

# Light:

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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[The Editor of "LIGHT" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and courteous discussion is invited, but writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

I had scarcely completed the remarks on Materialisation, which were contained in the last number of "LIGHT," when a number of papers arrived announcing the exposure of yet another medium, Henry C. Gordon, at Philadelphia. If my memory serves me, this is not the first time "Doctor" Gordon has fallen on evil days. One of his names, at any rate, was detected many years ago in an impudent fraud, in the course of which a Catholic altar fully decorated, a bishop (personated by Gordon), and a spirit-wedding played a part. But whether this was the same person or not, there is no doubt as to the present facts, which are narrated at length in *The Philadelphia Press* (March 19th), *The New York Sun*, and other journals. The exposure is precisely similar to the "Whitney" case, and it would not be worth while to waste time upon it were it not that some important lessons are to be learnt from its study by those who are not obstinately set against receiving instruction. The story is very simple. After the incarceration of the Bliss mediums, Philadelphia was an unsafe place for materialisation séances. But, when sufficient time had presumably elapsed for that episode to have faded from the public memory, Gordon set up again at 691, North Thirteenth-street, Philadelphia. There he made pretence of keeping a shop during the day, and twice a week held a circle on the floor over the shop. He had fitted the rooms up for séances, with the indispensable cabinet in one corner, rows of seats (front for believers, back for sceptics), and the usual paraphernalia of the public materialisation séance.

One of his chief supporters seems to have been Mr. Thos. R. Hazard, whose name is so well known as a thick-and-thin supporter of all mediums under all circumstances. It appears that Gordon is the medium through whom Mr. Hazard's daughters have (as he has repeatedly told us) materialised themselves. A special sofa was reserved for him, and to this sofa came, night after night, the forms of his departed daughters. No need to tell the whole miserable story. Some reporters of *The Philadelphia Press* obtained access to the séances, and, feeling sure that a base fraud was being perpetrated on the public, and especially on a credulous and generous old man, they armed themselves with a warrant, and when the pseudo-daughter of Mr. Hazard presented herself, "and materialised a silk hand-

kerchief for her father's neck," they seized the "spirit," and after a severe struggle, in which an accomplice tried hard for a rescue, the light was turned up, and Gordon, disguised with wig, mask, and female apparel was found on the floor in the grasp of the reporter. A police officer now intervened, arrested Gordon, searched the cabinet and seized a number of articles which were only too palpably used for carrying on the fraud—a blue satin dress and a red plush gown with white satin sleeves; a lace night cap, and a red smoking cap, sham diamond cross, and lace, and a huge pile of various articles.

One would have thought that this would have been sufficient to disenchant even Mr. Hazard. But no, he was equal to the occasion and declared that the spirit used the medium to represent his daughter by transfiguration! He did not attempt to explain the presence of the various articles in the cabinet: but Gordon, it seems, will boldly declare at the trial that they were imported by invisible agency from the store below! I will not dwell further on the details of the pitiful story. The man imposed successfully on others than Mr. Hazard, for I regret to see that Mr. Robert Hare is alleged to have "recognised" his brother and father. Indeed, given the conditions under which the séances were held, and "recognition" is valueless. The medium's own room, a scanty and insufficient light, a bodyguard of enthusiasts in the front row to keep the sceptics back, a cabinet where the medium could change his dress as often as required—what could an impostor desire better? Of what value does any sane man consider any evidence so obtained? When we have swept away all these conditions so favourable to fraud, the only wonder will be that any honest person could be found to tolerate them, and not only to tolerate them but to defend them in the face of repeated exposure of the imposture which they concealed: and not that alone but to regard any attack made upon them as a persecution of mediums. In the face of these recurrent disasters—disasters to imposture, but disguised blessings to truth—the action of British Spiritualists in regard to cabinets needs no apology. Nor should I have thought it necessary to record one more familiar story, were it not that it is wise to emphasise at times warnings that are so little heeded.

The ex-secretary of Irving-Bishop has been displaying his acquired skill—Bishop declares that Stuart Cumberland (as he now calls himself) got all he knows from him!—at Vienna and in Paris. At the former place he suddenly appeared after the alleged exposure of a medium in order to shed on Spiritualism the light of truth from his own pure lamp. The good Viennese thought they had a fraud in their medium, others that they were bamboozled by their exposé. They were certainly taken in if they believed that Cumberland knew anything about Spiritualism, or could in any way explain or illustrate any of its marvels. Lately he has turned up at Paris, giving what he calls "a private séance" at the Hotel Continental, with most indifferent success. Curiosity attracted a number of well-known people, but the experiments in muscle-reading which were attempted were meagre and out of date since the successful series of the Society for Psychical Research. The correspondent of the *Daily News* describes the thing as

“a spiritless game of blindman’s buff.” The only harm such shows can do is to deceive people into the belief that they are witnessing a fair specimen of thought-transference, or that they are having an exposure of “Spiritualistic tricks” by the impudent person who makes that pretence. The only wonder is that people of consideration should be willing to assist him in forcing himself out of congenial obscurity into the notoriety that he seeks.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has interviewed Colonel Olcott, whom it calls “a miracle worker of to-day.” It states that the number of his successful psychopathic treatments within thirteen months, reaches a total of 8,000. I have often mentioned remarkable cases of the healing of disease by the laying on of his hands. He states that during his recent journeyings in India and Ceylon he has cured every form of disease. The following interesting account of the methods employed by Colonel Olcott, and their success, is given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (April 21st).

“He has made the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the blind to see; the paralysed have been restored to the full use of their limbs, the cripples have walked; and, although he cannot boast of having raised the dead or healed a leper, he asserts that he cured a man suffering from elephantiasis, who was the nearest approach to a leper which he had to do with. Colonel Olcott is rather chary of speaking of these cures, fearing, not unnaturally, that his life may become a burden to him if it is known that a ‘miracle-worker’ of such power is within hailing distance of the innumerable sick and afflicted of London. During his visit to our office, Colonel Olcott obligingly explained to our representative the method of healing which he pursued. Its central principle seemed to be that of establishing a magnetic current between the right and left hands of the operator which traverses the patient and imparts the surplus vitality of the operator. Almost all disease, in Colonel Olcott’s opinion, arises from deficient local vitality, and can be removed by influx of fresh life from another person. Of course this in time tells upon the vital force of the healer, and Colonel Olcott himself was at the close of his healing campaign nearly paralysed, and would, he maintains, have been altogether so but for the timely warning of his watchful Mahatma, who ordered him to desist before the mischief had gone too far. As it was, he had paralysis for some time in the forefinger of his right hand; but he is now perfectly recovered. During his recent stay in Nice, he asserts, he was the means of effecting a very remarkable cure on the person of Princess W., a Russian lady who had been paralysed in her right arm and leg for seventeen years. Colonel Olcott, in the course of fifteen minutes, was able to restore to her the perfect use of both limbs, on which physicians had so long experimented in vain. Of these gifts, however, Colonel Olcott makes but small account. They are incidental, nor does he think that he is exceptionally gifted in this respect. Similar powers may be exercised by almost any healthy person, provided they go the right way about it. The Colonel was even obliging enough to instruct our representative how to work miracles; but hitherto, whether owing to lack of experience on his part or to the uncompromising nature of the human material on whom he tried his newly acquired art, the experiments so far have not proved successful.”

Colonel Olcott’s account of his conversion to a belief in the Himalayan Brothers has not, I think, seen light before. The *Pall Mall* reporter gives the version thus:—

