

# Light:

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Our evergreen veteran, Dr. Peebles, is singing the praises of California, and he sings its praises so well that we hesitate between longing for it or heaven. It is the land of a perpetual summer-spring. It seems, also, to grow other things besides lemons and peaches, nectarines and grapes, apricots and oranges. In San Diego, he tells us, heretics grow as freely as oranges; and Spiritualists are strong, and liberal, too, we should say. When a Vedic missionary lately visited the city, seeking help for his scheme for educating Hindu girls, and the Methodists, Unitarians, and Universalists declined their churches, the Spiritualists gave him the use of their hall. The learned gentleman, a lawyer, said that the Mahatmas of the Himalayas and Thibet were "elemental imaginations."

In the course of his communication, Dr. Peebles wonders why Theosophists are "such bitter haters of Spiritualism." Are they? We hope not. But if Mr. Judge has really been calling Spiritualism "Devil-worship," he, at all events, has not an overwhelming love for us. Certainly, as Dr. Peebles reminds us, "Spiritualists cradled the Theosophic babe."

"The Mediumistic Experiences of Mrs. Keeves-Record" is a very useful bit of autobiography. It is written in a straightforward, homely style, is full of incident, and free from bothering theories. Of course, the unbeliever would classify it amongst the world's amazing lies, but it is something to shut up the unbeliever to the choice of that horn of a dilemma. It is his only chance of escape. In this temperate story there is no room for the explanations—"self-deception," "excitement," "unconscious cerebration," "hypnotism." Mrs. Record's statements are as circumstantial as anything could be. As with Mr. Stead's "Julia" and her doings, there is but one choice—either the whole thing is a champion lie, or it is one of the most wonderful things—perhaps the most wonderful thing—on the face of this earth.

We do not want to say too much about lying spirits, but it will never do to disguise the fact that we are never free from the possibility of contact with them. If this is an argument against Spiritualism, we cannot help it; our duty is to find out the truth and face it, and not merely to make things pleasant. Within limits, every communicating Intelligence should be treated with sympathy and respect, and not as though our first duty was to suspect and "try the spirits." But this is perfectly compatible with self-reliance, self-respect, and watchfulness.

There are times when the lie is palpable, as when a spirit, pretending to be Abraham Lincoln, lately said, in

answer to a question, that his murderer's punishment was that of all murderers, "eternal fire and brimstone." That spirit was a fool as well as a liar; it did its lying so very badly. No one who knew much about Abraham Lincoln would believe he could talk like that.

The best protection against lying spirits is a truth-loving spirit in the inquirer, and strong self-possession. Just as tormenting schoolboys get tired of tormenting when they find that their victim does not care, so lying spirits tire soonest of pretending when they find they are easily found out, or are not, as a matter of course, believed.

Mr. W. Stewart Ross's new book, "The Bottomless Pit: A Discursive Treatise on Eternal Torment" (W. Stewart and Co.), is one which we wish we could commend for general reading. The "Proem" gave promise of a book of pathetic gravity; but the book itself, though often giving signs that it is "wrought in a sad sincerity," is boiling over with what we really must call riotous, and even vulgar, fun. It may have its uses; we hope it has. So there may be some who will enjoy it; we don't. At the same time, we freely admit that the blasphemy and horror assailed by it deserve no better treatment.

We shrink a little from the experiment, but must give a taste of the book, if only to justify our criticism, and in order to show precisely what a book on the subject should not be. It is the very first paragraph we opened at:—

Spirits getting out of heaven to tilt tables knocks orthodox teleology all on the head. Supposing Brown was a saint whose principal joy in heaven was to stand on the balcony and look down upon the writhing torments of Smith in hell, and supposing a *mejum* takes Smith out of hell for only half an hour to tilt a table at Adam-street, Adelphi; by doing so that *mejum* has, for the space of half an hour, abridged the joy of Brown in heaven—the joy to which Brown was well entitled from the beautifully canting and sneaky life he led on earth. What business has the *mejum* to thus knock deity's plans on the head and interfere with the heavenly joys of Brown? I am not altogether inimical to the basic principle of Spiritualism; but one thing is certain: If you are a Spiritualist you cannot be a Christian; conversely, if you are a Christian, you cannot be a Spiritualist.

Disliking this, and very much more like it, we are still bound to say that the book is one of great ability and immense power.

J. G. Priegel, in "Light of Truth," goes to the root of the matter when he says, concerning the ultimate purpose of Spiritualism:—

To call forth and develop a new race of men and women, to be the nucleus for a new civilisation as far superior to the present state of the most refined society as this is to the savage bushman, this is our final, exalted purpose, of which Modern Spiritualism is the first initiatory step; the liberation and cultivation of the divine nature in the human; the regeneration and atonement of the children of men; to re-unite God, the angel world, or heaven, with men on the earth in undisturbed, open, and free communion. The declaration and proclamation of the angel hosts on the fields of Bethlehem is to be fulfilled: "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth and good will



to men." The esoteric meaning of the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of John's Revelations is to be unveiled, and the true mission of the Christ manifested in magnificent splendour, in sublime glory.

## SPIRITUAL SOLUTIONS OF PRESENT PROBLEMS.

BY J. PAGE HOPPS.

PERHAPS the most pathetic cry that ever went from earth to Heaven was that of the old Hebrew poet: "How long, Lord! Wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever!" And that cry never ceases from the earth; for God's beautiful world seems so full of promise; and the glorious new heaven and earth seem to come at times so nigh; and yet the forces of evil, and poor humanity's misery, are so ever present that the cry is forced from the hard-pressed spirit: "How long, Lord! Wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever!"

What that ancient thinker felt millions have felt. Paul felt it when he said: "The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God . . . for we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." And that is true even to modern science, which also tells of a whole creation, with its prophetic birth-throes—sighing and moaning, but ever rejoicing in its glorious new-births, even until now.

We only deceive ourselves if we do not see that it has ever been, and is, a world of pain—with many alleviations and many compensations, but still a world of pain. The history of every nation has been a history of fearful struggle and heart-break—often only a little less horrible than the primeval struggles of the brutes, or the later struggles of savages; and, in some respects, more horrible, as giving more distress of mind. And I suppose nothing has staggered earnest and gentle—aye! and trusting souls, in all ages, so much as the knowledge of all this. And, from poor "Man Friday," who asked Robinson Crusoe why God did not kill the devil, to Robert Buchanan, who asks God who will judge *Him* at the Judgment Day, millions have cried: "How long, Lord! Wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever!"

How tedious the long process seems! How slow all the great changes! The shortest day passes; but how the laggard seconds and the dingy clouds conspire, day after day, to make us see no difference! So is it through all human history. Great reformations dwindle, and the mighty reformers are followed by quibbling sectarians; and the expected redemption is postponed. Cromwell is succeeded by Charles II. The splendid heroisms of our greatest men end in a stone statue or a tablet of brass. Jesus dies on a cross, and after Him come "the dark ages"—and, for ever and for ever, longing souls look out and sigh: "How long, Lord, how long?"

Now, so long as the world held the old realistic belief in God as a kind of magnified man, who acted from His own supreme will in all kinds of supernatural ways, there was no answer. How could there be? But we are making it possible to give an answer now. The personality of God is not to us what it once was. It is intensely real, but entirely unlike the personality that defines and limits man. For the first time we are believing really in the infinite and omnipresent God. His personality, whatever it is, is not bounded and limited as ours is. He is spirit, and He is everywhere. He never had any "chosen people," and was never tabernacled in one place. He was manifested in the ancient histories of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, as well as Judea; and in Him the modern nations as truly "live, and move, and have their being." He is the Lord of the life of a grain of wheat, and is in the mystery of a glow-worm, and is the centre and soul of the infinite mystery of

the myriad forms of life that combine to make a universe. Yes! and the lovely little glow-worm is just as great a mystery as the mystery of the solar system, or the mystery of the Milky Way, or the mystery of the binding together of millions of worlds into one harmonious whole—or the mystery of spirit-life in the incomprehensible Unseen,—or the mystery of God. It is only our limitations that lead us to draw distinctions between the great and the small. There is as much of wonder and as much of God in the growth of a fungus as in the evolution of a world,—as much of mystery and of deity in a dew-drop as in an ocean; and, if God is in any sense "omnipresent," He is as truly in the one as in the other.

And, indeed, we need to make a great effort to get rid of the delusion that God is more in one place than another. We say God is in Heaven. What do we mean? Is He not everywhere? And is He not as truly in the corn-fields of England as in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem? And, as for that pretty and touching description of the New Jerusalem in the Book of the Revelation, with its precious jewels and shining gold, surely we may at least as truly look for Him in our English corn-fields as expect Him in that gay land of jewelled splendours, just as one might say: Surely God is at least as truly in a lovely English lane as in New Bond Street!

They say, He comes miraculously to the wafer which the priest consecrates at the altar; but is He not as truly in the homely loaf of bread that a poor man brings home and lays upon the table?

Yes! we can know no God apart from the life of every existing thing. He is, and therefore they are, and in Him all things, as well as all men, "live, and move, and have their being."

Thus understood, we may truly come to see that there is no failure, no delay, any more than there is failure or delay when the small child has to pass on to Shakespeare and Tennyson through the little, lowly door of the alphabet, and slowly on, sometimes with pain and toil, to the literature of the world. Only, in our haste and blindness, we cry, "Lord, how long?" And yet all things seem to sigh and say it; and "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Think only of the real creation of man—not by magic, in a Paradise, but by a million stages of struggle through countless ages, from protoplasm to beast, and from beast to man. What a pathetic history it is!

