

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.

Dr. Eugene Crowell has passed on at the age of seventy-eight. In his day he did good service. His book on "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism" was a very useful challenge to the Christian assailants of Spiritualism. As publisher of a New York "Two Worlds," and watchman on the walls in somewhat critical times, he "fought a good fight." What can be said of such a life but:—All is well?

The outpouring of women into the political arena in New York, and its tremendous consequences, must be regarded as a sign of the times. For many years that great commercial centre has been a sewer of corruption; and it has long been admitted that the ruling powers have been simply the tools of gangs of wreckers, who controlled the elections for place and plunder. The wreckers, however, seem to have become unbearable, and various Leagues have been formed for their overthrow. The most notable of these was officered and managed by women; and the result has been a "clean sweep" of the plunderers. Here are some references to this notable event, taken from American papers:—

Slowly but surely the conviction has grown, even among very conservative women, that a clean house is impossible in a dirty street; that health cannot be maintained without the active co-operation of the proper authorities; that morals are not a matter of precept, but of example, not merely in the home, but in the school, in the street, in the parks, in the street conveyances; that environment—which in cities depends so largely on honest municipal control—has a positive influence on the development of character; that familiarity with sights and sounds which dull sensitiveness, and cause indifference to conditions that minister to disease and vice, lowers the moral tone of the home. . . . The daughters of the metropolis are setting a splendid and impressive example of American citizenship. Although denied as yet the right of suffrage, they are determined that their influence shall be exerted in behalf of clean and honest municipal government. They rightly assume that their assistance is a potent force for good. The aid of women is an inspiration to every noble cause.

What has this to do with "LIGHT"? Everything. The spiritual philosophy is also a spiritual programme; and neither the philosophy nor the programme can recognise the old suppression or exclusion of women. The great practical spheres are hers as much as man's,—sometimes more than man's. The voice of the spirit is a voice to all. In Christ Jesus, said Paul, "there is neither male nor female." A profound truth!

In Mr. Holyoake's very interesting Autobiography two notable facts are put on record concerning the birth of a free Press in England. In the chapter on Richard Carlile, justice is done to that intrepid defier of the old fetters upon free publishing. "He was imprisoned himself altogether

nine years and three months—his wife was imprisoned also—more than one hundred and fifty of his shopmen were at various times imprisoned": and all well within this century! In resisting the stamp duty on newspapers, repeated imprisonment had to be endured. "Mr. Alderman Abel Heywood, of Manchester, who was one of the imprisoned, recently stated at a City meeting, when the honorary freedom was conferred upon him, that, all told in town and country, the number imprisoned was seven hundred and fifty." So are freedom's battles won!

We have kept Mr. Charles Fox's book, "The Pilgrims," waiting a long time: and now hardly know what to say of it. Perhaps the best indication of its tone and tendency will be the quotation of its full title, "The Pilgrims: An Allegory of the soul's progress from the earthly to the heavenly state, familiarly told, and including a blast from the ram's horn against Babel, and another cry against the altar of Jeroboam, with a faithful looking-glass for the world." We cannot begin to describe or criticise this odd book: there would be no end to it. It is "odd," but it is not without its stores of shrewd sense and clean wisdom. (London: Kegan Paul and Co.)

A BATCH OF BOOKLETS.

"The Conqueror's Dream": A poem by W. Sharpe, (London: J. J. Morse), has thought in it, and a moral, and is not without merit as a bit of blank verse; but the whole thing might have been better done in prose.

"Between the Lines: A condensed treatise on life and health as the truth of man's being." By Hannah More Kohaus. (Chicago: F. M. Harley.) A rarely thoughtful little book, advocating a kind of sublimated spiritual Pantheism, very subtle, very deep, and very much belonging to nineteenth century revealings of divine truth: but all needing caution and gentle patience. A book of dividing but eventually uniting ideas.

"A Remarkable Experience." (Chicago: F. M. Harley.) Indeed, a remarkable experience,—nothing short of ardent longing breaking through the barriers of the invisible, and winning its way to a kind of Holy Grail. The story is told to strengthen faith in the teachings of the school of thought from which proceeded "Between the Lines."

"Spiritualism." By John Wynn. (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) A rhapsody, probably a pure fabrication, though told as a veritable vision. The writer is a kind of Spiritualist who, nevertheless, is in a hurry to push the following paragraph to the top of page one:—

I am desirous to dispel at once from the reader's mind the idea that I am about to defend table-rapping, apparitions, and the various dark séances that are influencing continually the credulous, and which prove that in this age, as in all others, charlatans exist, who, by wicked devices, deceive the unwary.

"Windfall and Waterdrift." By Auberon Herbert. (London: Williams and Norgate.) A dainty little book,

filled with exceedingly short poems, most of them only two tiny verses, which suggest a private note-book rather than a book for the public gaze, for which they are hardly strong enough, either in thought or expression. Refined, serious, in a way faultless, one may say, but not keen, awakening, inspiring. Here is a fair specimen—perhaps deeper than most of them:—

"DO YOU CALL THE LIVING THE DEAD?"

The dead! Is it you, who call us the dead,—
What you, who wait for the birth,
Who wait to pass hence from the prison of sense,
From the body and brain of earth?

Oh! why do you name the living the dead,—
Who think and who move with the force
Of the light, that from far, that from star unto star,
Travels on in its tireless course?

"Collectanea Hermetica." Edited by W. W. Westcott, M.B., D.P.H. Vol. IV. *Æsch Mezareph, or Purifying Fire.* (London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke-street.) We are willing to take it for granted that this is a learned and occult book. To our unchastened eyes and judgments, it looks like a profound emanation from Colney Hatch. And yet there is doubtless "method in its madness," with here and there a brilliant bit of lucidity, as when it tells us that "No man is wise unless his Master is Experience": but we humbly submit that no amount of "Experience" (even with a capital E) could ever enable us to digest an opening paragraph on the first page:—

Learn, therefore, to purify Naaman, coming from the North out of Syria, and acknowledge the power of Jordan: Which is, as it were, Jar-din, that is, the River of Judgment flowing out of the North.

The book is really a guide to Alchymy, but not practical enough to be of any real use except to experts who may have the key to its symbols and the knowledge that would supply its omissions.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At the next meeting, to be held at 7 p.m. on Monday, December 3rd, at 2, Duke street, Adelphi, the Rev. J. Page Hopps will give an address on the subject of "Dreams," with some personal experiences.

THE DEAD ARE ALIVE.

Personally, I know that the dead are alive—know that friends departed live and manifest to us still—know by careful observation and patient experience, in connection with reason and my best judgment, that the angels of God are about us and minister to us. It is knowledge. And I can rejoicingly say with the apostle, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Possibly some ecclesiastic may say, "I have never seen the spiritual manifestations." Quite likely. Millions have not seen the seas, lakes, and canals upon the planet Mars, nor the telescope that discovered them. The more the pity. Ignorance, whether churchianic or agnostic, ought to be very modest. What individuals have not seen does not enter into the moral equation for determining truth.—Dr. J. M. PEEBLES, in the "Arena."

THE POLICE HELPED BY A CLAIRVOYANTE.—The mysterious murders committed under the auspices of the Secret Society of Chevaliers d'Amour at Denver are still unsolved. So bewildered are the officers of the law that they summoned a famous clairvoyante from Chicago, and on her arrival took her to the scene of the murder of the Japanese girl Kika Oyama. The woman declared that the murderer was a man of fair complexion, with a sandy moustache, who had a peculiar habit of carrying his head a little on one side, and he wore a light slouch hat. He entered the dead girl's apartment, she said, through the curtains which separate it from the front room. He left it after he had committed the crime, by the door at the back, the key of which he put in his right hand trousers pocket. Finally, the clairvoyante asserted that the man lived within two blocks of the scene of the deed, and that he would make an attempt to murder a woman in 1,950, Market-street. The police are now watching that house, and are at work on this clue. It is to be hoped that they may find the criminal!—"Westminster Gazette."

MRS. WILLIAMS OF NEW YORK.

It is about time now that the very unsavoury subject of the recent "exposure" should be brought to a close. We have given, as we hope, fair play to both sides, and there is little more that can be said with advantage. The task of laying before our readers a full and complete revelation of the events in Paris was to us a very distasteful one, but it had to be done, and we felt, and still feel, that no other course was honestly possible. It is of the very first importance that Spiritualists should resent all attempts at deception, whether by genuine mediums, or by mere pretenders to the possession of mediumistic gifts.

It is for our readers, now that the charges and the defence have both been placed before them, to take care that the issues are not confused. The points in dispute are few and simple. Mrs. Williams admits the seizure, but alleges that it was the work of enemies of Spiritualism who entered into a conspiracy with the object of thus inflicting injury upon the Cause. On the other hand, those who took an active part in the seizure admit the conspiracy, but allege that they conspired for the laudable purpose of unmasking a fraud, the existence of which they had already sufficient reasons to suspect. Again: Mrs. Williams admits that wigs, doll, and masks may have been found in the cabinet, but denies that they were taken there by her; to which the alleged "conspirators" reply that the discovery was witnessed by many of the other persons present who had no previous knowledge of the intended seizure, and that, moreover, Mrs. Williams was actually wearing sundry disguises at the moment of capture. Here is the written declaration of the witnesses. It reached us in French, but we supply a translation. With this statement before them, our readers will have no difficulty in arriving at the truth:—

DECLARATION OF WITNESSES.

Report of the séance given by Mrs. M. E. Williams, so-called medium for materialisations, on Wednesday, October 31st, 1894, at half-past eight p.m., at 46, Rue Hamelin, Paris, the pension de famille of Madame Raulot.

