

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In the current number of the "Contemporary Review," Mr. Haweis begins a series of papers on the Mormons. The story of this strange people and Mr. Haweis's defence of them are equally outside our purview; nevertheless certain claims are made for the Mormons which should interest readers of "LIGHT." Mr. Haweis says that "the Mormons were advanced Spiritualists, believing in manifestations and messages from the dead at a time when 'all that sort of thing' was tabooed as 'humbug,' or denounced as 'diabolical.'"

After referring to the modern interest in, and increase of knowledge as to, matters occult, Mr. Haweis, speaking of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon sect, says:—

I am myself disposed to believe that Smith, finding himself subject to abnormal influences, and in possession of extraordinary powers which he did not understand, and could not always control, sometimes attempted miracles that failed, whilst at other times he succeeded. The effects produced upon him by his visions, and the real powers he exercised, fairly convinced him that he was an anointed prophet, and in possession of divine gifts. and being convinced himself, he not unnaturally convinced others. The phenomenon is by no means rare; it is, indeed, of every-day occurrence. The phenomenal foundations of Mormonism, in fact, differ, if at all, only in eccentricity and degree from the psychic phenomena which accompany all religious revivals, from the days of the Apostles to the Anabaptists of Munster and the Irvingite tongues.

The following letter has been going the round of the press. We congratulate Lord Wolseley on having the courage of his opinions, a courage sometimes quite as great as that needed on the field of battle. Lord Wolseley had been invited to the Thirteen Club dinner, and his letter is to the president of that club:—

The Royal Hospital, Dublin.

January 14th, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th ult., and to request that you will be good enough to convey to the committee of the London Thirteen Club my sincere appreciation of the great honour they would confer upon me. I wish I could accept this flattering invitation and become an honorary member, but I could not honestly do so. I not only believe in many superstitions, but I hug them with the warmest affection. They link me, if not with a spiritual world of which I know nothing, at least with a glorious and artistic and picturesque past, of which history has told me much. I believe in ghosts and in amulets; I have worn out the rims of several hats since I have been in Dublin through my salutations of single magpies—that mystic bird abounds in Ireland—and I would not on any account walk under a ladder, &c.; in fact, I am prone to adopt any superstition I am told of which I find others believe in. How, therefore, could I express sympathy with the objects of your club? I could not; but I can thank you and all the members most cordially for your kind invitation, and wish you many very pleasant meetings. I am sure they will be so, although you all have the misfortune to reject superstitions which are the salt of life to yours very gratefully,
WOLSELEY.

Lord Wolseley strikes a very important note in the above letter when he says that these "superstitions" link him, if not with a spiritual world of which he knows nothing, at least with a glorious and artistic and picturesque past. But that past is glorious and artistic because there was an underlying spirit, of which "superstition" is the outward and visible sign.

The "Sun," in animadverting on certain asserted appearances of Madame Blavatsky, refers to "professors of the Occult" as not loving each other, and mentions the fact that "LIGHT" has spoken with scant respect of a certain Massachusetts journal. Now, our good friend the "Sun" makes here the usual mistake of confounding all Occultists, Theosophists, and Spiritualists as being one, and therefore properly indivisible. But that is not so, and let us assure the editor of that paper that we desire quite as much to maintain what we consider the truth against the insidious attacks of charlatans as he does to keep the simplicity of a pure Radicalism untainted even by the shadow of Tory evil.

M. Erny, whose letter we published last week, is angry because he thinks we misunderstood him. It appears that his previous remark, that "nothing could be worse than earth," was intended for a joke. We submit, however, that it is not quite fair to ask a question with apparent seriousness, and then when an answer is attempted to turn round and say, "It was only fun." Such jokes are too elaborate to be amusing.

The "Palmist" has the following:—

We wish very much to say a few words on the subject of *time* as measured on the lines of the hands. It is a most difficult subject, as people are seldom the exact age of their years. By this we mean that one person of thirty years of age and another of the same, though they have lived the same number of years on this earth, are not of the same age, either mentally or physically. The one who lives a quiet, tranquil existence, under healthy, out-door conditions of life, will be found to be years younger than the other, who has been spending his time in a constant mental strain, anxiety, and excitement, with possibly bad circumstances and feeble health to contend with. The only happiness, chirolologically speaking, is that we can find out all this on a glance at the hands and measure our time accordingly. But it is a fact that should carefully be borne in mind. Then there is the difference of age common to different temperaments, as made by climate and nationality, which also requires to be carefully considered, hot climates and southern blood making people, as well as plants, grow up quickly and grow old sooner than those of temperate climes.

Without endorsing the details of the above, it is pleasant to see that the idea that time should not be measured by absolute years is held by others as well as ourselves. At the same time it is possible for that struggle which the writer thinks may age people to do just the opposite, and keep them young, with the strength that comes from the arena.

THE greatest misfortunes men fall into arise from themselves.—STEEL.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A Conversazione of members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance was held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, on the evening of Monday last, when Mr. F. W. H. Myers kindly read, and offered some remarks upon, an unpublished manuscript by Mr. W. Stainton Moses, on the "Identity of Spirit." There was a large attendance, the company including:—

MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS, *President.*

Mrs. Parker Allen	General and Mrs. Gordon	Mrs. Essington Nelson
Mr. Asberton	Dr. J. Gale	Miss Nelson
Mr. T. A. Amos	Mr. B. H. Gerrans	Miss New
Mrs. Amos	The Misses Gregg	Colonel Openshaw
Miss Berkeley Aldridge	Miss Green	Mr. W. Paice
Miss Bruce	Mrs. Greene	Mr. C. A. Parry
Mr. T. H. Angerer	Madame Gruner	Mr. W. H. Parker
Mrs. Blackwood	Mr. and Mrs. G. Grant	Mrs. Parker
Capt. Carteret-de-Bisson	Mr. A. Glendinning	Miss S. Parker
Mr. Thomas Blyton	Misses J., N., E., and B. Glendinning	Mrs. Benyon Puddicombe
Mrs. E. Butler	Miss M. W. Glanville	Mr. P. Preys
Capt. C. E. Bagnall	Mrs. B. D. Godfrey	Mrs. Pittman
Miss M. Beeby	Mrs. and Miss E. Godfrey	Mr. Frank Pugh
Mr. W. P. Browne	Mr. and Mrs. R. Heaven	Mrs. Passingham
Mrs. Browne	Mr. H. Vivian Hyde	Mr. L. Pitt
Mr. Bettesley	Mrs. Vivian Hyde	Madame Poppmacher
Mrs. Bettesley	Rev. J. Page Hopps	Miss Helene Poppmacher
Miss Bettesley	Mr. P. D. Hannay	Miss Porter
Miss Bishop	Mr. Leigh Hunt	Dr. W. T. Reynolds
Mrs. Bell	Captain Holland	Mrs. and Miss Reynolds
Mrs. H. E. Bell	Mr. R. Hannah	Mrs. Murray Rolland
Miss Bell	Mr. C. J. Whistler Hanson	Miss Murray Rolland
Mr. J. Breund	Mrs. and Miss Hanson	Mr. C. H. Rushton
Mrs. Brinkley	Mr. Richard Harte	Mrs. Rushton
Miss Brinkley	Mr. T. Heywood	Miss Dawson Rogers
Mr. Beata	Mrs. Hart	Mr. Herbert Ross
Mr. W. H. Blackman	Lady Innes	Mr. E. C. Rawlings
Mr. B. Bradshaw	Mr. H. F. K. Ireland	Mrs. Rawlings
Mrs. Banister	Miss Ireland	Mr. William Ryley
Mr. E. N. Bennett	Miss Blanche D. Jerome	Mrs. Rae
Mr. Butcher	Mr. J. D. A. Johnson, LL.D.	Mr. and Miss Rumford
Mrs. Bliss and Miss Bliss	Miss Beatrice Jones	Mrs. Swanston
Mr. Edwin Booth	Mr. A. W. Jones	Mr. Charlton T. Speer
Mrs. J. Booth	Mrs. Jones	Mrs. H. S. O. Street
Mrs. G. Booth	Mrs. and Miss Johnson	Mr. S. J. Scott
Mrs. Bradley	Mrs. Kreuger	Mrs. Spearman
Hon. Mrs. Cowper	Madame Kubler	Mr. H. M. Stanley
Mr. J. F. Collingwood	Mr. W. Keiller	Mr. Percy Smythe
Mrs. Collingwood	Mr. F. W. Levander	Mrs. Smythe
Miss A. M. Collingwood	Mrs. Levander	Mrs. and Miss Scatcherd
Mrs. Damer Cape	Mr. W. J. Lucking	Mr. F. W. South
Mr. Allan Campbell	Mrs. Lucking	Miss E. South
Mrs. Campbell	Mrs. W. B. Lewis	Mr. Sutton
Miss Cartisser	Mr. and Mrs. C. Lacey	Mrs. E. Swain
Mr. B. G. Crews	Mr. A. E. Lovell	Miss I. Spencer
Mr. F. Clarke	Mrs. Lovell	Mr. J. J. Smith
Mr. Cooper	Mrs. R. Low	Mr. and Mrs. Smith
Miss B. Cooper	Mr. L. Loewenthal	Mr. J. Traill Taylor
Mrs. Chaplin	Mr. Lea	Miss Taylor
Mr. H. J. Chadd	Mrs. Landeryn	Mr. J. Hay Taylor
Dr. Chadd	Mr. T. Douglas Murray	Mrs. Taylor
Dr. Ellen Colyer	Mrs. Keith Murray	Mr. and Mrs. W. Theobald
Miss Chariton	Mr. C. L. Murray	Miss Amy Theobald
Miss Clara Coquille	Mr. Waldo Morell	Miss M. B. Theobald
Mr. Hy. Carter	Mr. Edward Maitland	Mr. Bertram G. Theobald
Mrs. Collison	Mr. C. C. Massey	Miss F. J. Theobald
Mr. and Mrs. A. Cole	Mr. Arthur J. Melhuish	Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey
Mr. and Mrs. G. Cole	Mr. F. W. H. Myers	Mr. C. Tarrant
Miss Dillon	Mr. Ernest Meads	Mr. H. Thacker
Mr and Miss A. Dyne	Mr. Glynn Morgan	Mr. H. Tidbury
The Misses Dixon	Mr. and Mrs. Mozart	Mr. Terry
Mrs. Danson	Mr. Leonard Milne	Miss Tenle
Mrs. Dennis	Mrs. Milne	Miss A. Rowan Vincent
Mr. Russell Davies	Miss Mack	Miss Vincent
Mrs. Russell Davies	Lady Meux	Miss Velbusin
Mr. R. Drayson	Mr. Alan Montgomery	Mrs. Oscar Wilde
Mrs. and Miss Darling	Miss Montgomery	The Misses Withall
Mr. J. M. Dale	Mr. F. Dare Mordle	Mr. H. Withall
Mrs. Doane	Mrs. Millett	Mrs. Wiseman
Mr. T. H. Edmands	Miss Florence Morse	Mr. H. Wright
Mr. H. R. Edmands	Dr. T. C. Marsh	The Misses Wright
Mrs. Edmands	Miss Moffat	Mr. W. Wilson
Miss Eckford	Mrs. Martinez	Mr. and Mrs. E. Westlake
Mrs. Lang Elder	Mr. and Mrs. F. Mather	Mr. C. H. Willsher
Mr. Gilbert Elliot	Mr. R. A. March	Mrs. B. W. Wileman
Mrs. E. Ellis	Miss C. W. McCreddie	Mr. B. S. Weston
Miss Eales	Mr. H. A. McGusty	Mr. W. West
Mr. Edwards	Miss Macdonald	Mrs. Whittaker
Mr. R. C. T. Evans	Mr. and Mrs. McKay	Mr. S. J. Whitaker
Mr. St. George Lane Fox	Mr. J. McGeary	Miss "X."
Miss Goodrich Freer	Mrs. McCausland	Mr. Sydney Young
Hon. Mrs. Forbes	Mr. Macfarlane	Miss Laura Yates
Miss Kate Frisbee	Miss A. McKibbin	&c., &c.

