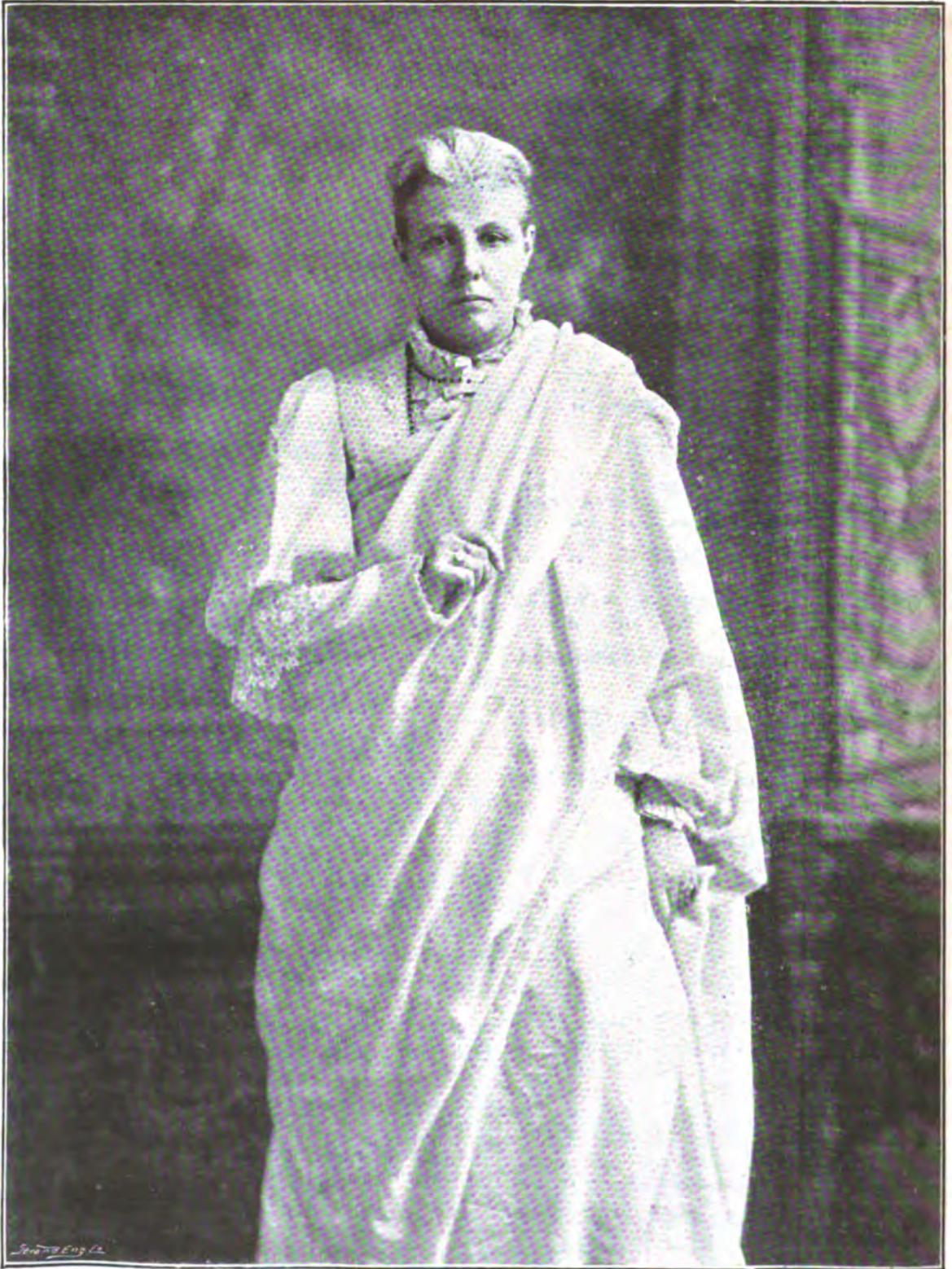


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ANNIE BESANT, 1897.

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BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 4.

I.—HALT!—FOR THE PRESENT.

HALT, for the Present! is the word of command. Halt, *i.e.*, in the publication of BORDERLAND, but not halt in the investigation of Borderland. On the contrary, the temporary suspension of the publication of the periodical will be accompanied, I hope, by a more resolute and systematic effort to pursue the exploration of the mysterious region that lies beyond. When in July, 1893, I published the first number of this Quarterly, I concluded the Prefatory article with the declaration, "Forward is our Watchword; ever forward, let what will betide." It is because I am more anxious to get forward in the ascertainment of the facts governing the Invisible World around us that I have very reluctantly decided to make a temporary postponement of the publication of BORDERLAND, the eighteenth number of which I am now putting to press.

The reasons which led me to this decision are varied, and as many of them are of a personal nature, it is not necessary to enter into them here. All that is necessary to state is that, while I recognise the importance of publishing an organ which would undertake, as I phrased it, to democratize Psychic Study, the publication of results is not so urgent or so important a task as the ascertaining what results there are to publish. In other words, I think it more important to devote what time I have to spare to the Borderland to original investigation rather than to the issue of a quarterly survey of the field.

In taking a temporary leave of my readers, who for nearly four years have followed with unflinching interest and sympathetic attention the pages of BORDERLAND, I do so with no sense of a permanent parting, I bid them not Farewell! but *Au Revoir!* hoping to meet them again after a year or two with results which, they will be the first to admit, justify the temporary severance.

Looking back over the period that has elapsed since the first number of BORDERLAND was issued, I have every reason to be grateful for the support which I have received from the public, and still more from those who are engaged in the various departments of this study. It is, indeed, a source of complacent satisfaction, and of very sincere gratitude to know that after conducting this periodical for four years, I shall lay it down with the hearty good-will of all those with whose interests I have been editorially connected, whether it is the Psychical Researchers, the Theosophists, or the Spiritualists, to name the three classes into which Borderlanders may be roughly divided. I think I may fairly claim that if I have not held the balance even, I have, at any rate, kept in sympathetic touch with all three sections, nor has anything appeared in the pages of BORDERLAND which has rendered it difficult for me to resume the publication of some such organ when the time is ripe. I may even flatter myself that the net result of the publication of BORDERLAND has been to dull the edge of sectarian antipathies, and to convince everyone that the spirit of charity and tolerance is as much needed in the Psychic as in the

Ecclesiastical field. It is a great step in advance when investigators learn to admit, not for the moment merely when they are cornered by force of logic, or of facts, but constantly, as a habit of thought, that other investigators who adopt different methods are quite as honest, and may be quite as successful as themselves in wresting the hidden truth from the mine in which it is concealed. Students of very different schools have learned to meet, at least on the neutral ground of the pages of BORDERLAND, and to note, with I hope a continually decreasing amount of intellectual and spiritual scorn, what their neighbours were doing. Each, of course, goes on his own beaten track, and it is as well that it should be so, but there is a distinct growth, notably among Spiritualists and Theosophists, of the conviction of the importance of preserving the unity of spirit in the bond of their common faith in the reality of the Invisible World.

Of the Psychical Research Society it is difficult to speak quite so hopefully. While there has been on one side a distinct growth of a conviction on the part of its leading members in favour of the spiritualistic hypothesis, there has been an increasing tendency on the other hand to mask this approach to Spiritism by a high disdain for all those who do not follow the straight and narrow path laid down by the S. P. R. We all have our little weaknesses, and if the phylacteries of some of the pundits of the S. P. R. are exceeding broad, that is an idiosyncrasy which ought to be noted with amusement rather than to be condemned with contempt. Whether it is in America, where Mr. Hodgson has apparently thoroughly satisfied himself as to the reality of Spirit Return in an exhaustive series of experiments with Mrs. Piper, of which a full report will soon be laid before the Psychical Research Society, or whether it is in this country—notwithstanding the temporary set back of Eusapia Paladino incident—the trend of opinion among the leaders of the S. P. R. has been steadily in one direction. We have every reason to rejoice over the progress which has been made. The progress is not so rapid as might have been anticipated, and personal jealousy has tended to obscure, to some extent, the advance that has been achieved; but even if the S. P. R. had yielded nothing more during the last three or four years than the papers of Miss X. and the Reports of Mr. Hodgson, it would deserve our gratitude.

I think we may also congratulate ourselves upon a second gain that has resulted from the publication of BORDERLAND. Its appearance every Quarter has helped to break down the absurd wall which has been built up between the Other World and this, a wall made of the bricks of sceptical superstition, and cemented by the supercilious contempt of bigoted ignorance. BORDERLAND, even where it is little more than a name, has tended to give courage to the timid, and to strengthen those who were afraid to confess their belief in the reality of the Invisible World. Even on the magistrate's bench, the fact that a high-class publication published under such auspices deemed the phenomena of occultism worthy of respectful examination, tended to check the zeal of the ignorant prosecutor, who to-day, as always, endeavours to choke free inquiry by the threat of fine and imprisonment. It has been a distinct gain to freedom of thought, and liberty of inquiry throughout the world, that those who were derided and bullied for their faith in psychic things to be able to shelter themselves behind our publication. In the most hostile quarters, it has been most reluctantly admitted that, however eccentric we might be, nevertheless it was impossible, in view of the publication of BORDERLAND, to maintain seriously that no one but a lunatic, or an imbecile, or a knave, could believe in the reality of occult phenomena.

The suspension of its publication will, I fear, to some extent, impair the help it has afforded to those who are afraid to confess the faith that is within them. This is one of the inevitable disadvantages of the step which I am taking, but I hope it will be possible to minimise this misfortune if I assert, as I have no hesitation in doing, that the experience of the four years has tended to deepen and strengthen my conviction as to the reality of the phenomena in question, and the importance of subjecting them to close, searching, and sympathetic examination. No one can truthfully assert that I have dropped BORDERLAND because I do not believe in it. I have suspended BORDERLAND, because I believe in it more than ever, and because I have a confident expectation that after the period of suspension we shall be able to come back bearing proofs that will confound the most obstinate sceptic in the materialistic ranks.

A third improvement, that is distinctly observable in these four years, has been the increased recognition on the part of thoughtful persons within the churches that it is possible the key to many mysteries of their faith may be found in the Borderland. Of this the most notable is the frank recognition by a leader of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), that Telepathy may explain many answers to prayer, and supply a helpful suggestion for explaining one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church. The time is coming when all the churches will recognize that in this obscure and much ridiculed field of investigation lies their best

hope of re-establishing on scientific foundations the faith which materialistic science has succeeded, not in shattering, but in shaking. The old faith will be built up more strongly than ever, but some of the old foundations have mouldered away under the corroding influences of modern science.

In bringing about this welcome change, it has been the privilege of BORDERLAND to play a part which, however subordinate, has nevertheless been on the right side, and its influence has tended, so far as it has gone, to rationalise conventional orthodoxy and to spiritualise psychic research.

When we come to consider the question of the actual survey and exploration of Borderland, there is reason for a certain chastened satisfaction. Progress has been made, but not so much as we hoped for. That fact, indeed, is the chief justification of the suspension for the present of BORDERLAND. I hope I shall in the future be able to make more progress in that investigation than we have been able to record in the past. Those who are sufficiently psychic to conduct such an inquiry are numerous, no doubt, for the Sixth Sense seems to be possessed by everybody, although in infinitely varying degrees of development. But those who are developed sufficiently to observe phenomena for themselves, without extraneous help, are seldom possessed of the scientific instinct. The most interesting phenomena occur with persons to whom they are so familiar that they pass unobserved. On the other hand, some of those who are most interested in the subject, and who observe most closely, are as blind as bats from a psychic point of view. Take, for instance, Mr. Myers. No one has bestowed more painstaking attention upon all kinds of phenomena, but so far as personal experience goes he is blind and deaf.

Our chief disappointment has been the discovery of the difficulty of harmonious co-operation between the few who do possess the necessary intellectual and psychic qualities. I thought that the transcendent importance of the subject, and the fact that so few are both competent and willing to investigate, would have been sufficient to have overridden minor considerations of personality, or of conventionality, but as it has been in the beginning, so it is now, and the personal equation, with all its prejudices and antipathies remains to-day, as yesterday, an insuperable obstacle in the way of union, even in the most important cause. This, which has been the bane of the Church in every age, and has quite recently rent in twain the Theosophical Society, has not been without its influence here.

The last four years have probably affected each reader of BORDERLAND in a different way, but so far as I am personally concerned I can say that the chief lesson I have learned has been a better realization of the extreme complexity of the so-called supernatural phenomena, and the absolute impossibility of explaining them by any single hypothesis. The more we know of the mysterious realm that surrounds us, the less ready are we to dogmatize. So marvellous are the things which we know to be true, so utterly at variance are they with everything that is ordinarily accepted as true by the ordinary world, that there is hardly anything that can be regarded as antecedently impossible. Hence, more than ever do I feel it necessary to hold the judgment in suspense, and while admitting all things to be possible, recognize that very few things are certain, and that even those which seem to be most certainly true may be proved to be mistaken by a little more light, and a little more experience. Of one thing only I am more absolutely convinced of than ever, and that is that the ordinary limited materialistic view of man and of the world on which he lives, are absolutely inadequate to account for what we know to be happening all the time. Whatever else may be true, the faith in which the majority of people live and die, which is based upon the assumption that there is nothing but matter is absolutely and demonstrably false.

I cannot say that my sense of the dangers of psychic study has been deepened by my experience. So far as I can speak, personally, I may say that it has absolutely no prejudicial effect on my health, nor have I experienced any inconvenience from any of my communications with residents in BORDERLAND. A single sleepless night, or one indigestible dish, would cause me more inconvenience than all the spooks I have ever met. At the same time, I am keenly sensitive to the immense dangers that may result from heedless or irrational investigation. No one who has witnessed the phenomenon of demoniacal possession can ever feel other than cautious over this method of investigation. At the same time such cases are rare, and not more frequent than those of religious mania, which follow in the wake of every revival. So far as psychic investigation is concerned, I have found that when it is pursued in moderation, with due regard to limitations of common sense, and in a right spirit, nothing but good results from it. But every step which is taken in Borderland tends to open up new possibilities of error, perplexing inconsistencies, and almost inconceivable incongruities. Nothing is more puzzling than the extraordinary dovetailing of falsehood and truth—the interpolation, as it were, of inaccuracies in the midst of statements, the truth of which has been verified up to the hilt. This interpenetration of falsehood with truth in

communications from the Other Side, may be necessary in order to avoid the evils which would obviously result from too great dependence of spirit guidance.

This remark naturally suggests one series of publication published in BORDERLAND, which I look back upon with most unalloyed satisfaction. I refer to the letters from Julia, which were written automatically by my hand, and which are brought to an untimely close by the two letters which appear in this number. If these communications emanate, as the sceptics suggest from my own subconscious self, I can only say that the subconscious self is so distinct from its conscious counterpart that to me it is a distinct individuality, and one which I am afraid I must admit is upon a much higher moral and spiritual plane. This, however, is a matter that will probably be discussed more profitably when the collected letters appear in book form.

The four volumes of BORDERLAND, which will be completed with this issue, are interesting and useful contributions to psychic study. No doubt faults can be found with their contents, no matter what standpoint we can take. No one can find more faults in them than myself, but take them as a whole, they are intensely interesting. To use a familiar phrase, "they palpitate with actuality," and no one can cursorily dip into their contents without feeling that they are face to face with a multitude of honest, earnest, puzzle-headed persons, who are constantly familiar with some of the most extraordinary phenomenon known to mortal man. One thing we may claim without any fear of its being gainsaid—BORDERLAND may have been anything you please, but it has never been dull, and never been heavy.

Once more I close this notice by intimating that I have no intention whatever of severing myself from the thousands of psychic students, with whom I have been brought into contact by the publication of BORDERLAND. Our little library, such as it is, will remain at the service of all our subscribers who wish to read the books on its shelves. I shall at all times be glad to hear, by correspondence or otherwise, from those who desire counsel, or who wish to communicate results. I shall continue to prosecute steadily and with more vigour than I have hitherto done my investigations of Borderland phenomena, but for the present the publication of the quarterly is suspended, and, therefore, I must bid my readers for the time being a temporary Good-bye.

SOME FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS.

ALTHOUGH BORDERLAND will not appear quarterly, I hope that the supply of literature bearing upon the subject will not fail. There is no fear of this, so far as fiction is concerned, for occultism seems to have taken up its abode in the modern novel, and will remain there for some time. But among the publications which are either arranged for at present or in contemplation are the following:—

1. "Real Ghost Stories"; a Reprint of the Christmas and New Year Numbers of the *Review of Reviews*, 1891-2. By W. T. Stead. Publisher: Grant Richards, London. 5s.
2. "Letters from Julia;" or Communications from the Borderland. In preparation.
3. "Excursions in the Borderland." By Miss X.
4. "A Gallery of Borderlanders." Reprint of the Character Sketches which have appeared in BORDERLAND.
5. "Ghosts that I have seen." By Mrs. Russell Davies.

II.—LETTERS FROM "JULIA": A PARTING WORD.

NOTHING that I have published in BORDERLAND has attracted so much attention as the Letters from "Julia." This was, from one point of view, not to be wondered at. But to those who are aware of the usual style of communications made through the mediums, who receive them from the unseen, the fact that Julia's letters have commanded such sustained interest is more marvellous than their origin. From all parts of the world I have received letters and other communications, thanking me for the help and inspiration which Julia's messages have brought into the lives of readers, to whom they have given new life and hope. And the fact that I have to close this series of her letters, so far as the public is concerned, is to me much the saddest thing about the present suspension of the publication of BORDERLAND. The letters will shortly be republished in book form.

September 19th, 1897.—Julia. My dearest friend,—My heart is somewhat sad within me at the thought that this may be the last time for some months that I shall have the much prized opportunity of communicating with my friends, whom I have so often addressed through the pages of BORDERLAND. It is now nearly four years since I began to write for them, and I have had much blessed evidence as to the help which my letters have given to many who had otherwise almost despaired.

HER PARTING WORD.

Now that for the present, and only for the present, my letters must cease, I feel more than ever impressed with the importance of insisting once more, more strongly than ever before, on the great truth that God is Love, and that all who love really and truly are in God and He in them. I have said this many times. But you do not seem to realise how literally true it is, and how absurd it will seem to you when you come over here and see how God has been kept out of your lives because of the lack of love in your hearts. There is nothing in all the worlds so true, so vital, so universal as this. Love and God are the same, and when, from any cause, you hate or do not love, to that extent you shut God out from your life.

If I had only one message to give, this is the message—Love.

ON BEING AS GOD.

If you would be as God, Love! Everything you love is a step towards Heaven. Everything you dislike so as to make you incapable of loving anyone, takes you down the steps away from Him. You think that it is righteous to be wrath, and you do well. But although you may be righteous and wrath, you cannot be at one with God if your wrath makes you to be out of charity with the offender. You may punish the offender—but in love. If you love to punish, if the pain you inflict pleases you—beware! You are out of love, and to be out of love is to be out of the very Being of God.

ON PUNISHING.

["But," I objected, "does this not result in spoiling people?"]

No; this is not to spoil people. Be just; nay, even be sternly just. You do not neglect to punish your child because you love him. But the pain you inflict is felt first by yourself. You cannot punish another rightly but you must bear it upon your own heart first. All bitterness, all desire for vengeance, all hardening of the heart that causes you not to feel the pain you must inflict upon another; these things are contrary to love and, therefore, are enemies of God. Love is not mere yielding to pleasant, easy-going complacency or indifference; that is not love, but self-love. The love that spoils a child is cruel as hate. It is selfishness. You must often smite in love. But love feels the blow before it is delivered; suffers first and feels the most. This is one of the many, the innumerable lessons of the Passion of our Lord.

ON THE GAIN OF DEATH.

When I have written of late months I have not said so much as I did in my earliest letters about the spirit life and the ever blessed realities of our union with Him who is Love, and with whom to be is Heaven. But there is nothing that I wrote that I have to unsay. Rather, if I could, would I repeat it all over again, more earnestly, more lovingly than ever. The greatest, the most delightful, the only important thing, compared with which all other things are as nothing, is that by what you call Death we have come into a far closer, more intimate realisation of His presence, of His Life in us, and our Life in Him. All that we can say, all that has been but as faint and imperfect symbols.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Oh, my friend, my friend, you know not, nor can I ever pretend to begin to explain the exceeding wonder, and glory, and infinitude of the sense of the realised Love of God for us, in which we live, and move, and have our being. I wish that I could make you feel it more. I wish I could explain it better. But I cannot say more than that—it is more than I ever dreamed of, more, far more than I tried to explain in my first letters. All that you know of earthly love—the love of mother for her child, the love of bridegroom for bride, the love of husband and wife—all earthly loves and ecstasies of affection, are

but as the alphabet of the language of Heaven. And the more ideally and unselfishly you love, the more you understand God and have God in you, the hope of glory. What the glories of sunrise are to the grey twilight that precedes dawn, is our life of love to the life you lead, excepting in those high moments when the heart glows with a divine exaltation which is born of the inspiration and consecration of love.

ON THE VISION OF GOD.

Alas, how feeble are my words! I cannot utter what I feel. I only know that when you will know you will feel as powerless as myself to explain.

Now, this is why I am always saying to you Love, Love, Love. Because the difference between your side and this side is chiefly in this—there is more love here, as there is more sunshine in summer than in winter. If there were but more love in your world it would be even as ours; for to you also would be given the Vision of God.

And that brings one to another truth, which I would fain once more insist upon before I close my letter.

ON THE LAST ENEMY.

Your world is not at all so hopeless as you think. You have far more Divine attributes than you imagine. The worst of your world is the want of love. If there were love where there is hatred or indifference, earth would become Heaven. Even your most sceptical people admit that. But they say that even with love there would be the anguish of parting and the misery of death, and while this is so, who increases love increases sorrow, for the closer the tendrils twine the more anguish it causes to tear them off.

And that is why I have ever been so insistent upon the fact that if you will but cultivate your souls and cease to immerse yourselves in inert matter you will be able to triumph over the last enemy. For you who have so imperfectly, and at such irregular intervals, made proof of what I say, know that it is often possible, even to you whose life is so engrossed with worldly cares and pressing duties, to communicate or to receive communications from friends far away of so intimate and constant a nature that they throw into the shade all speech and correspondence.

GLEAMS OF THE COMING DAY.

You know also, from the experience of friends, that the possibilities of the multiplication of person, the creation of the apparent Double of one's body, and its transport to any place with the speed of thoughts is no mere phantasy of the imagination. These things with you are fitful gleams of the coming day. They can be, as I have told you, developed until parting will be no more, and the greatest drawback to the increase of love will vanish away.

There is no sense that shall not be satisfied, no demonstration of the reality of this latent energy of spirit that shall be wanting. The spirit that takes no

heed of the limitations and trammels of the body when the body lives is not less free when the body is laid in the grave. The power that creates a Double can cause the living who love to receive their dead again.

AN OBJECTION TO A REPROOF.

[But all these years I have never seen you.]

Now, my dearest friend, it is true as you object that you have never seen me since I passed over. But when the water is disturbed there is no reflection of your face. There must be a calm and placid surface even for a mirror. And how often have you been calm and placid, tranquilly waiting for the manifestation of the Invisible?

You know that though you have not seen me with your own eye, others have, and that under circumstances which preclude deception. And if you have not seen me, have you not had constant witness of my presence in messages and communications which have never failed these five years?

JULIA ON THE EVIDENCE OF HER EXISTENCE.

[But, perhaps, after all, they may have been—]

Oh, I know well the sceptical doubt. These messages which you have received at all times and seasons; of which possibly a hundredth part have been published in *BORDERLAND*, may, you suggest, have been due solely to your subconsciousness, your other self. Your hand which has written things unknown to you which have occurred in the past, and which has written things as yet unknown to any one which have been fulfilled in the future, is, moved not by me but by some hitherto unknown segment of your soul. Well, you can take it so if you please. But you know, best of all, whether these communications, many of which ran directly counter to your own views, and all of which form a consistent whole with a distinct character and individuality of their own, did, or did not, emanate from your own mind. They certainly did not emanate from your conscious mind; and if you know nothing of their contents, you know nothing of their origin. I, who know both, have always told you the same thing. I am your old friend on earth-life who passed away some five years ago. And who has ever since been with you to teach, to console, and to assist you in direction.

When we speak of death as separation, has it separated us? Have I not been more constantly, more faithfully, more intimately with you than ever was possible to me when on earth. Then, if that be so, and you know it is true, why should you doubt that it can be so with all mortals? For what one attains is a measure of the latent possibilities of all beings.

I have often regretted that you did not take more practical steps to establish the Bureau of which I have so often written you. But, perhaps, I have been too impatient. The times and the seasons are not revealed to us, even here. But it will come, and when it comes you will understand.

JULIA.

ON THE PROPOSED BUREAU OF THE BORDERLAND.

SOME DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS. By "JULIA."

THE following letters from Julia were written nine months ago, but have not been published till this quarter. As the subject is one to which my friend attaches the greatest importance, I am glad to bring the first series of her messages to a close with this very clear exposition of the difficulties and dangers that must be faced by those who would establish a bureau of communication between the Two Worlds.

December 12th, 1896.—Julia. My dearest friend. When you get the Bureau of Communication established you will be overwhelmed with applications from both sides.

DEATH AS THE SERVANT OF MAN.

And you will find that there are multitudes who will ask for messages, but will receive none. You remember I said that I told you at the very beginning that I could either get you an answer or tell you why no communication could be established. Now there are many on this side who have been trying to get into touch with those on your side, and they have failed. You have many on your side who will make the same attempt, and who fail also. And so it will be. And so it ought to be. For there are many times when Death the Divider is the most necessary and the most useful agency that can be provided for the service of man. Nothing but evil would result if all the dead, as you call them, could haunt the living. The Other World, as you call it, would be too much for you.

["Then," I asked, "had we better not let it alone?"]

No, I am quite sure that the Bureau could be a very great blessing. But it could also be a very great curse. When you have the dead hand—no, the phrase "dead hand" is not right. But it would be wiser to say that there are multitudes of spirits whose removal from direct action upon the embodied living is much to be desired.

DEATH THE DELIVERER.

There are multitudes of souls to whom Death has been a great deliverance. I mean that it has taken away persons who have been harsh, cruel, and despot. Nay, it has sometimes been kinder in removing those who have been too kind, and whose care has dwarfed, whose love and tenderness have weakened, the growing life. These influences are to be deplored which prevent the full development of the soul. But while there is little danger that the victim of tyranny and oppression will seek to reestablish relations with their oppressors who have come over to this side, there is great danger that the weaklings whose staff and whose stay has gone will seek to lean again upon the support which enervated them if they can reach it through the Bureau. But there is not too much danger on that score to deter you from doing this good work. For the influence of those who live with us here in the light of the Love of the Father can only be for good.

POSSIBLE EVIL OF SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

But there are many spirits but lately disembodied whose communications, even though framed with care and inspired by love, would be mischievous and not helpful. Why, my dear friend, when you ask me for guidance, I often feel that I might be a great curse to you if I gave it you as you wish to have it. What I can do—all that I can do is to tell you how things seem to me, to remind you that while I often see more than you, you, who are living in conditions that do not prevail here, are in a better position to judge as to many things than I can be. Occasionally I am permitted to tell you things in advance for purposes of test and to give you assurance. But I should be nothing but a curse to you if I were to attempt to tell you what to do. It would be like a mother always carrying a child. It would never walk. Besides, I do not know. You must not think me omniscient because I have not got my body—my old body.

THE LESSON OF SELF-RELIANCE.

Oh, my friend, if you would but see and understand what is the purpose of life, you would understand how fatal it would be to allow any and every cry for direction and guidance and help to be answered. And there are many who will, if the communication be opened, forget this and give advice, and will attempt to direct those who consult them, and who will make sad trouble. For it is not for us to steer you. The object of life is to evoke, to develop the God within. And that is not to be evoked by allowing others to direct you. But you will find the purpose of the Father will not be allowed to be spoiled by the folly of His children, whether on this side or on that. Those spirits that attempt to interfere too much will be confounded. They will err, and be found out. Their authority will be destroyed. And so in the end things will come right again.

But unless you are on the look-out you will find much harm will be done by the attempt of those on your side to get their thinking done for them by us. And there are many fond parents and others on this side who are only too eager to continue to exercise the authority by which they overshadowed the souls of their children on earth.

THE BALANCE IN FAVOUR OF THE BUREAU.

Why, then, you say should I be so anxious to get the Bureau established? Because the use of it would be so much greater than the abuse. Because you wish to have a telephone you do not want to be always

rung up, or to be always told what to do. Telephones, no doubt, may easily become a nuisance. And this Bureau of mine might be a nuisance. But just think what it implies. If you could secure the communication so as to prove that life continues, that love lasts, that the other world is in contact with this. Is that not enough? If it were only that and nothing more, it would be worth while. Only to restore the consciousness of the invisible World and the reality of Eternal Love. Only!*

JULIA.

A week later she wrote again, much to the same effect but in more condensed form as follows:—

HOW THE BUREAU MIGHT DO HARM.

December 20th, 1896.—When you have established the Bureau, of which I have written to you so often, you will be pestered with many who will want to get into communication with those on the other side, for no good purpose. The Two Worlds will help each other much. But they can also hinder. And when the hindering exceeds the help, then the open door is closed. Now, I will give you instances; but please note that it will be quite as often people on our side who want to enter into communication with people on your side, for evil and not for good.

(1) TO THOSE WHO HAVE NO SELF-RELIANCE.

Now, there are three classes of persons who are certain to seek to communicate for their own part:—

First, there are those whose independence of character and self-reliance have been sapped by the extent to which those who have gone overshadowed them. They will seek to be guided still, and if they succeed it will do them harm. For the benefit of what you call death is that it leaves room for the remaining ones to develop. When you get those who have been spoiled by the care and authority of parents or guardians seeking to be guided still from beyond the border, they will only harm themselves if they succeed. What you have to do is to grow strong and independent. What you have to avoid is to be mere shadows or echoes, or worse still, mere puppets of another will. Death has rescued many of the living from what would have ruined them. And if

* Julia's "only" was written on the morning of the day on which I came across George Anderson's despairing poem "Immortality," in the *Agnostic Annual* for 1897. I reproduce the closing stanzas, illustrating as they do how much there is in that "only" of Julia's:—

Of all the millions of the dear death-parted
No soul hath e'er returned the tale to tell;
No sign—no word—to cheer the broken-hearted,
Or give the sweet assurance, "All is well."

