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THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

(From an engraving by W. Hall of a Photograph by Miss Day.)

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1897.

No. 3.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

July 15, 1897.

THE QUEEN AS BORDERLANDER.

IT is generally known, although seldom stated, that the Queen is much in advance of the majority of her subjects in matters psychic as well as in more mundane affairs. Mrs. Crawford, in an article on "The Queen and her Ministers" in the *Contemporary Review* for July, makes a guarded allusion to this subject.

While the Blood and Iron policy was being applied in the Duchies the Queen's thoughts had turned to life, death, and eternity. A civil war was raging on the other side of the Atlantic. It had broken out as the Prince Consort died. A spirit of violence seemed to sway the world, but Great Britain was fortunate in keeping out of the strife. The Queen had deemed herself more wretched than the most miserable beggar, but she found comfort in Zchokke's book on the threefold subject that filled her thoughts, and in Lady Augusta Stanley's friendship. That lady was with the Duchess of Kent in her last hours. The Queen vaguely felt that the spirit of the Prince was with her in her perplexities. She often sat before the portrait of him that gave her most satisfaction. When discussing affairs of foreign policy she sometimes retired to meditate on his words and memoranda. Lord Palmerston did not like this. He had never, he said, understood the Prince when he was living, and could not be expected to understand him now that he was dead. This was very Palmerstonian—that is to say, flippant and unfeeling under an air of good sense.

WHY IT IS NOT AVOWED.

The reason why the Queen does not definitely avow her belief in the doctrine of Spirit return I have thus described in my studies of the Sovereign and the Reign:—

The position of the Sovereign precludes any very active participation in the promotion of ideas or of doctrines which are in advance of the moral standard of the mass of the community. The action of Royalty is a kind of accepted register of national or local unanimity. When causes are in their fighting stage, however keenly the Queen may personally sympathise and wish them success, it is held unseemly for her to identify herself with any movement to which even a minority of her subjects are conscientiously opposed.

No one can read the way in which the Queen constantly refers to the consolation of her widowhood without feeling that Her Majesty not only believes but knows the truth of the doctrine of Spirit return. As she wrote on one occasion, speaking of the Prince Consort after his death: "The only sort of consolation she experiences is in the constant sense of his unseen presence, and the blessed thought of the eternal union hereafter which will make the anguish of the present appear as nought." But no one, on the strength of the Queen's own personal experiences, would have had her scandalise the prejudices of her subjects by becoming, let us say, a patron of the Spiritualistic Alliance. On the other hand, in taking part in a General Thanksgiving either for the recovery of the Prince of Wales or for the Jubilee of her Reign, the Queen is able to discharge the natural and proper rôle of her central position; for she then acts in accord with the unanimous sentiment of all her subjects.

A RECORD PREDICTION.

The announcement made last quarter by Mr. Balfour that the Government had determined to bring in a Local Government Bill for Ireland on lines which were so frankly democratic as to excite the enthusiasm of the Home Rulers, recalls a prophecy which was made several years since. It was when Mr. Morley was standing for Newcastle that my hand wrote automatically three specific prophecies. It declared (1) that Mr. Morley would be returned by a far larger majority than any one ventured to hope for, naming four figures and coming within twenty of the exact majority. (2) That Lord Salisbury would defeat the Home Rule Bill and be returned at the General Election by a majority of 139—in reality his majority was even higher. (3) And that after he had been three years in office he would bring in a Local Government Bill for Ireland which would be as like Home Rule as he would dare to make it. For prophets to pull off a double event is good, but to score three hits in succession is a "record." The same intelligence added that the Local Government Bill would be accepted for all that it was worth by the Irish, but that the Liberals would carry the next General Election, and broaden the

Bill so as to make it correspond more to the aspirations of the Irish people.

H. P. B. RE-INCARNATE.

The story is going the round of the press that Mrs. Besant, who is now lecturing in the United States upon the true faith which all theosophists should hold, declares that H. P. B. has been re-incarnated already.

"Madame Blavatsky has been re-incarnated in the person of a young Brahmin, now about nineteen years old, whose soul had departed. The re-incarnation took place five years ago, and the lad, who previously knew only Sanskrit and Hindustani, now speaks Russian, French, German, and Hebrew"; but she says "his identity must be held secret for some time to come. I knew from Madame Blavatsky of this re-incarnation before it was consummated. There can be no doubt of it, and the fact can be established without difficulty, when the right time comes."

This young Brahmin, whose thirteen-year-old body was thus selected as the vehicle for the spirit of H. P. B., seems to have acquired languages with astonishing ease. It will be interesting to discover when the secret is revealed whether, together with this gift of tongues, he has received the passionate temper, the unrestrained profanity, and the other distinguishing characteristics of Madame Blavatsky. No one could be disguised with more difficulty. But it is difficult to conceive of the H. P. B. whom we knew in the flesh living again in a live Brahmin boy.

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM.

Canon Wilberforce, who is a psychic born of a psychic family, has been preaching about spiritualism and theosophy. As becomes a psychic, he does not deny the reality of the phenomena called spiritualistic, but strongly deprecates profane dabbling in the mysteries for the sake of amusement. Therein all the experienced will agree with him. But in view of the deadness and apathy of the majority of men to all invisible things, there is something to be said in favour even of the experimental séance held to pass away the time. The Apostle rejoiced that the Gospel should be preached even of contention, and while fully recognising the risks of rash experimentalising, it is well not to forget that there are many who have learnt the truth of the other world by this means which would otherwise have remained a sealed book to them. It is not only in churches that some who come to scoff remain to pray. And after all do not let us exaggerate. There are many cases no doubt of obsession or demoniacal possession, but they occur quite as often as not among those who deny all spiritistic phenomena as among those who haunt tables.

EXCOMMUNICATE FOR TRYING THE SPIRITS.

The Apostle bade us "try the spirits," but there is one right reverend successor of the Apostles who knows better than to encourage any such nonsense. The Bishop of Maryland has decided that in his diocese those who hold séances shall be treated as if they were drunkards, whoremongers, blasphemers, and such ill-living men. Certain parishioners in his diocese who were wont to

present themselves at the altar to receive the elements at the Holy Communion had been impressed with the phenomena held to prove spirit return, and were holding séances to see what truth there was in it. Whereupon the Bishop directed his clergy to fence the tables and forbid spiritualists to approach thereto. "The Bishop," says the American *Church News*, "closed a somewhat lengthy and detailed letter as follows:—'I think it is your duty kindly, but firmly, to give them notice that until they abandon such practices they may not receive the Holy Communion. Their names, of course, would still appear upon your record, but the fact that they have been suspended ought to be noted there. The Church loses nothing when she enforces her discipline if she does it kindly.' " How kindly a spirit is this! It recalls the tender scruples of the ecclesiastics against the shedding of blood which led them "kindly but firmly" to burn the heretics at the stake.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

The knighthood bestowed upon Professor Crookes was one of the few items in the list of Jubilee honours which met with general approval. There were few—outside the colonies—who figured in the list whose names were recognised as public benefactors. But every one knew Professor Crookes, and every one endorsed the Royal certificate of merit. For that is what the title of Sir amounts to—when it is not bestowed upon political partizans. Knighthoods and baronetcies are the small change of political corruption. But when they are given to a non-partizan they attest merit that has succeeded in impressing exalted judges with its genuineness. As Borderlander Professor Crookes was not knighted, but as Chemist. Yet there was more of the chivalrous spirit of the knight in his exploration of the Borderland than in the researches into the laws of Radiant Heat.

TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.

This number of BORDERLAND bears strange evidence as to the diversity of views which prevail among the Invisibles, or whatever we may choose to designate the intelligences that communicate by one means to another with mortal men. In the Gallery of Borderlanders I describe, at some considerable length, Professor Buchanan's "Revelation" of "Primitive Christianity." From this it will be perceived that the good doctor is firmly convinced that he has been directly inspired by the Apostle John to edit the Gospel of St. John, the revision consisting for the most part in the removal of texts, which Unitarian Polemists have found most inconvenient in their contests with the Trinitarians. Readers of the life of Mrs. Kingsford will remember that Mr. Maitland is not less firmly convinced that he himself is the actual reincarnation of St. John! Each of these worthy doctors is proof against all suggestions that he may be mistaken. His St. John is the genuine original and only St. John the Divine. Curiously enough, Dr.

Buchanan's St. John will have nothing to say to the Apocalypse denouncing it *in toto* as Apocryphal.

"HAFED" AND HIS TWO MEDIUMS.

David Duguid and Dr. Buchanan each profess to have had communications from one Hafed, Prince of Persia, who is alleged to have been a contemporary of Jesus of Nazareth. Unfortunately the Californian seer reports that Hafed's alleged communications to David Duguid are a tissue of fables. He does not, indeed, deny that he communicated to Mr. Duguid. But it was not direct. There were intermediaries, and these intermediaries, instead of truthfully transmitting what Hafed told them, garbled it at their own sweet will and fancy, and now Hafed repudiates the statement made in his name. The game of Russian scandal would appear to flourish beyond the Border. Who can guarantee us from another communication from Hafed; this time let us say to a Hindoo fakir, repudiating Dr. Buchanan's message as peremptorily as that of Mr. Duguid. These things illustrate the difficulties which encompass the investigation of the Borderland.

HINDOO CLAIRVOYANCE.

In the last number of *BORDERLAND* I reported some marvels of Hindoo magic. I have not yet heard from Mr. Jhangan. But I have received a very interesting report of the attempt, successful attempt, of Pandit Chhedital Mizra to read the contents of a sealed envelope. I had sent the envelope to a correspondent in India. In it were four slips of paper written in four languages by four different persons. None of the languages were known to the Pandit, who speaks only Marathi. The test took place at Nagpur on February 1st. There were only two persons present besides the Pandit.

My correspondent writes:

The clairvoyant first asked my brother, who held your envelope in his hand, to choose the names of five flowers. On his doing so, the clairvoyant began to work sums in arithmetic, and asked my brother and his friend, who were the only persons present, to work out sums in multiplying, dividing, adding, and subtracting certain figures. The envelope was all the while in my brother's hand. Once or twice the Pandit took it in his own hand and then returned it to my brother, who watched him attentively the whole time and assures me that everything was honest. The clairvoyant after some meditation and working out of arithmetical sums began to write down the contents of the envelope with his own hand on a piece of paper. He was very much disappointed when after finishing he was not allowed to see whether he had succeeded, the envelope having to be returned unopened to London. He is now most anxious to know the result of his calculations.

I shall reproduce in a future number the writings enclosed and the Pandit's successful reproduction of the unfamiliar languages, in which they were written. He put n for a in one and balanced it by putting a for n in another. In the fourth he put n for a and wrote Savoir as Saviour, but otherwise he was quite right. He also accurately describes the number and shape of the pieces of paper and the different colour of the ink used.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE INVISIBLES.

"Use lessens marvel" is an old adage, and we can get accustomed to anything, even to ghosts, but I confess I was hardly prepared to find that a dear friend of mine, who has had, at least, one horrifying experience of visitants from the spectral world, so far overcame her fear as to regard the invisible visitant with complacent satisfaction. My friend lives in a haunted castle, and in her last letter, written in reply to an inquiry from me as to how she was getting on among her spectres, she replied that everything was going well only, she added, for several nights past, "I have never put my arm outside the bedclothes, that my hand has not been immediately grasped by a soft, warm, invisible hand." The effect seems to have been both soothing and comforting, but I am afraid that if such an experience occurred to most of us, the first time we ever put out our hand outside the bedclothes would be the last. It is a distinct advantage that the spectral hand should be warm; usually, if we may believe the story-tellers the conventional ghost is clammy and cold.

TELEPATHY AND THE DETECTIVE FORCE.

So many absurd stories have been told of Miss Maud Lancaster's alleged association with the detective force of Scotland Yard, and quoted as if on her own authority, that it is only justice to so clever a lady to give circulation to her explicit denial of the fable. In a recent interview with a special reporter of the *Daily Mail*, "I am not attached to any force," said Miss Lancaster, "and have certainly not done any work for Scotland Yard."

She told the reporter many startling stories, any one of which would make a detective novel, but as she unfortunately refused to supply names and dates, they belong, meanwhile, rather to romance than to history. She was originally a public singer, but failure of voice induced her to select a different and more original stage, and since 1889 she has been before the public as "a telepathist."

A PSYCHIC DIRECTORY.

A useful French publication *Le Bulletin de la Presse*, has recently (March 10) devoted a considerable amount of space to a list of publications devoted to occult or psychic lore. The list is by no means complete, but, even as it stands, it is interesting and suggestive. There are one hundred and five publications named, with the addresses, and in many cases date of publication carefully given. It is interesting to note the proportions in which the countries appear. It is probably due to the fact of more complete information that France comes so near the top of the list:—

North America (United States), 27; France, 25; England, 13; Mexico, 11; Spain, 8; Italy, 6; Sweden and Norway, 3; Germany, 3; Cuba, 2; Denmark, 2; Australia, 2; Bohemia, 1; Argentine (Republic), 1; India, 1.

II.—LETTERS FROM THE BORDERLAND.

“JULIA” ON THE LOSING AND THE FINDING OF THE SOUL.

THE latest message from “Julia” differs from all her previous communications. It is, as the reader will see primarily religious, nor does it so much as allude to psychic phenomena, save in so far as they result from the Finding of the Soul. It may be objected that this letter from the Borderland is but a sermon on Wordsworth’s familiar text :

“The world is too much with us ; late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.”

But the same objection might be made to the whole body of the teaching of the saints and sages, who in every age have endeavoured to bring Man nearer to God. At the same time Julia’s letter has a distinctive note that is all her own. For when she speaks of the Loss of the Soul she does not mean the doom of the finally impenitent, but rather to the actual present impoverishment and mutilation of the life of Man that results from his losing touch of his Soul.

It is as if she were speaking of the loss of sight or hearing. It is an actual loss of the seat of the higher senses, by which, if she may be believed, man possesses the power to see the Invisible, to work Miracles, and to conquer Death. The Soul is the sense that apprehends God and establishes the connection between this world of fleeting phantasms and the Other World of eternal realities. Hence her exhortation for all men to set about the finding of the soul.

The message was written automatically by my hand late on Sunday night. When I sat down I was mildly wondering what “Julia” would write about. When she began about the Jubilee my immediate feeling was one of annoyance. For always in these messages the first thing is to keep the conscious mind from intruding its thoughts, its ideas upon the unconscious transmitter. I had been thinking for a full week past about the importance of endeavouring to unite the churches in a great national mission to celebrate the Jubilee by promoting a revival of religion in our midst. Hence, when my hand wrote the opening sentence, it seemed to me so much an echo of my own ideas that I half thought of laying down the pen. The intercalated observations in brackets express my objections which it will be seen were speedily silenced.

For the substance of “Julia’s” message, so far from appearing to be emanating from my own mind, is so much at variance with what I fear is my own way of life, that it would be more reasonable to regard it as a rebuke primarily addressed to myself, than as an expression of my own views on the matter. This merely by way of explanation.

July 11th, 1897.—Julia. My dearest friend,—What I am now going to write is for BORDERLAND.

[I have not a ghost of an idea what it is to be about.]

Oh, what an opportunity you have this year of making a memorable and permanent memento of the Queen’s Jubilee!

[Humph! Does the Jubilee interest you?]

Yes, we are interested in this as in all that stirs the heart and moves the soul of man. We see what you are thinking, and we see what you are doing. And we see also what you ought to do if you would but use the opportunity aright. And that is what I want to write with your hand to-day.

[Personally, I rather resent “Julia’s” intervention with Jubilee affairs. The feeling may be absurd, but I wish she would not mix herself up in this business.]

Yes, I know, but when I have to say things, what you like or dislike does not matter. What I have to tell you is that the Jubilee gives you a great chance of effecting permanent good. All that you have done has been well done and useful. But you have now to begin the real Jubilee.

MY MESSAGE OR JULIA’S?

You have to make up for the self-jubilation and vain-glory of pride and power by humbling yourselves before the Giver of all these gifts. Otherwise you will not have long to wait for the humiliation to come.

[This is what I have said already myself.]

Oh, why will you not let me write quietly and leave your objections? I will say what I have to say and you can object afterwards. But let me say at once that you will find it very difficult to distinguish between what you say yourself and what we impress upon your mind. But now that I am writing please let me write without interruption.

What I want to say is that the people at large will be more receptive to the truth now than they were before. The Jubilee was a great mind-waker. And when the mind is wakened up your work is half done. What you have to do is to go through the open door which stands wide before you ; and if you will but let me have my say without these restless questionings and objections, I think you will admit I have something to say which you have not said, but which I hope you will say here—

after. What you have said about a revival is good; but I wish to point out to you how that revival can be brought about.

All that is to be told would take a long time. But there are some things which can be said quite briefly, which you will see are not at all your ideas.

THE WORST EVIL OF THE DAY.

First of all, what you need to think of above everything else in regard to this matter is, what you or any one of you are doing to make the Real World real to men. The worst evil of the present day is not its love of money, nor its selfishness. No, but its Loss of the Soul. You forget that the Soul is *the* thing. And that all that concerns the body, except so far as it affects the Soul, is of no importance. But what you have to realise is that men and women in this generation have lost their Souls. And this is a terrible truth. It is not what we used to think of losing the Soul in hell, after laying aside the body. It is a thing not of the future only, but of the present. Your Soul is lost now. And you have to find it.

WHAT A LOST SOUL MEANS.

When I say lost, I mean it. You have lost it as you might lose a person in a crowd. It is severed from you. You are immersed in matter and you have lost your Soul. And the first, the most pressing of all things, is to find your Soul. For until you find it you are little better than an active automaton, whose feverish movements have no real significance, no lasting value. The Loss of the Soul, that is the Malady of the Day; and to find the Soul is the Way of Salvation.

HOW THE SOUL HAS BEEN LOST.

The finding of the Soul is the first thing and the most important thing. You will never find it unless you give yourself time to think, time to pray, time to realise that you have a soul. At present, then, do you remember that? You remember post time, and you remember when you must catch trains. But when do you remember that you must catch your Soul? No, no! All is rush, and jump, and whirl, and your Soul gets lost, crowded out of your life. You have so many engagements that you have no time to live the Soul-life. That is what you have to learn. No doubt your work is important, and duty must be done. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own Soul?

THE SOUL OF THE NATION AND OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

The way the Jubilee helps is that the ordinary man has discovered that there is something he seldom thought of which he now sees is most important. He has at least got a glimpse of the Soul of the Nation, and sees the greatness of the sight. Now teach him that it is even more important to find his own Soul—the lost Soul which he has crowded out of his life.

You understand that? You grasp that?

HOW TO FIND THE SOUL.

Now I will go to speak as to how to find the Soul.

There is only one way. There is no chance of salvation if you never give yourself time to think on things that are timeless, that transcend time, that will be when time shall be no more.

You have no time but for the things of time which perish with the using.

And if you would find your Soul you must give time to the search.

You say you have no time. But you have time to make money, to amuse yourself, to make love, to do anything that you really want to do. But your Soul, that is a thing you do not care about. And so you have no time for the Soul.

You are getting less and less spiritual. The old ordinances, the services, the prayers, the meditation, the retreat, these gave you time. But one by one they all go—these oases where you could rest and meet your Soul. And you have materialised yourself even with the fretful struggle against materialism. For what is more important than struggling to stem evil is to save your Soul, to possess your Soul, to hold it and not let it go.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SOUL.

What seems to me quite clear is that the indifference to the Soul is caused by not understanding that the Soul is the Real Self, the only part of you which lasts, the Divine in you, which you are sacrificing to the things of the day.

What you do not understand is that it is through the Soul alone that you can commune with the Spiritual World that is all around you. And the Spiritual World includes all the world excepting the perishing things of time. When we say Spiritual World we include what you call God and His Holy Angels and the sainted dead. All these are lost to you when you lose your Soul. For the Soul alone communicates with the Real World.

It is through the Soul you obtain inspiration. The Soul links you with the Universe of God, with the Soul of the World. And when you lose touch with your Soul you become a mere prisoner in the dungeon of matter, through which you peer a little way by the windows of the senses.

[Objection. This is what all religions always say, and will the mere saying of it again do any good?]

What all religions say is true. But what I say is a little different. Not to what all religions have said, but to what materialised religions say now. And therein lies the difference.

ITS DIVINE POWERS.

For what I say is that the Soul has Divine powers, but if you will but find your Soul, and develop its Divine potency, there is opened before you a new Heaven and a new Earth, in which Absence is not for Death, and where the whole Universe of Love is yours.

[Miracles, then?]

Yes, I maintain that what you call miracles are the natural capacities of the Soul. Miracles of Healing, Miracles of Movement, Miracles of Power, which you little dream of are within the scope of the Soul. All that you have read of about the power of Spirit over Matter is nothing to the reality. You are as caterpillars to what you might be.

But the doorway into the Infinite is the Soul, and the Soul is lost. When you have no time to think, no time to pray. No time to live. Therefore you must before all else make time.

[Easier said than done.]

MAKE TIME!

Oh, my dear friend, why are you so sceptical? You waste more time in brooding over the Past which you cannot recall, or in anticipating the evils of the Future which you may never meet, than would help you to possess your Soul in the living Present.

What you do not seem to see is that the Soul is not a mere abstraction. It is the Power which enables you to do all things.

I speak the most sober and literal truth, when I say that if you did but possess your Soul and exercise its powers, Death or separation in this world would cease to exist for you, and the miseries which haunt the human race would disappear.

THE CAUSE OF MISERY.

For the whole of the evils that afflict society arise from the lack of seeing things from the standpoint of the Soul. If you lived for the Soul, cared for what made the Soul a more living reality, and less for the meat and drink and paraphernalia of the body, the whole world would be transfigured; you have got a wrong standpoint and everything is out of focus.

I do not say neglect the body. But make its health and ease only the means to the end. The body is only a machine. The work that it does ought to be for the Soul. What you do now is to make the machine everything. It consumes on itself its own force. The wheels go round, but nothing moves. And in the whirl of the wheels the soul is lost.

LOSING THE SOUL BY SEEKING TO SAVE IT.

No! I must repeat once more—you must find time to live. At present you have lost your souls even partly by the strain of trying to find them. I mean that much of the so-called religious life and works, while good in their way, constitute no small addition to the pre-occupation of time which renders Soul life impossible. It is possible to lose your soul in Church as well as on the Exchange. If you have not leisure to be alone with your soul—it does not so much matter whether the rush and whirl and pre-occupation is ecclesiastical or financial—the Soul is lost, and there is nothing to do but to find it again.

MAKE THE SOUL THE CENTRE.

You may sum up what I have to say in one or two

words. What I wish you to do is to make the Soul the centre, and make time to use the soul which alone can do all things. Make Time to save Eternity, nay, to possess it now and to know God.

JULIA.

Colonel Olcott, writing in the April *Theosophist*, says:

The leading article in the April number is a "Message from Julia," the contents of which astounded Mr. Stead far more than they will any student of Raja-Yoga, even though but little advanced in his acquaintance with Patanjali's system. For she simply avers that one who would develop controllable spiritual sight—that which the late Major Buckley called "Conscious Clairvoyance" (*vide* Gregory's "Animal Magnetism," 4th. Ed., Redway, 1896, p. 159, *et seq.*) and which is called *Divyadrishi* in Sanskrit—could do so by retiring to a private place from which intruders can be excluded; sitting passive; allowing the effects of external things to pass off, and fixing the consciousness upon the person one wishes to see or the thing one wishes to know. The facts are as old as Aryan time, and the only wonder is that Mr. Stead should be learning them at this late hour. However, his is a mind whose appropriate motto would be, *Be Bold and Persevere*, and we need not doubt but that he will push ahead in the realm of the Debatable Land until he catches up with Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and their associate students.

Mr. Stead, it appears, took Mr. Leadbeater's opinion on Julia's message before daring to publish it, and that brother's views are laid before the readers of BORDERLAND. As might have been anticipated, two weak points in Julia's teaching are pointed out, viz., that passivity carried too far begets mediumship by extinction of the power of self-control, and, secondly, that carnal intercourse and a promiscuous diet need not, of necessity, be avoided. The whole body of adept teaching, from the earliest times until the present, are against this view. Only the other day, when I was going over the proof-sheets of the forthcoming 33rd Edition of the *Buddhist Catechism*, at Colombo, with the learned High Priest Sumangala, he pointed out to me that the transcendental powers of the would-be adept (Arahat) can only be permanently kept when the latter has extinguished the last vestige of human passion and appetite for physical enjoyments (*Kilesa*): the powers may be actively exercised by an unpurified, unspiritualised person, but after a while the temptation to use them selfishly and not for the general good inflames the passions, tempts the proficient to use the powers criminally, and he ultimately falls a victim to the savage elemental and elementary entities whom he attracted about him. Actæon is devoured by his dogs, Faust borne off to hell. That is a very weighty fact, one never yet spoken of, to my recollection; and a good deal like the divine acting of the drunken tragedian, the imaginative writing of Poe in his state of alcoholisation, and the efforts of votaries of opium being made when physically paralyzed by the drug. But Julia's message is almost like a chapter out of the Yoga Shâstras, and Mr. Stead ought to give her every opportunity to continue.

Colonel Olcott having had to go, on the very shortest of notices, to New Zealand and Australia, his associate continues the notice of this highly interesting issue of BORDERLAND.

The "Message from Julia," is of considerable importance, as it shows that clairvoyant vision should not be regarded as a rare gift, but rather as an inborn inheritance which all may come in possession of by a perfectly normal course of development of our inherent powers, so that we can, when we so will, see beings and things "normally invisible to the naked eye," those realities which surround us on every side.

I have received several letters from correspondents in all parts of the world in reference to the communication by Julia in the last number of BORDERLAND. Some were encouraging, others were distinctly discouraging. A friend of mine who made the attempt to secure the presence of a friend by following Julia's prescription,

succeeded in very distinctly visualising his features; but the experiment was not tried under fair conditions, for her friend was entirely unconscious that she was making the effort. Julia's prescription was that at a given hour two persons in sympathy with each other should endeavour, the one to manifest, the other to receive. Personally, I have not myself been in a sufficiently tranquil mood to make the experiment with any hope of success. That, I hope, is still to come.

A well-known spiritualist has written to me, saying that it is years since his own control told him very much the same thing that Julia wrote with my hand last quarter, and although he has made many efforts, patiently persisting in the experiment for year after year, he has utterly failed. On the other hand,

The pastor of a Baptist Church in New York State writes:—

"Julia's" directions are almost the same as those given in Dr. Jno. Hamlin Dewey's, "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," to which I have given considerable attention, though not regularly and continuously. I find that in what I have called the borderland between waking and sleeping I both see and hear. Sometimes I get a very distinct impression of a person (as I did to-day) without seeming to see him. If, however, I seek to attend to what appears so as to deepen the impression or to hear further, I am wide awake and everything vanishes. If I do *not* do this, then I fall asleep. The chief outcome of this experimenting is that I can sleep in this way (hypnotically) at almost any time. If you will examine the Evangelist's account of the Transfiguration I think you will find something very like this to be the (partial) explanation.

Light says:—

The beacon-light of the April number of *BORDERLAND* is "Julia's" letter on "The open door and the open secret." It is mightily entertaining and somewhat important, but we cannot say that the "message" is entirely new or particularly hopeful. All the same, we are very glad indeed to have it. The chief interest to us lies, not in "Julia's" revelation, but in the revelation it gives us concerning Mr. Stead's passive writing. His interjected remarks and notes are intensely curious and enlightening. We are afraid we care very little for *what* the unseen "Julias" write. Our interest centres round the production of passive writing at all.

Apart altogether from the possible success of the particular experiment suggested by Mr. Stead's "Julia," in *BORDERLAND*, the *modus operandi*, as stated by her, might be usefully followed out by many, as hopeful discipline.

Briefly stated, it is something like this:—You must first have the child-heart, not because credulous or ignorant, but as simple and affectionate. Then you must also be keenly reasonable and

sensible. And, finally, you must be very patient. But, around and beneath and above and within all, there must be Love.

In moving towards the experiment, be pure: be wholesome: be healthy. Then "enter into thy closet"; exclude the hungry, noisy world. Be quiescent, passive, restful. Success will come most surely if the senses do not remind one of their presence. Concentrate, but do not mistake strain for concentration. The concentration desired is more like the absence of effort than intensity of effort. Then think steadily and quite peacefully of the friend who, elsewhere and at the same time, is willing to be visible to you. Close your eyes, and gently think of the friend in detail, all the time longing to see him. Let him, on his part, wish to go to you. Let him think of some heartfelt message: let it be on his tongue, to say it, with quiet confidence. Let him repeat it quietly, with the wish that you should hear.

"Julia" says that in this way distant friends may become visible to one another. We doubt it, except in very special cases: but the discipline of this process might be very helpful to many, in these days of hurry and bustle and noise, when the external senses almost bury us into surrender and even slavery.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, writing in the *Illustrated London News* of May 15th, says:—

I have been reading the last issue of Mr. Stead's *BORDERLAND*, and I have been particularly interested in Mr. Stead's latest revelations regarding his friend "Julia." It is surprising to me to find any man so dull of comprehension that he has not learned enough about unconscious cerebration to know that when certain people take a pencil in hand they can write pages of stuff which they imagine have been produced apart altogether from any act of physical consciousness. What we all want to know (as plain folks) is whether "Julia," or any other spook, spectre, ghost, or shade, has ever told the world anything to make the world purer and better and happier. When I read of people being entreated to sit and contemplate, and thereby to reach a higher and holier state, as the theosophists advise, I am tempted to think of the people I have seen in lunatic asylums, who certainly sit and contemplate in quiet retirement without much or any result to themselves or other people. This dreary, dreaming nonsense may do for some other planet than ours; it is simply out of place in the work-a-day world in which we live. Of all modern crazes this seeking after spiritualistic mysteries is the least profitable. When I want to be interested in such mysteries as are worth thinking about, I take a stall at Maskeyne & Cooke's.

I reprint this here as a sample of the fatuous impertinence which passes muster in some quarters for smartness. Dr. Wilson thinks one "dull of comprehension": the novelty of this judgment is its only merit. As for the rest of it, it is neither true nor new, but is apparently a fair sample of the wit and wisdom of its author, who writes glibly enough about a subject the A B C of which he seems to have taken no trouble to understand.

III.—GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

PROFESSOR J. B. BUCHANAN.

Far away on the western coast of the United States of America there was living at the beginning of this year—possibly there may be living still, although that is doubtful—an old man of eighty-three, who having spent his life in one long struggle against established orthodoxy in every department of human thought, was devoting what he firmly believed to be his last year of life to proclaiming for the first time for eighteen centuries the true religion of Jesus Christ! There have been many persons who since the Crucifixion have attempted to write the true life of the Nazarene, but surely none of all the multitude of biographers has ever put forward so astounding a claim as this which reaches us from California. For Dr. Buchanan not merely tells us, in accents of intense conviction, that it has been given to him to restore to the world the pure religion of Jesus, on no less an authority than the direct communication of St. John the Apostle, who, with many other of his apostolic brethren, have visited Dr. Buchanan in his home in the west, and have enabled him to free the evangelical narrative from the interpolations and forgeries by which it has been disfigured.

In the quarto volume of "Primitive Christianity" now before us we have not only "the lost lives" of Jesus Christ and the Apostles, but we have the Gospel of St. John edited and revised by St. John himself. The interpolated language is printed in small type at the bottom of the page, the rejected words are replaced by an asterisk, and the fresh contributions of St. John are printed in italics. The first impression produced upon the mind of the ordinary reader who hears of Dr. Buchanan for the first time, and who has had no acquaintance with the communications which reach this world from beyond the Borderland, will be, if he is charitable, that the Doctor is a first-class lunatic, and, if he is not mad that we are face to face with a colossal liar. A lunatic Dr. Buchanan may be, a liar not even his worst enemies would accuse him of being, and if he is a lunatic there is at least method in his madness. As it has long been recognised that everyone who proclaims a truth even a little in advance of the average knowledge of his contemporaries must be content to be labelled mad, Dr. Buchanan cares little for this epithet of disparagement, if so be he can arrest the attention of the world for his message.

Dr. Buchanan is pre-eminently a man with a message; a message did I say—a man with many messages, but a small proportion of which have succeeded in gaining so much as a hearing from this unbelieving generation. There is a simplicity about his faith in himself, in his wife, and in his invisible teachers which is almost sublime. Even the most *blasé* materialists will find in the naive statements of this clairvoyant prophet somewhat of the delicious freshness of the winds which blew in the infancy of the world.

Let me say at once, for fear of misunderstanding, that in setting forth Professor Buchanan's claims, and in endeavouring to interpret his message, I do not for a moment venture to affirm my own conviction as to the authenticity of the message or the truth of the claim which he puts forward. It would, indeed, be presumptuous of any one to do so. Professor Buchanan

does not ask for the endorsement of mortal man. He brings us his new gospel, and proclaims it in the hearing of the world, backed, as he firmly believes, by direct communications of the contemporaries from Christ, acting under the directions of Jesus himself, to whom the book is humbly dedicated. Dr. Buchanan declares in his dedication that this revelation of the true life of Jesus Christ is done in all sincerity in accordance with His wish, and that therefore, it may, imperfect as it is, help to bring about the glorious promise made by St. John to Professor Buchanan in the year 1880, that the whole world should bow to the truth.

The Truth—What is Truth? said Pilate; and Truth—what is Truth? is the question of all who hear the proclamation of the Professor. He tells us that the truth of the communication in this column is the same guarantee that led the Apostles to accept the statement of Jesus as to his Divine mission, the integrity and the intelligence of the speakers. The elevation and purity of the nature of the spirit which communicates with him as St. John, is to Professor Buchanan a sufficient guarantee that his messages actually issue from St. John. Further, his deceased wife has confirmed the accuracy of his intuitive perception of the truth of St. John's statements. So, being assured by the highest authority of the value of his record, he presents it to the world, as the first complete revelation of Christianity as it was in Jerusalem and is to-day in Heaven. If this be so, it is not surprising that he should declare that this enterprise of bringing forth the lost Gospels an apostolic mission which is the most important achievement of Psychometry, as the discovery of America was the most important achievement of navigation. Its publication, he tells us, is part of his rebellion which aims to "destroy all existing institutions, aristocracies, governments, churches, colleges, penal institutions, asylums, and business institutions generally," from which it will be perceived that Professor Buchanan has his work set. But, after these prefatory observations as to the need of Professor Buchanan's claims, I will turn back and begin at the beginning for some account of Dr. Buchanan himself.

I.—THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE PROPHET.

Professor Buchanan was born in 1814, in the year before the Battle of Waterloo. He had no sooner attained his majority in 1835, than he began to experiment in physiology. He studied medicine and became professor of a medical college. By the time he was twenty-eight he believed that he had made sufficient progress to demonstrate the vital functions and soul powers in connection with the brain and to prove that human life was not a mere product of the action of the tissues, but belonged to a spiritual constitution inhabiting the body, and surviving its destruction. Thus, he says, "was established for the first time in history the new science of anthropology, explaining the continued life of the eternal man, and the mechanism as well as the laws of his temporary residence, in the body from which sprang the law of the relation of the soul to the body, to which he has given the name of the science of Sarcogonomy."

Professor Buchanan may be right or he may be wrong, but he has never failed in asserting the importance of

his discoveries with the emphasis of absolute conviction. As might be expected, he found the Faculty by no means impressed with his new discovery. To use the favourite formula of all those who break their head against the dense wall of professional conservatism, he found the three learned professions almost as destitute of the spirit of progress as in former centuries when Harvey was laughed at and Galileo imprisoned. He laboured with them for some time, producing his evidence, and demonstrations before scientific committees of investigation, but it was all to no purpose, so he took a leading part in establishing a liberal medical college, the Eclectic Medical Institute by name, which was chartered in 1845, at Cincinnati. This college it seems is still flourishing, and the movement then initiated has been sustained by more than ten thousand physicians who followed the banner of American Eclectic Liberalism.

Nine years later he published a concise system of anthropology, which embraced sarcognomy and psychometry. The more complete statement of his discoveries in this matter is to be found in a large work published in 1885, entitled "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," of which three editions have been disposed of. For this work Dr. Buchanan claims that it shows the entire machinery of life, and, consequently, the correct method of treating all diseases of mind and body. It is, indeed, he asserts, a complete physiology never before known or suspected, for the human intellect in all past ages has not dared to attempt the solution of the problem of life!

The early discoveries of Professor Buchanan were not attributed by him to any influence from Borderland. He was a student and an enquirer, a man of science, who proceeded by experiment to verify the facts, and to note the phenomena which would verify or modify the accepted hypothesis of the science of the day. It was in 1841, when he became aware that communication between the earth world and the spirit world was provided for the constitution of man, but it was not until forty years later that he had an opportunity of carrying out his desires and plans for perfecting and using such intercourse with modern and ancient souls. He was too busy with the presentation of his three new sciences, and the new education, to spare time for communing with the dead. About 1875, however, he received a communication from the most charming and perfect woman he had ever known, who had been a friend in his early youth, but who had passed from this earth about 1850. The communications between himself and this early friend do not seem to have been continued, but in 1880, he sought to renew communications by the aid of a female medium. He wrote a message to her upon a letter sheet, which was placed on the carpeted floor under the table in broad daylight, no one else being present excepting the medium and himself. The medium, who was clairvoyant, recognised the presence of his friend, but said she brought another to communicate. In a few minutes he picked up the letter sheet, and found a pencil written message in a bold irregular hand, although there was no pencil or pen then within reach. The message thus written under their eyes without hand or pencil on the sheet of paper lying on the floor professed to be a communication from St. John, the Apostle, and ran as follows:—

Summer Land.

A Greeting.

The Saviour of Mankind has commissioned you with the greatest work yet seen or acknowledged upon earth. To you is given the great and ennobling work of establishing the spiritual

faith, firm, solid, and secure. No, not one shall doubt the truth, the world shall bow down before it. We shall instruct you among others—proceed with thy work.

ST. JOHN.

Naturally Dr. Buchanan was immensely surprised. He had not expected anything but a message from the friend of his youth, and although he for a whole week realised the influence of his apostolic visitor in an exalted sentiment of love such as he had never before experienced, his natural modesty led him to doubt as to whether it could actually be true.

So he set to work to test it by the usual methods of psychometry, with the result that he felt himself compelled to admit that the written message was actually an epistle written by Sir John himself, summoning him to the greatest mission on earth. Some time afterwards he was present at a séance, where an even higher spirit controlled the medium, and addressed him in words of which he remembers only the closing declaration, which was certainly sufficiently emphatic. "All earth needs you, all heaven needs you." The promise was given of a new lease of life to carry on his work. He doubted whether he could live through the prostrating effects of malaria and of three attacks of influenza but notwithstanding all his illnesses he was at eighty-three as fresh, as vigorous, as happy, as he was thirty years ago, with a buoyant, hopeful enjoyment of life. Clairvoyants assure him that they have seen St. John in his library and at his lectures. His co-operation has been given not only in encouraging messages from mediums, but by spiritual writings. Nay, he at last succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the apostle at Los Angeles, which I reproduce on page 244 as best I can from the exceeding shadowy print in Dr. Buchanan's book.

It will be seen from this very brief account of Dr. Buchanan's career that he has been a man who from his youth up has been in combat with the orthodoxy of established opinions in every department of life. Now, in his eighty-third year, he is as full of youthful enthusiasm as he was when in 1842 and 1843 he first propounded his science of the brain to the public of New York and Boston. In those days committees were appointed, one of which was headed by no less a person than W. C. Bryant, the poet, who investigated his claims. Mr. Bryant's committee is said to have reported that his experiments and demonstrations had opened a new field second to no other in an immediate interest and the promise of important future results to science and humanity. But before proceeding to give any further account of the latest utterances of Dr. Buchanan, it would be well to devote some space to an exposition of the doctrine with which his name is most conspicuously identified.

II.—PSYCHOMETRY.

"Psychometry, the Dawn of a New Civilisation," is the title of a manual which he published for the first time in 1885, and copyrighted in 1893. The word itself he first coined in 1842. It is derived from the Greek word *psyche*, "soul," and *metron*, "measure," and means "soul measurement." It belongs to the class of words familiar to us all, such as barometer, thermometer, etc. Unfortunately, there is no mechanical instrument which can be employed in psychometry. For souls can only be measured by souls. Dr. Buchanan claimed for psychometry that, as a science and philosophy, it revealed the nature, the scope, and the *modus operandi* of a Divine soul-power in man,

while as an art it shows the method of utilising these faculties, so as to give us command of all sciences. Waxing bolder as he proceeds, he declares that if all libraries and records of human discoveries and human thought were to be destroyed by fire to-morrow, if only the human mind possessed a full knowledge of psychometry, all might be restored in one generation.

What, then, is psychometry? for these generalities and bold assertions do not carry conviction to the ordinary mind. The first complete presentation of Dr. Buchanan's discovery appeared in Buchanan's "Journal of Man," published in Cincinnati in 1849. He stumbled upon his discovery in the simplest way. He had been engaged in investigating the nervous system for several years, when in conversation with a Bishop, afterwards General Polk, he learned that the Bishop's sensibility was so great, that if he touched a piece of brass in the dark, he could at once feel the taste of the metal in his mouth. This set Dr. Buchanan upon experimenting. He began with metals, and then went on to other substances. He would distribute small parcels of sugar, salt, pepper, acids or emetics, opiates and narcotics to his class of 130 students; no intimation was given to any student as to what parcel was placed in his hands. These parcels were held passively from five to twenty minutes, with a result that at least one-half of them were able to describe accurately the nature of the substances which they were grasping, it being revealed to them by its effect upon their senses; *i.e.*, a student who held an emetic would become sick; those who held an opiate would go to sleep; those who held pepper felt it burn in their mouth, while those who held sugar felt the sensation of sweetness. Every precaution was taken to prevent the individuals experimented upon knowing the name or the nature of the medicine used. There was no question here of mesmerism. The students were taken in their class just as they sat, nor was any suggestion made as to what they should experience. In conducting his experiments, he found that the impressions were more strongly felt in warm climates than in cold. In some places not more than ten per cent. of those who tried the experiment proved to be susceptible, whereas in others the proportion rose to fifty per cent. He found also that when he placed his own hand on the substance, its influence appeared to pass more promptly and effectually than when it was left to its own power.

After a long series of these experiments, he came to the conclusion that sensitive persons were capable of being affected by the subtle influences which emanated from adjacent objects. From inanimate objects he passed on to the living subject, and he found that all persons of impressionable constitution were affected by placing the hands in contact with the heads or bodies of other persons. At first it might not be felt, but by sitting still and concentrating attention for a few minutes, a decided effect was experienced, so decided, indeed, that for some years Dr. Buchanan himself was never able to come in contact with any patient without being injuriously affected. From this he went on to experimenting upon the effect produced on the sensitive by placing the hand upon different portions of the head or the body. By placing the hand on the forehead, they acquired mental stimulus, by touching the higher portion of the head, they experienced a soothing influence upon the moral organs. The next experiment was to ascertain whether direct contact was necessary. This he found was not necessary. All that was needed was for the sensitive to touch the various portions of the

head with a pencil-case, and the impression would be conveyed through the metallic conductor equally, as if the hand had been placed directly upon the head itself.

Having reached this point, it then occurred to him that it was possible the impression of character might be transmitted by means of an autograph, even when there was no contact at all. Having a young friend, who was both intelligent and sensitive, he tried him with four letters written by individuals of strongly marked and peculiar characters. They were placed in the hands of the young man, who was requested to watch the mental impressions to which they gave rise upon his mind, and report his conceptions of the characters of the writers. He did so, and to the professor's intense delight he found that he described each of his correspondents with an accuracy and a precision that could not have been excelled if he had described them from familiar personal knowledge. It was not merely that he described their appearance as he might have done by clairvoyance. It was a minute personal analysis of their sentiments, not only in relation to the world at large, but even in relation to each other. Two of the letters, for instance, were from persons who were in mutual antagonism to each other. This sense of hostility jarred so much upon the sensitive that he stopped the experiment, as he felt it distinctly disagreeable to enter into their contentions, and realise their unpleasant feelings. The result of this first experience was to convince him that by the simple process of holding an autograph in your hand, and waiting with intelligent passivity to note the impressions that arise in your mind, you could obtain a mental photograph of any one as perfect as the physical photograph of the features obtained by the agency of light.

This experiment, be it remembered, was made in 1842. The fact that such results can be obtained where you have good conditions and a good sensitive have been verified so frequently, that to readers of BORDERLAND it is an old story. Still, it will be quite new to many readers, and as I am dealing with the discoverer of psychometry, it may be well to enter into some little detail as to the method by which psychometry can be developed. Dr. Buchanan's own account is that the number who have this faculty of psychometry latent, under the most unfavourable conditions, is one in ten, especially among women, while in warm climates, and under favourable conditions he thinks that from 50 to 95 per cent. of human beings would be able to use this new sense. The way to begin is to take some medicine, equal in quantity to that of five or ten ordinary doses. Take stimulants, emetics, or narcotics, fasten them up in paper, see that you do not know which is which, hold any of the packets selected at random between your two hands, your muscles being perfectly relaxed; then from five to twenty minutes note the impressions which will be produced, then, having written them down, examine the packet, and see whether or not your impression is correct. You will find that the varying states of your own constitution will indefinitely modify the degree of sensibility, but whether you feel squeamish or whether it makes you vomit, the emetic will always make you sick. After you have found that you have susceptibility to medicines, then proceed to see if you can be equally affected by autographs. From your own correspondence take half-a-dozen letters, especially those that are written under the greatest intensity of feeling, whether of grief, anger, joy, or love. Put them into envelopes, so that you cannot tell one from the other, sit yourself comfortably, taking up one

of the letters at random, rest your arm upon the table, and put the letter on the centre of your forehead. Yield passively to the impression produced, and follow the natural current of your ideas and feelings. Then infer from the impression thus made upon your own mind what was the mental condition or the mental peculiarities of the writer. The impressions at first will probably be very vague and delicate, so delicate, indeed, that you will doubt whether they were actual y produced by the letter; but if after repeated experiments you find that the impression produced by contact with the outside of the letter accurately coincides with the sentiments expressed in the letter, you can go on to a further experiment. Get some one else to give you letters of writers of whom you know nothing, and with whom you have never been in communication. Deal with them in the same way. If you describe the nature of their letters and the characters of the writers to your friends' satisfaction, then you may consider that you possess the psychometric gift, and can develop it at your leisure.

It will be found, says Dr. Buchanan, that the immediate contact of the writing with the forehead yields an impression more promptly than contact of the writing with the hands. Every additional fold of paper intervening between the writing and the head of the subject increases the difficulty. From this Dr. Buchanan concludes that a certain psychological influence or power has become attached to the writing, and is capable of exerting its influence with different degrees of intensity and of distances. In his later book of "Primitive Christianity" he gives further directions for the cultivation of this sense. He says the psychometric process is one of passive perception in a passive and amiable state of mind, and the student must avoid reasoning upon it at the time or making any earnest effort of curiosity, for that will interfere with the delicate impression received. We do not hear the voice of a friend if we begin speaking when he addresses us. He maintains that if we adopt this state of passive subjectiveness, and pick up a letter between our hands, we shall be able to describe the nature of the writer, and even the nature of his message, and if he be deceased, it will reveal his experience of a higher life. When your powers are developed, says Dr. Buchanan, and when you can be impressed by the nature of the originals, by holding a small portion of their letters in your hand, you are prepared to study Christ and the Apostles. Sitting in tranquil solitude, alone, or with some congenial companion, free from disturbing light, and influence, or with the eyes closed, put your hand on a picture of Christ or upon an Apostle, and enter into sympathy with the character, and as it comes to you, let your friend record it, and ask you questions to bring out the character more fully. It will be desirable to have several copies of the pictures of those whose influence you covet, and for making experiments with it, you should have detached pictures which you can place in an envelope, and thus obtain the impressions of a circle of friends, who cannot possibly know anything of the pictures in question. Such circles are better preceded by music and singing, or some lecture which tends to harmonise and prepare the mind. By this means, Dr. Buchanan maintains, that it is possible to introduce the founders of Christianity to the people of the world to-day. The knowledge conveyed in this way is more perfect than can be conveyed by any other method. Its only limit is the poverty of the soul of the psychometrist, who may be incapable of realising the

characters of those with whom he is thus brought into personal intercourse.

This, however, is to anticipate the final results at which Dr. Buchanan has arrived. We have to return to the narrative of his experiments by which he formerly established his conviction of the truth of psychometry. What he did any one can do, and I shall be glad if any of our readers who make the experiments will report their results. His first experiments were made with a few letters written under intense feeling. For instance, he had a letter written by a husband immediately after the death of a wife whom he passionately loved. This letter was given to sensitives without unfolding it, or telling them anything of its nature: it would make them weep in some cases; in others it would cause them to fall into profound melancholy, and dwell sadly on the worthlessness of all earthly pleasures. In other cases, it would revive reminiscences of the death of the friends which had occasioned the sensitive the same intense anguish that was expressed in the letter. After having tried the sensitive with this grief-laden epistle, Dr. Buchanan would substitute for it a love-letter, or some humorous effusion, with a result of constantly changing the current of thought. Tears gave way to laughter; depression to joy.

Some of his greatest successes were achieved by a letter from General Jackson, whose fiery and resolute spirit seemed to animate those persons who placed his epistle on their head, even although it was in a sealed envelope, and they knew nothing of the author. One man was so impressed that his whole frame was shaken with a feeling of daring self-confidence. His arm burned, and when he touched the letter with his hand, it was like touching fire which ran down to his toes. It was curious to note also that when the letter was given to General Jackson's political opponents, they would express a condemnation of the unknown author, which the outside of the envelope produced on their minds. This convinced him that psychometry does not infallibly produce a true estimate of men, but estimates their character by the standard of justice and propriety already existing in the minds of the sensitive.

Dr. Buchanan details a great number of other experiments which showed that the letters from persons of ill-health often affected those who received them with the sensations of the malady of the writer. On one occasion the autograph of an eminent divine who was lame, almost deprived the sensitive of ability to walk. This lady was so sensitive that she had to give up the experiments, for the letters and envelopes told disastrously on her own health.

This naturally suggests a warning to all those who are inclined to experiment with psychometry. It is a great gift like the gift of eyesight, but the gift of sight would not be worth having if the eye were not fitted with eyelids. To be able to see is a gift, perhaps the greatest of all gifts, but that gift itself would become a curse if we could not at our pleasure lay it down by the simple process of shutting our eyes. The danger of psychometry, if developed without regard to these considerations, is that you develop a gift of using a new visual organ as it were, which may be unprovided with eyelids. It would be difficult to imagine a more miserable existence than that of an exquisitely delicate constitution turned loose into this wicked world, which was capable of taking on to itself all the passions and sorrows and disasters, not merely of those persons whom it met, but of all persons whose letters were handled or whose pictures looked down upon you from the walls. Let us

see, by all means, whether with the optic nerve or the psychometric sense, but we must never forget that the eyelid is as indispensable as the eye itself.

After this experiment with autographs, Dr. Buchanan went on to experiment with locks of hair, articles of clothing, and anything that had been in contact with persons experimented upon. Nay, further, Dr. Buchanan soon discovered that relics are infectious, that it is impossible to convey an impression produced by an autograph to a sheet of blank paper, on which it has been lying. Individual psychometrists differ immensely in their capacity to read character. Dr. Buchanan found one lawyer who was able to accurately diagnose the characters of the writers of 150 different letters without seeing the contents of any of them. In the midst of the 150 one blank sheet of paper was introduced, but the psychometrist detected it at once, and turned the laugh upon the man who tried to hoax him, by saying that the letter was like the man who presented it—a perfect blank!

It frequently happens that the first impressions of a letter will be vague and incorrect, the mind not yet being in a right mood to sympathise with it. Notwithstanding this drawback, Dr. Buchanan maintains that psychometry is unrivalled.

1. As a practical means of judging of the characters of men more accurately than by the aids of phrenology and physiognomy.
2. As an assistance to the study of history and biography.
3. As an assistance to the administration of justice, in determining questions of guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity.
4. As an assistance to self-cultivation, by the study of our own character, and to the education of the young, by showing their true mental and physical condition.
5. As an assistance to the practice of medicine, by furnishing a convenient method of pathological diagnosis.
6. As a means of investigating spiritual philosophy—the existence and relations of the soul, and the various relations of the living man to the spiritual world.

Different psychometrists will be affected in different ways, according to their own mental temperament. Sometimes the writer of an autograph will himself appear before the mind's eye of the psychometrist engaged in some act, then he will appear in some other scene, and in this way a whole series of chapters in the life of the subject will pass before the mind of the psychometrist. At other times the pictures will be allegorical, as, for instance, a psychometrist, who handled Dr. Buchanan's autograph, described a leader marching towards a distant height, watched by a multitude whom he had outstripped. This was due no doubt to the imagination of the sensitive acting under the impact of Dr. Buchanan's own conception of his relative position to the human race. Sometimes the sympathetic perception of character is blended with the phenomena of simple clairvoyance.

Having got thus far, Professor Buchanan was seized with the sublime conception that the whole past was entombed in the present, and that, in fact, the record of all preceding time lay imperishably inscribed or imaged in the world around us. Here then, he exclaimed, is a new clue to the history of the race. The relics, the annals of the past, which have hitherto been born of consequences, have a hidden meaning, waiting the future explorer as the hieroglyphics of Egypt waited Champollion to understand their significance. Psychometry was a mental telescope which was to pierce to the depths of the past, and bring into full view all the grand and tragic passages of ancient history.

As the Kingdom of God is within us, so equally within the soul of man lies the key to all the knowledge of the past. A bit of burnt bean from the circus of Pompeii enabled a psychometrist to see as vividly as any panorama the great amphitheatre, filled with applauding spectators, to hear the tramping of the horses' hoofs, as the charioteer neared the goal, and then to see the whole catastrophe of the eruption which buried the city in ashes. If a burnt bean could do that, what is there that could not be realised by similar means? Talk about "Sermons in Stones!" The very dust of the planet becomes capable of revealing to the inward eye the actual scenes of all the dramas that have been transacted since the world began. This may be an exaggeration, although it is nothing but the logical consequences of the truth of psychometry. But as Dr. Buchanan is nothing if not logical, it can easily be imagined how the new science dominated and inspired his life.

In his "Manual of Psychometry" he gives many reports of the delineations of character, which he presents not as extraordinary examples of accurate portraiture, but as fair illustrations of what may be expected under ordinary circumstances with intelligent persons. But these discoveries, which he had hoped would flash round the world at least as speedily as the discovery of a comet, a shell, a plant, or a new chemical combination, were unanimously ignored. Only Denton, who wrote "The Soul of Things," and described a marvellous series of psychometrical experiments, which not only extended to the remotest past but professed to penetrate the mysteries of the planets, recognised the full significance of Buchanan's discovery. Madame Blavatsky predicted that when scepticism was felled to the ground by the accumulation of facts, posterity would erect a statue to the memory of Buchanan. He had, of course, innumerable disappointments. A psychometric constitution is ill suited to public display. Quiet and seclusion are necessary for success. Besides, there are many difficulties, which only those who patiently experiment can appreciate. For instance, the psychometrist, in describing an autograph, will sometimes portray not only the writer but the person in the writer's mind, of whom he was writing, and sometimes that of a third person, to whom he was writing. This causes a certain element of confusion; but still Dr. Buchanan persevered. After a time he found that you needed neither an autograph, nor a scrap of clothing, nor a lock of hair, as all these objects were only for leading the mind to the personality represented. The only thing necessary was to write down the name of the person whose character had to be psychometrised, or the place that was to be described. It does not appear, therefore, that psychometrical exploration is hindered by distance and disconnection. Still, there is a decrease of the facility by every additional barrier. A photograph is not so good as an autograph, and the name of a person written by another is not so satisfactory as an autograph or a photograph. Superior powers may overcome difficulties, but it is not judicious to tax the faculty unnecessarily. Psychometry, says Dr. Buchanan, is the earthly radiation of omniscience, and it will be known hereafter that it can penetrate all things. Psychometry is the key, not only to unlock the historical treasures of the past, but even to reveal where lies the hidden wealth in the strata of the world. There is money in psychometry, therefore, although hitherto it has yielded but opprobrium to those who have pursued it. Dr. Buchanan cares little for money compared with spiritual truth, and he passes lightly by



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the possibility of psychotristers revealing paying reefs of gold, to declare that in his opinion psychometry will lead us out of all doubt and darkness into the dawn of enlightened humanity; for psychometry is a display of intuition, and intuition is the divine element of man. Psychometry, therefore, not only opens our eyes to the grandeur of the universe, but gives us the key to universal knowledge and wisdom.

Dr. Buchanan is very careful of distinguishing between mediumship and psychometry. The medium surrenders his brain to the control of some other intelligence, which can be high or low, and which uses it as a mere instrument; whereas the psychotrist, the individual, is never so much alert, self-controlled, and self-contained as when conducting psychometric investigation. Dr. Buchanan lays great stress upon the location of the mental faculties in different parts of the head. The intellectual faculty, he maintains, is connected with the interior portion of the front lobe of the brain, which is connected again in its turn with the lateral portion of the front lobe, which is behind the eyebrow, and the interior of the middle lobe. It is also his theory that there is an outpost in the body for all the psychic faculties of the brain. Love has its seat in the bosom, firmness in the shoulder, and the violent passions in the lower limbs. Dr. Buchanan holds that a few inches below the end of the breast-bone upon and below the sternum is the seat of the psycho-physiological functions of the body. By placing the hands over this, or by making passes towards it, the phenomena of somnambulism in the temples.

Dr. Buchanan having, as he believes, in his possession this key to all knowledge, promptly applied it to test the authenticity of the communications made to him by the invisible writer who called himself St. John.

He gave the MS. alleged to have been written by St. John to various psychotristers, the first of whom was the lady who, then known as Mrs. Decker, subsequently became Mrs. Buchanan. She read the gist of its contents easily enough, and confirmed and emphasized the message which it contained. Dr. Buchanan then had a small photograph made from the message, which he used for the purpose of experiment. Dr. J. M. Peebles, the well-known lecturer, described the character of the writer in terms which are applicable to the Apostle John, and when various other psychotristers all told him the same thing, Dr. Buchanan felt he was no longer justified in doubting, and set about the restoration of "Primitive Christianity." He maintains that by psychometry he has opened wide the gateway to the heavenly mansions, and the founders of Christianity can now speak to all men not merely by printed words, but by the direct voice of the soul. This, again, leads us to the special subject of his last book, which begins a section by itself.

III.—SOME EXPERIMENTS.

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to give any summary of the immense number of psychometrical experiments that are recorded in Dr. Buchanan's own manual, and in Mr. Denton's two books, "The Soul of Things," and "Nature's Secrets." The reader who is really interested in the prosecution of this study will find those volumes full of interesting and suggestive matter. A few illustrations, however, will give a fair example of the way in which psychometry can be used. It is obvious that there



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is practically no limit to its scope, for if even one-half be true that is claimed for it by Dr. Buchanan, it is simply an invaluable method of checking the impressions of our other senses on every subject in which we are interested. One section of his book suggests the thought that the addition of a competent psychometrist to each of the Wedding Ring Circles which have been started in connection with the *Review of Reviews* might render invaluable service. The psychometrist, says Dr. Buchanan, can describe with as much ease the character which is not yet unfolded or tested, and a union that is only proposed, as he can describe the man and woman whose careers are known. Of course, a great deal of this may be explained on the ground of telepathy, at least where persons are known, hence the experiments which Dr. Buchanan gives when he tried the psychometrist with the names of Carlyle and his wife: although the sensitive did not know even the names of the persons whose character she was delineating, she may simply have been reading Dr. Buchanan's own estimate of the character of the persons concerned. The same may be said concerning Lord Byron. On the other hand, unless the character is known, no one can judge as to how far the psychometric reading is correct. It may be that women with but limited opportunities of studying the masculine character have yet a valuable resource in their psychometric intuition which the good creatures have been probably exercising all their lives without knowing it. At the same time, it must be admitted that when a woman is in love, her mind is by no means in a state of passivity necessary for the due exercise of the psychometric sense. In that case she had much better consult a third party. In law and in business Dr. Buchanan maintains that psychometry can decide guilt or innocence without a word of testimony, and the friends of psychometry should organize in every city psychometric tribunals of arbitration, which by their pre-eminent justice and promptitude would satisfy and attract the business community. That is all very well if you can get perfect psychometers. The medium is often biased or subject to influences, physical and mental, which render it impossible to accept their reading as the last word of truth. Psychometry is invaluable for the detection of counterfeit notes and for checking all manner of forgeries. In medical science its use is obvious, and so often referred to, that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon this subject. In politics the field is not familiar, although, of course, an invaluable test that would enable us to discern who is the best man would be an indispensable appendage to every democratic institution.

He gives as examples of accurate character reading by psychometry, the descriptions which his wife gave of President Cleveland, Mr. Blaine, General Butler, and Mr. Gladstone among others, the names merely written on paper being given to her, without any knowledge as to the person named. In her description of Bismarck, for instance, she describes him much as an intelligent journalist might describe the man if he had been told off to produce an article upon Bismarck. There is little in it that is distinctive, although one or two sentences are curious. For instance, when she says, This character does not need pushing. She said also that in his real sentiments he sympathised with England, but he thinks war between England and Russia a foregone conclusion, although he wishes to avert it. This it will be observed was in 1880. Her delineation of Mr. Gladstone's character was published in 1882. "I feel so much heat in the blood," she said, "I feel filled with all that fire and

energy to accomplish my purpose. He is valorous and fearless in times of great trouble, and very real." Again, in 1885, she declared that Mr. Gladstone, whose name she held in her hand but without knowing it, "It is an agreeable influence, but restless." We are always confronted with the difficulty that in relation to delineations given by Mrs. Buchanan, she says nothing that might not have been in the mind of Dr. Buchanan, and she might simply have described the ideas which he unconsciously suggested.

In literature he gives us examples of her psychometric delineations of Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, John Stuart Mill, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and Homer. Of the latter it is interesting to know that she declares that he was married, and agreeably. There was no discord in his conjugal life. Telepathy may explain much, but it breaks down when it comes to the prediction of future events. Dr. Buchanan gives us various examples of what he calls psychometric prophecies. He declares that by psychometric intuition it will be possible for nations and individuals to foresee future events with the same certainty that they foresee the coming of the four seasons. But that this is not altogether calculated to minister to their comfort, may be inferred from the fact that he is a great believer in what he calls the law of periodicity. The United States of America, he declares, is subject to recurring eras of calamity. The first lasted from 1812 to 1818, the second came to a head in 1865, while the third will not reach its culminating point till 1914 or 1915. Of specific prophecies he gives us several, some of which are of special interest to us as relating to British politics. Before the Egyptian expedition Mrs. Buchanan was tested with a picture of Arabi, which was placed in her hands, but which she was not allowed to see. She described his appearance correctly, and painted his character not very charitably, but she declared—and this was long before the Egyptian expedition—that his career would end in disgrace, even if he did not lose his life.

In November, 1883, Dr. Buchanan tried his wife with the Mahdi, merely writing the name on a piece of paper, folding it up, and placing it in her hands. In this she was not so happy, for the Mahdi could hardly be said to be a peacemaker, who liked to work with government officials. Neither did he live to realise her prophecy that he was capable of receiving progressive ideas, and would possibly be Americanised before he died. She predicted the fall of Khartoum twelve months before it happened; but another prophecy which she made was badly out of it, for she said she saw George Washington reach out his arms, and saying, "Peace shall reign over this entire globe within five years." This was in 1884. It would be difficult to have made a more absolutely bad shot than this. She held that the Mahdi was a spirit medium who was controlled by Mahomet.

In 1879 she predicted the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia; but considering the Nihilist plots that were then rife, it is not very surprising. When war was threatening on the Afghan frontier, four days before the Penjdeh incident, she predicted that there would be bloodshed and a formidable attack, but that it would not last, and that it would not take many months to establish peace. This she said not knowing where the country was or who were the Powers concerned. All that she had to go upon was the question pencilled on a small piece of paper, which was given to her folded, "England and Russia: will there be war?" When she was asked to delineate the character of Alexander

III. she failed badly. He could not have been said to be sharp or cutting, or to have a very active brain or a great deal of skill. His purpose was not sensation, nor did any one care less for making a great name than the Peacemaker of Europe. Equally false was it that he cared nothing for human suffering, and to say that he would like to stir up and instigate war was about as absolutely false as any combination of words could make it. Neither did his reign go down in a cloud. She was more correct in predicting that there would be no war.

Her views of Mr. Chamberlain are interesting. They were taken down in 1885 when he was arranging his unauthorised programme, and was regarded as the coming leader of the Liberal party. Obviously here was a great chance for a real prophet, whether psychometric or otherwise. Then Mr. Chamberlain was about to break entirely with his old leader, and start out on an entirely new line of policy in alliance with the Tory party; but Mrs. Buchanan does not seem to have had even a glimmering of this change. What she said does not go one step beyond what Dr. Buchanan probably thought at the time was true about Joseph Chamberlain. She described him as a man with a very broad and very peculiar mind, strong and persistent in his views, but at the same time conciliatory and yielding to the wisdom of others. "He has wonderful ability, regulating great questions, not wrapped up in his own affairs, but with a universal benevolence. He would not favour polygamy. He would wish for every man to have his own home on the land, and to have a government very much like ours. He favours the elevation of women too if that question comes up. He has push and perseverance. He will have hard work to establish his principles, but will do it finally. He will not be a disappointed man. He is going to have a long life, and work hard, and hold a high position. I think he will probably outlive Gladstone, and will be as influential hereafter." These things were said when she had no idea as to who the man was, where he lived, or anything about him. While this may be good telepathy, it contains no prophecy that might not have been ventured upon by any intelligent reader of newspapers, and therefore by Dr. Buchanan, whose impression of Mr. Chamberlain might easily have been transmitted to his wife's receptive mind.

In the appendix of his Manual he gives several other instances of prophecies made by his wife on other matters. In 1887 and 1888 she manfully stood to her guns, declaring that there would be no war in Europe,

although statesmen and journalists alike believed it to be inevitable. She predicted the death of the Emperor Frederick in the first half of the year 1888, but that, again, did not require a psychometrist. Of more interest was her description of Emperor William immediately after his accession to power. Without knowing who he was, or whether he was peer or peasant, emperor or woman, she said, "This a public character. I cannot say that I admire him. There is a great deal of pomposity and love of power. He feels his dignity wonderfully; he has a great amount of self-importance; he has his own ideas and ways, and everything. There will be a sputtering for a while, but I do not think he will get into war." But here again she was out of it. "I think," she said, "he will get on good terms with Bismarck,"

for by this time she had divined whose character she was reading, "and his reign will be conciliatory."

So far as the examples given by Dr. Buchanan in his Manual go, they do not justify much confidence in the prophetic powers of the psychometrist. With regard to the reading of the past events, far more interesting experiments are recorded in "Nature's Secrets" and "The Soul of Things" than in Dr. Buchanan's book.



JESUS CHRIST.

V.—PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Buchanan has no difficulty in telling us what primitive Christianity is not. It is not historical Christianity, neither is it the Christianity of the Churches. Indeed, Dr. Buchanan quite loses his philosophic calm when speaking of Christianity as it exists. The pseudo-Christianity of the Churches, he declares, is of all things the most hostile to the true religion of Jesus Christ. It is a compound of all the Paganisms which have been grafted upon the original teaching of Christ. He asserts that the true Gospel was corrupted and falsified by the priests very early in the first and second century. The Roman Church was only able to assume the name of Christianity because Christianity was extinct, its teachers and followers dead, its brief record suppressed by concealment, and its history lost. This fraud and imposture has continued to curse mankind until now, when the Apostle John was sent to summon Dr. Buchanan to proclaim for the first time the true faith. Nothing can be more savage than the way in which Dr. Buchanan abuses the great Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine is to him a sanctimonious impostor, who provoked the destruction of Christianity with doctrines as the Fall of man, election, final perseverance of the saints, the total

depravity of human nature, and the expediency of burning heretics. Again, he declares that nearly every Church writer in the early centuries was either a credulous fool, a wilful liar, or a convicted forger, and that lying was the established policy of the Church. The Pauline Epistles were circulated, crammed with interpolated falsehoods. Nevertheless, bad as the Church was, even Dr. Buchanan admits that it had a certain value as an assembly for the worship of God, into which many of the best words of Jesus are heard, and much of the Gospel history is preserved, especially in the Acts of the Apostles. "We may well love the Church in which man has been taught to look to God for worship as a Father, and to Christ as an example of Love. Notwithstanding all that has been said about a dying Church revivals have never ceased, for religion is innate in man. There are more than 20,000,000 of persons in the United States organized in 166,000 churches. Throughout this large body there is a steady decadence of the old idea of divine malignity, a terrible hell, sectarian antipathy, jealousy of works, and a feeble, almost imperceptible revival of the ancient Christian idea of the Universal Brotherhood, which has for so long been forgotten."

If this be so, as even Dr. Buchanan admits, he might be more charitable in his exposition of the teachings of Christ, which he declares he has now rescued from oblivion and from hideous distortion. After such an exordium I naturally expected to find that the true Gospel of St. John, which Dr. Buchanan declares is carefully revised and corrected by the Apostle himself in 1894-95-96, adds very little to the Gospel as we have it in the New Testament. The interpolations are comparatively few, and the story is practically the same as what we have it now. He takes the Unitarian view of Jesus, declaring that he was an inspired teacher. Before all men that have ever appeared before or since, he taught the law of perfect life, and made his followers acquainted with a higher world of immortality, and its inspiring communication with those who seek it is the only religion ever known which has the entire approbation of the celestial world.

