

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

We are always trying to think that Christianity is shedding its "old man," and that it is putting on "the new man" of pitifulness, charity, peace. But we are by no means sure that it will not force Spiritualists to start a sort of new Religion in order to teach some Christians to be simply human. What, for instance, are we to say of this, from the *Times*, of Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love!—

It is of comparatively little consequence what these pagan nations are going to war about. The most important thing is to see them fairly launched in the conflict that must vastly benefit both, no matter who shall be victor or vanquished. The Bible can fight its own battle in Christian countries, but when it is confronted by the unbelief of the pagan, the sword and the battle-axe are the most important handmaids of Christian civilisation. Both these nations need the lesson of a great war with each other, and, while war is to be deplored on general principles, a war between China and Japan could not but result in priceless benefits to liberal religious ideas.

In so far as this is not cynical it seems to us to be simply brutal: but we have often heard something like it before. What is it in Christianity that makes so many Christians religious egotists? No: it is not Christianity that is to blame, but the survivals of the ape and the tiger in us, as Tennyson taught us long ago. Tennyson also taught us the remedy; as, for the matter of that, Paul did, eighteen hundred years ago and more: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Yes: it is the religion and the fruit of the spirit that we need.

The suicide mania is troubling our kinsmen across the Atlantic: and all the more because the question "Is Suicide a Sin?" is being hotly debated there. We are certainly surprised to find so wholesome and robust a thinker as Colonel Ingersoll in favour of the deserters. He says: "When he is of no benefit, when he is a burden to those he loves, why should he remain?" We think we see the element of truth or validity in the suggestion; but there must be something wrong when one talks of being "a burden to those he loves." Is love, then, never to bear burdens? Besides, how is one to judge when one is "of no benefit"? Many an apparently "hopeless" patient has pulled through—or has been pulled through by love which willingly bore its "burden"—and has lived to be of much use to the world.

But, apart from that, we cannot overcome our dislike to the cowardice of suicide. Somehow the word "sin" does not seem to meet the case, but the word "cowardice" does: and when Colonel Ingersoll advises the man with a

cancer, the man in the midst of a burning building, the criminal, the imprisoned-for-life, the betrayed girl, to commit suicide, he looks like a coward himself, and seems like the counsellor of cowardice in others; and we say this with the ready admission that there is something to be said on the other side.

A satirical writer—and America might well thank Heaven for its humourists—has answered the Colonel. We add a few sentences from his superb arsenal of caustic wit:—

The old and absurd idea that we were made with a purpose and it was our duty to remain, has, he says, been outgrown. How these clear-cut enunciations strike at the very roots of being! How they brush away the modern cobwebs of sentiment and duty, and let in the clear light upon the scientific fact that there wasn't any purpose and can't be any duty!

When we have succeeded, as we assuredly will in time, especially if this great teacher is spared to us, in convincing mankind that life doesn't begin to be as luxurious as the abnegation of it; that wet clay is more comfortable than dry responsibility; that any man can escape from toil, from taking care of his own children, from supporting his wife or defending his home—by cutting his throat; when we have established this great truth, then suicide will become the great boon of that poor humanity who prefers sleep to work.

Suicide is the great corrector of all evils. It is the one privilege given to all mortals through which they can crawl from the agony of doing something to the dreamless felicity of being nothing. What eons of agony the world would have been spared if this had been understood at the start, and the race had generously and generally availed itself of it! Colonel Ingersoll is one of the few men who see that great truth clearly.

How many years of bitter disappointment would have been denied to that little girl who found that her doll was stuffed with sawdust if, instead of going to a convent, she had gone upstairs and taken a dose of arsenic! All this time she would have been lying in the loving embrace of the sweet subsoil instead of fighting, and suffering, and learning the vain lessons of misfortune, and building up a superfluous character that must come to the same clay sooner or later!

Under the magnetism of the Colonel's splendid effort in behalf of promiscuous self-destruction I hesitate to let my feelings run away with me. But, like all who have been under his spell, I see the heavens of a better era opening and the time coming when this earth, burdened with a sad humanity, shall be gladdened only by graves, and if any wandering spirit visits the redeemed planet he will learn that the race, having suspected the superior value of the dreamless sleep to the working life, with one accord cut its multitudinous throat and got square on destiny.

One of the vital questions of the day is that which concerns, not so much "woman's rights" as woman's right place in the world—and man's rights respecting her. Nothing can put this question back. It is here for a settlement: and, be the time short or long, the day of judgment will come. It is beyond all doubt, and entirely apart from politics, that the influence of Spiritualism will all tell in one direction in relation to this matter. Wherever there is any idea of inequality, or any wish to force or favour inequality, true Spiritualism is either absent or misunderstood. The sensitive Spiritualist shrinks from the

idea of denying to woman any place she can worthily occupy, any work that she can do, any "right" she can sustain. But the forces are strong against her, both in "Society" and in the Church. The Church, indeed, has an awful record in relation to her, as Mrs. Cady Stanton has lately pointed out:—

For the supposed crimes of heresy and witchcraft, hundreds of women endured such persecutions and tortures that the most stolid historians are said to have wept in recording them; and no one can read them to-day but with a bleeding heart. And, as the Christian Church grew stronger, women's fate grew more helpless. Even the Reformation and Protestantism brought no relief, the clergy being all along their most bitter persecutors, the inventors of the most infernal tortures. Hundreds and hundreds of fair young girls, innocent as the angels in heaven—hundreds of old women, weary and trembling with the burdens of life, were hunted down by emissaries of the Church, dragged into the courts with the ablest judges and lawyers of England, Scotland, and America on the bench, and tried for crimes that never existed but in the wild, fanatical imaginations of religious devotees. Women were accused of consorting with devils and perpetuating their diabolical propensities. Hundreds of these children of hypothetical origin were drowned, burned, and tortured in the presence of their mothers, to add to their death agonies. These things were not done by savages or pagans; they were done by the Christian Church. Neither were they confined to the Dark Ages, but permitted by law in England far into the eighteenth century. The clergy everywhere sustained witchcraft as Bible doctrine, until the spirit of Rationalism laughed the whole thing to scorn, and science gave mankind a more cheerful view of life.

The bearing of Spiritualism upon all this is obvious: but, in every development and phase of this significant movement, we predict that Spiritualism will contribute an elevating and enlightening influence. *It must be so.*

We have before us a parcel of books and pamphlets from America, written by Moses and Mattie E. Hull, and published at their office in Chicago (29, Chicago-terrace). Here is a list of them: (1) "The Question Settled; a Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism;" ninth edition, 4s., paper covers 3s. (2) "The Contrast; Evangelicalism and Spiritualism Compared;" sixth edition, 4s., paper covers 3s. (3) "The Spiritual Alps and How We Ascend Them;" 2s., paper covers 1s. (4) "Wayside Jottings, Essays, Sketches, Poems, and Songs;" 4s. Pamphlets: "Spiritual Songs," "The Spiritual Birth, or Death and Its To-Morrow," "The Devil and the Adventists," "The Outgoing and Incoming Church," "All About Devils, an Inquiry as to Whether Modern Spiritualism and other Great Reforms come from his Satanic Majesty and his Subordinates in the Kingdom of Darkness," "Jesus and the Mediums, a Careful Comparison of some of the Spiritualism and Mediumship of the Bible with that of To-day, Showing their Conditions to be the Same."

We have given a list of these works, and their full titles, in order to somewhat indicate their tone and tendency. We may add that they abound in evidences of keen reflection and resolute thinking. If they sometimes seem to lack reverence, one may partly condone that on the ground stated by the author—that when they were written the opposition of the Church to Spiritualism was more "vehement and malignant" than it is now. Mr. Hull has a direct and vivid style, with much simplicity, shrewdness, and humour; and, for pioneer work, his books would be as useful here as in America, if we could be quite sure that people would understand how much independence there is amongst Spiritualists, and how little one is bound by the utterances or methods of another. Mrs. Hull is said to write inspirationally, and, though there are some suggestions in her book which would not suit the old country, nine-tenths of it well deserve preservation in the nice volume of her "Wayside Jottings." Some of the fighting pamphlets are very vigorous and outspoken.

We hope there is truth in the renewed report that the Pope is personally investigating Spiritualism. It may modify the extreme shyness, or even repugnance, of the Romish Church with regard to it—a shyness and repugnance strangely out of harmony with its enormous and varied claims as to direct intercourse with the "saints," and the working of "miracles."

#### CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The next Conversazione of the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, on the evening of Thursday, September 27th, when Mr. W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Experimental Physics and Dean of the Faculty in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, has kindly promised to deliver an address. Further particulars will be published in due course.

#### ORTHODOX MATERIALISM AND PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

The "Moniteur Spirite et Magnétique" asks: What champion of truth and light against the scepticism of official science does not feel the importance of the present transitional era? What thinker does not interest himself in this contest for finding the exegesis of creation in Nature and in the evolution of vital laws? One of the contending parties surrounds itself with an insurmountable material limit, and seeks in this narrow circle the essence of life anatomically and with the aid of the microscope, and chemically by analysing matter into its elementary substances; while the other transcends materialistic limits and makes known the law of progress, by means of which the origin and destiny of man are brought towards a superior moral and spiritual life. The latter acknowledges all that science has discovered and invented, and leans upon it even for the purpose of demonstrating the laws of immortality. Psychic science wishes to demolish nothing, but to enlarge what has been acquired; its representatives desire to push back a little the line of demarcation of materialistic ideas in order to make known a conceivable exposition of what is felt by the sixth sense which many persons possess already. They are really conscious of this earthly sphere, which can be measured, weighed, and analysed down to its smallest particles, but they are also convinced that beyond this material limit there exists another world which has to be examined by spiritual and not material instruments. The materialists say that beyond their limit there is nothing but vapour, ether, and emptiness—which is not proved; but Spiritualists prove that beyond this limit there exists a spiritual force, that is to say, something altogether different from matter, which each physicist—especially if he be an astrophysicist—ought to recognise as a substance closely linked to this material world. Without this discovered and demonstrated spiritual world, neither our spiritual existence nor our psychic and moral faculties—which correspond so well with our desire for progress and with the conditions of our spiritual life—could be proved. Without the reality of an ultra-terrestrial world, the inspiration of an advanced conception, the inspiration towards duty, the spiritual rapport with immaterial beings, could never have been. To understand these it is necessary to study what the materialists call "mysticism" and "occultism." Somnambulism, magnetism, hypnotism, thought-transference, clairvoyance, psychometry, inspiration, presentiments, warnings, dream-visions, the trance condition, and the tangible apparitions called materialisations, give the key to this study.