We ask for proof, and not for poet's fancies;
We hope, but with a dim and starless hope,
Clouded with doubt, that evermore enhances
The dark uncertainty in which we grope.

Oh! give us back our early faith unshaken,
That our dear dead are watching us for aye,
And know and love us, though on earth forsaken,
Soon re-united for eternal day.

No answer comes to that vain supplication,
And none will come—or ever came before,
For widow's hope or mother's consolation,
Our dead, alas! are gone, and gone for evermore.

you open your Bureau they will try to avoid being saved. Those who have learned to lean will lean on the disembodied spirit. Whereas they ought to lean on themselves. Who will not trust his own soul has lost it. And who will not rely upon the voice of God in his own soul, will seek for it in vain in the voices from beyond the Border.

(2) TO THE IDLY CURIOUS.

Secondly, the second class of persons to whom your Bureau will be mischievous, is composed of those who are merely curious. Mere busybodies, with an inquisitive itch, who will come to ask from no deep longing for knowledge of the other side, from no real desire to communicate with the departed. But who will throng your Bureau as they would go to a Dime Museum and put a penny in the slot to get some novelty. They will get no good. They are not serious. They merely come from motives of curiosity and a love of sensation. They will get no good. They may get harm.

(3) TO PARTNERS IN SIN.

Thirdly, there are those, who are by no means so few in number, who will wish to perpetuate a sinful relationship. They will not admit this. But they will seek it earnestly, desperately, more often than you imagine. And it may be granted them. The alliance that had been severed by the grave may be resumed. Yes, this is possible and is done. There is a possibility of the resumption of relations, which you believed had been severed for ever by death. There is danger here, and it is a danger against which you must be on your guard. Therefore, I say, do not think that the Bureau will be unmixed good. Much as I desire its establishment, I see that for many it will work almost unmixed evil.

Men will find what they bring. And the majority of men will seek not good, but what they desire. Now, the desire of men is by no means always for that which is highest and best.

[Then, do you think we had better drop the idea?]

BUT STILL ESTABLISH THE BUREAU.

My dear friend. What nonsense you talk. Do you propose to drop navigation because you hear of storms and rocks and quicksands. No! no! no! What is necessary is to recognise that the Borderland is as important (at least) to cross as the Atlantic, but that it is not any more safe. What you seem to forget is that the Bureau, with all its risks, will do what is the most important thing of all. It will practically abolish the conception of death, which now prevails in the world. You have become mere materialists. We must break through the wall of matter, which is stifling your souls. And the Bureau will make a way for the light from beyond to shine through. That is enough to justify the facing of any risks, such as I have described.

Yes, the New Year will be with you soon, and I hope that it will not close without some serious effort being

made to establish that Bureau, of which I have written so much. Avoid as much as possible the three classes of whom I have written, and confine your attention and concentrate your efforts upon the verification of the continuity of existence, and the possibility of securing unmistakable communications from those who have passed the Borderland. Now, goodbye.

JULIA.

SOME THEOSOPHICAL APPRECIATIONS OF JULIA.

In the *Theosophist* for August, an anonymous writer, signing himself "Julian," devotes a couple of pages to the message from "Julia" published in the April number of BORDERLAND. He says that "Julia" is supposed to be the disembodied spirit (Kama-lokic-entity) of a friend of mine. He says that the whole of the message as given *in extenso* should be read to be fully appreciated, and then proceeds as follows:—

Among communications from the spirit world, the messages of "Julia" show an earnestness and frankness that is very remarkable. The clear practical sense, honesty of purpose, and the upright and frank methods of Mr. Stead, who serves as the medium, have undoubtedly an influence in bringing out the communications in so lucid a manner. The substance of the automatic writing seems clearly to emanate from an intelligence other than the conscious or sub-conscious self of the writer, and this last message is a very good proof of this.

Eastern spiritualism has made a great deal of mystery about even the mere beginnings of psychical practices. Whatever the reasons in the past may have been, they cannot now apply with the same force at present. There is a wave of psychism passing over the world just now, and nature herself has, as it were, rent a portion of the veil to widen the range of observation and carry it beyond the physical. The Yogis and Munis having through a long course of training acquired a knowledge of the higher planes of nature have been so much absorbed in their higher visions that they seem to have lost all touch with humanity and their needs, and being awfully pledged to secrecy have been indifferent about sharing any of their knowledge with the world they look down upon. The epidemic of spiritual phenomena over the civilised world seems to have forced some of them to see that it was high time they bestirred themselves a little and gave up some of their spiritual selfishness. The efforts made have, however, been so unsystematic, so unsympathetic, and so little calculated to inspire confidence, that no wonder they have been only partially successful. The initiates in spiritual science have much to learn from us and about us before they can even make a beginning in elevating humanity.

In the meanwhile the entities in spirit land are as anxious as ever to help mankind in their own way and according to their lights, and the latest communication of "Julia" shows that even

Kama-lokic spirits can speak out more lucid teachings than embodied spirits with a long course of Yoga training.

The instructions given by "Julia" are likely to be tried by a large number of seekers after truth, and they seem to be meant for a wide trial. It could easily be foretold that where one man will succeed ninety-nine will fail, and that, for the simple reason that many will get impatient, and many others will scarcely be able to exclude the rushing and distracting flood of cares and worries, or scarcely be able to exercise discrimination and common sense in avoiding pitfalls. The student must first teach himself the full significance of the words, "Be alone, be silent, be in a mood to receive," before he can expect any results. The popular idea of love is so mixed up, consciously and unconsciously, with lust, that many a trial must fail by learners trying to visualize persons for whom they bear affection—thus imperceptibly exciting the passionate nature. The use of animal food and alcohol, as well as sexual union, keeps alive and strengthens the Kamic nature, hence if upward progress is the aim in view, the advice of Mr. Leadbeater must preferably be taken; and, particularly, no attempts should be made in this direction until one's moral nature has been strengthened before trial. "Julia" has herself pointed out that "the power ought to be under control. There would be only harm done if you could not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. If you cannot control this new sense you had better not acquire it." To acquire control one must have a strong and trained will, and therefore the learned must first of all subject himself to a great amount of self-discipline, and must, above all, have purity of heart. "Merge into one sense thy senses if thou wouldst be secure against the foe."

I welcome the admission by this *Theosophist* that "Julia," whom he treats as a Kama-lokic entity, can "speak out more lucid teachings than embodied spirits with a long course of yogic training." The proof of the pudding is the eating of it, and I welcome this admission as an indication that our Theosophical friends may have to revise some of the conclusions at which they have arrived concerning Kamic-lokic entities.

In the September number of the *Theosophist* the July message from "Julia" is referred to as "a highly interesting and specially instructive communication." Copious extracts are quoted. True it is, says the *Theosophist*, that most people have not developed their soul-consciousness, and are strangers to their divine heritage.

In the August number of *Lucifer* the writer of the notice of BORDERLAND for July says:—

"Julia's" sermonette is on the finding of the soul. There can be no doubt that of all the communicating spirits which revisit this earth of ours and publish their ideas through another's body, "Julia" is one of the most interesting. She has always something really good to say, and although it may be nothing new, it is vigorously expressed and in a distinctly individual style.



A REMINISCENCE: THE LATE LORD TENNYSON AND HIS NURSE ON FRESHWATER DOWNS.

(A Sketch from *l. fe.*)

III.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

I.—TENNYSON.

“The veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the Day
Are heard across the Voices of the Dark.”

ALL great poets are Borderlanders. The possession of certain psychic gifts is almost invariable in prophets, founders of great religions, and the men and women who have been privileged to embody in verse the sublimest aspirations of the race. They are all more or less seers, who dwell on the Borderland, seeing things that are invisible to ordinary men, and, therefore, are properly described as Borderlanders.

While writing out the “Penny Poets,” I was much

impressed by the constant reference to the other world in English poetry. To our greatest poets that other world is as real as this material one, which alone is recognised by the majority of men. From Shakespeare and Milton downwards the poets nearly all bear testimony, more or less emphatic, of the existence of other beings than the embodied spirits whom we call men and women. Shakespeare abounds with references to spiritual beings capable of exercising more or less influence upon the lives of mortals. Milton asserted in the strongest way that millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen by mortal eye.

But of all our poets, few have been so constantly



SOMERSBY RECTORY, WHERE THE POET WAS BORN.

psychic as Lord Tennyson. In the case of other poets the vision was more or less unconscious; with them it is part of themselves; they did not know how it came or whither it went. Tennyson was more conscious of his unconsciousness—if I may use a paradox—and was well aware that most of his best work was due to the intrusion of the other world into this life, or rather to his ability to rid himself of his material surroundings, and enter into that other world which to him was much more real than that which is but as the shadow that passes away.

The appearance of the Memoir of the late Poet Laureate by his son, Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson,* naturally supplies some partial insight into the

* “Tennyson.” A Memoir by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. In two vols. Macmillan & Co. 39s.

psychic life of the poet. Judging from the Memoir, it is probable that most readers will draw up the conclusion that the psychic gift which the father possessed to such an extraordinary degree has not been inherited by the son. The tendency of the biographer is to minimise instead of emphasise the fact that his father was emphatically a dweller in Borderland; that his genius was largely the result of his psychic life; that he was able to charm, instruct, and inspire men of his generation, because in his higher moments he dwelt habitually on a mystic plane to which they seldom or never gain access. A biographer who was more in sympathy with occult things would easily, by a very few touches, have conveyed a much more impressive picture of Tennyson as a mystic—of Tennyson as a dweller in the realm of spirit. But even in this Memoir the fact is

unmistakable. It could not have been hidden without altogether falsifying the whole narrative, for Tennyson's own words as recorded by his son, and by Professor Tyndall, together with abundant references to the subject in his own poetry, show unmistakably that this was the very foundation of the philosophy and religion which dominated his whole life. To Tennyson this life was but the ante-chamber of eternity. With him the passionate faith in personal immortality was Alpha and Omega. Without that life would have been to him the hollowest of mockeries, if not the cruellest of tortures. Everything that he wrote was more or less directed against the materialism which brooded over the world like a pall of lead.

And when we come to inquire as to how it was he arrived at this intense consciousness of life after death, this absolute certitude which enabled him to combat the materialist enemy from the standpoint of one who knows, and has seen that of which he speaks, we come directly to this central fact of his life. It was due to his capacity to go out of himself, to become as it were to a certain extent entranced, and to enter for a time into a secret spiritual region in which he attained a realising consciousness of the Infinite and Eternal.

"THE ANCIENT SAGE."

This is nowhere more clearly brought out than in the poem of "The Ancient Sage." Tennyson wrote this after reading the "Life and Maxims of the Philosopher Laot-ze," although there is no attempt to embody in the poem the philosophy of the Chinese teacher. The poem is throughout, as Professor Tyndall says, a discussion between a believer in immortality and one who is unable to believe, and the groundwork of "The Ancient Sage's" argument against materialism, and in favour of personal immortality, was the description of an experience which this Memoir proves was Tennyson's own. The passage in question is as follows:—

"And more, my son! for more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the self was loosed,
And past into the nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life, as matched with ours,
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

THE TENNYSONIAN TRANCE.

One night at Farringford, Tennyson, Jowett, and Tyndall sat talking about the power of the imagination as an instrument of scientific discovery. After Jowett had retired, Tyndall and Tennyson continued to converse. Tyndall thus records what Tennyson said:—

With great earnestness Tennyson described to me a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by thinking intently of his own name. It was impossible to give anything that could be called a description of the state, for language seemed incompetent to touch it. It was an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body. Wishing, doubtless, to impress upon me the reality of the phenomenon, he exclaimed, "By God Almighty, there is no delusion in the matter! It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder, associated with absolute clearness of mind." Other persons with powerful imaginations have had, I believe, similar experiences. Walking out with a friend one evening, the poet Wordsworth approached a gate, and, laying hold of its bars, turned to his companion and said, "My dear sir, to assure myself of the existence of my own

body I am sometimes obliged to grasp an object like this and shake it." It was at the Red Alp, and I believe by the late Professor Bonamy Price, that this incident was communicated to me. The condition here referred to appears to be similar to that "union with God" which was described by Plotinus and Porphyry.

THE POET'S REAL LIFE.

This remark was made twenty-eight years before "The Ancient Sage" was published, and great was Tyndall's surprise to find there expressed in verse the experience which Tennyson had described to him so long before. Tennyson's experience was, therefore, a continuous thing, which lasted through his life. Indeed, it would be perhaps not an exaggeration to say that these moments of transcendent wonder and apparent isolation of the spirit from the body, were more his real life than the mundane existence which he spent among his fellows. It continued to the end, and it appears to have begun very early in life, for, writing of "The Ancient Sage," the poet once said,—

"The whole poem is very personal. The passages about 'Faith' and the 'Passion of the Past' were more especially my own personal feelings. This 'Passion of the Past' I used to feel when a boy."

HIS COMMUNION WITH THE OTHER WORLD.

When a mere boy, his son tells us, that he possessed this power of abstraction from his surroundings, which enabled him to dwell with the invisible, and hear the voices of his silence. Speaking of his boyhood,

As he wandered over the wold or by the brook, he often seemed to be in dreamland, so that one who often saw him then called him "mysterious being, seemingly lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others."

But Tennyson himself has repeatedly referred to this capacity for dwelling in another world, as a faculty which he had possessed from childhood up. On one occasion, he said:—

A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the wierdest of the wierdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life. "This might," he said, "be the state which St. Paul describes: 'Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell.'"

He continued: "I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment, when I come back to my normal state of 'sanity,' I am ready to fight for *mein liebes Ich*, and hold that it will last for æons of æons."

HIS MYSTIC EXPERIENCES.

It would be difficult to state more vividly, or to assert more passionately, the importance of this mystic experience. On those occasions when he referred to the experience with members of his family, or with those whom he had deep spiritual intimacy, his words were uttered with a glow of passionate fervour, which left an indelible impression upon those who heard him. For instance, speaking of a conversation with his father, in January, 1860, his son records what he spoke to them with deep feeling.

Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the Spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the Spiritual *is* the real: it belongs to one more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence, I could believe you; but you never, never can convince me that the *I* is not an eternal reality, and that the spiritual is not the true and real part of me. These words he spoke with such passionate earnestness that a solemn silence fell on us as he left the room.

"THE HOLY GRAIL."

After "The Ancient Sage," possibly, even before it, as an expression of his inner life is the poem of "The Holy Grail." His son says:

Of all the "Idylls of the King," "The Holy Grail" seems to me to express most my father's highest self. Perhaps this is

because I saw him, in the writing of this poem more than in the writing of any other, with that far-away rapt look on his face which he had whenever he worked at a story that touched him greatly, or because I vividly recall the *inspired* way in which he chanted to us the different parts of the poem as they were composed.

Tennyson himself says:—

The "Holy Grail" is one of the most imaginative of my poems. I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the unseen. The end, when the king speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all the highest note by the highest of human men. These three lines in Arthur's speech are the (spiritually) central lines of the "Idylls":—

In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the High God a vision.



FARRINGFORD, THE POET'S HOME IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BORDERLAND IN HIS POEMS.

If Messrs. Macmillan and Company did not interpret the laws of Copyright so severely as to render it practically impossible to give any adequate quotations from the Poet's works, it would be easy to multiply the extracts from Tennyson's writings referring to his psychical experiences. I must, however, content myself with references to his trance experiences. One of these is in the 1895 section of "In Memoriam."

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine.
And mine in this was wound and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, striken thro' with doubt.

Vague! but ah! how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

In the "Idylls of the King," there is another allusion to the same trance experiences—an allusion which is *Spectator* assure us was more or less a transcript of Tennyson's own experience. The King excuses himself from following the Holy Grail on the ground that he has his work to do, which must not be interfered with. But his work being done—

Let Visions of the night, or of the day
Come as they will; and many a time they come



LORD TENNYSON.

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air,
But vision,—yea his very hand and foot—
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again; ye have seen what ye have seen.

It may, therefore, be taken as established that the foundation of Tennyson's philosophy of life, and of his religion was gained in the Borderland, and that if he was able more than any other poet to express in his verse the aspirations and longings of the soul of his generation, it was because he himself, while living among men was not of them, but dwelt in a world apart, out of which he emerged from time to time to lead the daily life of ordinary men, but it was in no sense the whole or even the most important part of his existence.

SPIRITUAL BUT NOT THE LESS PRACTICAL.

Yet no one can say that Tennyson was not a man intensely alive to all that concerned his material life. He lived a very full life, and his interest was unabated to the very end. He was a man of affairs, as well as a poet. He was a student of science as well as a mystic, and for more than half a century he met and mingled as an equal, and more than an equal, with the foremost men of his time. This, it is well to remember, in view of the prevailing disposition on the part of materialists to argue that dwellers in the Borderland are necessarily incapable of taking their full share in the busy life of mortal men. Tennyson's conviction of what may be called the evanescent and transitory nature of the material universe in no way weakened his grasp of business, nor did he, because of his dreams, ever fail to see to it that he secured the full value for the copyright of his poems.

"BEHOLD THE DREAMER COMETH."

Never since the days of Joseph, said Gilfillan, could it be said with such truth of any man as of Tennyson "Behold the Dreamer cometh!" for it was in his dreams he gained much of his inspiration. M. Taine had a theory that Tennyson must have lived in luxury in his early life, owing to the splendour and magnificence of his descriptions in his early poems; but, as a matter of fact, Tennyson's early life was not spent in marble palaces, and when he was asked where he obtained that intimate acquaintance with the interiors of stately pleasure houses, he replied, from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments and from my dreams."

In this book, there is not much said concerning his dreams, but there is one reference that is worth quoting, which is very interesting, not merely for its own sake, but because of what it suggests as to the bearing of diet upon dreams.

I never saw any landscape that came up to the landscapes I have seen in my dreams. The mountains of Switzerland seem insignificant compared with the mountains I have imagined. One of the most wonderful experiences I ever had was this. I had gone without meat for six weeks, living only on vegetables, and at the end of the time, when I came to eat a mutton chop, I shall never forget the sensation. I never felt such joy in my blood. When I went to sleep I dreamt that I saw the vines of the south, with huge Eshcol branches, trailing over the glaciers of the north.

A DREAM OF THE GREAT DUKE.

A curious dream of Lady Tennyson, which is mentioned in the Memoir is well worth quoting. It was shortly after Tennyson had written the ode on the Duke of Wellington, that the dream occurred. Talking of it in after life to the painter, Mr. Watts—

He told Watts of my mother's dream after that ode was written. The Duke, she dreamt, called upon them, and as he rose from the sofa to shake hands with her, she feared to take the cold hand of death, and it was instead a warm, living hand which grasped hers.

"OLD GHOSTS."

As might be expected from one who dwelt so much in dreamland, and whose real life was spent in waking trances, ghosts were to him very real things. His son begins his preface to the book by an unpolished sonnet to his father, which was written originally as a preface to "Beckett."

Old ghosts, whose day was done ere mine began,
If earth be seen from your conjectured heaven,
Ye know that history is half-dream—ay, even
The man's life in the letters of the man.
There lies the letter, but it is not he
As he retires into himself and is;
Sender and sent—to go to make up this,
Their offspring of this union. And on me
Frown not, old ghosts, if I be one of those
Who make you utter things you did not say,
And mould you all awry and mar your worth;
For whatsoever knows us truly, knows
That none can truly write his single day,
And none can write it for him upon earth.

HIS ESSAY ON "GHOSTS."

This, of course, it may be said, is only a phantasy, that Tennyson did not believe that the old ghosts whom he addressed had any real existence, but that is not the opinion which will be entertained by those who are most saturated in Tennysonian lore. It is a curious fact that the essay which he wrote, as an undergraduate, for the Society of the Apostles, at Cambridge, was upon "ghosts." He was too shy to deliver it, and the essay itself perished excepting for the preface which is thus printed in the Appendix.

He who has the power of speaking of the spiritual world, speaks in a simple manner of a high matter. He speaks of life and death, and the things after death. He lifts the veil, but the form behind it is shrouded in deeper obscurity. He raises the cloud, but he darkens the prospect. He unlocks with a golden key the iron-grated gates of the charnel house, he throws them wide open. And forth issue from the inmost gloom the colossal presences of the past, *majores humano*; some as they lived, seemingly pale and faintly smiling; some as they died, still suddenly frozen by the chill of death; and some as they were buried, with dropped eyelids, in their cerements and their winding-sheets.

The listeners creep closer to each other, they are afraid of the drawing of their own breaths, the beating of their own hearts. The voice of *him* who speaks alone, like a mountain stream on a still night, fills up and occupies the silence. He stands, as it were, on a vantage ground. He becomes the minister and expounder of human sympathies. His words find the heart like the arrows of truth. Those who laughed long before have long ago become solemn, and those who were solemn before feel the awful sense of unutterable mystery. The speaker pauses.

"Wherefore," says one, "granting the intensity of the feeling, wherefore this fever and fret about a baseless vision?" "Do you not assume," says another, "that any vision is baseless?"

AN APPARITION AT ARTHUR HALLAM'S DEATH.

The essay breaks off appropriately at an observation which is thoroughly characteristic of the poet, and one which embodies a truth too often forgotten. We should not assume that any vision is baseless. Tennyson did not, hence he was ever ready to examine with eager interest every story of vision of what is called supernatural. Of these stories a few are preserved in the Memoir. One such relates to an apparition that was seen at the poet's home in Lincolnshire just before Arthur Hallam's death. The entry is as follows.—

A. went to London. Tilly (Matilda Tennyson) in the evening told me how, on an autumn evening at Somersby, just before Arthur Hallam's death, she and her sister Mary saw a tall figure, clothed from head to foot in white, and they followed it down the lane, and saw it pass thro' the hedge where there was no gap; and how she was so awed that on reaching home she burst into tears. She then related how, being at Spilsby for her dancing lessons, she had brought home the letters, and one among them from Clevedon. This was addressed to A. She gave it to him, as he sat at dinner, and went to take off her bonnet, and she heard afterwards that he had suddenly left the table, and that poor Emily was then summoned to him to have the terrible news broken to her.

HER BELIEF IN SPIRIT COMMUNION.

It was the death thus announced which inspired the "In Memoriam," that immortal poem of immortality, which was the flower of his meditations during the period of bitterness when he mourned over the grave of his friend. His son says that on one occasion his father said

That there might be a more intimate communion than we could dream of between the living and the dead, at all events for a time.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again!

THE STATE OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

At all events, for a time it is a significant remark which shows that he had arrived at much the same conclusion as both Theosophists and Spiritualists, as to the soul only being able to communicate with those left behind for a short time after death. His Memoir contains much speculation as to the state of life after death, of which the following is a sample.

To some short notes on "In Memoriam" which he had written for future publication, one explaining Section XLIII.

was added; "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and colour do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over.

HIS SPIRITUALISM.

As it is well known, Tennyson paid great attention to the phenomenon of Spiritualism, and held many séances with the noted mediums of his time. This, however, was kept secret, nor is there any reference to these séances in the Memoir. There is, however, one significant passage describing a visit paid by the poet his Brother, who was evidently a strong spiritualist himself, but was convinced that his brother was equally certain of the truth of it. The Biographer says:—

My uncle had grown more of a spiritualist than ever, believing in table-rapping; and in an unmusical girl being "made to play the most difficult music on the piano by invisible influence"; and in an old gentleman having been "conveyed through solid walls all in a moment, and found in the courtyard of a house a mile and a half distant, the gates of which were closed and locked." A lively discussion took place between him and my father about these so-called revelations. My father spoke after this fashion: "I grant you that spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks; but I am convinced that God and the ghosts of men would choose something other than mere table-legs through which to speak to the heart of man. You tell me if it is my duty to give up everything in order to propagate spiritualism. I cannot see what ground of proof (as yet) you have to go on. There is really too much flummery mixed up

with it, supposing, as I am inclined to believe, there is something in it."

MORE OF PUCK IN IT THAN OF THE DEAD.

That there was something in it, Tennyson was not only inclined to believe, but knew, as a matter of fact, but what that something was, he was very much like the rest of us. On one occasion he remarked, speaking of communications which were alleged to come from the departed, that they seemed to him to be much more of Puck than of the personality of the deceased. That is a very pregnant remark, and one which embodies a conclusion that has often been forced upon the attention of investigators.

Nevertheless, for all his doubts, he probably expressed his innermost convictions when he wrote the familiar lines:



ALDWORTH, SURREY, WHERE TENNYSON DIED.

The ghost in Man, the ghost that once was man.
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other through a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.

HIS DEFINITION OF FAITH.

At the same time, there is no evidence, at least, in this book, that he ever referred to communications from across the borderland as justifying his conviction in the permanence of the individual after death. Some one wrote to him once, asking him as to his belief in the hereafter. He replied as follows:—

Sir, I have been considering your questions, but I am not a God or a disembodied spirit that I should answer them. I can only say that I sympathize with your grief, and if faith mean anything at all it is trusting to those instincts, or feelings, or whatever they may be called, which assure us of some life after this. A. Tennyson.

A STORY OF WILBERFORCE AND THE TABLE.

In the very sparing references that are made to the spiritualistic experiences of the poet, there is one curious story which shows that the late Bishop Wilberforce had also participated in the investigation. Tennyson on one occasion in the last years of life

Spoke of his pleasure in Bishop Wilberforce's last visit to him, of his sudden death, and of the Bishop's story of the "table-turning" when he was staying with Judge Alderson at Farringford. A table moved towards the door where the Bishop was standing, he exorcised the supposed spirit, and then the table stood still, rapping out, "I can't abide a Bishop."

HIS EXPERIENCES OF MESMERISM.

There seemed to be a good deal of Puck in that spirit. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, writing on this side of Tennyson's character says,—

He was one of those who, though not an upholder of miracle-mongers, thought that the wonders of Heaven and Earth were never far absent from us. He had many stories to tell about mesmerism, which had some effect upon his mind, though he can hardly be said to have seriously considered the subject. There is no trace of such stories in his writings.

Tennyson not only believed in Mesmerism, but was himself possessed of the capacity to mesmerise. Here is an extract which, speaking of a certain Mrs. Marsden, Lord Tennyson records that through his mesmerism before her marriage she recovered her health.

"We were staying at Malvern. Dr. Marsden was attending my wife and said to me, "Instead of paying me my fee, I wish you would grant me a favour. Come and mesmerize a young lady who is very ill." I said "I can't mesmerize, I never mesmerized anyone in my life." But the doctor would take no refusal, and said, "Pooh! look at your powerful frame!" So I mesmerized her according to the doctor's instructions. The first day it took me about an hour to send her to sleep; afterwards only a few seconds. Once she had a pain over her eye, and the doctor said, "Breathe upon her eye!" I did so, then begged her pardon, saying that I had forgotten I had been smoking. Dr. Marsden said, "She cannot hear you, that one breath has sent her off into the deepest of slumbers." In a little while the lady grew better, and we moved to Cheltenham. A week or two afterwards I returned to Malvern for a few hours, but I had not thought of telling anyone that I was coming. I met Dr. Marsden in the street, who at once went and told the lady. Before the doctor had said more to her than "I have good news for you, the lady said, "I know what you have come to tell me, I have felt Mr. Tennyson here for half an hour."

WHENCE THIS IMPULSE?

But everything relating to this side of life had a strange fascination for him. Here is a story, which readers can explain according to their individual bias,

Of an American clergyman, who wrote to assure him that he had once by an uncontrollable impulse recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in his pulpit instead of preaching a sermon, to the great scandal and indignation of his congregation. Some days later a man called on him and said, "Sir, I am one of the survivors of the Balaclava charge. I have led a wild, bad life, and haven't been near a church, till by accident and from curiosity I went into your church last Sunday. I heard you recite that great poem, and it has changed my life;—I shall never disgrace my cloth again." "So," said the clergyman, "though I may have lost my congregation, I have saved a soul by your poem."

THE SON OF A PRAYING MOTHER.

Tennyson was brought up very strictly. His father was a clergyman, his mother a very good, pious Christian, whose prayerful anxiety for the welfare of her son found expression in the following letter:—

O dearest Ally, how fervently have I prayed for years that our merciful Redeemer would intercede with our Heavenly Father to grant thee His Holy Spirit to urge thee to employ the talents He has given thee, by taking every opportunity of endeavouring to impress the precepts of His Holy Word on the minds of others. My beloved son, words are too feeble to express the joy of my heart in perceiving that thou art earnestly endeavouring to do so. Dearest Ally, there is nothing for a moment to be compared to the favour of God.

BROUGHT UP BY A CALVINISTIC AUNT.

In his early youth he seems to have been rather unfortunate in the severity of the theological views of some of his relatives.

This aunt was a rigid Christian, who would weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. "Has he not damned," she cried, "most of my friends! But *me, me*, He has picked out for eternal salvation; *me*, who am no better than my neighbours." One day she said to her nephew: "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you I think of the words of Holy Scripture: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'"

It is not difficult to trace the recoil from this teaching in many of Tennyson's poems. For instance:—

The following lines my father would quote as giving his own belief that "the after life is one of progress":—

No sudden heaven nor sudden hell for man,
But through the will of One who knows and rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian evolution, swift or slow,
Through all the spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth.

HIS CHRISTIANITY.

Miss Agnes Grace Weld, the poet's favourite niece, in the course of many conversations which she had with her uncle, discoursed much at times concerning the future life. He often lamented that men could fail to find their souls' craving for truth satisfied by Christianity. He expressed a firm confidence based on his own experience, in answers to prayer. Speaking of the Deity, he said:—

He can and does answer every earnest prayer, as I know from my own experience. E— says there is something higher than God. If there be then it must be God. Whatever is the highest of all must be the Deity, call it by what name you will. Wherever life is, there God is, specially in the life of man. We are all sons of God, but One alone is worthy to be called the Son of Man, the representative of the whole of humanity; that to my

mind is the diviner title of the two, for none dare apply to him self this title save Christ, Who is the representative of the whole human race.

THE ASTRAL BODY.