The President, in opening the proceedings, said:—It would be absurd for me for a single moment to assume that Mr. Myers, who has kindly consented to address you this evening, needs any introduction to such an assembly as this. Here—and wherever an interest exists in psychical research—his name is familiar as that of a gentleman who brings great talent and unwearied patience to the endeavour to interpret some of the profoundest mysteries of our being. It may be well, however, that I should briefly tell you how it is that he—the most active worker in the ranks of the Society for Psychical Research—occupies a position to-night on the platform of the London Spiritualist Alliance. I fear it must be admitted that, in the past, the attitude of some of us, who profess and call ourselves Spiritualists, towards the Society for Psychical Research, though it can hardly be said to have been unfriendly, has certainly not been altogether cordial. I do not stop now to discuss the reason; but I have the satisfaction of being able to

assure you that the Council of the Alliance, in determining to invite Mr. Myers to address you, cherish the hope that they are thereby promoting more sympathetic relations in the future; and I trust that your reception of Mr. Myers will be such as to show that the step which the Alliance has thus taken has your hearty concurrence. (Cheers.) But, please, do not misunderstand me. In the course which we have adopted we have no ulterior end in view. We are gratified by Mr. Myers' kind and courteous acceptance of our invitation—but he is committed to nothing beyond this expression of good will by his appearance here to-night. Neither are we. The two bodies work on different lines, and must continue to do so. But the interest of our common cause—the discovery and dissemination of truth in relation to psychical phenomena—should lead us to cultivate a spirit of harmony, co-operating when we can, and always cheerfully recognising sincerity of purpose, even though we may be sometimes driven, by the same facts, to opposite conclusions. I now invite your attention to Mr. Myers while he places before you some selections from an unpublished manuscript by your late revered President, on the Identity of Spirit.

Mr. Myers said: It may probably be known to some of those present that the Executors of your late President, Mr. Stainton Moses, have entrusted me, at my own earnest wish, with the deeply responsible duty of editing his manuscript remains. These consist of many books of notes and automatic writing, of which an account will be found, together with a mass of the evidence to physical phenomena, in the forthcoming Part XXV. of the S.P.R. "Proceedings." More matter is to follow in the same publication. But amongst Mr. Moses' papers was found a type-written lecture, evidently intended to have been delivered to that special body of his friends who constitute the Alliance which I am now addressing. It is my privilege, therefore, to read to you to-day such parts of this lecture as time allows. Much of the matter contained in it has been already printed in "Spirit Identity," a book long out of print; but the lecture also contains some important matter never before given to the world with equal fulness:—

THE IDENTITY OF SPIRIT.

BY W. STAINTON MOSES.

I am about to present you with a problem. What is it that constitutes identity, after the bundle of sensations that we call the body is disposed of? How, for instance, should I, supposing that I had died yesterday, make it certain to you that I appeared here to-day? It is perhaps a more complex problem than it at first seems, for I do not feel sure that I know what consciousness is, and if I do not how can I know what identity is?

It may be that these things are simple. People tell me that they are; but the people who think most are most disposed to regard them as complex. For example, we have in the recent researches in hypnotism strong indication of a self which probably does enter into our sub-consciousness at other than waking times, e.g., in sleep and trance. What exactly would prove the identity of a man who could not place himself in evidence in a witness box? What I want to fix your minds on is this. Every form of evidence that is worth consideration must in its final analysis be lifted on to the moral plane.

Any intellectual being who is sufficiently clever—and there are intellectual beings in and out of the body to whom that term may be applied—can gather up evidence, true or untrue, with very little trouble. But a being, in the body or out of the body, who has given me definite and positive proof of his integrity, and who sets himself to produce for me evidence of the nature of which I am speaking, commands my attention and my respect.

I have had relations extending over nearly twenty years with such a being. If I am capable of judging at all of evidence laid before me, he is entirely entitled to belief, to respect, and to reverence. Then comes this further point: the evidence that he produces rests not only on its own intrinsic merits but on his own guarantee. If I am wrong in believing him, I am probably wrong in believing all the rest of the evidence. And if I am wrong in so believing, I think that the evidence on which I rely for every act of my daily life, short of that under my eyes, is good for nothing. Therefore it comes to this: that on which I am relying for the evidence of perpetuated life after death is as good as that on which I rely in most that I do and act upon day by day.

The evidence shall be set forth categorically, and if perchance anyone desires to ask me any question about it, those questions shall be answered. Here in this place I have no difficulty in answering all questions fully. My inmost soul shall be laid bare to anyone who so desires it. To the public there are things that I may not say.

The evidence which has been given to me is best, perhaps, presented in this way.

When I first became acquainted with the subject of Spiritualism, I came into relations with a spirit who called himself "Imperator." Those who are familiar with my book "Spirit Teachings" will remember what care I took to make sure that I was not being befooled by any spirit. If the precautions that I took strike anyone as insufficient, I should much like to know what, in the opinion of my critic, would be considered sufficient. For in the affairs of daily life I am much less careful, and I find usually that people do not go about to deceive me. The longer I live the more I am disposed to believe that the object of people on any moral plane, as a rule, is not to take in other people—*exceptis excipiendis*, as will occur to all. And so with this belief in my mind, and with these precautions that I made use of, I present the evidence that now follows.

It was in August, 1872, that I first became acquainted with evidence of Spirit Identity. Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I were then sitting regularly almost every evening. A friend of Mrs. Speer's, of whom I had never heard, came and wrote through my hand her name, "A. P. Kirkland." Dr. Speer said, "Is that our old friend?" Then I wrote, "Yes. I came to tell you that I am happy, but I can't impress our friend to-night." The handwriting then changed, and there came communications from Mr. Callister (a friend of mine); from my own cousin, "T. J. S."; and from another spirit, which I do not think it of importance to mention here.

With regard to these communications, they were distinct in style, and it is of importance to notice that the handwriting of Miss Kirkland was very similar to her own, which I had never seen, and that Mr. Callister, on being questioned as to his identity, recalled to my memory a fact which had escaped it, and referred to a conversation, the last I had had with him on earth. This I do not adduce as evidence of identity, nor do I withdraw it as such.

This was on the 21st of August, 1872, and on the 4th of September in the same year there came a little sister of Dr. Speer's, particulars respecting which case are printed in "Spirit Identity," p. 59, as follows:—

I pass to a case in which a spirit who first manifested her presence on September 4th, 1872, has remained in permanent communication with us ever since. I note this case because we have the advantage of prolonged intercourse to aid us in forming an opinion as to identity, and because the spirit has not only given unequivocal proof of her characteristic individuality, but has evidenced her presence in various ways. This is a remarkable case, too, as tending to prove that life once given is indestructible, and that the spirit which has once animated a human body, however brief its tenure, lives on with unimpaired identity.

The spirit in question announced herself by raps, giving a message in French. She said she was a sister of Dr. Speer's, and had passed away at Tours, an infant of seven months old. I had never heard her mentioned, and her brother had forgotten her existence, for she lived and died before his birth. Clairvoyants had always described a child as being in my company, and I had wondered at this, seeing that I had no trace of any such relation or friend. Here was the explanation. From the time of her first appearance she has remained attached to the family, and her clear, joyous little rap, perfectly individual in its nature, is never-failing evidence of her presence. It never varies, and we all know it at once as surely as we should know the tone of a friend's voice. She gave particulars of herself, and also her four names in full. One (Stanhope) was new to her brother, and he verified it only by reference to another member of the family (Mrs. Denis). Names, and dates, and facts were alike unknown to me. I was absolutely ignorant of the fact of the existence of any such person.

This little spirit has twice manifested her presence on the photographic plate. One of these cases was attested by direct writing, and both will be found clearly detailed in the course of my researches, in the chapter on Spirit Photography, published in "Human Nature," Vol. VIII., p. 395. (See also "Spirit Identity," Appendix IV.)

So here we have a presence that gives by raps a name unknown to any person present; that name afterwards verified; that appears on a photographic plate with her mother, certain distinctive features in the figure of the mother giving further

evidence of the identity of the baby-figure; and lastly, an attestation from those whom we had learned to trust of the truth of it all. I lay stress on this case. Another case which I think important is this.

On an evening in the month of January, 1874, I repeatedly said to Mrs. Speer, "Who is Emily Coles? Her name keeps sounding in my ear." Mrs. Speer replied that she did not know anyone of that name. "Yes," I said very emphatically, "there is someone of that name passed over to the world of spirit." She could give me no information, and I was disturbed, in the way in which I always am when such things take place. This is one of the many cases occurring about this time. When the evening paper came in we looked (as we frequently did) at the obituary. I may say that our minds were set on this subject of identity. At our daily sittings fact on fact was given to prove it and to remove any doubts. It became a regular thing for us to receive a message giving such facts as an obituary notice would contain. We therefore looked for them, and we found an announcement of the death of "Emily, widow of the late Captain Cowper Coles." On a subsequent evening in the following year, the date of which I can produce, but which I have not by me at the moment, she returned again. Dr. Speer and I had gone out for a walk in the afternoon—I was then staying with him at Dudley Villa, Shanklin, Isle of Wight,—and at our séance in the evening came "Emily Cowper Coles." I inquired what brought her, and her answer was rapped out on the table, "You passed my grave." Here I should explain that at this time I never went near a graveyard but I attracted some spirit, identified afterwards as one whose body lay there. I said, "No, that is impossible; we have been near no graveyard," and Dr. Speer confirmed my impression. The communication, however, was persistent, and we agreed that we would take the same walk the next day. We did so, and at a certain place I had an impulse to climb up and look over a wall, which quite shut out from the view of the ordinary passer-by what was behind it. I climbed up and looked over, and my eye fell at once on the grave of "Emily Cowper Coles," and on the dates and particulars given to us, all exactly accurate.

