

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, 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.)"

The *Saturday Review* has been making merry, *more suo*, over Sir E. Hornby's narrative quoted by Messrs. Myers and Gurney in their paper on "Visible Apparitions," in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The current number of that Review contains a letter from Mr. F. H. Balfour, who dates from the *North China Daily News* and *North China Herald* office. In this letter Mr. Balfour challenges the accuracy of Sir E. Hornby's recollection in four particulars.

- "1. Sir Edmund says Lady Hornby was with him at the time, and subsequently awoke. I reply that no such person was in existence. Sir Edmund's second wife had died two years previously, and he did not marry again till three months after the event he relates.
- "2. Sir Edmund mentions an inquest on the body. I reply, on the authority of the coroner, that no inquest was ever held.
- "3. Sir Edmund's story turns upon the judgment of a certain case, which was to be delivered the next day, January 20th, 1875. There is no record of any such judgment in the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, of which I am now editor.
- "4. Sir Edmund says the editor died at one in the morning. This is wholly inaccurate: he died between eight and nine a.m., after a good night's rest."

This is a very categorical impeachment of Sir E. Hornby's accuracy. The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* communicated the letter of Mr. Balfour to Sir Edmund, and has received from him a reply, which seems to me to be weak. After complaining that Mr. Balfour did not write to him "personally and privately," he continues: "If he (Mr. Balfour) is right as to the date of the death, then, inasmuch as my vision must have been beyond all doubt subsequent to my marriage in April, it must have followed the death by a short interval, instead of exactly synchronising with it. At the same time this hypothesis is quite *contrary* to the recollection of the facts both in my own mind and in Lady Hornby's mind. I may have been wrong in using the technical term 'inquest.' What I meant by it was the medical or other inquiry which took place—officially or unofficially; for at this distance of time I do not recollect. As far as I am concerned I did not, and do not, look on the story otherwise than as recording a curious coincidence, and, as such, on a very few occasions—not a dozen, I think—I have related it to a few friends. If I had not believed, as I still believe, that every word of it

was accurate, and that my memory was to be relied on, I should not have even told it as a personal experience." It is a question of the accuracy of Sir Edmund Hornby's memory in dates and details. It is, of course, eminently desirable that the most literal accuracy should characterise records which are contributed to the annals of such a society as the Society for Psychical Research, and which are not merely, as Sir E. Hornby says, "related to a few friends on a very few occasions." Mr. Balfour does not impugn the substantial accuracy of the facts recited, but it seems to me that he does establish a presumption that Sir E. Hornby has been mistaken in some of his details. At a distance of time, such as that over which the memory must travel in this case, it is not surprising that such should be the case. The wonder is that among the multitude of narratives contributed to the records of the Literary Committee, this alone should be found—if, indeed, it is—in some small details of no real importance, to be inaccurate. Nothing but the most minute and painstaking carefulness could have accumulated such a body of testimony from so many sources without being in some way or other imposed on, if only by way of practical joke.

Our versatile and "almost supernatural" Prime Minister has been vindicating his claim to the latter title, conferred upon him by the Duke of Argyle. He has done many things that Lord Randolph Churchill and others of his political opponents take exception to. But he has fairly put his foot into it now. He has been at a séance with Mr. Eglinton. He has witnessed some psychographic experiments successfully conducted, and he has been sufficiently master of himself to admit the evidence of his senses. There is not, perhaps, much in that. Mr. Gladstone saw what anyone else can see,—well! I am not sure that that is literally true. There are apparently some persons—"psychical blank walls"—in whose presence phenomena will not occur. There are others—Mr. Gladstone might be expected to be one of them—in whose presence they occur with regularity and profusion. Mr. Gladstone is an emotional man, extremely sensitive, and highly organised, with a spiritual nature alert and responsive to every vibration of the spiritual atmosphere that environs him; a man with as little of the merely animal and as much of the purely intellectual and spiritual as falls to the lot of most men: a man, too, capable of the highest flights of imagination, an orator of the first grade, poetical, artistic, full of all that is spiritual and intellectual, hampered as little as any "spirit in prison" ever was by the "prison-house of the body." It is to be expected that his nature should be responsive to the vibrations of the world of spirit. But, alack and alas! his foes will see in this open-minded and candid investigation a fresh evidence of that insanity with which they are ready to credit anyone with whom they do not agree, especially anyone who meddles with the occult. There will be uplifted eyebrows and sundry shakings of the head. And meantime, to the list of eminent men who have testified to the reality of some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, after personal investigation, must be added the name of one, assuredly not less eminent than any already included in the list.

And now that a man such as Mr. Gladstone is, in intellect and position, testifies to what he has seen—(it is no more true now than it was before, but many people will think that it is)—when may I hope to record the blotting out from the statute-book of that pestilent relic of barbaric ignorance that enabled Professor Lankester to prosecute and persecute Slade?

"M.A. (Oxon.)"

TWO SEANCES WITH MR. EGLINTON AND A CHALLENGE OF FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

By W. P. ADSHEAD.

It may seem superfluous for me to write these lines inasmuch as the facts connected with the mediumship of Mr. W. Eglinton have been vouched for by scores, if not hundreds of witnesses, whose testimony in connection with the most important affairs of human life would be regarded as trustworthy. But I have a purpose to serve in placing upon record phenomena, witnessed by me at two sances which I was privileged to attend, through the mediumship of Mr. Eglinton.

The first was held at the residence of Mr. Eglinton, 12, Old Quebec-street, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 21st October. During the past ten years Spiritualism has been to me a matter of most solemn import. I can truly say that I have approached the investigation of the different phases of its phenomena with a desire simply to know the truth, and if some of the methods adopted by me have appeared somewhat exacting, I would seek to justify myself on the ground that I was most anxious that results should be obtained under such conditions as to render my public testimony to their occurrence unimpeachable—such as neither legerdemain nor physical science merely, by their peculiar methods, could explain. And I am now strongly disposed to believe that my mental attitude towards the subject, and towards the intelligent spiritual workers engaged, was not only apprehended by them, but appreciated and honoured.

Thus mentally conditioned, I entered the séance-room at 12, Old Quebec-street, accompanied by my valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. Up to that time I had not been privileged to witness direct slate-writing, regarded by the late Epes Sargent as the most valuable manifestation in connection with Spiritualistic phenomena. I quickly found that my usual coat of mail could be dispensed with; that for me to suggest anything in the nature of conditions was altogether unnecessary. Everything was so thoroughly above board, so transparent, that I could not from first to last take exception to anything that was either said or done.

After chatting for a few minutes on general topics, Mr. Eglinton, turning towards the table, said, "Shall we have a little experience?" He then unlocked a slate, and placing it in my hand requested me to go into the adjoining room and write on it what I thought proper. I did so and wrote:—

"Dear Mother if you are here will you kindly communicate?"

I locked the slate and gave it again to Mr. Eglinton, who laid it upon the table, requesting me to keep the key.

After a little time, no writing having been heard on the closed slate, Mr. Eglinton, putting a small piece of pencil upon another slate, placed it under the flap of the table, requesting that the writing upon the locked slate might be copied.

Soon we heard the pencil at work, and on withdrawing the slate we found written upon it:—

"Dear Mother,—Will you kindly communicate with me?"

It will be seen that four words were left out and two added, but the copy was substantially correct.

Mr. Everitt said he would like to know if his mother was present. A slate, with a crumb of pencil upon it, was held under the table by Mr. Eglinton, all present having joined hands, Mr. Eglinton's left hand resting on my right. Writing was heard almost immediately, and on withdrawing the slate there was found written upon it, in very legible characters,

"Mrs. James Aldis is here, Mr. Everitt."

This manifestation possesses for me very great interest, inasmuch as it completely puts on one side the statement which is often confidently made, that no fact transcending the knowledge of the medium, or outside his immediate surroundings, has ever been given to the world. In this instance Mr. Eglinton had no knowledge that such an individual as Mrs. Aldis had ever lived, while Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were greatly astonished when they saw the writing, it being a communication—not from Mr. Everitt's mother—but from a friend who had passed away about twelve years ago, and about whom they were certainly not thinking at that time.

The next manifestation was one which took us a stage higher, and which completely removed any doubt or uncertainty which might arise from the fact communicated being within the knowledge of anyone present—a manifestation similar to that obtained by Professor Zöllner through the mediumship of Dr.

Slade, and to which he attached great importance. Mr. Eglinton, giving me the locked slate, requested me to place a coin inside, without looking at it to ascertain the date, &c. I did so, and am well assured that the coin was not seen either by myself or any one present. As before, Mr. Eglinton placed a slate and pencil under the table, and asked if the value and date of the coin locked up in the closed slate could be given. Without any delay there was written in large characters, "Sixpence, 1881," the writing being good enough to qualify for a situation in a merchant's office. On unlocking the slate I took from it a sixpence bearing the date 1881!

Suppose we draw the line at spirits; rule them out—and, as trick is altogether out of the question in a manifestation of this kind, take it that the power to do what has been done resides in the medium. To what part of his complex being shall we look for the power which enables him to see inside the closed slate, and without the use of his physical hand to write down what he observes? Is there not something here a thousand times better worth the time and thought of the men who spend their lives in chasing butterflies and classifying insects than the pursuits in which they are engaged?

We were now favoured with what appeared to Mr. and Mrs. Everitt and myself as a most characteristic piece of writing. It purported to be a communication from one of Mrs. Everitt's controls, and read, "ZNIPPY is here," but at a subsequent séance we were told by Zippy that the writing was done by Ernest at his dictation.

At Mr. Eglinton's request that I would make a sketch of something upon a slate, I drew a square with a slightly oblong figure attached. The slate and piece of pencil were held under the table, and it was asked that a copy be made of the drawing. This was quickly and in all respects correctly done, save that the copy was a little smaller than the original.

I have now to record what was regarded by all present as the crowning manifestation of the séance, and I must certainly look upon it as the most wonderful proof of spirit power, in connection with the phenomenon of direct slate-writing, I have either read or heard of. I do not say such a manifestation has not been obtained before, only that if so I have not heard of it.

I had said that if my first wife were present, I should be very much pleased if she could communicate with me. Mr. Eglinton well cleaned a slate, laid upon it a small piece of pencil, and was about to cover it with another slate when he said, "I will also place a piece of coloured crayon on the slate." He did so as he thought, and laying another slate upon the top he held the corners with his right hand, asking me with my left hand to hold the other corners. All hands were then joined, Mr. Eglinton's left hand resting on my right hand, the slates meanwhile being *in full view* in broad daylight. In about a minute the writing commenced; we distinctly heard both pencils at work. The operation lasted about thirty-five seconds; and when finished three raps were given, and Mr. Eglinton removed the top slate.