“One night he had been meditating deeply and long upon the strange problems of Oriental philosophy. He had wondered whether the mysterious teachings of Mme. Blavatsky were, after all, nothing more than the illusions of an overwrought brain, or whether they had really been revealed to her by those weird Mahatmas—a race of devotees dwelling in the remote fastnesses of the Thibetan Himalayas, who are said to have preserved intact, for the benefit of mankind, the invaluable deposits of archaic spiritual truth to be revealed in ‘the fulness of the times.’ His judgment inclined towards the latter alternative. But if theosophy as expounded by its latest hierophant were true, then was it not his duty to forsake all that he had, and leaving behind him the busy Western world, with its distracting influences which indisposed the mind to the perception of pure spiritual truth, hasten to the East, the chosen home of repose

and speculative calm? Yet should a step so momentous be taken without ample confirmation; nay, without absolute certainty of the truth for which he was expected to sacrifice all? Could such absolute certainty be vouchsafed to mortal man? Colonel Olcott pondered long, revolving these and similar questions, when suddenly he became aware of the presence of a mysterious visitant in the room. The door was closed, the window was shut, no mortal footstep had been heard on the stair; yet there, clearly visible in the lamplight, stood the palpable form of a venerable Oriental. In a moment Colonel Olcott knew that his unspoken prayer had been answered. He was face to face with one of the mysterious brotherhood of the Thibetan mountains, a Mahatma who from his distant *ashrum* had noted the mute entreaty of his soul, and hastened across ocean and continent to remove his lurking doubts. The Mahatma entered into friendly conversation with his American disciple, and in the course of half an hour succeeded in convincing him beyond the possibility of doubt that Mme. Blavatsky’s testimonies concerning the existence of the Mahatmas and the mission which invited him were simple transcripts of the literal truth. Ere the sudden visit was over, Colonel Olcott was a fast adherent of the new philosophy so strangely confirmed. But when the Mahatma rose to go, the natural man reasserted itself. ‘Would you not,’ he asked, ‘before you go, leave me some tangible token of your presence, some proof that this has been no *maya*—the illusion of overstrained sense? Give me something to keep that I may touch and handle.’ The Mahatma smiled a kindly smile; then removing his turban he wrought upon it a marvellous transformation. Colonel Olcott saw the shadowy folds of the Eastern headgear thicken and materialise under the fingers of his guest, until at last the shadow became substance, and a substantial turban rested on the head of the spectre. The Mahatma then handed the turban to the astonished Colonel, and vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. That turban Colonel Olcott carries about with him to this day; he has it at the present moment, and it can be seen by the unbelieving, ‘the outward and visible sign’ of the mysterious visit that completed his conversion.”

Among other “centres of spiritual activity” the *Pall Mall Gazette* prints an interesting account of Swedenborgianism by the Rev. J. Bayley. The voluminous writings of the Swedish seer do not leave upon the mind of the ordinary reader any clear idea of his creed. It is instructive, therefore, to have a compendious and an authoritative statement of the principles that pervade his writings. These are stated thus by Dr. Bayley:—

1. That the highest respect for the freedom and rationality of every man is his due, as his heritage from God.
2. The sacred right of every child to instruction in the truth, that it may know how to live.
3. That charity, meaning true love to God and man, is the supreme virtue in religion, and faith its subordinate guide and helper.
4. The combination of spirituality and rationality in all our religious views.
5. The practical nature of real religion, not only in absolutely keeping the Divine Commandments, but letting our whole life and employment, both at home and abroad, be governed by goodness and truth.
6. That each man forms his character by his daily life, according to mental laws as definite as those of nature, not by spasmodic excitement—selfishness degrading and debasing the character, fitting it only for the company of the selfish, which is hell; and humility, faith, obedience, and love making the character angelic, thus preparing it for Heaven.
7. That the sacred Scriptures are the supreme guide of the soul in general and particular, directing and training those who are taught by them to that spiritual-mindedness which gives life and peace.

These principles seem to me to embody much simple and pure truth, without admixture of dogmatic assertions that cannot be verified, or hard and fast definition of doctrine that should not be laid by one man on the conscience of another.

“M.A. (OXON.)”

By the *Harbinger of Light* we learn that Mr. Christian Reimers, whose name was once so familiar to many of our readers, is at present at Edithsburg, on the coast, 100 miles from Adelaide.

SPIRITUALISM AT HOME.

The phenomena which have transpired in our family circle during the last week have been so remarkable and yet so intermixed with private life that I have been hesitating whether they were intended to be made public. And yet I have received so many kind letters from friends who have read our recent experiences, shewing not only how they are appreciated, but, what is of much more importance, how they have been *helpful* to them, that putting a thin disguise on some of what are really the most interesting facts, I cannot refrain from again taking the readers of "LIGHT" into confidence.

My last communication in your issue on the 19th inst. had reference to the unexpected, and to us extraordinary appearance of a Persian spirit, who has since become intimate with us, and whose book, the "*Gulistan*," translated by G. Eastwick, is now in my possession, and is being read with intense interest. The phenomena I have now to record are so intermixed that I find a difficulty as to the order in which I should record them, and some are so strange that for the present I must withhold them altogether. Let me continue first our acquaintance with *Saadi*. Since last writing, we in this house have all (without exception) been spending a short Easter holiday at my cottage in Haslemere, and while there, we had a singular experience of the *physical* power of our spirit-group, to which I will shortly refer.

On returning to Blackheath, I found on my study table a letter of greeting, in the minute spirit-writing of our daughter Louisa, referring to various phenomena, and to our failure to obtain one particular test we had sought, adding:—

"Never mind, you have not been forgotten; *Saadi* has put something in your drawer. . . . I thought you would be surprised to get my message the other day."

This latter remark referred to a small piece of paper which dropped out of my newspaper as I was reading it, and which newspaper had been forwarded from home without being opened—*i.e.*, in the cover in which it came direct from the *Nonconformist* Office. On this small scrap of paper were a few words of greeting in the usual minute writing, and which probably even the postal authorities might have passed unchallenged! On looking into my *locked* secretaire as I was directed, I found a sheet of paper, with the following writing upon it. It was written straight on, with few stops, so that the divisions I have made into lines and stops may or may not be always correct; and it appears to me to be a translation (thereby suffering) of one of *Saadi's* Persian poems:—

The love thou bearest to a being  
 Made like thyself, of clay and water,  
 Mars thy patience and thy wonted peace of mind.  
 By day thou scan'st with microscopic eye  
 Beauties minute as fragile;  
 And by night vain fancies crowd thy dreams  
 And break thy rest.  
 On thy beloved's foot thou lay'st thy head  
 And say'st sincerely that the Universe  
 Compared with her is less than nought to thee!  
 And, since thy gold cannot allure her eye,  
 Gold and mere earth appear as one in thine;  
 On none beside doth thou bestow a breath,  
 For with her hast thou room for none beside:  
 Thou say'st that in thy eye is her abode,  
 Or if thou close it, then within thy heart.  
 No fear hast thou of mortal frown beside,  
 No rest thy spirit for a moment gains:  
 She (? waves) o'er thee—thou bow'st thy humble head!  
 So can'st thou wonder that the heav'n-taught ones,  
 Whose love is all Divine, oft lose themselves,  
 Drown'd in a sea of mystic bliss and adoration?  
 Life they despise through love of life's Bestower;  
 The world abandon for the world's Creator;  
 They think of their beloved, and resign their all to Him,  
 This world and that to come.

In seeking God they shun mankind;  
 Loud in their ears, from vast Eternity,  
 Has rung the sacred word, *Alesta*,  
 And that tells (? bids) all spirits  
 Cry aloud *Zend Avesta*.

To which is added, "Dear friends, for the love I bear you all, I write to you as often as I can. Your friend in spirit, *Saadi*.—By J. EVANS."

That was on April 21st, and a day after we were all in very sore trouble—the which I cannot here tell—about a friend at a distance.

This trouble I may have to tell some day when its bitterness is past, because it is intimately mixed up with other remarkable phenomena. We talked it over at home, and we all determined to pray to *Our Father* for His special intervention in this our hour of need. The power of prayer we have many times tested: the *result* of this has not yet *fully* appeared, excepting as it relates to spiritual phenomena. Within a few hours of my prayer, I found, *written by direct spirit-hand*, on the margin of my morning textbook, which lies on my dressing-table, and written opposite the Shakespearean motto for the day, this—

"Don't worry about —, we will look to her.—*SAADI*."

Let me add, no one but *myself* knew the earnest pleading I had just before gone through, and I took it as a distinct answer to prayer; whether so or not the fact is remarkable; but further, within a few minutes of finding this I had a telegram from a friend, confirming me in my now renewed hope, adding, *he* would help and would write by next post. The whole case, could I give it, would be astonishing. Let me here record that in this same textbook, which I use daily, I found written some weeks ago, probably referring to this *same* trouble, then growing upon us, the following—

"God's help is always sure,  
 His methods seldom guessed:  
 Delay will make our pleasure pure,  
 Surprise will give it zest.—T. T. LYNCH."

I find it is written upon the birthday space of our deceased daughter, in which I had written, as a memento of her, "*Little Louisa*" (for she died in birth); she has added in minute writing "*Big Louisa!*" She would now be twenty-seven, and to our *clairvoyante* appears a tall, lovely woman.

But let me now return to Haslemere, where we were sitting, *en séance*, on Good Friday, for once with an object in view, which we accomplished, but to which I cannot here refer.

When our medium was entranced, her father came and spoke through her, I think for the first time in our circle, though he naturally often speaks to her *clairaudiently*. He told us to tell the medium she must not ask for such difficult things to be done!

"What do you refer to?" I inquired.

"You will soon know; it has been done, but with much difficulty."

