

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is pleasant to recall at Easter such a story as that told of Hawthorne's funeral, by one who loved him, who suggests that what was done intentionally symbolised his pure and cheerful ideas of what death really meant:—

Hawthorne died, when five days absent from home, in the same way that Thackeray died—found dead with a smile upon his face. A friend was with him. He lived at Concord, and his funeral there was a beautiful one. The church was heaped with flowers, the music admirable, the grave dug in a sod literally alive with violets, under singing pines, and bordered with a wreath of white lilies. He was borne to the body's rest by a troop of literary friends of the Atlantic Club—Emerson and Longfellow walking first; Agassiz, Holmes, Lowell, &c., afterwards. Fields carried his last unfinished manuscript in his hand. All the young women of the place brought wreaths, apple blossoms, and all the promise of our spring. The day was lovely—the birds in full warble, the winds in choir. They say it seemed a festival of life rather than a ceremony of death.

A truly beautiful suggestion of what death is—an advance to fuller life,—a promotion, not a catastrophe.

Certain legal and official persons in Edinburgh are troubled in their minds over the action of the police in an illegal sale of drink case. The nature of their quandary or predicament is fully indicated by the heading of a long article on the subject in 'The Evening Dispatch':—'Police-manufactured offences.' It appears that certain detectives visited 'The Gordon Highlanders' Association' and induced the managers to supply them with whiskey under illegal conditions; and for this offence the officers of the Association were brought before the Sheriff-Substitute. But, instead of getting a conviction, the police got a sharp rap on the knuckles, for the learned gentleman laid down the following as law:—

No so-called offence which is committed under fraudulent misrepresentations can be really classed as an offence against the law. . . . I refuse to hold that a, so to speak, prepared and invented infringement of any law is a real offence against it.

'The Dispatch' calls this sound law and good sense, and hits out at this shady 'inducing people to break the law,'—always a dangerous and detestable thing. We entirely agree with 'The Dispatch,' that 'if the police adopt methods which can be described as inducing persons to commit offences under fraudulent misrepresentations—no matter in what circumstances or however laudable the object—they will run the risk of having their proceedings challenged, and it may be set aside.'

Two precedents in favour of the Sheriff-Substitute's

decision are referred to:—the case of *Kerr v. Mackay* (Irvine 213) in 1853, and that of *Blaikie v. Linton* (High Court) in 1881. In both cases the police laid traps and, in the second, a woman was used as a decoy. In both cases also the judge indignantly reproved the police, and half threatened to call them up to the bar for punishment.

The bearing of all this upon some late prosecutions for practising palmistry, &c., is evident, because in all these cases the police laid traps, used decoys and acted falsehoods. We are not thick and thin supporters of palmists and the like, but we detest 'made' cases and the employment of police and women as informers and spies.

'The Banner of Light' seems determined to compel Spiritualists to take higher ground. It scolds, instructs, persuades and encourages with praiseworthy persistence. A late article, very long and very strong, concludes thus:—

Spiritualism has done many things for the world, but it has done them in spite of many of the Spiritualists, and not with and through their aid. It has given the world the positive assurance of life beyond the tomb. Through its true mediums, it has revealed conditions in the world of souls, and enabled mortals to better prepare themselves for their inheritance in the higher spheres. . . . The Society for Psychical Research is now doing the work that Spiritualists ought to do. . . . The Society for Psychical Research is taking up the work and is pressing forward to the goal of success. There should be perfect unity and harmony between the two bodies, and we hope that the same will yet be developed. The fault is with both parties, perhaps, that it is not so now. The Spiritualists have not been cautious in their selection of facts, and have felt chagrined when the members of the Society for Psychical Research laughed their alleged evidences out of court. The Spiritualists retaliated with sneers and abuse of that body, and have not tried to affiliate with them. The assumed mental and spiritual superiority of some of the Researchers has widened the breach between them, and helped to produce the present condition of chaos. If Spiritualists would have their Spiritualism do its real work, they must return to first principles and give scientific evidence to the world. Otherwise the Society for Psychical Research will reap where they have sown, and Spiritualism will fail in its mission.

We hope it is not quite as bad as that. The Psychical Research Society did *not* set out to prove the truth of Spiritualism: but, on the whole, with a bias the other way,—a bias which, in the earlier stages, seemed to increase; though, of late years, the tendency has been almost sharply the other way.

The Psychical Research Society has been attempting to reach the goal by a route of its own, and a good one, too: that is about all we can say. The vast majority of Spiritualists could not have gone by that route: but we doubt whether they have been, on the whole, so very unscientific and wanting in caution. Of course, it is true that sometimes knavery rushes in where science fears to tread, but that is only to be expected. For the rest, we know no reason why Psychical Researchers and Spiritualists should not work together. In so far as they do not in London, it is not the fault of Spiritualists.

The concluding words of 'The Banner of Light' do not even disturb us. What if the 'S.P.R.' is destined to reap where we have sown? That will not necessarily be to 'fail in our mission.' It is often given to one to sow and another to reap. It is Nature's way, and the world's. What Paul said of preaching the Gospel, we can truly say here:—

Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of goodwill. The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds: but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defence of the gospel. What then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

Professor Sterry Hunt has told us that 'crystals certainly live.' He said:—

Crystals certainly live. When it is considered that it is demonstrated that these stone plants are affected by light, it can be realised that they are not so insensible as popularly supposed. The life of crystals is a different kind of life from that of plants, but, if I understand the term, they live in their own way quite as decidedly as do plants and animals.

But is not everything, in a sense, alive? We are apt to associate aliveness with consciousness. Is not that our fundamental mistake? Consciousness should perhaps be regarded only as a highly developed and specialised form of life. The grades run down, from man to moss, in a way which really defies a break. Why not on from moss to snow flakes, or to the frost patterns on glass? If crystals are, in any sense, alive, surely the lovely frost pictures on our window panes are? Truly, there is no death. It is a delusion.

The Address on 'Practical Psychology; or How to be happy,' by Mr. Richard Harte, is now published as a high-class pamphlet: price 1s. net. The title-page simply gives '4, Ann Street, Worthing' as the place of publication. Mr. Harte could not be dull if he tried, and he is never anything but earnest and thorough. His requisites of happiness are three,—health, pleasure, and goodness or virtue. That looks like a commonplace, but it is worked out in anything but a commonplace way. On the contrary, his working out of our relationship to our tissue cells, to society, to God and to the Universal Spirit of Life, is uncommonly subtle and impressive.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox' bright little Easter poem is just as good as a sermon—and better than some that will be preached on Sunday upon 'The resurrection.' It is entitled, 'The tendril's faith':—

Under the snow in the dark and the cold
A pale little tendril was humming;
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mould
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

'How foolish your songs!' said a lump of clay;
'What is there, I ask, to prove them?'
Just look at these walls between you and the day—
How can you have power to remove them?

But under the ice and under the snow
The pale little sprout kept singing,
'I cannot tell how, but I know, I know—
I know what the days are bringing.

'Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadow, and buds on the trees,
And a great, glad sun to love me.'

Then a pebble spoke up. 'You are quite absurd,'
It said, 'with your song's insistence;
For I never saw a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence.'

But 'I know, I know,' the tendril cried,
In beautiful, sweet unreason—
Till lo, from its prison glorified
It burst in the glad spring season!

A WARDROBE-MAID OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

MADAME SOUZA COUTA'S VISION.

In 'LIGHT' of January 19th, as our readers will remember, Mrs. J. Stannard gave an account of a séance held in July last, when Madame Couta, a Portuguese lady, clairvoyantly saw and described a tombstone bearing an inscription in memory of Annie McDonald, a servant of Queen Victoria, which, not understanding English, she could only spell out letter by letter. The words of the inscription, on the large flat stone, so far as the clairvoyante could see them, were set forth in detail, as were also the inscriptions on the sides and the end of the slab. We had no means at the time of testing the accuracy of the vision, and did not even know where the monument was supposed to have been erected.

On these points we asked our readers for information, in 'LIGHT' of February 16th, and the request brought a communication from Mrs. Read, of Robert-road, Handsworth, Birmingham, accompanied by a copy of Pearson's 'Royal Magazine,' from which we learned that Annie McDonald was buried in the kirkyard at Crathie, near Balmoral. But this number of the 'Royal Magazine' was published in August, 1899—twelve months before Madame Souza Couta, in Paris, gave what purported to be a clairvoyant description; a circumstance which might very well lead to the inference that Madame Souza Couta had possibly seen it, and had, consciously or unconsciously, merely reproduced what she had read. Fortunately we have evidence now before us which is incompatible with that suggestion. The resident minister at Crathie has courteously complied with our request for a copy of the inscriptions on the stone, and we have also received a copy kindly supplied by the architect at Balmoral. The facts are these—that as regards the principal inscription, that on the face of the flat slab, the copy given in the 'Royal Magazine' could not have furnished all the necessary information for Madame Souza Couta's account of it. The 'Royal Magazine' records the following words only:—

'This stone is placed by Queen Victoria in grateful and affectionate remembrance.'

The medium's description of it was fuller and was spelled out as follows:—

'This stone is placed by Queen Victoria in grateful and affectionate remembrance of Annie McDonald, daughter of William Mitchell [here is a word indistinct like "Over chanter"], and widow of John McDonald.'

The copies courteously supplied to us show that the words of the inscription really are:—

'This stone is placed by Queen Victoria in grateful and affectionate remembrance of Annie McDonald, daughter of William Mitchell, of Clachanturn, and widow of John McDonald.'