Now let us turn to the Gospel of St. John as edited and revised by St. John himself. The first change in the first verse, which runs in our version, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." As revised by Dr. Buchanan's St. John it reads, "In the beginning was the eternal law, and the law was with God, and the law was God." He omits the second verse, "The same was in the beginning with God." The 4th verse, which reads in our version, "In Him was life, and life was the light of man," as revised it reads, "In this law was the life and the light for all mankind." It is generally substituted for *spirit* in all references to the *Word*, for which has been substituted the *law*. The 11th verse is declared to be an interpolation: "He came to his own, and his own received him not." In place of the 14th, 15th, and 16th verses, beginning "The Word was made flesh," and ending, "of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace," we have only this: "And the divine spirit was incarnated and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, and we realised its glory and its fulness of grace." That is the kind of alteration that is made time after time. In the account of the Baptism, when John said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," Dr. Buchanan's version is, "Behold the Lamb which taketh away sin by righteousness." Again, when John wrote, "And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God," it is made to read, "And I saw

and bare record that the eternal law is made manifest through him." In the account of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, the reviser omits the 4th verse, "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." In the account of the cleansing of the temple, the reviser omits the use of the scourge of small cords; and in the same chapter, in the reply made by Jesus, which begins, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," we have, "I bear witness that I am sent by my heavenly Father to rebuke the gamblers and purify the temple from the mercenary," a passage which illustrates and confirms what Dr. Buchanan says in his Preface, "that St. John did not appear very familiar with the use of the English language." Verses 20, 21, and 23 are omitted. The unrevised version, from a literary point of view, is much better than this "purifying of the temple from the mercenary." The first most important omission occurs in the 3rd chapter, in the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus. This is such a typical passage, that it may well be quoted in parallel columns.

Verses 13 to 19.

Verse 13. And no spirit can enter heaven that has not been developed by the spirit up to that condition.

Verse 14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the sons of men be lifted up by the power of the spirit, that they may have eternal life and light.

Interpolations.

Verse 13. No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven.

Verse 14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.

Verse 15. That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

Verse 16. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Verse 17. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

Verse 18. He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Verse 19. But when the light has come into the world, men have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

Verse 19. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

In the 4th chapter the alterations are few. In the 5th the chief omissions are from the 27th to the 31st verses, which refer to the Judgment, the resurrection of life, and the resurrection of damnation. That is all taken out bodily. In the 6th chapter, in the narrative of the miracle, the 5,000 disappear altogether, and in its place we have the feeding of fifty. Nothing is said as to the twelve baskets of fragments. In this chapter there are

many verses omitted; from the 27th to the 40th, 61st and 62nd, which disappear entirely; while 27th, 28th, and 29th are replaced by others which represent Jesus as promising that, if the disciples would take no thought for the bread of the body, but trusted to the spirit, they would be fed as He was from the manna of heaven. The story of the woman taken in adultery is left intact, with the addition of the following line, after "go and sin no more,"—"and many similar things did He for unfortunate women." In the 8th chapter the verse which reads "before Abraham was I am," is converted into the statement that "before Abraham, was the spirit that speaks through me."

From the 10th chapter there is omitted the familiar 1st verse, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door to the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." In its place we have the following: "Jesus went forth into the outskirts of Jerusalem, and spoke to those who gathered around Him, making Himself known as the shepherd of those who harkened unto Him, saying." The 8th verse is omitted, and the 10th; also the 18th. The story of the raising of Lazarus is left intact. The passage in the 12th chapter in the account of the supper at Bethany, the 6th verse, which takes away the character of Judas, is declared to be an interpolation. In the same chapter, the verse "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," is altered to read "and he that giveth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." From the account of the Last Supper the verses disappear which reflect upon Judas, and when in our version it is said that "after the sop Satan entered into him," the new version runs, "the evil thought entered into him." At the end of the chapter the well-known prophecy of the "cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice" is replaced by the simple statement that "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt yet deny me."

The 3rd verse of the 15th chapter, beginning "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," disappear bodily, also the 16th, 19th, 22nd, and 25th verses. In the 16th chapter the 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th verses are declared to be interpolations, so also are the 23rd, 24th, and the 30th verses. The most severe excisions are made in the 17th chapter, in the prayer of Jesus, of which the original chapter consists of twenty-six verses; out of these nineteen are declared to be interpolations. All that are left are the portions of the 1st, 4th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 25th, and 26th. In the account of the Betrayal, the story of Peter smiting off the ear of the High Priest's servant is omitted, also the reference to the cock crowing at Peter's denial. In the account of the triumphal crucifixion of Christ the episode of Barabbas is omitted; also there is no reference to the scourging, the crown of thorns, and the temple rabble, nor of the casting of lots. In the 11th verse Jesus, instead of replying to Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin," is struck out, and in its place there stands the reply, "I fear no power but God." In the 30th verse, which in the Gospel reads, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost;" in its place we read, "When they offered this He bowed His head and swooned, and when He had swooned a soldier applied to His nostrils a sponge wet with pungent fluids, which revived Him a

little, and He lingered in a state of exhaustion until long after the ninth hour, when He cried with a loud voice, and yielded up the spirit as it was growing dark." Verses 34th and 35th were omitted, which give the account of the piercing of the side. In the account of the 20th chapter, which describes the resurrection, the new version brings Mary to the sepulchre, not Mary Magdalene, and to the first verse is added the following words:—"And Mary, when she first came, saw a young man standing at the door of the sepulchre, who said, The body of Jesus has been removed." Verses 12th and 14th are omitted. The account of the two angels in white in the tomb and the conversation with Mary being declared to be an interpolation. The 23rd verse, "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained," is omitted. The last chapter remains practically intact, but in place of the oriental exaggeration with which the Gospel concludes as to the "world not being able to contain the books that should be written," we simply have this statement, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, which have never been recorded."

Such in brief is a fairly comprehensive summary of the changes that have been wrought in the "Gospel of St. John" by one whom Dr. Buchanan believes to be none other than the disembodied spirit of St. John. It may be said at once that while some of the passages which are declared to be interpolations have endeared themselves to the heart of mankind, and will never be forgotten even if their origin be that which Dr. Buchanan believes the Gospel story as it is accepted throughout the world, remains practically intact. After all the excisions that have been made by this clairvoyant seer, those who have had experience of the liberties which are often taken by invisible intelligences communicating through mediums will marvel that Dr. Buchanan's guide should have been so extremely moderate in the use of his pen. So moderate indeed, has he been that the average man reading the two versions side by side will be apt to declare, that it was hardly worth the Apostle's while to come back to earth in order to make so few alterations, which after all leave the sense of the thing precisely where it was. This remark may fairly be made concerning the revised gospel; the lives of Christ and the Apostles which are prefixed can hardly be said to err on the side of moderation.

VI.—THE LOST LIVES OF JESUS AND THE APOSTLES.

Dr. Buchanan, I am glad to say, emphatically disclaims any desire to discard the use of the word Christianity in the vain hope of obtaining a great height and breadth of spiritual religion, for although he asserts that there may be other than Jesus of Nazareth, any unwillingness to cherish the memory of the first great expression of divine religion would indicate some lack of sympathy with all that is grand and noble. There is no other or better word than this to express our devotion of the divine, our aspiration towards all that is good and great. As to Jesus Himself, he declares that none of His rational disciples ever ascribed to Him absolute divinity, nor did He ever encourage it by word or hint. Such an error was a harmless overflow of the sentiments of love and reverence towards the Saviour of humanity, and this love and reverence he declares does not decline among the immortals who know the truth.

Dr. Buchanan's account of the life of Christ is briefly

this. Jesus Christ was the son of Joseph and Mary. Joseph had been previously married, and had six children by his first wife. When Jesus was born Mary was fifteen, Joseph was sixty years of age. He was born on the 12th of January, three years before the beginning of Christian Chronology. Mary had two children after Jesus; a daughter Mary, who lived for four years, and St. John, who lived to be twenty-four. The flight into Egypt is true according to Dr. Buchanan, but Herod's massacre of infants was a legend introduced into the Gospels in imitation of the stories of Buddha and Krishna.

Dr. Buchanan declares that the New Testament falsely represents Jesus as speaking disrespectfully to his mother. From 12 to 18 he often spoke under inspiration. At about 17 he visited India with Hafed, the Persian Prince, who was one of the astrologers who had seen his star in the East. From 18 to 20 he spent in retirement with spiritual intercourse and inspiration. At 20 he returned to public service in the Temple, and for five years used to discourse in the Temple twice or thrice every week. At the close of this period, when he was 25, he went to Egypt with Hafed, looking into Masonic mysteries and doctrines. From 25 to 28 he led a quiet life among the people, healing the sick and teaching. When he was 28 he visited Persia again, and remained there eighteen months. After which he returned, was baptised by John in the Jordan, and began public ministry.

These statements are professed to be made on the authority of various Apostles—St. Matthew, St. John, and others. St. James is quoted as an authority for the statement that Jesus once materialised some bread—a loaf about ten inches in diameter—dark, moist, rather undone. The bread was called Manna, and it was produced in order to prove that they could produce food on occasion when they needed it. There were four meetings



JOHN THE BAPTIST.

of the disciples after the Crucifixion. Dr. Buchanan says:—

Jesus was depressed and discouraged by his failures and the dark future he foresaw for his religion in a world of selfish ambition, but St. John and St. James both declare that he predicted it would come up again in a distant country then entirely unknown, which they think referred to this country, and would appear again as at first among the poor and lowly and people of more spiritual light.

In this astonishing series we have the recollections of St. James, the statements by Hafed, the life of St. John, and statement of St. Jude, and the lives of St. Matthias, St. Philip, St. Bartholomew. Of Judas we are told that he was not the traitor he is supposed to have been, but he wanted to force things, and compel Jesus to demonstrate once for all his divine power. He has, through the centuries, felt very keenly the maledictions heaped upon him, and his brethren possibly are glad of the opportunity of throwing this light upon his character and purpose. Without following the narrative of each of the Apostles closely, I will first string together some of the statements that are made on their authority.

St. James says that Jesus would not allow the taking of animal life, and forbade all killing either for food or sacrifice. He proclaimed and taught that all life was a spark of the Divine and should not be slaughtered.

We have several personal descriptions of Jesus, and the portrait on the emerald is said to be more like him than any other that exists. His complexion was soft, clear, semi-transparent, cream tint. His eye-brows were straight, not much arched. His hair was parted in the middle, curled slightly at the ends, which hung down on his shoulders. His stature was average, and



ST. JOHN.

in good proportion. The colour of his hair was dark brown, almost black; his beard a little lighter. Matthew's account rather differs from that of St. James, for he says that the hair and beard match in colour, which was a rich brown tinged with a reddish-golden light, difficult to describe. His eyes were a deep dark blue, large and expressive, with rather a soft, sympathetic expression; but when he was fired with indignation, they flashed as with unearthly brilliance. He was as beautiful as a woman. In the spirit world he does not greatly differ from appearance than what he was on earth.

It is interesting to notice that Hafed, whose communications from David Duguid, of Glasgow, are well known, has informed Dr. Buchanan that he did not give the matter contained in Duguid's book, but that he had given various reflections of a band of spirits which they have embellished according to their own romantic ideas. Hence there are some ideas in the book he can endorse, but the great mass is extravagant.

Dr. Buchanan says, "I presume this is not the only work of fictitious stories claiming a high spiritual origin. In producing these, I presume Mr. Duguid was an innocent victim. The book is an impressive warning against mediumistic revelations blindly received without any careful or scientific investigations."

Matthew is said to have reported that Jesus was acquainted with the Hebrew, Latin, Persian, and the language of Assyria. He knew something of Greek, also of Egyptian, and the language of India to communicate with the people.

St. John is quoted as responsible for the saying that the Apostles used to hold two hours' séances with Jesus, but on such occasions seemed to be divinely illuminated. St. John, St. Luke, and sometimes another of the Apostles, would be entranced, and materialised forms would appear and move about the apartment, bringing flowers, and touching those present with hands which were soft and cool, and not firm as flesh and bone.

St. John declares that he did not die as a martyr; only six of the original Apostles attained the martyr's crown. He was not banished to Patmos. He was not thrown into the cauldron of oil. He died suddenly in the suburbs of Jerusalem at the age of ninety-two. All my statements made concerning him, says Dr. Buchanan, are made with his authority, but all my communications at first were not so free as with some others, as he seemed less at ease with the English language, and seemed to be in such a higher sphere that communication with him is more difficult.

John the Baptist, whose portrait Dr. Buchanan published, says that he was a man of deep religious enthusiasm and eloquence, but not a deep thinker. But beyond generally emphasising the general views of Dr. Buchanan, he does not say very much.

This, then, is what Dr. Buchanan has to tell us as to Primitive Christianity, which is the "one true religion, the religion which all the world needs." It is to be feared that many will apply to his revelations the remark which he makes concerning those communicated by Hafed to David Duguid. "Of evidence in the ordinary sense of the word there is none." These communications appear to have been the result of impressions upon Dr. Buchanan's own mind, and he puts them forth in the full belief that they actually emanate from the Apostle in whose name he speaks. When we ask for evidence, he says: "There are the events and can be recognised as authentic by the intuition of the soul." The advantage of this method of proving statements is that it leaves

every one free to accept or reject according to his own inner consciousness.

The second volume of "Primitive Christianity," which will be published as soon as five hundred subscribers send 8s. to Mr. Buchanan, Los Angeles, California, will contain,—

1. **AUTHENTIC GOSPELS**—The authentic and purified gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the Acts of the Apostles (the least corrupted portion of the Testament), the Epistles of St. Paul, excluding those entirely spurious, with numerous annotations by St. Paul; the brief Epistles of St. Peter, St. John, St. James, and St. Jude, relieved from interpolation and forgery. The anonymous Epistle to the Hebrews and the spurious book of Revelation (rejected by Ancient Christians) will be excluded.

2. **THE APOSTOLIC AGE**—It will present the lives and labours of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Thoma, St. Luke, St. Mark, and St. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, concerning all of whom the church has been profoundly ignorant and profoundly deceived by second-century fictions and frauds—with additional information of the apostolic band.

3. **TESTIMONY AND EXPRESSION FROM THE HIGHER WORLD**—Angelic hosts have superintended and assisted the preparation of this work, daily and nightly manifesting their presence and co-operation, often recognized by visitors.

Of the copious testimony from the higher world which might be indefinitely ample, a few communications may be introduced, coming from Pontius Pilate of Judea; Plutarch, the Roman historian; Josephus, the Jewish historian; Cæsar, the Roman author; Luther of Germany; Wyckliffe of England; Renan, author of the Life of Christ; Pope Pius, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Lafayette, Gen. Jackson, Horace Mann, John Pierpont, Lucretia Mott, and as many other distinguished persons of modern and ancient times as it may be expedient to quote to show the sentiments of the higher world.

I cannot better conclude this rapid glance of Dr. Buchanan's life and work than by quoting his own words.

It now becomes necessary for me to announce that the guardian angel who have sustained my advanced age inform me that I cannot realise twelve months more on earth, but must depart in my eighty-third year, and my work must be rapidly finished, to consummate which I must appeal to the public.

I had hoped for four or five years more to consummate my labours and utilize my vast accumulations—to show the mysteries of the brain, and a vast philosophy of the two worlds in "The New World of Science"—to show a correct materia medica—to illustrate supernal life—to review the animal kingdom—to show a new law of destiny—to complete my discoveries in the solar system, of life in the planets—to illustrate the very lucid principles of ethics and sociology—the laws of oratory and the divine mathematics of two worlds—and even to found a free therapeutic college and emancipate the medical profession; but my setting sun forbids—and my accumulations are not available to others.

But it is impossible. Dr. Buchanan, however, buoys himself up with the glad confidence that from another sphere he will be able to carry out on this earth the work he has left undone.

HOW TO BECOME A PSYCHOMETRIST.

THE experiences of a practical experimenter may be of interest to those who seek to cultivate the faculty of what we mis-name psychometry, meaning thereby not, as the name indicates, soul-measurement, but rather matter-measurement, or diagnosis.

Mr. Tetlow, a professional psychometric medium, writes as follows:—

Having had considerable experience in the exercise of the psychometric power, a word or two on its development and use may not be altogether out of place. The discovery, or, should

I say, the systematic application of this power, belongs to most recent times. The saying, "Talk of the devil, and he will rattle his chains," is one that, to my mind, is a fossil in the time rock of humanity indicative of the consciousness, though not scientifically understood, of this singular power.

CAN PSYCHOMETRY BE DEVELOPED?

The development of the psychometric power comes by practice. Most people have it; few have directly and consciously used it. It can be developed in an orderly or disorderly manner. The best results are generally to be observed when the person is in good health, after a quiet walk in the open air, under trees or hilly country. Personal sympathy, at least for the moment, must be exercised. Feelings of resentment or antipathy to a person are sure agencies of destruction—results generally nil. Interest in the object or person must exist for the time to gain good results. The primary point is to obliterate yourself as much as possible. Take in all you get, you are not forced to retain it. With use you may learn to be positive and negative at the same time—negative in bodily states, positive in mental conditions. This comes partially by using your own judgment in telling what you receive. It is not prudent to tell all you get. If you did, you would soon find your gift was more of a curse than a blessing. Never forget your own personal responsibility, and then you will be saved from much.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

In the exercise of psychometry, failure is often realised through ignorance. People do not keep objects sufficiently secluded, or are in ignorance of the nature of what can be done. Further, all objects are not alike in taking on and giving off what they have received. One thing must be noted, that the psychometrist cannot get mental pictures to order, he must take just what he gets, and if what he gets is not just what people desire, he is dubbed a failure. These are parts of experiences with which he needs must contend, but they need not dishearten him; "Try, try, and try again" must be his motto, for he will find that what are sometimes deemed utter failures have their uses proving his sincerity.

HOW TO PRACTISE.

The method of development is to exercise the gift upon sundry articles and make mental and other notes of the sensations produced. The mind by degrees comes to differentiate between the various sensations and comprehend the differences as to time in relation to events. To attempt to lay down hard and fast rules is to talk foolishness. Beyond the general statements I have previously made, and to exercise the power in a reasonable degree, is all that anyone is able to do. Everybody finds out by practice just how they can work. Each person is not sensitive in like degree and like manner, and the same part of the body is not the channel of communication in all persons, and is not always the same in the same individual.

THE DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

Every psychometrist has not the power acting in the same direction, the force acts differently, and so, whilst we have some who can sense disease and its remedy, we have others who become conscious of character. How far this power would assist in the detection of crime I am not prepared to assert; this far it can go, it can detect the characteristics and peculiarities of personality and dress, and so if it cannot name the person it can describe him, and so far be of help. The phrenologist deems he has obtained exact methods to detect character, to understand the undercurrents of life's directions. One thing, however, he needs and can never do without—the presence of his subject or a photo thereof. The psychometrist is not dependent upon his subject's presence, and, if the tests of Dr. Buchanan are correct, not even the link that the ordinary psychometrist requires is any way needed. The announcement of the name is a sufficient means to put the personality in presence. If the vibrations of light and sound move on forever, who shall declare that man may not be sensitive enough to be able to feel these and other facts of life and nature? If Owen could outline an animal from a single bone; if the greater is existent in the less, as Swedenborg affirms; then here we have the basis, facts, and principles by which we may realise in our consciousness the facts and possibilities that psychometry reveals to us.

J. B. TETLOW.

IV.—PSYCHICAL RESEARCH IN THE VICTORIAN ERA.

THE JUBILEE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

THE history of Psychical Research in the present reign is by no means conterminous, as some would have us think, with the history of the Society for Psychical Research. As a matter of fact we are, as nearly as possible, at the Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, dating from the phenomena of the Fox sisters at Hydeville in 1848. Whether the phenomena were trickery or were genuine manifestations does not concern us in an article which deals with the history of opinions, rather than with the opinions themselves, and criticism of their authenticity is no part of our scheme at the moment. From the Fox episode we date the rise of modern spiritualism and the whole consequent literature of its investigation.

STUDY OF THE OCCULT IN ENGLAND.

That this should have so happened is one of the curious coincidences, the apparent accidents, which meet one in history and biography at every turn. There have been sporadic episodes of psychical phenomena and inquiry in England ever since England has been a nation. The followers of St. Columba must have brought stories of his second sight when they came, as Bede tells us, "to the Middle Angles, Mercians, and East Saxons, whose chief city was London, and instructed them in the liberal arts." Merlin, at the court of King Arthur, the *Specularii* of the Middle Ages, Cornelius Agrippa in the sixteenth century, Dr. Dee at the court of Elizabeth, Lilly and Aubrey towards the end of the seventeenth century, are all landmarks in the history of Psychical Research in England. The interest, however, was never widely diffused, and was centred about individuals rather than in the subject as a whole. Even the curious and well-attested story of the Epworth Ghost of 1716 would never have received the attention since bestowed upon it, had not the Wesley brothers become famous. The "Cock Lane" incident of 1762 is best remembered as having been investigated by Dr. Johnson, and even the exciting story of the Tedworth Drummer had been forgotten till later references sent us back to Glanvil's picturesque simple story.

In 1825 Hibbert published his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, and one feels that Psychical Research was on the way, when, about the same time, the phenomena of the Seeress of Prevorst also attracted attention on the Continent, and to some degree in England.

WHY THE REVIVAL CAME FROM AMERICA, 1848.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this at our doors, and of very much more of like kind on the Continent, modern interest in the subject of occult phenomena is not consequent on any of these things, but came to us from America. Obviously, the ground must be prepared before the seed can take root, and a glance at surrounding circumstances may suggest why the episode of the Fox sisters should arouse a degree of interest which far more dramatic stories had failed to attract.

In the first place, a special feature of the Hydeville phenomena was the claim of the Fox girls to the power of communicating with the departed. This was something quite different from the examination of spontaneous apparitions on the one hand, and from the evocation of

the dead in Witch of Endor fashion on the other. It was equally removed from the various methods of divination formerly practised by witches and fortune tellers and seers of various kinds. It attracted very large numbers, as emotional appeals always do. The idea of communication with those who are gone can be indifferently to none; it must attract or disgust, it must be food for heart-hunger or offend the most tender sensibilities of all who consider it. The "spirits" did not say much that was of interest or even, as we should say now, that was evidential; but, as Mr. Lang has said in some such connection, the miracle of Balaam's ass was not that she said anything in particular, but that she said anything at all. Professors Flint, Lee, and Coventry at Buffalo "explained away" the raps as due to ingenious dislocation of the joints of the hands and feet; but it does not seem to have mattered greatly, for the Fox following increased till, in twenty years, so *The Spiritualist Magazine* estimated in 1867, the spiritualists in America amounted to two-fifths of the entire population.

It took four years for the movement to travel to England, where it arrived in 1852 in the person of Mrs. Hayden, a professional medium from Boston, and it "caught on" at once. The same cause already suggested would, of course, equally apply over here, and there were others as well.

CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES.

As has been already said, the soil was prepared. People were much occupied about this period with what they called Odic Force, or Electro-Biology, or Mesmerism. Mesmer had been dead thirty years, when, in 1845, Reichenbach published his work on Odic Force; but as early as 1841 Braid had read an address on what we now call Hypnotism at the British Association, and this had been published in 1843. The physiologist Herbert Mayo and the ingenious Dr. W. Carpenter lent their powerful aid in keeping alive public interest. There was no real connection whatever between the phenomena of Mesmerism (then, even more than now, when we allow so much for suggestion, considered a *physical* fact), and the spirit-rappings of Mrs. Hayden, but they all belonged to the region of the marvellous, and even in our own day there are people of confused ideas who consider hypnotism as a psychical phenomenon.

Another important fact which prepared the way for Mrs. Hayden was the publication in the previous year of Dr. Gregory's *Animal Magnetism*, which contained what we should now consider some effective spiritualistic stories, and obtained the wider acceptance that they were recorded by a man well recognised in the world of science.

The Fox phenomena do not seem to have been lineally descended from the rappings of the Cock Lane Ghost, or the table-tilting practised by the German Jews of the seventeenth century, still less the *Baguette divinatoire*, which, according to Chevreul, was sometimes used, as raps and tilts are now, as a means to spell out words. They were ignorant girls, by no means likely to know the literature of the subject.

There was yet another reason for the hold which the

new Spiritualism had upon people of all classes. "All could have the flower when they'd got the seed." One medium made many, and such is human vanity or mental activity, or whatever the quality may be, that when a subject is prominent and interesting, every one likes to be "in it."

A less obvious reason may, perhaps, be found in some degree in the fact that Spiritualism soon came to be regarded as a form of faith, as presenting, at least the possibility, of a new revelation. There was a great deal of talk about religion in those days, and great changes were going on, not only in the form of the Anglican revival, but in various minor and even incidental directions. Much that was old had passed away, and "the new was powerless to be born." The craving for a working creed was in the air, and it seems likely that, to some, the possibility of a revelation was very real.

D. D. HOME.

Of Mrs. Hayden we know very little—personally she does not seem to have been very important, but she paved the way for the reception of a man who seems likely to remain the most interesting presentation of the spiritualistic problem, David Dunglas Home. He is one of the very very few mediums of any prominence who have never been effectually "exposed," and there seems no reason beyond the inherent improbability of the phenomena why his good faith should be doubted for a moment. His narrative of his own experiences (*Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism, 1877*) is of the most intense interest, not only on account of the subject dealt with, but because of his vivid, if somewhat self-conscious, treatment both of fact and theory. It would be in vain here, and is, indeed, unnecessary, so well known is his history, to describe his career or to dwell on the social and scientific position and importance of the witnesses to his phenomena. One cannot for the moment conceive that such as these should have combined to lie in the wholesale manner one would have to suppose necessary did one seek to explain away the stories they tell us, nor, on the other hand, can we reasonably assume it to be all "glamour," that they were in fact hypnotised and believed themselves to have seen what never really happened. This, indeed, would be only to substitute one mystery for another not more improbable.

THE CONTROVERSY AROUSED.

About the same date, 1855, the first Spiritualist newspaper appeared in England, *The Spiritualist Telegraph*, published at Keighley in the West Riding of Yorkshire, very near where Charlotte Brontë was even then conjuring with weird problems of another kind.

Naturally the prominence of the subject aroused eager controversy. Gasparin in Paris, commenting in his *Tables tournantes*, expressed his conviction that certain alleged physical phenomena did occur, but were not necessarily the work of "spirits," and Dr. Carpenter, with his theories of unconscious cerebration, and Faraday, experimenting on unconscious muscular action, also contributed to the presentation of the hypothesis that the medium was himself unconsciously the agent in table turning and spirit writing. These critics were, in fact, the first to lay down the theory of "subliminal activity," a theory new only in name, upon which Mr. Myers so eloquently discourses, just as we owe the theory of telepathic hallucination to St. Augustine, and that of the "suggestion" of phenomena to Bulwer Lytton.

To suppose the entire phenomena of the new spiritualism to be mere fraud, would be to suppose a greater miracle than the existence of something we do not understand, which after all is not an uncommon occurrence. The very recital of the names of the persons interested in the new Spiritualism is a guarantee that it attracted the attention—not only of the idle, the superstitious, the incapable of observation, which was inevitable—but also of those who had abundance of important occupations, and who would not have expended time over what was not, at least, of considerable interest. Miss Martineau, Professor and Mrs. de Morgan, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Bulwer Lytton, the Howitts, the S. C. Halls, Archbishop Whateley, Dr. Chambers, Thackeray, T. A. Trollope, Lord Crawford, Lord Adare, Mr. (now Sir William) Crookes, to quote only a few well-known names, were all persons who had other things to do, and were not likely to be attracted out of mere idleness and curiosity.

Some argued in favour of "spirits," some of a force unknown, some of sub-conscious activity. The methods, in many cases, were not difficult to account for, even apart from fraud, which no doubt often existed; among professional mediums for gain, among amateurs from vanity or hysteria. Amateurs, then as now, were often among the worst offenders, with less excuse for dishonesty, and with more danger to the public as the more difficult to "expose."

Then, as now, it was not the manner of the alleged communications but the content that was of interest to the intelligent, for after subtraction of what could be explained by thought-transference and sub-conscious activity—which they were quite capable of subtracting even then, clever as we think ourselves now—there was often a residuum, however small, which could not be accounted for.

THE TESTIMONY OF CONJURERS.

There have been many occasions, too, where there can have been absolutely no question of fraud, where even the physical fact has been beyond explanation by the most expert. Not to touch upon the fathomless mystery of Home's performances, we have the testimony of accomplished conjurers such as Houdin and Maskelyne that the phenomena of lesser mediums even, were unexplainable by trickery or unconscious muscular action. Mr. Maskelyne has asserted that he could imitate any spiritualistic phenomenon, given his own apparatus, which, however, would in many cases exceed a ton in weight.—*Fall Mall Gazette*, April 18th, 20th, 23rd, 1885.

"SOLVE THE SOLUTION."

Mrs. E. B. Browning, one of the most thoughtful of the early observers of the movement, has well put this aspect of the case in a letter to Dr. Marston, quoted in *The Arena*, August, 1892.

For theories we get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a "second personality, projected unconsciously and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance." I see nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of kicks against the analogies of God's universe. When all is said, "Solve the solution," we have a right to cry. And, although, of course, sensible men in general would rather assert that two and three make four than that Spirits have access to them, we, women and poets, cannot be expected to admit that two and three make four without certain difficulties and hesitations on our own side.

THE PROBLEM RECOGNISED IN SCIENCE, 1863.

There were moreover others, besides women and poets, who felt the same difficulty.

In 1863 Mrs. De Morgan published *From Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations*, with a long and valuable introduction by her husband, Professor De Morgan, the distinguished mathematician. The book was published under initials only, and all names of persons concerned were suppressed, but the real authorship soon became known, which was, of course, in this case, a guarantee of the sincerity of the statements.

A few years later a still more important book at once removed the question to a higher intellectual level than it had hitherto reached. In 1871 appeared *Psychic Power: Experimental Investigations of W. Crookes, Dr. Huggins, Serjeant Cox, and Lord Lindsay*, and in the same year, *Psychic Force and Modern Spiritualism*, by W. Crookes. Three years later the same distinguished author produced his *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, reprinted from the *Quarterly Journal of Science*.

The most determined sceptic, the most bigoted opponent, was now obliged to acknowledge that, whether legitimately or not, the problem of the phenomena called "spiritualistic" was one which scientific men of the highest eminence considered worthy of their attention. There are, and must always be, certain aspects of these questions which appeal to the merely emotional, the mere seeker after excitement; but a study pursued by Dr. Huggins and Mr. Crookes cannot but appear to be at least reputable and worthy of attention. For the first time the physical phenomena were submitted to mechanical tests, and Home and others were treated as material for laboratory experiment.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, 1867-71.

A less important but nevertheless serious investigation was begun in 1867 by the Dialectical Society, which organized committees for special investigations. The inquiry seems to have been inconclusive and the organization appears to us now to have been very imperfect, though doubtless there were difficulties which we are not likely, with our added experience, to fully appreciate. Mr. Russel Wallace appears to have been on the committee, but not Mr. Crookes; and why the special committees should have been anonymous it is hard to say. Only a vulgar curiosity can desire the names of the "mediums" examined (unless, of course, they were professional, when their success or failure is a matter of commercial interest), but the names of the inquirers whose conclusions we are asked to accept should certainly be supplied. In discussing a new medical discovery we expect the names of the doctors as a guarantee of good faith, but those of the patients are not even of interest except to such persons as a recent *Times* Correspondent."

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM, 1881.

The expectation that the new Spiritualism would bring in a new revelation seems, to some of us who are outside of it, to have been foredoomed to disappointment. But those within would perhaps speak differently. W. Stainton Moses, an Anglican priest, left his Mother Church for what he considered higher teaching, and possibly others may have done the same. In England the tendency of Spiritualist teaching has been towards Unitarianism; in France, to Reincarnationism. For a

long time the English Church practically ignored the problem that was occupying so many of her members; but when it became evident that, for good or ill, it was, for many, a religious question actually affecting their faith, Spiritualism was very properly, though not with much practical result, considered at the Church Congress of 1881. It was treated there as such subjects seem fated to be treated in most places, with wilful and determined ignorance. Most people were thankful to say they knew nothing about it, and, after all, such people are probably less of an obstruction to intelligent inquiry than a good many, equally ignorant, who are satisfied that they know all about it; the people who are, on the one hand, convinced of its wickedness and folly by the reading of third-hand prejudiced statements, or, on the other, are convinced of its truth by half a dozen imperfectly observed examples.

It is a game in which very few people play fair, which very few take up in a sportsmanlike spirit. It is the lookers-on who have brought things to this state, for it has passed into history that, in psychical research, inquiry into a subject is equivalent to the desire to believe in it. If you examine into the noises heard in a house alleged to be haunted, you are a believer in ghosts; if you experiment in automatic writing, you believe yourself to be in correspondence with Julius Cæsar, or your deceased cook, or some other person, as the case may be.

Consequently the subject was somewhat coldly received as a matter of discussion at the Church Congress. It was ably and dispassionately put forward by Dr. Thornton, now Archdeacon of Middlesex, and supported, among others, by Canon Basil Wilberforce, the one as a critic, the other as a partisan.

Dr. Thornton, whose position was that of inquiry as to *The Duty of the Church in Respect of the Prevalence of Spiritualism*, admitted frankly that, as a Churchman, believing in the Communion of Saints and the Life Everlasting, he had no difficulty in believing that, in the order of God's providence, communication with those who were gone before was quite conceivable, but there were other aspects of the teaching of Spiritualism to which he demurred. The theory of its votaries was, he believed, "that by intercourse with the spiritual world man will advance in knowledge, purity, and brotherly love"; and this he believed to be opposed to the teaching of the Church, and to tend in fact to the views of Arius, Plotinus, and Nestorius.

What was, perhaps, even more to the point, he submitted further that, while entirely admitting the fundamental principle of Spiritualism—the possibility of spirit communication—"I fail to see that the phenomena which they allege as proofs of spiritual agency and converse are by any means convincing." He believed—and with what is to some of us very obvious reasons so far as a great deal of "spiritualistic" phenomena is concerned—that they are "manifestations of a simple human force . . . whose conditions are as yet unknown, as those of chemistry were a hundred years ago."

Canon Wilberforce responded with his accustomed eloquence and earnestness, and the very fact of such a discussion being possible showed, as Mr. Stainton Moses wrote at the time, that "The Church of England, in her greatest and most representative assembly, has recognised her duty as a leader in respect of Spiritualism as a present fact."

Not much visible result came of it, but the presentation of the subject is at least of considerable historical

interest, and helps to illustrate our present position that a very wide interest in Spiritualism and psychical research has existed longer than the younger among us realise, and that, in spite of a recent "boom," these later years have done far less for the subject than we, who have worked but lately, are apt to flatter ourselves. We have invented a great many new words, but, as Alice says in "Wonderland," they are only the "name of the song." Long before the existence of societies to systematise and theorise, there was real scientific investigation at least not inferior to anything that has been done since.

The present writer is not a spiritualist, but in the interest of fair play, of giving a fair chance to a cause which some who are great in literature and science have considered worthy of it, it may be permissible to express the earnest hope that what is honest and sincere and true may be helped to rise above all to which the cowardly and idle among those capable of helping would otherwise condemn it. We have the best warrant for the belief that sooner or later what is not of the highest will come to naught, and it is for the good of society that it should be sooner.

Without necessarily sympathising in its methods or in its conclusions one ought to discriminate between the faults of Spiritualism and those of spiritualists, and not to condemn principles because their exponents jar against one's taste. That they should do so is no new thing. Twenty years ago Mrs. Howitt wrote: "The petty cliques and low aims and spites and failures of spiritualists, the lying mediums and lying spirits who speak through them, confirm everything that the outsiders say of Spiritualism being from the devil: if anything can kill it, it will be the follies and contemptible meannesses of the spiritualists themselves."

Mrs. Howitt speaks as a believer in the existence of the "lying spirits," and as one who knows of personal "meannesses," in a fashion of the truth of which the mere looker-on cannot judge; but the follies are self-evident in nine out of ten of the "experiences" put before the public mainly for the advertisement of the professional or semi-professional medium. Those who employ them (mainly silly women of fashion or other variety of idleness) have only themselves to thank. It is the fools who make the knaves.

The rule of the *Society for Psychical Research* of paying nobody for services of any kind other than their editor, secretary, and auditor is one of the best features of its management, and one which is absolutely essential as the only possible, though still imperfect, test of absence of self-seeking.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC ATTITUDE.

It is a delicate, but nevertheless important point, in reviewing the history of psychical research in the present reign, to inquire why Spiritualism should have lost the social and intellectual status which it undoubtedly at one period attained? The superficial and perhaps general answer would be that it has now "found its level," and that its reception by men and women of science and refinement was merely temporary. Such an answer, however, even to one who is not, in the ordinary understanding of the word, by any means a spiritualist, appears insufficient.

It would be in vain to deny that the spiritistic explanation of psychic phenomena still obtains among a considerable number of the same class of people whose early acceptance of modern Spiritualism has been described; but we hear little or nothing of their views.

During the last fifteen years at least, unless we accept as spiritualists Mr. Myers and Professor Oliver Lodge, there has been no single work of importance among English spiritualists by any one whose name is known in any other connection. Nevertheless, it would be easy to show that Spiritualism has a considerable and, it is alleged, an increasing number of adherents.

It is difficult always to lay blame on the people who do not do things without seeming to reflect on the people who do. One does not wonder that spiritualist literature is not better, but that it is not worse, considering how infinitely more might be done for the cause by the friends who should be its supporters. The brave little band who do its work might be enormously strengthened if only more spiritualists had the courage of their opinions. Their courage does not even rise to the point of permitting the publication of a list of the members of the Alliance, therefore to write down the names of a dozen or so of prominent persons who occur to one as representatives of spiritualist opinions is not permissible. There is a Secret Society air about the whole thing, for which the members have only themselves to thank. If the alleged facts of Spiritualism are to be investigated at all, the thing should be done on much wider lines. Committees of investigation consisting of well-known and reputable persons should be established, no statements should be published without inquiry into the facts alleged, no mediums allowed to advertise who have ever been exposed, or who are, in any sense, "suspect"; rules of evidence and conditions of sances should be drawn up, and no statements published as to phenomena which have occurred, without strict adherence to such regulations.

If men like Sir W. Crookes and Mr. Alfred R. Wallace and Dr. Huggins found phenomena worthy of accurate scientific investigation twenty years ago, equally valuable material may exist now, or may come into existence any day, and spiritualists whose names are known to the public ought to have sufficient *esprit de corps* to do all in their power to preserve a high standard of evidence and of accuracy in observation, and not leave a subject for which they profess regard in the hands of illiterate or at the best often emotional and incapable witnesses.

The half-dozen or so of names appended the other day to the Memorandum of Association* are sufficient in themselves to illustrate that, in spite of much that one would wish otherwise, there are in the Spiritualists' Alliance persons of position and repute; and if only others of equal standing, of whom there are many, would come bravely and honestly forward to raise the standard and status of their cause, the thinking and intelligent public would soon be put in possession of what seems at present beyond hope, namely, material worthy of criticism, and statistics and observations upon which to pronounce judgment. If even those persons whose influence in the Society for Psychical Research is tending in the direction of Spiritualism would betake themselves honestly to the group to which they belong, the group which has definite views to support and is not merely one of research, it might be considerably to the advantage of both. It is always

* Charles C. Massey, 124, Victoria Street, S.W., Barrister-at-Law; J. Fred. Collingwood, 56, Great Portland Street, London, W., Gentleman; Henry Withall, Gravel Lane, Southwark, S.E., Timber Merchant; F. Dawson Rogers, Rose Villa, Finchley, London, N., Journalist; Radnor, Longford Castle, Salisbury; Percy Scawen Wyndham, 44, Belgrave Square, London, S.W., J.P., Wilts; Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.S., Corle View, Parkstone, Dorset; Alfred W. Drayson, 20, Ashburton Road, Southsea, Major-General (late Royal Artillery); G. L. Le M. Taylor, Ministerworth Road, Old Bath Road, Cheltenham, Lt.-Colonel, Retired.

a mistake to multiply agencies, and the establishment of Spiritualist opinions should be the work of the Spiritualist Society. If its methods do not meet the approval of those accustomed to something more technical, such persons would probably not be opposed if they imported money and influence for their improvement.

"We have a great cause," wrote Mr. Page Hopps not long since—

none greater in London. Can we rise up to it? The materialists can work and struggle and pay for their dreary gospel of pulling down. What can we do for our glorious gospel of building up? There is much that could be done, and done at once, if we had the necessary funds. We want headquarters which shall be as much a credit to the cause and to the first city in the world as the present rooms are a discredit. We want a Hall for the regular meetings of the Alliance, for special gatherings, and for conferences. We want séance-rooms. We want comfortable and convenient library and reading-rooms. We want a publishing and bookselling department. And we want all these in one building, right in the centre of London—in fact, as near Duke Street as possible, only in a more public thoroughfare.

All this is our barest necessity, if we are to even attempt our proper work; and we are not without hope that friends will be forthcoming in time, to not only enable us to attempt it, but to do it. But why should we say "in time"? Why not do it now? If people, merely for excitement, pleasure, and appetite, can pour out money in a constant stream, surely those who comprehend our Message and our glorious Hope will at least provide their workers with the necessary tools.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE S.P.R., 1882.

The Society for Psychical Research opened in 1882, greatly daring, but nevertheless protecting itself against the mis-interpretation of the Philistines by the statement that:—"Membership of this Society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the Psychical world of forces other than those recognised by Physical Science."

To look back to the earliest pages of the *Proceedings*, crude as they now appear, is like turning over an album of faded photographs. We feel even some sense of loss—loss of freshness and vigour, of that single-heartedness which goes when theories come, of that absence of prejudice which disappears in face of *parti pris*. We look over the list of officers of those early days; many names are absolutely unknown to such of us as came on the scene some years later; others, again, have "passed on," notably Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, and Mr. Stainton Moses ("M. A. Oxon"). One notices, too, some well-known names which disappeared later from the list of officers, for reasons one can only conjecture; those, for instance, of Mr. Morell Theobald (then the Hon. Treasurer), M. Percival, Mr. Dawson Rogers, Mr. C. C. Massey, Dr. Wyld, and, above all, Mr. Stainton Moses. Mr. Arthur Balfour was one of the earliest Vice-Presidents, which disposes of those legends as to his later conversion which grew up around the fact of his being President of the Society in the year 1894.

Now, when the Society is adorned with many names so well known and highly honoured in science and literature, those of the little group of comparatively obscure workers have a certain pathos. Professor Balfour Stewart is the only name on the list important in science; two doctors there were, and two members of Parliament; but even Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Podmore, whose names are now so honorably associated

with psychical research, were then naturally at the beginning of things. Members, associates, and officers, all told, numbered about a hundred, though within a year they were nearly trebled. Now they amount to about a thousand, and I believe that a large proportion of its members are still at the stage of inquiry, and are adherents of the Society mainly because, in spite of much public misrepresentation, it is a Society for *research* and inquiry, and not for the propaganda of special opinions.

In its earlier years the field of research was broader than it has been of late. It began by having special committees of inquiry into certain subjects, six in number. (1) Thought Transference, (2) Mesmerism, (3) Reichenbach's Experiments, (4) Haunted Houses, (5) Psychical Phenomena, and (6) a Literary Committee for the collection, examination, and presentation of evidence. The work of Numbers 1 and 4 is now left practically to individual effort; 2 and 3 are now represented by the Hypnotic Committee, of which I have the honour to be a member; and Number 5, so far as I know, has ceased to exist. Number 6 exists, I imagine, as I had the honour of being co-opted on to it in 1893, but I have never been summoned to a single meeting, and, in fact, have never heard of it since. The work it proposes to itself strikes one as being the most important of all, as including all the rest, and as being of a nature which, if properly and conscientiously performed, ought to absorb the activities of many persons. It is obviously impossible for the public to judge of the comparative value of any evidence without seeing the evidence for that subject *as a whole*, and it ought to be possible for any subscribing member to obtain easy access to all documents, properly arranged and catalogued, upon any subject, or branch of a subject, which has been investigated.

Doubtless it is a saving of trouble to those, not students, who are only amusing themselves with the subject, to have their evidence selected for them in the *Proceedings*; but as, naturally enough, it is generally selected in illustration of some theory or hypothesis, one is never assured that there may not be other evidence of which we never hear, presenting some entirely different view of the subject.

Truly that Literary Committee should be a very hard-worked band of volunteers!

The work which the Society proposed to itself is thus set forth in its earlier publication:—

To unite students and inquirers in an organized body, with the view of promoting the investigation of certain obscure phenomena, including those known as Psychical, Mesmeric, or Spiritualistic; and of giving publicity to the results of such research.—*Proceedings of the S.P.R.* Vol I. 1882-83.

The organized body is now a large one, and a certain number of its members are active in inquiry. Psychical Research in its most rigid sense is by most of us considered as our *raison d'être*.

So much is now known about hypnotism that, except as a means of exploring sub-strata of consciousness, most of us are content to leave its exposition to the doctors.

The Spiritualists' Alliance did not exist at the time when this programme was drawn up, so the examination of spiritualistic phenomena could not be left, as it well might be now, to another body. Those of us who feel that inquiry into *spontaneous* phenomena is the proper sphere of the S.P.R. would be satisfied that such as involve the mechanism of trances and mediums,

and séances, and cabinets, and dark rooms, should be undertaken by those whose avowed concern they are, assisted, if desired, by certain representative members of the S.P.R., who might advise as to conditions of investigation, and establish a special committee for the sifting of evidence.

The honest spiritualist is quite as anxious for the exposure of fraud as any other honest man, and has often been the means of unmasking the fraudulent medium. He would undoubtedly willingly consult with those more severe in criticism as to conditions and technique, and, in the interest of his cause, go as far as may be, in accepting any test of evidence which would help the more effectually to establish his hypothesis.

Moreover, it is of no use to disguise or try to explain away the fact that whatever may be the special mechanism which goes to make a Sensitive, the machinery will never work at its best under the observation of those avowedly sceptical or even critical. Eusapia Paladino may have been a fraud of the deepest dye for anything I know to the contrary, but she never had a fair chance in England. Even her cheating seems to have been badly done. The atmosphere was inimical; the poor thing was paralyzed.

We have all written verses in our time, but fancy being ordered to write a sonnet in the examination-room! "If you can write *A Sonnet on a Harbell* at all, you can do it here," says the examiner, standing by the dusty and littered deal table; "if you can't do it, you are here under false pretences." And that is the way we talk to "Sensitives."

Why should we duplicate our machinery? The S.P.R. has plenty to do in other directions, and we might well leave to the spiritualists the investigation (under improved conditions) of their own phenomena, with as much of our assistance as they will accept, or we deem necessary. We should then hear less than we have done lately about the "change of front" of the S.P.R., which, after all, applies to but one or two of its prominent members, and those who are in favour of investigation in both directions could join both Societies. They are in no degree mutually exclusive.

The S.P.R. has done much good and practical work, involving enormous labour, largely at the cost of certain among the half-dozen or so who are the real workers. Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Myers, and the late Mr. Gurney have accomplished tasks that are simply immense. They have given us a Census of Dreams and a Census of Hallucinations, the latter, mainly the work of Mrs. Sidgwick, a real object lesson in the collection of evidence and the arrangement of statistics. They have given us, for some years past, a monthly *Journal for circulation among Members and Associates only*, and over a dozen large volumes of essays and evidence, not to speak of the two laborious volumes of *Phantasms of the Dead*, which made an epoch in the history of the inquiry.

We have re-classified and re-named various ideas and systems which have gathered round the two central hypotheses which the industry of Mrs. Sidgwick and the ingenuity of Mr. Myers have rendered at least tenable—the hypotheses of thought-transference and of sub-conscious mental activity, neither of them new, but both somewhat elaborated and extended in their application. The earlier psychical researchers, when they got past the stage of talking about "magnetism," had only two hypotheses as to any alleged phenomenon:

1. That it was a lie; this being the superlative of mal-

observation, careless record, second-hand evidence, supper, exaggeration, and the like.

2. That it was Spirits. These rapped on tables, got into crystal balls, dictated automatic writing, appeared from behind curtains, and were universally active. Now we relegate this second hypothesis to Number 4 as the most extreme, and only to be accepted after subtraction of the others, these being,

(2). Thought-transference, a frequent and often unexpected source of information from persons near or distant, and even conceivably from the departed.

(3). Sub-conscious activity, which includes possibilities of observation, and memory, and judgment, and comparison of facts,—processes of which we are not conscious at the time they are going on in our own minds, and which therefore we may conceivably accept as coming from without, whereas in reality they are of our own initiation.

The labours of the Society have also taught us to accept the fact insisted upon in the earlier days of the new Spiritualism by Carpenter and Faraday, though known long before, namely, that the means of the *externalisation* of the results of thought-transference or sub-conscious activity, or, if you will, spirit communications, is not the real question at issue, but rather the contents of the message; that crystal-gazing, or automatic drawing or writing, or table-tilting, or even audible or visual hallucinations may be simply the result of certain habits of mind, may be purely automatic, or may be due to mere unconscious muscular action,—that these "powers" are curiosities of psychology or physiology, and may exist quite independently of any "psychic" faculty of thought-transference or sub-conscious mental activities of any kind. Crystal-gazing, for example, is a fairly common power, and is often found in persons who have not the very least pretension to "psychic" gifts, a fact which should make those who have them the more careful and conscientious and modest in their claims.

The Society has also taught us something, but not nearly as much as some of us could wish, of the history and literature of the subject. The present writer had the honour of presenting, for the first time, a slight but more or less consecutive history of Crystal-gazing; Mr. Gurney published some very valuable contributions to the history of the Witch Superstition; and Mr. Myers, though not in *Proceedings*, has given us a valuable sketch of Classical Oracles.

We have also devoted a good deal of money, and of space in our *Proceedings*, to the examination, often the exposure, of Mediums, including a very detailed "blue-book" published as the result of personal inquiries in India on the character and phenomena of Madame Blavatsky.

At the present time we are engaging, temporarily let us hope, in the cult of hysteria, an inquiry which may more suitably be left to the medical profession. If we are going to prove that psychic gifts are the concomitant of brain or other disease, it will be high time to dis-establish our Society.

Surely if any subject of inquiry demands absolute sanity, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, it is Psychical Research.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' ALLIANCE.

(Founded 1884; Incorporated 1896).

Mention has already been made of the Spiritualists' Alliance, which is understood to represent those persons interested in psychic inquiry who are already convinced of

its spiritualist interpretation. This, however, is not a necessary condition, for the prospectus announces only that—

This Alliance has been formed for the purpose of uniting together persons interested in the study of Psychical or Spiritualistic Phenomena; of providing them with opportunities of investigation; and of affording them information by means of papers and discussions.

This, it will be seen, is on sufficiently broad lines to include even the inquirer and the person who, as yet, only wants to know what there is to inquire about.

Though the Alliance did not spring into existence till two years after the foundation of the *Society for Psychical Research*, it was, so to speak, built on the ruins of an earlier one, founded by a very earnest investigator, the late Mr. Burns, the well-known publisher of spiritualist literature.

A good deal of matter has been introduced into the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* during the last five years, mainly by its accomplished Secretary, Mr. Myers, which is so definitely spiritualistic, not only as to its possible but as to its assigned interpretation, that one can no longer allege that the S. P. R. is not committed to Spiritualism. Though each contributor is held responsible for the opinions contained in his article, some of those recently published coming from an important official, and directly contrary in tone to the early utterances of the same and of other authors, may naturally be taken as at least what the newspapers call "a new departure"; and one feels that, for example, not only a considerable part of the accounts of Mrs. Piper, but the whole of the three lengthy papers on Mr. Stainton Moses, would have appeared more suitably in the pages of *Light*, of which he was for many years the Editor.

THE FUTURE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

It is surely desirable that there should be one society for inquiry into spontaneous phenomena only, a society definitely for inquiry and not for propaganda. About two-thirds of the persons one meets with "do not in the least believe in what you call psychic phenomena," and are intolerant of the very mention of spiritualism, and think "all these stories utterly ridiculous." BUT, "well, there was just that strange thing that happened"—and so on. Why should all such experiences be lost to us, to put the thing commercially, by discouraging such witnesses at the outset, hurling theories and interpretations at them before they are ready, or perhaps even before we are ready, for anything of the kind? If they like to take the S. P. R. as a halfway house to Spiritualism, as some have already done, that is their concern; but we seem likely to be left, before long, without any means of discussion without *parti pris*, of comparing experiences and collecting evidence, without being compelled to pigeonhole them according to certain theories, of having no meeting-ground for the majority who are still at BUT; of having, in short, nothing corresponding to the S. P. R. of old days, the society which gave us such papers as Mr. Edmund Gurney's on *Hallucinations*, Mr. Hodgson's on *The Possibilities of Mal-observation*, Mrs. Sidgwick's on *The Evidence for Premonitions*, for *Phantasms of the Dead*, for *Thought-Transference*; when we had discussions so business-like as that of *The Calculus of Probabilities applied to*

Psychical Research, by Mr. Edgeworth, or *The Experimental Comparison between Chance and Thought-Transference*, by Colonel Taylor; what Mr. Lang has called the eminently "sportsmanlike" addresses of Professor Sidgwick on *The Canons of Evidence*,—the days when Mr. Myers was unfolding to us his ingenious theories, when they seemed helpful and lucid enough to most of us without his recent appeal to the support of hysteria and brain disease.

There is much to be done without this, many elementary questions still to answer, for such of us as, like the present writer, confess themselves still in the infant school of psychical teaching; much to learn from traditions distant in time and space, from primitive folk-lore and the savage races of our own day, from the wisdom of the East and the chronicles of Egypt, from the local traditions, to go no farther, of our western and northern counties, or of Scotland and Ireland and Wales, and Brittany.

Has the Society ever published one well-attested or carefully investigated case of alleged "haunting," a case observed by, say, half a dozen competent adult witnesses, and reported at the time of occurrence? Are we any further than we were twenty years ago in the interpretation of clairvoyance? or in that of the acquisition of knowledge not in the mind of any living person? or of premonition, or of almost any of the facts of those spontaneous phenomena which are the basis of the stories which begin with BUT? Are we, in short, in a position to help those who have not accepted the spiritistic interpretation, and who are interested in that residuum which the theories of Thought-Transference, and sub-conscious mental activity are inadequate to explain?

If the Society for Psychical Research would do any or all of this, it can only be by leaving the hypothesis of Spiritualism to the spiritualists, the cult of hysteria and alexia and graphia to the specialists whose function they are, and the induction of morbid states to the students of the Salpêtrière, who, by the way, unless we are misinformed, have in considerable degree abandoned that form of vivisection as not much more useful than the other.

Looking back on the history of Psychical Inquiry in the present reign is not wholly cheerful nor wholly encouraging. Much has been done, but rather in systematising the known than in bringing nearer the unknown. The Spiritualists and the Theosophists are happy in their dogma, and the patient and philosophic are content in their waiting; but a good many have only found themselves in a *cul de sac*, where they sit down helpless and unhelpful, holding out no hand to those of less experience who follow in their footsteps.

To quote the old motto of BORDERLAND, the dictum of the greatest man of science England has ever seen,

To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the seashore, while the immense ocean of truth lay unexplored before me.

There is so much in this subject of psychical research which appeals to our highest hope, our tenderest associations, our most sacred memories, that one feels from the heart what science teaches to the intellect, that it is only in realising with profound humility how very much is unexplored, that one dare lift up eyes of profoundest reverence and trust to the immense ocean of Truth which lies before us.

X.

Y.—HAUNTED HOUSES.

I.—IN THE EAST RIDING.

AN ECHO OF AN OLD-WORLD TRAGEDY.

THE first time I ever remember seeing a ghost was in a curious old-fashioned house in a remote part of East Riding in Yorkshire. I had gone to stay for three weeks with some cousins during the month of September.

THE HOUSE.

It was, I suppose, a pretty place, but the surrounding country was too flat to please me, and I had heard so much about the house that I was bitterly disappointed to see a large, bleak, and very straight white house. There were no gables, no creepers, or anything to relieve the ugly whiteness. A rookery on the left-hand side as you went up the drive was the only really redeeming point. There was also on the left a small "beck," as they call it in these parts, in other words, a running stream with an old punt on it. At the right were a few trees, and beyond these stretched large kitchen gardens, hidden from view by high walls. In front of the house, and running also to the left, was a large rookery, beyond was a sunk fence and a green field, neither of these at all took from the bare look of the house.

THE JUSTICE ROOM.

Before going there I had heard that there was an old well not far from the house, and that the place was reputed to be haunted.

This rather pleased me than otherwise, as I never thought I should be the one to see the ghosts.

The inside of the house was charming; a lovely oak staircase went up from a big hall. All round the gallery at the top of the stairs were rooms. These were nearly all called after some colour, such as "the blue room," "red room," &c. But there were heaps of passages, in the middle of which were three or sometimes two little steps leading to other passages, which branched off to different parts of the house.

But there were two rooms which pleased me very much indeed. One was downstairs, and was called "the justice room"; it had curious figures all round the walls, and was a very uncanny looking room; the other was an old garret, which went by the name of the "crocodile garret." How it came by the name I do not know, but it was the joy and terror of my heart. It had great chests in it, which we were told were full of old dresses, lovely brocades, all hand embroidered, and jackets slashed and lined with satin, hats with long feathers, silk stockings, complete costumes of the old-fashioned day for men and women. It was also full of all the rubbish which was not wanted anywhere else. The window of the garret had been barricaded up since the time of the window tax, and the only light there was came from the door or was made artificially.

The door was usually kept locked, but whenever I could get the key I loved to go there, as I wanted very much to find out, if possible, why it felt so uncanny. I never told anyone why I loved it, or what I wanted to find out. Ghosts were rarely spoken of except on Christmas Eve, when with bated breath, and the lamps turned low, our hair was made to stand on end by some blood-curdling tale.

After I had been about three days in the house, it was arranged that there should be a fancy ball, and we were

to use the old dresses. Great was the turning out, and immense fun it was trying to fit the old-fashioned clothes on to young-fashioned shoulders. The men's things seemed to be much too narrow for the back, and yet they were supposed to be such big men.

Everyone was fitted at last, and a grand time we had.

THE SPECTRE WITH A HUGE HEAD.

That evening I went as usual to my room, and went to sleep. After having been asleep some hours, I woke feeling something in my room. I was too frightened to cry out, and I lay still staring at the darkness, when a form gradually appeared out of the darkness, and a person with a huge head appeared at the foot of my bed. Presently the form began to move, and then my courage began to return, but my body remained in a sort of frozen condition, though my mind was clear, and I was able to follow every movement accurately. It moved rather slowly towards my wardrobe, and finally disappeared behind it. As soon as the form had gone, I got up, lighted my candle, and determined to follow it.

THE WARDROBE.

I had to pull out the wardrobe, and certainly must have had super-human strength as it has been perfectly impossible for me to move it again. I squeezed myself behind, and in the panel of the wall was a little door. I went in with my candle, and as soon as I had got inside the door saw, to my horror, the form with the huge head coming towards me. There was a puff, and I was in the darkness. Just as the puff came, I saw a very strange thing, that the body had no end to it, below the waist was mist.

But my candle was out, and I was in the strange little place with that horrible head not far from me, and even now I hardly know how I managed to get back through the little door into my room. Of course I tried to push back the wardrobe, but it refused to go, and after many unsuccessful attempts, I was forced to leave it, and get into bed. I had been there some little while trying to sleep, when I heard a shoving noise, I struck a match quickly, and saw, to my astonishment, that the wardrobe was in its place, but I saw nothing more.

In the morning it seemed to me as if I must have dreamt it, except that my muscles ached with the vain attempts I had made to put the wardrobe back in its place. I decided not to say anything about it to my cousins, as they would be sure to say that it was the excitement of the dance, and I had a great horror of ridicule in any way.

A BOLD LADY.

Nothing occurred for about a week, and I was beginning to think it really was a dream, when one afternoon as I was going upstairs in broad daylight, I saw the same thing. A huge head and the same peculiar finishing off of mist. This time I followed it, determined to find out, if possible, what it was, and where it was going to. It led me down the gallery along a passage in which were two or three little steps, up a flight of stairs into the "crocodile garret." The door was shut when we arrived, but it opened apparently easily, and we both passed through. Then the door shut, and I was horrified, so much so that I hardly dare breathe. There was I alone in the place with this creature; for as I explained

before, the only scrap of light there was came through the door, so that if I had wanted to move, it would have been almost impossible for me to do so, as the garret was so full of old furniture and everything else that was old or disabled; but as I stood there a light appeared. I could not at first make out where it came from, as I did not know then that everybody, whether alive or not, gives out his own peculiar light.

THE GHOST AT HIS TOILET.

It grew clear enough for me to see that the apparition was opening one of the old chests and was robing himself in the dress of a monk. Very slowly, but very surely one garment was put on over the other, and the monk's cowl completed it. The light seemed to die out, and I could feel the apparition was quite close to me. He opened the door, from which I shrank back in horror, but some unknown force compelled me to follow. Down the little passage and stairs we went until we reached a small flight of stairs with a door at the top. This appeared to me to take a long time to open. A cold draught of air seemed to fill the whole passage while we waited; it was so strong that once it blew back the monk's cloak, which was a very wide one, and I was afraid it was going to touch me, and I felt as if I was being frozen up. The door opened finally and he turned and looked at me with eyes which shone and dilated as though with inward fire.

Though horrified, I was again compelled to follow; and as soon as I had reached the top stair the door shut, leaving me once more all alone with the terrible phantom.

FOLLOWING THE DEAD MONK.

At first it seemed to me absolutely dark, but soon my eyes became accustomed to the dimness. The darker it was the better I could see the strange luminous light which he threw from him. At last a ray of real light appeared, and we went through another door, which led us into the garden near the old well. I had inspected the well by daylight, and had found out that there were two sets of steps to it: one led to the water, another to a long passage, into which I did not go. Down these steps we went. They were green and slimy, and I found it extremely difficult to keep my footing. I would have given worlds to have turned back, but whenever I tried to do so he turned and looked at me, and it seemed to me as if I was mesmerised and could not help myself. We stopped once for a few moments, till he pulled out from under his cloak a lantern, which I had not seen before. On he went again, faster than ever; and I saw another curious thing. The light he gave out was changing colour. Was it the effect of the lantern, or what? I looked and looked, when, to my utter horror, I saw another figure approaching.

THE GHOST OF THE GUILTY MAN.

Such a lovely woman, with short hair curling all over her head, and a long white drapery on. Her skin was very fair, but her eyes were dark. She was walking along with her head down, but a slight noise from the monk made her look up, and she blushed such a lovely colour, while her eyes shone like stars. Apparently she did not see me. The monk rushed forward, caught the woman in his arms, and kissed her. Then they walked up and down the passage, while I paced behind like a sentinel. I could not hear what words they said, as they spoke very, very low. They must have gone up and down for a long

time before they decided to part, and then each went their own way. I was standing irresolute, not knowing which to follow, when the monk looked at me again, and pointed to the woman, and I at once began to move after her. To do this I had to pass him, and a shiver ran over me as I did so, and a cold wind blew over me as I passed. But again a look propelled me forward. The passage, as I said before, was quite dark, except for the light she gave out. This did not appear to be visible to herself, for, while it helped me, she stumbled and fell, and groped, as if in the dark, for the side of the passage. Sometimes I heard a great sob come from her, as if she was heart-broken; still she went on, and in time we arrived at the end of the passage.

THE GAZE THAT OPENED DOORS.

Then I understood how it was the door opened, for I saw her look at this one fixedly, and as she looked her eyes grew larger and more luminous, until the door opened very slowly. Still she kept on looking at it, until we were able to go through. As soon as she took her eyes off, the door closed.

We were in the open air at last, and I drew it in, thankful to breathe it again. But I had not seen the end yet. She went on, crossed a courtyard, up some more small steps, and into a very bare-looking room. I saw she was a nun, and that I was in a huge nunnery. She laid down on her bed, and cried her heart out. Presently she stopped, and I went out, but as I went I could still hear her crying and sobbing. So this was their story: the monk and the nun were meeting, and I had been a witness to the fact.

FIVE MILES!

I was left alone to find myself some five miles from home. I hunted about for the passage, but could not find it anywhere, so I had to trudge as best I could, in dread and terror, lest I should meet anyone I knew so far from home, and so weary that I did not know how to walk back; and not being very sure of the way made me feel more tired than ever. However, I gained my own room at last, and was glad enough to do so, but found it was impossible to rest.

The following day I tried hard to make people talk on the subject, but in those days they were very reticent on such subjects; so I got no definite news at all.

AGAIN!

For about a week I saw nothing more, when one evening, going upstairs, I saw the same apparition at the top. He looked at me with the same strange luminous eyes, but though I had determined not to follow him any more, I found it impossible to keep those resolutions, when he looked at me, and when I got to bed my heart beat so fast that I knew something was going to happen. True enough it did, and I went once more through the scene I have just described, only there were more actors in it, for I saw to my horror that there were two other on-lookers. They had been found out, and I concluded that the end was near.

THE MONK TO THE ROCK.

After the interview, which lasted an unconscionable time, an old nun showed herself, and also another old monk, and they were taken back in custody. This time I had to follow the monk. He was led to the justice room, where all the monks were assembled, and they sat in judgment upon him. Though I did not hear their words, I knew by their actions that he would not

be spared. He was evidently found guilty, and was marched off to a place that looked almost like a dungeon, where he was put on the rack. It was awful, and though several years have passed by, I shudder all over with horror when I recall it. But enough. His legs were torn from their sockets, and he died.

THE NUN BEHEADED.

How I got back to my room I do not know, but for several days I was unable to leave it; but one evening I was passing the old well, when I saw the nun. Her draperies were the same, but she carried her head under her arm; so I concluded that was her end.

I have never been to the house since, and I do not think I should wish to go there. The old house has passed into alien hands, but still exists, and only last year I was informed that the present inhabitants had seen the figure of a man at the head of the stairs in broad daylight, and that below the waist was mist.

Also it is a fact that a white lady walks by the old well, and is a well-known apparition to the family. If either the owners of the house or the present inhabitants see this story, they will recognise the ghosts, and will also hear the true story which connects both of them.

X.

II.—A HAUNTED HOUSE IN AYRSHIRE.

BY MRS. B. RUSSELL-DAVIES.

AUCHIN'S BRAE, as I propose to call it, is not the real name of the haunted house I propose giving an account of. Ayrshire, however, is the true name of the county wherein the house and estate are situated, and the exact locality is just thirty miles as the crow flies from the old "Brig o' Ayr," and is, I think, as pretty as any part Ayrshire can boast of.

The house is not an ancient one, and is in an excellent state of order and condition, but the site on which it stands was in the long ago occupied by a genuine feudal castle, and a few minutes' walk from the house through the park there is to be seen an enormous cairn or cromlech, almost hidden now by the large dark Scotch firs which have ground around and upon it.

THE BLUE ROOM.

I have visited my friend Mrs. Carre many times during the past few years, perhaps eight or nine visits have been made, each one for not less than a couple of weeks, and during my first stay the ghostly powers of the house had scarcely manifested themselves, and I had only been disturbed on the last two nights of my stay by noises and movements which might have been caused by mice. On the morning of October 18th, 1893, I started by an express from St. Pancras to Edinburgh, and arrived at my destination at 9 p.m. same day, and met with my usual hearty reception from my friends, Mrs. Carre and her sister, Miss Gilbert. My hostess showed me to my room, remarking as she led the way, "You are rather far away from Freda and me, but we thought you would be warmer in the west wing now that the weather has set in so very cold, and you have the blue room, which faces south-west."

I found my room looking cosy and charming, an enormous fire burnt in the grate, and many candles lighted up every part. Curtains to the windows, and bed of chintz, bright with garlands of flowers. A pretty

light blue carpet, and the same shade of colour was in the wall-paper. "One of the cosiest rooms I ever saw," was my remark. "I shall sleep here like a top."

THE CUPBOARD IN THE DOORWAY.

This is an early household, and all retired before 11 p.m. In my room I drew up a comfortable armchair in front of the blazing fire, and sat for about half-an-hour before getting into bed. On the right side of the fireplace I noticed a doorway covered by curtains, and thinking it might lead into a dressing-room, or be another entrance into mine, drew them aside, and found that wherever it had originally led to, the doorway was quite closed by a handsome oak cupboard being built up in it. I closed the curtains and retired for the night. I like a fire in my bedroom, and had taken care to see that mine would last for some time. My armchair was before it just as when I had sat there, and my night-light made a soft glow where I had placed it near my bed. There was nothing weird or likely to suggest the idea of ghosts in connection with this bright little room. But no sooner was I in bed than I became possessed of the feeling that someone was near me, that other persons were in the room.

MIDNIGHT WANDERINGS AND SHUFFLING.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a sound near the curtained doorway, which I have described as having been converted into a cupboard. I sat up in bed listening intently and plainly heard voices whispering, but was unable to distinguish words or one voice from another. Then came movements as of a person walking in large, ill-fitting slippers. Whoever they were, the persons causing the noises were on the other side of the doorway cupboard, in what I supposed to be another bedroom, and I came to the conclusion (as it was now nearly 2 a.m.) that someone must be taken ill, and wondered who it could be, as there had been no mention made of other visitors staying in the house, and only we three ladies had dined together.

