the abdomen. The evidence is given at great length. In short, competent medical opinion declared that she would die if not operated on. This ordeal she refused, came to the well, bathed once, and lo! all external evidence of the

tumour and swelling was gone! She was not examined medically after her "cure." Dr. Williams, of Holywell, told me that he saw this case subsequently, and then the swelling had returned. The poor woman has since died of her malady, which was not cured at all, perhaps the shock of the cold water rid her of swelling due to flatulence, and by "suggestion" made her feel much better for a time.

Another case mentioned, p. 25, is that of Hannah Goddard, who came to the well 27th November, 1894. She is the one who left the felt jacket, referred to above, as a trophy of her cure. She suffered from great weakness of the spine, and was unable to walk or to hold her head up. She had severe pains, and had lost the sense of touch over the spine and legs. All ordinary medical treatment had failed to relieve her. She was carried into the bath, and after the third immersion declared herself cured, and walked out of the water, and has continued able to walk, and has improved in general health ever since. I have traced her case, partly through the courtesy of Dr. Oliver, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. As luck had it, I was able to see her in the Hospice, where she had come again, just before my visit, to complete her cure. Her old, worn-out jacket was hanging up in the well, labelled to the effect that she owed her cure to St. Winifride. But I was rather startled to find that she was wearing another stiff felt jacket with steel sides. The doctor told her to wear this, she said, as the weather was so cold. But I have no doubt that she could have stood and walked without it. She is now without pain, and sensation has returned. Yet the jacket in the well was calculated to give an erroneous impression. The nature of this case is not difficult

to understand. Long illnesses had weakened her exceedingly, so that at first she held herself upright with difficulty, and I have little doubt that she gradually gave way to this feeling of weakness till, at last, it was impossible for her to erect her spine. There was no evidence at all of any bone disease of the spine, but only of muscular atony. Hysterical anæsthesia of the spine and legs is just what we should expect in such cases. The shock of an unwonted cold bath at 54° Fahr.,



KATIE LONG, WITH A SISTER FROM THE HOSPICE.

together with religious exaltation, faith, auto-suggestion, expectancy, call it what you will, sufficed to start a healthy action in the muscles of the spine and the nerves supplying them. Hence the cure. I advised her to continue the baths, and prophesied complete recovery.

When I was present at the Festival of St. Winifride on June 22nd, I came across a few more cures.

Katie Long, aged 14, of Peel Hall Dairy, Wigan, was said to have just recovered her voice after nearly four years' silence. She states that after a fright, about three and a-half years ago she lost the power of speech, but she could

hear quite well. On June 19th, after her second bath, she began to feel as if a ball were rising in her throat; this dispersed, and shortly afterwards she began to speak. Dr. Williams, of Holywell, who saw her after the cure, says she seemed rather hoarse at first; but this soon wore off, and now, the 23rd, she speaks quite well. She is a child of ordinary intelligence, and did not strike me as being of a hysterical temperament. But the case is somewhat typical of aphonia caused and cured by a shock. For it came on after a shock, and quickly, though not immediately, disappeared, after bathing in a temperature of about 56° Fahr., and its attendant environment of expectancy.

Annie McDonald, of Glasgow, had been treated by Professor McAll Anderson for an "internal weakness," the nature of which Dr. Williams explained to me. The latter physician examined her both before and after the bathing, and found that after this treatment the organs were in their natural position. She is also suffering from a severe form of skin disease, involving the limbs and back. This is rapidly disappearing with the warm weather, and has not been modified by the bathing. Cold douching is a recognised means for rectifying such "internal weakness," but we must not lose sight of the environment of expectancy before mentioned. Her skin disease is one that often becomes better in warm weather, but recurs each winter.

I regret that it is impossible in the great majority of cases to obtain satisfactory medical evidence of the nature of the complaints said to be cured, both before and after the visit to the well. In the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* for May, 1895, is a series of cases collected by the Rev. Mr. Fryer, in all of which he has failed to find any evidence for the miraculous. My own limited observations are entirely in accord with his conclusions.

Yet, I am honestly glad that this well is a means of relief to many poor sick folk, who have failed in being cured by regular medical aid; and I hope that such cures will increase in number, whatever may be said or thought of the manner of cure, whether by suggestion, superstition, or faith.

Before concluding this short sketch of Holywell and its cures, I feel I ought to make a remark as to the apathy of the Protestant section of the community, which is here far larger than the Roman Catholic one, in allowing St. Winifride's Well to pass from their hands to the Jesuits. Be it noted again that Protestants are often cured here, and not Catholics alone.

Without contravening any of the Protestant articles of the Reformation, I believe it would have been quite possible to have made use of this well as a means of cure. It would have been easy to have established processions, pilgrimages, hymns and worship of the Great Physician and All-Father, without invoking the intervention of saints and martyrs.

I was favourably impressed with the honesty of purpose apparent in all whom I met who had to do with the well; priests, nuns, keepers, pilgrims, they all seemed utterly to believe in the things they said.

There are more things in heaven and earth and the water under the earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of any of us. Searchers after truth must ever seek after it with an open mind, and be prepared to accept whatever the evidence proves, even though it may go against preconceived ideas.

C. THEODORE GREEN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. London
Birkenhead, 1895.

Y.—SPIRITUALISM AS A STUDY AND AS A RELIGION.

(1.) A KEY TO ALL DOORS.

AN ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

THE Rev. J. Page Hopps delivered an address on "Spiritualism as the key that unlocks all doors," on Sunday, May 12th, before the members and delegates of the General Conference of the Spiritualist Conference. The following passages give the gist of his address.

THE KEY TO THE BIBLE.

Spiritualism is the key to the Bible, whatever view we take of the Bible, and whatever view we take of Spiritualism. From beginning to end it is a record of spirit-appearances, spirit-voices, spirit-messages, and spirit-activities. The Spiritualism of the Bible is the dominant note in it. Almost every one of the sixty-six books in the Bible is a book which is all alive with Spiritualism, and needs Spiritualism to explain it—every book, from Moses to Ezra, from Job to Isaiah, from Ezekiel to Malachi, from the Evangelists to Paul, and from Peter to John. They are all full of it, and we hold the key, because we show how natural spirit-communion is, and because we show by examples how the old records may be true.

THE KEY TO MAN.

Spiritualism tells us what we are. What is man?

Spiritualism gives the answer—the only answer—and if the Christian despisers of Spiritualism give that answer too, they have to become Spiritualists for the time being. They tell the human beast of burden that he is something better than that—that he is an immortal spirit, that he will presently put off this "muddy vesture of decay," and pass on to the immortal life beyond: and this is pure Spiritualism. They practically give the message of Spiritualism as the hope of the weary. But it is so much better to give that message in its native simplicity, as the declaration of a natural law.

THE KEY TO LIFE.

Or turn from the human being to the human life. What a puzzle, what a tragedy, for the most part, life is, considered alone!

Spiritualism is not merely commerce with the so-called "dead"; it is also a method of accounting for that which we call the life of the living. It puts the key, or offers to put the key, into everyone's hands. It says: "You are not a body, you are a spirit, and the spiritual issues of life are the main issues. The whole meaning of life is in the unseen, not the seen—in what you are, not what you have." It shifts the centre from the body to the soul.

It is also an ideal of life. It tells us what life should mean in every phase of it. Its ramifications are therefore everywhere. It has to do with all life. It has the "promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

It knows no closing of the account, for the experiences of earth are only the commencement of man's great transactions with his God. The earth-life is only a preliminary school-life, or, at best, only a kind of apprenticeship. The true life is all to come.

And so we are led on to another sphere—that of religion.

THE KEY TO RELIGION.

The conventional Christian is driven to deny all "miracles" but his own, all "angels" but his own, all signs of the "supernatural" but his own, all ancient spirits or gods but his own "Jehovah." But the Spiritualist explains and unites because he can account for and co-relate all religions and all inspirations, and because he brings them all into the normal development of the race from both the earthly and the spiritual planes. He supplies the key in showing that spirit-intercourse is natural, universal, and permanent. But what is the ideal

religion? Here again the Spiritualist has the key. He puts the emphasis on the right word—not creed, not ritual, not sacrament, but "spirit." Hence religion is universal, not sectarian; human, and not only Christian. It belongs to the race which always lies open to inspirations from the unseen—some wise, some foolish; some elevating and some depressing. This is the key to all the religions of the world.

THE KEY TO THE LIFE OF JESUS.

And what shall I say of our great teacher of religion, Jesus Christ? Is not His life from first to last one for which only Spiritualism can account? I do not profess belief in all the so-called "supernatural" stories of the Gospels, but, allowing for exaggerations, it is evident that Jesus lived the life of a supreme "medium." That is the key. He was unceasingly *en rapport* with the spirit-world, and if we admit that as the key to His life, all is natural and plain. If we do not admit that, the alternative practically is before us in the two camps of Christendom, in one of which He is adored as a god, and, in the other, puzzled over as a man.

That key is in the hand of the Spiritualist, who sees clearly enough that the man Jesus was a supreme medium, who lived so near to the spirit-world and to the spirit-forces that our "supernatural" was his natural, as to some others it has been since, and may be again, and whose so-called "resurrection" was only his supreme ability to present himself in a temporarily materialised form to His disciples. All this is to the Spiritualist perfectly plain, and what he has to offer is a perfectly fitting key.

THE KEY TO DEATH.

And, last of all, what of that which we call "death"? Who holds the key of that so surely as the Spiritualist? Who so surely understands that great saying, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"?

The Spiritualist knows that death is as natural as birth—that it is, indeed, only a new birth—that death is promotion, and, in a way, an advantage for all who pass through it. He knows that the great experiment of life is not at an end, that the human chances are not exhausted, that a fixed condition and a hopeless hell are the bad dreams of ignorant fear. He knows that the undone work will be recommenced under better conditions, in a sphere where the light will be clearer, the teachers wiser, and the spirit-powers more developed. He knows that natural law and the unbroken order will prevent anything arbitrary on the other side, that each one will go to his own place, and that desire and fitness will determine advance to a better. He knows that justice, perfect justice, will be done. Who, then, holds the key to the future life so surely as he who sees and knows all this?

So, then, perhaps these illustrations may suffice to show that Spiritualism is the key to all things. The central truth of Spiritualism belongs to the primary formations of religion. It has not come to this earth within the memory of man. Practically, it never commenced, and it certainly never ceased. It is everywhere; it is away among the foundations of every religion; it lurks in every creed; it nestles in the cradle of every great reviver of religion, from Moses to Jesus, and from Jesus to John Wesley.

It is sometimes said that Spiritualists are superstitious. They who say so do not understand. One half of Spiritualism is pure Christianity; the other half is pure science. No; the real superstition lies in quite another direction. It is to be found in old creeds and liturgies, in old ceremonials and sacraments, in pulpits where men grind over again dead dogmas, and at altars where other men prostrate themselves before dead symbols. For my own part I look for the time when Spiritualism will be recognised as giving the simplest and sanest interpretation of the very things with which science busies itself, to say nothing of the speculations which harass and worry the Churches.

(2.) SOME ANALOGIES AND SUGGESTED TESTS.

BY W. T. STEAD.

MR. W. T. STEAD presided over the afternoon Conference on May 14th, and was thus reported in *Light* :—

THE DUTY OF PROPAGANDA.

After some general observations relative to the position he occupied as chairman of the meeting, Mr. Stead said that one of the questions they (as Spiritualists) had to deal with was how they could best impress upon the minds and hearts of their fellow men and women the faith which they had, more or less by their own individual inquiries, verified for themselves. A person who, having a faith which comforted him when he was depressed, strengthened him when he was weak, and who did not wish to communicate that faith to his fellow-creatures, was a scoundrel. He (the speaker) hoped, therefore, that, friends or unfriends alike, they had no scoundrels there—he hoped they all wished, so far as in them lay, to communicate what they believed to be true to others and get them to believe it also.

THE CONVINCING OF SCIENTISTS.

Referring to the fact that at one of the debates on the preceding day he had drawn attention to the desirability of converting such men as Professor Huxley and Mr. Maskelyne to a belief in the genuineness of Spiritualistic facts, Mr. Stead said that he had no particularly idolatrous regard for either of the gentlemen named, but he did recognise them as persons whose word and authority would be recognised as decisive by vast multitudes. 'You and I,' proceeded the speaker, 'cannot go round and convert thirty or forty millions of people all over the country; but if we could convert the bell-wethers of the flock, the flock would follow all right.' While, therefore, he did not regard the scientist and the conjurer with any spirit of idolatrous veneration, he felt that they had to 'noble' these people somehow. But they would never 'noble' them with idle talk. They would have to show them facts, to give them tests, to prove to them that Spiritualists were not idle, deluded fools, but men and women with their heads screwed on their shoulders the right way.

SOME SCIENTIFIC ANALOGIES.

It was easier now to convince people than when modern Spiritualism first began. This was due largely to the efforts of the very men whom some of them were inclined to belittle and deride; he referred to the scientific men who confined themselves to physical science. If they wished to convince people of the truth of spirit communion they could do it by utilising the later researches of physical science. How could anyone, for example, be brought to believe that the room was full of spirits? They could not demonstrate the presence of spirit beings by any process of physical analysis. He did not know whether any of the persons present had seen an experiment he had once witnessed, but it was one that enabled a person to understand how the room might be full of disembodied spirits, and none of which were visible to the physical eye.

INVISIBLE BY SUGGESTION.

He had seen a woman hypnotised. While in the hypnotic state she had been told by the hypnotiser that he (Mr. Stead) had gone out of the room. She had then been brought out of the hypnotic state, having previously been told that when she came to herself she would find that Mr. Stead had gone. On coming out of the mesmeric condition (but under the influence of the suggestion made to her), the woman went and looked all round the room for Mr. Stead. Everybody else could see him except herself. To make the test as strong as possible, she was induced to take the chair occupied by Mr. Stead, and try and sit down upon it. Naturally she found this impracticable, but was entirely ignorant of the cause in spite of repeated attempts to occupy the chair. To carry the experiment further, a piece of paper bearing some printed words had been pinned on Mr. Stead's back. The hypnotic person was

then brought face to face with Mr. Stead, and read through his body, which did not seem to exist for her, the writing on the paper pinned to his back, all the while unconscious of his presence. It was a very simple experiment, and might be witnessed in any hypnotic chamber. That Mr. Stead should have become invisible (although not intangible) to a hypnotic subject under the influence of a suggestion, and that this hypnotised person should be able to see through his body and read printed words on his back, proved nothing as to spirits, but it did enable us to understand that it was not absolutely impossible that we might be surrounded with people who were invisible to us.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

Another experiment related to the subject of crystal-gazing. If any of those present had never seen a camera obscura, he would advise them to take an opportunity of doing so. You go (said Mr. Stead) into a darkened room, with a table in the centre. Over the table was stretched a sheet of white paper; at the top of the room was a circular tube with openings in it. The operator pulled a string, and you beheld on the table pictures of the outer world. Thus, in the camera obscura at Edinburgh one could see a pictorial representation of the soldiers drilling on the esplanade of the Castle, or a view of St. Giles', or it might be "Arthur's Seat," or a piece of the High-street with the people moving along. If one told a person who was ignorant of the science of optics that such a thing was possible—that pictures of the surrounding country could be projected on to a table in a darkened room in the manner described, he would probably set his informant down as a perverter of the truth. Yet the fact remained—the pictures were seen. Now it seemed to him that somewhere or another, up aloft, there was a natural or celestial camera obscura, by which it was possible for persons gifted with a certain faculty to look into a crystal or a goblet of water and to see the living, moving, miniature resemblances of things that had happened, that were happening now, and, stranger still, that were going to happen in the time to come.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

On the previous evening they had heard a most interesting paper read by Mr. Traill Taylor on Spirit-Photography—a paper which opened a door through which it seemed not improbable that, as they went on, they might obtain solutions of many of the problems relating to the unknown laws of optics and of light. The idea that it was possible to secure by photography pictures of a person thought of, pictures of pictures, or landscapes themselves, without any lens or camera, opened up possibilities and suggested thoughts before which the imagination itself trembled and faltered; but these possibilities were of the future; what they had to do with was the immediate present. What would our grandfathers have thought had we told them that in the twinkling of an eye the flight of a bird could be indelibly printed on a sensitive plate? Men were, however, on the brink of even greater discoveries. They were beginning to learn that by some invisible method, they knew not what, all they said and all they did was imprinted elsewhere, to be revived when the proper treatment was applied—psychic or otherwise—that corresponded to the photographic process.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Take the phonograph. Anything more absurd than the statement that our voices could be reproduced after death, any number of times, could have hardly been imagined a few years ago. But what a flood of light the phonograph threw on many of the phenomena of the under-world. They might go to haunted houses—to houses haunted by what the Psychical Research Society would call "rehearsal ghosts." They might go to a place where every night, or on certain nights, some tragedy was set forth, reproducing some old murder done, perhaps ages ago. The old explanation was that the spirit of the murderer had, for a punishment, to go, over and over again, through the scene of his crime. But that did not account for the fact that the victim was also there, and that unhappy person had presumably to be murdered over again. Yet, if they took Edison's kinetoscope in combination with a phono-

graph, they might obtain, by the turning of a handle, the reproduction of some scene that had been witnessed with the words of people spoken long ago, reproduced together. Then they begin to understand better the nature and possibilities of these hauntings.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.

There was yet another of the discoveries of science, and that was telegraphy without wires. They had heard quite recently how, on one side of a strait, wires had been stretched, and on the other side another set of wires, and that messages sent along the wires on one side could be read on the wires on the other side without any wire connecting one with the other. This experiment had been carried out by the electrician of the General Post Office. If clumsy, bungling experimenters like themselves, experimenting in matters the very nature of which was unknown to them—if they could obtain these results, was it altogether improbable that those who were on the other side of the veil knew how to communicate with them without the aid of mechanical means or appliances.

THE AVOIDANCE OF FLAPDOODLE.

He had only one word to add in conclusion, and that was as to what they should do in order to utilise the powers which some of them possessed. If the people on the other side were (and he believed they were) anxious to open up a way by which they could communicate freely and constantly with the loved ones whom they had left behind, was it showing much regard for their wishes to allow them, or such pallid rays of their thought as came to our minds, to drivel away in inane commonplaces and truisms which every Sunday-school boy learnt before he was ten years old? It was too bad when they were trying to solve some neat problem in natural science, to be told that they ought to be good—that they ought to love each other. It was all very true; but it did not need a spirit to come from "the vasty deep" to tell them that.

HOW TO TRY THE SPIRITS: A SUGGESTION.

He had frequently consulted "Julia" on these matters, and when she had written about it he had said, "What do you wish to be done?" And what she had said was this: "What you want is mediums—good mediums—not merely good psychics, but mediums who have some care for the cause and the desire to labour for their fellow-men in their hearts. Supposing you obtained a supply of good mediums, and some one came to you mourning, broken-hearted, yearning to gain some tidings of some one who had gone before, and of whose fate they felt in utter darkness. You would take them first to an ordinary clairvoyant, and state the desire of the bereaved to gain word of the departed. Then let a record be made of what the clairvoyant said; let the description be noted and taken down.

CLAIRAUDIENCE.

Then go on from the normal clairvoyant to those psychics who were somewhat further advanced, who were not only clairvoyant but clairaudient, and let them say what they saw and heard as to the identity of the spirit who might appear, allowing no communication whatever between the normal clairvoyant and the clairaudient.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Next go to a medium for automatic writing, and ask whether the person whom it is desired to hear from will use the hand of the automatic writer.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

If a letter is obtained, then go to a medium like David Duguid, and see if you can obtain a photograph of the person.

PSYCHOGRAPHS.

Then a psychographic medium might be consulted—one of those mediums through whom autographs in the direct writing of the departed are obtained—and an effort made to obtain, under test conditions in locked slates, the signature of the deceased.

MATERIALIZATION.

Then, if there was an approximate agreement in the results obtained through all the mediums, as a final experiment, a visit might be paid to a materialising medium, in order to ascertain whether it was possible for the departed spirit to be materialised so as to be seen.

It seemed to him that this was a practical suggestion which might be acted upon with advantage. If that were done, and they had all these tests, and they all agreed, how much longer did they suppose that people would go about indulging in the old fallacy that dead people are dead and not alive?

Commenting on this paper the editor of *Light* says:—

We cannot pass over Mr. Stead's challenge, backed up by his sketch of an ideal work. We may say at once that we entirely agree. We want the systematic tests for which he asks, and we want the mediums he tells us are necessary. But, while we are waiting for these, will he excuse us for asking him to set an example? He has told the world that he possesses a gift of unique interest and value. This gift specially lends itself to tests of the very highest interest. Will he take half-a-dozen of us into his confidence, and co-operate with us in an effort to test the reliability of the information he receives? The particulars he has given to the world are as thrillingly interesting as they are profoundly important. In some respects they are different from and surpass everything of which we have heard. Will he arrange for tests?

I shall be delighted to take the editor of *Light* into my confidence, and do what I can in the way of co-operation with any of his friends who may be agreed upon, subject to the usual conditions as to time and convenience. For I am very busy, and all the automatic writing I get comes to me at odd moments, and I am not by any means sure whether the effort to produce phenomena to order, under conditions which do not conduce to self-forgetfulness, and the impassiveness necessary to receive communications, might not prove fatal to success. But that, like everything else, is a subject to be solved by experimenting.

(3.) SPIRITUALISTS IN CONFERENCE.

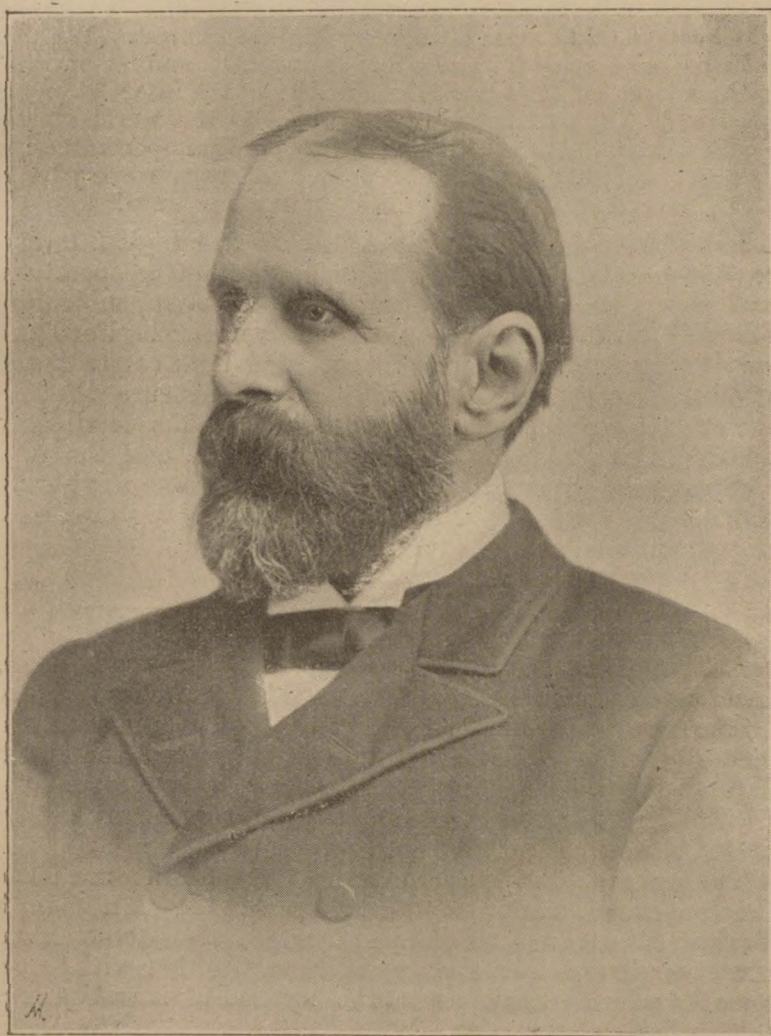
A MAY MEETING of rather unusual kind was held in London this year on the 13th and 14th of May. This Conference consisted of an afternoon and evening session each day, followed by a general conversazione the third day. Its proceedings have been so copiously recorded in *Light*, that it is not necessary to do more than briefly sketch the outlines of the proceedings.

The one important paper read at the Conference from the scientific standpoint of BORDERLAND, Mr. Traill Taylor's, is given in full elsewhere. I also quote from Mr. Page Hopps' introductory address, together with some remarks which I made as to the method of investigating spiritualistic phenomena.

The Conference opened on the afternoon of May 13th, at Portland Rooms, with a brief address by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the Editor of *Light*, who advised that no resolutions should be moved. In his view any declaration by motion was a thing to be avoided, as such resolution might some day have to be rejected in the future, possibly with confusion and shame.

Mr. Jas. Robertson then delivered an address on "Public Exhibitions of Spiritual Phenomena." His paper was a very carefully balanced statement of the case for and against such exhibitions. In the discussion which followed a general opinion was expressed in favour of such exhibitions if they could get good mediums who could give tests under the adverse conditions of a hostile audience, but unless such mediums were procurable they had very much better not attempt to produce phenomena at promiscuous gatherings.

An interesting paper was read by Mr. E. W. Wallis, of Manchester, presenting his view of an ideal religious service for Spiritualists and inquirers. His ideal service differed only in detail from that which is regarded as an ideal service by the Roman Catholic Church, and, indeed, by most of our modern churches. Teachers and mediums should be capable, spiritual-minded, earnest and devoted. Their temples should be noble in architecture, well ventilated, well lighted, clean, warm, with good acoustic properties, adorned with statuary, paintings, flowers, and shrubs. The ideal service would include the finest music, vocal and instrumental; readings not exceeding ten minutes in length should be given from the world's best thinkers, and spiritual leaders and the poets. The address, which should not exceed forty or forty-five minutes in length, should be expository, practical, human, instructive, comforting, exalting. At the close of such a service ten



MR. J. J. MORSE.

minutes or a quarter of an hour might be devoted to clairvoyant descriptions of a clear and definite nature. The discussion that followed might have been mistaken for a debate at a Methodist conference as to the best method of making religious services more attractive.

At the evening conference Mr. John Page Hopps was in the chair. The paper was read by Mr. Thomas Shorter, whose address dealt with the "Popular Misconception of the relation between Science and Spiritualism." Mr. Shorter's view was that Spiritualists paid too much deference to men of science. There was nothing in spiritualism contradictory to anything that is known to science. So far as the pursuit of science was concerned Spiritualists would cordially welcome the co-operation of scientific men.

But these men had no special qualifications to judge the facts of Spiritualism.

In the discussion which followed Mr. J. Henry, of Sydney, who took part in the alleged exposure of Mrs. Mellon, complained that, so far as his experience went, mediums do not give the honest inquirer satisfaction, and in consequence do not convince the general public.

Mr. T. Everitt warmly refuted the charge that mediums refuse under proper conditions, and stated that Mr. Henry himself had enjoyed as many opportunities as he could desire with Mrs. Mellon, in whose integrity English Spiritualists had perfect faith. He demanded that Mr. Henry should withdraw his allegation against the mediums as being absolutely unfair and incorrect.

Mr. Traill Taylor then read his paper on "Spirit Photography," which I quote in full on another page.

On Tuesday afternoon I presided over the meeting, delivering a brief address, which I quote elsewhere.

Mr. A. Kitson then read his paper on "The Duty of Spiritualists to Young People." Mr. Kitson then stated that he believed Spiritualists had a distinct creed which was antagonistic to Christianity, and that being so, if they believed their creed to be true, it was their duty to establish Sunday Schools and Lyceums for the purpose of warning their children against the falsehoods of the Christian religion, and teaching them the truths of what they regarded as the new revelation. He then sketched what had been done by the Lyceum movement, and implored Spiritualists to emulate the propagandist zeal of the Christians, in order to deliver their children from the false and misleading doctrines which the Christian system existed to propagate.

As soon as Mr. Kitson finished his paper I deemed it my duty to express very strongly my dissent from the views which had been expressed in the paper, and stated, as emphatically as I knew how, my conviction that nothing could be more detrimental to the movement in which they were all interested, than any anti-Christian dogmatics.

Mr. Enmore Jones, one of the oldest Spiritualists in the kingdom, joined his protest to that of the Chairman, maintaining that the attempt to form Spiritualists into a narrow, anti-Christian sect was one of the greatest obstacles in the way of Spiritualistic work.

Mr. Donaldson, himself a Freethinker, expressed his disagreement on other grounds with the position of Mr. Jones. He protested against associating theological or anti-theological views with the propagation of Spiritualism. He denied that Spiritualists had any right to claim that they had received any definite revelation of religious truths from the other side.

A very spirited discussion followed, in which various views were set forth, some maintaining that Spiritualism was a religion, others as stoutly denying it was anything of the kind. The distinctive doctrine of Spiritualism, one speaker declared, a statement which was received with more applause than any other made during the meeting, was a denial of the doctrine of the atonement, the speaker maintaining that we are all our own saviours. Spiritualism, as interpreted by most of those who are engaged in its active propaganda by weekly meetings, lyceums, and the rest, emphasizes the doctrine of personal responsibility, and confuses the doctrine of forgiveness of sins with an obliteration of all the consequences of a life's wrong-doing. It is, therefore, more of a protest against a conventional misapprehension of Christian doctrine than the doctrine itself. It certainly is not the object of the Christian Church to attenuate the doctrine of personal responsibility.

Mr. S. S. Chiswell, of Liverpool, read an article on combined organization for action and work. He advocated the

formation of district conferences or societies, which societies should report to a central federation. With the formation of that central body Mrs. Britten's College for Mediums might become possible. An attempt was made in the discussion that followed to define Spiritualism. Spiritualists, it was asserted, agreed upon two points. One was that the individual consciousness of the mind after physical death was an accepted matter of knowledge. The second was the reality of the inspiration from and communication with a spiritual world.

At the evening meeting Mr. John Lambert occupied the chair. Mr. J. J. Morse delivered an address upon "Our Duty in regard to Information Given, Advice Offered, or Requests made in Spirit Messages." Mr. Morse's address was full of good sense. He warned his hearers strongly against assuming that every message they received from the other side was to be regarded as an infallible oracle. Personally, he should not place reliance on any message from any spirit whose competency was unknown to him. He was not filled with sentimental reverence for a man simply because he had died. The great bulk of messages were intelligent and convincing, and he had no doubt whatever that these messages did come from the spirit world from those they had mourned. But, as to the question of acting upon advices given in spirit messages, he could only say that the risk of taking such advice must rest with the parties concerned. They could not place their hall-marks upon these spirit messages or their infallibility.

After a brief discussion, in which the question was raised as to how far telepathy could account for many of the messages said to be from spirits, the discussion closed.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten then answered questions submitted in writing by persons in the audience.

On Wednesday, the Conference was brought to a close by a conversazione. There were exhibited in the rooms several articles of interest, among which were the following:—

A number of spirit photographs obtained through the mediumship of Mumler and Mr. David Duguid; a slate-written message through the mediumship of Slade; a spirit drawing by Mrs. Howitt Watts; twelve portraits of American and twelve portraits of English leaders in the cause; Beattie's series of experiments in spirit photography; a portrait of Mr. W. Stainton Moses ("M.A., Oxon."); Tissot's beautiful picture of materialisations through the mediumship of Mr. W. Eglinton; specimens of direct spirit writing through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt; several automatic and direct spirit paintings; an automatic symbolical drawing by Madame Egoroff, of Paris; portrait of Tien Sien Tie, the well-known control of Mr. J. J. Morse, which was produced through the mediumship of Wella Anderson, the American painting medium, &c.

(4.) SOME EXPLANATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Sydney to give utterance to "A possible explanation of a portion of that phenomena we attribute to Spiritualism." He is, it appears, an earnest inquirer into psychic phenomena, and has contributed experiences to the Society for Psychical Research. He has had "proofs of the reality of clairvoyance, telepathy, and the activity of the double or astral body." He has attended many séances of professional mediums, but, while convinced of the reality of "the appearances," didn't like their way of carrying on. Things of eternity ought to know better than to pull one's hair, execute uncertain dances, and throw about tables and chairs.

Such conduct, however, would be less inexcusable if we could prove that the "materialisations" supposed to be

spiritual were after all—can we say "material?"—that they are not psychical apparitions, but physical; in short, the double of the entranced medium.

Our correspondent suggests that someone else should test the value of his theory, as any test he could make would naturally be prejudiced.

By all means let some one, several people, apply all the tests in their power. It is only by experiment and observation that such things will ever be explained. There are, however, one or two difficulties which will occur to the thoughtful.

The theory, at first sight, gains colour from the idea that many things beneath the dignity of spirits, are quite conceivable of bodies, or the ghosts of bodies.

But are we to suppose that it is natural to the double to play school-boy tricks, talk pious platitudes, and be superfluously affectionate? Are we to suppose the existence of trebles as well as doubles?

And why should, for example, Mrs. Mellon's "double" take the form of Cissy, a little negro girl of, apparently, about six years old? Is this a subjective hallucination? If so, why not say the whole thing is a subjective hallucination, and have done with it?

But by all means let us experiment.

SUGGESTED TESTS OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

A correspondent in *Light* thinks he has hit upon a test which "*ipso facto*, should satisfactorily prove that a communication has come from a veritable disembodied spirit, and not from that little understood factor of unknown potency, one's own inner subliminal consciousness, called by Mr. Jay Hudson our 'subjective mind.'" We have heard a good deal lately about the horrible proportion of persons who are buried alive, as estimated from the statistics of an inquiry into two burying-grounds.

The test proposed is that "beneficent intelligences behind the veil" should be invited to warn the friends of the victim of a fate which is obviously unsuspected by anyone living, the difficulty in all cases of spirit-messages being (1) that so long as the facts announced are known, and have been known, to any living person, it is impossible to exclude the hypothesis of Thought-Transference, and (2) on the other hand that statements which cannot be verified by experience are not susceptible of evidence.

My good sir, you apparently don't know what can be done with the hypothesis of Thought-Transference when you give your mind to it! Its establishment, although the finest outcome of the work of the Society for Psychical Research, is one of those troublesome facts which is for ever interfering with all sorts of comfortable easy-going theories.

We know very little about the degree of consciousness which exists in catalepsy, but modern investigation, such, for instance, as that of M. Janet in his great work, *L'Automatisme Psychologique*, certainly points to the state as one of change of stratum in consciousness rather than as one wholly negative. So that the possibility of Thought-Transference from the victim remains at least thinkable.

Further, that inconvenient factor, the Subliminal Consciousness, has yet another chance! Small signs not apparent to the hardened, coarser, "supra-liminal consciousness," may yet be subconsciously observed by the friends of the victim, and unconscious deductions may be transmitted to the medium.

This all sounds very far-fetched, mainly because the interpretation is less familiar than the spirit hypothesis; but the question at issue is a big one and we are bound to consider it on all sides.

* * * *

Certain members of the Society for Psychical Research have laid up in its archives sealed envelopes containing some short statement or sentence unknown to any one but the writer. It is hoped that if in the future the apparition of one of these persons should appear to any sensitive, he or she may have the presence of mind (in the absence of body) to quote the phrase in question as evidence of identity.

But even this is far from perfect as a test. The writers may quite conceivably transmit the phrases in question to other persons during their lifetime, so that, even if the ghost-given message should correspond with that in the sealed envelope, there will assuredly be many to say, "Mere Telepathy!" "Mere postponed Thought-Transference!" The convincing test is still to seek.