The undersigned certify that on Wednesday, the 31st of October, 1894—during a so-called materialisation séance given by Mrs. Williams at which sixteen persons were present—a little before a quarter past nine, after several different apparitions had appeared, and at the moment when a male form was seen, accompanied by his daughter in a white dress and wearing a long white veil, four persons, at a given signal, rushed forward—the strongest, Mons. Wallenberg, on Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. Williams's manager, in order to secure him and prevent his moving; and the others to guard the approach to the cabinet whence the pretended spirits issued, and to seize Mrs. Williams in her disguise as a male spirit. When she was seized by the son of Mons. Leymarie she uttered fearful screams, but had nevertheless the presence of mind to drag him into the cabinet in order to extinguish the lamp which stood at the opposite side of the room but which communicated with the cabinet by a very ingenious contrivance, enabling the spirits, as she said, in this way to give more or less light as they pleased—a light always very feeble, and at times almost none at all. Mons. Paul Leymarie by force drew her out of the cabinet again, and a light having been obtained, everyone then saw Mrs. Williams in knee breeches, a short black waistcoat, black silk stockings, a black silk jacket, and a piece of very light black silk drapery wrapped about her. She also had a black moustache, fastened by an elastic thread, and wore a kind of skull-cap of fine black silk. Mons. Lebel, of Brussels, was the first to strike a light, and another young man, Mons. Auguste Wolff, had snatched the puppet which Mrs. Williams held in her right hand. This puppet is composed of a mask made of coarse, stiff white muslin; and the hair is represented by black tulle, under which there is a valance of white silk, so that the mask could be made to represent sometimes a fair and sometimes a dark person. The mask is mounted on a piece of thick iron wire forming the shoulders, and from which is suspended an exceedingly brilliant white silk robe of great

delicacy of texture; and the veils are of exceedingly fine and light muslin.

As there is nothing under the robes they easily fold upon themselves, and when the so-called spirit disappears on the floor, emitting a sort of moan, the illusion is almost complete. Behind the curtain of the cabinet where Mrs. Williams used to stand were found her low shoes, her bodice, and her black satin gown; a handkerchief saturated with scent; a bottle of perfumed phosphorus powder; false beards; several wigs, dark and fair, and one of a whitish colour and bald—that of “Dr. Holland”; a pincushion, two coils of wire, and a towel rolled up. There was also a large coarse cotton bag, with strong bands, and which could be fastened to her dress-train by buttons and hang very low. In this way she carried such objects as she required on her person, and thus the cabinet could be examined without finding anything there except her chair and a high foot-stool. Mrs. Williams is an excellent ventriloquist, and imitates four or five different voices, from that of a deep male organ to that of a quite young child. In the face of these flagrant impostures the audience threatened to hand Mrs. Williams and her manager over to the police if she did not leave Paris within an hour. The latter course they hastened to follow, to the great satisfaction of Madame Raoulot, at whose pension Mrs. Williams had taken up her abode. Her landlady had speedily detected the deceptions; and the séances which had preceded this last one had imposed upon her the obligation of unmasking these ridiculous “manifestations,” as they have nothing in common with veritable Spiritualistic phenomena, which one ought to be able to test in a serious and straightforward manner.

Signed by:—

JULIA MIRAMAR, 46, rue Hamelin, Paris.
LIEUT. WALLENBERG, 46, rue Hamelin, „
MONS. LEBEL, 71, rue Montagne de la Cour, Bruxelles.
MME. DE LAVERSAY, 5, rue Magellan, Paris.
MME. SUZANNE DE LAVERSAY, „ „
MONS. ARNOLD SANDOZ, 118, avenue Victor Hugo, Paris.
MONS. PAUL LEYMARIE, 1, rue Chabanaïs, Paris.
MME. DUPLÈNE, professeur, 1, rue Delaroche, „
MONS. AUGUSTE WOLFF, 8, rue des Prouvaires, „
MONS. SCHWEDER, Hôtel du Louvre, „
MME. SCHWEDER (de Berlin) „ „
MME. LA GÉNÉRALE VIKLE, 52, avenue Kleber, „
MME. RAULOT, 46, rue Hamelin, „

and some official personages whose names cannot be given.

Several other persons, who were in the house but not at the séance, were admitted into the room after the exposure, and saw Mrs. Williams in her male attire; and they have signed a declaration to that effect; but their names are not included in the above list.

The statement in the above “Declaration,” that amongst the articles found in the cabinet was “a bottle of perfumed phosphorus powder,” is a mistake, due, no doubt, to the fact that the bottle bore an embossed label, “Magic Pocket Lamp Co., New York.” This bottle having come into our possession, we suspected, on examination, that an error had been made, and we accordingly sent some of the powder to the eminent chemist, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., asking him to be kind enough to examine it and report, and Mr. Crookes has been so obliging as to send us the following reply:—

DEAR SIR,—The white powder you sent me in your letter of the 14th inst. consists of precipitated chalk (carbonate of lime), scented with Oil of Wintergreen (Gaultheria). It is probably the artificial oil, Salicylate of Methyl, which is much sold now.

The stuff has no phosphorescent properties, and was most likely used as a cosmetic only. I should think the label on the bottle had no reference to the contents.

November 19th, 1894.

WILLIAM CROOKES.

As Mr. Harte thinks something more may be said in Mrs. Williams’s defence we willingly publish the following communication from that gentleman:—

Mrs. Williams left for New York on Saturday last, notwithstanding the urgent request of many friends to remain. She suffered when she came from Paris from a pain in her side, the effect of the rough treatment she received, and this pain gradually

became worse. Add to this the shock to her system which the seizure caused, and the hostility to her here, and it is easy to understand why she became homesick. To my argument that people would say she was running away, she replied that before long she hoped to have recovered her health and spirits, and then would certainly return to England and give ample proof that her phenomena are genuine.

With regard to the “open letter” by Mons. Moutonnier, although he confesses to having been one of the conspirators, he probably was not a party to placing the things in the cabinet, or he would have been careful not to add so much to the contents of the wonderful bag, for fear of bursting it; for now, besides the Bright Eyes puppet, that bag seems to have contained, “three raiments for white phantoms, two for black phantoms, three wigs, a pair of moustaches, and all her stage properties,” including in the last comprehensive item a suit of men’s clothes for her “lightning transformations.” Mons. Moutonnier’s letter is simply an account of the outrage, mostly on hearsay, and it differs in some points from the others. It cannot be called his “testimony” in the case; and its value as evidence is shown by his utterly wrong statement that Mrs. Williams left Paris that same night—a statement which he makes with the same perfect assurance with which he gives an account of the grabbing. Surely no reasonable person would rely on such a witness!

Mrs. Britten’s letter is rather a surprise to me, as I thought she knew more of Mrs. Williams’s mediumship than to suppose that her séances have, like Maskelyne and Cooke’s performances, been always given in her own house. Mrs. Williams at no time refused to give séances outside, and, I am credibly informed, has of late years often made long journeys from New York to give séances in the houses of Spiritualists and investigators; and she is the only medium who ever gave a materialising séance on the stage of a public hall. Unfortunately, Mrs. Britten seems to be one of those who “cannot afford to countenance even the appearance of fraud,” or she would certainly not, while apparently advocating “fair play,” use and italicise such a prejudicial expression in speaking of Mrs. Williams’s “cabinet arrangements” as that they were “prepared and carried on by herself and her men, women and children of business.” Mrs. Williams must be accompanied by a considerable troupe of confederates, who never grow old; how does she manage to make them invisible except at séance time? Perhaps she carries them about in *that bag*!

Now, with regard to tests. There are two very distinct things to be tested. (1) The actuality of the phenomena. (2) The genuineness of Mrs. Williams’s mediumship. As far as I can understand the object of grabbers in general, they endeavour—very illogically—to disprove the actuality of the phenomena by showing that some particular medium is a trickster. That is really the only reason why they attribute such immense importance to each of these “exposures” as they from time to time occur. Whether the grabbers intend it or not, the undoubted effect with the general public of proving (or seeming to prove) any particular medium fraudulent, is to discredit Spiritualism and the phenomena as a whole, by apparently showing them up “as per sample.” Spiritualists themselves, being persuaded of the general truth of their own belief, consider only in these cases the question of the genuineness of the particular medium; and the grabbers, by playing a little on their sense of honesty and honour, easily enrol them on their side, and cause them involuntarily and unconsciously to help to destroy public sympathy with Spiritualism, and to prevent public recognition of the phenomena.

As to the tests themselves, their object should be to prove that the phenomena are realities and not tricks. That is the important point, not whether any particular medium is honest or not. Moreover, the people whom it is advisable to convince are the disbelieving and ignorant, not those who already believe in the truth of the phenomena, and whose only question is whether a particular medium, at a particular date, was humbugging them or not. Mrs. Britten benevolently invites Mrs. Williams in italics “for her own sake” to allow herself to be stripped “to her last garment” previous to the sittings, like the “Fox Sisters, and some scores of other physical mediums”; but although this might satisfy Mrs. Britten and those present, the fact that all these strippings of mediums have had no appreciable effect upon the public, or even upon suspicious Spiritualists who were not present, shows, I think, the wisdom of Mrs. Williams’s refusal to submit to such useless, illogical, and utterly undignified proceedings.

[November 24, 1884.
RICHARD HARTY.]

Those who stickle for these strippings of the medium show that they are unable to comprehend the real bearings of the case. There are two kinds of evidence—the scientific and the legal—and the stripping of the medium is neither one nor the other, though seeming to partake of the nature of both. The evidence in favour of the actuality of the phenomena of Spiritualism is largely of the nature of legal evidence—a question of probability, determined by inference from facts—and is entirely untouched by such tests as the stripping of the medium on certain occasions; if, when any particular medium was thus stripped, nothing occurred at the séance, it would not in the smallest degree invalidate the great mass of evidence that exists in favour of the phenomena. But there is a matter that is of at least equal importance to testing the medium, and that is, to protect the medium from outrage. At present the deadliest foe to Spiritualism, if he only calls himself “a Spiritualist,” and smiles a sweetly spiritual smile, is at once, and ever after, accepted as a Spiritualist, and admitted to séances; and when, in his hatred to Spiritualism, he commits outrages and tells audacious lies, these outrages and lies are accepted without question by real Spiritualists, not only as the work of one of their own number, done purely in the interests of truth, but as needing no justification, and requiring no verification or proof, although one of the first principles of law is that the evidence of a person who confesses to deceit and deception should in other instances be suspect.