I believe that beside our material body we possess an immaterial body, something like what the ancient Egyptians called the *Ka*. I do not care to make distinctions between the soul and the spirit as men did in days of old, though, perhaps, the spirit is the best word to use of our higher nature, that nature which, I believe, in Christ to have been truly Divine, the very presence of the Father, the One only God, dwelling in the perfect man. Though nothing is such a distress of soul to me as to have this divinity of Christ assailed, yet I feel we must never lose sight of the Unity of the Godhead, the three persons of the Trinity being like three candles giving together one light. I love that hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" and should like to write such a one.

OUR LIFE BEYOND.

We shall have much to learn in a future world, and I think we shall all be children to begin with when we get to heaven, whatever our age when we die, and shall grow on there from childhood to the prime of life at which we shall remain for ever. My idea of heaven is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this and other worlds.

HIS BELIEF IN THE ONE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

His son says of his father's belief:—

Tennyson clearly saw the need of churches, and sympathised with all forms of religious belief.

"Thou knowest I hold that forms are needful"—"Akbar"—and he looked forward, not always unhelpfully, to the day when there would be one Shepherd and one flock. He wished that the Church of England could embrace, as he felt that Christ would have it do, all the great Nonconformist sects that loved the name of Christ. He was full of compunction at once having shown a poor man what he thought an inconsistency in the Gospel, lest "he should have weakened his faith in the Bible."—II. 169.

Hallam, Lord Tennyson, says, in another case:—

The philosophers of the East had a great fascination for my father, and he felt that the Western religion might learn from them much of spirituality. He was sure, too, that Western civilisation had, even in his time, developed Eastern thought and morality; but what direction the development would ultimately take it was impossible to predict.

THE ESSENCE OF HIS RELIGION.

The essence of it stated in many forms, varying according to whether he was writing to his Sovereign or to some unknown correspondent, is always the same. After a conversation with Bishop Lightfoot, Tennyson wrote:—

The life after death, Lightfoot and I agreed, is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals Himself in every individual soul: and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another.

His whole hope was anchored on eternity. On this subject there is an extract given from the Queen's private journal which is very interesting:—

He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible God, who is love, would be far more cruel than any human being.

He felt he had firm holding ground for his anchor on the other side, and as he wrote to Her Majesty on another occasion:—

As to the sufferings of this momentary life, we can but trust that in some after-state, when we see clearer, we shall thank the Supreme Power for having made us, through these, higher and greater beings.

HIS SHEET ANCHOR.

He was a man saturated through and through with faith in the invisible world which encompassed him, and of which he believed he had direct personal experience. Always it is with him, as he on one occasion exclaimed, "What matters anything in this world without full faith in immortality of the soul and of love?" Shakespeare and the Bible were his book, of books. Jowett says:—

He spoke of two things, which he conceived to be beyond the intelligence of man, and it was certainly not repeated by him from any irreverence; the one, the intellectual genius of Shakespeare—the other the religious genius of Jesus Christ.

On the first day he came downstairs after a long illness, having then reached three-score years and ten, he talked with his children about Job, which he thought one of the greatest of books, and asked for St. John, the "Little children love one another" passage, and "The Sermon on the Mount." In "Crossing the Bar," which his son told him when he wrote it was the crown of his life's work, he said, "It came in a moment." A moment, indeed, of sudden inspiration. He explained the Pilot as "The Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

SPIRIT MORE REAL THAN MATTER.

There was ever present with him the thought that this life was but a shadow, and but a small part of the great world's life. And again he says:—

Matter is a greater mystery than mind. What such a thing as a spirit is apart from God and man I have never been able to conceive. Spirit seems to me to be the reality of the world.

In the chapter on "In Memoriam" his son dwells at some length on his father's religious faith. He says that while religion was no nebulous abstraction for him, he dreaded the dogmatism of sect and the rash definitions of God. A week before his death he talked long of the personality and of the love of God. For him the world was but the shadow of God, and the sorrows of nature and the miseries of the world were but preludes, necessary as things are, to the higher good. Humility was to him the only true attitude of the human soul, and he spoke with the greatest reserve of the unfathomable mysteries of which many men love to dogmatise. His faith in the hidden purpose of the Infinite Power was to him the breath of life, and never failed him to the very end.

WHAT THOUGHT HE OF CHRIST?

When asked as to his opinion about Christ, he would say, "I have given my belief in 'In Memoriam,'" but he used to say that the spiritual character of Christ was more wonderful than the greatest miracle. On another occasion he said, "I am always amazed when I read the New Testament at the splendour of Christ's purity and holiness, and at His infinite pity." This union of tenderness and strength in Christ he called the "man-woman" in Christ. He disliked discussion on the nature of Christ, saying that such discussion was mostly unprofitable, for "none knoweth the Son but the Father." The parables were "perfection beyond compare." But "Christianity with its divine morality, without the central figure of Christ, the Son of Man, would become cold, and it is fatal for religion to lose its warmth. The forms of Christian religion would alter, but the spirit of Christ would still grow from more to

more until each man in the roll of the ages, till each man found his own in all men's good, and all men work in noble brotherhood." His opinions upon prayer are also well worth quoting. "God," he said, "reveals Himself in each individual soul. Prayer is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels, when the great sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide." He said, "O! Thou Infinite. Amen," was the form of prayer he himself used in time of trouble and sorrow.

TENNYSON AFTER DEATH.

A volume might easily be written of Tennyson as a Borderlander, but limits of space forbid, and I have said enough to justify his inclusion in this Gallery.

When any eminent man dies, let alone any person who has been as deeply interested in the question of Spirit Return as Tennyson, frequent communications are received by psychics and mediums, purporting to proceed from the departed. This has been carried to such an extent in the case of Madame Blavatsky that a very interesting and amusing volume might be compiled of the various communications that have been made to mediums of all kinds from all parts of the world, purporting to emanate from H. P. B. Hardly a quarter passes without bringing me one or other communications sent in all good faith by mediums professing to embody authentic messages from Madame Blavatsky. They are of all kinds, and many of them undoubtedly possess some degrees of resemblance to what Madame Blavatsky has said, or might have said. The theory of wandering shells, or of thought images thrown off by a person of strong decided character in life, energised by some other spirit intelligence, and palmed off upon the clairvoyant or the medium as the actual personality of the deceased, is about the only hypothesis which has yet been stated to account for those extraordinarily diverse manifestations of the seance room.

The august shade of Tennyson has appeared, not frequently, perhaps, but still at many seances, nor have we been without communications which were given in circumstances which certainly preclude any fraud, and where there was no motive for deception.

SOME AUTOMATIC MESSAGES.

Of these communications, I may quote two specimens, the one in prose the other in verse—both of which were received by the same agent, an automatic writer, whose hand, much to his surprise, repeatedly wrote, declaring that the spirit of Tennyson wished to communicate a message to the world. The agent in question was entirely incredulous and somewhat angry, for he took little stock in communications purporting to emanate from the illustrious dead, and for some time he refused to receive the communications which were pressed upon him with considerable urgency, and sometimes with not a little temper. The message which was so urgently repeated was an expression of regret that Tennyson had never in his life adequately acknowledged the exceeding kindness with which all his poems had been received by the nation. This lack of gratitude, it was repeated, troubled the conscience of the dead man, and he could not rest until he had an opportunity to deliver this message to the public.

THE TESTIMONY OF CLAIRVOYANTS.

The communications thus began continued for some months. A succession of clairvoyants, some of whom were entirely ignorant that any communication had ever been received purporting to come from Tennyson,

described with the utmost particularity the appearance of the poet, and in some cases they obtained his name. In other cases they identified him by photographs. These gave a semblance of reality to the personality of the communicating intelligence, and the medium took it seriously enough to ask the invisible agent that used his hand what he considered was his message to the nation, what was the note in his poems to which he attached the most importance?

WAS THIS TENNYSON?

The alleged "Tennyson" replied as follows:—

The note I most often sounded in my poems was the awful aimlessness of the world without God. That was the starting point for "In Memoriam." It was the chief aim of the Idylls to show how the world without God rolls down to red ruin and the breaking up of laws.

The writer then asked whether he did not attach any importance to his national patriotic poems. The Shade replied, "No; England passes, Nature endures." When further asked whether the "Princess," which dealt with the question of women, was not of a permanent interest, the answer was "No; woman is as man, and man is as woman. The change that is working out is temporary."

To another question as to the "Ode to the Duke of Wellington," he replied: "The path of duty was the way to Glory' is a good line and perennial; but the other things are evanescent. These three only endure—God, Man, Nature."

He then wrote as follows:—

I will now tell you how I look upon my work. I will not now dwell upon the mere mechanical arts of rhythm and melody. I mean to refer only to the message given me to my generation. I see it now more clearly and in better perspective. I see that my message was pre-eminently a message of faith. Yes, faith in men and faith in God. When men believe in Man, they find ground for faith in God. That was my first great message. Believe in Man then in God, who created Man. The second message of my life was the reverence we owe to the world of nature. I studied nature with the love of a lover for his mistress. I was born in the country, and all my life I was with nature, not with man. I loved to study her in all her forms; she was my great lesson book wherein I read with reverent care what the Creator has inscribed. My poems (undecipherable) all their colour from nature's true uncoloured page (I wish you would let me write instead of puzzling out what I want to say.)

My other message was the musical one. I always feel that our English have not noted sufficiently the melody of their own language.

Yes, make me say these three things. Believe, Study, Sing!

Whatever may be thought of these communications from the Beyond, one thing can be vouched for, namely, that the message thus given was not in the mind of the medium, and displays an insight into the poet's work, to which the automatic writer could lay no claim.

DRAFT OF AN ALLEGED POEM.

This is true to even greater degree of the verse written by the same automatic agent. There is no need to quote it here at length. The poem that was written purported to have been written shortly after the death of the poet's son. It expresses very strongly the belief of the poet in the possibilities of spirit return, and of communion with the dead. It began with a description of the desolation of bereavement, and then went on to describe, first, the hearing of the voice of the dead, and then the sudden apparition of the lost one in the full radiance of life. Here are two extracts from this poem—



SOCRATES.

Death! there is no death! Death is no more.
 Death is the portal through which timid men
 Do enter into life. Death is no foe to love,
 But rather love's best friend, for it unites
 The lover and his mistress, father, son,
 And mother to her children. Life is full
 Of sighs and tears and sorrows. Parting friends,
 Severed by time and space—love's enemies—
 Find in the grave the union long denied
 By envious fate. Life—what you call life—
 Is full of parting; the great uniter—Death—
 Undoes the wrongs of life, and brings to each
 Their loved and lost. The union here
 Is ne'er undone; we live and love, and part
 No more for ever. "Father," he said,
 "Thou seest me, dost believe?" I bowed my head
 And worshipped—worshipped him who gave,
 And gave yet more when taking. "Oh, the love
 That makes the grave the gate of comfort,
 And all at once brings those who love
 Once more together, even in life—this life,
 And makes the heart—the mourner's heart—
 Glorious with conscious knowledge of God's love.
 Thus the stern, grim-visaged death,
 Which seemed to slay with envious dart, was but
 The sweet, good angel of the love of God.

It is easy to criticise this verse. It was only written as a rough version of a poem which had never received its final revision, and which is manifestly lacking in the finer qualities of Tennyson's verse. But the curious thing about it was that it is as much above the capacity of the unconscious hand of the automatic agent as it is below the standard of Tennyson's poetry. Add another curious thing, that Mrs. Russell Davies, who knew Lionel, and sat with Tennyson at seances, received communications at the same time that this verse was written purporting to come from the spirit of Lionel, declaring that his father had never written any poem such as the above; that he had made notes and jottings, which he had intended to embody in a poem, but that poem itself was never written!

Fortunately, we do not need to fall back upon this posthumous communication in order to know that to Tennyson the possibility of spirit return, the reality of spirit communion, were the great realities of life. It is what he wrote in his published poems more than anything else which constitutes his claim to be regarded as one of the great Borderlanders of Literature.

II.—SOCRATES AS A SEER. A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

[*Mr. Myers was the first to treat the character of Socrates as that of a Seer, as being indeed a special illustration of the theory of subliminal consciousness. The writer of the present article has no theory to support, and his sketch is without prejudice of any kind. Those among us who are weary of theories will not be the less grateful to him for that.—X.*]

NO character in the ancient world has produced a greater impression upon posterity than that of Socrates. He is a Greek of the most interesting period of Athenian history; yet he is something more to us than any other Greek. The questions with which his teaching concerned itself are of universal, as much as of local or national, importance. There is a mystery about his personality which strikes us as Hebrew rather than Hellenic. His outward appearance, with his flat nose, thick lips, and prominent eyes, is most unlike what we usually associate with the perfection of Grecian form and beauty. Though his name bisects philosophy, and we call his predecessors pre-Socratic, while all succeeding thinkers were more or less his disciples, yet in the ordinary acceptance of the word he was not so much a philosopher as a preacher and prophet. He did not busy himself either with physical or metaphysical problems, like the Ionics and Eleatics before, or Plato and Aristotle afterwards. For his part, Xenophon tells us, he preferred to meditate on what is useful and proper to man, and took delight to argue of piety and impiety, of honesty and dishonesty, of justice and injustice, of wisdom and folly.*

HIS SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Again the aim of a philosopher is primarily intellectual; his quest begins in wonder, and its end is the approximate discovery of truth. The object of Socrates, on the contrary, was primarily moral and practical, to make men better citizens and nobler characters, though, being a Greek, he approached his hearers through the reason rather than through the emotions and the spirit. But his detachment, his moral earnestness, missionary

zeal, and almost superstitious piety, his reveries and second sight, supernatural warnings and martyr's death, not only separate him from sophists and rhetoricians, but from the most respected teachers of the Academy and the Porch. In all these points he resembled rather the prophets and saints, the inspired originators of religious and philanthropic movements of every age, the men of magnetic influence and extraordinary psychology who have believed themselves in direct communication with the invisible world. Such men can be classed neither with statesmen nor poets, philosophers nor priests, and yet have perhaps exercised an authority over the human race greater than any or all of them.

SOCRATES AND THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

The special characteristics of the Hebrew prophets seem to be that they must have a call, the object of their teaching must be righteousness, their motive religious, their lives conformable to their doctrines; they must have the power of prevision, and generally speaking be unappreciated by the generation in which they live. Now with the exception perhaps of the mysterious Pythagoras, no one among the sages of Greece exhibited these characteristics to such a degree as Socrates. While the priest carries on an immemorial cultus from which he may not depart a hair's breadth, and the scribe, minister, or preacher interprets a sacred tradition and dare not exceed the letter of his instructions, the prophet inaugurates a new spiritual departure, and brings a message direct from the spiritual world. He must in the first instance have a call, a sign to assure his own faith, as he afterwards shows signs in attestation of his mission to others. It might come to Samuel through a voice, to Elisha through the hairy coat of

* Xenophon's "Memorabilia," i., 1. Bysshe's translation.

Elijah, to Amos in the midst of his rustic labours, to Ezekiel in storm and fire, to St. Paul in the scathing vision on the road to Damascus. Though speaking with the utmost authority when he has received his commission, the prophet is among the most diffident of men, and requires the clearest assurance that it is his duty to undertake a charge from which flesh and blood naturally shrink. Moses, at the bush, might plead his want of eloquence, and Jeremiah that he was a child and could not speak, and Isaiah confess that he was a man of unclean lips. So Socrates always asserted that his mission had been forced upon him by divine authority and oracular intimations. The most critical of these was the declaration procured by his friend Chærephon from Delphi, that no one was wiser than Socrates.* Considering that he had no wisdom whatsoever on any subject great or small, after severe searchings of heart and mental struggle, he determined to test the veracity of the Pythoness by examining the politicians, poets, and men of repute. He found by their replies that their supposed wisdom was worthless, the only difference being that they knew not their ignorance, "whereas I knew it and was so far wiser than they." Thus began that cross-examining career, that intellectual mission to the young men of Athens, that service to the god, which brought on him life-long unpopularity, poverty, and ultimately death. "For it would be monstrous for me," he told the judges, "after having kept my place bravely as a soldier in the ranks, if through fear of death or anything else I were to disobey the oracle and desert the post which God has assigned me. I must obey Him rather than you."†

THE PROPHET A PRACTICAL MAN.

The object of the prophet as such is not, as we have said, speculative and philosophic, but moral and practical. It is scarcely necessary to prove this in respect to Amos and Hosea, Isaiah or Ezekiel. To hate the evil and love the good, to do justice and love mercy, to seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, and plead for the widow, is the burden of their message. So of Socrates, Xenophon says, he made it his chief care to deliver his friends from every guilty passion, and inspire them with ardent love of virtue.‡ Temperance, soberness, and chastity were his habitual themes. Is it not scandalous for a man to be taken in the same snare as irrational animals, as those are who die from over-eating, or are found skulking in the chambers of married women? § To Crito, when urged to seek escape from prison, he replies, "We are not to do wrong for wrong, or to do evil to anyone, whatever we suffer."|| He was not of opinion that silver and gold made a man more valuable, a wiser and a better man.¶ Those who pursue philosophy abstain from the gratification of bodily desires, and bear all trials and resist all temptations. They fear no poverty, no privations, no obloquy.** And his own example tested the sincerity of his profession. He would take no gratuity, and wondered how a man who offered to teach virtue should ask for money. Himself so poor that there was not a man in all the world, who could work, but would have been able to maintain him.†† Like Samuel, demanding whose ox and whose ass have I taken, he could appeal to the Dicasts, "What young man have I perverted? let them come forward.

From whom have I taken fees?" He slept little; went barefooted; wore the same coarse clothing even during the bitter cold of a Thracian winter; and gave a signal proof of his inflexible probity when, being Prytanis* after the battle of Arginusæ, he alone refused to put an illegal proposal to the vote, and when under the Thirty Tyrants he declined to bring Leon from Salamis whom they wished to put to death.† Caring, as he phrased it, not a jot for death, but mightily about doing nothing against the law of God or man. Yet he was no ascetic, and could pass round the cup on festive occasions; while his playfulness with the young, in the Lysis and Charmides, reminds us of Mr. Ruskin with the girls at Whitelands College.

HIS HUMAN INTEREST.

But if Socrates was a prophet of righteousness, it was conspicuously of righteousness as understood by a Greek of the fifth century before Christ. He was not teaching Chaldeans how to propitiate invisible powers, or Hindus how to expiate hereditary guilt, or Jews how to reconcile the misery of the chosen people with the government of their covenant Jehovah, but Athenians how to become good citizens, and wise and happy freemen. The occupations, interests, the very divinities of Hellas were intensely human and practical. Socrates did not compass his ends by oracular utterances, by parabolical signs, or parallelistic dithyrambs, but by dialectic. His method was purely intellectual. Every one who came into conversation with him was examined as to the meaning of the great words—goodness, justice, courage, piety—which all so freely used. They were compelled by such a process to take to pieces and test the consistency and completeness of their common notions and general propositions, to detect the common attribute which they contained, and, if need be, the fallaciousness of their generalizations.‡ They learned, at all events, their own ignorance, as the conclusions were habitually negative. Instead of, like the Christian preacher, endeavouring to produce a consciousness of sin, a sense of having broken the divine law and a need of deliverance, Socrates aimed at a kind of intellectual conversion. His searching questions were enough to make every hearer, be he the great king himself, feel unclean, uninformed, no better than a slave.§ This exposure of all false pretensions to knowledge was a painful and humiliating process, which drove many away with irritation and hostility. But in nobler minds the state of doubt and discomfort brought about a desire for its removal, an enthusiasm for true knowledge.

In pursuance of the same intellectual methods Socrates theoretically resolved virtue into knowledge, and vice into ignorance. The man who does not know what virtue is, he held, cannot practise it, even if he would. Every one would pursue his own good, if he knew the way. But this does not meet the practical difficulty to induce the lower appetites to submit to the control of the rational will. "The good that I would, I do not; and the evil that I would not, that I do."|| Hence he had continually to insist on the need of self-restraint. The law in the members warring against the law of the mind, was never better illustrated than by the story in the "Republic" of the man who, on his way from the Piræus, saw some corpses which he felt disgusted with himself for wishing to look at, but could not resist the inclination; till, at last, opening his eyes wide he bade them

* Plato's "Apology of Socrates," p. 21, Stephen's pages.

† "Apology," pp. 28, 29.

‡ "Memorabilia," i., 2.

§ Plato's "Crito," § 45.

** Plato, "Phædo"; Whewell, 66.

‡ "Memorabilia," ii., 1.

§ "Memorabilia," iv., 2.

|| "Memorabilia," i., 3.

* Epistates, or President, Xenophon calls him.

† Grote's "History of Greece," vol. viii., Socrates.

‡ Grote, from Plato's "Sophist."

§ "Apology," 32.

|| Grote, from Plato's "Sophist."

¶ Romanus vii., 19.

glut themselves with the beautiful sight.* It is a sufficiently strong motive to self-denial that is ordinarily lacking, and this no mere intellectual instruction has ever been found able to supply.

HIS MOTIVES.

Socrates' own missionary zeal could never, as Grote observes, have been sustained through a long life without his strong religious motive. We see throughout that it was the constraining force of supernatural authority which led him to undertake so unenviable an office. "To examine men is the task imposed on me by God, through oracles, dreams, and every way in which the Divine will is declared to men."† And "when he believed that the gods had admonished him to do anything, it was impossible to make him take a contrary resolution."‡ "Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces, an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead."§ "Gird up thy loins, and arise and speak unto them."|| Socrates had, it is true, no definite revelation; no law of one supreme and righteous Lord to which he could appeal. His texts were taken from Homer and Hesiod, not from Deuteronomy or the Psalms; his examples not from Jacob or Joshua, but from the choice of Hercules, or the resolution of Achilles. The popular theology of Greece was vague and mythological, often immoral. Yet nothing is more unfair than the charge brought against him by Miletus of not worshipping the gods whom the city worshipped. He was most careful to observe the institutions of his country and conform to the national cultus. He recommended Xenophon when hesitating to take service under Cyrus, to consult the oracle;¶ and his last words were an injunction to offer the customary cock to Asclepius.*

SOCRATES AND THE RELIGION OF HIS DAY.

Socrates made the best of the religion of Hellas and rose above it. Considering virtue and piety to be the great pillars of the state, before undertaking any public office he first advised his friends on their duty to God and mankind, frequently displaying before them high and noble descriptions of the Divine power and goodness.†† "Apply yourself sincerely to piety and virtue, and you will soon be persuaded that God sees all, hears all, and regulates and superintends all the events of the universe."‡‡ In language reminding us of the Hellenist prophet of Tarsus, he taught that God was visible enough by the many wondrous works of which He is the author, giving us light, without which we should be as the blind, and night because we have need of repose, and excellently ordering the seasons for the fruits of the earth, of which we have such a variety, not only to supply our real wants but to satisfy luxury. §§ The natural Theology of Paley or the Bridgewater Treatises is almost anticipated in his argument:—"How wisely is it provided that since the eye is of a delicate make, it is guarded by the lid, drawn back when the eye is used, and covering it in sleep; and how well doth the hair at the extremity of the eyelids keep out dust, and the eyebrows prevent the sweat of the forehead from running into the eye to its hurt, and how are the fore teeth fitted to cut off proper portions of the food, and the grinders to reduce it to a convenient smallness."||| "Let all this therefore teach you not to neglect or disbelieve the Deity because He is invisible; learn to know His presence and power; be persuaded of His universal

care and providence, and be sure to worship and serve Him."** His utterances on prayer and sacrifice, that the gods know better than we do what things are really good for us,† or that it would be injustice in the gods to take more delight in costly offerings of the rich than in poorer ones, because then the sacrifices of the wicked would often be more acceptable than the gifts of the good,‡ are conceived in the lofty spirit of Isaiah or Amos. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me; I will not regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts; leave to do evil, learn to do well."

SOCRATES AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

But it is principally in his glowing anticipations of future life and judgment that the Platonic Socrates has been the revealer of the unseen to the generations immediately succeeding him. In the "Apology," as became his profession of universal ignorance, he had spoken of not knowing whether death was a sleep without a dream, or, as he had strong reasons to expect, a passage to another place. But in the "Phædo" he rises to an assured confidence that those who have left this life are still in being, and if we may trust Plato, spent his last hours in discussing the immortality of the soul with his sorrowing disciples. It forms the theme of the wonderful myths which conclude alike the Phædo, the Gorgias, and the Republic. These realistic pictures of the terrors of judgment and the blessedness of the heavenly state, remind us more of the Egyptian eschatology and the vivid description of the dangerous journey to the Hall of Osiris, and the weighing of the heart in the scales of Truth, than anything to be found in the Old Testament. The message of the Hebrew prophets was from a living Lord to his liege subjects, and concerns the righteousness of his dealings with them upon earth. They dwelt little on the destiny of the soul in Sheol. It was very much to the influences emanating from the school of Socrates that the world owed the wide-spread belief in a better resurrection which prevailed in Palestine and Alexandria during the Apocryphal period, and prepared the way for the coming of Him who brought life and immortality to light by His gospel.§

SOCRATES AND MYSTICISM.

But there is another aspect of the character of Socrates, too much ignored by his modern admirers, which yet differentiates him from the other leaders of Greek thought, and connects him rather with the Prophets of Israel and the mystics of Christendom. He belonged, it would seem, to two worlds; both to the world of practical affairs, shrewd common-sense and high intellectual culture, and to the inner world of supersensuous intuition and supernatural suggestion. From his boyhood he was profoundly impressed with the conviction that he had a divine voice or monitor within, which checked him even in small matters, but never urged him to any positive course.|| It had forbidden him to enter on public life, dissuaded him from considering what he should say on his trial, and did not check him during the speech which he actually made, whereby he concluded that he was in the right course. Frequent allusions are made to it both in Xenophon and Plato, as instructing him in a different way from other men, and "giving him notice what he ought and ought not to do."¶ It has been commonly called the

* Plato, "Republic," bk. iv. † "Apology," 33.
 ‡ "Memorabilia," i., 3. † Ezekiel iii., 8. † Jeremiah i., 17.
 § Grote. † Phædo, 118. †† "Memorabilia," iv., 3.
 ‡‡ "Memorabilia," i., 4. †† Ibid., iv., 3. †† Ibid., i., 4.

* Memorabilia, iv., 3. † Ibid., i., x. and Plato, "Alcibiades," li.
 ‡ "Memorabilia," i., 3. † Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. iii.
 † "Apology" and "Theages." † "Memorabilia," iv., 3.

demon of Socrates, but he scarcely himself attributes such distinct personality to the voice as that word would convey. Yet his—or Plato's—belief in the agency of intermediate intelligences may be inferred from the passage in the "Symposium," where he says that all divination, and all the science of priests with respect to initiations and incantations, in fact, all the converse between gods and men, whether asleep or awake, takes place by their agency.* The divine sign seems more to have resembled a double or clairvoyant consciousness; and has naturally provoked the incredulity of philosophers who have only studied the human mind in its normal functions. They have tried to explain it away as amounting merely to a strong conviction or conscience; or even as a mark of insanity. M. Lélut, a French critic, styled him "un fou," and classed him with Pascal and the mystics as under an hallucination.†

HIS OCCULT POWERS.

But there can be no doubt that the Hebrew prophets claimed, and were believed by their contemporaries to possess, occult powers of the highest order. In fact, the Deuteronomic law invites verification and stakes the reputation of the prophets on the fulfilment of their forecasts. If the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken.‡ And from the time when Saul consulted Samuel on the finding of his asses to Jeremiah's prediction of the return from the seventy years' captivity, we can see that the whole history was worked by prophets and prophecy, even in the narrow sense of the word. Elisha's power of second sight was so well established that his servants could tell the King of Syria that "the prophet that is in Israel telleth the King of Israel the words thou speakest in thy bed-chamber."§ In many cases we have evidence that a peculiar physical condition induced or accompanied the prophetic afflatus. Balaam speaks of falling down or falling into a trance, but having his eyes open.|| Elisha calls for a minstrel, and as the minstrel played the hand of the Lord came upon him. Ezekiel, when the hand of the Lord was upon him, was prostrate and saw the heavens opened, and was taken up by the Spirit as if between heaven and earth.¶ Zachariah was wakened as a man out of sleep; Daniel was in a deep sleep, neither was there any breath left in him. Of the same stamp was St. Paul, who, Roman citizen, Jewish lawyer, and man of action as he was, could yet speak of himself as caught up into Paradise and hearing unspeakable words, whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell.** And outside the chosen people there have been in all ages men of a similar temperament, who have exercised the most extraordinary influence over human thought and conduct—Martin of Tours and Severinus, Bernard and Dominic, Catherine of Sienna and Jeanne d'Arc, Swedenborg and the Curé d'Ars. To them the unseen world was as real as the visible. Amid many differences they all seem to have possessed a kind of second consciousness or internal vision, which enabled them to stand in closer relation to the spiritual world than the rest of men. The unique position of the Hebrew prophets is owing to this higher consciousness being employed as the organ of a continuous and progressive revelation, culminating in the anticipated advent of the Son of God. They had an insight into the laws of eternal righteousness, the laws

of the Kingdom of Heaven, vouchsafed to none of their contemporaries. "However you will explain it," writes Professor Adam Smith, "that Divine Spirit which we have felt unable to conceive as absent from any Semitic prophet who truly sought after God, that Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world, was present to an unparalleled degree with the early prophets of Israel."*

SOCRATES AS A PSYCHOLOGIST.

Socrates had many of the marks of this prophetic psychology. A Greek among Greeks, with the keenest intellect, robust frame and remarkable powers of endurance, he is the last person whom we should suspect of hysterical tendencies or morbid self-delusion. Yet Aristotle attributes to him *φύσιν μελαγχολικήν*—the ecstatic temperament.† Stories were current of his prolonged reveries, one of them lasting from early morning through the night to the dawn of the next day, which we may compare with the trances of less stalwart visionaries. He could appeal to his friends that the divine voice often verified the trustworthiness of its intimations by the event. It interposed to prevent Charmides entering the lists at Nemea; and you may ask him what was the result.‡ Three times it essayed to deter Timarchus from going to assassinate Nicias, and what were his last words?—"I am going to my death because I would not take the advice of Socrates." And of the Sicilian expedition, and when Sannio went with Thrasybulus it gave warning.§ The magnetic influence of Socrates' presence is indicated by the confession of the grandson of Aristides: "I never learned anything from you, Socrates, but I made progress when I was with you, even when only in the same house, still more when I was in the same room, and most of all if I sat near you, and took hold of you and touched you."||

AS A DREAMER.