It is clear, then, that Madame Souza Couta—quite independent of the fact that, as we are assured, she knows nothing of English—did not obtain her information from the 'Royal Magazine,' and that her 'vision' of the inscription was exact accordance with the inscription, with the exception the word 'Clachanturn,' which, in the indistinct writing the recorder of her utterances, looked something like 'Over chanter.'

WAS QUEEN VICTORIA A SPIRITUALIST?

This question has often been put to us, and we have often wished that we were able to give an authoritative reply. We think we are in a position to do so now. Ag and again we have seen the assertion that Her Majesty a Spiritualist beyond a doubt, and that John Brown, her clairvoyant medium, and we have even seen it stated that an American medium, visiting this country, gave Her Majesty a séance at Her Majesty's request. But we now have the direct assurance of one who is in a position to speak with authority, that in no one of these assertions there is a particle of truth. Her Majesty firmly believes the continuance of life after death, and was fully persuaded in her own mind that Prince Albert was frequently her, guiding, protecting, and sustaining her—but this belief only, not knowledge. In Spiritualism as we know it she took no interest whatever. We may wish it had been otherwise—but it is well to know the truth.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION WITH THE OTHER WORLD.

BY ALBERT ROLAND SHAW.

Your correspondent, J. Bines, in 'LIGHT' of February 2nd, called attention to some suggestions of considerable interest in regard to the first part of the above subject. I do not, however, understand his phrase 'The Spiritualists' Land of Four Dimensions.' I was under the impression that scientific thought had given assent to the theory of four dimensions of space, and that the possibility of a fifth dimension was now engaging the attention of pioneer thinkers. This possible fifth dimension may be imperfectly described as an all-pervading diffusiveness in the condition of the Universe, a kind of generic dimension: or it may be that the scientists' universal ether is to be identified with the fifth dimension of space. I have for some time entertained the notion that the spiritual or astral plane of human consciousness is none other than the etheric universe of primal matter, and that a discarnate phase of conscious existence may enable the individual gradually to perceive the results and to grasp some of the principles and laws of etheric vibration, and of the subtle modes of active energy. The identity of this possible fifth dimension of space (sometimes designated 'Throughth') with the realm of astral consciousness, being assumed for the moment as the basis for a working hypothesis, it follows that any scientific research that recognises the existence and energy of etheric motion must inevitably introduce the investigator to the realm of *intelligence* that by obvious inference pervades etheric matter, and that also throbs throughout and throughin the 'Throughth' of ponderable substances.

The naturalist of the present day, in his search for the sources of life and energy, is being forced by inexorable logic and the disclosures of research, to admit the possible existence of imponderable matter, that is, of matter so ethereal as to elude the grasp of any analysis that discloses the properties of matter other than this assumed etheric condition. 'THE ORIGIN OF ENERGY' will be the problem of problems in this twentieth century. He who solves this problem must not only show the *source* of all energy, but must also explain any intelligence exhibiting therein, since the resultant effects of active energy cannot surpass the inherent potentiality of their causative origin. The progress of scientific research must therefore lead with inevitable certainty to the realm of etheric energy, and the explorer cannot thoroughly investigate this region without being made aware of the intelligence persisting there.

Science need not concern itself so much with an effort to communicate with the planet Mars, as with an effort to communicate with the inhabitants of that intelligent etheric realm that is not far distant, but rather in closest contact with our earth and its intelligent mortals. Instruments of communication that are sufficiently sensitive to be responsive to all forms of etheric vibrations, and that are also syntonic, should touch all centres and reach to all circumferences of the Etheric Universe, recording and reproducing the etheric vibrations produced by thought. About sixteen years ago I was the recipient of a communication purporting to emanate from Sir Isaac Newton, in which the possibility of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony was asserted, and some instructions were given respecting the requisite methods and the nature of the instruments to be employed. Acting under the instructions then supernormally given, the writer was able to transmit and reproduce speech with astonishing distinctness without encountering the electrical resistance (or distance) of the Aerial Line Wire of the telephonic circuit. These experiments (made sixteen years ago) indicated the possibility of using the earth as the *sole* connecting and conducting medium for telegraphic and telephonic communication. Thus *distances* in respect of the earth's surface would, by reason of the etheric conductivity of the earth, be practically annihilated, and a person in London would be able to talk to a friend in South Africa, Australia, America, China, or elsewhere, without any connecting wire or cable, and with a distinctness and ease in

conversation equal to that experienced were the friend sitting by his side in London.

But Sir Isaac Newton (or other communicating intelligence) did not stop with this assertion and prediction, but declared the possibility of instruments being constructed so delicately sensitive to etheric vibrations of Thought as to enable us to call up and to converse freely with excarnate individuals (the dwellers 'on the other side'), who, by etheric computation of distances, are really *just by our side*. Either a thought code of signals, or the mediation of the '*independent voice*,' would obviously be necessary.

I lay no claim to the position of a "Spiritual Pioneer of the New Century," such as suggested by your correspondent; but I have conducted experiments under supernormal guidance with such a degree of success as to practically remove ether-wave long-distance Wireless Telephony from the domain of mere conjecture, to that of a scientific possibility, approaching very closely to *practical utility*. I claim that such results point with great significance and promise to the near approach of that beneficent achievement whereby a *telephonic call* may place us in audible communication with the discarnate Dwellers on the Etheric Plane of human consciousness. The man of this mortal life may then hold telephonic communication with the discarnate man of the etheric mode of existence. Such an achievement would enable us to demonstrate, to the scientific satisfaction of the materialist, the absolute identity of the once mortal man and the individual telephonically discovered as existing on the Etheric Plane, or the fifth dimension of space.

Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Subliminal Consciousness, Unconscious Cerebration, Animistic Energy, &c., would be superseded by the Materialistic Telephone as an evidential factor in a scientific demonstration (on materialist lines) of the persistence of the individual after death.

Wireless Ether-wave Telephony may provide a 'John the Baptist' to herald and to hasten the coming of this much desired and welcome achievement, affording assurance and supreme satisfaction to this and to future generations.

MADAME MONTAGUE IN MANCHESTER.

Mr. and Madame Montague paid a flying visit to Manchester on March 26th, in fulfilment of a longstanding promise, and a large number of members of the Manchester Spiritualist Alliance assembled in the drawing-room of the Deansgate Hotel to accord them a hearty welcome. They were met at the Central Station by the president of the Alliance, Mr. A. W. Orr, and the treasurer, Mr. W. A. Herring. Tea was partaken of at the hotel with members of the Council of the Alliance and ladies, after which an adjournment was made to the drawing-room, where the members were presented to Mr. and Madame Montague. A musical selection was nicely rendered by Miss G. Green, and the president formally introduced Madame Montague to the meeting, referring to the deep interest her gifts and her work had aroused amongst the members of the Alliance. Mr. Montague gave a bright little speech, and Madame Montague delivered a brief inspirational address, which aroused the enthusiasm of her hearers, and subsequently gave some psychometric readings which were considered remarkably correct. Mr. A. H. Rocke, hon. secretary of the Alliance, moved a vote of thanks to Madame Montague and her husband for their consideration in coming so long a journey to be present that evening, and this was supported by Mr. Will Phillips, and, after a few words by the president, was carried with acclamation. Madame Montague responded and referred to the union of the flags of Great Britain and the United States (which were displayed together) as an emblem of the progress of knowledge, liberty, and happiness among the nations of the earth. This terminated a most successful and enjoyable evening.

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Mr. J. BRUCE WALLACE, M.A., gave an interesting address to the London Spiritualist Alliance on March 29th. We hope to publish a report of it in our next issue.

Mr. J. A. WHITE wishes us to state that he will be away from London until April 10th.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

By 'A MIDLAND RECTOR.'

Since my last account in 'LIGHT' I have received such a large number of interesting letters from friends and admirers of Mr. Haweis, and not in England only, that I have found it impossible as yet to reply to them all, and must take this opportunity of apologising for neglect in doing so. It would be a kindness for the future if those who wish for an answer would enclose a stamped envelope. I may also say that it is beyond my power, at present, to satisfy those who are strangers to me in the matter of tests or personal messages. I am beginning to realise more and more that the name of these over whom this master mind exercised a strong and remarkable influence is 'legion.' Some of the letters I have received have been very touching, but when I asked Mr. Haweis at the outset if he could send a message to any of his friends, the reply was, 'Oh, there are so many that long to hear from me.' Every succeeding post has proved the truth of this. He also said that many were craving for a test, but he did not feel inclined to give them tests: he had never received one himself and yet he had believed. It was the craving for tests that spoiled the conditions. This came from 'Vera' when he was not able to be present himself, and she added, 'He told me something about finger and the print of the nails, but I don't know what it means; do you know?' 'Vera' is not acquainted with the Scriptures, but the reference, of course, was to the well-known words of the unbelieving Thomas. Curiously enough this message was followed by a long letter in which the writer begged earnestly for certain specific tests, and mentioned as a plea, 'Christ did not refuse a test to Thomas.' That is true, but He also pronounced a blessing on those who could believe without one. For myself, I have found that the best tests come when we are not seeking for them. I never seek them, but they have come in abundance: though the communications themselves are so intensely real that no test could add to my conviction.