The protection of the medium from such people as Mons. Leymarie, jun., Mons. Moutonnier and Madame Raulot is really of the greatest importance to Spiritualism, and also to the public, or such part of the public as desires to get at the truth in these matters. Spiritualism would never have existed had it not been for the mediums; and not to protect them from injury is idiotic and suicidal. It strikes me that those Spiritualists who sit at home dreaming of their loved ones in Spirit-land, and who call in a loftily patronising manner on mediums “for their own sake,” to come and be stripped, are utterly oblivious of the tremendous debt which not only they themselves and Spiritualism, but also psychology and philosophy, owe to mediums, who have too frequently been martyrs. The thing to be done is to adopt some measure which will at the same time completely protect the materialising medium from violence, and be a perfect test of the genuineness of the phenomena.

Such a measure has, I am informed, been adopted in New York, by an old Spiritualist, in the shape of a cabinet entirely composed of stout wire netting, fastened securely to a frame of wrought iron, over which a dark canopy is thrown. The door of this iron box is fastened by three Yale locks, the keys of which are held by different sitters—the genuine nature of the wire cage having been attested beyond doubt. There are, I understand, two mediums in New York through whose mediumship the forms materialise in front of this iron-wire cabinet when the medium is locked securely inside; and I opine that if this fact were attested by such men as Myers, Barrett, Lombroso, Ochorowicz, and Oliver Lodge, it would be impossible for the Raulots, Leymarie juniors, and Moutonniers to exhibit themselves as they have lately done without incurring the execration of all seekers after truth, whether Spiritualists or not. That this test is possible my experience of the phenomena leaves me no doubt whatever, and if other mediums can successfully submit to it, I believe that Mrs. Williams can; and it is this measure—a convincing test of the phenomena, and equally a proof of her genuineness and a protection for herself—that I hope she will adopt in future, as I have earnestly advised her.

In conclusion, I shall merely say that I do not think that “*LIGHT*” is aware of the utterly unscrupulous character of the opposition to Spiritualism. There are vested interests, religious and materialistic, that are threatened with destruction by the phenomena of Spiritualism; and the same devilish spirit that tortured heretics and burned witches is still alive in the hearts of a large number of the “orthodox,” whether religious or scientific. There is absolutely no iniquity, meanness, or cruelty at which such people will hesitate when their interests are threatened, and their prejudices aroused; and every public medium, I really believe, now carries his life in his hand. Instead of the presumption being that “fraud-hunters” and “grabbers” are conscientious believers in Spiritualism, who act regretfully in the interests of truth, I am convinced that the presumption really is that such people are “wolves in sheep’s clothing”—irreconcilable and fanatical enemies of Spiritualism, who are bent on its destruction, and seek to crush mediums as the necessary means to that end; and who laugh in their sleeves

when they find the Spiritualists themselves aiding and abetting them.

Here is a reply by Mons. Moutonnier to Mr. Harte’s letter of last week:—

So much has been said and written about the Williams scandal in Paris, so many irrefragable proofs of her duplicity and falsehood have already been given, that I should consider it rather superfluous to dwell any longer on the same subject were it not that, whenever the truth is at stake, there should be no doubts left in the minds of those who are in search of facts which can be trusted.

I, therefore, beg leave, before closing the discussion, and in answer to Mr. Harte’s letter “in defence of Mrs. Williams,” to give a few more particulars on this affair in which I have been involved, and which will undoubtedly modify Mr. Harte’s previous impression.

I met Mrs. Williams, for the first time, at her boarding-house, on October 22nd, when I called to make arrangements for a private sitting on the 28th. She appeared to me as a decided woman, and one of those who are never at a loss, though incapable of any foul dealing. The topic of our conversation was, of course, Spiritualism, which I must confess is my hobby, and to the study of which I am devoting much of my time. In my unreserved confidence I showed her a picture of my deceased daughter, enclosed in an American trade dollar. She seemed to sympathise very much with me, and did her utmost to give me comfort by promising that I should soon see her again, if not in her first séance, certainly before her leaving Paris. Though I never had, during my long stay of twenty-five years in America, an opportunity of witnessing a séance for materialisation, yet I know quite well that there is no missing link between the two worlds, and that our departed ones are just as close to us as when they were living; so I did not entertain the slightest distrust of Mrs. Williams’s genuineness. Then the conversation turned on business matters: she told me that her usual prices for private sittings were twenty-five francs for each person, but that out of consideration for me she would charge only twenty francs; so I concluded the bargain, and at her request, I wrote down on a slip of paper the names of the different persons who were to attend the séance and which she made me read aloud several times. Why she wanted those names, I did not at first understand, and I humbly confess that I ran headlong into the snare.

It was only when, at the séance, “Bright Eyes” announced that a spirit, a relation to the gentleman who had a silver medal in his pocket, was endeavouring to manifest herself, but could not appear that night, and also when some of the names given Mrs. Williams on the day of my call were tittered from the cabinet, that I recollected myself and saw that I had fallen into the trap.

To describe my feelings under the cruel disenchantment would be impossible; but, however great my rage, I still kept my gravity, and decided to retaliate the wrong done to me by this contemptible wretch.

Now, sir, it is not true that this has been the work of confessed enemies of Spiritualism, who stuck at nothing to destroy it and were the real instigators of the Paris seizure. None but first-class people, who were but too anxious to sanction the genuineness of Mrs. Williams’s mediumship, and whose good faith could not be questioned, attended her séances.

Nor do I think that Mrs. Williams had any reason to complain of the reception given her in Paris. Every effort had been used in her favour; the Parisian “Revue Spirite” sounded her praise abroad long before she arrived; a palace was put at her disposal for her sittings; people were coming in crowds, eager to learn from her the truth for which all hearts had so great a longing. No, sir, there are no arguments whatever that could plead in favour of Mrs. Williams’s conduct and mitigate her guilt. We had not the slightest ill-feeling against her, never having seen her before. Our earnest desire was to prove her genuine, and not a fraud.

C. MOUTONNIER
(Professeur à l’Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales).
14, Rue de Thann, Paris.

Miss Florence Marryat writes: “I have written to Mons. Moutonnier in reply to his ‘Open Letter.’ Nothing would make me discredit what I saw in 1884, but, if this is the same person I sat with, then I am shocked to think that she should have so degraded her mediumship. Do not they all do it sooner or later? Is it because they sit

too much and exhaust their physical strength till they are compelled to supplement?"

Mr. James Coates thinks that, according to the evidence furnished in "LIGHT," dishonesty in the séance room is palpable enough, but where the dishonour and dishonesty lie is not so clear; whether they are to be accredited to the medium and her associate, or to the suspicious and actual conduct of the sitters. "Indeed, the whole circumstances are curiously suspicious. The few things seized could not account for what had taken place—nor for Mrs. Williams's noted powers as a medium, and a rowdy and dishonest group of individuals could as readily bring these things as they brought their manners with them."

A Parisian gentleman, who had no part in the eventful séance, sends us a strong protest against the aspersions which have been cast by Mrs. Williams upon Madame Raulot, in whose house the exposure took place. He assures us that Madame Raulot, who is the widow of a superior officer in the French Army, is a lady of education and refinement, and an earnest and true Spiritualist, who would much rather have found in Mrs. Williams an honest medium than a cheat; and that her character is in every way beyond reproach.

Madame de Laversay sends us a long account of her own personal observations of what occurred at the séance, but it is unnecessary to publish more than brief extracts from her letter, as she is one of the witnesses who subscribed the declaration given above. Here is her description of the puppet which Mrs. Williams is alleged to have been holding when seized:—

No one who sees this doll will ever believe that it was brought by the sitters. Such a doll cannot be bought anywhere, it must be made at home. It is nothing but a coarse muslin, painted mask, sewn to wire to form the head. A veil is attached, and a sort of white cap, and behind it is a hollow space which could be stuffed full to make the head either large or small. The shoulders are formed by two hooks of thick wire, over which hung empty sleeves, puckered together at the lower part. It would be curious to know the number of times this doll has been kissed by forlorn, sorrowful people who recognised in it their mother, sister, or child!

Speaking of the form known as "Dr. Holland," Madame de Laversay says:—

He did not advance, but stood just inside the cabinet, holding the curtains apart. He wore a bald white wig, which was afterwards found amongst the spoils seized, and a dirty, old, greasy wig it is, having evidently served for years.

Madame de Laversay thus describes the scene at the moment of the seizure:—

The signal was given by Madame Raulot—"Voici Mons. Cushman!" The young man next me, Mons. Leymarie, jun., pounced behind the form to prevent its retreat into the cabinet. Then the noise and the screaming began, and Mrs. W., violently pushing the young man backwards, struggled back into the cabinet and pulled the cord which extinguished the light; but another light was struck immediately. By this time everyone was up and ready to defend Mrs. Williams if need be; no harm was done to her and no clothes were torn from her. She was found dressed in a man's coat of a soft black silk material, black pants, and black stockings, with no shoes of any sort. As soon as the fresh light was brought Mrs. W. started off through a little door we did not know about, rushing down the stairs, but the street door was closed and she returned up the back stairs to hide in the little kitchen, where she was found and finally brought before the company in male attire! Even had the doll and the wigs been brought into the room by the "conspirators," as Mrs. W. ridiculously alleges, that would not account for the man's vest and the pants she was wearing, as these could not have been brought and forced upon her. If, after this, genuine mediums come to Paris they will be well received—and well paid, if necessary; but they will have to submit to the most complete tests, to establish their trustworthiness.