We were all puzzled as to what it referred; when, while talking, we suddenly heard *our own musical-box playing, the one we had left in Granville-park the day before*. We knew its peculiar sound, but to make assurance doubly sure our medium, taking up the box and handing it to me, said, or rather the spirit then entrancing her, "*Open the box and you will know we have brought it from Blackheath*."

I opened it, and inside was the key of the box, carefully wrapped up in a piece of marked paper, torn off a sheet of paper which I had left in a box in my study; the marked part (of which certainly the medium knew nothing) being torn off and used as a wrapper for the key; the mark was so small that at first I failed myself to see the proof to which the spirit had drawn my attention.

Considerably more transpired at this *séance*, but the remainder belongs to other phenomena to which I need not now refer.

I am quite aware that in this musical-box test a carping

critic could detect a flaw, *i.e.*, as a scientific fact; but as I myself have every confidence in its having actually occurred, in the way the spirits claimed, I need not point to the *one* missing link! I only mention it to shew that in estimating the value of this evidence it has not escaped me. The medium had asked that *something* should be brought to us at Haslemere from Blackheath, but had kept it to herself, and was expecting something else.

Granville-park, Blackheath.

MORRELL THEOBALD.

April 27th.

## THE OCCULT IN MODERN TIMES ;

OR,

### THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY W. R. COLCHESTER.

IV.

(Continued from page 165.)

Of another medium did the writer hear, who was then giving similar, and equally marvellous manifestations at Providence, Rhode Island, and of one other in Boston, but sittings at Mrs. Fay's séances were engaged already two weeks in advance, and time would not just then allow many more investigations. When in Boston, two months later, he found that this Mrs. Fay had also, under fear of paralysis, discontinued her séances, though she had left many engagements unfulfilled.

The writer called upon her and found a simple, clear-eyed woman, of very quiet, and rather worn manner and appearance. In answer to his inquiries, she said: "I was born in North Germany, and ever since I can remember I have habitually seen spirit-forms, but in Germany we consider it foolish to talk about seeing ghosts, and not until I married my second husband, an American, did I try to encourage or develop in myself this peculiar power. I have now been giving séances in Boston for six or seven years and until the last two, when it has come to be regarded as quite unnecessary, as my honesty is sufficiently established, I never went into my corner (screened only by a suspended shawl) except under test conditions. My mission is to convince sceptics, and I required a committee of ladies to examine my clothing, &c., &c., before I went behind the screen. It is common at my séances for the spirit-forms to lead their earth friends into the cabinet, so that there may be no doubt as to my being still entranced in my chair. Certainly the conditions are not always equally harmonious, or the *proofs* so satisfactory, but besides dematerialisations, such as you witnessed at Mrs. Pickering's, it has sometimes happened that forms have materialised *outside* the screen, appearing to rise up through the floor. Twice only, or at most three times a week, is as often as I can hold sittings such as shall be satisfactory to all in the circle. From forty to sixty forms appear each evening, and I think it is the strain caused by being touched, while in the state of trance, by so many sceptical investigators, that so nearly overwhelmed me last winter. I require a complete rest and change."

While those who have had the good fortune to personally collate such a correlated series of evidences cannot fail to be convinced of their reality, yet by others who read these lines far more abundant testimony will probably be required to convince them that delusion, or trickery, have not been the sole factors in producing the above-described phenomena.

By many of these *no* proofs would be deemed adequate. For the guidance of the less sceptical, however, it is worth while to record some few other points noticed by the writer.

1. At each of the three first described séances, either the cabinet-spirit Jennie, or one of the strong and active Indian spirits, once, or oftener, in the course of the evening held back with outstretched arm the screening curtain and disclosed, seated black and passive in her chair, the medium.

2. On each of these same nights Jennie tried to bring with her a little child visitor; for a fortnight had she been trying to bring this visitor out into the room with her, but so far had only succeeded in making her appear at the edge of the curtain, each time a little more distinctly. To see the larger and distinct form holding by the hand the little blurred, cloud-like, white form was very impressive.

3. After a remarkable manifestation accorded to one of those present, and received by him with the assertion that nothing could be more convincing; "Indeed not," said another of the audience, "I have just recognised a man who was in partnership with me for years. When I went up to the curtain I feigned not to recognise him, and he told me his name! I would stake a thousand lives in the reality of the phenomena."

Among those present at the third séance was a Nova Scotian friend, that the writer had accidentally met the day before, and who came on his recommendation to this his first séance.

He was called up to the cabinet, and the writer distinctly heard him say, "Surely Mr. Snediker this can't be you?" Clapping its hands loudly twice in assent, the spirit-form glided backwards behind the screen. As they walked home together that evening, this gentleman said, "That was a comrade in arms during the American war, with whom I was most intimate. I supposed him to be still living in Ohio, but I saw his face to-night as distinctly as I now see yours; twice he came forth to me, and nothing could be more distinct than his peculiar features."

4. To which must be added the fact that these same phenomena are manifested by these same mediums in private houses, where everyone of those present can be personal acquaintances of the master of the house, and where trickery is simply impossible.

Not yet, however, had the writer exhausted the various conditions of spirit-manifestation, and the last night of his stay in Boston was spent with his Nova Scotian friend, at a dark séance given by Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

With the promise of receiving a communication from his little Herbert still on his mind, he took his assigned seat among the fifteen composing this circle. As true a circle as possible was formed around the medium, who sat on a chair in the centre, while each of those present held in his left hand the right wrist of his neighbour, thus making a complete chain, but leaving each with his right hand free from the wrist. The medium for the first time in the writer's experience did not become entranced, but throughout the sitting faced round first to one, and then to another, and kept patting her hands together, as if to show how they were employed, and talking in her natural voice of what she saw or heard.

The gas was turned out and the darkness was complete.

Immediately the peculiar velvety spirit-touches played about the hands and faces of those present, and the air was filled with whispering voices. "I heard someone calling brother," said the medium; just then the writer heard a whisper in the air near him. "Speak, William." "Is it Cecil?" he replied. "Cecil, Maynard, and Herbert are all here," was the answering whisper, accompanied by little pats and touches of recognition. Once a dim phosphorescent light was seen floating upward, and, in the air, near the ceiling, vibrated the notes of a stringed instrument.

A playful Indian spirit, called, "Snowdrop," was among the band of spirits. She took a bag of sweets from the knees of one of the circle, and put one between the lips of the writer and of others near him. A rosebud, taken from a plate of flowers on a side-table, was put into the writer's hand, and a little voice said, "That's for papa, from Herbert." "Someone calls Papa," said the medium, soon afterwards. "Oh, that's Herbert," replied the writer, "He told me he would come to me here, and he said he was a teacher now." "That's so, Papa," whispered a little voice with an

almost recognisable accent. Several loving pats and strokes on the face and beard followed: and from what appeared to come from an older relative, three long, solemn strokes down the head and shoulders, strokes of encouragement and benediction, accompanied by words of the same import.

Next to the writer sat his Nova Scotian friend, and to him came his first wife calling him by name, "Alvin" She spoke to him and told him facts known only to their two selves, about a peculiar ring, and she asked him to wear it. She kissed him distinctly on the cheek, and when he shed tears she wiped them away.

There went on all the time during this séance a general whispering and talking between those forming the circle, the medium, and the ghostly voices, with more noise and laughter than, to the writer, the solemnity of the occasion seemed to warrant; but all spirits, it appears, are not Puritanical; and those from certain spheres, at any rate, evidently enjoy a little fun.

Immediately after the séance, Mrs. Lord retired, as if overwhelmed with fatigue, and her modest dollar fees were collected by an attendant friend.

When next in Boston, the writer spent another evening in the same house. About twenty formed this circle; the levitation and aerial flotations of the guitar were more numerous, and the other manifestations were as wonderful as at the previous séance. To a lady who had never been in the house before, the medium said, "I can see so many around you, why there are fourteen in all"; and she then went on to describe the relationship they bore to her visitor.

"Can you see the forms plainly?" one of us asked, as they were quite invisible to the rest of the circle. "Yes," replied Mrs. Lord, "much more plainly than I can see living people by daylight, for I am naturally very short-sighted."

On one side of the writer sat a giggling young lady, who had never been there before, and who failed to regard the matter seriously. She received no communication, but a whisper in the air, apparently meant for her, said, "You should not do that."

To the writer came again his little Herbert. He stroked his hand and face, and said, "Dear papa"; and a little while afterwards, "Uncle Maynard is here, too." After a while another voice whispered, "You will be very successful, we have been with you all the time."

If in some hearts these whispering voices evoke no response, yet happy is he who has really heard those five simple words, "Uncle Maynard is here, too." The brother referred to died thirty years ago! To suppose that the medium read the name and event in her client's mind, and herself produced the whisper, is gratuitously to suggest the element of conscious or unconscious fraud, with the result of simply replacing one marvel by another.