And his prescience is illustrated by the dream in which a beautiful woman appeared to him quoting a line of Homer, which he rightly interpreted to mean that he should not die till the third day, contrary to the anticipation of Crito, to whom it was related.¶ So that psychologically, as well as by the earnestness of his moral aims, his profound religious feeling, and his personal righteousness, we are justified in claiming a place for Socrates among the goodly fellowship of the world's prophetic teachers.

It certainly does not speak well for human nature that the almost natural outcome of a prophet's life should be odium, disappointment, and a martyr's death. "No man can long be safe who either to you or any other democratic body opposes himself firmly,"** said Socrates. There is always a feeling of irritation produced by the presence of superior goodness, like that of the citizen who was tired of always hearing Aristides called the Just. And if that goodness is aggressive, and rebukes our misdeeds, we are inclined to say as Amaziah the priest did to Amos: "O thou seer, flee away into the land of Judah and eat bread and prophesy;"†† or as Socrates puts into the mouths of the Dicasts, "Why cannot you remove to another city and there hold your tongue and live quietly?"‡‡ He had given personal affront to many of the politicians, rhetors, and poets, by exposing their pretensions to knowledge; he had offended the demos by his presumed Laconian and aristocratic proclivities,

* Thomson.
† Deuteronomy xviii., 22.
‡ Numbers xxiv., 4.
§ 2 Corinth., xii., 3, 4.

¶ Elam's "Physicians' Problems,"
‡ 2 Kings vi., 32.
§ Ezekiel iii., 12, 14.

* Dr. G. A. Smith, "Twelve Prophets," p. 17.
† Grote. ‡ "Theages," Whewell. § *Ibid.* || *Ibid.*
¶ Crito, 41. ** "Apology," 31; Whewell.
‡‡ Amos vii., 12. †‡ "Apology," 37.

and the conservative element in Athenian society by his supposed advocacy of new opinions. The possession of occult powers always seems uncanny to the vulgar; and fear or hatred may at any time take the place of awe and reverence. Jeremiah was all his life persecuted by those who yet evidently believed in him; and Jeanne d'Arc was a saint to her friends and a witch to her enemies. The true prophet, secure in his divine mission, cannot truckle to his adversaries by lowering his tone of authority, or supplicating for a few more years of inglorious life. By the almost defiant tone of his Apology,

Socrates showed his personal superiority to ordinary hopes and fears, and read the most impressive lesson to the youth of Athens.* As far as opportunity enabled him he verified the conviction, so often quoted from the "Republic," that if a perfectly just man were to come to the city and teach it all manner of excellent arts, his fate would not be to be honoured and crowned with garlands, but to be racked and scourged, and ultimately to be crucified.

J. W. H.

* Grote.

III.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, writing of Mrs. Browning, says:—

She seemed, even in her life, something of a spirit, and her views of life's sorrow and shame, of its beauty and eternal hope, is not unlike that which one might imagine a spirit's to be.

Small and delicate as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's body appeared, its expression of spiritual strength and unearthliness seemed to strike forcibly the minds of all thinkers who had the privilege of personally meeting her.

THE SHEATH OF A SOUL.

The wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing to her sister, Elizabeth Peabody, says, "Mrs. Browning is wonderfully interesting. She is the most delicate sheath for a soul I ever saw." And Hawthorne himself describes her as—

A small pale person scarcely embodied at all. At any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped and to speak with a sweet temerity of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose he has an earthly wife at all, any more than an earthly child—both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good, kind fairy however, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, though only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes! There is not such another figure in the world; and black ringlets cluster down her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their subtle profusion. I could not form any judgment about her age—it may range anywhere within the limits of human life, or elfin life. I was not before sensible what a slender voice she has. It is marvellous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence.

HER IMMORTAL EXPRESSION.

Another writer says, "Never shall I forget her face—the plain, mortal beautiful in its immortal expression; large, dark, dreamy eyes, like deep wells of thought." The sculptor, W. W. Story, who was an intimate and dear friend of the Brownings in Italy, declares:—

One never dreamed of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence. Gossip was felt out of place. Books and all humanity, great deeds, and, above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts and therefore oftenest on her lips. . . . I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion. Her Christianity was not confined to church or rubrics—it meant civilization.

Another friend completes the picture of one whom Swinburne calls "the yet undethroned sovereign of English poetesses," by saying, "A more timid nature was never joined to a bolder spirit than in Elizabeth

Barrett Browning. She fairly shrank from observation, and could not endure mixed company."

HER BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM.

But shy and sensitive as she was, she had ever the intellectual courage to declare her convictions upon all subjects, even upon the socially tabooed subject of Spiritualism, in which she did not hesitate to confess herself a believer. And it required the finest and highest kind of courage in her to declare her belief in it, not only because at that time it was, even more than to-day, accounted a sign of weakness to give credence to "Ghost Stories," but that her dearly beloved Robert despised Spiritualism, and grew angry at any mention of its marvels, while most of her intimate friends thought it utter folly on her part to believe in it. Sophie Hawthorne tells this story:—

Mrs. Browning is a spiritualist. Mr. Browning opposes and protests with all his might. One evening at Casa Guidi there was a conversation about spirits, and a marvellous story was told of two hands that crowned Mrs. Browning with a wreath through the mediumship of Mr. Home. Mr. Browning declared that he believed the two hands were made by Mr. Home and fastened to Mr. Home's toes, and that he made them move by moving his feet. Mrs. Browning kept trying to stem his flow of eager funny talk with her slender voice, but, like an arrowy river, he rushed and foamed and leaped over her slight tones, and she could not succeed in explaining how she *knew* they were spirit hands.

HER HUSBAND'S DISBELIEF.

Thackeray's daughter, in her reminiscences of the Brownings, says:—

Almost the first time I ever really recall Mr. Browning, he and my father and Mrs. Browning were discussing spiritualism in a very human and material fashion, each holding to their own point of view, and my sister and I sat by listening and silent. My father was always immensely interested by the stories thus told, though he certainly did not believe in them. Mrs. Browning believed, and Mr. Browning was always irritated beyond patience by the subject.

I can remember her voice, a sort of faint minor chord, as she, lisping the "r" a little, uttered her remonstrating "Robert!" and his loud dominant baritone, sweeping away every possible plea she and my father could make. And then came my father's deliberate notes, which seemed to fall a little sadly—his voice always sounded a little sad—upon the rising waves of the discussion. I think this must have been just before we all went to Rome; it was in the morning, in some foreign city. I can see Mr. and Mrs. Browning, with their faces turned toward the window, and my father with his back to it, and all of us assembled in a little high-up room. Mr. Browning was dressed in a rough brown suit, and his hair was black hair then; and she, as far as I can remember, was, as usual, in soft-falling flounces of black silk, and with her heavy curls drooping, and a thin gold chain hanging round her neck.

She was so fixed in her belief in the nearness and her consciousness of the truth of the life of the spirit that her own grand poet-soul welled over with the joy of her belief, which she fancied must be as clear to other spiritually-minded souls as to her own, so that she often unconsciously spoke of her faith to those not yet so near to the spheres beyond as she herself was.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S REMINISCENCES.

Thus in several of his first interviews with her, Nathaniel Hawthorne betrays his impatience of the subject when writing of her. One time, when she was

placed next to him at a dinner given by Lord Houghton, he says:—

She introduced the subject of spiritualism, which, she says, interests her very much. Indeed, she seems to be a believer. Mr. Browning, she told me, utterly rejects the subject, and will not believe even the outward manifestations, of which there is such overwhelming evidence. Really, I cannot help wondering that so fine a spirit as hers should not reject the matter till at least it is forced upon her.

Noting bits of the conversation at a dinner given by the Brownings, where several distinguished authors were present, he says:—



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The most interesting topic being that disagreeable and now wearisome one of spiritual communications—as regards which Mrs. Browning is a believer, and her husband an infidel. Mr. Bryant (William Cullen Bryant, the poet, who was among the guests) appeared not to have made up his mind on the matter, but told a story of a successful communication between Cooper the novelist and his sister, who had been dead fifty years.

Hawthorne here repeats the story of the Brownings' séance with the medium, Mr. Home, as given by Mrs. Hawthorne, and concludes by remarking of Browning's account of the affair.

The marvellousness of the fact as I have read it and heard it from other eye witnesses melted strangely away in his hearty

grip and at the sharp touch of his logic, while his wife ever and anon put in a gentle word of expostulation.

MISS COBBE'S STORY.

Another testimony to Browning's bitterness toward spiritualism, a bitterness which seems strange in so spiritual a nature as his, and the one point only, so far as known, of dissentient opinion between these rarely harmonious poet-souls is given by Frances Power Cobbe in what seems queerly enough to have partaken of clairaudient power on the narrator's part, though Miss Cobbe disclaims for herself any belief in anything pertaining to what is wrongly called "the supernatural."

She was for a while, when living in Italy, the companion at Villa Bricheiri of Isa Blagden, a most intimate friend of the Brownings, and thus often met Browning, and less frequently Mrs. Browning—since the latter was, as well as herself, an invalid. "Browning and Isa," she relates in her autobiography—

Were always wrangling in an affectionate way over some book or music, and one night when I had left Villa Bricheiri and was living at Villa Niccolini, at least half a mile off, the air being in some singular condition of sonority, carried their voices between the walls of the two villas so clearly across to me that I actually heard some of the words of their quarrel, and closed my windows lest I should be an eavesdropper. I believe it was about spirit-rapping they were fighting, for which, and the professors of the art, Browning had a horror. I have seen him stamping on the floor in a frenzy of rage at the way some believers and mediums were deceiving Mrs. Browning.

No stronger evidence could be given of Mrs. Browning's triumphant faith in the truth of spirit life than her holding out thus against her best beloved. On the one point in which they differed, and painful as it was to differ from one to whom she was otherwise so devoted, that she playfully said of him, "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him, and hear him breathe. For the peculiarity of our relation is, that he thinks aloud with me and can't stop himself." And yet in spite of his doubt and angry denial of the evidence, her faith in its truth burned brightly in her soul until she entered upon the realities of those spirit spheres from which she had never been quite separated.

A FAITHFUL WITNESS.

Not only did she steadfastly express her belief in Spiritualism to him she held dearest, but she did so to others in the face of their acknowledged incredulity, and open scorn. Ingram, her very inadequate biographer, goes out of his way to express surprise at her belief, and to belittle its great truths. He says:—

One of the most important victims to the new epidemic was Mrs. Browning. Her letters of this period are filled with allusions to Spiritualism, and its strangest development spirit rappings. To a woman of such strong common sense as her friend Mary Russell Mitford, Mrs. Browning's belief in such things as these manifestations appeared almost incomprehensible. Writing to the American publisher, Fields, Miss Mitford remarks: "Mrs. Browning is most curious about your rappings, of which I suppose you believe as much as I do of the Cock Lane ghost's doings they so much resemble." And again, "Mrs. Browning believes in every spirit-rapping story, and tells me that Robert Owen has been converted by them to a belief in a future state." Henry Chorley, who had long been her intimate friend, alludes to the fact that her friendship for him, though it continued through life, was interrupted by serious differences of opinion concerning a matter which she took terribly to heart—the strange weird questions of mesmerism, including clairvoyance; for all these things were combined and complicated with the mysteries of Spiritualism. I have never seen one more nobly simple, more entirely guiltless of the feminine propensity of talking for effect, more earnest in her assertion, more gentle yet pertinacious in differences than she was; like all whose early nurture has chiefly been from books, she had a child's curiosity regarding the life beyond her books, co-existing with opinions accepted as certainties concerning things of which (even with the intuitions of genius) she could know little.

Thus they of lesser knowledge judged this spiritually-minded, clear-visioned soul!

HER PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

Her faith in the life beyond speaks out clearly through many of her poems, as when, in "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress," she speaks of a time when—

We grow into thought—and with inward ascensions
Touch the bounds of our being!
We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly around
With our sensual relations, and social conventions,
Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound
Beyond hearing or seeing.

And through the dim rolling we hear the sweet calling
Of spirits that speak in a soft under tongue
The sense of the mystical march:
And we cry to them swiftly, "Come nearer, come nearer,
And lift up the lap of this Dark, and speak clearer,
And teach us the song that ye sung:"
And we smile in our thought if they answer or no,
For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know
Wonders breathe in our face
And we ask not their name:
Love takes all the blame
Of the world's prison-place,
And we sing back the songs as we guess them aloud.

AN INSPIRED POEM.

In the poem full of indignant sympathy for American slaves, and accusation of the nation permitting slavery, written before or during the war, entitled, "A Curse for a Nation," she intimates that it was written under inspiration. It begins—

I heard an Angel speak last night,
And he said—"Write!
Write a Nation's Curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea."

When she pleads that she does not wish to be made the instrument to curse another nation when she sees so much wrong-doing in her own land—

"Therefore," the voice said "Shalt thou write
My curse to-night,
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
A foul thing done *within* thy gate."

HER BELIEF.

Parts of her own personal experiences are, doubtless, hinted at in her poem, "Human Life's Misery" (which had been better named, "Life's Mysteries"), of which we quote two verses—

Things nameless! which in passing so,
Do stroke us with a subtle grace,
We say, "Who passes?"—they are dumb;
We cannot see them go or come;
Their touches fall soft—cold—as snow
Upon a blind man's face.

Yet touching so, they draw above
Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown—
Our daily joy and pain, advance
To a divine significance—
Our human love—O mortal love,
That light is not its own!

SPIRITUALISM AN IMPERIOUS NEED.

In a letter written to Harriet Beecher Stowe by Mrs. Browning, in 1861, shortly after the death of a near relative of the poet (her father, I think), she makes open confession of her belief in Spiritualism as follows:—

Your letter, which would have given me pleasure if I had been in the midst of pleasure, came to me when little beside could have pleased. Dear friend, let me say it—I had had a great blow and loss in England, and you wrote things in that letter which seemed meant for me—meant to do me good, and which did me good; the first good any letter or any talk did me, and it struck me as strange, as more than a coincidence, that your first word since we parted in Rome last spring should come

to me in Rome, and bear so directly on an experience which you did not know of. . . .

I don't know how people can keep up their prejudices against Spiritualism with tears in their eyes—how they are not, at least, thrown on the wish it might be true, and the investigation of the phenomena by that abrupt shutting in their faces of the door of death, which shuts them out from the sight of their beloved. My tendency is to beat up against it like a crying child. Not that this emotional impulse is the best for turning the key and obtaining safe conclusions—no. I did not write before because I always do shrink from touching my own griefs. One feels at first so sore, that nothing but stillness is borne. It is only after, when one is better, that one can express one's self at all. This is so with me at least, though perhaps it ought not to be so with a poet. If you saw my "De Profundis," you must understand that it was written nearly twenty years ago, and referred to what went before. Mr. H.'s affliction made me think of the MS., and I pulled it out of a secret place and sent it to the *Independent*, not thinking that the publication would fall in so nearly with a new grief of mine as to lead to misconception. . . . It refers to the greatest affliction of my life, the only time when I felt despair—written a year after or more. Forgive all these reticences. My husband calls me peculiar in some things—I can't articulate some names—no, not to *him*—not after all these years! It's a sort of dumbness of the soul. Blessed are those who *can* speak, I say. But don't you see from this how I must *want* Spiritualism above most persons?

Thus speaks the exquisitely sensitive soul of the spiritually endowed poet! The "affliction" which occurred "twenty years ago," to which reference is made in the above letter, was doubtless the occasion of the death by accidental drowning of her best beloved brother.

MRS. BROWNING'S SPIRIT-RETURN.

In the biography of the poet-traveller, Bayard Taylor, edited by his wife, an incident is narrated which strongly affected his after life, in which Mrs. Browning, though then in spirit life, was an effective factor. This incident is of interest to all believers in the possibility of spirit-return. Bayard Taylor, though himself somewhat of a psychic, and interested in spiritual phenomena, was not a full believer, at least at the time the incident occurred.

Some time after Mrs. Browning's death, Mr. Taylor, being temporarily in Florence, had taken the rooms in Casa Guidi where the Brownings had lived, and which her pen immortalized. Here he was attacked by the first serious illness of his life, a fever, which brought him very low, and at its crisis he fancied—some will say through his delirium, and others will say clairvoyantly—that he saw the form of Mrs. Browning, who looked at him with sweetest sympathy, and laid her healing hands upon him. At any rate, from that hour he began to recover, and afterward embodied his vision in a poem entitled "Casa Guidi Windows," in which he says:—

*She came, whom Casa Guidi's chambers knew,
And know more proudly, an Immortal, now;
The air, without a star, was shivered through
With the resistless radiance of her brow,
And glimmering landscapes from the darkness grew
Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought me rest.
Unspoken words, an understood command
Sealed weary lids with sleep; together pressed
In clasping quiet, wandering hand to hand,
And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.*

AND HEALS BAYARD TAYLOR.

That he believed that in this vision of Mrs. Browning he really had caught a glimpse of the spirit world, is more than hinted at by Mrs. Taylor, for she says:—

When after this illness he could once more go out, think, write, and see his friends, he was aware that he had passed, not

only through a physical crisis, but through a mental and spiritual one as well. He did not often speak of this, except to those closest to him, but he was wont to note the change as if a veil had fallen from his eyes, and he saw all things clearly. Strangely he got well in a marvellously short time, and, doubtless, spiritual ministrations helped him back to life.

It was soon after his recovery that he wrote to his intimate friend, the poet, Edmund Clarence Steadman, as follows:—

I can now thank God, not only for my recovery, but for my illness. For two years I have felt that my vital power was lowered, without being able to point to any symptom of disease and a crisis like this was necessary. In mind and moral temperament a corresponding process had taken place, and I look forth upon the re-bestowed world with younger, more hopeful, and more courageous eyes. . . . One should never doubt God, or defy what we call Chance. I am going to have henceforth more calm and moral poise.

WHAT MR. BROWNING THOUGHT OF IT.

If spirits can sometimes, as so many believe, show themselves in their higher estate to mortal eyes for purposes of good, surely it would add to the happiness of such a humanity, loving spirit as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to be allowed to show herself in her old home, and to help physically, as well as intellectually, a sick and soul-bewildered poet friend back to health and spiritual clearness. When Bayard Taylor returned to health he sent the poem, from which I have quoted, to Browning, relating at the same time his vision of Mrs. Browning and the impression it made upon his mind. The greater poet was touched by the story, and wrote in reply:—

There used to be healing once in a shadow, and there is all the interest in the world to me in shadows, were they far fainter than this one you describe, which came from what is real and present to me at all times. Thank you very heartily and affectionately.

THE PASSING OF HER SOUL.

The going out of Mrs. Browning from the imprisoning clay which held the strong spirit on earth for a while, until it could do the work for which it was sent, was characteristic. At the last she left her frail bondage easily. She had been ill from a cold for several days, but was not considered in immediate danger. Her biographer writes:—

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in partial ecstasy, and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen which pauses as the woman poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet husband.

Others have told how, as the darkness of that night softly vanished in the growing dawn, when at last the first morning sun rays illuminated the historic windows of Casa Guidi, she opened those wonderful dark eyes and gazed at vacancy, as if attracted by some sweet heavenly vision. "It is beautiful! It is beautiful!" she breathed, in a tone of intense delight and satisfaction; then she laid her tired head upon her husband's breast, and passed onward to enter into that world beautiful to which she rightly belonged—and to realize in their fulness the truth of her own words:

O, Death, O, Beyond,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange.

IV.—AFTER FOUR YEARS.

A RETROSPECT BY MISS X.

WHEN, only three months ago, I attempted to sum up the history of Psychical Research in the reign of Queen Victoria, I little thought how soon I should be called upon to discuss its history during the reign of BORDERLAND. The first volume of the life of this Review is written; time alone can show whether there will be a second. For good or evil its work is done, and we who write and read believing in the power of Will, in the force of Influence, in our own potentiality as creators of a psychic atmosphere, we must needs believe that it is for good or for evil that we have worked, and written, and read, that there is nothing in life that "doesn't matter," that Past and Future alike belong to the eternal Now. It is for each of us to take up our own responsibility, apart from the opinions of others, and in looking back at the work of others, as well as at one's own, one should seek only to appreciate, to weigh justly, and not merely to distribute praise or blame.

I think it may be worth while, perhaps, to look back at the original scheme of BORDERLAND, and inquire what lessons, what help for the future may be learnt, from our successes and our failures, or perhaps, I should rather say, from what I conceive to be such.

BORDERLAND, A REVIEW.

One should not lose sight of the fact that BORDERLAND is a Review, that its function has been to give some account of events occurring in the psychic world, of its life and literature and tendency, rather than to provide original reading, though that too has been thrown in with a liberal hand. It has been one of the drawbacks incident to its quarterly appearance that in many cases such events have already received their record, and that consequently BORDERLAND, while gaining in perspective, has lost in freshness and originality by appearing at such distant intervals.

BORDERLAND FROM THE OUTSIDE.

They lie in two piles before me, those seventeen BORDERLANDS, and I am writing now to help to add one more. The older ones have dark blue covers, presided over by that lady with the wonderful development of nether limbs, gazing into the blue distance of an indigo future, illuminated, very insufficiently, by pin points of stars. The little boy who, like Newton, plays with shells on the sea shore, knows his own limitations, and turns a sturdy back on the inscribed pillar which towers above him. Only last year the atmosphere cleared a little, and the giants ceased to gaze into the infinite, and turned her attention to the *Contents of Borderland*. We all become more practical as life goes on. Her arm still rests on that inscribed pillar, and "Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Crystal Gazing, Hypnotism, and Automatic Writing" are under her elbow. They as subjects of inquiry are always with us. What have we effected in attempting their discussion?

TELEPATHY.

First, possibly we have made the subject of telepathy so far common as to put people in the way of learning that the accent in this word is on the second

syllable, which is something. Second, that it is not a glorified synonym for thought-transference, as chiromancy for palmistry, or physician for doctor, or any vulgarity of that kind. These things accomplished, BORDERLAND would not have lived in vain. If, when you are recalling the burning down of your house or imagining flames surrounding your roof, I see a picture of it in the crystal, or the thought crosses my mind, or I write an account of it in automatic writing, that is thought-transference. If I smell smoke, or feel heat, or hear crackling, that is telepathy. In one we share thought, in the other sensation. Surely the distinction is clear enough! Nevertheless, in seeking for evidence in the Western Highlands of the existence of second sight or premonition—call the rare gift what you will—my great obstruction was that there had lately passed through the land a member of the S. P. R. with a notebook, who exploited the evidence and told the people "It was all telepathy." The free kirk meenister had said it was the de'il, which was bad enough, but telepathy was worse as suggestive of the unknown. This very quality of the unknown made my wholesale denial the less effective. It was all very well to say that premonition in so far as it was premonition, made thought-transference (which possibly was what the good man meant) quite out of the question, but one can never prove a negative assertion.

Most of us do mean thought-transference when we talk about telepathy, so as thought-transference we may consider the subject for a moment. If there has been any progress made of late years by psychic inquiry, it has been I think mainly in the direction of accepting thought-transference. This has worked in two ways. The sceptic who has nevertheless found something he can't explain will accept the hypothesis as at least thinkable, and as having some basis in that unchallenged field, his own experience. On the other hand, the credulous, a person even more dangerous to the status of our inquiry, is not now necessarily limited to the one hypothesis, spirits.

Spiritualism, by the way, is not inscribed upon the rock which supports the lady of the ankles, perhaps because the idea of a possible spiritual explanation of phenomena is held to underlie all else in psychic inquiry. There is little doubt, and the spiritualists are now, I believe, alive to the fact, that thought-transference is, at all events, a thinkable alternative to that of spirit communication. This has been the case all the more that it has been experimentally proved, and cases have been given over and over again in BORDERLAND, that in thought-transference there need be no consciousness on the part of the agent.

For example, the story known as the Burton Case was perhaps, naturally, at once claimed as evidence by the spiritualists, to whom, of course, both Sir Richard and Lady Burton undoubtedly belonged. Nevertheless I contended, and still contend, that the thought-transference explanation is a possible, I do not say a certain, alternative hypothesis. I wrote some thirty statements all unknown to me and all alleged by Lady Burton to be true, but they must all have been known to some person or persons living, or how could the truth of them have been proved? The difficulty now is to devise an

experiment which shall exclude the possibility of thought-transference!

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Of all loosely used classifications, that of clairvoyance seems about the most hopeless, and it seems to me a term to be carefully avoided. I have heard the most miserable nonsense in the way of crystal-gazing and automatic writing, defended as "probably clairvoyance." Scenes imagined, voluntarily or not, and having no reference to any known person or place, may undoubtedly refer to others unknown, but in the absence of proof it is about as risky to call such visions "clairvoyant," as to call the nonsense we all dream "clairvoyant." Most so-called clairvoyance, probably all, is at best, thought-transference visualised. One receives a thought-transference impression, and if one is a visualiser it is probably externalised as a picture, but that does not make it clairvoyance. Properly speaking it is a misuse of terms to call anything clairvoyance short of the wonders attributed to Mr. Stainton Moses, the reading of a closed book, or the description of the contents of a closed envelope, such contents being equally unknown to others. I do not think we have had much evidence in BORDERLAND of the power of clairvoyance; if any, I can recall none which seems to me of value.

HYPNOTISM.

On the subject of hypnotism the public is, I think, a little more sane than formerly. We realise now that it is a psychological condition and not necessarily associated with psychical affairs at all. We have largely cleared our minds of cant on this subject, and BORDERLAND has always stood forth staunchly against the quacks and miracle-mongers who, under cover of chatter about "magnetism" and such like ancient fables, have sought to secure their own ends by adding to the mystery of a subject which, at least in its main outlines, is not difficult to understand. We have protested, too, against the other extreme, against those whose attitude erred from lack of reticence, whose professed familiarity with the subject is such that they seek to make hypnotism an affair of every-day life, to be resorted to with the same impunity as homœopathic medicine or faith-healing. Hypnotism is not the dangerous moral force that the "shilling-shocker" would pourtray, but on the other hand it is not, even physically, safe in the hands of the amateur. Though a member of the Hypnotic Committee of the S. P. R., I would gladly see some legislation here, as in Belgium, Russia, and other countries, which should require the same safeguards in the administration of hypnotism as in that of other narcotics. This, not because of any nonsense about "giving up your own will" (which would make you a very bad subject for hypnotism), or "being hypnotised to do wrong," which would be as much your own fault as any other temptation, but because the hypnotic sleep acts like a powerful drug, and hypnotic suggestion may be, in the hands of the ignorant, a source of physical danger. Looking back on the work of BORDERLAND. I am glad to remember that its teaching on this subject has been almost always on the side of right and of common sense. People writing about the early days of spiritualism or about healing have sometimes talked foolishly in these pages as to magnetism and odic force, but not, I think, to the peril of sounder views.

CRYSTAL GAZING.

I am not quite discontented when I look back at our share in the history of the development of crystal gazing. We have chronicled a good many experiments, some of which are of considerable value, and the correspondence which still reaches me on the subject, and which I always gladly welcome, shows that it is one which has evoked an intelligent interest. The practice of crystal gazing gives a little trouble, and does not minister to personal egotism, as do some other fields of psychical research, so that, so far as I know, it is less in favour with the vain and the illiterate, whose interest in spiritualism, and certain forms of automatism, is so serious a hindrance to real inquiry.

Crystal gazing, moreover, owes much to the continued interest of Mr. Andrew Lang, who has made personal inquiries and observations, recorded with his own special charm of style and language. It is a subject which requires no spiritualistic explanation, which is often entirely apart from any supernatural or psychical characteristic, which is interesting to the folklorist and the antiquarian and the physiologist. When the crystal does serve as a means of externalising knowledge of facts remote in time or space, unknown to the seer, the interest is, of course, infinitely multiplied. Moreover, continuous and careful experiment and observation of those of others have convinced me, of my first certainly, that no reasonable person can possibly suffer from looking at a crystal any more than from looking at anything else. Looking for pictures in a glass of water, which is all that crystal gazing need imply, is better fun than looking for them among the intricacies of a wall-paper pattern, or in the glowing coals of a fire, and does not hurt your eyes. Crystal gazing is, as a subject of inquiry, certainly increasingly popular, and as yet is unmixed with the objections which have helped to degrade some other forms of psychic inquiry.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

I wish the same could be said of automatic writing. I suppose there must always be people silly enough to take themselves and their own statements for granted, and to feel gratified when they have an impulse to tell themselves a flattering lie. Even when vanity and superstition have not blinded them to the possibility of mistake, even when they are perfectly and absolutely sincere, as no doubt may happen occasionally, the possibilities of sifting their evidence are so few and so difficult of attainment, that I feel that it is a subject which lends itself, above all others, to self-deception. Among all the correspondence which has reached me through my connection with BORDERLAND, I am bound to say that none has ever made me doubt the expedience of so-called psychic experiment as have those letters which deal with automatic writing. Given a clear head, a capacity for weighing of evidence, a conscientious desire for truth, automatic writing is probably as good as, or even better, than other forms of automatism; but I can only repeat that I know of none which so readily lends itself to fraud or, at best, to self-deception.

SPIRITUALISM.

There are other subjects with which BORDERLAND has dealt, besides those presided over by the long-legged lady. Of these, as has been already said, the most obvious is Spiritualism. I am not a Spiritualist any more than I am any other *ist*, but I am strongly of opinion that the phenomena of spiritualism should be

carefully recorded and considered, though without any haste as to conclusion or deduction. I feel, after these four years of observation and record, that the theories of the S.P.R. are still inadequate to cover the whole field of phenomena, and that there are certain directions in which we have no alternative but that of waiting or of accepting the spiritualist explanations. Personally, I am content to wait, and if the waiting leads to the establishment of spiritualistic hypotheses they should be as welcome as any other form of truth. So far, our waiting has tended in the other direction—to the subtraction from the realm of spiritualism, of provinces which were formerly assigned to it; but a No Man's Land remains which it seems to me foolish to ignore, premature to claim, and unscientific to dogmatise about. Nevertheless, as I have already said last quarter, I regret the tendency to make the S.P.R. a means of spiritualistic propaganda. There is a separate society for that purpose, and it is useless and ineffective to multiply agencies. If we do not wholly sympathise with its methods the more reason why we should lend our efforts and energies, so far as we may, to help where we can, and it is for this reason, and not as myself wholly in sympathy with the Spiritualists' Alliance, that I was happy to accept Mr. Dawson Rogers' invitation to speak with them this winter.