Judging from the time occupied, I expected to find about five or six lines of writing, but when Mr. Eglinton removed the top slate there was exposed to view a most remarkable production, and one which, I am bold to say, human skill, however perfect its methods, in the same time and with the same means, would be utterly unable to imitate. On the bottom slate was found thirty-three lines in two distinct styles of writing; but the fact that gives to this manifestation its special character is that two messages were written at the same time in opposite directions, the messages appearing on the slate in alternate lines. One was a message from my first wife, signed "Sarah," the name being unknown to Mr. Eglinton, and occupied seventeen lines; the other was a message from a spirit who, Mr. Eglinton informed us, frequently communicated, and was signed "J. S."

The first line of the message signed "Sarah" commences under the last line of the message signed "J. S.," and this order is preserved in straight lines until the messages are finished, that signed "Sarah" containing one line more than the other. Here I would observe that when Mr. Eglinton placed the second pencil on the slate he intended to place upon it a piece of crayon, hoping that the experiment of having alternate lines written with pencil and crayon, which had been obtained before, might be repeated.

Upon inquiry I found that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Everitt had any idea what was being done while the writing was going on, while as for myself, as before stated, I expected five or six lines to be written. So that the results obtained were not in any sense the expression of ideas existing in the mind of anyone then present. But even if it were so, we have still to face the graver difficulty of accounting for this strangely swift registration of the dual manifestation of intelligent force.

I am desirous to anticipate anything in the form of objection which may be advanced. I would therefore observe that it may be suggested by some that the fact of two letters being written on the same slate at the same time is to be attributed to

the presence at the séance of two mediums. There may be some force in the suggestion, but I do not see how it can carry us beyond the opinion that two mediums will supply, in greater measure than one, that subtle something which enables the work to be done, but I do not see how it can help us to reach the point of touch between the spirit world and our physical plane, how it will help us to solve the problem as to how this wonder of wonders, direct slate writing, is accomplished.

On another page is an exact reproduction of the messages as they appear on the slate, and the reading of which will be helped by the following copy in ordinary typography :—

How glad should I not feel
never in our. I am to-night so near
that I am to-night so near
-ce it be in your sphere, it
to you again, although I
may present their :
am asking the good guide
-in-ally are we which in
of the medium to send
esnece have given the aid
you this letter, my power
workers Mr. and Mrs. Everitt
not enabling me to write.
poos those and not giving
The glorious certainty that
ally personally to then serious
your friends are near
are We do. We can do.
you must compensate
perhaps as the scientist
for a great deal suffered
the of the materialist
and endured. This is
they readily batter down
brief, because my power is
esnecece important ;
so limited, but I shall
tant these assured we
come to you when you get
said be that can be
home Good bye God bless you
Yours affectionately
Sarah

Astonishing as are Mr. Eglinton's powers as a medium through whom direct slate-writing is obtained, no less wonderful are the phases of Physical Phenomena which occur in his presence. I was privileged to be one of a select number who met in séance at the residence of my friend, Mr. Everitt, on the evening of October the 27th.

There were twelve persons seated round a large mahogany table weighing about 200lb.

Our séance was commenced by Mr. Everitt reading an appropriate portion of Scripture indicated by raps—those strange percussive sounds which from the time, more than thirty years ago, when Bell challenged the Harvard professors to give to the public their promised solution of the problem, have defied alike the resources of the scientist and conjurer to explain.

While quietly chatting, with all hands resting upon it, the table rose squarely from the floor to the height of at least twelve inches. It remained suspended for a moment or two, then described a lateral motion to right and left, to an extent which compelled some of the sitters to move from their places, and afterwards descended to its position on the floor as gently as if it had been lowered by a crane.

Now although this same phenomenon for the past thirty years has been witnessed and endorsed by thousands of persons, competent to form an opinion, there are still those who claim to speak with authority, who assert that the thing is impossible, and that in the case of those who have witnessed the manifestation it is hallucination pure and simple, or that they have been fooled to the top of their bent by some clever impostor.

Now, in this connection, I wish to say that nothing would please me better than to have this matter tried in open court as a question of the value of evidence—to submit it to the judgment of an impartial and intelligent jury.

If I might be permitted to affirm that I saw the table in question rise without human aid or appliance of any kind, and to call as my witnesses to the fact the remaining eleven persons who were present at the séance, I should be willing to allow those who deny the fact, to engage the services of Sir H. James and Mr. C. Russell, two of the best cross-examining counsel at the bar, aided by such scientific and other experts as they chose to call to their help ; and if they, in the opinion of the jury, succeeded in shaking the testimony of my witnesses to the truth of my affirmation, I should be quite content for the rest of my life to be regarded as a wild dreamer or a silly dupe.

I hope that is plain enough and good enough as evidence

that we know whereof we affirm and that our testimony is true.

After sitting about half-an-hour, we were told to put out the gas. This was done, when, after a little time, one of two tubes which lay upon a table was taken up, and with marvellous speed carried round the room, striking the ceiling, gasolier, and furniture, afterwards tapping the heads of different sitters.

"See," said one, "what a bright light," when in quick succession there appeared in different parts of the room a great number of those tiny flashes of light which chemistry up to the present time has been unable under the like conditions to produce.

Then from out the darkness came the voices, the most marvellous sounds which ever fell upon human ears :—wit, philosophy, and strong common sense enunciated with a method, precision, and emphasis which made it very difficult to realise that we were not being addressed by well trained and accomplished disputants in the flesh.

"Ventriloquism !" says one. Not so ; for the ventriloquist never lived who by the use of his own organism could sing a duet ; but at the same moment Zippy and Joey were talking rapidly, endeavouring to settle some point about which there was between them a difference of opinion.

In common with others present, I had hoped that results similar to those so admirably detailed by Florence Marryat in the pages of "LIGHT," about a month ago, would be obtained, and it should be observed that Mr. Eglinton was also desirous that our hopes in this respect should be realised. But it is not in mediums or sitters to command results. When asked if we might expect to be favoured with the manifestations in question, Joey replied, "We are sorry we cannot use our medium for that purpose to-night. A séance has been arranged for to-morrow evening at which it is hoped we shall be able to rescue a soul from the bonds of Theosophy, and we deem it better to disappoint you than forego the opportunity of trying to accomplish so good a work." In his own inimitable style he threw oil upon the waters, and in persuasive tones gave expression to thoughts so pertinent to the occasion as to leave not a shade of disappointment in the mind of any one present. So much for the direct spirit voice.

Addressing me, Mr. Eglinton said, "I see a lady behind you. She is stretching her hand towards you. She is now laying it on your head," and at that moment a soft, warm hand was laid upon my head. Was this the hand of anyone sitting at the table ? I think not, for in the first place we were known to each other as honest investigators, and in the next place in order to do what was done, the sitter with exceeding quickness must have left his or her seat and stood immediately behind me, a movement which would have led to instant detection. So here, as at every other stage in the investigation of these marvels, the question recurs, What, How and Whence ?

There is a weird fascination about the fact that Mr. Eglinton was able in his normal state, while sitting in the dark, on the opposite side of the table to myself, to see and describe a form not seen by any other person in the room ; to look upon, objectively, the spirit-form unclothed with the gross matter of our sphere, and the hand belonging to that form made solid and warm for the occasion, and to announce the moment of contact between that hand and my head. What is this power ? Here is work for pure minds and subtle brains.

I must now hasten to record another manifestation of occult or spirit power, which, if apparently more simple, equally with the more complex demands attention, and awaits satisfactory explanation. With the gas full on, a tumbler was placed under the table, and a fine sewing-needle laid upon the carpet beside it. The question was then asked if the needle could be dropped into the tumbler, and three raps gave the answer "yes." After waiting a short time all were gratified to hear the tiny bit of steel fall into the glass.

The tumbler was again placed under the table, and a shilling laid beside it on the carpet. The same question was again asked and the same answer given. We waited some time without hearing the coin dropped into the tumbler. Three raps were given, when Mr. Dawson Rogers and myself looked under the table. The shilling lay on the carpet, but the tumbler was gone ! Minute search was instituted, but it could not be found ; we were feign to wait the pleasure of the invisible workers. In a little time we heard the tumbler being placed on the floor, and the shilling dropped into it. By means of raps, and the alphabet, we were told that the tumbler had been transferred to the sideboard cupboard and back again—a case of matter passing through matter.

The only comment I make here is, what the fall of the apple was to Newton, the lifting of the needle from the floor should be, to a materialistic scientist, a fact suggestive of an entrance into a realm of wonders, out-numbering far in their vastness, and outshining far in their splendour the most brilliant conquests it is possible for him to achieve on the physical plane of life.

I have thus given in detail the phenomena which occurred at my two first séances with Mr. Eglinton, and so far as my opinion is concerned, the conclusion of the whole matter is that Mr. Eglinton, if not unrivalled, is at least unsurpassed in the strength and variety of his mediumistic powers ; and if God spares his life and continues to him his precious gifts, he will be in the future, as he has been in the past, but more pre-eminently

so, the instrument by which the sceptic may be brought to see the morning light of a new day, and joy and gladness brought to hearts hungering for knowledge of the bright Beyond.

In commencing these lines I said I had a purpose to serve in penning this record, and that purpose is to refer to a letter sent by the Rev. Dr. Potter to the *Rock*, and copied into "LIGHT" of October 11th.

As a piece of composition the document is not, for a Doctor of Divinity, a very creditable performance. To begin with, he is not logical; for after saying he has abundant reason to conclude that the whole thing is a wicked imposition, he goes on to say that he would gladly make one of a number pledged to investigate the so-called phenomena.

If he has, without investigation, concluded that Spiritualism is an imposition, anything he may say upon the subject is not only worthless but altogether out of place. If he has investigated and proved the thing to be an imposture, why seek to repeat the experiment? More particularly as further on he says that the practice is mentally degrading, has a tendency to enfeeble mental fibre, is wicked as a trick, and is blasphemous in its theosophy. Not a very hopeful condition of mind for the student of the occult.

About two years ago, Dr. Potter wrote a letter having reference to the Phenomena of Spiritualism, in which he said that a gentleman of his acquaintance had informed him how spirit raps, &c., were produced. To that letter I replied in the pages of "LIGHT," saying that the gentleman spoken of was just the individual I had been anxious for a long time to meet, and that if he would produce raps, &c., under conditions similar to those which obtained at spiritual séances, and show me how they were produced, so that I could produce them at any time or in any place, I would donate to Dr. Potter's church the sum of 100 guineas. That challenge Dr. Potter deemed it prudent not to accept.