Mrs. Weldon, writing from Gisors (Eure), tells, on the authority of friends who were present, an amusing mistake

made by Mrs. Williams at the séance preceding that of the night of the exposure:—

Madame Raulot, on hearing that I was coming to Paris, and being very fond of me, had lauded me up to the skies, had, in fact, biographised me to the listening Williams, who marked, learned, and inwardly digested everything she could pick up concerning the members of her expected audience. Several intimate friends of mine were at the séance, including Gailhard (Director of the Opera), himself a very powerful medium, and Mons. and Madame Artot de Padilla, all devoted Spiritualists. Mrs. W. and her confederate evidently thought that I had entered the room with them. But no!—acting on the advice of Mons. Gounod, one of my spirit guides, I had determined not to attend. Nevertheless, Mrs. Williams gave a beautiful description of Mons. Gounod, and, pointing in the direction where my friends were sitting, declared that she saw him standing "behind Mrs. Weldon." When told that I was not in the room, all she could say was, "Sing louder!"

An American lady, now resident in Paris, and in no way associated with the exposure, says:—

In defence of my fellow country people, permit me to state that Mrs. Williams has been detected in fraud over and over again in the United States, and only a small body of absolutely deluded believers still cling to her. I was myself, at one time, a very powerful amateur medium, and, although I relinquished the practice because of the state of my health, I preserved an interest in investigation. Accordingly, having read Miss Marryat's account in "There is no Death" of her one visit to Mrs. Williams, I attended one of her séances in New York, and instantly detected the trickery.

Other correspondents, well-known Spiritualists resident in England, who have attended Mrs. Williams's séances in New York, have also written us to the same effect; but we should have said nothing of these communications had not an appeal been made to Mrs. Williams's reputation in America.

In conclusion, we give a short letter which has reached us from our esteemed friend, the Rev. J. Page Hopps:—

The case against Mrs. Williams looks very dark. There seems no way out of it except by the ugly door suggested by Mrs. Hardinge Britten, "temporary Satanic possession": but even that is far from sufficient. And yet I agree with her that Mrs. Williams should be met, if she is willing to put herself in the hands of half-a-dozen entirely reliable people, for at least three test séances. My own opinion has long been that "frauds" and "exposures" can be inside as well as outside real mediumship; and this also is a part of the general subject;—a disagreeable part, but as much a part of it as the heavenly séance on the "Mount of Transfiguration." We cannot touch the subject without being made aware of the hells as well as of the heavens; and I confess that both interest me. All mediumship is not in the sphere of "The Holy Ghost," and all séances do not come within the category of "The communion of Saints." What then? Still the study of the subject must include all. Suppose, for instance, that Mrs. Williams is both a great medium and a great cheat? How horrible! but how interesting!

We are sorry to differ from our friend; but, in truth, we can see no possible good as likely to arise from test séances with Mrs. Williams. If Mrs. Williams is really an impostor, Spiritualists everywhere would do well to wash their hands of her altogether; and, if she should be proved to be a medium, as well as an impostor, so much the worse. That there have been cheating mediums is, we must regretfully acknowledge, a fact which is well known already; and of such the profession of Spiritualism must be purged at all cost.

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EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS,
Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

Light.

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THE CRADLE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Spiritualists have every reason to be satisfied with recent scholarly researches into the origins of Christianity: and we venture to predict that, for a very long time, the tendency will be strongly in their favour. Slowly, but most surely, the "supernatural" is resolving itself into a glorified natural, while the "miraculous" elements in the life of the Great Teacher definitely resolve themselves into signal instances of the interblending of the seen and the unseen. In brief, the cradle of Christianity is Spiritualism.

We are glad to see, in "The Arena," a rather notable essay on this subject, by our good friend Dr. Peebles, who draws a sharp distinction between what he characteristically calls "primitive Christianity" and "dogmatic Churchianity." The "magna charta" of the first is found in the synoptic Gospels "resplendent with the Sermon upon the mount, the Parables, the Galilean discourses, and those grand ethical teachings of love to God and love to man." The cause of the second is traceable to "Pauline mysticism, Alexandrian sophistries, and the darker shadings of gnosticism."

Dr. Peebles thinks, and we agree with him, that primitive Christianity was an evolution. Jesus did not call it into being *de novo*. He was a discoverer and he discovered the Father, in the same way that Newton was a discoverer and the discoverer of gravitation. He did not bring the spirit-world near: he found it here: he knew he was in it, and he longed to make his brethren conscious of it. Old-fashioned Christians made much of the so-called "miracles" as signs directly vouchsafed to or by Jesus: and new-fashioned Christians try to explain them away altogether. But the truth is that these "miracles" bear witness, not to a supernatural, but to a deeper natural than we are accustomed to. We need not pledge ourselves to belief in every "miracle" just as it stands in the record, but it is useless to try to shake the New Testament free from these works of wonder or to turn them into commonplaces. Christianity got itself established very much on the strength of these wonder-works, which continued long after the time of Christ, and really never entirely ceased. Mosheim, quoted by Dr. Peebles, was undoubtedly right when he said that "it is easier to conceive than to express how much the miraculous powers and the extraordinary divine gifts which the early Christians exercised . . . contributed to extend the limits of the Church:" and it is a fact that the early Fathers vehemently relied upon supernatural gifts and powers as endorsements of Christianity. Not one of them doubted the reality of the surrounding spirit-world: not one of them questioned the spirit-origin of the signs and wonders, the healings, the prophecies, the visions, the voices, the trances, all of which served as the cradle of early Christianity. The strong Tertullian exulted in these spiritual gifts. They were his evidences, his stronghold, his weapons of warfare against the heathen. He tells how

a certain medium, during a discourse on the soul, saw, in trance, certain things which were afterwards inquired into and tested. She saw spirits, so substantial that they might be touched, but lustrous, spiritual, exquisite. "This," says Dr. Peebles, "is a very interesting illustration of Christian Spiritualism, as exemplified and preached with such tremendous potency in the golden days of primitive Christianity." And, very pertinently, he adds:—

Here, then, we have the primitive or pre-Constantine Christianity with its one God, the universal Father, the brotherhood of all races, boundless charities, peace principles, and an ever-flowing stream of such spiritual manifestations as prophecies, visions, discerning spirits, trances, healings, and speaking in tongues—all of which are in perfect accord with the higher Spiritualism of this century. Certainly the fundamental ideas underlying them are concurrent. God is one and His laws are immutable. The universe is a unity, and there is clearly manifest everywhere continuity of causation and uniformity of law inducing and inspiring the processions of phenomena, or, as anciently expressed by Paul: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit [law]; diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all and in all."

But the fine gold became dim. Restless emperors, bankrupt paganisms, ambitious priests, subtle disputants, took possession of the Church of the spirit, and gradually perverted it into the Church of the letter, the Church of ritual, ceremonial, masterfulness. Then came "the dark ages," then a theological reformation, then the re-union of Church and State, then "political dissent," and then our surface nineteenth-century sectarianism, with its wonderful patent "plans of salvation": so that, when Spiritualism reappeared, it was reviled and laughed-at by the very Christianity which it had cherished into life.

Dr. Peebles' testimony is a typical one. There are hundreds of thousands who have gone through a similar experience. He says:—

It was the ecclesiastical creeds formulated in the seventeenth century and preached in the eighteenth, that drove me, while yet in youth's sunny morning, into the whirling, chilling maelstrom of atheism—to be rescued, under God's providence, by manifestations of invisible psychic forces and the most palpable demonstrations of present spirit ministries, placing my feet firmly upon the rock of ages, Christ.

It may seem a preposterous thing to say to-day, but we regard it as absolutely certain, that Spiritualism, in some form or another, is necessary to the very life of all the Churches. Christendom still retains the nominal recognition of vast multitudes, but what is happening in France, Germany, Great Britain? Within the churches, the letter has done its work: outside of them the mighty multitude goes on its way oblivious of them. London is becoming a pagan city, without the idols of paganism: and its paganism is but slightly veiled by its ritualism. What can bring back the world to faith but that which is the parent and object of all true faith—strong belief in the unseen, a living realising of the faith that the "things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"?

We do not say that this essential condition of a revived interest in real religion can only come through Spiritualism as Spiritualism, but we do say that it can come only through that for which Spiritualism stands. And it is this, in truth, which gives vitality and strength to both Roman Catholicism and Ritualism. Evangelical Dissent is slowly dying or being transformed into sentimental rationalism or social humanitarianism. Unitarianism is still only critical and decorously devout. What else is there? The only forceful camp in our English Christendom is that camp which represents the survival of early Christian Spiritualism: and that survival, in the form of sacerdotalism, is but a poor reminder of the great original. We cordially agree with Dr. Peebles' conclusion:—

When Christ's Christianity prevails, when nominal Christians become more Christlike and nominal Spiritualists more spiritual, the chasm of shibboleths and almost brutal dogmatism will be bridged, souls will be baptised afresh, estranged hands will be clasped, unsympathising hearts will be warmed by the Pentecostal flames of love, angels will daily walk and talk with

immortal, and all the peopled realms above and below, mortal and immortal, will be recognised as constituting a vast fraternal commonwealth of gods, angels, spirits and men; and love, pure, unselfish love—Christ's universal love—will then be the creed, the one acknowledged spiritual creed that endureth for ever.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1894, BEFORE THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, BY

PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S.E., &c.,

Professor of Experimental Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland.

(Continued from p. 561.)