For forty years people have taken the useless trouble of denying facts which constantly appear in more and more varied aspects and in continually increasing number, and it is because of this persistency that many savants of the first rank have left the beaten paths. These honest investigators, after a study exempt from prejudice, and after a period of reasonable scepticism, could not at last do otherwise than transcend the limitations which they formerly traced, and place themselves where a conceivably new light of truth has opened to them an infinite field of research.

THE good man quietly discharges his duty and shuns ostentation; the vain man considers every deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities; the other upon semblance. The one aims to be good; the other to appear so.

## MRS. WILLIAMS OF NEW YORK.

We have given one or two accounts of séances with this lady. They were contributed by writers of good report to journals of high repute, and embodied the results of personal observation. We now give from "Annales des Sciences Psychiques" an estimate of another character. The writer is Mons. Arthur Engel, and the editor of the journal in which the paper appears vouches for the absolute sincerity and fidelity of its author. On the other hand, since the publication of Mons. Engel's descriptions, his accuracy appears to have been questioned in several quarters, and Herr Max Rahn, the editor of *Die Ubersinnliche Welt*, has just arranged for a visit by Mrs. Williams to Berlin in October next, which will probably settle the point as to whether the gentleman who writes in "Annales des Sciences Psychiques," or those who have preceded him in the path of research, are most to be trusted. The article is of the "funny" type, but is nevertheless good reading, although, occasionally, a point seems to be claimed where it would hardly be fair to give it, as, for example, where the writer tells how a Dane declared to him that he had seen Jeanne d'Arc materialise, waving the tricolour and singing the Marseillaise! The circumstance probably seems incongruous to his historical sense, but perhaps Jeanne d'Arc is now a more ardent republican than Mons. Engel himself, and to flutter the bunting and learn such a catchy tune would likely be much easier tasks to the unfettered spirit of the heroic Maid than was the freeing of her beloved country from the yoke of the stranger when she was yet in the flesh. It may also be that the Dane was merely practising one of the many kinds of American humour.

The article is written in the form of a diary which appears to have been made up in a very hasty manner. The series of séances began on March 3rd, 1887. At the first Mons. Engel was not called up to the curtain, and it was for him a very uninteresting meeting.

MARCH 5TH, SECOND SEANCE.—Same conditions, same number of people. Each gives his dollar to the manager, and the séance begins. The pleasantries of "Bright Eyes," and the graver allocutions of "Cushman" and "Holland" (the "guides" of Mrs. Williams) renew their course, along with the strolling of the spirits. Impatient to see one a little nearer, I asked the guide aloud for permission to approach the table. "Patience!" he replied; "we know that you are a serious investigator; we shall do our best." Shortly after, the voice of "Bright Eyes" announced Allan Kardec, "who has important communications to make to you." In about a quarter-of-an-hour I was called up to the table; but Allan Kardec had changed his mind; the medium's deceased sister came in his stead. They begged me not to squeeze her. I went up, flanked by a person from the audience, who was, no doubt, commissioned to watch me. Arrived at the curtain, I begged the spirit to give me her hand. A hand came out, and disappeared at once. "She cannot," they said. "Put your head inside the cabinet." I obeyed. A cold hand touched my brow. "Why is your hand so cold?" I said, for the sake of saying something. "Because we have no blood," replied the grave voice of Father Holland. "We are mere forms. It is very difficult to explain, and in a public séance we have not the time." I returned to my seat. My neighbour, who had brought his little daughter, was happier. He recognised his wife and the children he had lost. His daughter also recognised. "Often, however," he said, "I still doubt, but as soon as I see them again my doubts vanish."

MARCH 8TH, THIRD SEANCE.—Hands joined. A dark séance. The manifestations begin. Spirits come and go behind us, touching us with their hands (very material hands), and wave bouquets of flowers. "Bright Eyes," "Cushman," and "Holland" sustain the conversation, as always. The last-named, especially, is most afflicting with his sententious reflections which he emits like an oracle from behind his curtain. Sometimes his task is not easy. "What do you think," says someone in the audience, "of the exposure of such and such a medium?" "You men," evasively replies the voice, "can only judge of human affairs; the science of materialisation is beyond

you." It requires great presence of mind to reply to questions put in this straightforward fashion, but the spirit always gets out of it with evasive replies or by means of a flood of philosophical twaddle which shuts the mouth of the querist. The conversations are of a dreary mediocrity: "Do you prefer Paris to New York?" &c. One incident occurred which completely disgusted me with the Williams séances. My eyes, my ears, and my hands being inactive, I had, at all hazards, to use my legs, shoving them out. "Bright Eyes," who was walking, knocked up against me. Immediately she changed her style and complained loudly. A concert of imprecations burst out; "Holland" and "Cushman" joined in with "Bright Eyes" and charged me with maledictions. "Bright Eyes" retreated to the cabinet, where she continued to yelp: "If you do not accept our conditions, remain at home. We have no need of your presence. This is not the method of a serious investigator. Oh, I hope everyone will be quiet, and henceforth watch his neighbour," and so forth.

During the months of March and April, 1887, Mons. Engel had séances almost daily with different mediums, and in 1893, when he paid his second visit to America, his report tells much the same story—a tale of deceit from beginning to end. On only one occasion does he appear to have been brought to bay, and although he frankly admits his inability to explain away the phenomenon in that instance, he has no scruple in suggesting that it *might* be explained in some way which he has not yet been able to hit upon—a suggestion which may certainly be accepted. The circumstance is as follows. He had been at a séance at Mrs. Fay's where there were twenty-six persons present, and says: "I examined the back and sides of the cabinet, and its surroundings. A female called me up, 'Do you not recognise me? I am Lucy.' 'No; but you would oblige me by dematerialising before me.' Upon this she sank into the floor (in appearance at least), I holding her by the hand as far as the floor level without that hand ceasing to be solid and very material. Soon there remained nothing but a luminous trace over which I passed my hand without encountering anything. The woman had juggled herself away—how, I know not. But she did not dematerialise." The last sentence is a fine specimen of the language employed by prejudiced people when brought face to face with the very thing which they have been denying. This writer then duly weighs every possible means he can think of by which the occurrence could take place, and rejects them all. He carefully examined the space in front of the cabinet where the phenomenon presented itself. He held the fingers until the form gradually vanished, apparently through the floor, leaving only a "luminous trace" over which he actually passed his hand, and found nothing. When a writer so stolidly discounts the evidence of his own alert senses to the extent of one hundred per cent., it plainly shows that he cannot trust them at all, and almost disqualifies him from expressing any opinions on the subject, except, of course, in so far as it might be interesting to learn what he thinks "dematerialisation" should be, and by what kind of phenomena it ought to be accompanied and proved.

ARITHMOMANCY.—Some odd facts are given in a book just published in Paris with the title of "Mysteries of the Occult Sciences." The following appears in the chapter on "Arithmomancy," or divination by numbers. It is known that the Reign of Terror was closed by the fall of Robespierre in the year 1794. The successive addition of these four digits to the number as a whole will be found to give 1815, the year of the close of the Empire. Proceeding in the same manner, 1830 is obtained, the year which witnessed the fall of Charles X. The process being continued will be found to give further the totals 1842, 1857, and 1878. These years mark respectively the death of the Duke of Orleans, with the decadence of the dynasty; the birth of the Prince Imperial; and the attempt of May 16th to restore the Monarchy. Arithmomancy apparently does not concern itself with the future, for the event which is to leave its mark upon the fortunes of France in 1902—the next year in the series—is not stated.

## WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND. 1570 TO 1643.

BY EDINA.

## II.

The next notable prosecution for witchcraft in Scotland occurred in May, 1588, when one, Alison Pearson, was tried in Byrehill. This person was by the verdict found guilty of a number of incoherent and strange charges, which really came to this, that she was at times nervous and very hysterical. Alison herself, on being interrogated regarding her trafficking with Satan, said she had learned "unlawful arts" from her cousin, a person named Simpson, who was a son of the King's blacksmith at Stirling, and who she believed had acquired his black skill from a "big Egyptian" (Gipsy) who had carried this cousin away among the gipsies when a child, and kept him for twelve years. Alison having been paralysed in the left side, her cousin had not only cured her, but taught her by charms to be a "healer of disease" herself. Since that time she had often kept company with "the Queen of Elfame" (Fairyland), and at one time "had many good friends in Elfame, but they were all dead now." Being one day lying sick at Grangemuir near Anstruther, in Fife, she had seen there "a man in green clothes, whom she had asked to help her." He went away at the time, but he came later accompanied by "a multitude of people," whereupon she blessed herself, prayed, and went with them "further than she could tell, and saw, with them, piping and merry-making and good cheer, and was carried to Lothian where she saw punchcons of wine and cups for drinking it." Ofttimes these people would sit with her and promise that she would never want "gif she would keep promises, but gif she would speak and tell of them and their doings they would martyr her." For sixteen years prior to her trial, it appeared that she had been frequenting St. Andrew's as a practitioner "in unlawful modes of healing," and although she could not be in good odour with the ecclesiastical authorities there, the Archbishop of the See (Adamson) had not hesitated to avail himself of her services. For the "healing of his Grace" her cousin (Simpson) had told her to make a salve and rub it on his cheeks, throat, stomach, and sides, and gave her directions to use the ewe milk and woodruff, besides claret wine. Of this decoction she appears to have made a quart at a time, which the Archbishop consumed in two draughts on two separate occasions; but with what beneficial effect on his Grace is not recorded. This poor woman, who was simply a nervous, hysterical dabbler in healing, had evidently little or no psychic power, and but for her reference to her intercourse with the Queen of the Fairies, could hardly be charged with any uncanny practices. She was found guilty of witchcraft and burnt at the stake. The whole of her statements regarding her intercourse with the unseen world were unquestionably the product of a diseased brain, while her healing resources were chiefly derived from her cousin (Simpson); and altogether it forms one of the weakest of all the cases in this witchcraft series.