Millions of years has God taken to make man. But has He delayed? Not an hour! The great promotion of man has needed every stage; and every stage has had God in it; and, with Him, a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. And we may say that God Himself is always emerging,—in the glow-worm and the man. The statue hidden in the block of marble can be conceived of as actually existing there, and only needing the sculptor's emancipating hand. We can imagine it sighing to itself, as the days and weeks go by: "How long, master, how long?" But every look of the artist, and every touch of the tool, work the wonder, and help to set the glorious statue free. But, instead of a statue, needing to be carved out by hand, think of a world, developing from within. Think of the forest-tree shut up in the little acorn, and coming to the measure of the stature of the monarch of the forest in 300 years. Or consider the pretty little skylark's egg. Break its fragile lovely shell, and what do you find? Anything resembling a skylark's song? Examine it; test it; bring to it all that science can bring; and you shall never find in it the secret of the skylark's song. And the pretty bird has to come from that unlikely-looking thing before it can mount up into the heavenly blue. Put the delicate, warm unbroken shell to your ears, and listen. In vain; and yet the germ of the song within is, in its way, sighing and saying, "How long?"



To us it all seems slow, because our little, eager time-keeper has no affinity with the grand cathedral clock of the Eternal. But not a moment is lost; and not a moment is without the activity of God. It takes some days to transform an egg into a skylark, and to liberate the skylark's song: it only takes longer to create a world, and to evolve a human race; and, again a little longer to emancipate the man from the survivals of the beast; and, again a little longer to make him know and feel that he is a child of the glorious king; and, again a little longer to bring the angel out of the man—but it will be done.

We might say: Why is the issue so long delayed? But every time we ask that we only reveal how much we are bound by the old conceptions of God. But even with the old conceptions of God, we might reply: God's object has been to create a human race, not a wonderful machine. An almighty mechanic might have made man perfect from the first, and with no liability to err; but that would have only been equivalent to the construction of a curious chronometer, warranted never to go wrong. But our Father in Heaven did not want to create a chronometer, but a human race;—and a human race with experience, and self-denial, and self-control, and sympathy, and love, and hope, and fear, and aspiration, could only be created in one way, so far as we can see; and that one way is the way we know. Evolution explains all; miracle would spoil all. But even an almighty manipulator could not make three and two produce seven; and equally impossible would it be to produce a human race without the process that could alone develop it.

But, after all, the full explanation will never arrive here,—though the brightest trust may. Man is still on pilgrimage, and the history of his great journey has yet to be written. But it never can be fully written here, for it will never be ended here. A very thoughtful writer once called the unseen "the all-revealing world": and that is a delightful thought; and as reasonable as it is delightful; for, if we are passing on, in a career, what more reasonable than the supposition that the progress which is the law of a life here will be the law of life there, and in an increasing degree? Let us be patient, and remember how the great, fruitful, far-reaching processes of Nature contrast with the brief moments that measure the life of man. And, indeed, in many ways what we want most in these days is patience. Our modern development of energy, so fruitful in most directions, may easily lead to mischief in others. Our splendid development of individuality, so signal a proof of the progress of man, may easily lead us, in some things, astray. The man of the nineteenth century has marched on to many wonderful achievements, but he is wanting in docility; he is impatient for results; he is intolerant of faith; he calls God Himself to his judgment bar; and the sweet old grace of trust is in danger before this rush of intense positiveness and self-assertive individuality. And even tender religious spirits cry out, with a new tone of expostulation: "How long, Lord? Wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever?" Happy they who can say:—

My God, it is not faithlessness  
That makes me cry, "How long?"  
It is not heaviness of heart  
That hinders me in song:  
'Tis not despair of truth and right,  
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope  
Of glory and of home,  
With such a joy before mine eyes,  
Not wish the time were come,—  
Of years, the jubilee; of days,  
The Sabbath, and the sun?

Let faith, not fretfulness,  
Awake the cry, "How long?"  
Let no faint-heartedness of soul  
Damp the aspiring song.  
Right comes, truth dawns, and night departs  
Of error and of wrong.

Here, then, is our great consolation. God is hidden, but He is never absent—never unmindful, never inactive. He is the Unit of Power that binds together all forces in a Universe. He is the life of the lily not less than the life of the angel; and the life of the weed not less than the life of the lily. He is the process and the product, the germ and the fruit, the beginning and the end. He is the Force that works when we rest. He is the Law of Nature that is wise when we are ignorant. He is the Power that will succeed though we seem to fail. He is the Life that knows and sees when we do not comprehend. He is the Order which will secure that

One far-off Divine event  
To which the whole creation moves.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

When the neophyte researcher is told that there is an aureole around his head, and that a beautiful winged spirit is hovering about him in the séance-room, he should sometimes think the matter over for a little while before coming to an adverse conclusion; especially if he has, as he fancies, more than once discovered his professional medium surreptitiously trying to make the table bump, or the planchette or psychograph to move. In such circumstances an inexperienced person is only too apt to determine on the spot that the wingless fellow-creature without a nimbus who sits beside him is in a very dark corner indeed. The young researcher may, however, be quite three-fourths mistaken, as he would, probably, speedily learn, if he had the good fortune to be able to consult some honoured Spiritualist of long standing and of large knowledge who could tell him many things that would tend to make his judgment less hastily obtrusive.

Inquirers are almost always impatient to become acquainted with facts which frequently require a great deal of "classification," and much experience for that; while the difficulty for beginners is immensely enhanced by the circumstance that, to put it mildly, fraudulent practices are not wholly absent from the sittings of persons who tacitly accept the name, and sometimes ostensibly—to some extent justly—claim to possess the powers and functions of a medium. But if everything could be known it would probably be found that, in a vast number of what some would consider flagrant cases of deception, almost all that appears suspicious—suspicious beyond a doubt to the sitters—is, in its framework, of a perfectly genuine character.

As is well known to Spiritualists whose acquaintance with the subject is neither of yesterday nor to-day, it is possible for fact and fancy to be abundantly present at a séance, in much the same way as we find them conjoined in the realms of art, literature, and "popular" science; the facts coming from the other side and the fancies from this one. It may, for example, be perfectly true that our tyro's medium has really seen some patch of light in the vicinity of his visitor's head, and something of a larger though not less amorphous appearance looming about his shoulders, while, at the same time, there may possibly be good ground for supposing that he communicates some feeble motions to the table from an unscrupulous anxiety to throw into relief such other phenomena as may actually occur. Cynically speaking, he has the dishonest and vulgar impertinence to supply, for the time, decorative adjuncts which he may have had in proper fashion on other occasions, and might have had again if the power had been strong enough.

This lack of right principle is a disease which is not confined to one class of the community, but is spread over a large area in human affairs. It is not unknown in even much more exalted institutions than banks and stock exchanges; and behind the counter and in front of it, in the mill and in the warehouse, in the pulpit and at the bar, we can see every now and then the leprous patches which it leaves. If a family medicus were to carefully nurse his yearly bill by allowing his patients to fancy that they were suffering from heart affection which would require "a long time to get rid of," instead of eschewing dishonest gain by plainly telling them that they were victims of indigestion caused by their own irregular and improper diet or appetites, we should consider that he was in as dark a corner as any fraudulent medium ever occupied. If he explained that some people insist on choosing the name of the disease from which they truly enough suffer, and that he



could not be blamed for filling the only corner in which they would consult him, as they would merely go farther and perhaps fare worse if he declined, that physician would very likely be able to leave his shady alcove not only without any trouble, but in all probability with a certain amount of sympathy. A defence on such lines would, however, sound very curiously in the mouth of a so-called medium, and it would probably momentarily over-state the case in respect to his practices. But it seems to be not unlike the condition of matters brought about by those who are merely phenomena hunters, and who are not content with beggarly elements. Like some novel readers, they seek to start at the last chapter, seeing little or no need even for "conditions," or for any restraint in expressing their opinion that the word forms part of a terminology which has been framed for the purpose of concealing deceit. Serious searchers after truth will do well to avoid investigators of this kind with as much, if not indeed more, care and distrust than is necessary in regard to even doubtful mediums, for those who have the greatest experience in the matter aver, with a unanimity which would be incredible if their statement were incorrect, that such people bring with them to the séances which they attend, more disagreeably evil influences, and are the cause of greater doubt and confusion, than the surroundings of any half dozen of mediumistic weaklings. But no genuine student of Spiritualism in its phenomenal aspect should be unduly startled when told that he momentarily wears one of those lustrous wreaths with whose general appearance he is familiar only through occasional visits to the National Gallery. And just as little need he doubt the presence of some shining guide, however unworthy of such care he may know himself, or however "shady" may be the medium from whom he derives the information; for among the numerous things that clairvoyant-vision has seen, there are not a great many which have been better or more constantly attested than the presence of lights and guides. F.

#### CLAIRVOYANCE AND MATERIALISATION.

"The Progressive Thinker" (Chicago, U.S.) contains an unusual number of strongly-attested wonders in connection with clairvoyance and materialisation. Here is one, signed by Marshall Haight, whose address is given:—

My brother materialised. He passed to spirit-life before I was born. He also announced his name; he, too, gave me unmistakable evidence that he was my brother. He spoke of my son who had passed to spirit-life when he was about four months old. At this time he had grown to be a young man of fifteen years. My son then came, announced his name, and said he had been waiting, watching, and looking forward very anxiously for this meeting. He was overjoyed to tell me how much he had learned, saying that he fell into the hands of grand teachers; that he did not wish to boast, but that he was far in advance of his years.

I will now give an account of the wonderful achievement performed by my son at a sitting a few days later, when he dematerialised a quartz rock weighing eleven ounces while he was standing by my side. While I was having séances with the medium my son informed me that he would take up the science of chemistry as a study. One of his teachers came and asked if I would furnish the material to work on. I consented to do so, and this quartz rock was one of the articles. I took this rock, with two smaller pieces, weighed them at home, put them in my pocket, and made the remark: "If they don't ask for these rocks, I will have my séance, take them home, and say nothing about them." I went into the séance-room, but did not let the medium know anything about my intentions. The music-box was made to play. I sang "Hazel Dell," and then the séance started. My friends came and we were all having a good time. I noticed that all seemed to be very gleeful, so I never said one word about the rocks.