At one time I was permitted, in the pages of BORDERLAND, to make an effort to come into contact with the professional mediums of England. The effort was a failure, but the failure came from their own side. A large number of names and addresses of self-styled "mediums" poured in upon us, but when we made an effort to get even such references as to character and respectability as one would require in engaging a scullery maid, in nine-tenths of the cases the correspondence dropped. And yet these people claim to utter the voices of eternity; they expect us to accept them as a link with our sacred dead!

I have been to several séances. Of those private occasions which I owe to the kindness and hospitality of the mediums or their friends it is not fitting that I should speak, but the goods of professional mediums are put on the market as are other goods, and are open to the same criticisms. I have never been to any professional séance that was not dull, or vulgar, or both. I have seen tricks which one would not have supposed could deceive a schoolboy. I have never seen or heard any so-called phenomenon, which I thought convincing of anything but an impudent faith in the weakness of human nature, and a melancholy experience of its follies. I do not particularise further than by saying I have made it my business to interview most of the prominent professional mediums accessible to me. I got what I expected—nothing, and expectation is possibly in some degree to blame. To most I went incognito; it was only when my identity was known, that I received recognisable information as to my affairs and surroundings. I have seen no physical phenomena worth mentioning. Among professional mediums Mrs. Piper alone has seemed to me of serious interest, and in regard to her I can only say that she seems to me too good for the work to which she is (shall I venture to say?) condemned. I have no personal doubts as to her honesty during the time I observed her. I was satisfied that she told me what she could not have learnt by thought-transference, but interesting as it was, instructive, suggestive, there are experiences that may be bought too dear, and I contend that the price was a heavy one—for Mrs. Piper.

It is not well to play with human souls, or even bodies.

If we subtract poor Eusapia, that bone of contention, I think Mrs. Piper is the main spiritualistic phenomenon which these four years have shown us, and I would gladly hear that she was released. Moreover, I do not know that we are under any necessity to regard her as a spiritualistic phenomenon, because she is, at present, unexplained.

I rejoice in the share BORDERLAND has had in "exposures," because we can only keep the truth by subtraction of the false. I almost wish they had been more numerous; we have had many opportunities, but among other reasons for limiting the publication of our knowledge, silence is often the most effective weapon against evil. Moreover it often puts the truth remaining to us into false relation with other truths, to make a lie too prominent, and Spiritualism does not, either as a creed or a philosophy, concern itself wholly or merely with mediums and physical phenomena; both, as a rule, materialistic in the grossest degree.

As a last word on the relation of Spiritualism to the life of the Borderland, I should like to say yet once more, that there is one point upon which Spiritualists insist, which would, for myself, go far to justify their existence, namely, kindness to the so-called inferior animals.

' OUR "CIRCLES."

Like our efforts at a directory of mediums, our efforts at promoting circles of inquiry and investigation (which never meant "sitting" in circles) were also destined to failure. Some good work was done, but it was difficult to keep them together without some sort of individual personal relation, and I attempted the plan of bringing the members into contact with each other at a weekly reception. Our object was so far misunderstood that our visitors consisted largely of those who sought an opportunity for self advertisement, "professionals" of various sorts, and I soon found it impossible to continue the system. Anywhere, except in London, I believe that a series of practical lectures or thoughtful talk would have been useful, but London is already very much over-taught, which may account for its lack of education.

OTHER SUBJECTS.

I believe that our tests of professional astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, psychometrists, and the like, were useful. I think, except for some lucky shots as to Mark Twain, they were effectually convincing of the futility of the pretensions of most of them. A course of astrology or palmistry "literature" would cure most educated persons of a tendency to feel an interest in either as at present expounded, though personally I believe that in both there is something better than either their literature or exponents exhibit in these days of science-made-easy. Astrology at the hands of real scholars—I could name half-a-dozen men of learning who seriously study the subject—is a very different matter from the astrology of almanacs and cheap horoscopes and illiterate "professors." Palmistry divested of its "science" and its quackery has also, I believe, something to tell us, but what that is we shall not learn from sibyls at bazaars, nor from popular hand-books. I have not read the astrology articles in BORDERLAND for three years past, but I am satisfied that they must have proved useful in the direction I have indicated

THE DIVINING ROD.

We have, I think, done something to educate the public on this point by the publication of first hand evidence as to the faculty of water-finding. The relation of the purely physiological faculty of water or metal finding to the old superstition of the divining-rod is of merely historical and antiquarian interest, as most intelligent persons are now aware. Just as this fact is well recognised, the S. P. R. comes to the front with a very lengthy volume on this, which has, of course, no relation whatever to *Psychical Research*.^{*} Apart from *Psychical* interest the subject has already passed through the hands of such competent literary critics as Mr. Lang and Mr. Baring Gould, and of two men of science so distinguished as Boyle and Chevreul, so on neither side need we seek further information, unless from some equally distinguished man of science as these, both of them members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. As yet, however, the learned have chosen to ignore the subject. Like hypnotism, it will probably receive justice when it becomes entirely divorced from any association with "the occult."

THE LIBRARY.

A useful feature of *BORDERLAND* work has been its library, which will continue to be at the service of the public. *Psychic* literature of any value is scarce in English, except so far as it relates to hypnotism, or has been created by the S. P. R., or by some of the earlier writers on spiritualism.

Of all the feeble trash now disgracing the name of fiction, that which purports to be *psychic* is the most contemptible and illiterate. There is an excellent novel called "Behind the Magic Mirror," by Miss Birrell: Marion Crawford, Miss Coleridge, Mrs. Alfred Phillips, perhaps one or two more have given us good "psychic stories," but one could count the whole collection on one's fingers. Except for what I have enumerated, and three or four books of Mr. Lang's, I think "psychic literature" has existed in England mainly to bring the subject into contempt.

The foreign books are more hopeful, and several magazines have good *psychic* articles. Why have we not, in England, some magazine on the lines of *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, something less pedantic than the mere *Proceedings* of a Society, yet more eclectic than some which have sought to popularise *psychic* study in England?

GENERAL PROGRESS.

Of the general progress of *psychic* inquiry in England I have spoken elsewhere. I do not think it has been anything like so rapid as some would have us believe. The evidence collected by Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Gurney, and others, has gone far to make the study reputable, and the eloquence of Mr. Myers has done much to make it literary. Of new hypotheses we have none, though the S. P. R. has helped to popularise some that are old, such as those of thought-transference and sub-conscious activity. It has, moreover, facilitated the study of hypnotism, though it has thereby probably injured this subject, as well as some others, by force of association. It has taught us to appreciate the importance, well

known, of course, to psychologists, of expectant attention and suggestion, and thereby has increased our appreciation of the value of evidence.

But the outlook is of hope. It takes us a long time to get clear of the element of surprise, of shock to our conventions, above all to divest our minds of cant. The day is, I think, coming when those who wait will know—taught now and always by those who work.

Of work, in the sense of experiment, rather than of receptivity, of living the life, I have nothing favourable to say. I look back on my own periods of experiment as among the least fruitful, the least educationally valuable of my *psychic* life. I believe that all experience, emotion, knowledge, in its deepest sense, should be and is spontaneous, that we gain nothing by seeking for ourselves teaching other than that which life, in its natural development, may bring. The impression of others may be different; I venture only to contribute my own mite of experience, which is that of my whole life from its earliest years.

Gathering up the harvest of these four years of converse on the *Borderland*, I find that, above all else, my personal emotion is that of regret.

MANY MEET THE GODS BUT FEW SALUTE THEM.

There is considerable field of thought for the psychologist in the emotion of Regret. It is separable from the sense of grief or of loss, or of personal sorrow, but it is none the less keen for that. One wonders whether it is a primal instinct, having relation possibly to some lost faculty of looking forward, some power of perception of the shadows of events to come, in the lights of which in the past, from which we have parted, but of those one will perceive the loss, not merely of those things which we have never consciously greeted. Or, on the other hand, is it some sort of sub-conscious activity which has quietly collected neglected sensations which in the aggregate become Regret, while those observed and consciously remembered may nevertheless seem to create satisfaction? Look back at the day you parted from your French governess; how ill-tempered she was, how unjust! at the day you left school; how you had counted its advent for months and years! when you left the old home you never rightly valued, and moved into the house of your choice! when you turned your back on the pier and parade of that flaring London by the sea to which your doctor condemned you! when you said good-bye to the doctor himself after that weary illness! when you broke off that rash engagement and felt free once more! How welcome, how desirable, was each occasion, and yet each brought a lump to your throat; you hurried off not quite courteously, you locked your handbag, or tipped the servant, or shut the door, or said "good-bye," with something less than your usual *savoir faire*. There was apparently little relation of cause and effect; you had every reason to be glad, but over all there was the cloud of Regret.

It should be with hope and with satisfaction that we say good-bye, or perhaps *au revoir* to the friends who from time to time have sojourned with us on the *Borderland*; satisfaction in such measure of success as we have achieved; hope that should we meet again it may be with such advantage of added experience and realization of what is needed, as may make our reappearance of greater value.

Nevertheless, personally, I look back mainly with regret; not for what has been done, but for what has been missed, for opportunities neglected, for truth

^{*} Life is short, and I have not attempted to read this not very attractive work. I notice, however, that its author goes out of his way to gibbet so accurate a scholar as Mr. Lang for spelling "Chevreul[i]l," which happens to be perfectly correct, though not the modern spelling. I observe that, till the appendix is reached, the author himself persistently mis-spells the name "Bleton."

unspoken, for falsehood not contradicted, for the frequent ignoring of imposture and trickery, an ignoring which may be as dangerous to others as if it signified toleration. But of this more hereafter.

As to what has been done, that which is good will in the long run live, as truth always does, and that which is evil will come to naught. It is all a part of the eternal process of evolution, the survival of the fittest; not necessarily of what may seem to us the best, but of that most adapted to its environment, of that which must be, at least, the real. Of all the ghosts of the past the silent ones whom we have never greeted speak the loudest; it is they whose text is *nevermore*.

The wisest among us know so little of this difficult inquiry into the phenomena of the Borderland, that one is suspicious of whatever is labelled "knowledge" in a connection in which one feels justified in believing we have got no further than "inquiry"; and yet, for this very reason, one has no right to dogmatise upon conclusions which we believe to be ignorance, lest our own dogmatism be ignorance too.

To the Theosophist such an attitude is in itself a sin. His religion is a science; he *knows*; he has no excuse for ignorance even as to the smallest details of faith and life. We who are Christians have a clear and detailed revelation as to our life, and we believe we have as much, as to our faith, as we need, here and now. By slow degrees nature is telling us her secrets, leading us up from point to point; year by year adding to our stock of knowledge in this direction or in that; extending our senses or our faculties; bridging over time and space; enabling us to utilise forces that, did we but know, have been awaiting our command through all the ages.

Did we but know. The lack is in ourselves. Steam and the electric telegraph, and the X rays and Argon are not new creations—the progress is in ourselves; slowly, through countless generations, we have been prepared to receive and utilise each revelation. The right degree of receptivity is, after all, what we were waiting for, and I believe this to be at least as true in psychical as in physical research. Let me say once more, as I have said again and again in BORDERLAND, the psychic gift, whatever it may be, is a state to live in, not an art to acquire. "Many meet the gods but few salute them."

We call such gifts "faculties" in these days of cravings for nomenclature, and think, perhaps, that we have disposed of the whole problem. Perhaps the gift of clairvoyance or of premonition, or retro-cognition, are

all faculties or extensions of faculty, and the time may come when we shall think such extension no more remarkable than longsightedness or acute hearing, when we shall look back at the superfluous elaboration of our present day explanations, and laugh at our pseudo-science and our pedantic affectations.

Or it may be that our development may be in an opposite direction; that a reaction may set in from the rank materialism, however disguised, that invades all inquiry, psychical or physical. We may learn that the human soul is something other than brain stuff, that our aspirations and intuitions and longings may be indications of something not only true, but demonstrably true; that it was not only a figure of speech which declared that man was made in the likeness of God—God the Eternal, the All-seeing, the All-knowing, the prototype of man whose aspirations extend beyond time, who craves to see and to know with a passion which is the very badge of his imperfection.

TO MY FRIENDS.

BORDERLAND has brought me many friends; some I know face to face, some only on paper, some only by report, and I should like my final words to be to all of these. If they have any message for me, or feel that I have any for them, I am always gladly reached by letter at the address of this Review. The relation of those whose association comes in connection with psychic interests is always of a special kind, and writer and reader have in common something more nearly touching both than in their ordinary connection. A common hope, a common sorrow, common aspirations it may be, are ours.

To the mere idle wonder-monger, to the charlatan, to those who know all, I have nothing to say; but to those who have taught, or helped, or encouraged such efforts as I have made for the honest and the brave, I am for ever grateful; to those who have given me the happiness of being of use I am the more grateful that I thank them for what is done as well as for what is hoped; to those who are in doubt or sorrow or loneliness I offer such sympathy as I may have the privilege to give; to those who have information or knowledge to share I offer a cordial welcome; from those who would share such information as I possess I have nothing to keep back. We may not again wander in the Borderland together, but beyond the Borderland we perchance may meet. If not *Au revoir* here, till then, my friends, Adieu.

X.

Y.—"PSYCHIC BOSTON:" MRS. PIPER AND HER NEW CONTROLS.

BY A TRAVELLING BORDERLANDER.

I.—A SITTING WITH MRS. PIPER.

HOTEL BELLEVUE, BOSTON,
April, 1897.

AS one of my chief objects in visiting America this spring was to meet and have sittings with the far-famed Mrs. Piper, it was naturally a great disappointment to hear from Dr. Hodgson, whilst staying in Philadelphia, that for the last three months no one except himself could see the medium in question.

DR. PHINUIT DEPOSED.

The reason given was as follows: During this period Dr. Phinuit and other controls had given place to the "guides" of a recently incarnated spirit, now deceased, whom I will call Mr. Z., and these were most decided upon the question of all outsiders being excluded from the sittings. Having known the late Mr. Z. during the last three or four years of his life, and as two of his most intimate friends chanced to be two of my most intimate friends, I put this view of the matter to Dr. Hodgson in writing, adding that I hoped I should not be looked upon, under these circumstances, altogether in the light of "an outsider." However, the appeal was in vain. He "could hold out no hope for me," and it was only after arriving in Boston, and begging that the circumstances should be laid before the "guides" themselves, that Dr. Hodgson was directed by them to bring me out with him next morning to Arlington Heights. It was a miserable morning for the start. Heavy rain had poured down all night, seeming only to regain renewed strength as the morning broke, and by 8.30 A.M., when I left my hotel after a hurried breakfast, "the deluge" was evidently upon us for that day at least. An attack of the "grippe," from which I was barely convalescent, did not add either to the pleasure or perhaps wisdom of the expedition, but nothing less than physical disability to move would have prevented my keeping the appointment.

MRS. PIPER AT HOME.

It had been agreed that I should find my own way to Arlington Heights, and there look out for Dr. Hodgson; so having been duly warned to avoid the snare of getting out at *Arlington* (two stations beforehand), I arrived in due season after half an hour's railway ride to find Dr. Hodgson emerging from his smoking carriage.

As Mrs. Piper's very pretty and bright little house is situated at the top of a sufficiently severe hill, we took one of the quaint covered "buggies" of the New England country village and drove to her door. No more charming nor suitable situation could have been chosen for the purpose of isolating her mediumship and keeping her free from the noise and bustle and dense air of a populous city such as Boston.

Her refined little house overlooks a charming scene: trees still bare, indeed, but with promise of coming spring in their branches and twigs; a wide stretch of country beneath and around us; Boston in the far distance; and last, not least, a lovely piece of water in the valley midway, which reflected the surrounding trees and looked beautiful even under the very unfavourable circumstances of my first visit to Arlington Heights.

UNDER CONTROL.

A pleasant surprise awaited me in the medium herself. One had heard of the absolute honesty and genuineness of Mrs. Piper, but I was not prepared for the interesting and refined-looking woman who greeted us with quiet dignity and grace.

No one who has seen Mrs. Piper going into trance could possibly doubt the honesty of the process—so different from the usual travesty of the gasping, twitching medium too well known by the unfortunate investigators of these psychic mysteries—not that the proceeding is without pain to the spectator. On the contrary, the very genuineness of the trance makes it more painful, although one is assured that Mrs. Piper herself has departed from the physical body for the time being, leaving it as a vehicle for the controlling "guides." It was very much like watching some one under the influence of a strong anæsthetic—the same stertorous breathing and occasional low moans, succeeded at length by perfect unconsciousness, when the whole body became relaxed, and Dr. Hodgson, having drawn up a small table quickly in front of her, placed two soft cushions on it, putting her left arm under the head in such a position as to afford a support for the latter.

A CHANGE IN HER MEDIUMSHIP.

Mrs. Piper's form of mediumship has undergone a change of late. The former communications through the voice have ceased, giving place entirely to automatic writing, except at the moment of return to the physical body, when a chance sentence or two may be uttered during the period of transition, but these are generally difficult to catch correctly.

Dr. Hodgson had come armed with many pencils, which were changed from time to time, for the writing is so rapid, and generally so faint, that a very sharp-pointed pencil is necessary to make it legible. Even so, it was difficult to read at times, but Dr. Hodgson's long practice and infinite patience helped matters very much.

It seemed to me that I had never understood the true meaning of the word "patience" until I saw Dr. Hodgson's methods on this and a succeeding occasion.

IN PRAISE OF DR. HODGSON.

The hospitality he gives to all attempts at definite communication, however vague and shadowy in outline at first—the infinite patience with which he repeated again and again a question not fully comprehended; combined as these are with his well-known attitude of intelligent criticism and alert dispassionate judgment and balance of mind, combine to make an investigation of psychic phenomena very rarely to be met with in a world where most of us evince in a very marked degree *le défaut de nos qualités*. To combine sympathy, patience, and receptivity with cool and critical judgment seems well-nigh impossible for most men, no matter how intelligent they may be. Certainly Dr. Hodgson has solved the problem to a very remarkable degree.

A SITTING WITH THE NEW CONTROL.

I had two sittings with Mrs. Piper, the control on

each occasion being one well known to most psychic students as one of the principal controls of the late Mr. Z. I am not allowed to publish the details of these sittings, as a careful and elaborate report of them is being prepared by Dr. Hodgson, and for obvious reasons it would be unfair to anticipate this. I may, however, mention the following facts:—

The control on the first occasion was exceedingly hazy and confused, and the attempt to verify names and dates suggested by me had very little success. As the communications came through the control, and Mr. Z could not at first speak directly to me, this would sufficiently account for the unsatisfactory result, more especially as the weak and enfeebled state of health of Mr. Z. during the last two years of his life would probably affect the nature of the communications. The physical condition on leaving earth-life seems to be taken on again when an attempt is made to return. Dr. Hodgson told me that in the case of his friend "George Robinson," who had passed away in the full vigour of life, and not after years of bad health, the communications from the first were clear and accurate. One thing of personal interest, and also of the nature of a test of intelligence and discernment in the control, happened, which I am at liberty to relate.

DR. HODGSON BANISHED.

Several suggestions were made on the occasion of my first sitting that Dr. Hodgson should leave me alone with the medium; but as these were afterwards partially withdrawn, and I was doubtful of my power to read the very illegible writing, they were not at first acted upon. Later, Dr. Hodgson proposed leaving the room for a short time in order to see if it made any change for the better. The moment he had withdrawn, a quick, eager question was asked, inviting, but by no means endeavouring to force, my confidence. It was a question which might be considered a leading one or not, as I chose to take it. I answered it shortly, but in a way to show that it was not resented, whereupon, without the smallest clue being given, a most accurate description of certain conditions present in my life was given. No names were mentioned, but only a person in perfect touch with the matter referred to could have spoken as this control did.

AND THE RESULT.

Advice was given, sympathy and encouragement added to it, and all this with the quick decided manner of some one speaking of a subject with which he was fully conversant: a great contrast to the vague and halting utterances upon matters which would have appeared more obviously easy to "sense" and discuss. If this were mere Thought-Reading (whatever that may mean), then why could not my thoughts have been read with regard to these other matters? It would have been a far easier feat. I had come with no thought of my personal affairs in my head nor expectation of having these mentioned. My *raison d'être* at these sittings was solely to help the late Mr. Z. to give his communications, not to ask leading questions about my own business or conditions; and the statements were as spontaneous as they were unexpected.

On the occasion of the second sitting, the communications referred only to Mr. Z. himself, and he appeared far less vague and more able to speak freely through his guide. A Christian name which I had asked for the previous day was given on this occasion, interpolated between other remarks and quite spontaneous.

TESTS TO BE VERIFIED.

I received no absolute tests that could be verified on the spot, even on this second occasion, but there were some very minute instructions referring both to his papers and to friends of his whom I do not know, and involving several excellent tests, which I hope may be verified on my return to England. Should this prove the case, I shall at once communicate with Mr. Stead, although I may not be allowed to give the details except in confidence to him.

It is very curious to watch Mrs. Piper's right hand as it is used by the controlling power in the automatic writing. After writing a sentence the hand closes to form a sort of telephone mouth, down which you have to make your comments or ask your questions, very slowly and very gently. The instructions for speaking through it are in fact identical with those given for the use of any ordinary telephone. The hand speaks of itself at times as being the brain of the communicating intelligence. At other times it is lifted up against the face of the sitter in a caressing attitude, or again is presented to you like a speaking trumpet as soon as the previous sentence has been recorded.

A third experience in pursuit of psychic developments in Boston was far less satisfactory. Whether you get startling tests from Mrs. Piper or no (and the first-hand testimony of many witnesses questioned by me is that they *have* received such proofs), no one can sit with Mrs. Piper and doubt her honesty or the truth of her trance condition.

II.—A PSEUDO-MATERIALIZING SÉANCE.

It was far otherwise when a famous member of the Harvard staff, whom I will call Dr. X., most kindly volunteered to escort me to a materializing séance. This was all the more noble that he had little or no hope of anything satisfactory occurring, in spite of a young man (in whose psychological state he took an interest) having assured him that in this special house we should find nothing but what was absolutely true and genuine!

We started together—the three of us—and having changed cars, arrived in a remote part of Boston, to find a well-furnished drawing-room with the usual stout woman in command, and some twenty sitters already in position.

THE CABINET.

The cabinet on this occasion (which was examined by Dr. X and myself) was certainly a very flimsy affair, being composed of a few narrow strips of wood, nailed together at wide intervals, and covered with some cheap green calico. The young man we had brought with us, whom I will call Mr. H., told me with triumph that the cabinet "*must* be all right" because he had seen the medium (a young man of seventeen) pick it up and carry it upstairs in his arms! I could not quite see the force of the argument. This could only prove that the cabinet was not permanently attached to the floor. The séance began with the usual speech from the young man who was to act as medium, and whose face was certainly not a guarantee, so far as honesty and rectitude were concerned.

NO MONEY TAKEN—UNLESS GIVEN.

He began by saying no money would be taken. In the first place, it was Sunday evening, when no monetary transactions were legal for any form of lecture or concert. Secondly, he did not believe in taking money

for any *supernatural gifts* or for allowing people an opportunity of speaking with their dead friends.

The effect of these excellent statements was somewhat marred by the peroration, which was to the effect that as mediums must live, eat, and sleep like other mortals, any one who chose might leave one dollar, two dollars, ten, twenty—at this point his eloquence came to an untimely end, caused by the smiles of even his most credulous listeners and admirers.

So he left off and went into the cabinet, having previously altered the arrangement of the sitters again and again, on the plea, of course, of putting the right magnetisms together. The learned professor and I were evidently not to be allowed to sit together, whether because he scented scepticism in both of us, or feared that evil communications might corrupt my fragile faith, I do not know. Later on in the evening we did manage to get within one chair of each other, but this was the limit, the intermediate chair being occupied by the well-meaning but particularly ingenuous youth, Mr. H.

THREE FORMS OF MATERIALIZATION.

The boy medium had begun by saying there were three kinds of mediumship possible in materializing séances, any one of which might be manifested that evening, according to the amount of power present. First and highest came "etherialization," where the spirit assumes the shape of luminous floating clouds or balls; secondly, materialization proper, *i.e.*, the presence of apparently solid bodies like our own (very much like our own on this occasion!); and thirdly, *personation*, where, the power not being strong enough for either of the preceding manifestations, the spirit was forced to use and manipulate the features of the medium into a temporary likeness of him or her self.

The young man seemed to be giving himself plenty of rope, any way!

So the show began. Certainly, as Dr. X. said, there was plenty for the money. Form after form came out, with brief flashes of retirement into the cabinet.

Since my former investigations in America, an ingenious device has been adopted, whereby the light is entirely controlled by the medium from inside the cabinet, being enclosed in a large glass lantern suspended from the far end of the room, and from which cords connect with the cabinet. The ordinary gas-lights were extinguished as soon as the séance began. Although light was given freely at times, one noticed that these times were invariably *after*, not *before*, a materialization.

POSSIBILITIES OF FRAUD.

I do not, however, wish to make inferences, but merely to state facts as honestly as possible. Another thing he had noticed, *i.e.*, that the entire curved wall of the room at the opposite side from the cabinet, connecting with the usual back room, was covered from top to toe with heavy dark green cloth, similar to that which was nailed on the windows close to and behind the cabinet. We had been specially invited to investigate this latter cloth and to see how securely it was fastened over the windows. "No possibility of ingress *there*." Quite true; but where was the necessity for this same heavy material being placed over the other end of the room? It could only be to form a covering for the folding-doors behind. Why should they be covered at all? No one who has experienced the heat of any ordinary American room can plead *draughts* as a possible solution of the problem. In fact, the chief feature of

this and of most other séances lies in the utter absence of ventilation, which, during a monotonous sitting of three hours, becomes rather serious.

THE MATERIALIZATIONS.

On the assumption of fraud (and there can be no doubt that uncertainty lay not in the question as to whether there was fraud, but whether any part of the sitting, however trivial, were genuine), I must confess that the way in which the "spirits" appeared in the middle of the floor in front of the cabinet, like rolled-up muslin balls, showed considerable ingenuity and suppleness of joint. Curiously enough, however, the stretching-out process involved in rising to the full stature was far less remarkable, and very much what might be expected from any ordinary and unskilled person in assuming an upright position from a crouching one. As more than one spirit was said to materialize under the chairs of the sitters on the opposite side of the room to us, our theory was very much strengthened, that in these cases the "spirit" entered through the folding-doors so carefully concealed by green cloth, and made its way behind the chairs of the credulous, till it could gain admittance to the cabinet by this pretence of materializing close in the front of it.

Most of the sitters were evidently old stagers; if not "in the swindle," at any rate prepared to believe and admire everything.

It was sickening to hear the constant exclamations of "Oh, what a beautiful spirit! Isn't she *lovely!*" or, "Oh, my! what a fine face he has!" when one of these bundles already described had rolled to the front, and nothing could be seen till it began to arise except a mass of white drapery. One felt inclined to say, "My good man or woman (as the case might be), you might just as well exclaim 'What an exquisite spirit!' when the clothes-basket comes home on Saturday night!"

An hour or two passed with the usual eternal winding up of the musical box. We had sung "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Let us gather by the river," and the usual old repertoire many times over, and Dr. X. and I were becoming bored to extinction, when an incident varied the proceedings.

A TELL-TALE HAND.

At the beginning of the proceedings the young "medium" had professed to be controlled by the spirit of an Indian. Apparently it was not thought worth while to attempt to improvise Red Indian clothing on this occasion; so he merely rushed out of the cabinet in his ordinary evening dress, screaming out from time to time the sort of gibberish that passes muster in these cases, and shaking hands all round. It happens that I always take special and instinctive note of hands, and had therefore been aware that his hand was peculiarly broad across the palm, and that he had very short fingers. There was something distinctive about the clasp and "feel" of the hand that I could not possibly mistake.

Later in the evening poor Mr. H. had his special "sop" prepared for him. It was announced that his angel guide, "Lily," had materialized, and was asking for him. So he went up in great glee and brought "her" back with him—a young girl, apparently, in clinging white garments, and with soft fair hair. She shook hands with Dr. X. and myself. The moment my hand touched hers I recognised the medium's clasp and form of hand without any possibility of mistake. Moreover, the features were very poorly disguised, for

the salient points—complexion, colouring, &c.—of Angel Lily were those of the young man in question.

A TROUSERED FRAUD.

Of course we had been prepared for "impersonation," but it seemed rather barefaced, and I think put the coping-stone on the accumulated disgust and monotony of the evening, and we were delighted to make our escape at long last. The proceedings ended with some very inferior dancing, supposed to emanate from a deceased *danseuse*, whose white draperies were not sufficiently voluminous to conceal the black trousers of the medium underneath them.

The question naturally arises, "Why should intelligent and sensible people lend the countenance of their presence to such a wretched travesty; to waste of time, money, temper; to listening to hymns sung under circumstances little short of blasphemous?" The only answer I can give is that, unfortunately, some of us (the writer amongst the number) know by experience that a grain of gold *does* appear from time to time amidst all this rubbish, just as a few grains of real gold may be extracted from a hundredweight of surrounding rubble in quartz crushing.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

A few weeks ago I had attended another séance, of very similar character to the one above described, in Philadelphia, with almost identical results, although in both cases there were grounds for supposing that *something* genuine might be found. How do you account for it? I do not attempt to account for it, but would make a suggestion. In most cases where a medium is not merely paying flying visits to a city or town, but living there from year to year with a recognised *clientèle*, there must probably be occasional successes, few and far between—glimpses of the genuine—stretching, perhaps, over weeks and months, of pure, unadulterated fraud—muslin draperies, Angel Lilies, and all the rest included.

It is the infinitesimal grains of gold in the surrounding quartz that make one willing, at rare intervals, to investigate some new medium who is vouched for as that white crow—an absolutely genuine man or woman.

SOME GENUINE PHENOMENA.

You go, knowing you won't find *that* any more than Diogenes found his honest man, but you *may*, by rare good fortune, strike a vein of temporary and intermittent genuine phenomena.