Quite recently I had a long conversation with Mr. Haweis, in which he spoke in his natural voice, chiefly about matters in connection with my own work, in which he for the future wishes to share. This interview could scarcely have been more real to myself had we been talking face to face, but as no one else can be allowed to be present I am compelled to keep the greater part to myself. And, indeed, so rapid is the utterance that I am able to reproduce only a portion of it afterwards, though on this occasion there was enough to fill several pages of my notebook. He wishes me now every week to try and produce a sermon under his influence; I am to think of him and let my thoughts go, and by constant practice he will be able to impress me more easily. I am not easily impressed, having little mediumistic faculty, though I have always known myself to be acted upon, and especially in the pulpit. However, so far I have felt Mr. Haweis's presence in a very marked way, and been fully conscious of his help. One sermon produced last week by this method was at least remarkable in this way, that I know from what they have told me that even the bucolic minds of my congregation were strangely affected by it. I can now only add a few brief extracts from my notebook:—

March 11th, 10 a.m.—'I have to thank you in the first place for all you have written about me to my friends, and to apologise for the trouble I have been the cause of giving you. Don't take too much trouble about it. Some want a test which I do not care to give them; some want to know more than that I am continuing my preaching. But too much publicity would only spoil the work; it is because you have kept it so much to yourselves that you have succeeded in getting such good communications. . . . I impressed you to procure my portrait; looking at it will help to concentrate your thoughts. I do so want you to let me carry on my work through you. Do have faith in me, and never give up this influence. It is much more difficult for me to speak to such a congregation as yours than it is for yourself, because they are so illiterate. One has to simplify everything, and wrap up the truth, so that they may not understand it all, but only in their simple way. When we were together I spoke to you about wrapping up truth, didn't I? With my educated congregation, I found

I could impress them better sometimes if I made them laugh. But your people are so ignorant, it is no good appealing to the ludicrous side of things; it would only make them scoff, and do harm. Don't come down to their level, but always keep on the highest tracks yourself. Don't tell them all you know, and so clothe what you have to say that, although the depth of your thought is beyond their comprehension, they may understand something of it, so far as they can, in their own way.'

'MIDLAND RECTOR.'

COINCIDENCES.

An interesting article on coincidences recently appeared in the 'Baltimore Sun,' in which the writer related a curious incident that occurred to the late Henry C. Corfield, of Philadelphia:—

'Mr. Corfield,' says the writer, 'was standing on the roof of Girard College in 1860, in company with a number of gentlemen who were showing the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., around the Quaker City, when the Prince's hat was carried off his head by the wind and dropped into the college yard. Mr. Corfield offered his hat to the Prince as a temporary substitute and it was accepted. One of the party turned to Mr. Corfield and asked him if he did not feel honoured that his hat had been worn by the future King of England. "Yes," replied Mr. Corfield, "but he will not be King of England till I die." On January 20th last Mr. Corfield was fatally stricken with apoplexy and the accession of King Edward was on the same day announced to be imminent. . . . It is interesting to note a few of many well-authenticated cases in history of the same character. Charles Dickens was associated with two of such singular coincidences. One of his sons, because of a childish oddity about his eyes, which had a peculiar, wondering expression, was nicknamed by his father "the ocean spectre," by which name he was playfully called all through his boyhood. He grew up to manhood, and his father had been nearly two years dead when the nickname acquired prophetic meaning. Serving as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, he died and was buried at sea. A more gruesome coincidence is narrated by Dickens in a letter which he wrote from Boston to Lord Lytton. In this letter he tells Lord Lytton of a dinner party given by Professor Webster, of Harvard College, at which he was a guest. He relates that Mr. Webster, while the wine was going round, whimsically ordered the lights to be extinguished and a bowl of burning chemicals to be brought in, to afford his guests the diversion of seeing how ghastly they looked by its light. In the midst of the fantastic scene Dickens says that Webster suddenly produced a rope, put it around his neck, and, bending over the phosphorescent bowl, mimicked with vivid realism the contortions of a man being hanged. Within a year of this grim fooling Professor Webster was himself actually hanged for the murder of Dr. Parkman.

'Charles Mackay, the poet, relates a strange coincidence concerning his friend, Mr. Ingram, the founder of the "Illustrated London News." They were travelling together in Switzerland when a thunderstorm occurred. Mackay was in rapture over the grandeur of the electrical exhibition as seen from Chamounix. But Ingram became unconscious from terror and when he recovered told Mackay that from earliest childhood he had had an unaccountable horror of thunderstorms. Eight years later Ingram met death in a wreck on Lake Michigan, and the last five hours of his life were passed clinging to the wreckage in a thunderstorm of terrific violence. The poet Shelley made frequent allusion in his private letters to his presentiment that he would die by drowning—and he did. Plumer Ward, the novelist, in his "De Verc," delineates a character founded on passage in his own life. To find a name for the house in which the character lived he took a roadbook containing thousands of names and selected "Okeover Hall" by pure chance. Many years later he became master of the real Okeover Hall which was the property of a minor left to his guardian ship. Sir Walter Scott's granddaughter, Mrs. Rutherford was so affected by her daughter's dream-warning that an attempt was to be made to kill her by a black servant that a watch was set in her house. Some days after the precaution thus taken the servant was actually seized on his way to Mrs. Rutherford's bedroom armed with a sharp knife, with which he confessed his intention to murder her exactly as her daughter had seen him do in her dream. . . .

'It is probable that coincidences of this character are more common than is generally believed, and that for every one noticed a score pass unobserved. It is only when they associate themselves with some great personage like King Edward VII., or with some celebrated event, like the execution of Professor Webster, that they impress themselves upon the general attention.'

THE PURPOSE OF REINCARNATION.

A great deal has been written and said on the subject of reincarnation, and every word has been so wide of that which was taught to a small private circle of which I had the privilege of being a member for some years, that I am induced to think it may be of some use, in a humble way, to define it as it was given to us.

We were taught that reincarnation was nothing more nor less than the law of the evolution of soul, just in the same way as we have the evolution of species from that formless germ from which springs every form of life on this earth.

Darwin and Huxley paved the way for the understanding of the evolution of man, and they might have carried the laws that govern Nature still further, had they given a Creator His place, that of an Omnipotent, All-wise God, ruling and ordering His vast creations up to the ultimatum of a conception too great for us to fathom entirely in our finite conditions of physical understanding.

Further, we were taught that there is spirit in all created things, that it is never lost, but according to its degree of development is worked up into a higher creation, with more consciousness of existence and a greater perception of its existence. So that Darwin's theory would seem to be more true than he could have had any idea or conception of; and that as creation developed into the fully conscious creature—man—understanding, right from wrong, then did the soul begin its work of evolution by reincarnation.

This discerning of right and wrong was as great a step in evolution as the grade between the man (the undiscerning creature) and his progenitor the monkey. Thus the generic man, being the perfected physical development, became fit for the gift of the conscious soul—'in the image of God created he him.' From the common instinct of the animal, possessed only of body and spirit, living to fulfil its own desires (except as towards its young and its mate), man widened into a new creation; and, as the soul grasped the knowledge of good, so he was able to get nearer to the Father of all things.

Thus in the conscious man and woman, the Creator developed, by His unalterable law of evolution, that which was ultimately to reach Him by its own free will. This new-born soul is helped through the first feeble stages of development and progress, permitted to learn its errors by its own weaknesses. The recognition of these weaknesses strengthens the sensitiveness of the conscience or soul, and this alone shows the condition of progress, until by that law of evolution or reincarnation the ultimatum is reached.

We were told that other planets are inhabited, and are used for the evolution of souls, but that the earth is the best training school for the work; that some souls reincarnate without the recognition of what they are entering upon, and all, up to a certain point of consciousness; and that even some of the most progressed souls do not see that they are about to reincarnate until on the very eve of doing so, but the awakened desire for progress brings the necessary means into natural fulfilment.

Next to the law of progress through evolution or reincarnation is the law of attraction, by which souls incarnate into certain conditions best suited for their training, through those of the same temperament and inclination, until the keen, living soul-sense of desire of progress towards the Creator is fully developed; then, only then, does the conscious soul realise its source, and choose that incarnation which will enhance the return thereto. Of the origin of perfected souls on the other side, our teacher could give us no history, but he knew of them and stated that as a soul progressed to the higher spheres, it was less and less able to return to this earth to help in ministration.

He was humble and straightforward in all his teachings, admonishing when necessary, always patient, averse to any questions as to his last incarnation, stating that as we had a desire and yearning for knowledge of a higher life, he had been sent to help us to try and understand something of the laws of Him who created all things, and Whose humble servant he was satisfied to be. Never permitted to inquire as to our own former incarnations, in that the work of the present was sufficient for each one, we learnt to understand

that the conditions of this earth life, birth, trouble, sickness, marriage, separation, were one and all the necessary training to awake the soul to a progression towards a perfected state, and that the school house is surrounded with beauty and love if we only open our eyes to see it. Selfishness, active and passive, was a hindrance to advancement; discouragement and presumption were the two greatest stumbling blocks; self-control, humility, unselfishness, service and love, were the highest stepping stones. The most perfect example to this earth was Jesus, the Christ. We were also told that progression was possible to some extent on the other side, and after a certain point the soul did not need to return to earth, but that before that was reached we should earnestly desire reincarnation, that by earth training we might progress until we attained that state of love, goodwill, and service to God and His works, in the sunshine of a perfected life, the joy of which surpasses the conception of human understanding. Rare spirits of purity, love and unselfishness we meet occasionally in life's journey, but how few can count themselves as such; even our search after the spiritual side of life has its selfish motive—the satisfaction of communion with one gone before, or knowledge for our temporal guidance, putting aside the prayer, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Still the desires of the mind are permitted to be fulfilled till we realise the mistake of desiring only our own self-satisfaction, and by gentle steps of love we learn to give our own will to attain the fulfilment of all that the soul can desire, and through the vista of many incarnations, bright with many lights of love, we learn the love of all, and the wish to bless all lives, knit together in one bond under the hand of the Great Father and Creator whose children we truly are.