(5.) A RETRACTATION BY SIR W. BESANT.

IN our last number I ventured respectfully to submit to Sir Walter Besant that, in his demands upon the spirits who are alleged to communicate with us, he was a little exacting, and that he had not carefully considered either the conditions of these communications or the records of what they actually have stated. I had hoped to have been able to have reported an interview with our critic, but circumstances forbade. Sir Walter Besant has, however, replied to our representations in his weekly letter to the *Queen*, of June 22nd. He writes as follows:—

A RETRACTATION.

I am very sorry that I have only just seen a copy of *BORDERLAND* for April, because it devotes a considerable amount of attention to certain utterances of mine concerning Spiritualism. I should have answered them before had I seen them before. When that number came out I was at Torquay, confined to my room with a touch of gout—some such arrangement, I believe, is the recognised and agreeable form generally taken by a convalescence from influenza. I have nothing to complain of in the tone of the remarks made by the editor, and I willingly reconsider my words. I confess that I had in my mind something of the scientific kind. Considering how much we want to know; how much we actually need to make life healthy, vigorous, and happy; it seemed to me, too lightly considering the matter, absurd that, where knowledge must be greater, it cannot be conveyed if other messages are conveyed. I entirely retract that opinion. I see that it was hasty. I see, first of all, as Mr. Stead points out, that there is no reason whatever for supposing that the soul in the next world becomes omniscient, or that it even, without effort of its own, advances in certain lines, but rather every reason for believing that there, as here, growth and advance of every kind are gradual. Next, I perceive that such a revelation as I then contemplated would be directly contrary to the whole order of the world.

WHY?

I will try to explain what I mean. Mankind has been placed in the world distinguished at the outset from the rest of creatures by the possession of powers latent and waiting to be discovered. You may say, if you please, that he alone of all creatures has so far developed powers common to all creatures with brains. For my purposes it comes to the same thing. Every step in man's development has been made by the discovery of some new secret in nature. It is a law of the world that man must create his own advance by his own efforts, by his own experiences, and by his own discoveries. Against this universal law there can be no appeal; to this law there has never been any exception, none whatever, in the history of the world. If, for instance, we believe in miracles, then we must acknowledge that no miracles ever wrought have conferred on mankind any universal blessing. Therefore, if communications of a scientific character could be made, it would be an infringement of this great law. Further, if such communications could be made, we should at once abandon research, neglect our laboratories, close our hospitals, and betake our-

selves to imploring the spirits to tell us how to prevent or cure disease and to reveal physical secrets. The greatest stimulus possible to work and research would be gone. I am therefore firmly convinced that if Mr. Stead's friend knows those secrets, which I very much doubt, she would not be permitted to reveal them.

IS THIS SO?

I am further of opinion that the spirits, whether they communicate with us or not, cannot reveal anything at all beyond what we know already. For instance, we are told in spiritualistic documents that death is painless; that the next world is one in which love is everything; that God is love; that the life there is all love, with other general terms. Well, any hospital nurse will tell us that death is painless. I asked one once if, out of all the hundreds whose death she had witnessed, there was any suffering. "None," she said, "due to death. Generally, very little, at the end, due to disease." Had she observed, at any deathbed, repentance, or remorse, or fear? "None," she said. "Any joyful looking forward to the future?" "None," she said; "mostly they are comatose, and just breathe their last." That the next world is, in fact, one so far separated from this that no tongue can reveal the difference, we are told by Paul. The rest, surely, belongs to the Christian creed. I have never seen any communication, in short, which advances our knowledge of the next world, though I have seen a great many which have evidently proceeded from a very lofty spiritual level, whether of this world or the other, couched in fine language, breathing a noble and beautiful conception of immortality; yet never any which could not have been written by a living man or woman. Do I, therefore, deny the existence of spirit communications? Not at all. I might even, perhaps, explain the vagueness of which I speak in this way; it may be possible for a spirit to communicate with a man *subject to the limitation of human comprehension of things unearthly*. In other words, such communications must necessarily be incomplete. This, again, would account for the raptures of certain saints; they cry out in vague phrases because language cannot interpret what they see. I possess, for instance, a book of ecstasies or raptures of a certain anchoress of the fourteenth century, which were taken down and preserved. Throughout the pages one perceives that the woman was trying to express, and could not for lack of words, what was in her mind. She was trying to describe her visions, but could not. Therefore we have page after page of ejaculations. I should like very much to believe in spiritualism. I am quite convinced of the honesty and good faith of many who do believe in it. But since no spirit ever comes to me unworthy; since no spirit can improve our existing Rule of life; since things physical have been left for man unaided to discover; since we cannot, by the alleged spirit's own showing, understand things of the next world; and since we seem to know already from other sources, notably a certain collection of books, everything that they can tell us; it seems to me a waste of time to look further into the matter. To others, however, it may seem different—and those others I do not venture to judge or to condemn.

Sir Walter Besant's summing up at the close is too much like the Moslem's legendary verdict on the Alexandrian Library: "If these books agree with the Koran, there is no need for them. If they do not agree they are false and should not exist." What he says is true to a certain extent, but his objections would equally apply to all the later revelations in the New Testament. We see through a glass darkly in this world, with all our revelations, but here and there we get fresh glimpses of light. And it is quite incorrect to say that the spirits merely say death is painless and that God is love. What they say is that life is practically continuous, and that consciousness is unbroken by death. They say, also, that the so-called dead are capable of communicating with the living. I will not go further than these two statements. Can Sir Walter Besant, or any one else, say that these statements are superfluous as known already? or can he assert that, if they are true, it is a waste of time to look further into the matter?

VI.—SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

(1.) ARE SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPIRITS?

By MR. J. TRAILL TAYLOR, F.R.P.S.

THE following is the paper read by Mr. J. Traill Taylor, the well-known authority on photography, at the Spiritualist Conference held in London in May last:—

The idea commonly entertained with respect to spirit photography is that a spirit form, although invisible to the human unaided eye, is yet capable of emitting actinic radiations which are amenable to the laws of refraction, and thus are conveyed by means of the camera lens on to the sensitive plate. Once admitting the phenomena of Spiritualism in the abstract, it is very easy to conceive of the possibility of this.

HOW PHOTOGRAPHS ARE TAKEN.

For the benefit of anyone present who may not know, let me here explain briefly by what means the modern practical photography is effected. A plate or surface is coated with a salt of silver, so prepared as to be in such a state of tottering equilibrium that its condition is changed by even the momentary impact of a faint ray of light transmitted by means of a lens or otherwise; a totally dark chamber or camera, suitably fitted, being employed when portraiture or landscape is the subject. After being impressed in the camera, a re-agent is applied by which the silver salt is reduced to a degree of opacity conforming to the greater or less degree of light which fell upon the sensitive surface during its exposure in the camera, and the image is thus said to be developed. Up to the application of the developer, nothing whatever is visible on the plate. The more tottering the equilibrium of the atoms (Sir J. Herschel's phrase), the greater is the sensitiveness of the plate. When the unacted-on salt of silver is removed, we then have a negative, from which positive prints, either on paper or other surfaces, are obtained.

HOW INVISIBLES ARE PHOTOGRAPHED.

I have said light is the agent in the production of a photograph. Please do not ask me to explain what light is, for I should break down in attempting to answer. There are some rays which, when reflected from an object on which they fall, are visible; so called, because they enable the normal eye to see such object; but there are other rays which if thus employed would fail to render an object visible, but would still cause photographic action. These are popularly termed invisible rays because their effects are not perceived by ordinary vision. If anything or entity—call it a spirit if you like—emitted rays of this nature only, most assuredly it could be photographed by one possessing even rudimentary knowledge only of photography, although such figure could not be seen. It would be amenable to the laws of optics, by which the image will be projected by the lens on to the plate, and to those of chemistry, by which that image will subsequently be developed.

LIGHT NOT NEEDED FOR SPIRIT PICTURES.

It must be abundantly evident, as I will proceed to show, that the term photograph as applied to the phenomena called spirit photography is inadequate. Photography is derived from the Greek *photos*, light, and strictly speaking should be applied only to those drawings or pictures which owe their existence to the influence of

what we popularly term light, or of one or other of those primary ether colour waves of which it is composed. I have ascertained, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that light so called, so far as concerns the experiments I have made, has nothing to do with the production of a psychic picture, and that the lens and camera of the photographer are consequently useless encumbrances.

PROFESSOR MOSER'S EXPERIMENTS.

At this stage I wish to direct attention to certain experiments made by savants about the time Daguerre fixed the camera image on a polished metal plate. These were mainly made at that period (1840-2) by Professor Moser of Königsberg, but were endorsed and repeated by leading philosophers of that day, and brought prominently before the French Academy of Sciences by men embracing names like those of Arago, Fizeau, Knorr, Breguet, Regnault, Edmond Becquerel, and others of like eminence. First let me quote from the pregnant remarks of Mons. Arago, the recorder or compiler of numerous incidents and experiments which, he says, are of the most curious character and perhaps derive their singularity from their very mysterious nature. He had no doubt that numerous amateurs would apply themselves to repeat them; and as in all these experiments a slight modification in the manner of operating may bring about a totally different result, he earnestly recommended experimentalists to keep an exact record of their observations, as the multiplication of facts could alone lead to the explanation of such remarkable phenomena. Recorded facts serve as much to the advancement of the sciences as theories, and the collection of a multiplicity of experiments which at first sight appear only curious, taken together, may, in reality, serve to establish theories and consequently to give the explanation of a great number of isolated facts.

LATENT LIGHT.

It would be an almost endless task for me to enumerate all the facts recorded by Moser and his *confrères*, so I content myself with giving only a few out of the many. I may state that I have introduced this particular topic because in it I imagine I can see certain things analogous in some respects to psychic photography, or at any rate what may help to throw some light, however dimly, upon that phenomenon of psychic photography which is much more remarkable even than the more physical ones of Moser, from which he deduced, *inter alia*, the following:—

Light acts upon all bodies, and upon all in the same manner; the various actions of light hitherto known are only particular illustrations of this general fact. The action of light exhibits itself in modifying bodies in such a manner that after having experienced this action, they condense various vapours otherwise than they would do without it. All bodies radiate light, even in complete darkness. The rays emanating from different bodies act as light does upon all substances and produce like effects as solar light. Two bodies constantly imprint their images one upon the other, even when they are placed in complete darkness, and not necessarily even in contact. However, in order that the image may be discernible, the distance of the bodies from each other must not be very great on account of the divergence of the rays. To render such an

image visible any vapour may be used, as, for example, the vapour of water, mercury, iodine, chlorine, or bromine. There exists latent light as well as latent heat.

SOME REPRODUCTIONS IN DARKNESS.

I now quote a few words from Mons. Breguet, the eminent Parisian chronometer maker of the period, who in a letter to Arago, confirming the experiments of Moser, says: "The remarkable facts which have been discovered by Moser, the communication of which was lately made to the Academy, remind me of something analogous which we have observed from time to time on the inside of gold watch cases, and even in the interior of machines of which all the pieces were made of brass. Everyone knows that most watches contain an inner case on which is engraved the name of the maker. This inner case is in juxtaposition with the first; there exists between them a space not exceeding one-tenth of a millimetre at most. We have often seen on the inside of the outer case a reversed and very distinct image of the name engraved on the inner one. In some machines wherein pieces were also placed at very small distances apart, we have also seen the representation of figures of a more or less remarkable character. We had considered these facts as very curious, and had even made them known to some of our friends; but not having had time to investigate this strange phenomenon, we forbore, hitherto, noticing it publicly. But now that these phenomena belong to the domain of science, it will not be thought out of place that we should present these facts without accompanying them with any observations; for the more facts are multiplied the sooner we shall obtain an explanation of so remarkable a phenomenon."

I might go on for hours describing outcomes of the laws of Moser, from which I have quoted, but time would not permit. We shall presently see how they may probably be made to apply to an explanation of the production of psychic images.

Now let me step back for a period of over thirty-five years, when the spirit photographs of William Mumler, of Boston, burst upon the public. Some which I saw in Edinburgh were by myself and others (all of us exceedingly wise in our own estimation!) put down as impostures which had *we* been present, *we* would at once have detected.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

After hearing the testimony of eminent experts, in whose presence certain experiments had been conducted, men who I knew were at the head of the ranks of professional and experimental photography in America, and the personal acquaintance of some of whom I subsequently made, I felt impelled to forego the rash judgment I had given as to fraud in the production of these abnormal figures which appeared on the plates. And since then I have been privileged to dictate the conditions under which a certain series of strictly test séances for psychic photographs were some time since held, and in which there was not left a single loophole for fraud to enter, yet during which I myself, using my own camera and plates beyond the control of not only the medium but of the other spectators, obtained numerous psychic figures so fraudulent-looking and so shockingly inartistic as to induce the use of unparliamentary language.

GENUINE PICTURES APPARENTLY FRAUDULENT.

Here, however, is the point; these pictures were true and genuine throughout, so far, at any rate, as concerned all those who were present; my tests were too good to admit a doubt of this. I, therefore, can afford to look

with the greatest charitableness upon editors and photographers who, not having had opportunities of acquiring a sufficiency of knowledge, relegate these photographs to the limbo of fraud. I myself did so at one time, and can therefore scarcely blame them for doing likewise. Where blame rests is in their not scientifically investigating a subject which ought to be replete with interest to a photographer; and where misfortune steps in is in the difficulty of being able to secure access to certain conditions necessary to the desiderated investigation, and this altogether apart from belief or even desire of belief in Spiritualism, either as a science or a religion.

As known to many, I was afforded exceptional facilities for endeavouring to satisfy myself, first, as to the reality of human abnormal forms appearing on the photographic plate, by means other than those regularly obtained in accordance with the well-recognised photographic laws, accepted by every student of the phenomena of photography; and, secondly, if such were the case, to do what the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour suggested when in a presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research he spoke of the desirability of efforts being made "to discover what laws this strange class of phenomena obeys."

HOW TESTS SHOULD BE APPLIED.

But here a few words upon tests as applied in the case of psychic photography, not forgetting that it implies the suspicion of imposture on the part of the medium. The person conducting the tests is often quite incapable of efficiently performing this rôle. He ought first of all to qualify himself by becoming acquainted with every conceivable method by which chicanery is possible, for, as I have said on a former occasion, there are many ways by which, assuming the genuineness of only one of the many thousands of psychic photographs hitherto produced, a spurious article may be made much better than any alleged real ones I have yet seen, or been a party to assist in taking myself. A plate secretly impressed previous or subsequent to being placed in the camera fulfils the condition; so does one at the back of which is placed a phosphorescent tablet in the dark slide. Pressure on the surface, such as that by a Woodbury relief film, also causes a developable image. Since the beginning of the present month I have ascertained by direct experiment that the aura emanating from a magnet in total darkness acts upon a sensitive photographic plate in a manner similar to light, as also does a sheet of plain paper previously exposed to light.

THE BEST TEST.

In all cases in which tests were applied by me, such as those in which Mr. Duguid was the medium, I adopted the very simple and the most efficacious test of all, viz., employing my own camera and appliances, using only new plates purchased indiscriminately from various dealers, and keeping my own eye upon them from the time the package was cut open until after they were impressed in the camera, developed, and fixed. Anyone who does otherwise cannot be said to be qualified to conduct a test experiment. In addition, I employed a stereoscopic or binocular camera.

THE BEST CONDITIONS FOR SUCCESS.

Now for the results; and let it be well understood that such deductions as I have made are drawn from my own experiments only, and do not in any way impugn those of others. I found that the presence of persons of an uncongenial or hostile temperament acted detrimentally, and that under these circumstances it was vain to hope

for any pictorial manifestations; hence I would conclude that if the medium were surrounded by strangers among whom there was a preponderance of strongly antagonistic minds, no abnormal results would be obtained, however willing the medium might be; and were I called upon to dictate conditions I would suggest that not more than two or three besides the medium and the photographer were allowed to be present, and these persons well known to the host, the photographer himself, who should be of an unbiassed disposition, conducting all the photographic operations.

RESULTS WITH MR. DUGUID.

In my experiments we got several, nay, many abnormal figures. In many, the figures presented the appearance of photographic representations of persons mysteriously transferred to the negative plate, and sometimes the figure of the sitter would be entirely blocked out by a superimposed psychic figure. Where I was able to examine the abnormal figures stereoscopically, I found that in contradistinction to the living sitters, these were all flat and wanting in depth or solidity. The medium was in most cases seated at a distance of from six to ten feet away from the camera, and had nothing whatever to do with the photographic operation, although once or twice I asked him to lay his open hand upon the camera a few minutes previous to operating. I desire it to be particularly understood that Mr. Duguid had nothing to do with the photographic part of the experiments and that the figures came without any physical act of his. I carried the camera slides containing the plates to and from the darkened developing room in my own pocket.

PSYCHIC FIGURES NOT FORMED BY THE LENS.

A faint glimmer of light may be found to illumine these mysteries by the following incident. Two gentlemen were posed at the entrance to a conservatory and were taken by the stereoscopic camera. On developing the negative the figure of a female, clear and distinct, was seen immediately behind. On comparing one half of the stereoscopic figure with the other, I found a slight, very slight, difference between them. The psychic figure was a shade higher upon the plate, as measured from the sitters, than the other. Here, then, was a proof that the impressing of the psychic figure was not consentaneous with that of the sitters. And in the stereoscope the psychic figure was quite flat, while the others showed rotundity and depth. The deduction from this was clear, to me at any rate; the psychic figure was not formed by the lens at all and therefore was capable of being produced without a camera or lens.

PICTURES OBTAINED WITHOUT EXPOSURE.

This deduction was verified by Mr. Glendinning after I left. A plate was placed in a dark slide and after having been held between the hands of a medium for a little was opened in the dark room and the developer applied, when a figure appeared.

It was the realisation of this that enabled me at a certain séance recently held, at which many cameras were in requisition, to obtain abnormal figures on my plates when all others failed to do so. After withdrawing the slide from the camera, I wrapped it up in the velvet focussing cloth and requested the medium to hold it in his hand, giving him no clue as to my reason for doing so. A general conversation favoured the delay in proceeding to the developing room for about five or more minutes, during which the medium still held the wrapped-up slide. I then relieved him of it, and in the presence of others

applied the developer, which brought to view figures in addition to that of the sitter.

PSYCHIC PICTURES OF THOUGHTS.

My last deduction is based upon the experiment just narrated, and I make it in the form of a categorical reply to the question which forms the title of this paper—"Are Spirit-Photographs necessarily the Photographs of Spirits?" I reply no, not at any rate as I understand spirit to be. How then, it may be asked, do you account for recognisable likenesses of deceased persons having been so often obtained? I reply, probably by mental emanations from the medium projected, not necessarily consciously, on to the sensitive surface of the plate. When Mrs. Abraham Lincoln got her husband's portrait through Mumler, she probably had conjured up his likeness in her mind and this had been projected either by her own or by Mumler's mediumship on the plate. This is mere surmise on my part. I introduced the findings of the French Scientific Academicians of fifty years ago, by way of aiding such of you as have time for investigation in forming some satisfactory theory that will meet a class of phenomena that, while puzzling in the extreme, is real.

Granted the possibility of fraud in some instances, although I am not aware of such—fraudulent sovereigns and bank-notes have been not quite unknown—while to meet possible sarcastic sneers indulged in by the uninformed, let not the storm of sarcasm be forgotten with which the idea of lighting up towns by means of gas was met, even Sir Walter Scott joining in, if not leading, that which was indulged in when Edinburgh was proposed as a fitting city for the experiment; while everyone knows how well the scientific obstructives of the period proved the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam, the first attempt being made in the presence of a deriding multitude.

—AND OF MEMORIES.

The influence of the mind of the medium in the obtaining of psychographs might be deduced from the fact of pictures having been obtained of angels with wings, a still popular belief of some, as ridiculous in its conception as it is false in its anatomy, but still no less true in its photopictorial outcome. This does not in the slightest degree impair the genuineness and honesty of the medium, but it inspires me, a disbeliever in the wing notion, with the belief that spirit-photographs are not necessarily photographs of spirits.

A concluding word: A medium may, on passing through a picture gallery, become impressed by some picture which, although forgotten soon after, may yet make persistent appearance on his negative on subsequent occasions. My caution is, that if such be published as spirit-photograph care must be taken that no copyright such picture be infringed. I have cases of this nature in my mind's eye, but time does not permit of this being enlarged upon, else could I have recited several instances.

Thought Pictures.—On the 30th June Mr. Glendinning, in his farewell address to the Glasgow Spiritualist Association, said that none of his experiences or experiments would warrant him in adopting the theory, as of general application. That such pictures exist he could neither affirm nor deny. Since commencing experiments with Mr. Chesser in 1864, he had tried to obtain "thought pictures," but had never been successful in a single instance with the latter experiment.

(2.) THE "CYPRIAN PRIESTESS" MYSTERY.

IN Mr. Glendinning's useful little book entitled "The Veil Lifted," which was noticed at the time of its publication in BORDERLAND, there appears as a frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait of a beautiful female face, which had been obtained by Mr. David Duguid's mediumship as a spirit photograph. The beauty of the features of this psychic picture attracted a good deal of attention, and then it was discovered that the face was practically identical with the face of a female figure in a German picture called "Night." According to Mr. Duguid, and the members of his circle, the picture reproduced in Mr. Glendinning's book was the portrait of a girl who, many centuries ago, was dedicated to the service of the temple of Venus in Cyprus. She gave quite a romantic account of her life, and her love, but, so far as I am aware, never mentioned her name, hence she was known to the members of the circle as the Cyprian Priestess. It can easily be imagined what a consternation was created in the ranks of the true believers when the original of the portrait was discovered in such a very mundane place as the drawing-room walls of an Edinburgh solicitor. There was at first some disposition to question whether or not this photograph actually existed, and up to the present time no one seems to have been able to discover any other copy than that which is jealously guarded in the custody of the Edinburgh solicitor aforesaid. There is no doubt, I take it, that the solicitor in question does hold the picture, and credible witnesses declare that there is no doubt as to the identity of the Edinburgh picture with that obtained as a psychic photograph by Mr. Duguid at Glasgow.

This being so, it is easy to see that the natural assumption among those who disbelieve in psychic photographs was that a fraud had been practised, and that the so-called psychic photograph was, in reality, a fraudulent copy of the picture called "Night." Controversy sprang up in *Light*, which is summarised in the following paper that has been sent me by Mr. A. J. Riko, the editor of *Sphinx*. I now print Mr. Riko's summary of the controversy which, as will be seen, is copiously intermixed with comments, and then, at the close, I will pen some observations of my own on the controversy.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS BY A. J. RIKO,

Editor of (the Dutch) "*Sphinx*."

The readers of BORDERLAND will remember an article published in the number for July, 1894, Vol. I., No. 5, *Progress in Photographing Invisibles. Recent Experiments in Spirit Photography*. This article, from the able pen of one of the editors, contained, among other items of interest, a short notice about Mr. Glendinning's volume, *The Veil Lifted*, which notice was accompanied by a reproduction of the frontispiece of said volume, representing a very beautiful girl's head. We read there in relation to this portrait:—

According to Mr. Duguid's own account, this beautiful girl was a priestess of Venus in the Isle of Cyprus during her earth life; but what as it may, she is certainly one of the most presentable of the figures in spirit photographs which I have seen either in this country or in America.

The type of this "priestess" was decidedly classical, and the upper part of the head, hair, and left part of the forehead, hidden by a white veil falling in loose folds alongside the face.

In *The Veil Lifted* we read under the frontispiece the following lines:—

This spirit face is the realisation of a high ideal of beauty, sweetness and spirituality. The beauty of it we cannot now fully comprehend; but as we gaze on it, we may say in the words of Michael Angelo:—

Souls burn for souls—spirits to spirits cry,
I seek the splendour in thy fair face storé;
Yet living man that beauty scarce can learn,
And he who fain would find it, first must die.

(See page 92, tenth line).

On this page we read:—

It was the good fortune of Mr. Glendinning to get beside us on one occasion a most exquisite face of a lady, full of each charm and grace that make up the womanly character. The term angelic might be applied to it. Such a face the seraphic painters have oftentimes drawn; a Raphael might have painted it. From somewhere must have come this form; and spiritualism demonstrates what Mr. Justice Groves in the *Correlation of Physical Forces* gives as a probable theory: myriads of organised beings may exist imperceptible to our vision, even if we were among them.

This is what we find in Mr. Glendinning's book about the photograph in question.

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE.

Now this "Grecian priestess," or rather the printed likeness of her problematical person, caused a war in the press, not less interesting in our nineteenth century, than that, the object of

which was the beautiful Helen of Troy, in older times. Happily the present war hasn't yet cost a drop of blood, but, on the contrary, ink enough.

Let us look at it.



HER PORTRAIT IN "THE VEIL LIFTED."

MADAME DE STEIGER BRINGS A CHARGE.

In the periodical *Light: a Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research*, well known by spiritualists and those who occupy themselves with psychical science, No. 708 last year (1894), Madame Isabel de Steiger, who is well



MR. RIKO'S PSYCHIC PICTURE NO. 1.

acquainted with the field of occultism, wrote a short letter from Edinburgh, stating that, dining with some friends, a photograph on the wall caught her eye:

I inquired from my host and he told me the photo was from a picture by a German artist. I may mention that the head is *exactly the same* as Mr. Duguid's Cyprian priestess.

A few months ago a friend of mine gave me a lovely little pencil drawing of the same, from *The Veil Uplifted*. Therefore the design was at once recognised by me. . . .

The photo in my friend's house is from the real picture. I do not say that the alleged spirit-photograph was *not* one, but I do say that like all such "spiritual" (?) productions, falsehood is at the bottom of them. . . .

"The veil lifted" only shows another one, not uplifted.

PUBLIC INQUIRY SUGGESTED.

No wonder this extraordinary statement caused much excitement in the camp of spiritualists and students of psychical science.

In the following issue of *Light*, No. 709, a correspondent hoped that Madame de Steiger's letter—

May lead to a close comparison of the alleged photograph of the Cyprian priestess with the picture referred to. . . .

Why the photograph in question should be a copy of a picture, instead of the representation of some living or discarnate person, it is impossible to say; but I fail to see in this circumstance any presumption of trickery in its production, although there may have been misrepresentation (from the other side) as to its identity.

Yes, G. A. K., *misrepresentation*, as you call it, in every case, as we will see.

Directly following, the editor of *The Veil Uplifted* put some questions as to the photo seen by Madame de Steiger. Besides, he launched theories on the subject, as did many other correspondents in *Light*, but these for the moment

we wish to separate from the *history* of the picture under consideration.

In the same No. 709 of *Light*, Mr. Anderson, from Glasgow, likewise invited Madame de Steiger to furnish details regarding the photo she saw:—

As such statements are calculated to awake serious doubts in the minds of your readers and of spiritualists generally, especially as Mr. Duguid has been long, and is still, prominent in the movement.

To my knowledge this is the third charge of like nature that has been made since the publication of Mr. Glendinning's book, and it is now time that the matter be probed to the bottom. It is a duty to mankind, and is in the interest of truth, to have this matter cleared up, one way or other.

I can produce photos of the Cyprian priestess taken some five years ago in Fifeshire, and another obtained on one of several *marked* plates brought from Fifeshire to Glasgow about the same time. . . .

I may mention that in those photos the figure—not merely a head—is in a reclining or floating position across the top of the cards.

In *Light* No. 710, Madame de Steiger hopes to come in possession of the details wanted regarding her assertion "that the spirit photograph in *The Veil Uplifted* was a copy from a face already placed before the world in a picture by a German artist and by photographs from that picture.

A writer signing himself Vir in the same number, emitting some theories, was of opinion that—

The Cyprian priestess is no doubt a perfect ideal personage, who never existed in flesh and blood. . . . Spirit photography is valuable as revealing something of the hidden powers in *man*, just as trance-speaking and materialisations are, but no other—



MR. RIKO'S PSYCHIC PICTURE NO. 2.

wise. Proof of spirit existence after death is ample apart from these phenomena.

THE DETAILS OF THE CHARGE.

Light, No. 711. Here we find Madame de Steiger giving the required details. She saw the photograph similar to the spirit one, "A Cyprian Priestess," in the house of Mr. J. W. Brodie Innes, barrister-at-law, Edinburgh. It represents—

An undraped sea syren rising from the sea, enveloped in the clouds of night and attended by Cupids. The face is *exactly* the same in pose and in everything, except that there is no definite drapery round the head, the dark and cloudy atmosphere giving an effect that is easily turned into definite drapery imaginatively and executively.

Mr. Brodie Innes replies to me as follows:—

MR. BRODIE INNES SUPPORTS THE ALLEGATION.

I bought the photograph you allude to, in Fleet Street in 1873 or 1874, at a print shop. I forget the name.

I was buying some engravings and I was shown two photographs entitled respectively "Night" and "Morning."

The shopman told me he got them from a traveller of a German house, and that they were photographs from German pictures by a well-known artist. This is all I know. I have never seen the originals. They were certainly not sold as spirit photographs, nor did the shopman look on them as such. You are quite welcome to state this; more I cannot say.

Madame de Steiger then continues, "The photograph entitled Night is the one whose head is a duplicate of the Cyprian Priestess," and she repeats what she said formerly, that in her opinion the deception is obvious. However, she could not see why in this special case the reproduction should be corrected in some more definite lines and form and then christened "A Cyprian Priestess," this tending in her mind to an assumption without due cause. It seemed also to her difficult to believe that the abnormal image should be the portrait of the soul of a personage whose body had perished centuries ago. She found it a proceeding unworthy of the dignity of an immortal spirit, to be idling about in such a fashion, and then appear in a purposeless manner on the plate, with a face already well known in print shops! "An inferior course, surely, for the exalted intelligence of a Cyprian Priestess! By the way—why Cyprian?"

NOT THE FIRST TIME.

This communication from Madame de Steiger was followed by a letter from myself in which I alluded to some real spirit drawings obtained at The Hague, which turned out to be copies of existing prints. This to show that I agreed with all the correspondents on the matter, but that there was no reason to doubt the honesty and integrity of Mr. David Duguid or any of the gentlemen connected with his remarkable experiments.

A REAL PERSONALITY!

Light No. 713.—Mr. James M. Anderson from Glasgow, comes in it now as a member of the well-known Hafed circle, which circle experimented since some years with Mr. Duguid. To Mr. Anderson the Cyprian Priestess has been a real, living, spiritual personality for many years, who spoke to them frequently. "She passed to the higher life in the first century of our era." To the writer it was at that moment not yet proved, "that the photograph is a reproduction of a German artist's picture."

A note under Mr. Anderson's letter by the editor of *Light* tells us that he, the editor, saw a full form photo of the "priestess" through the mediumship of Mr. Anderson, and that that picture rather confirms than otherwise the statement by Madame de Steiger, showing an undraped syren rising from the sea and attended by Cupids.

It ought to be remembered that in *The Veil Lifted* only a

head was given, but the latter full form "spirit photo" also purporting to be a portrait of the "Cyprian Priestess," answers completely to Madame de Steiger's description—an undraped syren, rising, attended by Cupids. The editor of *Light* judges rightly.

Plainly, there is a mystery yet to be unravelled—and we hope that it will be successfully cleared up without the necessity of imputing bad faith to anyone.

THE RESEMBLANCE ADMITTED.

Light No. 735 (year 1895).

SIR,—With regard to a correspondence last autumn in your columns regarding the "Cyprian priestess," which may perhaps be remembered by your readers, I beg to say that the photograph of the German artist's work "Night" was taken up to London and seen by the gentlemen who requested to see it. The exact resemblance between it and the spirit-photograph of the "Cyprian priestess" was recognised.

London Street, Edinburgh. ISABEL DE STEIGER, F.T.S.

There we have it. It is now proved that the resemblance of the photo "Night" and the spirit photo "Cyprian Priestess" is exact, and we shall see that the correspondence gains in interest.

Light No. 736.—Mr. Henry Black's convictions are unsettled, and he does not know where to stand or what to believe. Consequently he invites Mr. Duguid to clear up the matter.

In *Light* No. 741 Mr. Matthew Forbes from Dundee gives his opinion that the Cyprian Priestess is a—

Memory picture thrown unconsciously upon the plate; but be that as it may, he at the same time thinks that the matter cannot rest where it is without doing a large amount of harm to Mr. Duguid and to the cause of spiritualism which he has laboured so hard to build up; and it is a pity that such harm should be done by his wrapping himself up in a masterly silence.

Light No. 743 contains a letter from myself in which I recall the chief incidents in the history till the date of the publication of that number, April 6th, 1895. I said I didn't doubt Mr. Duguid's honesty nor the good faith of any gentlemen who took part in the experiments under consideration. Thinking with Mr. Matthew Forbes and many others that this matter ought to be cleared up as much as possible, I supplied some particulars which with some new additions for the readers of *BORDERLAND* I will repeat directly.

CAN NO ONE EXPLAIN?

Light No. 744.—Mr. David Robertson, from Kirkcaldy, urges strongly on Mr. Glendinning to give an answer to the inquiries. The matter seemed to him important and that the truth would not be served by any one who "refuses to assist in its elucidation," but Mr. Robertson also didn't doubt Mr. Glendinning's perfect probity. Mr. Duguid's conduct in the matter gave the impression, he said, of sinister indifference rather than that of simple-mindedness. It requires explanation, and if not forthcoming "we must draw conclusions for ourselves." *Primâ facie* the matter has a somewhat suspicious appearance, but it is only fair that Mr. Duguid should be given an opportunity to make any explanation he may have, which might altogether remove a wrong impression.

"Edina" (a well-known spiritualist, writing often under this pseudonym), said Mr. Duguid has no literary ability, but he can write a letter, and Mr. Robertson felt surprised that he should tamely submit to an imputation of being almost imbecile.

Cannot the "literary ability" which produced "Hafed" and "Hermes," also produce an explanation of this matter?

Or could "Edina" not assist Mr. Duguid to phrase a letter, as he is so intimately acquainted with him? The impression is now made that they would prefer the matter to remain a mystery. As Mr. Forbes said, "the matter cannot rest where it is." Mr. Duguid may be indifferent, but Mr. Robertson said, "he was not indifferent to the cause of spiritualism, and he didn't like the problem to be left without further endeavour to arrive at a solution."

Light No. 745.—Edina answers by repeating that Mr. Duguid has neither inclination nor capacity to write letters about it. Whether the "priestess" is a person or a reproduction of a "thought picture," it was not for him to say, but there was neither fraud nor double exposure in the production of the photos.

He prefers to rest on his own experiments, rather than propound theories on the subject of psychic photography. In the same number Mr. Forbes asks, if a mental picture can be thrown into a crystal (a seeing crystal), cannot the same be thrown upon the lens of a camera?

But,—

Of course the photos examined by the editor of *Sphinx* do not fall under this theory, as they are manifestly frauds, or rather the outcome of fraud, and if there is fraud on the other side, why not send some of the better spirits to find it out? as a friend of mine tersely puts it.

The photos examined by me, and to which Edina refers, will be dealt with directly.