Another instance similar in kind—though this is of a personal friend of Mrs. Speer's—is the case of Cecilia Feilden. (See "Spirit Identity," p. 58.) We were then at Shanklin, sitting regularly every evening, when on January 1st, 1874, there came a fresh sound, a little ticking sound in the air, close to Mrs. Speer. We inquired what it might represent, and were told that it indicated the presence of Cecilia Feilden, who had died seventeen years ago. We asked why she came, and were told that she had been attracted to her old friend, Mrs. Speer, through me, and in consequence of Dr. Speer's and my presence at her grave at Bonchurch that afternoon. She answered many questions, and finally rapped out, "I must now depart. Adieu." This word Miss Feilden always used at the end of her letters. Mrs. Speer tells me that she seldom concluded a letter otherwise. I had never known her, or heard of her until Dr. Speer pointed out her grave. When we rose from the table we found that a piece of marked paper, which we had put down under the table, had written upon it the words "passed seventeen years."

Again, there is the case of Henry Spratley. We were then the same circle, sitting in the same way, on January 2nd, 1874, and I can aver that not one of us had ever heard of this person. He had lately departed (December, 1873), and it was alleged that he had been brought by the controlling spirit "Imperator," for purposes of evidence, and in pursuance of a plan intended to break down my persistent scepticism. We had from him messages of the usual type, saying simply who he was, when he was born, and when he died. We found it difficult, I remember, to verify the facts, but in the end Mrs. Speer succeeded in doing so by writing (1) to the Post Office, making a general inquiry, to which no answer came; (2) to the Vicar of Maidenhead, with no reply (we afterwards discovered that he was on his holiday); (3) to the "present occupant of Moor Cottage," the address given to us by the spirit; (4) to his nearest surviving representative, who wrote back with some surprise to say that all things were quite true. "My father lived here till he died on December 24th."

Perhaps I may here mention a case in which I endeavoured to mislead a communicating spirit, but without any success. If there be truth in the allegations of the too-clever people that constitute the Society for Psychical Research, there should have

been conveyed from my brain to that of the impersonal entity with which I communicated the falsity I had fabricated. There came a spirit who represented herself to be my grandmother. I remembered her well as a child, and being at this time perfectly free from any abnormal influence, I cross-questioned my alleged relative at great length. The answers to my questions were given by raps, different from any we had heard before, and during the greater part of the time without any contact with the table.

I inquired of her minute facts and dates, her birthday, the day of her death, her children's names, and a variety of details such as occurred to me. I then asked if she remembered me as a child. She did. I proceeded to detail two imaginary incidents such as might occur in a child's life. I did it so naturally that my friends were completely deceived. It never occurred to them that I was making up a story as a test. Not so, however, my "Intelligent Operator at the other end of the line." She refused altogether to assent to my story. She stopped me by a simple remark that she remembered nothing of the sort. Nor could I by any means get her to waver, or to admit that she might be mistaken. She repeated that she did not remember anything of the sort. I had frequently been told that spirits would assent to anything; and my pious fraud had as much for its object to test this allegation generally as to prove identity in this particular case. . . . This spirit, at any rate, refused to assent to what I suggested. I certainly rose from the table convinced that I had been talking to a person that desired to tell the truth, and that was extremely careful to be exact in statement. I verified all the facts, and found them exactly given. (See "Spirit Identity," p. 53.)

I remember well that my mother was much surprised at what she thought to be the tenacity of my memory as to long past events.

This narrative is becoming monotonous, but it is necessary for purposes of argument to bring facts to bear on you as they were brought to bear on me, if only for the same purpose. On January 4th, 1874, we had one of our usual meetings. Bright masses of light stood between Mrs. Speer and myself, and there came a gentle rapping directly under my hands. She asked if the spirit wished to communicate, and to her great astonishment the name "George Eves" was rapped out. Greatly affected, Mrs. Speer said, "Are you my brother?" "Yes." "Have you ever manifested your presence before?" (This not from uncertainty as to the likeness, but because we wished to ascertain in this way whether it was indeed George Eves whom we had seen and whom his sister had recognised.) "Yes, I have, but not here; partly through the medium you visited" (i.e., Holmes). "Then that was your face that I saw?" said Mrs. Speer. "Yes." Dr. Speer then asked if he had a sister with him. No reply, but a much deeper rap gave through the alphabet the name "Augustus." Mrs. Speer, who was always very impressionable and generally knew what was wanted, said, "Are you my father?" "Yes." "And you manifested also at Holmes', did you not?" "Yes." After some further conversation, there came a little tapping again under Mrs. Speer's hands. It would be almost impossible to make clear the evident anxiety felt by the spirit to communicate. The quality of the raps represented exactly the inflections of an eager human voice. We called the alphabet, and "Emma" was rapped out. Mrs. Speer had a mother and sister of that name—she inquired which. "Sister." "And have you seen our brother William?" "No." Further conversation followed, and the only object in referring to it is to point out that it is too silly to think that any being should elaborately impose in this way upon people whose one and only desire was to arrive at the truth. Nor could any of those present who felt the atmosphere, and saw the light that surrounded us, assent to the doctrine that we were the sport of devils. I never sat under better conditions, nor in a more harmonious state, and I rely on such sensations quite as much as I do on material tests.

Another case that I think important is recorded in my "Spirit Identity," pp. 65, 66, as follows:—

One more case of extremely minute evidence given in detail through the means of raps, and corroborated by automatic writing, must be given before I close. About the same time of which I have been speaking, the whole of one of our sances, extending nearly to two hours, was taken up by the communication of a series of facts, names, dates, and minute particulars from a spirit who was apparently able to reply to the most searching questions. The day of his birth, particulars as to his family history, and details of his early life were given at my request. Then came a perfect autobiography, so far as salient facts were concerned, and embracing some trivial particulars, which, however, fell into their place in the most natural way. All questions were answered without the faintest hesitation,

and with perfect clearness and precision. The particulars were taken down at the time, and are in all respects, where verification is possible, exact and accurate. Even if this case stood alone in my experience, it is more difficult for me to imagine that what was so laboriously and precisely given was the product of an imposture, the fraud of a deceiving spirit, or the vagary of an errant brain, than to believe, as I assuredly do, that the intelligent operator was the man himself, with memory unimpaired and individuality undestroyed by the change which we call death. Resting, as it does, on the same basis with other facts that I have detailed, and with many that I have not, it presents one more link in the chain of evidence. In addition to the long series of facts thus communicated by means of raps, there stands in a book which I used at this time for automatic writing a short letter written automatically by me, in a peculiar archaic hand, writing, phrased in a quaint old-fashioned spelling. It is signed with the name of the spirit in question, who was a man of mark in the days of his life upon earth. I have since obtained a letter in his handwriting, an old yellow document, preserved on account of the autograph. The handwriting in my book is a fair imitation of this, the signature is exact, and the piece of old-fashioned spelling occurs exactly as it does in my book. This, it was said, was purposely done as a point of evidence.

So much for the quotation. What follows is from my private records. This same Thomas Wilson came to our circle on January 25th, 1874, and occupied the whole of the evening in giving the most minute details with regard to himself and his people through tilts, or rather levitations, of the table. I got tired to death, but still he went on. He said that he was born at Burton, in Cheshire, on December 20th, 1663, and that he died on March 7th, 1755, aged 93. That his mother's name was Sherlock, and that she was born at Orton, in Cheshire. That his schoolmaster was Mr. Harper, of Chester. That he was ordained by Dr. Morton, Bishop of Kildare, to a curacy of his uncle's Dr. Sherlock, in 1686. That on January 29th (St. Peter's Day) he was made Bishop of Sodor and Man; that he married Mary Patten, of Warrington, in 1698, and had four children—Mary, died aged 13; Thomas, aged one year; Alice, aged two years, and another son, Thomas, who outlived him. He told us that "Imperator" had sent him to the circle. His rap was clear and distinct. All these details were quite unknown to the circle, but were verified afterwards, and an old letter sent by a friend to me verified the hand-writing. The word "friend" in it is spelt with the *e* before the *i*, as in the automatic writing. . . . I ask, if he were not the man he pretended to be, who was he? For it is more difficult to conceive that any being could counterfeit the Intelligence represented than to believe that the Intelligence itself was present.

Another account to which I should like to refer is that of Rosamira Lancaster:—

On February 28th, 1874, and following evening a spirit came by raps, and gave the name of "Rosamira." She said that she died at Torquay on January 10th, 1874, and that she had lived at Kilburn. She stated that her husband's name was "Lancaster." At this time I was troubled about details, and so I asked her husband's Christian name, and I got "Ben," and then the power failed. (The obituary showed that the full name was Benjamin.) I then passed under the control of "Imperator," and he said that he had tried as far as he could to bring this spirit to us. Afterwards the truth of the statements was verified by me, and they were found to be absolutely exact; and it is, perhaps, important to say in this connection that not only were they (i.e., the facts) literally true, but that nothing was said that was not true; nor was there any surplusage of detail—only plain, definite, positive facts.

On the principle of driving the nail home, I will now give the case of Henry LeMesurier. I had been a pupil of his at Bedford School, and on June 17th, 1874, there came a new rap on the table. On inquiry the name of "LeMesurier" was given. At that time I was entranced, and, therefore, incapable of asking questions. Mrs. Speer inquired what the spirit wanted. "I have proved," he said, "that you were right, and that I was wrong." On what ground is it conceivable that a spirit should come back and tell that lie?