In his letter to the *Rock*, the rev. gentleman returns to the charge and formulates his attack on the lines laid down in his former letter, but this time he speaks of three or more persons, to whom he applies the term distinguished, who have told him this, that, and the other, to the prejudice of Spiritualism, and he appears to think that their testimony, that Spiritualism is imposture, outweighs that of thousands who are prepared to take oath, if necessary, that Spiritualism is a fact.

As opposed to the testimony of his many distinguished friends, I will cite the testimony of one distinguished individual whose evidence will immeasurably outweigh in importance and authority, in the minds of Englishmen all over the world, that of any number of distinguished persons who have been coaching Dr. Potter in feats of legerdemain. I refer to our illustrious Premier, whose indorsement of the fact of direct spirit-writing is given in the *Daily News*.

That Mr. Gladstone is correct in the opinion he has formed I know, for his experience is similar to that recorded above, which I had last week. But if, notwithstanding what I have written, Dr. Potter should still be of opinion that the whole thing, even as I have detailed it, is a wicked imposition, that Mr. Eglinton is an impostor, and I am a fool, I beg leave to say that at any rate I am a fool who has the courage of his opinions, and that if Dr. Potter will agree to the trial, I am quite prepared to stake my folly against his knowledge to the extent of 500 guineas.

That is to say, if Dr. Potter or any of his distinguished friends will produce the same kind of phenomena as those recorded above, under the same conditions as those under which they were produced, and will teach me how the work is done, so that I can produce them at any time and at any place, I will pay to Dr. Potter, or to his order, the sum of 500 guineas, on the understanding that if the person accepting the challenge fails to produce the phenomena under the specified conditions, he shall pay to the London Spiritualist Alliance the sum of 500 guineas.

When I told Mr. Eglinton what I proposed doing, he replied, "Quite the correct thing to do! The very best way in which to meet opposition of that kind," adding, "You may safely make the sum 1,000 guineas!"

"Shall I extend the challenge to mediums?" I asked. He replied, "You may, with perfect security."

"Well, then," I rejoined, "I now offer you 500 guineas to inform me how the writing was produced in closed slates."

"I cannot take the money, for the simple reason that I myself do not know how the work is done," was Mr. Eglinton's answer; "the fact is established, but the *modus* is unknown."

"Have no fear for the future," says spirit J.S.—Why should we?

The conjurer says, "Direct slate writing is impossible."—It is a fact notwithstanding.

The scientist from his *a priori* standpoint says, "The table cannot be moved without contact."—But the table *is* so moved notwithstanding.

The theologian says, "If true, the devil does it."—Disconsolate human hearts are comforted, mental bonds snapped, and damning doubt removed, notwithstanding.

The immortals have vanquished this trinity of opposers and their work will go on until, through their beneficent ministrations, the dwellers on earth everywhere are taught that an important part of life's work is to prepare by pure thoughts and loving deeds for a residence in the better land.

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THE CURRENT ISSUE OF "LIGHT."

As our friends will observe we have, in this issue, largely exceeded the limit of space usually allotted to literary matter. Even in these circumstances we have been utterly unable to print all the contributions promised in our last number for this week, the omission of one of which has caused us deep regret. We refer to Mr. T. P. Barkas' lecture on "Psychography, the Despair of Orthodox Science." Mr. Barkas very kindly favoured us with a verbatim report of his address, and on reading the MS. we found it to be so valuable a contribution to the literature of this special phase of Spiritual Phenomena that we reluctantly decided, rather than mutilate it by condensation, and so necessarily limiting its usefulness, to defer its publication. It will, however, appear in our next issue.

We are keeping the type of this issue standing for two or three days, and if 2000 copies, as a second edition, at the rate of ten shillings per 100, are ordered before Monday evening next, we shall be prepared to send it to press again.

In Voltaire's work on Politics and Legislation, there is a chapter on Toleration, which concludes thus:—"Ceasing now to address myself to man, I bow myself before the God of all. Deign that Thy creatures may petition Thee that their errors may not turn to calamities! Thou hast not given them hearts to hate nor hands to destroy, but rather to help each other in bearing the burthens of their passing lives. May differences in language, custom, law and opinion cease to be causes of hatred and persecution! May those who burn tapers while worshipping Thee bear with those who are content with the light of Thy sun! May those who, while preaching love to Thee, wear a white robe, not turn with hatred from those who wear a black one. May we all regard it as the same whether in worshipping Thee we use a language of the past or of the present! May those who put on scarlet or purple, and rule over some small parts of this Thy earth, and those who possess little stores of a certain metal, enjoy their so-called grandeur and wealth without pride, and the rest not look upon them with envy. May all cease to tyrannise over the minds, bodies and goods of their neighbours; remembering that before Thee all are brethren! If the scourge of war must fall upon us, may we, while at peace, not hate each other, but employ the time of our existence here in blessing the goodness which gives us this time!"—*Prières et Méditations* (Paris).

All communications to be addressed to:—

THE EDITOR OF "LIGHT,"
4, AVE MARIA LANE,
LONDON, E.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 séances.

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.

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Light:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1884.

MR. GLADSTONE AT A SEANCE. —

In last week's "LIGHT" we stated in very general terms that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had been present at a séance, and we promised to give further particulars in this week's issue. Within a few hours of the publication of our last number, the Metropolitan News Agencies and members of the Press were busily engaged in the endeavour to get at the facts. In this they do not appear to have been very successful, and the brief narratives that have been presented to the public are so imperfect that we need offer no apology for giving at length the result of an interview which one of our own staff has had with the medium, Mr. W. Eglinton, 12, Old Quebec-street, W.

I hear, Mr. Eglinton, that you have had a séance with Mr. Gladstone. May I ask if that is so?

I had that honour yesterday (Wednesday, October 29th). But how did you hear of it?

Never mind. It is already whispered in Fleet-street, and the rumour will soon spread, so that you must expect, within a very few hours, to be harassed by a number of "interviewers" on the part of the newspapers. Are you at liberty to tell me the circumstances?

To some extent I may do so, perhaps, not having been asked, as I am in some cases, to make a secret of it. But everything depends on what you wish to know.

Did Mr. Gladstone visit you at your rooms?

No, I met him at the residence of a lady of distinction in Grosvenor-square. Beyond that I am not prepared to go.

You feel that you are not at liberty to mention the name?

I am not. You may, for present purposes, call her Mrs. O. I had been invited to meet Lady X, the Marchioness of Z, and Mr. Gladstone.

To give a séance?

I understood beforehand that I was to attempt to give some exhibition of my powers as a medium for slate-writing.

Experience has shewn that for successful séances it is necessary for the medium, in such cases, to be quite at his ease—free from all mental disturbances. In accepting the invitation did you feel that you could be quite at your ease in the presence of a man of such distinction as Mr. Gladstone?

I confess I did not. My feelings at first were of a decidedly nervous kind on learning that I was to be the only other man present, and naturally the knowledge that I was

to meet England's greatest statesman added not a little to this nervousness. But I was soon relieved of all apprehension in this respect. I arrived a few minutes before Mr. Gladstone, and after he had saluted his hostess I was presented to him, when, with a pleasant smile, he stepped briskly across the room, and shook hands with me, saying "I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir." I was much struck with this mark of affability, because when men meet for the first time in a drawing-room, it is not usual to do more than bow, and that is often done in the most distant manner. And if anything more was needed to put me "at my ease" it was the fact that though Mr. Gladstone, at first, conversed for the most part on general topics, doing so in the most agreeable manner, and without the slightest air of conscious superiority—he gave me distinctly to understand that he had no scepticism in regard to the possibility of psychical phenomena. He was already convinced, he said, that there were subtle forces with which "our puny minds" could not deal, and which he could not comprehend; he held the attitude, therefore, not of a scoffer, but of a student who had no reason to doubt the genuineness of my pretensions. His recent experiences in thought-reading were sufficient to shew that there were forces in nature which were not generally recognised.

After that you proceeded to give illustrations of your mediumship?

Yes. We took our places round an oval table of the usual description.

How were you seated in relation to each other?

Lady X sat next to me, on my right. On Lady X's right was Mrs. O., then Mr. Gladstone, and then the Marchioness of Z.

What slates were used?

Mrs. O. had provided two common school slates, and I had brought my now historic Brahma-locked double slate with oak frames.

I have heard that that slate was presented to you by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Albany, who had had it made expressly for séances which he had with you, and that on the inner surfaces of these locked slates he received written communications which he believed came from a departed relative who was very dear to him. Is that so?

I am not at liberty to say anything about my relations with the Duke of Albany.

And your experiments in Mr. Gladstone's presence were successful?

Quite so. We had communications in reply to questions, the replies being written—sometimes very lengthy ones—on the hostess's own slates, both when held under the table and when laid upon the table in full view of all present; and also within the locked slates.

Can you tell me the nature of the communications?

No, I cannot do that, and you must not press me too closely. I can only tell you the most unimportant of them with which the experiments commenced. We began by asking Mr. Gladstone to write a question upon one of the school slates. He did so, and the slate was held by me beneath the table, with the question upon the under side so that I could not see it, the other side being pressed closely against the under side of the table. Presently the writing began—

Did Mr. Gladstone hear the writing?

He did—and his face was a study. His intense look of amazement would have been amusing to those who have had experience of such phenomena, and was intensified when the slate was brought up, and the few words which had been written were declared by him to be a pertinent reply to his question. The reply was "In the year 1857," and on the slate being turned over it was found that his question had been—"Which year do you remember to have been more

dry than the present one?" After that Mr. Gladstone took the locked slate into a corner of the room, and on the inside of it wrote a question, which of course none of us saw. Then locking the slate and retaining the key, the slate was handed to one of the ladies and myself, and we both held it in the sight of all. While in this position the writing was heard going on upon the closed surfaces, and upon the slate being opened it was found that the question asked was "Is the Pope ill or well?" which had been answered in red pencil by the words, "He is ill in mind, not in body."

It occurs to me that these were rather trivial questions to put, and such as the "intelligences" or "occult forces" at work, were not likely to know very much about?

Perhaps so; but you should bear in mind that I have given you the particulars of the first experiments only, and in all probability Mr. Gladstone's mind was then occupied with the simple question of whether any writing at all was possible under the circumstances. Of the subsequent experiments I can only say that they were perfectly successful; that some of the communications were written upon Mrs. O.'s own slates when held under the table; that several messages were given, not only between these two slates, but also within the locked slate, in view of all present; and that some of the questions were put in Spanish, French, and Greek, and satisfactorily answered in the same languages.