On one occasion the writer called on this lady, expecting that she would hold a séance, but as only four or five visitors were in attendance, she said to him that the strain was so unspeakable that she could not consent to sit for so small a circle, "besides," she said, "I see those two gentlemen are Germans, and, as I don't understand German, the strain upon me when spirit-voices speak in that language is greater than usual; I don't feel well to-night, and no doubt the good spirits have kept away visitors for a good purpose."

He then drew her into a very interesting and friendly conversation, during which she told him some of her peculiar personal experiences.

A handsome, powerful woman, weighing 180 or 190 pounds, with a pleasing manner and accent, perfectly frank and unaffected in demeanour, such is this wonderful sorceress, Mrs. Maud E. Lord. She was born in Virginia, and is related, on her father's side, to the late Confederate General, Stonewall Jackson.

"From my earliest childhood," she said, "rappings and

noises of all kinds would pursue me; school was impossible, for the books and slates would all the time be jumping about and falling from my desk; misunderstood and beaten until my whole body was a mass of bruises, and on one occasion, by an angry blow, made blind with one eye for a year, no one can tell what I suffered, and I have practically received no education, except what the spirits have given me. Since that miserable childhood I have been from the hovel to the palace and my time and strength are now so fully taxed that I cannot fill more than half the calls upon me. I am constantly giving séances in private houses, for this matter is now being taken up and investigated by the very highest and most powerful in the land. As long as I can remember," she continued, "I have been haunted by what I can only describe as appearing like a black mailed hand, hanging in the air above my head. To see it is for me a sure sign of coming evil; if it appear small in size and light in colour, the annoyance will be trivial, but if it appear large, black, and near my head, the accident or trouble will be serious. I have had endless opportunities for verifying this connection," she said, "for I have been in three railroad accidents, six carriage accidents, have been stabbed in the street and picked up almost dead, besides endless minor bodily harms and pecuniary losses. On one occasion I particularly remember, the black hand haunted me persistently and closely for hours, the train rolled down an embankment and I remained for three weeks unconscious. It seems as if some peculiar malign influence surrounds me, but, after all, the good spirits have taken care of me, for I am quite strong and healthy, though I hardly know what it is to experience a day of restfulness; and as I have eighteen relations, sick, young, or incompetent, dependent upon me I am compelled to exert myself to the utmost in my profession. I long for annihilation, or 'Nirvâna,' but it appears it is not to be. To work and do all the good we can, both in this world and the next, seems to be the eternal destiny. A tall, handsome Eastern spirit, from one of the higher planes," continued Mrs. Lord, "sometimes appears to me. He draws on one side his long, flowing beard, and on the upper part of his breast discloses a beautiful medallion, or talismanic portrait of Christ. He tells me that he has often seen and conversed with Christ, away up in the very highest spheres or planes of spiritual life."

She spoke, and shewed a portrait of the celebrated Madame B——, a most powerful Russian medium, of whom the writer had previously heard. "I have sat by the hour," she said, "listening to this lady's wonderful experiences in the East. She has attendant spirits around her, who actually obey her orders, for sometimes, while sitting by my side, in a voice of authority would she command the invisibles to bring her a cigarette, and then almost immediately pluck one from her hair or the neck of her dress."

(To be continued.)

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THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE.—Some passages in the letters of Princess Alice to the Queen indicate faith in the hereafter partaking the nature of positive knowledge. "A thousand thanks," she writes "for your letter. How well I understand your feelings. I was again so sad yesterday, and had such a longing for a look or word from dear papa. And yet how much harder it is for you; but you know, dear mamma, he is watching over and waiting for you. The thought of the future is the one relieving point for all." Again,—"O, mamma, the longing that I sometimes have for papa surpasses all bounds. In thought, he is always near me; we are only mortals, and as such we long at times to see him in reality. Take courage, dear mamma, and feel strong in the thought that you need your whole moral and physical strength to continue the journey which brings you daily nearer home and him. I know how tired you feel, how you long to rest your head on his dear shoulder, and to have him with you to heal your sick heart. You will find this rest again, and how blessed will it be!"—*Darmstadt: Recollections and Letters of the late Princess Alice.*

OFFICES OF "LIGHT,"  
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BEDFORD ROW  
LONDON, W.C.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Reports of the proceedings of Spiritualist Societies in as succinct a form as possible, and authenticated by the signature of a responsible officer, are solicited for insertion in "LIGHT." Members of private circles will also oblige by contributing brief records of noteworthy occurrences at their sances.

The Editor cannot undertake the return of manuscripts unless the writers expressly request it at the time of forwarding and enclose stamps for the return Postage.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Manager of "LIGHT" will be obliged if those Subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions for 1884 will kindly do so at once and save him the necessity of making written application.

## Light :

SATURDAY, MAY 3RD, 1884.

## EXTRAORDINARY SEANCES WITH MR. EGLINTON.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 23rd April, Mr. Roden Noel, Mr. H. J. Hood and myself met at Mr. Eglinton's rooms for a psychographic séance. I shall not, on this occasion, occupy your space with a minute account of the conditions under which the writing was obtained. Suffice it to say that we were all three quite satisfied that any surreptitious agency of the medium, change of slate, &c., was out of the question. The special interest of the phenomenon in this case centred in the fact that the writing purported to come from a living person, with a descriptive but otherwise anonymous signature. We sat for about an hour without any result, the medium complaining of a strange and unpleasant influence. Then the writing came suddenly, and with a rush of force. The slate, being slowly drawn out from beneath the edge of the table, was seen to be covered with writing in two entirely distinct characters. The first part consisted of twenty lines, closely written, but very clear and legible, the formation of some of the letters being peculiar. The second part (seven lines, and the signature "Ernest") is all that I can transcribe for publication. It is as follows:—"We have purposely given up to the writer the power of giving you this communication, but we do not necessarily endorse his statements or his abusiveness.—'ERNEST.'" In fact, the upper message was of an extremely scandalous character.

On the following day, Thursday the 24th, the same party were present, and again the medium complained of the influence of the day before. A new manifestation was in store for us. Mr. Eglinton having laid one slate upon another on the table, and both his hands upon them, in sight of us all, became much agitated (physically) and, after a spasm of unusual force, withdrew his hands, and the upper slate being removed by him there was seen upon the lower one a letter. The cover was not addressed; it was opened by Mr. Hood (who sat next the medium on both days), and the contents (written in red ink, on a peculiar sort of parchment), were forthwith read out by him. What degree of psychological interest the letter possesses,

beyond the, to me, undoubtedly genuine manifestation of Mr. Eglinton's own mediumship, may be the subject of curious speculation. Scarcely a week before, I had written a letter of a very private character to a friend in Paris. I wrote it alone in my own room, immediately fastened it up, and posted it myself (without anyone else having seen it) the same afternoon. This letter had somehow or other been rifled of its verbal contents (never repeated by me to anyone), some of which were literally quoted in inverted commas in the letter coming as I have described. These passages, taken out of the context in which I had written them, were woven into a very censorious communication. The postscript was of a particularly malicious character, referring to other confidential correspondence of mine of a very delicate and personal nature. I must own that this particular shot took effect, and caused me no small embarrassment and annoyance. But as an unsympathetic public might be more likely to laugh than to condole with me on the situation, I shall say no more about it. These "confidential letters to friends," we were told, could be further appealed to, "if found necessary." The letter was subscribed in a similarly general way as the message of the previous day, though by "another" writer, with the same descriptive designation.

Nothing was said in the letter about the mode of its transmission from the writer to the séance-room. I have Mr. Eglinton's written assurance to me, in reply to a formal question I addressed to him, that the letter in question was seen for the first time by himself when it was produced to us, and that it was never, to the best of his belief, in his possession. "Its appearance," he says, "was as much a surprise to me as it was to you, and great as was the manifestation, the marvel of the letter and its contents overrides all previous experience."

Of course I wrote at once to my friend in Paris to ask if he had shewn my letter. He appears to have understood my question in a more limited sense than I intended it, and although I should infer from the terms of his reply that he had shewn it to *no one* (he says, "it never left my possession, and was locked in my trunk"), I have written to him again for a more particular statement on this point. As it is a very important one, I shall give the tenor of his reply (which cannot reach me in time for the present publication) in next week's "LIGHT."