Light No. 748.—Mr. John Birnie, also of Kirkcaldy, takes the pen. He also feels a deep interest in the Cyprian priestess controversy. He required a little light on some incidents. Mr. Anderson stated that this "personality" has been a familiar spirit for a quarter of a century in the Hafed circle. Now Mr. Duguid made statements which are not in accordance with those of Mr. Anderson, nor with what is stated regarding her by Mr. Glendinning.

Does Mr. Duguid abide by the statements of Mr. Anderson, or does he take exception to any part of them; and if so, which?

Mr. Glendinning had not seen his way to answer the question whether, when he got his copy of this "personality," Mr. Duguid informed him that others had been before him in receiving this identical likeness? This seemed to the Kirkcaldy people very disappointing. Mr. Glendinning's action

seems very inconsistent, now that he seems to avoid taking any part in this discussion, when we remember that he stated in *Light* that "there will be matters to investigate of interest to spiritualists, although of no interest to opponents."

The writer finished thus:—

I will not at present go further in this matter until I see what comment, if any, Mr. Duguid or his friends have to make on my statements."

A later correspondent from Kirkcaldy and one who is, I think, the best able to give a judgment on solid grounds writes me—

As regards the Cyprian priestess, my own belief is, it is a fraud. . . . but when I act the part of a host to any one, I do not like with my pen to turn round upon him. I shall embrace the first opportunity of a personal meeting if such does occur. Again, I frankly say my own belief is, they (the photos) are a fraud.

And further:

Can you give an intelligent explanation of the backwardness of those (so called) guides? When or how have they acted as such in connection with this? When Stead waited on Duguid for spirit photo's and failed? Duguid used his own cameras and succeeded; is this not strange?

What has Julia to say; she has advised in various matters, why not in this?

As to the last question I can't answer it; perhaps Mr. Stead will give his ideas on this point.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPIRITS.

Light No. 749.—At the General Conference of Spiritualists, the well-known expert, Mr. Traill Taylor, dealt with the question, "Are spirit photographs necessarily the photographs of spirits?" For himself he would reply in the negative to this question; though true and genuine, those phenomena were puzzling in the extreme. In the discussion Mr. Dawson Rogers referred to the "Cyprian priestess." In a recent series of test experiments Mr. Duguid had obtained said picture as nearly identical in every detail with the one already published, but he had no satisfactory evidence how the thing was done. Mr. Lacey narrated the case of "a gentleman" who had seen the "priestess" at a materialising séance; but neither name nor particulars are to be found in the report of the conference.

Light No. 750.—Another protest from Kirkcaldy: the spiritualists there become tumultuous. We have heard already of Messrs. Robertson and Birnie, now a new one joins them. Says Mr. James Kinley:

The Cyprian priestess puzzle still awaits solution, and the only one entitled to throw some light on the subject persistently chooses to remain silent. . . . This not only pains his friends, but also intensifies the sneers of the scoffers. In preaching truth one is terribly handicapped to find stumblingblocks laid across the path, not by enemies, but by friends; and it seriously rests on them to do what they can to clear the way.

The "Cyprian priestess" is quite a familiar spirit in our district—a "wandering beauty," so to speak, with a *nom de plume* to suit each locality. In the interest of truth, a stop must be put to such nonsense whereby even our great men are beguiled and made to look ridiculous before the world. A serious responsibility, therefore, lies with certain folks to speak out, and give what light they can on the matter. Who is this mysterious "priestess," and where does she really hail from? Perhaps the offer of a fifty-pound reward might prove sufficient bait to solve the puzzle—and cheap at that." With great patience, Mr. Kinley waits further light. (Others do so with him, but with less patience.)—EDITOR, *Sphinx*.

MR. DUGUID VICTIMISED.

From different correspondents in Kirkcaldy we learn that people there think that the experimenter was made "a victim," that the subjects of dispute (the so-called spirit photographs) are the result of active and conscious deception, that the "others are merely dupes," &c.

Light No. 752.—A Mr. J. S. Hill thinks "it is time to protest against the continued baiting of Mr. David Duguid about this Cyprian priestess." What can he know about the production of those photos that his co-experimenters do not know better than he? so he asks. Agreed; but many others differ with him till this moment, where he supposes the co-experimenters have told all they can; for they didn't tell anything. Mr. Hill invites Mr. Kinley, "who evidently knows something about the Cyprian priestess, himself," to tell what he knows.

Evidently, all these skirmishes contribute to convince outsiders that some may indeed know more about it, but don't want to tell it.

Light No. 754.—Mr. James Kinlay, of Kirkcaldy, finding "the lady" still proves a serious impediment to our psychic progress, likes to probe the matter to the bottom, not caring one iota for the stigma of "baiting." He

thinks Mr. Duguid capable to explain. His own knowledge may be related in a drama in three acts. I. The priestess has been a Hafed circle personality, *Lily*. II. She appears in Kirkcaldy surrounded by cupids as *Marion*. III. She turns up in London as *Cyprian priestess*. Now, was not his £50 reward proposal quite *à propos* to the attempt to find out the which was which in this strange illusion?

Did Mr. Duguid take any steps to acquaint his patrons as to her originality? We still wait reply. Simply the desire to protect ourselves "from being made the laughing-stock of those we were earnestly attempting to instruct and uplift," impels him to speak so plainly. He still patiently is awaiting further "light," and we for ourselves should say his conduct is that of an earnest seeker for truth and merits applause.

Light No. 755. (June 29th last).—Mr. Matthew Forbes invites Edina to answer his question, "What the principal actor has to say on the subject?" which question Mr. Forbes is sure Edina "must have overlooked or forgotten." It must be said, after all, the defenders of the "priestess" have a bad time of the history. In the same number "Vir" comes with some "remarks" which he thinks "make the matter quite clear." In much verbiage he tries to make us believe it is the photo of a mental image, "an imaginary picture appearing as the Cyprian priestess," and so on. Vir forgets: 1st. That it is the exact copy of an *existing* image; 2nd. That the priestess appeared in the Hafed circle and is still seen as Mr. Duguid affirms, although probably not as a nude syren. About this idea of Vir and others at the moment there is still something to add.

So far the history at this moment. I will now give particulars from private letters, for the most part not yet published, which show on what ground the suspicions of the writers rest, and at the same time may aid in forming a judgment.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS COMPARED.

Mr. Glendinning, one of my old acquaintances in spiritualism, had the kindness to send me a copy of the original photo of the "priestess" head, reproduced on a larger scale as frontispiece to his book; besides those photographs, I possess copies of the spirit photo, which, as the Editor of *Light* said, confirms the statement by Mme. de Steiger, in which the "priestess" appears as an undraped syren, &c. (*Light*, No. 713, named).

I may add to this, that those photos were obtained in different places and at different times, and I declare that these photographs are all *identical*. I do not mean in general features, but in *every detail*. The size only differs, that is all. The form of the body, position of uplifted arms, inclination, waving of the hair, position and faces of the surrounding Cupids, in short, every insignificant trifle, are on one photo *exactly* like those on the others.

I am not prepared to tell in what way I got those photos, but I'll give one here that the readers may be able to form an idea of the much-discussed "Syren" or "Cyprian priestess" in full form.

The *identity* of those pictures obtained on different occasions, in different places and at different times, *proves* that they are not productions of a *personality*, but of the same standard picture, or call it what you like, but no *person* (Spirit, Syren, or Cyprian priestess). If reproductions of a living person, there would be *variations*, be it in the smallest form, but on those pictures there are *none at all*; every light and shadow fall on all in the same way. This was stated by experts to whom I submitted them, and who inspected them with magnify-

ing glasses, and it was this identity which, as we saw, made Edina in *Light*, No. 745, judge said pictures to be "the outcome of fraud," and it seems to me there is no way to escape this conclusion. As to the "Syren" or "Night," it is possible the "original" painting is of French origin, as it is in the style in which French artists, Ingres or Bougereau, treat such figures.

MY SUGGESTION TO RIKO.

I propose to have Mr. Anderson's photos reproduced and sent to photo dealers such as Haenfstengel, Braun and others, and the process block sent to the spiritual papers on the Continent, deeming that, by this way, the original painting of "Night" may possibly be found out; for that it was appreciated in its time is proved by the reproductions made, of which Mr. Brodie Innes possesses one. This proposal not being taken up till now, I give such a reproduction here. But after all, to find out the original painting is not at all *necessary*, since we have the fact, that the Cyprian priestess "is a reproduction" or, if one likes better, repetition, of a photo already some years in existence, which is the fundamental point.

The gentlemen to whom Mrs. Isabel de Steiger alluded in her letter in *Light*, No. 735, and who recognised the identity of the ordinary and of the spirit photographs, were Messrs. Glendinning, Duguid, and Traill Taylor, two being directly connected with the history, and the latter, a first-rate expert. This happened in December of last year, when Mr. Brodie Innes brought his photo "Night" to London as he had promised to do. Neither name of painter or of photographer was found on it. I hear from authentic source that Mr. Duguid professes still to see the "priestess" at times and to get messages from her, she being dressed then in white drapery hanging loosely in "Grecian style from neck to floor," as the written information sent to me runs.

WHY DOES NOT THE SPIRIT EXPLAIN IT?

It is rather surprising, that till now the spirit has not cleared up the mystery, seeing she still communicates with the circle. Another question presents itself, viz., Why did the priestess not appear on the discussed photos in her classical Grecian drapery, but throw away even the smallest bit of clothing to appear as a nude Syren? Did Mr. Duguid ever see her in the latter "style"? It would be interesting to know that.

WHY IS MR. INNES MYSTERIOUS?

A full description of Mr. Brodie Innes' photo which I got, says that it represents "a nude female form with arms uplifted," and that there are also "Cupids" as described. The "photo is a bad one and over-developed, so that the background is vague—but it seems a mixture of sea, cloud, and light floating drapery." Now, this answers also to the appearance of the spirit photo, as the reader will see. I may still remark, that the question of the identity of photos would have been made out long before Mr. Brodie Innes brought his picture to London, but that gentleman refused obstinately to allow his photo to be copied. Why this refusal, he doesn't say, and this is a mystery on his side. Most persons in his place would only be glad to contribute to the elucidation of truth without any trouble, but different people, different ideas.

A DRUIDICAL PRIESTESS THIS TIME.

In the year 1890, Mr. Duguid obtained some photographs at Kirkcaldy, identical, so far as the head is concerned, with the now famous "Cyprian priestess," and, which, as Mr. Duguid stated, represented *then* the spirit-guide and

close attendant of the gentleman who operated; the name of this guide was given as "Marion" (a Scottish pastoral name), and she had been, in earth life, a "*Druidical priestess*." Further, Mr. Duguid holds that the boy at her shoulder *was the son* of the gentleman in question, which child had died in infancy about sixteen years before.

About two years after the foregoing, the gentleman visited Mr. Duguid in Glasgow, and on this occasion the latter wished to show him his latest production, which he was certain "would be difficult to out-do." This photo was recognised at once as a merely enlarged head of "Marion" the "*Druidical priestess*." Surprised at having this shown to him as something new and noteworthy, the gentleman exclaimed:—"D—ed, Davie, that's my woman," meaning his female spirit-guide as Mr. Duguid had before informed him. Staggered that the gentleman at once recognised the photo, the medium changed the talk to something else. The head of "Marion" had only been enlarged and set upright. When "The Veil Lifted" appeared, the gentleman was once more surprised to recognise the "*Druidical priestess*" accompanied with a life history different to that related to him formerly. Still more surprised was he, when Madame de Steiger's letter appeared, but the climax was reached, when she described her friend's picture as "an undraped syren, rising out of the sea attended by *Cupids*." From this time, the said gentleman had had enough of the medium.

IN THE HAFED CIRCLE.

Another point. Mr. Anderson stated that the "Cyprian priestess" had been a familiar visitor in the *Hafed* circle for nearly a quarter of a century, but under the name of Lily. Mr. Birnie desired to know whether that account was endorsed.

Mr. David Robertson, as he writes me, asked of Mr. Glendinning twice, and Mr. Birnie repeated the question a third time: "If Mr. Duguid had made him aware that others had obtained this same likeness before him," but Mr. Glendinning ignored that question, which, after all that transpired, matters little, although it seems Mr. Glendinning thought he was the only and original possessor of this "spirit likeness."

The same correspondent informs me, that the medium is not a novice in the art of photography, but was, at one time, a professional photographer, having been assistant to the late James Bowman, of Glasgow, and, latterly, on his own account, under the style of "David Duguid and Sons."

Although not directly in reference to the history under consideration, I wish to reveal some incidents which may further assist to form a judgment, and to draw conclusions founded on facts.

EDINA'S REPORT.

Edina reported in *Light* that he was successful in obtaining a photograph of Geordie "through the instrumentality of" Mr. Duguid. This seems rather queer, when we learn from Mr. David Robertson, 142, Dunnikier Road, Kirkcaldy, that in his family Mr. Duguid discredited a photograph of the *materialized* spirit, Geordie, some years ago, taken by Mr. James Bowman, of Glasgow, the description of which the readers will remember, and a copy of which is in the possession of the writer of this article. Probably Mr. Duguid had lost the memory of this incident of his third visit to Kirkcaldy, when Edina lately got his "spirit photograph" from an apparition *not* materialised before his mortal eyes.

Prior to June, 1890, a series of alleged spirit-photo-

graphs were obtained. One of these, which Mr. Duguid had taken in Glasgow, he preferred to keep beside himself, and did not give it to the *photographer* to develop it at his leisure. After a long delay, a print of this plate came; the "reason" given for this delay was, that the plate was most difficult to develop, "*as the ghost would do no way but its own way*." Query! The ghost having impressed the plate when in the camera, what has he more to do with its development? A fortnight after the receipt of this letter the print arrived. There were several additions on the photo, and being pressed for explanation on some points, Mr. Duguid admitted (in a letter) that he had made use of a pencil to *define the ghost*. The late editor of *Light*, who saw this photo, submitted it to an expert, and that expert reported upon it very unfavourably. The correspondence about this experiment is in the hands of Mr. David Robertson, above mentioned.

I don't draw conclusions, but these are very "strange" facts.

Now, as to some theories advanced by different correspondents, here are the principal ones.

The phenomenal production may be caused by direct impression on the plate.

Psychic photographs may have their counterpart on the mundane plan.

Falsity of the so-called spirit region.

Materialized double of Mr. Duguid.

Fixing of fleeting figures passing in the astral, *wandering reflection of a reflection*.

(Formed by a process analogous to direct writing.)

Production of copies of pictures on the photographic plate by spirits.

Thought forms taking the likeness of any person.

Sport of elementals.

And so on, prejudice, out of *parti pris*, feels content with every explanation fitting with preconceived ideas. It may be the "priestess" is the reproduction of a thought-picture fleeting somewhere or somehow in the atmosphere, but as we have *in casu* a material photograph from a material picture, by a material painter, and the priestess gives us to see the identical form, I should say the "priestess" is more likely to be a "fraud" than a thought-picture. We don't like to make fools of ourselves by grasping at the most fantastic and improbable explanation, which, moreover, is no explanation at all, when other more ordinary and logical ways are open to explain the mystery (even if they can't be *proved*), and to lead to truth. These are the reasons why, in our opinion, the theories can rest till all the circumstances in reference to the history are *known*.

THE MIND-PICTURE HYPOTHESIS.

Says one of my correspondents: Since the appearance of your letter (in which I stated that in every photo the *figure* is identical, proving that it cannot be a living *mobile* thing, whatever it may be), the apologists seem to have entirely given up the idea of its being the picture of an actual spirit, and now fondly indulge the hope of it being a "mind picture," whatever that may mean, or they pretend to care very little about theories, preferring that it should remain "a mystery." It seems to him a far-fetched theory, grasped at in desperation, and he thinks that to propound it is, for professed spiritualists, simply suicidal, as it upsets the idea of spirit-photography altogether.

For to admit that it were possible to photograph a mind picture would render it impossible to know whether a particular photo was that of a spirit or only a mind picture. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace describes how he obtained the photo of his deceased mother who had never had a portrait of herself taken, and this is regarded as a case of spirit-photography *par*

excellence, but if we allow the possibility of photographing mind pictures, we shatter the case completely.

It seems to me there is not much to say against this.

HOW THE CASE STANDS.

One of my correspondents about the history puts it this way :—

The case stands thus : a spirit-photograph has been taken, which on examination proves to be a copy of a picture already existing. If it be a genuine spirit-photo, how comes it that the same spirit manifests in such various and strange manners, and appears exactly like a known picture?

Or, a photo has been taken that is *not* proven to be a genuine spirit-photo, and shows resemblance to a known picture. Why then call it a "Cyprian priestess?"

Why was only her head given in "The Veil Lifted" and not the whole form? Is the deception with the experimenters or with the "spirit" who appears in such strange disguise, or what else?

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

So far my contributor.

Now, first there are one or two corrections as to fact. First of all, as to the silence to which frequent reference is made of Mr. Glendinning. I know Mr. Glendinning personally, and I am in a position to state that, for personal and private reasons, that it would not be right to enter into here, but which Mr. Riko or any other gentlemen would recognise as adequate, he is compelled to refrain from taking part at present in this controversy. Mr. Glendinning has shown no indisposition to reply privately to any one who would address any question to him civilly, but he has not deemed it his duty to reply to every insulting communication that has appeared in the public press.

Mr. Anderson's statement that the Cyprian Priestess has been a familiar spirit now for a quarter of a century in the Hafed Circle is incorrect. Mr. Anderson is not in a position to state anything as to what took place in that circle before he joined it, and as he is a comparatively recent addition to its ranks, he knows nothing of what took place a quarter of a century ago. As a matter of fact, it is about fourteen years since the first manifestation of the Cyprian Priestess took place.

Further, Mr. Riko says that all the photographs, although obtained at different places, and at different times, are identical in every detail. This, I believe, was correct until recently, but one of the more recent photographs that was taken under test conditions, on which the portrait of the Cyprian Priestess appears, there was a change in the position of the hand.

It is also incorrect to say that the Cyprian Priestess was known under the name of Lilly. Lilly was an entirely different entity, and has no connection whatever with the Cyprian Priestess.

I have omitted one passage from Mr. Riko's article which, although referring to a related question, rather complicates the discussion about the Cyprian Priestess, more especially that the passage in question was written under a misapprehension.

EDINA'S ANSWER.

To complete this statement of Mr. Riko's, it is necessary to quote the last letter of Edina's, which appeared in *Light* after Mr. Riko had finished his paper. Edina, who was

In any case, there is here every ground for doubt and delusion. Are the appearances on the plate spirits or what else?

Another writes: "Why does not Duguid explain, he being in connection with all the exposures here dealt with?" And so on.

Indeed, it is not easy to comprehend why they remain silent. I myself should not hesitate to tell *all* the circumstances under which the spirit photos were obtained, in every detail and trifle, even if there were incidents connected with it which might induce outsiders to suspect me. Nothing is stronger than the conviction of having dealt honestly, and with this conviction it is not necessary to hide anything. I for myself don't care about irrational judgments, and should not act otherwise in similar matters.

With this I close my communications, observing that Mr. Dawson Rogers, the editor of *Light*, deserves every appreciation for the candid manner in which he has dealt with the history.

The Hague,
July, 1895.

A. J. RIKO,
Editor "*Sphinx*."

personally known to me as a professional man of good standing in Edinburgh, writes as follows:—

I have to state, for Mr. Forbes' information, that Mr. Duguid has told me he has seen this personage often, and that she has always come to him clothed in white drapery. He has given me other details, but as it is some time since we talked on the subject, I confine myself meantime to stating that she is "a person" on the "other side" who, I am informed, has appeared to Mr. Duguid. It has also been stated to me that she is well known to what is denominated "the Hafed Circle," which meets weekly at Mr. Duguid's house in Glasgow. This circle, I am informed, has been conducted for a long period of years, and during all that time Mr. Duguid has given his services as sole medium without fee or reward of any kind. He also gives a *free* painting séance, to which everybody is welcome, once a month in his house in Glasgow, and pays for the painting materials out of his own weekly wages. And this is the man—a plain, unlettered mechanic—against whom the shafts of misrepresentation and the sneers of incredulity have been directed from far too many sources during the last two decades. His mediumship has been anything but a financial gain to him; but he doesn't mind that, so long as his honesty is not impugned.

In conclusion let me say this: it is a matter of little importance, to me, at least, whether the "Cyprian Priestess" is, or is not, like the picture entitled "Night," and that simply because on three occasions the photograph or likeness of the former has been got under test conditions—(1) through Mr. Glendinning's agency; (2) through my friend (as described by me) along with another photograph of a totally different and unknown person; and (3) by two members of my family holding a plate in their hands, which were also held by Mr. Duguid for a few minutes. What more is wanted? Granted that the result is the production of a face and pose like the picture entitled "Night," it is still an abnormal production got under test conditions, and, as such, is entitled to be denominated a "psychic photograph." I really must protest against this continual theorising, nagging, and questioning. Let us deal with solid facts, which cannot be controverted; and, with the body of evidence in my possession, I contend that psychic photography is proved, and Mr. Duguid's honesty stands unimpeached.

JULIA'S EXPLANATION.

I asked Julia about this question some time ago, and her explanation of the matter in substance is as follows:—

The original picture "Night" was painted by an artist who, like all true artists, was more or less psychic, and

was able to visualise a spirit form which he, with the assistance of that spirit, succeeded in transferring to canvas in the picture called "Night." This picture was sufficiently faithful a reproduction of the likeness of the spirit to be accepted by her as a faithful representation of her appearance. The fact that it was painted, not as a portrait, but as a figure in an ideal picture, does not detract from its likeness, for some of Lady Hamilton's best portraits were painted in more or less fanciful or ideal pictures. All that, of course, is possible, but it does not bring us much nearer to the crux of the question, which is why should this picture be reproduced on all the psychic photographs, instead of having each time a picture of the spirit in a different pose? It is on this point that Julia's explanation becomes interesting. She wrote:—"Whenever any spirits on our side manifest themselves, either by means of photography or by materialisation, it is necessary for them to prepare what I may call a mould, by which they can impress themselves upon the photographic plate, or make themselves visible in a materialisation séance. If you notice, you will find that the controlling spirit at a materialising séance always appears in exactly the same shape, height, dress, and you will find that photographs of the same spirits are usually identical. We could, of course, make a fresh mould for every fresh sitting, but this would involve a great deal of trouble, and when you have got one good mould, there is no necessity to take the trouble to make new moulds any more than there is for having a separate woodcut for every reproduction of a picture in a book, or taking a new negative for every portrait which you desire to give away to your friends. You get the block and go on printing. We get the mould, and go on reproducing copies when they are wanted."

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

Such an explanation may or may not commend itself to the critical judgment of Mr. Riko and other correspondents who have taken part in this controversy, but altogether apart from the source of the communication which my hand wrote automatically, such a hypothesis does at least count for certain facts which seem to be beyond dispute.

These facts are:—

1. That repeatedly, under the strictest test conditions, when Mr. David Duguid had no opportunity either of handling the camera, or the plate, or the developing bath, the pictures of "Night," or the Cyprian Priestess have appeared upon the plate.

2. That these pictures have appeared on the negatives at intervals for more than fourteen years, and that, in all cases, save the very last, the picture reproduced has been an absolutely identical copy of the head in the original painting.

3. That clairvoyants sitting at the circle when these pictures were obtained, have seen the Cyprian Priestess, not as she was posed in the picture, but surrounded in light shadowy drapery, and without any of the cupids by whom she was surrounded in the ideal picture of "Night."

4. It was stated at the Spiritualist Conference in London in May, by one of the speakers, that the Cyprian Priestess herself appeared at a séance for materialisation held in London some time ago. Her identity was then not known, but one of the sitters, afterwards seeing her portrait in the "Veil Uplifted," at once recognised the face as identical with that of the materialised spirit.

Now, of course, it is possible to pick holes in the evidence here and there, and to ridicule the whole thing as a tissue of absurdities, in which all the persons are concerned are either knaves or fools, but that airy and arrogant way of disposing of difficulties will not advance us in our quest for the discovery of the truth. On the whole, therefore, I am very strongly inclined to believe that Julia's explanation is correct; at any rate, I am disposed to adopt it as a working hypothesis until it can be superseded by something that can better account for the facts. It might tend to throw some light upon this question if it could be proved that in every case psychic pictures are reproduced in exactly the same pose and with the exact similarity of detail.

TWO PARTING SUGGESTIONS.

There are, however, one or two points that it would be well if Mr. Duguid or any member of his circle could clear up.

(1.) Whether the Cyprian Priestess, when she next communicates, would give her own explanation of the difficulties that have troubled Mr. Riko. If she sat for her portrait to the artist of "Night," could she not give us any clue as to his whereabouts or where the original picture can be found, in order that photographs can be secured.

(2.) If it be proved that, for purposes of psychic photography, she has gone on using the old mould, would she not condescend on this occasion to make a new one, and be photographed as she is seen by the clairvoyants, without these appendages of cupids?

VII.—THE ASTRAL PLANE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

A THEOSOPHICAL GUIDE TO THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

MUCH the more notable publication of the quarter, or indeed of many quarters, that has reached me, is the paper on the Astral Plane, which Mr. C. W. Leadbeater read before the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society. It appears in the April number of their *Transactions*, and can be obtained at a shilling net at 7 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. It is a compendium or vade mecum of the theosophical theory of the astral plane and of the inhabitants thereof, by one who, as Mrs. Besant said to me, has been there and knows all about them. Mr. Leadbeater's statements may be the authentic narrative of a careful traveller, or they may be the ingenious speculations of one who is versed in the occult lore of the East. But considering how most of us believe in Milton's saying:

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep,"

and considering also how little we have that even pretends to exact information as to the nature, number, and character of these entities, Mr. Leadbeater's paper will be read with interest and avidity. I confine my extracts to the summary with which at the close of his paper he briefly passes in review the theosophical theory as to the way in which all occult phenomena are produced. Whether he is right or wrong, he at least faces the whole field, and his theory supplies a working hypothesis that can be stated even if most people find it incredible; therein it has an advantage over almost all other theories that seek to account for the phenomena of the invisible world. The following is Mr. Leadbeater's recapitulation of the denizens of the astral plane most frequently met with by the student of these subjects.

Apparitions or ghosts furnish a very good instance of the remark just made, for in the loose manner in which the words are ordinarily used they may stand for almost any inhabitant of the astral plane. Of course psychically developed people are constantly seeing such things, but for an ordinary person to "see a ghost," as the common expression runs, one of two things must happen; either that ghost must materialise, or that person must have a temporary flash of psychic perception. But for the fact that neither of these events is a common one, ghosts would be met with in our streets as frequently as living people.

CHURCHYARD GHOSTS.

If the ghost is seen hovering about a grave it is probably the Linga Sarira shell of a newly-buried person, though it may be the astral body of a living man haunting in sleep the tomb of a friend; or, again, it may be a materialised thought-form—that is, an artificial elemental created by the energy with which a man thinks of himself as present at that particular spot. These varieties would be easily distinguishable one from the other by anyone accustomed to use astral vision, but an unpractised person would be quite likely to call them all vaguely "ghosts."

APPARITIONS OF THE DYING.

Apparitions at the time of death are by no means uncommon, and are very often really visits paid by the astral form of the dying man just before what we elect to call the moment of dissolution; though here again they are quite likely to be thought-forms called into being by his earnest wish to see some friend once more before he passes into an unfamiliar condition.

HAUNTED LOCALITIES.

Apparitions at the spot where some crime was committed are usually thought-forms projected by the criminal, who, whether living or dead, but most especially when dead, is perpetually thinking over again and again the circumstances of his action, and since these thoughts are naturally specially vivid in his mind on the anniversary of the original crime, it is often only on that occasion that the artificial elementals he creates are strong enough to materialise themselves to ordinary sight—a fact which accounts for the periodicity of some manifestation of this class. Another point in reference to such phenomena is, that wherever any tremendous mental disturbance has taken place, wherever overwhelming terror, pain, sorrow, hatred, or indeed any kind of intense passion has been felt, an impression of so very marked a character has been made upon the astral light that a person with even the faintest glimmer of psychic faculty cannot but be deeply impressed by it, and it would need but a slight temporary increase of sensibility to enable him to visualise the entire scene—to see the event in all its detail apparently taking place before his eyes—and in such a case he would of course report that the place was haunted and that he had seen a ghost. Indeed, people who are as yet unable to see psychically under any circumstances are frequently very unpleasantly impressed when visiting such places as we have mentioned; there are many, for example, who feel uncomfortable when passing the site of Tyburn Tree, who cannot stay in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's though they may not be in the least aware that their discomfort is due to the dreadful impressions in the astral light which surround places and objects redolent of horror and crime, and to the presence of the loathsome astral entities which always swarm about such centres.

FAMILY GHOSTS.

The family ghost, whom we generally find in the stories of the supernatural as an appanage of the feudal castle, may be either a thought-form or an unusually vivid impression in the astral light, or, again, he may really be an earthly bound ancestor still haunting the scenes in which his thoughts and hopes centred during life.

BELL-RINGING, STONE-THROWING, ETC.

Another class of hauntings which take the form of bell-ringing, stone-throwing, or the breaking of crockery, is almost invariably the work of elemental forces, either set blindly in motion by the clumsy efforts of an ignorant person trying to attract the attention of his surviving friends, or intentionally employed by some childish mischievous nature-spirit.

FAIRIES.

The nature-spirits are also responsible for whatever of truth there may be in all the strange fairy stories which are so common in certain parts of the country. Sometimes a temporary accession of clairvoyance, which is by no means uncommon among the inhabitants of lonely mountainous regions, enables some belated wayfarer to watch their joyous gambols, sometimes strange tricks are played upon some terrified victim, and a glamour is cast over him, making him, for example, see houses and people where he knows none really exist. And this is frequently no mere momentary delusion, for a man who sometimes goes through quite a long series of imaginary but most striking adventures, and then suddenly finds that all his brilliant surroundings have vanished in a moment, leaving him standing in some lonely valley or on some wind-swept plain.

THE "CONTROLS" AT SÉANCES.

To the same entities must be attributed a large portion of what are called physical phenomena at spiritualistic *séances*—indeed, many a *séance* has been given entirely by these mischievous creatures; and such a performance might easily include many very striking items, such as the answering of questions and delivery of pretended messages by raps or tilts, the exhibition of "spirit lights," the apport of objects from a distance, the reading of thoughts which were in the mind of any person present, the precipitation of writings or drawings, and even materialisations. In fact, the nature-spirits alone, if any of them happened to be disposed to take the trouble, could give a *séance* equal to the most wonderful of which we read; for though there may be certain phenomena which they would not find it easy to reproduce, their marvellous power of glamour would enable them without difficulty to persuade the entire circle that these phenomena also had duly occurred, unless, indeed, there were present a trained observer who understood their arts and knew how to defeat them. As a general rule, whenever silly tricks or practical jokes are played at a *séance*, we may infer the presence either of low class nature-spirits, or of human beings who were of a sufficiently degraded type to find pleasure in such idiotic performances during life.

SPIRITS AND THEIR PERSONATORS.

As to the entities who may "communicate" at a *séance*, or may obsess and speak through an entranced medium, their name is simply legion; there is hardly a single class among all the varied inhabitants of the astral plane from whose ranks they may not be drawn, though after the explanations given it will be readily understood that the chances are very much against their coming from a high one. A manifesting "spirit" may be exactly what it professes to be, but on the whole the probabilities are that it is nothing of the kind; and for the ordinary sitter there is absolutely no means of distinguishing the true from the false, since the extent to which a being having all the resources of the astral plane at his command can delude a person on the physical plane is so great that no reliance can be placed even on what seems the most convincing proof. If something manifests which announces itself as a man's long-lost brother, he can have no certainty that its claim is a just one; if it tells him of some fact known only to that brother and to himself, he remains unconvinced, for he knows that it might easily have read the information from his own mind, or from his surroundings in the astral light; even if it goes still further and tells him something connected with his brother, of which he himself is unaware, but which he afterwards verifies, he still realises that even this may have been read from the astral record, or that what he sees before him may be only the shade of his brother, and so possess his memory without in any way being himself. It is not for one moment denied that important communications have sometimes been made at *séances* by entities who in such cases have been precisely what they said they were; all that is claimed is that it is quite impossible for the ordinary person who visits a *séance* ever to be certain that he is not being cruelly deceived in one or other of half a dozen different ways.

There have been a few cases in which there have been given, through a medium, a series of valuable teachings on deeply interesting subjects, but this has invariably been at strictly private family *séances*, not at public performances for which money has been paid.

ASTRAL RESOURCES.

Astral vision, or rather astral perception, may from one point of view be defined as the capability of receiving an enormously increased number of different sets of vibrations. In our physical bodies one small set of slow vibrations are perceptible to us as sound, another small set of much more rapid vibrations affect us as light; and again another set as electric action: but there are immense numbers of intermediate vibrations which produce no result which our physical senses can cognise at all. Now it will

readily be seen that if all, or even some only, of these intermediates, with all the complications producible by differences of wave-length, are perceptible on the astral plane, our comprehension of nature might be very greatly increased on that level, and we might be able to acquire much information which is now hidden from us.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

It is admitted that some of these pass through solid matter with perfect ease, so that this enables us to account scientifically for some of the peculiarities of astral vision, though those minds to which the theory of the fourth dimension commends itself find in it a neater and more complete explanation. It is clear that the mere possession of this astral vision by a being would at once account for his capability to produce many results that seem very wonderful to us—such, for example, as the reading of a passage from a closed book: and when we remember, furthermore, that this faculty includes the power of thought-reading to the fullest extent, and also, when combined with the knowledge of the projection of currents in the astral light, that of observing a desired object in almost any part of the world, we see that a good many of the phenomena of clairvoyance are explicable even without rising above this level. Of course true, trained, and absolutely reliable clairvoyance calls into operation an entirely different set of faculties, but as these belong to a higher plane than the astral, they form no part of our present subject.

PREVISION AND SECOND-SIGHT.

The faculty of accurate prevision, again, appertains altogether to that higher plane, yet flashes or reflections of it frequently show themselves to purely astral sight, more especially among simple-minded people who live under suitable conditions—what is called "second-sight" among the Highlanders of Scotland being a well-known example.

Another fact which must not be forgotten is that any intelligent inhabitant of the astral plane is not only able to perceive these etheric vibrations, but also can—if he has learnt how it is done—adapt them to his own ends or himself set them in motion.

ASTRAL FORCES.

It will be readily understood that superphysical forces and the methods of managing them are not subjects about which much can be written for publication at present, though there is reason to suppose that it may not be very long before at any rate some applications of one or two of them come to be known to the world at large: but it may, perhaps, be possible, without transgressing the limits of the permissible, to give so much of an idea of them as shall be sufficient to show in outline how certain phenomena are performed. All who have much experience of spiritualistic *séances* at which physical phenomena are produced must at one time or another have seen evidence of the employment of practically resistless force in, for example, the instant movement of enormous weights, and so on; and if of a scientific turn of mind, they may perhaps have wondered whence this force was obtained, and what was the leverage employed. As usual, in connection with astral phenomena, there are several ways in which such work may have been done, but it will be enough for the moment to hint at four.

THE ETHER.