Finally my son came by my side, and said in a playful way: "Pa, I will take the rocks now." I asked him which one he would have. He said he would take the largest one now, and perhaps all. I took the largest one out of my pocket, and placed it into his hand. He said it was too heavy for him to hold, and he requested me to hold it out in the palm of my hand so that he could reduce it enough for him to hold. I did as requested. He placed his hand under the back of mine and with his right hand moving over the rock it was reduced one-half in size. Then he requested me to turn the rock over into his left hand, which I did, and put my left hand under his. I placed the

fingers of my right hand on the rock, and followed it down until it was as small as a pea. Then I put my forefinger on it, and followed it until it disappeared entirely. He then went to the cabinet as quickly as possible, as dematerialising the rock exhausted all the power he had. The rock melted away as rapidly as that amount of ice would melt in a noonday's sun.

#### A ROUGH SEANCE IN ROME.

We have already given one or two accounts of important séances held in the Eternal City, under the auspices of the Psychological Academy there, and at which the results were duly attested by various representatives of scientific research. The present report is one of a somewhat less official character, and has been supplied by Signor G. Palazzi, of Naples. But although it is, in a sense, non official, it happens to be, apparently, of considerably greater importance than any that has preceded it, as it gives details of some much more surprising phenomena than have been recorded in previous accounts. It will be seen to have also its humorous trait, where the Roman University professors and scientists were hauled in an effort to make the séance of an exclusive character. The simple incident will probably gladden the hearts of those who had begun to fear that the privilege of, and opportunities for, occult research are rapidly drifting into the power of those who, generally speaking, have hitherto been its uncompromising foes. We translate the description from the pages of "La Revue Spirite."

Formerly, when I spoke of Spiritualism to Signor Ferraiolo, one of my friends at Rome, he used to laugh in my face. Being there in the month of November, 1893, he told me some strange things, in regard to spiritualistic phenomena, which had been verified in his own home, and still more at the house of his friend the painter, Signor Francesco Alegiani. The latter phenomena he described to me to be of such an importance as could have given points to those produced by Eusapia Paladino. The mediums are three young students, Messrs. Arturo Ruggieri, Alberto Fontana, and Ferruccio Cecchini, and a fourth, the engineer, Signor Palmiani. I begged Signor Ferraiolo to introduce me to one of these séances at Signor Alegiani's house, and he made an appointment with me for the evening of November 15th, Wednesdays being the séance days. On the Wednesday morning, I had occasion to see my friend Signor Giovanni Hoffmann, and I told him of the séance at Signor Alegiani's house. He replied that he was sorry, as that evening was set apart for an interview between Professors Ferri, Lorgi, and other professors of the Roman University, and the mediums, in order to arrange a programme together in view of a projected series of experiments of a wholly scientific nature; therefore, for that Wednesday, there would be no phenomena séance. I, nevertheless, kept my appointment with Signor Ferraiolo, who, when I told him what Signor Hoffmann said, replied: "Come along to Alegiani's. We shall have our séance." My chaperon, who was in good favour with the ladies of the household, set the whole feminine world in revolt against the threatened disappointment; and, as a woman's wish is the will of Providence, we had our séance, in spite of all the arrangements of the Roman University professors. I have thought this little preamble useful, in order to show that, as there was not, and could not have been, anything arranged beforehand, there was, therefore, no room for deception.

In the séance room there were a piano, and a large table, the top of which was divided into little framed squares, each of them filled with a square plaque, inlaid and fitted to the grooves.

The room had a door and two windows, and there were at least twenty persons assembled; among others, Professor Ferri and his wife; Signor Giorli; the Polish painter, Siemiradski; the engineer, Palmiani; Dr. Santangelo; the two mediums, Messrs. Fontana and Ruggieri; Signor Hoffmann; Signor Ferraiolo; all the members of the Alegiani family; and others whose names I do not remember.

The meeting was held partly in the light of a red lamp, and partly in darkness. Messrs. Ruggieri and Palmiani, in company with a few others, did not form a portion of the circle seated round the table, which consisted of about fourteen persons. The medium, Signor Fontana, seated near the left corner of



the table, had on his right and in line with him, Signor Giorli, while Dr. Santangelo sat at the other side of the same corner, and therefore at a right angle to the medium, whose left hand was held by the doctor, and his right by Signor Giorli. Signor Hoffmann directed the séance, walking between the door and the piano, and those persons who were not in the circle remained between the door and one of the windows, that is, behind the medium and his two guardians. At first, in the light, there were creakings and movements, and partial elevations of the large table, and following these, raps and blows, more or less powerful, which appeared to be given by knuckles, and sometimes by a fist or a large hammer. The spirits informed us by means of very powerful blows, indicating letters of the alphabet, and struck, apparently, in the interior of the wood, that their names were Oscar and Louis, the spirit guides of Signor Fontana. A frightful blow, which startled everybody, was given on the middle of the table to make Madame Agnese Alegiani be quiet. She was not in the circle, but was urgently requesting news about a poor man who was ill. In the interior of the wood there were sounds imitating the movements of a saw and other tools of various kinds, besides additional phenomena of diverse description, such as a complete raising of the table twelve inches from the floor. All this in the light.

Dr. Santangelo is a powerfully-built and very heavy man, and Signor Giorli, who is young, is not lighter. The latter asked from time to time if the spirit Louis was still present, as he wished to speak to him, but received no reply. Darkness was demanded by the spirits, and, after a very short time, and without the least warning, the three persons above named, Santangelo, Fontana, and Giorli, were suddenly lifted simultaneously and set on the table—the first on his knees, and the two last on their feet. The difference of position in regard to Santangelo may be explained by the circumstance that he was not in line with, but at right angles to, the medium, as has already been described, and that the force was not sufficient, on that account, to place the doctor on his feet. However that may be, it must have been a great force which could raise at one stroke three persons, two of whom were so heavy. This phenomenon was duly verified by several people, among them being Madame Ferri and Signor Siemiradski, and at this time also, the medium was raised *above* the table, a circumstance observed and verified by the majority of those present. We passed our hands several times under the feet of the medium. He was raised four inches from the surface of the table. It was suggested that the two feet under which we passed our hands, might be one of the medium's and one of Signor Giorli's, who was standing beside him. In that case it would have been not an important levitation phenomenon, but a ridiculous farce. Signor Hoffmann, who directed the séance, asked the spirit, in order to dissipate all doubt as to the reality of the thing, to permit its repetition with the medium alone, and to allow the lamp to be lit while Santangelo and Giorli descended from the table. The spirit consented by means of the agreed number of raps, and while the two gentlemen named were getting down, the medium, who was in a "blue fright," supplicated them to keep a hold of his hands. Before continuing I may mention that when the medium and his two guards had been raised on to the table, one of the small square decorative plaques in the top already mentioned sprang out of its grooves and fell to the floor. It was the square between Dr. Santangelo and the medium. Those among the regular sitters who were present stated that a similar phenomenon happened last year, when the piano had been taken to pieces bit by bit. When the light was turned on everybody tried, one after the other and in different ways, to replace the plaque in its square, but unsuccessfully, it being impossible to adjust the four rebates simultaneously in their grooves. This is considered to be a veritable phenomenon, because the plaque did not belong to the square under either Dr. Santangelo or the medium, and could not, therefore, have been forced out by the weight of either of those gentlemen when they were lifted on to the table, and must have been the work of the spirits. I think, on the contrary, that Dr. Santangelo, being very heavy, exerted such a strong pressure on the left margin of the table, that when this was counterbalanced by the weights of the medium and Signor Giorli, the two pressures caused the table to curve, the curve facilitating the escape of the plaque from its grooves, which are not very deep. Messrs. Santangelo and Giorli having descended, and their weight being removed, the curve disappeared and rendered it impossible to get the rebates back again into their channels. (This is quite a likely explanation of

the circumstance, but it is a pity its accuracy was not tested at the time. Probably Signor Palazzi did not think of it at the moment.)

When the darkness was resumed, the medium felt that he was again lifted from the table, and then not only his immediate neighbours, but also Siemiradski, Madame Ferri, and I, verified the fact, and found that he had really been elevated higher than on the first occasion, for we could pass our hands between his feet and the table, not only flat, as before, but also with the palm vertical to the table's surface. Having leisurely verified the reality of this phenomenon, the medium was lowered, and we then asked that the spirit would cause him to descend again to the floor, which he did immediately. While he was being gently lowered he kept calling out in a pitiful manner not to lose hold of his hands. A few moments after he had regained his seat, he was suddenly thrown under the table with such violence as to draw Signor Giorli after him, while he nearly capsized Dr. Santangelo. The medium and Signor Giorli began to kick with their feet against ours, and we were at the opposite end of the table. We told Signor Giorli to raise the medium, but a few moments afterwards he replied that Signor Fontana was so heavy that he could not move him. Several others tried unsuccessfully to do it. Signor Giorli remained stretched alongside the medium, but we got him up, thinking he might be aiding by his weight to keep down the former, who in his perpetual fright, begged them not to leave his hands. Signor Siemiradski, a tall, robust man, tried in vain to pull him up. He declared that Fontana was glued to the floor, and that he did not succeed in even moving him. Madame Ferri had a wish to try, and did so, with the same result. Her husband, the professor, who was seated beside me, called out in surprise, "And yet, she is stronger than a man!" At last we requested the spirit Oscar to do it himself. In the twinkling of an eye the medium was in his chair.