Why, then, has all this weight of past and present testimony not made more impression on the educated world of to-day? Partly because no explanation of the observed phenomena can be given in terms of our existing knowledge, the facts won't fit received theories, and, as Goethe said to Eckermann, "In the sciences, what has been laid down and learnt at the schools is regarded as *property*. Comes now one with something new, opposed to, or even threatening quite to subvert, the Credo which we have for years repeated after others, and again handed on to others; passions are excited against him, and all means are employed to suppress him. He is resisted in any way possible; by pretending not to hear, not to understand; by speaking of the thing contemptuously, as not at all worth the trouble even to look at and inquire into it; and so a new truth may be kept long waiting till it has made a path for itself."* But another and chief reason which has prevented the general recognition of these phenomena, is because modern science, or rather the dominant school of scientific thought, is essentially, if not grossly, *materialistic*. This school, as Mr. F. W. H. Myers has eloquently said, "insists, in tones louder sometimes and more combative than the passionless air of science is willing to echo or convey, that all inquiries into man's psychical nature, all inquiries which regard him as possibly more than a portion of organised matter, are no longer open, but closed, and closed against his aspirations for ever." The materialist is imprisoned within the limits of his senses; hence a world which has no continuous relation with his senses has no existence for him. Life without ponderable matter he confidently asserts is impossible, and he prophesies that the atoms of matter contain within themselves "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."† This mode of thinking has become fashionable, and has even spread among the clergy. Only a few weeks ago I read in a religious newspaper a bitter attack on Professor Drummond's last book by the Rev. Dr. Dallinger, F.R.S., who holds the author up to scorn because Drummond attempts to show (whether successfully or not is immaterial) how intellect and consciousness might be associated with, but not *identified* with, the purely animal body. The reverend critic bursts forth: "Without protoplasm—life's specific basis—there never was and never can be Instinct, and to science, *there never was and never can be Intellect*. Mind and matter are as inseverable as shadow in daylight is inseparable from substance."‡ No wonder he goes on to quote with approval Professor Tyndall's deification of matter, and considers Tyndall's famous Belfast Address to be "the most brilliant and *spiritual*, in its essence, ever delivered before the British Association." It is true, Dr. Dallinger tells us, he is prepared to admit a future life, *if* "the historic realities of Christ's life and the value and verity of the sacred documents" can be proved, but he says, "the burden of proof lies

with those who struggle to demonstrate this for us." So the tremendous issues that await the whole race tremble in the balance until this struggle is over! What, we may well ask, is the animal struggle for existence compared with that upon which these historical experts are now engaged?

To return from this digression. The abundant testimony that exists on behalf of the operation of unseen intelligences is put aside in this century as rubbish, because science having done so much for human thought and life, public opinion naturally inclines to the view held by the present school of scientific thought, which denies the possibility of any life without protoplasm, *i.e.*, a particular molecular grouping of what we may call chemical matter.

Even those who do not go so far as this regard psychical research, whether it be telepathy or Spiritualism, as unworthy of serious attention, because the phenomena are either (1) *impossible* or (2) *utterly trivial*; therefore in either case a sheer waste of time. For the sake of those among our friends who think thus, permit me to say a word or two in reply on each of these points.

(1) There are some things, I admit, it would be utter folly to waste our time upon, such as "circle squaring," or "perpetual motion," &c. These, and the like, are beyond the pale of rational investigation at the present day on account of the *extent of our knowledge* in those particular regions. But there are other things which to-day appear impossible only from the *extent of our ignorance* in those directions. Such, for example, as, say, the sea serpent, thought-transference, or Spiritualistic phenomena; a few years ago we should have included the telephone and phonograph in these. The essential difference between these two classes of improbable events is that the first involves a *contradiction* of experience or of laws well established, the second involves an unforeseen *extension*, but no contradiction, of existing knowledge and experience. To assert that mind can act upon mind independently of any recognised channel of sense, or that mind can exist associated with an imperceptible form of matter, is a considerable extension of our knowledge, if true as we believe it to be, but involves no rejection or contradiction of other knowledge equally true. On the other hand, to assert that 2 and 2 make 5, and also make 4, would involve intellectual confusion; similarly, to believe in materialism, as now understood, and in the phenomena we assert to be true, involves a contradiction of thought, and consequent intellectual confusion; hence one or the other must be rejected. So that the "impossibility" that is urged refers, not to the phenomena themselves, but only to certain popular theories or conceptions about those phenomena.

(2) But it is urged that the utterly trivial character of the phenomena renders them too contemptible for serious inquiry. "Even if true *we don't care* for the results you obtain," is a common observation. This was doubtless the feeling that prompted the illustrious Faraday to decline any further investigation, as he stated in his well-known letter to Sir Emerson Tennant* that he had found in the phenomena "nothing worthy of attention," or capable of supplying "any force or information of the least use or value to mankind." With all deference to one whom I knew and revered so highly, this surely was a wrong position to take up. Long ago Benjamin Franklin, most practical of men, disposed of that argument; but the whole of Faraday's great career showed he valued truth for its own sake, irrespective of any commercial consideration, and supplies the best answer to the words of his I have quoted. Nevertheless, we find to-day scientific men of the highest eminence taking precisely the same ground. They have been well answered in the very citadel of science by that distinguished physicist and courageous thinker and investigator, Professor Oliver Lodge, who again recently, in the

* Eckermann: "Gespräche mit Goethe," III., 20.

† Tyndall, Belfast Address to the British Association. "Fragments of Science," Vol. II., p. 210.

‡ "British Weekly," Vol. XVI., pp. 226 and 242.

* "Pall Mall Gazette," May 19th, 1868. The whole correspondence is given in "LIGHT," February and March, 1888.

(November 24, 1894.)

columns of "Nature," has said (and I was glad to see the article quoted in "LIGHT"*) :—

This attitude of "not caring" for the results of scientific investigation in unpopular regions, even if those results be true, is very familiar to some of us who are engaged in a quest which both the great leaders in the above-remembered controversy [Lord Kelvin and Professor Huxley] agree to dislike and despise. It is an attitude appropriate to a company of shareholders, it is a common and almost universal sentiment of the noble army of self-styled "practical men," but it is an astonishing attitude for an acknowledged man of science, whose whole vocation is the discovery and reception of new truth. Certain obscure facts have been knocking at the door of human intelligence for many centuries, and they are knocking now, in the most scientific era the world has yet seen. It may be that they will have to fall back disappointed for yet another few centuries; it may be that they will succeed this time in effecting a precarious and constricted right of entry; the issue appears to depend upon the attitude of scientific men of the present and near future, and no one outside can help them.

Thirty years ago Professor De Morgan, with inimitable satire, exposed the unphilosophical and illogical position still taken up on these questions by such honoured leaders of science as Lord Kelvin and Professor Huxley. Nothing more brilliant or amusing has ever been written on the whole subject than De Morgan's preface to his wife's book, "From Matter to Spirit," and I earnestly commend its perusal to the scientific men of to-day. And to those who prefer Bishop Butler to De Morgan for their guide let me quote the following words from the "Analogy": "After all, that which is true *must* be admitted; though it should show us the shortness of our faculties, and that we are in no wise judges of many things, of which we are apt to think ourselves very competent ones."

This brings me to the perfectly legitimate position which many take up, and which is justified by the caution that characterises all sound advance in knowledge. It is that the antecedent improbability of these phenomena is so great, they are so far removed from the common experience of mankind, and, moreover, they involve ideas so unrelated to our existing scientific knowledge, that, before we can accept them, we must have, not only evidence, but *overwhelming* evidence, on their behalf.

This is common sense, and obviously necessary. But it is precisely the business of science to obtain this, and it is only because the trained scientific investigator has, up till recently, turned his back on these phenomena, that you and your predecessors have had to try and do the neglected work of science in this very difficult region of inquiry; and now having done it to the best of your ability, you are kicked and pelted by the educated world, and told to get out of the way, and be ashamed of yourselves. A pretty state of things at the close of this nineteenth century! I heartily agree with our great logician, De Morgan (pardon my quoting him again), who says :—

The Spiritualists, beyond a doubt, are in the track that has led to all advancement in physical science; their opponents are the representatives of those who have striven against progress. . . . I say the deluded spirit-rappers are on the right track; they have the *spirit* and the *method* of the grand old times when those paths were cut through the uncleared forests in which it is now the daily routine to walk. What was that spirit? It was the spirit of universal examination wholly unchecked by fear of being detested in the investigation of nonsense. When the Royal Society was founded the Fellows set to work to prove all things, that they might hold fast that which was good. They bent themselves to the question whether sprats were young herrings. They made a circle of the powder of a unicorn's horn and set a spider in the middle of it; "but it immediately ran out"; they tried several times and the spider "once made some stay in the powder." Then they tried Kenneth Digby's sympathetic powder, and those members who had any of the powder of sympathy were desired to bring some of it at the next meeting.

But these childish researches, as we now see them, showed that the inquirers had really been inquiring. Then De Morgan proceeds to show that "Spiritualists have taken the *method* of the old time," that they have started a theory and seen how it works, for without a theory facts

are a mob, not an army. This was the method of Newton; he started one of the most outrageous ideas that ever was conceived and tried how its consequences worked. For Newton's theory was, "that there is not a particle of salt in the salt-cellars of the most remote star in the Milky Way that is not always pull, pull, pulling every particle of salt in the salt-cellars of our earth—aye, the pepper in the pepper-boxes, too—our Pepper and salt, of course, using retaliatory measures."* So the great law of gravitation came to be our heritage; rigorous investigation and overwhelming evidence on behalf of this most improbable idea has established it as a universal truth.