First, there are great etheric currents constantly sweeping over the surface of the earth from pole to pole in volume which makes their power as irresistible as that of the rising tide; and there are methods by which this stupendous force may be safely utilized, though unskilful attempts to control it would be fraught with frightful danger. Secondly, there is what can best be described as an etheric pressure, somewhat corresponding to, though immensely greater than, the atmospheric pressure. In ordinary life we are as little conscious of one of these pressures as we are of the other, but nevertheless they both exist, and if science were able to exhaust the ether from a

given space, as it can exhaust the air, the one could be proved as readily as the other. The difficulty of doing that lies in the fact that matter in the etheric condition freely interpenetrates matter in all states below it, so that there is as yet no means within the knowledge of our physicists by which any given body of ether can be isolated from the rest. Practical Occultism, however, teaches how this can be done, and thus the tremendous force of etheric pressure can be brought into play. Thirdly, there is a vast store of potential energy lying dormant in matter while in these higher states, and by changing the condition of the matter some of this may be liberated and utilized, somewhat as latent energy in the form of heat may be liberated by a change in the condition of visible matter.

SYMPATHETIC VIBRATION.

Fourthly, many striking results, both great and small, may be produced by an extension of a principle which may be described as that of sympathetic vibration. Illustrations taken from the physical plane seem generally to misrepresent rather than elucidate astral phenomena, because they can never be more than partially applicable; but the recollection of two simple facts of ordinary life may help to make this important branch of our subject clearer, if we are careful not to push the analogy further than it will hold good. It is well known that if one of the wires of a harp be made to vibrate vigorously, its movement will call forth sympathetic vibrations in the corresponding strings of any number of harps placed round it, if they are tuned to exactly the same pitch. It is also well known that when a large body of soldiers crosses a suspension bridge it is necessary for them to break step, since the perfect regularity of their ordinary march would set up a vibration in the bridge, which would be intensified by every step they took, until the point of resistance of the iron was passed, when the whole structure would fly to pieces. With these two analogies in our minds (never forgetting that they are only partial ones) it may seem more comprehensible that one who knows exactly at what rate to start his vibrations—knows, so to speak, the keynote of the class of matter he wishes to affect—should be able by sounding that keynote to call forth an immense number of sympathetic vibrations. When this is done on the physical plane no additional energy is developed, but on the astral plane there is this difference, that the matter with which we are dealing is far less inert, and so when called into action by these sympathetic vibrations it adds its own living force to the original impulse, which may thus be multiplied many-fold; and then by further rhythmic repetition of the original impulse, as in the case of the soldiers marching over the bridge, the vibrations may be so intensified that the result is out of all apparent proportion to the cause. Indeed, it may be said that there is scarcely any limit to the conceivable achievements of this force in the hands of a great Adept who fully comprehends its possibilities or the very building of the Universe itself was but the result of the vibrations set up by the Spoken Word.

SPELLS OF DISINTEGRATION.

The class of mantrams or spells which produce their results not by controlling some elemental, but merely by the repetition of certain sounds, also depend for their efficacy upon this action of sympathetic vibration. The phenomenon of disintegration also may be brought about by the action of extremely rapid vibrations, which overcome the cohesion of the molecules of the object operated upon. A still higher rate of vibrations of a somewhat different type will separate these molecules into their constituent atoms. A body reduced by these means to the etheric condition can be moved by an astral current from one place to another with very great rapidity; and the moment that the force which has been exerted to put it into that condition is withdrawn it will be forced by the etheric pressure to resume its original form. It is in this way that objects are sometimes brought almost instantaneously from great distances at spiritualistic séances, and it is obvious that when disintegrated they could be passed with perfect ease through any solid substance, such, for example, as the wall of a house or

the side of a locked box, so that what is commonly called "the passage of matter through matter" is seen, when properly understood, to be as simple as the passage of water through a sieve, or of a gas through a liquid in some chemical experiment.

MATERIALIZATION.

Since it is possible by an alteration of vibrations to change matter from the solid to the etheric condition, it will be comprehended that it is also possible to reverse the process and to bring etheric matter into the solid state. As the one process explains the phenomenon of disintegration, so does the other that of materialisation; and just as in the former case continued effort of will is necessary to prevent the object from resuming its original form, in exactly the same way in the latter phenomenon a continued effort is necessary to prevent the materialised matter from relapsing into the etheric condition. In the materialisations seen at an ordinary séance, such matter as may be required is borrowed as far as possible from the medium's *Linga Sarira*—an operation which is prejudicial to his health, and also undesirable in various other ways; and this explains the fact that the materialised form is usually strictly confined to the immediate neighbourhood of the medium and is subject to an attraction which is constantly drawing it back to the body from which it came, so that if kept away from the medium too long the figure collapses, and the matter which composed it, returning to the etheric condition, rushes back instantly to its source.

WHY DARKNESS IS REQUIRED.

The reason why the beings directing a *séance* find it easier to operate in darkness or in very subdued light will now be manifest, since their power would usually be insufficient to hold together a materialised form or even a "spirit hand" for more than a very few seconds amidst the intense vibrations set up by brilliant light. The *habitués* of *séances* will no doubt have noticed that materialisations are of three kinds:—First, those which are tangible but not visible; second, those which are visible but not tangible; and third, those which are both visible and tangible. To the first kind, which is much the most common, belong the invisible spirit hands which so frequently stroke the faces of the sitters or carry small objects about the room, and the vocal organs from which the "direct voice" proceeds. In this case, an order of matter is being used which can neither reflect nor obstruct light, but which is capable under certain conditions of setting up vibrations in the atmosphere which affect us as sound.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A variation of this class is that kind of partial materialisation which, though incapable of reflecting any light that we can see, is yet able to affect some of the ultra-violet rays, and can therefore make a more or less definite impression upon the camera, and so provide us with what are known as "spirit-photographs." When there is not sufficient power available to produce a perfect materialisation we sometimes get the vaporous-looking form which constitutes our second class, and in such a case the "spirits" usually warn their sitters that the forms which appear must not be touched. In the rarer case of a full materialization there is sufficient power to hold together, at least for a few moments, a form which can be both seen and touched.

When an Adept or pupil finds it necessary for any purpose to materialise his *Mayâvirûpa* or his astral body, he does not draw upon either his own *Linga Sarira* or any one else's, since he has been taught how to extract the matter which he requires directly from the astral light or even from the *Âkâsa*.

REDUPLICATION.

Another phenomenon closely connected with this part of the subject is that of reduplication, which is produced by simply forming in the astral light a perfect mental image of the object to be copied, and then gathering about that mould the necessary physical matter. Of course for this purpose it is necessary that

every particle, interior as well as exterior, of the object to be duplicated should be held accurately in view simultaneously, and consequently the phenomenon is one which requires considerable power of concentration to perform. Persons unable to reduce the matter required directly from the astral light have sometimes borrowed it from the material of the original article, which in this case would be correspondingly reduced in weight.

PRECIPITATION.

We read a good deal in Theosophical literature about the precipitation of letters or pictures. This result, like everything else, may be obtained in several ways. An Adept wishing to communicate with some one might place a sheet of paper before him, form an image of the writing which he wished to appear upon it, and draw from the astral light the matter wherewith to objectify that image; or if he preferred to do so it would be equally easy for him to produce the same result upon a sheet of paper lying before his correspondent, whatever might be the distance between them. A third method which, since it saves time, is much more frequently adopted, is to impress the whole substance of the letter on the mind of some pupil, and leave him to do the mechanical work of precipitation. That pupil would then take his sheet of paper and, imagining he saw the letter written thereon in his Master's hand, would proceed to objectify the writing as before described. If he found it difficult to perform simultaneously the two operations of drawing his material from the astral light and precipitating the writing on the paper, he might have either ordinary ink or a small quantity of coloured powder on the table beside him, which, being already physical matter, could be drawn upon more readily.

INSTANTANEOUS LETTER WRITING.

It is of course obvious that the possession of this power would be a very dangerous weapon in the hands of an unscrupulous person, since it is just as easy to imitate one man's handwriting as another's, and it would be impossible to detect by any ordinary means a forgery committed in this manner. A pupil definitely connected with any Master has always an infallible test by which he knows whether any message really emanates from that Master or not, but for others the proof of its origin must always lie solely in the contents of the letter and the spirit breathing through it, as the handwriting, however cleverly imitated, is of absolutely no value as evidence. A pupil new to the work of precipitation would probably be able to image only a few words at a time, and would, therefore, get on hardly more rapidly than if he wrote his letter in the ordinary way, but a more experienced individual who could visualise a whole page or perhaps the entire letter at once would get through his work with greater facility. It is in this manner that quite long letters are sometimes produced in a few seconds at a *séance*.

HOW PICTURES ARE PRODUCED.

When a picture has to be precipitated the method is precisely the same, except that here it is absolutely necessary that the entire scene should be visualised at once, and if many colours are required there is of course the additional complication of manufacturing them, keeping them separate, and reproducing accurately the exact tints of the scene to be represented. Evidently there is scope here for the exercise of the artistic faculty, and it must not be supposed that every inhabitant of the astral plane could by this method produce an equally good picture; a man who had been a great artist in life, and had therefore learnt how to see and what to look for, would certainly be very much more successful than the ordinary person if he attempted precipitation when on the astral plane after death.

SLATE-WRITING.

The slate-writing, for the production of which under test conditions some of the greatest mediums have been so famous, is sometimes produced by precipitation, though more frequently the fragment of pencil enclosed between the slates is guided by

a spirit hand, of which only just the tiny points sufficient to grasp it are materialised.

LEVITATION.

An occurrence which occasionally takes place at *séances*, and more frequently among eastern Yôgis, is what is called levitation—that is, the floating of a human body in the air. No doubt when this takes place in the case of a medium, he is often simply upborne by "spirit hands," but there is another and more scientific method of accomplishing this feat which is always used in the East, and occasionally here also. Occult science is acquainted with a means of neutralising or even entirely reversing the attraction of gravity, and it is obvious that by the judicious use of this power all the phenomena of levitation may be easily produced.

SPIRIT LIGHTS.

With the knowledge of the forces of nature which the resources of the astral plane place at the command of its inhabitants the production of what are called "spirit lights" is a very easy matter, whether they be of the mildly phosphorescent or the dazzling electrical variety, or those curious dancing globules of light into which a certain class of fire elementals so readily transform themselves. Since all light consists simply of vibrations of the ether, it is obvious that anyone who knows how to set up these vibrations can readily produce any kind of light that he wishes.

HANDLING FIRE.

It is by the aid of the ethereal elemental essence also that the remarkable feat of handling fire unharmed is generally performed, though there are as usual other ways in which it can be done. The thinnest layer of ethereal substance can be so manipulated as to be absolutely impervious to heat, and when the hand of a medium or sitter is covered with this he may pick up burning coal or red-hot iron with perfect safety.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF METALS.

Most of the occurrences of the *séance*-room have now been referred to, but there are one or two of the rarer phenomena of the outer world which must not be left quite without mention in our list. The transmutation of metals is commonly supposed to be a mere dream of the Mediæval alchemists, and no doubt in most cases the description of the phenomenon was merely a symbol of the purification of the soul; yet there seems to be some evidence that it was really accomplished by them on several occasions, and there are petty magicians in the East who profess to do it under test conditions even now. Be that as it may, it is evident that since the ultimate atom is one and the same in all substances, and it is only the methods of its combination that differ, any one who possessed the power of reducing a piece of metal to the atomic condition and of re-arranging its atoms in some other form would have no difficulty in effecting transmutation to any extent that he wished.

REPERCUSSION.

The principle of sympathetic vibration mentioned above also provides the explanation of that strange and little-known phenomenon called repercussion, by means of which any injury done to, or any mark made upon, the astral body in the course of its wanderings will be reproduced in the physical body. We find traces of this in some of the evidence given at trials for witchcraft in the Middle Ages, in which it is not infrequently stated that some wound given to the witch when in the form of a dog or a wolf was found to have appeared in the corresponding part of her human body. The same strange law has sometimes led to an entirely unjust accusation of fraud against a medium, because, for example, some colouring matter rubbed upon the hand of a materialised "spirit" was afterwards found upon his hand—the explanation being that in that case, as so often happens, the "spirit" was simply the medium's astral body forced by the guiding influences to take some form other than its own. In fact the astral and physical bodies are so intimately connected that it is impossible to touch the keynote of one without immediately setting up exactly corresponding vibrations in the other.

VIII.—WHAT I THINK OF THEOSOPHY AND THEOSOPHISTS.

SUMMING UP. BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

A Letter to the Editor of BORDERLAND.

DEAR SIR,—I am living in a small town located in a corner of the Austrian Alps, where I seldom see one of the English newspapers, and I know, therefore, very little in regard to the interest which the public in England take concerning the storm in a tea-kettle going on within the ranks of the Theosophical Society; nor do I care much to meddle with it to a great extent, for I believe that life is too short and too valuable to waste much of it with threshing mere straw, and with worthless disputations. However, having received, through the kindness of a friend, a couple of copies of *BORDERLAND*, and finding my name frequently mentioned therein, I feel called upon to send you a few remarks, hoping that they may be instructive and amusing to some of your readers.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

First of all, allow me to preface my communication by saying that I have no personal interest in this matter. I worship no person, and hate none; I have no one to praise, and none to condemn. I regard the personal attributes of a human being, his instincts, tendencies, intellectual and moral qualifications, as so many endowments given to him by nature—qualities belonging to the mortal house which the immortal spirit inhabits; and I blame nobody for his faults, but consider them as so many diseases or imperfections on the road of evolution, over which every one of us has to pass before he can arrive at his destination, which is divine self-knowledge (theosophia), and which can be attained in no other way than by overcoming one's own selfish inclinations, and obtaining the mastery over self through the power of wisdom. Therefore, instead of blaming and vilifying each other, we ought to assist one another in understanding and overcoming our faults. The objects of Theosophy is not to manufacture a god out of the personal self, but to aid the divinity in man to manifest its power and wisdom; and this can be done, not by strengthening the sense of self and developing egotism, but by rising superior to self, through the power of unselfish love, and recognising the supremacy of the eternal spirit over matter and form.

But I must begin at the beginning.

WHERE IS THEOSOPHY?

"Theosophy" means "divine wisdom," and wisdom is the realisation of truth. I have always been of a sceptical turn of mind; but, nevertheless, desirous of recognising the truth in whatever system it was to be found, and, having become deeply impressed with the profundity of thought and the exalted ideas contained in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, I went to India in the year 1883, on invitation of Colonel Olcott, for the purpose of finding the way to the attainment of wisdom; for where could anybody expect to find it if not at the "headquarters of divine wisdom" (theosophia) itself.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SEARCH.

I have never regretted that voyage. By the aid of H. P. Blavatsky, I found the starting-point; but as to the individuals who at that time constituted the "Theosophical Society," I did not find many who were already divinely wise. There were some very good, unselfish and intelligent men, but also a great many deluded ones, fanatics and dreamers, people whose brains were haunted by a sickly

mysticism, some suffering from vanity and conceit, some "meaning well," but, in spite of their good intentions, making one blunder after another, and perhaps the majority seeking not the truth itself, but personal salvation, the fulfilment of personal desires, the gratification of personal scientific curiosity, the acquisition of personal excellencies, by which they might have their own personal ambition or vanity gratified. All that my esteemed friend, St. George Lane-Fox, said in regard to myself in the April number of *BORDERLAND* I am willing to endorse and subscribe. I do not claim to be better than others, and I do not doubt that there were some members of the Theosophical Society who knew more than I; but I also knew that in some things I had more experience than some of the others, and for this reason I did not resign my membership in the Theosophical Society, in spite of all the petty annoyances to which I was submitted, owing to the jealousy of some of the Hindus, and the ignorance of some of the Europeans; but believing that I might do some good by remaining with them, I did not consider it the proper way to begin my treatment of those whom I considered my patients by running away from the hospital, and leaving the sick to themselves.

THE TALKING IMAGE OF URUR.

My adventures at Adyar have been graphically described in my "Talking Image of Urur" (alluded to in *BORDERLAND*), and the adventures described therein are all essentially true, I myself being the hero and making fun at my own expense; only the events told in that story are sometimes a little exaggerated, as may be properly done in a novel, so as to make the lessons more drastic, and to produce a more lasting impression on the mind of the reader. This story caused a great deal of amusement to H. P. Blavatsky, who published it in *Lucifer*, and she frequently wrote to me in regard to it, as she received the manuscript of the succeeding chapters. In fact the story called forth a series of letters from H. P. Blavatsky to me, which are very instructive, and will soon be published in the *Path*.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF HUMAN NATURE.

That which ailed the majority of the would-be theosophists at Adyar was, that they were not able to grasp the fundamental idea upon which the "Theosophical Society" rests, and which is held up in article I. of its constitution; namely, the "Universal Brotherhood of all Souls"; in other words "divine," that is to say infinite, unlimited, unselfish, eternal and immortal love, such as results from the recognition of all beings being fundamentally and essentially one, differing from each other not in regard to their essence and origin, but only in regard to the attributes of their natures, which are the outcome of each one's individual Karma. The incapacity of some of the members and leaders of the Theosophical Society has been the cause of all the trouble in the Theosophical Society from the time that it began to grow up to this present hour; and if these members of the Theosophical Society did not understand this great truth which H. P. Blavatsky taught, it was not the fault of H. P. Blavatsky, but the fault of the incapacity of those who were not able to grasp it. These members had all been human beings before they applied for membership in the Theosophical Society; the conferring of a diploma did not change their human nature; and as long as folly and selfishness are predominating powers

among humanity, they will necessarily occupy a predominant place in every society, be it called "theosophical" or otherwise.

THE REAL H. P. B.

A great deal of paper and printer's ink has been, and is still, wasted by the friends of H. P. Blavatsky, as well as by her enemies, in disputing about her personal qualities, and nevertheless this whole subject has nothing whatever to do with Theosophy, and is not an object of the Theosophical Society; on the contrary, no one can properly be called a "Theosophist" unless he realises that the personality, with its personal virtues and personal vices, which all belong to the illusion of self, is illusive and impermanent, and that there is nothing of any permanent value in man, except that which is permanent, divine, and immortal in him, and which is above and beyond his self-delusion, self-conceit, self-righteousness, etc., belonging not to his mortal body nor to his earthly mind, but to the spiritual and divine principle, striving for manifestation and expression through the mental and physical organism that constitutes his terrestrial personality. It is not the candlestick but the flame of the candle that gives light; not the bottle but the wine contained therein which intoxicates. Those who seek only H. P. Blavatsky may be interested in her personal traits, but to the seeker for truth, only the truth that was revealed to her is of any importance; her personal idiosyncrasies are of no more interest to him than would be the information of her chambermaid in regard to the clothes she wore.

If H. P. Blavatsky had been a learned woman, full of her own theories and adopted opinions, she would have been entirely unfit to fulfil her mission, which was to communicate to her disciples the teachings of her teachers, the adepts. All that she needed for that purpose was the organization required for receiving the mental impressions by means of which the instruction took place; the power to understand those teachings, and the faculty to give expression to them in a proper form. The adulation of H. P. Blavatsky by her worshippers was as foolish as the attacks of her enemies. She was an exceedingly talented and very good woman, but with a great many faults; but the follower of wisdom has nothing to do with her virtues nor with her vices (if any); all that concerns him is the truth contained in the teachings coming through her. This truth is first of all to be understood, and afterwards it may be proved; but when it is once understood, it will invariably be found to be self-evident and to require no further proof. As to her occult phenomena, they were never intended to serve as a test for the truth of her teachings, nor could any phenomena ever prove a truth beyond the possibility of a doubt. Such phenomena, whether "genuine" or "false" (which means whether they originate in the way they are supposed to originate, or in some other way), are always illusive; they serve at best to attract attention, and this they do, be they spurious or not.

MAHATMA LETTERS.

I have been in almost daily intercourse with H. P. Blavatsky for about two years, but I never saw her produce an occult phenomena for the purpose of giving a "test." I have received quite a number of "occult letters," supposed to come from Mahatmas, and I received them even while H. B. Blavatsky was in Europe; but these letters did not have the purpose of astonishing me, but to give me the information which I wanted. The writing of a letter is generally not done for the purpose of proving that the writer can write, or that he can send a letter, but for the purpose of communicating ideas when they cannot be communicated directly by words or, still more directly, by mental impression. This is just that which the critics of these

phenomena never could see. It is very probable, however, that the occurrence of such phenomena that would astonish the ignorant was as necessary as the ringing of bells is necessary to call people's attention to worship; for if H. B. Blavatsky's teachings, or, to speak more correctly, the teachings given through her, had been left entirely to become known by their intrinsic merit, it would have taken perhaps hundreds of years before the world would have paid any attention to them, and they would have probably remained the exclusive property of a few. These phenomena are not theosophy, no more than the ringing of church bells is religion, or the advertisement of a theatrical performance the performance itself.

THEOSOPHICAL TOMFOOLERY.

The occult phenomena which I witnessed had nothing incredible or astonishing or repulsive for me; but I was very much astonished at the incredible amount of tomfoolery that was mixed up in India with the propagation of those high and exalted teachings, and it is this profanation and vulgarization of truths considered sacred which I found repulsive, and which I tried to satirize in my "Talking Image of Urur." This tomfoolery was due partly to the puerile spirit of the majority of the Indian members of the Theosophical Society, and partly to the excessive zeal of Colonel Olcott. There was a great deal of show and beating of drums and blowing of horns, bombast and playing soldiers, "presidential orders," "Subba Prow medals" to tickle personal vanity, blue paper elephants, decorations, processions, tom-toms, and "tamasha." In this way the Theosophical Society attracted to its ranks a great many superficial minds and lovers of play, and it is these elements that kept, and still keeps, many serious thinkers away from joining the Theosophical Society, as they do not wish to be found in such company owing to their own admiration of self.

For all that, I do not blame Colonel Olcott. His mission was to organize a society extending all over the world, and there is probably no man who could have fulfilled that mission so well. If he had been less credulous, he would have been less enthusiastic; if he had been more dignified and in possession of more tact, he would have been more reserved. It is the fanatics who give the impulse to great movements, and even if they overshoot the mark, they do much better service than those who remain idle, wrapped up in their own dignity. A magnet has two poles and each thing two sides; excellent qualities are often found bound up with great faults. If we dismiss a good servant on account of his faults, we not only get rid of his faults, but also lose his good services. I know of no man who would have been so well adapted to help the birth and growth of such a society. It is true that in gathering so much, he gathered a great deal of worthless material; but on the "Day of Judgment," which means the day on which the possession of a true understanding will be necessary to make one desire to remain any longer a member of the Theosophical Society, and to enter with the "elected" few the temple of wisdom, the dross will depart and return to their leaders and dogmas, the blind following the blind.

THE COMING TO JUDGMENT.

This Day of Judgment seems to have come at present, and some great stars may fall. Not that they will be expelled by anybody, nor asked to resign; but their own mental blindness will exclude them from seeing the light. There are many good and virtuous men and women, who for all their admirable qualities have no real knowledge; but only accept a truth on the strength of some accepted authority. They believe, for instance, the doctrine of re-incarnation, not because they have awakened to that state of

spiritual consciousness, in which the spirit of man beholds and remembers the various forms in which he has become manifest on his way to his present stage of evolution; but they believe it to be true, because this or that person whom they believe respectable and entitled to credibility, has said that it was true, or they assume it to be probably true, owing to the apparent soundness of the arguments supporting such a theory. All this is very good and commendable. In the absence of real knowledge, such as results from one's own experience, we must be satisfied with arguments, theories, supposition; supported by external proofs; but it is not theosophy, it is not the direct possession of truth.

TRUTH OR SELF.

This possession of truth cannot be obtained by any man who clings to the delusion of "self," for the truth is one, and cannot be divided or appropriated by any person exclusively, however well-meaning and self-righteous he may be. He who desires to possess eternal truth must give up the delusion of self, and enter into the spirit of truth. This is the great final lesson, taught by all great religions, by the doctrine of Nirana, which means the entering into all consciousness, as well as by the sacrifice on Mount Calvary, the symbol of entering into Divinity by sacrificing self for humanity. This self-sacrifice is not a merely external one, such as consists in doing benevolent actions with a feeling of personal superiority, or doing favours to others with an air of condescension; but it consists in the inward abandonment of all that originates from the idea of self and exclusiveness, the true self-sacrifice in which no loss of self is experienced or regretted, and which results from the recognition of the unity of all being through the power of divine (because unlimited) love. (See Article I. of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society.)

WHAT THEOSOPHY IS.

Theosophy, in its proper sense, does, therefore, not consist in making fine speeches, working upon people's imagination, or stirring up their emotions, nor in doing charitable acts with a view of advancing one's personal progress, nor in knowing a great many theories in regard to metaphysics and occult science, nor in believing this or that doctrine on the strength of the credibility of a witness; but it consists in partaking in the Divine wisdom of God, by becoming united with Him in His Divine love, where all sense of self, all personal attributes, all self-righteousness, self-morality, and conventionalism disappears. Those who cannot free themselves from the idea of "self," may for all that be very good and moral and virtuous people; they may be very learned, eloquent speakers and admirable actors; they may imagine themselves to be in possession of truth, and others may cling to them as their leaders; but still they are not real theosophists, because a theosophist means an individual who has sacrificed his personality and entered into *θεοσοφία*, the wisdom of God. Such persons, still in the clutches of self, may do a great deal of good by promulgating the doctrines they have learned from H. P. Blavatsky; but not being truly theosophists, and having no real, spiritual self-knowledge, to apply the term "theosophy" to their system is a misapplication; nor is it the object of the Masters to start a new sect or a new creed, or to convert people from one set of opinions to another set of theories; but to indicate to them the way, how each may establish conditions under which this awakening may take place through the power and influence of the holy spirit of truth.

THE MAHATMAS.

This brings us to another point, which is very much

misunderstood inside and outside of the Theosophical Society, namely, the "Mahatmas."

The light of divine wisdom radiates from the soul of the universe, and the spiritual soul of the universe means the sum of all great souls and spiritual intelligences that have attained to the direct recognition of eternal truth; be they incarnated in still living human forms, disincarnated as "spirits," or existing in the selfless state of Nivana. They constitute the great spiritual lodge, or what is called in Christianity "the communion of saints," or the Sangha of the Buddhists. It is, therefore, not a question of worshipping or adulating the personalities of "Mahatmas" (great souls), but of recognising the truth that is contained in their teachings.

That which eminently distinguishes the Theosophical Society from any other body of scientific researchers or speculative philosophers, is the influence of the Mahatmas. To do away with that influence would be the same as doing away in Christianity with the influence of the Holy Ghost, for both are identical. We may do away with personal saints or personal "Mahatmas"; but we cannot progress or develop spiritually without the influence of the spirit of truth, nor are we to worship the personalities of the saints or Mahatmas, but the truth that comes through them and of which they bear witness. Such living witnesses are the personalities of the masters who taught through the mouth and pen of H. P. Blavatsky and who are still ready to teach the knowledge they have attained by their own experience through those who are capable to receive their teachings and to understand them; but as an ignorant boor worships the personalities of the saints and knows nothing of the spirit of sanctity, so there are many shortsighted people and dreamers in the Theosophical Society and among their opponents, who can grasp only the idea of personal Mahatmas, but know nothing of the spirit of wisdom that is manifested through them.

This is the key to the many misunderstandings in regard to H. P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society, and the cause why Theosophy is turned into theosophical tomfoolery when it comes into contact with the fool, be he inside or outside of the Theosophical Society.

THE WISE MAN.

Theosophy is not a matter of belief, nor a theory, nor a thing of the imagination, but a living power, to which no one can be "persuaded" or "converted," but which one must *possess*. The way to arrive at it is not only the development of the intellect, but the elevation and the expansion of the soul, by which the mental horizon becomes widened, and divine love becomes a power which embraces the all of existence. This power of divine love is that which binds together not only God and man, but also the Master and his disciple. The disciple may have many imperfections, if he has only one thing in abundance, namely, unselfish love. Therefore, the masters do not select their disciples according to the degree of their self-righteousness, or according to the amount of their learning and cleverness, or according to their social position, good manners or worldly possessions; but according to the degree of unselfishness and divine love, which alone fits them for the reception of eternal truth. To such the masters will send the influence of their thoughts, and aid them in the attainment of spiritual perception of truth, while those who are not qualified for the reception of truth will remain in the realm of opinion, and liable to a continual change of system and change of mind; but eternal truth is not subject to change; it is uncreated and immortal, and those who rise to it and embrace it with their whole heart will be immortal in it—FRANZ HARTMANN.

HALLEIN (AUSTRIA), May 1st, 1895.

IX.—ASTROLOGY.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A BELIEVER.

ASTROLOGY is one of the most ancient, most universal, and most fascinating of all occult studies. It is at the same time to the man in the street one of the most absurd and most idiotic of all conceivable superstitions. The difficulty of knowing the exact moment when the new-born child breathes, the probability of error in the watches and clocks, and the not less certain mistakes due to lack of observation at the moment, when the household is necessarily out of its usual order, are sources of error, which to ordinary people seem quite sufficient to vitiate any of the confident predictions which the astrologers make from the aspect of the heavens at the moment of birth. To begin with, an immense number of people have no idea as to what hour or minute they were born. Most men can remember their birthdays, but few can remember whether they were born morning, noon, or night. This uncertainty severely handicaps an astrologer, even if his science were all that he claims for it. On the other hand, it is impossible to ignore the fact that millions upon millions of human beings, in many respects as intelligent, and often more philosophic, than ourselves consult their astrologers as regularly as a Briton consults his Bradshaw. To Asiatics generally an astrologer is as indispensable a personage as a policeman, and this very day millions of householders in Further Asia will conduct bargains, engage servants, and manage their families in accordance with advice which they receive from the experts who study the stars.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF HORARY ASTROLOGY.

Something may be said in favour of the hypothesis that the position of the planets at the moment of birth in some mysterious way indicate the influences which are likely to affect the welfare of the new-born babe. The action of the moon on the tide is a popular instance of planetary influence. But even the most tolerant, not to say gullible, mortal who has accepted without question the possibility of drawing a horoscope foretelling the events of life from the position of the planets at the moment of birth feels that he must draw a line when he is asked to accept the doctrine of horary astrology. To put your hand into a lucky bag and draw out a number by chance, and to decide one way or another according to a number so extracted, seems quite as reasonable as to seek for guidance in any important decision by the answer which an astrologer gives to you from the position of the stars at the moment when you asked him the question. For instance, a man is about to ask a woman to be his wife. He telegraphs to an astrologer at 9 o'clock in the morning, "Shall I propose?" Thereupon the horary astrologer consults the stars, sees how the planets are situated at the moment when the inquiry reached him, and advises accordingly. But any one of a thousand accidents might delay that telegram for ten minutes to half an hour or an hour, or the astrologer might be from home and not receive it until the next day. All this would affect the answer to the question, and the fate of the projected marriage would depend upon the moment when the astrologer opened the letter and read the question. Could anything more akin to midsummer madness be imagined by mortal man! Yet there is no doubt that on many occasions, as I can testify by personal experiment, the astrologer will give you very shrewd advice upon a subject on which he knows

nothing, having no other aid than the position of the stars when your inquiry came to hand. My investigations into this field has, however, been extremely fragmentary, and I could not say that the results I have obtained so far either one way or the other justify the drawing of any conclusions beyond the very familiar and trite observation that there seems to be something in it.

£2,000 WORTH OF HOROSCOPES.

Last quarter, however, I had the pleasure of meeting a vigorous, enterprising young north countryman who was managing a very large business in the City of London. He is a shrewd business man, full of energy, and in a fair way to make his fortune. He told me that in the last six years he had spent over two thousand pounds in paying astrologers to advise him according to the principles of horary astrology, and that he did not think that any money which he had invested had been better spent. The best proof of this is that he is going on spending money, and gives constant employment to one astrologer, no other than our contributor, Mr. Richard Bland, of Hull, in advising him on all his affairs. Mr. Bland prepares for him what may be called the voice of the stars, for the government of his life and business relations for each hour of every day in the year. My merchant, possibly, seeing some incredulity in my face, produced from his pocket half-a-dozen sheets of notepaper, each one of which was full of the astrological guide for one day. In this sketch is duly set forth what hours are fortunate and what unfortunate for this, that and the other object. The hours are specified when there is the greatest danger of loss of money, when the health is imperilled, or when accidents are to be guarded against.

THE VOICE OF MARS FROM DAY TO DAY.

Every day of the 365 which make up the year has its own particular astrological chart and daily guide.

"And do you consult this?" I asked.

"Certainly," said he; "I would never take any important step, or make any long journey, or enter into any contract, without first seeing which was the most propitious day and hour on which to act. If I were on the point of engaging a clerk, for instance, at any hour of the day when the influences point to loss or dishonesty, I would certainly not engage him, but postpone the engagement to some more auspicious time. I am constantly acting on the hints thus given, and always to my own profit. Take, for instance, the question of danger to health. By carefully noting these astrological warnings you are able to minimise the evils which might overtake you. For instance, on a certain hour and day I might be threatened with a fatal cold; by taking necessary precautions to avoid undue exposure, this fatal cold may be reduced to a passing chill. But for these warnings, many a time I would have fallen into great difficulties. As it is, I have succeeded marvellously in escaping threatened dangers."

DECIDING BY THE STARS.

"But do you mean that in your business transactions you are guided by what you conceive to be the verdict of horary astrology?"

"Well," said he, "I cannot give you a better proof than this. I left my old place of business, and came up to town to take charge of extensive stores, of which you know I am

at the head. I made this great change in my life absolutely in obedience to the voice of the stars. All my friends were against it, and appearances were against it, but the stars said 'Go ahead,' and said it with such persistence every time they were asked, that I have gone ahead. Here I am, and here I will remain. So far it is justifying my astrologer. But I had not to wait for this justification. Even when making the contract by which I took over this business I had the best possible evidence of the value of astrology. When I first asked whether or not I should come up to the City, I received the answer 'Yes, but the arrangement which you propose is not so good as it might be—wait.' Again I asked, and again was told that I should come up, but that the contract was not as good as I might have it if I wished. I had been fairly satisfied with the contract, and had not proposed to make better terms, but thus being encouraged by the stars, I struck in, and found, to my delight, that the terms of the contract could be amended in my favour. They were amended accordingly, and I once more asked the advice of my astrologer. Again came the answer, 'It is better, but not good enough—try again.' I was rather reluctant to do so, thinking that I had made as good terms as I could in reason ask, but the astrological indications were so clear that I made one more attempt, and, to my surprise, I once more succeeded in readjusting the terms in my favour. Then again I consulted the stars, which advised me to close, which I did."

SIX YEARS WITHOUT ONE MISTAKE.

"But do you mean to tell me that in the buying of goods and the engaging of servants you always consult the stars?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am constantly consulting Mr. Bland either by letter or by telegram. I would not dream of taking any important step in life without consulting him. I have done so for six years, and I cannot say that I have ever known him make a mistake."

"Well," I remarked, "that is a very strong thing to say."

"It is a strong thing to say, but it is true. If I have prospered at all it is because I have been able to act in accordance with the laws of the universe as they are revealed by the stars instead of butting my head against them."

HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

"How did you first begin to take an interest in astrology?" I asked.