Along the wall at our side, and opposite the door, there was an upright piano with some books and music on it. We asked Oscar, the spirit, if he could play—the piano being closed. He replied affirmatively, and the piano having been closed, the key was handed to Professor Ferri, who kept it in his waistcoat pocket. The darkness resumed, in a few moments we heard, not the sound of a piano, but that of strings struck inside the closed instrument.

Signor Siemiradski had brought with him some white paper privately marked by himself, and it was asked if the spirit present could give us any direct writing. An affirmative reply was given, but, contrary to the general expectation, nothing was obtained. They had, however, in preceding séances obtained long and important written communications in answer to questions. We were all disposed to close the séance, when Signor Ferruccio Cecchini arrived. Through his mediumship, musical pieces have been played by genuine masters. Signor Ruggieri, who, from fear, had until then kept out of the circle, gathered courage on the arrival of Cecchini and joined it, as did also the engineer, Palmiani. In the hope of obtaining some fine music through Cecchini, the four mediums were placed together at the side of the table nearest the piano, which was still closed. The light having, as requested, been put out, we sat a long time, but only obtained one phenomenon. The books and music were thrown at us, and on the table. Considering this as a last burst of fireworks, we closed the séance at 11.30 p.m.

Signor Palazzi then sums up his impressions, and says that, in his opinion, it is a mistake to unite several mediums at one séance, even although they are all of the physical type, as there is always a certain difference in their mediumistic powers, and the spirits who come to them, not being of the highest order, do not always agree among themselves as to what is to be done, and may even oppose each other, causing frequent failure, and sometimes even danger. He thinks five or six persons should be the limit to the number of sitters, and that if the Alegiani sittings were properly organised they would not have their equal in Europe. Conclusions like these must be the result of deep conviction, for no one could realise better than Signor Palazzi the difficulty which séance-giving families experience in resisting the ardour of impetuous friends, who leave no stone unturned to enable them, at any cost, to add their own number to that of an already too numerous company.



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### THE CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

PART XXVI. of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" may, perhaps, become memorable, as containing the final Report of Professor Sidgwick's Committee on "Hallucinations." This Report may be regarded as an independent book, extending as it does to about 400 pages, including a brief, independent statement by Mr. Myers; and we desire to offer to the Committee our respectful admiration and thanks for their patient and valuable inquiries, during a period of five years, from the year 1889, when the undertaking received the approval of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, held in Paris.

We still regret that the word "Hallucination" was ever adopted, and we hardly think that the word "veridical," held in reserve, puts the matter right. But we must make the best of it now; and, after all, the misuse of the word helps the suggestion that probably what we have been calling "hallucination" (in the sense of baseless illusion) may have had "veridicality" underneath it all the time; or, in plain English, that many so-called "hallucinations" were genuine perceptions, however produced. For instance, the concluding words of this Report are these: "*Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connexion exists which is not due to chance alone.*" This we hold as a proved fact. The discussion of its full implications cannot be attempted in this paper; nor, perhaps, exhausted in this age." When the average man outside the Westminster Town Hall reads this, he will think that Professor Sidgwick should say as little as possible about "Hallucinations," and gravitate from Westminster Town Hall to Duke Street, Adelphi.

It is quite unnecessary to say that the Committee charged with this business had no bias in favour of Spiritualism. We hope we do the members of it no injustice when we say that their bias was, on the whole, against it. Nor need we dwell upon the undoubted fact that it exhausted all known methods of excluding error of every kind. There is no Parliamentary Blue-book of the year which will much surpass this in the matter of well-sifted evidence. A Royal Commission could not have done the sifting better; and no Royal Commission could have secured three finer sifters than Mr. and Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Myers, with Alice Johnson and Frank Podmore also to the good, and the late Dr. A. T. Myers, who was also present at all the early meetings of the Committee.

The Committee considered the various types of Hallucination—*a*, the "spontaneous sensory"; *b*, the telepathic, suggesting "an origin not purely subjective"; *c*, apparitions which coincide in time with the death of the person seen (*the most numerous*); *d*, collective, *i.e.*, experienced by two or more percipients; and, *e*, hauntings. Their general

conclusion we have already given; but other conclusions, or strong suggestions, are equally interesting, as, for instance, that no attempt has been made to discover "the physical basis of telepathy" because "no indication of any such basis, or of the direction in which (if at all) it is to be sought, appears to us to be afforded by any of the lines of investigation so far pursued." On the contrary, "the hallucinations *primâ facie* telepathic" have been examined with reference to "their value as evidence of the general fact that the psychical state of one human being may influence the psychical state of another, under conditions which satisfactorily exclude all *known* physical processes by which such influence might be conveyed." "The ordinary channels of sense" appear to be left far behind. The Committee, at a very early stage, passed the borderland, and has long had to heroically feel its way on enchanted ground.

The "Census" deals with 17,000 answers to the following question:—

Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?

These answers were obtained by 410 helpers—223 women and 187 men—all unpaid, and all fairly in connexion with the Psychical Research Society or its friends. The results "point to the conclusion that differences of education and occupation lead to no material difference in tendency to hallucinations." A curious and really informing table sets forth the results thus:—

The number of negative and affirmative answers and the proportion of affirmative answers to the whole.

	Number answering "No."	Number answering "Yes."				Total number of answers.	Percentage of affirmative answers.
		Particulars given at first-hand.	Particulars given at second-hand.	No particulars given.	Totals.		
MEN .....	7,717	496	83	76	655	8,372	7.8
WOMEN .....	7,599	753	162	114	1,029	8,628	12.0
Totals ...	15,316	1,249	245	190	1,684	17,000	9.9

It is noteworthy that while the number of men and women who answer "No" are about equal, the number of women who answer "Yes" approach double the number of the men who answer "Yes." Is this because women are better subjects, or because they are more ready to give in to the abnormal, and confess it?

We have noted all the points in the Report which call for remark. By far the greater part of it consists of narratives of cases. On the whole, it is clear that nothing but good can come of the inquiry. Hesitations, prolonged examinations of every crack and cranny by which error could creep in, the devising of every imaginable theory to stave off belief in the spirit-world, the attempt to transfer making up one's mind to the next generation or the next but one, must end in making the great inference inevitable—that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF BEN'S HOLLOW" and other ghostly stories, by Miss A. M. Stein, will be issued by James Elliott and Co. at the beginning of the autumn season. While the form of the work will be that of the shilling novel, a larger amount of reading matter will be given than is usually the case with new works issued at the price. It will be printed in a superior manner, and illustrated with six full-page engravings from original designs by the authoress. The story which gives its title to the volume is something more than a ghost-tale, and will be of interest to all transcendental thinkers, but especially to Spiritualists. A large edition is passing through the press and a great demand is anticipated, as the style is very readable and the plots are of a fascinating kind.



## THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

MRS. RUSSELL-DAVIES.

*(Continued from page 452.)*

"I gather from what you say that you regard clairvoyance as a natural gift apart from spiritual agency?"

"Precisely. With me it is an inheritance. I see in my normal state. It is a natural function. My family, both on my mother's and my father's side, has a long history of clairvoyance. My father himself was a wonderful seer. Miss Marryat says I see better than Dewdrop."

"I am sure of that," chimed in Miss Florence Marryat, who had dropped in a few moments earlier on a call. "Mrs. Davies is far more true, as a rule, than Dewdrop. She just sits down in a normal state and prophesies—such and such a thing will happen at such and such a time. Dewdrop is never accurate about time; Bessie is."

"No," said Mrs. Davies, "Dewdrop has not the smallest idea of the passage of time. She cannot even distinguish yesterday from the day before."

"You experience other forms of phenomena besides those mentioned, I suppose, Mrs. Davies?"

"I really think that every known phase has, at one time or another, turned up."

"Direct writing, for instance?"

"Plenty of it. This began when I was eight or more years old, and has continued ever since. We have had writing from Anne Boleyn with her signature, done in the light. The signature was verified at the British Museum. Another time I had nothing in my hand at one moment, and the next it held some paper with a message written in very old Italian that none of us could translate. I sent it to Gerald Massey, and he could not read it; but Mrs. Massey, who is a good scholar, was able to do so. We have had slate writing often. Quite recently Mrs. B——, a lady who came to stay with us, and was thoroughly sceptical, put her hand over mine on the slate and expressed a wish for her brother to write. A long letter, his signature and hand well recognised, was given her. Mrs. B—— said, 'That's quite enough for me.' Such cases are frequent. We have had direct writing on the ceiling."

"And the voice—you have had that?"

"Oh, yes. This has developed of late years, and was not a feature of my earlier mediumship. We have it not only in the dark, but in partial light, and as loud as we are speaking now. Julius Caesar—not the Caesar, of course, but a negro confessing to the same name—has a tremendous voice. There is no mistaking Julius's notes. We have had the tube used once or twice, but I have come to the conclusion that it can be done just as well without. It is used more to play with, tap people on the head, and so forth, than as an aid to the voice."

"Do you get lights?"

"Yes, and perfumes too. Let me give you an instance of each. One night, a few months ago, I said to a lady who had called on me, 'Look at that light on the floor.' It was as big as half-a-crown. As she stooped to look I saw another light on her head, and told her so. Then she exclaimed, 'I can see one on your breast,' and immediately, instead of one light, there was a whole string like fireworks, reaching to my lap, where they burnt steadily for ten minutes. An old lady now appeared close to the sitter, and while I was describing her two big brilliant lights appeared, one on each side of her. Those two lights remained with undiminished brilliance during the whole of the two hours we continued to sit, there being a blazing fire and two candles alight in the room. Now, as to scents. I was staying with a lady friend at Eastbourne, when all at once, in the broad daylight, the room was filled

with the most delicious perfume possible to imagine; then raps came on the table, and the message was given from my friend's son, a young Hussar who had recently passed over, 'Knowing how fond mother is of perfumes, we have brought her the odour of the lotus. Stoop down and smell the table.' I never experienced anything like it in my life. The table was absolutely saturated with the lovely perfume, and gives it off to this day. This lady, I should add, gets remarkable manifestations herself now, simply through sitting with me. She feels her son's arms clasping her waist, and the other day she wrote me, 'I am quite independent of you now. The table rises in the air in broad daylight, and I see their dear hands laid upon it.'