I state the teaching on very broad lines, not entering into any details, but many questions were answered as to the training of souls. Retrogression was given as impossible, though a soul might not in two incarnations make much progress, or might be almost at a standstill, having returned for some earth attraction. Progression was not enforced. Unless the eyes were opened to see light they would remain blind. Prayer was the great channel of grace, and the Creator was always ready to send His messengers to help. I can only hope in a very small way to give any idea of the teaching we had, and trust I may not have ventured to say too much.

SRES.

CLAIRVOYANCE OF MADAME LAY-FONVIELLE.

A correspondent writing from Paris sends us the following interesting item regarding the mediumship of Madame Lay-Fonvielle:—

'Julia,' the control of Madame Lay-Fonvielle, continues to create quite an interest here. Here is an incident which would go towards showing that she certainly does not always 'reflect back' the thoughts she may see in the minds of the sitters. A lady friend of ours went, on my advice, to see 'Julia,' who knew nothing whatever of her when she called at Place St. George. Now, our friend has two little girls and a boy, the youngest child. In speaking of her family 'Julia' said: 'I see your home and your three little girls.' She would not be corrected, but insisted that she saw 'three little girls,' and described them. The mother left, carrying her doubts about the medium's lucidity. On reaching her home, just outside of Paris, what was her astonishment to see her three little ones come frolicking out to meet her, *all dressed in girl's clothes!* The sisters had amused themselves during their mother's absence in dressing up their little brother in their clothes, and with his long, light curls, he appeared indeed a little girl. The question is: Did 'Julia' go out to the home and see this scene, or did she get the facts from some spirit while she remained in séance with the lady? I spoke to Madame Lay-Fonvielle about it later, and she said that probably 'Julia' did this on purpose to show that she had actually been and seen the three children. In a subsequent visit by this same lady she told me that 'Julia' gave her several wonderful tests of clairvoyance. I also had a long interview with l'Abbé Fesch, who tells me that he had during about thirty sittings with the medium been able to gather a great number of *facts*, and he was full of admiration for her marvellous faculty.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library, should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER.

We cannot at all refer to Easter,—apart from the surface consideration that it is a holiday,—without connecting it with Christ: and, if all Spiritualists knew what is good for them and their case, they would be very willing indeed to so connect it, and would even insist upon it. The Gospels are not entirely consistent, but, on the whole, they suggest our view that it was the real Christ, the spirit-Christ, who was able to show himself on suitable occasions to his friends. That is a tempting subject, but we prefer, just now, to push on to a consideration which the first Christians made much of;—the triumph of Christ over every enemy of man, not even excluding death. That was evidently the buoyant belief of that master apostle, Paul, who pictured Christ with all his enemies, and death among them, under his feet. It was perhaps only one of his bold symbols, intended to set forth his confidence in the ultimate repression of all the evil forces, and the reign of all things sweet and good.

We know nothing, though we may fancy much, about the millenniums of the mystics, and the personal reign of Christ upon the earth. Enough for us if we can see, with anything like clearness, that the principles and the spirit of Christ must in the end prevail, while the evil powers of darkness and cruelty, and the 'old shapes of foul disease,' loose at last their hold and leave us free. Paul seems very sure of this, and, with a final burst of confidence and brilliant hope, he cries: 'And even death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed,'—a sublime truth which will bear to be scrutinised, as far more than the utterance of mere fervid zeal.

The Spiritualist could be immensely helped, in his advocacy, by both Christ and Paul;—by Christ as giving a luminous instance of spirit-appearances, and by Paul as driving home the message of Easter. For instance, when he said that death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed, he could not have meant that a time would come when people would not 'die.' What he obviously meant was that just so soon as the world believes in Christ's Good News (or Gospel) it will understand that death is a mere seeming: and so that last great enemy will be destroyed.

It is doubtful whether Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, but certainly it was written by one who entirely shared his view, for he said that a part of Christ's work was to 'deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage': and in this he describes a class who need our tenderest sympathy.

Some may be so confident, so stoical, or so unreflecting that they know nothing of this fear. They never think of it, or just manage to evade it, or are too content or absorbed with life to concern themselves with death. But, before others, the black folds of the dreadful veil forever loom: and death is a real bondage to these, who feel the truth of Shakespeare's words:—

Death is a fearful thing.
The weariest and most loathed life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

The victory we need is a victory now,—that death shall be destroyed before we have to face it: and that is what is promised,—and possible. But this is not easy, for there is a natural shrinking from death which no philosophy, no mere reasoning, and no experience can utterly take away from many. But a very distinct approach can be made to this 'consummation devoutly to be wished'; and that, not by merely schooling the heart to be stoical, or teaching the eyes to look another way.

For one thing, we might to a large extent destroy our fear of death by destroying our craving selfishness in life: and this might be usefully said even on the hypothesis that there is no hereafter. Even so, life is a beautiful, though it will often seem a tragic, thing: and death, thus considered, might seem only the ending of a bit of work. But, in either case, how foolish to live so absorbedly for the present things! If there is no future, why toil beyond the need? why rush on to the end? But if there is, what folly to live so little for it! How many live as though they could take all with them! What deep meaning as well as biting satire there was in Douglas Jerrold's reply to one who told him of a man who had died worth £100,000. 'Ah,' said Jerrold, 'a nice little sum to begin the next world with!' Truly, the millionaire may be a beggar there.

But, in active service and in the constant and happy discharge of duty, we may also find one of the best antidotes to the fear of death. That fear is often associated with an unnatural and unwholesome brooding over the subject which would be impossible if the unhappy sufferer were to be more resolutely thrown into the earnest work of the world. That is a fine story, told of Clarkson, whose joy and glory it was to spend his life in the struggle for the emancipation of slaves. One of his devout colleagues expressed one day a hope that in thinking so much of the slave he was not neglecting his own soul. The reply was as beautiful as it was quaint: 'Dear me; and indeed I have been thinking so much of my work that I really have not thought of my soul!' And yet, all the time, he had been in splendid training for heaven.

But the special message of Easter is that death can be destroyed by the hope of life beyond it. We say, 'the hope,' for, though we might easily go farther, we feel perfectly safe in going thus far: for certainly it is something to be hoped for that the poor broken story may be resumed under better auspices, and that the torn links of life may be reunited in a higher stage of being. Whether we have or have not any ground for believing it, it is assuredly a thing we may at least hope is true. But many facts point to it, and many contradictions and catastrophes are involved in the negation of it, so that we have ground of hope if not of confidence,

Beyond this, there is the beautiful and significant fact that all the laws of nature point to advance as the result of change; so that, if there is life beyond what we call death, we have the analogies of nature on our side hoping that the future state of being will be in some way an advance upon this.

Now, if we could really feel this, and if therefore

could believe that all the wise and gracious beings who have ever lived upon this earth are in existence still,—with perhaps all the unwise and ungracious beings, but in process of education,—that our own beloved ones, our dear old friends, our parents, our children, are not dead but only advanced in life; and that, when we try the great experiment, after our day's work is done, we shall go to them in the peaceful eventide, and find them all at home, then, in very deed, the last enemy would be destroyed: we should give our best to him with a smile, knowing that we only lifted them up into the arms of an angel; and we should, at last, ourselves bid farewell to life here, as happy children who leave the school-house behind, and turn their faces towards a beloved home.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the French Room, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday evening *next*, April 12th, when

MR. JOHN C. KENWORTHY

Will give an Address, entitled

'MY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.'

Mr. Kenworthy, we believe, has had some remarkable personal experiences which have never yet been made known to the public.

The doors will be opened at 7 p.m., and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30 p.m.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A CONVERSAZIONE

Of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the Banqueting Room, St. James's Hall, Regent-street, on Friday evening, April 26th, at 7 p.m.

The proceedings will, as far as possible, be of an informal character, being chiefly devoted to

Music, Social Intercourse, and a Short Address by

MADAME FLORENCE MONTAGUE,

ON

'THE TRUE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.'

Address at 8 p.m. prompt.

Admission will be by ticket only. Two tickets will be sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 2s. each.

Applications for extra tickets must be accompanied by remittance (Postal Order preferred), addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF PRINCESS KARADJA.

We propose to publish, as a Supplement to our next issue,

A FINE PORTRAIT

of the Princess, and to print at the same time some information which she has kindly supplied to us in regard to recent interesting developments in her own mediumship.

TRANSITION.—We regret to announce that Miss Judith Ann Ponder, the last of the children of the late Stephen and Mary Ponder, of Brixton, passed away at 'Rosenfeld,' Mount Ephraim-road, Streatham, at the age of 91. Our departed friend, like her sisters before her, had been a Spiritualist for many years, and a very generous supporter of the Cause. She was dearly beloved by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance, and to her remaining friends we tender our sincerest sympathy.

SUCCESSFUL MATERIALISATIONS IN A GOOD LIGHT.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. GEORG LARSEN TO
MR. HERMAN GRÖNVALL, EDITOR OF THE
SWEDISH PAPER 'Eko' ('Echo').

SPECIALLY TRANSLATED FOR 'LIGHT.'

Berlin,

February, 1901.

DEAR FRIEND,—What I thought impossible has actually happened. I have, at a séance here in Berlin, in the presence of several witnesses, seen my deceased wife four times, and under conditions which exclude every possibility of fraud and hallucination.

The whole thing seems so natural to me now that I really wonder at my past scepticism. That a man of science like Sir William Crookes—not to mention many others—has proved the reality of such phenomena ought to be of some consequence, but still we retain our stubborn doubt and refuse to believe until we ourselves have seen, heard, and had the proofs in our hands. For my part I have had strange spiritistic experiences before, but all the same—. But judge for yourself. I will describe every detail. There is in Berlin a very good medium, a Mrs. Abend, married to a shoemaker. She is an agreeable little woman, anything but beautiful, but she looks very kind. She is not a professional medium; so it was only through Count von M.'s wife, who knows her, that Princess Karadja, Miss Frisk, of Stockholm and myself were able to participate in this séance.