"Some seven or eight years ago I was in Manchester, and came upon a paragraph in the papers saying that Mr. Gretton, Bass's partner, had owed his fortune to the advice of a north-country astrologer. It is some time ago now. Some grain ships, whose cargoes had been damaged by the sea, had to be sold before they entered the port of Liverpool. Mr. Gretton was disposed to buy, and consulted a crystal-gazer and astrologer as to what course he should take. The answer was that he should buy, and that he might bid almost up to the original value of the undamaged cargo. Mr. Gretton acted on this advice. He soon distanced all competitors and the cargoes became his. On examination, for the cargoes were sold like a pig in a poke, it was found that beyond a layer of grain at the top the cargo was practically undamaged. This, so ran the legend in the paper, was the beginning of Mr. Gretton's good fortune. Ever since then he had borne in mind the services which the stars had rendered him in the old days. The paragraph struck my attention, and I began to make inquiries. I went to see a crystal gazer and astrologer.

SOMETHING IN IT.

I saw quite enough to convince me that there was something in it. I heard also a good many things concerning Mr. Gretton, which may be true or may be false, but were told me by men who believed them. One was, I remember, that astrology had been invaluable to him on the turf, predicting good success even before he owned a racehorse, and indicating which horses were likely to pass the winning-post first. My tastes did not run in the direction of horse-racing, but it seemed to me that any person who patiently and industriously studied astrology might get valuable hints for the conduct of his own business. It was in this way that I became acquainted with Mr. Bland, but before meeting him I went to a Manchester astrologer and offered him a large sum of money if he would teach me his secret. The man, who was in poor circumstances, refused. This piqued me rather and I started to study the science myself. I have studied it ever since, and the more I study it the more convinced I am of its truth. Then I got into communication with Mr. Bland. I began to experiment with him, and the result of my experiments extending over a period of five or six years has been most surprising."

WHY I EMPLOY MR. BLAND.

"But," I said, "if you are an astrologer yourself, why do you consult anyone else?"

"Because," he replied, "I have not the time to cast all the horoscopes and make all the calculations. I am a busy man; up to my neck in the work of buying and selling, and directing all the varied departments of my extensive business. If I had as many hours as I have minutes I might have time to cast my horoscopes; but as I have not, I get Mr. Bland to do them for me, and I could not have a better man. He is punctual, painstaking, and marvelously accurate. I can assure you the number of difficulties from which he has helped me, and the quantity of pitfalls he has saved me, is astonishing."

"And all this by horary astrology?"

"All by horary astrology," he replied. "I telegraph to Mr. Bland, or write him once, twice, or thrice every day and get my replies punctually next morning."

"Can you give me any instances?"

FRAUD DETECTED.

"Yes, with pleasure. If you had time I could talk to you for hours and show you all the correspondence relating to them. But as you have not time I have only brought you a few." Thereupon he undid his portfolio and handed me several horoscopes and letters from Mr. Bland. "Here, for instance," said he, "is one which was very remarkable. I had a branch business in the West of England. There was some question about making a change. I consulted Mr. Bland. He replied by sending me a map which clearly indicated that some fraud was being practised in connection with that business. At that time I had no suspicion of any fraud whatever, but on receiving this warning I asked further, what should be done. I was told to wait and watch, and in time the whole truth would come out. One by one I found many suspicious circumstances which pointed to the guilt of a certain manager. At last I wrote to him asking for explanations, and insisting that I should have a full statement of accounts. He telegraphed that he would come and see me. The next day I met him, and he made a full confession of systematic frauds which he had been practising in the business which no one had any suspicion of until I received warning by horary astrology."

"That is very remarkable," I said; "but was that an exceptional case?"

ACCIDENTS AVERTED.

"Quite the contrary, such things are constantly occurring. Take another instance. In my warehouse some water-tanks holding several hundred tons of water showed signs of subsidence. I called in an engineer and architect and at the same time sent a wire to Bland, asking him to consult the stars as to what should be done about the tanks. The engineer and the architect reported that the subsidence was not very serious, and that some repairs which they recommended would be sufficient to render the tanks perfectly safe. At the same time I received a letter from Bland showing, according to the map, that by the rules of horary astrology the tanks were dangerously unsafe, and that it was necessary to have them taken down in order to have new supports put in. Here the advice of the stars was against the advice of the experts. I never hesitated a moment. I sent for the experts and told them that I was dissatisfied with their recommendations, that I did not think the tanks safe, and that they had better take the whole thing down. They said it was ridiculous, there was no need to incur such expenditure. I simply replied, 'I have reasons of my own for thinking them unsafe, and I wish to have this done.' They began, and after the workmen had been busy for some time they sent me word that it was a very good thing I had insisted, because the inner wall which they had not been able to see was bulging to such an extent that in a very little time the tank would have come down with a rush. That was another case in which the stars stood me in very good stead. I could spend hours in giving you similar instances.

BAD BARGAINS AVOIDED.

I have given you cases in which a fraud was detected, another in which a disaster was averted, and I will now give you another in which an unprofitable contract was prevented. I had some electric lights in my warehouse at Manchester, and was on the point of signing a contract for the supply of electricity at eightpence. I was also on the point of introducing a new lamp which had been very highly recommended. Before signing the contract, however, I telegraphed to Bland, saying, 'Shall I put electricity into my warehouse?' Here is his reply."

Whereupon he handed me Mr. Bland's letter, where, after the usual astrological jargon, Mr. Bland told him that he ought to put more electric light into his warehouse, but not at present. "Wait," was the astrological advice, "wait; hold over the contract for a time, you will be able to make much better terms, while if you sign it now you will regret it and will incur loss." "Thereupon I postponed the signing of the contract, and waited. In a few months I learned that a neighbour of mine who had taken up the same contract had found that the lamps were useless, and he had to have them all taken out again, and I found that I was able to manufacture my own electricity at 2½d. instead of 8d., which I would have had to pay had I signed the contract."

GOOD BUSINESS SUGGESTED.

"These are all warning against doing something which might be unprofitable. Have you any instances in which the stars have advised you as to what would be profitable?"

"Any number," he said. "One of my last big bargains was made under astrological guidance. I had an offer of some cloth from a West of England factory. I consulted Bland. He replied: 'Everything promises well, the moment is most propitious. Buy by all means, but there will be some

difficulty, though not much, in utilising the cloth which buy.' I went and bought all the cloth that was in the factory at a price which was lower than that at which I had ever been able to buy a similar quality of goods, and I came back elated to town. I had intended to take a whole page of the *Daily Telegraph* to advertise my goods when it suddenly occurred to me that I had better consult the man from whom I had bought the goods as to whether he would object to my advertising them as his make. The moment he heard of it he said that he could not hear of such a thing. I had to get rid of the cloth another way. It was a very good bargain all the same, but the hitch came in as predicted.

"In conclusion I have only to say that what was at one time a theory of mine is now a demonstrated fact. If I were convinced that it failed even two or three times I would give the whole thing up. I have had a series of most extraordinary successes, and I have no doubt that I shall go on having them."

Therewith my merchant left me. Now what are we to think of this? I tell the tale as it was told to me, and leave my readers to draw their own inferences. Some of these, it may be, will be of a somewhat melancholy nature, and many will moralise over the apparent indestructibility of the most irrational superstition. It is, I confess, somewhat of a surprise to find in the heart of the city of London a thriving merchant who attributes all his successes to the fidelity with which he obeys the voice of the stars. His experience has been extraordinarily fortunate. Among many devotees of astrology I do not remember one who would make so high a claim as the gentleman whose interview has just been reported.

NOTES ON LORD ROSEBERY'S HOROSCOPE.

EARLY last year I calculated Lord Rosebery's horoscope. As I had not the hour of birth I had to get as near to it as I could from the small data I had. I found one important time for late in 1894, and three for 1895. I wrote you at the time about the one due late in 1894, saying that at certain dates in the autumn months he would be under evil influences in his horoscope, and that he would suffer discredit, having some difficulty in retaining the honours he had at the time of my writing recently acquired.

When the first of the evil times came, he launched his attack upon the House of Lords. Just later, when the second came in power, he lost two bye-elections together, said by some to be the result of his attack upon the House of Lords. I wrote you he had commenced the conflict under evil influences which forbid success. This conflict was soon after dropped.

I intended writing you again on the subject before the next marked evil came due, but, owing to my illness, I was so behind with my work, I did not refer to my notes, and found events upon me before I wrote. This was unfortunate for me, for it is my wish, and to my interest, to speak before, and not after, events. I now wish to speak about what is yet in front, and, to make this plainer, give rough diagrams. I go into the past to make plain what I have said, and more clearly understandable what I have to say for the future.

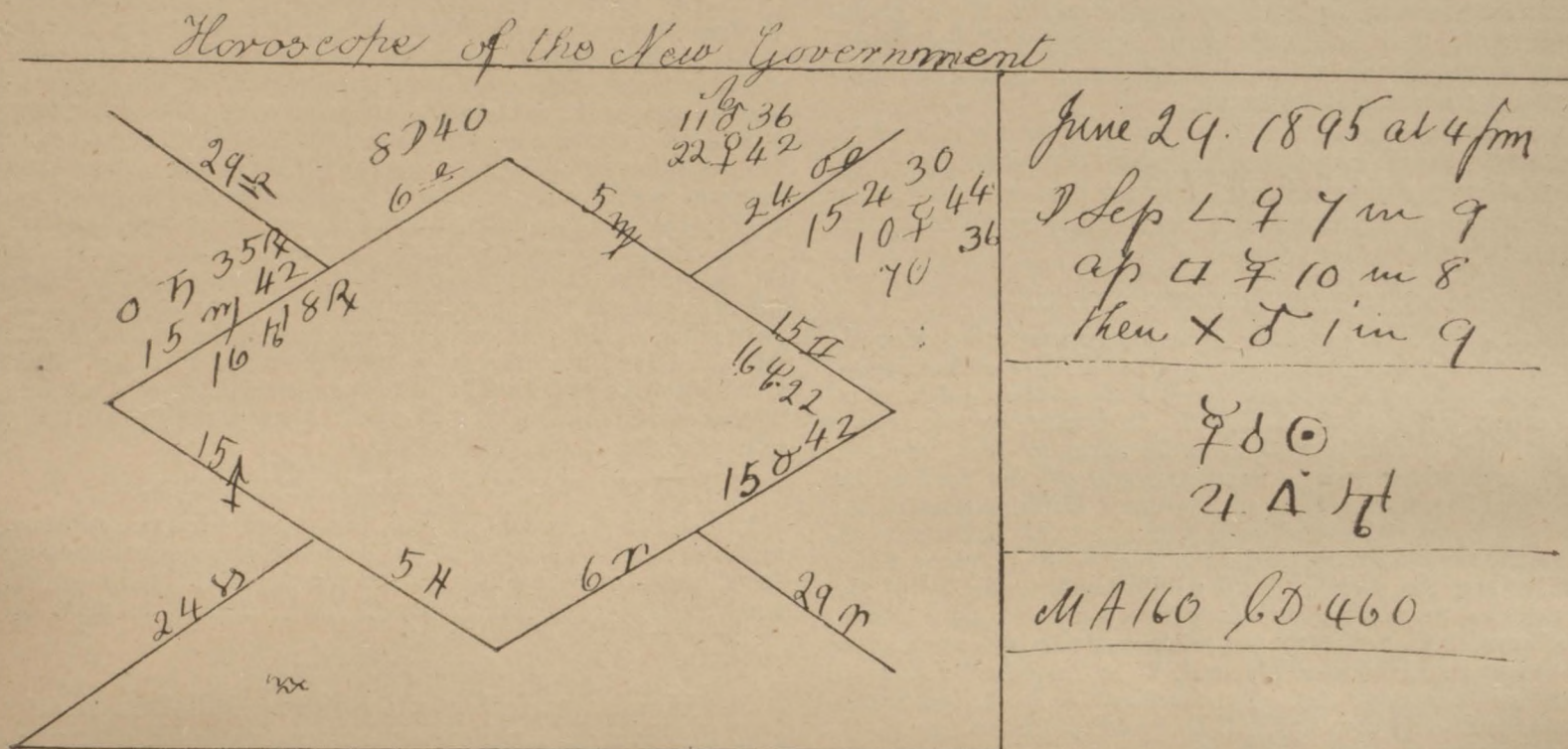
The diagrams are sufficiently astrological to remain true to its main truths, but not too technical to confuse non-astrological readers.

This first map shows the position and nature of the chief of the affliction for the last autumn months. The planet Herschel had moved slowly up to a close opposition to the Sun's place at birth. Even a non-astrological reader can see that in this map the two planets are in opposition

Dear Mr. Stead,—Every event has a birth moment. The commencement of a life history, like unto a human or animal life, and the stars at that birth moment will, in each case, foreshadow the life history. With human or animal nature there is a moment to be found known as the birth time—an unmistakable event fixes that time—but with events we have not the same certainty in fixing the birth moment.

I have often wondered what event is to be taken for fixing the birth moment of a new government, but could not decide with any certainty. To-day I have your letter, saying, "Have you calculated the horoscope of the new government which accepts office to-day?" This suggests to me a likely time. I get the papers and find the extract at head of these notes, for which time I put up the map.

This map is not what I should have expected. It has



HOROSCOPE OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

very little in it. It may be I have not got the right time to take for the horoscope, or it may be that the government is going to do very little. Suppose I accept this map as to be read, then I have to decide this government does very little. This leads to the thought that in all probability this horoscope only represents the time from the taking of the seals to the next dissolution.

The first aspect of the map is an evil to Mercury the lord of the 10th. The 10th represents business, credit, honour, success; an evil to these is not good for them.

I have known several projects commenced with this indication which have fallen through, failed, or abandoned.

The next is good to them, but the evil comes the first, so takes the chief reading.

Mercury, lord of their 10th. The business in hand is going to a conjunction of the Sun—a further evidence of change. These evidences confirm the view that the map is only up to the time of the dissolution, and that they do little before that comes.

RICHARD BLAND.

Hull, July 6th, 1895.

X.—FOLK-LORE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

IT has been a matter of congratulation to Folk-lorists that the choice of a president for the Folk-lore Society should have fallen upon so well-known and valuable a member as Mr. Edward Clodd. It is, however, a matter of regret to Psychical Researchers, many of whom must assuredly be found in the ranks of the Folk-lore Society, that he should have inaugurated his presidency by an attack upon the aims and methods of the Society for Psychical Research.

In order that those who have no opportunity of enjoying the transactions of the Folk-lore Society may judge the matter for themselves, I append the paragraphs in Mr. Clodd's presidential address bearing upon the point in question.

THE WORK OF THE S. P. R.

There is, however, another order of superstitions, towards which, lacking the justification of the older, and having no quality of nobility about them the attitude of the Folk-lorist is, so it seems to me, wholly different. Of course, my reference is to that class which is among us in more or less Scientific guise, and which enjoys the patronage of the Society for Psychical Research. That society may disclaim some of the motley company who are its allies, but the only difference between the several groups is in the degree of certainty which each believes has been attained respecting the validity of the phenomena purporting to be "caused by spiritual beings, together with the belief thence arising of the intercommunion of the living and the so-called dead." (*Alfred Russell Wallace in Chambers' Encyclop., Art. "Spiritualism."*) In its advertisements the Society says it "will be grateful for any good evidence bearing on such phenomena as unexplained disturbances in places supposed to be haunted; apparitions at the moment of death," and so forth.

Analysed under the dry light of anthropology, its psychism is seen to be only the "other self" of barbaric spiritual philosophy "writ large."

It disguises the old animism under such vague and high-sounding phrases as the "subliminal consciousness," the "telepathic energy," the "immortality of the psychic principle," the "temporary materialisation of supposed spirits," and so forth.

The Society will sell you not only the *Proceedings* containing these precious phrases, but also glass balls of various diameters for crystal-gazing from three shillings upwards.

THE "MOTLEY COMPANY."

The American prophet, Thomas Lake Harris, has some fine writing on the "harmonic heavens operating on special organizations among the children of earth. With less vagueness, the anonymous author of a book entitled "Soul Shapes" (published by Fisher Unwin, 1890) classifies, the soul according to quality and colour. There are illustrations to the text. "Surface" souls are octopus-shaped and tinted in varying shades of yellow with red patches, these last denoting religion and duty; while "deep" souls are four-cornered and coloured a dingy brown with red spots. This may be termed Phrenological Psychology. Advancing a step nearer the concrete, Miss Florence Marryat, in a book called "The Spirit World," published last autumn, describes the state of the soul directly after death. It is "connected with the body by ligaments of light that bind it to the brain, the heart, and the vitals," and as according to the temperature of the room, it may linger about the house for hours, and even for days, great care against disturbance must be observed by the survivors. Folk-lore is full of examples of solicitude for the departing soul, and these have a dash of poetry and pathos about them, but Miss Marryat's bastard supernaturalism is best met by the story of the wag of a doctor who told his servant to dust a skeleton which was

hanging in a case in the surgery, and who half frightened the man out of his wits by adding, "You mustn't handle it roughly, because the poor gentleman thinks he's buried!"

VULGAR MATERIALISTS AND SCIENTIFIC RENOWN.

We may bracket them all together—the vulgar materialists of Miss Marryat's type and the psychists who are the leading lights of the Society. That these should number among them men of scientific renown, to whom the doctrine of the conservation of energy is a fundamental canon, but with whom, when they mix in dark rooms with mediums with "abnormal temporary prolongations"* (like pseudopodia?), Time and Space and material media, and the law of Gravity, count for nothing, would alike depress and confound us were there not abundant proofs what wholly untrustworthy observers scientific specialists can be outside their own domain. As I have remarked elsewhere, minds of this type must be built in water-tight compartments.† They show how, even in the higher culture, the force of a dominant idea may suspend or narcotize the reason and judgment, and contribute to the rise and spread of another of the epidemic delusions of which history supplies warning examples.‡

THE VALUE OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Even on the assumption that the phenomena are genuine, much could be said about the absence of any contribution of the slightest value by them to our knowledge of a spirit-world; much, too, upon cognate matters. But it is time to make an end.

"MISS X." *loc.*

Speaking as a member alike of the Folk-lore Society and the Society for Psychical Research, and having an immense interest and respect for the work done by both—I venture to express some regret that the President should have permitted himself to speak in such very definite terms on a subject with the history and literature of which he seems to have so imperfect an acquaintance.

Mr. Clodd has given to the world so much good work, and so many weighty opinions, that one is the more sorry for an exhibition of immaturity of thought and lack of information, which may remain in the memory to the detriment of his authority and influence.

THE MOTLEY COMPANY.

If in "the motley company which are the allies" of the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Clodd includes Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, Miss Florence Marryat, or the author of a book which, happily—judging from his description of its contents—is unknown to fame, I may venture to say that these persons would probably repudiate the alliance quite as cordially as would the Society itself. A Society which includes the names of Lord Rayleigh, Professor Oliver Lodge, Mr. Crookes, Professor Richet, and many distinguished continental scientists, as well as names so well known in literature as Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and which has had for its two Presidents the Professor of Ethics at Cambridge and Mr. Arthur Balfour, may well disdain "the motley company," which Mr. Clodd assigns to it as allies.

THE AIMS OF THE TWO SOCIETIES.

The allegations which the present President of the Folk-lore Society brings as charges against the Psychical Research

* Professor Oliver Lodge in *Journal of Psychical Research*, November 1894, and *cf. Edinburgh Review*, January, 1895, Art. "Modern Magic."

† "Myths and Dreams," p. 232.

‡ *cf.* Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," p. 312.

Society relate, however, to those very points upon which, as it seems to me, the Societies are, or should be, in accord! If the work accomplished by the Society for Psychical Research is to be worth anything, it certainly should lend itself to, nay—some of us are of opinion—should *invite*, analysis “under the clear light of anthropology.” Of the various interests concerned in Psychical Research, anthropological, antiquarian, literary, human, religious, ethical, the first three are, to some of us, by no means the least prominent, and they are interests, as it seems to me, common to both Societies.

WHAT DOES PSYCHISM TEACH?

I, to a great extent, agree that “the psychism is seen to be only the ‘other self’ of barbaric spiritual philosophy ‘writ large,’” a point insisted upon by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, in an essay of great value and importance, called “The Dæmon of Socrates”; Mr. Myers, as every one knows, being the great authority upon the subjects “disguised under such vague and high-sounding phrases, as ‘the subliminal consciousness,’ the ‘telepathic energy,’ and the ‘immortality of the psychic principle.’”

I even admit the “disguise,” and frequently have cause, for the sake of new students, to regret the “high-sounding,” though ingenious, nomenclature which is so cumbrous an element in Psychical Research.

WHAT DOES FOLK-LORE TEACH?

I also agree that Folk-lore has far more to tell us, and, it is needless to say, tells us with more poetry and pathos about the departing soul than Miss Marryat’s “bastard supernaturalism.” Certainly no one capable of appreciating poetry and pathos, perhaps no one appreciating ordinary decency and self-respect, would read many pages of any of “the vulgar materialists of Miss Marryat’s type”; her name ought never to have been brought into any such discussion—never could have been brought in by any one in the least informed upon the subject. Mr. Clodd, distinguishing psychical research from folk-lore, is of opinion that this “order of superstitions” “lack the justification of the older, and have no quality of nobility about them.”

ARE THEY JUSTIFIED AS STUDIES?

Up to a certain point, however, the justification of both studies is assuredly the same; the question of “the quality of nobility” may perhaps depend somewhat upon the individual, and upon the quality of nobility in the conduct and aim of his inquiry.

Looking back upon the presidential address from which the above is an extract, I note that Mr. Clodd considers the justification of the study of folk-lore to rest mainly on its utility as contributing to the solution of certain problems, notably of that of evolution.

“Folk-lore,” he tells us,

Is no dilettante or objectless pursuit. To it nothing is “common or unclean.” How can there be to that which is the study of the “thinker” (for such is said to be the root-meaning of the word *Man*); of all the thoughts of man; of all the forms that this has taken through the dim and dateless past; supplying the key to his interpretation of himself and his surroundings? It is, in brief, the psychical side of anthropology.

This is, I think, entirely true, but true not only of folk-lore, but of psychical research. I might, however, be inclined to apologise for psychical research as being, from Mr. Clodd’s point of view, a trifle modern, as dealing with the living as well as the dead, as contemplating the Thinker in his activities of to-day, as well as in his half-

obliterated work, his partially blotted thought, of a remote past, but that Mr. Clodd himself renders this superfluous by adding to the above paragraph, yet one more sentence, brief, but for the present purpose pregnant. “And it has, as endowment, the vitality and eagerness of youth. For anthropology is the junior among the sciences.”

Psychical research therefore cannot be discredited on account of the youth, either of its methods or of its subject, for, as has already been shown, it is not only the man of to-day, but man as a homogeneous whole to whom both societies look for the material of their study.

The direction in which folk-lore has supported the teachings of evolution is, we may gather from Mr. Clodd, mainly in that of adaptation to environment. The analogy in psychical research would carry us further than is possible in the present discussion, but I would ask those who have had opportunities of watching the unfolding of the strata of consciousness under hypnotic suggestion, whether there are no lessons to be learnt here as to evolution, alike mental and physical? I would ask those who have studied the relations of these strata in such examples as Mollie Fancher, Léonie, Louis V., or the subjects described by M. Janet, whether we have here no illustration of adaptation to environment? It is true we are not dealing with succeeding generations working through countless ages, but with the struggles of one single individual through successive alternations of personality.

A SCIENCE OF SURVIVALS.

“Folk-lore,” says Mr. Clodd, “is a science of survivals, not of discoveries.” The same may be said of psychical research, which has for its object the investigation of certain factors in the nature of man, and in his relation to his surroundings; certain emotions, acts, and beliefs, at least as old as history, if not as old as man; which we are studying to-day, not as discoveries, but as survivals, and are trying to interpret and to explain by the light of modern thought and modern science, the light for which true psychical research, as I take it, is indebted, among other sources, to the Folk-lore Society.

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

Mr. Clodd has a passing word of contempt for those of the Society for Psychical Research interested in Crystal-Gazing, among whom I am, I fear, the chief offender. When, in 1887, I devoted a considerable amount of leisure to investigating the subject, I was mainly indebted for material, in what was then a somewhat remote research, to my acquaintance with folk-lore, and to those authors, classical and mediæval, upon whom the writers on folk-lore mainly depend. It was necessary, not only to search the annals of Greece and Rome, of civilised Asia, of Egypt, and of mediæval Europe, but to examine scores of pamphlets and rare tracts in various languages (as well as, of course, the recognised authorities) dealing with the peasant tales of Scandinavia and Russia, with legends and myths of American Indians and Pacific Islanders, with the tribes of Australia and New Zealand, and Southern Africa. I hope Mr. Clodd won’t mind very much when I tell him how largely I was indebted for help in the direction of my explorations to the folk-lore records, and the Journals of the Anthropological Institute. Certainly no member of the Society for Psychical Research is more conscious of indebtedness than I to what I have always looked upon as the kindred work of the Folk-lore Society.

I admit some prejudice on my part, having been, according to my lights, a folk-lorist from my earliest years, the natural result of living among the people of a northern

village, rich in tradition and story, where mumming plays were of triennial occurrence, and Dolmens and Menhirs, and Roll-right stones, and rocks with cup-markings, and Celtic inscriptions, and Roman altars, and Saxon crosses, were things of every day.

Can I not to this day quote pages of Racine, and Pearson on the Creed, and dreary "sacred" poetry learnt in bitter punishment for happy, never-to-be-forgotten hours, when perched in an apple-tree or on a manger, I drank in from groom and gardener many a story of local witches and bog-garts and rocking stones and cromlechs?

With much respect and gratitude to Mr. Clodd there remains one humble seeker after truth and beauty alike in folk-lore and in psychical research, who finds the two not merely compatible but interdependent.

PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE.

The allusion to Mr. Oliver Lodge is one as to which we need not concern ourselves. His mind may be built in water-tight compartments, if so, the more minds constructed in like manner the better for the interests of honest, manly, courageous, investigation. If Professor Lodge has been premature in his conclusions, he will not be slow, either to discover the fact or to acknowledge it. If, on the contrary, continued inquiry should lead him further in the same direction, we may rejoice in having among us at least one man of science who, in defiance of personal interest and public opinion, has freed himself from the "scientific bigotry and prejudice" of which, in these days of defiance of restraint and order, we hear so much.

WHAT HAVE WE LEARNT?

One point alone remains in Mr. Clodd's indictment—the assertion that even if the alleged phenomena are genuine, "much could be said about the absence of any contribution of the slightest value by them to our knowledge of the spirit-world."

Speaking for myself I entirely agree, though I believe there are many who differ on this point. But the indictment is rather like that of Lord Byron's against the dark blue ocean. "A thousand fleets sweep over thee *in vain*." Who expected the thousand fleets to do anything to the ocean? Who expected the phenomena to contribute to our knowledge of the spirit-world? Certainly no intelligent person who has ever had the misfortune to listen to the profane drivel of the average producer of phenomena. But, if I

understand the title of the Society for Psychical Research, or the aims of a large proportion of its members, the phenomena which they propose to study, are, as I have said before, those of Man, and but incidentally those of Spirits, for which study other societies exist.

The theory of spirit interference has within the last eighteen months appeared definitely for the first time, in explanation of certain of the phenomena which it is the business of the Society to study, the writers of papers being held responsible, be it noted, for the theories which those papers contain. Except from the point of view of criticism and inquiry, sometimes of exposure, no articles have appeared in the *Proceedings* of the Society, from the spiritualistic standpoint, previous to those of Mr. Myers on the Stainton Moses phenomena.

In saying this, I am expressing no opinion one way or other of spiritualistic phenomena and teaching, I am merely stating as a matter of history and fact, that the Society for Psychical Research is not a spiritualistic society, and, therefore, that its results are not to be judged from the same standpoint as—save the mark—Miss Florence Marryat's.

That our knowledge of the psychical and psychological processes of man have been considerably advanced by the Society's researches into thought-transference, hypnotic suggestion, and sub-conscious activity, few who have examined its work will deny.

This is not the place in which to express—as I have often expressed in these pages and elsewhere—what may, as I believe, be learnt of lessons other than these; what of reverence for the past, and hope for the future, and strength for the present; what of individual responsibility and human fellowship and toleration for the workings of that strange world of the inner self, of which, for ourselves and for each other, we know so little.

In conclusion I would repeat, in the interest of those whose concern with psychical research is antiquarian, anthropological, or literary, that whether our thanks are, or are not, welcome, they are cordially due to the folklorists to whom we are so largely indebted for material. They may not like the house that we have built, but ours is not the first erection as to which the work has been hindered, not by lack of unity of ultimate aim, but by confusion of tongues.

X.

A PRIMITIVE OUIJA.

HERE is an account of a primitive form of Ouija sent by a correspondent. There is room for suggestion of yet more improvement in our modern machinery of automatism. Perhaps, however, this partakes somewhat of the nature of *Sortes*. One does not know the degree of condensation possible in primitive languages; whether the picture of a tree denotes a tree merely, or a fact in botany or history. Perhaps like the indications in Palmistry or Astrology it may require intuitional interpretation.

In the rural districts of Russia there are numberless primitive wandering tribes, which in character are somewhat allied to the North-American Indian tribes; their language is of the most primitive and mysterious description, consequently they employ a curious series of signs, figures, and drawings to

make themselves understood among the villagers of towns and cities who are often as distinct in their natures, as in their habits and language. These drawings are said to resemble very much the characters of animals, &c., which are common among the American Indian tribes. These wandering tribes are the soothsayers and magicians of the great north. They prepare a wooden or marble slab with a very smooth surface, burn into it representations of animals, trees, roots, clouds, and other signs and symbols; the slab is then planed down, and the operator places the palm of the hand over a marble ball which is resting on the slab. The ball turns in curves and the hand instinctively follows the course of the ball, till it stops over one of the signs. This method is of very ancient date, and the course of the caravans suggests a Persian origin. The people are said to become delirious with the extreme tension, increased perhaps by the use of a drug taken to induce a condition of abnormal excitement sometimes ending in fighting and license.

XI.—ON DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

A BUDGET OF GOOD STORIES FROM MANY LANDS.

PERHAPS few articles that have appeared in the pages of BORDERLAND have elicited so much discussion as that by Mr. Singleton on his sporting dream experiences, following, as it did, soon after Mr. Frederick Greenwood's very interesting, if somewhat naïf, volume on *Imagination in Dreams*.

Everyone is more or less interested in dreams, because dreaming is one of the few psychological phenomena of which almost all have practical and personal experience. The faculty of dreaming is almost universal, and there are few who cannot report some curious coincidence between dream prophecy and waking fulfilment.

Another point of interest is, that while they are so common, nay, even so common-place, they are at the same time so ephemeral, so intangible, so mysterious, their source is so difficult to explore, their value so impossible to estimate. On the one hand this occasional veracity seems so easily explicable by the theory of accidental coincidence. The poorest dreamer probably averages at least three a night, which gives us over a thousand dreams a year, and it seems very unlikely that out of a thousand chances we should not have at least one success. On the other hand, many persons who have recorded remarkable dreams, have told us that the veridical vision had in it something which at once differentiated it from the ordinary dream, something convincing in its form and fashion.

The student of dreams is *sui generis*. They are not the special province of the spiritualist who prefers to receive his communications in the waking or in the trance state. They are too common-place for the occultist, too "normal" for the student of Psychical Research.

The working of the sub-consciousness in somnambulism is of immense psychological interest, whether studied by the help of hypnotism or in the rare instance of a somnambulist who will continuously reveal his mental condition in ordinary sleep. But the ordinary dream, the dream we remember, is that of our semi-waking condition, or we should not remember it. It has ceased to belong entirely to the deeper strata of consciousness, and is mixed with our normal memory, judgment, and observation.

Space will not permit us to enlarge upon this point, suffice it to say that the phenomenon of dreaming is as yet but little understood, and there remains a residuum of fact not accounted for by fatigue, recent impressions, the physical condition of the moment, a draught, a noise, bed-clothes pulled away, or last night's lobster-salad.

The following stories have all reached us during the past quarter, mainly in the course of correspondence which has arisen out of Mr. Singleton's experiences.

A BODY RECOVERED THROUGH A DREAM.

A remarkable statement was made at an inquest held in Birmingham on the body of a girl, named Rose Forster, which was found in the canal near Spring Hill. The deceased suffered from the effects of a fever contracted some years ago, and since her attack had been particularly alarmed by thunderstorms. During the storm on Wednesday week she left home, ostensibly to visit an aunt. She did not return, and the affair was reported to the police, who were helped by an aunt of the deceased, who related to them a strange dream. She dreamed that while passing the canal near Spring Hill she ripped the water with her umbrella, and the body of the deceased at once floated on the surface. She visited the spot the following morning, and, finding the police dragging the canal in another

part, suggested that they should transfer operations to the part she had dreamed of. They did so, and immediately recovered the body.

The following is from a writer who has already supplied considerable data on the matter of warning dreams to the Society for Psychical Research.

IN THE ARMS OF DEATH.

Since then death has entered the immediate family of the dreamer, but without warning. Soon after, however, he had a vision which he interprets as signifying his own near approach to the grave.

He dreamed that a statuesque figure of the whiteness of alabaster held him a moment in its embrace, from which he was released by the interposition of a woman. Soon after he was seized with an illness which both his physician and nurse (the latter a devoted daughter) pronounced fatal. But he recalled the vision of his escape from the embrace of the white figure, and told the doctor, as he dismissed him from attendance, that he would recover, which, to general amazement, he did.

A DREAM OF A FRIEND'S DEATH.

In the *Gaulois* M. Paul Bourget tells the following very interesting story of a telepathic dream :—

It was in Italy in 1880. In a dream of almost intolerable reality I saw one of my literary colleagues, Léon Chapron, upon his death-bed. I found myself present in all their sad detail at the circumstances which followed his decease, notably at the discussion as to his successor as newspaper dramatic critic. The dream impressed me so greatly that on my return to Paris I was constrained to relate it to Maupassant who said to me, "But surely you knew he was ill?"

Now this was the first intimation I had received of this illness. In one week after this conversation, Chapron was dead.

At this time Maupassant rebelled against all questions of complicated psychology, and seeking together for anything which might have suggested my dream, we found that I had, in the course of my journey, received a note from Chapron. We sought in vain for any sign in the writing or contents of the letter which might have betrayed his malady, but could find none. I concluded, however, that some faculty, more active in sleep than in the waking state had deduced his condition and had determined the nature of my dream. I suppose that entirely lucid somnambulists have the power in sleep of divining conditions by means of small signs imperceptible to us, and even to themselves in the waking state. I give you the story for what it is worth. . . . It was on the same occasion that Maupassant revealed to me that he frequently saw his own double. On returning home he would find a second self seated in his easy-chair, a morbid phenomenon which probably marked the beginning of his illness.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

A writer in a late number of the *Philosophical Journal* is responsible for the following dream story which he notes was told by the dreamer to her husband before its fulfilment :—

Mrs. Hiram Hammond, of Winthrop, Me., dreamed that there came to the house of her nearest neighbours (a French-Canadian family named Ratier) a little white coffin bearing the picture of a cross, such as she had never seen before, and which impressed her as a novelty. She also dreamed that she placed in the coffin the body of a little child belonging to the Ratiers.

A few days later a little child of the family came to its death by accidental drowning in a tub of water, and Mrs. Hammond's dream as to the coffin, and her assistance in the preparations for burial, was fulfilled in every particular.

THE RETURN OF A VESSEL.