"As for movements of objects without contact," continued Mrs. Davies, "I cannot tell you what we don't get. Things have often been conveyed here from Miss Marryat's house at Sydenham. Two heavy bronze vases were once brought in full light to the drawing-room from the dining-room where the children were playing, without their disappearance from the mantelpiece being noticed by the little ones. Another night we had a hand bell brought in out of the hall and floated about the room ringing. Flowers have come to us by the pailful almost. Where do they come from? I don't know."

"The flowers are quite out of season sometimes," said Miss Marryat. "I have had a letter from my daughter Florence, in March, with a pink rosebud pinned to it. There is no obstacle to anything. And talking about articles being moved about, I must tell you that Bessie is fond of wearing a horribly old and disreputable pair of boots when she sits, and once, when she woke up and the light was turned on, both of them were found on the table, for everybody's amused inspection."

A bright and pleasant-faced little girl running into the room for a moment to give her mother a message, gave me here occasion to ask Mrs. Davies if she had passed her gift of mediumship on to her children.

"I believe they are all more or less mediumistic," she replied. "My daughter Mab, who is fifteen, is exceptionally so. Last November she started learning German. In December the report came from school, 'Excellent German, but not French.' I asked her to account for it. 'Oh,' she said, 'it is that tall spirit dressed in armour, the one that lifted me out of bed last night. He always talks to me in German, and so I can't help knowing.'"

"That's a royal road to learning, indeed. If your children are accustomed to materialised forms I suppose you are, too, Mrs. Davies?"

"I have no hesitation in saying that every phase of mediumship I have heard of has, at one time or another, shown itself with me, and materialisations are included. Hands, faces, and forms we have had in plenty, in light and without it."

"When I have been sitting with Bessie," remarked Miss Marryat, "my daughter Eva, whose history is given in my book, 'There is no Death,' has appeared, and thrown her long hair over the sitters."

"That will do as a case in point," said Mrs. Davies; "but you will readily understand that, devoting my attention to the more generally useful and important departments of clairvoyance, diagnosis, and the like, I have not found it desirable to encourage or sit much for materialisations or other physical phenomena. But Dewdrop assures me that if we were to sit regularly for the purpose we should get wonderful things."

"Ah, yes, let me hear something about Dewdrop. She is your principal control, is she not?"

"She is; Dewdrop is a good friend, and I am very fond of her. Her only fault—I say fault because some fastidious people consider it one, perhaps because they have suffered from it—is her frank outspokenness on all and every subject. Dewdrop calls a spade a spade, and if it is a dirty



[September 25, 1894.]

space she does not say it is slightly soiled. I am told she has inflicted positive discomfort by her unvarnished remarks on people who she considered would benefit by a little plain speaking. Of course, being controlled myself, I have no control over this, and on the whole the trait is, perhaps, rather advantageous than otherwise. She is never spiteful, however, and has a perfect store of good humour and goodwill. For insight and accuracy of information I think there is none to beat her. You would take a long time to catch Dewdrop tripping.

"Dewdrop, I suppose, is an assumed name?"

"Yes. She was a North American Indian, of the Sioux tribe. Now, of course I don't know Sioux. I believe the language has never been written. After I had had Dewdrop for many years Captain Bagnall, who knows Sioux, came to me, and Dewdrop talked to him through me in her own tongue. She corrected the Captain in a word, and he said she was quite right, and professed himself charmed. After that she said to me one day, 'Let me write to the War Eagle'—that was the name she gave to Captain Bagnall. She thereupon wrote through my hand, rendering her language as well as she could in our letters; and this was posted to the Captain. He replied delightedly, 'She is a very good friend. She has written me a love letter.' In my next book——"

"Your next book, Mrs. Davies? Why, your first has hardly yet reached its full popularity!"

"They will run side by side. The forthcoming book will contain entirely fresh matter, and I hope will prove not less interesting than the first. In it I have called Spiritualism Spiritualism all the way through, and have made a point of pronouncing myself a Spiritualist, because I found that many people wrote, after my first book came out, *pretending to misunderstand its purport and intention*, and I said, 'Now they shall have Spiritualism and my understanding of it, and the fact that the intelligences who communicate are spirits, and not elementals, astrals, spooks, or anything of the sort.' But my book will not be without a formidable rival, for Miss Marryat is passing the proof sheets of another work on the same subject."

"Of the making of Spiritualistic books there surely is no end."

"Well, you see," put in Miss Marryat, "I have some encouragement in the fact that my other book has gone so well. Last year alone nineteen thousand were sold, and the publishers are giving me a bonus ten times as great as on 'There is no Death.' I wanted to call it 'Ho! Everyone that Thirsteth,' but my publishers wouldn't stand it. Too biblical, I suppose."

(To be continued.)

#### RECEIVED.

"Apparitions and Thought-Transference." An Examination of the Evidence for Thought-Transference. By FRANK PENNONS, M.A. (London: Walter Scott, Limited. 3s. 6d.)

"Outlines of Spiritualism." Designed for the Use of Lyceums. By ALFRED KIRKON. (Published by the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, and by the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. Kirkon, Hanging Heaton, Dewsbury, Yorks.)

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications to which we should have been glad to give insertion this week, are necessarily held over.

"FRANTASUS" is the title under which the Roxburgh Press, of 3, Victoria-street, Westminster, and 32, Charing Cross, S.W., announces a volume of original stories illustrating posthumous personality and character, by WIST GERRARE, author of "Rufus's Legacy, a Theosophical Romance." The frontispiece is a portrait of a phantom, drawn from memory by a well-known book-illustrator to whom it is repeatedly appeared.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

#### A VISION.

Sitting one evening at my window as the twilight shadows were gathering around me, the calm cool atmosphere seemed laden with thoughts and feelings that link us so closely with those loving teachers who come and bless us from their higher states of life.

My hands, which all day had been busy, were quiet now, and for the time my mind seemed more disposed to rest than even to think, and tender spirit touches completed the charm of the hour. I may have been sitting in such stillness for some time, I know not how long, when I saw before me a spirit who was at once the fairest and sweetest that my eyes had ever beheld.

She appeared clad in garments of pure white, while from her form there issued such a radiance that it seemed to me as though she stood in the golden sunlight, although to us it was evening. She stood gazing at me with tender eyes, and as she looked, a smile came over her features, and though I had seen this dear friend many times before, I thought she grew fairer each time she appeared.

Still she spoke not, and I was so lost in love of her that I did not ask why she came. But then her eyes left my face, and as a pitying compassionate look came into them, I saw that she was looking down at her side. My eyes quickly followed her, and I saw there that which made swift tears rush to mine and course down my cheeks in sudden sympathy.

For there at her side stood what appeared to be a little street waif, shoeless, hatless, with torn clothes that seemed much too large for him. He looked a being to move the heart of anyone possessed of human sympathy. But what touched me most was the white, wan look in his face; such an old look, too, for his years, which could not have numbered more than ten. And there were stains of blood on his face, and by impression I knew that he had suddenly left this life the victim of one of our many street accidents.

But though I looked at him he saw me not, for his whole being seemed gazing out of his eyes at the bright spirit who was so near him. His great, fathomless orbs seemed to take in her loveliness, and the white of her garments shone out like pure snow by contrast with his mud-stained and begrimed appearance.

She, with a gentle hand, put back the matted hair from off his forehead, disclosing, as she did so, a large, dark bruise on the temple.

But he never moved; only the look of awe on his face deepened, and became intensified as though his little mind was trying to learn if this was God's Angel. And his eyes were afraid to leave her face lest she should vanish as suddenly as she had appeared. But, no; her mission is to such as these, and as I looked I saw her turn and take his hand to lead him away, and Hopeful's smile as she looked at him was so radiant with love, that it showed a glimpse of the Divine Parent as he looks with tender, pitying eyes upon helplessness and misery.

So they passed from my sight, and as they turned to depart, a gentle breeze came up behind them and blew some of the light silken folds of her dress around the little figure at her side. Thus were his rags hidden from sight by her pure garments, and the last I saw was his eyes still fixed upon her face.

The evening shadows had deepened and the harvest moon was shedding her silver light around, when I again became conscious of the earth's surroundings.

I wiped the tears from my face, tears of gladness they were, and with a heart full of thankfulness I heard silently whispered the words, "God is over all." MARIE HAUGHTON.

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.—We have printed, in a convenient form, suitable for enclosure in letters or for distribution at public meetings, "M.A. (Oxon.'s) "Advice to Inquirers, for the Conduct of Circles." We shall be pleased to supply copies free to all friends who will undertake to make good use of them. The only charge will be for postage—25, 4d.; 50, 1d.; 100, 2d.; 200, 3d.; 400, 4½d.; 600, 6d., &c.

ALL epochs are fastened together by a sequence of causes and effects, linking the conditions of the world to all the conditions that have gone before it. . . . The human race, observed from its first beginning, seems, in the eye of the philosopher, to be one vast whole, which, like each individual in it, has its own infancy and its own conditions of growth.—TURGOT.