The whole phenomenon is very interesting and curious, and I leave your readers to make what they can of it. I am looking forward to further sittings with Mr. Eglinton, whose extraordinary mediumistic development affords rare opportunities for investigation. He is, perhaps, more likely to convince some who are new to the facts than was Slade himself. For Slade, though his power was almost unflinching, was restless and talkative at his sances, and so we heard a good deal about the "conjurer's patter," and about movements suggestive of possibilities of *finesse*. I know all that to have been unfair; it was just the man's temperament. Still, it was provoking. Whereas Mr. Eglinton is uniformly quiet and composed; he does not move about; he does not chatter; he does nothing, in short, which can suggest to the most wary observer the suspicion of a design to distract attention. He asks you to talk; but the most casual and indifferent conversation satisfies the requirement, and in no way interferes with due vigilance.

Yet, looking at the physiological strain and exhaustion consequent on these frequent experiments, it is a question how far they are justifiable. A hostile or suspicious influence, I have little doubt, may aggravate these evils, or may deprave, if it does not arrest, the phenomena.

April 29th, 1884.

C. C. MASSEY.

W. J. COLVILLE will lecture in Neumeyer Hall, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, W.C., on Sunday, May 4th, at eleven a.m., on "Reason and Intuition." Also at three p.m., subject to be chosen by audience. All unreserved seats free. Collection.

## THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A large number of invitations have been issued for the inaugural meeting of this society to be held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, Regent-street, on Monday next, May 5th, at eight o'clock, and it is not a little encouraging to the members and council of the Alliance to note how cordially Spiritualists of all shades are making a common meeting-ground of this new departure in the history of Spiritualism in England. It is hoped that this gathering will tend to cement Spiritualists together more than has been possible in the past. A statement of the views of the council will be made at the meeting, and we feel sure that, as a result, we shall be able to announce that the numerical strength of the Alliance has been largely increased thereby.

The proceedings at first will be of an informal nature, opportunity being given for friendly converse and discussion interspersed by music. For the latter the Misses Withal, Mr. Charlton Speer and others, have very kindly volunteered, while Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons have been good enough, as a mark of sympathy on the part of Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, to place a grand piano at the disposal of the Alliance for the evening. A statement will then be made by "M. A. (Oxon.);" on behalf of the committee, as to the aims and objects of the association, after which it is hoped other prominent members will address the meeting. During the evening Mr. W. Eglinton has also kindly engaged to conduct a few of the psychographic experiments in which he has recently been so successful. Altogether, it is hoped a very pleasant time will be spent, and that much practical benefit to the Spiritualist movement will result from the agencies then inaugurated.

For the guidance of visitors we may mention that the entrance to the Banqueting Hall is in Regent-street, by the door nearest to Piccadilly-circus. A commissionaire will be stationed outside to direct guests in case of need.

A few tickets can still be had by members for their friends upon application to the secretary, Mr. Morell Theobald, 23, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.

## CLAIRVOYANT DREAM.

In the year 1867, a soldier of the name of George Pike returned to his home at East Horsley, in Surrey, where he found that his father had died a few weeks previously. He left home, intending to go to West Horsley, the adjoining village, and nothing had been heard of him for three days, when a very intelligent woman of the former village, named Sarah Hillyer, a friend of his sister's, dreamt that she saw him in a certain field with his feet hung in the twigs of the hedge, and his chin resting on the edge of the ditch, and a little dog by his side. In the morning she told her husband the dream, which was repeated for three nights running. Startled by this repetition of the dream, her husband told it to a man named Turner, a carpenter, now living at Ockham, and they agreed to go and look for the missing man. When they came to the field indicated by Mrs. Hillyer, they found that a little dog, belonging to a man who was in the field, had just found the corpse a few yards away from the spot where Mrs. Hillyer had seen it in her dream, and in exactly the position she had described, with his hat clenched firmly in his hand. An inquest was held before the coroner, Mr. Hull. My daughter-in-law, who lives at East Horsley, obtained a written account of the dream from Mrs. Hillyer, and going back to her for the purpose of ascertaining the date, she found the husband at home, who corroborated the whole story. He had at the time cut the name of the man and the date upon the door, but on going to look, the inscription was no longer to be found. It was the only dream of the kind that Mrs. Hillyer had ever had.

H. WEDGWOOD.

## RECEPTION TO MRS. RICHMOND

AT THE TOWN HALL, KENSINGTON, ON WEDNESDAY,  
APRIL 30th, 1884.

A numerous audience, comprising many of the well-known Spiritualists, mediums, and workers of the Metropolis, assembled in the Town Hall, Kensington, to welcome Mrs. Richmond on her return to London after an absence of some years in the United States. Many of our readers will have a lively remembrance of her previous visits, and of the good and lasting work she then accomplished for Spiritualism. We believe that not a few will be glad of the opportunity of again listening to the teaching of Mrs. Richmond's controls.

Considerations of time and space must necessarily limit our report of Wednesday's night's proceedings, which passed off pleasantly and with good effect, both as regards the addresses delivered by the various speakers and the musical programme. "M. A. (Oxon.);" presided, and in opening the meeting spoke as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I think I shall best interpret your wishes if, in speaking from the chair, I offer a very cordial welcome to Mrs. Richmond, who has come so far from across the ocean to offer us the instruction and enlightenment she is enabled to afford. To many of us she has come as an old friend. It is not the first time I have had the honour of presiding at her receptions, and she will receive the welcome that an old friend deserves. And again, she comes, not merely as a friend who has been with us before, but as a medium, a vehicle of instruction—spiritual instruction—that is to us always welcome, and we know that the welcome we afford to her in that capacity will be infinitely more prized and valued than any other welcome.

It has always seemed to me that it would be a poverty-stricken conception of the great world of spirit that would measure the worth of the instruction which it is enabled to give us by the poor standard of conformity to the ideas and opinions of any single mind, or that would conceive of the wisdom that it can convey to us through a single instrument however admirably adapted to the work that is designed for it. I have learned myself to believe that no single mind has a monopoly of enlightenment, and that truth comes to the earnest seeker through the most varied channels and in divers ways. It seems to me that the listening ear that is attentive to all that reaches it gains, in the end, the largest store of truth. That those intelligences who find a mouth-piece in Mrs. Richmond will find amongst us many willing to afford a serious hearing I cannot doubt, and I therefore, in your name, offer to them and their instrument our most respectful welcome and our most serious attention. For not only, I think, are we bound to recognise the diverse methods of the presentation of spiritual truth, but we are at the present time, I have no hesitation in saying, in the presence of a special effort on the part of our unseen teachers to convey this truth to us. It is an age of spiritual activity, as are all great epochs. And this is assuredly a crucial epoch through which the world is still passing. As the student of literature observes, the great poets are the outcome of the great epochs of history. The vigorous rule of Elizabeth made Spencer possible and paved the way for Shakespeare. So we Spiritualists, who see the signs of the times and discern them, find that epochs of intellectual spiritual activity times of revolution and upturning, are not indirectly associated with the efforts of spirits to awaken and enlighten mankind.

And surely the age is ripe for instruction. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand. The winter is well-nigh over: it is the time of new birth, of resurrection: the spring throws new life all around and about us, and "the old order changeth, giving place to new." There had come—it is idle to deny it, or make light of it—an apathy over man, and a corroding rust over his faith. Men had so concerned themselves with material cares that the things of spirit had faded out of view and lost their true significance. They lived for this life, with its cares and sordid aims and debasing interests; they had excluded from their view the eternal verities of spirit, and grown so pleased with the prospect as to resent with the vehemence that is born of fear, any intrusion of the supernatural, which they mis-called the superstitious, into their lives. Spiritually, they were feeding

themselves with husks, quite unconscious that they were doing so. So the appetite grew by what it fed on. Materialism spread and looked with contempt upon a Spiritualism that it at once despised and feared.

And then came the reaction. Materialism did not nourish; the higher instincts were unsatisfied; the soul was starved. Men came to ask themselves whether this were all, really all, nothing more. This eating and drinking, far too much of it, and buying and selling, not always honestly, and then dying—was that all? They instinctively knew it was not, and by degrees it came to be known that there were men amongst them who claimed to be able to prove it; and the faith that was born in that way grew and spread and increased mightily amongst men. It was fought against, savagely in some cases, treated with ridicule by many as a fantastic dream, dragged through abundant mire and mud by fraud and folly, but surviving all assault as a heaven-sent truth by virtue of the divinity inherent in it. And now it has vindicated for itself its own place in the midst of fading faiths and shattered creeds. While the interest in old religions wanes more and more, it is increasingly felt that in Spiritualism we have a revivifier of them all. Man has overlaid the old faiths with human inventions; the divine spark is choked; and in the new truth, so new and yet so old, we find that which can stimulate the latent fire. Not from one source but from many, not in one way but in myriads, the divine light will come. The time is ripe for it; men crave for it; the world's spirit waits to meet it. And so our ears—may I not say it for you?—our ears are open to receive the message, and we thank the messenger. We know that the truth has been received by willing hearts, and it depends on ourselves what the crop will be. It must needs be various; but of one thing we are assured, our presence here to-night is the earnest of it. Our faces are turned away from that wilderness through which we have passed with its wastes and woes, and its bare solitude, and we are looking in confidence to the Land of Promise, with all its infinite possibilities and all its fruitful results.