And here I may refer to an account that has already appeared in print in "Spirit Identity," pp. 61-63, as follows:—

On February 10th, 1874, we were attracted by a new and peculiar triple tap on the table, and received a long and most circumstantial account of the death, age (even to the month), and full names (in two cases four, and in the other three, in number) of three little ones, children of one father, who had been torn from him at one fell swoop by the Angel of Death. None of us had ever heard the names, which were peculiar. They had passed away in a far distant country, India; and when

the message was given us there was no apparent point of connection with us. The statements, however, were afterwards verified in a singular manner. On March 28th, 1874, I met, for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watts, at the house of Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P. (afterwards Lord Mount-Temple). Our conversation was concerned, chiefly, with evidence of the kind that I am now summarising. I recounted various cases, and among others, the case of these three children. Mrs. Watts was much struck with the recital, which corresponded in outline to a very distressing history which she had just heard. On the Monday previous Mr. and Mrs. Watts had dined with an old friend, Mrs. Leaf, and from her had heard a distressing story of bereavement which had befallen the relative of one of Mrs. Leaf's acquaintances. A gentleman residing in India had, within a brief space of time, lost his young wife and three children. Mrs. Leaf entered fully into the melancholy details, but did not mention either names or the place of the sad occurrence. In reciting the incident of three young children communicating with me, I gave the names and the place, as they had been furnished to me in the messages. Mrs. Watts undertook to ascertain from Mrs. Leaf the particulars of the case she had mentioned. She did so on the very next day, and the names were the same. Through the kindness of Mrs. Watts I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Leaf, and was much impressed with the perfect correspondence of every detail given to me with the facts as they occurred.

It is not a little remarkable that, on the very day on which the communication was made, Mrs. Watts, who possesses a very beautiful gift of automatic drawing, which had been for some time in abeyance, was impelled to draw three cherub heads, which, she was afterwards spiritually informed, were drawn in typical allusion to this sad event. Other details, symbolic of the country in which it occurred, and of the attraction of the mother's spirit to her three little ones, were added. The drawing forms a very striking illustration of the various methods employed to reach various types of mind. Mrs. Watts—at that time, be it noted, unknown to me—had always been instructed in the language of symbolism, by poetic simile, and by artistic representation. The voice appealed rather to spirit and to the inner consciousness than to the outer sense and to methods of exact demonstration. I, on the contrary, had not progressed so far. I was on a material plane, seeking for truth after my own fashion, and craving hard for logical demonstration. So to me came hard facts, clearly given, and nothing more. To her came the symbolic indication, the artistic delineation, the poetry of the incident. The source, however, was one. It was the Spirit manifesting Truth to us according to our several needs.

I regard that case as one of the most complete and remarkable that have ever fallen within my knowledge. For not only was the information given to me absolutely true, complete, and definite—it seems to me that we cannot attach too much importance to definite evidence—but the facts conveyed to me in my own way—that is to say, in a very positive manner—were conveyed to my friend in the way that reached her best, ideally, pictorially, and through the imagination. Now, I should like to say that anyone who postulates a deceptive and fraudulent spirit going about to deceive me—I pray you, for what purpose?—has to account for the fact that this most deceptive spook has used two methods of deceiving two different people. To me he must have told circumstantial lies; for my friend he must have made some extremely curious drawings. I present this case for observation because I think that if I were a being who wanted to deceive you, I should use some more simple and less complex methods. In other words, I should appeal more directly to your intelligence.

Passing by much that I shall eventually lay before the public, I will now quote the case given in "Spirit Identity," p. 193 (Appendix III.), of a "Man Crushed by a Steam-roller," as contributed by an eye-witness of the séance to the *Spiritualist* of March 27th, 1874:—

On the evening of Saturday, February 21st, a few friends met together at the house of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, W. The party numbered six in all, and included the Baron Du Pôtet, and the gentleman to whose mediumship we are indebted for the "Spirit Teachings" which have appeared from time to time in your columns. There was no intention of having a séance, and ordinary topics were the subject of conversation, when suddenly, in the middle of dinner, this gentleman surprised us by saying that he felt a spirit standing near him between himself and the Baron (who sat on his right); whether good or bad he could not tell, but the influence was by no means pleasant. The spirit was also perceived by the Baron, to whom it conveyed the impression that it was in a state of great distress, and that it was the spirit of a person then alive. Nothing more was said at the time, but the medium continued to feel a disagreeable influence near him, and spoke of it to me when dinner was over. As soon as we reached the drawing-room he was impelled to sit down and write; and when a pencil and paper had been brought, his

hand was moved backwards and forwards with great rapidity, and an object was roughly drawn on the paper which resembled a horse fastened to a kind of cart or truck. Several attempts were made to depict it more clearly, and then the following sentences were written:—"I killed myself—I killed myself to-day—Baker-street—medium passed." Here the writing became unintelligible, as the medium grew more and more agitated, until at length he rose from his seat in a state of trance, and exclaimed in broken sentences: "Yes, yes. Killed myself to-day, under a steam-roller. Yes, yes. Killed myself—blood, blood, blood." The control then ceased, but the medium felt the same unpleasant influence for some hours afterwards, and could not entirely shake it off for some days. In reference to the communication, I may state that, although the medium had passed through Baker-street in the afternoon, neither he nor anyone present was aware that a man had committed suicide there in the morning by throwing himself under a steam-roller. A brief notice of the occurrence appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" in the evening, but none of the party had seen that paper. It is worth remarking that on the front of the steam-roller which was used in Baker-street a horse is represented in brass, and this, perhaps, may serve to account for its appearance in the medium's drawing, where we should certainly not expect to find it.

Allow me, in conclusion, to point out a few of the inferences that may fairly be drawn from the facts I have stated by those willing to accept them as true. In the first place, they would seem to prove that no amount of injury done to the body at the time of death incapacitates the spirit for immediate action. In this case the unfortunate man was literally crushed to pieces, and yet a few hours afterwards his spirit could communicate in writing through the medium, and could also make use of his organs of speech. In the next place, it would appear that a spirit just released from the body carries with it something corporeal; otherwise, it is difficult to account for the Baron's impression that the spirit he perceived was that of a person who was then living. Again, we may infer that spirits immediately after death are able to recognise a medium through whom they can communicate. In the case before us it would appear that the spirit followed the medium from Baker-street, and waited for an opportunity of making his presence known. And, lastly, I would add the remark that the man who accepts the facts I have stated, and seeks for a solution of the difficulties that surround them, will look in vain for much assistance from psychic force or unconscious cerebration.

Again, there is the case of Charlotte Buckworth, printed in "Spirit Identity," p. 112, Appendix III. (See also "Spirit Teachings," p. 287):—

A spirit communicated by means of raps, giving particulars as to her life, which were precise, and entirely unknown to any member of the circle. On the day following I inquired respecting her, and an account was given to the effect that her name, Charlotte Buckworth, was rightly given; that she had no special connection with me or with my friends, but spoke as one who was present. The fact that I had been on the previous day in company with four persons, all more or less mediumistic, had prevented regular communications, and had introduced a disturbing element.

It was said that Charlotte Buckworth, the spirit in question, had been suddenly deprived of bodily existence in 1773, at a party of pleasure, at a friend's house in Jernyn-street. Further inquiry elicited the information that she had suffered from a weak heart, and had dropped down dead while dancing. My friend, who was writing, could not say whose house, but subsequently returned to give me the information—Dr. Baker's, on December 5th. We were not able to verify this information, and had given no further thought to the matter. Some considerable time after, however, Dr. Speer had a friend at his house, who was very fond of rummaging among old books. We three were talking one evening in a room in which there were a number of books rarely used, arranged in shelves from floor to ceiling.

Mr. A. (as I will call him) mounted a chair to get at the topmost shelf, which was filled with volumes of the "Annual Register." He took one down amid a cloud of dust, and commented on the publication as a valuable record of events. Almost anything, he said, could be found in it. As he said this the idea flashed into my mind at once most vividly that there was the place to look for a record of Charlotte Buckworth's death. The event would probably create interest, and so would be found in the obituary which each volume contains. The impression was so strong—it seemed as though a voice spoke to my inner sense—that I hunted out the volume for 1773, and there I found, among the notable deaths, a record of this occurrence, which had made a sensation as occurring at an entertainment at a fashionable house, and with awful suddenness. The facts were exactly given. The book was thickly covered with dust, and had evidently not been disturbed since it had been consigned to the shelf. I remembered that the books had been arranged five years before; there they had lain ever since, and but for Mr. A.'s antiquarian tastes no one would have meddled with them. The verification was, I believe, as distinctly spiritual in its suggestion as was the communication.

(Continued on p. 43.)

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "B. D. Godfrey & Co." All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

Light:

EDITED BY "M.A., LOND."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1894

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., and not to the Editor.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

In the changing order of things there has rarely been an event of such importance in connection with Spiritualism as that Mr. F. W. H. Myers should read before the London Spiritualist Alliance a paper on the work of Stainton Moses. When one looks back it does at first sight appear that such an event ought to have been of the highest order of the unexpected, but a closer view will show how erroneous is such a judgment—that it was, indeed, in the long run inevitable.

It will be in the memory of most that soon after the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Moses, believing that that Society was working on lines antagonistic to his own, severed his connection with it. At that time it seemed to many that there could never be any possibility of assimilation between the Spiritualist and the Psychical Researcher. We do not, indeed, say that the *rapprochement* is even now complete, but at that time the latter had taken up the scientific method, which was abhorrent to the former. And that abhorrence was at the time quite natural, for between scientific method and the habits of the then scientific man, the plain man may well be forgiven if he did not make the necessary distinction. The methods generally in use were at that period destructive of everything that was not embodied in the creed of scientific orthodoxy. And even ten years ago that creed was still a narrow one.

We think it may be said once for all that the method of the ordinary Spiritualist is not scientific. He certainly gets together his facts, but he is not generally too careful to verify them, and has thereby often laid himself open to the sarcasm and contempt of the Philistine. The early Spiritualists of the new era were at once convinced of the meaning of the facts they witnessed, and once convinced they remained so, whatever an unbelieving and a scoffing world might say. And this is, indeed, their great claim to consideration. Had they given way, had they at that time accepted the results of a hostile science, there would have been nothing left of the new revelation for fairer and more clear-headed scientific people to investigate. The Spiritualist had that best reason of all in many cases, the woman's reason, the intuitive telling out of the Unseen that he was right.

But it was well, and indeed necessary, that others should take up the question. And those others were found in the members of the Society for Psychical Research. How that Society was founded, and how such Spiritualists as Mr. Dawson Rogers and the late Mr. Stainton Moses helped to start it, has been told in the pages of "LIGHT."