You know that I like seeing three times before believing, and I had made up my mind to insist upon the most minute examination of rooms and persons. There is often so much humbug in these things that suspicion is pardonable.

But they anticipated me; our host and hostess asked us to examine everything closely, and said that it would be extremely painful to them if suspicion should arise. Consequently, the medium undressed herself in the presence of the ladies and her garments were inspected before she put them on again. This was done in the séance room, and the medium was not in contact with anybody afterwards. The size of the room was about seventy square yards. There was no other furniture than two small tables by the windows, a sofa by one wall, and some wooden chairs. On the walls there was nothing but three small lamps. On the table by one of the windows there was a larger lamp standing. There were no looking-glasses. In one corner of the room there was a china stove and in another there was a curtain-rod, with a pair of thin red curtains, three yards long, hanging down so as to form a little cabinet, a few yards in length and breadth.

I examined the cabinet with the utmost care; I knocked at the walls and the floor, and I searched the curtains; there could certainly not have been a pin without my discovering it. An easy chair made of wood, in which the medium was to sit, was also scrutinised. There was a good deal of light in the room, because the four lamps were all lighted. The door was locked and the key was retained in my care.

The séance was commenced at 9 p.m. The company consisted of Princess Karadja, Countess von M., Miss Frisk, myself, and two relatives of the medium. After having placed ourselves in a half circle at a distance of about three yards from the cabinet, where the medium was sitting, her brother said a short prayer; and then he and the medium, and her husband, softly sang a hymn, which the brother accompanied on the zither. This was done in order to induce the trance.

The medium very soon went into a trance, and it was soon evident that this was a genuine trance, such as Dr. Hodgson describes in the 'Proceedings' of the Society for Psychical Research. Her eyes were wide open, but apparently without sight; the sharp light from the lamp, the shade and globe of which had been taken away, fell straight across her eyes for half an hour without causing the slightest blinking. Her features were set.

She began to speak in soft melodious tones. The relatives told us that the voice was that of a deceased sister, who always is the controlling spirit. The voice said:

'Grüss Got, liebe Freunde! heute ist alles vorbereitet; alles wird schön werden. Ihr seit alle gute Menschen; was Euer Herz begehrt, soll erfüllt werden; die Kräfte sind gut, die Fluide gesammelt, unsre Schwester wohl, gute Geister warten; aber Geduld, Geduld, müsset Ihr haben,' &c. The medium again sank down into the chair, and appeared to have fallen into a deep sleep; her wideawake eyes stared fixedly at the sharp light. I hate lamps without shades; the light irritates me. I therefore asked our host to put on the shade; he complied with my request, and there was now a subdued, pleasant light in the room.

Miss Frisk proposed that the curtains to the cabinet should be drawn, as the fluids are then gathered much more easily, but the relatives declared this to be unnecessary; they had never done it hitherto, and spirit forms have become completely materialised before their very eyes beside the medium in the well-lighted room. The ladies, however, agreed with Miss Frisk, who then drew the curtains together. Half an hour passed in waiting, and I had already begun to think that we should see nothing, when all of a sudden a star was formed over the cabinet, where it remained visible during the whole process of materialisation. A moment afterwards I began to feel the characteristic cold shivers—you know I have some mediumistic powers myself—and two of the ladies, who are good mediums, experienced the same. The curtains were divided, and in the cabinet we saw a dim, vaporous form of radiations of bluish light—I can find no better expression—swaying slowly, like a reed in a breeze. An arm was formed by the side of it, and was stretched out towards us, a beautifully-shaped arm and hand, but almost transparent. It drew back, and stretched forward again, and now it was like the arm of a living person. The curtains closed, some minutes passed, and they parted again. A white figure stood there with her head slightly inclined backwards, and a white face. Her hands were knit; the whole figure was like a condensed, radiating cloud of light, but very indistinct; it made me think of a corpse in a shroud. The medium was seen in the chair close by.

The curtains were again drawn together. After a little while they were opened again, and this time they displayed a glorious sight. We saw a slender woman, dressed as a bride, with a long, white veil reaching from head to foot; but what a veil! It was as if woven of airy rays of light. How well I knew the figure! Twelve years ago I saw her as a living woman in the church as I myself then stood by her side before the altar. Mutely I stretched out my arms towards her. Then the curtains closed upon her; the spirit form had been seen standing by the medium for about fifteen seconds.

A few minutes' more waiting and there appeared the original of the portrait which Princess Karadja had drawn automatically, without knowing whom it should represent, exactly a year previous, on February 24th, 1900. How beautiful she was with the veil over her dark hair and falling over her shoulders; with the dark eyes looking towards me, and with the star shining above her head! I heard subdued exclamations of wonder around me. My eyes rested on the beloved figure until the curtains closed. Once more she let us see her, and the memory of this time is to me the loveliest of all, for now she was just as she was in our home. She glided a step nearer to me and stood there with her arms uplifted and outstretched. The dark hair formed the most beautiful frame round her face. Her arms were bare. The slender figure was draped in a long, snow-white robe. She looked at me with her dark, luminous eyes. There was the same expression of loving earnestness as before; her bearing was the same—it was my wife in living life; but over the whole apparition there was such an exquisite beauty and harmony, something so deified, as cannot be found in an earthly being.

I whispered her name; the feeling of an immeasurable happiness filled me, an unspeakable gratitude. Silently she glided back into the cabinet, and the curtains closed upon her. Miss Frisk whispered to me: 'Ask Anna for a piece of her veil.'

Within me—for I did not give the words expression—I begged: 'Anna, give me a little of your veil,' and the answer followed immediately in the soft voice of the

controlling spirit, speaking through the medium: 'Sei ruhig, was dein Herz begehrt, sollst du haben. Geduldig, du sollst den Schleier erhalten.' ('Be calm! What thy heart desires thou shalt have. Patience, thou shalt receive the veil.') Shortly afterwards we heard the faint sound of thin drapery being torn exactly where the form of my wife had disappeared, and a white veil, three yards long and one yard broad, was thrown out over the curtain. One of the ladies hurried forward and caught it in her hand. It was of extremely delicate texture, without a single crease, and with a peculiar fresh odour. As far as I can judge, it is exactly like my wife's bridal veil, of which I still possess some remnants, but perhaps a little more delicate. A few moments afterwards the chair with the sleeping medium was pushed out of the cabinet. There were no castors on the chair.

Several strange things occurred, but of these I will say more another time. Remember that the room was well-lighted, and that we were several critical, calm spectators; recollect also that the medium was seen all the time the spirit-form appeared; and then remember the difference between the looks, size, and bearing of the medium, and the wonderful loveliness and brilliant beauty of the form which the spirit showed in its various appearances.

And have I not in the veil the most indisputable proof of the reality of what happened, frustrating every hypothesis of hallucination?

The only explanation that *now* seems natural to me is, that the veil was woven of the same matter which the spirit herself used in order to become visible to human sight, and that this matter was mostly taken from the medium as well as from the others present who have mediumistic powers. This matter originates in the emanations of the human body. This is proved by the strong sensations of cold, which must pre-suppose a loss of heat; and the vibrations of heat manifest themselves as a temporarily feeble, luminous emanation—'od'—which at séances in a dark room can sometimes be clearly seen in larger or smaller globes of light floating about the room.

Light, heat! What is the difference? Only the number of vibrations in the same period of time. The increase or decrease of the rapidity of vibrations can change the one into the other. And then the way to condensation, to substantial form is—what? In this way the veil was formed, and I myself have contributed thereto.

On the following morning I was very tired; my eyes were colourless, my beard and hair were somewhat bleached; it was evident that much physical power had been drawn from me. In the course of a few days my body regained its vigour, but this shows how careful one must be when one has mediumistic powers. People who have not this gift are scarcely disturbed at all, but draw a similar advantage from séances.

I now as firmly believe in the progress of Spiritism as I believe in the never-ceasing struggle to attain truth. There are scarcely any absolute limits to the human mind; something unknown in the secrets of Nature is always being unveiled; the horizon becomes ever wider and wider. Light will yet fall on all these questions about life, death, and infinity; but we must wait. When I come home you can see the veil; a piece of it will be microscopically examined.—Yours truly,

GEORG LARSEN.

SPIRIT DRAPERY.

I can now add to the testimony of Mrs. Corner's contré 'Marie,' as to the use of spirit drapery, that of 'John King' the control of Mr. Williams and Mr. Husk. At a séance held here a few days since with Mr. Williams, a female form was materialised with the whole face covered with drapery which clung to it like a mould, showing the shape of the features beneath. 'John King' told us that weakness necessitated this coverture, and that when her power became greater she would be able to expose her features.

MARY MACK WALL.

100, Chelsea-gardens, S.W.

HAS MAN TWO, OR MORE, MINDS?

BY VERITAS.

The various theories and the numerous assertions which are floating about, so to speak, in regard to man's mental and moral nature and powers, are extremely perplexing to the ordinary lay mind, unaccustomed to metaphysical subtleties and psychical vivisection. One hears so much of the sub- and supra-conscious selves, of the common every-day self, and the subjective self, that one begins to feel something like the Irishman who declared 'I'm not myself at all at all, and bedad, I don't know who, or what, I am !'