Are you yourself acquainted with Spanish, French, and Greek?

I know very little of French, and nothing at all of either Spanish or Greek.

I have myself had so many séances with you, under every conceivable variety of circumstances, that I cannot doubt the genuineness of the slate-writing produced through your mediumship; but, of course, a stranger to the phenomena could hardly be expected to be satisfied with his first experience, and therefore it was especially desirable that a gentleman of Mr. Gladstone's distinction and influence should have every opportunity of the closest observation. Do you think he was satisfied?

Yes, I think so. He did not say so, in so many words, but his actions, and all that he said then and subsequently, seemed to point to it. Indeed, I do not see how he could be otherwise than satisfied that—to whatever power the phenomena might be attributable—they were at least of an occult or abnormal character. The written questions were in every case unknown to me; and pertinent answers, as I have told you, were written between slates fully exposed to view upon, or held over, the table of a brilliantly lighted drawing-room—the writing being distinctly heard while in the actual process. Mr. Gladstone had the fullest opportunity of observation, and I have no doubt whatever that his keen penetrating eyes, as he carefully watched all that was passing, assured him that everything was genuine. As one indication I may mention the evident interest he took in the messages themselves, which he could scarcely have done if he had any suspicion whatever of the *bona fides* of the experiments. From first to last he made a careful record of all the questions and all the replies.

You spoke just now of Mr. Gladstone having said something after the séance—was that in reference to what had occurred during the evening?

Not directly. But after the séance, and while the ladies were otherwise engaged, Mr. Gladstone entered into conversation with me on psychical subjects. I remarked upon the absurd attitude of the general public, and of many scientific men, in refusing to investigate what were but simple facts after all, when Mr. Gladstone replied in effect—(for I do not profess to be able to remember his words)—"I have always thought that scientific men run too much in a groove. They do noble work in their own special lines

of study and research, but they are too often indisposed to give any attention whatever to matters which seem to conflict with their established modes of thought. Indeed, they not unfrequently attempt to deny that into which they have never inquired, not sufficiently realising the fact that there may possibly be forces in nature of which they know nothing." As I talked with him on topics of a kindred character I was very pleased to see how his great mind could, even at this late hour of his life, open itself to the fair consideration of any new truth, however much it might run counter to previous experiences. He spoke at length of his own observations many years ago in the domains of clairvoyance and electro-biology, and then inquired whether there were any societies specially devoted to the study of occult phenomena. When I told him of the London Spiritualist Alliance and other societies, and mentioned some of the names of persons connected with them, and of others who had given attention to the subjects, he seemed greatly interested; and when I spoke of the literature of Spiritualism he said that he already knew that the movement was represented by excellent journals, and that many eminent men had written on the question—instancing Varley, Crookes, Wallace, Balfour, and others—one of whom, Mr. Crookes, had acknowledged his obligations to Mr. C. Blackburn, a wealthy gentleman lately resident in Manchester. I asked him whether he would honour me by accepting a few books upon the subject, to which he very kindly replied that, although he had many works on various matters laid by for reading when the time came for him to be able to do so, he would most cheerfully undertake to read any books I might desire to send him, adding, "And I shall keep them as a memento of this very interesting evening." I had a long and very pleasant conversation with him, but I think I have told you all that I ought to tell you, and I have certainly said more than I intended to say when I began.

Upon the whole you were gratified by the interview?

Decidedly. I have met princes and princesses, but, kind and condescending as they always were, I have never experienced keener pleasure than in the reflection that I have done something towards helping W. E. Gladstone to a better understanding of the possibility of communion with "friends who have gone before."

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

"Are you still in the land of the Living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there," was the reply.

Oh, land so full of breaking hearts,
O'erhung with shadows blinding,
Where half the world the other half
In sheet and shroud are winding.
We stretch our eyes away—away,
Past this domain of sorrow,
And catch the tidings, on the clouds,
Of an auroral morrow.

Each year we see the brightest leaves
In autumn's hands the serest;
Each year the bird notes die away
Which rang for us the clearest;
Each day the cruel mouth of Death
The lie to life is giving;
And yet we call this fading land
The region of the living!

Oh! aged man, whose silver hair
Is like a ring of glory,
God bless you for that precious truth
Our hearts repeat the story;
And while we sit in vacant homes,
Heaven's golden bells are pealing
Along the darkness of the night,
Making the same revealing.

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THE
CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH "SPIRITUAL"
PHENOMENA ARE OBSERVED.

I. PSYCHOGRAPHY: PSYCHIC, MR. W. EGLINTON.

BY JOHN S. FARMER.

Many persons still retain strange and confused ideas on the manner in which sances are conducted, their conception of what takes place being, if anything, even more hazy and *bizarre*. Considering, however, the long prevalence of persistent misrepresentation of the subject by interested persons, and the gruesome and garbled pictures drawn for a too confiding public by would-be critics, this state of mind is hardly surprising. In endeavouring to expose Spiritualism, these writers and self-constituted authorities have exposed, as I shall shew, nothing more than their own ignorance of a subject which, of all others, requires careful and patient handling. And, even honest and earnest truth-seekers have sometimes vague and erroneous ideas as to how, or under what conditions, the phenomena are presented for observation. On both these grounds, therefore, a plain matter-of-fact explanation of the *modus operandi*

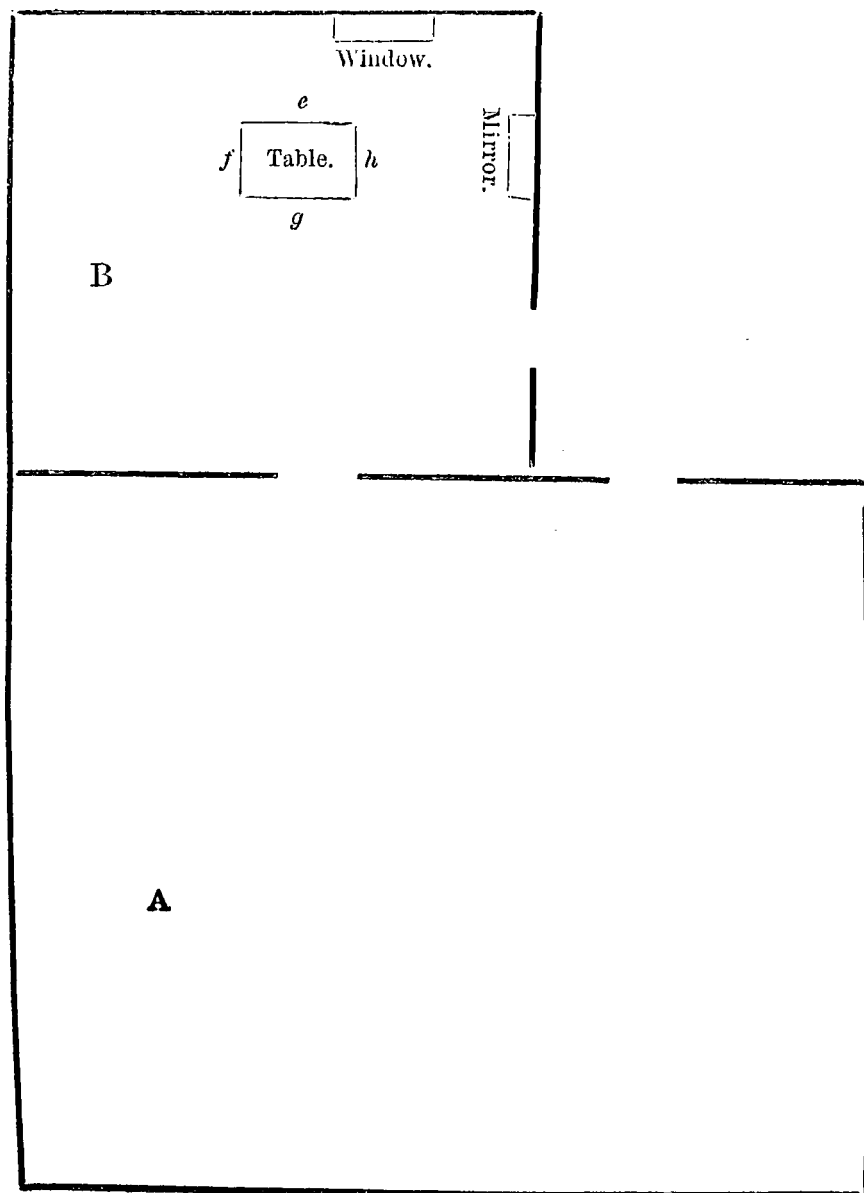


FIG. 1.

of spiritual sances may be serviceable as well as interesting, especially as I am enabled, by the generosity of some friends, to illustrate my narrative.

Let us take, to commence with, one phase of the phenomena called spiritual, viz., Psychography, or the production of writing by an agency, or agencies, external alike to the psychic (or medium) and all persons present in the physical form. Some remarkable experiments in this direction have been made by means of the psychical powers possessed by Mr. W. Eglinton, of 12, Old Quebec-street, Hyde Park, W. I shall confine myself in the present paper to the sances given at the residence of this gentleman, reserving other cases for future consideration.

One of the most striking characteristics of this abnormal writing is its production, in many instances, within a closed space, access to which by ordinary means is precluded: as, for example, between two slates, exactly paired, and fitting accurately one on the top of the other, and secured in position by cord tied in one or more directions round their outer surfaces. Or, it may be obtained when the slate or paper has been put under lock and key, or between two book-slates locked together, and in a variety of other ways.

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE SEANCES TAKE PLACE.

This in no respect differs from an ordinary apartment, nor does it contain any feature upon which an argument against the reality of the phenomena could possibly be based. It forms

the inner of a suite of two drawing-rooms such as are met with in scores of London houses. Fig. 1 is a ground plan of these rooms, and Fig. 2 is a pictorial representation of the sance apartment, (Fig. 1 B) as it is actually arranged. As a matter of fact, however, as far as the production of the phenomena is concerned, it is immaterial where the investigation is carried on—one room being equally as suitable as another. Mr. Eglinton has been as successful at the residences of investigators as at his own rooms. Most people, however, prefer to visit him at the latter place, and I therefore give the surroundings at 12, Old Quebec-street.

THE TABLE, POSITION OF SITTERS, LIGHT, SLATES, &c.

The practice of conducting these experiments at a table is obviously adopted for convenience and comfort, and is not for any reason connected with the production of the writing. Psychography has been obtained (and is, therefore, obtainable) in almost any position in which the medium can be placed—while standing isolated in the centre of a room, or while sitting on the floor. I should not have mentioned this point but for the fact that some persons fancy the table has something to do with the matter. That is not the case: the use of a table is by no means absolutely necessary.