After all, now that it is a *scientific heresy to disbelieve* in an imperceptible, imponderable, infinitely rare and yet infinitely elastic all-pervading kind of matter, the so-called *luminiferous ether*, which is both interstellar and interatomic (a material medium of a wholly different order of matter to anything known to our senses, and the very existence of which is only known inferentially), is it so very incredible a thing to suppose that life has originated, and the law of evolution—the Divine law of progress—has been at work, maybe for some time prior to the formation of a habitable earth? If the grosser matter we are familiar with is able to be the vehicle of life, and respond to the Divine spirit, the finer and more plastic matter of the ether would more perfectly manifest and more easily respond to the inscrutable Power that lies behind phenomena. There is nothing extravagant, nothing opposed to our present scientific knowledge, in this assumption. It is, therefore, in harmony with all we know to entertain a belief in an unseen world, in which myriads of living creatures exist, some with faculties like our own, and others with faculties beneath or transcending our own; and it is possible that the evolutionary development of such a world has run on parallel lines to our own. The rivalry of life, the existence of instinct, intellect, conscience, will, right and wrong are as probable *there* as here. And, in course of time, consciousness of *our* human existence may have come to our unseen neighbours, and some means of mental, or even material, communication with us may have been found. For my own part, it seems not improbable that the bulk, if not the whole, of the *physical* manifestations witnessed in a Spiritualistic séance are the product of human-like, but not really human, intelligences—good or bad *daimonia* they may be—which aggregate round the medium, as a rule drawn from that particular plane of mental and moral development in the unseen which corresponds to the mental and moral plane of the medium. The possible danger of such influences I will refer to immediately.

But if such unseen intelligences have for ages past existed in our midst, may they not have had some share in the history of life on this earth? We know how largely man can modify both organic and inorganic nature by the exercise of his intelligence and will; if we can even alter the varieties of plants and animals by artificial selection, is it unreasonable to suppose that the psychical operation of unseen intelligences may have influenced the course of evolution through the ages? The unsolved problem in the doctrine of evolution is to account for the production and persistence of variations of any type of life. This problem seems to get more and more insoluble as our biological knowledge advances. It is possible that this problem will have to be shifted from the world of sense and gross matter to the unseen world around us, just as in physics we are gradually shifting our explanations of perceptible things to the imperceptible ether. The great First Cause must ever lie beyond our ken, but science, which deals with secondary causes, is finding that to many obscure questions the visible world appears to offer no intelligible solution.

(To be continued.)

* "LIGHT," August 11th, 1894.

* Preface of "Matter to Spirit," p. xix., et seq.

SPIRITUAL SOLUTIONS OF PRESENT PROBLEMS.

BY J. PAGE HOPPS.

HEART-HUNGER
FOR GOD.

THE sternest Atheism has justified itself by pointing to the world's sorrow: and yet the sweetest Theism has expressed itself most touchingly and most fully when that sorrow has been endured. It may be a paradox, but it is a fact. The wretched do not "curse God and die": they long for His appearing that they may truly live.

It is as though the hungry heart never reasoned about it—as though it could not bear to draw strict logical inferences—as though, in failing of flesh and heart, nothing was remembered but the need of an abiding refuge, a trusty guardian, a mighty friend. There is more Atheism lounging about Pall Mall than struggling for life in Bethnal Green.

There might, indeed, be compiled a delightful Anthology of sorrowful souls. How rich would be the prayer! how sweet the hymns! how tender the entreaty! how sublime the confidence! how pathetic the praise! The Psalms are nearly all set to the music of this very trust in God in the time of trouble. One says: "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me: yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me." Another cried: "My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing. . . But I trusted in Thee, O Lord; I said, Thou art my God." "Out of the depth," they cry unto Him, and sing of Him as their refuge, their fortress, their shepherd, and their king; and, all through, their burdens and sorrows draw the heavy-laden soul to Him in trusting confidences and tender reliances and sunny hope.

And all along the line of march of God's army of the night we see the same strange sight and hear the same strange songs. Luxury has often made men atheists, and successful self-will has often made men content to do without Him; but trouble and sorrow have more often brought the stricken to His feet. In vain has the scoffer asked, "Where is now your God?" In vain has logic urged that a world so miserable can have no God of love or wisdom for its King. The soul, by a subtle instinct, as powerful as it is mysterious, has turned to God, to cling to Him when all else failed.

Curiously enough, those who are the most forward to suggest that belief in God should be abandoned before the miseries inflicted by nature's laws are the first to insist upon it that there can be no interferences with those laws. What then? Surely they are precluded from finding fault even with the Almighty because He fails to interfere? Or is the point of their objection this, that He made the world badly, and that nature's laws are wrong? Then it is for them to show how self-reliant beings could be developed in any other way.

But if we are to trust so much to Nature, how shall we interpret this fact, that one of her supreme products is heart-hunger for God? As the matter stands, we see that belief in God has been struck out of the human heart as one of its imperative necessities. People sometimes talk of nature as though it did not include human nature, when, all the while, nature seems to exist for man, or, at all events, to lead up to him.

Nature includes not only gases and phosphates, chemicals and dynamics; and she is concerned not only with the flow of waters, the courses of the winds, the building up of forests, the manufacture of sheep, and the procession of the seasons. She includes also all that relates to human intelligence and the will—to man's hope and fear, and love and life: and behind and within all these, we find this strange turning of the inmost self to God. Men talk of nature, and would ignore that. They might as well talk of summer,

and ignore the sun; or of life, and leave out love; or of literature, and make an end of the alphabet.

Leave out religion, faith in God, the heart's hunger for continued life, the spirit's prophecy concerning that which lies beyond the veil, and you leave hardly one entirely sound spot even in politics, literature, and art. Some clever people are assuring us, in a half-patronising, half-pitying way, that belief in God is provisional—that it will be outgrown. But they will have to turn aside mightier currents than they seem to have taken into account; and, as naturalists, they will have to tell us how it is that Nature, in her supremest work, produced a being who has evolved this belief in God from the deepest heart of him—from his profoundest thoughts, his most deeply-stirred emotions, his loftiest aspirations, his deepest needs. They will have to explain how a provisional superstition could have been the mightiest agent in the world's noblest work, conquering the love of pleasure, firing the soul with unselfish ardours and unsurpassed heroisms, lifting man above the barbarisms of his lower stages, and teaching him how to live, not as a brute but as a man.

At the heart of this great trust in God, in spite of all outward ill, there lie two primary thoughts, feelings, or instincts:—First, that this life is the scene of a struggle between antagonistic powers, and, second, that the Mighty Power above us is on the side of Virtue, Spiritual Beauty, and Love. As to the first of these, it is inevitable that earnest and religious spirits (and these are always the picked men and women of the world) should feel that life is the scene of such a struggle. Good and evil are seen to be at deadly strife; light and darkness are seen to be struggling here for mastery. The frivolous spirit is only conscious of that struggle as a conflict between comfort and discomfort. For him, it is only a question of more or less ease, more or less pleasure, more or less money, more or less general prosperity: but deeper natures see and feel infinitely more than this; they see that a moral struggle is going on; they feel that a spiritual conflict is dividing men; they know that more is at stake than what money can buy or the market supply. At times they have sought to account for this by supposing that God has really a rival in the person of a Satan, who is here as the disturbing element, cursing by his presence a world that might otherwise be pure as the lily and fragrant as the rose. It is he who tempts frail virtue or who even overcomes the veteran, long used to his devilish arts; it is he who mars the lovely picture which God vainly tries to perfect. Out of that dread hypothesis has grown many a baleful superstition, but the profound truth underlying it is the undoubted existence of a frightful conflict—a stern antagonism—a deadly struggle between the forces of good and evil. And it is here that cold-blooded logic has always broken down before earnest, intense, and deeply-moved natures. In vain you remind such that God, if He made all things, must have made the devil, too; in vain you tell them that if God is omnipotent all things are as He would have them; in vain you suggest that the frightful failures of life point to the absence of a God. The soul is superior to a syllogism; the spirit defies paradox; the really earnest and deeply-moved man fastens upon the fact of a struggle between elements, both of which are tremendously real. For if the evil is here, so is the good. True, the evil broods over all, like a hungry beast, seeking whom or what it may devour; but the good, working, moving, shining, throbbing at the heart of all things, is never absent, and is never really conquered. The problem of the co-existence of these two forces is postponed, in the face of the fact that they *do* co-exist; and the soul, because it will not submit to the evil, because it longs for the good, because it feels that the good is the lawful king, while the evil is only a usurper, all the more cries out for God, all the more desperately beats against the bars of the earthly cage in its eager longings

for the sunlight and the harmony of which it dreams, or which, at times, it feels and sees.

The second thought or feeling at the heart of this great trust is that the mighty Power above us is on the side of Virtue, Spiritual Beauty, and Love. Dimly and distortedly has this been perceived by men, but it has never been absent from the real trust of the world in a living God.

Now, I say this is itself a mighty argument for the being of a God; that the soul's trust in God is the product of the soul's deepest and holiest needs. If that trust were the product of our frivolities and our selfishnesses, we might treat it as a bubble on the stream of time; but now it is the very bed through which the river of life is flowing; and it will not be in our time that we can do without it. The human soul is still too full of the divine impulses to allow of its estrangement from the source of its truest life; and, thank God, sin has not yet corrupted out of us the mystic force that attracts towards the Great Unseen. If the evil day should ever come when the love of God will be dismissed as a detected dream, it will only be when life gets all the poetry taken out of it, when Nature is regarded only as a marketable commodity, when things that men buy and sell are alone believed in, when physical pleasures alone are included in the category of human happiness, and when hard cynicism, or weary satiety, or insipid commonplace, flood society, and when, having ceased to dream and pray, men cease to love or hope.

But that day will never come. So far from science and civilisation leading us away from God, they will, in the end, lead us more and more to Him; and, in a broader Universe than our fathers knew, and amid mightier laws than they discovered, we, and those who come after us, will find more and more to win our trust and love, as the sons and servants of the Great Unseen, the mystery of whose being we shall never fathom, but whose wisdom, power and goodness will be our study and our joy.

THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

DAVID DUGUID.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "LIGHT" BY MR. JAMES ROBERTSON.

(Continued from page 536.)

SAVED BY JAN STEEN.

Mr. Duguid's business required him on many occasions to make visits to the Highlands of Scotland during the shooting season. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were making a tour, and travelled with David in the same steamer from Oban to Appin. After parting with them he was too late to catch the steamer that crossed Loch Linnhe to Kingairloch, in Morven, and was, therefore, obliged to hire a fishing boat, with four men to pull him across. The water was very quiet at starting, but when they had gone a few miles there came on a severe thunderstorm. The sea rises very rapidly in those parts, which feel, at times, the full force of the Atlantic. They had got off the end of the Island of Lismore when matters became so serious that the man who was pulling the bow oar insisted that they should go back. The sea was washing over the boat, and David sat in the stern bailing out the water as best he could with his hat. Amid the tumult he saw Jan Steen, who said to him, "Don't allow the men to turn the boat or you will surely be swamped; go on you must!" Almost immediately the man who had been so pronounced about the necessity of turning back said, "Go on!" So for hours they continued to pull, and ultimately arrived at their destination. After giving the men some refreshments at the ferry inn, and the storm having abated somewhat, the boatman who had proposed to go back at first, and who had changed his views on the appearance of Steen, said to David: "Wha was thon (i.e., yonder man) that was sitting beside ye?" "Did you see him?" asked David. "Yes, and heard what he said." So that the boatman in question gave evidence of possessing what the Highland people call "second sight"—a faculty which is alleged to be peculiar to Scotland.

AN ADVENTURE IN SKYE.

The first time Mr. Duguid saw a spiritual visitant in the physical form was when he was located in one of the Western Isles. He had work to do in a certain castle, and, after finishing, could not get away for some two or three weeks, the rough weather which prevailed preventing the steamer from calling. One day Lord — suggested to him that as there was no chance of his getting away for some days, he should get the key of the library and find some book to read. David availed himself of the opportunity. One night he was reading Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and was hurrying towards the end, anxious to finish, as he expected to get away the next morning. He was in a wing of the castle, the sole occupant of an entire apartment, with high arched ceiling, his only means of illumination a candle. A large oak table stood in the centre of the room, the bed being at the far corner away from the window. The candle stood on the table. Still deeply interested in his book, David suddenly felt the large table being tilted from the opposite side, towards him, and although the slope appeared to him to be equal to an angle of 45 degrees, yet the candle remained steady in position. Looking up in a state of consternation, he beheld, at the tilted side of the table, a warrior clad in steel, with a shield over his shoulder, a two-handed sword suspended behind his back, and a battle-axe by his side. The mailed hand of the figure was resting on the table. David began to be sorely afraid of this weird and sudden apparition, and rose, seized the candle, turned his back to his visitant, and got into bed undressed. At that moment the figure turned round and raised his vizor, showing a pale face, with black beard and moustache. David also noticed one hand bare and the mailed gauntlet lying on the table. He was glad to blow out the candle, and then no more was seen. Next morning he met his lordship, who told him he was "done" for another week, as the steamer had not called. His lordship then ordered his butler to show David round the picture gallery, which he had not yet visited. The first figure that arrested his attention was a full length portrait of his singular visitor of the night before, the only difference being that in the portrait he stood uncovered. On asking the butler whose portrait it was, he was told it was the founder of the line.

MATERIALISATIONS.

The foregoing, Mr. Duguid insists, was as genuine a manifestation of materialisation as any that have taken place in his presence, and it occurred several years before phenomena of that kind were developed in the circle. At my first sitting with Mr. Duguid in 1876, I had but just come into contact with Spiritualism. All my mental furniture had been displaced by the disturbing energy of the new force. Doubting and denying for years, I had now got hold of a something which had to be faced. I wanted, if possible—to make my position perfectly sure—to examine all things carefully for myself before joining the public movement. Such was my mental attitude when invited to my first séance with the Duguid circle. My experiences on that occasion completely satisfied me that the substance of the "Hafed" Appendix could not be wild exaggeration, but was probably sober truth soberly stated. The memory of what then transpired is as fresh to-day as ever, and during the earlier period of my acquaintance with the subject, when doubts and perplexities assail one in spite of facts, the revelation of the séance referred to proved of staunchest service to me. It was then I had my first experience of materialisation. Lights, I remember, floated round the room, and from one corner came a materialised hand, which I examined carefully and critically, which touched me several times and regarding which I then said to myself: "There can never come a time in my life when I shall doubt the present reality before me." It was but a hand; nevertheless, its appearance made a deeper impression on me than all phenomena of materialisation that I have since witnessed. It has been my good fortune many times to witness this phase of Mr. Duguid's mediumship. At the Glasgow Spiritualists' Hall, for months, meetings were held, and "Hafed" appeared there in bodily form, with the same features as given in the work bearing that name, always with a bright star seen by all, which lightened up the face. The control known as "the Brahmin" also frequently manifested, putting out a naked foot for examination. Several Masonic friends have told me that this figure of the Brahmin gave them the Masonic grip, although Mr. Duguid is not a Mason and knows nothing of Masonry. Jan Steen also brought his dog, which Mr. Garrioch, the scribe of the

"Hafed" circle, and others felt and patted. A young girl, who was the medium when I had my first experience of Spiritual phenomena, but who had gone on, also used to appear to the satisfaction of her mother and others who knew her in the flesh. To myself, likewise, came experiences of a personal and most satisfactory kind. A week after my mother's departure to the higher life, Mr. Duguid was present in my home, when we arranged a séance, and a curtain was put up in the dining-room, behind which Mr. Duguid retired. After a little time I was asked to go close to the curtain, and there I saw clearly the features of my mother for a moment or two. Pages might be filled with descriptions of phenomena of this nature which have transpired in Mr. Duguid's presence.

SPIRIT FRIENDS.

In many of his country excursions it was a common experience to walk along the roads in his normal state, and hold discussions with the friends who guided and guarded his life. Steen, Ruysdaal, Halley, and others; he not only saw them by his side, but he heard their voices, and debated topics which were of interest to him.

THE DIRECT VOICE.

There is scarcely any form of Spiritual phenomena that has not been manifested through the versatile mediumship of Mr. Duguid. The direct voice I have listened to many times, singing and speaking. Mr. Bowman, one of the sitters, possessor then of a rich bass voice, would sound his lowest note, and the spirit voice would follow suit, but always going one or two better and deeper beyond Mr. Bowman's vocal capabilities. The voice could be heard, clear and distinct, joining in the songs which were sung. The spirit who is responsible for this phase calls himself J. O. K., and at times he has shown himself a bit obstreperous and mischievous. One night he wrote his name J. O. K. in large letters about three feet deep, across Mrs. Duguid's newly painted ceiling, much to her annoyance. It was never known how the joiner's pencil was procured with which it was most probably written. The ceiling was some eleven feet high; and, standing on a table, one would still require something more to enable him to reach it.

A SPIRITUAL APPEARANCE.

Amongst the early sitters with Mr. Duguid was a gentleman named James Logan, who became his close friend. In their talks together, they made an arrangement with each other that whoever went first to the land of spirits would come back and make himself known to the one left. Both had been at the Opera in Glasgow on the Saturday night, and on Monday morning Mr. Logan left for Manchester, while Mr. Duguid went to Tignabruich in the Kyles of Bute. During the week David used to walk down the fishermen's jetty to smoke his pipe before going to bed. On the Thursday, while sitting in the gloaming, he heard his friend's well-known step limp down the pier. Mr. Logan had been lame, and the step was easily recognised. David looked round and saw his friend and said, "Hullo! James! What has brought you here?" when, at once, he disappeared. The next night, Friday, the same step was heard, and the same form seen, again suddenly disappearing. When Mr. Duguid got back to Glasgow he learned the melancholy news that his friend had died in Douglas, Isle of Man, on the Thursday.

THE OUTCOME OF A SEANCE.

Mr. Duguid was obliged to go twice a year to take the inventory of a shooting lodge in Rannoch, Perthshire. His sleeping apartment was over the dining-room. One night he was awakened by a feeling as if a pair of knees were pressing on his chest, which made him spring up in bed, when he saw that he was surrounded by black figures. It was a clear starry night, and as the blinds were drawn up fully, the room was light, so that he could see the forms clearly. A panic of fear came over him, and he prayed earnestly for the help of his spirit friends. Eventually, he saw a small light appearing at the end of the room. At first a tiny spark, it gradually grew to the size of an egg, then enlarged to the size of a man, and became so bright that the mantel-piece was illuminated by it. A figure appeared in the centre of the light, and then the forms closely investing David withdrew apace. He sprang out of bed, rushed through the figure in light, to the mantel, seized the matches and struck a light, when the apparitions, both black and white, vanished. At the time he did not know who had been his helper, but was afterwards told it was Steen in his spiritual selfhood. The

sequel to the appearance of the black strangers was made clear to David the next day. It seems that the party below, after their sports during the day, had become a bit convivial, and having partaken of ardent spirits too strongly, arranged for a séance. The laird had been experimenting in Spiritual phenomena for some time before. Of course he had no idea Mr. Duguid was a Spiritualist, or that such a valuable medium was close at hand.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Precautions Against Fraud.

SIR,—Now that the subject of fraud practised by so-called materialising mediums is being discussed, I should like to say that, in my opinion, the fault lies in a great measure with the sitters themselves. I would suggest that before a medium is engaged, he should be distinctly told that such test conditions would be imposed as would preclude the slightest possibility of fraud on his part, and that he and his chair would be so fixed that he could not possibly use either hands or feet. A genuine medium would not object to these conditions, but should insist on them for the sake of his own reputation. If a medium should say that the phenomena could not take place where there is such distrust, he may be put down at once as a fraud. Some time ago I asked a well-known materialising medium if he would grant me a series of sittings, under test conditions, telling him that any reasonable sum of money would be paid for his time and trouble. I received a polite reply to say that he would not be sitting that week or the next and could not say when he would. I have since found out that he is giving séances whenever the opportunity occurs, and no doubt makes a nice thing out of it.