It is unnecessary here to deal with the extraordinary case of Lady Foulis, tried in 1590 for attempting, by means of witchcraft and poison, to destroy her stepson, first by acting in concert with a number of notorious warlocks and witches, who shot what were called "elf-arrows" (but which were really prehistoric flint arrow-heads found by people in certain places in Scotland at that time) at small images of clay and butter, made to represent the aforesaid stepson. These expedients having failed, she next tried to poison him. The only observation in this case that occurs to me is that, at that period, there existed in Scotland a number of persons of both sexes who imagined that they were skilled in the black art, and in what may be termed "incantations," and who were willing to lend their services to a person of means and position like Lady Foulis to assist her in her fiendish project. As the outcome of this trial, two of the accomplices of Lady Foulis were tried, found guilty, and burnt; but the chief instigator, the lady, got off by means of a packed jury.

Before dealing with the extraordinary case of certain witches tried in 1590, I refer, in conclusion, to some cases of witchcraft tried in Aberdeen in February, 1596, by the Provost and Bailies of the city, under a Commission from King James VI. The leading delinquent was a woman named Janet Wishart, the wife of a stabler, and a person considerably advanced in life. The charge against her was that she had been the means, through some mysterious and baleful influence, of affecting, for purposes of revenge, a number of her neighbours with a species of fever

and ague, combined with insatiable thirst, and that several of these illnesses had proved fatal; the truth being that an epidemic of that kind having broken out in the locality this poor woman got blamed for it, with the result that she was found guilty, and burned to death at the stake immediately after her trial. The Commission ordered by the King had at this time a "bloody assize" against witches and warlocks resident in the East of Scotland, for the chronicler states that at this time no fewer than twenty-two men and women, but chiefly the latter, suffered the last penalty of the law for witchcraft in Aberdeen and its vicinity, and judging by the leading case we have just cited, upon charges of the most frivolous and foolish description. I next deal with the case of the Devil and the Witches at Prestonpans and North Berwick.

## A USEFUL MANIFESTATION.

A well-known writer in "The Progressive Thinker" sends the following story concerning a medium in California. He received it from a friend, Mr. Heber C. Parks, a medium, but "a man of very retiring disposition who "has never been before the public as a medium." The sender of the story vouches for it, and says "there is no question as to the truth of this bit of history."

Mr. Parks and his wife, last April, attended a séance, the medium being a girl of sixteen. The sender of the story shall tell the rest:—

During the evening a spirit came and asked him if he would do some business for a poor spirit. Mr. Parks said he would, and asked if he wanted it done that night. The spirit said no, and that he did not want a "baby" to know what it was, and said he would go over to his house. Parks told him to fix the night. May 4th was appointed, but they did not sit till May 5th, when the spirit came, purporting to be a brother of a Mrs. Bradford, in Pleasanton, Arkansas, and gave the following message for Parks to send to her:—

"There is a mystery about some money and papers you should have had, and other things connected with it. The papers can be found over the west window by knocking off the plaster. I passed over just forty years ago. The money was stolen from me by a near relative, and has been hidden several times. The money originally was notes on the Bank of England, and was changed in 1865 for Government bonds."

On May 6th Mr. Parks wrote a letter giving the message to Mrs. B., and mailed it to Pleasanton, Ark., as requested, and by return mail received the following reply:—

Pleasanton, Ark., May 15th, 1894.

H. C. Parks—Yours of the 6th at hand. This is hard to realise for the truth. It came to hand last night. Mother was not well, so I opened the letter. I did not dare tell her what I had received until I made a search for myself. After she went to bed, with my heart almost in my throat, I began to work. I made the opening. I do not know how I did it. I took out some old dirty papers, laying them on the table. Everything became dark to me. I stood there in the seeming darkness, not daring to look the papers over, lest I should awaken to find it only a dream. But the spirit of kindness came to my relief. They were opened, and there before me lay 60,000 dol. in bonds. Oh! Mr. Parks, tell us if it is my uncle. You did not give any name. It sounds like him. Mother knew uncle had this money, and that it should have been hers at his death. He was taken off in a singular manner, so she never knew what became of it. He has been dead forty years the 6th of this month. Mother hunted the premises over, years ago, without success. She is a medium herself and I cannot understand why her brother could not tell her where this was and save all these years of trouble to her. Mother is seventy-three years of age. This will not do her much good. She says you shall be remunerated, and will leave me in good circumstances. This is a test we shall never forget. I cannot find words to express my thoughts and gratitude to you for your kindness. I will write again as soon as mother recovers.—Yours respectfully,

ANNIE S. BRADFORD.

On June 2nd she writes another long letter, saying, among other things, that they will visit their old home in England and then come to California this fall. She says they are having some difficulty about the money, but they think they can draw it next week.

## A HAUNTED HUT.

We quote the following extraordinary story from a recent number of "The Capricornian," a paper published at Rockampton, Queensland:—

About three years ago (says the Dubbo "Despatch") Peter Stein, a hard-headed, practical, frugal German, sold property he possessed in the Wagga Wagga district, and, with his family, came to Dubbo in search of land. He and his son Jacob, a young man now twenty-eight years of age, took up two areas of 2,560 acres each on the Coalbaggie. The selections are on the South Balladoran run, and rather isolated. Jacob's selection is on the southern part of the run, and there was, when it was taken up, an old hut upon it. In this at first lived the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stein, two adult sons, two adult daughters, and five younger children. With the family a young man named Daley came into the district. He had been reared by the Steins, and was as one of the family. He was much attached to them and they to him. Jacob determined to build on the site of the hut, while Peter commenced the erection of a commodious residence on his land, about three miles away. The Steins were, however, no sooner settled down—the father and family in their new house, and Jacob at his hut, than they heard at night strange voices, loud cooeyings, and awful screamings. Thinking that they proceeded from either belated travellers or homeward proceeding selectors, more merry than sensible, they took little notice of them. These sounds were only heard at intervals—a fortnight or three weeks intervening between their occurrence. They, however, took place so regularly—for they were at one time heard at Jacob Stein's, and again at the father's—that the idea of noisy roysterers, making night hideous with their noises, was given up. About eighteen months ago there were further developments, and, according to the family, strange manifestations. The furniture in Peter Stein's house became as possessed. It jumped about in all directions, and on one occasion the crash of crockery was something decidedly extraordinary and uncanny. Mrs. Stein was baking in the kitchen one day, and after she had her dough prepared to be placed in the oven an invisible hand caught it up and tossed it on the floor. These things, or akin to them, have kept on from then till now, but with the further development that the person responsible—whether spirit of Heaven or goblin damned—has frequently interviewed, and has had conversations with, the several members of the family. Evidently the presence is not of the regular type, for it does not wait till the "witching hour when graveyards yawn and ghosts troop forth," but comes along in broad daylight, and talks to a family, who are now somewhat terrified, as may well be imagined. In reply to a question from Peter Stein, the invisible visitor has said that his name is George William Herbert, and that his mother, who was named Annie, and his sister, who was called Julia, were burned to death on the South Balladoran run—that his father died in the Cootamundra hospital eighteen years ago—that he (the speaker) had been hit upon the head and left for dead on the road—that he had been saved—and had subsisted upon herbs and weeds. Upon being asked by the older Stein to show himself he replied that if he did those who saw him would faint, for they had never seen anything like him before. According to the Steins—and all, from the father to the youngest child, tell the same round unvarnished tale—the visitor sometimes speaks in a gruff manly voice and sometimes as softly as a woman—indeed, it would be difficult to distinguish his voice from a girl's. The dogs about the place seem to know when it is coming; although the Steins cannot see it, they appear to have that power, for they bark furiously, and one particular dog goes nearly wild with fear and excitement. About a fortnight ago things reached a climax, and the invisible one performed all kinds of pranks. It cast tomahawks and knives about with the grace of an Indian juggler, and upset pots, chairs, and other articles of domestic economy. One night while the family were engaged in reciting the Rosary—they are Roman Catholics, and retain the simple devotional habits of the Rhineland—the table round which they knelt was suddenly lifted towards the ceiling and then allowed to come down with a heavy thud. So annoying have been the manifestations that the young fellow who came from Wagga Wagga with the Steins has left the place. Another man named Bowden, employed by them, has also left, saying that if he were given the selection he would not live there. The whole thing is certainly mysterious, but, however the sceptical may be inclined to laugh at it, there

is not, our informant states, the slightest doubt that every one of the family thoroughly believes what he tells, and each, from the youngest child to the father of the family, has the same story to tell. Mrs. Stein, who is an English lady, with no tendency to the superstitious, is as convinced as she is of her existence that the place is haunted. A few days ago, at Peter Stein's request, the Very Rev. Father Byrne visited the selection, and though during the night and day he spent there he saw or heard nothing he investigated the affair as far as possible, and is thoroughly satisfied that the Steins are believers that they are being annoyed by a power which can act materially, and talk like a man or woman, all the time being itself invisible.

## REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION IN HAVANNA.

The "Revista Espiritista," of Havanna, is responsible for the following narrative. No names are given, and it looks like a case in which the lady concerned has specially requested that her name should be suppressed. We cannot congratulate her on possessing the courage of her opinions. If the story is true she has had such a revelation vouchsafed to her as should have removed the sting of death, and emboldened her openly to acknowledge—if only to encourage others who may not from a worldly point of view be quite so well armed against ignorant sneers—that she has now in her soul a certainty which transcends all that the highest flights of hope can yield:—

To a distinguished young lady of this capital, who has never admitted the genuineness of Spiritualistic phenomena, one moment has been sufficient to convince her of their reality. Our friend lost a short time ago, by sudden death, the being whom her heart adored. Three nights after her lover's decease she clearly and distinctly heard his voice calling her by name. On the following day, while in the dining-room, she saw him enter by the street door, appear before her, and then turn and leave. She told this to a Spiritualist friend, and the table was consulted, and through it the same visitant communicated, begging her not to sorrow for him, as since his death he was happier than he had been in life, assuring her that the manifestations of which she had had experience were produced by him. On retiring to rest on the night following this message, she saw near her pillow a kind of small lamp burning, and as she raised the mosquito net in order to correct what she thought was an optical illusion, the light of this lamp revealed a mysterious hand, which she seized without fear, when, gradually, the whole form of her deceased lover became visible, and maintained with her a long conversation full of reassuring consolation, and in which he begged her not to remember him in grief.

A WORK, entitled "The Spirit World," by Miss Florence Marryat, is announced by Messrs. White & Co., Bedford-street.

MISS MCCREADIE writes us that she has been suddenly called to the Continent, and that the time of her return is at present uncertain. She begs those with whom she had made engagements to be kind enough to accept this intimation, and expresses regret that, her departure being so sudden, she was unable to write to each one personally.

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:—Africa, Mr. B. Stead, care of Hazell, Ballan & Co., Kimberley; America, Mrs. M. R. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Argentine Republic, Sr. Don A. Ugarte, President "Fraternidad" Society, Buenos Ayres; Australia, Mr. H. Junor Browne, "The Grand Hotel," Melbourne; Belgium, Mons. F. Paulsen, Spiritualistic Federation of Liège, Angleur-lez-Liège; Brazil, Sr. Don A. C. Munhoz, Director de "A Luz," Curitiba; Canada, Captain G. W. Walrond, 198, Lockestreet, Hamilton, Ontario; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabanais, Paris; Germany, E. Schlochauer, 1, Monbijou-place, Berlin, N.; Holland, Den Herr Van Straaten, te Apeldoorn, Middellaan, 682; India, Mr. T. Hatton, State Cotton Mills, Baroda; Italy, Signor M. Falcomer, President "Armonia Spiritista," Teramo; Mexico, Dr. L. E. Calleja, Director de "Lux ex Tenebris," Puerto de Vera Cruz; New Zealand, Mr. J. H. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Norway, Herr Torestenon, "Advocate," Christiania; Russia, M. Etienne Geispitz, Grande Belozerski, No. 7, Lod. 6, St. Petersburg; Spain, Sr. Don E. E. Garcia, Hita, 6, Bajo izqda, Madrid; Sweden, Herr M. Fidler, Gothenburg; Switzerland, M. L. Gardy, Geneva; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 13, Berkeley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
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EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS,  
Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

## Light.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 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. E. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., and not to the Editor.

### A CANDID FRIEND.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" continues its useful work as the "candid friend" of mediums—and shams; to establish, on a more secure basis, the veracity of the one, and to consign to a hotter furnace the impositions of the other. A writer, under the signature of "E.V.S.," an old investigator, and fully persuaded of the truth of materialisation, anxiously submits that the time has fully come for applying fresh and more stringent tests, but in a most kindly way, and in a spirit of belief and not of doubt. He says:—

All tests should be based on the idea, not of exposing fraud, but of honestly seeking for the natural laws which bind together the two worlds of the seen and the unseen.

On the face of it, there does not appear to be anything very novel or useful in that suggestion, but we are strongly inclined to think it is a most fruitful one. The very word "test" has too keenly suggested doubt, and might almost have been spelt *t-r-a-p*. The work of the Psychological Research Societies, we are bound to say, has suffered from this. A medium is a "sensitive," but *suspect* more nearly indicates the medium's treatment, when testing has to be done; and yet we fail to see the necessity for, or the utility of, this repelling policy. Indeed, in a great number of cases, it simply defeats the "investigator" and deprives him of his chance.

The opening paragraph of this article by "E.V.S.," however, contains the very thinly veiled opinion that the large majority of the American mediums for materialisations are either fraudulent or unsatisfactory. This may have the appearance of violating the writer's own conditions; and it may be asked, "How, if this opinion is correct, can tests be applied, not with a view to expose fraud but to discover the laws that bind together the unseen and the seen?" But, perhaps, the writer does not really mean to suggest widespread fraud: he may only mean that, for some unknown reason, the conditions under which materialisations take place are unsatisfactory. He specifies the dim light, the veiled or very indistinct faces, the gasping and whispering voices, the hasty disappearances from the circle, the want of clear tests of identification, and worst of all, the strong dislike of the mediums to scientific tests: and, if he does not suggest fraud, he certainly thinks that present methods and results are extremely unsatisfactory.

And this, be it remembered, comes from a perfectly convinced believer. His testimony is worth quoting, especially as it occupies the place of honour in Mr. Underwood's fine-toned paper:—

I long since became convinced of the possibility of genuine materialisation. Some fifteen years ago I was invited by the Shakers of Mount Lebanon, New York, to spend a week among them and witness the phenomena of apparitions which they were then seeing. The circles were held in their meeting-house, afternoons and evenings. One of the Eddy brothers was the medium. I was in active newspaper work at the time

and was a trained observer of events of all sorts. The Shakers gave me every opportunity to investigate the phenomena, putting the medium in my hands and allowing me to share a room with him. I made a list of eighty-odd forms of men, women, and children, that came out of the closet in which the stout farmer sat during that week of investigation, and published the results of my observation in a New York paper. In the afternoon séances there was no attempt at darkening the meeting-house save to close the green shutters of the windows, and the forms were plainly visible. They were not veiled, and many of them spoke distinctly.

Then follows a reference to the "performances" of the materialisation mediums who go about the country—a class of people "with limited education, strong natural vitality, only moderate intelligence, eager to make money, and, as a rule, utterly unwilling to help any sort of scientific test of their powers." At the same time, these "performances" are not all fraud. "No one," says "E.V.S.," "has yet been

able to explain how a stout, middle-aged woman sitting behind a curtain in the angle of a solid brick wall can produce forms of slender girls and of children that walk about and talk in a fair light. Recently at a materialising séance an Indian girl came out who talked with me volubly in the Chinook jargon used by the Indians on Puget Sound. Immediately afterwards there appeared the wraith of a little weazened-faced woman who spoke German well, and then came a child of ten who ran about and sat on the lap of one of the ladies of the circle.

This is very useful testimony, coming as it does from such a discriminating observer: and, while we acknowledge it is just a little vexing that these travelling showmen resent the application of "scientific tests," it is just conceivable that, in some cases, this may be because the exhibitors, with weak culture and strong vitality, may think it preposterous to test what to them is so manifestly true. This, we are aware, is a very great stretch of charity and may excite a smile, but we are disposed to think there may be something in it.

But we entirely agree with this writer that the time has come for keener investigation "with the assent of both mediums and 'controls.'" In other words, the time has come for the effort to get some mediums into a different frame of mind—to make them as anxious as the testers to invent and apply tests—in fact, to try experiments and to believe in the possibility of fresh evidences. Is it not highly probable that mediums are to a considerable extent their own controls?—that is to say, that their own feelings and ideas as to the possible and the desirable create the conditions to a large degree? If they hesitate, shrink, feel uncomfortable, or resent this or that, everything is likely to follow their lead, and to be made difficult. They even may make their own limitations, just as they frequently impose upon the spirits their own bad grammar, their crude expressions, and even their personal tastes.

"E.V.S." states well the desirable points that await solution and that ought to be persistently attacked. Let us cheerily and gratefully take the truth of materialisations for granted, and then let us pass on to the laws that govern them, and, indeed, to the crucial question, "What are they?"—

Are they merely illusions thrown on our optic nerves by some mysterious power or are they actually made by our friends in the Spirit-world? Are they only the astral shells of the Theosophists, and do they float constantly in our atmosphere and become transiently visible by some unknown shifting or focusing of natural forces? Are they, for the time being, actual atoms of real matter drawn from the bodies of the mediums and restored to those bodies when they vanish from view?

The suggestion is made that a committee of competent observers should be formed in Chicago, for the purpose of a series of careful and progressive tests, calculated to develop the law of the phenomena. It would be immensely useful if such a committee were formed in London—not to entrap the false but to encourage and lead on the true.

## THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

## SITTINGS WITH MRS. TITFORD.

*(Continued from page 416.)*

There is nothing that the most captious could characterise as fussiness about Mrs. Titford's sittings. She just sits without preparation; and on the spur of the moment, if called upon unexpectedly. When I proffer my request for a séance she consents with ready good-nature; and no better time than the present suggesting itself, offers herself now to comply with the wish expressed. So we gather at once round the table, and Master Jacky Titford, aged about three, curls up on his father's lap, neither surprised nor disturbed by the proceedings, and presently drops off to sleep.

Mr. Davis takes the concertina, and we sing hymn after hymn. Great believers here in singing at a séance. The gas is turned down to a glimmer, which enables one to faintly trace the outlines of the sitters, and which casts a small ghostly reflection in the sideboard mirror. And the evening is intensely and oppressively hot.

Presently Harry, the medium's spirit brother, of whom mention has been made, indicates his presence by raps. "Can you do anything for us to-night, Harry, my boy?" asks his father. "It is doubtful," is the reply, indicated by a couple of hesitating raps. "Too hot, perhaps?" "Yes"—the answer now is quite decided. We wait awhile, and sing again.

A few minutes later a quiet "Thank you," tells of one of the sitters having been touched. Others are favoured similarly. What seems like a baby touch at my knees, the little fingers pressing with gentle lingering clasp, is followed by the playing of larger fingers on the back of my hands as they lie on the table. The touch seems familiar. There should be a peculiar softness about a newly-materialised hand, an absence of moisture, a delicate freshness, which everyday human flesh does not possess.