The table in use at Old Quebec-street is shewn in Fig. 4.

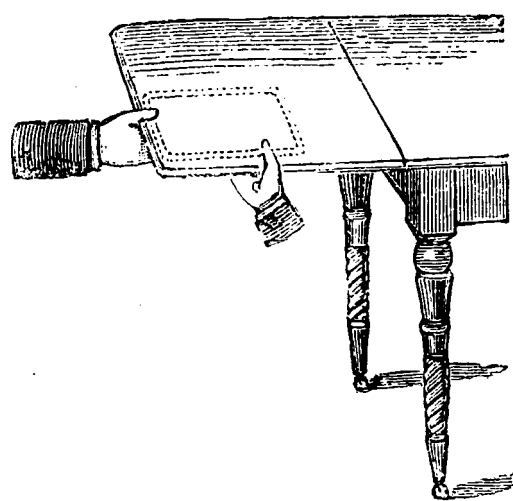


FIG. 5.

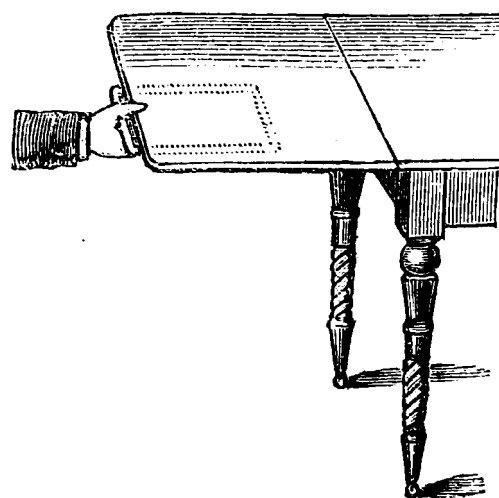


FIG. 6.

It is what is technically known as a "Pembroke"—a rather old-fashioned make, but one which many will recognise as a very common two-flap table, the flaps being supported, when raised, by wooden cross bars fixed in a pivotal screw. Any table will, however, serve equally well, provided that for the simpler experiments a slate can conveniently be held against the under surface of the table top by the fingers and thumbs as shewn in Figs. 5 and 6.

In Fig. 1 the position of the table in front of mirror is shewn (see also Figs. 2 and 3). At this the investigators take their seats. These, generally, are two in number, but on rare occasions three persons are present, in addition to the medium. Mr. Eglinton usually sits at *e*, and, in the sances I have now especially in mind (they are representative ones) my friends sat at *f* and *h* and I at *g*. By comparing Figs. 1, 2 and 3 these positions will be readily understood.

As to the light, these sances are held either in broad day, lamp, or gas light, never in the dark nor in a dim light. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the conditions for perfect observation in this respect.

The slates used are common school slates, selected in size, so that one will pair exactly with any other. These are taken from a stock kept by the medium, who buys them by the gross. Slates brought by the investigator can, however, be used, or book slates, fitted with lock and key. In view of the other conditions attendant on these sances the kind of slate

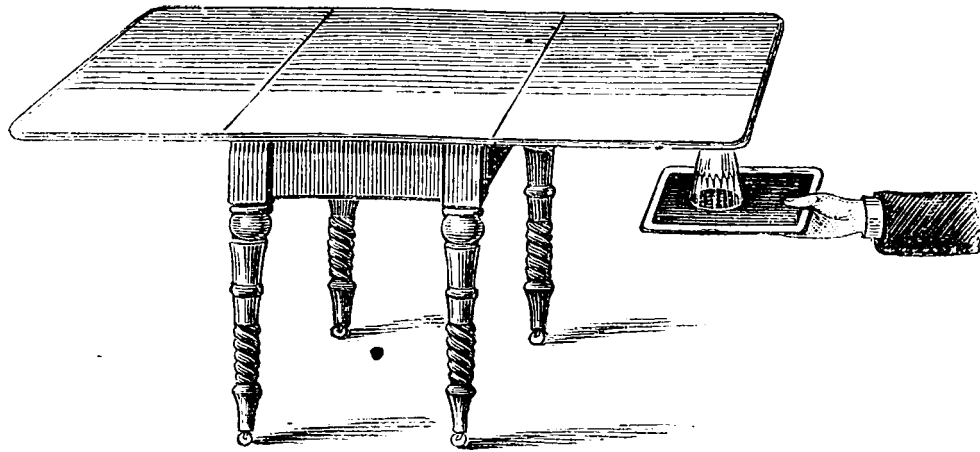


FIG. 4.

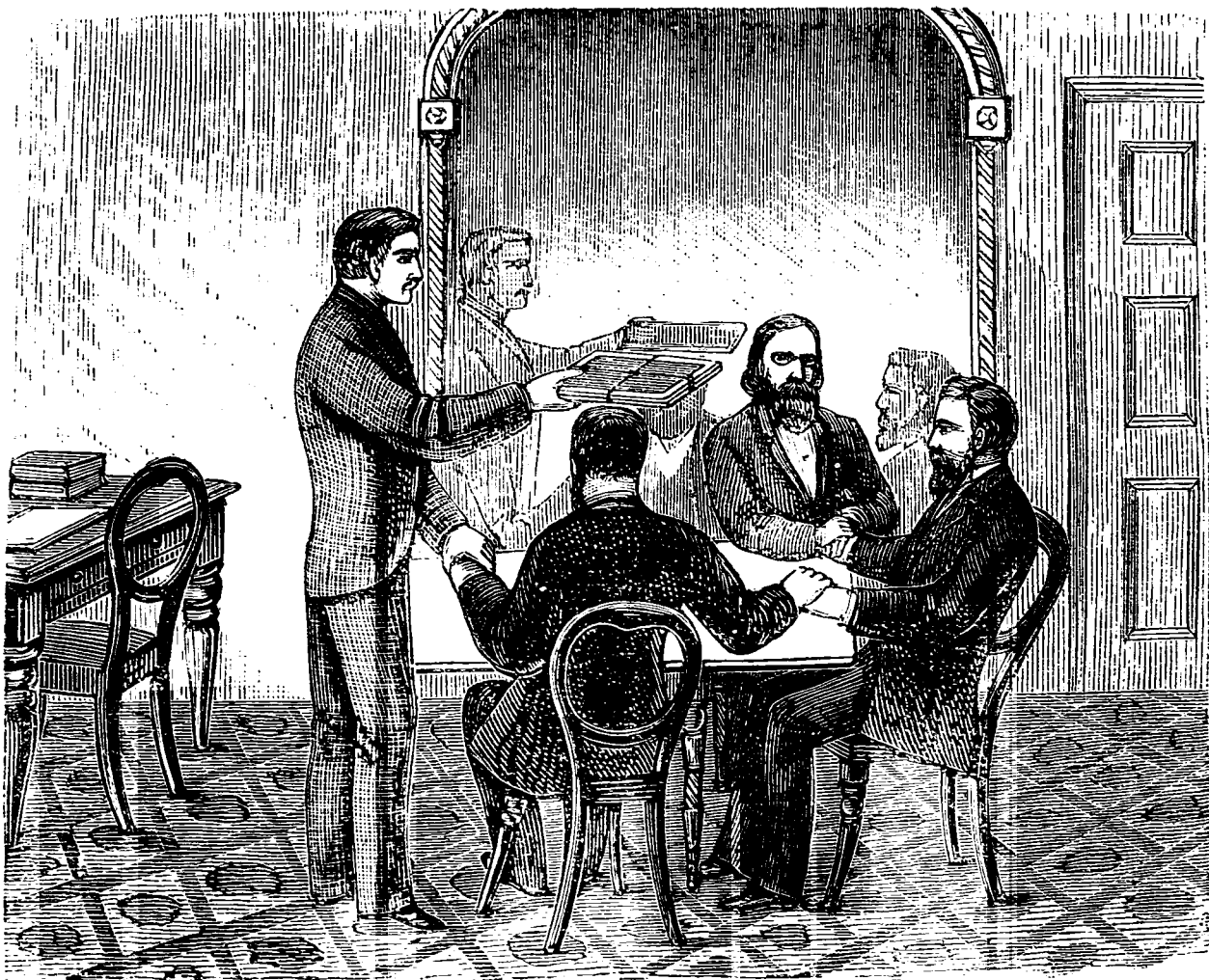


FIG. 3.



FIG. 2.

first named are perfectly satisfactory, although as a further precaution some inquirers prefer to take their own slates.

WHAT TAKES PLACE: THE SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS.

Those present take their seats at the table as indicated, Mr. Eglinton sitting at *e*. A slate is taken by one of the company, cleaned, and a piece of pencil—a mere crumb—about $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch long, placed upon it. The medium then takes it and at once places it in position at the corner of the table between *e* and *f* (Fig. 1), keeping it there by pressing the under surface of the slate with his fingers, and the tabletop with his thumb. Figs. 5 and 6 further illustrate this position. It will be seen that a closed space is thus formed between the slate and the table, in which it would not be possible to write by ordinary means. When thus ready, one of the company is desired to ask some question of the “force,” “intelligence,” or “spirit”—or whatever name the inquirer may give to the agency producing these phenomena. The most frequent inquiry has regard to the presence of personal friends who have passed away. Supposing this has been put, almost immediately the sound of writing is heard; the completion of the answer is signified by three taps with the pencil on the slate; the latter is brought to the top of the table, and a pertinent answer to the question is always found written on the side of the slate which has been nearest the under surface of the table. No movement by which it could have been produced has been detected on the part of the medium. The result is probably puzzling, and a second and third and fourth experiment is made, in the course of which internal evidence of the identity of the agency at work is often gained.

CRUCIAL TESTS.

What may be termed the more crucial tests as to the reality of this phenomenon have been very common with Mr. Eglinton. The simple phenomena *when seen* are perfectly satisfactory, and by means of these alone, an inquirer can learn a great deal with regard to the subject. These so-called crucial tests, however, are more satisfactory to those who are obliged to depend upon the testimony of others, inasmuch as they shew that every precaution human ingenuity can devise has been exhausted before ordinary explanations are abandoned for abnormal ones.