After an interval, during which a portion of the musical programme was executed, Mrs. Richmond responded in the following terms:—

Mr. Chairman and friends,—It is not without human sympathy that the spirit-world approaches the material, and it is not without regard to the sweetness of communion with friends, that we again appear among you through our instrument. It will be eleven years next October since our first reception in the little room at the Spiritual Institution in Southampton-row, when a few friends assembled there to give the first greeting to our medium upon your soil. Shortly after, our utterances in St. George's Hall were the first through her to an English audience. Since that time those ministrations came to be a portion of the daily life of many whom we see here, and those communions came to be not as from stranger to stranger, nor as spirit world to mortals separated by the river of Death, but as kindred spirits meeting between two worlds and holding sweet converse together. This communion has not ceased, but in intervals of absence of the visible medium, through whom we now address you, the still small voice of the spirit has kept alive that interest and that sympathy and that communion. Therefore we recognise amongst those who are here present to-night, those who chose to consider us in some capacity their teacher. For a child may be the teacher of the wisest man, and any spirit who has passed the boundaries of material life can tell you more than you know of what lies beyond the river called Death. Therefore do we greet you, dear friends, not as strangers, and thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the personal welcome to our medium, who, in less than two weeks' notice from us, crossed the ocean in response to the kind wishes of friends who are present to-night. As personally thanking you for them, we say your friendship and cordial greeting is appreciated, and on behalf of that other and higher welcome extended by your chairman to our medium as an instrument of Spiritualism, we thank him and you. The welcome would be valueless narrowed down to the mere limits of personal regard. Spiritualism is one: is an unit in the spirit world if not in yours: and the welcome which you extend to any instrument is given to all mediums. And we are most happy to see that there are other co-workers in this room. Those who are chosen as instrument of the spirit world cannot expect that the movement rests on one voice. A single primrose may herald the approach of spring, but when the banks are glowing and the fields are full of

blossom you know that the springtime is here. A truth may be heralded by a single voice, but Spiritualism has a myriad voices—as many as the stars in Heaven or the flowers upon the earth. Each voice is valuable in its own sphere, and he who listens wisely, and watches with eyes not too blinded by earthly prejudices, can perceive in each some ministration of the unseen world. Therefore, we come to you as the instruments of spiritual truth, doing our own work in our own way, fully conscious of, and in accord with, all those bands of spirits who work, not according to human desire, but in God's providence according to human needs, teaching, sometimes by the shadow and sometimes by the light, the lesson of spiritual truth. It is not always in a pleasant form that the truth comes. At a feast of Belshazzar the sign must be written upon the wall in words of warning, and when men are immersed in the cares of earthly life, and worship too closely at the shrine of ambition, it is the voice of warning oftentimes that is given, and the angel face is turned away, but only, when the hidden fault is searched out, to turn again to soothe and comfort and bless. Dear friends, we have not much to say to-night, but we must assure you that we come in accordance with spiritual purposes. London, so long seemingly bereft of spiritual powers, has lately become the centre of spiritual activity, and we hastened, with our medium as one of the workers, to bind up the harvest. For it is not a single worker that can gather in even the first fruits in the Kingdom of God. There must be many labourers, and as many are called and only a few are found ready to be chosen, we assemble those together who can reap the truth and gather the golden sheaves. That you will give attentive ears and earnest thought to what we shall have to say, we have had ample evidence in past time. We know that those who listen will listen with the spirit, and will endeavour to listen with the understanding. We know that in the few weeks we shall be able to minister to you, the voice that comes with an added testimony will be appreciated by you in such proportion as it reaches you with the voice of truth. Thanking you again for the kind and cordial welcome, for the testimony which your presence gives, and for that which is deeper than words and more than bodily presence—the spirit that pervades your hearts and minds, we say we trust you may be blessed in the acceptance of the message of Divine light which we as humble co-workers give from that realm of soul which in its all-pervading and over-brooding influence must ultimately sift out from the earthly man all dross, and allow the gold of the spirit to shine more and more abundantly for ever.

The musical programme was as follows:—Vocalists: Miss Katherine Poyntz, Mr. Ernest A. Tietkens, Mr. John C. Ward. Pianoforte: Miss Amy Chidley. Concertinas: Mr. John C. Ward (treble), Mr. E. Chidley, jun. (treble and bass), Miss Amy Chidley (baritone), Mr. C. F. Compton (baritone and bass). Programme of music:—Overture, pianoforte and concertinas, "Mirella" (Gounod); song, "The Streamlet" (Kalliwoda), Mr. John C. Ward; song, "Truant Love" (Cowan), Miss Katherine Poyntz; song, "The Last Watch" (Pinsuti), Mr. Ernest A. Tietkens; quartettes, concertinas, (a) Adagio in B flat (Haydn), (b) Minuet and trio (Boccherini); quartette, concertinas (Haydn); song, "Sunshine and Rain" (Blumenthal), Mr. John C. Ward; aria, "Gurdicesti" (Lotti), Miss Katherine Poyntz; song, "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfe), Mr. Ernest A. Tietkens; overture, pianoforte, and concertinas (Gurlitt). Conductor, Mr. John C. Ward.

Mrs. Richmond will hold a series of services on Sunday evenings in the same place, on May 11th, 18th, 25th, and June 1st. Full particulars will be duly announced.

PLYMOUTH.—The theme discussed by the guides of Mr. R. S. Clarke, at the service on Sunday evening last, was "Spiritualism, and the Problems of the Present Day"; and although the congregation was not so large as on previous occasions, yet the greatest harmony prevailed. The inspiring intelligences drew attention to the strained relations of capital and labour, and to the existence of a deep unrest, which, in their judgment, would sooner or later lead to a social and political outburst. The causes of poverty and sin, and the baneful influence exerted upon the living by those of the so-called dead, whose want of development constituted them a danger, were also forcibly dilated upon, and the lesson drawn was that no peace could dawn on humanity until the love of self was entirely eradicated, and the universal brotherhood of man with its necessary ultimates was recognised. The president, as usual, occupied the chair.—*Truthseeker.*

## THE KINGDOM.

The following striking and beautiful poem was uttered, above twenty years ago, by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her discourse at the dedication of a Spiritual Hall in Boston. The *Banner of Light* thus describes the delivery of the poem: "The choir then sang a verse of a softening anthem, while the influence was being changed, and then the medium arose again, under the inspiration of Edgar Allan Poe, and slowly and deliberately repeated the following poem. It must commend itself to all familiar with Poe, as being wonderfully like the poem of Ulalume, one of the wildest, strangest, maddest, and most musical of the productions of that singular and gifted genius."

"And I saw no temple therein."—Rev. xvi. 22.

'Twas the ominous month of October—  
How the memories rise in my soul,  
How they swell like a sea in my soul—  
When a spirit, sad, silent, and sober,  
Whose glance was a word of control,  
Drew me down to the dark lake Avernus,  
In the desolate kingdom of Death—  
To the mist-covered lake of Avernus,  
In the ghoulish kingdom of Death.

And there, as I shivered and waited,  
I talked with the souls of the dead—  
With those whom the living called dead ;  
The lawless, the lone, and the hated,  
Who broke from their bondage and fled—  
From madness and misery fled.  
Each word was a burning eruption  
That leapt from a crater of flame—  
A red lava tide of corruption,  
That out of life's sediment came,  
From the scoriac natures God gave them,  
Compounded of glory and shame.

"Aboard!" cries our pilot and leader ;  
Then wildly we rushed to embark—  
We recklessly rushed to embark ;  
And forth in our ghostly Elida,\*  
We swept in the silence and dark—  
Oh God! on the black lake Avernus,  
Where vampires drink even the breath—  
On that terrible lake of Avernus,  
Leading down to the whirlpool of Death!

It was there the Eumenides† found us,  
In sight of no shelter or shore—  
No beacon or light from the shore.  
They lashed up the white waves around us,  
We sank in the waters' wild roar ;  
But not to the regions infernal,  
Through billows of sulphurous flame,  
But unto the City Eternal,  
The Home of the Blessed, we came.

To the gate of the beautiful city,  
All fainting and weary we pressed—  
Impatient and hopeful we pressed.  
Oh, Heart of the Holy, take pity,  
And welcome us home to our rest!  
Pursued by the Fates and the Furies,  
In darkness and danger we fled—  
From the pitiless Fates and the Furies,  
Through the desolate realms of the dead.