Dr. Hudson has exploited the objective and subjective minds of man for all they are worth—and a little more—in his endeavour to explain away the spirits, and it is a bit refreshing to see the 'engineer hoist with his own petard' as he is in the following extract from 'Suggestive Therapeutics':—

'We value Dr. Hudson's book chiefly because, in spite of its author's intent, it is the most logical argument *in favour* of the probability of the truth of spirit return which has been so far given to the world. A few words will suffice to explain our meaning. Dr. Hudson attributes to man the possession of two minds, the objective and the subjective. The objective is mortal; that is, is wiped out at death; the subjective is immortal. These subjective minds, says Dr. Hudson, communicate with each other during life on earth by means of telepathy. Telepathy, he says, is indeed the normal means of communication between subjective minds. The only reason why telepathy is not the normal means of communication between mortals is, according to Dr. Hudson, because the objective mind interferes somewhat in the conveyance of the message. Yet in spite of this occasional difficulty he points out that telepathic communication is frequently established between two mortals who take the trouble to develop in themselves a passivity approaching sleep; that is, a condition in which the objective mind is quieted and its resistance lessened. It follows, then, according to the distinguished author's hypothesis, that when two individuals most nearly approach the state called death they are most able to communicate telepathically, because their subjective minds are then most nearly freed from the interference of their objective minds. In fact, as we might expect, Dr. Hudson gives several examples to show the extreme vitality of the subjective mind at the moment of death. Bearing in mind, therefore, the hypothetical assumption that the subjective mind of man is the immortal mind, or spirit, of man, to which distance, even in earth life, is no bar or bound, how comes it that when A dies he cannot even *more easily* communicate from spirit life telepathically with B than when both were on earth? Dr. Hudson will readily grant that during their earth life the subjective mind of A could, under conditions when the objective mind was put to sleep, communicate with the subjective mind of B. If, then, death, according to Dr. Hudson's belief, removes this objective hindrance in the shape of A's mortal mind entirely, is not spirit communication by telepathic communion between A and B made even more facile after the death of A? Surely, if the author's premise is sound, the above deduction must be sound also. This, however, is a matter of little consequence, because there is a vast amount of phenomena which is not brought within the scope of the powers of the subjective mind, and what we are all *most* anxious to prove is not whether subjectivity and immortality are one and the same thing, but whether if a man die he can under certain conditions return again as spirit to communicate with mortals.'

That concluding sentence brings us out of the realm of theory and speculation and places us upon the bed-rock of sound sense. We do desire evidence of survival after death, proofs of spirit identity, and the multiplication of those facts which demonstrate human existence in a *post-mortem* world, and the continuity of love, truth, honour, and goodness—in a word, the preservation and progressive evolution of all that goes to make up what we call individuality, or character.

We do not believe in watertight compartments of the mind, or a congeries of 'personalities' masquerading through one individuality and playing fast and loose with all moral principles, as if there were no right or wrong, or personal responsibility. We have had 'scapegoats' enough without inventing new ones. It will not do to seek to evade responsibility by pleading 'Please, it wasn't I, it was my subliminal self that was telepathically suggestioned and came up with

a rush and submerged my sense consciousness'! This kind of hair-splitting may be interesting and amusing to persons of superior attainments and leisure, but for the ordinary man and woman, busily engaged in the duties of life and the development of their characters in the stress and strain of this sense-world, it seems too unreal to be credible or of service to them in their efforts to know and do right.

THE DIVINING ROD.

A correspondent of the 'Literary Digest,' who has no belief in the divining-rod, offers the following as a natural solution of the supposed occult power observed in the practice of 'dowsing':—

'While able writers in our best magazines seem to concede occult powers to the "dowser" and are spending valuable time of societies for psychical research in trying to discover the sources of this remarkable power, it strikes me that the most remarkable thing about the whole affair is the ignorance and credulity of the people who believe in it, and the utter lack of observation or reasoning on the part of the public generally.

"The Guardian" considers it very remarkable that the "dowser" is able to find water in 85 to 90 per cent. of his trials, and that there are well-diggers who will undertake to dig wells upon a contract of "no water no wages." Here in Lancaster County, and, in fact, all over south-eastern Pennsylvania, our farms average about seventy acres to the farm, and on pretty nearly every farm there is one well, in most cases two, and in some instances three or four. In this section, in several of the counties, the old German population predominates, the language as well as many of the old beliefs and superstitions of the Fatherland of a hundred and fifty years ago prevail, and yet they have long since discovered the hidden key of "the water-smeller's" knowledge and discarded his services. There was a period in our history, dating back fifty years or more, when this belief in his power found followers here; and we yet see the relics of it occasionally in wells and pumps set off in the corner of a garden or orchard or some other out of the way and ridiculous place, far from the house; but they were dug many years ago, and are now being rapidly abandoned.

'Now when we dig a well we do not hunt the "water-smeller" or make any inquiry as to where we may find water; but the only question is in what place it will be most convenient to have the pump; for we have long since discovered the truth *that we will get water wherever we dig for it*. The depth to which we will have to go is governed mainly by the height of our location above the level of the nearest running surface stream; growing less in proportion to that height as the distance of the location of the well is greater from the stream. There is not a well-digger to my knowledge that will not dig you a well at any point you designate and agree to a contract of "no water no wages." More than that, if you desire, he will level the ground for you, and tell you within ten feet at just what depth you will have to go; and yet he makes no pretence whatever to any occult power, and he would hardly know a hazel twig if he saw one.'

Lancaster, Pa.

D. F. MAGEE.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A social gathering of members and friends of this association (Mr. T. Everitt, president) was held in the French Room, St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, March 27th. There was a very large attendance, and everything passed off happily and well. The musical arrangements were ably carried out by Mr. C. H. Willsher, the following friends contributing their services, which were highly appreciated:—The Misses Samuel, Morse, and Willoughby, and Mrs. Ernest Meads, and the Messrs. Ernest Meads and Armstrong. Good clairvoyant descriptions were also given by Mr. A. Peters. The president and officers of the association are grateful to all who contributed to the complete success of the evening.—STANLEY J. WATTS, Hon. Sec.

A GOOD TEST.—In an interesting letter from Mr. Isaac T. Coffin, late captain in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, now of Abercorn, Quebec, Canada, the writer says: 'I attended many of the meetings in Cavendish Rooms, London, some two or three years ago, and on one occasion the late Miss Rowan Vincent gave a description of a spirit who was standing by me, and said that he was an officer who had lost his life by treachery. She asked me if I recognised him; I stood up and replied that I did, perfectly, and that the test was most convincing; in proof of which I may say that of all my comrades-in-arms fallen around me he was the only one who fell through treachery. My third son, who is intermittently clairvoyant, had a few days previous to that meeting seen this officer standing by my bedside at Balham.'

HERALDS OF DEATH.

A correspondent sends us the following as bearing upon the article under the heading of 'Telekinesy,' which appeared in our issue of the 2nd ult. The extract is taken from 'Strange Things Amongst Us,' by H. Spicer, published some years since by Chapman and Hall:—

'On the day of the master's death, the female servant, hearing, as she imagined, a step crossing the apartment, hurried up to ascertain who could have obtained access. She found the doors closed—as usual; but, on entering, almost doubted the evidence of her senses when she beheld the entire furniture of the room disarranged, and even scattered in wild disorder about the floor. Chairs, tables, pictures, carpets, curtains, china, books—in short, every movable object in the room, seemed to have taken part in the domestic convulsion. It was as though a giant hand had passed through, displacing, yet not destroying, everything within its reach. No loud noises had alarmed the household. It was not possible that any member of it, besides the two custodians, could have obtained admission unobserved. Without pausing to catalogue the multitude of alleged cases of pictures falling, clocks stopping, doors bursting open, &c., which are believed to have been the heralds of a distant death, we cannot help instancing the very remarkable circumstances of an analogous kind, which are known to have accompanied the death, at many hundred miles distance, of Captain N—, a name rendered familiar to us from its connection with that of the greatest of our naval heroes. The apartments this gentleman occupied when in England were, during his absence, kept in complete order, and placed under the guardianship of two trusty servants, who never permitted the keys to pass out of their possession. The singularity of the occurrence created some interest in the neighbourhood, which was increased by the old dame's reiterated asseveration that her master would be found to have died on that day—in whatever part of the world he might be—and this proved to be the case.'

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- 'Modern Astrology,' for April. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial-arcade, E.C. Price 1s.
- 'The Humanitarian,' for March. London: Duckworth & Co., 3, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Price 6d.
- 'What the World Wants; or Hints on Self Help.' By G. B. MOORE. London: The Self-Culture Society, 256, High Holborn, W.C. Price 1s.
- 'Wings of Truth,' for March. London: E. Marsh-Stiles, 12, St. Stephen's-mansions, Westminster, S.W. Price 4d.
- 'The Astrological Magazine.' Edited and published by B. Suryanarain Row, B.A., M.R.A.S., 102, Linga Chetty-street, Madras, India.
- 'Perfect Health: How to Get It and How to Keep It. By One who has It. True Scientific Living.' English agent: George Osbond, Scieutor House, Devonport. Price 4s. 6d.
- 'The Metaphysical Magazine.' Devoted to Science, Psychology, Philosophy, Art, Literature and Psychic Phenomena. London agent: J. M. Watkins, 53, St. Martin's-lane, W.C. Price 1s. 3d.
- 'Magic, White and Black.' By FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D. Sixth American Edition Revised. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, 121, West 42nd-street, New York, U.S.A. Price 2 dollars 50 cents.
- 'Studies, Scientific and Social.' By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. Two volumes, with numerous illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Price 18s.
- 'Kali, The Mother.' By the SISTER NIVEDITA, of the Order of Ramakrishna, Calcutta, India. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Limited, Paternoster-square, E.C. Price 1s.
- 'Autour des Indes à la Planète Mars.' Société d'Études Psychiques de Genève. Bale et Genève: Georg & Cie, Editeurs. Paris: Librairie Spirite, 42, Rue Saint-Jacques.
- 'Alcohol—A Dangerous and Unnecessary Medicine. How and Why. What Medical Writers Say.' By MRS. MARTHA M. ALLEN, Superintendent of the Department of Non-Alcoholic Medication, for the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. English agent: George Osbond, Scieutor House, Devonport. Price 5s. 6d.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

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

Promises Fulfilled.