One of the most frequent of these cases is represented in Fig. 2, where the slates, placed face to face, are held over the table in full view of all present, the writing being produced while so held. This engraving is an exact representation of what took place at a séance similar to one I have already described (see “LIGHT,” September 27th, p. 402, Ex. 1.) Two slates, exact pairs, fitting accurately when placed one on top of the other, were cleaned and securely tied in transverse directions, a crumb of slate pencil having been placed between the two enclosed surfaces. They never left the sight of the three witnesses the whole time. Held by Mr. Eglinton at *e*, and the sitter at *f* (see Figs. 1 and 2), over the table, the sound of writing between the two slates was heard, ending in less than half a minute with the usual signal of completion. The slates were cut apart, and on the inner surface of one of the slates was found a message containing 130 words.

At another time the slates, prepared as aforesaid, were held over the head of the sitter at *f* (see Figs. 1 and 3.) I was sitting at *g*, and another friend at *h*. The person sitting at *f*, though unable to see, in the usual manner, the actions of the medium, was, however, enabled to add his testimony to that of the other sitters, inasmuch as he saw every movement reflected in the mirror in front of him.

The actual production of the writing without visible agency has also been witnessed. An ordinary tumbler was inverted on a slate with a crumb of pencil underneath it, and placed in position at the corner of the table, as shewn in Fig. 4. The sound of writing being heard, permission was asked to look under the table. This was given, and the pencil was seen tracing a portion of the writing, moving from side to side without any visible cause.

VARIOUS OBJECTIONS.

“But,” says one, “it is as clear as daylight that the writing has been prepared by some chemical means, and that the cleaning of the slates beforehand with a damp sponge is allowed only as a blind.” My answer is, that although this assertion might be urged against a very few of the experiments now being made, day after day, by intelligent and educated people, yet in the vast majority of instances such a theory is utterly untenable. Why? Because—

1. In some cases the slates have been washed with all

known re-agents for making writing with invisible inks visible.

2. The writing is generally done with slate pencil, and no method is known to science whereby the marks of slate pencil can be invisibly transferred to a slate and afterwards made visible.
3. On many occasions the slates used have never been in the possession of the medium, and have not been touched by him until, the séance having commenced, and the slates having been cleaned and tied together, they are put in position for the production of the writing.
4. The writing oftentimes takes the form of answers to impromptu questions, on topics which could not possibly have been thought of beforehand. Arbitrary signs and symbols, words and sentences in English and foreign languages, thought of “on the spur of the moment,” have been immediately reproduced.
5. The sound of writing is invariably heard, and the facet of the pencil is found to be worn down after the experiments are complete.
6. Two, three, or more pieces of differently coloured crayons have been inserted between the slates, and only when all was ready has the colour to be used been selected. The writing has been done forthwith, and has invariably been found executed in the colour chosen.

If it be asserted that the medium in some way produces the writing with his fingers, I can only answer that the facts of the case are utterly opposed to this assumption. Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that he could elude the vigilance of two, three, or more pairs of eyes, this would be improbable.

“But,” I am told, “conjurers produce results seemingly as remarkable by sleight of hand.” I must deny this point blank: the conditions are by no means the same. A conjurer would not allow the investigator to bring his own slates, or to secure them, nor would he allow such close proximity to himself. Further, he would not be able to reproduce, under the same conditions, any sign or word suggested after all the preparations were complete; and last, but not least, he could not, by a trick, cause writing to be executed under the same conditions, which should be, as is often the case with Mr. Eglinton and other mediums, an exact facsimile of the “hand” written by some friend or relative who has long since passed through the portals of the grave, and of whose very name and existence the medium is unaware. I know instances in which dates and names have been given quite unknown to any person present, but which have afterwards been verified. What conjurer could do this?

Another valid reason against the writing being a mere trick is the fact of its extremely rapid production, the speed varying from three to six times the rate at which the quickest penman can write. The limit obtainable under ordinary circumstances is forty words per minute; the average being thirty words. Psychography far exceeds this. I have personally known, more than once, 288 words per minute to have been written, while there are instances on record where even this remarkable speed has been exceeded.

Such are the general features of a psychographic séance. How far they conform to the truth can be learned by any person choosing to take the necessary trouble to verify my facts; how far they diverge from the supposed loose and lunatic method of investigation usually attributed to Spiritualists by some men of science, can be readily seen.

I have only touched on general conditions, but *there are others which it is quite as necessary the investigator himself should observe*. Amongst these are a fearless, candid love of truth wherever it may lead, an openness to conviction, and a spirit of inquiry which will admit that however much is already known as to the laws of nature, there may be far more to be unravelled.

“DOWN WITH THE TRUTH; LIVE THE SYSTEM!”

When, in 1831, after several years of active investigation, the professional Commission appointed by the Medical Academy of Paris, caused its report, confirming all the essential phenomena attributed to Somnambulism, to be read before the Academy, a deep silence fell upon the assembly. Then, upon the usual proposal that the report should be printed, an Academician, Castet, rose and protested against the printing of it, *because if the facts reported were true, half of our physiological science would be destroyed*.

(From Du Prel's *Philosophie der Mystik*. Leipzig, 1884.)

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

(Extracts from the Diary of an Inquirer into Spiritualism.)

September 14th, 1884. It is now some months since I became a Spiritualist, and a connected narrative of the circumstances attending my conversion, together with some particulars of my life, which bear, as I think, upon the subject, may not be without interest to the readers of "LIGHT." I think no one was ever a more determined sceptic than I have been, and it is almost a miracle that conviction should have come to me at last. It must be nearly thirty years ago since—when a young girl, I was staying one summer with my family at a cottage we had taken in the country—a gentleman, a frequent guest of ours, proposed one evening that we should try "table turning," that being a new and fashionable amusement in those days. This was agreed to, and we sat down, five or six of us, round a large table. After sitting some time, and nothing occurring, our friend said that he knew he himself was highly sensitive, or magnetic, or whatever the term was in those early days, and that he felt sure I was the same. He proposed, therefore, that he and I should try together with a hat, and I agreeing to the proposal, his hat was placed on the table, our fingers lightly resting upon it. After a few minutes, to my astonishment and, I think, dismay, it moved right across the table, without, I am certain, any force being used by me, and I had no reason to call in question my friend's word, when he assured me he did not exert pressure of any kind to cause the movement.

Had we known how to proceed, I have little doubt we might have procured spiritual manifestations then and there; but I would not go on, and as I afterwards passed a restless night, I decided never again to tamper with such uncanny mysteries.

It must have been about fifteen years later that the subject was again brought before my notice by a gentleman, who frequently visited us at our house in the country. He was a most enthusiastic Spiritualist, and had wonderful tales to relate of sances he had had with Mrs. Guppy and other mediums; but the most curious thing was that he, too, positively declared that I was mediumistic. I was most indignant at this, and forbade him ever to talk such utter nonsense in my presence.

As some excuse for my persistent refusal to listen to, or to investigate the facts of spiritual manifestations, I may mention that my dear mother, who was not only a very good, but in many respects a clever woman, strongly set her face against the subject. Her reasons for so doing were neither better nor worse than those so often heard in these days; firstly, that it was all nonsense, and that there was nothing whatever in it; and secondly, that if there were anything in it, it must be the work of evil spirits, as the manifestations were senseless, and what purported to be rapped out by spirits was generally frivolous, and of no possible use to anyone. Her objections had, however, great weight with me. She knows now, in the world of spirits, of which she has long been a denizen, that much of the latter statement is unhappily true; namely, that the doors being opened, wicked or undeveloped spirits do frequently interfere with the work being done by those good spirits allowed to visit us for our comfort and guidance (as I have, indeed, recently learned to my cost); but this is in great measure the fault of those whose ignorance and, perhaps, want of seriousness in the investigation encourage a condition which can only be overcome by increased carefulness, and the aid of good spirits and of watchful prayer.

I was married while very young, and within a year of my marriage, my only child, a beautiful little girl, was born. She was a loving and sensitive creature and the very idol of my heart. She was taken from me at the age of six years, and with her the brightness went out of my life for many a long and weary year.

I afterwards passed through many troubles, some so great that I cannot write about them, culminating about ten years ago in the death of my husband. During this time of great darkness, hope left me and faith was almost dead. I could not recognise the loving kindness and mercy of God. I had always, however indifferently, tried to serve Him to the best of my ability, and to do my duty, though it was often difficult to see with clearness what that was. I clung in sheer desperation to the forms of the Church in which I had been brought up; but religion was of little comfort to me, sometimes, indeed, quite the reverse. What would not *Spiritualism* have been to me in those days?—to have known, as I now do, that my beloved child was constantly with me; that she was permitted to watch over me in many dangers and temptations (often even

then, I had the feeling that some supernatural power intervened to protect me). Not only this, but to receive loving messages from her and from my dear mother, as I now do, would, indeed, have been a comfort. But I had much yet to go through, before I permitted my eyes to be opened to the glorious truths of Spiritualism. I think it must be some five or six years ago that I began to think much and seriously about religious matters; doubts crept into my mind against the orthodox teaching of the Church, which were fostered by conversations I had with thinking men, and especially by reading articles in the different reviews, written by men of science. Inconsistencies in the Bible, which I had never noticed before now struck me, and I gradually became what is called an "Agnostic," that is, I felt absolutely certain of nothing; I could not recognise that what I had so long professed to believe was at all clearly revealed, or, indeed, was greatly to be desired.

It was in this frame of mind that about four years ago I became acquainted with a gentleman, who was destined greatly to influence my future life. He was a very cultivated and intellectual man, and our ideas and tastes assimilating, we became fast friends. We held frequent conversations together about many subjects, that of religion among others. He was not an Atheist, for he believed in some way in a Supreme Being; but he utterly disbelieved in the possibility of a future life after death. His opinions had great weight with me, but I never got beyond being an Agnostic; the doctrine of "Materialism" was utterly repugnant to me, and I remember saying that the idea of total annihilation after death was almost more dreadful to me than that of the hell I was threatened with by the Church, for not believing in the dogmas taught by her. I never quite gave up attendance at public worship, nor the practice of private prayer, though I had little belief in their efficacy. This dear friend of mine was likewise taken from me by the hand of death. He died at the end of last November in Paris, and circumstances prevented my hearing of his decease till a month afterwards, though he tried (not quite unsuccessfully) to warn me of it. Had I known then how soon he would come back to me, my sorrow would have been turned to joy.

And now I must recount the events which led to my becoming once and for ever a "Spiritualist."

It is just about a year since that circumstances, which at the time vexed me very much, led to my determining to spend a few weeks at the Bowness Hydropathic establishment at Windermere. One morning, while there, I happened to take up from the drawing-room table a little paper-covered book, whose title, "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality," strongly attracted me. I carried it to my room, and soon became deeply interested in its contents; it was the first book I had ever seen about Spiritualism. The following day it was inquired for by a gentleman, who had accidentally left it lying about, and I had to give it up. I wrote, however, immediately to London for a copy, which I read with the deepest interest, and from that time, though "I kept all these things in my heart," the subject of Spiritualism and the desire to know for a certainty whether there was "anything in it," were uppermost in my mind.