"*Jure Divino*, I here claim admission!"  
Exclaimed a proud prelate, who rushed to the  
gate ;  
"Ave sanctissima, hear my petition,  
Holy Saint Peter, oh, why should I wait ?  
Oh, fons pietatis, oh, glorious flood,  
My soul is washed clean in the Lamb's precious  
blood."

Like the song of a bird that yet lingers,  
When the wide-wandering warbler has flown ;  
Like the wind-harp by Æolus blown,  
As if touched by the lightest of fingers,  
The portal wide open was thrown ;  
And we saw—not the holy Saint Peter,  
Not even an angel of light,  
But a vision far dearer and sweeter,  
Not brilliant nor blindingly bright,  
But marvellous unto the sight.

\* The dragon ship of the Norse mythology.

† The Fates and Furies.

In the midst of the mystical splendour  
Stood a beautiful, beautiful child—  
A golden-haired, azure-eyed child.  
With a look that was touching and tender,  
She stretched out her white hand and smiled :  
"Ay, welcome, thrice welcome, poor mortals,  
Oh, why do ye linger and wait?  
Come fearlessly in at these portals,  
No warder keeps watch at the gate!"

"Gloria Deo! te deum laudamus,"  
Exclaimed the proud prelate. "I'm safe into  
Heaven ;  
Through the blood of the Lamb and the martyrs  
who claim us,  
My soul has been purchased, my sins are for-  
given ;  
I tread where the saints and the martyrs have trod—  
Lead on, thou fair child, to the temple of God!"

The child stood in silence and wondered,  
Then bowed down her beautiful head,  
And even as fragrance is shed  
From the lily the waves have swept under,  
She meekly and tenderly said—  
So simply and truthfully said :  
"In vain do ye seek to behold Him ;  
He dwells in no temple apart,  
The height of the heavens cannot hold Him,  
And yet He is here in my heart—  
He is here, and He will not depart."

Then out from the mystical splendour,  
The swift changing, crystalline light,  
The rainbow-hued scintillant light,  
Gleamed faces more touching and tender  
Than ever had greeted our sight—  
Our sin-blinded, death-darkened sight ;  
And they sang : "Welcome home to the kingdom,  
Ye earth-born and serpent beguiled ;  
The Lord is the light of this kingdom,  
And His temple the heart of a child—  
Of a trustful and teachable child :  
Ye are born to the life of the kingdom,  
Receive and believe as a child."

The *Freeman* is getting bold, and venturing on what, we fear, it will find to be very rash statements. In its issue for April 29th, the reviewer of Mr. Pember's book, "Earth's Earliest Ages," which we noticed in our last number, commits himself as follows:—"When we find the conjuring abominations of Spiritualism advanced as evidences of the close of another dispensation, we, who know the whole business to be transparent rascality, attach very little value to arguments derived from the supposed evidence of visits of spirits from the unseen." Will the *Freeman's* reviewer kindly state how he knows "the whole business to be transparent rascality"? He may be interested to know that there are several challenges of £1,000 and £500 against much smaller sums, still unclaimed, which will be paid to those who can prove such to be the case. We do not approve of such a method of testing truth, but the only way to reach some people is through their pockets, and the scribe of the *Freeman* may appreciate such a chance. We should like to have the proof of his assertion and challenge him to produce it.

LEEDS.—TRINITY HALL SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, (Mr. E. Gallagher on "Scenes in the Summer Land").—On Sunday last, April 27th, this platform was occupied by a medium, who has exercised his gift more in the quietude of home surroundings than on a public platform. In his opening remarks he gave a short *résumé* of his own development, referring to a time when, from a materialistic standpoint, he went to the School of Anatomy in order to dissect the human body, and find, if possible, the seat of the human life principle. After this he wandered to new scenes, where, in the hospitals, and on the battle-field, he was kept busy, often being puzzled to find the spirit of the so-called dead standing beside the bodies which lay quiescent. He narrated very lucidly his experiences whilst in the Federal Army, and proceeded to picture to his audience some of the scenes in the Summer Land. These were especially instructive, inasmuch as he drew a lesson of cause and effect as regards the Spirit's progress beyond this mortal scene.—The Chairman publicly announced that they had no rent to pay for the use of the lecture-room, the cost of advertising and lecturing fees alone rendering it necessary to appeal to the generosity of those present to help, as far as they could, the collections. They desired to present Spiritualism to them in its highest and most intellectual form. A hearty vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Mr. Gallagher for addressing them that evening.—On Sunday next the platform will be filled by a friend, and on Sunday, May 11th, Mrs. E. W. Wallis, of Walsall, will speak at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.—J. THOMPSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is preferable that correspondents should append their names and addresses to communications. In any case, however, these must be supplied to the Editor as a guarantee of good faith.]

The Hermetic Society.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your paper of the 19th April attention was called by "M. A. (Oxon.)" to the formation of a new lodge of the Theosophical Society, to be named the "Hermetic." I have to inform you that at a meeting held on the 22nd April it was unanimously resolved to surrender the charter affiliating us to the Theosophical Society, and to reconstitute ourselves quite independently of that organisation. The immediate cause of this step was a rule or order, issued by the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, whereby, in future, no Fellow of that society can belong to more than one of its lodges or branches at the same time. As some of us are members of the London Lodge, and have no desire to sever our connection with it, we have thus found it necessary to make our new adventure outside the Theosophical Society, a course which, but for this explanation, might be misconstrued. The prospectus, &c., of the new society will duly be sent to you.—Yours obediently,

EDWARD MAITLAND.

(For the Hon. Sec.)

Seances with Mr. Eglinton

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I wish to send you an account of an occurrence which is interesting from the fact that it contains—I think it will be generally allowed—one of those proofs of spirit-communication so useful to record. Mr. Eglinton and myself having put a blank card between the leaves of a book, upon which we placed our hands, found on taking it out these words written in pencil—

"I am anxious to communicate to (*sic*) my husband. I see one of his friends here."

FLORA ELIZABETH DARVALL.

These are the names of an old friend of mine, although I did not know till I inquired, that Elizabeth was one of them. Now, it so happens that this lady's husband had departed this life only one month previously, while the sender of the message, as the medium was correctly informed in some mysterious manner, left us in 1879. A week afterwards, at a séance, while Mr. Eglinton's hands were handcuffed behind his back, himself on the dark side of a curtain, a hand and arm came out into full view, and taking up a pencil that was placed on a table with some cards on my side of the curtain, in a partially lighted room, wrote on one with great rapidity. When finished, the card was given to me by this hand, when I found written on it:—

"My dear Friend,—I have met my husband since I wrote the other day; I did not know that he had joined us. He is here, and sends you his greeting. I am aware conditions do not always serve to enable me to communicate. I do not forget those who take an interest in my spiritual welfare as I do in their material welfare. I am happier than I was in earth-life. God bless you.—F. E. DARVALL."

I gave this card to Captain Darvall, and persuaded him to accompany me to No. 12, Old Quebec-street, to see if he could hear from his mother. To his great astonishment, while he and Mr. Eglinton held a double slate between them away from the table, the sound of writing was heard, and upon opening them the whole of one side of a slate was found written upon, and signed "Godschall Johnson." The message was addressed to Captain Darvall, who told us that the name was that of a deceased relative. This was a very interesting manifestation to one who had never seen anything of the kind before, and my friend did not refuse to believe the evidence of his senses. For the first time in his life, he found himself calmly saying to a dead man, "Well, how are you getting on?" I hope that none of the relatives of these friends will blame me for giving the names. I can see no reason for not publishing them, and one would think that all who had the pleasure of knowing the spirit, who in this life was called Lady Darvall, cannot but rejoice to learn that she is happy, for in these spontaneous communications from unevoked spirits, may we not be satisfied as to the genuineness of their source?

J. H. GLEDSTANES.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your columns have lately contained such full accounts of the "direct writing" obtained at séances with Mr. Eglinton, that further testimony of the kind may seem superfluous. It may, however, be useful to mention a simple and interesting test which I applied at the second of two very successful séances which I have attended. More than once I specially examined the "crumb" of pencil before it was used. They are small, thin pieces, with sharp edges. Immediately after a message or answer had been given I removed the pencil from the slate, where, as noticed by "C. E.," it lay against the last word of the communications, and I observed that one of its angles was freshly worn down, exactly as would be the case in writing.