And while we are indeed grateful for the work it has done, it must be confessed that at first the Society gave good grounds for the attitude taken up by Mr. Stainton Moses and some of his friends, among whom the present writer was one. There was just a little superiority in its tone, just a little ignoring of the work that had already been done, that went far towards justifying Mr. Stainton Moses. He was conscious of the devotion, the time, and the work he had given, nay, even the obloquy he had suffered; and being a man of vigorous personality he acted and spoke accordingly. But Stainton Moses was also a fair man, and he would, we are sure, have been among the first of those who cordially welcomed Mr. Myers on Monday last.

If the readers of "LIGHT" have carefully noted its bearing with regard to all science, thereby including Psychical Research, they will remember that it has insisted for some long time on the necessary outcome of scientific inquiry along that inquiry's own lines of action. The outcome, we have always held, must be the eventual demonstrated belief in the existence of spirit. To that we are fast tending now. It is not only the presence of Mr. Myers on the platform of St. James's Hall which verifies the prognostication, but it is the deliverances of Oliver Lodge, the fair treatment shown by Andrew Lang, nay, even the confessions of Thomas Huxley, which show that we were right in saying what we have said so often.

The pioneers of Spiritualism, however, still remain the pioneers, and though their methods may have been crude they opened up a country into which were brought more perfect instruments—and the reefs have been found to be full of pure gold, as those pioneers said they would be.

THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

It was a gathering as of old in the Banqueting-room of St. James's Hall on Monday last. And, indeed, it was befitting that it should be so, seeing that, through the agency of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the Alliance was once again listening to its first President. Once more we heard the crisp English which seemed to clinch an argument almost by the very words that were used, and once more the unflinching courage and determination of Stainton Moses were seen as they were during those long years of activity. For be it remembered that when the investigations made by Stainton Moses were carried on things were not running quite so smoothly as now. Of Mr. Myers' tribute to our friend—his friend—the report of the address will tell. The proofs of identity were excellently well selected, and the remarks made by Mr. Myers were clear, sympathetic, and judicious.

DECEASE OF MR. W. PAICE.

The business managers of "LIGHT," just before going to press, have heard with inexpressible sorrow of the departure of their dear friend the Editor, Mr. W. Paice, M.A. For some time he had been out of health, suffering lately, he believed, from rheumatism of the muscles of the chest. He was present on Monday evening at the *Conversazione* of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and on Tuesday evening he called at the printers' to settle some details in regard to this week's issue. On the following evening (Wednesday), about 6 o'clock, he suddenly expired. He was a good and conscientious co-worker, whose services in the cause of Spiritualism could ill be spared. We tender to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

MR. J. PAGE HOPPS.

We are pleased to be able to announce that at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, February 5th, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, Mr. Page Hopps will give an address to the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on "Professor Tyndall's Excursions into Spiritualism."

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE CONVERSAZIONE.

(Continued from p. 41.)

Perhaps one of the most striking cases I can present is the first experience that occurred to me. (See "Spirit Identity," pp. 124 126, Appendix V.):—

I inquired where I could see for myself these new phenomena, and was informed that Miss Lottie Fowler was about to hold a séance that very evening (April 2nd, 1872), at 15, Southampton-row. I went, and was greatly astonished at what I saw and heard. I need not take up time by detailing the occurrences of the first part of the sitting; most Spiritualists are familiar with the usual routine of Miss Fowler's séances. Much hazy nonsense was talked, and many vague statements made, which seemed to me to be of no use whatever as tests of spirit identity. I was rapidly becoming nauseated. I craved for something more clear, something on which I could rest as a stable piece of evidence. I inquired, therefore, whether I might endeavour to obtain some such proof for myself. Leave was at once given by the director of the circle, and I addressed the spirit who controlled the medium.

"You are tiring your medium, and making fun of us. Go and send someone who is serious."



MR. F. W. H. MYERS.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

The medium shivered, and turned away, and the voice came as though troubled.

"You've nothing to do with me. I won't go. Me no go."

"Yes, you will. You'll go, and send someone else."

After more colloquy the medium shivered again, seemed to be in pain, and stood rooted to the spot, crouching as if in dread.

After a time the voice came again, but utterly changed; the voice, this time, of a man, very calm and unimpassioned, instead of the child-voice speaking baby-jargon.

"You want me?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"I'd rather not tell you. You can ask me any questions."

"No. Tell me what you see, or describe anyone whom you see near me. I will answer yes or no; no more."

"I see a man, very old, tall, with a long white beard, and long hair."

"Yes?"

"The beard is very white indeed."

"No. Go on."

"He has a very high, broad forehead, and his eyes are drawn down. Why, he's blind!"

"Yes?"

"And his face is black and blue. And" (here the medium shuddered violently)—"oh! what's that in his mouth? It's like slime—and mud—and—oh! blood."

"Yes?"

"And—it's dark. I can't see."

"Go on. How is he dressed?"

"He has a long blue coat. No, not exactly a coat—something long. I can't see his feet."

"Where does he stand?"

"Right opposite; close by you."

"Can you see his name?"

"No. He seems in trouble. I think it's money. He looks so horrible. Let me go! Why do you keep me here?"

"Go, then. Do you know me?"

"No." (This very emphatically.)

I shall not attempt to describe the scene during the time that this conversation was held. I have quoted from a full and careful record written at the time, and the whole scene is photographed indelibly on my mind. Every one seemed petrified and astonished. They would have been still more so had they known with what photographic accuracy a scene in my own private experience was being re-enacted before my eyes. It was, I am sure, as unknown as I was myself. It was a scene that passed in a very distant part of Great Britain, and it was reproduced with a realistic power that bore down before it, as with torrent force, all doubt and hesitation. I felt that the man was there before me; himself reproducing the story of his death for my conviction.

Here we have the case of a man who went to a séance with absolutely no expectations in his mind; he did not know what to expect; he did not expect anything; and he got what in any police-court would be considered perfect evidence of life beyond the grave.

There is another case, a very remarkable one, which came through my own automatic writing; and in case people should assert that these things are borne in upon my mind by the persons with whom I may be associated, I may remark that this experience came when I was alone. It is prefaced by a facsimile signature. The lady, Mrs. Dalton, stated that she died at Peachley, having lived at Cheltenham most of her life. In answer to the question where Peachley was, she said that it was near to Bournemouth. She oddly described herself as the wife of a brother of Dr. Speer's, and when I thought that this would not do she explained that it was a "brother in the art of healing." She gave her husband's name as W. Dalton—since verified—and said that she died on February 2nd, 1872. The "2" was so badly made that I inquired, "'72 or '73?" The reply was "'72," which was accurate. We were also told that this was one of the cases in which the controlling spirit brought persons for the sake of giving proof of identity.

Again, Mary Hall came on March 29th, 1874, and wrote in a curious, shaky hand automatically: "I have been with you, and have watched you.—MARY HALL." I could make nothing of the signature, and, therefore, could not possibly identify the individual in question. "Mary" being so badly written, I inquired if it were not "Alice." Then the signature came in varied form, and I made out "Mary Hall." I said: "I don't know you; what brings you?" The answer, more carefully written, began: "I am permitted to manifest," and then the power being so weak, no more was written for a moment. I said, being occupied with a desire for identity: "Where did you live and die?" "I lived near you, at Oxford Villa, Alexandra-road. I passed December 13th, 1872." I said: "I am afraid I can't read it" (the writing being such that it was now extremely hard to decipher it). On this the writing changed, and there came a friend who usually controls when anyone finds it difficult to do so. He said: "She says truly; she passed near here, and is attracted to you from the neighbourhood to the circle. She passed at the age of ninety-one, and has been resting from her earthly toils." Somewhat surprised, I inquired: "Has she been sleeping all this time?" for I did not remember that in the spirit-world there is no time. "Yes," the answer came, "she was full of years when she passed away. She lived most of her earth-life at Yarnton, near Oxford. She has rested one year and three months of your time; she rested from suffering."

This being was absolutely and wholly unknown to me. I inquired, and found that Mrs. Hall had lived and died, at the age stated, at the address given.

I find it hard to put together all the evidence I have which makes me believe in the return of departed human beings to this life. If they continue to live, I should expect them to continue to return—for that which makes the reality of a spirit would almost certainly bring him back to the sphere of his interests. I do not understand a spirit going to the planet Mars, where he has no ties, but I do understand his coming back here.

Out of a profusion of cases here is one of a different kind. In the year 1880, one Thursday afternoon (date unknown), Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I had dined together, and the party included a lady who had been visiting a connection of Dr.

Speer's family in that spring. There she had seen, and been much attracted to, a lovely little girl about seven months old. The child used to be brought in after dinner, and the lady in question grew very fond of her. Between the time of leaving her friends and coming to London, the child passed away. It is important to notice that none of these points had ever been mentioned to, or were known by, myself. On the occasion to which I refer this lady had risen from her seat and was about to place herself in another chair when I suddenly called out, "Don't sit down on it, don't sit down on it. Little baby"—None of us knew its first name, and they asked me. I said, "Marian; the grandmother has brought it." I then suddenly came out of the trance in which I had been, and in my own natural voice—so different to the voice in which I had been speaking—said, "Mrs. Speer, will you have some coffee?" quite ignorant of all that had been passed. We wrote, and then found out a fact unknown to any of us—that the child's name was Marian. I do not put this forth as a complete piece of evidence, for the lady may have heard and forgotten the name.

Another case. There had come at one of our sésances some influence—I so call it for want of a better name—which had made us all horribly cold. On December 21st, 1874, I inquired about the sésance of the previous evening, and was told that the coldness was caused by the presence of certain spirits who had manifested without the knowledge of the Chief ("Imperator"). I made inquiry with regard to certain statements made by them, saying, "Can you put the facts down that I may compare them with what they said?" (It is important to say that I had no conscious memory of anything that had been said at that sésance.) After my question there was a very long pause, then:—

"The mother was Euphemia Matilda Death, and she passed from your world at Aldershot on November 20th at the age of twenty-two. The little one was Edith Ellen Death; she was only fifteen months when she passed away. Her father's name was William Death, Veterinary Surgeon of the Military Train. These are the chief facts, we know no more."

These facts, utterly unknown to all the circle, were subsequently verified.

As evidence from another point of view I may mention that I have had repeated cases of signatures which are veritable fac-similes of those used by the persons in life; such, for example, are the signatures of Beethoven, Mozart, and of Swedenborg, in connection with Judge Edmonds. It is remarkable that his signature, or rather initials, in my book are those which he used, and that Swedenborg's signature, a very peculiar one, is a fac-simile of his known handwriting; quite unknown, however, to me.

The case which has been considered, on the authority of persons who think they are best able to judge, as the best evidence ever produced for spirit identity, is the case of Abraham Florentine recorded in "Spirit Identity," pp. 105-111, Appendix III.:—

CASE OF ABRAHAM FLORENTINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPIRITUALIST."