Certainly there was a very large staff of servants, but they were in quite another part of the house, and none would be likely to be near the west wing apartments.

Once or twice it occurred to me to get up and offer my services, but knowing that if my friends desired my presence, we were on such intimate terms that either Mrs. Carre or Miss Gilbert would not hesitate to send a maid for me. I lay quietly until 4 a.m., not for one moment had I slept up to this hour. But now the sounds died away, and I fell asleep, not waking until the maid arrived with my breakfast (which I always take in my own room) at 8.30. The maid was a disagreeable sulky girl, whom I had never liked, and therefore I did not ask her who had been ill during the night, although feeling very curious on the subject.

A MYSTERY.

Leaving my room later on, I found Mrs. Carre and her sister in the drawing-room, and in response to the question as to how I had slept, answered that after the sick person in the next room had quieted down, I had slept well. While saying this, I saw a look of surprise in the faces of my friends, and both exclaimed at once, "Sick person, why there is no one ill, *neither is there a room next to yours.*" "Oh, yes, the room to which the door near my fireplace led into formerly!" "But there is no room, that door is an old way cut through the wall

on to the great landing; not requiring it we had it made into a cupboard or wardrobe, and the depth through the wall is five feet; ours, I think, was a house built to withstand a siege, surely you were dreaming and restless in the strange bed!" "Not at all! I slept quietly enough when I did go off, but it was 4 a.m. before this happened, and it was the noise of people whispering and shuffling about in loose slippers which hindered my going to sleep." I could see my hostess was becoming alarmed, and when she said, "Oh dear, I do hope you are not going to find we have ghosts!" I wished I had not spoken of the disturbances, and determined upon not mentioning in future anything which might occur, as doubtless there would be a repetition of the previous night's noises. Events proved that this resolve was a wise one, for I found Miss G— was even more excitable and nervous than her sister, and being physically very delicate, she could not, without suffering, bear any excitement or emotion. So the experiences which came to me I kept in my secret heart, with the exception of one or two incidents, which I wrote of to Mr. Stead, and these were simply by the way, and not for publication.

THE SPECTRAL SIGH.

On the second night I found a goodly supply of books had been put into my room, and the hour still early, I stirred up my fire, popped my toes on the fender, and seated in my easy chair, settled down to my book. I had read for some time, being deeply interested in my story, when a sound, like a loud sigh close by my side, disturbed me. I looked up. No one near me! and then, although there was nothing to be seen, I heard the sound of a person breathing hard, and it came from the direction of the opposite side of the fireplace on my right. Here there was another chair on which I had thrown a heavy shawl I had worn over my shoulder when coming through the cold corridors from the drawing-room to my own apartments. I now laid my book softly on to my lap and listened intently. That the chair near me was occupied I felt quite sure, though I could discern no form, but a sound, as of a person breathing heavily and with difficulty was very distinct, and to say the least of it, there was something exceptionally uncanny going on. It would be useless to pretend that I did not feel just a tiny bit nervous, for I am no braver than other women, beyond the fact that from many and long experiences I had grown more or less familiar with what is called the supernatural. But this was distinctly uncautious, and as I sat and listened, without seeing, the feeling came over me, that here there was something out of the common and very uncomfortable. How I sneaked into bed I don't know, all I can tell is that when once the bed-clothes were over me I got under, and never moved until it was time to get up.

THE GHOST AT THE WRITING-TABLE.

Not one word did I breathe to my two friends in regard to what I had heard; but as the day wore on and night was near, it was not without a feeling of creepiness, "to say the least of it," that I thought of bed-time. Time flies when least desired, and 10 o'clock p.m. came all too quickly. No sooner had I opened my book (let me now mention that my reading was a very frivolous novel), not a book likely to induce nervous attacks or hysterical imaginations or to lead one's thoughts towards the supernatural. As I have said, no sooner had I opened the book than the usual sound, half sigh and half moan,

disturbed the stillness round me. But it was louder and stronger than ever before it had been, and I saw the grey outline of a big form, huddled together in the chair near to my writing table which was about three feet from me. It was only a glimpse I caught, and then all disappeared, and no further disturbance occurred that night; but what I had seen and heard had been quite sufficient for me, and I wished with all my heart that my friend could give me some other room, not quite so isolated and a little less haunted. I would cheerfully sacrifice all the stray gleams of sunshine my window reflected, for the blessing of a peaceful night's sleep. I do not object to ghosts by day, but in the still small hours of the night, I prefer their room to their company. It would have been a great relief if it had been possible for me to have talked over my experiences with Mrs. Carre and her sister; but the least allusion to the subject would I know terrify both, and in all probability make them ill, for both were nervous highly-strung women. I could not ask for another room without appearing fidgety or giving a good reason for my wish to leave the Blue room. So for a fortnight I bore the frequent disagreeable sounds and occasional glimpses of the ghostly forms who seemed never far away. Night after night they came, sometimes softly sighing, at others making a distinct sound of groaning, while once or twice I heard a sound like to that of people whispering. I found that in a strong light the manifestations were weaker, so my only chance of obtaining rest and sleep was by brilliantly illuminating my room, and I have frequently slept under the "protecting" influence of the light from six candles and a pyramid night light. The possession of the "gift of discerning of spirits," is not without its drawbacks, and I have had many shocks during the thirty years I have been in possession of my strange faculty.

At the end of a fortnight I bade my friends farewell, and returned to London.

A CARESSING GHOST.

It was in 1894 that I once more became an occupant of the sunny room in Auchins Brae, to which my friends thought I was so devoted. It was ten months since my former visit, and I had had time to recover from the frights of that time; and as the house was to have many other visitors besides myself, I hoped that some of them would be placed near to me in the west wing; here, however, I was disappointed, for all the rooms on the same floor as mine were unoccupied, only those above were to be used, and these by two little children and their nurses. I arrived on the 1st of August, and until the 8th not a sound or movement came to disturb me, and I had ceased to expect anything uncanny to occur. But; alas! before I had been many minutes in bed on this night the old sighs reached my ears, distinct, even loud whispers came from several parts of the room. I felt hands on my head and face stroking gently, and in what appeared to me a caressing manner. But this I could not lie still and endure, and trembling violently sat up in bed, exclaiming aloud as I did so: "Who are you, why do you disturb me?"

"I AM MARY JEFFS!"

To my astonishment a voice answered distinctly: "I am Mary Jeffs." I saw a woman's form run swiftly across my room, the dress making a loud rustling sound as she passed. The woman was *running*, not merely walking quickly, and she disappeared in the recess I have previously described as being filled up by a cupboard, and covered by a curtain. In a few

seconds I heard a crash in the room above me, and felt certain one of the little children had fallen out of bed, seriously hurting itself. I listened for some time, but nothing further happening I lay down, and while thinking of the wonderful appearance, the voice, and the crash overhead, fell off to sleep, and did not wake until called by the maid at eight in the morning.

My friend and hostess always comes to have a chat with me in my room before going down to her own breakfast, and I was not long before telling her that I had heard one of her little visitors fall heavily out of bed during the night; she was much concerned, for both the little ones are delicate children and easily made ill. Mrs. Carre hastened to see and question the head nurse, in whose room the children slept. The woman declared that nothing of the kind had happened. The boy slept in a cot at her side, and the girl, four years of age, had a small bed, out of which there was no reason she should fall.

A HELPFUL SPECTRE.

Mrs. Carre returned to my room to tell me this, adding, "You were dreaming, my dear." I knew this had not been the case, but did not further discuss the matter, preferring to wait and make enquiries personally. Later in the day, meeting the nurses and children, I said, "Nurse, I hope Miss Margaret was not hurt by her fall out of bed last night." "Oh, no, ma'am, she did not fall, and I told Mrs. Carre so this morning." "Oh, but she did, I heard distinctly." The nurse again denied, when suddenly the little girl exclaimed, "Yes I did, nurse, I fell out of bed; you were asleep, and the lady picked me up." Mrs. Carre, who had stood by listening, here spoke, saying: "Margaret, what do you mean? who put you back into bed?" The child hesitated, and then answered, "I don't know, a lady. I was sleepy." "Were you hurt?" I asked. "No, not a bit. I was sleepy." This was all we could get the child to say; she is naturally a stupid child, but all the same I knew that it was "Mary Jeffs" who had gone to her aid.

THE INVISIBLE VISION.

On the night of August 11th I retired to my room at the usual hour whenever staying in this delightful house, viz., ten. By the time I was ready to get into bed it would be about eleven, or a few minutes past. Not feeling inclined to sleep, I placed two candles on a small table by my bedside, and opening an interesting book began to read. The room I always occupied was reached by a long narrow passage leading to the west wing of the house. This passage terminated with a glass panelled door, which stood at the head of a very steep staircase. At the time of my present visit no other person than myself occupied any rooms on this floor, and even if there had been thus, this staircase is never used, excepting when the two bedrooms—mine called the "Blue" and the other the "Yellow" room—were occupied by gentlemen, whose servants would require to go up and down to their own apartments.

Not a sound could be heard as I lay reading, and my astonishment was great when I heard the handle of my door turned as though a person intended entering. I was not at all surprised that no sound of footsteps had reached me, because the carpets were very thick and soft, preventing even the sounds being heard a person with a heavy tread would make. My only idea was immediately: "Oh, Mrs. Carre wants something,"

and calling out: "Wait a moment, the door is bolted!" I got out of bed and opened the door. There was no one there! the lamps were all out and the passage very dark. I called: "What is it; who wants me?" Not a sound of any kind disturbed the stillness, and fastening the door again returned to my bed, where I lay thinking over the strange occurrence. I did not want to read any longer, but could not go to sleep, so lay thinking until close upon 2 a.m., then putting out my candles turned on my left side and composed myself to sleep. But sleep refused to come, and I could not throw off the feeling that there was someone moving about my room.

UNCANNY NOISES.

I heard the sound of voices whispering, but could not what I call "locate" them. They were near me one instant, almost close to my face, but before I could move or speak, the sounds would be in quite a different direction, near the ceiling, the door, or the fireplace. Beyond the disturbing effect of the voices and movements, no attempt had ever been made to injure or hurt me, and I had grown comparatively fearless, and on this night sat up very boldly in my bed, and drawing back the curtains, looked round the room, fully expecting to see a number of ghosts lurking in my neighbourhood, but there were none, not even a very small one. I spoke, saying, "If there is an unhappy soul here who wants mortal help, will he or she speak to me now and tell me what troubles them, or how I can help them." The voices ceased, not a sound broke the stillness now; I waited, expecting every instant to see some form near me; none came, and after sitting up for between ten and fifteen minutes, lay down, satisfied that I had stopped the ghosts for this night, at all events.

A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

I was wide awake, my night-light and fire both bright, when suddenly I saw hovering over me and near the ceiling! what I can only describe as a large shapeless *black mass* falling towards me. I felt myself seized by a *number* of arms, every part of my body seemed gripped in a vice by this evil spirit or spirits. I felt that "it" was trying to lift me up from the bed, and the feeling of horror which possessed me is beyond description. I was paralyzed with terror, when seemingly from afar off I heard a voice call my name twice; it seemed to rouse me and to restore my strength. I tried to move, I struggled, again the voice came, but in tones of agony, thus: "Oh, my Medie! struggle, save yourself, save yourself!" I did struggle. I fought, and at last freed my right arm, which I lifted up and struck out with. I felt it pass through some soft resisting substance, and heard a sound as though I had *slapped* flesh, and I was free. I saw the "mass" roll, as it were, off the bed and sink through the floor of the room. How I lived through that night I cannot tell, my terror was so great, I felt as if my life hung by the merest thread. I know that many people reading this will say at once, "Oh, this was nightmare." It was not nightmare, it was no dream. I had dined as usual at 8 p.m., and as mine is a very small appetite, had taken very little food and nothing later.

This manifestation was not my only experience, it was the climax of a regular systematic haunting by evil or earth-bound spirits, and only one of the many forms of annoyance caused by these unholy beings.

III.—THE MYSTERY OF TICK FEN.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE FENS.

THE *Peterborough Advertiser* of May 8th publishes a lengthy account of ghostly hauntings in a house in Tick Fen:—

In the remote parts of Tick Fen, a district seemingly adjacent to Ramsey, Chatteris, and Warboys, are two old thatched and boarded cottages, in one of which lives—and has lived for ten years—Samuel Rowthan, a middle-aged horsekeeper in the employ of Mr. Alfred Fuller, J.P., his wife, and an eighteen-year-old daughter, who unhappily is in a decline. Next door there has lived since Wednesday week Wm. Livett, a foreman on Mr. Fuller's farm in that district, together with his wife and child. On Monday, 26th ult., the bedridden daughter was roused at midnight by rappings at the gable-end of the house against which was the head of her bed. The walls being wooden, the noise was the more apparent. The rappings, at first in sequences of three and four, increased to six and seven at a time, and louder as they proceeded. Then they would cease for a space, recommence more vigorously, until they were heard by next door neighbours, and one report says also at a farmhouse 500 yards off. The mother and father, at rest in the same room, were also violently alarmed, but for a time did nothing, thinking the manifestation would cease. Instead, it increased, until the "Ghost," as if angered at being pooh-poohed, would cause "a terrific crash" to take place. Outside, nothing was to be seen—clear and starlight, the noise continued to ring out across the frosty night air of the fens. They slept no more; the rappings re-occurred at intervals until the advent of dawn seemed to drive the malicious "spirits" before it. On the following night, though at a different time, a repetition of the phenomena took place. They bore it heroically and said little. The night afterwards the empty house next door (No. 2 in the sketch) was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Livett. The rappings against the gable of No. 1 were renewed more vigorously than ever; search parties were again organised, everyone was baffled. The countryside began to talk, watch parties assembled in the hoary cottages until well in the morning—still the wild incoherent rappings occurred—occurred whilst voluntary watchers—sturdy fennemen whose hearts never quailed at fright, nor were their minds flummied by a ghostly mystery before—were on the look-out both inside as well as outside the building! No timid Ghost was this, for the pulsations continued with Vulcan thud, and reverberated o'er the stillness of the Level whilst they located with eyes and ears the very spot upon which the invisible blows were given! On Saturday night and Sunday morning Mr. Webster, bailiff for Mr. Fuller, together with a companion, kept vigil in the "haunted house" from midnight till three. The noises were repeated with the greatest freedom. He drove back to Ramsey, admitting that he was baffled even in the cleverest of theories he had in his own mind conjured up to account for the mystery.

The special correspondent of the paper in question was despatched to investigate, and his report is clear and explicit. The first person whom he interviewed was

Mr. Webster, the bailiff of the estate on which the haunted house was, and who sat up for three hours with the ghost! Getting into conversation with him, I found him to be a shrewd and sensible man, but he readily admitted "This beats everything. At first, like everyone else, I ridiculed the idea, but the thing got so notorious that I said to myself I would spend a few hours there. I did go with Mr. Gerald Fuller, the owner's son," and Mr. Webster smiled at the very thought of himself doing so. "I got there," he added, "at midnight on Saturday, and took up my quarters in the lower room (there are only two). I found, however, I was not by myself, there were twelve or fourteen others in the house—Munns, Giddins, Cooper (3,) Gowler, Walker, and others. They had been there some time, and had heard the rapping. I had not been there two or three minutes when it commenced." "What was it like?" "Well, it gave two raps slowly on the side wall of the house, and then four quickly and rather musically. I went upstairs, thinking it was perhaps a trick of the invalid daughter or someone upstairs.

But I was with her talking to her when it occurred again. I went downstairs. It was repeated louder than before. I rushed outside. The night was clear—starlight in fact, hardly a breath of wind, and whilst I was outside the house the men inside heard it very plainly. I looked carefully around—critically determined, if it was a trick, to find it out. Nothing could I see. I then went indoors again, examined the bedroom carefully, and the knocking at the end wall was repeated, though this time a little lower down. Completely astonished, I sat down in the room, and it occurred several times more. It cannot have been any one belonging to the house, because they were talking to me when it occurred again and again. Ghosts, spirits, and all that kind of thing I don't believe in, but I must confess I can't make this out at all. Having been quite satisfied that the noises did occur, and that it was impossible for me to discover the cause, at three o'clock I took my departure. Sometimes it was louder than others. At times so faint that the voices in the room drowned it, at other times quite loud. At one time I thought it was someone or something in the chimney, but I soon set that at rest by getting a ladder and climbing up to the top. If it had been any human agency I do not think the discovery could have escaped me. This was it—*tap-tap* (pause), *tap-tap-tap-tap* (rapidly and heavily)."

The reporter then visited the house and interviewed Mrs. Rowthan and her daughter, who seems to be the psychic cause of the hauntings.

The flooring of the bedroom on the wall side had been torn up, for some of the watchers fancied they had found the cause among the woodwork of the floor! "My daughter slept here," said Mrs. Rowthan, "with her bedhead against this end wall; and the rappings at times made her iron bedstead ring. Some of the blows came from the flat side of the wall, and others from yonder corner. They startled her, and made her worse than ever, poor thing—but what could we do! She's kept her bed for twelve months now, and yesterday Mrs. Livett kindly allowed her to be removed to the next house."

"When did it first occur?"

"A week on Monday night she first heard it, at about eleven o'clock, and it seemed to start on the wall against that beam in the ceiling (lower room), and kept up till three o'clock. Tuesday it wasn't so long, but louder, and on Wednesday and Thursday evenings it began at eight o'clock as nearly as possible—as soon as it was dusk, and continued till two in the morning. The rappings seemed to get louder the longer they continued, until they sent my daughter into a fit with fright, and then we got her moved. When it first started Livett's was empty (No. 2), and we were glad when they came on Wednesday. The knocking could be heard quite well in their house, and it kept them awake night after night. (Mrs. Livett afterwards corroborated this to me.) My husband loaded his gun and went out in search the first night, but there was no one about. Since then there have been dozens of people on the watch every night."

Questioned further, Mrs. Rowthan added that they came there from Chatteris, where they were with Mr. Hughes Smith, farmer; the family were Wesleyans, and her daughter, her only child, was eighteen years of age. I was somewhat interested to see her, and embraced the mother's kindly offer to take me to her.

For this purpose I passed out of No. 1 into No. 2. There greeted me on the threshold Mrs. Livett, a little homely-looking housewife, who was quite ready to give information. "It's for the papers, I s'pose, sir. Well, it's a nice thing for us; just come into the house. The noise seemed just as loud here as it did in the next house. There appeared like a hammering two, three, or four times, and then a smash right loud. We couldn't sleep, and we can't sleep. Sometimes they heard the noise at Mr. Smith's farm. None of us have been in bed—we couldn't sleep, so we might just as well stay up."

This was the larger house of the two, and Miss Rowthan lay in one of the bedrooms in the roof—the apartment having been at some time divided. With her ample auburn hair, large restless blue eyes, and well-shaped face, from which the colour had not altogether fled, she formed a picture in that lowly tenement which the seeds of disease had not yet robbed entirely of that which was interesting and even beautiful. She said that she did

not hear any rappings now, and had been able to snatch a little rest, though it was very meagre, for the horrid rappings had made her so ill. This little speech cost her much; the events of the past few days had completely unnerved her, and she had not even strength to rise.

Mr. Levitt, the occupant of No. 2, arrived soon afterwards. There was no need of an explanation of what I was about. "Ah," he said, "the marvellous thing is that I have heard it whilst I stood here. Sometimes it's high and sometimes low. It's a thick stud and clay wall, it's true, but it can't be anything in the wall or even in the thatch. We've probed it and done everything. It's funny that it usually starts at dusk; nine o'clock on Saturday, and on Sunday twenty or a quarter past seven o'clock. You see, sir, it's not like a beetle or anything of that, the thumps are too 'lumpy.'"

IV.—THE HIDDEN WILL.

A CASE WHERE THE SPIRITS WERE OF USE.

A FEW years back I was travelling with my husband through the Western States of America, and having heard so much about Kansas City and its lovely surroundings, we decided to remain there for a time. Some friends we called on recommended a boarding-house in one of the principal thoroughfares—a lovely old house surrounded by an old-fashioned garden. The landlady and her daughter were charming hostesses, so that with their pleasant manners and pretty rooms we congratulated ourselves on having fallen into such pleasant quarters.

After supper we all went on to the verandah. Being the month of August the nights were hot and no one cared to retire too soon.

We were a large and lively party, and it was late before we separated for the night.

The room my husband and I were to occupy was a large one, with two French windows opening on to a balcony which ran the whole length of the room.

I had been asleep about an hour when I suddenly awoke with the strange sensation that somebody was in our room, and sitting up beheld standing at the foot of our bed an elderly lady, tall, slight, and dressed in pale lavender. She had such a sad expression, and her mournful eyes held me spell-bound as she was gazing steadily at me. I was naturally alarmed, thinking one of the boarders had entered our room, so roused my husband. He told me to keep quiet and see what she wanted, when she walked slowly through the window on to the balcony, and after a few seconds returned again, and, when in the middle of the room, a vapoury mist enveloped her and she disappeared.

We then knew that it was no earthly visitor we had been entertaining.

The next day I told our landlady what we had seen, and she informed me we were sleeping in the haunted room, and begged us not to tell any of her boarders about our nocturnal experience.

I naturally did not wish to pass another night in the room, but my husband laughed me out of my fears.

A few nights after, my little boy, who had his cot in our room, woke me to tell me there was a lady walking about, and he could not sleep. While we were watching her an elderly man joined her. He was handsome, but with a cold and sinister expression, and after a few seconds they disappeared the same way as before.

These visits became quite frequent, and as they did not annoy us in any way, we took no further notice of them. But when my husband had to go further West on business, and my little boy and I were left alone, my courage failed me and I became nervous and ill.

Some of the leading Spiritualists in the city, at my request, held a séance in our room, but the only satisfactory elucidation of the mystery we got was, that they were earth-bound spirits, and would remain so until some one helped them undo the wrong they had done before leaving this earth plane.

My scientific friends tried to impress on me that it was my duty to remain there and unravel the mystery. I declared I would do nothing of the kind, but would pack my boxes that night and leave the next day, so that some stronger-minded

person might perform the task, as my nerves were thoroughly unstrung; nor was it to be wondered at.

That night, after having finished my packing and feeling thoroughly exhausted, I lay down hoping to get a little rest, but had scarcely dozed off when a hand was placed on my shoulder. Springing up I beheld the form of a man pointing wildly towards a large cupboard in the corner of the room, evidently wishing to show me something there. My readers may imagine my terror. I tried to scream, but could not utter a sound. At last I lost all consciousness, and knew no more until awakened by the friendly tones of the breakfast bell. That morning I bade adieu to the haunted house and its inhabitants, sincerely hoping never to see the place again, but my wish was not to be granted, for in less than twelve months we were again in Kansas city. The first evening I had a strange desire to visit the haunted house again and inquire after our spirit friends. Being well and strong and not having to pass the night with them made me feel very brave. On arriving at the house Mrs. S., the landlady, was delighted to see me, and asked me up into my old room to have a quiet talk. The lamp was burning low, and we both had our easy chairs by the open window. Whilst sitting there I became entranced, and some unseen hand led me into the closet which was used as a wardrobe. I removed the things from one side, then pulled back a piece of board and drew out a long blue envelope, when the strange influence left me. The packet was addressed to a lawyer in the city, to whom Mrs. S. took it the following day. On opening it the lawyer was surprised to find some little deeds and the will of a gentleman, formerly a client of his, that had been lost over twenty years before at the old gentleman's death.

He had left part of his property to his wife and the remaining portion to a nephew and niece of his; but his wife not wishing them to have their share of the property had hidden the will, and dying suddenly was unable to reveal its hiding place, and the house was let to strangers who turned it into a boarding house. That was the reason she haunted the room where she had concealed it, and her husband came to help her fulfil her mission.

They were neither of them ever seen again, so let us hope they are at rest.

S. P. R.

The writer of the foregoing, in reply to an inquiry as to the authenticity of this narrative, wrote as follows:—

DEAR SIR.—With regard to the "Hidden Will" I can most decidedly vouch for the truth of it, simply having related the facts as they occurred up to the time I discovered the packet of legal papers, and those I gave to my landlady, Mrs. Snyder, not troubling further about them beyond hearing they were satisfactory.

V.—HOW TO RELEASE HAUNTING SPIRITS.

TIEN, Mr. Morse's control, was asked last April—

Is it a fact that places are haunted for hundreds of years, and that the unhappy spirits cannot progress unless assisted by mortals?

To this inquiry "Tien" replied affirmatively. It might seem strange that a spirit could be in a place for hundreds of years, chained there by some attraction which it was apparently unable to withstand. Hundreds of years seemed a very long period indeed, from the mortal point of view; but to the mind the duration of time was frequently a very relative conception. Thus, under the shock of some great grief or trouble, the sufferer will seem to have lived a lifetime in a single day. This was even more the case in the spirit world, where the intensity of every emotion and experience was immensely quickened and deepened, and a spirit might be for a hundred years of mortal time practically conscious of only having lived a few days or hours, so absorbed might he become in the contemplation of the causes that held him to his condition. To release such a spirit it was necessary to reason with him, to take counsel with him, to bring mental power and force to bear upon him, to quicken his spiritual perceptions by helping him to realise that brooding over the past, and submitting to a morbid feeling which chained him to the past, is the worse possible use he could put himself to. When he could be thus helped and encouraged he would

become liberated and clothed in his right mind, and would leave the locality that he had been associated with so long. Hauntings came from two classes of spirits, and, singular as it might seem, two classes of opposite natures: the very gross, ignorant, and superstitious, and the highly refined and sensitive classes. The spirits of the one class were, as a rule, held by their fears or by some depraved form of physical appetite, the other spirits by their extreme sense of honour and remorse. The one case might be described as a purely physical association, and the other as an extravagant form of mental association. The "happy medium"—the common person—escaped so sad a fate by reason of the sturdy common-sense with which he faced the problems of existence.

VI.—TWO HAUNTED GIRLS IN INDIA.

THE *Madras Times* of May 7th publishes the following narratives of what it calls "A Haunted Young Lady at Ooty." The writer says:—

Since I have been in Ooty I have heard very strange stories of ghosts, their appearances and their doings, and also of the various and curious actions of individuals possessed with devils. I was no believer in ghosts, but my last experience with a young lady, Miss Floralina Burbalina (this is not her real name), has verily made me believe in the existence of ghosts and in the possession of devils by some individuals. Miss Floralina, who was living in a house not a stone's throw from the general market, some time ago, with a young friend of hers, now married and named Mrs. G. H., paid a casual visit one evening to a Roman Catholic graveyard.

HOW IT BEGAN.

Three days previous to their visiting the graveyard, a man had committed suicide and was buried therein. Being light-hearted and not over-scrupulous, these young people made the graveyard their playground for that evening, and both of them carried their mischievous temperament so far as to dance and jump over the grave of the man who had committed suicide, and brought matters to a climax by even digging out the cross that was imbedded in the grave. When they returned home they fell ill, and I am given to understand that they were actually possessed with devils.

POSSESSED BY DEVILS.

They were restless, looked at every one with fiery eyes, and became so uncontrollable that they had to be safeguarded within the precincts of a room. They would tear their clothes, and if women crossed their way in the house or held them they would simply be sent reeling to the ground, but if men constrained them from doing anything hurtful or injurious, they would partially yield to their threats. Days rolled on, and these unfortunate young women were daily tormented, and put on such hideous countenances, letting loose their hair, that men even were sometimes afraid to approach them.

DELIVERED.

The great burden of being possessed with devils was at last rolled away by a native woman offering some *mantras* before some cut fowls, flowers, and limes. Afterwards they were in very good spirits and health, and rarely fell ill. The second of the two, whose married name I have given, was Miss Grace F. She got married and left the house. On the evening of Sunday, the 25th April last, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Miss Floralina named above. She then seemed calm and tranquil.

THE DEVILS' RETURN.

The following evening I was asked to come over, when this young lady and Mrs. F., mother of about seven children, with whom she and her brother are boarding, related to me some startling facts which I refused to believe until I had witnessed the same. Mrs. F. told me how these two girls were possessed with devils, how they then behaved, and what has been stated above. She added that from the 20th April or so stones were

pitched by force from outside, and glasses smashed to atoms from six to twelve midnight, and that these stones harmed no one.

WINDOW SMASHING.

On the evening of the 27th April last, when I was returning home at about seven o'clock, I heard a big pane of glass fall heavily to the ground. Advancing a few yards further, I heard sounds as if stones were thrown on four sides of the house, and later on I heard several glasses fall and break on the ground, and immediately I heard the inmates of the house cry out. I hastened home and took to the house a Mr. H. G. L., whom I know intimately and a couple of police constables. The police station was between our two houses, only a distance of a few yards. We went there, and to our utter astonishment we saw glasses being smashed to atoms by big stones as if thrown with a considerable amount of force. What astonished us most was the breaking of glasses at which stones could never be thrown from any corner outside the house. When stones were being thrown, Miss Floralina Burbalina told us that a large stone had fallen from the roof, grazing her head, when she was engaged in combing her hair in her dressing-room at about 2 P.M., and further informed us that the stone-throwing and breaking of glasses had commenced at 12 noon.

SEND FOR THE CONSTABLES.

Making certain that some mischievous hands were at work, we collected a few more constables, and scattering ourselves in bushes and ditches outside the house, watched in vain till 11 P.M., for during our stay outside the house stones fell in abundance. On Wednesday, the 28th April, a number of constables, under two heads, Mr. H. G. L., and myself, went to the house at about 7 P.M. On this occasion we sometimes saw stones thrown at glasses and sometimes actually saw glasses falling to the ground without stones. This aroused our suspicion a good bit. After a short chat with us on the matter, Miss Floralina Burbalina said that she would retire, as she was feeling tired. While walking along to her bedroom a medium-sized piece of granite broke a glass close to her with great force.

THE SWOON OF THE POSSESSED.

She, nevertheless, retired to her bedroom, and soon after her brother informed us that his sister had swooned on her cot. We went in and found her breathless, speechless, and stiff. After a good deal of trouble we restored her. A few minutes after she again fell into a faint, and was much worse. However, she recovered senses after a long time. On Thursday, the 29th ultimo, Mr. H. G. L. and myself heard that glasses had commenced to break at 12 noon. In course of the evening we went over to Miss Floralina Burbalina's house, and there found a large muster of constables and head constables ready to obey orders. We asked the young lady how she felt, and her reply was "as the shades of the evening are falling, I feel a chill sensation in my body and my hair bristling up. I feel curious." From 5 to 7:30 P.M. showers of stones fell, breaking to atoms every window pane.

ABNORMAL STRENGTH.

She sat in a chair in a corner of the room, and while talking to us with her usual spirits, calmly and quietly swooned and became so restless and strong that five men were not able to keep her down. One thing was particularly noticeable, and that was that not a glass was broken when she was in a swoon. A few minutes after she got up from her chair with such force that some of us holding her were thrown aside. She stood and almost shook every one holding her. With our might and main we made her sit down. She sat, her whole body still being stiff as a piece of wood. A few seconds elapsed, and she again stood up and gave a deal of trouble and wanted to go outside. One of us asked her why she desired to go out. She gave no reply, and commenced to extricate herself from our clutches. She was then conveyed to her bedroom and made to lie on her cot. She kicked about and used her hands with such force that some were afraid to stand near her. A few minutes after she was removed to her cot a broad pane of glass of the room door fell to the ground, and

was smashed to atoms. This glass was not facing the street or the compound, but was the centre glass of this room, which is the centre room of the house. In the meanwhile the constables sent for a Malayali devil-driver.

TWO HEADLESS WOMEN.

While we were expecting this man and holding her from getting up, Miss Floralina Burbalina's prayer-book, that was in her chest-of-drawers in an adjacent room, came flying through the pane that was a few minutes ago smashed, and fell near her right hand. We were all surprised at this incident, and asked Mrs. F. where the prayer-book was that evening, and she assured us that it was in Miss Floralina Burbalina's chest-of-drawers. She was quiet for a few minutes, and then said, "I want to go out." I asked her why, and her reply was "to see two women." I asked her who these two women were, and her startling answer was "two headless women." Then she became very restless and was determined to go out. We had to keep her down with force. Again she said "I want to go to the graveyard." Mr. H. G. L. asked her object in going there. She replied, "I want to go to the graveyard to see Miss Grace." Miss Grace is the married young lady who went with her to the graveyard.

ENTER THE DEVIL-DRIVER.

The long-expected Malayali devil-driver came into the room, and as soon as he approached her cot, the young lady, who all the while had her eyes closed, opened them and looked so fearfully at him, and made an attempt to pounce upon him. The Malayali spoke to her in a very loud and angry tone in Malayalam, and while he was speaking, the girl had her eyes fixed on him. The Malayali, named Kunjini Gandhu, was then engaged in writing something on a long slip of paper, and then prepared something with ghee, pepper, &c., like a cigarette. He first rolled that long slip of paper and placed it in her hair. She stretched out her hand to take it away, but the man very quickly knotted it with her hair. The young lady then commenced to spit on him, when the Malayali, with a malacca cane, which he says has power, pointed it to her, and boldly going before her, asked her to spit on him in Malayalam. She never attempted this again. This cigarette-shaped roller he set fire to at the tip and allowed one of us to hold it and allow the smoke to get into her nostrils. After some time she was all right at 11 P.M., and spoke to us as usual till 11.45 P.M., when a glass broke with considerable noise. She fainted away. The Malayali left the house at 11 P.M. We used the same roller and blew smoke to her nose, and after some time she seemed perfectly well, able to move about the house, and even drank a cup of tea. As we were told that she was disturbed from 12 noon to 12 midnight, we remained in the house till 12.30 and then returned to our respective homes, fully believing that she would not be disturbed.

AGAIN STONES.

On Friday, the 30th April, stones commenced to be thrown from 12 noon, and continued till 11 P.M. She swooned once, but not so seriously. However, she had a fearful appearance. On Saturday, the 1st instant, she told us that a little after 12 noon she went to fetch a plate from the dining-room, when it was withdrawn from her inch after inch. She was in a much better state of mind this evening, but all the same, glasses were being broken. She went out for a walk this evening, and as soon as she entered the house one solitary glass in a window near her head burst and fell to the ground. Speaking to one of us of her misfortune, she said that she could see two headless women every night, and when she opens her eyes while in a swoon she fancies that the roofs are flying in the air. On Sunday, the 2nd instant, we went to her house a little before 12 noon. She seemed all right, but occasionally looked very hard at some of us, and sometimes at all three. A minute after 12 a large mud stone came flying into a room, and then a glass was broken without the aid of a stone.

THE GIRL DEPARTS.

The father of the girl was wired to on Sunday evening, and he arrived on Monday evening from Goodalur, thirty-two miles

from Ooty. On Monday night the damage to glasses was something enormous. Luckily she did not faint. On Tuesday (yesterday) she and her brother packed up their things to leave Ooty for good to Goodalur. As Miss Floralina Burbalina was passing from room to room, packing up, stones were not thrown and glasses did not break from the windows, but glasses were flung near her. They left Ooty last night, and Mrs. F. and the children removed forthwith to another place.

In my lengthy account of this possessed young lady I have not in the least exaggerated facts, but I have recorded them as they have occurred. The house presents a desolate appearance, and is in a ruinous state. After dusk people are afraid to pass it.

This cutting from the *Madras Times* came to me enclosed in the following letter:—

Lawrence Asylum,
Ootacamund,
1st June, 1897.

Dear Sir.—Herewith is an account of a remarkable "Borderland" performance which took place amongst us. I regret very much that I was not present in person to witness it, but I send you authenticated testimony to the same from two gentlemen who are personal friends of mine, and who gave me their letters to forward to you for publication if needed. One is a sea captain (retired) and the other a licentiate in medicine and surgery, and who was one of the medical officers called in to watch the case. I can vouch for their veracity. Trusting it will be of use to you,

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
G. BURBY,
Ootacamund.

Madras Presidency, India,
28th May, 1897.

I can bear out all the statements made in the *Madras Times* by its Ooty correspondent under the heading of "Ghosts at Ooty." The correspondent is known to me, and has recorded facts. I personally witnessed the strange occurrences on three consecutive nights, and although I sought hard to ascertain the cause, I was unable to trace it to any physical agency. I may mention that several persons who were present with me when I visited the "possessed" house, are one with me.

JAS. L. KELLY, L.M.S.
(In sub-charge St. Bartholomew's Hospital).

Hope Villa,
Ootacamund,
9th May, 1897.

DEAR MR. BURBY.—I may start with telling you that I am an unbeliever in spiritualism; but I was at "Ethel Cottage" the night before your namesake left for Indabar, and windows were being smashed on all sides, apparently without any human agency. I was there for over an hour, but could not discover the cause of breakage. Some of the folks present attributed the cause to some supernatural visitation, but I want proof,

Yours truly,
W. H. BURTHELL.

VII.—THE GHOSTS WHO HAUNT SPEAKERS AND ACTORS.

THE following extremely interesting paper on "Seeing the Invisible" ought to provoke some of our clairvoyant readers to send us their experiences. Do they or do they not see the phantom forms of the dead beside the living, and if they do, will they not describe some of them? The evidence of two or more clairvoyants who at any public meeting or theatre wrote down independently and without collusion what they saw behind the

speaker or the actor would, if they agreed, be a very useful bit of evidence as to the objective reality of the apparitions. The following paper is a useful contribution which might set the ball rolling.

"SEEING THE INVISIBLE."

Did the servant of Elisha really have his eyes opened to see spiritual hosts ready to defend his master? or was he merely suffering from hallucination? Were there truly spiritual horsemen and chariots in the surrounding air, or is the story only a pious myth? If the narrative is true, can it have any interest for persons living in this century, the nineteenth, since "miracles" are supposed to have ceased?

THE SEER.

Some answers to these questions may, perhaps, be gathered from the following notes of conversations a correspondent has had with a well-known medium and clairvoyant, Mrs. Brenchley, of Finsbury Park, London. This lady seems to see the spirit world around almost as clearly as she sees persons and things in the material world. When ordinary people see a man, for example, walking along "talking to himself," she sees, perhaps, the spirit of a wife accompanying him and "impressing" him with the thoughts she would have uttered if "alive." When she walks through Regent Street, she sees unfortunate sister-women accompanied by the sad, pleading, anxious spirit of, perhaps, a mother, father, sister, or brother.

On last Nelson Commemoration Day she passed through Trafalgar Square, and over the heads of the crowd assembled to do honour to the great naval hero she saw a still greater assemblage of spirits, and among them, beside the monument, that of Lord Nelson himself. He appeared to her, she says, as having both arms, but there were heaps of sailors with him with only one arm.

THE GHOST BEHIND MR. HYNDMAN.

Some time ago she heard the Socialist orator, Mr. Hyndman, speaking at Hornsey Baths, and her vision may be given in her own words. "He was speaking on the Indian famine, and saying who were largely responsible for it. I noticed where he warmed up to his subject, and when his soul reached the highest climax and the divine part of him seemed to come to the front, I saw behind him three, sometimes four, and sometimes only two spirits, but they were always the same spirits. He was never alone. When his whole soul seemed to be poured forth, one particular spirit, an elderly gentleman, would give to Mr. Hyndman his own expression of face. The old gentleman was tall, broad-shouldered, and with very good carriage. He looked a man who had been drilled well, had grey hair, with long beard, very high forehead, and good-shaped, large nose; quiet thoughtful-looking eyes, and a firm-set expression about the mouth and the bottom part of the face. I have no idea who this man was, but the expression of contentment, happiness, and love on his face left an impression on my mind for weeks after. His pockets seemed to be full of blue and white papers, like legal papers."

Mrs. Brenchley goes to the theatre once a week, and she says in this connection—"I notice that whenever an act seems to take the audience in a breath, that is the time when the spirits seem most to crowd together. And there seems to rise from the pit a sort of vapour. It comes in sheets and sheets of stuff—no chiffon is

equal to it in delicacy. And in it I could not count the heads and full bodies I have seen."

SIR H. IRVING'S SPIRIT GUIDE.

"When Sir Henry Irving was playing 'The Bells,' he was attended by the spirit of a very old gentleman, rather bent in the shoulders, with a very long dark face. He had not a high forehead, but the hair dropped over it carelessly, showing a good shaped one. He had a large nose and very long ear, with just a point towards the bottom part of the ear. His beard was short and thick, his mouth rather wide, with lips thin. I have no idea who it was, but I would not be surprised if it was a relative. He seemed to be wearing a dress coat rather worn. His hair was rather long at the back. I seemed to feel as if this spirit had a sudden 'death.' He seemed to stand at a little distance from Irving, perfectly calm and quiet. When the climax came the spirit seemed to lift its hands up and both hands went together, and after that I saw no more."

ELLEN TERRY'S GROUP.

"I have seen spirits also with Miss Ellen Terry, but they all seemed very young and there generally appeared to be three or five in a group. When the great actress holds her audience spell-bound, the group separates in a moment and they occupy different positions over the stage, making a most beautiful picture.

"When a villain's part is taken the scene is very strange. There is usually a circle of beautiful little children around the actor, and then beyond these there is usually a group of men spirits, who impress one as being wretched and miserable. The children seem to try to prevent more wretchedness, and as they lead the worn and depraved spirits away from the scene, they have caused such an emotion within me that I could not help sitting weeping in the theatre."

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S ATTENDANTS.

"Whenever I have seen Mr. Wilson Barrett, the stage has been full of spirit people, and in 'The Sign of the Cross' I saw a sort of band around them more bright than silver. When I looked up to the ceiling there would be numberless faces. Mr. Wilson Barrett's spirit guide seemed to me to be a man of forty to forty-five years of age, tall and rather stout, full well-chiselled face, round head, chin clean, but side whiskers and rather heavy eyebrows, clear complexion, and a good-natured open face. Wherever Mr. Wilson Barrett walked this spirit seemed to follow, never leaving his side. At such times the spirits appear to me to be talking, and they are sometimes so clearly visible that I have to look to distinguish which is which. The expressions of both faces are in unison, and sometimes I sense from the spirit what the actor is going to say before it comes. I should say Mr. Wilson Barrett's spirit friend has been an actor himself, because he has all the grace of the stage and seems to understand everything about it."

GHOSTS IN CHURCHES.

In further conversation, Mrs. Brenchley gave these interesting points. In many churches she sees few if any spirits, at a Salvation Army meeting many, and at a Unitarian Chapel "the building was empty, but full of spirit people." And all the times she has visited a graveyard, whether in daylight or moonlight, she has never yet seen a spirit.

J. L. S.

VI.—SPIRITUALISM.

CANON WILBERFORCE ON SPIRITUALISM.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 14th May, at St. John's Church, Westminster, Canon Wilberforce spoke on "Spiritualism and Theosophy as Substitutes for Christianity."

HOW HE CAME TO INVESTIGATE IT.

Canon Wilberforce said he did not intend to say anything about Spiritualism but what he knew, it having once been his duty to investigate the subject. Towards the latter end of the seventies there had been a great outbreak of mediumship in the North of England, societies and associations were formed, and miners in trance gave wonderful orations. In 1881 the Archbishop asked him (Canon Wilberforce) if he would carefully investigate the subject of Spiritualism, and read a paper before the Church Congress. Accordingly he examined the questions, investigated the phenomena, and read his paper detailing the results before the Church Congress. He had not the smallest desire to dogmatise, but he would give them very humbly the opinion at which he had arrived.

THE CONCLUSION HE CAME TO.

His opinion was that Spiritualism was a kind of bastard recrudescence of Pagan practices which at one time were common amongst the human race. In the dark days of Judaism Spiritualism was exceedingly common. There were instances of divination, of writing on tables and walls, of doubles, and of mysterious sounds, of being able to touch fire without being burned—all the phenomena which had been reproduced over and over again to-day.

In the early Church there were many traces of so-called Spiritualism, and he believed that the inner meaning of most of the Epistle to the Colossians was a protest against Spiritualism, as, for instance, where St. Paul spoke of worshipping angels, by which he doubtless meant those entities or beings, whatever they were, that sought communication with men in the flesh. The Canon gave some outlines of the rise and progress of Modern Spiritualism, and enlarged on the reality and genuineness of the phenomena.

SPIRITS WANTING TO BE PRAYED FOR.

Dealing with the object which the unseen beings had for seeking communication with this world, Canon Wilberforce narrated an interesting story concerning a very dear personal friend of his, a member of Parliament, a man of spiritual life and earnest, prayerful mind. This gentleman was a member of a Commission to inquire into agricultural distress in Ireland, and had taken a journey to that country to carry out his duties. While seated one evening with his private secretary there came certain sounds with which he was perfectly familiar, being a man possessed of very strong mediumistic power, while long practice had enabled him very rapidly to read the messages which were conveyed by raps. "Do you intend to respond to that?" his secretary asked him. He replied in the affirmative, and a message was spelt out. The unseen communicant having given its name was asked, "Why are you here?" The reply was, "I came because I am in the dark and I saw light." "What do you want?" "I died out of com-

munion with my Church. I never had a single prayer offered for me. I want to be prayed for." The Canon's friend accordingly knelt down and prayed for the afflicted spirit, asking that if any influence could be set free that could benefit that wandering soul, it should be done. And after that there came another message thanking him for his prayer, and saying, "while you were praying light came and the darkness passed away."

CUI BONO?

They had a right to ask after this, said the Canon, if he thought there was any practical good in Spiritualism. Here it was possible that he might differ from some of those present. He believed that there was a great amount of danger in it. Why did he say that? From a very long experience of untruthfulness of many of the communications that purported to come from that other dimension of space. It would weary them if he recounted the great numbers of messages which appeared to be truthful but which, on investigation, were found to be utterly false. Again, one rarely, if ever, obtained a communication of any kind that was not such as might have been in one's own mind at the moment, rather giving the impression that if there was any being outside of yourself it was reading your own mind first. It suggested the idea of another consciousness that could in certain circumstances be projected from oneself, thus creating the impression of another individuality at work. With the exception of Robert Dale Owen (who professed that Spiritualism had converted him from Atheism to Christianity) the Canon's experience was that advanced Spiritualists, if they were unbelievers in the Universal Soul—or what are called atheists—before taking up Spiritualism, remained atheists afterwards. Now and again there were instances of those who seemed to have entered into a new life after becoming Spiritualists. They were, however, so rare that he did not think they could be quoted as being the credentials of this fact of Spiritualism.

LEAVE IT ALONE!

He had heard of cases where unfortunate young people, especially girls, had been morally, mentally, and physically ruined through becoming entangled in occult and spiritualistic practices. Another thing he might say about what he called this reversion-to-type, this reaction to the belief and practice of the past. So far as it was regarded as a substitute for Christianity, it was an insult to Christianity to mention it in the same breath. If the Eternal Father meant them to have communications of that kind with persons who had passed on—and circumstances were conceivable when He might do so—then there would be no need for them to go and seek it. The only true way was in the spirit of humble, earnest prayer to seek to realise union with the Universal Soul, believing that God was immanent in them and earnestly pleading with Him to guide the communication, whatever it might be. As for Spiritualism, as commonly understood, he had no hesitation in beseeching them to leave the thing alone. If it sought them out, it was another matter. But for God's sake let them not make a pastime of it. Let them have nothing to do with all these bastard forms of it that were creeping into society to amuse an idle hour. They could not do good; they could only do harm.

WORK THAT SPIRITUALISTS MIGHT DO.

By Mr. J. PAGE HOPPS.

At a meeting of the Members, Associates, and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, on Friday, 23rd April, the Rev. J. Page Hopps delivered an address on the above subject, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the President of the Alliance, being in the chair.

His first suggestion was that they should make a clear and practical distinction—a working distinction—between Spiritism and Spiritualism. But, at the same time, they ought to keep very close to experiment and research; they ought to be Spiritists as well as Spiritualists.

In Spiritualism they must have a solid basis of fact and experiment. They should go on with these experiments, stick to them, and make them indisputable, so that nobody could doubt them. The more they kept their eyes on the given object, and worked at it, the more they would increase the possibility and certainty of being able to demonstrate it whenever they liked. (Hear, hear.) He would like to see the Spiritualists of London busy in some such practical direction. He thought there ought to be a committee appointed to hunt up every conceivable medium and get to know if that medium were genuine or not. There ought to be people whose duty it should be to get at all the mediums in London, to find out what kind of mediumship they possessed, and whether they were willing to exercise it for the benefit of humanity.

There was another practical matter which he had often mentioned at these meetings. Every Spiritualist in London ought to be willing to do at least this—to say: "Put down my name as one who is willing, under regulations, to answer questions or to correspond with inquirers." Now, would every Spiritualist present say to the President or the Secretary of the Alliance: "You may put my name down to do one of these things, or both of them. I will leave it to your discretion which it shall be; but I am willing to correspond with any inquirers and tell them all I know, or I will be willing to see and converse with them"? As an old hand, he (Mr. Hopps) could tell them that it was in this way some of the most blessed and beautiful work was being done.

There was another thing they could do that was very practical. He would recommend them very strongly—all of them—to open their eyes and watch carefully everything in their séances and their life's experiences, and let nothing go by them. They should send records of these experiences to *Light*, to let other people know of matters that might prove of interest and value to them. Those beautiful coincidences, those simple, touching little experiences one had, ought not to be kept to one's self. They should be regarded as a kind of revelation to be communicated for the good of other people. Would it not be better to encourage people to do this than to write letters containing personal attacks upon one another?

Another practical matter. He regarded it as a scandal that London Spiritualists had not premises of their own, so that they could have their own séance rooms and test and developing rooms. He felt sure it could be done if everybody who believed in it came forward to assist.

A few minutes ago he had said that they ought to hunt up everybody in London who was a medium. They ought to have special observers for this purpose, and

the medium, when found, ought to be talked to kindly and affectionately until he or she was in the right state of mind for willing service. Such mediums should not be made to feel as though they were mice being watched by cats, or as though they were under the observation of disagreeable people who were anxious for an opportunity to bowl them out in the commission of fraud. They should be induced to come into the séance-room just when they felt inclined, when they felt happy and comfortable; and, if necessary, they should be paid for their services.

Another question he would like to refer to was the want of "religious and teaching meetings" for Spiritualists. Let them think of the thousands of churches, chapels, and religious meeting-places in London, and of the extraordinary things said and done in them under the name of worship, aspiration, prayer and praise. Here were the Spiritualists, so rational, so human, with such a splendid truth at their command—the most wonderful truth the human mind had ever discovered—and yet they had scarcely any religious meetings.

Without going so far as to say that meetings for spiritualistic demonstrations should not be held, he did think that Spiritualists should hold purely religious meetings, at which they should have poetry, either read or spoken, simple earnest prayer, good music, and teaching from the best people they could get. He believed a great deal of spirit-intercourse could be got in this indirect way. Then, at least once a year, he thought there should be held in London a meeting of all the Spiritualists. They might hold such a meeting on each Easter Sunday; that would be an appropriate day as being the great day of the Christian year which was kept by all the Churches and all Christian people to commemorate the Resurrection. Who could better celebrate this than the Spiritualists who knew what the Resurrection meant?

But, perhaps, the best suggestion of all he could offer would be that all Spiritualists should join the London Spiritualist Alliance. That was the organised power, but a power that was only one hundredth part of what it might be even with its present constituency. If all the people who believed in it and sympathised with it would join it they might do an enormously larger work. It was merely a question of influence and money, and both these things could be gained if the Alliance were sufficiently well supported. There was the instrument, and he would say, "Come and make that instrument as strong and powerful as you can." If they believed in it and saw what it was trying to do, they ought to help it by associating themselves with it, and endeavouring in every way to further its work.

FRAUDULENT MATERIALISATION.

WHAT M.A. OXON. WAS TOLD ABOUT THEM.

IN the interesting series of papers now in course of publication in *Light*, reporting the results of M.A. Oxon's automatic writing produced at séances held in 1874, the question of fraudulent materialisation is thus dealt with:—

No. LXIV.

JANUARY 29TH, 1874.

Can I obtain any information about the vexed question of materialisation?

Friend, we have already said that such materialisation as passes current with you is very frequently the result of the action of deceptive spirits who counterfeit and trick you.

But how do they do it? Is the form the medium's?

We cannot reply, save generally. In many cases it is so. The medium is entranced, and under spirit influence is made to act a part.

The draperies?

They may be materialised, as has been the work of Mentor; but when they drape the whole body they would usually be brought by the manifesting spirits. The materialisation of so great a mass is not usual. And it is easier for the material spirits to bring with them that which they use.

Then the form is, in fact, the medium dressed up by lying spirits?

Friend, in many cases it is so, assuredly. Materialisation even of small objects is rare and difficult. The drapery that envelopes a lamp, a hand, or the like, is readily seen, but on a large scale it is not usual. Mentor tells me that he is not acquainted with any case of the materialisation of a full form amongst you. The spirits who compass such manifestations are of the lowest order. They are, as you say, undeveloped, and doubtless their pretence is false. They are not reliable. It is vain to seek for information from them, and they are but the agents of physical phenomena. This is ever so with such phenomena as you allude to.

What does Mentor mean? Has no form ever been materialised?

Oh, yes; frequently. It was a far more frequent thing in olden days. It was known when men realised the spirit world more fully, and lived more amongst its influences. Hundreds of years ago materialisation was possible, and did occur. The philosophers of antiquity knew of it. The holy and pious men of the Catholic Church knew of it, and in America it has occurred, I am informed, in modern days.

The case of Mrs. Livermore?

I believe many cases have occurred. But I have not special information.

If this be so, then those spirits who perform such manifestations must be bad?

Friend, they are in many cases emissaries of the adversaries who counterfeit and discredit our work. In others they are not evil but undeveloped. They work out a manifestation for their pleasure, and have no intent to deceive. They have no consciousness of truth. Such are to be avoided. They have vast power over the elements, and gain even greater power over their mediums, whom they govern entirely.

Are the cases of possession recorded in the days of Christ of that character?

They are similar in kind. Such manifestations are caused by low and undeveloped agency. In some cases we use such for the purpose of laying the foundations on which we work; but in most cases the influence is from the adversaries. In no case can you depend on such information as you receive from them, nor is it well to encourage personal association with them. Many cases of such possession as you name have resulted from a powerful medium being unconsciously brought in contact with such spirits, who desert their old medium and seize upon and possess the new one.

Then it is dangerous for me?

You would be protected, but it is not well to run risk. But no danger would result to you.

Do you object to my going to Miss —?

You must use your discretion.

I was right in my idea of that. The veil—?

Oh, yes. The spirits concerned in that are undeveloped. There was no materialisation as your guides tell me.

Then are the clothes and veil brought in?

We are not able to say. Probably they are. They are of earth manufacture assuredly; at least the piece retained by you.

Would it be possible to have a piece of spirit drapery so cut off as to remain?

It would not be possible; such cases are not true. The drapery is then earth-made. Spirit drapery would not remain on the plane of earth matter.

Would it vanish?

Yes. It would not be allowed to sever it. It would be of injury to the medium. It betrays the rudest ignorance in the

undeveloped spirits to talk of spirit drapery severed by mortal hand remaining materialised in the earth plane of matter. It is ignorant and foolish. Cease now.

† I. S. D.
† RECTOR.

But I want to understand whether all professed cases of materialised forms and drapery from which pieces have been cut are delusions.

We say again that we cannot decide on cases of which we have no personal knowledge. It is impossible that the piece of material in your possession should have been materialised, for it was made of earth materials already. We have said that the forms are not materialised, so far as our information extends. Those of our friends who know personally of this say that no fully-developed form has been completed, though the spirit "John King" has come near to it. This is not of my own knowledge. I do not, indeed, concern myself with manifestations of this kind, but we fear the discredit of which we may be the subject from the counterfeited manifestations.

† I. S. D.

"KATIE KING."

I am glad to report that I have succeeded in securing a photograph of "Katie King," the famous materialised spirit, to whose reality Mr. W. Crookes has borne such emphatic testimony. The figure of a man beside Katie is that of Dr. Gully, the father of the present Speaker.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF KATIE KING.

Two Worlds, in its narrative of the mediumship of Miss Florrie Cook, gives some further particulars of Katie King's manifestations. Miss Florrie Cook, speaking of the days of Katie's manifestations, said:—

We almost invariably sat under test conditions, and do now. Katie entered into the tests with great spirit (don't label that as a joke, as it is quite unintentional), and would almost invariably at the beginning of a séance tie me up herself with ropes provided for the purpose, and then invite the sitters to examine the bonds and seal the knots. She usually secured me so effectively

that the cords had to be cut at the end of the sitting, and often my wrists were quite red and sore from the tightness of the knots. Katie would take the hair pins from my hair and stick them all about the cabinet, and once, in a freakish mood, she made me stand upright, almost on tip toe, and fixed me by the hair to one of the bolts, using a lot of hairpins in the operation. Katie was, indeed, an expert in this direction. Not only did she fasten me up frequently in the most fantastic fashion, causing wonder and amusement on all sides, but she would just as readily, if permitted, exercise her ingenuity on some sitter. My friend Mr. Blyton, whose trustful disposition, thinking no evil, always secured him plenty of attention from the spirits, and set them on the best of terms with him, has put on record, I think, a curious instance. At this particular sitting Katie first amused herself by placing the heavy swab of the sofa on the table, and then laying me on the top of it, where, on a match being struck, I was found laughing. Then, with a ten-foot length of clothes line, she tied me up in a way that commanded the respectful admiration of the circle, and occasioned the expenditure of a good many minutes in effecting my release. On this, Mr. Blyton, too, thought he would like to be tied, and tied he was, first with his hands to his neck and down to the chair back, with many a twist and knot; next, in company with me, all four hands fixed securely to the same chair; and finally with a tablecloth completely covering him, and fastened round his neck with a slip-knot, on his head an antimacassar, balanced on that a chair, and piled on top of all several musical instruments, which was played in that position before the light was signalled for. You may imagine the amusement and astonishment at the singular spectacle our little friend, himself laughing heartily as any, presented. One convincing experience my friend had with Katie I can tell you of. She invited him once to feel her head how solid it was, and her hair how real. Passing his hand round to the back, he was startled to come across a big hole in her head, into which he was able to thrust the whole of his fist. He drew her attention to the deficiency. She laughed, explained that in the hurry she had omitted to finish herself, said, "Wait a moment," brushed her hand lightly over the spot, and when he felt once again the orifice was no more, but in its place was honest, solid flesh and bone.

You may, perhaps, have heard of Katie's habit of cutting pieces out of her dress as souvenirs, and restoring it instantaneously by passing her hand over the spot. Sometimes the pieces would melt away and disappear; sometimes when Katie had materialised them sufficiently, they were permanent, and I daresay, some may be in existence now. A lady took one piece to Howell and James's to match, but they could not do it, and said they believed the material was of Chinese manufacture. Another thing that Katie was fond of doing for the amusement of the circle was to throw her spirit drapery out of the cabinet and draw it back right through the curtain—a case of apparent matter passing through matter. Mr. Tapp tells of a singular experience. He speaks of her skin being almost unnaturally smooth, like wax or marble, and taking her hand once he was astonished to find that there was no bone to the wrist. Katie laughed, left him a moment to go among the other sitters, and, returning, placed her arm in his hand again, satisfying him at once that now, at any rate, there was a bone. On another occasion, he says, Katie, on coming out of the cabinet, raised her bare arm, showing that it was black, as if belonging to a negress, although the other arm was of the usual colour, and letting it fall and raising it again, immediately displayed it restored to the same hue as the other arm. He has put it on record also that on another evening, startled by a playful blow that Katie gave him, he grasped her arm tightly, and found it crumple in his grip like a piece of paper, so that his fingers and thumb met through the flesh.

PAINSTAKING PHOTOGRAPHERS IN SWEDEN.

MR. M. FIDLER, the well-known spiritualist of Gothenburg, sent me at the beginning of the year some photographs of psychic forms which he had obtained under best conditions. I wrote asking his permission

to reproduce them in BORDERLAND. He demurred. His letter, objecting to the publication of the photographs, is, however, so remarkable at the unconscious testimony to the serious and painstaking spirit in which Mr. Fidler is prosecuting these experiments, that I print it to encourage the others.

Mr. Fidler wrote on March 13th as follows:—

I would like to have daily experiments for at least six months before publishing anything. We began in 1880 with 288 plates, and at intervals, whenever an opportunity occurred, we have experimented. All 400 out of 500 were failures, except on one solitary occasion about seven years ago. In October last in London we tried and got something very doubtful. So Mrs. E. promised to continue her experiments alone or with a friend, but she became so weak and nervous she gave it up, although the photographic results were satisfactory as far as they went.

On the 21st January she came home and I invested in an entirely new fit-up for photographing, and we started 1st February to 28th. We kept promptly to 3 P.M. and photographed 96 times. The failures were 73, 14 partially successful, 6 were fairly good, and 3 I would call good (not first class).

From 1st to 8th March she was in Stockholm and returned quite exhausted.

We started on the 9th, because from previous experience we know that any loss she sustained in the photographing was instantly compensated when at home. We failed fifteen times and got three heads—two are like busts.

All this results in a very strong conviction that we are still fumbling in the dark, and to put our present results before your readers I am afraid is impolitic.

I am not prepared to say that they are or are not spirit photos. That they are produced by spirits I do not for a moment doubt, but what they are photos of is a question I would prefer leaving open until at least six or twelve months' work had been done.

By that time the friends on the other side would have tried innumerable expedients to secure success. At present it is simply experimental on their part. First we got heads, then shadowy white figures, then the features, sometimes in focus, sometimes not, sometimes blended with the sitter, sometimes up above the screen provided for them as a background. Some are heads with drapery, some are full figures, and taken as a whole the results show that the spirits have very great difficulties to overcome, which they can only succeed in by our giving them daily opportunity until they are satisfied.

My wife is mediumistic and takes an intense interest in the work of toning, fixing, mounting, &c.

We see nothing when we photo. We use a flash to help the daylight and shorten the exposure—the manifestation we only see on the plate when developed.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME "GHOST" PICTURES.

The *American Journal of Photography* says:—

It is no uncommon experience to find upon new plates certain images for which there seems no possible explanation, their startling and unaccountable appearance being "wropt in mistry," causing astonishment not unmingled with uncanny feeling. A gentleman made an exposure upon the interior of a friend's house; he was doubtful of the time, and proceeded to develop for under-exposure; to his great surprise the plate developed quickly, and to his greater surprise the image was an interior quite different from that upon which he had exposed. The plate was from a fresh box and could not possibly have had a previous exposure. Another instance of the kind, having quite a sensational and tragic ending, is on record. An exposure was made upon a view having a river in the foreground. The photographer, while developing this peculiar plate, was perfectly astounded by an appearance which he had not seen while taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed, in the foreground of the picture, the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water. Not many weeks after, to com-

plete the mystery, the body of a woman was found in the river at the exact spot where the photograph had been taken. Again, not long since, the daily papers were agitated over the account of a travelling photographer, who, upon making an exposure upon the exterior of a reputed haunted house, discovered at one of the windows a portrait of the murdered man through whom the house had gained its evil name. In another case three distinct images, having no connection one with the other, were impressed upon a single film. The plate was exposed upon a garden in the evening—nothing remarkable being seen—but when placed in the developer a man's hat of old-fashioned shape, a child's dress, and a dog were distributed over the image of the garden. Such mysterious images were more common in the days of wet plates than now. A few years back Professor Burton investigated the matter. Upon tracing back the history of the glass he found that it had been used for other films, and that the images which appeared undoubtedly arose from the remains of previous images. The old glass was thus proved to be the source of the ghosts; it only deepened the scientific mystery, while it cleared away the supernatural. The glass traced by Burton had been washed for some weeks, immersed in strong nitric acid, and every means taken to ensure chemical cleanliness, yet, in spite of all this, enough energy remained latent to form a developable image upon the new film, whether by chemical or physical force remains to be discovered. A complete solution of the difficulty would probably throw considerable light upon the nature of photographic images in general; at least, it seems to indicate that light is not absolutely essential in the formation of latent images in a sensitive film.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PSYCHIC RADIATION.

Our contemporary *Light* has published two articles last quarter on this subject. The first contributed by *Questor Vitæ* describes the latest photographs obtained by Dr. Luys, the well-known authority on cerebral and nervous diseases, as on hypnotism, late head physician of the Charité.

Dr. Luys has obtained some most interesting photographs of human psychic radiation by placing the fingers on the gelatinised side of sensitised plates while in the bath in the dark room. The radiation produced fluffy-looking borders round the spots made by the fingers. Photographs were shown of impressions produced while in the normal state, and again by the same person when hypnotised. The radius of the effluvia was much extended in the latter state, and the tone of the whole plate was influenced. But most wonderful details were shown to exist in the fluffy finger radii, when the spots came to be enlarged by several diameters. They were then shown to consist of fine radiating lines from which balls issued, and also eruptions, having the form of volcanoes, appearing from the finger tips.

He had found also that by holding a sensitised plate in front of the eye for fifteen minutes in the dark room, an impression of a nebulous appearance was produced in the centre of the plate.

Dr. Luys read a paper on this subject to the Academy of Sciences and to the Biological Society.

Some very beautiful lace-like radiations were produced by static electricity from a Wimborst machine, connected with a five-franc piece placed in the centre of the plate. Balls were shown to be thrown off from the ends of the fine radiating lines, and appeared to have run over the plate, leaving marks somewhat like those appearing on some of Dr. Baraduc's plates.

The electricity from batteries gives a different design. The impressions effected from a positive, as compared with a negative pole, differ also.

Dr. Luys also showed a series of photographs of the emotions produced in hypnotic subjects by the presentation of different chemical substances, in contact with their right and left magnetic fields, or poles, respectively. The same substance produced entirely different effects when in contact with the respective fields, or poles, of the subject.

The second article appeared on June 12th. It states that the

Commandant Darget, of Vouziers, has been experimenting in this direction for some time. The *Revue Scientifique du Spiritualisme* of M. Delanne, 5, Rue Manuel, Paris, reproduced two of these photographs, in which it is claimed that a somewhat shadowy image of a bottle had been mentally projected on to a plate. Commandant Darget states that he projected some images on to a plate held close to his forehead, in the dark room of a photographer at Tours, where he had been invited to experiment among strangers. He has produced impressions in several ways; by touching the gelatinised surface of the plate in the developing bath with his fingers; by touching the glass side in similar conditions; by touching the liquid of the bath only, and not the plate; by magnetic passes made over the plate while in the bath, without contact. He has thus obtained over one hundred and fifty images of radiation.

Everybody does not possess the necessary luminous effluvia, says the Commandant, as similarly everybody cannot mesmerise. Some people only radiate under strong emotions. Joy, sadness, anger, radiate different designs. "The radiations from the brain of a Napoleon during a battle would impress a very different form from that of a St. Vincent de Paul planning a new hospital, or from that of a criminal immediately before his execution." The halo of saints is not a myth, says the Commandant; the brain throws out rays which penetrate through the skull, even as the X rays do, and photography registers these rays.

In one of the photographs produced by the Commandant by holding his fingers in the gelatinised surface of the plate while in the bath, dark spots show the points where the fingers were in contact with the plate. These are surrounded by fluffy-looking processes, produced by the radiation from the fingers, and from these further striations project. The medium, Madame Agulano, who gave the clairvoyant descriptions of the Choisy-Yvrac astral operator, was present when this impression was produced, and stated that she assisted in its production by projecting a current of her radiation through the Commandant's arm. The Commandant considers that this is probable, as the image is more pronounced in character than any he has obtained while alone. The impressions produced resemble those obtained by Dr. Luys, who affirms that they are not the result of the heat of the fingers. He verified that by trying the effect of test tubes filled with hot water, held in contact with the plates.

On another photograph, obtained by Commandant Darget by placing his fingers on the glass side of the plate while in the bath, in the presence of Madame Agulano, the lines produced by the radiations from the fingers of the two hands assume almost the same form as that of the "field" of a magnet, as shown in the popular experiment of holding a magnet under a sheet of glass on which iron filings have been spread. The filings then arrange themselves in a form which is said to illustrate the "lines of force" of the magnet. This image, consequently, demonstrates the polarity inherent in psychic radiation.

Basing himself on Saint-Martin's statement, that the life of the organism is contained in the blood, Dr. Adam made a series of experiments with the blood of recently-killed fowls, ducks, rabbits, &c. The plates were placed over saucers containing the blood, the glass side turned towards the blood, and left thus exposed in the dark room for fifteen minutes. The images thus obtained were identical, in many cases, with those obtained by holding the fingers over the plates without contact. Both gave similar spirals, or whirls, or vortices, from which it is evident that our blood emits similar radiations to the so-called psychic or neuric effluvia radiated from the fingers.

Dr. Adam also found that some portraits taken by him in the ordinary way showed similar striations to those obtained by holding the fingers above the plates, from which it would appear that plates may be unconsciously impressed by the operator's vital radiation while manipulating them in the usual photographic process.

In contrast with these illustrations of human psychical radiations are photographs of the images produced by electrical action, which he submitted recently to the Société de Biologie of Paris.

Dr. Luys calls attention to the balls which are thrown off from the forked radiations, which resemble the fire-balls produced in storms. But a further resemblance may perhaps exist. Human beings present many analogies with electro-magnets, as has

already been shown in this journal. These photographs may perhaps also illustrate the analogous process by which the balls of luminous substance used in the development of materialisations are thrown off from mediums. It will be remembered that the passing of an electrical current through Eusapia Paladino assisted in the production of these luminous balls. It was also observed that the production of these lights was associated with the organs of generation. In other words, they imply the interaction of positive and negative elements.