SIR,—The following may be of interest to your readers. In September last a fine, handsome form was photographed with me and recognised as the late Dr. Mack, a well-known magnetic healer, whose book on 'Healing' I had just been reading with great interest. At a sitting which I subsequently had with that earnest worker, Miss MacCreadie, Dr. Mack controlled her, and, after giving me some good advice, said: 'You are going to that land I love so well' (he was an American), 'and when you get there go to a medium and I will come to you again, and give you this sign,' lifting his hands to the forehead three times. 'Whom am I to go to, Doctor?' I asked. 'That will be given to you later,' he said.

One morning, as we were nearing Nova Scotia, the wife of a Methodist minister came to me on deck, and said: 'As you are so interested in Spiritualism you should call on Mrs. de Wolfe when you get to Halifax. She is, I hear, what you call a medium.' So, through this unlikely source the name was given.

On arrival I found that the lady (who is the wife of a judge) was staying at a small town which I had to pass through on my way northwards, and I arranged to stay a few hours there. As complete strangers, and without having given my name, the sitting commenced, and I noticed that she did not touch my hand or even ask for any article by which to get into touch with my surroundings.

After about a minute had elapsed she began to make magnetic passes, and then moving her hands slowly three times to her forehead, *thus giving the promised sign*, she said: 'Ma, Mac, a Dr. Mack is here.' He then gained possession, and in his forcible manner bade me a hearty welcome to Canada, following that up by a very friendly message, which was highly appreciated. The medium afterwards described most accurately and in significant and terse terms, my father, mother, niece, and also an uncle, who passed over thirty-five years ago.

At further interviews Mrs. de Wolfe, who as the only medium in Nova Scotia has been fighting a brave battle in the cause of Spiritualism, gave me some remarkable messages, many from spirits who gave well-known names. They seemed to have arranged to give some striking evidence of the fact of spirit return, and several of them informed me that on my return to London they would endeavour to be photographed with me. Looking upon it as a pleasurable duty, I have been photographed several times, in each instance taking proper precautions: 1. The plates have been bought the same day at another photographer's. 2. They were carefully initialled and dated in the dark room of the studio. 3. They were developed in the presence of myself or a friend who was each time present. 4. The negatives were then carefully examined. Needless to say I did not give the photographer any clue as to expecting anyone in particular.

The result so far has been that President Lincoln, President Garfield, Tennyson, and Charles Dickens have already fulfilled the promises made three thousand miles away, and several others have also appeared, but I wish to verify them absolutely before giving the names, which I will do, with your permission, in a future letter. Last week the Rev. H. R. Haweis was seen in the studio, apparently looking on with great interest, and on Tuesday last he honoured me by appearing by my side and giving a capital likeness.

March 23rd.

H. BLACKWELL.

APPARITIONS.

In 'Apparitions,' by the Rev. Bouchier Wrey Savile, it is reported that in a sitting of the Supreme Council of India, in the Council Chamber of Calcutta, with the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, as president, Mr. Shakespeare, one of the members, suddenly looked up, exclaiming: 'Good God, there is my father!' and that the whole Council then saw a figure of an unknown person glide through the chamber. It is further stated that the Governor-General ordered a minute to be made of the matter and placed in the record-chest, where it may possibly still remain.

I should like to know if this very singular incident has been verified in any way or spoken of elsewhere. If not, some one of your readers in Calcutta will certainly have an opportunity to give the verification wished for. I am of opinion that such an incident, when it can be 'officially' proved, is of great service to our cause.

The Hague.

A. J. ROTTEVEEL.

THE STORY OF THE FOXWELL CASE.

MISSING BODY TRACED THROUGH CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following narrative appeared in 'LIGHT' of February 16th, and was received with so much interest that the supply of that issue was quickly exhausted; and as further applications for copies reach us almost daily, we yield to the repeated request that it should be reprinted:—

During the past fortnight, through the kind invitation of Dr.—, a member of both the Psychical Research Society and the London Spiritualist Alliance, I have witnessed personally all the mediumship and investigations connected with the mystery surrounding the then missing Mr. Percy Foxwell, and I am thus in a position to know the actual facts all through; and as the various newspapers have contained such garbled versions (yet all with a substratum of truth) relative to the psychical aspect of the affair, I think it would be as well to commence the narration of my personal observations by stating that there has been no lady clairvoyant who gave a correct prevision at all.

The clairvoyant through whom Mrs. Foxwell obtained the vision in the crystal and other prophecies in connection with her missing husband's fate and surroundings, is Mr. Otto von Bourg, of 54, Conduit-street, W.

Now, as possibly all may not be acquainted with the special difficulties to be encountered in making psychic investigations with a view to elucidate the mystery (there being absolutely no clue to work upon), I will state the bare facts of the case.

On Thursday, December 20th last year, Mr. Percy Foxwell, a stockbroker, residing at Thames Ditton, left home in his usual health and spirits to go to his business in the City, and before leaving his wife expressed his intention of visiting, during the afternoon, his sick mother, living in the North of London.

During the latter part of the same afternoon, Mrs. Foxwell received a telegram from Finsbury Park from her husband, asking her 'not to wait dinner, as he could not return till later,' and from that moment nothing more was seen or heard of him until his dead body was found floating in the Thames not far from his house on Thursday, January 31st.

Shortly after his disappearance the police were communicated with, and special detective inquiries were instituted, and a large reward was offered for his body, but every effort to obtain the slightest trace of him proved equally unavailing.

I will now take up the narrative exactly as I heard it from Mrs. Foxwell herself.

On the fateful night of Thursday, December 20th, the weather was unusually wild and tempestuous, and Mrs. Foxwell waited up for her husband until two o'clock in the morning, and then went to bed. She did not feel any great alarm, as she naturally supposed that her husband's mother might be in a critical condition, and that in consequence he had remained there with her throughout the night; but when the next morning and the day passed without any communication from her husband, her anxiety became distressingly intensified, especially as, having telegraphed to his mother's house, she was informed that her husband had left there early the previous evening.

And now I come to a very strange fact, possessing a weird significance in connection with what has since been revealed.

It appears that Mr. Foxwell's mother is in a very dangerous condition, suffering from a most acute form of heart disease; and when Mr. Foxwell rose to bid her 'goodbye,' he promised to come again and see her, naming a certain day, and, in the presence of other members of the family, his mother replied, 'Oh, Percy! do take great care of yourself; I feel as if something is going to happen to you to-night.'

Almost immediately afterwards he left the house, and went apparently to the telegraph office at Finsbury Park, and sent off the telegram to his wife already alluded to, which she has subsequently verified as being in his own handwriting; from that moment he was never seen or heard of.

The agonising suspense of the dreary weeks that followed, the alternation between hope and fear, caused his poor wife an hourly anguish beyond words to describe; and finding the ordinary methods of detective inquiries failed to elicit the smallest trace of her missing husband, she then, in desperation, determined to see if spiritualistic mediumship could penetrate the mystery.

She consulted several clairvoyants but unsuccessfully, and finally decided to go to Mr. von Bourg, and on January 5th, about 3 p.m., had a sitting with him in Conduit-street.

He not only gave her many details correctly and various clearly defined previsions, but through his exceptional

psychic powers enabled her to see in his crystal, first the form of her husband in life, and then his dead body lying in the water, with surroundings with which she apparently seemed to be familiar. This vision in the crystal is the more remarkable owing to the fact that Mrs. Foxwell is quite unversed in spiritualistic research, and is normally not in the least clairvoyant.

She was so deeply impressed with this interview that she earnestly besought Mr. von Bourg to arrange to come to her house, as possibly still more could be revealed in the personal surroundings. There was some difficulty in fixing a day owing to Mr. von Bourg's engagements, but at last a visit was arranged, and this brings me to the point where my personal experiences commence.

On Monday morning, January 28th, I received a letter from Dr.— (already alluded to), asking me if Mr. Knowles and I would care to go down with him that evening with Mr. von Bourg 'to sit for further investigations in the house of the missing Mr. Foxwell.'

I at once went to see him, and the arrangements for meeting that evening were made, and we all journeyed down together. We had a little difficulty in finding the house, which delayed us somewhat, and upon arriving at our destination we found Mrs. Foxwell greatly distressed, being apprehensive that we were not coming.

As soon as we entered the drawing-room we were all conscious of a very oppressive psychic condition, and Mr. Knowles complained of the most intense pain on the left side of the head, and this I subsequently found had strongly affected Mr. von Bourg also.

We all sat down round a small table, and a little lamp was placed in the farthest corner of the room. The circle (which was an unusually powerful one) was composed of Mrs. Foxwell, Mrs. P., myself, Dr.—, Mr. von Bourg, and Mr. Knowles.

Almost directly decisive knocks commenced and the Maori spirit friend of Mr. Knowles was shaking him about so much in his intense anxiety to control his medium that we agreed it would be best to permit it at once. This Maori was in such an unusual state of excitement that he could hardly get any words out, and he turned to Mrs. Foxwell and gave the most minute description of the form of a man whom he saw standing by her side, with a detailed description of his appearance and clothes, and the watch which the spirit persistently held up, and upon which the Maori said he had his name written.