A correspondent in whom we have every confidence sends us the following story. He has supplied us with all names of persons and places, as well as of the vessels concerned, and the story is amply corroborated. As, however, it comes from a corner of the world some thousands of miles away, these are of no use to the English public, and we readily agree to our correspondent's request contained in the following paragraph :—

These are literal facts, unexaggerated, and to which the rest of the family can bear witness. If of any use to you, I have no objection to your publishing in *BORDERLAND* (in which I take great interest), but as the family may not wish to be known, please change the names of vessels, &c., as we are so isolated in this island that the names would publish the persons.

Here is the story, therefore, the names being suppressed :

Upon waking on the morning of January 22nd my father related to those of the family near (I being one of the group) that he had just dreamed that the steamer V., from Halifax, N.S., had entered the narrows (of which, and the sea beyond, our house commands a fine view) pitching in the rough sea, and with her topmasts gone, and drawn by prancing horses. In the distance he indistinctly saw the steamer Z., from Liverpool, Eng., about two hours run further out. We all laughed, of course, at the idea of prancing horses drawing a ship into port, and my father remarked on the distinctness and detail he saw about the ships. This was his dream, and our knowledge of the ships was that the steamer V. had in fact left Halifax, N.S., and was due in a day or so, and the Z. had left Liverpool, and was due in two days. Our interest in the ships was that on the latter my sister was returning from England, but on the former we had no cargo, passenger, or other interest, and knew none of its staff whatever, though knowing the ships by sight. About midday my father saw a ship signalled, and through his glass made out the V. Presently as she neared the narrows he exclaimed that it was his dream—the narrows, the very ship of his dream, with topmast gone and pitching in the rough sea. Without the impossible horses and the other steamer in the distance it was the realisation of his dream.

Just after dark the other steamer with my sister arrived, nearly two days before expected.

If he had dreamed in detail of my sister's steamer, thought-transference would account for it, but to see another ship from another port in such detail (for no soul save those on board could know that the captain had lowered the topmasts to relieve the ship in rough seas), and only indistinctly see the one, to him, more interesting seems peculiar.

The same writer continues :—

I may say, I am now keeping a record of dreams and fulfilments, as this is not the first strange occurrence of the kind. You, of course, know of the great financial crash here of December 10th.

Three weeks before, my two sisters and my mother dreamed, each at the same time (approximately) in one night, that the banks had broken, and my oldest sister in despair had thrown herself over a wharf into the harbour. So real was the impression that they persuaded my father and myself to decide to send our little cash home to England by boat then due. Several things hindered; and as no immediate danger threatened, we missed that boat. We then saw indications of the storm, and hastened to catch next boat with draft. Before it could be cashed, however, the crash came, and we are now deeply "bitten." Had we caught the boat when the dream was told, we should have been safe.

A DREAM OF AN ACCIDENT.

The following cases have reached us from a Circle Member well known to us both in his ordinary profession as an electrical engineer, and as an accomplished water-finder, Mr. J. F. Young, of Llanelly. The stories are amply corroborated, and in each case the wife of the dreamer testifies in writing to having heard the dream related before the coincidence was known :—

In the spring of 1872 I was having a house and shop built, and the carpenters were at work putting the timber of the roof together at the time when I had the following dream : I dreamt that one of the carpenters would fall from the roof to the joist below, the timber falling with him. Now the most curious part of the dream to me was this : I was told in my dream "to inform my wife of it as soon as I awoke," which I did while dressing. As the weekly market was held on that day, being busy, I had forgotten all about my dream until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I immediately went to the building to ask if there had been an accident, as I had dreamt there was to be one. Judge of my surprise when I was informed that the accident had occurred a few minutes previous, and the man was just carried away seriously hurt, by falling on his back on a plank, which fell under him, across the joist, but for that he must have been killed.

The following story from the same correspondent is placed here for convenience of juxtaposition as the letter of corroboration affects both. It would be perhaps more suitably classified as a vision, being strictly not a dream in the ordinary sense :—

A WAKING VISION.

In the year 1871, I was on my way to the house of a client. It was about 10 o'clock at night, the roads were wet and dirty, and there was a thick, drizzling November rain falling. The locality was comparatively new to me, and there was no one living in the neighbourhood that I knew at the time of the strange occurrence I am about to relate. I was getting towards the end of a street, and should have to take a turn to the right, when immediately in front of me and across the other side of the road, near a gas lamp, I saw the form of a woman, about the medium height, with only her bodice and flannel petticoat on, with her arms uplifted, and hands meeting above her head, which was leaning forward, apparently looking toward the ground. Wondering what a female in that state of undress could be doing in the rain at that hour, I advanced towards her with head bent forward and straining all I could in the dim gas-light to see why she was there, with the object of rendering her assistance, when to my surprise as I got near her the form slowly vanished away from me, head downward. I looked around, but could not see the trace of any human being, and all was silent. As may be well imagined, I was astonished, and when I got home related the circumstance to my wife. On the following morning I told my workmen what I had witnessed, when they told me that a woman had committed suicide in a house close by where I had seen the apparition on that very day, and my description of her appearance was confirmed by them, and at the inquest afterward in every particular. It appears she got up and partly dressed herself and went to an outhouse and hung herself to the beam supporting the water-tank, and she was found with her hands holding the cord above her head, which had fallen forward exactly as I saw it.

Was this vision objective, subjective, a double, or what?

I can only say the particulars are true, and I have the original notes made at the time.

My wife is witness to the facts, as I told her the same night, and I knew nothing whatever of the circumstance until the next day. To avoid giving pain to any of the friends who may be living, I have omitted names and address, but have enclosed them for the Editor's private use, also my wife's signature.

Mrs. Young kindly adds the following note :—

My husband, J. F. Young, sent you two of his experiences, one, a dream, of which he told me as he was getting up in the morning of the day the accident occurred.

The vision he told me on his return the same evening, and also his workmen the first thing in the morning, before going out of the house.

I can truly say in each case the particulars were related by him without any previous knowledge on his part.

I am, yours faithfully,

A. YOUNG,

Wife of the aforesaid J. F. Young.

PROPHETIC DREAM OF AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. Read, who contributes the following dream story, is a Borderland Circle Member and well known to us :—

April 10th, Blofield.

I dreamt that I saw my brother coming down the road, walking alongside a van drawn by one horse. I saw him lay one hand on the front of the van and the other hand on the shaft. He then made an attempt to get upon the van, but seemed to me to throw up his hands and fall back, the wheels going over him. It seems that I slept on, and after an interval of time someone came to me and said, "I have brought your brother's watch; he wished you to have it" (The watch was crushed quite flat.) A sudden rush of grief came over me, and I woke feeling half choked and very miserable. On the afternoon of the following day my brother, trying to get on the front of the van, exactly as seen in the dream, fell, the front wheel going over his foot, laying him by for some time.

The brother lived about one mile from us, and I did not often see him. [From which we may gather, what, in fact, I ascertained from Mr. Read, that there had been no circumstance in their recent intercourse which had suggested the dream.]

The following corroborations are from the brother who was the subject of the dream and from the wife of the dreamer, both details being, in a case of the kind, of great importance.

I wish to say that the statement as to my accident is quite correct.

FRANK READ.

I wish to state that Mr. Read told me his dream (and that he was much upset by it) in the morning as soon as I awoke, the day before the accident.

FANNY READ.

In the course of conversation Mr. Read related other dreams, either prophetic in character or relating to events not consciously known to him at the time, an account of which I hope to receive as soon as the evidence for them is complete.

He also added an interesting suggestion in regard to the detail in the second dream as to the crushing of the watch, which is instructive of the point of the admixture in dreaming—of memory and of association. He told me that some years before he was gold digging in Australia with two companions, one of whom was the victim, Mr. Read being present on the occasion, of a terrible accident, in which he was killed by the fall of a rock, his watch being *crushed quite flat*. It was Mr. Read's very painful duty to convey the intelligence to the friends of the young man, taking with him the watch, a ghastly relic which, at the time, impressed him with intense horror, and which still recurs to his memory at the stimulus of emotion of the same kind. The importation of this detail is highly suggestive, and adds much to the interest of the dream—more perhaps than had the fact been a true prophecy.

The following story was given to me by a friend who has carefully investigated it, and who is a personal friend of the C. M. F. by whom the story is told, and whose name is in my possession. It may be interesting to add that Mrs. Bennett, the dreamer, though a very simple

woman, has some degree of seer faculty, and inhabits a haunted cottage, the phenomena of which have been investigated by the Society for Psychical Research.

A DREAM OF KING CHARLES THE MARTYR.

On the night of January 30th, 1894 [the date coincidence is interesting], Susan Bennett, widow, of Romford, Essex, dreamed that she "saw King Charles" enter her room, and that he looked "very pale and sad, but very gracious"; that he addressed her by name, and said, "My servant has a present for you." In the morning Mrs. Bennett related the dream to her daughter, saying she had "dreamt of royalty," and had "seen King Charles." The daughter said, "Why, mother, he had his head cut off long years ago." They attached no importance whatever to this dream. On Friday, February 2nd, Candlemas Day, Mrs. Bennett came to The Cottage, Romford (where the undersigned C. M. F. lives, who has known Mrs. Bennett for many years), and had tea in the kitchen. Hearing from one of the servants that Mrs. Bennett was in the house, Miss F. ordered that some coal and other things should be given to her, and having given this order she went out.

On her return home before dinner, her maid told her that during tea Mrs. Bennett had related this dream, and that the servants, knowing Miss F.'s particular devotion to the memory of King Charles, took Mrs. Bennett into the drawing-room and asked her if there was any portrait in the room resembling the king who appeared to her in her dream. Mrs. Bennett, after looking round the room, selected the autotype (Cameron) from the Duke of Norfolk's Vandyke, and said, "That was the gentleman she saw, only he wore a hat with red feathers." Mrs. Bennett had never before seen the picture, nor had she any knowledge of Miss F.'s interest in the subject.

Signed, February 21st, 1895. SUSAN BENNETT, her mark X.

C. M. F.

An obvious question, of course, is to what degree was going to tea in Miss F.'s kitchen usually coincident with receiving a present from Miss F. herself? And what degree of expectation of such a present was likely to be in Mrs. Bennett's mind, as a cause of her dream?

I learn, on inquiry, that Mrs. Bennett is a fairly frequent visitor to Miss F.'s servants, and that though Miss F. frequently shows her kindness and help, yet that her presence as a visitor was not commonly, certainly not on this day, the suggestion of a benefaction. The gift of coal and groceries had been previously determined upon.

Miss F. adds :—

King Charles was much associated with this neighbourhood, as he continually occupied Havering Palace, about two and a-half miles from the place in which the dream occurred. The subject of this experience is a very simple, guileless woman of about sixty years of age. She cannot read or write, and, from other circumstances, would appear to be accessible to influences from the unseen world. In this dream the figure of the Martyr-King appears in what would seem a strangely inadequate setting, if it were not the common experience that none of our ideas as to fitting objects and occasions rule in that world of visions. In this case the mere giving of alms to a poor widow would indeed seem too slight a motive, but we know absolutely nothing of the laws of that realm of shadows. I am perfectly sure that the poor woman never heard the name of the king mentioned here, and, indeed, she knows nothing about him; but the servants, who are of long standing, do know that I go up to London every year for the 30th January.* I think this sentence or two from Mr. F. Myers' book, "Science and a Future Life," gives the clue in a condensed shape: Our small cases of telepathic transmission between living men and the men we call dead, stand towards certain of the central beliefs of the Gospel in the same relation in which laboratory experiments stand to the vast operations of nature. That same direct influence of mind on mind which we show in minimis

* I.e., to attend the service for his day, which has been revived at St. Margaret Patten's; and the Session of the Order of the White Rose, holden annually on the Anniversary of the Martyrdom.

would be a form of stating the efficacy of prayer, the communion of Saints. So this dream—almost startling in its want of balance to its surroundings—impresses me as some echo from that Communion of Saints, and although I cannot dare to think that the Blessed Martyr would deign to send an order to so unworthy a servant as myself, we may perhaps take this dream as a sign that he cares for the poor in his old royal manor, and that here, in this unlovely place, where life is often dull and dreary, the protection of a saint may rest on these poor people, and on any who try to help them."

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S EXPERIENCES.

"Behold the Dreamer cometh!" was the flout which was flung at Joseph by his brothers, who derided their brother on account of his visions, as their heirs and successors have derided the seers in every age since then. But in the case of Joseph it was the dreamer who came up on top, and the lad whose strange dreams had foreshadowed his future career lived to prove himself one of the shrewdest and smartest administrative statesmen of his day.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is not exactly a Joseph, either in his dreams, or in his political position, but he is one of the best known men in the United States; the head of one of the greatest railways in the world, with 100,000 employees depending upon his will; a millionaire, a wit, an orator, and the best interviewed man in the world. He is *par excellence* a typical American of the smart, genial school; a man who has made his way in the world, and who commands universal admiration, not to say, envy, but he has succeeded in preserving at the height of his success the genial spirits and good-nature of his boyhood. In April last he was in Chicago, where he went to deliver an address at the university, when he was interviewed by Nelly Bly, the best known and smartest woman journalist in the United States. Her interview, which was extremely interesting, and full of piquant autobiographic detail, touched at one point on the subject of BORDERLAND.

Nelly Bly is no psychic student, being merely a newspaper reporter of more than average snap and go, and, hence, in her conversation with Mr. Depew, she jumbled up superstitions, such as sitting thirteen at a table, with the most serious subjects that can engage the attention of the psychic student. The following extract from the interview will be read with interest, as illustrating the deep underlying substratum of the belief in the unseen under world, upon which, as a foundation, has been reared the edifice of Mr. Chauncey Depew's business success.

"Are you superstitious?" I asked, to carry him to lighter topics.

"Yes, I am superstitious in my beliefs, but intellectually I have not a superstition in the world, and intellectually I have no fads of any kind. Intellectually I think I regard with absolute impartiality the views and beliefs of people who are opposed to me as fairly as I do my own, and rather against myself.

"Behind all that are fads and superstitions and faiths gathered in childhood, against which my intellect has no more power than I would have if I took a broom and tried to sweep Lake Michigan. Intellectually I absolutely believe that a man is a free agent, that he is absolute master of his own career and mission in life, of his own association and environment. Brought up by a pious mother, in the strictest Calvinistic school, I absolutely believe, against my intellect, that it is all predestined, and we cannot escape. Intellectually I have not the slightest hesitation in sitting down thirteen at a table. I have done it repeatedly—was scared to death all the time, and believed I would be the fellow who would die before the year was out! I never did it but three times. I was the joker and laughed at the superstition, and on each occasion a member of that circle died within the year.

"The first was the jolliest dinner I ever had. My wife's grandmother was about going to Mexico with her daughter, whose husband had just been appointed minister to Mexico, and my wife's father, who is the son of grandmother, gave a farewell dinner. We made sport of it, and were laughing at the superstition. The old lady died before she reached the Mexican capital. The next one—I was a groomsman, and at the wedding breakfast there were thirteen. The father came into breakfast just at the right time. We had cords of fun—read his death warrant, and I think I made a speech on his being the victim. I attended his funeral within six months.

"My mother was a believer in special providences and yet, special providences are in absolute contradiction to foreordination, but every Calvinist believes in special providences. There have been three crises in my life, and everything that makes it possible for me to live happily or live at all was the results. In each of these crises, following exactly the lines my mother had taught me, and with absolute faith in myself, but no intellectual belief whatever, I humbly ask for that special providence. The indication was just like that—[snapping his fingers]—and in each case indicated that it was absolutely correct. I had intellectual convictions how to go; at the same time in each case it was a crisis. In one case my fortune was at stake, and in the next my whole reputation and honour were involved. Regardless of my convictions—I had not slept for a week—I went back to my dear mother's teaching, which was to appeal to a heavenly power and ask for guidance. In each case the message was opposite to what I was intellectually convinced was right. It was a mental revelation—was not an intellectual revelation—and I followed the course pointed out against my own judgment and against the advice of everybody. This has occurred three times, and yet I am not a saint."

"Do you have any superstition about the days of the week?" I asked.

"No, I can't say I do. I transact all sorts of business on Friday, but always feel shaky while I am doing it; but I do it, just the same, and nothing comes of it."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Well," he laughed, "it would take a good deal to get me into a graveyard at night. I have no faith in them whatever, but would certainly see them, and that—just as well before dinner as after!"

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"Yes," emphatically. "I have had lots of dreams that have come true and have changed my course a hundred times from a dream. I dream a good deal."

"Do you sleep well?"

"Yes, I sleep well and easily and do not dream often, but when I do I trust to it, and all my dreams are perfectly clear.

"I have a dream," he explained, "and in that dream of certain surroundings and experiences and happenings. I wake up in a cold shiver, utterly uncomfortable. It is so realistic that I get up—I can't sleep in the dark—and light a light. I look out of the window and look at myself in the glass, and sometimes brush my teeth to make sure I am awake. Then I sit down and say, 'What a fool you are, Chauncey; you will never meet those people and meet that emergency.' Then comes that curious conversation which takes place between the two parts of everybody"—and he held up the forefinger of each hand to illustrate—"where the sensible, the grey matter says to the emotional part: 'Chauncey, what a fool you are! Of all the phenomenal idiots, known only to me and luckily not known to your friends, you are the worst! Just put some ice on your face, or if you can't find any ice, put some water on and go to bed.' A month or two months or three months goes by and those people come round; those scenes appear. When they do I have been all through it and know all about it, and the conspirators don't succeed. I have lived it all through and know what to do. Now, how do you account for that?"

"And yet I have no faith in dreams. Next morning at breakfast I tell it to the family, touch it up a bit, and it makes one of those hilarious incidents which relieve the friction of the circle, for after all you can't get along without lubricating oil.

"Lubricating oil," he added, "is the most necessary thing in the world. I wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for that."

XII.—WHAT IS ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY?

THE STORY OF THE NEW GOSPEL OF INTERPRETATION, BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

[The *raison d'être* of BORDERLAND being to inquire, and to review the inquiries of others, we feel that no system of teaching so widely accepted as that of Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland should be withheld from other investigators. We refrain from all comment, the statements not being of the kind which admit of outside evidence, nor as to which we are in possession of facts which we can lay before our readers in support or denial. The matter is one for individual judgment.—X.]

I RESPOND, with much satisfaction, to the intimation that some account of the Esoteric doctrine of Christianity, as recovered by my late colleague, Anna Kingsford and myself, under the process called illumination, which implies the recollection of knowledges acquired in past existences, will be acceptable to BORDERLAND. For while I hold that man's supreme need at all times is for a perfect system of thought and rule of life, I believe there never was a time when the need was so urgently felt as now, for precisely such an eirenicon, both between the churches and between religion and science, as is constituted by the teaching imparted to us under the name of the New Gospel of Interpretation, which claims to represent at once a true doctrine of existence, and the esoteric, real and divinely-intended sense of Christianity, as distinguished from the exoteric, apparent and ecclesiastical sense.

OF NO HUMAN COINAGE.

The expression, "Gospel of Interpretation," is of no human coinage. It is from an instruction concerning the source and method of divine revelation given to my colleague in sleep, in prompt response to a mental request addressed by myself to our illuminators, of which she was unaware, for precise information on that subject; in the course of which the work committed to us was thus described:—

"The days of the covenant of manifestation are passing away; the gospel of interpretation cometh. There shall nothing new be told; but that which is ancient shall be interpreted."

It was further made clear to us that the work committed to us was in fulfilment of the prophecies declaring that the veil which has hitherto been over the divine word shall be taken away, and the truth seen face to face; that the seals shall be broken and the books opened; that the fig-tree, symbol of the inward understanding, shall no longer be barren, but shall again bear fruit; and the angel flying in mid-heaven shall at length proclaim the eternal gospel, the burden of which is "Worship God only." For the time had come of which it was said, "When ye shall see, then is the end near" of the "evil and adulterous"—because materialistic and idolatrous—"generation," which has been in possession in the church ever since the Fall, making its mysteries, which are purely spiritual, into gross idolatry, "the abomination of desolation" being the intrusion of matter into the holy place of the spirit.

THE CRITERION OF TRUTH.

As the term "interpretation" implies, the appeal of the New Gospel is to the understanding, and not to authority, whether of an order, a church, or a book. And it involves the definition of "mystery," not as that which transcends and even contradicts reason, but as that which by belonging to a region of the consciousness which, being spiritual, transcends the sense-nature, requires but the application of the mind to such superior region. Holy writ insists throughout on the acquisition of a "spirit of understand-

ing," and condemns mystery as sacerdotally defined, calling it "Babylon the great, mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth," for its suppression of the understanding.

MAN NOT NATURALLY AGNOSTIC.

As the Bible teaches, man is by constitution an organon of knowledge and understanding, competent for the comprehension of all truth; and only by defect of condition fails to be such an organon. The loss of this condition by him, after having once attained to it, constitutes his Fall. "Made upright," by the balance between the two modes of the mind, the intellect and the intuition—mystically called the man and the woman—he loses his balance and falls through the corruption of the latter when, trusting only to the intellect, he becomes inevitably materialist—being like a bird with one wing, unable to rise above the ground of the sense-nature. Losing the spiritual consciousness which is by the intuition, he becomes Cain, and cultivates only the "ground" of his lower nature, and is unable to render any sacrifice which God, who is pure spirit, can accept; and he kills outright the Abel who, cultivating in himself the "lamb" of a pure spirit, has a pure intuition.

Such are types of the priest and the prophet of all time. Product of a faculty, mutilate and unsound, materialism, whether in religion or in science, is itself an insanity; and only by the restoration of the "woman" Intuition, to her proper place beside the "man" Intellect, does man recover his mental balance and again become whole, sound and sane, and able to complete the system of his thought. For such is the relation to each other of these two modes of the mind, that he can no more construct a sound doctrine by means of one of them, than he can construct the solar system by means of one mode only of force, the centrifugal or the centripetal, or the reproductive system by means of one mode only of sex, the masculine or the feminine. The "man" intellect is not without the "woman" intuition, nor she without him, in the perfect humanity.

HOW TO REVERSE THE FALL.

Man's defect being of condition only, and not of constitution, it is remediable. The cure consists in uniting the two modes of the mind together in a pure spirit, and backing the "woman" intuition with all the force of the "man" intellect. Calling these the horse and the ass, the Bible says that the Shiloh, or deliverer of man from the limitations of matter, "comes binding his foal, the intellect, to the vine of a pure spirit, and his ass's colt, the intuition, to the choice vine, and washing his garments in wine and his vesture in the blood of grapes"; and that thus mounted and anointed of the spirit, man rides triumphant as king into the holy city of his own regenerate nature, having perfected himself in characters and faculty, and thus realised the divine potentialities which belong to him in virtue of the nature of existence; and of which according to the esoteric doctrine, the Christ is the personal demonstration. As will presently

be shown it is simply because of the Church's failure to discern the import of the terms in which its doctrine is expressed, that it has missed the truth, and taken literally what was intended mystically. For, according to the newly-restored canon of interpretation, "All that is true in religion is spiritual. No dogma is real which has a material application. If it be true, and yet seem to have such an application, its meaning has yet to be found. All that is true is for spirit alone."

THE SCIENTIFIC STATEMENT.

Scientifically stated, the Christ doctrine, as now restored, is in this wise. The doctrine of evolution is a true doctrine, but not as defined by the materialists, namely, as the integration of matter. For matter is phenomenon, wherefore, in making it the basis of their system, they build on the appearance instead of the reality. The reality is the substance of which matter is the phenomenon; being so-called because sub-standing or underlying matter. That reality is a mode of the one original, eternal, self-subsistent being, Spirit. Spirit subsists under and comprises two modes, Force and Substance, which are respectively of masculine and feminine potency; he, Force, being the father, and she, Substance, the mother of everything that is. In themselves they are unmanifest, but they become manifest in the product of their mutual interaction, their phenomenon, or child. And these three are not three entities, but are one entity. Spirit, as Force, is that which *makes* manifest; Spirit, as Substance, is that which *is made* manifest; and phenomenon, their mutual expression, "Word" or "Son," is that which *is* manifest. Hence the axiom of spiritual science, "Every entity that is manifest, is manifest by the evolution of its Trinity."

THE CAUSE OF EVOLUTION.

Matter, then, is spirit, being spiritual substance projected by spiritual force into conditions and limitations, and made exteriorly cognisable. But being spirit it is capable of reverting to the condition of spirit, ceasing to be as matter. The tendency of substance thus to revert from its secondary, inferior, and "created" condition of matter, to its primary, superior, and divine condition of spirit, is the cause of evolution. Owing to the divinity of the constituent principles of existence, its force and its substance, the inherency of existence is divine. And evolution, as the manifestation of a divine inherency is accomplished only by the realisation of divinity. God, therefore, is the birthright of every man, and there is no limit to the unfoldment of the universe within man or without him. This follows from the nature of the substance of existence. There must first be descent by emanation before there can be ascent by evolution. The materialists postulate the stupendous miracle of matter transcending itself; and in making matter all in all, they deify the lowest instead of the highest, invert the order of nature, and nullify the end and aim of evolution.

THE METHOD AND PURPOSE OF CREATION.

Perfect being ever seeks to fulfil itself in perfect doing. The purpose of creation is manifestation, by means of the individuation of the original, self-subsistent, unindividuated being. Before the beginning of things, there is necessarily the potentiality of things. But for creation there would be one vast diffused consciousness subsisting in one vast diffused substance. Consciousness is the essential principle of personality. Wherefore deity is to be conceived of as an universally diffused personality, having neither form nor limitations, but capable of manifestation under these. Creation, which is manifestation, occurs by genera-

tion, and is, therefore, a vital process; and generation not of one, but of twain. Nevertheless there is but one original being. But, as already explained, this unity comprises the duality represented by the terms, Force and Substance, and of these two all things are generated. Scripture is very explicit in its presentation of Deity as at one Father and Mother. But its official exponents have failed to recognise the fact. All the names for God imply such duality, and the opening verses of Genesis really read in this wise: "In the beginning God, the Unity, created or put forth from Himself, the duality, the heavens, spirit and deep, or force and substance, and their ultimate phenomenal resultant, earth or matter. And the spirit of God, and God said, or found expression, and there was light, or manifestation of God. These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth, or worlds spiritual and material." This duality is implied also in the expression "Let us make man in our image," and "image of God male and female."

THE GENESIS OF THE SOUL.

According to spiritual science, spirit is projected into the condition of matter in order that soul may be elaborated thereby. Soul is substance individuated, and from abstract become concrete; from impersonal, personal. Life is the elaboration of soul through the varied transformations of matter. Soul is engendered in the simplest forms of organic life. Once engendered it is by its nature indestructible by aught occurring to it from without. Spirit of itself is diffuse and, like naked flame, liable to fuse with other flame. But enclosed in substance it becomes an individual personality, and passes from form to form, putting on higher, because more complex, forms according as it unfolds through experiences undergone the capacities of its substance, which capacities, owing to the divinity of substance, are unlimited.

THE INSANITY OF MATERIALISM.

It is through ignoring substance in favour of matter as the one reality that the materialists have so egregiously blundered about the soul and immortality. The physical body is but the phenomenal capsule of the soul formed by the coagulation exteriorly of substance, and its loss and disintegration in no way affect the soul. By denying permanence to the Ego, the materialists even while insisting on evolution—have made evolution impossible. Since there can be no evolution without a permanent Ego to retain the impression of experiences received, and to advance by means of them, and they have committed themselves to the absurdity of assigning limits to the tenuity of the substance which may serve as a vehicle for consciousness, intelligence, a force, a course for which they have absolutely no scientific warrant; and even while admitting, as they do admit, their total ignorance of the nature of the force by which of the substance in which, and of the impulsion through which evolution occurs, they presume to assign limits to evolution, as by denying positively the reality of the experiences on which spiritualists rely. Doing what they make, not experience, but non-experience, the basis of conclusion, and regard affirmations based on experience as effectually disposed of by denials based on non-experience. Thus preferring hypothesis to fact, they convince themselves of being in no wise truth seekers, but unpardonable supporters of a foregone conclusion. But, as already remarked, in representing the intellect divorced from intuition, and in hopeless bondage to the sense-naturalism, materialism implies a faculty mutilate, unsound and

fettered, and incapable, therefore, of that freedom of thought which is the first condition of the discovery of truth. They, indeed, call themselves freethinkers, but they are wholly disqualified for that noblest of man's titles. To think freely, the mind must range equally in all directions open to thought, inwards and upwards to spirit and reality, as well as outwards and downwards to matter and phenomenon. Only thus can it obtain the substantial idea which informs and interprets the phenomenal fact; for the idea is of the spirit.

THE SUBSTANTIAL HUMANITY.

The full manifestation of God in the individual cannot be attained in any mode of substance inferior to its original divine mode of pure spirit. Wherefore creation requires to be supplemented and complemented by a further process. This is the process called redemption, which consists in the redemption of spirit from the condition and limitations of matter. The method whereby this is accomplished is mystically called regeneration. Constituting involutional evolution, it is the crown and completion of evolution. It consists in the elaboration within the body as matrix, of a new spiritual and substantial personality which is the individual himself sublimed and transmuted into the higher elements of his system, being engendered directly of his soul and spirit without any interposition or admixture of matter. Such is the process insisted on by Jesus as the sole means of redemption from the limitations of matter, being the way by which he himself had come. For in saying "Ye must be born again, or from above, of water and the Spirit," he affirmed the necessity to every man of being born exactly as he himself, as typical man regenerate, was said to have been born of Virgin Maria and Holy Ghost; water and the Spirit, Virgin Maria, and Holy Ghost, being the mystical synonyms for man's own soul and spirit in their divine, because pure, condition. They are the father-mother of the upper and the within of man's microcosmic system; the two first persons of the Trinity within man, of which the Christ is the third.

This generation of the Christ in man corresponds exactly to that of the universe as described in Genesis. The method of the manifestation of God is the same for the individual and the universal. As in the universal, the spirit or force of God moves on the face of the waters, or substance of God to generate the world; so in the individual, the spirit or force of God—called Holy Ghost to denote Deity operative in creation—moves on the face of the waters, or substance, of God, Maria the soul, to generate the new interior individuality in whom the man is redeemed from the limitations of matter, and made inheritor of life eternal. The story of the nativity is thus a dramatic presentation of the process of regeneration, and has no physical significance. The external personality, Jesus, is begotten in the ordinary manner of human parents, Joseph and Mary. But the spiritual and substantial man, the "Christ formed within," on whom St. Paul so emphatically insists as the agent of salvation, is begotten of the soul and spirit of the man himself, and is co-substantial with them. Being born in the body as matrix, he is "Son of Man"; and being begotten of his own pure soul and spirit, he is "Son of God." And he is not an incarnation of the Son, or Adonai, in the Trinity of the Godhead. He is the corresponding principle to this, being the offspring of the two first persons of the Trinity in man, the spirit and the soul, as the Son is the offspring of the two first persons of the Trinity in the Godhead, force and substance. And whereas the latter, as the supreme personality in the universe is called *the Lord*, the

former, as the supreme personality in man, is called *our Lord*. The process of the universal is repeated in the individual. "There is one law: for He that worketh is One."

DIVINE INCARNATION.

None the less is divine incarnation a fact, and referable to the Christ in man. But not as a priest-constructed orthodoxy has defined it. Pure spirit is God, and God is pure spirit. And they are not the less God because individuated in a human soul, or because, when thus individuated, such soul is invested with a human body. Wherefore the doctrine of Divine Incarnation is simply an affirmation of the possibility of man having in him a pure soul and spirit; of the fact that there have been such men; and that Jesus was one of them, perhaps the chief instance known to our planet. And the Apostle's Creed is a summary of the spiritual history of all those who become, by regeneration, Sons of God.

THE ANTI-CHRISTIANITY OF ORTHODOXY.

"He who denieth the Father and the Son, the same is Anti-Christ." In excluding the feminine principle of substance from the Godhead, as by making the Trinity masculine only, and representing creation as made out of nothing, orthodoxy has incurred the sin of Anti-Christ. For to deny the Mother is to deny the Father and the Son, by rendering Fatherhood and Sonship impossible. The same denial, moreover, renders impossible the eternal generation whereby are both creation and redemption, the latter of which is by regeneration. It is true that there are the three principles represented by the terms Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. But they are not the Trinity. For the two first "persons" of a Trinity must be such as can generate the third. The Holy Ghost denotes Deity dynamic and active, as distinguished from Deity static and passive. He is God, as both force and substance, proceeded from the Father-Mother through the Son, to be the life and substance of the Universe. The true Trinity is expressed in Scripture by the terms, "the Spirit, the Water, and the Word," which are force, substance, and their mutual expression or phenomenon, and thus, father, mother, and child. And only when the prism is completed by the evolution of its Trinity, does divinity emerge into activity as Holy Ghost, the invisible light differentiating into the seven rays, which are the seven spirits of God, who actuate the world, elaborating it in a perpetually recurring series of cycles, each of which constitutes a "day" in the "week" of man's spiritual creation. All things are made of the divine substance. And the seven spirits of God go forth into the divine substance, which is the substance of all that is. She is not matter, but is matter in its potential essence. And her veil is the astral fluid. Psyche, the soul, is within and before Ether. In suppressing substance, orthodoxy has deprived man of the divinity which is his birthright, to the complete inversion of the doctrine both of Scripture and of reason.

SACERDOTALISM, ITS BESETTING SIN.

The Church, on assuming the style and title of Christian, inherited its Scriptures and mysteries without the key to them, that key—the "key of knowledge"—having long been forfeited and lost, being withdrawn by reason of unfaithfulness. And to this day the church knows neither the source nor the meaning of its dogmas. The most mystical and occult of books, and as a book of the soul appealing to the soul, the Bible has been expounded by persons without mystical insight or occult knowledge, who have made its appeal to the senses.

The besetting sin of sacerdotalism is always idolatry. Having lost the perception of things spiritual, through the corruption of the "woman" intuition, it has persistently accorded the preference to the letter, the form, the symbol and the person, instead of to the verity denoted or illustrated by these. Doing which, it has committed idolatry by materialising mysteries purely spiritual, and thus perpetuated the sin which caused the fall. Hence the denunciation by Jesus of the corrupt priesthood of his time, and therein of that of all time: "Ye are of your father the devil," and "a generation of vipers," meaning of the brood of the serpent-tempter of Eden, to destroy whose works as wrought by the priesthoods, the Christ is manifested. Symbols are, of course, indispensable as a means of expression. But the exaltation of them, apart from their interpretation, is sheer materialism and idolatry, a practice for which the modern name is "Ritualism."