I have done so even at houses such as these, where the proof did not rest upon cleverly manipulated skirts or even features, but upon the intimate knowledge of details in my own life and that of the supposed communicating personalities, impossible to have been obtained by any process of "fishing," and certainly on two occasions impossible even had the fishing-rod been cast into the waters of my own sub-consciousness. A very common objection takes this form: Is it worth while to "go through so much to learn so little," as the boy said about his alphabet? Yes, most decidedly it is for those who undertake this research. I do not wish to criticise the methods of the S.P.R., with which society I am, and have been for many years, associated.

IS FRAUD NECESSARILY FATAL?

Their axiom is to throw up all investigation where fraud has been discovered. No doubt this may be an excellent rule for such a large and heterogeneous society, forced to make its methods acceptable to such varying tones of

mind as are represented amongst its supporters. But to my own mind, fraud in these matters is merely a question of *degree*. When a hungry man steals a loaf of bread, he is put into prison and punished as thief. When a big speculator grows rich through a clever and guarded use of the rules of "commercial morality" he is admired, and called a very smart man of business.

Here the converse holds good.

Cheat on a big scale, and the "fraudulent medium" is exposed. Cheat just a very little, perhaps half unconsciously, and you are quoted as beyond any criticism or question. Again I say and maintain that it is a question of *degree*, where the effects and not the ethics of the subject are involved. The slight embroidery of details, often under the veil of severe accuracy, the pressure on facts in *favour* of a theory (as often as not a *sceptical* theory), the light touch on those facts which would appear to condemn it—the slight personal prejudice—the faint and most natural wish to do *something* to justify a reputation: it may be for crystal gazing, or ordinary clairvoyance, or automatic writing, or raps, or any other form of psychic gift—no honest person would produce any such phenomena fraudulently in cold blood as a paid medium will produce a full-fledged Angel Lily! But in the eagerness of an honest *partial* success, possibly in the almost laudable desire to crush unintelligent and unfair criticism, are we all absolutely innocent of the *slightest* presence of prejudice in the scale of our experiences?

If not—and what broad-minded man or woman can be sure of this absence of colouring matter? on the contrary, it is the more intelligent person who realises that it *must* exist—then I maintain that the "personal equation" must be considered here, just as it has to be considered in the case of every astronomical "observer" at Greenwich, no matter how careful and honest he may be.

There will always be slight, perhaps infinitesimally slight, differences between the results of the most accurate observers. This is an axiom at Greenwich. Why not also at Westminster Town Hall? The question of moral responsibility in the two cases differs widely, of course. But science is not primarily concerned with questions of *morals* but of *facts*. By all means investigate through credible witnesses at first and at last also, provided they supply sufficient material for the research. No one works "placer mines" who has Mount Morgan or Broken Hill at his disposal.

THE TEMPTATION TO PIECE THINGS OUT.

But bear in mind that, even here, no one should be expected to receive testimony without question that depends solely or even chiefly on personal character however exalted. Also that genuine and most interesting and important phenomena have been extracted rarely even from mediums who, having exhausted by abuse some original gift requiring the most careful and delicate handling, are often tempted to resort to fraud to produce phenomena which no longer come spontaneously, and of the conditions of which they are generally profoundly ignorant. To go back for a moment to Mrs. Piper. I have heard quite enough at first hand from various and most intelligent witnesses to leave no room for wonder that she has secured the confidence of all who have sat with her, and am convinced that the information concerning themselves and their families (often including circumstances unknown to the sitters, and therefore *excluding* that convenient cap for all heads—Thought-Transference) is at least supernatural in its source.

VI.—THE SECRET OF MAGIC.

BY MR. C. G. LELAND.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear."

TICKELL.

"A little onward lead thy guiding hand
To these dark steps a little further on!"

"What trick of Memory to my Voice hath brought
This mournful iteration?"

WORDSWORTH'S *Poems of Sentiment.*

MMAGIC is the art of achieving or doing anything by the aid of supernatural power, that is to say, by the assistance of supposed spirits or intelligencies. This would, of course, include logically all religion with its miracles, and it is certainly true that in Shamanism or the rites of the conjurers among American Indians, Esquimaux, and Africans, magic, in its coarsest forms of theurgy, or wonder-working, or miracle, forms the entire faith of man. As Shamanism probably represents the first spiritual conceptions of humanity, it is of great interest in the study or elucidation of the subject, which I propose to consider. It has also struck many very pious and sincere Protestant writers, to say nothing of innumerable infidels, that the modern miracles of the Church of Rome, its exorcisms of demons, rats, caterpillars, or locusts; its enchanted candles guaranteed to cure a sore throat, its blessing of donkeys and lotteries; its amulets and medals, with fumigations and Latin formulas, are all nothing but Magic under another name. And when we find, what no writer, be he Protestant or Catholic, dare deny that, many of these usages existing in Italy, and practised by priests, were old Roman, the assertion is verified. The use of frankincense, burnt in censers, is only one illustration out of perhaps a hundred, which might be alleged. I shall show anon that many of the wisest and most learned, and devout, among priests, Hebrew or Christian, admitted this identity, but for the present I will simply remark that the vast mass, even of educated people, would still be shocked at the calling a devout prayer an incantation or invocation, and yet like any other magic formula it is simply an effort to obtain from supernatural and mysterious power, a request. I have before me a book by a Roman Catholic priest and doctor of medicine, containing the special prayers or invocations to be used for every kind of disease, a different formula for every disorder, and these approach so closely to cabalistical adjurations, that in many the same spirits are named.

To say that the Archbishop of Canterbury, repeating the prayer for rain, which is given in the Prayer Book, and an African Mumbo-Jumbo conjuring to the same end, though with sincerest call, to his own fetish god, have anything in common, naturally strikes most readers as profane. To a man, let us say, from another world, who had never heard of either Christianity or Shamanism, the real difference would not be so perceptible. And, when we find that fire is invoked in the same book as a "creature," we can hardly deny that this implies a living and probably intelligent being. Saint Francis, of Assisi, distinctly and undoubtedly recognised in animals, undeveloped human souls, and called them his brothers and sisters; surely, no pagan ever went deeper than this into the very inmost spirit of heathenism.

To guard the rights and rites of the church, Magic

was recognised as of two kinds, good and evil, white and black; that which worked in the name of the Holy Trinity and that which worshipped the devil. Both branches were, however, regarded with disfavour, since even the white, as it could not be used in public by priests, claimed a power which greatly injured their influence. As regarded divination or foretelling and conjecturing future events, especially in astrology and the mystic power of numbers in arithmetic, there was, indeed, great toleration, but still many books were written by the orthodox from the earliest times against everything of the kind, as leading or inducing to sorcery, necromancy, or devil-worship. There were, however, very few of the learned, who did not dabble, at least, in these, which was no great wonder, when we consider that all the classic literature, which was almost the sole basis of scholarship, including the works of the Church fathers, abounded in what were believed to be authentic instances of the existence of spirits or demons aiding those who knew how to invoke them. Did not Chrysostom meet, converse with, and convert a satyr? In short, there was a debateable wonderland into which even the most pious, armed with faith, might make incursions. So they all tried to learn, at least, what the marvellous art was like.

The basis of Magic, as it was understood and attempted to be practised in Europe by the learned, was the Jewish Cabala. In this, there was no line of demarcation drawn between white and black. Every rabbi recognised its truth, and, anciently, nearly all practised it. Its basis was the Scripture, which was held to be so ineffably mysterious and marvellous, that it contained an inner life or spirit of supernatural revelation, which could be extracted in many ways, by transposing its words, selecting them, reading them backwards, adding to, or taking from them the vowels, and treating them arithmetically, every letter being also a number. Out of this, aided by a vast mass of traditions drawn from Babylonian or other Shemitic sources, the Jews gradually formed an entire system. This was briefly one of emanations from God the first source, or so-called Essenes, the lowest of which are termed in the book attributed to Hermes Trismagistus, "the downward-borne elements of God."

These ranks of emanations were represented by categories of angels. The various names attributed to the Creator himself became spirits, forming the very natural transition from the One, who is in all, or Pantheism to Polytheism. While the Jews were strictly monotheistic, their occult philosophy taught that—

"All were but parts of one tremendous whole,
Whose body Nature was, and God the soul."

This contradiction disposed the Hebrews to subsequently accept the Persian dualism, which recognises Ormuzd and Ahriman, the contending good and evil principles. Hence, the power of Satan and his attempts to win souls. Therefore, Cabalistic Magic abounds in instances of endeavouring to compel demons or devils to obey man by the use of the holy names of God and his cognate angels. To fully understand this, the reader has only to consult the occult philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa, to which might be added quite a

library of similar works, a few of which are reprinted, even at the present day for the use of true believers. There are still in Poland and Germany many learned rabbis, who continue to study the Cabala in ancient scrolls; I have heard of one, even in New York, who discovers stolen goods by the power of the Sephiroth, and other processes.

When the last of the true prophets had passed away, the Jews, unwilling to be without some medium of communion with God, found it in a mysterious spirit which they called *Bath Kol*, or the Daughter of the Voice. This was a sound, first detected in the echo of the ceiling of a vault in the temple at Jerusalem. From that time the Voice was invoked in many ways. Thus a human head, dried and mummified and prepared with mysterious ingredients and duly conjured, was believed to speak. The same was done with the body of an infant. Here we have probably an Egyptian origin. The mummy was always attended by a guardian spirit in the Land of Misraim, and regarded rather as a case of suspended animation than a corpse.

That a Voice speaks in a mysterious manner, be it in the wind, or the sound of a rushing stream, in the rustling of leaves, from the earth, or from an ancient tomb, is a belief almost inherent in all races. We need not go to tradition for it, children often fancy that they hear it. Once in the Köpperthal, near Hamburg les Bains, I myself heard a sound marvellously like that of children talking, caused by the babbling and murmuring of a brook. In an Algorin tale, an Indian is misled by a sorcerer who imitates this same sound, and leads him away, and along a stream, until he finds it is nothing but the sound of the water. In England, within the memory of man, it was found that in a certain place, children were accustomed to go to an old tomb, which was a square high vault with a slab of stone at one side in which there was a hole, to which they put their ears to hear, as they said, "the dead people talking." It was probably some draught of air, or the resonant sound like that of a shell applied to the ear, which at times seems to imaginative persons a voice in which they can distinguish words. In Italy it is believed that by taking a sea-shell, or an old vase or pitcher, after pronouncing the proper incantation, one can hear the utterances of a certain spirit.

It is recorded that the first line composed by Tennyson, when he was a child, was the following:—

"I hear a Voice that's speaking in the Wind."

All of this has been suggested to me by a very curious little old parchment-bound manuscript on magic. It bears the singular title of *Ludus Puerorum in Numerica Scientia, Auctore Fratris Johannis à Cento, di Luigi Cellai Fiorentius, 1787*, and is evidently a variation and copy of some old Cabalistic work. This consists of 160 very closely and elaborately written, and often decorated, tables of numbers. The author in one place declares that he has been indebted to Pico Mirandola. In a novel by G. P. R. James, Chicot sings that the famous Crichton

"Readeth the Cabala
Like wise Mirandola."

Despite many pages of explanation, in Italian and Latin, the whole of this arithmetical Cabala is to me quite unintelligible, albeit it proposes to solve such simple questions as, "Quid agit Plato dum dormit?" which hints at hypnotism, and, "Au possint creari novi mundi?"

To one who is not naturally "good at figgers," even the first lesson, teaching how to get the key of fortune, is beyond hope. I am rapt like the Pythoness into verse; by the bewildering witch *aura* of the second, which teaches:

"How the deuce,
Binarius ab Unitate (*sic*)
Recipit asse. Unde product
Ternarium. Et in quater nitudine,
Ternarius ter productus efformat
Clavem—which being won is but the A
Of a tremendous alphabet, enough
To turn the brain of an astrologer;
Although to extract the Key of the Pyramid,
Or that of the Divine Intelligence,
By the Ineffable Triple Rule of Three,
Helped by strange conjurations, offered up
Unto the Angel of the Sephiroth,
Is far more serious and difficult
And calls for awful ciphering indeed."

For our author combines all the terrors of arithmetic with the higher horrors of the Cabala. Ever and anon he toys with the Schemhampforash, which the transcriber has made into Semiforas, and illustrates the present, future, and past with such names of intelligences as, Sabaoth, Eulachiel, Torugaliel, Raphael, Salathiel, declaring, in parenthesis, that he submits provisionally to the opinion of the Church and its sublime Pontiff as to the orthodoxy of all this.

But with page 161 Brother Johannes à Cento, having got through with his Arithmetic, begins with Magic, or Magic proper; and here we have indeed something which is, when fully considered, singularly interesting. It is a celestial city of recreation and repose after his algebraical Valley of the Shadow of Death. All that is necessary, according to him, to master all supernatural knowledge or power, is to firstly produce in our own mind, by the aid of six sigils (seals or medals) a three days' fast, and the solemn repetition of the prayer of St. Thomas and the ninetieth psalm, a certain inspiration, which is described as follows:—

"After the numerical Cabala follows the Divine, which is called the Mental Cabala, or the Celestial Illustration, which is so called because after having made a demand in our mind, we receive the reply by means of an instantaneous, celestial mental *Illustration* which may be on anything which can be known. But as this divine science comes only from God we must seek to be in the grace of the Supreme Being, in order to bless the following divine and sacrosanct seals, on the days and at the times indicated."

Then follow the pen-drawings of the seals, the first of which, to be used on the first Sunday in March, bears the name of Barachiel, Benedictis Dei, the letters A D, R M, and the name of Jehovah four times repeated in Hebrew letters. The succeeding five seals are respectively of Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Scaltiel, and Jehudiel. These seals are to be drawn on virgin parchment. While making them repeat the Latin prayer of St. Thomas, which is given, and the ninetieth psalm. Then the answer to the question will come of itself into the mind of the operator. The key to the whole lies in the concluding words:—

"The question may be put in any language and on any subject—*scibile*—past, present, or future, but one must seek to be united to the Eternal Being to acquire this science, which we call (the) Universal Reception."

Nota bene, be it well observed, that intense mental concentration, abstraction of mind, or will directed to a single idea, is what is chiefly needed. That is to say,

that all magic is simply self-hypnotization or self-induced suggestiveness, of which I shall speak or write "later on."

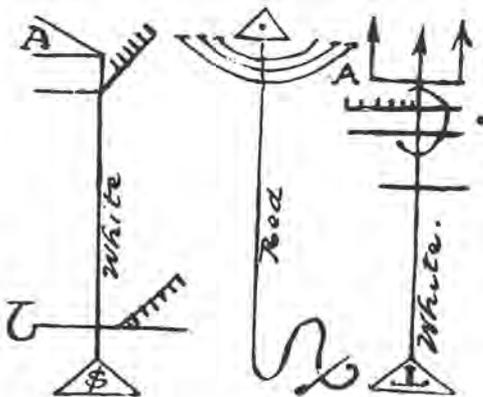
The second and last process may be described as materialising thought. It is extremely interesting, as directly illustrating the belief in the *Bath-Kol*, or the "Daughter of the Voice." It is certainly from a Hebrew original, and is in all probability the great invocation of the Cabalists to that last great exponent of the belief in prophecy or inspiration. It is entitled, *Magia, Voce Anglico Auriculare*, or, "Magic, the angelic audible Voice," and runs as follows:—

"I have said before in this work that naught should be wanting of that which is hidden and veiled in the obscure penetralia of occult philosophy. Therefore, after having set forth the harmonic chain of Numbers, the Responsive, and the science of Mental, Celestial, Universal Reception, there is wanting only Magic, and behold how I reveal also the secret of this divine art, and let you see that to learn it is only a *Ludus Picorum*, or child's play.

"All the art of Magic, therefore, consists in naught save the acquisition of the auricular, or audible spirit, and this is all the secret of the occult of Agrippa, Trithemius, and others; and it is this:—

"Among the branches of occult philosophy there is a very easy method of knowing at will all that can be known—present, past, and future—by means of a truly angelic voice, which utters to the ear of the Master every reply to his free questions, and to possess this knowledge you must operate as follows:

"Take the skin of a newly born kid, such as is called virgin parchment, and paint on it three winged angels with the corresponding characters under each angel, and the characters are these:—



"The virgin chart being thus prepared you must go into a very clean room in which there is placed a new altar on which is spread a very white cloth, quite new, and on it there shall be aloes, myrrh, cinnamon, ambergris, and virgin sulphur, all fitly arranged.

"Then begin a fast which must last for three days in that chamber, and during all the time the operator must be chaste as to women.

"When the fast is ended the Oblation thereof must be made before the figure depicted, and it must thus be uttered, standing up, with all the fervour possible.

THE OBLATION.

"I dedicate to you, oh Angels and heavenly spirits, this my fast, which I have endured in your honour; grant, therefore, of your grace unto my will that I may obtain the true Voice which I seek, Abrym! Abrym! Abrym!

"Then having ready a small fire and a plate of virgin tin,

burn the things mentioned (the perfumes), and while they are consuming, say:

"May the aromatic perfume, inspiring with its sweet smell, heart and brain, rise unto you, Sadoc, Adonay, Saday! as I raise my hands."

(Here the operator raises the plate with both hands).

"Even so may ye receive the perfume of my heart, God the greatest and best inspiring one!"

Then the plate is laid down and we begin the cabalistical

CONJURATION.

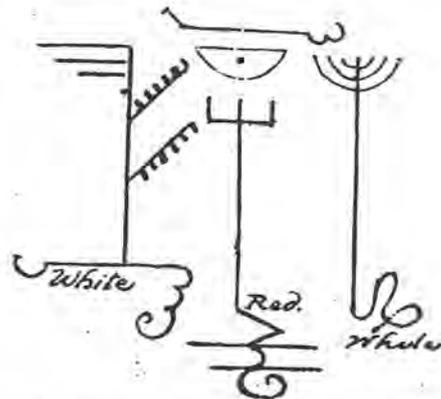
"I adjure thee Adonai, I adjure thee Sadoc and Zieuz, that ye reply to me visibly and invisibly, by Amazaind, Sem and Cam the just son of man. I pray ye that without offence ye receive me in the soul as master in all possible science, so that by your aid I may know what I wish of the past, present, and future, God the best and greatest so willing!"

Then at this instant there will be heard a voice which will say "Ask!" but no attention should be paid to it, and with the eyes steadfastly fixed on the three angels, painted on the parchment, say as follows:—

"I ask that when I shall have made my request as I seek thee with thy characters hereunder (inscribed) that thou tell me in my ear what I desire to know!"

Then the spirit, compelled by the great virtue and power of the divine names pronounced in the conjuration, will at last say, "I will serve thee most willingly."

This done burn the figure and then make in paper (parchment?) whatever demand you choose, always blowing on the writing while making the request (or directing the breath on it while speaking). And after the question make the following characters:—



This is the accustomed formula to be made every time when demanding anything in writing, and the same are the characters appropriate, but, at the same time, according to that intent and disposition of the master. While making the formula he should utter the names Sadoc, Adonay, Saday! While making with the hand those characters, according to the day of the request.

I may here observe that, as I understand the author, the characters are to be drawn in the air with the finger while uttering the names, as appears more evident by what follows:—

One must be careful to be very attentive while the voice speaks in the ear very promptly in answer. Also be careful to move the hand in exact time and accordance with the letters (of the names).

"Behold, therefore, how simply is set forth the whole art of Magic, so that even a child can learn it."

In which invocation of the auricular spirit there is far more than meets the ear.

A very voluminous and gravely scientific writer on

hypnotism, who has made innumerable and greatly varied experiments, more than once suggests that by means of the new "science," "which has to mesmerism the same relation which astronomy bears to astrology," it will be possible to explain the marvels attributed to Magic, without proving the latter—*a la Salvest*—to be all humbug and juggling. And truly this curious treatise on the voice goes far to confirm the opinion, and is of the more importance because, as the writer observes, it includes *all* Magic. For truly he who has a spirit-voice to tell him everything has indeed all knowledge.

Hypnotism is objective and subjective. In the former an operator who can succeed in inducing sleep in any person by magnetic passes, or fixing the vision on his own eyes, can also, during that sleep, order the patient to remember something to be done after awaking. Thus, if he tells the latter that at ten o'clock the next morning, or at any other time, he (the subject) must begin to dance, or pray, or go and visit a particular friend, it will certainly be done, because at the appointed hour there will arise in the mind an irresistible impulse or desire to fulfil the command. There appear to be actually thousands of perfectly authenticated cases, to the effect that whatever is ordered by the operator is fulfilled. If the patient is told to hear a voice, that voice will be heard. According to popular expression, which in itself means almost nothing, the imagination of the one hypnotised takes extremely vivid forms. That all these marvels come *from the subject himself*, and are due to as yet not understood functions of the brain, is very evident.

In subjective hypnotism the same person is at once object and operator; that is to say, he hypnotises himself. This can be effected by looking steadily at any point, especially something bright, such as a metallic or crystal ball, directing the mind to it, and excluding all other thought. The looking at it cross-eyed facilitates the process. Now, if before bringing on such sleep, the operator will exert his will, with great concentration, he may bring many curious things to pass, according to the vigour or susceptibility of his mind, and the practice which he has had, the latter being of great importance, since few really succeed until after repeated experiments.

Firstly, he may determine to awake at a certain hour. This succeeds with most people even at the first trial. By gently and firmly exerting the will or persuading oneself, as it were, we can also induce sleep. Violent effort or vigorous thought has quite the contrary effect. We must keep the mind steadily but in a softly persuasive manner to one subject. The whole art lies in apprehending or catching this combination of resolution with ease. He who can keep his attention or "mind" for a long time at one subject or point, no matter how insignificant, without straying and without exertion, can achieve wonders.

By this directing and *willing* our conscious waking power, we can bring ourselves to dream of certain subjects or people, and to remember certain things when awake at any future time. It cannot be done all at once, any more than one can learn to read in one lesson, but with steady perseverance most people can achieve all this. Generally speaking, by giving an hour a day to the mental exercise, the most refractory cases achieve, in from one to four weeks' time, some remarkable performances such as may encourage them to persevere. It is to be noted, especially, that after a few days' self-teaching we begin to anticipate the hour with

impatience. Perhaps the best time for practice is that between going to bed and falling asleep.

How or in what manner the brain acts so as to produce these marvellous results is as yet unknown. Some light is, however, cast upon it by a knowledge of certain facts. According to the old-fashioned spiritual-metaphysical theory, the soul consists of certain extremely mystical portions or divisions, such as judgment, memory, perception, imagination, reflection, &c., over the functions and relations of which different sects quarrelled, even as they did over religions and to as much purpose.

The now despised science of phrenology did, however, great service in accurately indicating that certain faculties occupied certain parts of the brain. That the scholar and poet have differently shaped heads from grooms and prize-fighters had long been observed. Physiology has at last, on this basis, determined the site of memory, which, as Plato said, is the mother of intellect, a far deeper idea than would at first appear. Memory, in the metaphysical-mystical system, was a sub-division of spirit—whatever that was. It is now held that there are millions of cells in the portion of the brain assigned to memory, every one of which contains an idea or *image*. Whatever we see or receive by the senses supplies images which go to their proper cells, possibly guided by greater or less association. That there is some kind of a law or laws of grouping them in small communities is almost apparent. Therefore all that we have ever known is in our heads. Sometimes, as many writers—for example, Coleridge—have observed, extremely latent images are recalled by extraordinary influences. A man whose waking thinking power—or "judgment," for want of a better word—has quite forgotten a language, will speak it again when in delirium.

What we know when wide awake consists of such action of the "mind," and the use of such images as have become familiar by frequent use. This is strictly our common sense, or such as is generally common to all. But no man knows what he knows, or all that is hidden among the sleeping images in his brain.

When we are awake common sense is in action, but it goes to sleep to recuperate its power. Deprived of sleep it becomes disorganized or crazy. But while we sleep many images which have been dormant during our waking hours steal softly forth and combine as it were into irregular or wild dances or dramas, which are known as dreams.

How or what the directing power is which guides and forms the images into a plot, such as it may be, is as yet unknown. Sometimes it displays a power like that of common sense, sometimes it is like madness. A man can dream that he is hearing or reading a tale, and at the same time acting it. He really knows not which. Be it also observed—and this deserves a *nota bene*—we have all, thousands of times in our lives, formed deductions, inferences, conjectures as to how certain events will turn out. All of this has gone to sleep in different cells. There is no one living who, if he had all these at his command, could not astonish the world by sage conclusions, which would be prophecies. Sometimes the dream awakens these, and a prediction is the result.

We may call this power imagination, since to it is attributed a mental action which is not that of common sense. But as the latter sometimes acts in dreams, so the dream steals into our waking thoughts. When we sit in a "brown-study" while awake, something like a

dream often comes over us. We at such a time dismiss all active thought, giving ourselves up to simple feeling, or waking repose. In such quiet, which has something of sleep in it, the images often slide imperceptibly out of their cells, and form what may be called a waking vision. MacIrish and Dendy mention the *day-mare*, which is like a nightmare; I myself have experienced it. In fact, whenever the mind is abstracted to a single idea, as when painting a picture, or in composing poetry, the dream or imagination displays itself. It is here as if one man worked while another brings him materials.

All of this does not explain why a human being can be put to sleep, but it is worth noting that a chicken, if we put its head under its wing, slumbers at once.¹ Also, if we hold a cock with his head downwards, the bill touching a table, and draw a straight line with a piece of chalk, the eyes following it converge, and a state like coma is the result, nor does the balance between imagination and common sense make anticipatory memory clear, though it leads up to it. Altogether, we may, however, conjecture a higher latent kind of will, superior to both, which, apart from waking consciousness, keeps a command or order on record, and fulfils it at the appointed time. If we possess unconscious memory of the past, we may also have one for the future.

Now to return to the Cabala; the author declares that all Magic reduces itself to obtaining knowledge, by two processes, the first being the *illustration*, which is an answer in the mind, or a mental perception. This is perfectly clear, intelligible, and practical. The intellect bent by steady attention to sigils or seals and characters, prayer and invocation, is above all, hypnotised, as thousands of saints and mystics hypnotised it, by following the special command to seek all the time union with the Eternal Being. Thus, the latent images, and especially the hidden experiences of inference and conjecture are awakened—truly, we know not how—but every experiment in hypnotism has proved that it is done, and we get the result in an answer. It is as if an operator were to give a difficult sum in arithmetic to a subject, in his trance, tell him to solve it, and present the answer on the next day in his waking hours. And he would do it.

The problem of the Voice is only a more advanced step of the same mental action. I have said that by holding a sea-shell, or the mouth of a pitcher or vase to the ear, we hear a sound like that of the distant sea.

For it remembers its august abode,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

If the experimenter be at all imaginative, he can bring himself in time to think that he can detect murmured words. With time and faith, this seldom fails. But, if he "do without" a shell—and here I speak from repeated personal experience—he has only to will, wait and listen, and he will hear what, to me, at least, appears to be a sound like that of a softly rushing river, or faint murmuring. If he repeat to himself a short sentence he will hear it in the sound. It appears at first to be fancied, but in time it becomes more independent, and audible. It has happened to me several times when quite young that, at the very instant of dropping to sleep, when so many experience a strange convulsive start, I seemed to hear a voice which uttered a cry or a single word, such as *Come!* very distinctly.

The peasants of the Toscana Romagna believe that the sound from a shell held to the ear will be gradually changed to words uttered by a spirit, if a certain con-

juration or spell be pronounced over it. I have this spell given to me by a fortune-teller. I believe that in perhaps all instances, these *scongiorazione* are of northern Latin origin (as is proved by much intrinsic evidence) and were, therefore, originally Etruscan.

The perfectly authenticated instances of people who have fancied that they heard voices speaking to them, even habitually, are numerous. I knew a boy of seven or eight years of age, who declared that a spirit, whom he called "Bill," constantly talked with him, and explained to him his lessons, especially the sums in arithmetic. I am not inclined to think that there was any deceit in this case. He made no parade of his invisible friend, and seemed to regard him very much like another boy, but one of superior intelligence. When anything seemed doubtful he always said: "I must ask Bill about that?" He had a singular fancy for collecting all kinds of bottles, of which he made a kind of museum. Beyond these peculiarities he was quite like any other lively, good little boy.

The Cabalistic directions to secure spiritual aid enjoin a three days' fast. All over the world, and among races even who have not learned the custom by tradition, it is known that, while in a state of hunger, we have clear and vivid dreams, and at such times and under such conditions they are most agreeable.

When I was a soldier during the Civil War in America, and was often for days together half starved, so that I often slept merely to forget hunger (recalling the proverb, "*Qui'dort, dine*"), my dreams were remarkably vivid and interesting.

By some extremely strange and mysterious law of nature, whenever the digestive organs with the appetite are abused, overloaded, or even in action, an antagonism with the *bien-être*, a happy condition of the imagination, memory, and dreaming faculty manifests itself. If a man drinks alcohol to excess and gets the delirium tremens or *mania a potu*, he is haunted by waking visions of all kinds of horrors, or of things specially repulsive to him, such as snakes, reptiles, demons, and spectres. Food difficult to digest, eaten just before going to sleep, generally produces evil dreams or nightmare. Those who see in this the manifest intervention of a higher power to the end of moral instruction, forget to explain, however, why the eating a Welsh rabbit, or lying on the back—neither of which can be regarded as sins by the strictest moralist—often produce the most terrible mental suffering in the minds of the best of men. Nay, they are often made to commit crimes and impure acts in dreams, the memory of which horrifies them when awake, which is, to say the least, a somewhat singular method of teaching religion and good conduct.