The notebook is gently withdrawn from under my hand, the leaves turned and fluttered, and then restored to its place. This occurs again a little later on, but the conditions are apparently not favourable for a message to be directly written in it, for which I ask without response.

Harry's voice is now heard, a quaint note with childish accent, curiously contrasting with the mature assurance and quiet self-confidence of his words, a baby tongue in an old head. Starting years since in this style, when it was appropriate to his age, he has apparently found it convenient to maintain the same tones and accent, which the circle know and love. In the same way, when Harry materialises it is as a little child less than three feet tall that he always appears. He wishes all good evening, a salutation warmly returned, and tells us it is so long since his sister last sat, and she is still so far from recovered from her illness, that but little can be done to night.

Presently, somebody sitting next the medium distinguishes a form by her side. It is shadowy and indistinct, but opaque enough to obliterate the reflection of the gas jet in the mirror. Another form also appears, but only a few of the sitters with the sharpest eyes can make anything of it; and Harry regretfully admits that any further attempt of this sort must be postponed. We shall have to sit again, and next time upstairs, where the folding-doors and the adjoining room will enable a cabinet to be improvised. He likes a "tabinet," Harry tells us, and can do better with it.

More touching of hands, a playful pinch or two of the knuckles, and one in the back of the neck, causing a startled exclamation; and with "Good-nights" and "God bless you's" all round Harry tells us to close now and hope for better things next time.

Ten days later we meet again, with the same sitters, including Jacky, who, after a few preliminary and undecided protests, snuggles into his father's arms and is soon quietly asleep. One of the folding-doors has been thrown back, and a curtain hung across it, admitting little shafts of light from the back window beyond. The gas is turned down low, and later on, by Harry's request, quite out. A stiff piece of millboard with about a foot and a-half of surface covered with luminous paint, and this laid face down on the table, emits a narrow line of soft radiance from its edge. The table round which we sit is a small "occasional," rather heavy for its size; and there being seven in the circle we find ourselves somewhat closely packed.

It is some little time before anything beyond a few tilts of the table and a solitary rap or two occurs; and several hymns are played and sung. An occasional impatient inquiry, "Are you off yet, Alice?" is answered by the medium with the information that she is still with us and in her normal state.

The table begins to move more vigorously, and Mr. Davis conjectures that it may be George, explaining that George is his wife's brother, who occasionally treats the circle to a striking demonstration of physical force.

"Let us see if it will move without our hands. Are all hands off now?"

No one apparently touches the table now, and in a moment or two it begins to rock gently, then it seems to rise a few inches and to return several times, and finally, as we sing, it dances in unison.

"Now, George," says Mr. Davis, in soft, suggestive tones, "see if you can lift it over our heads; right away from the circle, you know, George."

A pause, a slight creak, and we become conscious that the table is slowly rising in the air. I put out my hands, and they come in contact with one of the legs, which slides by, gradually taking a horizontal position, and soon is out of reach. It is clearly going over the heads of the sitters on my left. There is a gas chandelier hanging rather low and just over where the table stood, and the space between this and the heads of the circle is barely sufficient for the table to pass. But it does so successfully; the chandelier is not disturbed, and Mrs. Titford gives a little exclamation, telling us she has instinctively turned up her face and that her nose is just grazed. Apart from this slight circumstance, the table pursues its course serenely and silently, and without contact apparently with any object on its way, and soon we become aware that it has reached the floor in a corner of the room, evidently upside down, for the castors begin to twizzle, rattling round together in merry chorus for some seconds.

"George," calls Mr. Davis, "was it you did that?"

The rattle ceases, then one of the castors gives three twizzles in affirmative reply.

"I thought so. Can you bring it back again, George, do you think?"

George thinks he can; at any rate the sound of three more twizzles of the castor tells us that he means to try.

"Keep quite still. It is coming."

So silently and quietly does it return that, until the table is again overhead, we seem scarcely aware that it has left its resting-place, and a second later it is back again between our knees, which form a well just wide enough to comfortably accommodate it.

"Well done, George," says Mr. Davis, approvingly. "Now, if you'll give me up my concertina from behind the chair here, we'll sing another hymn."

But there are other purposes in view; and George is not to be drawn into a further exhibition of his prowess.

Finger touches now become plentiful, going all round the circle to each sitter in turn, and if one raises his hand the fingers follow playfully, tapping his own as high as he can reach.

Mrs. Titford has already gone into a trance, and it is not long before she gets up and walks into the cabinet. During the interval that follows, the circle singing softly the while, someone fancies he sees a spirit light, and tries to persuade his neighbours into a similar belief, but Harry's gentle whisper is heard to say that it is simply the light from the back window coming through when the medium disturbed the curtain. He asks us to put the painted cardboard on the table, face down, which is done, and to go on singing, as his mother will try to appear to us.

Presently, the card is raised and gently floats about the room, now turning its light and now its dark side to the circle, sometimes close to the sitters' heads and sometimes away up near the ceiling. The curves it describes are always graceful, and the soft lambent disc, appearing and disappearing from the sight as the card hovers overhead, is pretty and effective. Presently, it becomes stationary about the spot where the medium has been sitting, and then one of the circle exclaims that he sees a form. The sitters lean forward expectantly as the card is slowly turned and the light thrown on the head and shoulders of a shrouded figure, held so for a few seconds, and then turned, leaving the appearance covered by the darkness, which seems the blacker for the temporary bath of light. Again the card is turned, and we see the face, hooded in some white material like a nun's, its pallor relieved by a peach-like bloom, plump, a serene smile playing about the lips. The form moves part of the way round the circle, shows itself several times, and then is seen no more.

Almost immediately another figure makes its appearance, and shows itself similarly—a small face, like a child's of two or three, less distinct than the other.

"Who is that?"

"It's me," answers Harry's tiny voice.

Harry shows himself to two or three of the sitters, flashing the light on and off his face, but it is impossible to make much of his features further than that it is a face, and a very small one, pale, and swathed in white. In his endeavour to appear clearly to me, he comes quite close to my side, and as the chair of the sitter next me has been grating against the organ, and there is certainly no space to pass between, I conjecture that only the upper part of the figure is materialised, and that its position is just over the keys of the instrument. He does not stay long with us, and the fall of the luminous card to the floor betokens his sudden departure.

A gentleman in the circle has been evincing a good deal of anxiety about his train, and to our disappointment Harry now tells us that this has disturbed the conditions, and that no further attempt can be made. Bidding us good night, he tells us to close as soon as possible, and this is done, her father fetching the medium, who appears dazed and rubs her eyes as if aroused from sleep, out of the cabinet.

We sit two or three times again after this, the phenomena being similar to what has been already recorded. It is sufficient to describe the last and best of the series.

The sitters are Mrs. and Mr. Titford, Mr. and Miss Davis, a friend (Mr. G.), and myself, and the general arrangements are of the usual character. This night, however, we have a small musical box weighing nearly eight pounds, which, in addition to luminous paint on its base, has two similar patches on the under surface of the lid, so that when it is opened in the dark the fact becomes immediately evident.

We sit at first in light, but instructions are shortly given to turn out the gas. A few minutes later the musical box, which rests on the table, is opened, the sound of winding heard, and the music begins. Presently, the box is whisked up into the air, and, still playing, whirled about over our heads, its course being easily followed by the aid of the luminous patch. It describes wide sweeps,

rises apparently close to the ceiling several times, and swoops down again, all with great rapidity, playing the while until the cylinder ceases to revolve. Then, still in the air and darting hither and thither, it is re-wound, the lid flapped vigorously up and down, and as the box pursues its bewildering journey there are raps on it beating time to the notes. A remarkable exhibition, continuing perhaps for ten minutes, after which the box flutters down, and is deposited with a bang on the floor in a corner of the room.

Now Harry's voice is heard. He bids us good evening, and tells us the organ will be played. The lid has been left open, and soon the familiar notes of "The Lost Chord" fill the air. The execution is excellent, and the selection that follows, "Depart in Peace," is also well and effectively rendered. It is observable that whilst the playing proceeds, Mrs. Titford, who is entranced, but still sitting at the table, breathes very heavily, and now and then emits a groan, symptoms which induce her husband to prefer the request that too much strength be not taken from her. Harry cheerily satisfies his fears on this score, and tells us that it was his brother Tom who played whilst he himself worked at the bellows, but Tom, he adds regretfully, would not let him pull out the stops as he wished.

Finger touches become frequent, and one or two of the circle are occasionally tapped on the head or patted on the back. The luminous card being lifted from the table is the signal that a materialised form is in the room. A face is soon seen, which is shown in turn to different members of the circle, and is recognised at once by Mr. Davis as that of his daughter Marie. A very affectionate greeting is exchanged between them, and the father receives several kisses, which he returns with fervour.

"Won't you kiss —?" is asked by one of the circle; and Marie at once comes to my side, and with velvet lips impresses a soft kiss on my cheek. I see her face quite clearly. She has very pleasing features, a sweet smile, and shining eyes, and in profile is unlike either of her sisters in the flesh.

Marie does not stay long, but whilst she is with us Harry is also in the room, and can be heard talking to my friend, whose face and head he is stroking in order to relieve a pain from which that gentleman is suffering.

Subsequently, Harry pours out a glass of water from the bottle on the side table, and puts it to his father's lips, and in a few moments he has abstracted a packet from my friend's pocket and is going the round of the circle, putting a sweet in each mouth as he proceeds. When he comes to the medium we hear the sugar grating against her teeth, and Harry explains that he cannot succeed in her case as "her teese is shut so close." So he makes up for failure here by endeavouring to stuff the rest of the packet, paper and all, in the mouth of Mr. Titford, unmoved by that gentleman's vigorous protest.