The images produced by action from positive and negative poles differ, says Dr. Luys, both in dynamic and static electricity. In both the positive action produces a fibrated radiation, while the negative gives a palm-leaf-like image. Another difference is observed by hypnotic sensitives, says Dr. Luys. The radiation from the former pole is seen as red, while that from the negative is seen to be blue. The same distinction applies to the radiation from the poles of magnets, while an induced current appears as yellow. Similar coloured effluvia are seen to be radiated from human beings, of which the accompanying photographs constitute irrefutable demonstration, and in which effluvia we may assume that similar polarity also accompanies the same colours.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Tien, Mr. Morse's control, being asked by an inquirer "By what means do sensitive photographic plates, which have been carefully secured against light, receive impressions of figures and other forms while simply held in the hand, or otherwise placed in contact with the human organization?"

Replied as follows: "When such results are obtained they are due to the excitation of certain invisible rays or forces which would give the appearance or effect of light, very much in the same way as what are known as



No. 1.



No. 2.

the "X" rays. We say, *when* such results are obtained, for they are entirely dependent on certain knowledge possessed by spirits as to the chemical constitution of matter and the method of producing the particular vibrations requisite to effect the desired results. It is practically impossible for us to explain the process to you, because you would have to stand on our side of life and watch the operation in order to understand any description we might give you."

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPECTRAL DOG.

MR. J. WADE CUNNINGHAM writes me as follows from 327, South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California:—

A materialist (born of Catholic parents) became considerate of liberal religious opinion through the teaching of Unitarianism, and by its humane precepts investigated theories concerning life beyond the grave. This whole-souled doctrine, with its beauty of thought and moral blessings, reaches the ideal. But it does not furnish positive proof to the critical and exacting mind of the continuity of life.

After careful and conscientious study of spiritualism for seven years, there came proof in the form of tests from honest mediums. A member of a good Methodist family often spoke about a beautiful lady and a dog that could be seen and heard when the infidel was present. The animal would bark and jump with delight at the sound of his master's voice. He would open the latch-door of a country home, and do many things that were his custom in earth-life, evidently trying to make his presence known to his master.

The lady's spirit usually appeared in a white dress trimmed with lace. On one occasion she was requested to appear in a different costume and bring the dog to have their photographs taken. The only reply made to this request was a happy smile. Mr. Wyllie, the photographer, had no knowledge regarding the results desired, and objected to placing a vacant chair beside the subject, saying it might ridicule his work. The prime object was to get a picture of the dog sitting in

the chair beside his master. A face and bust picture of the lady's spirit in her customary dress appeared in the place intended for the dog (photo enclosed herewith, No. 1).

A second trial was made two days later. The subject stood beside a background, with the camera focussed upon the same. After exposing the plate, the operator and subject entered the developing-room, and found upon the negative a portrait of the lady in a different dress and a coveted picture of the dog (photo enclosed, No. 2).

This infidel does not expect one sin of his life will be mitigated or forgiven; and he swears the portrait is of a dog that he owned in New England, and was killed there eighteen years ago. Friends of this man in early life, who knew the dog well, substantiate the truth of this statement. There could not have been any fraud practised, as there never was a portrait taken of the dog in earth-life.

Respectfully yours,
THE INFIDEL.

DEMONIAC CONTROL.

By PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard, recently lectured on Demoniacal Possession. An erroneous report having found its way into the papers, Professor James wrote as follows to *Light* of May 1:—

I stood up for it on historic grounds as a definite type of affliction, very widespread in place and time, and characterised by definite symptoms, the chief of which are these: The subject is attacked at intervals for short periods, a few hours at most, and between whiles is perfectly sane and well. During the attack the character, voice, and consciousness are changed, the subject assuming a new name and speaking of his natural self in the third person. The new name may in Christian countries be that of a demon, or spirit, elsewhere it may be that of a god; and the action and speech are frequently blasphemous or absurd. When the attack passes off the subject usually remembers nothing of it. He may manifest during it a tendency to foretell the future, or reveal facts at a distance, profess to understand foreign languages, sometimes speak them, and prescribe for diseases. The affection may be developed by the example of others similarly possessed. In all these respects it resembles the mediumship which is so common at the present day. If one is genuine, the other is: and they must be tested by the same rules. They are evidently phenomena of one type, the benignant turn which the type has taken of recent years being evidently "suggestive" and due in part to the optimistic character of our nineteenth-century religion, just as the malignant turn of the older cases in Europe was suggested by the terrors of hell on which the popular religion laid such stress. Demon-possession and test-mediumship are, therefore, *homologous*, I said, and should be studied together. In their lowest phases they are simply phenomena of suggestion and imitation, with strong hysterical affinities. In their higher manifestations, of which supernormal manifestations of intelligence are reported so frequently, and in my opinion certainly exist, they form an object for the most careful "psychical research."

Into psychical research my lectures expressly abstained from entering. I contented myself with "rehabilitating" demoniac possession as a genuine phenomenon, instead of the "imposture" or "delusion" which at the present day it is popularly supposed to be. Of course I cited historical instances, ancient and modern, and left the whole question as to whence the "control" proceeds an open one, as, indeed, it is an entirely open one in my own mind. I certainly do not believe that "demons" control our contemporary test-mediums.

SPIRITUALISTS AND THE S.P.R.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE.

PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE last quarter addressed the following letter to *Light* in reply to some corre-

spondents who had criticised his address to the Spiritualistic Alliance.

SIR,—I observe that your readers suppose me to think that the chief work of the Society for Psychical Research is to submit reported occurrences to verification and trenchant criticism. You will allow me to say that I think this a small, though a necessary, part of their work. The importance of their position and labour, to my mind, consists in the fact that they constitute a link between the old science and the new; they are exploring the territory between that of the orthodox and (I suppose I may say) the unorthodox camps. You occupy a misty mountain-top, which to many of us scientific gropers looks more like cloudland than anything else, and you expect us to fly up there without making use of the intervening rocky but not uninteresting stretch of ground which rises from us somewhere in your direction.

We simply cannot do it; and you might stay and beckon there for ever without tempting men of science to your airy abode, except the few who happened to be suitably equipped for an aerial journey.

The Society for Psychical Research are beginning a survey of the whole mountain, and are slowly making a road. In their operations they may sometimes undermine a portion of your position, or may appear to do so. Perhaps you are so absolutely certain of the firmness and solidity of your entire structure that you care not to critically examine any of it. Well, it may be all right, but I confess that some things which I see in some of the columns of *Light* would fill me with something akin to dismay were I in any way committed to your creed.

OLIVER J. LODGE.

TO INVESTIGATORS.

From Messina, Redhill, Surrey, come the following preliminary hints to investigators, which, although somewhat stringent, are on the safe side. At the same time I cannot say that no recourse should be had to paid mediums. The labourer is worthy of his hire.

(1.)—WHAT NOT TO DO!

Don't investigate spiritualism unless actuated by the highest motives. Remember that as *here* there are good, bad, and indifferent, so are there in the *sphere* contiguous to our own, and the *good do not predominate!* Therefore you are like a man opening his street door and saying, "Let any one who likes come in." To do this safely one needs a few good policemen! Two I can recommend: Prayer and Faith! Armed with these you are safe!

Never go to a paid Medium! To be true, they must take no fee unless reliable information is given; and it is wrong to seek extraneous aid on mundane matters. God prefers speaking to His children individually! Never attend a mixed séance. It is the survival of the fittest in a gross sense, not in a spiritual one. One individual will sap the mediumistic power of the whole circle, and perhaps be the lowest-minded person there.

(2.)—WHAT TO DO.

Investigate with those, or one, you love and know, if possible, If not, *do it alone. I have done all my work alone.* Choose a time, and *keep to it.* Spirits are always punctual! Pray and expect nothing. See what comes! I would advise a piece of paper and a pencil beside you. Touch no material substance such as Ouija, Planchette, or Table. Always dip hands in water first, don't dry them.

Don't be anxious. If you feel inclined to walk about room, do so. Be free and happy. Remember you are asking God to teach you about His Highest Laws! *And He will do it.* Let all be done *in the light.* All my experiences have been in the daylight.

To Inquirers.—The members of the Spiritualists' International Corresponding Society will be pleased to assist inquirers at home or abroad. For explanatory literature and list of members, address:

J. ALLEN, Hon. Sec.,
115, White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex.

VII.—SOME PSYCHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

I.—BY A. F. TINDALL, A.I.C.L.

I COMMENCED to investigate Spiritualism about twenty-five years ago. When alone and in the *light* I first obtained table movements showing intelligence and knowledge of facts quite unknown to me. Next I obtained automatic writing, some of the script being in the handwriting of departed relatives. I was weakly from birth, but was greatly strengthened by following spiritual advice; indeed, had it not been for spirit help I do not think I should ever have been able to adequately support myself. I was brought up a strict churchman, and one of the things I dreaded most was to have my religious notions shaken. Yet one of the first communications I received was, "Just upset your notions concerning God." Bit by bit they combated my views till they altered them, thus proving a foreign intelligence to have been directing the manifestations. I had then a deal of deception, many deceiving messages. I did not get rid of these annoyances till the advent of my guide. I was told to pray for more gifts and sit alone. On doing so I felt a convulsive movement in the chest, followed by groans issuing from my lips. Then several voices spoke through me. I had thought it was necessary to be unconscious to get trance speaking, and was, therefore, much surprised. Soon after this I was sitting alone one Sunday afternoon when I felt a holy and powerful influence, and a spirit said through me, "It is I, be not afraid. It is better to be loved by the spirits than by mortals."

From that hour my guide has been able to communicate with me at any time. Sometimes by automatic writing by a method of symbols, sometimes by writing or speaking through me, or by clairvoyant visions or by an *internal* voice which I cannot describe.

He told me to leave off communicating with any spirit but himself for six months. I did so, and he said that he had built a wall round me, and no spirit could communicate in future except through him. Deception then altogether ceased, but so also did physical manifestations. I received a great deal of writing on religion and philosophical matters. I had long communications very similar to the teachings of Madame Blavatsky, but I think before she published anything. Especially I was taught re-incarnation, and it is this doctrine of my guide which has ever made his lectures disliked by the spiritualists. I was led by him to study occultism. I found the London Occult Society in 1885, and for eight years we held lectures and occult meetings, which did, I believe, much good.

However, when I became Secretary to the London Spiritualist Federation, the Occult Society was merged into it.

As I said before, all physical phenomena left me with the advent of my guide, but about six years ago I was told I should have some physical manifestations, as I so earnestly desired them, but I must be protected as they were very dangerous. We then commenced several series of sésances. We had raps, movements of furniture, lights, scent, and attempts at materialisation. Mrs. Tindall's chair was frequently taken from under her, and moved by itself across the floor. These manifestations were supposed to be produced by the renowned John King and his band. They commenced usually by his shouting through me. His voice was the same as I have heard

with other mediums, and a voice I am sure I could not simulate if I tried. Hoping I might do good, I went a tour in the country three years ago, but I found that the phenomena produced in private could not be obtained amongst strangers. This effort being so unsatisfactory, I have ceased till lately all public efforts, and the physical manifestations have again left me, but my guide wishes to deliver through me trance discourses mixed with clairvoyance or occultism, to those who are really students of the same. He advises semi-private meetings, drawing-room gatherings, &c. Of late, in withdrawing from public work, I have certainly become acquainted with facts in occultism which point to higher and further developments, and I would like to summarise some of my conclusions.

1. That we can communicate with the departed, but that much of the phenomena are due to non-human spirits, and is also a symbolical mode of teaching from the higher spheres.

2. That we have a higher self, and that our earthly consciousness is but a fragment of our whole being.

3. That the spirits of the *living* can communicate and can be summoned by invocation.

4. That the *real* existences and *real* events are in the spirit spheres, and that the whole procedure of material life is but a reflex of them. Therefore to obtain benefits, to ward off dangers, &c., we must act on the spiritual plane *before* the results of the unseen events are shadowed down upon the earth.

5. That there is a true occultism and magic art with but a slight connection with Theosophy.

6. That to do certain magic arts certain orders of spirits must be invoked.

7. That there is a Christ sphere controlling the destinies of earth, which may be called the Higher Self of collective humanity, where the true adepts are, whose material bases are the psychics amongst us.

8. That we can travel in the astral and by silent suggestion, will power, and the aid of certain entities, work much good or evil, and that ordinary humanity has little power to withstand these influences.

9. That there are mighty truths underlying the stories of black magic, witchcraft, sorcery, compacts with spirits, &c., found in the Bible and elsewhere, more truth probably than in half the scientific theories of the present day.

My address is 15, Lanark Villas, Maida Vale, if any reader wishes to study occultism, or rather the few elementary truths concerning it which have been revealed to me.

II.—BY A WELSH PREACHER.

MANY a time have I intended to send you a short account of my experience in connection with the spiritual world, but from some cause or the other I have delayed till now. I have had some remarkable communications from spirits, and I think that a few of them deserve some notice in BORDERLAND. If you are of the same opinion, here they are at your service.

When I was a youth, say from fourteen to eighteen years of age, I was of very weak constitution. I felt great difficulty in breathing, not from any tightness, but from weakness, I felt myself too weak to draw my breath. On one occasion a visitor—an elderly gentle-

man—was at my home; and I had to leave my usual bedroom and sleep with him. I was afraid that I should feel greater difficulty in breathing in this bedroom than in my own; therefore, I prayed my Heavenly Father to show me something that would do me good. No comforting thought or word flashed to my mind at the time, but some wonderful contentment came over me. I slept well for some hours, and awoke very early in the morning. As I awoke I said to myself—"I have not prayed aright, or my Heavenly Father would have answered me ere this time." At that very moment, when I was fully awake, the word *Halen*—the Welsh word for salt, was whispered in my ear—the farthest ear from my bed-fellow, who was fast asleep. After rising, I took a tablespoonful of salt, and was perfectly cured instantly. I have never felt any difficulty in breathing since that time. I fully believe unto this day that the Lord answered my prayer.

Many years after, a poor, godly man was suffering acute rheumatic pain in all his limbs—his joints had swollen and gone out of shape so that he could scarcely move his hands and feet. In a word, to all appearance, he was fast sinking: he could neither eat nor sleep. At that time I met with some Christian friends who were spiritualists, they had spiritual communications by rappings. I found out that I was a medium. I prayed my Heavenly Father to show me something that would cure, or at least alleviate the pains of this poor brother. The next time I put my hands on the table, the rappings signified that Paul the Apostle was present. I asked him would he kindly perform a miracle to cure this poor man. He replied that he could not, but that he would try to get a recipe that would do him good, and that he would deliver it to me in his house, and in his presence, naming the day and the hour he should do so. I met my friend at the appointed place and time, and there was no other human being in the room with us. I sat at the table and received the message letter by letter. It took a long time to take it; and after about an hour I had to leave, but Paul promised to meet us again at the same place at 8 p.m. to deliver the remainder of the message. Two or three minutes before eight there was not the least sign of rappings, but at eight to the very moment, they began to take place. At the two sittings the following message was given in Welsh:—

PAUL. "Let him pickle some onions in strong whisky for forty-eight hours—taking them with bread and butter, and weak tea—avoiding all kinds of meat."

PAUL (*continuing*). "New ale, oil of junipers, vitriol, wine, decoction of fox-gloves, and of the buds of the hawthorn."

The word hawthorn was given in English, and neither of us at the time knew what it was in Welsh; therefore, I asked what it was.

PAUL. "I don't know, but I will inquire;" and in a few minutes he returned with the answer—*Y ddraenen wen* (literally, the white thorn).

MYSELF. "Is he to mix all these things and take them?"

PAUL. "No," decidedly.

MYSELF. "How is he to use them?"

PAUL. "I have forgotten, but will inquire and will let thee know."

In a few minutes he returned and said, "Let him anoint his joints with the juniper and the vitriol (small quantity), and if he finds the vitriol too severe, he may use sweet-oil instead of it. Let him bathe his joints and limbs with the wine and the decoction before the fire,

and cover them with a flannel. Let him take some of the new ale when going to bed."

MYSELF. "I thank thee very much for thy advice; and I may say that I consider thee the chief apostle."

PAUL. "I am angry with thee!"

MYSELF (*very much excited*). "Angry with me, Paul! I did not tender my thanks as if to worship thee, but as one creature may thank another for a favour received. And I did not intend to flatter thee, but I sincerely consider thee the chief apostle."

PAUL. "I am angry with thee because thou hast given the glory to me, instead of to God."

The poor man acted according to the advice given, and lived over twenty years free from pain, and enjoying good health, but was a cripple to the end of his days.

In years after, and up to the present, occasionally, I receive spiritual messages by writing. Sometimes I write a very good hand, much better, and of a different style to my general hand-writing; at other times I write with such force that the pencil tears the paper, unless someone holds his hand above my hand.

Some years ago I used to have some kind of spiritual visions. People with very solemn faces, many of them having some blemishes on their faces, appeared to guide past me without taking the least notice of me. And occasionally I saw some glorious sights, in undescrivable bright colours, such as my natural eyes never saw, pass before me; varying in their appearances, and gradually dissolving from my view.

On one occasion I had a message in the afternoon of a certain day, that heavenly virgins or servants—the Welsh word *morwynion* means both—would appear to me. On the following night I was alone in the house, I slept soundly, and was awaked by, what appeared to me, loud knocking at the door. In a few seconds twelve young ladies, all alike, and dressed plainly in a kind of spotted muslin, and having some wonderful carriage, appeared in my bedroom. I was fully awake by this time, and I felt a chill running through me, and I prayed, in English, "Dear Jesus, save and keep me," and everything instantly disappeared.

At other times I hear distinct voices. I referred at the beginning of this paper to the word *halen* being sounded in my ear. I can distinguish one particular voice from all others, it sounds rather sharp and very distinct, and his words have always been true. It is very seldom that I hear it, and when I do it says only a few words, without any explanation, and answering no question, and leaves me immediately after delivering the message. The message is not always of very great importance; for instance, previous to the first election of county councils I suddenly heard the words, "I am going to confer a great honour upon thee." Not another word could I get. In a day or two a deputation came to ask me to stand as a candidate for the district. I consented, and was elected with a great majority, about two to one, though my rival was a gentleman holding a very high position in society, and having great influence in the district. On another occasion I had returned thanks to God for deliverance from some imminent danger, when I heard the same voice, saying, "thou oughtest to be always thankful to God; it is He that keeps thee when there is no apparent danger as well as when there is one."

For some years I have been tormented by evil spirits, mockers, deceivers, harlots, &c. They implored me to commit all manner of sins, and frequently using very obscene language. I had a very hard struggle for years against them, and I prayed very earnestly for

VIII.—PSYCHIC HEALING.

NEARLY every quarter I receive contributions of every degree of evidential merit as to the cure of disease by some psychic power, the nature of which is unknown. This quarter I publish side by side with Miss X.'s interesting summary of the cures wrought at the shrine of St. Philomena at Mugnano in Italy, letters from correspondents who vouch for the occurrence of similar marvels, in one case in Lancashire and in the other in Australia. The moral in all cases is the same. These cures are affected, and they prove nothing as to the accuracy or otherwise of the theological belief of those who are the agents, instruments, mediums, or custodians of the miracle working gift. It would be well if the S.P.R. were to undertake an inquiry on a proper scale into all the miracles claimed by the Church of Rome to have occurred within the last five years. The Marquis of Bute, or the Pope himself, might do worse than co-operate in such an enterprise. Hitherto the S.P.R. has made its most conspicuous failure in the investigation of the Roman miracles.

A year ago, it may be remembered, I offered to send a handkerchief, handled by an alleged healer, to any who applied, sending handkerchief and postage. For the most part the handkerchief did no good. But in a few cases they seem to have been useful. Here, for instance, is a copy of a letter which came to hand last quarter.

33, Woodhead Road, Sheffield.

2nd April, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with the request of your letter, dated February 21st, 1896, that I should advise you as to whether or not my sister's cure was permanent—Mrs. W. Needham, of Wintering House, Knaresbro—I have much pleasure in informing you that, after seven years of almost hopeless prostration, Mrs. Needham is her old self again. The moment she took the handkerchief in her hand she felt a thrill throughout her entire system. Will you kindly convey to your friend, Mrs. Needham's and my own most heartfelt thanks, and accept the same please yourself, for the part you so generously took in the matter.

Yours faithfully, P. DARBYSHIRE.

I.—AN ITALIAN LOURDES. BY MISS X.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs;
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear—
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Longfellow.

WHAT Lourdes is to France, and Holywell to Britain, that is Mugnano to Italy. The cures ascribed to the Blessed Virgin at the one, to St. Winifride at the other, are attributed at Mugnano to St. Philomena.

EXPLAINING AWAY.

In all three cases the cures are inevitably "explained away." It is always easier to explain away than to explain; and thought, of a kind, like other forces, travels along the line of least resistance. It takes a real thinker—an habitual enquirer into the secrets of nature, to have, like Professor Crookes, "a mind to let," and it is not nearly so clever as it sounds, to dismiss the whole

phenomena as "hysteria, cured by self-suggestion." Very likely, most probably, self-suggestion will account for a great deal of it, but even self-suggestion must have a cause; suggestion being only, so to speak, a mode of motion, a method of conveying what some still call "Magnetism," what used to be called "odic force," what the psychologist calls "will," and the religious "faith," and the Christian Scientist "treatment," and Mrs. Gillen's disciples "love," the names being only names after all. All the same, the name is of consequence as part of the suggestion. The chances are that the psychologist could not be cured by "odic force," nor the religious by "magnetism," nor the Christian Scientist, who mostly hails from America, by the phrase used in the next state. The phenomenon is neither explained, nor explained away, by giving it a new name. The new name may be a better one than the old, but like the song in *Alice in Wonderland*, it may not be really "the name of the thing," but only "what the thing is called." At Holywell, the present writer saw a little girl who, having been dumb for years, bathed in the well of St. Winifride and came out able to talk. Neither she nor her thankful family cared in the least what sort of name was given either to the cure or the disease. It is an old, old story. The Pharisee lays traps and puts leading questions like other men who have a theory to support; the subject cares nothing for what the thing is called. "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see, I have told you already and ye did not hear. And they reviled him." They always do. Nineteen hundred years have not greatly altered human nature. The little girl at Holywell gave her earrings to St. Winifride, her only superfluous possession, her sole ornament. She was the richer for the gift, if the Saint were not. She had come to the

Shrine maimed and sorrowful, she left it rejoicing in health and the potentiality of wage-earning usefulness.

A still simpler method of explaining away is, of course, to say, "It's all lies." Probably some of it is—*ça se peut*. As soon as men are born they go astray, and speak lies, and invalids and miscellaneous witnesses and even priests may lend a hand on occasion. It becomes an affair of evidence. Even the Society for Psychical Research, however, will admit a first-hand story on the evidence of two independent witnesses, though some wag has circulated the tradition that in the case of sailors and Highlanders the number has to be doubled.

THE EVIDENCE DESIRABLE.

The evidence of a doctor—two independent doctors, if possible—as to the state of the patient *before* and *after* the "cure" is, of course, absolutely essential to establish the fact. We all have friends, ladies of middle age, and men of no profession, who have been cured of nothing at all with extreme enthusiasm. The bread pill and the coloured water is always with us. Therefore it is obvious that we must establish the existence of the disease, as well as of the cure. This, however, is definitely the affair of the investigator, and should not be expected of those who are concerned, as a matter of religion, with the Shrine, unless they offer their phenomena for investigation. We may assume that they would not shirk it, but we have no right, I think, to criticise them unfavourably, if they do not initiate the production of evidence. One may reasonably assume that the pilgrims to the Shrine bring their requisite faith along with them, or, at all events, faith in such proportion as they are capable of; and it seems unlikely that a certificate of merit from the S.P.R. or the Royal Society would affect them in the least.

THE CONDITIONS.

This is not the place in which to discuss the genesis of faith, but we may perhaps be allowed to take it for granted that, like other emotions, it may be stimulated by example and by surrounding circumstances. It seems, therefore, perfectly lawful and consistent that at Mugnano, as elsewhere, there should be a cultivation of something like the dramatic element; and if this happens to be of a kind which might not appeal to some of us, we have no right to dismiss as absurd and ridiculous what many appeal to those of different associations and different racial instincts from ourselves. The difference of appealing power is not even necessarily a question of racial instinct; some of us would be more likely to be driven out of, rather than into, the right path by the drums of the Salvation Army or the American organ with which certain sects compromise with the Scarlet Woman. The standard of taste is a variable quantity.

THE EVIDENCE OFFERED.

Moreover, without aiming at an ideal standard of evidence, the votaries of St. Philomena have preserved careful and voluminous records, some of them legally attested of the cures at her Shrine. Are they not written in a little volume which we may buy for a shilling or so at the Art and Book Company, in Paternoster Row, and which is edited by the Rev. C. H. Bowden, of the Oratory? The Shrine has its own monthly organ, the *Messages de Ste. Philomène et du Vénérable Curé d'Arx*, which chronicles the cures as they occur, and while they are yet sufficiently recent for inquiry, if any-

one chooses to make it. Chapter IV. of the little volume before me consists of the record of eighteen cases, apparently first hand, in most instances with names and dates complete.

The two next chapters give us at least another score of examples of cures, in many cases of young children, which adds considerably to the interest. Chapter XIV. gives us thirteen more such cases.

ENGLAND AT THE SHRINE.

It is perhaps worth while to quote verbatim a cure in which English persons are concerned, as we, perhaps, need not in this case discount for Italian emotionalism:—

England has taken part in the devotion to her. In the Convent of St. Dominic at Clifton, founded by Mother Margaret Mary Hallaban, a lamp is kept burning before her image, and the poor often come to ask for the oil from it, saying that it cures their diseases.

The Community of the Canonesses of St. Augustine, now at Newton Abbot, have specially honoured her for long past. One of their former Sisters, knowing on one occasion that her confessor was labouring under some temporal difficulty, went to St. Philomena and entreated her to make him a birthday present for her. The following day he came to the convent and told the nuns that a friend had sent him a birthday present of one hundred pounds. Several years ago a novice in the same community was judged too delicate to bear the rigour of the religious life, and her parents were informed of the fact. Her father—a Protestant—immediately came to see his daughter and take her home with him. The novice, who had a most ardent desire to live and die in the community, went to one of her companions in the noviciate, and begged her to pray that her father might not insist upon her returning to the world. The young religious went before the altar of St. Philomena, of which she had the care, and with arms extended earnestly implored "the little Saint" to keep the novice in the convent, offering her own life to obtain her request, if God would accept it.

The father was at first inexorable, but at length gave way to the entreaties of his daughter, and, seeing that neither persuasion nor threats were of any avail, hastily left the convent; allowing her to remain. Not long after this, the desire of the other novice was granted, for she was taken dangerously ill, and having been given leave from the Bishop to make her vows on her deathbed, which she did with the greatest fervour and devotion, she expired in about three months.

Another story, of which the scene is in England, relates to a certain Father N., who being at the time in bad health and suffering from a distressing malady, was nevertheless selected, in 1892, to preach at St. Mary's Priory, Stamford Hill, on the Feast of St. Philomena. This he proved to be unable to accomplish, and his excuses were made by telegram. A few days later he arrived there, more dead than alive, saying that he had heard that the nuns were praying to the Saint on his account, and he wished to visit her Shrine. After his first visit he began to feel better, and to retain nourishment for the first time since his illness:—

After Vespers he paid another visit to the altar of St. Philomena, and this time he felt a most extraordinary sensation in his whole system, as though an iron bar was passing through him, and he immediately felt himself *cured*. He went for a walk in the garden and then rested and slept *well* for a few hours, which he had not been able to do during the last fortnight. At 5.30 he gave Benediction and afterwards ate some supper, and told Rev. Mother that all his pains had gone.

In the morning he said a Votive Mass of St. Philomena at her altar, after which the Sisters sang the *Te Deum*. He then made a vow to propagate devotion to St. Philomena, and to say a Mass in her honour once every week. The day he was cured was the Octave of her feast. The Rev. Mother had been rather disappointed that the dear Saint had not cured the sick priest

before her feast, and that instead of preaching in her honour he was literally dying in agonizing pains—but it was now evident that she was reserving a greater grace for him. He was so grateful for his cure that he said he almost broke down two or three times during the Mass with joy and gratitude. This priest is now abroad exercising his ministry.

The same community, about thirty years ago, being in great want of postulants, the Sisters made the novena preparatory to the Feast of St. Philomena for this intention; and before the novena was finished some excellent subjects arrived, one of them having come from the neighbourhood of the Saint's native country. Ever since St. Philomena has been the patroness of the noviciate.

OTHER MIRACLES.

In Chapter XI. we have a collection of over a dozen miracles of healing, many containing details as to names, places, and dates. It is satisfactory to find, in certain cases, such phrases as the following:

The certificate of the physician who had attended this Sister is deposited in the archives of the Archbishops of Naples (p. 97).

Or again, after a story of a miracle on the lines of the Widow's Crucifix:

The Confessor drew up an attestation of the occurrence signed by both the Abbess and himself (p. 118).

And again, we read of an Archdeacon of Ascoli, who was so impressed by his experience of the cure of blindness, that he hastened to report matters to his bishop.

The Bishop took down his deposition of the miracle carefully, and the Archdeacon became the introducer and fervent promoter of the devotion to the Holy Martyr in Ascoli (p. 159).

THE EVIDENCE OF SIX PHYSICIANS.

The following case is still more interesting. The people of Lyons seem to have long been especially favoured or especially faithful.

It was here that was worked the celebrated cure of Made-moiselle Le Clerc, who had lost the use of both her legs eight years before. She had herself carried to the chapel of St. Philomena for nine days; and on the ninth she left her crutches and walked back. *This cure has been attested by Mgr. Devie, the Bishop of Belley, by the Mayor of Ambréieux, and six physicians who had attended her.* On her return to her home at Rossillon (Ain), she built a chapel to the Saint who had done so great a work for her.

The devotion of the people of Lyons to St. Philomena is very marked at the present day. There are several altars to her in the churches of that city; and its inhabitants look upon her as the advocate and introducer of the afflicted to Mary, their refuge and advocate with her Divine Son.

THE SAINT AND FATHER DAMIEN.

The following detail will interest all, independent of creed or sect:

Then again, who has not heard of the heroic Father Damien, who in 1874 obtained permission to imprison himself for life in the poor little Leper Island of Molokai, in the North Pacific Ocean? His doom was thereby fixed, he was bound to contract the horrible disease, and to be slowly eaten away by it—but until then he could console and close the eyes of those who were dying a lingering death in this infected hole, without solace and without hope. On arriving in the island he found not even a hut for his own shelter, but a chapel of St. Philomena!

VISITORS TO THE SHRINE.

Immense pilgrimages are made annually to the shrine of St. Philomena, and a society for promoting the cult seems to have branches in all parts of the world. The tenth day of every month is a pilgrimage day at

Mugnano, and the roll of pilgrims include many royal names, and many well known in other connections.

Ferdinand II., King of Naples; two Queens of Naples and one of Sardinia; Queen Marie Amelie of France, consort of Louis Philippe; the Duchesse de Berry; an Archduke of Austria; an Infanta of Spain; Don Sebastian Borbone, who presented to the church a picture of St. Philomena painted by himself; the Empress of Brazil; and many royal princes, and above all the Venerable Servant of God, Maria Christina of Savoy, Queen of the Two Sicilies. The latter visited the shrine many times, and was cured of a desperate malady by the Saint, to whose prayers she also attributed the birth of her offspring. She founded an orphanage for fifty orphans adjoining the sanctuary, and placed it under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul.

Amongst other distinguished personages may be mentioned Cardinals Franzoni, Lambruschini, Weld, Acton, Mai, Castracane, Amat, Antonelli, Della Genga, Mattei, Carafa, Caracciolo, Cosenza, Riario Sforza, &c.

THE PAPAL SANCTION.

The story of the connection of the Saint and the Holy Father is a pretty one. The Archbishop of Imola—

from the time of his being Archbishop of Spoleto, had ever been a most fervent client of St. Philomena, and a zealous propagator of devotion to her. He had himself introduced her worship into his Cathedral city in the church of *San Giacomo dell' Unione de' Sacerdoti Filippini*. On this occasion a picture of the Saint was exposed for a devotion of three days over the High Altar, which was elaborately decorated, and choice music was performed. On the last day the Archbishop said Mass there, and made a fervent exhortation before giving Communion to the faithful with his own hand.

The holy Martyr was not ungrateful for the glory he had shown her, for during an illness which he once had, his life was despaired of by the physicians, and as he lay, about to close his eyes for ever to this world, the knockings often given by the Saint when she was going to grant some grace, were heard upon a little table by his bedside, upon which there stood a beautiful urn containing a finely-executed effigy of St. Philomena. At that same moment his unhopèd-for recovery began, and he regained perfect health and strength.

This Archbishop was none other than the future Pope Pius IX. It is therefore to the intercession of this Virgin Martyr that the Church owes the glorious reign of that great Pontiff, of happy memory.

POPE GREGORY XVI.

It was, however, to Gregory XVI. that the Church was indebted for authority for the devotion of St. Philomena, in the year 1834. It was mainly owing to his personal witness of an extraordinary cure. Even pontifical nature likes its evidence at first hand. After this, he sanctioned proper prayers and lessons for the day, and later granted to the clergy of Mugnano to keep her feast as "a double of the second class," *i.e.*, with especial reverence. The story which came under his personal notice was that of Pauline Marie Jaricot, a sufferer for ten years from acute disease, who herself has recorded the circumstances of her cure, which are of the most romantic. She came from the city of Lyons, and when she first presented herself to the Holy Father, seemed a hopeless cripple, and indeed at death's door. Two months later she appeared at the Vatican to the astonishment of all.

The venerable Pontiff then made Pauline recount every circumstance and smallest detail of her visit to Mugnano. And in his admiration and joy, he bade her walk up and down the immense hall of the palace where he was giving audience, repeating each time she stopped, "Once more, once more, faster! . . . I wish to be quite sure that what I see is not an apparition from the other world, but is in truth my dear child from Four-

vières." As his dear child obeyed him in all simplicity, and walked to and fro without hesitation, the Chamberlain reminded her that etiquette forbade her turning her back upon the Sovereign Pontiff; but His Holiness remarked, smiling, "Never mind that! Almighty God has made far other exceptions in her favour!"

Gregory XVI. then bestowed many signal privileges upon her, and desired her to remain a whole year in Rome, in order that the miracle might be thoroughly investigated.

THE STORY OF THE SAINT.

Our concern here is with the Saint as a healer, or rather perhaps with the cures at her shrine, for there is no occasion, when considering the evidence* as to results, to commit one's self as to the cause. For this reason we need not dwell upon the story of the shrine, which, however, is sufficiently romantic. When in the latter half of the seventeenth century Pope Clement IX. realised the destruction that was being wrought by unauthorised visits to the Catacombs, he issued severe regulations as to their guardianship. All investigations were thenceforward made by authorised persons only, and with the greatest care and pains, whether they related to the tombs of the great or of those who slept with *Whose name God knows* for epitaph.

On May 24th, 1802, in the second year of Pope Pius VII., the "Fossors" or excavators came across a remarkable tombstone which had evidently never been disturbed since it was first placed there. After the usual religious offices it was carefully examined and proved to contain the relics of S. Philomena, brought to light after seventeen centuries.

Search was then made for the still more certain indication of martyrdom, and it was quickly rewarded. For beside the actual relics of the Saint there was found, imbedded in cement, a small glass vase half broken, the sides of which were covered with dried blood.† . . . The remains were scientifically examined by the theologians, surgeons, and physicians, convened for this purpose. The head of the Saint was much fractured, but the chief bones were entire. On account of their small size and proportions and especially the small circumference of the head, it was obvious that she must have been martyred in her tender youth, about twelve or thirteen years of age, scarcely more.

The power to suggest help and healing of this martyred child, tortured to death—that others may live it may be—so long ago—were not slow in manifesting themselves.

How the miracle is done, the suggestion given,—the cure effected, is a fact personal perhaps to the mind that thinks it. That some, many it may be, go to Mugnano and receive no benefit should not surprise us. Many there are who see the sun rise, find the first violet, look into the eyes of a little child, and are neither happier nor better. Unless we discard the whole of the evidence, unless after discounting for all the familiar old drawbacks of mal-observation and enthusiasm and lying, we relegate the story which is being enacted now almost at

* To avoid multiplicity of references, the reader is here referred in general to the "Relazione" of Don Francesco di Lucia; "Memorie e culto di S. Filomena," by Mgr. Ippolito, late Rector of the sanctuary at Mugnano; "Bullettino di Archeologia Cristiana" by De Rossi; "Vie très complète de Sainte Philomène," par Jean Darche; "Sainte Philomène véritable image de Jesus Christ dans ses miracles," par Floriano de Julio; "Histoire Nouvelle de Sainte Philomène," par l'abbé H. J. Prevost; "Sainte Philomène, Guide des pèlerins;" "Le Messager de Sainte Philomène," and "La Thaumaturge Sainte Philomène d'après le Hérautier Romain et l'Archéologie Sacrée," par Louis Petit, Prêtre des Frères de Saint Vincent de Paul (Preface).

† The Protestant philosopher Leibnitz, after making various chemical experiments upon the red sediment contained in the phials found in the tombs in the Catacombs, confessed that he could find nothing that resembled but a hardened brittle crust of congealed blood. Since the more modern system of chemical analysis has been discovered, the contents of these phials have been submitted to it also, with the same results (p. 9).

our doors to the merest "folk-lore," we must believe, that, into whatever terms of science or credulity we translate the message, that dead child, living yet in the hearts of those who love her, stretches out helping hands down the long ages to simple souls who believe.

X.

II.—A LANCASHIRE HEALER.

I HAVE met a man in whom has recently been developed the power of psychic healing. His fame as yet is only local; but he claims to have treated some two hundred patients without medicine, and to have effected a cure, or given relief, in all cases in which he has been accorded a fair trial.

John Hinchliffe was born in Mosley Street, Bolton-



JOHN HINCHLIFFE.

le-Moors, 27th February, 1856. His father and mother were strong and healthy, the former dying at sixty-two. He does not know of any psychic power in the family. John was a strong, healthy child until the tenth year of his age, when a season of sickness began that lasted nearly thirty years. He suffered from bronchitis, scarletina, small-pox, consumption, swellings, low fever, Russian influenza, and many other disorders. In these circumstances John's schooling was much interrupted, and at twenty he was still unable to write, but taught himself later from a shilling book. He managed to acquire the trade of photographer; and, with the assistance of friends, contrived to exist, and even, in

spite of his ailments, to get married (1881), until about August, 1895, when, after a fourth attack of influenza, his health, without apparent reason, improved. During his thirty years' sickness, and painful experience of most of the diseases that flesh is heir to, Mr. Hinchliffe derived no benefit from medicine; the only thing that relieved him was abstinence from food. He has fasted three, five, six, and even nine days at a time. He appears to have shown psychic power in other ways before he discovered himself to be a healer, for he was impelled to say "strange things," which, though ridiculed at the time, turned out correct.

He relates that once he entered a house, and told a young lady, a stranger to him, that she was very weak and nervous; going on to say: "But you have a sister that is very strong," and proceeded to describe the sister's features and characteristics in detail; his statements being admitted to be exactly true.

HIS FIRST CURE.

Mr. Hinchliffe's healing faculty was revealed about August, 1895, quite accidentally. A customer of his, who prefers to be known only by his initials, W. R., suffered from deafness, being unable to hear Mr. Hinchliffe's watch tick farther than a foot off. He contributes the following narrative, and is willing to answer questions privately:

Bolton, March 9, 1897.

During one of Mr. Hinchliffe's visits to my house in reference to photography, he incidentally mentioned that he was endowed with some unknown power of curing deafness without the aid of medicine, so I jokingly said I was deaf. So he applied a watch to my ear, which I could not bear. After passing his hands several times over my ears. I was able to hear the watch very well.

W. R.

Mr. Hinchliffe declares that he made the statement as to his "unknown power," and the subsequent attempt to exert it, more in fun than otherwise. His memory is not quite clear regarding the incident, but he declares that after the experiment W. R. could hear the watch from a distance of three feet. At the time Mr. Hinchliffe thought little of the matter; but, meeting with other cases, and finding himself able to impart relief, he at last took his power seriously, and exercised it in earnest. Twice he gave up the practice of healing, because at first he was ill himself after effecting a cure. But he was told that it was a shame not to use the gift God had entrusted to him.

"So," said Mr. Hinchliffe, simply, "I went on. I find it in the Bible, just the same thing that I do—I must not say I do, for it is God through me."

Mr. Hinchliffe is not a spiritualist, and has no theories concerning his strange power. He does not pretend to understand it. "It is God's gift," he says; and there his speculations end.

WHAT HE CAN DO.

"I can take pain away," Mr. Hinchliffe told the writer; "strengthen a person when weak in body or nerve—this is very hard to do; also, if a person is cold and cannot get warm with food, clothing, or fire, in many cases I can make him warm in a few minutes. In a case on Monday last (1st March), I was in a shop, and a person scalded herself. I took the pain away, and also made it (the scald) cold with my own hand."

Another off-hand cure he gave as follows:

"There was a woman came to our door selling laces. I told her she suffered from some ailment. She said

she had a sore chest. 'Do you feel it now?' She said, 'Yes.' 'Do you feel it yet?' She said, 'No, it has gone.' I did not go near her within a yard. She was all right."

The night after this he cured another woman, who came begging, of the same ailment. At first she could not bear a touch. After five minutes she could stand a sharp blow.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES.

A man came to Mr. Hinchliffe on crutches, which he had had to use for *two weeks*. He had had his knee out of joint, but it had been set before he came to Mr. Hinchliffe. The psychic healer made him walk without crutches after about five minutes' treatment. This happened 7th May, 1896. This year the man has written, saying, his leg is all right. (Patient's name and address: Mr. Frank Warburton, 139, Chorley New Road, Horwich, near Bolton.)

"In another case," related Mr. Hinchliffe, who is genial and communicative, "a man came for me to see his wife. She had lost the use of her arm; it was in a sling and bound with red flannel from the shoulder to the tips of her fingers. In under twenty minutes she could send her arm about and use her fingers, and she had no further use for the sling."

The husband was so much pleased that he presented Mr. Hinchliffe with a silver medal, thus inscribed:—

"Presented to J. Hinchliffe for the cure of my wife's arm, from Mr. Fairclough, 1896."

Perhaps Mr. Hinchliffe's most remarkable success was this:—

A woman, who had suffered from general weakness for twenty-six years, came to his house by tram and bus, being unable to walk more than a short distance. After an hour and a-half's treatment, she went away on foot, walked five miles, and was no worse for the unaccustomed exercise.

The following case is one of the best authenticated, and may be given nearly in Mr. Hinchliffe's words:—

"There was an old man sixty-nine years old. He had heard about me, and had been looking for me three weeks. This man was at one side of the house, and I on the other side (four or five yards apart, probably). He says: 'How much do you charge per visit? I am only a labourer, when at work, and I have been bad with the rheumatics four years.' 'You will receive relief before you leave this house,' I said. 'I have received relief already!' said the man."

Mr. Hinchliffe took the writer to see this patient—a respectable working man, named John Grimes, of 1, Chester Street, Bolton. He corroborated Mr. Hinchliffe's narrative, and was willing to have his name published. He was hale and hearty, with the exception of a stiff leg.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. Hinchliffe is accumulating a good store of written testimonials, the best of which he frames, together with, in some cases, a photograph of the patient. A few, in substance, follow:—

Mrs. Verner, 86, Kay Street, Bolton, writes under date 4th February, 1897, stating that Mr. Hinchliffe cured her of headache. The peculiarity of this case is that Mr. Hinchliffe effected the cure by means of a handkerchief he had handled, sealed in a bottle, and transmitted to the patient. The handkerchief had been in bottle two days before application to the seat of pain.

Mrs. Blackburn, 10, Richmond Place, Bolton, was unable to rise from her bed, and had for many weeks been incapable of work. She received benefit immediately Mr. Hinchliffe entered the house. Half an hour later she lit her boiler fire, and washed a score of clothes without ill effects. (Letter dated 15th January, 1897.)

Mrs. Morris, 41, Clifford Street, Bolton, in a letter of 23rd February last, declares she was very ill and restless for the space of nine months, suffering from neuralgia and pains in the back. After one treatment, the pains vanished, and she slept well thenceforward. Nine months afterwards, she was still in good health.

A male patient, who prefers anonymity, writes on 7th December last that he suffered eight months before from toothache, and six months previously (to his letter) from a sore chest. Cure in both cases almost instantaneous, and no return of pain.

CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS.

Mr. Hinchliffe is of robust build, fair, and of medium height. He does not look in good health, but has undoubtedly the power of imparting or transferring health in many cases. He operates by handling, stroking, working, or firmly grasping the affected parts; but is also able to cure without any contact at all, without speaking, without seeing, and even without thinking. An influence proceeds from him, and from articles handled and worn by him, that has curative power, and can be felt by sensitive persons in various ways. In the writer's case it causes a slight numbness, as from a weak electric battery.

Mr. Hinchliffe is confident in voice and manner; his faith in himself—or, rather, in God working through him—is complete, though he never *guarantees* a cure. He has much sympathy and personal magnetism; is an honest, kind, sincere, simple-hearted man. He does not now experience ill effects from the exercise of his power, or but slightly. He feels great sympathy for suffering persons; feels sometimes unable to leave them before he has imparted relief. In some cases he has done nothing in the presence of a sufferer but sit down and cry, and the person has gone out cured. Frequently his treatment consists merely in standing with folded arms *near* his patient. His power is in no way under his control; he exerts no will force; he passively allows the cure to be wrought *through* him.

Mr. Hinchliffe charges his patients 5s. per visit. For the sum of 1s. 6d., which covers postage, &c., he will impart healing influence to a handkerchief, or piece of flannel—the latter is preferable; and return it safely packed in rubber cloth. His address is 17, Blackbank Street, Bolton-le-Moors.

The writer, with a few friends, was accosted by Mr. Hinchliffe, who treated one of the ladies for rheumatism in her arm. Relief was instantaneous, and lasted throughout the evening. Although the pain returned next day, the test—which was purely gratuitous—may be considered satisfactory.

Any interesting developments that occur in connection with this healer will be reported to **BORDERLAND** from time to time.

GEORGE FRANKLAND.

III.—A SWISS HEALER IN AUSTRALIA.

A CORRESPONDENT at the Antipodes writes:—One of the most famous and reliable clairvoyants known in

Australia and New Zealand is Otto B. Hug, the subject of this sketch. His history is particularly interesting from the fact that in his case clairvoyance is not induced, or developed, as is the case with so many others, by outside mesmeric efforts, but is spontaneous, and a natural outlet from childhood of the powerful psychic faculty within. Its appearance dates from an occurrence that happened to the young Otto at nine years of age, when he was seized with a cataleptic fit, and lay in a trance for seven days. The doctor and his family believed life had departed, and, on the fifth day, he was measured for a coffin, which, having been prepared, was, when they came to lift the poor boy into it, found to be too small to allow him to be placed in the usual way, upon his back; they, therefore, turned him upon his side. The lid (one with a glass slide over the face) was then put on, and the nails were driven in (not screws, as is the case with us). Owing to the position in which the body was placed one of the nails was hammered through the lip of the boy, and knocked out one of his teeth. He had been fully conscious all this dreadful week of what was transpiring around, though unable to make the slightest movement or give the least indication of life. This last agonising wrench, however, served to break the spell; the soul succeeded in again resuming at least partial control over the poor ill-used body, and, with a supreme effort, Otto managed to impart a slight turn to his frame as they were carrying the coffin. Alarmed and dismayed at the thought of such a terrible mistake as the interment of the living for the dead, the attendants turned back, the coffin was hastily opened, the occupant lifted out, and restoratives applied. After this strange and painful experience, Otto fell into a state of melancholia, suffering also from the delusion that the coffin was for ever pursuing him, running at his heels as if on wheels. He was placed by his parents in a private asylum, and as to what occurred while he was there I will quote from a slight biographical sketch already published:—"His parents placed him in a private asylum, where he remained for twelve months. During this time he had several cataleptic fits, and on one occasion, while in a fit, one of the medical men who were specially interesting themselves in his case, took hold of his hand, presumably to feel if his pulse was beating, and he (Otto B. Hug) described the sensation as if a severe shock from an electric battery had been applied to his body; he became insensible. The doctor who had hold of his hand had an abscess forming on his arm, through poisoning while performing an operation, and while in the swoon this, to the astonishment of the doctor, was diagnosed by the patient. The symptoms and pains from which the doctor suffered were correctly described. The doctor was so interested in the peculiar features of the case that the patient became quite a celebrity. The doctors brought other patients from the asylum, and found that the boy could diagnose their cases with the greatest accuracy, but, of course, could not explain the medical terms.

After some months in Burgholzli asylum in Zurich, accounts of the wonderful features of the case were published in all the papers. The eminent French practitioner, Dr. Le Fevre, who was at the time on a tour through Switzerland, called at the hospital to see the patient of whom so much had been said, and was so astonished at the marvellous power possessed by the patient, and being an expert in this particular complaint, he at once enquired the address of his parents and undertook to cure him of the cataleptic fits and to thoroughly educate

his power in diagnosing diseases. His parents entered into an agreement with Dr. Le Fevre for a term of four years, and the doctor took him to Paris. At the age of twelve years he appeared in Paris and elsewhere in France, publicly diagnosing cases brought to him. After remaining in Paris for some time, the doctor and the subject of this sketch travelled throughout South America, Otto B. Hug diagnosing the cases and the doctor treating according to the diagnosis, principally using herbal treatment. A severe attack of yellow fever at Rio Janiero was the cause of his return to Italy and France. After a time he turned his footsteps to Australia, where, for the last sixteen years, he has been practising his marvellous power.

I well remember the time when I first met Mr. Hug, about thirteen years ago. He was on a professional visit to Adelaide, accompanied by his charming and devoted wife. As I first saw him, he was a fine, handsome, fresh-looking man, with a complexion that spoke of health and suggested the fresh breezes of the country rather than the air of city life. There was an open-hearted ingenuousness about him also, that inspired a feeling of trust in a candid, unprejudiced observer. During that first visit of his to Adelaide and since I have had many opportunities of testing Mr. Hug's clairvoyant powers, which are truly wonderful. His method is the following:—Taking the patient's hand the contact appears to develop a magnetic current, and with a few thrills and shiverings as of extreme cold he passes at once into the clairvoyant state. Sometimes expressions of pain accompany the transition stage, as a sympathy, characteristic of clairvoyance, is developed, which causes him to briefly feel any pains, past or present, that have been or are being felt by his patient. He then begins to diagnose the sitter's internal condition, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot if necessary, certainly all the interior vital organs are thoroughly scrutinised and their appearance described. If the patient is desirous of undertaking the herbal treatment which is adopted by Mr. Hug, mostly with marked success, the prescription is written out while he is in this state of trance, with his eyes shut, and any questions the patient wishes to ask must be put at once, as on recovering his normal condition nothing is remembered of what is said and done during the sleep.

Mr. Hug came to the Australian colonies as a young man of eighteen, and Queensland was the first place in which he resided. He lived in Brisbane for four years, then came to Sydney. While on this visit he fell into a trance that lasted four days, Dr. Le Gay Brereton being called in to watch the case. As he lay, outwardly unconscious, in a bedroom upstairs (three stories high), locked in for fear of accident, by his hostess, he heard, and afterwards repeated, the conversation that she held with her sister in the drawing-room below. The family of his hostess had several years previously been defrauded of some property through the loss of a will; when in this trance-clairvoyant state he was consulted about this, a lock of hair, as a clue to assist him, was put into his hand; this, however, had been handled by at least three people. He found all three, described them and diagnosed them, then described the whereabouts of the missing will, it was hidden at the back of a drawer, a false slide serving to conceal it. It was found too late, however, the property having been dissipated.

In 1882 Mr. Hug married, then went to live in New Zealand. From that place he made his first visit to Adelaide, where the writer of this sketch first met him and can speak from experience of his wonderful success

in diagnosing, and of the simplicity, ingenuousness, and frank honesty which characterises the man. Since that time he has travelled many thousands of miles to and fro in the colonies, and tens of thousands of people have profited by his wonderful gift, inexplicable of course to the majority of people. In this, as in all cases where the manifestation of psychic power is concerned, the most ignorant are the most incredulous. I have heard people say—I wonder how it is done, as if the phenomenon of clairvoyance were some sleight-of-hand trick! Sometimes I have said, Shall I tell you? Then proceeded to explain that we are not our bodies, though for the most part we behave as if we thought so—that the soul or inner self has senses of its own, which act upon a different plane to that of the bodily organs, and that clairvoyance is the clear sight of the soul. From unthinking scepticism sometimes people pass to equally unreasoning credulity and take for granted that there can be no limits to the power of this faculty of soul-perception. It is only by experience we learn to discriminate and find that clairvoyance may be greatly hampered, or on the contrary facilitated, by certain bodily conditions, and that the state of lucidity is a comparative one, and often greatly varies in the same seer.

The great sympathy which characterises a sensitive has, we regret to know, its drawbacks, and much caution is needed to guard against the possibility of the clairvoyant suffering from the consequences of what may be called psychic contagion—the liability to take upon himself the pains and disease of the patient with whom he is placed *en rapport*. Whether the distressing illness that befell Mr. Hug some years ago was due to this cause or not may be doubtful, but there is at least ground for suspicion that it was so, and that in acting the part in his own degree of saviour of humanity, the sad and inevitable accompanying cross was laid upon him also. He suffered intensely for eight months, was lying upon an air-bed; at length the doctors gave up all hope of his recovery, and said his death was inevitable very shortly. But—and here comes in a case for our friends the mental scientists—so moved was Mr. Hug by the heart-broken sorrow of his wife, who had waited upon him with untiring and unceasing devotion during the long years of his sickness, that after passing a night of weeping and unresigned sorrow, the dawn of the next day found him with a new-born resolution that he *would live!* Silently he proceeded to express this determination of his will, and put it into execution that morning by walking downstairs unattended. Since that period, with the endurance of a hero, has he patiently, for the sake of his dear ones, held on to life, though he is always in the condition of an invalid and suffers constantly. Strange to say, his clairvoyant faculty is not impaired by this, and the hundreds of people who flock to his consulting rooms when he spends a few days in Adelaide, show how highly his professional services are valued—indeed, if he could work day and night there is no doubt he would be called upon to do so. Patients have even come to him from Scotland and the Continent of Europe. He has now made his permanent home in Melbourne. He has three promising children, all boys, one of whom gives distinct intimation of inheriting his father's exceptional gift, but with great prudence, the parents refrain from appearing to notice this fact, nor do they bring the little fellow forward in any way, remembering that the true order of things is "first that which is natural (or physical) then the spiritual."

IX.—THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

MORE RECORDS OF ITS SUCCESSFUL WORKING.

IN last number of *BORDERLAND* I published an article on the Prayer Telephone, and accompanied it with a suggestion from a correspondent that a Praying Brotherhood should be formed to make more use of this marvellous means of power. I regret to say that I have had no communications on the subject from my readers. It will be seen, however, from Dr. Horton's suggestion that the idea of a more general, and, I may add, more secular use of prayer is in the air.

The Sunday Magazine has been publishing for some months past a series of articles on "Answers to Prayer," by well-known religious men.

DR. HORTON'S SUGGESTION.

The Rev. Dr. Horton, who contributes the fourth article of the series, has no long list of specific instances such as those which struck the public mind in the case of Dr. Barnado, Mr. Quarrier, and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, but he is not without instances of strange cases of healing of the sick, and other incidents of a like nature. He admits they can be explained as coincidences, but, nevertheless, in his own mind he is perfectly convinced they were answers to his own prayers. He maintains that anyone can put the prayer telephone to a practical test in his own life by trying it on his own friends. This is practical and to the point. Here is his proposal:—

A PRACTICAL PRAYER TEST.

Take your friends, or better still the members of the church to which you belong, and set yourself systematically to pray for them. Leave alone those futile and often misguided petitions for temporal blessings, or even for success in their work, and plead with your God in the terms of that prayer with which St. Paul bowed his knees for the Ephesians. Ask that this person, or these persons, known to you, may have the enlightenment and expansion of the Spirit, the quickened love and zeal, the vision of God, the profound sympathy with Christ, which form the true Christian life. Pray and watch, and as you watch, still pray. And you will see a miracle, marvellous as the springing of the flowers in April, or the far-off regular rise and setting of the planets, a miracle proceeding before your eyes, a plain answer to your prayer, and yet without any intervention of your voice or hand. You will see the mysterious power of God at work upon these souls for which you pray. And by the subtle movements of the Spirit it is as likely as not that they will come to tell you of the Divine blessings which have come to them in reply to your unknown prayer.

PRAYER AS A FORCE IN POLITICS.

The experiment is well worth trying, and the renovation of the spirit of a friend is quite as well worth making an effort for as the raising of a subscription for an orphanage. The hypothesis of the prayer telephone in that case would apply admirably. Dr. Horton insists that the churches and other persons who wish to raise funds had very much better follow the example of his church, who always pray for what they want first before they make any appeal for subscriptions. He also advocates strongly the use of believing prayer in political and social work. In this connection he tells the following story:—

I was staying with a gentleman in a great town, where the town council, of which he was a member, had just decided to close a music-hall which was exercising a pernicious influence.

The decision was most unexpected, because a strong party in the council were directly interested in the hall. But to my friend's amazement the men who had threatened opposition came in and quietly voted for withdrawing the licence. Next day we were speaking about modern miracles; he, the best of men, expressed the opinion that miracles were confined to Bible times. His wife then happened to mention how, on the day of that council meeting, she and some other good women of the city had met and continued in prayer that the licence might be withdrawn. I ventured to ask my friend whether this was not the explanation of what he had confessed to be an amazing change of front on the part of the opposition. And, strange to say, it had not occurred to him—though an avowed believer in prayer—to connect the praying women and that beneficent vote.

It would be interesting to see if the good women of this country could pray the Women's Franchise Bill through the House of Commons this Session. It would be a distinct sign of grace if, as a beginning, their prayers could lead to the prompt removal of all these hampering amendments which are to be moved in Committee, nominally to strengthen the Bill, but in reality to destroy it. The author of most of them is, however, a tough subject.

A MANCHESTER BARNARDO.

The testimony of Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, of Manchester, who maintains refuges for children, and a beautiful hospital home known as Belleville, in the June number is very striking. Mr. Shaw is the Dr. Barnardo of Manchester, and his report is pretty much the same as that of Mr. Quarrier and George Müller. The institution was founded after prayer, and has been maintained by prayer. When it was first started they only took in boys between the age of ten and sixteen. It was proposed that they should take in younger children, but the money was lacking. The work could not be extended without £600, and his wife and he agreed to make this test as to whether or not it was the will of God this should be done. They made it a special matter of prayer, issued a general appeal, but no individual person was asked to contribute. In a few days a letter came with a cheque for £600. The Home was opened, and soon became so full that Mr. Shaw was again short of money. He sent out a second appeal, and asked for another sign-post in the shape of funds. A few weeks afterwards a lady sent them a cheque for £1,000. When he wanted his third home he prayed again, and sent out another appeal. Two or three weeks later there came a cheque for £700. The fourth home was founded in the same way, a cheque for £1,000 coming in after special prayer for a special sum. After twenty-seven years of work Mr. Shaw expresses his profound conviction that both in money and in personally dealing with the children and others, he has no doubt whatever that definite prayer receives definite answer.

CANON KNOX LITTLE.

The July number contains the testimony of Canon Knox Little. Of course, the Canon does not suggest in his paper any solution to the mystery of answers to prayer, such as is suggested by the modern discovery of telepathy, but no one can read his case without being struck by the ease with which many of them can be accounted for by telepathy. All these cases are quoted from experience as his personal knowledge:—

A family, consisting of a number of children, had been brought up by parents who had very "free" ideas as to the Divine revelation and the teaching of the Church. The children, varying in age from seven or eight to one or two and twenty years, had, one way or another, been aroused to the teaching of Scripture and desired to be baptized. The father point-blank refused to permit it. The older members of the family consulted a clergyman. He felt strongly the force of the fifth commandment and advised them not to act in haste, to realise that difficulties do frequently arise from conflicting duties, and above all to pray. The clergyman asked a number of devout Christians to make the matter a subject of prayer. They did. In about three weeks the father called upon this very clergyman and asked him to baptize his children. The clergyman expressed his astonishment, believing that he was opposed to it. The father answered that that was true, but he had changed his mind. He could not say precisely why, but he thought his children ought to be baptized. They were, and he, by his own wish, was present and most devout at the administration of the sacrament of baptism.

A few years ago, a clergyman in London had been invited to visit a friend for one night in the country in order to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for long. It was bitter winter weather and he decided not to go. Walking his parish in the afternoon, he believed that a voice three times urged him to go. He hurriedly changed his arrangements and went. The snow was tremendously deep, and the house of his friend, some miles from the railway station, was reached with difficulty. In the course of the night the clergyman was roused from sleep by the butler, who begged him to go and visit a groom in the service of the family, who was ill and "like to die." Crossing a field path with difficulty, as the snow was very deep, they reached the poor man's house. He had been in agony of mind and longed to see a clergyman. When it was found impossible to fetch the nearest clergyman owing to the impassable state of the roads, he had prayed earnestly that one might be sent to him. The poor fellow died in the clergyman's arms in the early morning, much comforted and in great peace.

A strangely similar case happened more recently. An American gentleman travelling in Europe was taken suddenly and seriously ill in one of our northern towns. The day before this happened, a clergyman, who was at a distance in the country, was seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to visit this very town. He had no idea why, but prayed for guidance in the matter, and finally felt convinced that he must go. Having stayed the night there he was about to return home, rather inclined to think himself a very foolish person, when a waiter in the hotel brought him an American lady's card, and said that the lady wished to see him. He was the only English clergyman of whom she and her husband had any knowledge. They had happened to hear him preach in America. She had no idea where he lived, but when her husband was taken ill she and her daughter had prayed that he might be sent to them. On inquiry, strange to say, he was found to be in the hotel, and was able to render some assistance to the poor sufferer, who died in a few hours, and to his surviving and mourning relatives.

A still more striking instance, perhaps, is as follows: Some years ago in London a clergyman had succeeded, with the help of some friends, in opening a "home" in the suburbs to meet some special mission needs. It was necessary to support it by charity. For some time all went well. The home at last, however, became even more necessary and more filled with inmates, whilst subscriptions did not increase, but rather slackened. The lady in charge wrote to the clergyman as to her needs, and especially drew his attention to the fact that £40 was required immediately to meet the pressing demand of a tradesman. The

clergyman himself was excessively poor, and he knew not to whom to turn in the emergency. He at once went and spent an hour in prayer. He then left his house and walked slowly along the streets thinking with himself how he should act. Passing up Regent Street, a carriage drew up in front of Madame Elise's shop, just as he was passing. Out of the carriage stepped a handsomely dressed lady. "Mr. So-and-So, I think," she said when she saw him. "Yes, madam," he answered, raising his hat. She drew an envelope from her pocket and handed it to him, saying: "You have many calls upon your charity, you will know what to do with that." The envelope contained a Bank of England note for £50. The whole thing happened in a much shorter time than it can be related; he passed on up the street, she passed into the shop. Who she was he did not know, and never since has he learnt. The threatening creditor was paid. The "home" received further help and did its work well.

The Canon's last case cannot be referred to telepathy. If it is capable of explanation by psychical research, it would rather suggest the revival of a subconscious memory:—

Another example is of a different kind. A person of real earnestness in religious questions, and one who gave time and strength for advancing the kingdom of God, some years ago became restless and unsatisfied in spiritual matters, failing to enjoy peaceful communion with God, and generally upset and uneasy. The advice of a good clergyman was asked, and after many conversations on the subject, he urged steady earnest prayer for light, and agreed himself to make the matter a subject of prayer. Within a fortnight, after an earnest midday prayer, it was declared by this troubled soul that it had been clearly borne in upon the mind that the sacrament of baptism had never been received. Inquiry was made, and after much careful investigation it was found that, while every other member of a large family had been baptized, in this case the sacrament had been neglected owing to the death of the mother, and the child being committed to the care of a somewhat prejudiced relative. The person in question was forthwith baptized, and immediately there was peace and calmness of mind and a sense of quiet communion with God.

ALL IN THE ORDER OF NATURAL CAUSATION.

In the *Forum* for May there is an elaborate article by the Rev. James M. Whiton, entitled "Fallacies Concerning Prayer." In the course of one section of his essay he touches upon the telephonic aspect of prayer:—

Prayer for the healing of the sick may legitimately undertake to effect no breach at all in the order of natural causation, but simply the substitution of a psychological for a physiological cause of cure. When the case is one to which a psychological cause is adequate, the cure will follow. Of course, the condition of its effectiveness is that the patient must fully believe in the healing power of prayer. At least, the prayer tends to call into activity the psychical powers of auto-suggestion and expectant attention. These are, indeed, equally effective, whether generated through prayer or otherwise; but I am now considering the power. If an undevout mind regards prayer in this case as mere incantation, a reverent mind is nearer the truth in holding that "there is no power but of God;" whether in the psychical body or the political, "the powers that be are ordained of God."

The records of the S.P.R. abound in fully verified instances of communications sped from friend to friend in a moment across hundreds of miles in some supreme crisis which called into momentary action some previously latent energy of the spirit. Such cases suggest the yet undiscovered possibilities and limits of prayer, considered simply as a mode of psychical force moving upon an unseen psychical environment, through which, as through the physical, Divine forces are ever energising in the interplay of action and reaction. That religious enthusiasm dwells closer to the springs of this mysterious force than our present science or philosophy is thoroughly credible.

X.—DEMONS AS WITNESSES IN COURT. A STRANGE STORY FROM BURMAH. BY J. A. MAUNG GYI.

I HAVE received the following extraordinary story of "Demon Evidence" by a correspondent signing himself J. A. Maung Gyi, and dating from the Common Room, Gray's Inn, who prefaces it as follows:—

The *Hloot Taw* was the highest judicial and legislative council of Burma when that country rejoiced in the possession of an independent King, and the Records of the *Hloot Taw* contain an immense amount of learned dicta on disputed points of Burmese Law. From the *Hloot Taw* there was but one appeal, and that was to the King, who through his *Hpone* or glory (the result of previously accumulated merit) possessed powers of life and death over his subjects, animal, human, and even superhuman, such as *nats*, or spirits, and *thayais*, or demons. The superhuman subjects sued and were sued at their own tribunals, but when a human being was concerned they were not loth to appear as witnesses in the ordinary courts of the country. As an illustration of astral evidence taken into account by the ordinary Burmese Courts, and even by the *Hloot Taw* itself, I offer the following remarkable case related to me by the Prince of Kyouk Souk, Commander-in-Chief of the Burmese Army, and son of one of the chief Ministers who presided at the *Hloot Taw*, in the words of the Prince himself, and also the incidents which led up to it, as a proper understanding of the case necessitates their mention.

In the village of Toung Byone there lived about twelve years ago a man named Nga Tumbee and his wife, Mi Pu. What the man's real name was no one remembered, because from his infancy he had been known by the nickname "Tumbee." The reason was that his skin was as black as that of a Madras coolie, and you know that these fellows address each other as Tumbee or brother. Nga Tumbee and Mi Pu lived on the produce of their little patch of cultivated land which yielded them three crops a year, and on the vegetables they gathered from their *Taung Ya* or freshly cleared patch of jungle land. Their little cottage was made of bamboo, and roofed with thatch, and was just large enough to hold themselves, their dog, and their *Sabahk-ye* or granary. At the back of their cottage was a covered shed, where the oxen, the plough, and the two-wheeled cart were kept. Early every morning Mi Pu would take a small basketful of paddy, husk it, and cook the rice for their morning meal, while her husband went to the *Taung Ya* to pluck a few green leaves and beans. After their morning meal they would go to their field, work all day, and return home when the sun had set, to prepare their evening meal and to go to bed.