Among the Indians of North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, dreams are very much studied as revelations from a superior intelligence and as guides to conduct. They are always prepared for by several days' severe fasting with prayer and conjuration. The result in numerous cases is so remarkable as to naturally seem miraculous to all who do not understand causes. Therefore, it can be easily imagined that a Cabalist, inspired with the extremest faith in an age when all the popular mind was steeped in superstition and filled with solemn religion, after three days' fasting, his senses, bewildered with the scent of burning perfume, and his soul trembling with the belief that awful spirits were gathering round him, should be hypnotised, that is to say, have his mind brought to unconscious inner action, and driven to seek among buried memo-

ries an answer. There is nothing at all improbable in this. It could be brought to pass with at least one person in five, in this our sneering, jeering, flippant age, which *believes* itself to be incredulous, which grins and giggles when witchcraft or sorcery is mentioned—which “don't believe in that sort of thing, you know”—and which would shiver or faint with horror at a night-gown on a broom in the dusk, or phosphorous eyes and mouth on an indiarubber ball—it being a fact that those who disbelieve ignorantly are practically on a par with the stupidly credulous. Unless we perfectly knew the whole conditions of their existence and *raison d'être*, it is as *silly* to disbelieve in ghosts, dreams, and sorcery as to put boundless faith in them on mere tradition. For all these things *really exist*, only it is in a different way or manner, or under different conditions from what we have imagined. He who twenty years ago had asserted that a time would come when the Voices of the Dead might be heard speaking, would have been regarded as a visionary, but the phonograph has brought it to pass. And there were few, indeed, if any, who anticipated that there were those living who would see through opaque substances, even to masses of iron.

It is a wonderful fact that as we advance to causes, matter recedes from the perception of the senses, while it really gains in effective power. Anciently, men believed in four primary active elements; then electricity and galvanism were discovered, then ether; now we anticipate with reason the detection of far more subtle and powerful underlying forces. Every step takes us no nearer to what *seems* like spirit and *occulta*, yet is not. Science, for aught we know, may bring us to undiscovered senses, and beings who live under conditions all unlike our own, so that we may yet realise that—

All over doth this outer earth
An inner earth enfold.

Only it will not be spiritual as we now understand the word, nor occult or mysterious according to the old meaning. There will, in fact, be nothing whatever that is mystical in it. No inner light or revelation will be required to behold it, for it will be set forth by the chemist or natural philosopher, and not by the magus or the priest.

The question between matter and spirit, which is such a terrible puzzle to many, has, however, of late

lost much of its terror to those who, living in the Borderland, are more familiar with the phantoms which are half real, half ideal. I wrote, some time ago, a poem on “The New Magic,” in which my own views of the question were set forth as follows:—

I think that Life is all material,
Since Science has not shown to man as yet
A thing not made of atoms fired with force,
Or power hidden in power; yet 'tis true
That every step we make seems to awake
The transcendental problem of a line
Which ever coming nearer, still veers off
Till we perceive “Infinity alone
Can satisfy the Equation”—so 'twould seem,
That matter will for ever seek the Ideal,
Or the Spiritual which 'twill never reach—
Yea, though we solved all mysteries of Mind,
Of Thought, and of Creation, answered all
The questions, doubts and problems which to-day
Divide the Theist and the Atheist,
We should be no jot nearer to the end,
Since mysteries new succeed to mysteries solved
At rate of compound interest—let it pass—
Sufficient for to-day is what we have.
As yet we have not quite learned how to think,
And so must do our thinking by and by.

All of this appears to utterly want romance or interest to those who retain the old associations which cling to “superstitions,” or those mere associations or *habits* of feeling, which, in reality, constitute most of the religion or attachments of all the unthinking world. But this romance, or association, is evidently transferring itself very rapidly into new conditions. “I can find you in money,” said a father to his daughter when he increased her allowance, “but I can't find you in fancies.” We are all having the solid cash of scientific discovery rapidly increased—the romance or æsthetics we must invent for ourselves—or “find our own fancies.” And as even the most illiterate have never failed in the past to supply, or rather over-supply themselves, with the interesting or marvellous, the romantic and humorous, it may be safely assumed that there will always be ready as much as may be required. And what if none be required, and the world *should* forget all its old interest in fairy-tales, absorbed in the more delightful experiences of the laboratory? Well, we shall be in our grave by that time, and need not concern ourselves thereover, *Après nous la deluge!*



MR. EDWARD MAITLAND.
THE BIOGRAPHER OF MRS. DR. KINGSFORD.

VII.—THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF MR. MAITLAND.

EDWARD MAITLAND, the friend, comrade, and biographer of Dr. Kingsford, who died at Tonbridge on September 20th after a long but painless illness, had a strange and chequered career. As a youth he went to the Pacific Slope, where he married his wife, Esther, who died in Australia. Mrs. Maitland was the chief agent in establishing the close relations between her husband and Mrs. Kingsford, which was such a great source of mutual help and comfort to both.

THE WIFE'S POSTHUMOUS DEVOTION.

He was sitting with Dr. Kingsford in a séance when his wife first revealed herself to him in a somewhat remarkable fashion. On asking the name of the control, says Mr. Maitland—

The name was given of my wife, who had died twenty years before in Australia, and whose name was known to no one present beside myself. It was *Esther*. Completely taken by surprise—for the length of the interval had prevented me from anticipating a communication from that quarter—I exclaimed, "Have you, then, been about me all these years unsuspected by me?"

"I have been much with Mary," was the reply, meaning by "Mary" my colleague, that being, as we came now for the first time to learn, her spiritual or "initiation" name, given her by our illuminators as the representative of the soul, the Biblical symbol for which is Mary, which name also occurs twice among her own names. The above reply suggested to me an explanation of a phenomenon which had greatly perplexed me, but of which I had made no mention. This consisted in the apparent transformation on that very morning of Mary into the complete likeness of my wife, though the resemblance between them was but slight. She herself was unconscious of this change of aspect, and I wondered how the likeness could come and go. I now ascribed it to a momentary transfiguration, caused by the apparition of my wife forming itself over her, and enveloping her as with a veil in such wise as to render herself visible to me.—"Life of Dr. Kingsford." (l. 140.)

A MESSAGE FOR A PUBLISHER.

Mrs. Kingsford after this had a visit from the wife (deceased) on a matter of business. Her story as she gave it to Mr. Maitland was as follows—

"You remember how our sitting was closed yesterday evening by Esther saying she would come to me alone. Well, in the night I dreamt that a lady, dressed in a dark costume, and with a veil over her face, came to see me in my room. She sat opposite to me by the fire, and when she lifted her veil, I was struck by the resemblance to myself. She seemed greatly agitated, and said with much emotion and earnestness—speaking, as I understood, of you—'He has been so imprudent. For God's sake go instantly to Tinsley's. I will go before you.' 'What is the matter?' I asked; 'what has he to dread?' 'His relatives,' she replied, specifying two of them. 'They will stop his book, and plot against him to take him away. He has been so imprudent.' And this she repeated several times, concluding with again imploring me to lose no time in seeing Tinsley, and saying that she would prepare the way for me." (l. 143.)

Mrs. Kingsford paid the visit, and found it timely and useful and then reported the visit to Mr. Maitland. On his showing her, for the first time, a portrait of his wife, she at once recognised it, and exclaimed, "It was she who came to me in my dream last night."

A VISION OF HIS MOTHER.

After having thus definitely installed "Mary," alias Dr. Kingsford, in her place as companion and helpmeet, Esther only makes very occasional appearances. Mr. Maitland seems to have been always a seer. This is his account of how his mother appeared to him. He was writing alone one time when—

My mother's image appeared unmistakably before me. Not, as the event proved, her mental image merely, but her actual spiritual self. For at the moment of my completing the sentence, and almost before I had time to recognise that I was not alone, her well-remembered tones struck on my ears in the most unmistakable manner, and in a voice that anyone might have heard, calling me by the endearing diminutive she had ever used for me, and exclaiming, "O Eddie! Eddie! We have found each other at last!" No use was made of my organs for this utterance. She spoke from without, standing close by me on the right. But the next instant she flung herself upon me in an all-pervading embrace in which we seemed to mingle together into one, and gave way to a violent burst of joyous sobbing and crying, causing the tears to stream from my eyes. Profoundly affected as I was, my intellectual faculties were even more on the alert than my emotional feelings. And I was occupied in examining intently a phenomenon so strange as that of a person discharging tears and sobs without being himself a party to them. On her part it was an immense and unrestrained burst of glad-some weeping. (l. 28.)

THE APPARITION OF HIS FATHER.

He saw his mother in the day-time. His father came at night. He says—

The first intimation of my possession of a new visual faculty was an apparition of my father, then some ten years dead. I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, and was in that state of perfect mental quiescence which lies between waking and sleeping, but is neither of them, wherein—as I came to learn by experience—the system is accessible to impressions which would otherwise escape recognition; just as a pool of water, when its surface is at rest, receives and truly reflects images which the least motion dispels.

Mr. Maitland says that the visual faculty by which he saw his father enabled him to see many other things, including the mental interior of men and the souls of trees.

A RARE FACULTY.

Mr. Maitland says—

By means of this newly-developed faculty I found myself able to discern the interior personality of those about me, and this so much more clearly than the exterior as to render the latter the tenuous and shadowy and the former the substantial and real, to the complete inversion of the relations ordinarily regarded as subsisting between spirit and matter. The ability to do this was not without its distressing side. (196.)

As might be imagined. Once he found himself most utterly wretched, suffering torture with no apparent cause. He found he—

was in the midst of a gang of vivisectors, their sympathisers, abettors, and partisans, and it was their spiritual tastes which had so keenly affected me. (l. 91.)

His description of the soul of a tree is interesting. The tree—
opened from top to bottom, disclosed, pervading its entire fabric

—trunk, branches, and farthest twigs—a slender and delicate form, most exquisitely traced, and vivid, luminous, and distinct as a flash of silvery lightning. The apparition lasted but for an instant, and the tree closed up again, hiding what I had seen from my view; but leaving the notion vividly expressed on my mind that the tree was actually instinct with a life or soul identical with what might be predicted of my own.

HEARING FROM THE INSIDE OF THE EAR.

When he was writing concerning the perfect man, an august being whom he describes as a spirit belonging to the order called "the Planctaries" bent over him as if reading or inspiring what he wrote. As he finished his sentence—

At this moment—my mind being so wholly preoccupied with the utterance, and all that I saw it involved—as to make me oblivious of all else—the presence I had felt bending over me darted itself into me just below the cerebral bulk at the back of my neck, the sensation being that of a slight tap, as of a finger-touch; and then in a voice full, rich, firm, measured, and so strong that it resounded through the room, exclaimed, in a tone indicative of high satisfaction, "At last I have found a man through whom I can speak!" (t. 113.)

So powerful was the intonation that the tympana of my ears vibrated to the sound, palpably bulging outwards, showing that they had been struck on the inner side, and that the presence had actually protected itself into my larynx and spoken from within me, but without using my organs of speech. I was conscious of being in radiant health at the time, and was unable to detect any symptom of being otherwise. My thought, too, and observation were perfectly coherent and continuous, and I could discern no smallest pretext for distrust of the reality of the experience. And my delight and satisfaction, which were unbounded, found expression in the single utterance, "Then the ancients were right, and the Gods ARE!"

THE TYPEWRITER AS AN AID TO CLAIRVOYANCE.

One of my stenographers can use the typewriter automatically as I use my pen, but Mr. Maitland found the typewriter a distinct aid to clairvoyance!—

Although it was not only when I was writing that I found myself exercising the faculty of introvision or clairvoyance, I reckoned as among the means which ministered to the development of this faculty my recent adoption of a typewriter for my literary work; the effect of which was, by concealing from view the words written, to leave the mind free to follow the idea which was seeking expression, wholly unoccupied by aught else. I came to learn later that the state thus induced by the use of the typewriter was no other than that state of trance or ecstasy which constitutes the *Yoga* of the Hindoos, and consists in such abstraction of the mind from the outer and lower ranges of the consciousness as enables it to enter its inner and higher ranges. (t. 106.)

He maintains that he was perfectly convinced as to the objective reality of the appearances which occurred when he was—

quite alone, confident of being in perfect health, physical and mental, and in possession of full consciousness, calm and collected; and they must make their appeal to more senses than one, and to the mind as well as to the senses.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Maitland says—

The first physical manifestation received by me consisted in my wrist being grasped by some invisible agency, while I was using my typewriter, and forcibly guided over the keys, the words being presented simultaneously to my mind, but only as they were being written. For the greater part of a page I sat and watched while this continued, freely yielding my hand to the influence. Not only was the grasp firm and strong, but the

movement differed in character from my own, very much as does the fingering on an organ differ from that on a pianoforte. "This," I said to myself, "must be what is meant by being a medium." It was the first disclosure to me of the existence of unseen intelligences able to operate directly on the organism, and independently of the mind of the individual.

There was another point of identity which I recognised as subsisting between my own experiences and those of the mystics generally. This was the suspension of the ordinary respiration during the ecstasy or trance state and the substitution for it of an internal respiration, as if by the breathing of a distinct personality within and other than the physical organism. This condition would continue for an hour or even longer, according to the period of abstraction and the degree of its intensity. (t. 132.)

A VISION OF HIS SON: PROPHETIC.

Mr. Maitland had an interesting clairvoyant prophetic vision of his son. It was during the Russo-Turkish war. He was a sad Russophobe; wrote a book in favour of Turkey, and when travelling by train one day was inspired to exclaim—

"Arm, then, O England; arm as to fight for all that thou holdest dearest in time and in eternity. Give without stint of thy sons and of thy daughters, those to receive, these to heal, the wounds of thy salvation." At this moment, not having in my mind any thought of my own son, a brilliant shaft of light, like a luminous arrow, seemed to me to dart through the carriage window into my brain, bearing on its barb a perfectly distinct image of my son, wearing a military uniform, and in a prostrate attitude. As he was not in any military service, nor had any prospect of entering such a service, the apparition gave me the greatest alarm, as portending some personal disaster in connection with the impending war. As soon as I had recovered my composure I took note of the time of the occurrence. It was 3 P.M. and the day Monday. (t. 136.)

A few days after he met his son.

His first words after our greeting were: "I want to go to Turkey." "I know you do," I replied sadly; adding, "in what capacity?" "As a soldier," he said. "I know you do," I said again. "How do you know it?" he asked; "I only knew it myself on Monday." I replied that it was on Monday afternoon I had learned it. At the very time I thought it he had decided to go.

A VISION OF HIS SON: HISTORIC.

Mr. Maitland never got on well with his son. Why, he never knew until the doctrine of reincarnation came opportunely to the rescue and a waking vision showed him that his son was the reincarnation of a man who one hundred years before had killed his own previous incarnation! The story, as he tells it, is as follows:—

Suddenly and without the smallest anticipation, as I lay in bed in the early morning between sleeping and waking, I found myself actually fighting a duel with one whom I recognised as him who is my son. We were in the costume of the Cromwellian period; he was certainly a cavalier, as was shown by his coat and hat as they lay on the ground, for we had both divested ourselves of these articles, and were fighting in our shirt-sleeves. And I thought I also was a cavalier; not, however, on account of my garb, for though my hat and coat were also on the ground, they were too far to the rear of where I stood for me to see them sufficiently well to note which party they denoted me as belonging to. And the encounter was too warm to allow of my glancing back at them, had I thought of doing so. Our quarrel, it was evident to me, was not a political one, as the statement that we had been on opposite sides suggested. It was a personal one, and of an exceedingly bitter kind so far as my opponent was concerned, so obvious to me was his consciousness of being entirely in the wrong, and of my being the injured party. Besides our respective records no one was in sight, and they stood well aside. We fought with rapiers, and for a considerable time I held him

in check, easily warding his every thrust. I had no feeling of anger nor any intention of harming him, my one idea being either to disarm him, or, in the event of his growing desperate, to inflict a wound sufficient to disable him from continuing the conflict. But suddenly, on perceiving my design and finding himself offended, he lost his temper and rushed in on me in a furious *malice*, as if determined to do by force what he could not do by skill, and all at once I found my power of arm gone, so that I was unable to wield my sword, and I said to myself that it must be a failure of the heart's action. But presently I became aware that the duel was over, and that, though I had not felt the thrust, I had been run through the heart and was what is called dead; after which I remembered no more.

ST. JOHN REDIVIVUS.

Mr. Maitland is quite certain that he is the reincarnation of the Apostle John. He saw clairvoyantly the scene of the woman taken in adultery, himself figuring as a young man interested in deciphering the words Jesus wrote on the sand. A voice said to him as he was longing to see the scene again—

"You have it within you. Seek for it." Thus encouraged, I made a further effort at concentration, when—to my utter surprise, for I had no expectation or conception of such a thing—the whole scene of the incident appeared palpably before me, like a living picture in a *camera obscura*, so natural, minute, and distinct as to leave nothing to be desired, and, at the same time, utterly unlike any pictorial representation I had ever seen of it. Close before me, on my right hand, stood the Temple, with Jesus seated on a stone ledge in the porch. I had a perfect view of His face. He was of middle age, but, to my surprise, the type was that of a Murillo rather than a Raffaele, and the lower portion of the face was covered with a short, dark beard. The expression was worn and anxious, and somewhat weary. The skin was rough as from exposure to the weather. The eyes were deep-set and lustrous, and remarkable for the tenderness of their gaze. (t. 123.)

A REMINISCENCE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

Dr. Kingsford one day said to him—

"Thy world will cast us out. You saw, though you did not tell me, that you and I were the 'Two Witnesses;' and the Dragon is the materialistic philosophy that will fight against and slay us, and for some time have the empire. But in the end we shall prevail, for the death is a spiritual one, and the rising again is spiritual. All this is written in John's Apocalypse. I see now that you and I are one; our genii wish us to be one, because you supply that which I have not, and I supply that which you have not." (t. 206.)

"The attraction which the Apostle John had for me," says Mr. Maitland—

Found this further expression. I was reading chapter X. of the Book of Revelation, being the while in a deeply introspective mood, but perfectly calm and critical withal, when, on coming to the verse describing the "little book" which was so sweet in the taste and so bitter in the digestion, a strange tremor came over me, such as I had never before experienced, accompanied by the feeling that I had, somehow, a strong personal interest in the utterance. And then, while engaged in analysing the sensation and wondering to what it was due, a whole chorus of several voices, audible to the inner hearing, exclaimed in accents of jubilation, "Yes! Yes! You wrote that, and it refers to your present work!"

THE EVIDENCE OF SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.

Mr. Maitland, like Anna Kingsford, Madame Blavatsky, and Mrs. Besant, has nothing of good to say of spiritualism. But if it had not been for spiritualism and spiritualists he and his friend would have made little progress. At the beginning he says:—

I had no belief in the reality of the phenomena called Spiritualistic. The little I had seen of them had failed to impress me, saving only by the fact of their frequent abortiveness. Conjurers never fail, spiritualism did fail; therefore it was not conjuring. I had got no further than this, saving only that I had been struck by the unanimity and positiveness with which, at every experience I had attended, it was declared that I had it in me to obtain the requisite proofs, and that some day I should obtain them. (t. 104.)

And proof he got of a most astonishing kind.

ANTI-VIVISECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Among the most remarkable of the spiritualistic manifestations was the communication they received from the planchette, purporting to come from the disembodied spirit of Sir William Fergusson. Mrs. Kingsford saw him in a vision.

His picture was in the shop-windows, and she was familiar with it. He was looking thin and haggard, and seemed distressed; for when he spoke, it was in a somewhat querulous tone. His conversation was all of vivisection, principally urging more active measures. One phrase which he used frequently struck her as very singular. He kept saying, "Why don't you do a little something? I wish you would try to do a little something." (t. 159.)

Later we sat down to the planchette, he came and wrote:

"I was at your conference this afternoon. For God's sake do your utmost to put down vivisection. It is peopling our side with fiends. Of all the trees in the garden of death, this is the one which bears the deadliest fruit. In my heart I believe it is the last attempt of the powers of evil to abolish God. Pray let this letter of mine be published.—WM. FERGUSSON."

The Rev. A. F. Barrett, Rector of Stour Provost, told Mr. Maitland—

that he had himself conversed through a medium with a spirit purporting to be that of a deceased vivisector, who had declared that he was in horrible agony on account of his deeds in the flesh; but that so far from being able to repent, his only wish was to inflict fresh tortures, and to make others like himself. He hated coming, he said, to make this confession, but was compelled to do so. It was part of his punishment, and he could not refuse.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Mr. Maitland had a most astounding number of messages given him by a spirit named Winona, controlling an American medium. He was told—

You belong to the Bible-school of prophets. You are not a Spiritualist, but an Inspirationist. You are to introduce the religion which the most advanced spirits are revealing to the world through you. Your work lies outside the ranks of Spiritualism. (232)

The whole story of the jealousy of these spirit controls of Mrs. Kingsford, and the way in which they influenced him and her, must be read in the book. The net effect of it all is to convey the impression that it was a mistake if not a sin to have anything to do with mediums, or to seek for messages from the dead.

MESSAGES FROM MRS. KINGSFORD.

But what is our astonishment, then, to learn that soon after Mrs. Kingsford passed over, Mr. Maitland himself resorted to a medium in order to open up communication with his dead friend. This is his account of this astounding inconsistency. He says:—

My faculty had consisted in sensitiveness of hearing and touch rather than of sight, saving only when asleep; for then my spiritual vision was of the keenest. For this reason I did not

anticipate ocular proofs of her presence; unless, indeed, she should visit me in sleep. And concerning this possibility, I reflected that any experience of such kind would be unsatisfactory, as it might be but a dream, and would require corroborative evidence to give it value, such as would be afforded by the communication of knowledges specially characteristic of her. But no dreams of such kind occurred to me; and for a considerable period the only intimations I had of her presence consisted in such enhancement of mental perception in regard to our work as might be due to the duplication of my faculty by hers, the result being fresh applications of the key given us to the interpretation of spiritual mysteries.

In May I made the acquaintance of a lady who, without being a medium in the sense of going under control, was in a remarkable degree clairvoyant and clairaudient to spiritual presences. My anxiety to lose no chance of communication, added to my recognition of this method as legitimate, induced me to sit with her for the purpose, she coming to my rooms, where I was satisfied the conditions would be best. She was a person of ordinary intelligence and acquirements, but simple and genuine of character. The answers repeated by her in reply to the questions put by me were all such as might have come from Mary, and as the intermediary was incapable of devising. Her own knowledge of us, and our association and work, was but slight, and far from such as would have enabled her to invent the replies.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PROPHETS AND MEDIUMS.

The following message to Mr. Maitland was given through automatic writing. Mr. Maitland is Caro, Mrs. Kingsford Mary:—

"To Caro.—You entirely misconceive the process by which the revelation comes to Mary. The method of this revelation is entirely interior. Mary is not a medium; nor is she even a seer as you understand the word. She is a Prophet. By this we mean that all that she has ever written, or will write, is from within, and not from without. She knows; she is not told. Hers is an old, old spirit. She is older than you are, Caro; older by many thousand years. Do not think that spirits other than her own are to be credited with the authorship of the new Gospel. As a proof of this, and to correct the false impression you have on the subject, the holy and inner truth, of which she is the depository, will not in future be given to her by the former method. All she writes henceforth she will write consciously. Yes, she must finish the new Evangel by conscious effort of brain and will."

THE NEW EVANGEL.

This is Mr. Maitland's account of the way in which Dr. Kingsford first introduced him to the new revelation:—

Just recollecting something which had escaped her memory, and might have relation to the subject of our conversation, she rose and fetched a manuscript of her own writing, asking me to read it, and tell her frankly what I thought of it. Having read and re-read it, I inquired how and where she had got it, to which she replied by asking my opinion of it. I answered with emphasis, that if there is such a thing as divine revelation, I knew of nothing that came nearer to my ideal of what it ought to be. It was exactly what the world was perishing for want of—a reasonable faith. She then told me that it had come to her in sleep, but whence or how she did not know; nor could she say whether she had seen it or heard it, but only that it had come suddenly into her mind without her having ever heard or thought of such teaching before. It was an exposition of the story of the Fall, exhibiting it as a parable having a significance purely spiritual, wholly reasonable, and of universal application, physical persons, things, and events described in it disappearing in favour of principles, processes, and states appertaining to the soul; no mere local history, therefore, but an eternal verity. The experience, she went on to tell me, was far from being exceptional; she had received many things which had greatly struck and

pleased her in the same way, and sometimes while in the waking state in a sort of day-dream.

THE NATURE OF THE REVELATION.

While receiving these revelations, Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Kingsford felt as if they were living in Bible times as much as when they were St. John and Mary Magdalene. He says:—

Our feeling was that we were living in "Bible times," which in reality had never ceased, nor ever do cease, except for those who are devoid of the spiritual consciousness, and for these those times never begin and have no existence. The revelation is perpetual, and the power to receive it is natural to man, requiring no miracle. That he fails to receive it is through defect, not of constitution, but of condition, being self-induced by his habits of life and thought. (t. 119)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHRIST IDEA.

This is Mr. Maitland's account of the way in which he made his way to the innermost heart of the mystery:—

I found that all that was necessary was simply to reverse the materialistic hypothesis, and instead of deriving all things from an unconscious substratum, such as matter is assumed to be, and making consciousness accidental—deriving them from consciousness itself, making this the original being of which all things are modes, being individuated in vehicles of various grades of tenuity, some of them so tenuous as to elude the bodily senses. As I followed this track of thought all difficulties disappeared, and the experiences in question became not only possible but inevitable; and not these only, but the way was cleared for the solution of the great problem in view, the philosophical concept underlying the Christ-idea. For the recognition of the universality of consciousness, and therein of consciousness as the condition of Being, the negation of which is the negation of Being, proved to be the solution of this stupendous problem. For it made Christ intelligible as representing the full unfolding of consciousness in its individuated state, to the realisation of the God-consciousness, while yet in the body.

THE CHRISTS OF HISTORY.

Mr. Maitland reports a message given him by a medium, who made out that he was called to represent and combine all the teachings of all the Christs of history. The passage which is one of the most remarkable in the book is as follows:—

"The spirit who desires to speak through me is spokesman for a group of other high spirits, who with him form a constellation. The stars of this constellation are your stars. They pour down their influences and concentrate them upon you, in order to inspire you with all their rays at once. He tells me to show you his name, as, he says, you will then know who the others are;" and she formed in the air the letters which make OSIRIS.

"Do you mean that the Egyptian sungod was a real person?" I asked.

"I do not know what you call sungod," she replied, "but he is real in heaven and was real on earth; and he died on the cross, as also did all the other spirits in his constellation."

"What are their names?"

"The spirit says you know. Tell me."

"Did one begin with M?" I asked.

"Yes, yes! that is right;" and we both exclaimed at the same time "Mithras!" I then named Krishna and Buddha, to which she as eagerly assented; and then added Jesus, saying, "Nearly all these, and many others, died on the cross after an hour's sharp agony. They were the great souls who perished in seeking to save the world; whom the world slew, and afterwards worshipped. And they now form a great spiritual constellation, and from their high place are seeking again to save the world; and on you has the task fallen to represent and combine all that they were and taught. Where they were crucified to

death in one short agony you will be crucified, but not to the death."

THE GODS OF OLYMPUS.

If Mr. Maitland had to represent and combine Osiris, Mithras, Krishna, Buddha, and Christ, all that they were and all that they taught, Mrs. Kingsford was the selected representative of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Apollo, and Diana, and other deities of old time. "You are a spiritual Lens," Dr. Kingsford was told. "You are a mirror in which the highest spirits—the Gods—can reflect their faces." (240.) It is rather disappointing to know that their chief, or, at all events, their first message was to abstain from cooking as a condition of attaining to the fruits of the Tree of Life. She thus reported the vision of the Gods of Olympus to Mr. Maitland:—

"I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, for thinking over the matter, when I became aware of the presence of a group of spiritual influences, one of whom, speaking for them all, said to me, in tones audible only to the inner hearing, but distinct, measured, and authoritative: "We whom you know as the Gods—Zeus, Phoibos, Hermes, and the rest—are actual celestial personalities, who are appointed to represent to mortals the principles and potencies called the Seven Spirits of God. We have chosen you for our instrument, and have tried you and proved you and instructed you; and you belong to us to do our work and not your own, save in so far as you make it your own. Only in such measure as you do this will you have any success. For you can do nothing without us now; and it is useless for you to attempt to do anything without our help." (i. 252.)

It was not, therefore, exclusively in my thoughts when night came; and I was by no means prepared for the vision which the (full) moonlight brought me after I had gone to rest. I might keep it till we meet; but as, possibly, it might by that time lose something of its vividness, or some of the words spoken might slip my memory, I think it best to commit it at once to paper while it is fresh in my mind.

I saw in my sleep a great table spread upon a beautiful mountain, the distant peaks of which were covered with snow and brilliant with a bright light. Around the table reclined twelve persons, six male, six female, some of whom I recognised at once, the others afterwards. Those whom I recognised at once were Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athena, Phœbus Apollo, and Artemis. I knew them by the symbols they bore. The table was covered with all kinds of fruit, of great size, including nuts, almonds, and olives, with flat cakes of bread, and cups of gold, into which, before drinking, each divinity poured two sorts of liquid, one of which was wine, the other water. As I was looking on, standing on a step a little below the top of the flight which led to the table, I was startled by seeing Hera suddenly fix her eyes on me and say, "What seest thou at the lower end of the table?" And I looked, and answered, "I see two vacant seats." Then she spoke again and said, "When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, you also shall sit and feast with us." Scarcely had she uttered these words when Athena, who sat facing me, added, "When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, then you shall know as you are known." And immediately Artemis, whom I knew by the moon upon her head, continued, "When you are able to eat of our food and drink of our cup, all things shall become pure to you and ye shall be made virgins."

Then I said, "Oh Immortals! what is your food and your

drink; and how does your banquet differ from ours, seeing that we also eat no flesh, and blood has no place in our repasts?"

Then one of the Gods, whom at the time I did not know, but have since recognised as Hermes, rose from the table, and coming to me, put into my hands a branch of a fig-tree bearing upon it ripe fruit, and said, "If you would be perfect, and able to know and do all things, quit the heresy of Prometheus. Let fire warm and comfort you externally; it is Heaven's gift. But do not wrest it from its rightful purpose, as did that betrayer of your race, to fill the veins of humanity with its contagion, and to consume your interior being with its breath. All of you are men of clay, as was the image which Prometheus made. Ye are nourished with stolen fire, and it consumes you. Of all the evil uses of Heaven's good gifts, none is so evil as the internal use of fire. For your hot foods and drinks have consumed and dried up the magnetic power of your nerves, sealed your senses, and cut short your lives. Now you neither see nor hear, for the fire in your organs consumes your senses. Ye are all blind and deaf, creatures of clay. We have sent you a book to read. Practise its precepts, and your senses shall be opened."

Then, not yet recognising him, I said, "Tell me your name, Lord." At this he laughed, and answered, "I have been about you from the beginning. I am the white cloud on the noon-day sky." "Do you, then," I asked, "desire the whole world to abandon the use of fire in preparing food and drink?"