Mrs. Foxwell told us the description corresponded exactly with that of her husband, and that his watch had his name in it.

By this watch (which was a presentation one, given by Mr. Ferguson, it subsequently transpired) the body was identified when found floating in the Thames on Thursday, January 31st.

The Maori, whom Mr. Knowles and I have tested on many occasions and always found most truthful and reliable, emphatically declared that this man was now in the spirit world, and that his body was in the water.

The spirit described then left Mrs. Foxwell and went round behind Mr. von Bourg, and tried to control him, which he was only partially able to do, as all efforts to speak caused a kind of choking attack; he, however, continuously lifted up the medium's left hand, and kept repeating softly, 'Hush! sh—, sh—, sh—.' The desire to reproduce this mental impression seemed the uppermost one during the entire sitting. He, however, seemed able to write a little, and told us his body was lying in the water about a mile from the house, not in the big river but in a little stream or creek just off it; that there was grass on the banks and a drooping tree overhanging where his body was lying; and aided by our spirit friends he threw the mental image of the spot upon the brains of the mediums. He said also that his hat and umbrella had been taken away, and the Maori said the body seemed held down by being entangled with something in the water.

The spirit appeared to be intensely anxious that his body should be found, and then controlling Mr. von Bourg, he stood up and pointed in the direction where he alleged his body lay in the water, which subsequently proved to be perfectly accurate.

He seemed greatly relieved when we told him we would go and look for his body, and said 'he would take us to the place.'

Shortly afterwards we broke up the sitting and returned to town, having arranged to come again on Wednesday, the 30th, early in the afternoon, and from our sitting we were all perfectly convinced that Mr. Foxwell was no longer in the body, and from other information he himself gave us we were led to suppose it was not an accident, and he asserted that he did come to Thames Ditton that evening. We also at the same time were impressed that the motive of the attack indicated was not robbery.

On Wednesday, January 30th, the same people as before went down to Thames Ditton, with the addition of my son

and Mr. Robert King, whom at my 'At Home' the night previously I had greatly interested with a brief account of our experience, and I also mentioned our conviction to one or two friends the same evening.

We got to Mrs. Foxwell's house early in the afternoon, and having had some tea we darkened the drawing-room and sat at a table, except my son, who sat just outside the circle.

The mediums all complained how terribly their heads on the left side pained them, and the form was again plainly seen behind Mrs. Foxwell, and was described by Mr. King, who also got the name 'George' persistently repeated. This proved to be the name of a very intimate friend of Mr. Foxwell's, now passed over, who, I learned from Mrs. Foxwell, had an intimate knowledge in the past of her husband's private affairs.

The scene where the body lay was again mentally projected and seen alike by all the mediums; then after many raps, of distinct individuality, indicating that special spirit friends were present and helping us, the Maori controlled Mr. Knowles and said that if we would go out we should be taken to where the body had entered the water. He then described some peculiar things hanging on the watch chain the spirit again held up, which Mrs. Foxwell, expressing great surprise, at once recognised as two little presents she had previously made her husband.

The spirit form then commenced writing, through Mr. von Bourg, rapidly at some length, and appeared to be in a much more conscious condition than on the previous Monday. He began by drawing a plan of the way we were to go. Then followed written directions, 'Go out of the house, turn to the left, go past the station, past a tavern,' &c. All these written communications are in the possession of Dr. —.

When the necessary information had been given us we all got up to go, overwhelmed with a tremulous excitement and nervous tension impossible to describe. We followed the directions as far as the station, and here at the converging pathways some uncertainty arose as to which to take; therefore I suggested that the mediums should go under the arch and get again into direct communication with the spirit, which eventually was successfully done, and the right way for us to go was clearly designated by the spirit himself.

I should like here to mention that the mediums were all greatly affected at this spot, and the spirit impressed them that it was here that he was struck on the head.

We then went down a kind of narrow walk with wooden fencing, and turned round by a private house on the right, and here Mr. von Bourg could hear plainly, 'Hush, sh—, sh—, sh—,' over and over again repeated.

We then entered an open field, and strangely enough, in this most unlikely spot, as the spirit had said, there stood a tavern! In front of it was a large depression, evidently a dry pond, and Mrs. Foxwell expressed the utmost surprise at seeing it without water, it being, she said, an almost unheard of occurrence; and here again the mediums seemed greatly disturbed.

We were then led on through field after field and over a stile, and when we got midway between two stiles a very peculiar scene was enacted by the spirit controlling Mr. von Bourg, whom Mr. Knowles had to hold up, or he would have fallen unconscious to the ground. After some delay we found, however, that still we had to go on across the next stile, and Mr. von Bourg and Mr. Knowles, who walked together, could plainly see the spirit just in front of them, indicating the direction. After turning a little way into the main road we came to a pond on the right side of it, next some buildings. The mediums here grew very excited, and insisted on scrambling over the barbed fence and jumping down; they stayed a few moments by the side of it, but finally this was abandoned, and on we went again.

After walking a short way we came to a field on the left, with a creek or stream in its midst. It appeared to be deep, with fairly calm water. The mediums seemed unanimously drawn to this water, and one and all exclaimed: 'This is what we have seen!'

They scrambled through the fence and walked along the grassy banks until they came to a certain place, and the spirit plainly indicated, and our own spirit friends acquiesced, and all the mediums agreed, that here was the spot where Mr. Foxwell's body entered the water.

In the meantime it had got so dark and we were so fatigued that we felt unable to do more that night; so we returned to Mrs. Foxwell's house by a shorter way, and after having rested a little and had something to eat, we agreed to sit again.

Through Mr. von Bourg we obtained in writing a good deal more information which I am not at this moment free to disclose; we are still continuing our investigations, and later on I shall hope to write a further report.

Being by that time completely exhausted, and Mr. von

Bourg and Mr. King in a condition bordering on collapse, we left shortly afterwards, having obtained Mrs. Foxwell's promise to have the spot indicated (which she called the Mole) thoroughly dragged the following day. As we were leaving she said to us all: 'You will forgive my saying so, but it seems so improbable about my husband being drowned and his body being there that I cannot believe it; but if it does prove to be true I will make all you have seen and done as public as possible.'

The next morning, Thursday, January 31st, arrangements were made for searching that part of the water, and I am informed that Mrs. Foxwell went personally to indicate the spot; and shortly after the men had been using their poles without success, a man's body was seen by a ferryman called Tovey floating in the Thames a little way below the place we indicated, close to where the Mole flows into the Thames.

The body was identified as that of the missing Mr. Foxwell by the very watch he had so persistently called attention to at our sittings, and our impression that robbery could not have been any factor in connection with Mr. Foxwell's body being found in the water is consistent with his rings, watch, money, and cheques being found upon him, and moreover his hat and umbrella are still missing.

The dead body was dressed exactly as the various clairvoyants had described, and apart from the watch, &c., could be easily identified by certain peculiar marks on the teeth. The gloves were on the clenched hands. Owing to six weeks' immersion in the water the flesh was in such a state that it was practically impossible to ascertain definitely whether the left side of the head was bruised or not, beyond the fact that one of the doctors observed slight depressions on that side and called attention to this at the inquest on February 5th. It is also interesting to note that normally no body would remain below water for six weeks without rising to the surface. This, I believe, usually occurs within a fortnight, and although my object here is to relate facts and avoid theories, it is not altogether profitless to note the discovery of the floating body in the vicinity so shortly after the disturbance of the Mole waters, which flow into the Thames almost directly below the spot we indicated, and again not to overlook the fact that we were led, step by step, to that place, when everything tended to make everyone believe Mr. Foxwell disappeared in London.

Before concluding my experiences as far as circumstances permit me to enter into them at present, I should like to mention another prevision obtained through Mr. von Bourg shortly after Christmas. One evening, being interested in this mystery, he sat to see if he could get any impressions concerning the missing man. They were then written on the back of a postcard, which went through the post, and is dated. This he sent to Dr. —, and it has been shown to me, and it contains a practically correct prevision of the tragedy, much of which has already been verified by the recovery of Mr. Foxwell's body from the Thames.

In many of the daily papers the reports of the psychic investigations have been inaccurately described, and I feel strongly that in such research the utmost accuracy should be observed, and consider it is only just that the tests and previsions obtained through the remarkable psychic powers of Mr. von Bourg should be impartially recognised and truthfully recorded,

Hurstborne Lodge,
Ashchurch Park Villas,
Goldhawk Road, W.
February 10th, 1901.

EFFIE BATHE.

A GOOD TEST.

The following incident is recorded by Dr. Moutin, in the March number of 'Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme':—

'During the year 1884, Dr. Moutin was present at the death of a relative who died in the cholera epidemic at Marseilles. She appeared anxious to make some communication in her last moments, but could only point with her right hand to a mirror in the room and utter the word: "Glass." Her husband was at sea when this occurred. On his return, having learned from Dr. Moutin concerning her last moments, he caused the mirror to be lifted, for he knew that his wife was in the habit of hiding money in curious places. Nothing was, however, discovered.

'Fifteen months later, Dr. Moutin was at a séance with Madame Décius Déo. The medium, being entranced, called his name, "Lucien!" (which was quite unknown to her), and added: "I come to tell you what I could not make you understand before my death." "Who are you?" asked the Doctor, who, having been present at many death-beds, did not recognise the communicator. "I am Madame J.," was the answer. He was then told of a claim for 500fr. which was deposited behind a mirror in the kitchen. Mr. J. made search in the place indicated and found the document.'