Nga Tumbee used to take his wife to the little plot of land where he worked, even when there was nothing for her to do. In fact, wherever he went Mi Pu was sure to be taken, for he could not bear her out of his sight, so much did he love his wife. He was very jealous, too, for he knew that Mi Pu did not marry him for love, but in order to spite an old flame of hers. Nga Tumbee could not bear to see his wife smile at the men of their village, so that the male population of Toung Byone kept away from them. Mi Pu on her part just tolerated her husband, but was faithful to him, although to be cut off from the companionship of men by the jealousy of her husband made her very unhappy. The men and women of Toung Byone chaffed her unmercifully about Nga Tumbee whenever they met her, at a funeral or at the village well, or anywhere else; but Mi Pu always managed to force a smile, and pretended to take the jokes in good part, though she could have cried. Nga Tumbee, a square-built and powerful ploughman, was a very stolid creature; he lacked not only ordinary sense of humour, but disliked all jokes, and especially those made at his

expense about his fondness for his wife, for Burmans, as you know, dislike to be thought uxorious. However, when Hpo Yan, the village bully, had had his teeth knocked out by a blow from Tumbee's big knee, people ceased asking him when he had last washed his wife's *Hlamein* (skirt). We Burmans never touch women's skirts, much less wash them, lest our *Hpone*, or glory, be dimmed; and to tell a man that he washes woman's clothes is as good as saying he is inferior to a dog. So people no longer chaffed Tumbee openly, but whenever he passed with his wife they would whisper one to another, and cast side glances at him. He knew, or rather he felt, that they were talking about him, but as they said nothing to him he could not very well bring them to book. Mi Pu also felt that her fellow-villagers laughed at her husband, and as contempt for a husband reflects also on his wife, it galled her. She heard people say that her husband was lacking in manly dignity because he madly worshipped her, and treated her like a goddess, as no self-respecting Burman treats his wife. At home she used to persuade her husband, and coax him to treat her with reserve before other people, but he was so dotingly fond of her that he always forgot himself, and at any little social gathering would leave the men to join the women. He would look at her fondly, and take her hand as the white foreigners do with their wives or sweethearts. Then people would look away, and try to hide their smiles; but Nga Tumbee did not notice them. Mi Pu, however, did, and she felt more and more hurt at their smiles. She would sharply withdraw her hand, retire to the back of the house, and there cry away her vexation. All these petty annoyances caused by her husband's too loving and, as we call it, mad behaviour in public, made Mi Pu detest her husband, and wish to be rid of him; but the tie that bound them could not be loosened, for Nga Tumbee, whatever his shortcomings, was certainly studious of his wife's comfort and happiness, and behaved like a model husband. The less fault she could find with him the more miserable she grew. How she wished that Nga Tumbee would have an intrigue in the village, that she might have just grounds for procuring a dissolution of marriage. But Nga Tumbee was nothing if not faithful. Mi Pu, of course, could have intrigued with her old sweetheart, but she knew

that Nga Tumbee would forgive her, and the enormity of the sin, too, had to be considered. So she, too, remained faithful and unhappy.

One day Nga Tumbee went by himself to the town of Sagaing to dispose of the beans from his *Taung Ya*, and to bring back a supply of oil, tobacco, salt, and other necessities. Much against his will, he had to leave Mi Pu at home, but as she was indisposed he had not the heart to force her to accompany him. He had to go a long distance, and would not be back till late in the evening. Mi Pu sat in front of her little cottage mending her husband's old *pasoh*, or waist cloth, and bewailing her fate. In the afternoon her old lover called to tell her of his wife's death and to invite her to the funeral. As she did not expect Nga Tumbee to return yet, the visitor stayed to talk over old times, and as their conversation grew more confidential, he declared the love he still bore her.

"Ah! Mi Pu," he exclaimed, "what would I not give to get rid of that husband of yours? What a fool I was not to have seen the charms that I see in you now, in your speech, in your movements, even in that scar on your neck!"

"O brother," Mi Pu replied, "how can you talk like that when you know that I am a married woman? I hope, however, I do not sin much by wishing that my jealous and ridiculous husband were dead or divorced from me. If that happened, I should not mind being for ever the slave of—" she bent down to inspect more closely the seam of the *pasoh*, and said—"you, my old sweetheart, you."

Just then the crackling of a bamboo at the side of the house announced somebody's approach. It was Nga Tumbee, who, having failed to sell his beans, returned earlier than he was expected, and coming by the back way was just in time to catch his wife's last words. Mi Pu's visitor said in a loud voice, "Mi Pu, pray don't forget to tell your husband to come to the funeral. May I take another chew of betel?" and just as Mi Pu replied, "Oh, do, sir," Nga Tumbee came up to them, his face blacker than usual with suppressed rage, and sat on the ground hugging his knees and pulling at his long green cheroot. Mi Pu's visitor rose quickly and announcing his wife's death to Nga Tumbee, begged him to come to the funeral, and then took his leave. Nga Tumbee would have killed the man on the spot; but as he could not prove he had been injured, and—what was more important—as he lacked the necessary palm-oil to offer the village headman, he restrained himself and sat sullenly silent. Mi Pu tried to talk to him, asking him about his trip to Sagaing, but Nga Tumbee did not answer. At last when she said, "Ko Tumbee! have you sold the beans and brought the oil to cook our curry with this evening?" Nga Tumbee found words.

"How can a man succeed in any undertaking when gay female dogs betray him at home?" he cried. "How can a man have any good luck? It's a wonder I am still alive, for most people who are betrayed at home lose their lives."

Mi Pu's indignation was roused at these unjust accusations. Her bosom heaved, and she breathed very hard.

"Ha!" continued Nga Tumbee. "That Monk who preached at the headman's mother-in-law's funeral spoke true when he said that women are inferior to the male pariah dog which lives on the stale offerings on the pagodas. If they have nine husbands they will long for a tenth, and if they have ten they will still long

for an eleventh. If they did not they would be born men like us, meritorious beings, and there would be no women. Ha! ha! You did not expect me so early, did you?"

Mi Pu was now thoroughly roused. She, the faithful wife who would not betray the husband, she loathed to have such foul and groundless charges brought against her. Her voice trembled with anger.

"Ko Tumbee! If you doubt your wife's fidelity you had better seek a divorce. Ha! I know too well you wouldn't, though. However bad woman may be, you, at any rate, are glad enough to rest that black elephant head of yours on my neck and fondle me. You *Tanha yu*" (libertine). She rose as she spoke, and fastened her skirt around her more firmly. Nga Tumbee was furious at the truth of his wife's retorts. He did not want a divorce, for he loved his wife too well, but his jealousy was raging. Besides, he was disappointed because he could not sell his beans, and there was no money in the house. He could find no words to express his rage, and in the heat of the moment he picked up the heavy knot of bamboo which served as their pillow, and aimed it at her. With a shrill shriek of *Aung may lay!* Mi Pu fell on the floor, her face covered with blood flowing from a deep wound on her forehead. A few passers-by, on hearing her scream, ran in. Nga Tumbee scowled on the prostrate form of his wife, repeating: "So you did not expect me to return so soon, did you?"

The men who rushed to the scene dared not lift Mi Pu to wash her face and dress her wound, so they called loudly for their wives, who soon came and restored her to consciousness. The hasty and impulsive Nga Tumbee, now calm, disregarding ideas of propriety, hugged his wife before the others, and begged on his knees for forgiveness. He did not mean to hurt her. He did not intend to create a scene by quarrelling with her. But her home-thrust maddened him, and for the first time since their marriage he had, in a moment of blindness, raised his hand against her whom he so madly adored. The neighbours joined in the entreaty for forgiveness, but Mi Pu was inexorable. She pushed her husband away, and would not even condescend to answer. She saw only her own blood staining the bamboo floor and the face of her old sweetheart who had become a widower. At length she rose, and drinking a ladle-full of water, said: "Ko Tumbee, I am going to the headman's house for a divorce. I have five rupees saved up for such a day as this."

Nga Tumbee threw himself on the floor and begged his wife not to push matters to extremes. She did not answer, but moved towards the door. He lay across the threshold, saying: "Mi Pu, my darling, if you leave this house it will be over my body."

I must explain to you that in Burma women commit a great sin by walking over men. Nga Tumbee thought that Mi Pu, who was so religious, would not walk over his body, but to the surprise of all she stepped over him, after which, making obeisance to him, she said: "If I have walked over a meritorious man, may my act of worship atone for it; but if I have walked over a wicked wretch I care not how much I have sinned." Having said this, she went to the headman's house, laid her complaint, and prayed for a divorce.

The latter summoned his colleagues and Nga Tumbee, and, after due deliberation, pocketed the five rupees and pronounced a dissolution of marriage. When Mi Pu had thanked the elders and taken leave of them, she went to the house of her old lover, and told

him that she was free, and that she expected to see him the same evening at her house, which, according to Burmese Buddhist law, was hers, for that the plough, the oxen, the cart, and the field were her property before she married Nga Tumbee. Her old lover promised to keep the appointment, and Mi Pu returned home. There she met Nga Tumbee, who implored her to marry him again, and, to prove his devotion and submissiveness to her, he prostrated himself and made obeisance, and, what is worse, he rubbed his head with the hem of her skirt. Nga Tumbee was indeed devoted to his wife. He was an *Udaita*, a man whose mind is concentrated on worldly things—a man who can never free himself from the slough of *Thanthaya*, the endless wheel of existences. Mi Pu thought still less of Nga Tumbee when he grovelled in the dust at her feet. When he found his prayers unanswered, he did not, like others, slay her on the spot. He vowed eternal love and fidelity, and, stifling a big sob, left her. Mi Pu husked some paddy, cooked her rice, and prepared a nice dinner for her old lover. She was happy now, and she sang to herself.

Presently she heard the oxen bellowing and kicking in the shed, but she did not think anything of that. She thought only of her old lover. The sun had set now, and she lighted her petroleum lamp. She put the rice in a wooden tray, and into the heap of rice she stuck two knots of bamboo filled with curry and fish-paste. She brought out a glass tumbler which Nga Tumbee had given her as a wedding present in honour of the expected visit, for she generally drank out of a cocoanut-shell. She covered the tray with some plantain-leaves to keep the food warm, and she sat leaning against the bamboo post, her legs stretched out. In her lap was a tray of cut tobacco-leaves, bits of thanet-kha wood, and green leaves for rolling cheroots. The crickets chirruped, the frogs croaked, and a dull hissing warned her that the dreaded cobras had come out of their holes.

While Mi Pu sat thus, rolling cheroots and singing a little ditty,

The moon is not out, the moon is not out,
Oh, where can my lover be?

the dog lying at her feet turned its head towards the door and growled. She herself imagined that she saw a figure flit by and distinctly heard the sound of hurrying steps and dull thuds as of stones falling on the ground from a great height. Outside it was pitch dark. She took the lamp, called to her dog, and went to the road, which was a little way-off, to look for her lover. She saw the faint glimmer of lights in the houses, but there were no signs of the man she awaited, and she went back to the house disappointed. At length the day's excitement overcame her, and she fell asleep. Early next morning she went to the house of her old lover and reproached him for failing to keep his appointment. He replied that as he left the road and entered the path which led to the house, he was assailed by a shower of stones, and on looking up saw Nga Tumbee seated on one of the branches and threatening to murder him if he went into the house. So he fled for his life. Mi Pu made another appointment and returned home, inveighing loudly and bitterly against Nga Tumbee, thinking that he was lurking somewhere near the house.

A little later a neighbour and his family, who were going to a pagoda feast about twenty miles off, called on Mi Pu to beg the loan of her cart and oxen, and she directed the man to the cattle shed. The neighbour

thanked Mi Pu and went to the back of the house for the cart and oxen. Soon a piercing shriek from the direction of the shed was heard, and when the people ran to look, they found the neighbour lying on the ground, his hands clenched, his eyeballs protruding, and the veins on his forehead swollen. He was dead, and a very brief examination showed that his neck had been broken. The people looked round at the cattle shed and saw the dead body of Nga Tumbee, he had taken the bullock reins and had hanged himself to the shaft of the tilted cart. The oxen too were missing. The reason of her lover's flight on the preceding night now dawned on Mi Pu, and she, perceiving the loss of the cattle, again broke out into invectives against her late husband. The people of the village now gathered, and the bolder spirits took down the corpse and buried it with scant ceremony. The neighbour's body too was buried by his own family. The gossips of the village now spread a rumour that Nga Tumbee by committing suicide and by being an *udaita* had become a *Thayai* or demon who attacked all persons visiting Mi Pu's house, and this rumour was confirmed by Mi Pu's old lover. When the excitement died away and the crowd dispersed, Mi Pu abused the dead Nga Tumbee with all the wealth of words our language affords, and accused the dead man of spiriting away her oxen. At length a voice from the tree in front of her house cried, "Mi Pu, my life; why, instead of inveighing bitterly against me, do you not, when you pray, share your merits with me in order to free me from my state of punishment? Come, follow me, and I will show you where your oxen are and point out the thief too."

Mi Pu was startled, nay, she was alarmed, for she feared that the demon might try to injure her as it tried to injure her old lover with stones, or even break her neck as it did that of the neighbour who wanted to borrow her cart. However, the remembrance of Nga Tumbee's devotion while he was alive emboldened her to hold converse with the *Thayai*, but to secure herself against any sudden attack she went indoors. Every house is guarded by Min Magari, the household deity, who will not allow demons to enter the homes of those who honour him by hanging a cocoanut on its main pillar. Seated near the doorway, she said: "Ko Tumbee, I dare not follow you, for you are a *Thayai*, and the sight of you will frighten me to death."

"It is true I am a *Thayai*," replied the voice from the tree, "and am fearful to behold. But Mi Pu, my life, I will remain invisible as I am now, and will lead the way by throwing up dust in the direction I wish you to go."

Reassured by these words, Mi Pu rose to go, saying, "All right, Ko Tumbee, I will follow the line of dust, but remember you must not frighten me."

"Fear nothing, my love," was the reply.

Mi Pu followed the line of dust for a few miles till she came to a spot where the jungle was dense; and she saw her oxen tied to a mango-tree, peacefully grazing. The cattle bellowed as if they recognised her, and Mi Pu would have led them back to her house had not the demon urged her to follow him still farther to the cattle-thief's house. Once more following the line of dust, she at length arrived at the outskirts of Sagaing, and stood before a house on the threshold of which a short thin villianous-looking man was seated sharpening a long *dah* on a stone. The demon whispered in her ear to find out the man's name, as he was the thief. Mi Pu went up to the man and asked artfully; "Sir, sir, are you not Ko Mhaing?"

"No, I am Ko Pay Toe," was the gruff answer of the thief, who recognised her. The demon now advised Mi Pu to lodge a complaint at the Governor's Court against Nga Pay Toe. Mi Pu stated her case before the Woon, and explained how the demon had helped her to discover the thief. Nga Pay Toe, who was a notorious character, was immediately arrested and tried. He denied all knowledge of the oxen and proved an *alibi*. The police after some time brought the oxen from the place where Mi Pu had directed them to go, and gave them to her. The Governor told Mi Pu that as she had recovered her oxen she should be satisfied, and that he would discharge Nga Pay Toe as he could not convict him on hearsay evidence. Mi Pu prepared to leave the court, and Nga Pay Toe looked triumphant. But at that moment a voice was heard from outside the court, saying, "That would be very unfair, my lord. A true judge should dispense with evidence and know intuitively truth and untruth."

"What son of a dog dares address the Court without permission? Bring him before me immediately," shouted the Governor to the policemen. These went out to look, and soon returned, saying that there was not a soul outside the court.

"Who spoke just now?" demanded the Governor, looking round the court.

"Your humble slave, Nga Tumbée, my lord," was the reply from the same side of the court.

"What have you to say?"

"Your humble slave wishes to give evidence in this case, my lord," was the reply.

"You are a *Thayai*, are you not?"

"Yes, my lord, your slave unfortunately is."

"How is the Court to identify you? What you say may be a trick or those ventriloquists who come from Lower Burma. If you are desirous of substantiating Mi Pu's words, you must come into court in your natural form and be sworn."

"Your humble slave is willing to do so, but he is afraid those who see him will die of fright. Will your humble slave's hand be sufficient to identify him?"

"Yes, put it on the table, touch the sacred palm-leaf, and take the oath."

"Your humble slave will do so. He prays your lordship to request Min Magari to permit him to enter."

The Governor took a cigar and a chew of betel, which he offered to Min Magari, and requested the household deity to grant the required permission. When that was done we saw an immense hand about six cubits long, its flesh resembling raw beef that one sees in the bazaars, and covered with huge bristles. The demon gave his evidence, stating that through being an *Udaita* and through his suicide he became a *Thayai*, attached to the spot where his thoughts in life were centred. He watched over Mi Pu's safety, and saw Nga Pay Toe take away the oxen from the shed, and he followed the thief to find out where he was going to hide the cattle, and also to know where he lived. He would have broken Nga Pay Toe's neck as he did that of the neighbour who tried to borrow the cart in order to swindle Mi Pu, only Nga Pay Toe had a powerful charm which protected him. Nga Pay Toe was a notorious thief—not only did Nga Pay Toe steal the cattle but also the glass tumbler, which was the demon's wedding present to his wife. The ruffian Nga Pay Toe went with two of his friends to rob in the village of *Toungbyme*. One of them had a bottle of *shamsu* (country spirit distilled from rice by Chinamen), but had no cup to drink out of. So when Mi Pu went to the high road to look for her old lover, Nga Pay Toe slipped into her house and stole the glass. He was not only a thief but also a great drunkard.

The demon, addressing the prisoner, said: "Now, Nga Pay Toe, thief and drunkard, confess."

Nga Pay Toe, terribly frightened by the sight of the demon's hand, made a full confession and begged for mercy. The Woon offered the prisoner the choice of paying Mi Pu treble the value of the oxen or of undergoing a long term of slavery in the ruby-mines. The robber adopted the former alternative, and, when he paid over the money to Mi Pu, was discharged. This case, on account of the demon's evidence, was so curious that the Governor sent a full account of it to the *Hloot Taw*, where it was entered in the records.

J. A. M. G.

XI.—A MANX WITCH.

A WEIRD STORY OF CRYSTAL VISION AND WARNING.

AS the following narrative refers to an adventure between an old woman now dead and the writer only, I can offer no other proof of its *bonâ fides* than my bare word, and the facts existing with reference to the previously unheard-of names alluded to.

It was in the winter of 1874. I was of a certain age, say nineteen, and was dressed on the occasion in the garb I usually affected for shooting. The description of this dress would be of no consequence, only it comes into the story, and, therefore, may as well be given at once. A hieland bonnet, with silver buckle and wing of a snipe; coarse grey shooting jacket; corduroy knickers with brown leggings; game-bag, with broad white strap; old-fashioned shot-bag suspended from shoulder; silver whistle chain.

It wanted half an hour to dawn of day when I arrived at a place where, leading up from a river and an unfrequented valley, a winding sandy lane debouched on to the highway.

At this point there occurred one of those conflicts of opinion which lead to the adoption of second thoughts. I had set out with the intention of pursuing a straight course to Barrule—a mountain some miles away—but the direction of the wind and the crackling of some ice underfoot decided a change in my plans, and I turned down towards the river and the swamps which ran parallel with it.

MRS. COFFEY, ÆTAT 94.

In the entire length of the lane I now traversed there was but one human habitation—a low thatched cottage, with small windows, and a single door which (contrary to the custom of the country) was never allowed to stand open. The chief occupant of this cottage was a woman so old that she might truly be said to have lived for generations. Men old enough to be the writer's grandfather said she was old when they were young, and that she looked no older in the year '74 than she did in the year '34. In reality, however, I knew her age to be ninety-four, for I had put the question to her so suddenly one day, when in the act of lifting a bag of coal on her back, that she jerked out the words "fourscore and fourteen" by way of thanks. It may appear incredible that a woman so old could be engaged in carrying her own coals from the harbour of a little seaport to her lonely cottage in the country, but it was so.

Though the day was so young, and the frost so keen, the old crony was up, and her fire lighted, when I arrived at her cottage. The glare of burning faggots shone through the closely curtained window—a window through which no one had even the temerity to peep. From the earliest days of my childhood an air of mystery appeared around this hovel—for it was little better—and I was imbued with a superstitious dread of the woman which had literally passed to me from the preceding generations.

A MORNING CALL.

As it may be said that no living relic of the old woman now remains, and the only vestige of her cottage now visible is a dark cellar, discovered after her death, there can be no good reason for withholding her name.

Unlike other witches of the country, she had no *sobriquet*. She was above that. The dread of her was so superior that she maintained a dignity which tolerated no nickname. She was simply called Mrs. Coffey.

Now Mrs. Coffey's cottage was probably the only one in the neighbourhood that I had never entered. Not that we were, Mrs. Coffey and I, unknown to each other, or on unfriendly terms, for I had always saluted her with the tip of my forefinger against my bonnet from as far back as I could remember; but there was an uncanny something about her abode: her veiled windows and bolted doors constantly warned off the traveller, and hinted at secrets that were not for the outside world. But just now I had a mind to enter. I knew that this woman, in her foraging expeditions for herbs and faggots, was frequently the only person to be seen in the glen below; and a word with her now might enlighten me as to the whereabouts of any wildfowl that might have come up from the sea the evening before.

THE INTERIOR OF THE WITCH'S HOVEL.

Twenty-two years have passed, but I remember the trepidation which I felt as I knocked, and, on being recognised, was admitted to the precincts of the witch's home. Though there were neither skull nor crossbones over the mantelpiece, nor emblems of Black Art on the walls, I yet felt an unaccountable shudder as I seated myself by the fire, with its pot suspended by a chain and rope fastened in the chimney.

By the light of the ripe gorse fire I saw, without daring to scrutinise, the usual make-up of a lonely woman's kitchen. A dresser, on which were perched or suspended collections of ware of past days. In one corner of the room, next the fire, a pile of wood; in the other a crock of water. On the laths which were tacked to the rafters a hundred odds and ends, which could not be distinguished from where I sat. Two worm-eaten tables and sundry divers-shaped chairs. On the mantelpiece there were some china ornaments representing horses, dogs, and fair ladies, such as one often sees in out-of-the-way places. There was another room, but its door was closed, and in this room, I conjectured, the woman kept all the paraphernalia of witchcraft.

It would be unfair (to the reader only) to pass over Mistress Coffey's personal appearance. She was frightfully ugly. This ugliness was not the result of any malformation of features; it was the effect of a countenance long set into a ferocious expression and of diabolical eyes, over one of which was a broad wound that never quite healed.

THE PUPPY.

I had put my question about the wild ducks and taken an opinion as to the probable duration of the frost, when one of my dogs, a beautiful liver-and-white setter puppy, commenced to lap water from the household supply.

"Down!" I cried.

"Let it alone, let it alone!" shouted the old hag. "What is that I see in the crock? Here, *bagh*" (to the puppy), "here, drink!"

But the puppy kept the crouching attitude it had dropped into, and looked up to me as if in doubt.

"Come up to the crock and make it drink again."

I did as desired, bending down to entice the dog to drink.

"Now, what do you see in the water?" asked the witch.

I looked carefully before answering, and then said that I saw nothing.

"Strange!" muttered the woman, her face bent over my shoulder; "but sit down a little while, sit down until the day breaks, and I will show you the future of your dog and yourself."

"What is the name of the dog?" she added, calling and patting it.

"It has no name yet."

"Then I will name it for you just now."

Ere long it was broad daylight, and then followed a performance so curious and so inexplicable that I have never been able to make up my mind about it.

CRYSTAL-GAZING IN WATER.

The witch drew the crock of water near the window, the curtains of which were now drawn liberally away. I was told to go on my knees and peep continuously into the water until I saw something move in it, and then to describe accurately what I saw.

For a long time I saw nothing but the bottom of the crock, and I began to think the old woman was fooling me. A moment afterwards a ray of sunlight lit up the water, and I became aware of a resemblance to a green field at the bottom of it, then a dog appeared on the field—a setter puppy, liver-and-white.

"I see," I cried, "a green field, and a setter puppy quartering the ground."

"What is the puppy like?"

"As like my own as possible."

I had barely time to make the last reply than a youth seemed to rise up on the scene, a youth clad in shooting jacket of grey tweed, corduroy knickers, and brown leggings, and whose head was covered by a hieland bonnet with silver buckle and a snipe's wing.

"Ha, ha!" cried the witch, perhaps noticing my astonishment, though she kept behind me, leering over me like a fiend. "What are you looking at?"

"I am looking—I am looking—at my—self."

"What are you doing?"

"I am walking through the field, following the dog."

"Are you sure of yourself?"

"As sure as if I were looking in a glass."

"Now, as you value your future happiness, don't look up, but keep on watching the field, the dog, and yourself."

"All right; I will attend."

A PROPHETIC VISION.

Presto! The scene changed. The dog and lad disappeared as mysteriously as they appeared.

"Look! look!" screamed the witch, seeing me about to raise my head.

In the centre of the field, turning slowly round as if looking for some one or something lost, a tall girl stood, or seemed to stand. The most noticeable thing about her at first was her hair, which was long and of a very bright yellow. Then, as if I had been looking through a telescope which was being gradually brought to focus, the figure became distinct in every feature. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful—especially just after surveying the face of the witch.

"What is the matter with you? Can't you speak?"

"Yes, yes," I stammered, for I had for the moment lost the use of my tongue. I was enchanted.

"Do you see *me* there?"

"On the contrary, I see a very beautiful girl."

"You do not think *me* very beautiful, then, eh?"

"Well, not so beautiful as that girl there."

"Very well, that will do for the present."

The field, the beautiful face, the yellow hair, the perfect physique, gradually melted into thin air or clear water. I saw nothing but the bottom of the crock.

"Now sit up."

I sat up—on my heels.

The witch passed her bony hand over my head, and selecting the longest hair she could find, she passed it through her old and worn wedding-ring.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Tell you the name of that girl; and that must be the name you shall give the puppy."

"The name of that girl!" I cried, with undoubted interest. "Do you know her, then?"

DIVINING BY THE WEDDING-RING.

The ferocious eyes were turned upon me with a searching and frightful fixedness; the bushy eyebrow and the old scar met by the contraction of a wrinkle in the forehead; the face of the sibyl wore a terrible frown. I thought she was about to spring upon me: I was held spellbound to the floor; but she only lowered her voice into a hoarse whisper and said—

"Boy, be a man, and don't be a fool, and that girl will be your wife."

I started. A hundred thoughts flashed into my head; the folly of fortune-telling, the score of events which I knew *had* been foretold by this very woman, the possibility of being duped, or of being led into some conspiracy for the witch's own-ends.

While I looked at the ugly face with these and such-like thoughts in my mind, the long sinewy fingers were extended towards me with the ring suspended by the hair.

"Now take the both ends of the hair and dip the ring into the water. That's it! Now lift the ring up out of the water, and hold your hand as steady as if you were steadying your aim on a duck sitting on a pond."

I did so; but despite my best attempts to keep my hand from moving, the ring began to swing backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. Wider and wider it swung until the ring struck the side of the crock. In an instant it ceased its pendulum movement, and began to spin round over the centre of the circle described by the water.

"What does that mean?" I asked, looking up.

"It means that it stopped at the letter H," said the witch. "Now let the ring dip into the water again, and then lift it out and hold it steady."

I repeated the performance, holding my hand steady, with my thumb and forefinger clasping the ends of the hair which supported the ring.

With one movement the ring touched the side of the crock, then stopped and began to spin.

"That means A," muttered the witch.

When we, or rather the ring, had spelt out the word "Harver," it refused to swing any further.

HARVER EBB.

"Now," said the sibyl, "lay down the hair and the ring."

I obeyed.

"Now look steadfastly into the water, and tell me what you see."

"I see the girl again!" I cried, now fairly excited.

"Is she looking at you, or away from you?"

"She is looking me full in the face; she is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen! she must be an angel."

"Angel *thummy chral!* Would you know that face if you saw it again years hence?"

"I shall never forget it!" I cried.

"I doubt it," said the witch. "I have been thinking for years of showing you that face, for *I have had word about you.*"

I now became thoroughly persuaded that this fearful-looking specimen of womankind had some communication with the people of the spirit world.

I was commanded to take up the ring, suspended as before, and repeat the operation of dipping it and holding it over the water.

The word "Ebb" was spelt, and then the ring refused to budge.

"The name of the lady is *Harver Ebb,*" said Mrs. Coffey, spelling the words over, and pronouncing them with some difficulty; "and you must call the young setter bitch by the name of Harver."

"Why so?"

"Because if you don't you will never marry that girl or never speak to her; and if you sell the dog you will never even see her."

"Is that true?"

"As true as there is wool in your clothes."

"What proof can you give me of all this?" I asked.

"Proof! Look again into the water for the third and the last time."

I looked eagerly. The scene was changed. Instead of the green field there was a piece of moorland, the puppy had grown to maturity, and the young shooter with the hieland bonnet and the snipe's wing appeared to be conversing over the dog to the girl with the yellow hair.

THE LUCK BETWEEN DOG AND WIFE.

"What do you see now?" asked the witch.

I described.

"Very well, then: listen to what I have to say. You have asked me for proof. I will give it. Before this season is over you will discover that the puppy now by your side, and which you must remember to call 'Harver,' is likely to become one of the best setters living. She will range so gracefully that your chief pleasure shall be in watching her quarter the ground, and she will find game where other dogs will pass it. Staunch on the point herself, she will back other dogs she may be hunting with, though they may be a field away from her; and, in short, she will approach as near perfection as man or dog ever did."

"How is it *you* know the points of a good setter?" I asked.

"Boy, *veen,* seventy years ago your great-grandfather and my husband trained dogs together; ay, and they

were dogs those! Do you still see the figures in the water?"

I said I was intent on watching them.

"Very good, then: pay heed to what I am saying. You must never sell this dog until you have met the girl you see in the water."

"But if the dog is to be so perfect as you describe, I should not be likely to sell her."

THE WITCH'S WARNING.

"Ah! you don't know, you don't know. You will, before many years are over, fall sick with the power of the Evil Eye, and then you will grow tired of the world and sell your gun and your dogs, and be exiled from your native land."

"If that *is* to be, why do you warn me of it? A man can't get away from his fate."

"Fool!" cried the witch, "a man *can* get away from his fate if he sees it in advance of him. What people mean by fate is often only the powers of darkness. Every man has a rope on each side of him. On one rope pull the spirits of good, and on the other the spirits of evil. The man's *fate* is the side on which he puts his weight."

"Well, I interrupted you."

"Well, then, don't sell the dog when you fall sick of the Evil Eye, but cross the seas and take the dog with you."

"Where am I to go?"

"Wherever the spirit may lead you."

"Might there not be fate in that?"

"Yes, but it would be the fate that would lead you to the girl whose image you are now looking at, and that you would not call fate, but fortune."

At this moment a dense mass of cloud passed over the sun, the room became dark, and the vision in the crock of water disappeared.

FULFILLED.

So I named the puppy "Harver," and on the inside of an old desk recorded the full name. It was not, however, until many years afterwards, when looking into one of the most ponderous of directories, I saw for the first time, and by pure chance, the name of "Ebb." I was then, according to prediction, an exile; the "falling ill of the Evil Eye," or some purely nervous malady, had come to pass; and the dog, whose fame had already been secured, had been sold, notwithstanding the witch's warning.

One might stop here, but it would be curious information to discover, if it were now possible, how much of the second sight and hypnotic or other art the old woman possessed; or whether she practised upon the imagination of a wayward and romantic mind, by the aid of the bright sunlight on the water, the china ornaments, and some keen penetration into the character of a youth she had ample opportunities of studying. The discovery, too, whether such a person as named by the witch ever had existence would intensify the interest in the occurrence to the student of psychical research.

XII.—A TRAVELLING BORDERLANDER IN THE WESTERN WORLD.

WEST INDIAN MAGIC AND KEELEY'S MOTOR.

I.—DUPPIES, OBEAH, AND OTHER SPECIALITIES OF THE WEST INDIES.

PHILADELPHIA,
March 22, 1897.

BEFORE sailing for the West Indies last January, my ideas of "duppies," "jumbies," and Obeah men and women were naturally rather confused.

DUPPIES AND THEIR WAYS.

An ex-Governor of renown had assured me that the horses both of his daughter and of an aide-de-camp had mysteriously fallen down without any adequate or apparent reason, at a particular spot, close to Government House, said to be haunted by a Duppie, or *revenant*. Mentioning this one day when lunching at Queen's College, Barbados, the present Head of the Training College for Teachers in Jamaica (an exceedingly clever and capable woman) assured me that not only could she credit the story, but that she herself had had a similar experience when riding over the very same spot. Coincidence, no doubt! Well, coincidence must have a very broad back in these days!

The first island we visited after landing at Barbados was Trinidad, and here I instituted a very searching and minute inquiry into the habits and customs of Duppies. I had already discovered that these ghosts of the departed are called indifferently either Duppies or Jumbies by the negroes.

GLIDING THROUGH THE AIR.

No one I spoke to ever denied the possibility of seeing these "shades," and one or two claimed to possess the power, but these latter did not seem elated by the fact, nor over anxious to discuss it. A policeman (negro) close to the Pitch Lake, in Trinidad, assured me that he had many times seen the spirits of those who had passed away. "I don't call them Duppies; I call them Spirits," he said proudly, thinking, no doubt, that this was a less provincial way of describing his experiences. I asked him if they seemed to glide over the ground. "Never on the ground; always above it—two or three feet above," was the answer. Now, I have been told this more than once, and in very different parts of the West Indian Islands.

It struck me, not only because all who claimed to have seen Duppies agreed in this detail, but also from its connection with an experience of my own, which has, doubtless, been shared by many others. Since childhood I have been haunted from time to time by a dream, the chief feature of which never alters. In this dream I am always, not exactly flying, but gliding along very quickly, through rooms of houses, or the streets, of a town, and always at the same distance from the ground—two or three feet; never more, never less. The sensation is delightful, and the sense of freedom satisfactory but not absolute. There is always a feeling of limitation. My freedom is not that of the bird in the heavens, but rather of some creature partially released from the binding conditions of earth.

Now in these days, when some of us are making actual acquaintance with our own Doubles, I would throw it out as a mere suggestion, that this dream may come when the Double is really "taking its walks abroad,"

and that the Duppie is simply a permanently instead of a temporarily disembodied Double.

HARD ON THE DUPPIES.

However this may be, I had a personal and very disagreeable experience whilst in Port of Spain, which I put down at once to a Duppie, trying in this way to console myself for the ruin of a new and very pretty gown. Having had the garment specially made in view of the great heat of the tropics, it was particularly annoying that it should have been spoilt the first time it was worn.

The gloaming had just set in, and we had left our hotel for a turn in the dusty road after dinner, when I suddenly found myself in what appeared to me to be several feet of extremely dirty water, out of which I scrambled up a high bank, feeling very much of a drowned rat.

The shrieks of my companion at the moment of my total disappearance rang so terribly in my ears that one's first thought was naturally to allay her fears; and, having scrambled out as best I could in the semi-darkness, drenched through and through, I was thankful to disappear from public view, and take shelter in my own room, where I went to bed as quickly as possible, for every garment I had on was soaking. It was only next morning, when reviewing the scene of the disaster, that I realised how strange it was that a very sure-footed and careful walker should have deliberately turned aside at right angles from the direct roadway, to flounder into an open ditch, full of rank grass and dirty water! One moment I was walking steadily along the path, and the next found me struggling in the moat, with my friend's shrieks ringing in my ears! Well, if that was not a "bad Duppie," it ought to have been! It seemed to me quite as wonderful—and disagreeable—as the threefold adventure of the Governor's daughter, the aide-de-camp, and the head-mistress.

OBEAH.

To return to the heading of this paper, the Obeah of the West Indies. We must remember that all the negro superstitions have been cradled in Africa, and brought thence by the negroes when the latter were imported to the West Indian islands. The powers of Obeah are generally looked upon by cultivated and "sensible" people as rank superstition, and you are told that there is nothing occult or mysterious in the matter at all; that it is a mere question of an ignorant knave at one end and an ignorant fool at the other; or at most that Obeah is worked through a greater knowledge of vegetable poisons possessed by some negroes than by others, such knowledge being often handed down through generations in the families of those negroes who are distinguished as Obeah men or Obeah women.

This sounds a plausible explanation, and may, in fact, cover a great deal of the ground. There is no doubt that Obeah owes much of its influence to the fears of the recipients and the power that an Obeah man possesses of playing upon these fears, quite apart from any intrinsic effect of his medicines or secret rites. But I am very much inclined to believe that this explanation does not cover the whole ground, and that we must admit a plus in this matter.

EVIL AURAS.

Surely we have gone far enough in our psychic education nowadays to realize that there may be poisonous atmospheres as well as poisonous plants, and that certain people by their mere presence seem to exhale some such atmosphere, of which the effect on a sensitive person is physically the same as the effect of eating any injurious substance! Many who know this from personal experience will not question my statement.

Some years ago I was staying in the neighbourhood of Christ Church, New Zealand, and spending the day with some acquaintances whom I met for the first time on this occasion. During the afternoon, the conversation turned upon a lady whose name was quite unknown to me, and as one of the party mentioned having seen her a few days previously on her way to Auckland, where she had to make a long stay of several weeks, there seemed no possible chance of my meeting her, and from the remarks made about her, I gathered that this was not a subject for regret.

At the same time she was evidently a woman who made considerable impression on her neighbours, or the criticisms evoked by her conduct would hardly have been so lengthy or so apparently interesting to those who made them.

I took no part in the conversation, and it was too local to have any sort of interest for me.

Later in the evening we went to church, and I sat in a pew with my newly-made friends on either side of me.

The seat in front was vacant, but after turning my head to watch the strange congregation filing slowly in, I turned round again and found the front seat occupied by two ladies; one, a very neatly dressed woman whose face I did not see either then or later. I only received the impression of a well-dressed, ladylike woman. The girl by her side did turn round once or twice, showing a charming, girlish face with an abundance of golden hair, and I felt distinctly attracted towards her. Therefore, my first general impression of the two ladies was decidedly pleasant.

A CASE IN POINT.

Within two or three minutes, however, I began to experience the most disagreeable and unusual physical feeling of nausea and discomfort, and oddly enough with the sensation came a *knowledge*, transcending all doubt, that the experience was connected in some way with the lady whose face I could not see, and that I was inhaling something positively poisonous to me from her personality, charming as it had appeared.

It was much too urgent a matter to think out from any psychic point of view at the time. I only thought despairingly, "If I could *only* get away from this woman in front of me! But some distance between us, I should be quite well again. As it is, I shall faint if this goes on, although I have never fainted in my life before."

My heart beat violently, the feeling of deathly nausea increased. Had I not been firmly wedged in between friends, I should certainly have escaped to a pew at the other end of the church, feeling sure I should revive as soon as the poisonous influence was removed.

The lady sitting next to me noticed how ill I looked, and whispered to me, "Are you faint? Would you like to go out?" I was almost past speaking by this time, but managed to shake my head, and by a strong exercise of will-power prevented the fainting fit that appeared imminent. I ought here to mention that there was nothing at all oppressive in the atmosphere of the church,

which was comparatively new and well ventilated. By degrees the feeling of sickness and discomfort passed away, but I was very shaky and unstrung even on coming out of church.

The moment we emerged I said to my friend, "Who in the world was that woman who sat in front of me in church this evening? I feel as though she had *poisoned* me!"

"Why that was Mrs. ———," answered my friend, mentioning the lady who had been discussed amongst them all in the afternoon.

I heard afterwards that her plans had been suddenly altered, and that she had quite unexpectedly returned home late on the previous evening. Not one of the party knew this fact, and therefore it could not have been telepathically conveyed to me through them, and my only thought in connection with the lady was the conviction that we should not meet, as she was in Auckland, and I, so many miles away, in Christchurch.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

A similar experience occurred to me the other day at a meeting of the S. P. R., in Westminster Town Hall. The presence of a total stranger (a man this time) made me feel equally ill, and I was obliged to move my seat in consequence, although naturally averse from making such an interruption in the midst of an interesting address. A well-known Harley-Street doctor (also a stranger to me at the time) noticed how ill I looked, and kindly insisted on my changing places with him. Therefore the physical effects in both cases were apparent to others as well as to myself.

Now my point is this. If the mere *presence* of certain people be so physically injurious to certain other people, even where no will power is exercised and no feeling of dislike or malice can possibly exist, how much may this poisonous influence be increased where the will is *set* upon bringing about this very physical effect, and surely here, as elsewhere, practice may make perfect?

I think, therefore, a considerable part of the effect of Obeah may belong to this department of psychic influence.

PSYCHIC INFLUENCE.

Then, again, to come to their *modus operandi*.

Why should not Obeah men and women, or any "witches" in any country, have at least as much power to leave impressions upon objects touched by them, as Mr. Thurston, of Hertford Lodge, S.W., and his band of students possess?

Only the other day he was telling me of his latest experiment with what he calls magnetised paper. He and his pupils *think*, with great concentration, thoughts of either joy or sorrow, anger or affection whilst holding papers, which are afterwards mixed up together. The psychic exercise is for the student to pick up the various pieces of paper (privately marked, of course, by Mr. Thurston) and at once declare what kind of thought has been associated with that special piece of paper.

If this can be done—and it has been done again and again with absolute success—is it very visionary to suppose that such papers or other objects might affect a "sensitive" for good or for ill? Why should not the determinedly malicious evil thoughts of one person, directed by a strong will upon a fellow creature, be credited with some power over that fellow creature, more especially where the latter is not trained to resist such influences?

THE USE OF OBEAH.

I pass on from these surmises to describe something of the process of Obeah when called in, as it often is, for the prevention or detection of thieving. A negro, rather better off than his neighbours, may have planted a number of flourishing plantains or banyan trees, only to find that the tempting bunches of fruit disappear mysteriously night after night, and that he is digging and delving in the interests of his thieving neighbours rather than his own. At length in despair, an Obeah man is called in to put a stop to the nuisance.

He arrives with his stock-in-trade, a number of little medicine bottles full of some mysterious liquid. One of these vials is tied on to a bunch of the fruit, an incantation being muttered meanwhile, in some uncouth African lingo, whilst the man's arms and legs are waved about to mark time. Then the model of a small black coffin is produced and placed on the branches of a cocoa tree, whilst on the top of it is put a saucer containing some water and a common hen's egg.

The Obeah man now walks round the fields, still muttering his incantations and the property is then declared safe.

So it is, practically, for no negro would dare to go near any of these mysterious Obeah relics. Sometimes a rusty nail, or a bit of old red flannel is used, or it may be a dead cockroach floating upon the water. No matter how homely the remedy, the effect is the same. Any ordinary West Indian negro would expect to "swell up and bust" if he dared to steal anything protected thus obviously by "Obeah."

The Obeah man, on these occasions, pretends to "let go plenty cribo" in the fields requiring protection. These *cribo* are large black serpents. Even in Grenada where these serpents are absolutely harmless and known to be so, the superstition is rampant, so doubtless the power for evil is supposed to come through the incantations of the Obeah man. Here also—in Grenada—the superstition still exists that sirens inhabit the higher mountains and must be propitiated by sacrifices of fowls or goats when rain is needed.

And yet the very negroes who form processions on these occasions, and go forth beating their tom toms in honour of the siren, to whom the sacrifice of a black hen or a white goat has just been made, will be found hurrying into church the following Sunday, and will be as zealous in discharging their religious duties as they are with regard to these Pagan rites and ceremonies.

The fact is, church-going is considered a mark of social respectability, and as such, does not affect their traditional observances in other directions.

It may be as well here to give the etymology of the word *Obeah*. The origin of the word *Obi* can be traced back to Egypt. A serpent in the Egyptian language was known as *Ob*, and the word *Obion* is still in use. The witch of Endor is called *Ob* or *Oub*, translated *Pythonissa*, and *Oubois* was the name of the royal serpent, emblem of the sun and an ancient oracular deity in Africa.

OBEAH ROMANIZED.

The Roman Catholic religion (introduced, of course, during the French occupation) is still greatly utilized for Obeah purposes.

Lighted candles are placed before the saints with the idea that a thief passing one of these must either restore the stolen property or go mad.

A dose of eau-de-Cologne is also sometimes admini-

stered, and is said to be very efficacious. A thief drinking it "will swell up and bust." The usual threat held out by the Obeah men! It is on record that a gentleman who had missed a bottle of whisky, suspected both his cook and also a boy of the theft, but could not find out which was the real culprit. The boy, not liking presumably to be suspected, proposed to his master this "trial by eau-de-Cologne," with a form of adjuration added to it.

"By St. Peter and St. Paul, who stole the whisky?"

"By St. Peter and St. Paul, who—"

The wretched cook could not stand the repetition of the question, and becoming violently agitated, confessed her guilt, but naturally declared that she had not taken it to drink, but to rub on a rheumatic knee!

We smile at the ignorance and superstition of such proceedings in these far-off islands, but it is in my own knowledge that within the last sixty years and within ten miles of Liverpool, at a respectable young ladies' seminary, a similar scene took place.

Some offence had been committed and could not be brought home to the real culprit, for all the girls denied having done the deed. Under these circumstances the head of the establishment hit upon the ingenious device of carrying a cock round the school, warning the young ladies that it would inevitably crow when passing the culprit! The plan was eminently successful, although I forget the exact details, and whether the confession preceded the crowing, or if the cock was sufficiently obliging to produce the confession by taking the initiative.

From the cock, "let us return to our sheep."

In some of the West Indian Islands Thomas à Kempis is used by the negroes as a species of divination. The method seems much the same as that still in vogue amongst certain Christians with regard to their Bible.

An old witch, of some education, will give the person consulting her a pin. This he sticks into the book at random. She then turns and twists the text to suit whichever neighbour she thinks most likely to have stolen his property! Or a key is placed between the leaves and the names of the neighbours are then solemnly read out. When the key drops, the right name has been indicated!

A MIRACULOUS SHOWER OF STONES.

A Roman Catholic priest and various other witnesses vouch for the truth of a story of a miraculous shower of stones which fell in a house in Trinidad, the phenomenon lasting for two nights running. The house then returned to its normal condition, and was never again disturbed in a similar way. On these two occasions the stones fell from the ceiling in every direction, but appear to have possessed the desirable quality of hurting no one in their descent. The only means of stopping the shower was to light the lamps. Then all was still, but so soon as the lights were put out, the stoning began again with renewed vigour, and although all the stones that fell the first night were collected and carefully placed outside the house, a fresh supply was forthcoming the second night, when the shower was quite as lively and the stones equally solid.

A RAINMAKER INDOORS.

In Santa Lucia they still talk of a young girl who possessed the unenviable power of causing rain to fall in any room she occupied! In a country where droughts are so frequent and so calamitous, one would have sup-

posed such a gift might have been turned to very valuable account; but unfortunately the poor girl could only cause rain to fall *indoors* and was quite powerless when taken out to water the cabbages or turn her talents to any kind of useful account. So the poor child was hurriedly rushed from room to room, always with the same undesirable results, and after nearly catching her death of cold, the streams of water abated, doubtless to the great relief of herself and her neighbours.

The most powerful of all instruments of Obeah is supposed to be the liver of a corpse, and graves have been desecrated and even poison administered with a view to procuring this desideratum.

THE WEST INDIAN VAMPIRE.

Speaking of desecrated graves, brings us to the subject of vampires. A firm belief in *Loogaroos* (from the French, *Loupparou*) exists amongst the negroes of the West Indian Islands. These *Loogaroos* are supposed to haunt the magnificent silk-cotton tree where they fold up their skins, hiding them away and thus rendering themselves invisible. The negroes further declare that the *Loogaroos* flash through the sky in the form of balls of blue flame on their way to the graveyards, where they perform their ghastly ceremonies.

If a negro feels exhausted or languid on waking up, he declares that the *Loogaroo* has been sucking his blood. A story is told in Grenada of an old woman known to be a *Loogaroo*. A negro woke one morning, feeling weak and languid, and noticed two or three drops of blood on his clothes. This was sufficient proof to him that he had been the victim of a *Loogaroo*. His suspicions at once pointed to this old woman. He and his wife determined, therefore, to keep a strict watch the following night, and each agreed to keep the other awake.

Not a sound was heard until cock-crow, when both husband and wife noticed a noise as of scratching on the thatch of the roof over their heads. This was evidently the ill-omened *Loogaroo* preparing for a descent through the ceiling.

The man noiselessly armed himself with a cutlass, and as the scratching and rustling became more distinct, he thrust his knife through the thatch just at the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

A dismal moan sounded through the air, and rushing outside, both the negro and his wife heard the groans dying away in the distance whilst they noticed a bluish *Loogaroo* light vanish into the house of the suspected woman.

Next day, this woman was found lying in her bed, half blind from some injury to one of her eyes. She said this had been caused during the night by falling over the stump of a tree whilst searching for some chickens that had strayed.

This story was naturally not credited, whereas the tale told by the negro and his wife roused universal sympathy and conviction in their neighbourhood, and great was the rejoicing over the nemesis that had overtaken the old witch.

The only remedy against these *Loogaroos* is said to

be for some one to find a *Loogaroo* skin hidden in the bushes under the silk-cotton tree. This must be seized and put into a mortar with pepper and salt, and well pounded. The vampire will then be unable to resume his human shape and will perish from exposure.

CANNIBALISM IN HAYTI.

As we steamed past the long coast line of Hayti (San Domingo) we heard gruesome stories of the cannibalism still going on in some parts of the interior of this island. A gentleman, well known at the British Museum, who had once landed on the island said that he was sure some of the Jesuit priests there would have many thrilling and weird stories to tell of the natives amongst whom they laboured.

One story which *was* told and of which the events took place on the island within the last five years, was quite sufficient to cure me of any lurking curiosity or wish to make further acquaintance with the negroes, at any rate with those in the country districts.

A man was travelling in San Domingo with his wife. He was English, but slightly coloured. She was purely English. Towards the latter part of their journey some of the mule team broke down and had to be replaced. The wife not being strong enough to accompany her husband on foot, he left her in a native hut whilst he went on, on foot, to procure fresh mules from the coast. Having done so and returned to the house where his wife had been left, imagine his horror and amazement to find that the negroes disclaimed any knowledge of the lady in question! They had never seen her, nor any one answering to her description! Again and again the same answer was given to his distracted enquiries.

At length a search being instituted, the remains of the unfortunate woman were found in the back premises, *cut up and packed into a pickle barrel*, and a ring still left on her hand proved the identity beyond any chance of mistake.

The miserable man took the hand with him in proof of his ghastly story, but obtained no redress, for no one apparently cared to interfere between these cannibals and their victim.

After hearing this story, of such comparatively recent date, I think we all felt grateful for the blue waver which divided us from such an undesirable residence, and one realized that there might be worse places in the world than the deck of a Royal Mail steamer.

And so the West Indian islands fade away like a tale that is told. Their magnificent vegetation—their gorgeous colouring—their overwhelming heat—their distracting mosquitoes, cockroaches, *bêtes-noirs* and gigantic spiders, and last, not least, their weird and uncanny superstitions.

Wise men have said that all superstitions have had their birth from some Germ of Truth. If any of the suggestions thrown out in the beginning of this paper should cast a gleam of light, however fitful and uncertain on these island traditions, I shall not have written on West Indian Obeah in vain.

E. K. BATES.

II.—KEELEY AND HIS MACHINE.

It was a great disappointment to me not to have a personal interview with Mr. Keeley, of Keeley-Motor fame, in Philadelphia.

His researches have always had a strange fascination for me, all the more so probably for the mystery surrounding them.

During a visit to Philadelphia paid eleven years ago, one was accustomed to hearing Keeley's name mentioned with a mixture of scorn and derision. "Oh! he's a first-class crank," was the most charitable form of comment, whilst many hinted that there was more fraud than folly connected with the subject.

In those days no one seemed to have taken the trouble to find out that Keeley claimed to have discovered or what measure of success was supposed to have crowned his efforts. He was a "crank," and as such not to be taken seriously. All I could elicit was that he believed some latent atomic energy could be liberated through his machinery and converted into a practical working force, such as steam or any other known agency, and that it would prove more powerful than any other as yet discovered.

Since then, from time to time, a few lines in some paper or magazine have reminded us that Keeley is still alive and still working on (in spite of good or evil report) at what most people consider, at best, a mare's nest, and at worst an organized scheme for charming the dollars out of the pockets of his confiding countrymen and countrywomen.

Pre-eminent among the latter was Mrs. Blomfield-Moore, a very wealthy and well-known Philadelphian lady.

But she has been by no means the only benefactor or victim, as the world may elect to call her. I have it on excellent authority that more than one hard-headed business man has been equally confiding, and has taken shares in the Keeley Motor Company with no other guarantee than belief in the genius and good faith of the promoter.

We must therefore give Mr. Keeley credit at least for a great power of convincing others of his own *bona fides* and also of the reasonableness of his claims, and of his power to reach the goal at which he aims.

"Mere hypnotic influence" will be the psychic slang explanation of this attitude of mind, no doubt. Possibly—*Qui vivra, verra.*

For myself, I have always had a sneaking conviction that Keeley was not only perfectly sane in his expectations, but that he had really found out *something* about a force hitherto unknown to or ignored by the more orthodox scientist. This was my inner conviction eleven years ago, and it is greatly strengthened by recent events.

I have already mentioned the disappointment of my hopes for a personal interview with the inventor.

I called at his house and had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Keeley, who was most sympathetic with my wishes and promised to do all in her power to secure the appointment for me, but she reminded me that her husband was greatly overworked and full of engagements at the moment, so that even meal hours were seldom undisturbed.

It was arranged that I should put off my journey to Boston for a day on the chance of seeing Keeley, and an answer should be sent to my letter by the next afternoon.

Alas! a polite note was handed to me next day from

Mr. Keeley, "regretting being obliged to forego the pleasure of meeting me, owing to numerous engagements," &c., &c.

I concluded that Keeley was tired of being interviewed as either a crank or an impostor, and probably he thought my only aim was to get "copy" out of him for a future article. This was by no means the case. However, there was nothing for it but to submit to the disappointment. But an unlooked-for consolation was at hand.

The same evening a very old friend of twenty years' standing, an American gentleman of great intelligence and unquestioned honour, president of one of the oldest established banks in Philadelphia, was dining with me. Naturally, I mentioned the matter to him, and found to my delight that he, in company with four other gentlemen, had visited Keeley, and had made an exhaustive inquiry into his methods and results.

My friend was kindly willing to tell me all he knew, and I will endeavour to give the outcome in his own words, so far as I can accurately record them.

"We were a party of five, and rather a representative set of men for such an investigation. There was my uncle (then Mayor of Philadelphia), Dr. Leidy, the distinguished scientist of our city, the French Consul, the Chief Engineer of the French Naval Department, and lastly, a Philadelphian banker, *i.e.*, myself.

"Opinions were somewhat divided, naturally; but in one matter we were fully agreed, namely, to use our eyes to the best possible advantage and to keep a sharp look out.

"Our scientist and chief engineer represented the pure sceptics of the party. My own attitude was one of suspended judgment, but I was inclined on the whole to consider the man a 'crank.'

"This is what happened. We were ushered into Keeley's workshop, and allowed to look about freely.

"For the experiment about to be witnessed there was a glass cylinder in the corner of the room, from 2½ to 3 feet high, and about 4½ inches in diameter. This cylinder was filled with water to within 6 inches of the top, and covered by a metal cap. Keeley now placed at the bottom of the cylinder an iron 'nut,' weighing rather more than a pound.

"There was no significance in the form of this bit of iron. It happened to be lying on the table at the time, and he was willing to substitute any other piece of sufficient weight for the purpose of demonstration.

"At some distance from the cylinder was located a complicated machine, which was of too technical a nature for me to describe to you with any accuracy. A wire from this machine was now made to touch the outer metal cover of the cylinder, but without being inserted into the latter, or coming into contact with the water contained in it. Keeley now took up his position near the machine above mentioned, and placed his hand upon it. In the other hand he held a tuning-fork. He began tuning this up with the very greatest delicacy of truth and hearing.

"I am quite convinced that Keeley has an abnormally developed sense of hearing and sensitiveness to exact shades of musical sounds, and that his discovery depends greatly upon this fact. Although the note (sounded time after time) appeared to us quite musically correct, Keeley was plainly worried and dissatisfied, and, keeping the cylinder well in view, we noticed no change at all in the position of the piece of iron.

"I was watching the man's face very closely from time to time, being accustomed, after many years of banking

business, to read facial expressions with considerable accuracy. At length the exact shade of tone seemed to have been reached. Keeley's face relaxed, and an expression of satisfaction replaced the worried look it had borne.

"As the note vibrated the iron nut slowly rose through the water in the cylinder until it reached the top, where it remained suspended, and then gently fell again as the vibrations died away."

"Now, this was witnessed by all five of us, including a scientist of distinction and a practical engineer, and there was no room for any possible trickery. Everything took place in full daylight, and we had been allowed to examine the cylinder and everything connected with it. To my mind there is no doubt at all that Keeley has discovered some force dependent for its manifestation on vibrations which only an abnormally sensitive ear like his own can discriminate.

"But at present the demonstration of this force is more of a toy than anything else, and I don't believe Keeley can yet see his way to utilising it on the scale to which his imagination soars.

"Towards the end of our visit, some remarks being made on the action of the *machine* invented by Keeley, the French engineer said carelessly, 'Oh, I will show you what I mean in a moment,' and was approaching the machine with this purpose. Then we witnessed a curious scene. Keeley rushed at the man, losing all sense of courtesy or self-control, and shouted out, '*If you touch that I'll knock you down.*'

"Of course there was no more to be said. The engineer shrugged his shoulders in true French fashion, and the interview was at an end.

"The only connection between the machine and the cylinder was a metal wire, which did not enter the cylinder, but rested on the metal top of it, as already described, so that the fact of the iron rising to the vibrations of the tuning-fork remains to be explained.

"The inventor is morbidly afraid of any accurate discovery of his methods being made lest some one else should get upon his track, and be able to carry out his ideas to their *practical* issue, in which endeavour he has hitherto been foiled."

So much for my friend's account of his interesting visit. Much as one deplores the fact that such a research should be in the hands of a tradesman and not of a true scientist (by which I mean a man to whom money or fame came *first*, and increase of knowledge to the human race *second*) it is scarcely a matter for

surprise that a man of this type should jealously guard his secret, whatever it may be.

Doctors may denounce as "quacks" men who refuse to publish their discoveries, but from time to time discoveries are made by quacks for all that. I was once cured of a very troublesome and long-standing disorder, which had baffled all the first London doctors, by a country practitioner, who absolutely refused to give, or even to sell, me the prescription. It was very unprofessional, but there was no doubt about the cure, and yet the case had tested the skill of half a dozen celebrated London men in vain!

In connection with Keeley a story is told of some man who, being eager to discover the former's methods, worked under him for six months and then is reported to have said, "I think I know now how you do it."

"Very well! then do it yourself," was the answer. The man tried, but failed.

"Try again," said Keeley; and again the man attempted to start the machine, but in vain.

At length Keeley put his own hand on the man's shoulder with the result that the third attempt was a perfect success.

This is the story. It may be, and probably is, a pure fabrication. If there be any germ of truth in it, it is more likely that the man's ear was defective, or at least less highly sensitive than Keeley's, and that the apparently "miraculous" touch of the latter was on the tuning-fork and not upon the man's shoulder at all, or only incidentally upon the latter.

I hope your readers will excuse my finishing the paper with a few remarks showing the *great personal* interest which my friend's description of his visit had for me.

I have received automatically so much interesting matter on the subject of *vibration* and its connection with all the great phenomena of the universe, from my friends in the Unseen, that each fresh corroboration of their teaching is a subject of intense satisfaction to me.

So far as the question of Keeley's inability as yet to utilise his discovery on any large scale is concerned, well, we must be content to take a lesson from nature, and try to learn somewhat of her large patience.

It seems a wide gulf to span between the rising of a saucepan lid on a kitchen fire and our magnificent ocean steamers of to-day; but the gulf *has* been spanned and in a marvellously short space of time.

Why, then, should we be less hopeful for the possible future of the Keeley Motor Machine, or of some discovery based upon the increasingly marvellous and still unknown laws of vibration?

E. KATHARINE BATES.

XIII.—COL. OLCOTT, H. P. B., AND KOOT-HOONI.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE S.P.R.

THE S.P.R. having reported, as all the world knows, very adversely to the claims of Madame Blavatsky, it is interesting to find in the April *Theosophist* a re-statement of some of the marvels, in which it is evident Colonel Olcott still believes as implicitly as ever. As the story which Colonel Olcott tells here on a controversy which excited much interest at one time, I reproduce the narrative from "Old Diary Leaves."

Colonel Olcott, in the *Theosophist* for April, writing in "Old Diary Leaves," says:—

DAMODAR'S ASTRAL FLIGHT TO ADYAR.

Bareilly next, where I lectured, and then on to Moradabad, where Damodar gave me another proof of his acquired power of travelling in the astral "double." He went to Adyar, conversed with H. P. B., heard the voice of a Master speak a message to me, and asked H. P. B. to telegraph me the substance of it so as to satisfy me of his veracity in these matters. On reporting the facts to me, he dictated the message as he heard it, and all present in my room signed a certificate as to the facts. The next morning the expected telegram from H. P. B. was delivered to me by the postman, this being the rule in India as to the class of "Deferred" messages. The despatch corroborated Damodar's dictated and certificated message, and again the witnesses who were present signed their names on the back of the Government despatch. The S.P.R. has been pleased to do its best to weaken Damodar's reputation for credibility and mine for common sense in this affair, but the facts are above honestly reported, and their opinion does not concern me in the least.

THE AERIAL POST.

Aligarh came next on our tour-programme, and here, on the 12th of the month, we came to the sequel of the Ward-K. H. letter affair. At the post office I received my mail from Adyar, and in it a letter posted at Headquarters on the 5th inst., by H. P. B., enclosing Mr. Ward's identical letter to K. H., which, it will be remembered, I received from Italy and handed to Damodar at Cawnpore on the 4th, that is to say, the evening before she posted it at Adyar. Its cover bore the dispatching stamp of Adyar, November 5, and the receiving stamp of Aligarh of November 10, the two places being distant apart five days' rail journey. The letter had been awaiting me two days in the Aligarh post office. I submit this as about as clear a provable case of instantaneous transportation of a material object between two distant points as can be found on record. Collusion and trickery are barred by the evidence of the postal markings described. I have the letter still in my possession, and shall be happy to show it to any one save the managers of the S.P.R., whose savage injustice to H. P. B., the most gifted and marvellous psychic of the age, makes it unseemly for those who knew her merits as well as demerits to take further notice of that clique.

DAMODAR'S ADVENTURES.

In connection with this astral journey, Damodar told me an interesting fact. On putting his body to sleep as usual, he made a dash for the home of the Master, among the Himalayas, but found on arriving that he too was away in the astral body, and by the power of his attraction for his pupil the latter was swept away as powerfully and instantaneously as though he had ventured into a deep and impetuous river current and been carried off his footing. The next minute Damodar found himself at Adyar, in the presence of both his Master and H. P. B. On going to sleep he had held Mr. Ward's letter in his hand, and it had, it seems, gone along with him on the astral plane—itsself, of course, changed from ponderable into astral or etheric matter. On telling the Master about the letter, he perceived it in his hand, gave it over to him, and was bidden to return to his place. By the radical power of the occult chemistry or physics, the astralised letter was restored to its solid state, taken by H. P. B.,

and the next day duly posted to my Aligarh address; the sequel is known.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF MATTER.

If I were better versed in science I should use this incident, together with that of the other Master's turban given me at New York by my astralised visitor, and various other instances of *apports*, as a text for a discourse upon the possible changes in solid bodies, from the densely physical, objective, and ponderable condition into that of the invisible, intangible one of bodies on the astral plane. That the changes can be worked in both directions, viz., from the objective to the hyper-physical, and back again into reintegration, or manifestation, is within the personal knowledge of many experienced investigators of psychical phenomena. The phenomenon of my rose-born, half-ounce gold ring, which all my constant readers must recollect, is the only one that I can now call to mind which proves that a solid object can exist within another solid object without possessing tangible bulk and without abrading or disturbing its particles, yet at the same time have appreciable weight. Surely a long vista of physical discoveries is opening out before us.

DAMODAR REPORTS H. P. B.'S ACCIDENT.

We went on to Delhi next; from thence to Lahore, where things of great moment happened. Between the two stations, Damodar made another astral flight which was capable of verification. Three of us—he, I, and T. Narainswamy Naidu—were in the same railway carriage, Damodar apparently moving uneasily, as if in sleep, on one of the berths: I was reading a book by the lamplight. Damodar suddenly came over to me and asked the time, which by my watch was some minutes before six p.m. He told me that he had just come from Adyar, where H. P. B. had met with an accident; whether a serious one or not, he could not tell me, but he thought she had tripped her foot in the carpet and fallen heavily on her right knee. The reader will observe that the young man was but a beginner in occult science, and incapable as yet of accurate recollection, in returning to outward consciousness, of his experiences on the other planes of being. I mention this in view of the studied unfairness of the S.P.R. toward him. For my own satisfaction I did two things on hearing his story. I wrote a certificate of the occurrence and got Narainswamy to sign it with me, noting the time, and from the next station, Saharanpore, telegraphed H. P. B. a question as to "what accident happened at Headquarters at about six o'clock." We reached Lahore the next morning at nine, and were escorted to a camp of six tents and four large *shamianahs* (open canvas pavilions) which had been pitched for me on the open ground (*maidan*) to the north of the city. We very soon began talking with our friends about the previous evening's incident in the train, and my memorandum was passed around for information: I got the friends present to sign it, and to say that the expected telegram from H. P. B. had not yet arrived.

CONFIRMED BY TELEGRAM.

My party left me to take their morning bath and meal, and while I was sitting under the shadow of my tent with Mr. R. C. Bary, editor of the *Arya* magazine, a Government telegraph peon was seen coming towards us with a brown-covered telegram in his hand. I made Mr. Ruttan Chand take it into his own hands and keep it unopened until the return of our party, in whose presence it should be opened and read. This was done at



(Photo Pitt & Co., Colombo.)

H. S. OLCOTT.

twelve noon by Mr. R. C. Bary, and the nine present signed on the back to attest the circumstances. The contents were these: "Nearly broke right leg, tumbling from Bishop's chair, dragging Coulomb, frightening Morgans. Damodar startled us." My Saharanpore despatch was received by H. P. B. late at night on the 17th: her reply was dated at Adyar at 7.55 A.M. on the 18th, and I got it at Lahore at noon. The discrepancy in Damodar's statement of details and H. P. B.'s is not even surprising in view of his then stage of spiritual evolution, while the corroboration of the major fact of the heavy fall and the injury to her right knee is full. There have been critics, of limited acumen but great conceit, who wish us to believe that this might have been a vulgar conspiracy between Damodar and H. P. B. to deceive me; but I am not aware that it is likely that a fat woman of sixteen stone weight would give herself a serious injury to her knee for the purpose of befooling me, when she might as easily have agreed with Damodar that he should have seen her doing something that would have been queer and yet harmless in itself, such, for instance, as making antic gestures, tearing a newspaper into bits, or declaiming a Russian or French poem: the explanation has not the support of common sense. And then character counts for something, outside the S.P.R., and gentlemen are entitled to some credence when it is not a question of money interests; sometimes even then. H. P. B.'s telegram mentioned a fact until then unknown to us, that Major-General and Mrs. Morgan, of Ootacamund, were visiting at Ad: ar.

KOOT-HOOMI APPEARS.

I was sleeping in my tent, the night of the 19th, when I rushed back towards external consciousness on feeling a hand laid on me. The camp being on an open plain, and beyond the protection of the Lahore police, my first animal instinct was to protect myself from a possible religious fanatical assassin, so I clutched the stranger by the upper arms, and asked in Hindustani who he was and what he wanted. It was all done in an instant, and I held the man tight, as would one who might be attacked the next moment and have to defend his life. But the next instant a kind, sweet voice said: "Do you not know me, do you not remember me?" It was the voice of the Master, K. H. A swift revulsion of feeling came over me; I relaxed my hold on his arms, joined my palms in reverential salutation, and wanted to jump out of bed to show him respect. But his hand and voice stayed me, and after a few sentences had been exchanged, he took my left hand in his, gathered the fingers of his right into the palm, and stood quiet beside my cot, from which I could see his divinely benignant face by the light of the lamp that burned on a table at his back.

MATERIALISING A LETTER IN THE HAND.

Presently I felt some soft substance forming in my hand, and the next minute the Master laid his kind hand on my forehead, uttered a blessing, and left my half of the large tent to visit Mr. W. T. Brown, who slept in the other half behind a canvas screen that divided the tent into two rooms. When I had time to pay attention to myself I found myself holding in my left hand a folded paper enwrapped in a silken cloth. To go to the lamp, open and read it was naturally my first impulse. I found it to be a letter of private counsel, containing prophecies of the death of two undesigned, then active, opponents of the society, which were realised in the passing away of the Swami Dyanand Saraswati and Babu Kesbab Chandra Sen shortly after. A point to notice is that the handwriting of this letter, formed in my own palm by the Master K. H. himself, is identical with that of all those others which the sagacious Netherclift, after much dissection of them into their original pothook-and-hanger elements, pronounced to be of Blavatskian origin! What happened in young Brown's end of the tent, he related orally to a great many still living witnesses and published in his pamphlet, "Some Experiences in India," my copy of which I cannot lay my hand upon at this moment. But in his other pamphlet, "The Theosophical Society; an Explanatory Treatise," published at Madras, he says (p. 11): "It will be sufficient here to remark that Mahatma K. H. is a living Adept, and that the writer had the honour of seeing him personally at Lahore and of being spoken to by him and even touched. Letters have been received

by the writer at Madras, Lahore, Jammu (Kashmir) and again at Madras, all being in the same handwriting," &c., &c. The foundation having been thus laid, and Mr. Brown's other pamphlet available after a little search, I may say that on hearing an exclamation from his side of the screen, I went in there, and he showed me a silk-wrapped letter of like appearance to mine though of different contents, which he said had been given him much as mine had been to me and which we read together. That he has since swung around a whole circle of changes, and is now a professed Roman Catholic and a teacher in a school of that Church, does not alter in the least the facts of his receiving this letter as described, and his identifying it as in the K. H. script.

THE MASTER'S MESSAGE.