1, High-street, Peckham, London.

R. E. LANE.

Lights at a Seance.

SIR,—On Friday evening last I was present, as usual, at a circle held twice a week by friends of mine, when, at the close, I witnessed a phenomenon which surpassed anything I have seen since becoming a Spiritualist. We were (a gentleman, his wife, and myself) in total darkness, and I had just finished singing "When the mists have cleared away," when, after a few seconds, I was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of lights. They were a blue-white in colour, and the shape of them was like a very thick comma, quite half-an-inch in length.

I had, also, a large square light in my lap of the same colour, which lasted only about two seconds; but the other lights lasted fully fifteen seconds. I was thoroughly enveloped by them. If you can in any way explain this strange vision to me you will greatly oblige.

K. H.

[Lights such as you describe are far from uncommon at séances, though seldom so numerous as you describe. In your case were they subjective or objective—in other words, did your friends see them as well as yourself? Ask for information about them from your spirit friends.—ED. "LIGHT.")

Mrs. Russell-Davies and Miss Florence Marryat.

SIR,—My wife's attention has been drawn to a letter from Miss Marryat in your issue for November 10th. The letter of Mr. Sutton, Master of the Ceremonies, in this week's "LIGHT," seems to me to effectually dispose of the principal matter at issue, viz., what occurred at the ball, and entirely confirms what my wife said. In these troublous times when Spiritualism is on its trial before the world it behoves all true Spiritualists to be very careful of their statements and to give no cause for the enemy to blaspheme. "Truth is great, and will prevail," and there is no necessity to embellish it in any way.

Mrs. Davies is very ill with bronchitis, or would have written herself.

November 16th.

R. H. RUSSELL-DAVIES.

SIR,—I was very pleased to read Mr. Sutton's letter in "LIGHT" of November 17th, contradicting Miss Florence Marryat's statement regarding the ball held in the Portman Rooms, Baker-street, January, 1893. The truth of that statement does not rest solely upon the word of Miss Marryat or that of Mrs. Russell-Davies, as it can be verified by reference to the ladies and gentlemen who attended that New Year entertainment.

Mr. Sutton, as one of the "Stewards of the Ceremonies," should certainly know whether or not the conduct alleged by

Miss Marryat really took place; therefore, his letter denying the event should at once indicate that in this much to be regretted controversy the truth is to be found in Mrs. Russell-Davies' account.

I attended that ball and watched with great interest the performance of that special "Barn Dance," because those who took part in it entered so heartily into the spirit of it. They appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves, but there was not the slightest approach to indecent or immodest conduct either in that dance or any other. Though not an authoress, the character of my profession in life has developed in me a critical and accurately observant mind, so that I consider myself quite as capable as Miss Marryat of observing the incidents of the dance referred to in "The Spirit World," pp. 226-7. I sat near Miss Florence Marryat, and, therefore, viewed the dancers from a similar standpoint. I frequently conversed with Mrs. Russell-Davies throughout the evening, and in no single instance did I find her under the control of Dewdrop, or any other spirit; therefore, during the greater portion of the evening this deservedly renowned medium was in her normal condition. Though her spirit guides can readily take possession of her organism, the change of personality can be instantly detected by those who are intimately acquainted with her. Dewdrop and Ned could not have mingled with the dancers, and at the same time have controlled their medium, therefore she would be in a condition to consciously observe the progress of the dance. If Miss Florence Marryat considers Dewdrop and Ned such disreputable characters as she has depicted them to be throughout this controversy, why has she associated with them for so many years and introduced them so conspicuously into her recent books?

I enclose my card.

ONE WHO LOVES TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

Spiritualism and the Psychical Research Society.

SIR,—Will you allow me a brief space to protest against the position which some Spiritualists have taken up with regard to the S.P.R.? It is greatly to be regretted that so devoted a one as we all know Mr. Morell Theobald to be, should have ever been tempted to use those unworthy weapons, the jeer and the scoff, against such earnest workers in the good cause as Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Oliver Lodge. To turn their self-denying and truly scientific researches into ridicule, or to characterise their painstaking investigations, carried on under conditions which of necessity must have entailed an enormous amount of labour and thought, as "a pleasant holiday," is certainly to do both the Society and these, its leaders, a grievous injustice. Mr. Theobald proceeds to give an account of a heavy box, &c., having been brought down two flights of stairs by "psychical arms," but he offers us no proofs; at all events, he gives none in his article. How, then, can he expect people to believe in such an extraordinary feat without the most convincing proofs applied, not by ordinary observers, who (as Mr. Theobald's past experience must have taught him) are exceedingly liable to be deceived, but by persons capable of carefully weighing evidence, and applying rigid scientific tests. Valuable as all facts are (whether capable of absolute authentication or not), I cannot help saying that an outsider would naturally regard the account upon which Mr. Theobald lays such stress as utterly unworthy of credit, or would pass it by at best with a smile of incredulity; while, if at all interested in the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" he would immediately say, on reading the well-authenticated and scientifically-tested record of the above gentlemen, "There must, at least, be something in the phenomena when such men as the leaders of the S.P.R. can risk their scientific reputation by boldly acknowledging their thoughtful acceptance of the reality of phenomena which I have hitherto regarded as either puerile or fraudulent." And then, just as naturally, interest is awakened, and, probably, the ideas of a whole life undergo a complete change for the better.

I should rejoice greatly to see the Spiritualist and Psychical Research Societies working harmoniously together, as those should do whose general sympathies and objects are so closely allied, but such articles as Mr. Theobald's are calculated simply to widen instead of diminishing the gulf between them. Surely it would have been better when penning his article, had he (Mr. Theobald) remembered that there is "no logic in a scoff, no argument in a sneer," and have overcome the temptation to use the same unworthy weapons (which, be it remembered,

have formed the principal armoury of the opponents of Spiritualism itself) against those whose only object is the discovery of Truth, and whose laborious efforts must, in the end, deepen the foundations of psychical science, and establish it, not on the quicksand of loosely recorded phenomena but on that rock of incontrovertible facts which alone can ever successfully resist the onslaught of that materialistic science which not long since threatened to sweep away the dearest hopes of humanity as with an avalanche.

Paris.

ELIZA LUTLEY BOUCHER.

[We assure our correspondent that there is no jealousy whatever—and no friction—between thoughtful Spiritualists and the Society for Psychical Research, whose valuable services we sincerely and gratefully acknowledge. But the best men of the Society for Psychical Research will themselves readily admit that we are fully entitled to smile—in face of the fact that phenomena which they tell us are now proved to be genuine, the Spiritualists have surely known to be so, for the last thirty or forty years! But, perhaps, our friend Mr. Theobald, did really smile too loudly.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

A Curious Message.

SIR,—I ask you to give publicity to the following strange communication received through a writing medium, which is puzzling many minds, and I should be glad to have the opinions of those of your readers who are qualified to give it. The circumstances under which it was obtained are briefly, as follows: On Sunday, November 4th, my brother (the medium) came down to my rooms. After conversing for a little on various topics, I suggested we two might have a sitting by ourselves, and requested him, if possible, to obtain directions from his guides as to its conduct. Being duly provided with paper and pencil, in a minute his hand began to write. The resultant message was most encouraging. Amongst other things, "A," the control, promised that some time during the sitting "with a rushing sound we will immediately be with you." The séance, however, proved barren at the expiry of an hour. This in itself was curious, as we had never been disappointed in like manner before. After rising from the table I expressed a wish to know why we had had no manifestation. This time the medium's hand wrote:—

Query! Answer!! Zoles kyof mirsk gry. Sonat laevi Deus tremblans procul abesse laud. Respondiam tarde. —"A."

To those who are familiar with Latin, of course there will be no difficulty as regards the translation of part of the foregoing, but the four words, "Zoles kyof mirsk gry," belong to no language with which I am acquainted. Probably some of your readers may be able to throw a little light upon what at present is dark to a considerable number of us here.

Edinburgh.

JAMES LOCK.

Identification.

SIR,—I notice that "C.C.M." intends to reply to my letter on "Life as Reality." Might I ask him, if the occasion is opportune, to oblige us by including an explanation of the difference between Mysticism and Idealism (as defined by him in October, 1893)?

I would wish to say, with regard to the phrase in a previous letter of mine which he quotes as unintelligible, that it contains a palpable error (overlooked). The same argument was, however, repeated, but correctly stated, in the second paragraph following.

QUESTOR VITÆ.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"IGNORAMUS" (Hull).—The Rev. G. H. Lock, 44, Wright-street, Hull, has, we believe, a good reputation as a "magnetic" healer.

W. E. M.—Yes, it duly came to hand, but is scarcely good enough for reproduction. Cannot you supply a more recent one—more distinct, and better printed?

"ANONYMOUS."—The correspondent who writes to us anonymously about the séances of a medium in London will greatly oblige if he will give us his name and address (in confidence) as we should like to communicate with him.

I AM neither a Theosophist nor a Spiritualist, but an Agnostic, and it is clear to me that, for their supposed credit, the Theosophists will hush up any fraud and imposture in their movement; whereas, if the Spiritualists detect anything of the kind in theirs, they are ready to expose and denounce it. The last "Two Worlds" to hand contains several exposures of Spiritualistic imposture; and "LIGHT" prints a special supplement exposing a prominent medium. "Lucifer" had better have dealt with the Mahatmic fraud than have allowed the "Westminster Gazette" to do so.—R. Swain, in the "Agnostic Journal."