When the gas is turned full on, a curious scene presents itself. Almost every movable ornament in the room has been displaced. The heavy metal clock, weighing at least twenty-eight pounds, with its glass cover, has been carried to the table by the window, and in its place on the mantelpiece is the palm in an ornamental vase which stood at the window. All the other ornaments have gone from the mantelpiece, and in their place, elaborately arranged, are the tongs, poker, and shovel from the hearth. Several vases repose in an armchair, the water bottle appears on the séance table, and other articles, in the words of the auctioneer's placard, "too numerous to mention," have been in some way or other displaced, and all with scarcely an audible sound. Altogether, as a demonstration of physical power it has been a very successful séance.

The best way to do good is to take care that the good is more prominent than the doer.



## OBJECTIVITY OF AURAS.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the work of Durville, Reichenbach, and others, in the course of their researches in magnetism and electricity, will be interested to learn that a series of highly important experiments in the same direction have been carried out by Mons. Albert de Rochas with results which not only confirm and verify the conclusions of the earlier investigators, but open up new fields of observation. We give below some extracts from a paper which appears in "Annales des Sciences Psychiques." The darkness referred to must be absolute; that is, it must be so complete that after staying in the room for, say, half-an-hour, not even a pin point of light will be detected. Shutting doors and windows in the ordinary fashion will not do. Every crevice or hole by which the most slender point of light could be admitted must be closed, and this can only be accomplished by remaining in the darkness for such a period as is indicated above. By that time, or perhaps a little earlier, the eye will detect the most minute speck or streak of any kind of light—white or coloured—and all kinds of light must be excluded. Mons. de Rochas says:—

Take a *sensitif* (a mediumistic person) into the darkness; take with you a cat, a bird, a butterfly if you can obtain one, and several pots of flowers (growing flowers). After some hours of this darkness you will learn some curious things. The flowers will become luminous and visible; at first they will appear in the general obscurity like a grey, isolated cloud; later they will have more clearly defined points; finally, each flower will become distinct, the forms appearing more and more sharply defined. One day I placed one of these vases before Mons. Endlicher, a distinguished professor of botany, who was a fairly good *sensitif*; he cried out with a mixture of astonishment and fright: "This is a blue flower, it is a gloxinia." It was, in fact, a *gloxinia speciosa*, variety *corulea*, which he had seen in the absolute darkness, and which he had recognised by its form and colour. But without light one cannot see in darkness. Where did this light come from? It came from the plant itself. Anthers, pistils, corollas, everything was delicately illuminated; even their leaves shone, though not so brightly. Your butterfly, your cat, your bird, all will appear the same in the darkness. Presently your *sensitif* will declare that he sees yourself. Fix his attention on the hands; at first they will have a feeble resemblance to grey mist, then they will look like a silhouette on a background faintly illuminated, and, finally, the fingers will appear with their own light. He will see at each finger a luminous prolongation which may sometimes seem to be as long as the finger itself. After the first surprise in regard to the luminosity of everybody—unknown until now—is over, and you wish to direct the attention of your medium to the details of these lights, you will, perhaps, hear with fresh surprise that the colours from the different parts of the body are not similar; that the right hands shine with a blue flame, while the left hands appear of a reddish yellow, and that, in consequence, the first seem to be more sombre than the second; that the same difference exists with the two feet; that even the whole of the right side of your face, and, indeed, of your whole body, is of a blue tint and darker than the left, which is reddish yellow, and seems sensibly brighter than the other.

I made my first experiment on the magnets with Mdlle. Nowbury, in Vienna, in April, 1844, and I repeated it afterwards hundreds of times with other sensitives in the dark chamber. From each end of the magnetised bar proceeded a luminous flame, intense, smoking, and throwing sparks, blue from the north pole, and reddish yellow from the south pole. If the bar is placed vertically, with the south pole upwards, the medium will tell you that the flame increases. If the magnet is sufficiently powerful the flame will rise as high as the ceiling, and there produce a luminous circle of from one to three feet in diameter, so clear that the subject, if he is sensitive enough, could describe to you the details of the ceiling.

These quotations are from a series of letters published in Stuttgart in 1856. Mons. de Rochas then continues:—

I met, in the service of Dr. Luys at the "Charity," a subject, named Albert L—, who possessed a high degree of sensitiveness, and who, besides, was by profession a draughts-

man or designer, so that, thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Luys, to whom I revealed this singular property, we were both in possession of an apparatus much superior to that which our predecessors used, since instead of being obliged, like them, to depend on descriptions more or less vague, we could obtain designs and even pictures to which the subject had the faculty for bringing all possible precision.

According to observations made with the assistance of Albert L—:—

The left side of the human body exhibits a blue colouration. The eyes, the ears, the nostrils, and the lips emit radiations of the same colour, and these radiations are all the more intense according as the subject is more vigorous. The right side emits red auras by the sense organs, and their intensity varies conformably to the condition of the subject. Pushing his experiments on the lines of his professional occupations, Dr. Luys recognised first that, with each of his masculine and feminine hysterical subjects, the colouration of the auras of the right side became violet, and in the cases where there was paralysis through the disappearance of nervous activity, the luminous colourations of the skin were studded with black points. He also observed that the ocular auras subsisted for some hours after death. It will be seen that Reichenbach and Luys give the colourations in reverse ways. I have, myself, found by experiments carried on methodically for fifteen years with numerous subjects, that the descriptions which these subjects gave of the colourations were not always concordant; the same subject even varying in his statements from one moment to the other, leaving us unable to establish the law of these discordances.

What, therefore, one must consider as proved—in the same way as such-and-such a historical fact of which we have not been ourselves witnesses—is the existence of a luminous sensation perceived by a large number of persons in the conditions which we have indicated.

Is this sensation purely subjective—that is to say, merely the result of the medium's imagination? or is it objective—that is to say, the action of a material external cause, and, in the latter hypothesis, what may that cause be? Such are the terms of the problem, which I desired to solve by employing the resources which actual physical knowledge furnishes, and using the precautions which such delicate research exacts. I had the good fortune to associate with myself as working colleague a distinguished physicist, who has kindly prepared the analysis of our labours, but who prefers not to be named, in order to avoid annoyance.

(To be continued.)

## SOMNAMBULISM.

The Dutch "Sphinx" contains, among many interesting articles, the following account of how a missing body was discovered. The somnambulist is Madame Auffinger, of Paris. In October, 1868, Monsieur Lecoq de Boisbaudran, one of Monsieur Jules Favre's secretaries, disappeared without leaving a trace of his whereabouts. He had gone to Piedmont, and no more was heard of him after a certain point in his journey. The parents and sister of the young man had searched for him for a month, but returned home without discovering anything. Some lawyers, friends of the family, applied to Madame Auffinger, and she informed them that on a certain day, and in a certain manner, Monsieur Lecoq was murdered by a well-dressed person who travelled with him; that the attacked man had defended himself with his knife, but a peasant had rushed up and felled him with a stick, after which the two murderers robbed the body. Madame Auffinger described the place and several articles in the possession of the victim and the murderers. The information, so far as concerned Monsieur Lecoq's belongings, could then be verified, and was found correct. Six friends then went to Italy and renewed the search, but finding nothing, returned to consult the somnambulist again. Another journey followed, with a like resultless return. However, when the snow melted later, the body, covered with mud, was found at the spot indicated. Monsieur Lecoq's friends had passed the place about twenty times without observing anything. An examination showed that the man had been killed in the way the somnambulist had described. Five or six days after the disappearance a stranger introduced himself to an uncle of the missing man, saying that he had heard of the occurrence, and asking if any trace had been found.

He had met the victim on his travels. The description of this person was afterwards discovered to agree with that given by Madame Auffinger, and it was even said that in his possession were seen objects which had previously belonged to Monsieur Lecoq. (We may point out that this last is a very curious detail, and has all the appearance of being a stroke of imagination.)

### 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.]

#### All Saints' Day.

SIR,—I have read the letter of Mr. Morell Theobald in regard to mine which suggested that Spiritualists should hold a public meeting on "All Saints' Day"; and I thank Mr. Theobald for the interest he has shown. But I want to set him right on one point where he seems to have misunderstood me. When I said we should make "public exhibition" of our beliefs, and that to our meeting the public should be admitted, it was not with the faintest idea of proselytising or endeavouring to make converts. Nothing was farther from my mind. In fact, the very reverse is the tack I always go upon. Personally I have never, and would never, lift my little finger with the object of inducing people to believe in what I call, for want of a better name, Spiritualism. My experience has been, during the last thirty years, that those persons fitted to receive the Truth will be led by their own spirit-guides and friends into the way of receiving it.

My idea was that on this day every Spiritualist who possibly could, should join together and hold a meeting for the expressed purpose of meeting fellow believers and all together hold communion with the Saints; the meeting to take the form of a festival of joy.

I have offers from several well-known artistes (Spiritualists all) to sing and play, and we might have several short speeches both from mediums and ordinary speakers.

I shall be glad to hear privately from anyone who is willing and able to help to bring this meeting about.

There is one other thing I should wish to mention. I find that some people, on reading my letter, have made the mistake of imagining that when I proposed celebrating "All Saints' Day" it was from motives induced by sympathy on my part with the Roman Catholic Church. But I have nothing in common with this Church, and personally should be sorry to be thought to have any tendency or leaning towards it.

Ewell House, Bexhill-on-Sea.

B. RUSSELL-DAVIES.

#### The Fourth Dimension.

SIR,—The highly interesting letter of the Rev. W. Routh in "LIGHT," September 1st, concerns a subject with which I have just been dealing in the first of a series of articles entitled "Stages in the Cognition of the World," beginning in the forthcoming (September) number of "The Unknown World," in which perception in one, two, four, &c., dimensions of space is treated metaphysically, from the point of view of "Absolute Idealism," the subject of higher *time* dimensions belonging to the second of the series, on which I am now engaged. It would, of course, be improper to anticipate here the course of the argument as there presented, but I may refer to it on a single point of the first importance, in relation to the term "section," applied by Mr. Routh to the plane in a solid, and to the "solid" in a body of four dimensions.