For, as inexpugnably defined in the new interpretation—

Idolatry is materialism, the common and original sin of men, which replaces spirit by appearance, substance by illusion, and leads both the moral and intellectual being into error, so that they substitute the nether for the upper, and the depth for the height. It is that false fruit which attracts the outer senses, the bait of the serpent in the beginning of the world. Until the mystic man and woman had eaten of this fruit, they knew only the things of the spirit and found them suffice. But after their fall they began to apprehend matter also, and gave it the preference, making themselves idolators. And their sin, and the taint begotten of that false fruit, have corrupted the blood of the whole race of men, from which corruption the Sons of God would have redeemed them. . . . To make an idol is to materialise spiritual mysteries. The priests then were idolators, who coming after Moses, and committing to writing those things which he by word of mouth had delivered unto Israel, replaced the true things signified by their material symbols, and shed innocent blood on the pure altars of the Lord.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

There is no such thing as vicarious atonement. For none can redeem another by shedding innocent blood. Rather is justice doubly outraged thereby. In accepting the tenet of vicarious atonement, Christendom has taken its doctrine from Caiaphas instead of from Christ, and has made itself accessory after the fact to the crime of Calvary. None the less is it true that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." But this is not the physical blood of the man Jesus. The "blood of Christ" is the pure spirit which is the life and substance of the Christ within Jesus. And these are the two elements which every man must "eat," and be reconstituted of to become, like him, regenerate. Reconstituted of his own pure spirit and soul, man is made at one with God, who is pure spirit and pure substance. The sole secret and method of Christ is inward purification, which is the way of regeneration. But a corrupt priesthood always insists upon substitution. Hence the virtual suppression of regeneration by the sacerdotal formulators and exponents of Christianity in favour of substitution. Regeneration makes every man his own priest, for only himself can minister to his inward purification. Regeneration, therefore, did not suit the views of an order bent on subjugating the world to itself. Between the Christ who insists on regeneration, and the Belial of an orthodoxy which insists on substitution, there can be no concord. The language applied by Jesus to the priesthood, was evoked by their exaltation of a blood-loving demon to the place of God, instead of the "Father" recognised by him. It is after the way which the orthodox call heresy, that the esoteric

and true believer worships the God of his fathers, believing all things which are according to the law, and as written in the prophets, whose one theme is regeneration by inward purification. That at most which vicarious atonement claims to do, is to relieve the man from the consequences of sin. But this is not to redeem him. On the contrary, to deprive him of the suffering due to sin would be to rob him of his redemption. For all alike must be made perfect through suffering. That from which man needs to be saved is the liability to sin, and from this regeneration alone saves him. Wherefore, this alone is the way of salvation.

THE COROLLARY AND CONDITION OF REGENERATION.

The suppression of regeneration in favour of substitution involved the suppression of the doctrine which is indispensable to regeneration. This is the doctrine of the multiplicity of earth-lives, now commonly called Reincarnation. Regeneration, which is *from out of* the body, is a process extending over many earth-lives, and does not begin until many have already been lived. And without the opportunities of experiences afforded by a long succession of lives, it would be impossible, and the declaration "Ye must be born again," would be a sentence of perdition on the whole race. So vast is the ladder of man's spiritual evolution which he has to ascend, a ladder reaching from the dust of the ground to the throne of the Most High, and all of which is within himself.

This doctrine was universal in all the pre-Christian churches, Hebrew, Greek, Egyptian, Oriental, and the rest. And it is implicit throughout the Bible, being occasionally explicit. For, in having regeneration for its main theme, the Bible contemplates the persistence of the individual Ego through all stages in its evolution, from the Adam-stage to the Christ-stage, as St. Paul implies when he says that in Adam all die, but in Christ all have life eternal, and Jesus himself speaks of his own history as contained in Moses and the prophets, evidently referring to their insistence on regeneration, and therein of reincarnation. A striking instance in point has been brought to light by the new interpretation. It restores a hymn of the mystic Exodus, showing the Mosaic story of the flight from Egypt to be an allegory of regeneration, in which Israel stands for the soul, Egypt for the body, the corn in Egypt for the experiences of the earth-life necessary for the soul's nutrition and education. The hymn itself consists of the exhortation of a man to his soul when about to return into the body to pursue his regeneration. It runs thus:—

There is corn in Egypt, go thou down into her, O my soul with joy.

For in the kingdom of the body thou shalt eat the bread of thine initiation.

But beware lest thou become subject to the flesh, and bonds-lave in the land of thy sojourn.

Serve not the idols of Egypt, and let not the senses be thy taskmasters.

For they will bow thy neck to their yoke; they will bitterly oppress the Israel of God.

An evil time shall come upon thee, and the Lord shall smite Egypt with plagues for thy sake.

Then follows the soul's flight pursued by all the power of the body, seeking to bring it back into bondage. But guided by Hermes, the Spirit of Understanding, who is its cloud of darkness by day, and its pillar of fire by night, the soul passes safely through the cleansing waters of regeneration, "which is the first death in the body" accomplishes its journey through the wilderness of ordeal and renunciation; and, finally, arrives at its promise

goal. Reaching which, the man, addressing the planet-god by his Greco-Egyptian and Hebrew names, exclaims triumphantly:—

Evoi, Father Iacchos, Jehovah-Nissi, Lord of the garden and the vineyard.

Initiator and Lawgiver; God of the cloud and of the mount.

Evoi, Father Iacchos; out of Egypt hast thou called thy Son!

Such was one of the rituals chanted by initiates of the sacred mysteries in the temples of Egypt ages before the time of Moses, and from which—as clearly shown by manifold like recoveries made through us—the Bible-writers largely derived both their doctrine and their diction, giving them a quasi-historical form.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

The Christ, then, is no personage unique, abnormal, unthinkable, of hybrid constitution and disorderly generation. He is the Perfect Reason of God in manifestation; the fulfilment, not the subversion, of the divine-natural order; the matured fruit of the seed implanted in every man, the seed of his own regeneration. For he represents the realisation of the divine potentialities, proper and common to all in virtue of their derivation and constitution, by the indefeasible law of heredity.

The mission of Jesus was, then, to be a personal demonstration to all men of their own equal divine potentialities, and of the method of the realisation thereof, namely, by love and purity, as shown in unreserving self-sacrifice for others. He was a soul who in virtue of the multitude of his earth-lives, and the use made of them, had attained to the divinity of which all have the potentiality, having developed within himself, the spiritual and substantial selfhood, whose typical name is Christ Jesus, the anointed Liberator. He had no need to return into the body for his own sake. He nevertheless returned, out of pure love to redeem, by showing to others what they have it in them to become, and how to become it. Not otherwise could he have been to them "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Not otherwise could he have said to them, "My Father and your Father; my God and your God."

He was prophet and more than prophet. For, having attained to the glory of the Christ, he was prophet and redeemer in one. But only to be like "his brethren the prophets"—sons, like himself, of the "woman" intuition—put to death by the priests. For the "Jerusalem that kills the prophets" is always in some form sacerdotalism. The Bible is from beginning to end a condemnation of sacerdotalism.

One of the greatest wrongs ever committed has been the holding of the Jews responsible for the murder of Jesus. True, they were Jews who committed the crime, but they did not do it as Jews but as priests. The Jews heard him gladly, and would have taken him by force to make him their king. So captivated were they by his simple gospel of love and purity. But the priests slew him according to their wont. And they have been slaying him ever since in the person of his doctrine; saving their own order by throwing the odium on the Jews, to the unspeakable misery of that people through all the intervening ages; and Christendom, reading the Bible through priestly eyes, has entirely ignored the prophets and their teaching which the Bible exalts, in favour of the priests and their traditions, which the Bible emphatically condemns, saying, "Ye have made the Word of God of none effect by your traditions." Thus does the new interpretation fulfil its function of eirenicon towards the Jews.

This, then, is the "Gospel of Christ," which alone can save the world, but which has never yet been preached to the world. Men have but to know that they are surely possessed of divine potentialities, within their own power to realise, and they will spare no effort to achieve them. And in the effort they will realise also that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, when this Gospel is preached, the establishment of God's kingdom "on earth as it is in heaven," will cease to be as hitherto it has been, a meaningless sound in men's ears. And it will be seen that, if hitherto Christianity has failed, as it undoubtedly has failed, to regenerate the world, it is not because it is false, but because it has been falsified.

CRUCIFIED THROUGH WEAKNESS.

In their esoteric and real sense, the doctrines of the Resurrection and Ascension are verities wholly reasonable and orderly, though the Church has never grasped their nature and significance. For they are illustrations of the powers belonging to man when fully regenerate, which show him to be, like God in the universe, omnipotent in his own system. He is, therefore, "able to lay down his body and to take it up again," and to indraw and resolve it into spirit. That Jesus succumbed to the cross, was not because the Christ in him was defective; it was because he had not yet completed the regeneration of the body derived from his physical parents; there still remained in it an element of weakness, through which, as St. Paul says, "He was crucified." There were still two wills in his system, as implied in his utterance, "not my will but thine." And of this weakness Judas was the type. Hence it is said in the new interpretation:—

Therefore was Jesus betrayed to death by "Judas," because He was not yet perfected.

But He was perfected through suffering; yea, by the passion, the cross, and the burial.

For He could not wholly die; neither could his body see corruption.

So He revived; for the elements of death were not in his flesh; and his molecules retained the polarity of life eternal.

He therefore was raised and became perfect, having the power of the dissolvent and of transmutation.

In virtue of which He was able to accomplish his "ascension."

THE CHRISTS AN ORDER.

The hymn to the "First of the Gods," called by Isaiah the "Spirit of Wisdom," by the Hebrews, "Uriel," and by the Greeks, "Phoibos," the Bright One of God—which is one of the recoveries of the new interpretation—speaks of the Christs as an order, and assigns to them the sphere of the sun, saying:—

Many are the angels who serve in the courts of the spheres of heaven: but thou, Master of light and of life, art followed by the Christs of God.

And thy sign is the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and of the just made perfect;

Whose path is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the innermost glory of the day of the Lord God.

Thy banner is blood-red, and thy symbol is a milk-white lamb, and thy crown is of pure gold.

They who reign with thee are the hierophants of the celestial mysteries; for their will is the will of God, and they know as they are known.

These are the Sons of the innermost sphere, the Saviours of men, the anointed of God.

And their name is Christ Jesus in the day of their initiation.

And before them every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and of things on earth.

They are come out of great tribulation, and are set down for ever at the right hand of God.

And the Lamb, which is in the midst of the seven spheres, shall give them to drink of the river of living water.

And they shall eat of the tree of life, which is in the centre of the garden of the kingdom of God.

These are thine, O mighty Master of Light; and this is the dominion which the word of God appointed thee in the beginning.

In the day when God created the light of all the worlds, and divided the light from the darkness;

And God called the light Phoibos, and the darkness God called Python.

Now the darkness was before the light, as the night fore-runneeth the dawn.

These are the evening and the morning of the first cycle of the Mysteries.

And the glory of that cycle is as the glory of seven days; and they who dwell therein are seven times refined.

Who have purged the garment of the flesh in the living waters;

And have transmuted both body and soul into spirit, and are become pure virgins.

For they were constrained by love to abandon the outer elements, and to seek the innermost which is undivided, even the Wisdom of God.

And Wisdom and Love are one.

THE FOUNDATION AND CROWN OF THE MYSTERIES.

There are two doctrines, the materialisation of which has especially ministered to the degradation of Christianity into a superstition wholly idolatrous and irrational. These are the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This exposition, therefore, cannot more fitly conclude than with the explanation of them given in the New Interpretation.

The Immaculate Conception is none other than the prophecy of the means whereby the universe shall at last be redeemed. Maria—the sea of limitless space; substance of God and the soul of individuals—Maria, the Virgin, born herself immaculate and without spot of the womb of the ages, shall in the fulness of time bring forth the perfect man who shall redeem the race. He is not one man, but ten thousand times ten thousand, the Son of Man, even the whole redeemed humanity throughout the universe, who shall overcome the limitations of matter and the evil which is the result of the materialisation of spirit. His Mother is Spirit, his Father is Spirit, yet is He himself incarnate, and how then shall He overcome evil and restore matter to the condition of spirit? By force of love. It is love which is the centripetal power of the universe; it is by love that all creation returns to the bosom of God. The force which projected all things is Will, and Will is the centrifugal power of the universe. Will alone could not overcome the evil which results from the limitations of matter; but it shall be overcome in the end by sympathy, which is the knowledge of God in others—the recognition of the omnipresent self. This is love. And it is with the children of the spirit, the servants of love, that the dragon of matter makes war.

As the Immaculate Conception is the foundation of the mysteries, so is the Assumption their crown. For the entire object and end of kosmic evolution is precisely this triumph and apotheosis of the soul. In the mystery presented by this dogma, we behold the consummation of the whole scheme of creation—the perpetuation and glorification of the individual human *Ego*. The grave—the material and astral consciousness—cannot retain the immaculate Mother of God. She rises into the heavens; she assumes divinity. In her own proper person she is taken up into the king's chamber. From end to end the mystery of the soul's evolution—the history, that is, of humanity and the kosmic drama—is contained and enacted in the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The acts and the glories of Mary, the soul, are the one supreme object of the holy mysteries.

SOURCE OF THIS EXPOSITION.

The chief depositaries of the New Gospel of Interpretation are the books entitled "The Perfect Way" and "Clothed with the Sun." These contain results only. Some account of the manner of its reception is given in "The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation," to be followed, it is hoped, ere long by a complete history. This exposition is a brief abstract only of the results obtained, which comprise, besides the rituals and hymns referred to in it, sundry expositions also belonging to the ancient mysteries, together with the essential chapters of the long-lost *Gnosis*, or body of divine doctrine which constituted the primitive revelation which underlay all the sacred Scriptures and religions of antiquity, including Christianity. The whole was obtained under illumination of those denizens of the church invisible and celestial who are of the order described herein as belonging to the Virgin, or twofold states, being constituted of pure soul and spirit, without material admixture, having attained thereto through regeneration, and belonging, therefore, to the order of the Gods and Archangels, under whose forms and names they manifested themselves. The method of communication was so ordered as to make the work a positive demonstration of the reality, the immortality and the pre-existence of the soul, as proved by inability, under divine illumination, to recover the recollection of knowledges acquired and experiences undergone in long antecedent incarnations. For the recipients themselves, the evidences extrinsic and intrinsic were conclusive, leaving nothing to be desired of further proof.

THE UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

From what has been said herein it follows that, defined as the culture of the soul, Mariolatry is the one true religion. We have here a basis on which to treat with the Holy Father for the reunion of Christendom; a thing possible only on the condition of identity of doctrine. So far as this element is concerned, his consent to the definition proposed of "Mariolatry" would remove one of the greatest obstacles. But the appeal must henceforth be to the understanding. Only thus will Peter fulfil his mission as the representative of Hermes the Revelator, to whom, and not to the man Peter, Jesus really addressed the utterance, "Thou art the rock, and on this rock will I build my church." As the Spirit of Understanding and the second of the Holy Seven, Hermes is the presiding divinity of the second day of creation, whose work is the placing of an expanse between the waters above and the waters below, between—that is—the spiritual and the material, in token of its being the office of the understanding to distinguish between things which differ, and to enable man to rise from the lower to the higher. And his name signifies both rock and interpreter, to denote that the understanding is the rock of the true church, and the true rock of the church, which only when founded thereon is a true church. Only when thus founded, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. In the recovery hymn to the "Second of the Gods," from which Jesus quotes, his office is thus described:—

He is as a rock between earth and heaven, and the Lord God shall build his church thereon.

As a city upon a mountain of stone, whose windows look forth on either side.

And upon the left are the kingdoms of the world and the shapes of illusion; and upon the right are the heights of heaven and the kingdom of spirit.

And to him are committed the keys of the invisible and the holy of holies within the veil.

Whatsoever soul He shall bind, shall be bound in the outer and the nether.

And whatever soul He shall loose, shall be loosed in the inner and the upper.

He shutteth and no man openeth; He setteth free and none shall bind again.

And his number is the number of twain; He is the angel of the twofold states.

And the waters below and above the firmament are the evening and the morning of the second day.

Jesus, then, addresses himself to Hermes as the inspirer of the confession of Peter. But Peter has never yet fulfilled the mission assigned him as his representative in the church visible. He has been rock only, and not interpreter. For, so far from making appeal to the understanding, he has suppressed the understanding in

favour of authority as the criterion of truth and basis of faith, requiring blind assent in the place of intelligent conviction, with the result of making himself the rock on which the church has split into its countless fragments; which it is now sought to re-unite. Peter has been, as pre-figured in the Gospels, the cutter off of ears, not their opener. But now that the Gospel of Interpretation has come, and the kingdom of the Mother of God, it is for Peter to redeem his past by using his sword—this time the sword of the spirit—not in cutting off, but in opening ears. Only on such condition can the reunion of Christendom be effected. Man has not recovered his mental freedom to renounce it again at the bidding of his priests, whether of religion or of science. The truth has come which makes him free of both. Henceforth he has the witness in himself, and will call no man king or master on earth.

THE AFFAIRS OF A GERMAN MADHOUSE.

A CASE of some importance has lately been tried at Aix-la-Chapelle—an action for slander brought by the Alexianerbrüder of the Kloster Mariaberg against the writer, the publisher, and the person selling a certain pamphlet, setting forth how a Mr. Forbes, a Scotch clergyman, was, while perfectly sane, incarcerated as a madman for thirty-nine months, under the charge of the brotherhood in question; how that he was beaten, fettered, knocked about, kept in a “hole of a cell,” generally ill-treated and mismanaged, that he was under no medical supervision, either as regarded his general or his mental health, and, moreover, that he was sent there by no less a person than the bishop of his diocese.

When I [X.] was in correspondence with the Baroness B., one of the victims of Czinsky (see *The New Witchcraft*, BORDERLAND VII.), in consequence of whose misdemeanours she herself was incarcerated in a madhouse, this very pamphlet was sent to me as testimony of the possible sufferings of patients at the mercy of the guardians of the insane, as they understand their business in Germany! I had very sincere sympathy with the Baroness, and I should have been glad to give her any help in my power in her desire to expose, not only Czinsky, but certain other abuses. The pamphlet was well written, the story effectively told, but, I confess, that the locality of the circumstances being too distant to make personal investigation possible, and in the absence of corroborative testimony, I felt that we should not be justified in putting the matter before our readers.

Now, however, the whole story is writ large in the columns of *Die Kölner Zeitung*, and with less detail in various other papers; and if anything were needed to make Czinsky appear more abominable than before, we have it

in the present evidence of the state of things possible in a German madhouse.

The verdict for the defendants and the announcement of an approaching formal Government inquiry into the alleged condition of things at the Kloster Mariaberg, appears to have given great satisfaction among the people, who had not only thronged the court-house, but when the verdict was expected crowded about its precincts in vast multitudes. They hailed the defendants as they drove away with echoing shouts of applause.

The Alexianer Kloster Mariaberg, near Aix-la-Chapelle, is an institution recognised by the State, and directed by the Church, the “brothers,” it appears being laymen. Their misconduct appears to be of no recent date. In the course of inquiry into Mr. Forbes’s statements, one of which was that he had been struck on the head with a bunch of keys, it transpired that a few years ago a patient, named Vorschelt, had been similarly struck by a certain Brother Thomas, and had died of the blow without medical assistance being obtained. In fact, there was no medical officer on the premises, and the doctor’s daily inspection of the establishment lasted about an hour and a half. The establishment was naturally under Government inspection, but the Inspector’s visits were always expected and prepared for accordingly.

The evidence of experts was adduced to show that Mr. Forbes was in perfect possession of his mental powers, and in no way a fit occupant of a madhouse. Some youthful indiscretions were alleged as the original excuse for his incarceration. No medical account had been kept of the brain disease alleged, and no report whatever had been furnished.

The Government, rather late in the day perhaps, has marked its sense of responsibility by the payment of costs for the defence, and undertaking a strict inquiry into the affairs of the institution.

X.

XIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

A STORY OF CLAIR-AUDIENCE.

MR KINGLAKE AND THE BELLS OF MARLEN.

ONE would have thought that a clerical paper, whose concern is with matters spiritual, might be supposed to concern itself somewhat with matters psychic, which, after all, is only "spiritual" in Greek instead of Latin. However, the editor of *The Guardian* put an abrupt closure on a discussion which promised to be very interesting.

Canon MacColl began it by drawing attention to a passage in Kinglake's *Eothen*, describing a phenomenon tolerably familiar to all students of occult matters, and variously classified according to the bent of the commentator, as a dream, clair-audience, telepathy, or sub-conscious memory, externalising itself in terms of sound. This is the story:—

BELLS HEARD 2,000 MILES AWAY.

Mr. Kinglake was one Sunday afternoon in the desert of Sinai:—

On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me, and, as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills!

My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at last I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on. . . . Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

The story further shows that till he took out his diary in his tent some hours later, Mr. Kinglake did not remember that the day was Sunday, which makes any theory of expectation based at all events on *conscious* memory, the less probable.

CLERICAL OPINIONS ON THE STORY.

Canon MacColl began by attempting a physical explanation, and contended that Mr. Kinglake *did* hear the Marlen bells. He defends the theory thus:—

A man may be so absorbed in thought as to remain insensible to "a vast chorus" of sounds around him; or he may be so intent on some particular sound—a story told by a friend at his side, for example—as not to hear the buzz of conversation in the room louder than his friend's voice. The general conversation strikes his ear equally with the particular voice, but is inaudible because consciousness is withdrawn from it.

In illustration of this point Canon MacColl quotes, with appropriate regard for the nature of the battle-field, three cases from sacred story, the shepherds at Bethlehem who heard the angels' song; the case of St. Paul's companions on the way to Damascus, who did not hear the voice which called to him; and the case of the multitude who did not hear the voice, but "said that it thundered."

If, as we are taught, all these are instances of supernatural interference, they hardly support the argument that

the case in point was not supernatural at all. Canon MacColl, however, admits, we gather, the possibility of the extension of normal faculty, the activity of a spiritual sense, for he says further:—

If man has a dual existence in this world, being related at once to matter and spirit, to time and to eternity, is it unreasonable to believe that dim intimations should now and then reach him from the world unseen? "The human soul," says Kant, viewing the question merely as a philosopher, "may be regarded as even now connected at the same time with two worlds, of which, so far as it is confined to personal union with a body, the material only is clearly felt." This idea the poet of "The Christian Year" has expressed in the well-known lines:—

"Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Clear as the sea and sky."

The deeper man has penetrated into the secrets of nature, the more clearly it is shown that the material shades off and vanishes into the spiritual. The proved phenomena of somnambulism, dreaming, magnetic trances, go to show that mortal man occupies an intermediate position between the visible and invisible, and that while his normal existence is in the former, he is sometimes placed abnormally in communication with the latter. Those of your readers who are interested in the subject will find much information and suggestion in a German work by Karl du Prel, on "The Philosophy of Mysticism." My copy is a translation from the German. The imposture and charlatanry which are mixed up with the subject, under the name of "Spiritualism," ought not to prejudice us against reasonable belief and patient investigation. It is ever the fate of truth to be counterfeited and caricatured by error.

Some of the correspondence that followed showed, not only ignorance of the literature of the occult, but what is less excusable, considerable want of observation of the everyday phenomena of life.

One writer, W. O., however, makes a candid confession.

The reading of some amount of "occult" literature has not always conduced to faith, but Mr. Myers and certain articles in the Psychical Research Society's Proceedings have left me with a bias in favour of a "subliminal" as well as a normal consciousness: indeed, I am not prepared to disprove that I have not merely a dual but a multiple personality. There seems to be a good deal of evidence in favour of clairvoyance: here the percipient is not dependent upon the ordinary channels of communication, for him "stone walls do not a prison make," the image apparently being directly impressed on the mind without the medium of the retina. The same doubtless applies to clairaudience, the auditor not being dependent on the sound-waves striking the tympanum. If Canon MacColl cares to amend his plea and to assert that Kinglake's was a case of clairaudience, I shall not dare to oppose him, for I think he will have a much stronger case.

It is always difficult to know exactly what people mean by "clair-audient." If, as Canon MacColl contends, Kinglake *did* hear the Marlen bells, then surely he was clair-audient, as W. O. contends. Unfortunately, however, W. O. proceeds somewhat feebly to argue:—

Fancy the terrible condition of a man with an ear so sensitive to the minutest sound! Is there any doubt that the man whose auditory nerves were so delicate that he was awaked by village bells two thousand miles off would be "stunned with their music" if he were so unfortunate as to get within a few hundred feet of them when wide-awake?

This, we take it, is equivalent to Pope's argument

(borrowed from Pythagoras), in the "Essay on Man" as to "Why has not Man a Microscopic Eye?"

For this plain reason, man is not a fly

* * * * *
If nature thundered in his opening ears
And stunned him with the music of the spheres
How would he wish that heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill.

CANON MACCOLL'S LAST WORD.

After this, as was inevitable, Canon MacColl gets the last word, further discussion being abruptly stopped by the editor. The conclusion is good enough as far as it goes, though it probably conveyed little to a good many of its readers.

We have latent spiritual senses, and the question is whether some persons may not on occasion and under certain psychical conditions have one or other of those senses "opened" to the apprehension of sights or sounds to which their ordinary senses are closed. It is mathematically certain that the sound of the Marlen bells did reach Kinglake's ears, and I see nothing impossible in the idea of that sound finding its way to his intelligence through an avenue closed to other sounds, and closed to these on other occasions.

SOME CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

THE factor of accidental coincidence is, like that of expectation, or of self-suggestion, or of unconscious memory, one which all investigators of psychic matters must necessarily reckon with. There are a great many familiar instances which must at once occur to the memory. We have a sudden thought of an absent friend, and get a letter from him by the next post; we fix our thoughts upon someone who is walking down the street in front of us, who turns round and meets our eye; we meditate on some interesting topic and our next visitor opens conversation upon the subject. Are these cases of thought-transference, or are they accidental coincidences? The question, of course, becomes, ultimately, one of statistics. Even chance has its laws, and coincidence, beyond a certain point, ceases, apparently, to be accidental.

The question that suggests itself is—*where* is the point? Coincidence, of the kind we call accidental, is at times startling enough. Here are a few cases collected from various publications of the last few weeks.

Good Words for June gives us the following capital stories in the course of an article by Doctor Donald Macleod, called "Strange but True."

WASHED HOME BY THE OCEAN.

Robert Thom, Esq., the present proprietor of the Island of Canna in the far Hebrides, can with many others guarantee the truth of the following curious coincidence.

In September, 1892, the daughter of the blacksmith in Canna was wandering on the shore, gathering driftwood for fuel, when in a small bay, about a hundred yards distant from her father's house, she picked up a piece of wood bearing the inscription, cut with a knife, "Lachlan Campbell, Bilbao, March 23rd, 1892." On taking it to her mother she became much concerned, as this was the name of her own son, who was a boiler-maker in Spain, and, as would be the case with most people—certainly with Highlanders—she could not get over the superstitious dread that this message from the sea was the harbinger of evil tidings regarding her son. The family of the proprietor did their best to calm her terror, exhorting her to wait for an explanation. When writing to her son she told him of what had happened, and was greatly relieved on receiving a reply assuring her of his well-being, but was astonished to learn that he perfectly remembered how, when on a

holiday, he had written, as described, on a piece of wood, and had idly thrown it into the sea from a rock near Bilbao. We all know the power of ocean currents, and need not be surprised at this piece of wood having been carried about for six months, but the marvellous—and, except for undoubted evidence—the incredible circumstance in this case is that this piece of wood, after its long wandering, should have been washed on the shore within a hundred yards of where the writer's mother lived, and that it should have been picked up by one of his own family and taken home. Had any novelist dared to picture a message delivered as this was by means of an ocean current, every reader, and certainly every critic, would have denounced the outrageous demand on faith. And yet the apparently impossible actually occurred in Canna.

"TIME AND PLACE COHERE."

Mr. David R., a well-known merchant in Glasgow, was several years ago travelling in Canada. On a Sunday evening, far away in the backwoods, he was interested by hearing from a humble "shanty" the words of a Scottish "paraphrase," sung to a familiar air. After a little he thought he would visit this countryman, whose family worship had thus recalled to him other scenes. After chatting for a while, the man asked where he was from. On being told that he was from Glasgow, he asked his name, and on being informed he became much excited. "I always expected some one of your family to come. My name is——." As my friend had never heard of his name, he asked for an explanation, and the man proceeded to tell him that he was the clerk who had stolen a considerable sum from the firm to which R. belonged; that he had been miserable ever since, feeling sure that at any hour he might be discovered; that he was now doing well, and that it was his intention in a short time to repay all that he had taken. My friend had been in the West Indies at the time the theft took place, and it was not till after his return to Scotland that he learned the particulars. It is, however, somewhat disappointing to hear the statement with which he used to end the recital of the strange story, "In spite of his promise, we have never yet heard of any payment!"

A STRANGE MEETING.

Here is another story in which the coincidence is also that of time and place:—

When my brother, Norman Macleod, and I went to Palestine in 1864, he was asked by an old woman in his congregation to discover her son—an engineer on a steamer somewhere in the Levant—and to persuade him to send help to his mother. Wherever he went my brother inquired for this man. Now he was told he was trading in the Black Sea; again, that he was in some ship on the Syrian coast; but he failed to find him. When we were weighing anchor in the Golden Horn before proceeding up the Black Sea on our way home, he and I were sitting aft on the port-side when our steamer drifted against another. A man came to let a "buffer" down between the two ships just where we were sitting. On speaking to him and recognising his unmistakable accent, my brother asked if he knew anything of the engineer he was in search of. "I am the man!" was the reply, and so his last words spoken to any one before leaving the East were exchanged with the very man he had been searching for, and as the two ships parted he had said all he wished to say! It was a coincidence, but one of the greatest improbability.

THE RING IN THE POTATO.

And yet another, very curious but, on the whole, less unlikely:—

Andrew Maxwell, another well-known merchant in Glasgow, was in the island of Arran some years ago with his mother and sisters. The weather was unusually warm, and his venerable mother suffered so much from the heat, that her hands became swollen, and as her marriage ring was fretting her finger, one of her daughters, after no little coaxing, persuaded her to allow its removal. To the dismay of the daughter the ring

was lost, but she procured another so like the old one that the change was not noticed when it was placed on her finger. Next year the family went back to the same house, and in the autumn, when the farm servant in a neighbouring building, having boiled potatoes for the pigs, was crushing a potato in her hand, she felt something hard, and on looking at this thing inside the potato, she exclaimed to one of the Maxwells' servants who was beside her: "Here's a ring in the potato," and showed a thin, worn marriage hoop. "I believe," said the other, "it is my mistress' ring, and we can find that out because her initials were inside the hoop." On examining it, there were the initials, and the lost ring was identified! It had evidently been swept out among the ashes, the ashes thrown upon the ash-pit, the contents of the ash-pit on the potato-field, and the ring absorbed by the potato, inside of which it was found a year after it had been lost!

UNLUCKY NUMBERS.

From *The Sunday Chronicle* we take the following curious coincidence of number:—

During an interview with *The Sunday Chronicle* man, Bob Hanlon, the marvellous trapezist, told how his companion was killed by a fall and said: "Let me tell you a strange thing. The accident happened on the thirteenth of July, 1891, during the thirteenth week of the tour. Our turn was number thirteen on the programme. Thirteen was the number of the street in New York in which my dead comrade lived, and thirteen was the number of his allotment in the cemetery."

FIGURE COMBINATIONS.

The Two Worlds for April 19th quotes from a daily paper of 1869 the following curious combination of figures which speaks for itself:—

Louis Philippe came to the throne.....	1830	Napoleon 3rd Emperor of the French	1853
	1		1
	7	Born 1808.	8
Born 1773.	7		0
	3		8
	1848		1870
	1830	The Empress born 1826.	1853
His Queen born 1782.	1		1
	7		8
	8		2
	2		6
	1848		1870
	1830		1853
They were married 1809.	1	They were married 1853.	1
	8		8
	0		5
	9		3
	1848		1870
Louis Philippe abdi- cated	1848	Napoleon 3rd surren- dered at Sedan	1870

From the same article I quote the following story of fortunate coincidence:—

A TIMELY LESSON IN BONE-SETTING.

A few years after my parents' marriage, when my brother was about two years old, a gentleman friend was having afternoon tea with them, and the conversation turned on reminiscences, when my father related an incident which he witnessed when a boy. A miller, going home from Wakefield corn-market, having indulged too freely in something stronger than "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," had, in consequence, a difficulty in keeping his seat on horseback. Just as he was passing my grandfather's door the effort became too much for

him and he fell off. Fortunately for him my grandfather saw him fall and ran to his assistance. He discovered that his neck had been put out of joint. With great presence of mind he partially raised him, then put his knees against the man's shoulders, took hold of his head with both hands and pulled—when, with a jerk, it slipped into its place again. The following day (Sunday) they called to see how he was getting on, and found him enjoying his glass as usual.

My mother had not heard of this incident before, but she was soon to prove that the most out-of-the-way knowledge may be of use. A few days afterwards, when my brother was playing about in the nursery, a heedless nurse allowed him to get out of her sight, when he attempted to go down stairs. Presently there was a scream, the noise of a fall, and then quietness. My mother, who fortunately heard the noise, was quickly on the scene, and at once perceived that the same kind of accident had happened to her boy as the one related so recently to the drunken miller. With knowledge thus acquired she was enabled very quickly to put things right, and but for this chance bit of information death must have ensued before other help could have been obtained.

The next story is quoted from *The Athenæum*:—

TREASURE TROVE.

Mr. Bryce, well known as a publisher in Glasgow, relates how the late Mr. Crowther, of Manchester, a famous collector of rare books, asked him to republish an old seventeenth-century volume called "Essays on Several Subjects, written by Sir Thos. Pope Blount. London, 1691." The copy which Mr. Crowther had was so rare that he believed only two others were in existence; one in the British Museum, and the other in the Bodleian Library. "A copy," he wrote, "is of priceless value," and he gave minute instructions as to the care which must be taken of that which he was sending. Thinking, however, that Mr. Crowther might be mistaken as to the exceeding scarcity of the book, Mr. Bryce advertised, and after the lapse of several weeks he received notice that one could be had for 1s. 6d. When the volume came he hurried to compare it with that of Mr. Crowther, which he had in his safe, and to his delight he found it equally perfect, except that the Contents pages were wanting. On further examination he discovered that there were *duplicate Contents pages* in Mr. Crowther's copy! So that the mistake made by the binder of these two volumes in 1691 was now rectified by the chance coming together of the two once more—the copy in which the Contents pages had been omitted, and the copy in which the missing pages had been placed!

THE JEWELS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A STORY OF HYPNOTISM AND MYSTERY.

IN *Good Words* for June there is a most interesting article by Andrew Lang, about "Queen Mary's Jewels." It appears that the jewels of this Queen were singularly beautiful and set in the exquisite enamel of her day. An inventory of her precious possessions was published by Dr. Joseph Robertson in 1863. Several lists of these treasures had been made by Queen Mary's "friends and foes," but none had been published earlier than that made by Dr. Robertson. In 1566, just before the birth of James VI., Queen Mary directed Mary Livingston to prepare a list of her jewels, that she might arrange for their distribution among her friends in case of her death. The original of this document was found in a bundle of law papers in the Registrar's office in 1854, but was not given to the public until nine years later. But the Queen lived and was forced to sell many of her jewels during the long years of her imprisonment. In consequence many of her earlier intentions were never carried out.

"Now we come to our mystery!"

The most singular of these unfulfilled bequests are those to

Joseph Rizzio, brother and successor as private secretary of the murdered David. Joseph was a boy of eighteen. According to the French ambassador, he was appointed to David's place ten days after David's death, "whence men of ill-will take occasion to revile, as the Queen shows her mind to advance him greatly, he being but a boy of eighteen, and of no competence in affairs." After June, 1556, he fell under some suspicion of dishonesty. On Darnley's murder, more suspicions were aroused. Before the meeting of the Parliament, in April, 1567, he left Scotland. According to Paris, a Frenchman connected with Darnley's death, Joseph departed by Mary's desire. If the celebrated Casket Letters of Mary to Bothwell are genuine, Darnley, while in Glasgow, wished Mary to dismiss Joseph.