This change in its substance, being produced in the very short interval during which it was placed on the slate, or between slates, and hidden from view, and being coincident with the production of the writing and the scratching sound, as of a pencil on the slate, proves as completely as such a thing can be proved that the pencil was used. This evidence, of course, confutes the suggestion, *if it were tenable on other grounds*, that the writing is prepared beforehand. That the medium himself handled the tiny fragment of pencil as it thus travelled across the slate in the confined space between slate and table, or between the two slates pressed together, is to those who have watched the occurrence in the clearest light entirely out of the question. It is quite possible for a prejudiced person under the guise of full examination to annoy a medium with unreasonable requirements. But the candid and thorough inquiry into minute particulars which is necessary in the investigation of such marvels Mr. Eglinton treats very amiably and indeed asks for. I may suggest that the observation of the slate pencil, as having been actually used when writing appears, has a place in the chain of scientific evidence.

F. M.

## CONTENTS OF THE SPIRITUAL PRESS.

- Medium and Daybreak* (London, April 25).—Spiritualism and its Mission to Universal Humanity, a discourse by Mr. W. J. Colville. The Adaptation of Food to Man's Temperamental Requirements. By J. Burns. Letter from Mr. Britten. Progress of Spiritual Work.
- Herald of Progress* (Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 25).—The Thirty-sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, a discourse by Mr. W. J. Colville. Spiritual Records. By A. T. T. P. Leader,—A Medium in every Household. Open Council, Reincarnation.
- The Banner of Light* (Boston, April 19).—Anniversary Reports. "Two Remarkable Séances." By Nelson Cross. Thoughts in Materialisation. By J. Wetherbee. Review: "Life and Labour in the Spirit World."
- Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago, April 19th).—Remarkable Dreams. Leader: "No Test Conditions," a criticism of a letter of Miss Dale Owen to "LIGHT."
- Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne, March 1st).—Leader: The Lyceum System; Science and Spiritualism; Brain Weight in Relation to Intelligence; Historical Researches in Magic; The Process of Materialisation; Retrospect and Digest of Manifestations; Undeveloped Mediums; Review: Attempts at Truth; Clairvoyance; Communications from William Denton.
- The Nineteenth Century* (London, May).—Apparitions, by Messrs Gurney and Myers.
- Bailey's Magazine* (London, May).—Dreams and Omens.

A PUBLIC reception is held every Friday evening at 103, Great Portland-street, W., by Mr. J. J. Morse. On Friday evening next, May 2nd, 1884, the subject will be "Mesmerism: its Application." The purpose of these gatherings is to enable the Controls of Mr. Morse to deliver addresses, and answer questions relating to topics of interest to Spiritualists and inquirers.

SUNDAY SERVICES FOR SPIRITUALISTS AND OTHERS.—"For Humanity and the Truth," Cavendish Rooms, 51, Mortimer-street, Regent-street, W.—On Sunday evening, May 4th, 1884, a trance address will be given by the Controls of Mr. J. J. Morse, Inspirational Trance Speaker. Subject: "Righteous Wrongs." Service commences at seven o'clock. Collection to defray the necessary expenses.

THE general and perpetual voice of men is as the sentence of God Himself. For that which all men have at all times learned, Nature herself must needs have taught, and God being the author of Nature, her voice is but His instrument.—*Richard Hooker*.—Spiritualism is taught by this universal voice of man.

LORD! in Thy book and volume of life all shall be written, as well the least of Thy saints as the chiefest. Let not, therefore, the imperfect fear; let them only proceed and go forward.—*St. Augustine*.

AFFECTION is a divine diet; which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often imposed it as good, though bitter, physick to those children whose souls are dearest to Him.—*Isaac Walton*.

ON the subject of clairvoyance before death, Mr. Robert Caldecott writes to us:—I have this entry in my diary "29th July, 1873, Anthony Dickery personally informs me that about nine years back, at McLennon's station, near the Clunes, the son of Mr. McLennon expired, and uttered these words at the time:—'My sister in Melbourne has just expired—I saw her die.' The sister's indisposition was unknown to the family at the station, who were gathered round the death-bed of the brother, and who heard his dying words before mentioned. The telegraphic communications immediately reporting the deaths crossed each other in transmission."—*Harbinger of Light*.

[ADVT.]

## TESTIMONIES OF THE ANCIENT FATHERS

TO THE  
PERSONAL EXISTENCE OF JESUS  
AND HIS APOSTLES.

CONTRIBUTED BY "LILY."

[A portion of these testimonies will be published weekly, until the series is ended. They are translations from the Latin and Greek Fathers, and have been made directly from the original texts, where these have come down to us. This remark, perhaps, is necessary, as translators are frequently content with a second-hand rendering from some modern language, and often, in the case of the Greek Fathers, from the Latin. The translator is Joseph Manning, Esq., who was specially selected for this work by one of the principals of the literary department of the British Museum.]

## IX.—ARISTIDES.

St. Jerome (Book of Ill. Men., xx.) says: "Aristides, an Athenian, a most eloquent philosopher, and in his first habit a disciple of Christ, presented to Hadrian the prince, at the same time as Quadratus, a volume containing an account of our teaching, that is to say: 'An Apology for the Christians,' which remaining to this day is with men of letters an index of his genius." The Martyrology of Usuard, and those of Ado and Nother, add that "he made a most brilliant oration in the presence of the Emperor that Christ Jesus alone is God." Hadrian reigned A.D. 117-138.

## X.—THE PREDICATIO PETRO.

This book, "The Preaching of Peter," says Gieseler (Text Book of Church History) "was known to Heracleon and consequently belongs to the beginning of the second century." St. Clement of Alexandria cites it several times. In his Stromata vi. 6, occurs a passage from it:—

"For example," he says, "in the 'Preaching of Peter,' the Lord says to His disciples after His resurrection, I have chosen you twelve disciples, judging you worthy of Me, and whom the Lord wished to be Apostles, deeming them faithful, He sent them into the world to preach the Gospel to men through the universe, to make it known that there is one God manifesting the things that will be, by faith in Christ."

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## TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

N.B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; \*C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; \*Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; \*Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; \*Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; \*Dr. Ashburner, \*Mr. Rutter, \*Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., &c., &c.

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## Is it Conjuring?

It is sometimes confidently alleged that mediums are only clever conjurers, who easily deceive the simple-minded and unwary. But how, then, about the conjurers themselves, some of the most accomplished of whom have declared that the "manifestations" are utterly beyond the resources of their art?—

ROBERT HOUDIN, the great French conjurer, investigated the subject of clairvoyance with the sensitive, Alexis Didier. In the result he unreservedly admitted that what he had observed was wholly beyond the resources of his art to explain. See "Psychische Studien" for January, 1878, p. 43.

PROFESSOR JACOBS, writing to the editor of *Licht, Mehr Licht*, April 10th, 1881, in reference to phenomena which occurred in Paris through the Brothers Davenport, said:—"As a Prestidigitator of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the medianimic facts demonstrated by the two brothers were absolutely true, and belonged to the *Spiritualistic* order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these said facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena, and it would be only ignorant and obstinate persons who could regard the questions seriously as set forth by these gentlemen. . . . Following the data of the learned chemist and natural philosopher, Mr. W. Crookes, of London, I am now in a position to prove plainly, and by purely scientific methods, the existence of a 'psychic force' in mesmerism, and also 'the individuality of the spirit' in Spiritual manifestation."

SAMUEL BELLACHINI, COURT CONJURER AT BERLIN.—I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade, in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have *not* in the *smallest degree* found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus; and that any explanation of the experiments which took place *under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining* by any reference to prestidigitation is *absolutely impossible*. It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace, in London; Perty, in Berne, Butleroff, in St. Petersburg; to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen as to the "How" of this subject to be premature, and, according to my view and experience, false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a Notary and witnesses.—(Signed) SAMUEL BELLACHINI, Berlin, December 6th, 1877.

## ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

The Conduct of Circles.—By M.A. (Oxo).

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist, on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and, if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct séances, and what to expect.

There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded. The bulk of Spiritualists have gained conviction thus.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament, and preferably of the female sex; the rest of a more positive type.

Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, and in comfortable and unconstrained positions, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestations. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential; and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times, at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. Guess at the reason of your failure, eliminate the inharmonious elements, and introduce others. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful séance.

The first indications of success usually are a cool breeze passing over the hands, with involuntary twitching of the hands and arms of some of the sitters, and a sensation of throbbing in the table. These indications, at first so slight as to cause doubt as to their reality, will usually develop with more or less rapidity.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held *over* but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

When you think that the time has come, let some one take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this, ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this, if there be a real desire on the part of the Intelligence to speak with you. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means; if the attempt to communicate deserves your attention, it probably has something to say to you, and will resent being hampered by useless interference. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous, and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, or by means of form-manifestations, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer. Increased light will check noisy manifestations.

Lastly—Try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning Spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your Reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before death is the best and wisest preparation.