Now a section is a separable, or conceivably separable *part*, an *element* in an aggregate, not a *factor* in an organic whole, and can exist apart from the aggregate, with independence as a sense-real. This possible independence is just the conception of a plane in two-dimensional sense-perception. But with the rise to three-dimensional perception, this real or possible independence as sense-real is sublated or suppressed by conversion of the plane from sense-real to ideational rank as a *limit*, i.e., a *relation* in the higher sense-cognition of the three-dimensional object. The distinction between elements and factors is of the utmost significance. If I add two and three in a conception of number obtained by addition, I get the aggregate five, in which the numbers two and three (considered as units) remain as *elements* of five, and can be still seen, so to speak, in five, an aggregate being mere juxtaposition of severally subsisting units which we think together. But if I *multiply* two by three, two and three dis-

appear entirely *as such*—as separable units—in the process by which six results. Two and three have penetrated each other through and through; their separate independence is suppressed, and they can only be *thought* as *factors*, not *seen* as *elements*, in the product, six. Multiplication is to addition as chemistry to mechanics, as organism to acervation. True, chemists talk of the elements of their combinations, but it is only by *chemical* analysis that they can discover them. In combination they are another substance, or, rather, are factors—not, properly speaking, elements—of that substance. Elements are perceptible in combination; factors are not, but are only thinkable in *relation*. In thinking six, we cannot think two and three as its equivalent. The two *into* three which we do think as its equivalent is a *relation* of two and three which *eo ipso* suppresses the elementary independence of each. As factors they are *raised* to a purely ideal rank.

So it is in a rise of dimensional perception. Perception gains in the dignity of its object, i.e., in its *integrational* capacity, by raising the sense-real of a lower order to the *relational*, i.e., *ideal*, rank in the higher. And there can be no "perception" at all without ideation of this kind, as every percept is an integration, however partial or fractional. Thus, even for a supposed (I believe actual) *one* dimensional consciousness, the *point* is idealised, is a *limit*, or *relation*—is therefore *thought*—in the object, line; as the line, again, ceasing to be object in itself, is limit, relation, idea, in the object, plane; and, as the plane-object, becomes limit, relation, idea, in the solid object. The fourth dimension is conceivable, and only conceivable, as a further advance of cognitional integration by elevation of our sense-real (solid) to ideal or relational rank in a higher percept. It must be a factor, not a constitutive element, in the new unit (object) of perception. To apply the term "section" to that which, as limit in the higher object, has now (or rather is now known as having) its own *esse* in its relation thereto (or as relation therein), is not only evidently incorrect, but it is to miss the very significance of what has happened in the transition to higher objectivity, the essential fact which, for the idealist, is of supreme importance. Every "section" of a solid is, of course, itself a solid, but we cannot have our solid without *thinking* that "geometrical abstraction," plane. The two-dimensional hypothesis supposes it to be a possible sense-real, and therefore the rise from two to three-dimensional objectivity (and so on) would be definable as a conversion of sense to thought, the finding of the truth and reality of that which for lower perception is its "matter," in a relational or ideal subsistence, in higher and higher integration.

C. C. M.

#### Mr. Maitland's "Rectification."

SIR,—I beg to echo very sincerely the regret expressed in your editorial note to Mr. Maitland's letter in last week's issue, that my notice of his article in "The Unknown World" should have given him offence. Certainly I did not use the word "cultus" as implying "worship" in the sense in which Mr. Maitland seems to understand it—as meaning the supplication and adoration usually reserved in the West for the Supreme Being. Mr. Maitland's knowledge of Eastern modes of thought and expression must make him familiar with the use of the term "worship" to signify a feeling or act of simple admiration and respect (even we ourselves speak of the Lord Mayor as "worshipful" in that sense). By anyone who acknowledges the existence of a Divine Noumenon, shining in and through all things, real worship can never be thought to adhere to the object seen or conceived by the worshipper, for this object is then perceived to be merely the channel through which "worship" passes to its true subject, the Divine Spirit that manifests to mortals through it.

With regard to Mrs. Kingsford's illumination, I cannot perceive that it is an isolated case, differing either in genus or species from other instances of inner enlightenment, of which many occur in history; and I do not see why it should not be considered as legitimate a subject as the others for critical examination by the light of recent psychical science and modern psychological experience. I did not for a moment intend to suggest that Mrs. Kingsford *consciously* paraphrased lines in the Bible, but it seems to me that until a hymn such as those she "restored" is found inscribed or engraved in some ancient Egyptian tomb or temple, we should not be expected to discard without examination the obvious hypothesis that her own astral self, or even some of the astral entities to which Mr. Maitland alludes may have a great deal to say to the "restoration."

For my own part, I find Mrs. Kingsford's mystical speculations (and also those of Mr. Maitland) of great interest and suggestiveness, but to me they present problems to be solved, rather than a Gospel to be believed. It would, indeed, be strange if I were not particularly interested in Mrs. Kingsford's extraordinary psychic or spiritual development, for I knew her well in days gone by, before she joined the Church of Rome—when, as Ninon Kingsford, she was a charming young woman, an agnostic with mystical tendencies, and a born "sensitive."

I wish to feel the greatest respect for Mr. Maitland's belief concerning Mrs. Kingsford's illumination; but he should remember that at present very few people share his unquestioning and apparently intuitional or instinctive faith in its divine origin; and he ought, I think, to remember that the right to form an intellectual judgment concerning its nature belongs to others as well as to himself.

For this latter reason Mr. Maitland's strictures on "LIGHT" can hardly, I think, be considered warranted. The many-sidedness and impartiality of "LIGHT" form one of its chief and distinguishing merits. It cannot justly be blamed for not making itself the advocate or patron of any "Gospel" save that of Spiritualism in the widest sense of that term.

THE REVIEWER,

#### Psychic Photography.

SIR,—If the author of "The Veil Lifted" will kindly note that Mr. Brodie-Innes has promised to let him see the photograph of which I spoke in October, when he comes to London, and also that as I am myself away from Edinburgh, and do not return there until October, his suggestion that I should have the photograph copied is not feasible.

I will endeavour to get all requisite particulars; but will the author of "The Veil Lifted" kindly remember and note that I did not charge the medium with fraudulently producing the spirit photograph? I laid the charge of falsity to another source, and it is this charge which must be kept in mind. I agree that it is most probable, indeed I consider it proved, that such abnormal photographs are produced by no fraudulent means whatever; but what the photographs really are (if not what I suppose), and by what right certain names and characters are attributed to them as *portraits of living spirits*, are the points which I wish to ascertain.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

SIR,—I have not had much experience in spirit-photography, but I have seen enough to assure me of its reality; so far as forms and faces being produced on the sensitive plate that were not visible to the ordinary vision.

Several years ago I used to practise as an amateur photographer, and I tried with a medium—who got very good physical manifestations—to obtain spirit-photographs, but with no results. This was about the time that Mr. Beattie was experimenting at Clifton, and Mr. Hudson practising in London. Buguet soon afterwards came over from Paris, and I and a friend interested in Spiritualism, made a special journey to London, and had a sitting with him, at a guinea a head. There was a spirit-form on each of our plates. My friend did not recognise that on his, but that on mine had a decided resemblance to my deceased wife, and was recognised by my family and friends when I took it home. My wife's profile was of the Grecian type, and very symmetrical. This was how it appeared in the photo. The hair, however, was in a different style to that usually worn by her, so different, in fact, that I did not at first recognise the likeness, but I remembered that it was as she lay on her sick bed previous to her decease, simply flat on each side. My next experience was at New York, where, accompanied by Mr. J. J. Morse, I went to a spirit-photographer, whose name I forget. We both had our likenesses taken, and a spirit-form was distinctly visible on each of our plates, but was not that of anybody we knew. We were recommended to this medium by Judge Carter, who gave me a likeness of himself that had been taken by said photographer. Around the judge were about a dozen small faces as distinct as the face of the judge himself. I have the photo in my album. As a proof of the genuineness of these productions I may say that the photographer in question afterwards went to the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting to practise his art. There was also an ordinary photographer on the ground who did not believe in spirit-photography, but the truth of it was admitted by him when, in the presence of his rival, a spirit-form appeared on his own plate under his own manipulation.

My next experience was a failure, but it is worth recording, as failures are sometimes instructive. During my residence in Boston the Eddy Brothers came to that city. I had resided two weeks in their domicile at Chittenden, Vermont, and therefore knew them well. I also knew a professional photographer who was an earnest Spiritualist. It occurred to me that it would be a good opportunity to try for a spirit-photograph, so I asked William Eddy, the celebrated materialising medium, to try the experiment. He expressed his willingness, and he and I met one Sunday morning, when all was quiet and we were not likely to be disturbed, at Mr. Bushby's studio. The conditions seemed favourable, but after exposing several plates with no results we gave it up in despair. This proves, to my mind, that every medium has his speciality, and that manifestations cannot be obtained to order. Mr. William Eddy's speciality was the production of spirit-forms. In his presence I have seen scores of these as natural and life-like as ordinary human beings, in fact the difficulty was in realising that they were not such; and yet under apparently favourable conditions not a shadow of a ghost could be obtained on the photographic plate through William Eddy.