## 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.]

## "Psychic Photography."

SIR,—In reply to the Editor of "The Veil Lifted," allow me to say that as regards photography it is obvious to the ordinary mind that the reason why pictures are taken at all, is that the plate is sensitive to all degrees of light reflected from a form of any kind and that if no form of any kind was before it none could possibly be reflected on the plate or film. But this form may be invisible to the eyes of the sitters, and yet capable of influencing a picture of it to be transferred to the plate. Now I drew attention to the fact that such forms, more or less material, are in the habit of proceeding from mediums or sensitives, and that they are readily transfigured into any likeness, whether of persons in the flesh, of persons who have passed away, or of perfectly ideal persons who have only existed in the imagination of a sitter. I stated that I had over and over again seen this take place at so-called materialisation séances; and believed that all photographic pictures of invisible forms are accounted for in this way. The reply of the Editor of "The Veil Lifted" is "Clever double! when 'Vir' tries the experiment he will find out his mistake." What can he mean? There is no cleverness, of the double or anyone else that I can see. The medium, from an unfortunate (for himself) weakness, cannot constantly maintain himself in his true normal condition, but there is constantly leaking out of him this double or thought-form, and this form is capable of being influenced by any positive minded persons so that it will take on the likeness of any person they picture in their minds. A certain quantity of the external substance of the body, sometimes infinitesimal, sometimes as much as twenty-five or thirty pounds, leaves the medium at the same time; and it is found that *the form has exactly the weight that the medium has lost*. Now there is nothing clever or astonishing about taking the photograph of such forms. They respond to the photographer's art in exactly the same way as would a tree, a horse, or a man. All are material and normal, and have nothing to do with spirits so-called. Moreover, all these conclusions are the logical deductions from actual experiments made, not, it is true, in photography, but in the production of the forms of which the pictures of the Editor of "The Veil Lifted" are photographs.

"VIR."

## "Emanations" on the Astral Plane.

SIR,—Mr. Maitland's letter in yours of the 15th inst. is interesting to me because, like myself, he is able to see and talk to beings (or, as he terms them, "Emanations") on the Astral Plane, and also because I have received similar promises of earthly renown if I would but do their bidding and renounce the redemptive work on the Spiritual Plane, which I have chosen as my special sphere for practical spiritual labour.

Now, in this co-incident experience, what I wish to point out is the singular contrast in soul inspiration which has come to us in connection with such experiences.

I think Mr. Maitland's may be fairly summarised thus: "Avoid any communication with these entities, for they are only bodily emanations; in proof of which, test their transcendental knowledge of the soul and God."

My own soul promptings are as follow: "Draw near to these poor spirits, whose souls are darkened, and who have lost their way; you can help them. In proof whereof, send out to them your love, pity and sympathy, but *above all* pray that the Father's Divine Light may illuminate their souls."

Now, what was the result in my case? Why, that the torpid souls of these poor "emanations" soon began to show signs of returning life, and these so-called "emanations" have now become my active co-operators on the spiritual side in seeking out other lost ones like themselves, and bringing them into an atmosphere of light, love and sympathy. I can honestly assure Mr. Maitland that in thousands of cases (and I speak deliberately) the same glorious result has been achieved and I earnestly entreat him to make the experiment; but mere talking will be of no avail, and he will never succeed unless he can *really feel* that the poor things with whom he is dealing *may* possibly be something more than mere "emanations."

Contrast the result in Mr. Maitland's case. His soul promptings have taught him to *repel* these denizens of the spirit world, and to test their reality by intellectual conundrums in transcendental knowledge. Now, what can the vast majority

who pass away in almost complete spiritual ignorance know of such things? And yet because they are unable to answer these psychological puzzles, they are regarded as "nothings." Surely no more unjust or cruel dogma was ever promulgated than the "spook" theory!

Would Mr. Maitland kindly tell me if he thinks these almost overwhelming emotions of love and pity for the spiritually lost ones are, in my case, the promptings from what he would call my "celestial" soul, for, if so, is it not strange that in these two instances these soul teachings have led to such totally opposite results?

PRACTICAL SPIRITUALIST.

## The Isolation of the Mystic.

SIR,—Your correspondent "C. Y. L." ("LIGHT," September 22nd) does me the honour to desire that I should contribute to the discussion of the difficulty stated in his letter, that "the mystic seeks to realise in isolation a life the essential characteristic of which is community," or, as he otherwise expresses it, "whereas spirit progresses through the objective consciousness, and the self is such only in virtue of its consciousness of objects, the method of mysticism is one of abstraction, one which disregards the relation of self to the objective world." I cannot decline this invitation, believing myself to have a distinct conception which seems to yield the answer. I offer it in principle, though for due expansion it would require a treatise, and I would premise that it may be easily found in, or at least be collected from, the testimony of the most deeply experienced mystics, besides resulting from speculative data of idealistic philosophy.

I find an old note which contains the germ of what I have to say. "One should never separate from others except as a means of separating from oneself." If you would unite yourself with others in the true community of a higher relation, you must first get off the plane of relation on which you are. That plane makes the self of consciousness, in accordance with the principle quite truly laid down in the objection, that the self is such as it is realised, in relation to objective consciousness. Now what is the use of the "object" ("the world") for spirit, for will, and intelligence? It is, first, to be *negated*. It is in the moment of negation that the spirit finds or realises itself in its first self-consciousness; i.e., the moment of objective consciousness is only such because it is also the moment in which spirit says "I"; I am *other* than that, that is not me. Now mark the logical dialectic, which is so far from being merely formal that it is the process of life itself, and essentially practical and ethical. The self cannot rest in the negation of otherness. The necessary relation of the object to self-consciousness remains; the object is *mine*, it is *my other*, and yet I cannot appropriate it, *cannot find myself in it*; on the contrary, my self-consciousness seems to consist in the very wrenching my identity from it, yet also in the despairing perception that this separation never can be absolute and radical, that the object is as necessary to me as I to it. The opposition, then, must be overcome; yet on the plane of opposition it cannot be overcome. I cannot negate the opposition by negating the object only—that attempt corresponds to the speculative stage of subjective idealism. Nor can I adopt the alternative of receding from self-consciousness and losing myself in the object, which then disappears with myself. That corresponds to the speculative stage of materialism. Then enters another moment of the dialectic, in which both correlatives are suppressed as to their opposition in a higher unity of thought (Absolute Idealism); and we have here to see what this means for the ethical problem.

The objection stated by "C. Y. L." assumes that mysticism is at the stage of subjective idealism; that it would solve the ethical problem by mere denial of the world from the plane of consciousness in the world; affirming the self of *that* relation in abstraction *from* the relation. But in abstinence from the world and the sensuous life generally (from "the creatures," as the old writers express it), there is no one-sided negation, but just that suppression of both the correlatives which is necessary for conversion to the unity of higher relation. I as yet know myself spiritually only as the undetermined (unrealised) "other" of the world, my attachment to which constitutes my *determined* self of a correlative morality. This latter self I neither attempt to "isolate" nor *can* isolate from the world, for it exists only in that relation, so that to renounce the world is to renounce this self, and *vice versa*. Now the statement that the essential characteristic of the life which the mystic seeks to realise is community, is unexceptionable.



(September 20, 1904.)

If we understand "community" in the sense of a true relation to mankind. But that is a relation which belongs to a higher plane of consciousness, only to be reached by suppressing that externality of relation which stands for "community" on the lower plane. It is just because the mystic seeks that perfect essential community that he withdraws from the external relation. And in this withdrawal his empirical self is not "isolated," but suppressed as a mere term of the negated relation. It is by this suppression that the self of the higher relation comes to consciousness, which is the ethical realisation.

When we consider what "community" is on our present plane of consciousness, how largely it means conflict, and how predominantly even in its superficial peace it is composed of collective agonisms of one sort and another, ready at any moment to be broken up by individual agonisms; above all, when we approach the tremendous influence of the social spirit, whatever it may be, over all within its range, we can hardly question the wisdom of a withdrawal which seeks the source of human unity in a divine relation. We often hear it said: "Oh, that is not the right method; you should be in the world, but not of it." This precious recommendation supposes the end pursued to be already attained. He who is in the world but not of it is already a saint, and perfect! What, if anything, is really meant is, that the process of renunciation of the world should be carried on in immediate contact with the world. As well tell the drunkard that he should cure himself of his vice in the public-house. When it is the question of a particular propensity, we see clearly enough that withdrawal from the circle of immediate influence is indispensable, but spiritual progress seems to us quite compatible with association with the unspiritual, and even to require it. Now, human intercourse is certainly humanising on its own plane, and isolation on the same plane can only be an exaltation of egotism in a relation to the world which is not suppressed but perverted. And that really is what the objection means; the spiritual problem is not appreciated as it presents itself to the mystic, who always tends to be a recluse. That problem is, moreover, disengaged in the philosophy of life fashionable at present, as "other-worldliness." The ethical as well as the material progress of mankind is conceived to be on the level, and the spirit which condemns or despises the mystical (religious) aspiration for a deeper ground, is the same spirit which neglects and dislikes metaphysics in the region of pure thought. The "other-worldliness" of the mystic is easily represented as a spiritual egotism with no relation to the "practical" problems of humanity. It is not seen that true "other-worldliness" has a powerful—the most powerful—reaction upon this world, is ever tinturing its ethical conceptions, and inspiring whatever of idealism it has. At first sight it seems nobler and more useful to go forth and fight for the right as we conceive it. And there are crises which mystics have not failed to recognise, when this has got to be done. But the mystic knows that evil is not radically conquered by encountering it on its own level; that, indeed, there is no true conquest which is not, or does not become, *conversion*. At the second stage of its ethical progress, the world has begun to perceive this: the belief in, and reliance upon, external force in human relations survives, but is modified by the rise of intellectual activity, which shows opinion, and the persuasion which induces opinion, to be more effectual for the conservation and reform of society. Public opinion is already partly ethical; depends on conceptions of right which at an earlier stage were as "unpractical" as the "dreams" of the mystic now. But opinion and its method, intellectual persuasion, at their best still conceive the social problem in externality, as the question of conditions or environment. It is the *law*, not the spirit, that is sought; in the spirit there is either no explicit belief, or it is thought to be a mere product of law. This is an ideal materialism, but higher than the materialism of brute force, against which, as a surviving belief though one increasingly ashamed, it still has to contend. The mystic, on the other hand, knows explicitly that the social problem is the problem of the will of God in the world, and that only the human consciousness can be the organ of that will.\* He believes that this consciousness is only not informed because it does not seek information at the source. Of the conditions of that seeking let an illustrious mystic

speak, in a passage which I translate in conclusion of a letter leaving much unsaid, from regard to your space, that seems pertinent to the question raised.