SIR,—In the "Spiritualist" of December 11th, 1874, you printed a letter from me, a letter the main portion of which, in view of the information elicited by it, I will ask you to reproduce.

In the month of August last I was staying with Dr. Speer at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. We had a number of sittings, and at one of them a spirit communicated, who gave his name as Abraham Florentine. He said that he had been concerned in the war of 1812, and that he had lately entered spirit-life at Brooklyn, U.S.A., on August 5th, at the age of eighty-three years, one month, and seventeen days. We had some difficulty at first in making out whether the month and days referred to the age or to the length of his illness; but he returned on the following evening, and cleared up the difficulty. The manner in which the communication was made was most singular. We were seated, three in number, round a heavy loo table, which two persons could move with difficulty. Instead of the raps to which we are accustomed, the table commenced to tilt. So eager was the communicating spirit that the table rose some seconds before the required letter was arrived at. In order to mark T it would rise, quivering with excitement, in a manner perfectly indescribable, about K, and then descend at T with a thump that shook the floor. This was repeated until the whole message was complete; but so eager was the spirit and so impetuous in his replies, that he bewildered Dr. and Mrs. Speer completely (I was in deep trance) and caused the process to be prolonged over the whole sitting. If I may venture a guess, I should say that Abraham Florentine was a good soldier, a fighting man not nice to meet, and that he retains enough of his old impetuosity to rejoice at his liberation from the body, which (if I may guess again) had become a burden to him through a painful illness.

Will the American papers copy, and enable me to verify my facts and guesses?

M.A. (OXON).

Mr. Epes Sargent, to whom I privately communicated the facts of the case, was kind enough to insert for me a paragraph in the "Banner of Light" of December 12th, 1874, embodying

the same inquiry. The result was to elicit what the "Banner" calls "one of the most singular and well-attested evidences of the return of spirit which it has been our good fortune to chronicle during a long experience." The matter may best be stated in the words used by the writer in the "Banner of Light" of February 13th, 1875. It will be observed that a misconception as to the meaning of the words "a month and seventeen days" occurs at first, but this is subsequently cleared up; though, according to the widow's account, the age should have been eighty-three years, one month, twenty-seven days. This, however, does not affect the case of identity. The original inquiry in the "Banner" was this, and the result is quoted direct from the newspaper:—

At a sésance in England lately, a spirit-communication was received by means of the tilting of a heavy table. The whole table seemed alive, and as though it were being disintegrated in the very fibres of the wood. The gist of the communication was that the spirit was one Abraham Florentine, who died at Brooklyn, N.Y., August 5th, 1874. He said he was in the war of 1812, and then, after an interval, added, "a month and seventeen days." Can any of our Brooklyn friends inform us whether they ever heard of Abraham Florentine?

No sooner had that issue of our paper found its way to the public than we received by due course of mail the following reply, which speaks for itself:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BANNER OF LIGHT."

In the "Banner" to-day received here is a paragraph concerning a spirit who manifested through the medium of a dining-table at some place in England, and gave the name of Abraham Florentine, a soldier in the war of 1812. You make inquiry whether anyone ever heard of Abraham Florentine. I cannot specifically answer that question; but having been engaged some fourteen years since in auditing the claims of the soldiers of 1812 in the State of New York, I am yet in possession of the records of all such who made claims for service in that war. In those records appears the name of Abraham Florentine, of Brooklyn, N.Y., and a full record of his service can be obtained in the office of the Adjutant-General of the State of New York, in claim No. 11,518, war of 1812. I think, however, that he claimed for a longer term of service than that he gave in England, his allowance being 58dol.

WILSON MILLAR, Claim Agent.

Washington, D.C., December 13th, 1874.

Pursuant to the advice of our legal correspondent, we addressed a letter to the Adjutant-General, S.N.Y., asking for the facts, without, however, giving any reason for our request, and received the following courteous reply:—

General Head-quarters, State of New York,
Adjutant-General's Office, Albany, January 25th, 1875.

SIRS,—In reply to your communication, dated January 22nd, I have to furnish you the following information from the records of this office:—Abraham Florentine, private in Captain Nicole's Company, 1st Regiment New York Militia, Colonel Dodge, volunteered at New York on or about September 2nd, 1814; served three months, and was honourably discharged. He received Land Warrant, No. 63,395, for forty acres. The above is taken from the soldier's sworn statement, and not from official records.—Very respectfully,

Colby and Rich.
No. 9, Montgomery-place, Boston.

FRANKLIN TOWNSEND,
Adjutant-General.

Those who are acquainted, through experience as investigators, with the workings of the Spiritualistic circle will bear in mind that the correct giving of dates is ever a matter of difficulty on the part of the returning intelligence, and, therefore, the slight discrepancy existing between the length of service given by the spirit Florentine and that embodied in the record is easily explainable. [This is a misconception. The one month, seventeen days, refers to age, not to length of service.—W.S.M.] But the main facts are established. Here is a spirit who manifests under the most peculiar circumstances, and in the most forcible manner, to a circle in a foreign land, whose members are all strangers to the fact that such a being as himself ever trod the planet; a member of the circle asks through an English paper that proof (if any exists in America) may be given him as to the verity of said spirit's assertions, and the same inquiry reaches us by a private letter; we then call upon the public for information concerning one of whom we have never before heard. We receive in reply—from a legal gentleman in Washington, whose acquaintance we have never had the pleasure of making—the information which leads us to address the Adjutant General of the State of New York (who is also a total stranger to us), and are assured from data existing at his office that such a soldier did serve in the war of 1812 as claimed. The theory of collusion is untenable here, as the several parties who have given in the testimony are strangers to each other. The chain of evidence is complete. Let those who think they can explain this occurrence on any other hypothesis than that maintained by the Spiritual philosophy make the attempt. When that statement appeared, my friend, Dr. Crowell, was kind enough to take steps to obtain additional verification from Florentine's widow. I append his letter, published in the "Banner" of February 20th, 1875:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BANNER OF LIGHT."

SIR,—Upon reading in the "Banner" of the 13th inst. the article headed "Abraham Florentine: Verification of his Message," I examined my "Brooklyn Directory," and there found the name of Abraham Florentine, with the address 119, Kosciuszko-street. Being at the moment disengaged, and interested in pursuing the subject, I at once sought the street and number indicated, and my application at the door was met by an elderly lady, of whom I inquired whether Mr. Abraham Florentine resided there. The reply was: "He did reside here; but is dead now."

QUES.—May I inquire whether you are Mrs. Florentine, his widow?
ANS.—I am.

Upon my here remarking that I would be pleased to obtain some information about her late husband, she invited me to a seat in the parlour, and our conversation was then resumed.

Q.—May I ask when he died?

A.—Last August.

Q.—At what time in the month?

A.—On the 5th.

Q.—What was his age at time of decease?

A.—Eighty-three.

Q.—Had he passed his eighty-third year?

A.—Yes; his eighty-third birthday was on the previous 8th of June.

Q.—Was he engaged in any war?

A.—Yes; in the war of 1812.

Q.—Was he naturally active and self-reliant, or the reverse?

A.—He had a will of his own, and was rather impetuous.

Q.—Was his last illness of long or short duration, and did he suffer much?

A.—He was confined to his bed for a year or more, and suffered a good deal.

I have here given the questions and answers in their relative order and in their exact words from notes taken at the time. During a slight pause following the last answer, Mrs. Florentine, who appeared to be a very respectable lady of about sixty-five years of age and of American birth, inquired my object in asking these questions, when I read to her the article in the "Banner," which evidently puzzled, though it interested, her, and I then entered into a full explanation of its purport, greatly to her surprise. She then fully endorsed every line of it, and I left, thanking her and promising, at her request, to send her a copy of the last number of your journal.

It will be observed that while the spirit of Mr. Florentine states his age to have been eighty-three years, one month, and seventeen days, according to his widow's account it should be twenty-seven days; but this discrepancy is hardly worthy of notice, as either he or she may here be equally mistaken. As the case stood before this additional confirmation of its truth was obtained, it certainly was a remarkable verification of a spirit message; but as now presented it appears to me the evidence is conclusive.

I would add that I have some acquaintance with "M. A. (Oxon.)," the gentleman in London who applied in the "Spiritualist" for information of Abraham Florentine; and I can assure your readers that he occupies a very high literary position, and his character is a guarantee against collusion and deception, and I take pleasure in contributing to establish the identity of the communicating spirit.—Yours truly,

EUGENE CROWELL, M.D.

Brooklyn, N.Y., February 15th, 1875.

To me, personally, it is extremely interesting to find my queries verified by facts. I never doubted that the case would turn out, as so many others have done, to be true; but the interesting point of observation to me was as to the correctness of the deductions I drew from the singular way in which the communication was made. The vehemence of the tilts and knocks, (the to us) entirely novel mode of communicating, and the evident earnestness of the spirit, and its eagerness in trying to "have its say," were very striking. Doubtless, what will strike your readers more is the singularly conclusive nature of the evidence respecting the actual return of the departed. Most undoubtedly none of us had ever heard of Abraham Florentine, nor had any of us friends in America who could have given us

news of what went on there, nor, if we had, could they have mentioned to us a fact in which we should have felt no interest. As a plain matter of truth, I repeat that both name and facts were entirely unknown to us. And this is one among many instances in my own experience which I hope to gather up and record in its place.

March 10th, 1875.

M. A. (Oxon.).

In conclusion, I may remark that this case has received the valuable imprimatur of the Society for Psychical Research.

One of the cases which are on quite a different plane of evidence I may record thus: On May 13th, 1876, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. H. J. Hood, and I went to try for a spirit photograph at Hudson's. We had previously tried unsuccessfully, eight plates having been exposed in vain. On this occasion five failures succeeded one another; then came a plate which represented me sitting alone, and showing behind me a tall figure, that of a friend whom I recognised at once. He had taken his life under melancholy circumstances eight months before, and I had not heard of him since. But immediately before going to Hudson's I had met and talked with his sister, who was passing through London. Our conversation had been much concerned with him. During the experiment I had heard a spirit-voice, telling me that it was successful, and also the name of the spirit whose image was to appear on the plate. There is a sequel to this story. The stigmatic mark on my brow, reproducing the cut on W.B.'s head made in his suicidal act, appeared on the anniversary of his death. (This I do not detail here.)