I procured from time to time other works, written by Mr. Farmer and by "M.A. (Oxon.)," notably, "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism"; but it was not till the following June, when I came to London for a few days, that I went to the office of "LIGHT," and was so fortunate as to see Mr. Farmer, who kindly advised me in the choice of some books I wished to purchase. I told him I intended shortly going to the Continent for a period of six or eight months, and should like to take with me some works relative to the subject that so deeply interested me, though as yet I was not a Spiritualist. I likewise asked him if he could tell me of any way by which I could attempt personally to arrive at the truth about the matter. He told me it was very difficult to obtain admission to private circles, and strongly recommended me to have a sance with Mr. Eglinton, the well-known medium for slate-writing; but to this idea I was very averse. However, after a week's hesitation, I determined to adopt his advice, as I found it impossible to leave England for so long a time in such an unsettled state of mind. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. Eglinton, and after some correspondence, a private sance was fixed for June 27th, a day to be marked in my life with a white stone. What I expected I can scarcely say; but what I feared was, that I might be completely undeceived as to the *truths* of Spiritualism. I rejoice to say that what really happened far exceeded the wildest hopes I had ever formed.

The sance commenced with the usual preparations of clean-

ing the slates, and assuring myself that there was no possibility of fraud or deception. Directly almost we sat down, writing, in answer to a question, was given on a slate, and the first message I ever received was in these words: "You are highly mediumistic." After this I lost no time in inquiring if that dear friend whom I had so recently lost could communicate with me, and the result was that on a covered slate, held between the medium and myself, I received from him, in his own handwriting, and signed with his Christian name, the most welcome letter I ever had in my life. I shall transcribe it below, as it is not very long, nor occupied with personal matters, as are those I have received later. He appeared equally astonished and delighted with myself, at this wonderful revelation. Before the séance was concluded, I likewise obtained a message concerning my darling child, and was told that she is often present with me.

Since that time I have had many séances; some at Mr. Eglington's house, others at my own residence, but none without receiving messages and letters; the latter, with one exception, from my friend; invariably in his own handwriting, and as real and genuine letters as ever I have had through the post. They all breathe a deeply religious feeling, and in the second I received this sentence occurs: "This is as much a revelation to me as it is to you; for you know how strongly I was opposed to any belief in the possibility of a future existence." One I had from him covered the sides of *two* slates, and another I received was written on a sheet of foolscap paper which I had myself affixed to a slate of my own with a little gum at the corners, so as to be easily removed—letters on slates being cumbrous articles to keep. This letter, the contents of which referred almost entirely to private matters, took me half-an-hour to copy, though not three minutes were occupied in the writing of it.

I know that I have been most highly and exceptionally favoured, and record these facts with the most grateful heart. Mr. Eglington's kindness and interest in my progress has been invariable, though I fear his strength has been greatly taxed by the strong manifestations which always occur at my séances. I here insert a copy of the first letter I received from my dear friend in spirit-land:—

"I am in wonderland! It does not seem possible that a channel is opened up to me, by which I can communicate with those I have left behind. And yet such is the fact! I am grateful beyond measure to the guide of Mr. Eglington, for affording me the opportunity of manifesting myself to you, and of assuring you of a life beyond the grave. Oh! believe me when I say that this is a glorious truth! It destroys the fear of *Death*, which is but a transition, and it makes the uncertain certain. There is much I would like to say to you had I the power and the opportunity, but I must content myself with what I have written, and shall trust that this truth has entered your soul, never to be eradicated. Good-bye and God bless you."

Signed with his Christian name.

This brings me to the question, "What has Spiritualism done for me?" and will look at it first in reference to the past. Certainly my life has been marked with trials and troubles more than that of most people; but now, for the first time, I can say from *conviction*, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and by the light now revealed to me I can recognise that His fatherly hand has been with me throughout, leading me by paths I knew not to the knowledge of these glorious truths. Never has He allowed me to be tempted beyond what I was able to bear, and more than all, He has given to be my guide and guardian angel one of the sweetest and purest spirits that ever, for a short time, visited this earth. After all, I have had much to be thankful for, for, although like most very sensitive people, I have an almost abnormal capacity for suffering, and have drained the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, yet, in compensation, I possess great recuperative powers, and have far keener powers of enjoyment of many things than more phlegmatic persons. I mean such higher pleasures as the sight of grand and lovely scenery; the beauties of nature and art, the treasures of literature, and of good music. And then, after all, how easy should it be to bear any troubles God may see fit to send us during this *transitory* life, in view of the glorious future reserved for us during Eternity!

And now as to the present. To human view I appear a solitary woman, with the shades of evening fast closing around me, and with a lonely old age in store for me. What is the real fact? Why I am happier now than ever I was in my life; though while I am encumbered with this mortal body, there will ~~always~~ be moments of weariness and depression. Those

whom I love are permitted to return to me, to send me loving messages, and even to write me with their own hands sweeter and more interesting letters than ever I received in my life. Nor is there any possibility of misunderstanding, doubt, or jealousy in my communion with these dear friends: and should I not necessarily become a better woman? for how could I commit a wrong action or encourage an evil or unkind thought, when I know how such conduct would grieve those loving souls, who leave their own bright homes to solace my lonely life?

As for the future, that glorious future! when freed at last from the fetters which bind me to earth, I shall be welcomed with open arms by those whose mere companionship, under *any* circumstances, would be sufficient joy for me; I shall join them in their radiant abode: not the visionary heaven I have tried to believe in, but a realm not so very unlike our own sphere; where there will be plenty of occupation and means of usefulness, assisted by and in the society of those I love, and of other pure and enlightened spirits.

And then, may I not humbly hope that our blessed Lord and Master will sometimes descend from those regions of bliss unimaginable, "the Highest Heaven," to gladden with His presence the eyes of His servants: not as an unapproachable Deity, sitting enthroned on the right hand of the Most High; but as the Good Shepherd, who took my little lamb to His fold; as the kind Friend and Brother, who not only "bore our griefs and carried our sorrows," but who sympathises in our happiness and innocent pleasures, and will gladly welcome all of every creed and nation under the sun, who have not by wilful and persistent sin forfeited their birthright. But this theme is too high for my pen. I only just venture to touch upon it.

In conclusion, much as I long to be there, I know that I must wait with patience God's good time, striving to serve Him in any way He may point out, and to say from my heart, "Thy will, O God, be done." M. B.

"KNOWLEDGE" AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Knowledge still dabbles in the occult. The editor discourses with elaborate dulness on "Our Two Brains," saying over again what has been often said before. Mr. Clodd has a series of papers on Dreams, and, what is far more important and valuable, a paper is reprinted from *The Scientific American*, on the first volume of Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. This well-known scientific journal describes the contents of this volume as "a formidable body of evidence." It says that "the distinction of its founders is such as . . . to insure at once respectful consideration for whatever facts it vouches for. "Their experiments are conducted with the most rigid precautions against deception and mistake, and (what is equally important) are recorded with scientific precision." "The addresses, too, of the President are models of clear, careful, and forcible writing, and the Proceedings, as a whole, cannot fail to produce a strong effect upon a reasonably unprejudiced reader." The review—the tone and style of which is throughout courteous and respectful, and in every way commendable, contrasting very favourably with some English scientific reviews and journals—thus concludes:—

"In no other subject has there been such a long dispute over the reality of the phenomena; even the witnesses to globular lightning have gained credence for themselves at last. No other subject, as is perfectly natural, has been so inextricably mixed up with fraud and chicane, and has fallen, in consequence, under such a weight of obloquy. There has usually been, besides, a peculiarly 'unwashed' flavour about the possessors of these mysterious powers which are denied to people in general. The travelling mesmeriser has not been an attractive specimen of humanity, and to that fact has been allowed more than its due effect. In other undecided scientific questions, weight of authority has counted for something, but not the weight of a man's family connections. Even when it was said that such unexceptionable witnesses as De Morgan, and Wallace, and Crookes had become convinced that certain facts not generally admitted were really facts, one could not help believing that they differed in some way from the ordinary sane scientific man, and that some peculiar crookedness of mental vision was the source of their strange belief. Another refuge of incredulity has been national and sectional distrust; it was chiefly outside of the centres of learning that such things went on. Mr. Sidgwick was once told by a German, that they happened only in England or America, or France or Italy, or Russia, or some half-educated country, but not in the land of *geist*. If this Society does not at once convince all the world of the truth of its phenomena, it has at least accomplished the feat of suddenly elevating them into the region of respectability; and hereafter anyone can admit his belief in them without shamefacedness. Now that mesmerism and mind-reading have ceased to be exclusively the property of travelling shows and after-dinner entertainments, and have become a subject of experiment in laboratories, it is to be hoped that their extent and limitations will be speedily defined, and that the vagueness and haze in which they have hitherto been enveloped will soon be replaced by definite knowledge.

A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

[The writer of the following narrative is a well-known Congregational minister, who, in forwarding the MSS. to Mr. Eglinton, says: "I wondered, after I left you, if I could do anything to help forward the cause in which you are interested, and I thought that if I sent you an account of my experiences in connection with Spiritualism you might perhaps get it inserted in some of your papers, and so people would become aware that all ministers are not shutting their eyes to the phenomena and refusing to investigate them. I have given my full name and address to the Editor." For the rest his story speaks for itself.—ED. of "LIGHT."]