"Men of the torrent" (the world-tumult, *Samsara*), "you would know the will of God in the different situations in which you find yourselves, as if you were united to Him, whereas nothing can be done for you without that union; you would be united to God as if you were purified, though that union cannot be effected till after your purification; you would be purified as if you had made all efforts for that, yet your purification is only after long and painful sacrifices; you would have these long and painful sacrifices accomplished, as if the objects of them had already disappeared from your view, while it is these very objects that now compose all the substances of your being. *Begin by pulling a veil between you and those shapeless objects which have distorted your sight and intelligence; this first step will conduct you to sacrifices; the sacrifices will lead you to purification; purification to union with the active principle of your being, and that active principle will reveal to you at every instant the will of your God.*" \*  
C. C. M.

#### The Fourth Dimension.

SIR,—It would be a considerable advantage to spiritual students if the discussion on a "fourth dimension," which has been initiated in your columns, leads to a common decision and a working hypothesis on the subject.

It was, I believe, Professor Zöllner, in his able work, "Transcendental Physics," who first suggested the possibility of a fourth-dimensional capacity in the super-terrestrial intelligences that direct the operations which result in our physical phenomena.

It is an obstacle in a discussion of this nature that terms closely associated with matter are employed to denote developments of mind or superiority of environment. Three-dimensional power is the co-efficient of intelligent being, and anything less is unthinkable. For instance, it is inconceivable that any organic being should be destitute of a three-dimensional power of observation, differing only in degree, and not in kind, from human perception. On the higher plane of supra-mundane intelligence percipients may move in spheres of a fourth-dimensional nature, but it seems an entirely needless assumption to conclude or to decide upon such privilege or necessity. If two and two are five, in any phase of sentient selfhood, it pre-supposes and proves an instance of an ultra-human condition where thinking and being are radically dissimilar. To enter such state would be tantamount to the submergence, if not the total annihilation, of the "bundle of memories" which pack the consciousness and differentiate the members of the human family. The assumption that subjectivity becomes objectivity, in the higher life, does not involve the necessity of a fourth-dimensional environment, or an alteration of the laws of earthly thought. The ability to design a house in thought—such as an architect creates before externalisation is possible—postulates the capacity to erect a structure by thought-power from the attenuated ground stuff which probably exists in the non-molecular world. But such mind projections are thinkable so long as a third dimensional condition is affixed to the thought-house or palace. There is a limited conceivability concerning such possibilities of the mind, as above indicated, but none whatever in relation to fourth-dimensional powers. Conceivability may not be a criterion of truth when unfoldments of thought are in question; for instance, it may be inconceivable to place the inventor of the Forth Bridge in a position, after disembodiment, to raise such a structure by his own unaided efforts. (He created the bridge here, in thought, before a ton of iron was used.) While the how of the matter is beyond our conception, we do not need the aid of a fourth dimension to solve the problem, but rather higher fundamental environments. The law of three dimensions governs the existence of the bridge, whether in a subjective or objective condition.

Take another view. A Roman philosopher would not have comprehended the probability of the nineteenth century telephone. Although improbable, it would not have been impossible or inconceivable to him. If he had suggested the necessity of a fourth dimension to consummate such a desirable reform in human communication, he would have been in error. The inability to conceive of a thing or of a process, from want of mental unfoldment, is a vastly different matter from the

\* "The difference," says St. Martin, "between God and us is that He is a God thinking a God speaking, a God working (operant); and that we are a God thought, a God spoken, a God wrought (oper)."—"Le Nouvel Homme."

\* St. Martin: "Le Nouvel Homme."



unthinkable suggestion of a fourth dimension which violates the mathematical law of our mental being. The production of such phenomena as materialisation, levitation, or the passing of matter through matter, does not call for the existence of higher dimensions, but for a superior plane of activity and elucidating environments, in the midst of which a child would be more capable of dealing with our form of matter than a mundane philosopher.

J. W. MAHONY.

SIR,—The discussion on this subject seems to me to be wholly founded upon fallacy and verbal quibbles. I hold, not only that the alleged fourth dimension of space cannot be proved to exist, but that it cannot exist. The whole fallacy is based upon the assumption that we do know space of one, two, and three dimensions. This I deny. The alleged space of one dimension—lines—is not space at all, but merely directions in space. So the alleged space of two dimensions—surfaces—is not space, but only the limits between two portions of space, or the surfaces of bodies in space. There is thus only one Space—that which contains everything, both actual, possible, and conceivable. This Space has no definite number of dimensions, since it is necessarily infinite, and infinite in an infinite number of directions. Because mathematicians make use of what they term “three dimensions” in order to measure certain portions of space, or to define certain positions, lines, or surfaces in it, that does not in any way affect the nature of Space itself, still less can it limit space, which it must do if any other kind of space is possible which is yet not contained in infinite Space. The whole conception of space of different dimensions is thus a pure verbal fantasy, founded on the terms and symbols of mathematicians, who have no more power to limit or modify the conception of Space itself than has the most ignorant schoolboy. The absolute unity and all-embracing character of Space may be indicated by that fine definition of it as being “a sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere.” To anyone who thus thinks of it—and it can be rationally thought of in no other way—all the mathematicians’ quibbles, of space in which parallel lines *will* meet, in which two straight lines *can* enclose a definite portion of spaces, and in which knots *can* be tied upon an endless cord, will be but as empty words without rational cohesion or intelligible meaning.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

#### The New Year's Day of the Jews.

SIR,—I write to call the attention of your readers to the challenge, so to say, conveyed in the communication of the Intelligence calling himself “Eli” (*vide* “Medium,” May 4th, 1894), in which it is stated that this Intelligence, on every New Year's Day of the Jews, is “present in the spirit.” It was on, or immediately after, the Jewish New Year's Day of 1893 that this communication was made. May I suggest that such of your readers as can do so endeavour to place themselves *en rapport* with this Intelligence on Monday, October 1st, the New Year's Day of the Jews this year, and that any communications made be forwarded to you for insertion in your paper, if deemed advisable?

A READER OF “LIGHT.”

#### “Every Little Helps.”

SIR,—Will you please allow me space in your columns to make an earnest appeal to your readers generally on behalf of the Robinson-street Spiritualist Society, at Burnley? The officials of the society have received notice to quit, it being the intention of the owner to transform the premises into a “club.” The members and friends of the society have commenced a “Building Fund,” in hope of erecting a place of their own, and have secured premises in which to carry on their meetings meantime. The local friends have commenced their work well, and I am desired to make this appeal in hope that some of our friends outside our own society may be able to render us a little assistance. Our Lyceum scholars have also “put their shoulders to the wheel” in a style that augurs well for the ultimate success of the object for which we are striving. The utmost enthusiasm prevails, and what was at first looked upon as a disaster will in the end prove itself a blessing. If any friends can see their way to assist us we shall be very grateful; and any donation may be sent to the undersigned, who has been appointed secretary of the “Building Fund,” and who will be very pleased to acknowledge receipt. Thanking you in anticipation for the insertion,

37, North-street, Burnley.

W. HARRISON, Sec.

#### The Sin of Suicide.

SIR,—As an old Spiritualist, and one who was present at the first conception of your most excellent journal, with the late ever-to-be-lamented Stainton Moses, Dawson Rogers, and others, and formerly a member of the old Council which met in Bloomsbury, I read with much regret your observations in “Notes by the Way” on the “suicide mania.”

You say: “The suicide mania is troubling our kinsmen across the Atlantic, and all the more because the question, ‘Is suicide a sin?’ is being debated there.” And you add: “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 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.”

I deeply regret your admission as “to something to be said on the other side.” What! Suicide not a sin! Then murder is no sin. For what is suicide but self-murder? and a most atrocious, as well as cowardly, murder, too. We must not palter with this matter for one moment. There can be but one excuse, and that is madness—an excuse but too often and too readily made and accepted. Is it not a direct insult to the Author of our being? As we are powerless to create life, so we have no right or justification for destroying it, except in defending our own when unjustly attacked. Are we to go back for our moral code to the standard of morality of the ancients, and to take, for examples to imitate, the Catos and Brutus of Old Rome? Surely Christianity, with all its impossibilities and failures, has taught us something wiser and better than such a doctrine as this.