But perhaps one of the most remarkable cases that I have ever had is that of the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce, previously Bishop of Oxford), who first of all came to me when I was alone, and afterwards controlled me during one of our sésances, speaking in a voice wholly unlike mine, and very like his own. He wrote through my hand, and signed his communication with the fac-simile of his own signature. Perhaps that is an elaborate mystification! If it be so, it has at any rate the merit of being elaborate! And I know nobody, or rather no spirit in or out of a body, to whom it would be worth while to take such an amount of trouble with such very unpromising results.

I will now proceed to quote the case in fuller detail. On July 21st, 1873, the Bishop of Winchester first came to our sésances, although he had been to me when I was alone on the previous evening. On December 6th he came again and controlled me, speaking in a voice which was very like his and unlike mine. In answer to a question as to who was controlling, the reply came, "Samuel Wilberforce; you have wished for evidence of the departed. I, Samuel Wilberforce, died. I have come back. I live, the same man, the same spirit. It is strange, strange, very strange to come back again, and I find it difficult to speak. Another time it will be easier." The spirit then described his passage into life as instantaneous, without pain; a sudden waking into life. He said that with all his shortcomings, and they were many, he could still look back on his earth-life as a life of useful work, honestly done. He gave his blessing to the circle, and then departed.

On July 24th, 1873, the Bishop wrote through my hand automatically. He was introduced by "Imperator," who said: "A friend is with you who is able to communicate. You will know who has been near you." My hand then wrote:—

" + S. Oxon ;

God guard you dear friend.

It is well

+ S. O."

I said: "How very extraordinary! But how am I to know that it is ——. It is all so extraordinary. How did the same pen write this? It certainly is the very fac-simile of his writing. Can it be possible that he is here now? Can he write again?"

"No, friend," replied 'Imperator,' "he cannot remain, nor can he write again now. He came at my request to give you a test. We wish to do what we can."

"But," I said, "this is no test. I am just as far from knowing his identity as I am yours."

"He reminds you of the last Sunday you spoke with him in Oxford; how he preached at the opening of a new organ for the praise of the Supreme at the Church of Carfax in the morning; how he discoursed before the University in the afternoon; and how in the evening he gathered his work-people round him at Cuddesdon, and spoke to them of the love of their God."

"Yes," I replied, "and the last sermon was far the best. Yes, that is true. Can you tell me the subjects of the other sermons?"

"Yes, friend, the sermon before the University of Oxford was from the words of John as touching the abiding Spirit. 'He dwelleth with you and shall be in you.' xiv. 17. In the morning discourse the imperfect views which the orthodox hold of heaven were developed from the picture of John the Seer, in the Apocalypse. 'They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy.' Rev. iv. 8."

"That is true; but I do not remember the University sermon."

"Friend, you heard it not, being overcome with sleep. But you have it among the published sermons of your friend; p. 157; you will find it."

"Yes, that is indeed true, and I remember it well. I was very sleepy, and the Bishop joked about it afterwards. This is indeed remarkable. But he knew nothing of Spiritualism."

"Yes, he knew, and was disposed to accept its teachings. He would in a less laborious sphere of work have followed with us."

"What," I said, "in your opinions?"

"Not in all; but in the essentials. He would not have laid stress on matters of no import."

"Then I did not know him. He was the very man who would have viewed with horror your statements about Christ."

"With his wider knowledge now he will soon learn to view, as we do, the questions which perplex you. Hereafter he hopes to tell you more of his spirit experience. He will not remain with you save for a brief while. + Emperor."

Then comes a further communication.

"A friend will speak with you through us. S. O.—Peace be with you. List and heed:—

"Our friend has not yet acquired the power of writing with ease. He has not been able to return to earth since the day on which he wrote for you. He came then at my request and by my aid. Now he tells you of his experiences in our spirit land. Though the manner of the separation between the spirit and body was rude and sudden, still the spirit woke to consciousness far sooner than is usual. The spirit of our friend had lived even in earth-life much amid the realities of the hereafter. It had meditated on its own translation, and had realised the change. So that when it came it was less unexpected, even though sudden. He was wise therein. But I will allow him to speak in his own words":—

"When my spirit awoke to consciousness of the eternal life and its surroundings, I found myself in company with bright and blessed angels, the ministers to me of the abounding mercy of my God. The shock that severed me from earth had been so sudden that at first I was not conscious that I was in the world of spirits. But my dear father made himself known and convinced me that I was indeed alive and amongst the ranks of the shining ones. With him was my dear mother, and they were joined after by the pure spirit of Keble, and philanthropic souls who delight to gather around him who on earth was a chief amongst men in philanthropy and deeds of love. By them I was conducted to the home where my guardians rest. From them I learn that which is requisite for me, and am taught to put aside much that I once thought of vital moment. Ah! how easily does the spirit put away the opinions of earth to which it so fondly clung! Through my guardians I received the request that I would put myself into communication with you. It was conveyed to me through your presiding spirit, who now writes for me." [Not quite so. Emperor very rarely wrote, and never at this time.] "I complied with joy, and am now pleased beyond measure that I can touch the plane where so many dear to me still live; though, alas! alas! I cannot reach them. They know not, and will not learn as yet. Since I left the earth I have been occupied in learning my work, and in preparing myself for the life of progress to which my being is now devoted. Already under the guidance of my guardians I have passed through the first sphere where are gathered those who are bound to earth by the affections, or are unable to rise as yet. There I saw some whom I had known in the body, and learned from them and from others much that I needed to know. My work will be of a similar sort till I reach my appointed sphere. I have come to give you this brief word of comfort and consolation. Be of good cheer."

"One has so much to ask. Are the spheres like this world?"

"In every way similar. It is only the change of condition that makes the difference. Flowers and fruits and pleasant landscapes and animals and birds are with us as with you. Only the material conditions are changed. We do not crave for food as you; nor do we kill to live. Matter, in your sense, is done with, and we have no need of sustenance save that which we can draw in with the air we breathe. Nor are we impeded in our movements by matter as you are. We move freely and by volition. I learn by degrees, and as a new-born babe, to accustom myself to the new conditions of my being."

"Are things real to you?"

"Quite, and very beautiful."

"You must not detain our friend now," said 'Emperor,' "and you yourself have done more than you ought to attempt. God, the All Wise, the All Loving, guard you. + I. S. D."

And now, passing by more cases than I have quoted, and not dealing with the evidence as an advocate might, I am content to leave it for the jury. It means something—will you tell me what it does mean?

Mr. Myers, at the conclusion of this paper, made the following remarks:—

The paper which I have just read suggests many more reflections than time allows us to follow out to-night. I will dwell on a few points only—points which will remind us of the debt of gratitude which all inquirers into these subjects owe to your late President. Let us note, then, in the first place, of what essential service to our great inquiry has been the fact that Mr. Moses kept his notebooks of automatic writing in a clear, consecutive fashion, with a date affixed at the time to every entry; and that his friends supplemented these notebooks by a record, also based upon contemporary notes, of all messages given at their séances which bore upon the identity of the intelligences thus communicating. Where it was possible, moreover, the truth of these messages was verified with a good deal of care. All this is now our gain, and enables us to be sure that the cases quoted in the paper just read form a fair sample of the messages bearing on identity which Mr. Moses received, and are given without suppressions or exaggerations. Comparing this series of identifications with two similarly long series obtained through single sensitives, we may observe that these cases are much better recorded than Mr. D. D. Home's, and are much freer from admixture of error than Mrs. Piper's; although in Mrs. Piper's case the element of error seems now to be diminishing, and the identifications seem to become more and more numerous and distinct. But whatever evidence may hereafter be vouchsafed, this block of testimony given through Mr. Moses must always remain a most important landmark in the history of our research; a landmark from which we may all of us start afresh, and with heightened hope, on the next stage of the long, I hope the endless, journey of discovery which lies before us. In that journey it matters little what each man's personal provision of belief may be to start with. Each of us will find some fellow-travellers more fully equipped in this respect than himself, and some less fully; but each alike can easily see to it, that so long as he recognises in his comrades the diligence and the candour at which he himself aims, so long will he welcome help and criticism from every side alike, and resolve on an equal respect for each shade of honest opinion—

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

We all need to get at facts, not at the varying reflections which facts have cast in the minds of our fellow men. We do not need to ask, "What do you believe?" but rather "What have you observed? What experiments have you made? What additional stone can you add to the ever-growing cairn of proven truths?" Such are the questions which Science asks of her followers, and surely anyone of us may well prefer to be the humblest foot soldier in the scientific host rather than the chieftain of some guerilla band who neglect her steady discipline and her dispassionate candour. I am speaking, of course, of Science in her ideal form; and I do not forget that with regard to our studies, as with regard to many new studies before ours, some of the votaries of Science have fallen short of her ideal. But if this be so, the more reason for us to keep that ideal before us; if others are hasty in their negations, the more reason for us to be cautious in our affirmations, well knowing that in the end the victory must rest with those who conform most closely to the canons which both sides must recognise as just and right. And, indeed, the very vastness of