Perhaps a brief account of some facts relating to Spiritualism which have been observed by one who is not a professed Spiritualist may be interesting to you. I am a Congregational minister, and for many years I have been accustomed to hear of the marvels of Spiritualism from those who have attended meetings and séances of Spiritualists. Most of the accounts I heard seemed to me to be silly, frivolous, or incredible. I regarded the whole thing as "a delusion and a snare," and refused to have anything to do with it. I was, however, acquainted with the phenomena of mesmerism and animal magnetism, and it occurred to me that perhaps the wonders of Spiritualism might turn out to be another phase of these phenomena. I therefore determined, that as soon as I had an opportunity of investigating the matter, under the direction of someone of whose intelligence, sincerity and honesty I was fully convinced, I would do so. The opportunity I desired presented itself through my acquaintance with a lady, recently deceased, who was a well-known Spiritualist. In her house I was introduced to a trance-medium, and there, and elsewhere, I had opportunities of testing his power by putting questions of such a kind as I knew would have puzzled him sorely when in his normal state. All these questions were answered in such a way that I myself became a good deal puzzled in my attempts to account for what I had witnessed. I did not believe in the theory of spirit-control and guidance, and yet I could not believe that such answers as I received could have been given by the medium when he was not in a trance condition. I wished, therefore, to witness other phenomena, such as might prove to me the existence and operation of some intelligent agent, which my bodily senses could not discern. My friend gave me an introduction to Mr. Eglinton, of 12, Old Quebec street, Hyde Park, and I went to him for the purpose of getting a direct message from some departed friend. I was asked to write the name of some one, with whom I desired to communicate, upon a slate. I did so, and placed the slate upon a table, the name being upon the under side, so that Mr. Eglinton could not have seen it. The question was then asked, Is the spirit, whose name has been written, present? A clean slate was held under the table, and a message was written to the effect that she was present and would try to communicate. Mr. Eglinton then gave me two new slates, which I cleaned thoroughly on both sides. A small fragment of pencil was placed upon one slate and the other was laid upon the top of it. Both slates were placed upon the table, a foot or more away from the edge. The medium's right hand was held between both of mine, resting upon the end of the slates nearest to me; the other was laid upon the top of the slate at the other end, so that both hands were immediately under my eye, and the slightest movement must have been detected instantly. In a few moments I distinctly heard the sound of rapid writing, and when the slates were separated I found a well-written message of twenty-two lines, and at the bottom there was the name I had written, and which Mr. Eglinton had never seen, the characters being exactly similar to those of my friend's own signature when alive, and altogether different

from those of the message, which she said she was dictating, and a guide of the medium's was writing. I was, and am still, quite unable to account for the production of this message. I have it in my possession still, and have shewn it to many friends, who are as much at a loss how to account for it as I am myself. I am as certain as I can be of anything, that the message was not written by the medium, and that it could not have been produced by any agent visible or tangible to my senses. I determined, therefore, that I would see more of the phenomena in order that if possible I might satisfy myself as to the manner in which they were produced. On the occasion of my next visit to London I was able to be present at a séance for materialisation given by Mr. Eglinton at his own rooms on the 14th of the present month (October). There were eight persons present; three gentlemen, one a clergyman, and five ladies. They were all strangers to me, and most of them, I think, were strangers to each other. Some had seen what is called "materialisation" before; several had not. We began by locking the door of the room in which we were to sit. A heavy sofa was then pushed against it, so that entrance was effectually blocked. I was asked to examine the inner room where the medium was to lie down, and which was separated from ours by a curtain hung across the opening. This I did very carefully, assisted by the clergyman. I then locked the only door by which access could be gained and put the key in my pocket. This was done at Mr. Eglinton's request, and, so far as my own feelings were concerned, was quite unnecessary, as I had the fullest confidence that no attempt at deception was possible on his part. When we had been seated in the semi-circle and the light turned down, the medium retired. He came back after a few minutes and made passes over our heads as if he were gathering magnetic fluid and spreading it over himself. Then he returned to his couch and we engaged freely in conversation. Presently I heard a thin, shrill voice, which seemed to come from behind the curtain, asking that the light might be turned a little lower. I did what was required, and after a while I saw spots of light appear here and there about the entrance to the inner room. Then a white object seemed to be forming behind the curtains, and presently they were pushed aside and the figure of a man stepped into the room. He was shrouded in white drapery, and had a large turban wound about his head. He came and stood under the gaslight and bowed to us repeatedly. At my request, he came near to me and held his face close to mine. There was not light enough to enable me to see the face distinctly, but it appeared to be dark, and was covered, to a considerable extent, with black beard and whiskers. This figure appeared two or three times, and was followed after a like time by a female figure, which came forward with some hesitation and seeming difficulty. A minute or two seemed to give her courage, and she stood before us, bowing and throwing the folds of her gauze-like drapery about until it lay at considerable length upon the floor. This figure also appeared two or three times, and once, at my request, she came to me and held her face near to mine. The features appeared to be large, and the face dark, but I could detect no resemblance to anyone I had known.

After a short interval, I was a little startled by a tall figure darting through the curtains and stepping boldly into our midst. His movements were energetic. He lifted his head to the gas-pendant and passed it backwards and forwards through the glass pendants hanging beneath it, clashing them together so violently that I feared they would be broken. He then took up with one hand a heavy chair that was standing near me, flourished it several times above his head and put it down in another place with a bang that made the floor tremble. After a second appearance, I asked if he could dematerialise in our presence, and he replied by

slowly disappearing through the ceiling in front of the curtain. Presently I heard the voice behind the curtain calling my name, and I was told that a friend of mine was present and would try to shew herself. In a few minutes a female figure came forward and walked up to me. I could see no resemblance to the friend whose presence I was led to expect, and I asked, "Is it H.?" The figure bowed in apparent affirmation, and I asked her to come nearer to me. She came and held her face close to mine, but the light was too dim for me to distinguish the features. I therefore said, "If it really be you, H., kiss me." The face was immediately laid against mine, and I felt the pressure of the lips and nose upon my cheek, and heard the sound of the kiss she gave me. I had been carefully noting the height and size of the figures as they appeared, and I thought that the difference between them rendered it impossible that they could be impersonations by the medium: This matter was now decided by the appearance of a female form leading out Mr. Eglinton. They came and stood in our presence for some minutes, side by side; then the figure led the medium back, and I heard him return to the sofa on which he had been lying. We wondered if it was a lady known to us all and to the medium who had then appeared, but the voice said, "No, it was H., Mr. P.'s friend."

After this, we had the most remarkable manifestation of all. A tall figure came forward and was recognised by a lady present as a friend of hers who had died six months ago. She had with her a fan which he had given her a short time before his death. He took the fan, opened it in our presence, and carried it with him into the inner room. Presently he came again, bringing the fan with him and gave it back to his friend, after shaking hands with her. The voice now told her that she might break the circle and stand near the curtain. She did so, and there they appeared to be whispering to each other, and at last took what seemed to be an affectionate farewell.

Such is a brief outline of what I saw the other evening. During the whole time I was as cool and as keenly observant as I ever was in my life. I was neither mesmerised nor mystified in any way. I saw, and felt, and heard the things I have briefly described as clearly and certainly as my senses ever enabled me to realise any natural phenomena. I have no explanation to offer. I am not sure as to the identity of any form I saw. I don't know what they were, or who they were, or whence they came. All I am sure about is, that the phenomena were real, and that they claim serious and searching investigation at the hands of all who desire to know the truth—the whole truth—about human life, and its possibilities and issues.

J. R. P.

THE SHADOWS.

By MINOR J. SAVAGE.

"In a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

"And still as on and on it fled,
A wild, waste region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

"At last he paused, and looked aback;
And then he was aware
A hideous wretch stood in his track,
Deformed, and cowering there.

"'And who art thou,' he shrieked in fright,
'That dost my steps pursue?
Go, hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!'

"The foul form answered him: 'Alway
Along thy path I flee.
I'm thine own actions. Night and day
Still must I follow thee!'

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON & THE PROVINCES.

CAVENDISH ROOMS.—51, Mortimer-street, W.—A large audience occupied the above-named rooms on Sunday evening last, the 2nd inst., to listen to the address delivered through the mediumship of Mr. J. J. Morse. The subject was, "The New Paradise," and was a practical plea for the institution of higher ideals, and nobler methods of life on earth. Basing the argument on the statement that the highest spirits in the spheres attached to this world were once the inhabitants of this life—and, therefore, contained all the possibilities of development within them while here, it was urged that by the cultivation of our better natures, the abolition of the evils and removal of the wrong that now prevails, it would, in time, become possible to make this world so pure, its people so good, and its institutions so noble that it would become, indeed, a very New Paradise. Various illustrations were used in support of the ideas advanced, and possible objections were stated and discussed, and the address, which evidently produced a deep impression, was closed with a touching and eloquent peroration. On Sunday evening next the subject of the address will be "Practical Spiritualism." The service commences at seven o'clock and admission is free.

BLACKBURN.—Mrs. Yarwood, the clairvoyant medium, was the speaker at Blackburn on Sunday. In the afternoon she spoke on "The Use and Blessings of Spiritualism," and then gave a number of clairvoyant descriptions. In the evening our correspondent went to the meeting-room at six o'clock, although the meeting was not advertised to commence until half-past six. When he got there he heard that at ten minutes to six the room was packed, and that some scores of people in the streets were unable to get in, so had to return home without attending the meeting. He afterwards heard that Mrs. Yarwood again gave a number of very satisfactory tests.

GLASGOW.—The interest aroused here in the question of Spiritualism, since the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis as permanent trance lecturers to the Glasgow Association, is evidently on the increase, judging from the large meetings every Sunday evening. On Sunday last the subject discussed by the controls of Mr. Wallis was "Spiritualism, its Phenomena and Purposes"; and the audience was so numerous that every available inch of standing as well as of sitting accommodation was in requisition. The medium was, unfortunately, surrounded on the platform by strangers who had been accommodated there with seats, which fact, doubtless, militated somewhat against the serenity of the conditions which are essential to successful control. The deliverance was, nevertheless, vigorous and exhaustive, and seemed to be appreciated by a considerable section of the audience. On the following Monday evening, Mr. Wallis read a very interesting paper dealing with his personal experiences as a medium; and afterwards, in the trance state, replied to a number of questions submitted to the chairman in writing. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis have been very active since their arrival in Glasgow, almost every evening in the week being devoted to the cause in some form or other. Altogether, the movement in Glasgow has now entered upon an interesting phase, and new development may reasonably be looked for.—Sr. MUNGO.

STONEHOUSE.—Last Sunday morning, to a fair and most appreciative audience (amongst whom we were very pleased to see our old friend, Mr. R. S. Clarke), the guides of Mr. Burt addressed an animated and most eloquent discourse upon the "Winter of Life," comforting and consoling such as had been spiritually minded from early youth, and who were now longing for the passing away of that "winter of life," which would usher them into the glorious life beyond. An earnest appeal was made to youth to cast off all evil ways and to be ready to meet the Bridegroom, Who might come to them at any moment. The beautiful faith of true and Christian Spiritualism would prove to them the spiritual world was so entwined with the natural, that if they would yield humbly to its teaching they would never, in dread and despair, when the "winter of life" was passing, say, "The harvest is past, the summer is over, and we are not saved!" At the "Circle," progression was made, causing, I believe, serious reflection. In the evening Mr. Burt discoursed, to a larger assembly, upon the vision of Stephen the Martyr, concluding with solemn words upon the contemplation of dissolution, in the appeal of St. Paul, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"—CHARLES C. ATKINSON, President.

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