Do you really think there is no punishment for the suicide hereafter? If so, then kindly listen to this plain unvarnished tale which I will now unfold. Somewhere about thirty years ago I resided at Fulham, and was an active member of its Vestry and public boards. I left, to reside in the district I now inhabit, about twenty-five or twenty-seven years since. Some years after I had left Fulham I thought I would one day re-visit a place endeared to me by many pleasant memories. An old acquaintance and colleague of mine, a barrister, had in the mean time been appointed to the office of Vestry clerk. On my return home I thought I would call upon him. The Vestry Hall was at that time a temporary building situated on Walham Green, the house having formerly been in the occupation of the principal doctor of the place. I should add that it was approached by some ground which had at one time been a garden, and that a parish lamp stood at the entrance with “Fulham Vestry” painted on it. When I entered the house I was ushered in at once by my friend's wife, who had been very attached to my wife when we resided near them. I was just in time for afternoon tea, which I partook of. After some conversation, Mrs. L. (as I shall call her) all at once said to me: “A week or so ago, I think it was, a very strange thing occurred here. Mr. M., my son whom you know, and who is studying at Woolwich to pass as a cadet, or lieutenant, or ensign, (I do not know myself which) was with us for a short holiday and was sleeping in the room over our heads, when a very strange thing occurred to him. You see that lamp at the bottom of the path at the entrance? Well, that lights the room above us so thoroughly that no light is required to see to go to bed by. Mr. M., my son, was in bed and sound asleep, and was, he knew not why or how, suddenly awakened, when, to his amazement, and, at first consternation, he saw, as he supposed, sitting on a chair exactly opposite to him a man without his coat and with black trousers, his arms akimbo, and white shirt sleeves, looking at him. At first, he thought he must be dreaming, but sitting up in bed, he shouted out: ‘Who are you, and what do you want?’ Receiving no answer, and with a young soldier's natural courage, he at once jumped out of bed, going up to the figure and attempting to grasp it, but found only empty space, or, like Macbeth's dagger, ‘no such thing.’”

Of course in the morning he told his father and mother his night's disturbance. His father naturally pooh-poohed the affair. His mother, on the contrary, filled with wonder at what her son had witnessed, was pondering much over it when the first tradesman, their greengrocer, called, and he being one of the oldest inhabitants of the district, she told him what her son alleged he had witnessed, when, to her amazement, he instantly replied: “Why, that was so-and-so; he was the doctor's



## SOCIETY WORK.

assistant, and cut his throat in that very room your son slept in. He always went about without his coat, in his shirt sleeves, and wearing black trousers."

Was this the purgatory of suicide? I leave this for you, sir, and other Spiritualists to answer. I think I could, were I at home just now, by reference to a back number of your paper, refer you to a case recorded as having occurred at the most aristocratic hotel—in Vienna, I think it was—where a lady of rank was nearly killed with fright, having been put to sleep in a bedroom in which the night before a similar crime had been committed, and she had to witness what was, apparently, its repetition. In conclusion, fearing I have already trespassed on your valuable space,—I remain,

Niedersedlitz, bei Dresden.

AMOR.

[Nothing in our Note condoned or justified suicide; but we do not see how anyone can doubt that a case can be made out for it as a purely self-regarding action and as a last desperate closing of a hopeless misery. That resolve may really spring from well-wishing to others; and the essence of sin is the wishing ill to others. That is why we tenderly and hesitatingly said that "somehow the word sin does not seem to meet the case." In other words, we preferred to argue against it on some other ground. No one can doubt that the suicide must suffer serious consequences on the other side, whatever his motive.—ED. "LIGHT."]

## Cured Without Drugs.

SIR,—May I beg you to give publicity to the following facts, in the interest of others?

About six years ago I began to lose strength, and lately reached such a condition of debility as to incapacitate me from attending to business, being unable to walk except with great pain. My digestive organs were also in such a state that after partaking of food I suffered exceedingly. Under the circumstances I naturally consulted several medical men, but without deriving any benefit for this complaint, nor for a most serious one from which I have been afflicted for several years. At last my doctor advised my going to Buxton for a change, adding that if I did not improve I should eventually have to undergo an operation, a most painful and dangerous one, from which very few escape with life. Fortunately for me I was advised to consult Professor Omerin, and thanks to his most marvellous treatment without drugs I can now digest perfectly well, walk as I like, and carry out my business, hour after hour, without difficulty, having also been saved from the necessity of a dangerous operation. I am now, in fact, another man.

40, St. Andrew-hill, E.C.

A. E. M'CARTHY.

## A Blind Man Sees!

SIR,—I do not know whether or not you will think the following—to me, remarkable phenomena—will be worthy of space in "LIGHT"?

It is well known to many of my friends that for a number of years I have been investigating, under strict tests, as to the truth or otherwise of Spiritualism.

During the last two years I have frequently sat in séance with Mr. Davis' family, including Mrs. Titford as medium, at my own and other friends' houses.

I have realised many remarkable manifestations, so far as the sense of hearing and of touch have made the proof of the return of spirit friends a certainty to me.

Among the materialised forms, often more than eight at one time, I have on many occasions had reason to believe that my departed wife, who passed to her rest about seven years ago, has returned to me, and, in ways truly characteristic of herself, has given me undoubted assurances that she still lived, and unceasingly took an interest in my welfare.

At all the "sittings" varied lights, floating about the room, have been seen by all present except myself, until Wednesday night last, when my wife appeared with a light for the first time, and I exclaimed: "I see a bright light!" Then the sitters said: "Yes, the light is close to your face, but it is a different shape to any of the other lights." Mentally, I asked some questions, and the light appeared and disappeared in response: once for "No," and three times for "Yes."

This to me was a wonderful experience—that I saw that particular light appearing and disappearing in answer to my mental questions, the sitters in the meantime saying, as the light became visible and invisible, "Yea," "No," knowing that I have been totally blind for more than forty years.

Let me say that before investigating for myself I was utterly opposed to Spiritualism, and was determined to put the strictest tests I could think of on all occasions. This I have done, and have come to the conclusion that our departed friends are permitted to return and to commune with us.

J. GALE, Ph.D., F.G.S., F.C.S.

P.S.—I omitted to say that my secretary, who has been with me seven years (and who was as much an unbeliever in Spiritualism as myself), always accompanies me to the séances.—J. G.

218, JUBILEE-STREET, MILE END, E.—A public meeting will be held at Mr. Marsh's, 218, Jubilee-street, on Sunday, October 7th, at 7 p.m. Mr. Bradley will give an address.—W. MARSH.

CHEPSTOW HALL, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday next Mr. Audy will occupy the platform. Subject: "Religion Old and New." On Tuesday open circle, Miss Gambrell, medium; and magnetic healing by Mr. Edwards.

SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—Some aspects of Socialism and Spiritualism were explained by the spirit guides at the circle on Sunday last to a large and attentive audience. Next Sunday, at 6.30, the circle will meet and a hearty invite is extended to Spiritualists to be present and assist in the work.—W. E. LONG.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY.—The opening meeting of the autumn session of this society will be held at the Athenaeum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court-road, on Friday, October 19th, at 8 p.m. I shall then deliver a lecture entitled "The Revelations of Occultism." As I shall deal with matters of importance, we have arranged to hold the meeting on a week evening, so that all can attend without interfering with the various Sunday services. Reserved seats, 1s.; admission free.—A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L., President of the London Occult Society, 15, Lanes-villas, Maida Vale.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Chapman spoke upon "The Truth of Spiritualism." The various aspects of the subject were ably dealt with, and the whole address was an excellent appeal to thinking men and women to approach the subject in the painstaking spirit it deserved. Mr. Glendinning related some facts in his personal experience. Musical selections were given by Mrs. E. J. Gozzett, the Misses Chapman, and Mr. Chapman, jun. Next Sunday, September 30th, Mr. J. Butcher.—TROS. McCULLUM.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Thursday Mr. Coote gave successful psychometric delineations; and on Sunday Mr. Audy defended the morality of Spiritualism, which had been questioned by a minister of the Baptist persuasion. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Dales. Thursday, at 8 p.m., open circle. On Sunday, October 7th, a public tea will be held at five o'clock; tickets, 6d. each; when we hope to see friends from other societies; and at seven o'clock a special service will be conducted by Mrs. Bliss and Miss Young, when three children will be named.—J. B.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Walker's controls addressed us upon the important subject of Mediumship, giving us a most instructive discourse, and concluding with very successful clairvoyance. Mr. Brooks kindly presided at the organ. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., spirit circle, Mrs. Spring; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; October 7th, Mrs. Treadwell. On Thursday last, at 245, Kentish Town-road, N.W., Mrs. Mason's guides gave very successful psychometry and clairvoyant delineations of character; Mr. Mason kindly presided at the great organ. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Wallace; Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; October 7th, Mr. Norton.—J.H.B., Hon. Sec.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—At the last Sunday evening meeting at this hall, a very appropriate and useful address was delivered by Miss Rowan Vincent, who has always helped us so generously here, and who, we are very pleased to say, will give us her valuable aid at Cavendish Rooms. Miss Rowan Vincent earnestly asked for the continued co-operation of all friends and inquirers in connection with the meetings at Cavendish Rooms, as the responsibilities of the committee will be much greater than hitherto. Next Sunday our first meeting will be held at Cavendish Rooms, when Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will speak on "The Message of Spiritualism to the World." Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. October 7th, Mr. J. J. Morse, trance lecture. October 14th, Miss Rowan Vincent. October 21st, Mr. W. E. Long. October 28th, Mr. Darby. November 4th, Mr. J. J. Morse, trance lecture.—L. H.

OPEN-AIR WORK IN SOUTH LONDON.—Sunday practically brought our open-air work to a close with a very good gathering in Battersea Park. The speakers were Messrs. Battell, A. M. Rodger, Long, and Emms, each one doing his best to bring our truths home to a large and fairly thoughtful crowd. Judging from the number of private inquiries which have been made to me, some good has been done again this season. I have been able to give away some 700 periodicals and 300 leaflets, but, unfortunately, circumstances did not permit of my providing myself with more leaflets. I have to thank those friends who came to our help on Sunday, both as listeners and speakers, and also Messrs. Beal, Dale, and one or two others who have come to the front on Clapham Common. There are doubtless many who will read this who have had books for years lying idle on their shelves, having read them and having no further use for them; if they will send any such on to me, they may possibly be the means indirectly of doing some good, as I can always find use for them by lending out free. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Mr. Symons and myself will be on Clapham Common, weather permitting.—G. W., 111, Victoria-dwellings, Battersea, S.W.