The Master's letter to me connects itself with the visit to me at New York of the other Master when, at my unspoken thought-wish, he "materialised" his turban and gave it me as an objective proof that I had received his visit. The letter says: "At New York you demanded of . . . an objective proof that his visit to you was not a *Maya*, and he gave it; [now] unasked, I give you the present one: tho' I pass out of your sight this note will be to you the reminder of our Conferences. I now go to young Mr. Brown to try his intuitiveness. To-morrow night, when the camp is quiet and the worst of the emanations from your audience have passed away, I shall visit you again for a longer conversation, as you must be forewarned against certain things in the future." He concludes with a remark that will not be very palatable reading to our ingenious American rivals who are trying to play the drama of "Hamlet" with the Dane omitted; he says: "Ever be vigilant, zealous, and judicious; for, remember that the usefulness of the Theosophical Society largely depends upon your exertions, and that our blessings follow its suffering 'Founders' and all who help on their work." H. S. OLCOTT.

A LETTER TO MRS. BESANT ABOUT SPIRITISM AND THEOSOPHY.

A RECENT number of the *Révue Spirite* publishes a reply, from the spiritualist's point of view, to Mrs. Besant's theories of Death and Beyond. The writer, A. J. Blech, admits that Spiritism and Theosophy have one fundamental point in common, Reincarnation, but there the resemblance ceases, and the difference begins.

WHAT IS PLEASING IN THEOSOPHY.

Certain Theosophic doctrines, he admits, seem to him pleasing; he prefers, for example, their seven principles of man to the Spiritistic Triad.

"I approve also your severity as to the danger of communications from the beyond, and of evocations made imprudently, and which may cause injury to the spirit evoked, as well as to the medium. But all reasonable spiritualists are of this opinion, and their method is this: absolute control of the medium and prudence in regard to the manifestations, whatever they may be. The Spiritists have advanced with the times—they are far from believing that all manifestations, all psychic phenomena, are the work of spirits."

THE NAME "THEOSOPHY."

There are, however, certain points which he finds less pleasing. Why, he asks, should such a name as "Theosophy," wisdom of God, be given to a faith which has not so much as the divine name, but only an aggregation of mechanical laws?

THE EVIDENCE FOR "THE MASTERS."

"Another objection. Esoteric doctrine was founded upon the revelation of the Masters. But who will

guarantee to the laity the authenticity and the veracity of these revelations? They rest on no scientific evidence."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

According to the theosophists, he further urges, a certain class of souls, criminals and suicides, are destined to destruction. This he considers almost as horrible as the doctrine of the Church as to everlasting punishment, based, he alleges, on mis-translation and mis-quotation. Spiritism teaches the possibility of expiation, of advance. It may be a long and painful process, but it is not without hope. The mercy of God knows no limitations.

THE VICTIMS OF ACCIDENTS.

The point, however, upon which he feels that theosophy has least in common with spiritism is in its doctrine of Karma Loka.

"All is harmony in the universe, *all!* . . . And this justice, this harmony, this perfect combination, you put at the mercy of chance! But this so-called chance, is it not a consequence fatally determined beforehand? . . . Where are we to draw the line as to what is a natural death? Fire and water, accidents of all kinds, war and the poniard of the assassin may throw unhappy souls into Karma Loka. But are not many diseases accident? Pneumonia, a fit, an epidemic of cholera, which carries off its victim in a few days or hours, do not these count as accidents? What distinction can we establish between one death and another, so as to know whether it is an accident or whether we have reached the allotted term of our life?" The victims of accident must remain in this dark world till the normal limit of their earth life has been reached, so that a murdered man has a worse fate than a suicide.

If they struggle after the pleasures of life they lose their individual existence, if they are pure and good they pass the time in a state of half sleep, which averts danger and temptation, if they are average men and women, they, too, are pretty sure to end in annihilation.

This is all because they were so unfortunate as to

end their lives by accident or sudden death, by what our juries—misinformed apparently—call sometimes "the visitation of God," whereas "their fellows, neither better nor worse, who died tranquilly in their beds, at the appointed time, after a very short resting in the world of desires, enjoy infinite peace and happiness without shadow in Devachan. Devachan is for the good and the mediocre." Our author is eloquent on the injustice, the want of logic of such a system.

DEVACHAN.

Spiritism knows no Devachan! According to their works are men allotted their place, high or low, in the school of their advancement. But in Theosophy, objects the writer, "for a short earthly life, without any actions really evil, but without energy, without progress, there are cycles of happiness in Devachan. This, too, is injustice, a crying disproportion between a feeble reality and the recompense obtained."

THEOSOPIY AND SPIRITISM.

"This is why, madame, Theosophy leaves with me a sentiment of fear and of profound sorrow. . . . As the Masters do not attempt to prove what they teach, it is pardonable not to desire to believe in doctrines so discouraging.

"After all, although Spiritism may not be the path which leads to Theosophy, as I maintained at the outset, I do not the less think that there is plenty of possibility of fusion between these two doctrines. Both alike would gain. Why not work together in search of truth? You believe it contained in Theosophy, I see it still greater reflection in Spiritism. I say reflection, for Truth itself is doubtless still higher. There are heights to which we cannot attain. The higher thoughts of Theosophy, the most serene consolations of Spiritism are still higher than the reality. . . . Let us work in concert."

It has been impossible to give this interesting letter entire, but even in outline it presents many points worthy of the attention alike of the Theosophist and the Spiritist.

X.

REINCARNATION OR POSSESSION.

A CHILD PRODIGY IN GERMANY.

Miss Belloc interviewed M. Charles Richet in the *Humanitarian* last quarter, and in the course of an interesting conversation she asked him if he took an interest in Spiritualism. M. Richet hesitated a little before he replied, and then said:—

Yes, I am always interested in unexplained phenomena. Up to the present time it is impossible to reduce spiritualism to a scientific formula. I follow carefully the experiments and cases noted down by the Society for Psychical Research, and we have in France a publication appearing every two months, *Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, where are put on record curious psychical experiments, stories of apparitions, and so on. But, I repeat, up to the present time, spiritualism, so called, has baffled all investigations. All the terrible stories of demons, sorcerers, witches, possessions, and so on, are there to prove to us to what lengths the imagination can carry not only the foolish and the ignorant, but men who in their day had a reputation for wisdom and sense. The mediæval doctors and judges were unanimous as to the reality of witchcraft. They believed not only in the devil, but in *tout ce qui s'ensuit*. Who knows, perhaps our descendants will consider us as foolish as we believe our ancestors have been. Science is always advancing, and admits of no retrograde movement.

And do you keep up your interest in hypnotism and in abnormal cases of the kind?

Certainly, but it is not always easy to find a subject. Now and again, however, one comes across some extraordinary case. I have been lately interested in hearing about a German child, the son of a Brunswick butcher, who, though only two years old, can read any kind of manuscript in German and also in Latin without ever having learnt to read. According to those scientists who have studied the case, this extraordinary being, Otto Poehler, impresses the ordinary beholder as an absolutely normal child; he is cheerful, very fond of playing at soldiers, and not in the least proud of his extraordinary knowledge, and yet his great amusement is reading. He is very much interested in history and biography, and knows the dates of the births and deaths of all the German Emperors since Charlemagne. He can answer questions on the Thirty Years' War and so on.

The cause of this extraordinary child prodigy raises the question whether it must be explained as a case of Reincarnation, in which the reincarnated spirit preserves the memory of the knowledge which it acquired in its previous existence, or whether it is a case of possession, in which the child's soul has been replaced by that of some disembodied spirit. Either explanation would account for what otherwise seems quite inexplicable.

XIV.—THE NEW THEORY OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CONCLUSION OF MR. LEADBEATER'S "INVISIBLE HELPERS."

IN the range of Theosophical periodical literature, there is nothing that is so interesting just now as the accounts which Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have been publishing in *Lucifer*, of their astral experiences. Mrs. Besant contributed a summary of the results of her experiences in the *Nineteenth Century*, which led the *Spectator* to declare that it amounted to a new revelation if it were true. That is an advance upon the usual objection taken by the orthodox critic. They maintain that the occult student, whether Spiritualist or Theosophist, never has anything to say that is worth listening to, even whether true or false. It is, at least, an advance to have it admitted that such communications, if true, would amount to a new revelation. Of course, it is still a far cry to claim for them a right to be regarded as either accurate or authentic, but when once the importance of a statement is admitted, possibly some attention may be paid to the question of this matter, evidence which is too often ignored on both sides, although from very different reasons.

Mr. Leadbeater's latest production, from which I have quoted extensively, sets forth a theory of Guardian Angels, which is, to say the least, both novel and startling. According to Mr. Leadbeater, we are our own guardian angels, or, at any rate, if every man is not his own guardian angel he has the latent potentiality of becoming his brother's guardian angel. In Mr. Leadbeater's opinion the majority of the so-called angelic interpositions, in which all history abounds, are, for the most part, only the materialisation of the astral double of some living person. Mr. Leadbeater's stories are singularly interesting, and would be extremely valuable if their truth could be proved. Personally, I have no antecedent scepticism on the subject, knowing too well the immense potentiality of usefulness that lies in a Double.

The following is a summary of the concluding chapter of Mr. Leadbeater's contribution to *Lucifer* on the subject of "Invisible Helpers" :—

Often, however, a catastrophe is karmic in its nature, and consequently cannot be averted; but it must not therefore be supposed that in such cases no help can be given. It may be that the people concerned are destined to die, and therefore cannot be saved from death; but in many cases they may still be to some extent prepared for it, and may certainly be helped upon the other side after it is over.

THE FISHERMAN'S VISION.

It will be sufficient to mention one example as an illustration of what is meant. In one of the great storms which did so much damage around our coasts during last winter it happened that a fishing boat was capsized far out at sea; the only people on board were an old fisherman and a boy, and the former contrived to cling for a few minutes to the overturned boat. There was no physical help at hand, and even if there had been in such a raging storm it would have been impossible for anything to be done, so that the fisherman knew well enough that there was no hope of escape, and that death could only be a question of a few moments. He felt great terror at the prospect, being especially impressed by the awful loneliness of that vast waste of waters. He was also much troubled with thoughts of his wife and family, and the difficulties in which they would be left by his sudden decease. A passing helper seeing all this endeavoured to comfort him, but finding his mind too much disturbed to be impressionable, she thought it advisable to show herself to him in order to assist him

the better. In relating the story afterwards she said that the change which came over the fisherman's face at sight of her was wonderful and beautiful to see; with the shining form standing upon the boat above him he could not but think that an angel had been sent to comfort him in his trouble, and that therefore not only would he himself be carried safely through the gates of death, but his family would assuredly be looked after also, and so, when death came to him a few moments later, he was in a frame of mind very different from the terror and perplexity which had previously overcome him; and naturally when he recovered consciousness upon the astral plane and found the "angel" still beside him, he felt himself at home with her, and was prepared to accept her advice as regards the new life upon which he had entered.

GUIDES TO THE DEAD.

And this brings us to the consideration of one of the largest and most important departments of the work of the invisible helpers—the guidance and assistance which they are able to give to the dead. It is one of the many evils resulting from the absurdly erroneous teaching as to conditions after death which is unfortunately current in our western world, that those who have recently shaken off this mortal coil are usually much puzzled and often very seriously frightened at finding everything so different from what their religion had led them to expect. The mental attitude of a large number of such people was pithily voiced the other day by an English general who three days after his death met one of the band of helpers whom he had known in physical life. After expressing his great relief that he had at last found someone with whom he was able to communicate, his first remark was: "But if I am dead, where am I? For if this is heaven I don't think much of it; and if it is hell, it is better than I expected!"

PURGATORY UP TO DATE.

But unfortunately a far greater number take things less philosophically. In many cases they spend long periods of acute mental suffering before they can free themselves from the fatal influence of the blasphemous doctrine of everlasting punishment and realize that the world is governed according to a benevolent and wonderfully patient law of evolution, which is absolutely just indeed, but yet again and again offers to man opportunities of progress, if he will but take them, at every stage of his career.

It ought in fairness to be mentioned that it is only among Protestant communities that this terrible evil assumes its most aggravated form. The great Roman Catholic Church, with its doctrine of purgatory, approaches much more nearly to a conception of the astral plane, and its devout members at any rate realize that the state in which they find themselves shortly after death is merely a temporary one, and that it is their business to endeavour to raise themselves out of it as soon as may be by intense spiritual aspiration, while they accept any suffering which may come to them as necessary for the wearing away of the imperfections in their character before they can pass to higher and brighter regions.

WEANING THE DEAD FROM THE LIVING.

It will thus be seen that there is plenty of work for the helpers to do among the newly dead, for they need in the vast majority of cases to be calmed and reassured, to be comforted and instructed. Many of the dead very considerably retard the process of dissolution by clinging passionately to the earth which they have left; they turn the whole current of their thoughts and desires backwards instead of forwards, downwards instead of upwards, and so prolong their stay in astral regions to an almost indefinite extent. In convincing them that this is contrary to the laws of nature and persuading them to adopt an attitude of mind which is the exact reversal of it lies a great part of the work of those who are trying to help.

SOME PRACTICAL EXAMPLES.

It happens occasionally that the dead are earth-bound by anxiety—anxiety sometimes about duties unperformed or debts undischarged, but more often on account of wife or children left unprovided for. In such cases as this it has more than once been necessary, before the dead man was satisfied to pursue his upward path in peace, that the helper should to some extent act as his representative upon the physical plane, and attend on his behalf to the settlement of the business which was troubling him. An illustration taken from the experience of the past year will perhaps make this clearer.

One of the band of pupils was trying to assist a poor man who had died in one of our western cities, but found it impossible to withdraw his mind from earthly things because of his anxiety about two young children whom his death had left without means of support. He had been a working man, and had been unable to lay by any money for them; his wife had died some two years previously, and his landlady, though exceedingly kind-hearted and very willing to do anything in her power for them, was herself far too poor to be able to adopt them, and very reluctantly came to the conclusion that she would be obliged to hand them over to the parish authorities. This was a great grief to the dead father, though he could not blame the landlady, and was himself unable to suggest any other course.

SAVING ORPHANS FROM THE PARISH.

Our friend asked him whether he had no relative to whom he could entrust them, but the father knew of none. He had a younger brother, he said, who would certainly have done something for him in this extremity, but he had lost sight of him for fifteen years, and did not even know whether he was living or dead. When last heard of he had been apprenticed to a carpenter in the north, and he was described then as a steady young fellow who, if he lived, would be sure to get on. The clues at hand were certainly very slight, but since there seemed no other prospect of help for the children, our friend thought it worth while to make a special effort to follow them up. Taking the dead man with him he commenced a patient search after the brother in the town indicated; and after a great deal of trouble they were actually successful in finding him. He was now a master carpenter in a fairly flourishing way of business—married, but without children though earnestly desiring them, and therefore apparently just the man for the emergency.

UTILIZING DREAMS.

The question now was how the information could best be conveyed to his brother. Fortunately he was found to be so far impressionable that the circumstances of his brother's death and the destitution of his children could be put vividly before him in a dream, and this was repeated three times, the place and even the name of the landlady being clearly indicated to him. He was immensely impressed by this recurring vision, and discussed it earnestly with his wife, who advised him to write to the address given. This he did not like to do, but was strongly inclined to travel down into the west country, find out whether there was such a house as that which he had seen, and if so make some excuse to call there. He was a busy man, however, and he finally decided that he could not afford to lose a day's work for what after all might well prove to be nothing but the baseless fabric of a dream.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE AT FIRST.

The attempt along these lines having apparently failed, it was determined to try another method, so one of the helpers wrote a letter to the man detailing the circumstances of his brother's death and the position of the children, exactly as he had seen them in his dream. On receipt of this confirmation he no longer hesitated, but set off the very next day for the town indicated, and was received with open arms by the kind-hearted landlady. It had been easy enough for the helpers to persuade her, good soul that she was, to keep the children with her for a few days on the chance that something or other would turn up for them, and she has ever since congratulated herself that she did so. The carpenter of course took the children back with him and pro-

vided them with a happy home, and the dead father, now no longer anxious, passed rejoicing on his upward way.

THE INCREDULOUS DEAD.

Another very frequent case is that of the man who cannot believe that he is dead at all. Indeed, most people consider the very fact that they are still conscious to be an absolute proof that they have not passed through the portals of death.

A very recent instance was that of a scientific man who, finding himself fully conscious, and yet under conditions differing radically from any that he had ever experienced before, had persuaded himself that he was still alive, and merely the victim of a prolonged and unpleasant dream. Fortunately for him there happened to be among the band of those able to function upon the astral plane a son of an old friend of his, who had been commissioned by his father to search for him and endeavour to render him some assistance. When, after some trouble, the young man found and accosted him, he frankly admitted that he was in a condition of great bewilderment and discomfort, but still clung desperately to his dream hypothesis as on the whole the most probable explanation of what he saw, and even went so far as to suggest that his visitor was nothing but a dream-figure himself!

At last, however, he so far gave way as to propose a kind of test, and said to the young man, "If you are, as you assert, a living person, and the son of my old friend, bring me from him some message that shall prove to me your objective reality." Now although under all ordinary conditions of the physical plane the giving of any kind of phenomenal proof is strictly forbidden to the pupils of the Masters, it seemed as though a case of this kind hardly came under the rules; and therefore, when it had been ascertained that there was no objection, an application was made to the father, who at once sent a message referring to a series of events which had occurred before the son's birth. This convinced the dead man of the real existence of the young man, and therefore of the plane upon which they were both functioning; and as soon as he felt this established, his scientific training at once reasserted itself, and he became exceedingly eager to acquire all possible information about this new region.

WHERE OUR GOOD IDEAS COME FROM.

Our account of the labours of our invisible helpers would indeed be incomplete—and that is the immense amount which is done by suggestion—by simply putting good thoughts into the minds of those who are ready to receive them.

The assistance given in this way is of an exceedingly varied character. The consolation of those who are in suffering or in sorrow at once suggests itself, as does also the endeavour to guide towards the truth those who are earnestly seeking it. When a person is spending much anxious thought upon some spiritual or metaphysical problem, it is often possible to put the solution into his mind without his being at all aware that it comes from external agency. A pupil may often be employed as an agent in what can hardly be described otherwise than as the answering of prayer; for though it is true that any earnest spiritual desire, such as might be supposed to find its expression in prayer, is itself a force which automatically brings about certain results, it is also a fact that such a spiritual effort offers an opportunity of influence to the Powers of Good, of which they are not slow to take advantage, and it is sometimes the privilege of a willing helper to be made the channel through which their energy is poured forth. What is said of prayer is true to an even greater extent of meditation, for those to whom this exercise is a possibility.

Again and again such pupils as are fitted for the work have been employed to suggest true and beautiful thoughts to authors, poets, artists, and musicians; but obviously it is not every helper who is capable of being used in this way. Everyone who can think can help. Thoughts are things, intensely real things, visible enough to those whose eyes have been opened to see, and by their means the poorest man may bear his part in the good work of the world as fully as the richest. In this way at least, whether we can yet function consciously upon the astral plane or not, we can all join, and we must all join, the army of "Invisible Helpers."

XV.—DREAMS AND DREAMING.

A PROPHETIC DREAM OF JAMESON'S RAID.

IT is not generally known that the Jameson Raid was revealed to Mr. Chamberlain by means of a dream. He did not dream the dream. It was Mr. Fairfield who did that. Much surprise has been expressed at the Cape and elsewhere as to how it was possible for Mr. Chamberlain to know more about Dr. Jameson's movements than the High Commissioner or Mr. Rhodes. The answer is that in a dream in a vision of the night, Mr. E. Fairfield, who was head of the African department in the Colonial Office, dreamed that Dr. Jameson had decided to take the bit between his teeth to cross the frontier. So vivid was his dream that, on waking, he telegraphed to Mr. Chamberlain begging to be allowed to send the famous telegram which was the first intimation Lord Rosmead received that the raid had taken place. He replied that he did not believe the news. But the dreamer in London was right. The High Commissioner on the spot had to admit that he was wrong.

SYMBOLS IN DREAMS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Dursley writes me on this subject as follows:—

I have for months been making personal observations, and have repeatedly told my wife things that were about to happen on the subject of the symbolical interpretation of dreams. It is all symbolical—the symbols being of a strictly *personal* and not general character. Twenty years ago I was in the boot trade. I am now in the jewelry business, and much better off. To dream of the boot trade symbolises death, poverty, low condition, &c. To dream of the jewelry trade indicates prosperity. Last Sunday (letter dated November 24th) I officiated at a strange (to me) Congregational Church where there has been a division, and the place practically deserted. I dreamed the previous night that I took some old boots to be repaired at a dreary looking shop. I then went a walk and on my return called for boots, but the young lady who served me showed me a gold ring set with pearls and rubies, into which the boots had been converted. On waking, I told my wife it signified that the first Sunday at the new place would be very dull, but my second bright. I preached in the morning to very few, after which I took a walk. When near the end of my journey I realized that that was the walk I dreamt of, and I was so excited I spoke out aloud (though alone), "The good time is to-night." So it turned out, my hostess (who was a young lady) saying it was a very good time both in point of numbers and good influences.

My father died some twenty-five years ago. He was very bitter towards me, and when near his death said that, if possible in the hereafter, he would visit and torment me. I have for years observed that dreams of him symbolize coming events. I used to be rather quarrelsome, sometimes using physical force with my opponents. On these occasions I invariably dreamt of him and myself quarrelling, &c., and the conditions of the struggle with him indicated the conditions of success or failure with my opponent. I have become a "peace-at-any-price man" in my daily life, and dreams of fighting have gone. Now he sometimes comes and makes a stare at me, and I have a bad cold or some other malady. If I dream I imprison him, I have a grand time of happiness. Some time back I had a case in the City of London Court. I was defendant. I dreamt my father's corpse was lying about, but two friends came along and buried him, and I afterwards went to a sale-room, where I was late, the sale being over. I understood at the time the dream represented my case. At the City Court *two* witnesses disposed of the plaintiff's case against me, he having to pay costs, and I went from there direct to an Oxford Street sale-room—the sale being just over. To dream of my mother—who is still alive—indicates kindly influences.

I have a prophecy on hand which I wish to place with you to be refuted or verified end of next March. We have two children whose characteristics I described, before their birth, to my wife. She is again *enceinte*. I told her this before she knew it. I saw the child clairvoyantly—a daughter with flaxen hair—broad built, round face. In phrenological terms, she will have predominance of vital temperament—a head round and well developed with quality and activity not much over average. In mentality she will be inferior to the other children who are unusually bright. Both are boys. My wife and I are both dark. If worth while next March, our doctor will be able to confirm or refute this prediction by writing to you. I am sorry I am not good at sketching, or I could give a picture of the child.

CLAIRVOYANCE IN DREAMS.

Last May this correspondent wrote:—

If I stop for a moment in my business sometimes and mentally ask, "May I see the person I shall meet with under certain circumstances?" and, sometimes, I am immediately shown what I ask. One instance is very striking. In January, 1895, I resolved (having done a good deal of seemingly very acceptable lay preaching) to give up business and seek a church. I asked, "May I see the man I shall be associated with in my anticipated sphere?" I immediately saw a very striking figure in clerical attire, dundreary whiskers, and a very keen-looking mouth. I described this gentleman to the Rev. L. K. M., and other friends; and though he was dressed clerically, the idea was communicated with the vision that he was a layman. Five months later, Rev. G. D. T. had an engagement to preach at T., Gloucester; but, on the Saturday previous, was taken ill, and I supplied for him, and met there the clerically-attired layman in the person of the senior deacon. The clerical attire, dundreary whiskers, and very keen mouth are striking, and would be well shown in his photo. I had also asked to see the church I should have, and saw "T." Last winter I had another engagement at the same place. I had been asking again to see the church I should be associated with as a regular minister. I had previously seen T., with its Gothic windows, central spires, &c., both in vision and reality, but this time I was specially shown *what I had not previously observed, and which I could not see without occupying a spot I had not been on before*. I saw Gothic windows, &c., as before, but the chief object of vision was the pinnacle. It was peculiarly shaped, as a kind of round ball with three ears or leaves. A few days later I received a printed form for the order of service, &c., and in one corner was the picture of the building with the pinnacle, being simply a small point on the end of the building. I showed it my wife, and said "Look, T. is *not* the place I am to go to after all." However, when I went to preach, I found the pinnacle *as I had seen it in vision, and not as it was on the picture*. Still, I am not pastor of T. Church. If ever I am, I shall have an interesting story with photos, &c., to illustrate it.

I have not succeeded thus far with crystal-gazing. Automatic writing I have tried. The first time my hand wrote John R. When it reached that point I expected my own name, but it wrote Revill—the name of a deceased friend. I have several times tried an experiment which seems to involve the other personality—whatever it may be. I sometimes hold my pencil on the paper, and *will strongly* for it to go in a certain direction. It rarely ever goes that way, but I become conscious before it starts of the direction it will take. I have been contemplating mesmerism under Rev. Truss, but my "guide" never heartily approves, so there is not much in it. "My guide" approved writing to you. I have learned, by several years' *experience*, that there is "somebody" or "something" in communication with me that knows a vast deal more about things than I do.

Writing in July, he said:—

There is an incident in my life of considerable importance which is not in my letter. About seven years ago, soon after I begun visions, I asked if it were possible to see who would be my wife, and immediately saw the person who three years subsequently became my wife. Ah! I told you this before.

November 24th, I have come to the conclusion that this is vivid imagination. When I am a little below par my imagination pictures all sorts of things with painful intensity.

I've been reading a little more, the last week, on the Borderland, and am led to ask you for information on the following. Is it a common mental characteristic to be able at any time to see in imagination *entirely new faces quite unassociated with memory*, or is this the clairvoyant instinct? I have asked several friends, and tested them as to whether they could do it, but have not gained satisfactory answers. I remember when I first began to see visions which consisted of entirely new faces, I tried myself thoroughly to see if I could produce new images (as I then considered it) with my ordinary faculties of memory, imagination, &c., and found for some time I could not, except at intervals, see any face that was strange to me. This caused me to regard these visions as being given to me by some outside power. However, I remember that after several attempts I became easily able to conjure up faces quite unknown to me, and quite unassociated with memory, and this power has continued. Is this a common quality of humanity?

What I am most satisfied with is the continuous sense I have of being "guided," of having a companion with me who prompts me to goodness as well as physical welfare. Circumstances—facts—have taught me to give this guide a place far above reasoning power. This guide impressed me with the idea at the beginning that my automatic writing was valueless. I have thus far, after many attempts, found it so.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

THE *Sunday Magazine*, for June, publishes the following remarks concerning the marvellous faculty of prophetic dreaming possessed by Mrs. Hilton.

In Mrs. Hilton's recently published biography some remarkable instances are given of a prophetic spirit inspiring her dreams, and although the narrator speaks with some reluctance, he records facts which are beyond the possibility of a doubt. When a child she dreamt one night that a scaffolding erected for the carrying out of certain repairs to a dissenting chapel gave way, and through the accident two men lost their lives and one was injured. This dream was told to her friends, who laughingly replied that the building in question was in the best of repair, and was not likely to come under the hands of workmen. After a considerable lapse of time, however, when passing one day, Mrs. Hilton, then fifteen years of age, saw a scaffolding up just as she had seen it in her dream, and she fancied the platform looked insecure. The workmen were but rough bricklayers, and the timid girl feared ridicule too much to warn them. She passed on, and within an hour the scaffolding had fallen; two men were killed and one very seriously injured. It took a great weight from her mind to learn that a gentleman had pointed out to the men the insecurity of their platform. They had received his warning with jeers.

This strange gift developed as Mrs. Hilton grew up. One more instance may be quoted. She dreamt that she was standing alone upon a desolate moor in the dimness of the twilight. Far, far away stretched the horizon, a road cut the landscape in two as far as the eye could reach, and down this road came the tramp, tramp, tramp of myriads of feet. As the vast throng approached her she saw that they were people of different ages, some whose days were so brief that their life cast no shadow behind it, some whose cares and toils and ambitions showed them to be in the full heyday of their powers, some grown so old that they either looked forward to another life with great calmness and joy or else clung with feverish grasp to the years that had gone. For as they had seen they reaped.

"What is this?" she asked.

"It is the march of the dead," replied a voice.

She watched in awe, until, by a sudden impulse, she summoned one in that vast procession to her.

"Who are you?" she cried.

Then he gave his name in a loud voice and was gone.

The terrible part of the vision was that the name of the person called was always familiar to Mrs. Hilton, and on each occasion when the dream occurred it was followed by his or her death. Apart from the awful reality of the great moving army this foresight became so terrifying and so burdensome that she prayed earnestly and often that she might be deprived of it, and after a time the visions ceased. Few people are, perhaps, so competent as she was to realise the infinite goodness of the Creator in not allowing us to foresee the events which rule our lives and the lives of other people. We live by faith, not by knowledge. We are not fitted, our souls are not strong enough to bear the awful gaze of the future which must paralyse and pervert the present, and make life unnatural.

PRE-VISIONS IN DREAMS.

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of seeing places in advance in dream. A curious instance of this is mentioned in an interview published by the *Queen* with Madame Lombardi, the well-known art publisher. At the close of the interview, says the interviewer:—

Mme. Lombardi took our representative on a journey of exploration into the basement, where countless negatives are stacked in pigeonholes.

"Do you know," she said, "how we sometimes dream that we have seen places before? Yes? Then I must tell you that I once dreamt I was in just such a room as this, all walled and lined with little boxes. And I turned to one of those shadowy beings who figure in dreams and asked what the boxes contained. 'They are the souls of all the people waiting to be called,' he said. The moment I entered this negative-room I exclaimed, 'This is the room of my dream.' Wasn't that curious? But then I am a great believer in the mysterious side of life."

From photography to spiritualism is perhaps rather a long step, but, without being over-fantastic, one may believe that Mme. Lombardi will revive the memory of great men dead and gone, and that by the art of the camera she will mirror the souls of many remarkable people now living.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

The *Australian Herald* this year printed a communication from a German gentleman, residing in Melbourne, who tells the following impressive story:—

Some months ago I visited a cathedral church in this city at noon. It is a favourite resort of mine. During my prayer there, I dreamt of a beloved friend of my youth, of whom I had not heard since we parted many years ago. As I opened my eyes I saw his figure clear and distinct before me, transparent as glass, but outlined like a drawing. His colour was like yellow wax, his profile sharp, with eyes closed. Thinking that my sight, otherwise good, played me false, I closed my eyes again, rubbed them well, and reopened them. There again was the figure of my old friend as before. I left the church, feeling quite awestruck. The image, however, followed me, and even in the clear bright sunshine kept close to me for about ten minutes, when it became less and less distinct, and finally vanished. I cannot describe my state of mind: I was obliged to re-enter the church to compose myself.

That night I had a strange dream. I stood at the death-bed of the same friend, asking him what ailed him. "Why," answered he, "I have just died." "Died! where, then?" "In my old home." "So, I will see thee no more." "Why," replied he, "I visited thee to-day in the church." I awoke in tears: his death had become a certainty to me.

Some weeks later, I received a letter from a near relative, to which was added the following postscript: "The friend of your youth is now dead. He loved you much, and thought of you often in his last illness."

XVI.—ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST.

A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENCE EDITED BY "ANOTHER GUEST."

TO A CERTAIN HOSTESS.

ON the trail of a ghost is legitimate sport
For Research or for physical test,
But beware of the penny-a-liner's report,
Have an eye on the Trail of a Guest.

TO A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

You have scored—for the nonce—in The Trail of a Ghost;
Your visit, your "copy," your jest.
But what of the courtesy, due to your host?
Oh, who's on the Trail of a Guest?

ON the 8th of June the *Times* contained an article which must have surprised a good many. It was contrary to the spirit and traditions of that highly respectable organ, both as to subject and manner. The *pros and cons.* of Psychical Research have seldom occupied its columns, and as to the manner, in respect of courtesy, regard for hospitality, deference to the manners and customs of society, the article speaks for itself. "Another Guest," in editing the correspondence, and in order to be differentiated yet further from the *Times* correspondent, who unwarrantably gives them in full, has omitted all names even from the letters reproduced, as their perpetuation can serve no purpose but the gratification of vulgar curiosity.

The article led, as will be seen, to a prolonged correspondence.

I.—EXPERIENCES OF A FORTY-EIGHT HOURS' VISIT.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

For two or three months past vague rumours have been afloat in London concerning a haunted house somewhere in Scotland belonging to the Marquis of Bute. It was described as "the most haunted house in Scotland," and as being the abode of some mysterious agency producing sights and sounds of the most portentous and inexplicable character. While many people, some of them holding high positions in the scientific world, were ready to give general assurances of the awe-inspiring nature of these phenomena, it was unfortunately impossible to obtain precise information from any one. The most definite impression one could form was that appalling noises were to be heard, alike by day and by night, in various parts of this mansion, but more particularly in four rooms. Apparitions were also spoken of, though less confidently, yet it seemed to be generally agreed that the orthodox gliding figure melting into thin air had been seen by at least one horrified observer.

Inquiries addressed to distinguished members of the Society for Psychical Research—or the S.P.R., as it is affectionately called by its votaries—elicited the information that Lord Bute had taken the house in question for three months and had placed it at the disposal of the society for the purpose of a thorough investigation. For reasons which are differently stated in London and in P—, where the agent for the proprietor is to be found, Lord Bute did not take the house in his own name, but in that of Colonel Taylor. The material fact, however, is that he did take it with the object just named, installed a staff of servants, and entrusted the conduct of the investigation to a lady well known in connection with the S.P.R. and also for work of a different and much more valuable kind. This lady, who makes an admirable and charming hostess, kept open house, and invited from time to time such persons as she thought likely to give assistance in discovering the origin of the phenomena. In the circumstances it cannot be thought remarkable that among the

persons thus invited there was a predominance of members of, or sympathizers with, the S.P.R. As a matter of fact, it was no doubt found difficult to induce others to interest themselves in the business. The result was none the less unfortunate, since when the present writer paid his visit, after investigations had been going on for more than two months, no real progress had been made. Lord Bute's original idea was a good one, but it was never properly carried out. Observing that the S.P.R. had made many investigations in a perfunctory and absurd manner by sending somebody to a haunted house for a couple of nights and then writing an utterly worthless report, he desired in this case a continuous investigation extending over a considerable period. He ought, therefore, to have employed a couple of intelligent detectives for the whole term, and thus secured real continuity. As things are the only continuity is to be found in the presence—itself not entirely continuous—of the lady just mentioned. But simply because she is a lady, and because she had her duties as hostess to attend to, she is unfit to carry out the actual work of investigating the phenomena in question. Some of her assistants sat up all night with loaded guns in a condition of abject fright; others, there is reason to suspect, manufactured phenomena for themselves; and nearly all seem to have begun by assuming supernatural interference instead of leaving it for the final explanation of whatever might be clearly proved to be otherwise inexplicable.

THE HOUSE.

[A sentence is here omitted describing the locality.]

The house was built in the second decade of the present century, but a wing was added at a much later date, and is the only part of the structure that is free from "manifestations." Underneath the wing are the present kitchens, to the isolation of which a wholly undue importance is attached as precluding the idea that noises wilfully or accidentally made by the servants can account for the phenomena in the bedrooms. In the centre of the house is the main staircase in a square well, lighted by a cupola and having a gallery which runs right round it and gives access to the upper part of the main building. At one corner of this gallery is a service staircase, at the top of which is the most haunted bedroom. Adjoining this are the two next in order of phenomenal importance, while at the opposite corner of the gallery, where another staircase leads to the servants' sleeping-rooms above, is the fourth of the haunted rooms. The house has thick walls, both interior and exterior, but their thickness is exaggerated by wood casing, which everywhere gives a hollow sound on percussion. The rafters seem to be as flimsy as the walls are substantial, for the floors vibrate on the smallest provocation, and in any of the bedrooms it is quite easy to hold a conversation with another man in the attics. It follows that the house is one huge sounding-board, transmitting and possibly intensifying certain kinds of noise. That there are no rats in the house is an article of faith, but I saw one outside about halfway to the stables in broad daylight. Rats, or even mice, would account for many of the sounds complained of.

EXPERIENCE OF NOTHING.

I tossed with another man for possession of No. 3, the most haunted of the rooms, and won. He contented himself with No. 1, which is the second best from an investigator's point of view. On one of the two nights that I spent in the room I slept without disturbance of any kind until seven o'clock, when I heard a variety of noises floating up the back staircase, and all easily translatable into the early morning activities of the servants. There is a fixed washstand with the usual waste-plug. This I left open on going to bed, and as the night was windy a sound which an ardent imagination might have converted into the moan of a soul in pain came from the end of the waste-pipe a few feet

below, where it overhangs a trap, according to approved sanitary principles. The second night I was very wakeful. I read in bed until past one o'clock, and was awake again about three. My fire had gone out, and the fireplace in cooling down emitted a loud crack after the manner of iron fireplaces in such conditions. A sympathetic observer would doubtless have chronicled that as a ghostly noise. A distinguished psychological researcher told me just before I left town that when one sees a ghost the proper thing is to advance boldly and clasp it. In the hope of such an encounter I went out upon the gallery, but I saw nothing and heard nothing except the wind. I went to sleep after that for some three hours, and on awaking heard a pretty loud noise from the washing basin, which, however, was only the jar of a water-pipe when the water is suddenly turned off. Presently a deep buzzing sound indicated that a servant was drawing more water, probably in the distant wing, and was duly followed by another resonant bang showing that the Thomson patent tap had not been fitted to the pipes. These were all the noises I heard in the most haunted room of "the most haunted house in Scotland." To any one half dead with fright they would probably have seemed appalling; to me they only proved that ordinary noises can be transmitted in that house with unusual facility and to unusual distances. In the morning the butler, whose room it seems is directly under No. 3, asked me rather solemnly whether I had been disturbed. On my answering in the negative, he asked whether I had been walking about my room in my boots, and seemed only half reassured when I said I had been walking about long after he was in bed, but certainly not in my boots.

A LEGEND.

No haunted house is complete without a legend of a crime, or a tragedy, or a badly-spent life, to explain why the ghost walks. In the drawing-room after dinner we listened to our hostess, who is an excellent narrator, expounding the story of the wicked Major. It seems that a former proprietor, who died some twenty years ago, had a standing quarrel with Mrs. Grundy. He kept his house full of dogs; he did not care for the society of his neighbours; he was rather feared than loved; and local gossip, with reason or without, charged him with unnecessary familiarity with his housekeeper. When we add that at his death the property went to collaterals, whom he is said to have disliked both on that ground and because they were Roman Catholics, while he was a rigid Presbyterian, we have all the reasons that can be alleged for the persistent unrest of the Major's spirit. It must apparently remain doubtful whether zeal for Presbyterian doctrine or laxity in the observance of Presbyterian morality is the real obstacle to his repose.

MORE EXPERIENCE OF NOTHING.

While we were listening to this impressive recital of the Major's peculiarities some one called attention to noises which I had noticed for two or three minutes. We were at once informed that they were footsteps in the haunted chambers overhead, and that they occur even when these chambers are locked up. It was added that at the actual moment there was no servant in the bedrooms, and a lady went out to verify the statement, returning with the information that she had met all the servants coming up from the basement to go to bed. For my own part I could not have said with the least certainty that the noises were footsteps at all, and they did not seem to me to come from the ceiling, but rather from the side of the room. If there was no one in the rooms overhead at the moment it became pretty clear that the noises could not mean footsteps in these rooms, since neither abounding wickedness nor overflowing doctrinal zeal can enable a ghost to stamp on a floor like a solid mortal. But the way of regarding the matter normal to the place evidently was that the sounds must mean footsteps, that they must come from the haunted rooms, and that as there was no one there to produce them they must indicate supernatural agency or, at least, something calling for psychological investigation. A passage giving access to the hall from the service staircase, already mentioned as opening at my bedroom door on the first floor, runs behind the drawing-room wall. At the end of this passage is the butler's room directly under my bedroom, and the butler's wife had the habit of retiring in good time. In these

arrangements we have a simple and obvious explanation of the indeterminate noises heard just before the servants reach the first floor on their way to bed.

WITNESSES ON THE SPOT.

These are all the sounds I heard in a house which I was assured before leaving London was continually disturbed by day and night by appalling and inexplicable noises. Others were described to me, in particular one which was imitated by throwing a heavy wooden ball on a wooden floor and allowing it to roll until it came in contact with a door. I never heard the noise, but if the imitation was as good as I was led to believe, I have no doubt that the noise was made in the same way and perhaps with the same ball. One of the maidservants described a sort of dull knocking, which according to her goes on between two and six in the morning in the lath-and-plaster partition by the side of her bed, which shuts off the angular space just under the eaves of the house. She likened it to the noise of gardeners nailing up ivy outside. She seemed honest; but as she had seen the ghost of half a woman sitting on her fellow-servant's bed, one takes her evidence with a grain or two of salt. Any noises she has really heard may be due to the cooling of the hot-water pipes which pass along behind the partition just mentioned to the cistern. An intelligent gardener whom I questioned told me that he had kept watch in the house on two separate occasions, abstaining from sleep until daylight appeared at seven o'clock, but without hearing a sound. A caretaker, who had spent months in the house, and who had to keep a stove alight all night, never heard a sound, probably because there was no one to make any.

EXPERIENCES OF THE H. FAMILY.

The only mystery in the matter seems to be the mode in which a prosaic and ordinary dwelling was endowed with so evil a reputation. I was assured in London that it had had this reputation for twenty or thirty years. The family lawyer in P— asserted most positively that there had never been a whisper of such a thing until the house was let for last year's shooting season to a family, whom I may call the H.'s. I was told the same thing in equally positive terms by the minister of the parish, a level-headed man from B—shire, who has lived in the place for twenty years. He told me that some of the younger members of the H. family had indulged in practical jokes and boasted of them. One of their pranks was to drop or throw a weight upon the floor and to draw it back by means of a string. Another seems to have been to thump on bedroom doors with a boot-heel, the unmistakable marks of which remain to this day, and were pointed out to me by our hostess. If there are really any noises not referable to ordinary domestic causes, it is not improbable that these practical jokers made a confidant of some one about the estate, who amuses himself by occasionally—it is only occasionally that the more remarkable noises are said to be heard—repeating their tricks. The steward or factor on the estate concurs with the lawyer and the minister in denying that the house had any reputation for being haunted before the advent of the H. family. Yet he is a Highlander and not without superstition, for he gave it as his opinion that if there was anything in these noises they must be due to Black Art. Asked what Black Art might be, he said he could not tell, but he had often heard about it, and had been told that when once set going it would go on without the assistance of its authors. He was quite clear, however, that if there is Black Art it came in with the H. family.

OTHER TRADITIONS

The conduct of the S.P.R. in this matter is so dubious that it would do well not to raise questions of motive. The three witnesses I have named are entitled to entire confidence until substantial evidence is forthcoming to discredit their testimony. Of such evidence I did not find a trace. The story of a haunted history of twenty years rests upon nothing but anonymous rumour, so vague and intangible that no opportunity of verification can be found. I was, indeed, shown some admissions made under pressure of cross-examination by the widow of the late proprietor, who died in 1895. But they are of the most insigni-

ficant description, referring to nothing but confused recollections of noises such as may be heard in any house, and not in any degree implying a belief that the house in which she and her family lived until compelled to leave it by her husband's death is haunted. In connection with that death I was told an impressive story which illustrates the way of working up a noise into a manifestation. On a day when he was to leave home for London the proprietor was talking to the aforementioned factor in the library, when a tremendous crash was heard on the table between them. "For God's sake," cried the husband, "don't mention this to my wife." He went to London and next day was killed by a cab accident. Before the news reached his family an appalling noise was heard in the room he usually occupied, but, as the reader will expect to hear, everything was found undisturbed. This circumstantial story is false in every detail. There was no table, there was a bureau; there was no crash, but the lid of the bureau having been imperfectly closed slipped into its place; the husband did not mention either his Maker or his wife or the trivial noise; he was not killed the next day, but more than three weeks afterwards; and no mysterious sound in his room heralded the news.

But that crash is still hanging around in B—. A lady staying in the house assured me that, writing one day in the library, she heard a loud bang upon an occasional table behind her. On looking round she saw the brass handles still swinging, though no one was in the room with her and nothing was disturbed. In company with a lively young man fresh from Oxford athletics, I made a little experiment on that table. We banged it with great force, making a great noise, but the brass handles would not swing. They did, indeed, quiver in common with the not very substantial table, but the quiver was over as soon as the noise. The lady was simply the victim of a combined ocular and visual hallucination. She told me of another. In a copse near the house, through which runs a little stream down a sharp declivity, she saw an old and a young woman talking. She could distinguish their voices, though not what they said, and the old woman talked much while the young one interjected remarks. Of course, there was no woman there, and, by consequence, no conversation. The lady admitted that the apparition was purely subjective, but in regard to other matters was not willing to suppose that she may be the victim of hallucinations of hearing as well as of sight. There were other and similar experiences which it is needless to relate. It is obvious that an investigator, however honest, is tremendously handicapped by this liability to manufacture the very phenomena under investigation. Not even the solemn blessing of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, who was invited to the house for the purpose of bestowing it, can rid a dwelling of noises partly incident to domestic operations and partly due to the physiological peculiarities of the inmates.

Lord Bute's confidence has been grossly abused by some one, and, what he will probably regret even more, he has been unwittingly led to do an appreciable injury to the owners of B—. It was represented to him by some one that he was taking the "most haunted house in Scotland," a house with an old and established reputation for mysterious if not supernatural disturbances. What he has got is a house with no reputation whatever of that kind, with no history, with nothing germane to his purpose beyond a cloud of baseless rumours produced during the last twelvemonth. Who is responsible for the imposture it is not my business to know or to inquire, but that it is an imposture of the most shallow and impudent kind there can be no manner of doubt. I interviewed in P—a man who has the district at his finger-tips, and was ready to enumerate in order all the shooting properties in the valley. He had never heard until the moment I spoke to him of B. possessing any reputation ancient or modern for being haunted, although he is familiar with the estate and has slept in the house. It has no local reputation of the kind even now beyond the parish it stands in. The whole thing has been fudged up in London, upon the basis of some distorted account of the practical jokes of the H—s.

THE CORRESPONDENT'S OPINION OF THE S.P.R.

Without attempting to judge individuals, it must be said that an experience like the present intensifies the suspicion and

disgust which close contact with the S.P.R. always tends to excite. I am well aware that among its members are many men of eminence, ability, and unquestionable honesty. So on the direction of many a dubious company we may find the names of men of honour and integrity. Men do not sufficiently consider the responsibility which they incur, financially or morally, when they lend the sanction of their names to proceedings which they do not control and perhaps never inquire into. Seen at all close, the methods of the Society for Psychical Research are extremely repulsive. What it calls evidence is unsifted gossip, always reckless and often malignant; what it calls investigation would provoke contempt in Bedlam itself; and what it calls discrimination is too often the selection from gossip, all worthless, of those portions which fit best into the theory it happens to be advocating. As for its treatment of the degraded beings whom it calls "sensitives" and "mediums," the epileptics, the neurotics, the *crétins*, and the tricksters from whom it pretends to draw spiritual insight—that is a system of moral vivisection incomparably more cruel and degrading than the worst practices ever laid at the door of physiologists.

In reply to all this the public has as yet received no information other than that which became evident in the publication by the lawyers of certain letters, not otherwise interesting, namely, that the mention of Lord Bute was absolutely unwarranted, and that the house was taken and occupied by Colonel Le Mesurier Taylor, whose name is well known to all readers of this Review, of *Light*, and of *The Proceedings S.P.R.* His lordship himself has not condescended to reply, and from Miss X., the hostess in question, only two very brief communications have been received.

The first of these appeared on the morning after the publication.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Sir,—As the "hostess" referred to in your Correspondent's article "On the Trail of a Ghost," in this morning's issue, I may perhaps be allowed space to express the unbounded astonishment with which I read his detailed account of the house, and of some of the persons most closely associated with it. Such an account could only have been furnished by one of our own guests, every one of whom came on the distinct understanding that we were bound in honour and courtesy to the owners of the house not to reveal its identity.

I can only express my deep regret at such violation of hospitality.

In publishing our own account of the inquiry, which will embody the evidence of many witnesses extending over a period of nearly twenty years, we had proposed to adhere to that principle of reticence as to names of persons and places which we have throughout considered due to the owners.

Your obedient Servant,

X.

June 8.

The other appeared a few days later.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—Those among your readers who incline to suspension of judgment, and who as yet have heard of the "haunted house" only from a guest of forty-eight hours—a period when it so happened that no phenomena occurred either to criticise or to deny—may be interested to know that they will shortly be put in possession of further material in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*.

I entirely agree with the distinguished physician who in your columns to-day so justly deprecates secrecy in matters of scientific interest. I believe, however, that it is no part of medical etiquette in sharing experience of a "case" to publish the name and address of the patient in the *Lancet*, nor have I hitherto found it necessary to request my visitors to refrain from "making copy" of the conversations (in this case not always accurately remembered) of their fellow-guests.

May I, on my own behalf, emphasize the fact at which some of your correspondents have done me and my friends the justice

to hint, that the examination of alleged phenomena does not necessarily imply belief in their popular interpretation nor even in their actual existence?

Your obedient Servant,
X.

Readers of BORDERLAND will regret that as the article in question will not appear till August, we are unable to discuss the evidence she promises to lay before the public.

The latter part of her letter refers to the following from *A Late Guest at B—*, who, like the *Times* correspondent, seems to be mainly interested in discrediting the *Society for Psychical Research*.

To the Editor of the *TIMES*.

SIR,—As one of the guests at B— a short time ago I must demur to the statement of our hostess in her letter which appears in your columns to-day, that all the guests came on the distinct understanding that they were bound in honour and courtesy to the owners of the house not to reveal its identity. In my case there was certainly no such stipulation, and had any condition of the kind been attached, I should not have accepted the invitation sent to me. Science knows nothing of secrecy, which is, however, the life-blood of quackery and imposture. I went to B— as an investigator on the distinct understanding that I was to assume a critical and sceptical attitude, and was to have an absolutely free hand. There was, however, no call for either scepticism or criticism, as my experiences, during the two nights I spent there, in one of the haunted chambers, were of the most commonplace description. I heard no sough of the supernatural and saw no glimmer of a ghost.

What struck me as most extraordinary at B— was that a so-called experiment had been carried on there for nearly three months at the time of my visit by the Psychical Research Society, without any attempt at either experimentation or research. Unscreened evidence of improbable phenomena had been collected in heaps, but the simplest and most obvious tests had not been applied. The residents and visitors, it seemed to me, had been sitting there all the time, agape for wonders, straining on the limits of audition, and fomenting one another's superstitions without taking any precautions to prevent deception or employing reagents to clear up turbid observations. Our hostess, who had evidently an open mind and offered us every facility for our investigations, eagerly adopted our suggestions as to certain tests, but I regret to learn that there was no time to put these in practice.

Practical joking, hallucination, and fraud will account for the bulk of the occult phenomena recorded at B— during its occupation by the Psychical Research Society. What remains—if anything—may be explained by earth-tremors, by the creaking and reverberations of an old and somewhat curiously-constructed house, or by some other simple natural cause. I shall, however, defer my comments on these occult phenomena until the Psychical Research Society has stated its case, or rather its two or three cases, for, if I am not misinformed, it is, with reference to the B— revelations, a household divided against itself.

I am your obedient Servant,

London, June 9. A LATE GUEST AT B—.

There is something eminently funny in the presentation of the incredulous Miss X., of the clear-headed investigator Colonel Taylor, and of their guests, sitting agape for wonders!—Miss X., whom a recent French journal describes—commenting on her account of the Clandon House phenomena, as “Miss X., who is incredulity itself . . . the singular medium who does not believe in her own *médiumnité* nor in the world of spirits!”

II.—THE EVIDENCE OF A RESIDENT.

However, in the absence of more direct information as to recent events at B—, we are the more interested

to hear of what occurred during the *régime* of the former occupants, the H— family, not yet a year ago.

To the Editor of the *TIMES*.

SIR,—In your issue of the 8th, under the above heading, “A Correspondent” tries at some length to describe what he calls a most impudent imposture. I having lived at B— for three months in the autumn of last year as butler to the house, I thought perhaps my experience of the ghost of B— might be of interest to many of your readers, and as the story has now become public property I shall not be doing any one an injury by telling what I know of the mystery.

HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

On July 15th, 1896, I was sent by Mr. H. with two maid-servants to take charge of B— from Mr. S—'s agents. I was there three days before the arrival of any one of the family, and during that time I heard nothing to disturb me in any way; but on the morning after the arrival of two of the family, Master and Miss H., they came down with long faces, giving accounts of ghostly noises they had heard during the night, but I tried to dissuade them from such nonsense, as I then considered it to be; but on the following two or three nights the same kind of noises were heard by them, and also by the maid-servants, who slept in the rooms above, and they all became positively frightened. I heard nothing whatever, though the noises, as they described them, would have been enough to wake any one much farther away than where I slept, for the noises they heard were made immediately over my room. I suggested the hot-water pipes or the twigs of ivy knocking against the windows, but no—nothing would persuade them but that the house was haunted; but as the noises continued to be heard nightly I suggested that I should sit up alone and without a light outside their bedroom doors, where the footsteps and other rustling noises were heard. I think one other member of the family, “or two” young gentlemen, had arrived at this time, and they had also heard the noises. I told them of my intention to sit up alone, for as one of them had a revolver I did not want to run the risk of being shot for a ghost. However, I took my post on the landing at 11.30 and kept watch, I am certain, until half-past one; then I must have fallen asleep, for, about two o'clock, Master W., hearing the knocking as usual, came out of his room to hear if I had seen or heard anything, but found me fast asleep on the floor, which gave him a greater fright than the knocking, for he supposed for the moment that I had been slain by the ghost.

This kind of thing went on nightly, and for three weeks I heard nothing, although nearly every one in the house heard these noises except myself; but my turn had yet to come, although I firmly held the opinion during that time that it was the hot-water pipes, and I only laughed at the others for their absurd nonsense, as I then considered it to be; but my first experience was that of being awakened three successive nights, or rather mornings, at about 3.30. I heard nothing, but seemed to be wide awake in an instant, as though some one had touched me. I would stay awake for some little time and then go to sleep again; but on the fourth night, on being awakened as before and lying awake for perhaps two minutes, I heard tremendous thumping just outside my door. I jumped out of bed quickly and opened my door, and called out in a loud voice, “Who is there?” but got no answer. I ascended the stairs and listened for a few minutes, but heard no further knocking. I then went back to my room, but did not sleep again that morning.

I may mention that my room was the one described by “A Correspondent” as the butler's room under No. 3, the room where most noises were heard, and the staircase was the service one; and as there is a door at the top, if any one had come there to make the noise I should certainly have heard them beating a retreat.

OTHER WITNESSES.

The same thing happened with variations almost nightly for the succeeding two months that I was there, and every visitor that came to the house was disturbed in the same manner. One gentleman (a Colonel) told me he was awakened on several occasions with the feeling that some one was pulling the bed-clothes

off him; sometimes heavy footsteps were heard, at others like the rustling of a lady's dress; and sometimes groans were heard, but nearly always accompanied by heavy knocking; sometimes the whole house would be aroused. One night I remember five gentlemen meeting at the top of the stairs, in their night-suits, some with sticks or pokers, one had a revolver, vowing vengeance on the disturbers of their sleep. During the two months after I first heard the noises I kept watch altogether about twelve times in various parts of the house, mostly unknown to others (at the time), and have heard the noises in the wing as well as other parts.

SENSATIONS.

When watching I always experienced a peculiar sensation a few minutes before hearing any noise. I can only describe it as like suddenly entering an ice-house and a feeling that some one was present and about to speak to me. On three different nights I was awakened by my bed-clothes being pulled off my feet.

THE WORST NIGHT.

But the worst night I had at B. was one night about the second week in September, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. I had been keeping watch with two gentlemen—one a visitor, the other one of the house. We were sitting in Room No. 2, and heard the noises that I have described about half-past two. Both gentlemen were very much alarmed; but we searched everywhere, but could not find any trace of the ghost or cause of the noises, although they came this time from an unoccupied room. (I may mention that the noises were never heard in the daytime, as stated by "A Correspondent," but always between twelve, midnight, and four in the morning, generally between two and four o'clock.) After a thorough search the two gentlemen went to bed, sadder but not wiser men, for we had discovered nothing. I then went to my room, but not to bed, for I was not satisfied, and decided to continue the watch alone. So I seated myself on the service stairs, close to where the water-pipes passed up the wall, so as to decide once and for all if the sounds came in any way from the water-pipes.

I had not long to wait (about twenty minutes), when the knocking recommenced from the same direction as before, but much louder than before, followed, after a very short interval, by two distinct groans, which certainly made me feel very uncomfortable, for it sounded like some one being stabbed and then falling to the floor. That was enough for me. I went and asked the two gentlemen who had just gone to bed if they had heard anything. One said he had heard five knocks and two groans, the same as I had; while the other (whose room was much nearer to where the sounds came from) said he had heard nothing. I then retired to my bed, but not to sleep, for I had not been in bed three minutes before I experienced the sensation as before, but, instead of being followed by knocking, my bed-clothes were lifted up and let fall again—first at the foot of my bed, but gradually coming towards my head. I held the clothes around my neck with my hands, but they were gently lifted in spite of my efforts to hold them. I then reached around me with my hand, but could feel nothing. This was immediately followed by my being fanned as though some bird was flying around my head, and I could distinctly hear and feel something breathing on me. I then tried to reach some matches that were on a chair by my bedside, but my hand was held back as if by some invisible power. Then the thing seemed to retire to the foot of my bed. Then I suddenly found the foot of my bed lifted up and carried around towards the window for about three or four feet; then replaced to its former position. All this did not take, I should think, more than two or three minutes, although at the time it seemed hours to me. Just then the clock struck four, and, being tired out with my long night's watching, I fell asleep. This, Mr. Editor, is some of my experiences while at B—.

AS TO THE CORRESPONDENT—

As to "A Correspondent's" interviews with local people. As to the old caretaker, she is an old woman, very deaf, and she always occupied a room on the ground floor, where, during the three months that I was there, nothing whatever was heard,

as my two footmen slept there, and they did not hear any noises. As to the intelligent gardener, if it is the same one that was there when I was there, he, surely, has not forgotten the night he spent with me in my room; he was nearly frightened out of his wits, and declared he would not spend another night in my room for any money—a fact that the factor or steward and others well know.

PRACTICAL JOKING?

There are many other incidents in my experience with the mystery of B—, but I hope this is sufficient for the purpose I intend it—namely, for the truth to be known, for I have no other motive in writing this letter; for I have left the service of the house some months now. But as to your Correspondent's statement that some of the house were doing it, it is simply absurd; for in turn they were all away from B— for a week or a fortnight, and still these noises were heard. Another thing: is it possible for any one to keep up a joke like that for three months? or, if any one had been doing it, I should certainly have caught them; and I can assure you that the house were very much annoyed with it, not only for themselves, but for their visitors, for I have sat up all night with some of them, who were afraid to go to their beds; and I think that, if "A Correspondent" had stayed as long in B— as I did and had some of my experiences, he would have a very different tale to tell, although up to my going to B— I would laugh at any one who told me there were such things as ghosts; and even now I am not quite convinced; but of one thing I am certain—that is, that there is something supernatural in the noises and things that I heard and experienced at B—. Thanking you, dear Sir, in anticipation of your inserting this letter,

I remain your obedient Servant,

HAROLD SANDERS.

Chidcock, near Bridport, Dorset.

The hypothesis of practical joking was also emphatically and indignantly denied by Mr. H—, the tenant, not himself one of the witnesses, but nevertheless in no degree repudiating the fact of the evidence of his family and guests, nor that they gave up at the end of less than three months a house for which they had paid a year's rent in advance, which house was shortly after let again for three months to Colonel Taylor; so that the "ghost" has certainly favoured the pocket, if not the feelings, of the owners of the house alleged to give hospitality to him or her.

III.—THE EVIDENCE AND THE S.P.R.

The following letter from Mr. Myers, which hardly strikes one as courteous to his host Colonel Taylor, or chivacious towards members of the S.P.R. and other guests at B— House, needs no comment. It is sufficiently and effectively answered by that of "One of the Witnesses."

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—A letter entitled "On the Trail of a Ghost," which you publish to-day, appears to suggest throughout that some statement has been made on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research with regard to the house which your Correspondent visited. This, however, is not the case; and as a misleading impression may be created, I must ask you to allow me space to state that I visited B—, representing that society, before your Correspondent's visit, and decided that there was no such evidence as could justify us in giving the results of the inquiry a place in our *Proceedings*. I had already communicated this judgment to Lord Bute, to the Council of the society, and to Professor Sidgwick, the Editor of our *Proceedings*, and it had been agreed to act upon it.

As to your Correspondent's general attack upon the society, I have only to say that twelve volumes of our *Proceedings* are before the public; that these form the record of our methods and of our work; and that we are, and always have been, ready to

meet with respectful attention any definite criticism upon any matter contained therein.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,

Hon Sec. of the Society for Psychical Research.
Leckhampton House, Cambridge, June 8.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—I am not a member of the Society for Psychical Research, but as a visitor at the "haunted house" in Scotland during some weeks with constant experience of the phenomena, and in view of Mr. Myers's letter in your issue of this morning, may I, in the interests of fair play, inform your readers of three facts which might not otherwise come under their notice?

1. That Mr. Myers, in repudiating responsibility on behalf of the S.P.R., omits to mention that the evidence of the case has not been submitted to the Council of the society.
2. That Mr. Myers himself has seen but a very small part of that evidence, which consists of a journal carefully kept for over three months and signed by more than twenty witnesses.
3. That during the visit to which he refers, extending over ten days only, both Mr. Myers and Professor Lodge testified in writing to their personal experience of the phenomena under observation.

I leave to others any reflections which may occur to them as to "the tail wagging the dog" and "playing to the gallery" on the part of the Secretary of the S.P.R.

Yours faithfully,

ONE OF THE WITNESSES.

June 10.

This letter was followed by one, not, as would have been suitable had the Council desired to support Mr. Myers, from the President, Sir William Crookes, saying whether he had seen the evidence in question and what view he took of it, but by Professor Sidgwick—a letter which is a masterpiece of saying nothing.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—The letter of "A Late Guest at B." seems to render it desirable that I should write to confirm Mr. Myers's statement as to the unfavourable view formed by him of the results of the investigation carried on there. He communicated this view to me—as Editor of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R.—some time previous to a meeting of the Council of this society, held on May 28. I may add that, accepting his account of the evidence, I entirely concurred in his conclusion that the results were not such as to justify publication in our *Proceedings*.

I am yours obediently,

HENRY SIDGWICK.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.,
June 18.

As Professor Lodge and Mr. Myers had both testified, so we are told, in writing, to personal experience of important phenomena at B—House, we may gather that the standard of evidence for "Haunted Houses" has recently been raised in the S.P.R., as Professor Sidgwick has here two competent and adult witnesses, and the evidence which the society produced in the latest report of its "Haunted House" Committee reached in cases of the first class an average of one and a fraction.

Further comments on Mr. Myers's relation to the B—witnesses are contained in the following paragraphs, over the signature referred to elsewhere as that of "a distinguished physician":—

Mr. Myers suggests that I regard it as a sign of weakness that all members of the Psychical Research Society do not take the same view of the B. evidence. That is not so. In the interpretation of that evidence, in the inferences drawn from it and opinions founded on it, there is room for wide divergence of views which would merely indicate independent judgment; but what I do regard as a sign of weakness is that the members of

the Psychical Research Society are not agreed about the evidence itself or the trustworthiness of those who bear it. What are facts to one member are fictions to another, and truthfulness and mendacity are alike ascribed to one witness by different sects or sections.

Surely Mr. Myers's memory is at fault when he says that he decided when at B. that the evidence collected there was not of such a character as to justify its publication by the Psychical Research Society. I visited B. after Mr. Myers, and I was there told that he insisted on the publication of the whole transactions. I was, indeed, consulted as to the propriety of including in the publication called for by Mr. Myers the testimony of one witness whom there were grave grounds for discrediting.

I am your obedient Servant,

A LATE GUEST AT B—.

London,
June 16.

IV.—THE EARTHQUAKE HYPOTHESIS.

It is reported that visual phenomena at B—House were well attested, and visual phenomena are not created by earthquakes. Nevertheless there are sounds and vibrations for which earthquakes might account, and the following letter from the very eminent seismologist, Professor Milne, is of extreme interest:—

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—An article headed "On the Trail of a Ghost," which appeared in your issue of June 8, followed as it was by a series of letters on the same subject, has directed attention to a number of mysterious sounds which from time to time during the last twenty years have been heard at a country house in P—shire. One writer who signs himself "A Late Guest at B—" suggests that the origin of these noises may be seismic, because earthquake sounds are so varied in their nature, some, like *el gran ruido* and the *Bramados* of South America, being like the reports of cannon, gun-shots, or subterranean thunder, whilst others are described as boomings, rumblings, grumbings, like the rattle of musketry, the rolling of carriages, the clanking of chains, and ghost-like sighings.

I am more inclined to the view that the B—mysteries are to be explained not so much from the character of the noises which have been heard, but rather from the knowledge we possess relating to the seismicity of the district in which they have been recorded.

For years past this part of P—shire has been well known as the hotbed for British earthquakes.

Between 1852 and 1890 no less than 465 shocks have been noted there, out of which number 430 are claimed by C—.

Many of these have been accompanied by sounds, and often, as is common in earthquake countries and as I can testify from considerable personal experience, sounds may be heard, and no movement can be either felt or recorded by an ordinary seismograph.

As early as 1840 the British Association appointed a committee to investigate the P—shire earthquakes, and instruments were established in the parish church at C—.

In one of the reports of this committee we find a letter from David Milne to the Rev. Dr. Buckland, in which he relates the experience of Lady Moncrieff, who stated that whilst residing in C—House scarcely a day passed without hearing either the rumbling noise in the earth or the moaning in the air produced by a mysterious agent.

Many other quotations might be made to show that in P—shire seismic sounds have been common, and because such sounds do not travel far from their origin, they might be heard at an isolated house in the country and nowhere else.

Whether B— is isolated or not we are not informed.

To obtain records of the visits of seismic ghosts of the nature here considered it is not likely that ordinary seismographs would be of much value.

What is required is an instrument capable of picking up

extremely rapid and minute vibrations, for which purpose I should first be inclined to try a self-recording Perry Tromometer. With an instrument of this description installed at such a distance from a haunted mansion that it could not be affected by vibrations artificially produced within the same, when ghosts were seismic we should expect to find a coincidence in the times at which sounds were heard and the times at which the surrounding ground was agitated by elastic tremors.

The Society for Psychical Research, when on bogey-hunting expeditions, might possibly find that the suggested use of tromometric apparatus might not only lay home-made ghosts, but would furnish materials of value to all who are interested in seismic research.

Yours obediently,
JOHN MILNE.

Shide, Newport, I.W., June 14.

The editor of this correspondence was staying at B— at the time that Miss X. was arranging with Professor Milne for a series of experiments on the lines he suggests, and valuable results might have followed had not the owners of the house been so ill-advised as to decline to continue the lease for another week, in order that these interesting experiments (obviously for their own advantage) might be conducted by means of instruments to be brought from London.

V.—“GHOSTS” AT CLANDON PARK.

The following letter from Lord Onslow is—as readers of BORDERLAND will recognise for themselves, or can easily ascertain by reference to the January number of BORDERLAND, in which the subject was discussed at length—curiously inaccurate:—

SIR,—I do not wonder that Mrs. S— resents deeply the deceit practised upon her by Lord Bute and the Psychical Research Society in taking her house without informing her of their intention of conducting “researches” with a view to proving it to be haunted.

Had you not published your Correspondent's complete *exposé* the P.R.S. might have issued their report to the great detriment of the future letting value of B—.

I was not so fortunate; for during my absence in New Zealand I let my place, Clandon Park, to tenants who were persuaded by the P.S.R. to allow similar “researches” to be conducted by certain highly impressionable ladies, who, having accepted the hospitality extended to them by my tenants, could hardly leave without justifying the expectations formed of them.

Their hallucinations were published far and wide in the local, London, and foreign newspapers, but were fortunately so ludicrous as to excite nothing but ridicule; yet, did I ever again desire to let the place, many an intending tenant might decline to take a house with such a reputation.

I need hardly add that no other person ever heard, saw, or dreamt of a ghost at Clandon.

I wish there were some means of making this society responsible in hard cash for the effects of the light-headed nonsense by which they depreciate other people's property.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
ONSLow.

Clandon Park, Guildford, June 18.

Mr. Myers, as Secretary of the S.P.R., replied as follows:—

SIR,—Considering that abundant reports as to the alleged hauntings at Clandon Park had appeared in the newspapers before any Psychical Researchers, so far as I know, concerned themselves with that matter, and considering that the Society for Psychical Research has abstained from publishing the evidence collected on the subject by two of its members, Lord Onslow's letter in the *Times* of to-day seems scarcely fair.

Lord Onslow, by the way, is in error in supposing that our society was a party to the renting of B. House.

In point of fact, so far as most of my friends (and I myself) are concerned, we might claim that we deserved, not the fines which Lord Onslow suggests, but handsome testimonials from various owners and tenants for ridding them of disturbing rumours and fears; so often has it proved true, as the poet has it—

“That when the glum Researchers come
Those brutes of bogeys go.”

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

Leckhampton House, Cambridge, June 19.