Soon after my arrival in Boston I called upon Mr. Mumler, who was, I believe, the first to obtain spirit-photographs, and who was charged with obtaining money on false pretences for so doing. The trial lasted several days, when people came from distant parts to testify that they had obtained likenesses of their deceased friends, and Mr. Mumler was honourably acquitted. Mr. Mumler, at the time I visited him, had given up taking spirit-photographs, the reason for which I did not understand, but he had not given up Spiritualism, for in an adjoining room I could hear a trance communication being given in a very loud voice, presumably by Mrs. Mumler, who, I believe, was a medium. The last time I saw Mr. Mumler he was connected with a business firm, and engaged in bringing out a process of photo-gravure. I believe he has now passed on.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Moses Dow, whose portrait appears in "The Veil Lifted," with his young lady literary assistant, whose original portrait he showed me. Mr. Dow was the proprietor of the "Waverley Magazine," a publication of the "Family Herald" type, which had made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

There is no difficulty in my mind with regard to the Cyprian Priestess. I have had ample proof that spirits can materialise things to represent the forms of any earthly object. This, I conceive, they do in the same way as we make "graven images" and such like. On two occasions I have seen what resembled a painted bust, like a ship's figure-head, and on one occasion an object appeared rendered visible by its own luminosity. I got up to examine it, and on approaching it was somewhat shocked to find it was a human skull. If, therefore, spirits can do all this, I can see no difficulty in their producing copies of pictures on the photographic plate, or by drawing or painting through suitable mediums.

Eastbourne.

ROBERT COOPER.

SIR,—Several letters have appeared in your valuable paper about the "Cyprian Priestess," as shown in "The Veil Lifted," by Mr. Glendinning. To me, sir, it has been very interesting indeed, and as a member of the Hafed Circle I should like to say a few words. The "Cyprian Priestess" has been to me a real, living, spiritual personality for many years, and speaks to us frequently. She has come about the circle for a quarter of a century, and to us she was at first simply "Lily," but from her life's history we learnt that she had been a Cyprian Priestess, &c. She passed to the higher life in the first century of our era.

But it is the proof of spirit-photography with which we are dealing, and all objectors have signally failed to prove it a fraud, or that the photograph is a reproduction of a German artist's picture. When Mr. Glendinning obtained his now famous "Cyprian Priestess" it could not have been by any manipulation on the part of Mr. David Duguid, for he neither handled nor exposed the plates, which were bought and brought to the meeting by Mr. Glendinning, and it was only after three failures that the portrait of the "Cyprian Priestess" was obtained, when Mr. Duguid and myself were sitting in a window, while the exposure was made.

But the Priestess was got by a friend of mine, Mr. M., five years ago, and at three different times, and then almost a full form, and with very interesting surroundings, which were not the creation of Mr. Duguid's mind, as the beauty is almost

unsurpassable. A print of the first taken, with Mr. M.'s leave I send you. Surely by this time the truth of spirit-photography should have been considered proved, when Mr. Traill Taylor, a great authority on the subject of photography, has been converted to its truth. My greatest wish is that we had more spirit-photographers, and then would all men believe that there is no death. Long may Mr. Glendinning and Mr. David Duguid be spared to hold up to the world the light of truth and of spiritual reform.

Glasgow.

JAMES N. ANDERSON.

[It is but fair to say that, so far as we can judge, the appearance of the photo which Mr. Anderson has kindly sent us rather confirms than otherwise the statement made by Madame de Steiger. It will be remembered that Madame de Steiger, on seeing the psychic photo of "A Cyprian Priestess" published in "The Veil Lifted," described it as similar to the photo of a painting by a German artist, which photo she had seen in the possession of Mr. Brodie-Innes, of Edinburgh. This latter photo, however, she said, represented "an undraped syren rising from the sea," and "attended by Cupids." The picture in "The Veil Lifted" has, of course, none of these characteristics, as it gives nothing but the head and face; but, strangely enough, the photo now sent us by Mr. Anderson, also purporting to be a portrait of "The Cyprian Priestess," answers completely to Madame de Steiger's description—an undraped syren, rising, attended by Cupids. Plainly there is a mystery yet to be unravelled—and we hope that it will be successfully cleared up without the necessity of imputing bad faith to anyone.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Chepstow Hall, Peckham.

SIR,—Your issue of the 1st inst. notices a lecture delivered at Chepstow Hall on, I suppose, August 25th, and wrongly credits myself with failure to keep a "promise to attend" and question the speaker on that occasion. I certainly spoke to Mr. Edwards about the advisability of my attending his meeting, but I understood (or perhaps misunderstood) him to say in reply that his discourse would probably be too long to allow time for a short speech in answer to him.

I made no "promise" to attend that meeting, neither did I receive the letter which a friend assures me that Mr. Edwards told the audience he had sent me, inviting me to come and hear him, and giving me the opportunity to defend Theosophy from what I might regard as his attack. If Mr. Edwards will kindly oblige, through your columns, with particulars as to the date on which, and the office at which, he posted that letter I shall take prompt steps to trace and recover it.

Had I promised to attend Mr. Edwards' meeting I would have done so. Had I received his letter I would have accepted his kind invitation, and availed myself of my right to ask for his authority for saying that "an examination of the terminology of modern Theosophy shows clearly that it was taken from the writings of Paracelsus." The alphabetical "Glossary of Theosophical Terms," by Madame Blavatsky, has under the heading of "A" 341 terms, of which no less than 178 are Sanscrit, Pali, Zend, and Thibetan, while the whole book goes along similar lines, "only more so."

I agree that "the whole of the tenets and philosophy of Paracelsus appear to have been taken over by Madame Blavatsky, and given out to the world as a new philosophy revealed by the Adepts." But I deny that it so "appears" to anyone able and willing to read even such an elementary book as her "Key to Theosophy," wherein Mr. Edwards' allegations are more than abundantly disproved; and I shall hold myself that gentleman's debtor if he will oblige with a quotation from any of H. P. B.'s works in which she "appears" to "give out" a "new philosophy," instead of teaching—as every reader of the world Bibles, the sacred books of the East, knows she teaches truly—that Theosophy is as old as the human race.

J. T. CAMPBELL, F.T.S.

WHEN they had ruled God out of the universe, and sent the earth revolving through space a spinning clod of matter, discarding revelations from the Unseen, and branding them with the bugbear name of superstition, tables began to move, chairs to dance, and ghosts to rap around them. How ridiculous! they exclaim. Exactly so, it is most ridiculous that the finest philosophies and proudest assumptions of the Materialists should be upset by a few antics of their own furniture.—WILLIAM HOWARD

## SOCIETY WORK.

218, JUBILEE-STREET, MILE END, E.—A flower service will be held here on Sunday evening, September 16th, in memory of the passing away of Mrs. Marsh, and Spiritualist friends are kindly invited to attend. Mr. Veitch will conduct the service, which will commence at seven o'clock.

86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—On Sunday last the subject, "Spiritualism a Vindication of Religion, Science, and Common Sense," was cleverly handled by the inspirers of Mr. J. J. Morse. Next Sunday, September 9th, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Sutton, "The Progress of Spiritualism." September 16th, Mr. J. Edwards; September 23rd, Miss Rowan Vincent; September 30th, first meeting at Cavendish Rooms, Mrs. Rowan Hardinge Britten.—L. H.

SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—On Sunday evening, Mr. Long's guide "J. Wilson" spoke on "The Living Christ," showing clearly that the death of anyone would not avail to atone for another's wrong, but that as we conform to the Christ principle of life, the subjugation of all things to the performance of our duty to God and our fellows, we shall save ourselves. On Sunday next a spirit circle, at 6.30 p.m.—CHARLES M. PAYNE, Hon. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last Mrs. Mason gave a very successful séance to a large and appreciative audience, nearly all the descriptions being recognized. This is the first time this lady has visited our rooms, and we are happy to say that we shall, before long, be favoured with her presence again, when we hope to have as good an audience. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. G. Coote, address and psychometry; Thursday, at 8 p.m., open circle.—J. B.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—At our service on Sunday last, Mr. Davey, under spirit influence, gave us a very interesting and instructive discourse upon the condition of spirits, both on the earth-plane and in the spirit world, with excellent advice upon mediumship. Mr. Norton's controls followed with very successful clairvoyance. Miss Crump kindly presided at the organ. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Wyndoe; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. September 16th, Mrs. Mason. September 23rd, Mr. W. E. Walker.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—On Sunday last Dr. Reynolds addressed the meeting on "The Gifts of Spiritualism," but curtailed his remarks considerably on account of the unexpected but welcome presence of Messrs. Glendinning and Baker, and Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow. Each of these gentlemen spoke of the noble philosophy of Spiritualism, and the audience had time for a real spiritual treat. A reading from "Poems of Progress," by Mr. Breasley, and a few complimentary remarks by our president (Mr. J. Allen) brought an instructive meeting to a close. Next Sunday, experience meeting.—E. J. GOZZERT, Sec.

CHEPSTOW HALL, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last, Mr. Butcher opened the meeting with a beautiful invocation, followed by a reading entitled "The Beautiful Land" (Cora Tappan), which was much appreciated. The subject "Religion and Spiritualism: A Contrast," was logically dealt with by the controls, and the two sides of the question were ably depicted, leading to the question why they should not be blended, as Spiritualism came not to destroy, but to reform, and give light. Miss Lillian Gambrell gave some clairvoyant descriptions with wonderful success. Tuesday, at 8.30 p.m., Mr. Edwards, healing; Miss Gambrell, clairvoyance.—JOHN TUDOR AUDY.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. H. (Birmingham).—We shall readily give insertion to your communication as soon as space permits.

W. R. T.—Your verses are very clever, but we are afraid that their publication would inflict an unnecessary wound on the feelings of the gentleman referred to.

HELD OVER.—Several communications are necessarily held over till next week, including those from H. B. (Worcester), J. Mc W. (King's Heath), and W. F. Hayes.

Y. Z.—We believe that very many of the books mentioned in the list which appears week by week in the last pages of "LIGHT" are out of print, but copies of all of them are in the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and therefore accessible to the members.

THE new book in the Contemporary Science Series will be by Mr. Frank Podmore, and will be entitled "Apparitions and Thought Transference." Shortly described, the work is an examination of the evidence for telepathy. In Mr. Podmore's own words, he aims at presenting in "brief compass a selection of the evidence upon which the hypothesis of thought transference, or telepathy, is based. Much of the evidence has been collected by the Society for Psychical Research, and Professor Henry Sidgwick has taken an interest in Mr. Podmore's examination of it.