To this Joseph Rizzio there are three bequests in the inventory of June, 1566. There is a pendant with ten rubies, *en tortue*, and a pearl attached; "A Josef que son frere mavoyt done." David Rizzio had grown rich by presents, and even Moray had given him a "fair diamond."

He could thus afford to be generous. Then there is an emerald ring, enamelled in white, and also a jewel containing "twenty-one diamonds, small and large." This jewel does not occur in earlier inventories. The ring is "to be given by Joseph to the person whom I have named to him." The diamond jewel is "to be given by Joseph to the person whom I have named to him, from whom he is to take a receipt."

Dr. Robertson says: "They are to be carried to one whose name the Queen has spoken in her new secretary's ear, but does not trust herself to write. It would be idle now to seek to pry into the mystery, which was then so anxiously guarded."

Extraordinary as it may seem, the mystery was once perhaps on the point of being divulged, in our own century, by a young officer who knew nothing about it! The reader is requested kindly to suspend his "common-sense," otherwise he will not enjoy the following story.

In 1851 Dr. William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S., was Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University. He published in this year (1851), "Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism." The Doctor was far from sceptical on occult matters, and, though honest, appears, in several cases, to have given his faith very lightly. Thus he encumbers his pages with common ghost stories, some received from Sir David Brewster, but absolutely unvouched for by the names of the seers, or by any other evidence. The good, easy Doctor believed much in a certain Major Buckley, who practised hypnotism, or mesmerism. The gallant Major's experiments were such as have not been repeated with success by later men of science in the schools of Paris, or Nancy, or by Mr. Gurney. Having selected a likely subject, Major Buckley would try to make him *clairvoyant*.

Now for the strange story of the Queen's jewels. On November 15th, 1845, says the Major's journal, he hypnotised a young officer. This young man, in trance, said: "I have had a strange dream about your ring, or rather about the stone in the ring," a "medallion" (cameo?) of Antony and Cleopatra. He alleged that this medallion had been given to Queen Mary "by a man, a foreigner, with other things from Italy. It came from Naples. It was not the same gold"—that is, it was now in a new setting. "She wore it only once. The person who gave it to her was a musician." He then, making as if copying from an invisible document, wrote the name RIZZIO or RIZZO, and went on writing. Rizzio was a musician, but he spelled his name Riccio. "All this is secret," the young officer said. He said that he saw a piece of vellum; in the middle was a diamond cross. "The smallest diamond is bigger than *this*," pointing to one of four carats. There were thus diamonds small and large, as in the secret bequest. "It was worn out of sight by Mary."

The vellum has been shown in the House of Lords. (Of Scotland, or at the Westminster Commission on the Casket Letters?) The young officer averred that he now saw the diamonds in a secret hiding-place of a manor used as a farmhouse. The ring with the medallion was taken off Mary's finger by a man who, in jealousy, threw it "into the water." She was then "being carried in a kind of bed with curtains." There actually exists mention, in an inventory, of the queen's litter, with gold fringed curtains of velvet *cramoisie*. She usually rode, but before her confinement may, or rather must, have gone about in a litter when that could be done conveniently.

The young man now copied out the document on vellum, and, three weeks later, being again hypnotised, he corrected it. It was of this fashion: a sheet of vellum, decorated at the corners with leaves and flowers of the thistle, illuminated in gold. Being in Edinburgh Castle one day, after writing this article, I chanced to look up at the ceiling of the chamber wherein James VI. was born. It is panelled in squares, and, at each corner of each square, behold the flowers of the thistle! These were painted in 1617. Did the young officer know it? In the centre of the document was laid the diamond jewel, which bore (in enamel?) the letters M.S., "a small word," and R. On the vellum was written:

Vous Amez par . . . [a blur caused by the mould] vous êtes bonne. Votre Ami.

Par . . . must be parceque.

Dr. Gregory suggests that Rizzio may have given Mary a "ring or a cross, though so very valuable a present is more likely to have come from the Pope through Rizzio. . . ." Yet, in the inventory of 1566 we have proof that Rizzio did make a valuable present of a rubied jewel to the Queen, and we find that the Queen had a *bague* or pendant (not a ring) of "twenty-one diamonds, great and small," which she intended to send by the hands of her private secretary, Joseph Rizzio's brother, to a person whom she had reasons for not naming publicly. Was that mysterious person the Pope, and was he the original donor of the diamonds, which, as the young officer said, "the Queen wore out of sight?"

The jewel in question is not found in the catalogues before 1566, and was probably a recent acquisition. Mary cannot have meant to send it secretly to Bothwell, for, as we saw, she made two bequests to him, with every circumstance of publicity. The name of the intended recipient thus remains a mystery. Fancy suggests a relation of Chastelard or the Pope.

The young officer left England, and no further experiments were tried on him by Major Buckley. We are left to guess where the ruined manor-house is that holds the diamonds in its keeping.

If we remember that all this tale was published three years before the inventory of 1566 was discovered, or known to exist, it must be admitted that the coincidence of alleged visions and historical fact, as to Dr. Robertson's mystery of the diamonds, is very remarkable. In 1851, when Dr. Gregory published his tale, probably no human being knew that Mary had received valuable gifts from Rizzio, nor that she possessed a jewel set "with twenty-one diamonds, small and large," about which there hung mysterious associations. The "vision," then, was fairly accurate, or, if the major fabled his invention with the detail of the journey "in a kind of curtained bed," perhaps the litter of velvet-cramoisie, was well-inspired. . . .

If things inanimate can be haunted, as it were, by a mystic trace of great human passions, few of the toys and trinkets of the dead have a richer heritage of memories than the jewels of Queen Mary.

XIV.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

WE shall be grateful for the co-operation of Members of Circles, as well as of publishers and editors of journals, in the production of our Index. No trouble has been spared, but there is no doubt that a great many interesting publications may have escaped notice.

Copies of all Articles quoted in the Index, and, where desired, translations of those in the foreign magazines, can be had at the usual terms on application to BORDERLAND Editor, 18, Pall Mall East.

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THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE:—

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 Kate Taylor, Robinson upon, *Medium and Daybreak*, May 3
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Bible Condemnation of Occultism, The, by R. Phillips, *Two Worlds*, March 29
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 Pantheism, A Plea for, by Heinrich Hansoldt, *Arena*, April
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 Essais d'Initiation à la Vie Spirituelle, by E. Lebel, *Light*, April 13
 Etudes sur La Mathèse, *Le Voile d'Isis*, May 22
 Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism, by Moses Hull, *Banner of Light*, April 6; *Light*, April 27
 Gerald Massey: Poet, Prophet, and Mystic, by B. O. Flower, *Banner of Light*, April 13; *Philosophical Journal*, April 20
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 Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena, A. E. Carpenter's Review, by G. B. Stebbins, *Banner of Light*, April 13
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Spiritualism:

Association of Spiritualists, View about the, by the Treasurer, Theodore J. Mayer, *Progressive Thinker*, April 13
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Conversazione, *Light*, May 18
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 Ethical Training of the Young, *Two Worlds*, June 7
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 Fraudulent and Simpering Spiritualists, *Progressive Thinker*, quoted in *Light*, April 20
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 As Evidences of a Future Life, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 23
 "Fraudulent," Unconscious Personation, *Harbinger of Light*, March

- Hawaiian Spirits in New York, *Light of Truth*, June 1
 Opinions upon, *Medium and Daybreak*, April 5
 Recent in New York, *Light*, June 8
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 Study of, Reprint from BORDERLAND, *Medium and Daybreak*, May 10
 Mission of Spiritualism by C. E. S. Twing, *Banner of Light*, June 8
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- MEDIUMS:**
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 Phenomena, The, of Spiritualism, by L. T. Moulton, *Light of Truth Supplement*, March 30
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- SÉANCES:**
 Series of, Control Napoleon III. (continued), *Light*
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 With Materialisations, *Progressive Thinker*, March 16
- SLATE WRITING:**
 And Materialisation, A. D. Hunt, *Progressive Thinker*, March 30
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 Exposures, *The Spiritual Review*, April
 Messages, *Light*, May 18
 Photographs, are they Photographs of Spirits? *Light*, June 1
 Phenomena, The Logic of, by A. B. Richmond, *Light of Truth Supplement*, March 30
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- SPIRITUALISM:—**
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 Address on, Absurdity of, *Light*, March 30
 Discussion on, at Regent's Park College, editorial, *Light*, April 6
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 Key to all Doors, *The Two Worlds*, May 17
 And "Modern Spiritualism," by Henry Forbes, *Banner of Light*, April 13
 And Methodism, *Philosophical Journal*, May 25
 And Religion, by W. F. Peck, *Light of Truth Supplement*, March 30, and *Two Worlds*, March 29
 And Materialism (editorial), *Two Worlds*, March 29
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 Significance, by Hudson Tuttle, *Light of Truth Supplement*, March 30; *Two Worlds*, March 29
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- Spiritism and, by Dr. J. M. Peebles, *Light of Truth*, March 23
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- Are Spirit Photo's those of Spirits? *Light*, May 18; *Two Worlds*, May 31
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 Cyprian Priestess, The, *Light*, May 11 and 25
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 Duguid, Further Experiments with, by Edina, *Light*, May 4
 Psychic Photographs, *Light*, May 11
 Photography and Slate Writing, Letter by W. B. Morrison, *Light*, April 6
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- Diary Leaves, Oriental Series (continued), by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*
 Details of Theosophical Teaching, *Le Lotus Bleu*, May
 Duality, The Principle of, *Path*, June
 Elementals, Hartmann, *Le Lotus Bleu*, May
 Fourth Principle in Man, The, by R. C., *Light*, March 30
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 Masters and Messages, *Path*, June
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 Mahatma Message, A bogus, by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, April
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 Mahatma's Message to some Brahmans, A, by William Q. Judge, *Path*, quoted in *Pacific Theosophist*, April
 Mahatmas, Real Issues, The, by Thomas Green, *Vahan*, May 1
 Neutrality, The, of the T. S. is the Neutrality of Brotherhood, by C. L. A., *Lamp*, March
 Re-incarnation, Proofs of, *Path*, June
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 Secret Doctrine, how it was written, by M. Jelihowski, Vera Johnstone, F. Hartmann, *Le Lotus Bleu*, April
 Secret Doctrine, The, how it was Written, by Hübbe Schleiden, *Le Lotus Bleu*, May
 Spirituality, by Annie Besant, *Le Lotus Bleu*, April
 The End of the Cycle, by W. Q. Judge, *Le Lotus Bleu*, April
 Theosophy and Alcohol, by J. A. Anderson, M.D., quoted from *Pacific Theosophist* by *Theosophic Gleaner*, April
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 Theosophy and Modern Science (continued), by Wm. Scott, quoted from *Theosophic Gleaner* by *Buddhist*
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 Theosophy, Some Popular Misconceptions concerning, quoted from *New England Notes* by *Lamp*, April
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 Truth about East and West, The, by Wm. Q. Judge, *Path*, April, quoted in *Pacific Theosophist*, April
 Theosophy and Spiritualism (continued), by Quæstor Vitæ, *Light*
 Theosophy and Spiritualism, reply to Quæstor Vitæ, by H. L. G., *Light*, April 27
 Theosophy and Spiritualism, by Quæstor Vitæ (continued), *Light*
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 Theosophy and the Theosophical Society, Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, *Sphinx*, May
 Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement, *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, April
 Theosophical Split, The, *Two Worlds*, May 10
 Theosophical Secession, *Philosophical Journal*, May 11

XY.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

STORIES OF HIGHLAND FOLK-LORE.*

IN Lord Archibald Campbell's *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, perhaps no two volumes are more interesting than Numbers IV. and V. of the Argyllshire series. Not that it is easy to know exactly what people regard as having a claim on their interest. According to certain philosophers, they owe you a grudge for anything new, though they applaud your intelligence in having grasped a subject in which they are already interested.

NOVELTY OF THE MATERIAL.

The chief interest of these two volumes is that the greater part of the material with which they deal has never before been handled. It was collected in the course of a thirty years' residence in the island of Tiree by the Rev. J. S. Campbell, a Presbyterian minister. It is not the first time that the traditions of Tiree have been used for literary purposes, but the present collection has its special justification, its special point of view. It is essentially Gaelic both in its thought, and in its language; it is valuable not only as a contribution to Folk-lore, but as a contribution to Gaelic literature and history.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

These volumes contain many stories of the so-called supernatural, an aspect inevitable to the Gaelic hero. They deal with the supernatural, because Gaelic thought and fancy occupies itself with fairies and magic, and elfin dogs and pigmy changelings, not because they have been specially selected from this point of view.

THEIR VALUE AS FOLK-LORE.

In an exceedingly interesting preface to Vol. IV., by Mr. Alfred Nutt, another point of interest is presented to us, which makes the books well worth the attention of the Folk-lorist. The stories here told are not collected from musty tomes in the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, not from the laborious analogical compilations of the professional scholar, but from living oral tradition, preserved untainted, except by the hand of time, through countless generations, and told for us, at last, by a man who in sympathy, race, and habit of life was of the very people whose thought he preserves and interprets for us with so much vigour.

"If every book in the world were to perish we would find the tale of Finn and his men still entire in the memories of men who knew nothing of books, whose culture is due solely to oral tradition," so says Mr. Nutt in his preface.

I can offer personal testimony to this statement. Before these two volumes, "The Fians" and "Clan Traditions" were put into my hands, I had already heard a large proportion of the stories on the very island where Mr. Campbell collected them. I had heard in the cave of Dearmid, the nephew of Fionn, to which he brought the queen Grainne, the story of their flight, had listened as each detail of each scene of their history was pointed out, and had followed to the spot where he fell wounded, and the grave where he lies, with Grainne and the two dogs. Every point in the island associated with the Fians and Ossian became familiar to us, and over and over

again we heard the chivalrous old stories in their quaint simplicity; always feeling, as one so seldom can feel in listening to old-world stories, that in all essential detail the local colour is still the same. One change only had passed over the island—that whereas it was in those days the land of wood, now not a stick remains to tell of the glory of departed forests.

THEIR FRESHNESS.

Ever fresh and new these tales seemed to us. The telling of them was so vivid, their heroes were more real than William Wallace, their personalities more distinct than Prince Charlie.

Mr. Nutt continues:—

"Here then is means of verifying the hypotheses that have been put forth so freely, concerning the genesis and development of heroic tradition; here and here alone Western Europe, can we study the physiology of tradition from a living specimen instead of from anatomical plates

THEIR HISTORICAL VALUE.

The stories are all the more valuable that they have never been too freely handled under the microscope of the psychologist or in the anatomical laboratory of the historian. I have been, personally, intensely struck by the degree of (so to speak) their crystallisation. There were half-a-dozen men and women in the little island, who, at any moment, would lay aside the spade or wheel, and lead us to this or that spot of historical association, and in the measured classical English into which they translated their thoughts, would tell us again and again without single variant the stories for which we asked.

THE LANGUAGE OF THEIR TELLING.

This language was indeed, as Mr. Nutt says of the English, both of Campbell of Tiree and Campbell of Telyar—

"The outcome of a nature steeped in the Gaelic mode of conception and expression, and bold enough to invent the English requisite so as to give an adumbration of them."

And again—

"The reader is at once taken out of nineteenth-century civilisation and, which is surely the first thing required from the translator, by the mere sound and look of the words carried back into an older, wilder, simpler, and yet, in some ways, more artificially complex life."

All this Mr. Campbell has done for us. He has crystallised for ever the exquisite freshness of these Tiree stories. In all his work he had, as right hand, especially in the weary days of his long illness, the devotion of his sister Mrs. Wallace. Standing with her on the shore opposite the Skerryvore Lighthouse, and looking out beyond its infinite space, she has opened for us, too, the gates of infinite time, and the stories of long ago have charmed us with forgetting both, as she told them for us in the clear highland twilight.

There were certain other Tiree folk, poets by natural artists in their perceptions and appreciations, who have laid at our feet the memories of days of old, till it has seemed that return to our own life had in it the unreality which at the beginning of their epic, they had seemed to be winding about us.

And much of this glamour hangs over the stories still even in the precipitated form of Mr. Nutt's well-printed volumes.

* "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition." Argyllshire Series. Vol. IV.—Stories, Poems, and Traditions of Fionn and his Warrior Band (1891). Vol. V.—Clan Traditions of the Western Highlands and Islands. Both collected from oral sources by the Rev. John Campbell of Tiree. Published by David Triute (1895). Edited by Lord Archd. Campbell.

Such work as this has needed a combination of forces. The stories gleaned laboriously by Mr. Campbell, in the course of his friendship with the people among whom he ministered, were written down at his dictation, or sometimes from memory of his narrative, by Mrs. Wallace. To Lord Archibald Campbell's love for the tales of his native Highlands we are indebted for their publication in their present form, and to Mr. Duncan McIsaac, of Oban, as Lord Archibald himself tells us, for his services as a Gaelic scholar. To the zeal and enthusiasm which Mr. McIsaac devotes to his work, I can again bear personal testimony, and can well believe that the appreciation with which he considers the most minute points of Gaelic philology has added the dignity of accuracy to the already existing graces of artistic perception.

THE TIMELINESS OF THE WORK.

Perhaps only those who have lived among the Highlanders can realise the real extent of the gratitude due to Lord Archibald for the timeliness of his services.

I dare not venture to regret the presence in these islands of modern thought, and what is called "wider culture." I feel sure that the Schoolmaster and the Minister have some valuable place in the scheme of Providence, but, speaking as a Folk-lorist, I feel "the old is better." I don't think the Tìre road is adapted for anything lighter than a farm-yard cart, so we need not yet pray to be saved from the bicyclist, but, certificates, and English Grammars, and the Revised Code, and an un-historic Creed, and the Metrical Version, and cheap steamers to Glasgow, and "the trows," and smart bonnets, are making times very hard for poetry and artistic perception, and the appreciation of nature and old wives' fables. The days are not far off when S. Columba will be forgotten, and the beautiful ruined "Temples," dedicated to early saints, will fall still further into decay than now, and the sculptured stones, which now suffer wholesome neglect, will be utilised, and the spinning-wheel will be silent, and the grand old tales and the language of their birth for ever lost. Happily there is still extant a fine old custom of "kailing"—the meeting together at some central fire-side for the telling of stories on winter evenings—but who knows when this may be driven away by the advance of civilisation, and superseded by some pedantic Debating Society or self-conscious Mutual Improvement Association?

X.

A FRENCH WRITER ON PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.*

M. ERNY's "Study of Psychical Phenomena" is a very well-intentioned work, but is unfortunately rendered useless for any purposes of serious study by the entire ignorance of the writer as to the comparative value of the evidence upon which he bases his contentions. Owing, perhaps, to the fact that he is a Frenchman dealing with the studies of Englishmen and Americans, as to whose position and personality he has neglected to inform himself, he makes a series of mistakes of no great consequence in themselves, but which, in dealing with questions in which absolute accuracy is essential, may tend to discredit the evidence.

For example, we are told more than once that Mr. F. H. Myers is a distinguished Professor at Cambridge (p. 26). Mr. F. W. H. Myers has many claims to distinction, but is not a Professor at Cambridge. "Professor W. O. Barret (*sic*), of Dublin" (p. 25), is very certainly no more an "ex-

president of the Society for Psychical Research" in England than is Minot Savage in America (p. 53).

QUALITY OF THE EVIDENCE.

M. Erny assures us, to begin with (p. 6), that his object "was to collect and put in evidence a large number of facts studied and controlled by savants and experimentalists above all suspicion," and that he hopes that this collection will leave no doubt in the minds of unprejudiced persons, as all evidence not above suspicion has been rigorously excluded; after which he proceeds to rest a large proportion of his statements upon the evidence of Florence Marryat!

OUR LEARNED MEN.

"In the United States, England, and Russia" (we learn with satisfaction), "learned men are fearless of ridicule, and it is from them" (more numerous than one might suppose), "and from their cold and methodical studies of psychical phenomena, that he proposes to borrow most largely."

I would not for one moment suggest that it is from fear of ridicule that the number of recognised men of science (men that is, who are members of the Royal Society), who interest themselves actively in psychical research should be limited to three—Crookes, Wallace, and Lodge. M. Erny seems scarcely to have heard of Dr. Lodge, whose invaluable work is scarcely mentioned.

Perhaps it is in consequence of this that we have so much mention of "psychic fluid," whatever that may be, and of magnetisation.

MEDIUMS.

On the subject of fraudulent mediums, our writer says rather well (p. 8):—

The study of phenomena has been, and always will be, injured by the existence of mediums discovered in fraudulent practices. At this we need not be surprised, for everything is falsified, everything imitated, even diamonds and bank notes. Does that diminish the value of the true diamond or the genuine bank-note?

Another opinion, obviously just, is in regard to the school of inquiry which acknowledges the phenomena, but believes them to be the result of hysteria or other morbid condition.

Nothing can be more inexact. The truth is that mediumship is a gift. The medium is a person of different organization from the rest of the world; his psychic perceptions are special and highly refined; he is in the highest degree sensitive, but if he should abuse the gift, his so doing will react upon himself in a very especial degree.

Surely the melancholy degradation of many of our mediums, even of some who have at one time deserved confidence, forces the conviction that psychical sin brings in a "very especial degree" its own punishment.

SPIRITIST OR SPIRITUALIST?

M. Erny has an entirely new reason to give for the use of the terms "Spiritist" and "Spiritism," instead of the older terms Spiritualist and Spiritualism:—

A curious fact is that in England certain persons, disgusted by the over-credulousness of some of the spiritualists have adopted in preference the word "spiritism."

The obvious fact being that the question is less one of meaning than of purity of language. The use of the word Spiritism has been adopted in order to preserve that of Spiritualism in its original sense of the opposite of Materialism.

* "Le Psychisme Expérimental." Étude des Phénomènes Psychiques. Par Alfred Erny. Paris: E. Flammarion. 1895. Price 3 francs 50.

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF.

In spite of his repeated admiration for Mr. Myers, our author does not appear to have bestowed much attention upon his work, for he tells us (p. 61) that the theory of sub-conscious activity, invented by a new school of psychophysicists is a mere hypothesis, and has been unanimously condemned by all who have concerned themselves with psychism!

He appears to be labouring under some confused idea that this theory is a result of the studies of the Salpêtrière school of psychology upon hysterical and morbid patients. These, however, we gather, have been confuted by "S. Moses and the Doctors Gully and Nichols"!

This theory of sub-consciousness, of the precise nature of which we are not informed, appears to have certain drawbacks from the point of view of Society. We learn—

With this delicious system of the sub-consciousness a deceived husband would not have the right of taking legal vengeance upon the lover of his wife, for the latter could always take refuge in the assertion of his supra-consciousness that he knew nothing about it.

The like might be said, we are told, of robbers and assassins. The theory, however, is disproved by the writings of Mr. Stainton Moses, who is vouched for by Mr. F. H. Myers, the Professor at Cambridge, of whom we have already heard!

Considering that Mr. Myers is, so to speak, the father of the whole theory of subliminal activity, that he is by no means a disciple of the school of the Salpêtrière, that over and over again the absurdity of the nonsense talked about sub-conscious irresponsibility has been demonstrated in courts of law, the absolute confusion of thought contained in this chapter is practically hopeless.

HYPNOTISM.

On Mr. Labouchère's authority we learn that most hypnotisers are the dupes of their subjects who, as a rule, are not hypnotised at all, but only pretend to be for some mysterious purpose of their own (pp. 65, 66).

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Mr. Stead, we are told, has the power of automatically expressing at will, not only the thoughts of his friends, but even an exact reproduction of their handwriting. Certainly Mr. Stead has never made the latter claim on his own account, but, as our author himself adds, "the study of telepathy is full of surprises."

PSYCHOMETRY.

Psychometry, we learn, was invented by Dr. Buchanan, of Cincinnati, and is of great service in the science of medicine. There are many psychometrists in London to whom the doctors are largely indebted. The study of psychometry, too, is full of surprises!

THE ASTRAL BODY.

We shall never really know anything about spiritualism, our author says, until we are convinced on the subject of the psychic body. The reality of this has been frequently demonstrated, notably by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers, who called it the double (!); and among other authors sound on the subject are M. de Roches, Mr. Elliot Cones, Saint Paul the Fathers, the authors of the Kabala, Henry More the Platonist, and Auguste Comte!

PHANTOMS OF THE DEAD AND LIVING.

Mr. Podmore will be sorry to learn that in consequence of certain heresies on the subject of "Phantasms of the Living," he is now spoken of as an "ex-associate" of Mr. Myers (p. 114). M. Erny has apparently not heard

that he has since written a somewhat important work on the interests of the same Society on practically the same subject!

But then our author is not quite up to date. He asks us to accept one group of facts (p. 186) on the evidence of Czynski, now languishing in prison!

MATERIALISATIONS.

Materialisations, or "telepathic phenomena," are the most delicate feature of our subject, we are told. Mr. Crook really knows most about it all, but he talks the least. Florence Marryat, however, sufficiently atones for this deficiency, and his experiences are quoted upon his authority!

I venture to take exception to one statement in a chapter upon which I feel myself otherwise quite unqualified to give an opinion. We are told that all materialised substances are transitory in their nature, and that even if a materialised spirit does present her admirers with a scruple of drapery or a curl of hair, they dematerialise *in time* little by little, and are thus differentiated from human curls and draperies, which are "of indefinite duration."

It all depends how long *in time* may be. I have myself handled curls and draperies of various "spirits," even from the head of the great Katie King herself, always the *pièce de résistance* in this connection. Katie King flourished, I believe, somewhere about 1872—say a quarter of a century ago. Surely our author would not insinuate that a valuable relic was merely human!

OPINIONS OF DR. WALLACE.

The book, however, has some justification in that it contains some original letters of Dr. A. R. Wallace, whose views are inevitably received with respect.

Now that the problem of spirit-photography is before us, one of these letters has an especial interest. After dealing with the relation between apparitions and materialisations, Professor Wallace concludes:—

"Apparitions and materialisations are evidently merely slightly different modes of the same phenomena. So-called apparitions are only simple images producing themselves for a determined end, and may equally imitate a picture of the imagination as a real person."

M. Erny explains that this last sentence is in reply to a question he had proposed on the following point:—

I had read in the *Traité de science occulte*, by Papus, that M. Donald MacNab had shown him in 1889 a photographic plate representing a materialisation of a young girl whom not only he, but six of his friends, had been able to touch. Now, this materialisation was nothing but the materialised reproduction of a drawing, many centuries old, which had greatly attracted the medium's attention.

This explanation of Dr. Wallace, M. Erny adds, "seems to me very plausible, and what is more, I believe that this old picture, which had so struck the medium in his waking state, may well have been the portrait of a young girl, dead centuries ago, and who had been materialised owing to this circumstance" (that, I assume, of having interested the medium).

Why has not someone quoted this story in connection with the Cyprian Priestess controversy?

The argument for the fact of materialisation is supported by copious quotations from Florence Marryat, and by references to Hellenbach. Some allusions are made to the experiments at Berlin, Gothenburg, and Christiania, but the story of Eusapia Palladino is relegated to an appendix, and the only allusion to recent exposures is a passing reference to Mrs. Williams in a footnote.

SATAN-WORSHIP IN FRANCE.*

THOSE who have read or heard of the turn which M. Huysman's studies have lately taken, will not be surprised to find him editing a book on *Satanism and Magic*. Such a work is, in the veritable mediæval sense of the word "occult," full of *secret* lore. It is, therefore, interesting to learn that when such secrets are published to the world, they cease to be operative, for this fact is the sole justification for the book's existence. It is hardly conceivable that at this time of day, any one should be so silly as to avail himself of a formula for raising the devil, or of possessing himself of the persons or properties of others, or of executing unseemly methods of revenge, but it is not impossible that such people should exist. In the interests of society, therefore, it is well to tell them, at the outset, that the charm, though given in detail, will not work! We have M. Huysman's authority for the statement.

This reduces the reading of the work to a folk-lore study, and as such, in spite of a good deal that is unpleasant, it has certain attractions. The intense incongruity of such a work removes it as far away from the question of morality, as the story of Blue Beard or of Jack the Giant Killer.

THE HISTORY OF THE CULT.

M. Huysman appears to be anxious to prove the continuity of Satanism and Luciferism as cults. It appears that the two are distinct, though they differ in method rather than in aim.

Certain crimes are of constant occurrence in France, which he finds it difficult to account for on any hypothesis, but that they are features of Devil-worship, and he regrets that magistrates do not take account of magic as was formerly the custom. Such secret crimes become, therefore, more and more easy, and magic, now that it is ignored by the press and the law, has no longer the check of disrepute.

He proceeds to trace to Satanic influence certain recent *causes célèbres*, and he describes them in a picturesque untranslatable phrase as "*Des dispositions, l'influence, l'intervention même du Très Bas.*"

He believes that when Satan's Stigmata is found on the persons of his votaries, the fact is hushed up so that absolute proof—otherwise so readily furnished—becomes impossible. Besides the many cases ignored, we are told, there are also many for the same reason, misunderstood. Last Easter, for example, an elderly woman stole the reserved Host in the Cathedral of Notre Dame under such circumstances that the crime must have been carefully planned and carried out with the aid of accomplices. The value of the caskets he considers an inadequate motive, as they are, as a rule, merely of bronze gilt, and certainly not worth the risk she undertook. This he considers was doubtless a deliberate sacrilege connected with the Black Mass or worship of Satan.

The same crime was committed, equally without other adequate motive, in 1894, at a village in the Loire province, in la Nièvre, in the Loiret and in the Yonne. Three churches were despoiled in the diocese of Orleans, and in the Loire diocese it became necessary for all the village churches to supply themselves with safes for the preservation of the consecrated water. In spite of this, the attempts multiplied, and a long list is given of places where they were successful.

The great outbreak of Satanism a few years ago, was in Dauphiné, a province, M. Huysman reminds us, specially remarkable for the number of sanctuaries dedicated to the Virgin, of which he enumerates fifteen. Lately similar crimes have spread to Rome and Liguria

and Salerno. And in every case the criminal has been untraced and unpunished.

Other monstrous crimes, he believes, are perpetrated with the same end. In Port Louis a gentleman named Picot killed a child and ate its heart while still warm; in January of last year a sorcerer named Diane killed a child and sucked its blood. One need not continue the ghastly catalogue. What is proved? Not, as one might suppose, the occasional gratification of an insane or morbid appetite, such as we have heard of in all ages, such as, in minor degree, is fairly common—but the fact that Satanism is "more and more deeply penetrating into our customs," and that, except in cases of furious outbreaks of demonism, we have, thanks to the indifference and inertness of our laws, no means of estimating the progress of this horrible "cult."

SATAN OR LUCIFER-WORSHIP.

M. Huysman proceeds to consider another point. Are we concerned with Satanists or with Luciferians? That is to say with isolated individuals or with associations.

Luciferianism we learn is a high order of Freemasonry (we hope the brotherhood will have something to tell us on this score!). They are to be found wide-spread in both hemispheres, and have an elaborate organization, a parody of the entire Vatican, including a Pope and a college of Cardinals. The present Pontiff of the *Très Bas* was for long a certain General Pike of Charleston, he is now dead, and his successor, as "the black Holy Father," is one Adriano Lemréné, a convicted thief, who resides at Rome.

Then we have an elaboration of the distinction between Satanists and Luciferians of which we already know enough. The Satanists, as far as one can discover, are the more disgusting and blasphemous of the two, for whereas the Luciferians seem to have some insane idea of Lucifer as a sort of rival of Adonai, and some degree of enthusiasm in their cult, the Satanists study and worship evil in cold blood because it is evil, and for the sake of what they can get.

One is glad, rather than surprised, to learn that this is not a form of creed which brings happiness, repose, and peace of mind. Its votaries, we are told, are afraid to be left alone in the dark, and are constantly invoking the protection of the master whom they serve, whose presence one would, however, hardly suppose would minister sympathy and consolation.

LITERATURE OF THE SUBJECT.

This is all circumstantial enough, and it appears that there is plenty of accessible literature on the subject. The Archbishop of Port Louis has published, under the sanction of Pope Leo XIII., a work entitled *Freemasonry, the Synagogue of Satan*, and a Miss Diana Vaughan has confirmed these statements on the authority of certain seceders in an account of the propaganda of the Palladium. This, it appears, is as nasty in its details as even a French novelist could desire, "one can here scent the most fetid bouquet possible of blasphemy and outrages upon the Virgin." We congratulate Miss Diana Vaughan. It is a pleasant subject.

One writer, Leo Taxil has, however "gone one better." The very titles of his books are unquotable.

THE RESEARCHES OF JULES BOIS.

The present volume, to which all this is a preface, is by M. Jules Bois who, it appears, is an ardent spiritualist. He leaves the church to deal with the Luciferians and confines his attention to Satanism; his work is "a serious, documented study upon its origins, its affiliations, its life in the past, its infiltration into all countries, and its expansion in our towns and to our own epoch."

M. Bois has "resolutely advanced into the unknown territories of Satanism; he has traversed them in every direction, has visited their ruins, and followed their his-

* "*La Magic et le Satanisme.*" By Jules Bois. Paris, 1895. 8 francs.

tory across the ages, connecting them with our own century, and it is the result of these studious excursions, the result of his immense reading, which is now brought before us."

He is, above all, an authority upon Cornelius Agrippa, the only historian who has preserved for us the true text of the Satanic liturgies, but he has studied too a vast mass of unpublished literature; he has made notes from the Archives of the Bastille, and the manuscripts of the National Library and those of the Arsenal, and from contemporary Folk-lore, notably, "the long and patient studies of M. Tuchmann upon Fascination."

THE SCOPE OF THE WORK.

The book is "a complete itinerary of Satanism. It is illustrated with veritable portraits, such as that of the Medium Vintras 'fabricant d'hérésies' in secret." It is a book which should be studied "as usefully acquainting people with the perils to which they expose themselves by magical practices, for it cannot be too often repeated that by so doing they expose themselves to the most abominable existence conceivable."

Whether there be any truth in the entire work or not, or whether, as seems more probable, the real value of the work is to the student of Folk-lore, M. Bois has done

good service in robbing the subject of the mystery which is its attraction to the silly people who form themselves into secret societies and brand themselves as ill-mannered so to speak, whispering in public.

If what such societies know is the truth, they are thieves and liars in keeping it to themselves; if it is false and inherently evil, they are false and evil in keeping it alive.

M. Huysman's volume contains about 450 pages, it is well printed on good paper; it is published by Léon Chail of Paris, and its cost is 8 francs (unbound).

The illustrations are by Henry de Malvest, and I take leave to doubt their "veridicality," unless the women who sell themselves to Satan average eight feet high, and have arms with no elbow joints.

Of the portraits of Satan himself, which are numerous, I can form no opinion, except that he is apparently less personally attractive than one might have expected, if M. Bois is correct in the statistics of his admirers.

M. Huysman assures us more than once that, though not a Catholic, M. Bois is on the right side, and readily disapproves of Satanism and Magic. He concludes with the aspiration which, though not very hopefully, he cordially echoes, "that the reading of this volume may prevent fools and dupes from seeking to penetrate personally into the domain of evil." X

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