He might have expressed himself in terms even stronger. In fact, in the interests of common veracity he ought to have stated: (1) That B— was not taken by Lord Bute at all, but by Colonel Taylor, an exceedingly well-known member of the S.P.R. (2) That the visitors to Clandon were not “two impressionable ladies,” but Miss X. and the late Mr. Bidder, Q.C., an eminent lawyer, by no means “impressionable.” (3) That no “researches” of any kind were made by the visitors in question. (4) That the evidence of a score or so of persons had established the fact of supernormal phenomena at Clandon before they ever went there. (5) That the tenants never invited any researches at all, and therefore their guests had no “expectations to justify.” It would have been more courteous to the tenants in question, to Lord Onslow, to Mr. Bidder, for many years one of the most distinguished members of the S.P.R. Council, now no longer living and able to defend his reputation, and to Miss X., whose labours on behalf of the S.P.R. are too well known to need description, had Mr. Myers stated these facts instead of merely repudiating his own responsibility.

VI.—WAITING FOR INFORMATION.

Though not containing any evidence the following letter is so much to the point as to deserve quotation:—

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—The attack made by the visitor to B. House on the S.P.R. reveals even more strongly a deficiency in just and accurate estimate of the society's methods. No reasonable and temperate observer could apply to the evidence collected by the S.P.R. in, for example, “Phantasms of the Living,” the designation of “unsifted, reckless, often malignant gossip,” for caution amounting to scepticism marks the society's acceptance of even the best-authenticated accounts of the phenomena coming within its purview. Those who, like myself, have no connection with the S.P.R., but are lovers of fairness and of balanced judgment, will wait before coming to a decision as to the authenticity of the phenomena at B. House until more information is before them. The lady alluded to as hostess during the recent tenancy of the house is known to the literary world, and to society in general, as possessing in a high degree perception of the psychical order, together with a sensitive accuracy in registering such impressions, comparable to that of a fine scientific instrument, and as maintaining with regard to the sources of such impressions a thoroughly agnostic attitude. Whenever from this quarter shall come a version of the disturbances at B. House, should such there be, those of us who value intelligent and high-minded testimony will listen with due attention. No one is bound, indeed, to care for such subjects at all; but, on the other hand, no one is justified in relegating the whole almost unexplored region of psychical research to the limbo of credulity and superstition at the dictates of that “rationalistic bias” so ably noted by Mr. A. J. Balfour as long dominating the judgment of observers, and preventing sane and serious study of a difficult subject. The worst mood in presence of a new branch of science is that of ignorant contempt.

Yours faithfully,

June 8.

TENEZ-LE-DROIT.

XVII.—ASTROLOGY.

THE DATE OF THE NEXT GREAT WAR.

IS it possible to know the date by occult means of the next great war?

I think it is!

The occult method usually practised to form an anti-date opinion is astrological, from the horoscope of national leaders or heads, with the map of the heavens for the sun's ingress into signs, and for each new moon.

These means are valuable, but insufficient standing alone.

If I can get the data I want, I will undertake to state the time of the next great war, and the nations that will be involved therein.

One part of this data I cannot get without outside help, and now ask for some reader of *BORDERLAND* to furnish me with it.

What I want is the dates on which the warships constituting our Navy were launched, and as near as possible the minute of the launch. If the exact time is not known, if the date and the time of high water at that place on that date be given, it will be very near to the true time of the launch; but if the exact time can be given I shall very much prefer it.

With these data and other means that I have, I will undertake to say when England will be involved in a war in which her Navy will have to take a prominent part.

If I can get the like information for other navies I can make similar forecasts, and in all probability be able to discern the nations we shall be at war with.

This appears to me to be a subject of great importance well worth the great amount of labour and patient investigation required to solve this problem.

Although personally convinced of my ability to do this when the necessary data is given to me, I am perfectly conscious that a number of readers will not have the same confidence. I hope they will give me the data, allowing events to mould their opinions.

RICHARD BLAND.

5, Sandringham Street, Hull, June, 1897.

PROPHECIES OF EVIL TO COME.

A BAD MONTH.

Mr. RICHARD BLAND, writing to me from Hull on June 22nd, says:—

During the early part of last year I made known a series of predictions from the position of the planets at the time of the May new moon; these were published in *BORDERLAND*, and were very amply verified. It is now my duty to name what I think will be another evil month.

I expect the month of July will be an unfortunate one; the new moon of June 30th joins its rays with the sun in evil aspect to Herschel, Saturn, Mars, and Venus; Mars and Venus are in evil aspect to Saturn and Herschel. This is a powerful combination for evil, and I judge their influences upon this earth will do harm. What may be the exact nature of the evil I cannot say. It will bring disaster and death, I judge, by fire, by water, by pestilence, and it is more than possible by war. There will be a number of sudden deaths, single and in groups; here and there one often, but I fear in great numbers at one time more than once during the month.

THE INFLUENZA.

I was fortunate enough to predict the influenza scourge that was so fatal a few years ago.

I now take up my pen to make a further prediction on this subject.

Before this year is out the influenza will slay its thousands and tens of thousands.

I write this for the July issue of *BORDERLAND* because part of this prediction will be fulfilled before the October issue, but the worst of it will be after the October issue, and I write this for July issue rather than the October issue, so that some may not think I have based the prediction upon the events that will be by then partially developed.

The month of July will see a marked increase in the number of deaths from this cause; it will lay hold of great people, striking down those that are highly esteemed; from them it will fluctuate up and down; it will not leave us, but during November its terrible power for evil will increase, and during December I fear it will be very bad indeed.

I judge November and December will be a shocking time of evil, felt throughout the world, but specially evil for us as a nation.

R. BLAND.

Hull, June 22nd, 1897.

ANOTHER ASTROLOGER'S FORECAST.

"NEPTUNE" writes me from Bristol, on June 1st, as follows:—

Astrologers are aware that while Jupiter is in Virgo Turkey will be benefited thereby, especially so as Jupiter is not afflicted while therein, but, *per contra*, will meet with good aspects from Uranus and Saturn. Even the conjunction of Mars and Jupiter in July will benefit the Turk. They as a people are slow to make changes while influences are against them, hence their procrastination; but they do not allow good influences to pass by without taking advantage. It is the only European nation that takes cognisance of astral influences in the affairs of States and individually. Consequently he has no difficulty in trifling with his physicians' prescriptions because they are in a more chronic state of helplessness than himself. His weakness is his strength. In July, Mars joins Jupiter in Virgo; both planets are unafflicted by Uranus and Saturn, and are hastening to a good aspect: so the sick man will watch his opportunities and take the advantages later on in the year. As Uranus and Saturn change signs, so does Jupiter, and retains its cordial relations with them during the greater part of 1898.

The same astral influences that cause the rise and fall of nations, may mean a levelling-up of all nations to one standard of manhood or brotherhood and equality. So it will be well if we do not allow our national pride and prejudices to run away with our reason. Turkey may make some, to us, very unpleasant alliances that may cause much mischief and trouble, and will fight hard for dear life.

The new moon of yesterday (31st May) will cause delay and perverse dealing, but the worst effects appear to fall on places about five hours East of Greenwich. The new moon of the 30th June appears more favourable for the Turks than for us. Some great national grief, maybe the death of a great friend of the people; great fires or explosions; our rulers are in a fix; I hope no calamity to our fleet; suicides numerous. The perfidy of friends and of the French causes some temporary annoyance.

As July advances the outlook appears more cheering, especially the latter part of month and early part of August. That is, if war is averted at the end of June, then all is well till the end of October; then the influences are very threatening and may mean the beginning of the long-looked-for wars, strife, and great commotions at home and abroad even in our own possessions. In November the conjunction of Mars with the Sun and Saturn in the sign Sagittarius, being in trine to the signs Leo and Aries, may, I hope, unite England and France. If so, the good aspect of Jupiter to Uranus and Saturn will be of mutual benefit to both in the coming year; but if at war with Turkey it will be a long and hard tussle.

XVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

PREDICTIONS OF THE PARIS CONFLAGRATION.

THE frightful fire which burned alive so many of the leaders of French society at the Charity Bazaar held in the beginning of May appears to have been one of those events which are well predicted beforehand. Old Moore's Almanack has scored, for the occurrence of a great fire attended with much loss of life was prophesied by him as due according to the stars at the end of April.

Old Moore's prophecy, which was printed nearly six months before the fire, predicted at the end of April that "We are almost sure to hear news of an awful fire in Paris, which will involve loss of life, whilst a gang of looters will be busy amongst the ruins and adjoining buildings." On May 4th the truly "awful fire" occurred in Paris, and the newspapers reported that, although the scene of the fire was distant from what may be called the dangerous quarters of Paris, a gang of thieves managed to evade the police, and several of these were caught in the act of hunting for watches, jewels, and stray coins. M. Cochefert, chief of the Detective Department, ordered an extra staff of officers to watch the ruins during the night.

In the matter of prophecy "Old Moore" appears to have been quite outdone by an Italian almanack, "Il Pescatore di Chieravalle," which contained the following remarkable prediction for May, 1897: "A great fire may bring misery upon a number of families. A whole nation is in mourning for a personage of importance. Many human lives perish by an accident. A great number of princes are on their travels."

A medical member of the Psychological Research Society wrote to the *Standard* of May 6th saying that he did not think that Old Moore's success could be explained as a mere coincidence. He says:—

I have for some time been interested in the question of prevision, and during the past two years have had some remarkable instances of foresight occurring to a friend and patient of mine.

On Saturday last she had a prevision of the Paris disaster, with the names of eight of the victims, and also an intimation that about two hundred deaths would result in a temporary building from fire in Paris. The same evening she had a prevision of the shipping accident near Aberdeen, the full name of the one steamer being given, and the first letter of the other, as well as the statement that eleven lives would be lost. These accounts were written on a letter-card, which was posted on Sunday last, and bears the post-mark May 3rd, 12.15 A.M. Before being posted the letter-card was attested by two gentlemen and myself.

To this letter the editor of *Light* appends the following note:—

We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the writer of the above letter, and he has kindly permitted us to examine the postal letter-card to which he refers. The fire in Paris occurred on Tuesday, May 4th, and the card, which was posted on the preceding Sunday, not only foretold the disaster, but described the building, and gave the names of several of the victims. It also attributed the accident to the lamp of the cinematographe—and the authorities came to the same conclusion, after a searching inquiry.

Still more remarkable were the predictions which were predicted by Mdlle. de Maillé, the French spiritual trance medium.

So long ago as May, 1896, when the Parisian seer, then in the height of her notoriety, was holding crowded meetings in Mme. de Maillé's drawing-room, it is asserted by M. Gaston Méry that she gave utterance in her accustomed doggerel to lines which may be Englished thus:—

Near the Elysian Fields a low-roofed house I spy,
Not holy in itself, to holiness 'tis nigh.
Truth is not here, although the cause is charity.
I see the flames arise! I hear the piercing cries.
Poor bodies grilled and burned, and flesh to ashes turned,
To dust borne on the wind, and nothing left behind.

People are discussing the curious coincidence that the occurrence of a catastrophe in Paris should have been predicted in various almanacs, and now it transpires that just a twelvemonth ago Mdlle. Couëdon delivered herself of a similar prophecy at a *soirée* given by the Comtesse Urbain de Maillé. About a hundred guests were present, and after replying to various questions, Mdlle. Couëdon spoke of a conflagration which would affect the highest circles, the Faubourg Saint-Germain being particularly smitten. No one, however, who was at the party would be hurt. "Even you will scarcely feel it, and only in an indirect manner," she added, turning to M. Urbain de Maillé, who has lost in the fire a distant connection with whom he was barely acquainted. But the strangest part of it all is that not one of the persons who were at that *soirée* has been injured. It may also be remembered that at the time of the cyclones last summer Mdlle. Couëdon predicted that flames would fall on the Champs Elysées.

The S.P.R. in Paris is busily engaged in endeavouring to account for the presentiment of Sister Mary Magdalen, who perished in the Charity Bazaar fire. M. d'Ariste, an advocate of the Court of Appeal, has been making careful investigations in the case, and he has found that, on several occasions, the deceased, who was blind, foretold the manner of her death. Two months before the catastrophe, she told her aged parent, who was then infirm, that she would predecease her. On May 2nd she declared that she would die through a fire. Later that day she was attending to a *religieuse* who was ill, and when the latter remarked, "What an excellent nurse you will be!" Sister Magdalen replied, "No, I shall nurse you no more and you will not nurse me. I shall be brought back burnt." She made a similar statement on May 3rd, and on the 4th, before going to the bazaar, she desired to receive the chaplain's blessing and appeared quite sad. These particulars are vouched for by the Superiores of the Congregation. The deceased was not of a nervous or hysterical temperament, but enjoyed robust health, and none of the members of the community to which she belonged indulged in the habit of prophesying. The predictions were certainly remarkable in the highest degree.

IS WATER-FINDING ILLEGAL?

IGNORANCE and intolerance are closely allied. We shall never have tolerance for the studies which are pursued in the imperfectly surveyed Borderland until the general level of education is raised. This is not necessarily so much among those who are supposed to be uneducated as among the intensely superstitious ignoramuses who, having acquired a certain tincture or smattering of scientific teaching, imagine that there is nothing in heaven or earth excepting that which lies within the compass of what they regard as ascertained knowledge. Such people are from time to time found on the magistrate's bench in the police courts, and now one of them has cropped up as a local government auditor in the county of Bedfordshire. This good man, who is no doubt a conscientious, upright, trustworthy

citizen, according to his lights, was called upon to audit the accounts of a district council, which had adopted the extremely common-sense plan of calling in the services of a water-finder in order to find water. There are few truths that are more firmly established than that dowzers or water-finders have succeeded in discovering water at a minimum of expenditure where all the more orthodox practitioners have failed to find it. But the art of water-finding by the divining-rod is one of those things which cannot be scientifically explained, and, therefore, the ostrich-like, commonplace, superstitious, half-educated ignoramus dogmatically asserts that there is no truth in it. The fact that he is doing constantly scores of things, the secret of which is absolutely hidden from the greatest scientists, does not occur to him when he is suddenly called upon to judge of a question that lies outside of the range of his ordinary every-day experience. He cannot understand how the dowser's-rod should twist and turn when held over a hidden spring of water, and therefore, because he cannot understand how it is done, he is quite dogmatically certain that it cannot be done, and if he is an auditor, he proceeds, like this Bedfordshire worthy, to disallow the payment made by a district council for the services of a professional water-finder. If the good man had taken the trouble, before pronouncing his verdict, to read up the subject, he would never have committed this folly; but while we can compel children to learn to read and write, where is the despot sufficiently powerful to compel official auditors and magistrates to make even the most cursory study of subjects upon which they have to pronounce judgment?

The case in which the right of a district council to pay a water-finder's fee was overruled by an auditor, was thus reported in the *Times* of June 1st:—

At the annual audit of the accounts of the Urban District Council of Ampthill, Bedfordshire, which was completed on Friday last by Mr. W. A. Casson, the Local Government auditor for the county, several ratepayers raised objections to an expenditure incurred in the employment of Mr. Leicester Gataker, a water-diviner. They produced geological plans and sections to show that, if the diviner's recommendations were acted on, the council would be boring into a stratum of Oxford clay, the depth of which had not been fathomed as yet, although a boring had been made to 700 feet, and no water obtained. The district council had applied to the Local Government Board for a loan to carry out boring experiments to test Gataker's recommendations. The Board ordered a water supply to be procured within a limited time, leaving the council a free hand how they went to work, and they unanimously resolved to employ Gataker. In reply to the auditor, the chairman said that Gataker did undoubtedly hold out that he had a mysterious power of discovering water. His method was to start with his arms spread out and walk slowly over the ground. Suddenly he would stop as though he felt a shock, and it was there that he "located" a spring. He would then step backwards and forwards to ascertain the depth of the spring and the volume of water. In his report he named a number of springs in one field, and the total of the water there was more than ample for the town. The auditor, in announcing his decision, stated that in seeking for water the district council had disregarded the reports of experts and had gone for guidance to a man who had a reputation for discovering water by some unusual and peculiar method not possible to ordinary persons, and the question he had to settle was whether this was legal or not. He noted that Gataker took the trouble to do what ordinary professional men would not think of doing—namely, to state "I guarantee my business to be genuine," whilst no guarantee whatever in the legal sense was given that water would be found where it was located. Money might properly be spent on experimental borings under proper advice, but it had not been proved that this man had any greater power than any one else. The district council were in the position of trustees of public moneys,

and must not spend them in a speculative manner. In the only case that had come before the Courts which bore upon this matter the Judges had held that "the pretence of power, whether moral, physical, or supernatural, with intent to obtain money was sufficient to constitute an offence within the meaning of the law," and he (the auditor) thought that, as Gataker claimed to exercise some such power, his employment was clearly illegal, and the amount of his fee would, therefore, be disallowed, and the gentlemen who authorised the payment surcharged with it. They could appeal either to the Queen's Bench Division or to the Local Government Board against the surcharge.

PROSECUTION FOR PALMISTRY.

EVERY quarter we have to report some prosecution or other of an unfortunate palmist. This time the victim was a phrenologist from Leeds of the name of Thomas Moore, who was prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act at Leamington:—

April 27th, 1897.

At Leamington yesterday Thomas Moore, 24, Linden Road, Leeds, described as a phrenologist, was charged under the Vagrancy Act with unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes by means of palmistry at the Assembly Rooms, Leamington, on the 22nd inst.—Mr. Crowther Davies, solicitor, who prosecuted on behalf of the police, explained that the defendant pretended to be a phrenologist, physiognomist, and palmist, and that his clients extended from Countess Kinnoul to Krao the "missing link." His advertised charges ran from 2s. 6d. to 21s., and where fortune-tellers were concerned it was generally supposed that there was not an inverse ratio between the amount of the fee and the promise of future happiness.

Miss Hattie Hemmings, daughter of a Leamington police-sergeant, deposed to visiting the defendant's consulting-room on the evening of April 22nd. He examined her bumps and the palms of her hands, and told her she had a good line of life, that she had had a love-quarrel during the previous year, would marry a young man taller and darker than herself, have three christenings and two mothers-in-law. (Laughter.) She paid defendant 2s. 6d.

Charlotte Vann gave similar evidence, only in her case defendant had promised six christenings, with the usual two mothers-in-law.

The defendant, in answer to the charge, said he could show that the evidence was all "cooked," and he asked to be allowed to read a hand before the Bench.

The Mayor: Certainly not. That cannot be entertained for a moment.

A fine of £2 2s. and costs—in all, £3 14s.—was imposed.

Such is the report as it appears in the London papers. I know nothing of Mr. Moore, but one cannot help admiring the pluck of the palmist, who offered to put his science to the crucial test of reading a hand in court. The Mayor of Leamington might do worse now that he has imposed his fine upon this practitioner from Leeds to make the experiment of ascertaining whether or not the palmist, from his Worship's palm, could read his past history and make accurate predictions as to what may happen in the future. Of course among palmists, as among physicians, there are plenty of scamps. The proportion is probably greater among palmists, for being a proscribed class outside the protection of the law, they are more apt to be a law to themselves than the mere members of more regular professions. But these trumped-up police prosecutions of palmists, in which police officers employ their wives and daughters to go and tempt persons to commit the offence for which they are immediately afterwards prosecuted, ought not to be tolerated. If people like to pay 2s. 6d. or £500 for a reading of their hands by palmists, it is not a case in which the law should interfere. The reading may be as worthless as most medi-

cines, but a palmist should no more be fined or sent to jail for giving a reading of the palm than any dealer in patent medicines should be prosecuted for selling his pills.

Madame Morlee was fined by the Halifax magistrates for preaching palmistry. The case, as usual, was got up by the police, who paid the palmist to commit the offence for which they then run her in. Madame Morlee's counsel, in pleading for his client, said there were certain lines in the hands which some people believed indicated character, and the profession had been practised in Halifax before. Madame Morlee came to the town from the Congregational bazaar at Lightcliffe, where ministers, doctors, and other well-to-do people had their hands examined.

When he looked at the magistrates before him, he could only say they had seen it practised at bazaars, and there were men on the bench who had had their hands examined. But it was done under the cloak of religion. He would be a bold man, almost omniscient, who would say there was nothing in palmistry, for "all things are possible," and laws like that under consideration were better observed in the breach than in the observance. It did not reflect much credit upon any person who suggested that proceedings should be taken, when it was known that the thing had gone on so often before. People as respectable as anybody in that court, he might remark, were at the Lightcliffe bazaar. The Rev. J. H. Stowell wrote to say that the defendant was engaged for three days at the bazaar, and her delineations and descriptions gave great satisfaction.

Why should there be more difficulty in delineating character from the palm of the hand than in feeling at the head or looking at the face? Yet the magistrates would not dare to convict a phrenologist or a person who delineated character by handwriting.

The defendant's counsel went on to argue that the police would have as much right to go to a spiritualists' meeting and take action because they professed to communicate with the dead.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.

A FEW years ago any one who asserted that he could telegraph through space without wires would have been held to be insane or mendacious. But now it is a matter for the Royal Institution and the Electrician-in-Chief of the Government Telegraphs. So the world moves.

Mr. W. H. Preece, the Engineer-in-Chief to the Postal Telegraph Department, lectured on June 4th at the Royal Institution on the transmission of electric signals through space without wires. The discovery, he said, of the existence of the ether, or continuous elastic medium throughout the universe, by which light, heat, electricity, and other forms of energy are transmitted, is one of the great scientific events of the Victorian age. All the forms of energy are transmitted in definite waves with known velocities, and one of the most magnificent generalisations of the present era is by Clerk-Maxwell, that all these disturbances are of precisely the same kind, and only differ in degree. The waves are reflected, refracted, and polarised. Electric waves, however, differ from light waves in this, that we have also to regard the direction at right angles to the line of propagation of the wave. When electricity is stored in a potential state in the molecules of a di-electric like air, the molecules are strained. It is called a charge, and it establishes in its neighbourhood an electric field. When active, it is called a current. The surrounding neighbourhood is then found in a state of stress, forming a magnetic field. In the first case the charges can be made to rise and fall, and to surge to and fro with rhythmic regularity, excit-

ing electric waves along each line of electric force; and in the second case the currents can rise or alternate in direction with the same regularity, and originate electro-magnetic waves, whose fronts are propagated in the same direction. The former is the method of M. Hertz, which has been recently turned to practical account by M. Marconi; and the latter is the method put in actual practice by Mr. Preece in 1892, when distinct messages were sent across the Bristol Channel, a distance of three and a third miles. Again, in 1895, the postal cable broke between Oban and the Isle of Mull, and as there was no means of repair available, communication for signalling was established by transmitting the signals across the blank space by these electro-magnetic waves. In the electro-magnetic system two parallel circuits are established, one on each side of a channel or bank of a river, each circuit becoming successively the primary and secondary of an induction system, according to the direction in which the signals are being sent. Strong alternating, or vibrating, currents of electricity are transmitted in the first circuit so as to form signals, letters, and words in Morse characters. The effects of the rise and fall of these currents are transmitted as electro-magnetic waves through the intervening space, and if the secondary circuit is so situated as to be washed by these ethereal waves, their energy is transformed into secondary currents in the second circuit, which can be made to affect a telephone, and thus to reproduce the signals. Of course, their intensity is much reduced, but still their presence has been detected, though five miles of clear space have separated the two circuits. Such effects have been known scientifically in the laboratory since the days of Faraday and Henry, but it is only by the introduction of the telephone that it has been possible to utilise them. Last year an effort was made to establish communication with the North Sand-head lightship on the Goodwin. A cable was coiled in a ring on the bottom of the sea, embracing the area over which the ship swung, and the ship itself was surrounded with another coil above the water-line. Communication, however, was found to be impracticable, because the screening effect of the sea-water and the effect of the iron hull of the ship absorbed all the energy of the currents in the coiled cable and left the effects too minute for signalling. In July last year M. Marconi brought to England a new plan, which is based on utilising electro-magnetic waves of very low frequency. It depends essentially on the rise and fall of currents in the primary wire. He utilises electric or Hertzian waves of very high frequency, and they depend upon the rise and fall of electric force in a sphere or spheres. He has invented a new relay, which, for sensitiveness and delicacy, exceeds all known electrical apparatus. The peculiarity of his system is that, apart from the ordinary connecting wire of the apparatus, conductors of very moderate length only are needed, and even these can be dispensed with if reflectors are used. His transmitter is Professor Righi's form of Hertz radiator. Two spheres of solid brass are fixed in an oil-tight case of insulating material, so that one hemisphere of each is exposed, the other being immersed in a bath of vaseline. This oil has the advantage of keeping the spheres clean, and it impresses upon the waves excited a constant form. M. Marconi generally uses waves of 120 centimetres. Two small spheres are fixed close to the large spheres, and connected each to one end of the secondary circuit of the induction-coil, the primary circuit of which is thrown in and out by a Morse key. Whenever that is depressed sparks pass, and since the system contains capacity and electrical inertia, oscillations are set up of extreme rapidity, the frequency being possibly 250 millions per second. The distance at which effects are produced depends chiefly on the energy in the discharge. A six-inch spark coil has sufficed for four miles, but for greater distances a more powerful coil, emitting twenty-inch sparks, has been employed. The relay consists of a glass tube, four centimetres long, into which two silver pole pieces are tightly fixed, separated by about half a millimetre. This thin space is filled up by fine nickel and silver filings, and the tube, exhausted to a vacuum, is sealed. It forms part of a local circuit containing a local cell and a sensitive telegraph relay. In its normal condition, the metallic powder is virtually an insulator, the particles lightly touching each other. But when electric waves fall upon them, they are polarised, order is installed, and they cohere; electrical contact ensues, and a current passes. Oscillations set up in the transmitter fall upon the receiver, tuned in sympathy with it,

coherence follows, currents are excited, and the signals made. In open, clear spaces, within sight of each other, nothing more is wanted; but when obstacles intervene and great distances are in question, height is needed, and tall masts, kites, and balloons have been used. Excellent signals have been transmitted across the Bristol Channel through a distance of nine miles. Mirrors also assist and intensify the effects. It is curious that hills and apparent obstructions fail to obstruct. Weather seems to have no influence; rain, fog, snow, or wind avail nothing. In conclusion, the lecturer spoke of the Marconi system as a new telegraphy, and stated it had been tried on the former experimental area at Oban, where it had succeeded excellently. Further trials with lightships and lighthouses would be made, and the island of Sark would probably become a public message station.

Professor Oliver Lodge, writing to the *Times* on June 17th, says:—

It appears that many persons suppose that the method of signalling across space by means of Hertz waves received by a Branly tube of filings is a new discovery made by Signor Marconi, who has recently been engaged in improving some of the details.

It is well known to physicists, and perhaps the public may be willing to share the information, that I myself showed what was essentially the same plan of signalling in 1894. My apparatus acted very vigorously across the college quadrangle, a distance of sixty yards, and I estimated that there would be some response up to a limit of half a mile. Some of the hearers of Mr. Prece's recent lecture at the Royal Institution seem to have understood his reference to these previous trials to signify that I had asserted or prophesied that more powerful apparatus would always be limited, to some such distance; whereas my statement was a scientific one, concerning the small and early apparatus which, with the help of my assistant, Mr. E. E. Robinson, I had at the time devised and constructed. My apparatus was substantially the same as that now used by Signor Marconi—there was a row of sparkling spheres; the sparks were taken under oil sometimes, as suggested by M. Sarasin; there were iron and brass filings in a high vacuum and likewise in hydrogen; there was also my own coherer with a single contact, which is more sensitive, but less manageable, than a filings tube; and the restoration to sensitiveness was effected by an electrically-worked hammer. Signor Marconi uses nickel and silver filings in a lower vacuum, and by employing greater power he has obtained signals over much greater distances; moreover, instructed primarily by Professor Righi, and aided in his trials by the British Post Office, he has worked hard to develop the method into a commercial success. For all this full credit is due—I do not suppose that Signor Marconi himself claims any more—but much of the language indulged in during the past few months by writers of popular articles on the subject about "Marconi waves," "important discoveries," and "brilliant novelties" has been more than usually absurd. The only "important discovery" about the matter was made in 1888 by Hertz; and on that is based the emitter of the waves; the receiver depends on cohesion under electrical influence, which was noticed long ago by Lord Rayleigh, and has been re-observed in other forms by other experimenters, including the writer in 1890.

DID THE GHOST USE THE TELEPHONE?

AN esteemed correspondent sends me the following remarkable story, for the truth of which he vouches:—

Last summer an elderly friend of mine (we will call him Mr. B.) was sitting at home with his wife, in the suburb of a provincial town, when a letter arrived saying that his only daughter was unwell, and would, on her husband's advice, seek a short rest at home. In a few days she came, and her condition was not regarded as being serious. Mr. B. has a branch of his business at a neighbouring town some miles distant, and the office there is connected with the residence of his son (about two miles from the office) by a telephone. On a Sunday afternoon last autumn, Mr. B., jun., was at home, and, in amazement, heard the telephone bell ring in his room. He immediately asked what was

the matter, and received the startling reply: "Go to your father's house at once. Poor Nelly is dead."

He went by the next train and found his friends in distress, for his sister had died rather suddenly. But what astonished him was that nobody had sent any message of the decease, which, in fact, had taken place at the moment he had received the telephonic message. He had not been thinking of his sister at the time, and the bell was heard by others in the room. On returning at night he visited the office before going home, and there found that the message could not have reached him in the ordinary way, for the wire was disconnected, and had been so since Saturday.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

The *Church Quarterly Review* for April reviews at length Dr. Stewart D. F. Salmond's book on the "Christian Doctrine of Immortality." The reviewer says:—

This is a very able and painstaking book. Taking immortality in its wider sense as including all that relates to that future brought to light in the Gospel, the author's object is to find out what is the teaching of Scripture, and more especially what is the teaching of Christ Himself on the subject. His inquiry is purely historical and exegetical. He does not deal with belief in immortality in its relation either to science or to philosophy, but confines himself solely to ascertaining what was a matter of fact taught by Christ and His Apostles. The general purport of the inquiry, and the spirit in which the author has addressed himself to his task, may be gathered from the expression: "The words of Christ are to me the highest authority, beyond which I seek no other."

The first conclusion at which the author arrives is that belief in immortality is the catholic belief of mankind.

He finds, in the second place, that this practical universality of the belief does not exclude belief in an absolute cessation of being for some.

Thirdly, he says that the idea which has prevailed far beyond all others is that the abode of the departed is a Hades, or subterranean receptacle.

The fourth conclusion at which the author arrives is this: The higher races have had a distinct doctrine of a retributive future all along the line of their history. In some it has been a singularly high and pure doctrine; in others less so; while in others it has been strangely rudimentary and imperfect.

In the second part of the book he shows that the real doctrine pervading the whole Old Testament is the primæval doctrine of the Underworld, which the Hebrews denominated Sheol. To it are consigned all the dead without exception; and there they are gathered into families, tribes, and nations. Having disposed of this, he next shows that there is equally no trace of the Pantheistic doctrine of the future. There is no doctrine of emanation from or of ultimate absorption in the Deity. So, also, he shows that there is no trace in the Old Testament of the doctrine of Transmigration or of the Pre-existence of Souls; or of other subordinate Ethnic doctrines which have been sometimes supposed to be found there. Having thus cleared the way, the author next proceeds in the chapter entitled, "The Positive Aspect of the Old Testament Preparation," to signalize the elements of the actual doctrine.

The author's third book is devoted to the teaching of Christ. The Saviour's teaching thus forms the central part of the treatise, and on it he lays, we think rightly, the greatest stress. The only point on which we would differ from the author is his treatment of the intermediate state. He holds that on this subject Christ is entirely silent, and that the intermediate state forms no part of His teaching. We think, in view of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, presently to be considered, this statement could hardly be maintained. But, apart from it, we would point out that an intermediate state is clearly implied in Christ's teaching.

In the opinion of the *Church Quarterly Review* Christ did teach the doctrine of the Intermediate State. The Reviewer asks:—

What are the theological consequences of the denial of the intermediate state? That is the point we wish particularly to signalize; nor is it at all doubtful. It is not too much to say that this denial destroys the whole proportion of the faith.

The chief objection urged against it is that it takes away from the import of the present life in deciding our final destiny. It is supposed, in fact, that it teaches a second probation, a second chance, to those who have failed in this life. But this is a complete mistake. The doctrine of an Intermediate State has really no necessary connection with the views indicated. So far as the doctrine itself is concerned, it is compatible with the most varied views as to what takes place after death. The state succeeding death might be a state of sleep, or of dim consciousness and powerlessness such as was believed of old in regard to Sheol, or it might be a state of simple waiting, or a state of renewed and even intensified activity, or a state of progress. Our own view is that it is a state of progress in continuation of our present life. But what we want to point out at present is that any one of these views is compatible with belief in an Intermediate State, and that whatever view we adopt must rest, not on the doctrine of the Intermediate State, but upon its own basis.

In conclusion the Reviewer quotes a remark of the author with reference to *progress* in the world to come, and which also he regards as a lost theological principle crying out for recall. He says:—

The finality of life does not mean that the future existence is a stereotyped or merely passive condition. The fact that death marks the transition from the probation to the judgment and seals the spiritual decisions on which the future turns, does not mean that we are to be simply what we have been. Life must live, and men must act and grow, and character must deepen. The future will be an existence in which we go on and grow either in knowledge, love, and power of service, or in their opposites. But if so, the decisive matter is the trend of life with which we enter that future. The mercy of God extends to the last hour of life. The grace of God may be efficacious with many as it was with the robber on the cross. Death itself may be their purgatory. In multitudes of human beings, where we see only ignorance, sin, or defiance, there may be in the crisis of death, or in the valley of the shadow, the faint workings of a change in the principle of their life, and what may thus begin shall grow. If there be at the decisive point of life, however late it may come, the tremulous inclination of the soul to God, the feeblest presence of that which makes for righteousness and faith, in heathen or in Christian, it will be recognised of the Judge, and under the conditions of the new life it will grow to more in the power and the blessedness of good (p. 672).

With these remarks also we are at one, if they are applied to the *Intermediate State*. They form, in truth, a remarkable statement of the conditions and possibilities of the *Intermediate State*.

A SCHOOL FOR PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT.

MR. THURSTAN'S DELPHIC LYCEUM OF LONDON.

I PUBLISH the following circular issued by Mr. Thurstan to show what is being attempted in the way of systematic psychic development.

In order to extend the plan of the Réunions for Psychical Development into a more regular institution, the Director, Mr. Frederic William Thurstan, M.A., now invites his fellow-workers and all interested in the movement to co-operate with him in a scheme of the following nature:—

He proposes to establish, in a central part of London, a regular place of afternoon resort where persons of psychic temperament may meet to practise together the systematic development of various psychical accomplishments, and may register successful results, and where students of kindred subjects may get their difficulties explained orally, with practical demonstrations, by competent professors.

Allied with such a school or gymnasium of psychical development, he proposes to establish an Association of ladies and

gentlemen under the registered title of the Delphic Lyceum of London.

There will be each year three terms, during which the Society will hold meetings and do its work: the Summer Term from the middle of May to the middle of July; the Autumn Term from the middle of October to the middle of December; and the Spring Term from the middle of January to the middle of March.

The hours of Réunions and Classes will be from 4 to 6 P.M. The institution will not be worked on any social basis. The qualification for admission will be: (1) A statement of sympathy with the Society's aims, and of a sincere desire for self-improvement or for encouraging facilities for the improvement of others more especially gifted; and (2) the payment of a registration fee of five shillings a year, or two shillings and sixpence a term, to the Director to assist him in the expenses of printing, postage, advertising, and office requirements.

Beyond the payment of this fee, members will incur no further liability, Mr. F. W. Thurstan undertaking to give to the Society during the appointed hours of the appointed terms, free of all charges for rent, firing, lighting, and service, the use of his room, No. 17, Buckingham Gate Mansions, 42, James Street, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W., and to take upon himself, as an honorary appointment, all the work of directing the institution and keeping the records, as long as the Society shall leave to his trust the sole directorate of its proceedings, and shall not desire to enlarge its scope or to take larger premises.

All persons who register themselves will be entitled to the following privileges:—(1) The receipt, post free, of all printed notices and programmes of the Society's arrangements for each term. (2) A free right of entry to the Réunions, to be held at least once a week during the term, for practice in Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Visualisation, Thought Projection and Reception, &c., provided they sign a printed declaration to the effect that their motive in attending is to practise their psychic nature, and not to witness others perform, or to get others to give them tests and proofs of the gifts which the Society assumes to be more or less latent in all human beings. This signed declaration, countersigned by the Director, will be the pass of admission. There will be no payment to be made for attending Réunions. (3) The privilege of introducing to one Réunion any friend known to be sincerely desirous of psychic development who may wish to become acquainted with the work of the Society. Members are earnestly requested to use the greatest discretion as to whom they introduce in this way, and to invite no one who may wish to come out of motives of mere curiosity and *espionage*. No friend introduced can attend a second meeting without becoming registered and signing the required declaration. (4) Admission to all the classes which may be held from time to time to give oral instruction in Palmistry, Hypnotism, Astrology, and kindred subjects, provided they pay each time they attend a fee of one shilling to the professional instructor who assists.

These classes will be so arranged that there will be no necessity to attend the full series—the instruction on each occasion being informal and the instructor being present to explain the difficulties students may find in handbooks, and to give practical demonstration of certain points. Members must clearly understand that they cannot attend these classes, as they can the Réunions, without paying the fee of one shilling, but they have the right to come to one and all of them without notice or introduction, and may bring friends as often as they like without the necessity of registering these friends, provided each person attending pays the fee to the professor at the close of the lesson.

Persons may register themselves by applying to the Director before or after any Réunion, or by sending to him by post their names, titles, and address, together with a postal order for the amount of registration fee, without which no applicant's name will be entered.

Any surplus from these fees, after the printing and office expenses are deducted, will be paid over by Mr. F. W. Thurstan to a fund to be devoted to placing the scheme on a permanent and extended basis, and the Director will gladly receive any contributions, donations, or bequests, small or large, to be placed to this same fund, to be entitled the Delphic Lyceum of London Trust Fund for the Promotion of the Work of Development of Psychic Gifts.

The following arrangements have been carried on this Summer term:

RÉUNIONS.

(Free to all registered members who have procured pass admission tickets.)

Réunions for the development and practice of Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Visualisation, Thought Projection, Thought Reception, &c., will be held every Wednesday from 4 to 6 P.M. No admission after 4.45 P.M. First réunion, May 12th. Last réunion, July 14th.

CLASSES.

(Open to all who pay one shilling fee to the instructor.)

PALMISTRY.—Every Thursday, 4 to 6 P.M. "Beata," a lady whose professional qualifications are well known, will at present attend to give oral instruction and practical illustrations. First Class, May 20th. Last Class, July 15th.

HYPNOTISM AND MESMERISM.—Every Tuesday (commencing in June), 4 to 6 P.M. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Frank Randall to attend on Tuesdays, beginning the 1st of June, 4 to 6 P.M., where, besides answering questions on the subject and demonstrating methods of procedure, he gave informal information on the following points in succession—"How to test the qualifications for being a good operator. The same for a good Mesmeric subject. How to test susceptibility and the stages of Mesmeric control. Magnet contact and passes. Methods of experimenting. Cautions and dangers."

THE PLACE OF SUGGESTION IN DAILY LIFE.

The foreign "psychical" magazines get their sustenance so very largely from those more familiar to us in England that one turns hopefully to those avowedly scientific. The *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* is never disappointing, though sometimes too entirely technical for suitable quotation in these pages.

Lately it has given us an interesting discussion, by two different doctors, on the place of Suggestion in Sociology.

SUGGESTING MENTAL ABERRATION.

One gets accustomed to hearing of suggestion in connection with cures, with or without hypnotism. We suggest to the diseased to be healthy, to the *malade imaginaire* to be robust, to the crazy to be sane. We resent as unscientific, unsupported by fact, the nonsense presented to us in novels and on the stage. We know that suggestion, hypnotic or no, cannot create, it can only develop.

It cannot create the gift of music in a person wholly without ear, it cannot induce a tendency to murder in a person of amiable disposition, but it can develop faculties which are latent and even unsuspected.

We are all quite prepared to face the possibility of being unsuspected geniuses, or to believe that we have gifts and qualities latent which have hitherto been insufficiently appreciated. Dr. Regnault, however, in the article before us, has a theory less pleasant to accept, the theory that we have many possibilities of evil, dormant from circumstances and surroundings, which suggestion may develop at any moment, and the point of this article is to discuss two alternative points of view.

1. Are we to permit the existence of such social and preventable conditions as may suggest wrong to persons who might otherwise have remained innocent, or should the State interfere for the advantage of its children?

2. Or are we, on Spencerian principles, to regard such temptation as the natural condition of evolution, and to let things go on as they will and can?

In other words, is "Lead us not into temptation" the expression of an unscientific condition of society, of a period of grandmotherly government, of a played-out theory that if we touch pitch we shall be defiled?

Our author considers, categorically, certain phases of our civilisation, which, as a man of science and a trained observer, are, he considers, likely to injure the individual.

THE GAMBLING SUGGESTION.

First he considers the evils which gambling has brought upon society. "*Laissez-faire*," says the Spencerian, but by what mere process of selection shall we eliminate the gaming tendency, and evolve a race for which *rouge et noir* has attractions kept within moderation? Meanwhile, "The passion of play is obviously suggestive, and a study of the gambler from this point of view would be of the deepest interest. One enters a gambling hall out of idleness. One sees those who play—those who gain; one hears talk of the series which comes out right, of the side which always wins. One plays *by imitation*, that one may gain like his neighbours, and when once the tendency is evoked, the passion is often stronger than the will to suppress it.

It is a picture to study from life. As when acting hypnotically, the subject hesitates, and then decides abruptly, without other reason than the attraction of the cloth, the contagion of the act. Intelligence has no part in it. . . . Such a being is no longer sane, he is under the influence of suggestion."

THE RACECOURSE.

The origin of horse-racing was with the admirable intention of promoting the improvement of the breed. This is not the place in which to dwell upon the advantages and disadvantages of the course. The shameless trickery and fraud and idleness which gather about the noblest of animals are too obvious to detail. "One plays from impulse, from suggestion; one can have no notion, without seeing them, of the anxious and unhappy faces which haunt a racecourse: girls, young men, old men, children—the victims of an obsession, the illusion of easy gain, suggested by the first comer who affirms with authority the name of the winner."

THE ATTRACTION OF DEBAUCH.

On this point Dr. Regnault speaks with emphasis of the suggestion of "the social evil,"—of the condition of the London streets, of the rank cynicism of permitting suggestion of the grossest kind.

SHOPLIFTING.

Dr. Regnault quotes at some length upon this point from an article published in the *Revue* a few months ago, which dealt exclusively with the temptation offered not only to the criminal, but to the motiveless, by the lack of protection of goods in shops. I have not the article at hand, but I remember his observations on the astounding frequency of so-called "kleptomania" among the well-to-do. Our present author quotes:—

"These great shops constitute a real danger for the feeble and the unhealthy. Many women who have never taken anything, and who would not steal elsewhere, find themselves incited and excited to robbery. The temptation is diabolical." He goes on to remark on the lack of caution of the shopkeepers, the insufficiency of attendants, and insists that not merely disguised detectives—who, it appears, are employed—but obvious police

should be in attendance, to minimise the suggestion of impunity.

THE SUGGESTION OF DRINK.

The suggestion offered in this direction is too obvious for comment. The doctor considers the Government greatly to blame, and that the number who get drunk for drinking's sake, apart from the suggestion of companionship and of opportunity, are, till the habit is formed, less than is supposed. "One of the great faults of the present Government (in France, of course) has been the permitting, under pretext of liberty and in reality in electoral interest, the opening of increased numbers of wine shops. Increase in the consumption of alcohol followed immediately, and we are at this moment the nation which consumes this poison most largely. The suggestion is evident. 'Come and drink,' says a friend, and one goes from civility, or too idle to resist, and occasions multiply."

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The danger of the entire liberty with which crime and scandal is published, and made interesting, is again constantly before us. "The newspaper acts as suggestion to a number of people already predisposed, but who would have resisted without the suggestion of example. Hence not only crimes but criminal procedures go in series—women cut in pieces, victims tied up in bundles, and the like.

"Doubtless," he concludes, "it is difficult in social science to hold the *juste milieu* between entire liberty which permits individual initiative to develop itself, and preventive measures which prevent the individual from being the victim of suggestion."

Suggestion is always with us, it has not been invented by the hypnotic doctors, it is an element of our responsibility; a privilege when it tends to healing, a danger when it tends to disease, mental or physical; always a fact to face.

X.

HAS T. P. O'CONNOR A DOUBLE?

THE following interesting story of the appearance of the Double of T. P. O'Connor in the House of Commons has been going the round of the press.

On Wednesday, April 27, Mr. T. P. O'Connor was apprised of the serious illness of his father, who resided in Athlone, Ireland. On the following day, Thursday, April 28, Mr. O'Connor started by the morning limited Irish mail for Ireland. At Holyhead a telegram was placed in his hands stating that his father had died early that morning. In the afternoon the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Budget. Sir William Harcourt followed the Chancellor of the Exchequer and made an attack on the policy of the Government in South Africa, which immediately brought him into collision with Mr. Chamberlain. While Mr. Chamberlain was speaking, Mr. P. McDermott, M.P., came into the House, and moving up to the fourth bench on the Opposition side below the gangway, spoke to a gentleman sitting immediately below him, who, he is confident, was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, asking him to whom Mr. Chamberlain was replying. Mr. T. P. O'Connor turned round and replied that Mr. Chamberlain was attacking Sir Wm. Harcourt. He left the House shortly afterwards. Mr. McDermott, on going into the lobby a short time afterwards, met Mr. Edmund Brown, a barrister, an intimate friend of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's. Mr. Brown mentioned that Mr. O'Connor had gone to Ireland, and stated that he had a letter telling him of the circumstances under which he had left London. Mr. McDermott immediately stated that he had seen Mr. O'Connor in the House within the last quarter of an hour, and had spoken to him. Mr. McDermott searched everywhere for Mr. O'Connor, of course without success.

Stranger still, Mr. Tuohy, the London Correspondent of *The Freeman's Journal*, is positive that he too saw Mr. O'Connor while Mr. Chamberlain was replying to Sir William Harcourt, in his usual seat on the third bench on the Opposition side below the gangway. Mr. Chamberlain spoke between 6 P.M. and 6.30 P.M. Mr. O'Connor had arrived in Dublin at that time, and was on his way to Athlone.

THE KAKHYEN THEORY OF BORDERLAND.

MR. E. H. PARKER, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* for July on "The Burmo-Chinese Frontier and the Kakhyen Tribes," gives the following account of their notions as to the state of the soul after death and their method of divination:—

The Kakhyens do not appear to understand what death is, and their popular notions on the subject are very mixed and hard to grasp. Still, some tribes at least have traditions of separate abodes for the good and evil men who die, and a man who recovers from a faint is said to have been on the narrow fiery road to the dividing line between the good and evil abodes, and to have hearkened in time to his friends calling upon him to return to earth. Guns are fired off as soon as a man dies, and all the people of the village then repair to the house with contributions of wood and bamboo for the funeral ceremonies. A sort of circular fence or stockade of slanting bamboos, each carrying a shred of cloth, is erected near the house, and the divining man scatters grass and beer over the stockade. The implements of the deceased are also hung up hard by, together with the skull of a pig sacrificed for the occasion. The villagers then proceed to hack down a tree with their *da*, and this is hollowed out to serve as a coffin. The *tumsa* or divining man is paid for his services, and he is supposed to point out the way to *nat*-land. Any man may be a *tumsa*, so long as he has the cunning and impudence to assert himself, and can find an elder priest to put him through his apprenticeship in the accepted rites. To send off the spirit thus is called *sha-bauntat*, but it may not take place for years: the spirit remains in the house and requires a fire to be kept up in its honour until such time as the *nat*-priest indicates the way to his ancestors. So, at least, says Mr. Roberts. The body is washed by persons (clad in new garments) of the same sex as the deceased. The rest of the ceremony is very Chinese. Silver is placed in the deceased's mouth, food and wine are set before the corpse, and the coffin is taken to the grave amid the booming of guns. The hole dug is just large enough to contain a flooring of boards for the coffin, the coffin itself, and some boughs covered lightly with earth. Over the whole a mound is piled; the clothes of the deceased are laid on the top and anointed with *shiru*. The mourners "cleanse themselves" by rubbing their legs with leaves, and spend the rest of the day in feasting: drinking and dancing succeed for another day; a water-buffalo is sacrificed, and, if the *tumsa* is good enough to break down the stockade, the spirit departs, and the stockade (which is in the form of an inverted cone) is transposed and used to cap the mound, round which a trench is dug. The funeral ceremonies of the true *Singpos* are not so elaborate. Indeed, at one time they seem to have burnt bodies instead of burying them. Idiots, murdered persons, and women dying in travail are still cremated; but the story told by some travellers of their house being burnt also is on a level with Charles Lamb's romance of the Chinaman's discovery of roast sucking-pig.

Divining is practised, as among the Tartars, by consulting the marks on bleached bones; but some Chinese methods with grass blades have also been adopted. The Kakhyens never set out for a fight or journey without consulting the *nats*. I never witnessed a solemn performance, but I have occasionally come across small parties of sacrificers in the jungle near Bhamo. Certain animals or birds are good or evil portents if they cross the path when business of import is about to be undertaken.

Diseases are not understood, and are usually supposed to be the doings of the *nats*, who are propitiated accordingly. For trifling fevers, however, each village has its own remedy in the form of simples, according to locality. Infanticide is unknown.

On the occasion of a birth, the neighbours are summoned to drink the child's health, but it is considered unlucky for the young men to do so. It is highly important for the midwife to give the proper numerical name to the child the instant it is born, lest the wicked *nats* should name it for themselves, and thus, perhaps, cause it to perish early. If the delivery is difficult, the wicked *nats* who cause it are scared away by shooting off guns, arrows, brandishing weapons, and burning offensive materials round the house. The mother does not follow the barbarous Burmese custom of roasting herself before a fire for some days after child-birth, but for three days she must remain silent indoors. On the fourth day she washes at the nearest spring or well, a female friend first casting a spear into the water to drive away evil spirits.

THE PSYCHIC ROMANCE.

In the Jubilee number of the Penny Popular Novels I refer as follows to the psychic romance, which I regard as one of the distinctive features of the novels of the present day. After all, it is but a revival and amplification of a kind of novel with which our forefathers were not unfamiliar at the beginning of the reign. "St. Leon," by William Godwin, may be regarded as in a sense the forerunner of the innumerable novels which nowadays regard the occult world as chiefly available for suggesting situations or of helping out an author through a plot. From "St. Leon" came "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," with "The Coming Race" as a kind of pendant to its two predecessors, while "Frankenstein" may be said to belong to the same category. The modern psychic romance, however, dates from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that extraordinary soul-searching story which, although purely imaginative, had nevertheless a very solid basis in psychological fact. The records of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research contain accounts of more than one case in which the same human form contained what may be best described as alternating personalities. The success with which Stevenson entered this field naturally tempted others to follow, and now we have the psychic novel established as one of the leading features of latter-day fiction. We are yet but in the beginning of things, for the wealth of this field is but imperfectly appreciated by those who have hitherto been prospecting it, taking up as it were a nugget here and there, rather than attempting to systematically exploit its buried wealth. Among the newer school of novelists who have realised the immense wealth of suggestion that lies in the hints of recorded psychic phenomena, and the half-thought-out speculations of psychologists, Mr. H. G. Wells is conspicuous. His "Time Machine" was the most successful attempt that has yet been made to enable the ordinary British Philistine to understand what immense possibilities are latent in a world in which our ideas of time cease to exist. Even the most imaginative mind fails to grasp more than the mere outside fringes of a conception of being in which time and space cease to dominate thought; but it is to Mr. Wells's credit that he has at last rendered thinkable a world in which the barriers of time could be moved hither and thither at will. Combined with adroit utilisation of psychic hints, Mr. Wells has a remarkable faculty for receiving suggestions from other fields of science than psychic. His speculation as to the possible evolution of the human race, in which the workers—white, loathsome creatures—lived in subterranean caves, out of which they only ventured at nightfall in order to seize their human prey which lived on the surface of the ground, for the purpose of filling

their larder and maintaining their existence, was one of those nightmares of the scientific imagination which will not speedily be forgotten. I do not remember having read anything quite equal to it in force since Richard Jefferies' "After London," a work which, although now almost forgotten, nevertheless is a marvellous example of the use of the imagination acting under scientific suggestion.

Of the scientific romances of the future, the most remarkable in recent fiction have been those by Mr. H. G. Wells, who, in his "Time Machine" gave a perfectly ghastly apocalypse of the future destiny of our planet. Mr. Wells is now contributing to *Pearson's Magazine* a spirited and sensational serial entitled "The War of the Worlds"; the central idea is that the inhabitants of Mars have decided to make war upon this earth and annex this planet. The invasion is begun by the descent of Martians in a colossal shell, which strikes our earth in the neighbourhood of Weybridge. This shell is a kind of bomb from a fortress from which the Martians are able to hurl jets of solid flame, which move round like the beam of an electric search-light and consume into ashes every animate or inanimate object which crosses its path. The last instalment of Mr. Wells's romance affords a fair sample of the latest style of *fin-de-siècle* romance.

A PROPHECIC VISION OF THE BICYCLE.

In a recent number of *Le Messager* (Liège) there is an interesting extract from *La Revue Spirite* for the month of June, 1866—that is to say, upwards of thirty years ago—in which Allan Kardec relates that in a dream, during the night of the 24th of April previous, he was shown the following inscription upon a wall:—"We have discovered that caoutchouc, rolled round a wheel, will make a league in ten minutes, provided that the road—;" and at this point the words became illegible. In his effort to decipher them, Kardec awoke and immediately noted down the words he had read; to which, however, he failed to attach any meaning whatever. But to-day, when the wheels of every bicycle are surrounded by a pneumatic tube composed of caoutchouc, and a far greater speed than eighteen miles an hour is obtained by these vehicles, the prophetic meaning of the revelation is plain enough.

OCCULT SCIENCE.

Occult Science, a new quarterly, published at Columbus, Ohio, publishes the following extraordinary story about the rays of the glowworm:—

Dr. Dawson Tucker, a British scientist, has been looking around for months to find a good, easily-obtainable X-ray. He wanted something that could be used without a camera and would penetrate substances as deeply as the ray of Dr. Roentgen.

One day in looking around for bright, luminous substances, Dr. Tucker happened to spy a glowworm. This small insect was emitting a peculiar white light that caught the eye from a great distance, and held it fixed while the glow lasted. It was a peculiar fluorescent light, that seemed to emit more rays than any other light he had ever seen in nature.

The "daylight" of Messrs. Edison and Tesla had long attracted the doctor. And Edison's recent claim that he had found a light that is 12 per cent. energy—in other words, an artificial light almost as bright as the sun—occurred to the searching doctor at once. And it seemed to him that here all theories had found materialisation.

Catching the insect, he had the greatest difficulty in making it glow. . . Suddenly it turned on its brilliant light, and the effect was as dazzling to the eyes of the doctor as to a little child.

To take an X-ray, it must here be explained, it is not necessary to have a camera. A sensitive plate, such as can be obtained of any dealer, and a suitable holder, will suffice for taking an X-ray picture.

Setting up this sensitized plate, and putting an inkstand back of it, the doctor held aloft the glowworm. It began sparkling to such an extent that he begrudged the space his fingers obtained, and, tying a string around the worm, he held it in front of the plate.

In working with an X-ray it is best to wear glasses. The bright light makes the eyes water, and may injure them if the exposure is a long one. Putting on a big pair of smoked glasses, the doctor held aloft the little worm in front of the plate. For twenty minutes he made the exposure.

The result exceeded all expectations. Not only was the ink within the bottle shown, but the drops upon the inside, and all imperfections in the bottle, which was of a composition substance. He photographed a ring in a cake of soap, and a handkerchief in a lady's handbag. Spectacles in their cases were easily "taken," and he went on from more and more opaque substances to lead itself. Here he got the delicate impression so far obtained by the X-ray from thin lead.

The difficulty in getting the worm to glow affected the experiments. But it was next found that the glowworm affected the plate even when not visibly glowing. The phosphorus, or the light, or whatever quality it may be, exists constantly upon the insect, and will act as an X-ray at any time.

MIRROR SPEECH.

SOME of our readers may remember some remarks in *BORDERLAND* *à propos* of the Burton case (April, 1896) on "Mirror Writing." It was suggested that the tendency of automatic writing to present itself backwards might be due, like the same tendency in left-handed children, to the use of the right lobe of the brain, whereas in ordinary normal function we use the left lobe.

In a recent number of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* a case is quoted from a work by Dr. Marcotie, of a little girl of twelve years old who underwent a severe operation in consequence of an abscess on the brain, after which her speech became incomprehensible. She would say, *Te-tan-ma; Yen-do sieur-mon chante mé; Le quil transer-lais-me-vous-lex-vou.*

The patient became very angry upon finding herself not understood, and repeated the phrases again and again, with increasing impatience. Finally it occurred to her friends to write down what she said, when they perceived that her speech was singularly reversed, as in a mirror, and that what she had intended to say was, *Ma tante; Monsieur Doyen méchant; voulez vous me laisser tranquille.*

The trouble lasted five weeks, but she eventually recovered. X.

CRYSTAL VISIONS.

AN article in the *Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme* deals with the question of vision in a glass of water. To all intents and purposes this is simply crystal vision, for a glass of water, unless you happen to spill it, adequately serves all the purposes of the most costly and valuable crystal in the world.

As might naturally be expected, the subject is here considered from the spiritualist's point of view. The

method recommended is to fill an ordinary glass with clear water, place it on a table, putting beneath it a sheet of white paper, in order that no surrounding object should be reflected. To these very simple and desirable arrangements certain other details should be added. The water is to be "magnetised" for ten minutes or so, while the seer "wills" that it should receive the property of presenting accurately those images which the Spirits were able to create. Further, we are told, incomprehensibly, that the eyes must never be removed from the crystal, otherwise, "as in hypnotism," the charm will be broken!

The analogy with hypnotism becomes more apparent when we read that by the time the manifestation is produced "the subject is in hemi-somnambulism." The author repudiates the idea of the Middle Ages that a spirit or an angel takes possession of the ball; the visions are fluid pictures created by the spirits! It is just as absurd, we are told—truly enough—to say that a spirit dwells in a table or in a box as in a glass of water. "The spirits are not located in a glass of water any more than anywhere else. This is certain. What is there in a glass full of liquid? What there is is an image—nothing more—an image taken from nature. Hence its frequent exactness; thus there is a cause, and an intelligent one." X.

THE PROPHET OF TILLY.

One knows about the appearances at Tilly as reported in the newspapers last spring, but "The Prophet of Tilly" sounds unfamiliar. This book is written by an author who is anxious to prove that the whole series of events was predicted nearly fifty years ago by Eugène Vintras, known also as "Pierre Michel Elie," and by an "angelic" name, Sthrahanæel. He appears to have been a workman with a mission, and his life and works, and the way he perplexed the doctors and the priests, are all set forth in this pamphlet.

The fact that the apparitions at Tilly are of a very recent occurrence lends an interest and importance to the book which it might otherwise lack. They occurred about this time last year just when *BORDERLAND* was going to press, and by the time the next number appeared they had become ancient history; so it is only justice to the book before us to remind our readers of the circumstances which called forth this memoir. They are thus related by the editor:—

Every one knows of the new facts which have arisen in the Calvados, but they are explained very differently.

On March 18th, 1896, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Virgin Mary appeared for the first time on a delicate rose-coloured cloud, near a tall slender tree, an elm, situated on a slope in the middle of an hedge.

Since that day the apparition has appeared in various places, at irregular intervals; it was seen by a great many people, some of whom were sceptics, some believers, of whom a list has been made.

From the date of April 1st the phenomena increased in intensity. On the evening of June 26th a flat pink cloud parted, showing Mary dressed in a white robe, tied at the waist with a blue girdle studded with stars. The inhabitants of all the surrounding villages saw her. On June 30th, July 5th and 22nd, the Virgin appeared again in various places. The incredulous, who thought that the Virgin had been seen by a few foolish persons only, suddenly saw the apparition themselves, a few days after they had scoffed at it. X.

XIX.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

"FLAMES: A LONDON PHANTASY."*

MR. ROBERT HICHENS, the author of the "Green Carnation," has made a distinct hit in "Flames." He is now contributing to the *Gentlewoman* the record of how it was that he came to be interested in the study of the Borderland. He began by being very sceptical. But being commissioned by the editor to write some notes on palmists and seers, he set out in the regular professional mood to look them up. He began with a Hungarian trance seeress in Regent Street. "Flames," which he describes as a London phantasy, is the outcome of the investigations thus began. As it is emphatically a Borderland romance, I notice it at some considerable length.

The title of "Flames" is suggested by a quotation from Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from the "Blessed Damosel," who, standing on the rampart of God's House, sees the souls mounting up to God, going past her like thin flames.

The story of "Flames" is a story of disembodied souls which are occasionally visible as flickering flames at certain moments to the eyes of those who have power to see. The plot of this extraordinary, powerful, but somewhat weird and horrible story is very simple. It is extraordinary that four hundred and fourteen closely-printed pages should be filled with a narrative in which only four persons appear—three men and one woman. Yet such is the skill of the author, the fascination of his theme, that the interest is never slackened until we come to the four hundred and fourteenth page, and then I admit it falls flat, and we are left unsatisfied indeed; but until the four hundred and fourteen pages are read, the interest never slackens for a moment.

The story in brief runs thus. A young man of ideal refinement and stainless purity, named Valentine Cresswell, appears at the opening chapters as the unconscious guardian angel or inspiring spirit of his younger friend, Julian Addison, whose stormy passions, after a boyish fit, has been controlled and subdued by the force of his devotion to Valentine. Valentine Cresswell was a modern young man of twenty-four, who was extremely well off, and knew everybody. He was a man of the world, who was saved from the vices of appetite by the holiness of intellect, for he opposed the pleasures of the intellect to the pleasures of the body, and the refinement of his nature barred him off from the sins of youth. He preferred to be master of a soul, and had no desire to set it drilling at the command of painted women or to drown it in wine. Although he occasionally went the round of music-halls, theatres, went out to dinner like other men, he recoiled with distaste from the grosser sins in which many of his friends wallowed as dogs roll in offal. Apparently, he had been given what men call goodness, as others are given moustaches or a cheerful temper. Religion had no hold on him, and there were moments in his life when he felt discontented at his strange inability to long for sin. He quarrelled mutually with his hollowness of intellectuality, and argued almost fiercely with his cold and delicate purity.

"Why am I like some ivory statue?" he thought sometimes.

But though he envied his young friend Julian's capacity for licentiousness, he could not go nearer to it than desiring to have the desire. As he told Julian once, "The fact of the matter is, the desire is not within me. My nature shrinks from sin, but it is not virtue that shrinks. It is rather reserve. I have no more temptation to be sensual, for instance, than I have to be vulgar."

Julian told him frankly that it was his example that kept him straight, and he marvelled much that his friend, whose æsthetic face and correct life had earned him the title of "The Saint of

Victoria Street," should never have felt the stress and storm and the temptations of life; yet it was so, and Valentine expressed to Julian a great longing to change souls with him, if only for a day or two.

"You will laugh at me," said he, "but I do long to feel an hour's keen temptation."

Julian at first laughed, and then told him of a strange acquaintance he had made of the name of Marr, an occult, who had declared that friends could in time and by perseverance accomplish an exchange of souls. Valentine clutched at the idea eagerly, and he and Julian darkened the room and sat together at the table.

But before sitting, the thought haunted Valentine. "My soul, Julian," said he, "so frigid and passionless, has held you back from sins like a leash of steel. If we should exchange souls, would your soul hold me back in the same way?"

Notwithstanding this misgiving, they determined to put the thing to a test, and they sat at midnight in a darkened room, with their hands on the table. After sitting for some time, the little dog Rip began to whine and shiver, and to their amazement, the curtain which was drawn over the door was half drawn back, without the agency of human hands.

That was the first sitting. At the second, they became conscious as they sat in silence in the darkened room, with the green curtain drawn carefully over the door, and the dog on the divan in his basket under a rug, that they felt the silence grow deeper and more dense, until it seemed to be a sort of pressure which handled them more and more definitely. Valentine felt as if he were pouring away from himself the vital liquid.

After sitting for an hour, the terrier began to bark with fury, darting this way and that, as if he were worrying the feet of some invisible person, who was trying to advance from the door to the centre of the room. The friends found to their amazement that the curtain had been again drawn back from the door, although no human being had been present.

Before the third sitting began, Julian reported that he had seen Marr, and told him about the séances. Marr was a satanic-looking man, with a white complexion, big dark eyes, black hair, tall, very thin and quiet.

They began the second sitting in the drawing-room, in which there was a picture of Christ in a picture called "The Merciful Knight." As long as they sat in that room they had no manifestation. They returned to the tent room, where they had sat for the first night, and carefully drew the curtain across the door. Then it was that the manifestations began.

When Marr was told of the experience, he said at once that it was a mistake to have tried to sit in the drawing-room, and the dog ought not to have been allowed to have been present. So when they prepared for the third sitting, they carried the little dog away, and began to sit. After a time—

With his eyes wide open Valentine gazed in the direction of Julian, sitting invisible opposite to him. He wondered how Julian was feeling, what he was thinking, and then he remembered that strange saying of Marr's that thoughts could take form, materialise. What could he give to witness that monstrous procession of embodied brain actions trooping from the mind of his friend! He imagined them small, spare, phantom-like things, fringed with fire as weapon against the darkness, silent-footed as spirits, moving with a level impetus, as pale ghosts treading a sea, onward to the vast world of clashing minds, to which we carelessly cast our thoughts, as a man who shoots rubbish into a cart. All was silent, as from the gulf of Julian's mind the inhabitants stole furtively to do their mission. Yes, Valentine knew to-night that he should feel no wonder if thought took form, if a disembodied voice spoke, or a detached hand moved into ripples the air. Only he was irritated and alarmed by the abiding sense of some surrounding danger, which stayed with him, which he fought against in vain.

As they sat in the darkness, Valentine became horribly afraid, and Julian found to his amazement that the little finger of another hand, not Valentine's, had been linked with his own.

* "Flames." By R. Hichens. W. Heinemann.

The hand that touched his was much harder and bigger and thicker than Valentine's.

"Some one has been here with us," he said, "sitting between us in the dark."

Valentine, unstrung, and entirely upset, went off to see a friend, called Dr. Levillier, an excellent character, to whom he told all about the séances. He warned him that he was not merely responsible for his own soul, but that of Julian's, whose life was kept straight solely by his influence.

"If it were possible," said the doctor, "for your nature to change merely, and for your face to remain unchanged; if you sinned perpetually, and maintained your exact appearance, you might lure Julian to destruction. He would be unable to believe that any action you could suggest, and take part in could be evil. You would wreck his future with perfect ease."

The doctor, with his two friends, went to the theatre, and on his way home was followed by some dreadful human being, whose very presence caused him irritation and fear. It was Marr, who, unknown and unrecognised by the doctor, was following him through the streets.

Dr. Levillier felt a longing to bolt for his life, but he halted, and Marr, instead of coming up to him, turned round and went away. The doctor was seized with a great desire to pursue the man who had been pursuing him, but Marr hailed a hansom, and drove off.

Three or four nights afterwards they met again for the fourth séance. As they sat, Valentine was flurried with fear.

Every cranny of Valentine's soul was flooded. There was no part of it which did not shudder with apprehension. And outwards flowed this invisible, unrummured tide, devouring his body, till the sweat was upon his face, and his strained hands and trembling fingers were cold like ice, and his knees fluttered as the knees of palsied age, and his teeth clicked, row against row, and his hair stirred, and his head, under its thatch tingled and burned and throbbed. Every faculty, too, seemed to stand straight up like a sentinel at its post, staring into dust-clouds, through which rode an approaching enemy. Eyes watched, ears listened, brain was hideously alert. The whole body kept itself tense, stiff, wary; for Valentine had a secret conviction that he was to be attacked. By what? He was hardly master of himself enough to wonder. His thoughts no longer ran free. They crept like paralysed things about his mind, and that despite the unnatural vitality of his brain. It was as if he thought intensely, violently, and yet could not think at all, as a man terrified may stare with wide open eyes, and yet perceive nothing, lacking for the moment the faculty of perceiving.

He seemed actually to hear the faint cry of an approaching being, the dim uproar of its violent efforts to obtain its sinister will, and gain the power to make itself known to him by some ghastly and malignant deed. He was unutterably afraid.

"The hand again!" Julian suddenly cried, and they turned up the light. Julian persisted that he was holding it tight in his hand just above the table, but Valentine could feel nothing. "I am holding flesh and blood," said Julian. "I swear that. Yes, I can feel the fingers twitching, the muscles, the bones. I can even trace the veins!"

They turned the light down again, and then came the final stage of the séance. A strange, numb calm took the place of the horror Julian previously felt. He believed he was dying, and something of him seemed to be floating high up, as a bird floats over the sea, and listening and noting all that he did. This attentive spirit heard a strange movement of his soul in the body, and as the vitality of the body ebbed lower, there grew in the soul an excitement that aspired like a leaping flame. Gradually his strength sank until he was a corpse, in which the fury dwelt. The pulses ceased from beating, the warm blood grew colder and colder; the little door of the heart swung slower and slower upon its hinges. Then came the supreme moment.