the vistas which open before us must needs inspire a salutary distrust of our own opinions, or of any man's opinions, which concern subjects so momentous and are formed upon evidence so new and strange. If ever there were children picking up shells on the shore of the ocean of truth, such children are we; with this special privilege only, that that ocean opens out to us as at once vaster and more voyageable than ever yet it has opened out to mortal man. Assuredly there is far more to be done than all our efforts, from all our different points of view, can possibly accomplish. And since by asking me to speak here to-night you have encouraged me to suggest some mode in which your Alliance may further the life-long work, and increase the posthumous honour of your late President, I will suggest that it is the characteristic of those who have attained a high degree of conviction in any line of thought that they are thus made willing to attack problems which need a specially vigorous initial hope, in order to enable the inquirer to surmount the discouragements of the way. There is one such problem especially on which additional light is now urgently needed before Mr. Moses' own records can be satisfactorily discussed. I speak of spirit-photography. Mr. Moses' personal connection with this subject was a somewhat peculiar one. I will here speak only of the photographs which he obtained through Hudson, to some of which allusion has been made in the paper just read. Now, as to Hudson, not only were there strong presumptions of trickery on his part, on various occasions, but Mr. Moses records how he himself caught Hudson cheating in so gross and elementary a fashion that one would think that none but a blind sitter could have failed to detect the fraud. Now most people would think that after this there was no more to be said. And when they heard that Mr. Moses had had further photographs from Hudson, which he believed to be genuine—but which were taken under no expert supervision whatever—their conclusion would rather be unfavourable to Mr. Moses' acumen than favourable to Hudson's powers. Still further, when it was shown that Mr. Moses' spirit-guides vouched for the genuineness of these later pictures, the conclusion would naturally be that the automatic messages merely repeated the beliefs of the automatist himself. And yet I am not myself willing to leave the matter thus. Of course I greatly regret that Mr. Moses did not take with him to Hudson's studio some expert to conduct, or at least to superintend, the process. But, nevertheless, having regard to certain internal points of evidence in these photographs themselves, and having regard also to the general trustworthiness of the messages which Mr. Moses received, I think that the *prima facie* case against the photographs, although of course very strong, is not conclusive. I am especially influenced by the fact that these same messages which uphold the Hudson photographs did also on more than one occasion refuse to assert the genuineness, or positively asserted the fraudulent character, of other phenomena in which Mr. Moses himself had unhesitatingly believed. I do not now intend to discuss the precise value of the evidence already collected, from sources other than Hudson's performances, for the possibility of spirit-photography. But it will be evident to all that an editor of Mr. Moses' records is placed by these Hudson photographs in a position of great perplexity, and that if he is not willing to surrender them altogether, and with them to surrender much of the trustworthiness of Mr. Moses' "guides," he will feel a great need of further and more precise experiments in spirit-photography to lay alongside of Mr. Moses' series. Fortunately, if spirit-photography be a fact, there should be means of supplying the evidence thus urgently needed. Thanks to Mr. Duguid, Mr. Glendinning, and Mr. Traill Taylor, some important objective evidence for Mr. Duguid's powers in this way has been lately given to the world. The photographs, however, to which I allude are in themselves very strange productions, and suggest many questions which only further experiment can solve. Further experiment, indeed, is in all ways needful to eliminate chances of individual error; to spread the responsibility for a belief so strange to science over a larger number of persons of known skill and probity; and to supply, even to persons already convinced of the general fact, some approach to such comprehension of the *modus operandi* as may raise their belief from a blank acquiescence into a reasoned conviction. There are plenty of photographic experts in the world and plenty of men of science who would be interested in such experiments, if conducted with the care and exactness which science rightly demands. To accomplish such a series of experiments there would be needed tact

and temper, time and money, trouble and pains. The result might conceivably be of incalculable value as regards the advance of truth in general, and the credit of Mr. Moses' communications in particular. I will add no more, save that in no way can any of us do truer honour to that friend who has passed from us, whose life was spent in the endeavour to acquire and to disseminate truth, than by ourselves doing all that is in our power to deepen the foundation and to strengthen the fabric of all of truth which he was permitted to discern and to teach. (Applause.)

At the close of Mr. Myers's remarks a cordial vote of thanks was passed to him on the motion of the President.

The evening's proceedings were agreeably diversified by the performance of some excellent music, amongst which we would especially emphasise the admirable violoncello playing of Miss Minnie Theobald, whose solos, as on a former occasion, were rendered in a most charming and musicianlike manner, and were evidently highly appreciated. Besides these, there were good vocal selections contributed by Miss Jessie Dixon, Miss Glendinning, and Messrs. Tidbury and Hyde, to all of whom the Alliance is much indebted for their generous and willing help. The grand piano used on the occasion was kindly lent by Messrs. Brinsmead.

SUSTENTATION FUND.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions, and hope that our friends will all give what they can, whether much or little. We respectfully suggest that their remittances should be sent without delay to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Withall, Gravel-lane, Southwark, London, S.E. :—

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

Re The Function of Spiritualism and Mr. R. Harte.

SIR.—I have read with great interest the very able address delivered by Mr. R. Harte, F.T.S., on the "Proper Function of Spiritualism," and if I now venture to call in question the correctness of the view he takes of Theosophy I really hope that I shall not be held to be animated by open or veiled hostility to him or his own convictions. He says: "Take out of Theosophy the phenomenal element which distinctly belongs to Spiritualism, and all you have left is an ancient and certainly ingenious, but wholly conjectural system of the Cosmos, which is then utterly without the authoritative character which the phenomenal element is claimed to give it." Now I take quite a different view of Theosophy. For it the central object is man himself, and not, as in Spiritualism, the spirit guides of the Unseen Universe; and our system of the Cosmos becomes conjectural in inverse ratio to the advancement of our practical studies on the nature, the powers, and the possibilities of man. The Unseen Universe which in Spiritualism comes in contact with our consciousness from without, in Theosophy must be sought for from within each human being by himself. In the first case man submits to the will of the Divine; in the latter he recognises no other will than his own. Hence the broad line of distinction between Spiritualism and Theosophy, where in the former we are taught to rely on spirit guides, and in the latter man is taught only self-reliance for the attainment of right knowledge. In that charming book, "Spirit Teachings," by Stainton Moses, p. 36, we find as follows: "We [the spirit guides], lead the soul to rest in calm trust in God and His spirit teachers." This is the exact opposite of what Theosophy requires of us, which, as I have said, is a trust in our own interior divinity and in the possibility that by our own efforts we may develop in ourselves a knowledge of spirit and the unseen world. For Spiritualism, the spiritual realms without and around us become the subject of experiment and its external communications the criterion of experimental success. For Theosophy, man's own physical body and the effects on it of his own inner nature form the field of practical observation. We have before us in the Masters living examples of men who have raised themselves to human states which, to our coarser natures, seem quasi-divine, and we endeavour to follow their example by taking up and practising the methods which they themselves teach us as having been the means of their own development. Therefore the word conjecture in reference to Theosophy simply belongs to that earlier state of the Theosophic aspirant to self-evolution where his mental activity, soaring beyond the slow process of alchemical transmutation he has undertaken, and gilded, perhaps, by the incipient glow from the interior Light he seeks to unveil within himself, comforts itself with endeavouring to conjecture at once that which it hopes to realise in all its truth and natural perfection in the fulness of time. Nor can I see but that all mental progress is preceded by the expansion of the imagination into the realms of the unknown, bearing upon its wings the aspirations which, on a lower plane, become actually productive of real practical work in lifting, and in holding fast when lifted, the struggling soul. That the noble system of Cosmic Ideation, presented to us under the name of Theosophy, is pure conjecture, I by no means will admit, but it is self-evident that proof is wanting at first to the progressing man, who, in his arduous undertaking, nevertheless feels around for all that is large and elevating in the world's philosophies both new and old. Are we to be blamed because we have sufficient faith in our fragmentary teachings on cosmic evolution that we take the grandeur of the ideals they hold as aids to our own endeavours to be nobler men and women? Do we not find in "The Secret Doctrine" and "Isis Unveiled" the threads of future proof for our cosmogenesis embedded in modern science, so that we who follow on may see where to start those investigations which we believe will end in knitting the Seen to the Unseen? And finally, is it not a life's work we have undertaken when we became Theosophists—nay, more—the work of many lives; and are we, therefore, to throw up the sponge because a few short years have not sufficed to turn the human race from doubt and disorder into a harmonious whole? Indeed, if we take away the "phenomenal element which belongs to Spiritualism," I see a very different remnant than the conjectural cosmogenesis which fills the contemplative vision of Mr. Harte.

THOMAS WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

NEW SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 10, SANDWELL PARK, WEST HAMFESTAD.—On Wednesday, January 31st, at 7.30 p.m., Dr. André will deliver a lecture on Hypnotism, with experiments. Visitors desirous of attending should apply, by letter only, to Miss Rowan Vincent, hon. sec., 31, Gower-place, Endsleigh-gardens, W.C.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—At our service on Sunday last Mrs. Mason's controls gave very successful delineations of character, to the manifest satisfaction of all present. Mr. R. W. Cable ably presided. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Spring; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; Sunday, February 4th, Mr. Wyndoe; February 11th, Mr. W. Wallace, the "Pioneer Medium."—J.H.B., Hon. Sec.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings free, every Sunday at 7 o'clock. Speaker for next Sunday, Mr. F. Devers-Summers, on "Spiritualism and Labour." On Sunday last Mr. J. Veitch spoke very ably on Spiritualism and the principles on which Spiritualists are in accord. He exhorted all to live up to the highest possible standard.—J. RAINBOW.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Thursday, January 18th, a large number of friends attended the open circle, and the guides of Mrs. Bliss gave clairvoyant descriptions of departed relatives and friends. One control gave some sound advice to those who attend spirit circles, asking them to give more sympathy to the mediums, so as to bring about higher and better conditions. On Sunday Mr. W. Edwards gave a very interesting lecture on the "Word of God." Sunday next, Mr. C. Hardingham, at 7 p.m., address on "Does the Bible Prohibit Spiritualism?" Thursday, February 1st, at 8 p.m., Mr. Vango, clairvoyance.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—On Sunday evening we had a very interesting evening with Mr. Wallace (the "Pioneer Medium"), who related some of his many experiences during forty years of active work in Spiritualism. His very appropriate remarks, interspersed between the incidents which he related, were of great value to Spiritualists and inquirers alike. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. T. Cooper (vice-president) will speak on "The Uses of Spiritualism," followed by clairvoyance and psychometry by Miss McCreadie. February 4th, Mr. J. J. Morse on "Man: as Interpreted by Spiritualism."—L.H.R.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SPIRITUALISTS' HALL, 21, CAMBERWELL GREEN.—The opening of the above hall will take place on Sunday, February 11th, when Mesdames Weidemeyer, Bliss, Stanley, Mozart, and Messrs. J. A. Butcher, Veitch, and many others will take part. The order of the day's proceedings will be: Séance at 11.30 a.m.; séance at 3 p.m.; inaugural tea meeting at 5 p.m., tickets 9d. each; and at 7 p.m., dedication service, with special musical programme and addresses. All Spiritualists are invited to attend. The new hall is centrally situated, being easy of access from all parts of London, and is licensed for religious worship. Contributions in aid of the furnishing fund will be gratefully received by the hon. secretary and promptly acknowledged.—CHAS. M. PAYNE, Hon. Sec.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. R. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. H. Junor Brown, "The Grand Hotel," Melbourne; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabanais, Paris; Germany, E. Schlochau, 1, Monbijou-place, Berlin, N.; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middellaan 682; India, Mr. T. Hatton, State Cotton Mills, Baroda; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Norway, B. Torestonsen, Advocate, Christiania; Russia, Etienne Geispitz, Grande Belozerski, No. 7, Lod. 6, St. Petersburg; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 13, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or, W. C. Robson, French correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 13, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park:—Sundays, 11 a.m., for inquirers and students, and the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception for inquirers. Also each Friday, at 9 p.m., prompt, for Spiritualists only, the study of Spiritualism. And at 1, Winifred-road, Manor Park, the first Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception for inquirers. Also each Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS will be kind enough to note that in consequence of the sudden decease of the Editor, as mentioned in another column, communications which had been addressed to him will not be for a time accessible.