The soul of Valentine, with a frantic vehemence, beat down at last its prison door, and even as the body died escaped with a cry through the air.

"Valentine, did you hear that strange cry? Valentine, what was it? I never heard any sound like that before, so thin and small, and yet so horribly clear and piercing; neither like the cry of a child, nor of an animal, nor like the wail that could come

from any instrument. Valentine, now I see a little flame come from where you are sitting. It's so tiny and faint. Don't you see it? It is floating towards me—now it is passing me—it's beyond—it's going! There, it has vanished! Valentine! Valentine!"

Julian turned the light up to find Valentine to all appearance dead. Great horror overtook him. He sent for the doctor, brought in the dog, which nestled quietly on Valentine's breast; but still his friend lay lifeless. At last the doctor came, and pronounced him dead.

"But," said Julian, "that dog seems to tell me he is alive, and this is some strangely complete and perfect simulation of death, some unnatural sleep of the senses. Pray—pray with me that Valentine may wake."

Suddenly the dog opened its eyes, smelt Valentine's hand, looked at his face, and then recoiled with a piercing howl, like the scream of a dog run over by a cart, and sprang away, darted to the farthest corner of the room, and huddled against the wall in an agony of terror. At this moment Valentine's hands slowly unclenched themselves, and his fingers extended as if he were a man stretching himself after a long sleep.

The stream of strength, from some invisible source, seemed almost to trickle through Valentine's veins. When he stretched his hands they were palpitating with intense vitality. So abounding was his health that the doctor was almost afraid. It was Valentine's body, but was it Valentine's soul?

The dog Rip resolutely refused to recognise its master. It tried to bite him, and snarled and trembled whenever he came near. Valentine was calm and collected, and seemed to both his friends a strange enigma of purity and unearthliness; but Rip refused to stop in the house with him, and when the doctor and Julian left they had to take the dog with them.

As soon as his friends left Valentine went to the drawing-room, and remained in the room about a quarter of an hour. When the door opened again Valentine emerged with a calm smile on his face. Two of his fingers were stained with blood, and on one a fragment of painted canvas adhered. The next morning, when the servant drew up the blinds, he found to his horror the picture of "The Merciful Knight" lying upon the floor. The canvas hung from the golden frame in shreds, as if rats had been gnawing it.

What had happened in that trance? This happened: During the time when Valentine was lying unconscious, the soul momentarily disposed of the body, the soul of Marr, who at that moment was spending the night with a girl of ill-fame in the Euston Road, quitted his body, leaving it for dead in the arms of the girl, and entered into and took possession of Valentine's senseless form.

It was not the first time Marr had done this. The body of Marr, which he had tenanted for some time, of which the soul was now in Valentine, had once been inhabited by a very different spirit. He was strong, gentle, tender, brave, when suddenly he was transformed, and there came a total stranger, different in every respect, from the man whose body he possessed—cruel, mean, brutal, a devil rather than a man. Wearing at last of the burden of the body of Marr, he only occupied that tenement until he could find a more convenient body for his use. This he had found in Valentine. The experimenting of the *séance* room gave him an opportunity to effect his purpose and now the body of Valentine, possessed or obsessed by the fiend soul of Marr, was going about in the world as the real Valentine, while the real soul of Valentine was floating about as a tiny flame disembodied, unable to resume possession of the bodily frame from which it had fled.

Julian, on leaving the *séance* room in a highly wrought condition, saw this flame, saw it going with him as a companion, a tongue of flame which followed him. When he was going on to Piccadilly he stopped at a coffee house, when a painted girl of the street, crowned with a large hat on which a forest of feathers waved in the weak and chilly breeze, came up. Julian glanced at her, and she glanced back. Horror, he thought, looked from her eyes, as if from a window. As she drank her coffee she wept. It was evident that that night she had passed through some unwonted experience. She refused to say what was the matter, and as he was returning with her from the coffee stall he

saw once more the phantom flame hanging over the head of the stall keeper.

Turning to the girl, he laid his hand on her arm, and said, "Look there! There! Where the cups are hanging. Don't you see anything?"

But the lady dropped her cup with a crash on the pavement, wrenched her arm free, and hastened away, crying, "Let me go! I cannot stand any more; no, I cannot!" She shrieked as if her life was in danger, and drifted rapidly away until she was lost in the distance.

That was the beginning of the acquaintance between Julian and the lady of the feathers, otherwise known as "Cuckoo."

This is the opening of the story. It is told in eighty pages of this closely-printed book. The rest of the narrative is devoted to the painfully vivid description of the way in which the body of Valentine, possessed with the fiend soul of Marr, set itself to corrupt Julian, a purpose which was effected with a completeness that would have satisfied the devil himself. But the salvation of the soul of Julian was taken in hand by none other than poor Cuckoo, the lady of the feathers, in whose room the soul of Marr had quitted the body inhabited for some years. For the little street walker learned to love Julian, and this love was not as other women's are; she sought to show her love, not by the completeness of her surrender to her love, but by the inexorable rigour with which she insisted upon keeping him at a distance. He was to be different from other men in that, but the evil soul of Marr, working through the body of Valentine, triumphed over even this last citadel of virtue, and poor Cuckoo learned one night that Julian was even as other men, and with her.

This filled her with intense and undying regret. The scene of the dance—the hours at the music hall, which led to the undoing of Cuckoo and Julian—is a marvellously vivid piece of description, but even in the midst of it Julian saw the tiny flame, the thin faint ribbon of shadowy fire which had startled him so much.

The story of Cuckoo is beautifully and pathetically told. Julian was almost driven to believe that sin and purity can dwell together in one woman, yet never have intercourse. Yet he knew that to be impossible. The fact remained that the tarnished Cuckoo, in the first moments of regret, was more conscious of his sin for him than he was conscious of it for himself; that she led him, with her dingy hands, to such repentance as he experienced, and that she, too, guarded him against repetition of the sin so far as she was concerned.

And then Julian thought of the great wheeling army of the bats, whose evolutions every night of creation witnesses. In the day they do not sleep, but they are hidden. It is a great though secret army, the army of the bats. It scours through cities. No weather will keep it quite restful in camp. No darkness will blind it into immobility. The mainspring of sin beats in it as drums beat in a Soudanese fantasia, as blood beats in a heart. The air of night is black with the movements of the bats. The murmur of the bats drowns all other sounds and makes a hoarse and monotonous music; and the eyes of the bats are hungry, and the breath of the bats is poisonous, and the flight of the bats is a charade of the tragedy of the flight of the devils in hell.

Cuckoo, like little Rip, Valentine's dog, was filled with an intense horror of Valentine. She in vain endeavoured to open Julian's eyes to the fact that his friend had turned into a fiend. Valentine, finding the influence of Cuckoo working against his will, sought her out in her own room, and gloried over his power, and told her his gospel; how it was that Valentine had lost his soul. She understood little of what he said, but he told her the whole story. Speaking of his old self:

"This man," Valentine said, assuming a devout earnestness to trick her more, and watching for the puzzled expression to grow and to deepen in her eyes. "this man had a holy nature, or, I will say, an unalterable will to do only things pure, reserved, refined; things that could not lead his body into difficulties or his mind into quagmires. He was a saint without a religion. That is a possibility I assure you, for a will can be amazingly independent. He had the peculiar grace that is said to belong to angels, a definite repugnance to sin. I know you understand me."

She nodded bluntly.

"I know, he couldn't go wrong, if it was ever so," she ejaculated.

"If it was ever so—as the housemaids say—you put the position of this man in a nutshell, and if this strange will of his had never relented the transformation I am going to describe, or——" he paused for a moment, as if in doubt, then continued—"or rather to hint it, would never have taken place. But he grew dissatisfied with his will. It bored him ever so little. He fancied he would like to change it and to substitute for it the will of the world. And the will of the world, as you know well, my lady of the feathers, is to sin. For some time he longed, vaguely enough, to be different, to be in fact lower down the scale than he was. But his longing to be able to desire sin did not lead him to desire it actually. One can force oneself to do a thing, you see, but one cannot force oneself to wish to do it or to enjoy doing it. And this man, being a selfish saint—saints are very often very selfish—would not sin without desiring it. So it seemed that he must remain for ever as he was, a human piece of flawless porcelain, wishing to be cracked and common delft."

"Whatever did he wish it for?" asked Cuckoo, with the surprise of a zany.

"Who can tell why one man wishes for one thing, another for another? That, too, is a mystery. The point is that he did wish it, and that he did something more."

"What was that, eh?"

"He deliberately tried to weaken and to deface his will, to alter it. And he chose curious means, acting under suggestion from another will or influence that was more powerful than his own, because it was utterly self-satisfied and desired only to be what it was. I don't think I will tell you what the means were. But his original dissatisfaction with his own goodness was the weapon that brought about his own destruction. His will did not change, as he believed, but what do you think actually happened to it? I will tell you. It was expelled from his body. He lost it for ever. He lost, in fact, his identity. For will is personality, soul, the *ego*, the man himself. And this soul, if you choose to call it so, was driven into the air. It went away in the darkness like a bird. Do you see?"

"Where did it go to?" asked Cuckoo.

"I don't know," he said. "I have wondered, but it is practically dead. It is no more a will. It is no more an influence. It is a heart without a pulse in it; in fact, it is nothing. I have made myself, my will a god," he exclaimed passionately.

And then, exulting over her weakness and his strength, he pulled her to look at her worn and withered face in the glass side by side with his radiant features.

Poor Cuckoo looked sadly at her miserable face, and then glanced at the other face mirrored in the glass beside her. A sudden cry escaped from her lips.

"Him! Did you see him?" she whispered to Valentine.

"Him! Marr! He is not dead; he's here; he's here, I tell you. I see him in the glass!"

Valentine looked into the glass, and said, "No, he's—he's not there, but——" he dashed his fist across the mirror, and broke it from the top to the bottom.

"Do you know," said he; "do you know that I am Marr?"

She looked at him, turning white as she looked.

"I am Marr," he repeated. "Now do you understand my Gospel? Understand it if you can, for you are bereft of the power that belongs of right only to the woman who is pure. Long ago, perhaps, you might have fought me. Who knows, you might even have conquered me; but you have thrown yourself to the wolves, and they have torn you till you are only a skeleton; and how can a soul dwell in a skeleton? Your soul, your will, is as useless as that vagrant soul of Valentine, which I expelled into the air and into the night. It can do nothing; you can do nothing either. If I have ever feared you, and hated you because I feared you, I have fooled myself. I have divined your thoughts; I have known your enmity against me and your love—*yours!*—for Julian. But if the soul and will of Valentine could not save Julian from my possession, how can yours? You are an outcast of the streets! Go back to the streets—live in them—die in them! They are your past, your present, your future—they are your hell, your heaven—they are everything to you. I tell you that you are as much of them as are the stones of the pavement

that the feet of such women as you tread night after night. And what soul can a street thing have? What can be the will of a creature who gives herself to every man who beckons, and who follows every voice that calls? I feared you. I might as well have feared a shadow, an echo, a sigh of the wind, or the fall of an autumn leaf—I might as well have feared that personal devil whom men raise up for themselves as a bogey. Will is God! Will is the devil! Will is everything! And you—you, having tossed your will away, are nothing."

He had spoke gravely, even sombrely. On the last word he was gone.

The lady of the feathers stood alone in the ugly little room, and heard the clock of the great church close by chime the hour of midnight. Her face was set and white under its rouge, in its frame of disordered canary-coloured hair. Her eyes were clouded with perplexity, with horror, and with awe. Yet she looked undaunted. Staring at the door through which the men still called, Valentine Cresswell had vanished. She whispered—

"It ain't true! It ain't! Nothin' does for a woman; not when she loves a man! Nothin'! Nothin'!"

She fell down against the hard horsehair sofa, and stretched her arms upon it, and laid her head upon them, as if she prayed.

Off went Cuckoo to see Dr. Levillier, and the good doctor and the good Cuckoo formed a league for the purpose of saving the luckless Julian. The Cuckoo could not remember all that Valentine had said to her, and the only conclusion that the doctor could arrive at was that Valentine was mad. At the same time, the only way to save Julian was to use the Cuckoo, and ask her to do what Julian wanted her, no matter how difficult it might be.

Now Julian had at one time asked her to cease going out into the streets, and Cuckoo, although she had no other means of living, set herself to do the one thing which the doctor had said might help to save the man she loved. She starved herself nearly to death, and there are few chapters in modern fiction so touching as the account of the poor girl sitting in her room, chilled and hungry, suffering silently as the only thing she could do in the hopes of saving the man whom Valentine had doomed to perdition.

So the story goes on until the New Year, when the doctor and Cuckoo and Julian met Valentine in the fifth séance. As they sat in the darkness, the doctor became perfectly conscious of the thoughts that were in each mind; he heard the triumphant thoughts of Valentine; he heard the despairing weary wail of Julian, and he heard the thoughts of Cuckoo.

Valentine had triumphed over them all. Julian, a drinking wreck, had become his hopeless slave. The climax of poor Cuckoo's tragedy was wretched; she had to part with her dog, the last thing in the world she had reserved to herself. At last, cold, penniless, without wood or fire, she went out into the street, and found Julian maddened with drink in the midst of a crowd at Piccadilly Circus. She rescued him, carried him off, and drove home. The next morning Julian woke up to a knowledge of how Cuckoo loved him, and was starving herself to death for him.

"Oh Cuckoo, Cuckoo," he said brokenly. "You love me." All about him there was a flame. He seemed to understand what he had never understood before, the mystery that had drawn him so strongly to the lady of the feathers. She clung to him with her thin arms.

"That's it," she whispered, in reply to his words. Julian heard her with silence. These things broke upon him one by one with a *crescendo* of meaning that came like a great revelation, came to him shod with flame, winged with flame, moving in flame, warm like flame.

"You starved for me, sold the dog for me," he whispered. "How I love you! How I love you!"

The door bell rang, and Valentine entered. It was a moment of destiny. The two wills crossed. The love of Cuckoo, the fiend-destroying energy of Marr in Valentine. Throwing off all disguise, the soul of Marr in Valentine boasted that Valentine was dead.

He laughed aloud. "I killed him," he said "when I took his place. Ju'n, you

shall know now what the lady of the feathers knows already, what a human will can do, when it is utterly content with itself, when it is trained, developed, perfected. I came through Marr to Valentine. I was Marr."

"Marr!" Julian said slowly. "You!" "And Marr, too, was my prey. Like Valentine, he was not content with himself. His weakness of discontent was my opportunity. I expelled his will, for mine was stronger than his. I lived in his body until the time came for me to be with you. Have you ever read of vampires?"

Julian muttered a hoarse assent. He seemed bound by a strange spell, inert, paralysed almost.

"There are vampires in the modern world who fed not upon bodies but upon souls, wills. And each soul they feed upon gives to them greater strength, a longer reign upon the earth. Who knows? One of them in time may compass eternity."

He seemed to tower up in the little room, to blaze with triumph.

"When you see a man go down, sink into the mire, you say, 'He is weak,' he has come under a bad influence, it is a vampire who feeds upon his soul, who sucks the blood of his will. Sometimes the vampire comes in his own form, sometimes he wears a mask—the mask of a friend's form and face. The influences that wreck men are the vampires of the soul at work, Julian, at work!"

His face was terrible. Julian shrank from it. He turned to Cuckoo.

"They feed on women, too," he said. "On the souls of women. Men say that magic is a dream and a chimera. Women say that miracles are past, or that there were never such things. But the power of sin is magical. The death of beauty and of innocence in a soul is a miracle. My power over you, Julian, is magic. The bondage of your soul to mine is a miracle. Come with me."

"I'll not come," he said. "I'll stay with her. I love her." Valentine cast a malign glance upon Cuckoo, but again fear seemed to draw near to him. He made no answer.

"Only once I'll come," Julian said. "At night I lost Valentine in the dark. In the dark I'll seek for him, I'll find him again. Cuckoo shall come too, and the doctor. That flame—it went into the air. I'll find it—I'll find it again."

"Come then—seek it—seek Valentine. But I, too, was with you in the dark. And in the dark I will destroy you. Till to-night then, Julian!"

He turned and went out. The doctor, Cuckoo, Julian, and Valentine met for the last sitting in Valentine's rooms. Once again, the doctor heard the thoughts of his companions as they sat in the silent room. Once again he felt there came into the darkness, as a new presence, the wandering, exile soul of Valentine.

The doctor trembled, feeling that the close of the strange mystery was at hand. And as he trembled he seemed to see in the dense darkness a tiny flame. It shivered up in the darkness where Cuckoo slept, moved away from her, like a thing blown on a light wind, and flickered above the bowed, despairing head of Julian. And, as he watched it, wondering, the doctor was conscious once more that there was a new presence in the room, something mysterious, intent, vehement, yet touched with a strange and pathetic helplessness, something that cried against itself, something that had suffered a martyrdom unknown, unequalled, in all the pale history of the martyrdoms of the world. The doctor recalled the sitting of the former night and his impression then—and again he was governed by the tragedy of this unknown soul. Its despair laid upon him cold hands. Its impotence crushed him. He could have wept and prayed for it. This was for a moment. Then a new wonder grew in him. His eyes were on the flame which burned above the head of Julian, and presently while he gazed, he seemed to see, beyond and through it—as one who peers through a lit window—the face of Valentine, the beautiful, calm, lovely Valentine whom once he had loved. The face was white with a soft glory of endurance, and the eyes smiled like the eyes of a great king. And the doctor knew comfort. For this face, although marred by the shadow intense suffering ever leaves behind it, was instinct with the majesty of triumph. And the eyes were bent on Julian.

Then Julian moved in the darkness and looked upward, despair seeking hope.

For how long a time had the wandering flame or soul of beauty been helpless, impotent, tortured by the appalling deception of the soul of Julian whom it could no longer protect?

Cuckoo had given it a home. She was alone. It approached her. She was an outcast. It stayed with her. She was beaten by the thongs of a world that teems with Pharisees. It clung to her. She had through all her days and nights been put only to the black uses of evil. It sought to use her only for good. And now at last it drew strength and power from the soul of the lady of the feathers. And the doctor knew that the secret of Cuckoo's grand influence to succour lay in her completeness. Degraded, wretched, soiled, ignorant, pent within the prison house of lust—yet she loved completely. And because she loved completely the sad, wandering, driven soul of Valentine chose her from all the world to help him in the rescue of Julian. For she, like the widow, had given her all to feed the poor. Her starvation had set her on high more than the starvation and the mortification of saints and hermits. For they crucify the flesh for the good of their own souls. Cuckoo thought ever and only of another. She had betrayed Jessie and touched the stars. Now in her slumber, physical allegory of her abnegation of self, she fought in this battle of the souls.

The flame above the head of Julian grew brighter. The flame of Marr, striving with the fury of despair, flickered lower.

Dr. Levillier held his breath, and prayed. Again he thought of Rip. Would Julian, too, die rather than yield to the final grip of evil? Would he die fighting?

A strange thin cry broke through the silence. The doctor saw two flames float up together through the darkness. They passed before the face of Cuckoo and were lost in the air above her. Two happy flames!

She stirred suddenly and murmured.

The thing that sat by the doctor sprang up. Light flashed through the room.

As it flashed the doctor leaned towards Julian, who lay forward with his arms stretched along the table.

He was dead.

Valentine—the spirit, at least, that had usurped the body of Valentine—stood looking down upon Julian, dead, in silence.

Then it turned upon the doctor. The doctor stood up as one that nerves himself to meet a great horror.

He watched the light fade out of the eyes of this horror, the expression slink from the features, the breath remove from the lips, the pulses cease in the veins and arteries, until an image, some lifeless and staring idol, stood before him.

It swayed. It tottered. It fell, crumbling itself together like things that return to dust. The flesh, formerly kept alive by the spirit, now deserted finally by that which had dwelt within it, and sought to use it for destruction, went down to death.

Then the lady of the feathers awoke at last from her sleep. The doctor bent over her, and took her hands in his. It seemed to him that she had won a great battle. He felt awestruck as he looked into her eyes. He tried to speak to her, but no words came to him except these, which he murmured at least below his breath—

"Your victory."

Cuckoo looked up at him. Her eyes were still lightly clouded with sleep, but they were smiling, as if they had been gazing upon the face of beauty.

For how long had Cuckoo slept? Surely through all the length of her life, through all the tears that she had shed, through all the sad deeds that she had committed! Now, at last, she awoke.

Her slumber had been as the deep slumber of death.

And from death do we not awake to a new understanding and to a new world?

So ends this strange weird tragedy of a woman's love. Unsatisfactory, no doubt, for the redemption of Julian is transferred to another world, leaving poor Cuckoo still lingering behind. But how powerful it all is, how suggestive! Since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has there been anything quite as great in the way as "Flames"?

A STORY OF FAITH-HEALING.*

MISS SARAH DOUDNEY is one of the many novelists whom these latter days have found the psychic motive irresistibly attractive. She is herself somewhat psychic, and having strong personal and hereditary sympathies with the Swedenborgians, she has never been able to blind herself to the existence of the other and greater world which encompasses us. In the "Pilgrims of the Night" she has given us a careful, loving, and elaborate study of a typical Faith-healer.

The "Pilgrims of the Night," indeed, is a study in Faith-healing, and naturally must be reviewed in BORDERLAND from that point of view, rather than from that of the ordinary six-shilling novel, with its romance of love and marriage. Christabel Avory, the Faith-healer, who is introduced to us in the book, is an admirable type of a class the number of which is unfortunately too few.

This is the story of Christabel Avory. She was a country girl, born in a Hampshire village, who, when just as she was coming into womanhood, met a carpenter of the name of Vincent Forth, who had come into the country for fresh air. This Vincent Forth was a man who had a peculiar voice, as sweet as a woman's but with a deeper tone, who had the gift of healing, and who created no small sensation in the village by healing first one and then another of the cripples and alien villagers amongst whom he lived. He said that it was no miracle that he performed. If there were no power in them to receive, there was no power in him to give.

"He says there is a power which comes from God, and will flow through him into the child. It is the same power, he says, that came through the Apostles when they healed the sick. Some men and women are used to help each other in this way. The sick person must have faith in his healer, and he must open his heart to the healing influence; that is all that is asked of him. It is easier to cure children than grown people, for a child has a ready faith."

Naturally Christabel fell in love with Vincent Forth. Equally naturally the village parson regarded the Faith-healer as a thief and a robber, while her own family did their utmost to compel her to accept the advances made by a blackguard young farmer, who scorned Vincent Forth as a fool, a milksop, and a sexless idiot. For some short time she lived as it were in Paradise, listening to the teachings of the London carpenter, who opened to her the spiritual mystery that underlies all things. It was, however, of short duration, for Vincent Forth's enemy, the blackguard young farmer aforesaid, fell upon him one night as he was returning from a healing mission, and knocked him down, and kicked and beat him within an inch of his life. He recovered sufficiently to linger, but when spring came he passed away.

Full of unutterable grief, Christabel left the village and hastened to London, where she found refuge and work in a large industrial school, to the matron of which she was introduced by the village doctor. She began to practise Faith-healing, and the power grew and strengthened. Finding her way to the neighbourhood where Vincent Forth the carpenter had toiled for years, which appears to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Soho Square, she came upon one, a cobbler of the name of Barnaby Mace, who was apparently the leader of a little sect known as the Pilgrims of the

* "Pilgrims of the Night." A Novel, by Miss Sarah Doudney. W. H. Addison, 1897. 6s. pp. 415.

Night, for they realised that, like a' earth's sorrowful children, they were passing through the night to the Day of God, the glimmer of whose dawning they could see on the horizon.

From that time onward she devoted herself to the service of the sick and the needy. Her account of the power by which she effected her cures was simply that she was a conductor, so to speak, between the love of God which presses like an atmosphere upon the world and the individual whose heart was open to receive it. Christabel, dressed in the simplest gown of dark grey serge, with a plain black bonnet that hid most of her silvery hair, was a woman with a noble face, a full firm mouth, powerful chin, and keen eyes filled with tenderness. Christabel, happy in her intense enthusiasm, was lifted out of the range of unbelief into a real indifference to dogmas and ecclesiastical claims. The only thing that she desired was to feel God within herself.

Here is a description of the first scene in which she is represented as doing the work of healing. She had been brought to see a Mrs. Ryce, a woman who had been wasting away for two years, who had been given up by the doctor, and had been a hopeless case. There was nothing a matter with her but extreme weakness. Weary of the struggle for existence, she was losing her hold of the silver cord. When Christabel arrived, she grasped the hand that lay limp and nerveless on the coverlet, and then ordered all the relatives out of the room. Her aunt, an old dame in a bonnet, objected.

"Who may you be," she said, "that comes here ordering out relatives, and giving herself airs?"

"I am a servant of Jesus of Nazareth," the Faith-healer answered. "My Master has sent me here to do His will."

"There was nothing aggressive in Christabel's manner, but looking at her, you were impressed at once by her strength. The calm, noble face was grandly outlined under the plain serge gown. The grey eyes, deep-set, met the old woman's glance with a steady gaze, and then the struggle was ended. This firm belief in the sacred power entrusted to her gave Christabel an immense personal influence. All resistance was overcome; Tom Ryce quietly put his people out of the room and followed, shutting the door behind him.

"There was a long pause. The Faith-healer, still holding the sufferer's hand, had sunk on her knees by the bedside, and was praying with that intensity which cannot pass through the channel of speech. As she knelt there motionless, with eyes open, she seemed to be looking deep into a world invisible to mortal sight. Her face was lit up as from an inward glow; and in all ages and all nations there have been, and still must be, these rare souls who stand between the Seen and the Unseen, and become the medium of spiritual benediction. The sick woman, lying inert on the bed, began to feel some new influence flowing into her feeble frame.

"You do not know me," said Christabel, breaking the silence at last: "but you must listen to what I am saying. You have heard of Jesus, the Great Healer? Do you believe that He could do you good if He were standing here by your side?"

"Yes, I believe that."

"The woman's voice was faint, but there was a look of interest dawning in her eyes.

"He is here now," said Christabel, with a ring of triumph in her tone. "He is pouring out His power through me—through me, the lowest of His servants! Only believe—only have trust in Him! According to your faith be it unto you!"

"The dull eyes opened wider, and a gleam of surprise and hope began to shine in them. The weak fingers clung tenaciously to the strong hand that held them fast.

"Fix your mind steadfastly upon Him. See Him now as He is, the Divine Man who died for men! Feel the love that made Him suffer for your sake! Let it burn its way from His heart into your heart. Receive into your wasted body the gift of His deathless life. He wills that you shall not die, but live and declare what great things the Father has done for you!"

"Again a deep hush reigned in the room, and the roar of the great city seemed to have rolled miles away. Poor Tom Ryce, listening anxiously outside the door, began to fear that the solemn silence would never be broken. Was it a sign of victory or defeat? What forces were contending within those quiet walls? Would the issue of the conflict be life or death?"

"The Faith-healer could not have told how long the hush lasted. She was leaning over the patient now, holding her with both her strong hands, and feeling that she herself was the channel of a mighty stream of blessing. Through her was flowing that mysterious power which restored the lame man at the door of the Temple and raised up the cripple at Lystra. It was a gift better than silver, than gold—this influx which still poured down from the Christ of Nazareth, that those who believed in His strength might have life through His name.

"At last there came a low, joyful cry—a sound that no one who had heard it could ever have forgotten.

"I am cured," the woman said. "I know it! I am cured!"

"The Faith-healer stood upright, and gave glory to God."

Christabel maintained that the power she had used was not her own. It had been lent to her by the Master, that she might do His will. There was no fatigue, no exhaustion. The life-giving power passing through her had left her stronger and not weaker.

There is another faith-healing scene towards the end of the book, in which she cures a lady who had been partially paralyzed by a fall from a horse, had given up all hope of recovery, and had abandoned herself with resignation to her doom. Christabel was brought down to see the invalid, and found her much more difficult to heal than was Mrs. Ryce. There was much less faith in the home of luxury than in the cottage of the poor. For four days, during which she had struggled in vain to exorcise her patient's indifference to life, the crisis came, and this is the way it ended.

"As the stable-clock struck the two quarters, Christabel rose and unfastened her casement. The glass door opened upon a little balcony, to which ivy clung in thick masses, making a bower for the many birds that haunted the place. Unseen wings rustled as she stepped out into the starlight, and the scent of the gardens and woods came up fresh and sweet.

"In the old way, and with just the old gesture, she lifted up her heart under the stars. The strength that had come to her in the toiling, suffering, struggling city, would not be denied here. And as she prayed, doubts faded; the ages rolled away, and the Man of Nazareth was by her side, waiting to speak through her willing lips, and heal through her ready hands. It was the old triumphant song of victorious faith that her heart was singing now. With that certainty of conquest in her soul, she could have passed through dark waters,

and climbed mountains, knowing that the end of the journey was joy and peace.

"A servant, who met her in the lighted corridor a little later, stepped back awed, and yet charmed, by the strange glory in her face. Long afterwards the girl was haunted by that look, and spoke of it to her children when Christabel Avory had become only a memory.

"Downstairs, through the hall, and through the passage leading to Joscelyne's rooms, the Faith-healer went with her swift and steady step. At the door she met Lord Brackenhill, and waved her hand gently to send him away. He, too, was struck by her look, and went off without uttering a word.

"She found Joscelyne lying as usual on her couch, and Dulcie was sitting by her side. One glance round the room showed Christabel that no one else was there, and Dulcie looking up at her face inquiringly, saw that the supreme moment had come.

"Instinctively she rose, and stood upright; and these two women fronted each other over the couch, with the recumbent figure between them.

"Something of the same consciousness seemed to come to Joscelyne as she lifted her head, and met the calm, steady gaze of Christabel. Her lips parted, and her breath came quickly, but she did not speak. The Faith-healer took her by the right hand, holding it in a firm clasp.

"My child," she said, "how is it that you have so little faith? This very night the Master has come to heal you. But it is not only the limbs that are paralyzed; the soul within you is languid and dull. You are in love with this state of ease and sloth in which you exist, and those around do but pamper you in your uselessness. Out there in the world there are men and women and little ones crying for you to help them, and you shut your ears to the voice of their complaint."

"A flush rose to Joscelyne's delicate cheeks, and tears sprang suddenly to her eyes. It was the first time since her illness that any one had uttered a rebuke. They had all united in praising her beautiful patience and resignation. And yet there was nothing harsh in the speaker's tone; but it expressed a quiet assurance of the right, blended with perfect tenderness.

"The Master has need of your help in His world," the voice went on. "Tens of thousands are working there, and yet He misses you. Others may be faithful, but there is always a certain share of work allotted to each, and your share is left undone. While you lie here and dream, you are resisting the will of God. Are you watching and waiting to see Him come in the clouds? I tell you it is in your inward life that you must find Him. The heaven that you are seeking must begin within your soul."

"There was a moment's pause, and then Christabel spoke again.

"Come, my child, believe Him, and be ready to obey His call. It is not the poor Faith-healer who speaks, it is God who commands. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and walk."

"Joscelyne trembled like a reed that is shaken by the wind. The strong hand still grasped her hand firmly; the steadfast eyes never released hers; she felt herself thrilled through and through by the power of this intense faith. Still trembling, she was conscious that a new strength was being aroused within her frame—a strength which gathered fresh force every instant. And slowly, as one under the influence of a spell, she began to obey the voice, raising herself from the couch on which she had lain helpless so long.

"Dulcie, standing on the other side, remained silent. Her hands were ready, but there was no need of their aid. Joscelyne continued to rise, moving her limbs slowly and mechanically as if they were stiff from long disuse. But presently she set her feet upon the ground, and then rose gradually to her full height, standing erect at last with no support save Christabel's clasping hand.

"There was indeed something strangely solemn in Joscelyne's aspect as she walked steadily across the room to the group by the fire.

"I am cured," she said. "It is God who has done this thing. He has raised me up that we may do His work in the world together."

The story ends with the slaying of the Faith-healer, but its interest really expires with the healing of Dulcie.

"THE END OF THE MARTIAN,"

LAST quarter I noticed the progress of Du Maurier's posthumous novel, which has just come to a close in the July number of *Harper*. The complete story calls for renewed notice.

The late George Du Maurier achieved an immense success with "Trilby," a success which was even greater in the United States than in this country. In "Trilby" the occult or psychic motive was hypnotism, which was used with very little regard to its scientific truth, for no hypnotist has ever been able to achieve the marvels that were imputed to Svengali. In his posthumous novel, "The Martian," which is running to its close in *Harper's Magazine*, we have a much more deliberate and continuous flight into the psychic realm. It is difficult to say exactly how much foundation in fact Mr. Du Maurier believed he had for his extraordinary romance. It is too fantastic even for those who are dieted on ghost stories and familiar with the marvels of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research.

For what is the motive of "The Martian"? This, to put it simply: that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are able from time to time to visit this earth and incarnate themselves in human beings, who become Martians, and who possess certain psychic qualities distinguishing them from other people. The Martian of Du Maurier's story feels this power in an instinctive sense of the north. He feels the north wherever he may be. Turn him round and round, blindfold him in the middle of a desert, and he would instinctively sense the north. On this occasion he was inhabited by one Martia, a creature from Mars, who was able on a critical occasion in his life to manifest herself to him so really as to remove from his reach a glass of poison with which he had intended to end his existence, and was even then able to use his hand during sleep to write a letter addressed to him, which he found by his bedside in the morning. She was able to continue this method of communication for years, with the result that Barty, entirely on the strength of those automatically Martian communications received during sleep, was able to establish a world-wide reputation as the first author of the day.

That, in brief, is the story of "The Martian" which has been advertised as the chief attraction in every number of *Harper's Magazine* for six months past. Now *Harper's Magazine* is published by a most respectable firm in New York, a firm which, if I remember right, refused to allow Mark Twain to allude to palmistry in one of his novels, on the ground that palmistry was a superstition which should not be encouraged even by mention. That a firm like *Harper's* and a nation like the Americans could eagerly publish and read a novel which has as its backbone or inspiring soul so extraordinary and unthinkable a conception as this, the Martian possession of a human being, is indeed a sign of the times.

The scenes of the opening chapter at least are laid in Paris, but they describe life in a French boys' school, and sketch it

"The Martian." By G. Du Maurier. Concluded in *Harper* for July.

more pleasantly and sympathetically than such institutions are usually described. M. F. Brossard has selected as the vehicle for telling his story an imaginary person, unaccustomed to writing: an Englishman, whom he names Robert Maurice, who describes himself as a mere prosperous tradesman, a busy politician, and a man of the world. To this Robert Maurice has been entrusted the duty of writing the life of the greatest literary genius that this century has produced, of revealing the strange "secret of that genius, which has lighted up the darkness of these latter times as with a pillar of fire by night. This extraordinary secret has never been revealed before to any living soul but his wife and myself. And that is one of my qualifications for this great labour of love."

This marvellous genius, it seems, is an illegitimate son of Lord Runswick and Antoinette Josselin. The name of his prodigy is Bartholomew Josselin, who in the story figures as Barty, and he is introduced to us from the moment when he is brought in an Eton jacket to the institution of M. F. Brossard, where Robert Maurice was also educated. Of Barty Josselin we are told strange things. Robert Maurice says:—

"He has been idealised as an angel, a saint and a demigod; he has been caricatured as a self-indulgent sensualist, a vulgar Lothario, a buffoon, a joker of practical jokes. He was in reality the simplest, the most affectionate and most good-natured of men, the very soul of honour, the best of husbands and fathers and friends, the most fascinating companion that ever lived, and one who kept to the last the freshness and joyous spirits of a schoolboy and the heart of a child; one who never said or did any unkind thing, probably never even thought one. Generous and open-handed to a fault, slow to condemn, quick to forgive, and gifted with a power of immediately inspiring affection and keeping it for ever after, such as I have never known in any one else, he grew to be (for all his quick-tempered impulsiveness) one of the gentlest and meekest and most humble-minded of men."

As a schoolboy Barty was an universal favourite; but in the October number not much light is thrown upon this strange secret, although enough is said that he was quite uncannily gifted—

"He could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye; this was often tested by M. Dumollard, 'maître de mathématiques (et de cosmographie),' who had a telescope, which, with a little good-will on the gazer's part, made Jupiter look as big as the moon, and its moons like stars of the first magnitude. His sense of hearing was also exceptionally keen. He could hear a watch tick in the next room, and perceive very high sounds to which ordinary human ears are deaf (this was found out later); and when we played blind man's buff on a rainy day, he could, blindfolded, tell every boy he caught hold of—not by feeling him all over like the rest of us, but by the mere smell of his hair, or his hands, or his blouse!"

But the most extraordinary and incomprehensible talent which the boy possessed was that of being able intuitively to find the north. He was as good as a compass. Blindfold him, and twist and turn him about as much as you please, he could always indicate the direction of the North Star. On one occasion, Robert Maurice asked him about this:—

"But what do you feel when you feel the north, Barty—a kind of tingling?" I asked.

"Oh—I feel where it is—as if I'd got a mariner's compass trembling inside my stomach—and as if I wasn't afraid of anybody or anything in the world—as if I could go and have my head chopped off and not care a fig."

This feeling of the north was due to Martia, but of Martia Barty knew nothing. Martia's first direct attempt to influence the life of Barty Josselin was when she saved him from committing suicide.

Poor Barty loses the sight of one eye, and being intensely miserable, on one occasion he decides to take poison; he pours out the deadly draught, but before he takes it he falls asleep, and when he wakes he finds that the poison has been emptied out, and in its place there is a long letter, written apparently by his own hand, in a curious script known only to himself and one or two intimate friends, in which he was reproved for his suicidal intention, encouraged not to despair of his sight, and told that

the writer, who signed herself "Martia," had availed herself of his hand in order to place herself in communication with him. Who Martia was he did not know, but the sense of the North Pole, which he had lost for some time, returned, and life once more smiled upon him.

This strange visitant urged him to marry one Julia, whom she had often possessed, and by whom she wished him to bear a child, in whom she could be reincarnated.

Barty, however, refused absolutely to marry Julia. Then the sensation of the north left him. He married another girl whom he loved, Leah, and then, after a time, Martia discovered that Barty's heart had guided him more truly than her Martian intelligence. She became his guide, philosopher, and friend, and was as devoted to Leah as she had been to Julia. Barty after his marriage became famous, and Martia wrote all his books for him and succeeded in establishing him on a pinnacle of literary glory unsurpassed in the history of letters. It was not until long after that she explained who she was, and the relations of the Martians to this planet. Then, after his eighth child was born, while Mrs. Josselin was still laid up, she wrote him a farewell letter in which she made the astonishing announcement that she intended to be his ninth child. The following is an abridgment of this extraordinary letter, which explains as clearly as Du Maurier saw fit to do the peculiar relations which exist between the inhabitants of Mars and mortals on this planet.

"MY BELOVED BARTY,—The time has come at last when I must bid you farewell.

"I have outstaid my proper welcome on earth as a disembodied conscience by just a hundred years, and my desire for reincarnation has become an imperious passion, not to be resisted.

"It is more than a desire—it is a duty as well, a duty far too long deferred.

"Barty, I am going to be your next child. I can conceive no greater earthly felicity than to be a child of yours and Leah's.

"O that I could connect myself in your mind with the shape I wore when I was last a living thing! No shape on earth, not either yours or Leah's, or that of any child yet born to you both, is more beautiful to the eye that has learnt how to see than the fashion of that lost face and body of mine.

You wore the shape once, and so did your father and mother, for you were Martians. Leah was a Martian, and wore it too; there are many of them here; they are the best on earth, the very salt thereof. I mean to be the best of them all, and one of the happiest. Oh, help me to that!

"Barty, when I am a splendid son of yours, or a sweet and lovely daughter, all remembrance of what I was before will have been wiped out of me until I die. But you will remember, and so will Leah, and both will love me with such a love as no earthly parents have ever felt for any child of theirs yet.

"Think of the poor loving soul, lone, wandering, but not lost, that will so trustfully look up to you out of those gleeful, innocent eyes!

"How that soul has suffered both here and elsewhere you don't know, and never will till the secret of all hearts shall be disclosed; and I am going to forget it myself for a few decades—sixty, seventy, eighty years perhaps; such happy years, I hope.

"For another night or two you will be my host, and this splendid frame of yours my hostelry; *on y est très bien*. Be hospitable still for a little while—make the most of me; hug me tight; squeeze me warm!

"As soon as Leah is up and about and herself again you will know me no more, and no more feel the north.

"When my conscience re-embodies itself, I want it never to know another pang of self-reproach. And when I'm grown up, if you think it right to do so, tell me who and what I once was, that I may love you both the more; tell me how fondly I loved you when I was a bland and fleeting little animalcule, without a body, and making my home in yours—so that when you die I

may know how irrevocably bound up together we must for ever be, we three; and rejoice the more in your death and Leah's and my own. Teach me over again all I've ever taught you, Barty—over and over again!

"Alas! perhaps you don't believe all this! How can I give you a sign?"

"There are many ways; but a law, of necessity inexorable, forbids it. Such little entity as I possess would cease to be; it was all but lost when I saved your life—and again when I told you that you were the beloved of Julia Royce. It would not do for us Martians to meddle with earthly things; the fat would soon be in the fire, I can tell you!

"At the back of your brain is a little speck of perishable matter, Barty; it is no bigger than a needle's point, but it is bigger in you than in anybody else I know, except in Leah; and in your children it is bigger still—almost as big as the point of a pin!

"If they pair well—and it is in them to do so if they follow their inherited instinct—their children and their children's children will have that speck still bigger. When that speck becomes as big as a millet seed in your remote posterity, then it will be as big as in a Martian, and the earth will be a very different place, and man of earth greater and even better than the Martian by all the greatness of his ampler, subtler, and more complex brain; his sense of the Deity will be as an eagle's sense of the sun at noon in a cloudless tropical sky; and he will know how to bear that effulgence without a blink, as he stands on his lonely summit, ringed by the azure world.

"Indeed, there will be no more Martians in Mars by that time; they are near the end of their lease; all good Martians will have gone to Venus, let us hope: if not to the sun itself!

"Man has many thousands of years before him yet ere his little ball of earth gets too cold for him; the little speck in his brain may grow to the size of a pea, a cherry, a walnut, an egg, an orange! He will have in him the magnetic consciousness of the entire solar system, and hold the keys of time and space as long and as far as the sun shines for us all—and then there will be the beginning of everything.

"You have been thoroughly well loved all your life, my Barty, but most of all by me—never forget that!

"I have been your father and your mother when they sat and watched your baby sleep; I have been Rosalie when she gave you the breast; I have been your French grandfather and grandmother quarrelling as to which of the two should nurse you as they sat and sunned themselves on their humble door-step in the Rue des Guignes!

"I have been your doting wife when you sang to her, your children when you made them laugh till they cried. I've been Lady Archibald when you danced the Dieppoise after tea, in Dover, with your little bare legs; and Aunt Caroline too, as she nursed you in Malines after that silly duel where you behaved so well; and I've been by turns Mérovée Brossard, Bonzig, old Laferté, Mlle. Marceline, Finche Torfs, poor little Marianina, Julia Royce, Father Louis, the old Abbé, Bob Maurice—all the people you've ever charmed or amused, or been kind to—a legion, good Heavens! I have been them all! What a snow-ball made up of all these loves I've been rolling after you all these years! and now it has all got to melt away in a single night, and with it the remembrance of all I've ever been during ages untold.

"And I've no voice to bid you good-bye, my beloved; no arms to hug you with, no eyes to weep—I, a daughter of the most affectionate, and clinging, and caressing race of little people in existence! Such eyes as I once had, too; such warm, soft, furry arms, and such a voice—it would have wanted no words to express all that I feel now."

If anyone does not understand the true inwardness of things Martian from this extract, they had better read the book from beginning to end, and when they finish they will probably be no wiser than they are now. It is a fantastic, marvellous story, and it will be interesting to see whether it achieves anything like the popularity of "Trilby."

A NEW BOOK ON CRYSTAL-GAZING.*

THERE is a certain crystal-gazing public which will probably like this work very much, but it will not be those who, like the present writer, look upon the art and mystery of Crystal-Gazing as, in nine cases out of ten, a mere curiosity of psychology, and only very rarely as in any degree "psychic," and then as a psychic fact of the simplest kind.

The author, Mr. John Melville, treats the question as very far from simple, though he agrees with the present writer, that ordinary externalisation of mental images has not necessarily anything in common with Crystal Divination. When it comes to the question of premonition, or the revelation of knowledge not within the normal consciousness of the seer, he is a good deal more exacting than I.

Crystal-Gazing, under the conditions Mr. Melville lays down, is really an arduous undertaking; moreover, it is unnecessary to waste time over it unless your eyes are set widely apart in your face, as he has learnt from phrenology; nor is there much hope for you unless your "ascending frontal convolution" is well developed. "Mrs. Brown's" husband, "at Margate," or somewhere, was described as having "a noble forehead, as you would tell by the way 'is 'at marked 'im." He should have made a first-class Crystal-Gazer.

Then you take an infusion of Mugwort, or of Succory, during the moon's increase, the reason being that "both of these plants are specially responsive to magnetic influence; their leaves, like the compass needle, invariably turning of themselves towards the north,"—a new discovery in botany.

But not only must we consult phrenology and botany, but astrology concerns herself with our affair. The Beryl is under the zodiacal sign Libra, and so are these herbs, and they exert certain medicinal advantages which need not be particularised, and which bear specially upon crystal-gazing. Then, sitting in a partly darkened room at the north end, you pay due attention to six magnetic laws, and to four rules as to the care of the crystal. If this is not enough, you can do a great many more things as well. You can have all kinds of devices engraved on the stand of your crystal (designs are furnished, Plate II.), and you can say a long prayer (page 32), and you can draw patterns on the floor all around you (Plate IV), and you can consecrate the crystal, and perfume it, and consult an astrological calendar as to the particular angel to mention in your prayers. After this, unless you are blonde, which is against you, or unless you rashly choose an hour between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., if you can't see something it's a pity.

A good deal of the book is occupied with a treatise on Hygienic Clairvoyance, which seems to be entirely unconnected with crystal-gazing, but page 77 is valuable. It gives rules for developing clairvoyance, which as they point out with some detail the advantages of soap and water, might make this work famous, and the subject popular, at the hands of Messrs. Pears or the Sunlight Company.

X.

"A PSYCHIC VIGIL."†

THIS book tells how Tom, Dick, and Harry sat up all one night and talked about their souls, and their

* "Crystal-Gazing, and the Wonders of Clairvoyance." By John Melville. Published by Nicholls, Oxford Street, 1897. Price 5s.

† "A Psychic Vigil in Three Watches, by X Rays." Edited by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Allen & Co. 3s. 6d.

psychic selves, and their destinies. It must have been a long night, for they didn't begin till after dinner, and they talked 160 pages—a whole three-and-sixpenny book!

Tom did most of it, and the others interrupted suitably, like the young Markhams, so as to break up the print and make the book look lighter. When he had talked 39 pages, looking out on the sea, he sent Dick and Harry to fetch some rugs, and talked 29 pages more out of doors, "in the soft comfort of the milk-warm air." The rest he talked walking up and down. "Let us rise," he said, "and pace this soft sward awhile, beneath the rolling stars."

His conversation ranges itself under 95 headings, with many sub-headings, and one wonders why Dick and Harry stood it. It is something to gather (page 39) that they were allowed to smoke.

One wonders, moreover, why Mr. Haweis, of all people, should have edited so dull a book—Mr. Haweis, whose wildest enemies never called him dull! There is nothing else particularly the matter with it; the sentiments are admirable, but not new.

X.

A SEQUEL TO THE TEMPLES OF THE HIMALAYAS.*

ONLY Sir Walter Scott has written a sequel which was better than the earlier volume; very few succeed in writing any which is not worse. "Dans le Sanctuaire" is no exception. It is, as a whole, better than the worst part, *i.e.*, the latter half of the volume, but less interesting than the best. One is thankful to be spared much story; the author is not great at the story part, whereas the psychic experiences of the hero, still our old friend Angelo, now elevated to an Archbishopric, are, even when exaggerated or misleading, always interesting and suggestive.

In the present volume he is recalled from India and sent to London, where he visits a palatial edifice in an ancient quarter, a geographical fact which excites one's curiosity. Here he is introduced to the chief of the European Magi, one of the successors of the three who worshipped at Bethlehem. From him he receives much instruction, all interesting and readable, and finally succeeds him in office.

He then finds himself in the anomalous position of being at the same time an Archbishop and an Arch-Magus. However, the Pope soon settles that little complication by ordering him to Rome. Extreme measures were, however, averted by the sudden appearance of Balthasar, the Magus of Egypt, and Gaspard (*née* Angelo) gets off. Moreover, he makes off with some sacred papyri, which he extracts from the Vatican Library, to his disgrace and that of the librarian. So far the book has been moral in tone, but, as he wasn't a collector, such conduct is without excuse.

His Holiness hadn't a notion what became of Angelo, but with great presence of mind he diverted gossips by mysterious allusions to "secret service."

What really did become of him is a triumph of invention. A prince by birth, an ecclesiastic by training, a Magus by selection, he established himself on the Atlantic shores of North America, and introduced an old system to a new world. It is satisfactory that, true to the tenets of the former volume, wherein he sets forth

* "Dans le Sanctuaire." Sequel to the Temples of the Himalayas. By A. van der Naillen. Paris: P. G. Leyprieux. 1897.

the insignificance of religious differences, he maintains friendly relations with the Church.

It is a really ingenious romance and very readable. It seems to bear the same relation to Buddhist teaching and history as do Jules Verne's novels to serious science. There is something to learn from both authors, and to learn in a pleasant way.

X.

A BOOK ABOUT WATER-FINDING.*

THE writer is a well-known and successful water-finder, and the little volume aims at nothing more ambitious than the presentation of his personal history, and of how he discovered and how he uses his power. Most of the more interesting details have already been given in an article in *BORDERLAND*, but in this little volume readers will be able to find the facts at first hand.

X.

THE MAGIC OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.†

If the reader, who must be supposed to be acquainted with German, gets beyond the cover of this work, he will probably read it through, but the cover is certainly discouraging. On a background of scarlet, a long-haired sphinx holds a naked man upon the edge of a precipice, no doubt with allegorical, though distinctly uncomfortable, intent.

The object of the book, as disclosed in the preface, is to help those who inquire into the occult, by taking them back to the beginnings of things, and so giving them a stand-point—Germans are always calling out for a *Standpunkt*—from which to judge phenomena.

The process of seeking for the stand-point is interesting enough, but it does not get us much "forrader." We are instructed in the history of the magic of the old school and the new, we are reminded of the possibilities of illusion, and the various optical wonders of well-known conjurers are described; the phenomena of Spiritualism are next discussed (in natural sequence), with accounts of various exposures and imitations. Next we have the history of Hypnotism and Animal Magnetism, illustrated by accounts of cures by the first hypnotists of our day, English and foreign.

Finally we come to a careful chapter on "The Spiritism and Occultism of the New Time," headed by the significant quotation,

"EX NIHILO—NIHIL FIT."

The chapter is adorned with great names, Jung Stilling and Schopenhauer on the one hand, Professor Lodge and Mr. Crookes on the other. We have an account of the work of the Theosophical Society and a picture of the performances of Fakirs; we have the evidence for and against Eusapia Paladino, and a lengthy translation of the present writer's presentation of the problem in *BORDERLAND*. Then follows a sort of directory of writers and of publications in the interest of Spiritism, largely on the basis of association with the late publication *Sphinx*.

The book will interest the average reader who cares for the subject, and if it is like a good many, possibly its betters, inconclusive, it is, at least, not dogmatic.

X.

* "The Theory of Water-Finding, with Advice thereon." By a Professional (R. Tompkins). Barton, printer, Farnworth.

† "Die Magie des XIX. Jahrhunderts unter Mitwirkung." Von Dr. F. Maier von Uriarte Heuser's Verlag.

XX.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

We shall be grateful for the Co-operation of Readers of BORDERLAND, 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.

Apparitions :

Reflections as Apparitions, Dr. J. D. Buck, *Theosophical Forum*, April
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Divining, Crystal-Gazing, &c. :

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 Plato on Immortality, William T. James, *Metaphysical Magazine*, April
 Reasons for the Popularity of Jesus, Rev. C. Ware, *Two Worlds*, June 25
 Story of the Gnostics, The (continued), G. R. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, May, June
 Study in Comparative Religion, Chas. Johnston, *Metaphysical Magazine*, April
 Castle-System in Vedio India, The, *Light of the East*, April
 Did Jesus Actually Live? *Pacific Theosophist*, May
 Free-Will according to the Hindu Books, *Theosophist*, April, May
 Higher Criticism according to Dr. Lyman Abbott, *Metaphysical Magazine*, April
 Hindu Revival, The, *Light of the East*, April
 Inner Light of the Friends, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, April
 New Testament and the Eastern Philosophy, The, *Lucifer*, April
 Philosophy of Jesus, The, Hudson Genove, *Intelligence*, June
 Religious Evolution in Ancient India, *Light of the East*, April

Science :

Emotions Measured by Inches, *Light of Truth*, May 1
 Photographing the Voice, *Light of Truth*, March 27

Spirit Photography :

Historical Value of the Beattie Photographs, *Light*, May 8
 New Photographs of Psychic Radiation, *Light*, May 22, June 12
 Spirit-Pictures on a Wall, *Light of Truth*, April 3

Spiritualism :

Abolition of Dark Séances Demanded, *Two Worlds*, May 7
 Annexation of Hawaii Foretold by Spirits, *Philosophical Journal*, May 27
 Attitude of Mr. Edward Clodd towards Spiritualism, Ernest Marklew, *Two Worlds*, May 7
 "Attitude of Scientific Men to Psychical Investigation, and to the Spiritualistic Hypothesis, The," by Oliver J. Lodge, D. So., *Light*, April 3
 Beauty in Death, Dr. J. M. Peebles, *Harbinger of Death*, April
 Dangers of Spiritualism, Canon Wilberforce, *Light*, April 24
 Discussion of Mr. Andrew Lang's Ghosts and Right Reason, *Light*, May 22
 German Scientists' Contempt for Spiritualism, *Harbinger of Light*, May
 Haunted Locomotive, A., *Light of Truth*, June 12
 Help Spiritualists can Easily Give, *Light*, May 15
 How I Became a Spiritualist, Judge A. H. Dailey, *Light of Truth*, April 17
 Is Spiritualism True? Wm. Denton, *Two Worlds*, June 4
 Is the Bible Opposed to Spiritualism? Alfred Kitson, *Two Worlds*, April 9, 16, 23; May 7, 14
 Lodge, Professor, and Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, April 9
 Money Provided by a Spirit, *Light of Truth*, April 24
 Past and Future of the Great Spiritual Movement, Emma H. Britten, *Light*, June 5
 Proceedings of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, *Lyceum Banner*, June
 Remarks upon Professor Lodge's Address, *Light*, April 24
 Seizure of Mr. Craddock, *Light*, May 15
 Significance of Spiritualism, J. J. Morse, *Two Worlds*, June 18
 Some Reappearances, "Edina," *Light*, April 17; May 1, 22
 Spirit Teachings Touching Human Life, J. J. Morse, *Philosophical Journal*, May 6
 Spirit Warns all Irish-Americans of Danger, *Philosophical Journal*, May 27
 Spiritualism an Aid to Orthodoxy, Rev. E. Heber Newton, *Light of Truth*, April 24
 Spiritualism in Paris, *Light*, April 10
 Spiritualistic Proclamation, A. J. S. Loveland, *Light of Truth*, April 10
 Thought of the Ages on the Existence of Spirits, *Light*, May 1
 Truth Coming Through Spiritualism, Rev. Heber Newton, *Light*, May 15
 What Good will Spiritualism Do for Humanity? J. J. Morse, *Two Worlds*, May 21
 What is Death? Rev. C. Ware, *Two Worlds*, May 14
 Why we Know so Little of Spirit Life, Rev. M. J. Savage, *Philosophical Journal*, June 3
 Work in the Spirit World, Henry Forbes, *Light*, May 1, 15; June 5
 Work of the Devil! The, Rev. C. Ware, *Two Worlds*, June 11
 Work Spiritualists can Easily Do, *Light*, May 8

Telepathy :

Case of Thought-Transference, A., *Light*, June 5
 Message sent by Telepathy, *Light*, May 8
 Some Experiments in Thought-Transference, *Intelligence*, June
 Thought-Transference and Professor Crookes, *Light*, May 1

Theosophy :

Akabic Records, The, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, June
 American Lecture Tour of Mrs. Besant, *Mercury*, May
 Annual Convention in New York, *Theosophical Forum*, May
 Bhagavad-Gita, The, Chas. Johnston, M. R. A. S., *Intelligence*, June
 Bhagavad-Gita in Practical Life, The, Mrs. Keightley, *Irish Theosophist*, April, May, June
 Christianity and Theosophy, Walter Woods, *Oversea*, April

Common Sense in Theosophy, *Theosophic Gleaner*, March
 Finding of Kusan-va, The, H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, May
 First Chief High Priest and the First Man, The, *Theosophic Gleaner*,
 May
 Future of Hinduism, The, *Dawn*, April
 Future of Theosophy, The, *Grail*, April
 Helpfulness of the Doctrine of Karma, C. W. L. Fagan, May
 Hidden Meanings in Christianity, *Pacific Theosophist*, April, May
 How to Erase Sin, *Thinker*, April 10, 17
 Influence of the Moon on Vegetation, C. W. Leadbeater, *Fakas*, May
 Is 1897 the Last Year of the Old Cycle? A. Marques, *Mercury*, May
 Law of Sacrifice, *Prasenotora*, March, April, May
 Link between the Mystics East and West Found, B. Keightley, *Lucifer*,
 June
 Old Diary Leaves, H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, April, May, June
 Outline of Theosophy, *Theosophy*, June
 Politics and Theosophy, *Mercury*, June
 Position of the Theosophical Society, *Quakers*, May, June
 Priest or Hero? *Irish Theosophist*, April, May
 Reincarnation, Annie Besant, *Lucifer*, April, May, June

Report of the Convention in New York, *Irish Theosophist*, May
 Sâkhyâ Philosophy, The, B. Keightley, *Lucifer*, April
 Service the Key to Wisdom, Katharine Hillard, *Theosophy*, April
 Shall a Hindu follow Vivekananda or Mrs. Besant? *Light of the East*,
 March
 She'cha of the Soul, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy*, June
 Sleeping Yogi in the hands of European Psychologists, A. Franz
 Hartmann, M.D., *Theosophist*, June
 Stories of Siva and His Spouse, *Theosophist*, April
 Theosophy and Brotherhood, H. T. E., *Grail*, April
 Theosophy not Buddhism or Hinduism, C. W. Leadbeater, *Fakas*,
 April
 Theosophy of Islam, *Quakers*, May, June
 What the Vedas is to the Brahman, *Mercury*, April
 Work of the Theosophical Society, Annie Besant, *Mercury*, May

Visions :

Death-Bed Visions, *Two Worlds*, April 18
 Dove and Halo appear before a Death, *Light of Truth*, May 8
 Two Persons seen in Visions while Ill, *Light of Truth*, June 8

XXI.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.**APRIL—JUNE**

Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris, 108, Boulevard
 S. Germain.

March.—April.

Professor Crookes' S.P.R. Address
 Two Cases of Telepathy. Thomassy

Annali dello Spiritismo. 3, Via Ormes, Turin.

April.

A Case of Change of Personality

May.

On the Art of Divination
 Phenomena of a Double

June.

Cases of Spontaneous Phenomena

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston.

\$2.00 per annum.

April 10.

Modern Church Ethics. M. M. Dawson

April 17.

Banner of Light's Fortieth Anniversary
 A Half-Century of Spiritualistic Literature. Moses Hull
 Forty Years of Hypnotism

May 22.

Sketch of Mrs. Emily Lepper, "Healer"
 English and Paternal Versions of the Bible

May 29.

Modern Religion and Philosophy. W. J. Colville
 The Lyceum

June 5.

Spiritualists as Missionaries
 The Bane of Religion

June 19.

Spiritualism: a Sketch. By Lyman C. Hows
 Government by Spiritualism in Africa

Dawn. 44, Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

The Sacred Books of the East
 Reality and Appearances
 The Situation in India
 The Future of Hinduism

Ekstert. Scandinavian Magazine, 6, Kammakagatan,
 Stockholm.

April.

Fluidic Auras

May.

The Theories of Hudson Tuttle

June.

The Lost Atlanta
 Père Jourdain; the Healing Medium of Paris

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California.
 \$1.75 per annum.

April.

The Doctrine of Christ. W. P. Pyle
 The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
 California as We See It. H. E. Butler
 Vital Love
 Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
 God is Love. W. P. Pyle
 The Narrow Way. T. A. Williston
 "The Gamble Discovery"
 Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

June

The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
 Communing with Nature
 The At-one-ment. T. A. Williston
 The Statutes of Life. W. P. Pyle

Grail (Theosophic Isis). 77, Great Portland St., London, W.
 6s. 6d. per annum.

April.

What is Our Future?
 On Colours
 The Rise and Fall of Races
 Theosophy and Brotherhood

Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per
 annum.

March.

Revolutionary Revelations. J. R. Buchanan
 In the Valley of the Shadow of Death
 Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King
 What is Clairvoyance? Hudson Tuttle
 Matter, Morality, and Evil Spirits. J. M. Peebles, M.D.
 Magic Compared with Spiritualism. J. M. Peebles, M.D.

April.

Reincarnation
 Dr. J. M. Peebles. Last Lecture
 Victorian Association of Spiritualists
 Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King

May.

Spirit Spheres.
 Spiritualism in Germany
 Creed of a Mystic
 Outspoken Thoughts and Comments
 Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King
 Vindication of Spiritualism and Original Christianity. J. R. Buchanan
 Double Presence. Hudson Tuttle

Herschell's Coming Events. 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C.
 4s. per annum.

April.

Astrological Calendar
 The National Horoscope
 Transits
 Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pp. 65-90)
 A Few Theorems Respecting Lunar Influence

June.

Astrological Calendar
 Transits
 Speculations
 Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pp. 97-112)
 Shikhepsars and Astrology

Hypnotic Magazine. 56, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A.
7s. 6d. per annum.
April, May.
Psychic Phenomena in Ecstic Fevers
Suggestion as a Therapeutic Agent
Reports of Cases Treated at the Chicago School of Psychology; the School
of Suggestive Therapeutics, Stevens Point; and the Cleveland School of
Suggestive Therapeutics
The Wonders of Hypnotism

Intelligence.

Formerly "Metaphysical Magazine."
June.

Man and Nature
Modern Astrology. Allan Leo
Philosophy of the Divine Man. Hedor Genone
Mazdaism and "Beog." C. H. A. Bjerregaard
Bhagavad Gita. Chas. Johnston, M. G. A. S.
Esoteric Puritanism. Henrietta C. Wright

Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.
4s. per annum.

April.
The Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life. J. W. L. Keightley
Robert Browning: his Inspiration
Some Aspects of Brotherhood
A Warrior's Weapons

May.
The Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life. J. W. L. Keightley
Robert Browning
Priest or Hero? (concluded)

June.
The Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life. J. W. L. Keightley
The Age of Spirit
Browning: his Faith

Journal of Hygiene. 46, East 21st Street, New York City.
\$1 per annum.

May.
Music for the Sick. Prof. C. H. Young
Hygiene of the Brain. Dr. M. L. Holbrook

Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row,
Calcutta. 4s. per annum.

April.
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Monastic Order of Buddhism

May.
Attainment of Bodhi-Gyana
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The Philosophy of Buddhism

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April 3.
Spirit Teachings Through the Hand of W. Stainton Moses
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Address by Professor O. J. Lodge, D.Sc.

April 10.
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Spiritualism in Paris. Effie Bathe
Spiritualists and Psychological Research
Thoughts suggested by Professor Lodge's Address. By Richard Harle,
George Wjld, M.D., and A Contributor

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Spirit Teaching Through the Hand of W. Stainton Moses
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The Risen Christ
Work in the Spirit World
The Union of the Nations. Hudson Tuttle
Premature Burial
Some Reappearances. By "Edina"

April 24.
Canon Wilberforce on Spiritualism and Theosophy
Spiritual Harmonies
Professor Oliver Lodge's Address
Science and Spiritualism
A New Cosmogony

May 1.
Testimony of the Ages to the Existence of Spirits. J. de Kronhelm
A State-Writing Medium
Canon Wilberforce on Spiritualism
Professor James on Demoniac Control
Work in the Spirit World. Henry Forbes
Professor Crookes on Thought-Transference
Some Reappearances. Edina
Mr. Craddock Seised at a Dark Séance

May P.
Experiences in a Private Circle. W. Appleyard
Our Teachers
Historical Value of the Beattie Photographs
Mediumship and Demoniac Control
Work with Spiritualists (Can Easily Do
The Higher and Lower Self in Dual-Unity Being
Alleged Exposure of Mr. Craddock

May 15.
Work that Spiritualists Can Easily Do
The Higher and Lower Self in Dual-Unity
Angel Missionaries
Work in the Spirit World. Henry Forbes
The Seizure of Mr. Craddock

May 22.
Spirit Teachings Through the Hand of Stainton Moses
The Materializations in a Private Circle. F. W. Thurstan, M.A.
(Hosts and Right Reason
Some Reappearances. By "Edina"

May 29.
Still Asleep
The Mediumship of Madame Guppy Volkman
The Rationale of Palmistry
Jesus a Witness to Spirit Life
Obsession in Modern Life.

June 5.
The Reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky according to Mrs. Besant
Past and Future of the Spiritual Movement. Emma H. Britton
Direct Spirit Writings and Drawings. General F. J. Lippitt
White Sunday's Witness to the Spirit
Work in the Spirit World. Henry Forbes
Demonstrations of Hypnotism. By Dr. Charcot, Jun.

June 12.
The Morals and Immorals of Hypnotism. Rev. H. E. Haweis
Is Man God's Failure?
New Photographs of Psychic Radiations

June 19.
Apparatus for Bogus Séances
Scientific Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena
Justice to "Primitive Christianity"
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Phenomena in a Private Circle

June 26.
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April.
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Immortality of the Soul

May.
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A Perturbed Ghost

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Dead Thirty-seven Hours

June 5.
Spiritual Life. C. H. Murray
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Obsession

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A Somnambulist
Mrs. Besant's Collection of Aura

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- April.**
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Luminous Apparitions produced by the X. Rays
- May.**
The Power of Thought
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- Lycæum Banner.**
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What Our Lycæums are Doing
- June.**
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Is 1897 the Concluding Year of the Old Cycle? A. Marques
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Victorien Sardou
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- June.**
Esot Science. J. F.
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April.

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Theosophy and Christianity
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The Theosophical Society
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The Higher Patriotism
The Beginning of the End
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The Second Object of the Theosophical Society
Misconceptions about Theosophy
Brotherhood or What?

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The Historical Jesus

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More Reminiscences of Spirit Work
The Impressional Phase. T. H. B. Cotton.

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Spirit Teachings in Relation to Human Life. J. J. Morea
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Development of Psychic Power
May 27.

Phrenological Journal. L. N. Fowler & Co., Ludgate
Circus, London. 6s. per annum.

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Herbert Spencer from a Personal Observation. J. A. Fowler
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English Men and Women of Note
The Organ of Conscientiousness
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Photographing Thought

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President McKinley and His Cabinet
A Phrenological Detective (contd.)
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General Grant's Memorial
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Simple Lessons in Physiology and Ambulance
What Phrenologists are Doing. Jessie A. Fowler

June.
Her Majesty the Queen of England
Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of
York

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Miss Margaret P. Pascal
Scott and Burns Compared
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How Blind Children See
American Ambassadors to Great Britain and France. J. A. Fowler

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Joint General Secretary, Benares.

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Law of Sacrifice
April, May.

Law of Sacrifice
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Buddhism of Gautama Buddha?
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Professor Crookes' S.P.R. Address
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Carl Hansen, the Hypnotiser, in Altona

May.
Vision of a Double. Dr. G. Von Gaj
A Sonnambulo Visualiser. R. Lichtenstein

June.
Reichenbach's "Od" again. Willy Reichel
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Otto Wetterstrand
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Psycho-Physiological Institute in Paris

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James Braid (Part II.). Dr. Milne Bramwell
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Edgar Berillon
James Braid (Part III.). Dr. Milne Bramwell

Revue Spirite. Paris, Rue de Sommerard, 12.
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Levitation. A. De Rochas
Society of Psychical Study, Geneva
William Crookes and Spiritism. Dr. D.

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Anniversary of Allan Kardec at Liège
Allan Kardec: Biographical Errors. P. F. De Gourmay
Haunted House at Yzeure

June.
Latest Experiences with Eusapia Paladina. A. De Rochas
M. Sardon and Spiritism. Emma MacKenty
M. De Rochas: His Opinion. A. De Rochas

Revue du Spiritisme. Paris, 5, Rue Manuel.
10 francs per annum.

March.
Positive Character of Spiritist Philosophy. G. Delsune
So-called Telepathic Manifestation. M. Kronhelm
Experimental Spiritism. Destugne

Theosophical Forum. 144, Madison Avenue, New York.

April.
Do We Return to Earth of Our Own Accord?
Is There No New Flood till the End of the Twentieth Century?

May.
Report of Third Annual Convention, T. S. A.
June.
Is it Possible to Control One's Acts and Thoughts in the Dream State?

Theosophic Gleaner. Theosophical Society, Bombay.
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April.
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Reincarnation. Mrs. S. E. Wood
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