Instead of answering my question he said, "We show you the excellent way. Two places only are vacant at our table. We have told you all that can be shown you on the level on which you stand. But our perfect gifts, the fruits of the Tree of Life, are beyond your reach now. We cannot give them to you until you are purified and have come up higher. The conditions are God's; the will is with you."

These last words seemed to be repeated from the sky overhead, and again from beneath my feet. And at the instant I fell, as if shot down like a meteor from a vast height; and with the swiftness and shock of the fall I awoke.

You may guess how full my heart was! Pondering over this extraordinary revelation, I incline to regard it as the result of a deliberation among the Spirits who guide us, and that they have found themselves unable to do more with us until we have advanced further. I suspect that the illumination promised us upon the dogmas and historical problems which are to furnish the themes of fresh volumes will not be given under present conditions, but that we shall really have to abandon the use of cooked foods, and to live like John the Baptist and the old desert saints, before we can get what the Gods promise. Have you courage sufficient for this? When one thinks *what* it is one is buying at the price, the sacrifice seems a slight thing indeed. And in view of your consenting, I will ask you to get some packets of "crushed wheat," instead of the tea we were going to take out—the plain crushed wheat, I mean. I felt curiously guilty this morning as I ate my egg and drank my hot coffee! And I had always considered my food so simple and pure! Now I regard myself as a mere groveller—a worm and an "image of clay." My mind is full of the Gods and of Prometheus, and I can't think of anything else for five minutes together.

But I must now take leave of these weird and fascinating volumes (Life of Dr. Kingsford) quoting in conclusion the brief but pregnant sentence, perhaps the most pregnant in the book.

We were told that instead of all becoming one, the one becomes many, the end of evolution being not the absorption of the individual in God, but the individuation of God. (133.)

VIII.—PROFESSOR BUCHANAN AND THE APOSTLES. A VINDICATION OF "PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY" AND ITS PHOTOGRAPHS.

I HAVE received a long letter from Professor Buchanan, dated San Jose, California, August 31st, in which he replies to the review of his "Primitive Christianity" which appeared in the last number of BORDERLAND. Dr. Buchanan says that he supposes that I know best how to adapt the sacred truth which has been delivered to him to slow going humanity, but he thinks that I have touched it off too gently; that I have extracted the cannon balls and wetted the powder, so as to reduce what might have been a dangerous explosion to a picturesque splutter. He says that I have made his revelations very harmless by two very complete misconceptions, which he endeavours to remove. I certainly did not intend to place Professor Buchanan among the imbeciles and ignoramuses who have made themselves ridiculous, and, therefore, I gladly allow him an opportunity, in his own phrase, to reopen the case for a re-trial, with a reliable brief for the unfortunate defendant.

I had no intention to leave his psychic work without any scientific standing, and I can only say that I did my best not to under-estimate the gifts of Mrs. Buchanan. She must indeed have been a marvellous psychometrist never to have made a single mistake in the course of ten years.

I am glad to know that Dr. Buchanan's expectation that he was to leave this world in the course of this year is no longer likely to be justified by events, for, "thanks to his knowledge of remedies and of the arcanic laws of life, and the constant attendance of his spirit friends," he expects to postpone his exit from this planet for some time to come.

DR. BUCHANAN'S REPLY.

ALLOW me to thank you for the instructive narrative you have given of my life labours, a complete view of which would have required twice as long an article. The New Education alone might have interested your readers more deeply, as it has received the highest commendation in America, and has nothing really marvellous. I have desired to occupy all realms of knowledge as an explorer, but found it impossible.

And let me thank you also for giving the foremost place to the communication of "Julia." If I had been privileged to speak to you as freely I might have made a similar communication in different language, not referring to the loss of the soul, for it can be regained in the higher world, but showing what portion of the higher nature may be paralysed, and what portion of the brain may lose its just control of life by neglect.

You have kindly given eyelids to your readers, that the glare of my discoveries may not be unpleasant; but sunshine becomes agreeable when not coming too suddenly.

Darwin and Wallace and the author of *Vestiges of Creation* emitted a blinding light when they displayed the progress of physical evolution in the dark past ages, and conservatism had to shut its eyes; but now they are opening, and the conservative orthodox ministers in this region are treating evolution with distinguished courtesy.

If the progress of physical evolution has become tolerable, why may not the progress of moral evolution also become tolerable among the educated, after an equal length of time, and the doctrines of Jesus Christ, as presented with authentic evidence in Primitive Christianity, be kindly mentioned in the pulpit—at least in the pulpits which have not to face too many millions in the pews. The teaching of Jesus in reference to the wealthy can never be popular in a very wealthy congregation, though they are tolerated at present by being taken in a Pickwickian sense, or as an oriental exaggeration, like the promise of removing a mountain by prayer (which He never uttered).

But there is nothing in the true report of His teaching requiring to be apologised for as an orientalism. All such wild phraseology was inserted when it was anonymously brought out at Rome a hundred and forty years after His death. All that He ever said is highly acceptable to those who have not, as "Julia" would express it, lost their souls—in fact, to all rational people.

In presenting so novel and extensive a subject as a new group of sciences, a new philosophy, and a new religion, there are few who could do justice to it without devoting time to the study which I presume you could not give.

You have given a great deal of information, but have fallen into misconceptions of which I bear the burden. You have essentially mistaken the fundamental nature of my labours and their claims to public attention, and truth suffers much more from the mistakes of a friend than from the attacks of an enemy, which are always welcome in an open field. But my opponents shun such contests, for falsehood generally seeks cover and shelters itself behind the mob, the law, or the conspiracy of silence. You would do me a great favour by finding an honourable opponent with sufficient knowledge to render him worthy of notice.

I AM NOT CLAIRVOYANT.

You speak of me as a *clairvoyant seer*!! But I am no more of a clairvoyant seer than Professors Crookes, Wallace, and Darwin. I am simply an investigator of psychology and physiology, the laws of life, the principles of religion, and the history of ancient religions, and I am very sorry that I cannot be a "clairvoyant seer," for it would greatly facilitate my labours. I have never presented or asserted anything as the result of my clairvoyance, for I have none.

After reducing me to the class of clairvoyants, you make a statement still more fatal to my claims as a historian and scientist, by saying, in reference to my report of the revision of what are called the Scriptures, "These communications appear to have been the result of impressions upon Dr. Buchanan's own mind, and he

puts them forth in the full belief that they actually emanate from the Apostle in whose name he speaks"!

This astonishing statement would have been just as true if made in reference to Renan or Strauss, Dr. Davidson, Bishop Marsh, or Professor Schleiermacher—just as true as if I had affirmed that in your writings you were only a medium to convey the ideas of "Julia," to whom you are impressive when you submit. But no apostle or other spirit was ever able to impress a sentence or even a word upon my mind or mentally answer my questions, and I am very sorry they cannot. I envy your superior capacities, and if I possessed them the world would hear from me enough to startle it. You do not seem to appreciate your own powers.

When such a statement as you have made is sent forth by a friendly reviewer, what may not my opponents say? Will they not say that Dr. Buchanan is a lunatic? I may therefore say to Mr. Stead, in the language of Cæsar to Brutus, *Et tu Brute*. Two such statements are equivalent to applying the guillotine twice to Dr. Buchanan, taking the entire neck as well as head. They dismiss to the realms of romantic speculation that "Primitive Christianity" which its American readers consider an example of patient investigation and of historical research. But your hasty reading has not been a sufficient preparation for the correct description of such a book.

A RECORDER OF PSYCHIC FACTS.

The book, of course, gives the opinions of its author, which readers may accept or reject; but it gives the *historic facts* on which the opinions are based, which can be tested by reference to the proper authors.

It also gives the psychic facts on which opinions are based. It shows that, as mediums of established character for ability and integrity give communications from the departed, which prove correct when tested, it is proper scientific work to record the communications from ancient as well as modern spirits. This work has been faithfully performed, bringing forth a great mass of information unknown both to the medium and the investigator; for neither had ever been engaged in scriptural studies or in the study of religious history; and the revelations were as new to them as to the reader. To have suppressed such knowledge would have been a high crime.

THE EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS AND OF PSYCHOMETRY.

Four of the spirits who made the communications cooperated in being photographed or spiritually pictured. When these photographs were placed in envelopes and subjected to description by psychometers, the spirits were described, showing that they were what they claimed to be and what their physiognomy indicated.

Moreover, the communications are highly interesting, rational, and instructive, being a correct report apparently of the four Gospels by their authors, differing materially from what was published as the New Testament near the end of the second century, and stating how and when the true records were first suppressed and then garbled with a large amount of interpolation—St. Paul has stated that the majority of the Epistles attributed to him were never written by him, and are in opposition to his sentiments. St. John also rejects from his Gospel very important passages conveying an erroneous theology, and adding passages which had been suppressed.

Thus the photographed authors of the Scriptures

appear before the world and demand to be heard, and all who read the revised Gospel of St. John speak of it in the highest terms. What more could the Apostles do?

If those who are interested will compare these Gospels direct from their authors with those which were brought out anonymously without any authentication about the year A.D. 170, the verdict of all competent and impartial critics will be unanimous. I give evidence, the anonymous gospels give none.

WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR "PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY."

The cunning church of the Roman pagans ran for a hundred years on the authority of its priests, *without one of the four Gospels*, and this publication of the four Gospels is the first time that they have been made known to the world outside of Palestine.

Upon this publication Christianity must stand or fall, for this publication from the Apostles is the first substantial evidence ever given that the Gospels of the New Testament are anything more than a Roman forgery; and if the Church of England in the twentieth century shall continue to adhere to the wisdom and truth of those who thought this a flat four-cornered earth with no antipodes, and reject the *spiritual teaching* of St. Paul, which she professes to believe, she will most certainly be disestablished. It requires no prophet to foresee that.

ON THE AUTHORITY OF MRS. BUCHANAN.

What enforces the validity of these revelations beyond anything which has ever come from the higher world is the fact Mrs. Buchanan, the famous and accurate psychometer, whose powers were so fully illustrated in the "Manual of Psychometry," showing that she never made a material error, had psychometrically described these apostolic characters before her decease six years ago, and having since been a constant attendant upon Dr. Buchanan, telling him of what she has seen in the higher world and what she sees in this world for his benefit, she participates in these investigations, and states who are the spirits communicating, thus guarding against any fraud among spiritual visitors. She verifies her own presence by writing between closed slates in her own handwriting, and the leading spirit, St. John, demonstrated his reality, not only by his photograph, but by a message spiritually pencil-written on paper in daylight, when there was no pencil or human hand in reach of it.

Having never claimed mediumship, and not knowing that I was ever suspected of it, unless by credulous Spiritists, who think every lady a medium, I did not think any formal disclaimer necessary. I was content to refer to possible doubts from "the imperfection of mediumship" and the possibility of their misunderstandings, saying, "I am sure of the integrity of the mediums engaged (free from pecuniary motives), and I have endeavoured by repetition and reviewing to correct any accidental errors."

I did not think it advisable to say much of mediums and thereby enable sceptics to start a suspicious discussion or a personal attack upon mediums whose integrity I guaranteed. I did not, however, mention that St. John's first communication was made possible by "a female medium." Another important communication I stated came through "one of my pupils, an intelligent lady of fine psychometric and spiritual powers." On another occasion Martin Luther, communicating on the history of the corruption of the Church, I said: "Mrs.

Longley being the medium, whose intelligence, integrity, literary capacity, and disinterested labours for the truth deserve much honour and gratitude."

I also gave the psychometric descriptions of St. John and Jesus from concealed pictures, one of which was given about fifty miles from my presence. It was also apparent in my report that I was recording what was spoken to me; and of one of the apostolic descriptions I said that Cornelia sent it "through Mrs. Longley," who was residing in another city.

AND OF WELL-TESTED ANCIENT SPIRITS.

In explaining ancient history I have, like all other historians, given my opinions, but of all that important history you say not much, though it is the foundation of the book. Yet to the revelation of gospel lives, gospel records, and emendations of a faithful text, I have given only what has been given to me by ancient spirits concerning their own writings, through mediums whose competency and fidelity have been tested thoroughly for many years, the whole being assisted and supervised by Mrs. Buchanan, whose vast range of psychometric perception has been increased by her residence in the higher spheres, and who psychometrically understood the Apostles well and the character of Christ before she left this world. All Spiritualists know that style of communication is continually going on, and that reliable messages are being obtained and published and accepted, even without the guarantee from the supervision of Mrs. Buchanan. Many such messages appear weekly in the American spiritual papers, and they have never been in any way discredited.

The messages I have given are also verified by the portraits and the psychometric descriptions of their spirit authors. Is there any better evidence in the sciences to which BORDERLAND is devoted? And has anything ever come from the spirit world of so high an intellectual order—so instructive in history? Supercilious sceptics ask for something of value—some real knowledge from the spirit world. We can show them hundreds of diagnoses of obscure diseases which have baffled medical colleges, and wise prescriptions saving lives the faculty considered lost, and extemporaneous poetry and eloquence beyond the natural capacity of the medium.

Now the dark centuries in which the Church originated, which have profoundly puzzled all theologians, made still more mysterious by the notorious frauds and forgeries which every historian knows were prevalent, are illuminated as by a calcium light, and the declaration of Jesus verified that nothing can continue hidden.

The Church is summoned from the spirit world to revise its creeds and surrender its superstitions as Jesus summoned the Judæan Church of old, and *His voice cannot be silenced now*. The Inquisition is dead, and, as St. Paul said, where the Spirit of God is there is liberty, and the measure of liberty is the measure of Divine influence. Christianity comes now in its bright intellectual power, and defies the criticism of England's favourites, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall.

HOW JOHN THE BAPTIST'S PORTRAIT WAS OBTAINED.

As my evidences are so sharply assailed, let me say that the portrait of John the Baptist is quite authentic, and is easily verified by psychometry. To recover the personal aspects of Jesus, St. John, and John the Baptist from oblivion is the most far-reaching display of spiritual power yet seen, and delightful to all sincere Christians.

I placed a white cardboard between two slates which I held, and in much less than an hour I opened the slates, and found in that cardboard a *fresh oil painting*, of which I have published the engraving. It was about a month before the paint became quite solid.

I could not have conjectured whom this picture represented, but the name was inscribed on it, and any competent psychometer can testify, without seeing it, that it represents a very ancient character, corresponding strictly to John the Baptist, who reaffirms what scriptural history states. The ancient spirits came to me for the same reason that modern spirits came to surviving friends and relatives—my sympathy with them, and their strong sympathy with me, knowing the work I was doing. The appearance of John the Baptist, Moses, and St. Peter was to me entirely unexpected.

I know nothing more demonstrative in the whole history of spiritualism, and when you quote respectfully the vulgar opinion of all spiritual facts—"of evidence there is none"—you virtually authorise the suspension of Borderland as a combination of delusions.

"I AM ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH THE EVIDENCE."

I am entirely satisfied with the evidence when it is fully stated, for many a man has been hanged on far less evidence, and many a scientific doctrine has gained credit on much less evidence. But if I have any ultra-sceptical friends whom such evidence does not satisfy, I can only say I am sorry for them; and I think they will at least agree with me historically in my demolition of the entire mass of second-century fictions in Church history concerning the Apostles and Jesus, in which I have the able co-operation of President Andrew D. White, our present Minister to Germany, whose very learned "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom" has demolished more superstitious illusions than I could possibly discuss in my volumes. They are all interesting and amusing. And, perhaps, if Canon Wilberforce would read the learned works of White he might then think it worth while to read mine.

But those who read without the aid of their "lost souls" do not understand the philosophy of heaven. And there are probably as many lost souls that have abandoned Christ for anti-Christian creeds as have abandoned Christ for gold and for popularity.

A PROTEST AGAINST YOUR SCEPTICAL STANDPOINT.

Kind as your notice has been, I must protest against your sceptical standpoint and your assumption, for it is nothing but a conjecture without evidence, that Mrs. Buchanan says nothing, but ~~what~~ might have been unconsciously suggested to her by me. Is "Julia" a mere echo of your thoughts? And do I not know the character and capacity of my associate? She was as independent of me as any other friend could be. The greater part of her communications were matters unknown to me; and she often sent off psychometric descriptions to correspondents without my knowing anything of it. Dr. Buchanan is *sui generis*, and is not willing to be identified with any class who have appeared before the public.

Mr. A. R. Wallis, too, had his conjecture that her psychometric statements might have emanated from spirits, but a discoverer and teacher of a half century's experience is not enlightened by the casual conjectures of teophytes.

A VINDICATION OF MRS. BUCHANAN.

I am very sorry to be compelled to protest against your misconception of Mrs. Buchanan's contributions. You must admit that I know more of her than any one else possibly could; and I say that I have never known her either to be guided by my opinions or to make any material error in a psychometric description. You denounce her description of Alexander III. as entirely false; but the mistake is yours (accidentally) not hers; and is more excusable than your other mistakes. She never described Alexander III. Her description of the Alexander who was assassinated was as correct as her prediction of his assassination, and of the deaths of Disraeli and Garibaldi, the outcome of Irish troubles, and the Afghan war.

The character whom you supposed Alexander III. was Alexander I., and her description of him was correct. His life did "go down in a cloud." He became a morose tyrant. His gloomy surroundings "tormented and embittered his morbid mind," as Chambers says. She did not say he would be assassinated, but that he was in danger of political hostility, and there was a "menacing feeling" against him—there was a conspiracy. She said she thoroughly disliked his character (and she was right), but that others did not understand him as she did.

The experiment should have been more fully explained than it was. She held in her hand a paper bearing the words "the Czar of Russia," with no reference to time to show which Czar, and she selected the most famous one and described him well. She said he was to her a repulsive character, and difficult to describe. But she recognised him as a Russian Emperor, which was a sufficient test of her power, and, I believe, history fully justified her whole description. He was thoroughly detested and deserved it. It was but a random experiment to see what she would say.

Allow me also to protest against being presented before the public as merely a dealer in opinions and impressions, when dealing with facts that demand attention, ignoring the fact that I stand on the *solid basis of history* as the *foundation* of the sacred truth, that I have presented, not my private psychic history, but history accessible to all.

A CHALLENGE.

I challenge examination of my historical data. If the Conservative clergy and Mr. Gladstone, as well as Canons Wilberforce and Farrar, Martineau, and the clergy of Scotland can show any fundamental error in my historic statements, I am ready to acknowledge my defeat; but if they will not—which means they cannot (for I do not believe they will dare to face the question)—I claim that the public which has so long listened deferentially to them should listen to Dr. Buchanan as a historian. They may be as adverse to him as to Gibbon, Colenso, or Darwin, but no erroneous and baseless opinions can survive when there is a free press, and truth cannot be suppressed by ostracism or imprisonment.

Science holds the empire of the future, and the morally sublime wisdom of Christ is now justified by the science which lifts its eyes from the ground and comprehends two worlds. They who have misrepresented Him, and made Him the author of war instead of peace, must now defend their assumption before the bar of humanity.

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

In this, as in all my life labours, I stand entirely alone, with a new philosophy against the godless medical colleges in which woman was not admissible until I opened the first door; against the godless churches which have the name without the principles of Christ; against the godless spiritists who seek only marvellous facts; but in sympathy with all who intuitively realise the nature of Jesus the Christ and the uplifting of the soul, unknown to Pharisees, which He first made known on earth, to which good spiritualists are beginning to approach, and some ministers.

While the whole fabric of society is opposed to Divine law, and in harmony only with mammon, I stand where the disciples of Jesus stood when He said in His last meeting, "The world hath hated them because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

To those who have followed my labours in psychic science I give thanks for justice. But to my opponents who, like Wilberforce, shun progressive sciences, I say you have, no doubt, some respect for established history. Hence I ask the Liberal clergy of England to read "Primitive Christianity" (published by Redway), and then resume the study of the history of the early centuries, and see if I am not well sustained in every position.

We have the advantage in this country of two good works, probably not current in England—Waite's "History of the Christian Religion," and "The Bible: its Origin, Growth, and Character," by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Washington City.

A PROPOSITION.

I do not take up the questions involved at present, as the BORDERLAND is not devoted to history. I simply state my proposition, which will be as firmly established in the coming century as geology or evolution, that there is nothing in existence to-day which can properly be called a Christian church, nor has there been since the first century, unless in India for a time established by St. Thomas. And if my history cannot be refuted, the world will be compelled to listen to the records of the Apostles (so long suppressed), for there is *no other authentic record* of the inspired founder of Christianity, who "spoke as never man spake"—not for the Demon-god of hell, but for the God of Heaven, the source of love, whose many mansions have been invisible until the spirit world was permitted by godless men to visit their friends on earth (as Moses and Elias came to Jesus), because advancing civilisation would not allow the burning of witches.

AND A PROPHECY.

When the true Christian church comes it will conquer the world by moral power; and when it controls one nation it will establish peace throughout the world—not only international peace but peace between the warring classes. There will be no more famines, no more poverty and suffering; jails and lunatic asylums will gradually disappear; life will be safe and robbery will cease; there will be neither kings nor prelates; neither armies nor forts, nor navies, nor arsenals, muskets, and cannon; prosperity will come to all nations—love to all homes; angels will be our visitors—the earth will be the Kingdom of God. But who can name a promise of Jesus that has ever been fulfilled by the Church? When did it forbid cannon and bayonets? When did it move even its little finger in opposition to the hell in Cuba?

If I have shocked anybody by saying that Christianity would not tolerate it, let them defend their position if they dare.

A WELCOME RESPITE.

As BORDERLAND publishes my warning of departure in twelve months, which have not yet elapsed, I would say that my immense unfinished tasks produced a warning from Cornelia five years ago to hasten the preparation of my work for the press. It was given in her own handwriting between two slates; on the lower one, in bright sunshine, in a group of friends in the open air at a summer resort in Missouri. I had too much faith in my own constitution to heed it as I should. The warning came, which I published, but assurance was given that all that could be done by spirit power would be done to prolong my life. A partial spinal paralysis from a fall has confined me to the house ten months, but now it is abating, and they speak more hopefully, so that I have faith in finishing my principal tasks, but I have enough prepared in my collection, embracing ten to twenty thousand pages of manuscript, to occupy ten years, which cannot be mine on earth.

THE LAST WORDS OF A PIONEER.

My revelation of the brain preceded by twenty or thirty years the labours of the vivisectioning physiologists of Europe, of which Professor Fimer of England has been the best representative. Although the brain is our psychic organ, primarily, and but secondarily physiological, our materialistic doctors (who cultivate psychic ignorance as a fine art, and intensify the stupidity of their students) have avoided every psychic function of the brain as carefully as the devil is said to shun holy water. But they have done nothing to invalidate my

discoveries, while confirming several important doctrines.

Among my first discoveries fifty-six years ago was the discovery of the cerebral organs concerned in clairvoyance and spiritual communications.

In the profound stolidity produced by materialism and anti-Christian theology, which fossilize the brain and paralyze the soul as effectually as avarice, there is no desire for profound wisdom, and little capacity to distinguish wisdom from the vagaries of speculation. Hence I have done little toward publication and expected no favour from publishers, having neither college nor church support.

In the "New World of Science" the constitution of man, soul, brain, and body will be made intelligible, and the psychic and geometric laws of his life in two worlds made clear. Then philosophy and Christianity will be understood.

But there is no progress in the wisdom which philosophy produces without the aid of the uplifting and inspiring sentiments introduced by Jesus, the presentation of which authenticates His mission, for they were far above the worldly wisdom of church-craft of either ancient or modern times, which has never very materially varied, and never lifted man up to Divine life or put an end to the earthy hell called war.

It was the strong ethical impulse in the soul of the author of "If Christ came to Chicago" which enabled him to step in advance of his contemporaries and show some courtesy to revolutionary truths.

While the nations of the earth are living on the hot borders of the hell called war, I hope that the presentation of Christianity as it came from Jesus may rouse modern Apostles, even without His inspiring presence. If I point to the promised land, so points the finger of evolution, and Christ foresaw it all.

A PREDICTION BY MR. THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

VERY little has been heard of late of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, the seer whose name is chiefly familiar to the English public in connection with that of Laurence Oliphant. It is four years since I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Harris in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are at present living in New Brunswick, Canada, in a wooded retreat, where, however, they keep in touch with the outside world, whose evolution they regard with keen interest. Mr. Harris, I am told, has recently been moved to utter a very lugubrious prediction concerning the British Empire. One morning recently at breakfast after reading my character sketch of Mark Twain, Mr. Harris suddenly broke out with the following declaration: "Mark Twain's saying that he perceived England mentioned in the Bible, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' is a voice of the Eternal Oracle, in which he pronounced the damnation of Great Britain. Mr. Stead possibly may live to see it." Mr. Harris is of English and Welsh descent, but "his just soul and his hatred of grab and pharisaism cannot abide the wrongs that this king race of the orb inflicts upon the lesser powers whom it was created to bless and protect while ruling."

IX.—MESMERIC CLAIRVOYANCE.*

STRANGE STORIES OF SPECTRAL EXPERIENCES IN CEYLON. BY T. BOWLES DALY, LL.D.

IT is the duty of every student who may have gleaned any psychic knowledge, to add something to the mental heap acquiring such respectable proportions in our day. His contribution to the general store may be of trifling importance, yet a hint, a stray suggestion, or an item of personal experience, may be of use to the few brave souls who are now devoting themselves to this unpopular research. Morse, while inventing the language of the electric telegraph, utilised much of the stray experience of others, and ultimately added a valuable brick to the temple of knowledge; all science has been slowly developed by such processes. The following is a brief record of some magnetic experiments, with hints which may enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. As the information proffered partakes largely of the nature of a personal confession, the reader is requested to pardon the tiresome iteration of the personal pronoun. The hunger for knowledge, especially occult knowledge, is in the air everywhere around us and craves satisfaction. Magnetism under a new name has come to diffuse light on an unknown territory and its shadowy inhabitants. Reichenbach's experiments proved beyond a doubt that an imponderable matter exists which can be seen by some, and felt by many. This fact is at last reluctantly admitted by a few, though rejected by the majority; it remains for us to investigate its nature and properties. This subtle matter which permeates life is subject to various influences; it is common to men, plants, and minerals. It seems a basic element in life producing sympathy and antipathy on this plane, even to those who fail to perceive its material form. The discovery of the telescope, microscope, and spectral analysis prove that it may not be impossible to bring this peculiar substance within the range of ordinary senses, but for the present it can only be examined by clairvoyants or trance subjects; that it is worthy of investigation there can be no doubt.

AN OLD DUTCH TOWN.

It is necessary to explain my surroundings and circumstances before further entering into this subject. I am living in an old house in the town of Galle, the capital of the southern province of Ceylon. Galle is a walled city built by the Dutch, where miniature houses and streets nestle behind a frowning rampart some eighty feet wide, which forms a beautiful promenade. The main idea of the Dutch was protection and security, sanitation was not thought of in those early days; many of the rooms have no windows; the town lies below the level of the sea, water is scarce and drains imperfect. The place is a picturesque fever trap, beautifully shaded with fine old Suriyia trees; cholera, small pox, and a host of other diseases find a home here. The Oriental rejoices in his ancestral filth, and no inoculation of English ideas will ever cure him. One might as well hope to teach a monkey to spar as to get a native to see the beauty of cleanliness. Here I am in charge of a college with several hundred students. The house is on the rampart facing the sea, from my chair I can watch the restless Indian ocean churning its white

spray on the coral reefs. The college is a large building with outhouses, which have been converted into class rooms and dormitories. Some empty apartments separate my quarters from the rest of the college, I have no human companions in this wing, but I am not without other company. The house was once a hotel and said to be haunted, so are most houses, if people possessed the requisite vision. Ghosts only become visible where crime and sensuality have left a deposit, or where the inmates are mediumistic enough to supply the material for a form.

HOW I BEGAN.

There are about forty boarders in the college, and not a day passes without some one being down with fever or some bowel complaint. There is no endowment; the funds for the support of the institution were raised by subscription. As we cannot afford to call in a doctor, my anxiety is considerable. One morning, during meditation, the suggestion came to me, "try magnetism." I at first rejected the suggestion, though I had studied a little of the subject in England, and was tolerably successful in a few cases undertaken. I also possessed from childhood a limited measure of "second sight." The idea however, haunted me, and necessity supplied the requisite spur. The people looked up to me in their difficulties; so I had to assume a confidence I was far from feeling. I remember the first case well—a boy was down with fever. I went into the dormitory with the steward and two of the masters. I threw off my coat, called for a basin of water and a towel. "I mean to drive away the fever," I remarked aloud; "see how quickly it will fly." I laid my hands on the boy's head, and commenced the downward passes with the utmost concentration of will. The boy was in the cold ague stage; his flesh felt like a corpse. In less than ten minutes warmth returned, and soon a perspiration came out on his forehead. "Now you see the fever is gone. Get him some warm rice water, and cover him with a blanket." It was a perfect cure. They were astonished; and none more so than myself. The boy was out playing cricket that evening. After this I had plenty of practice, and was fairly successful in treating a great variety of diseases. Magnetism, however, cannot cure every disorder; on some it seems to have absolutely no effect, particularly on paralysis and asthma, while it brings speedy relief in most nervous disorders, epilepsy, fever, tumors, and minor complaints. I devoted two or three hours every morning to my patients, and soon acquired considerable skill. I charged no fee, and seldom sent anyone away without benefit. Seventeen out of twenty of my epileptic subjects became clairvoyant. These helped me largely. They described their own disorders, and frequently announced the very day they would recover. From these subjects I picked up a considerable amount of practical knowledge not written in any book on the subject. Out of several hundred cases there were not two precisely alike, so varied is this faculty.

CLAIRVOYANCE WITHOUT TRANCE.

I beg now to present a few samples of an unusual character. The first was a student, a young man about

* The following MSS. reached me from an unknown correspondent in Calcutta, from whom I had heard once or twice previously. I publish the MSS. as I received it, only altering the title, which the author, Dr. Daly, had entitled "The Knife and the Book: Magnetic Experiences."

eighteen, who suffered from insomnia; a few days' treatment he was completely cured. A more unpromising subject could not be found. His mind was erratic, deficient in concentration, and a body like a sponge, which sucked in magnetism without exhibiting results. He never lost the use of any of his senses, and could not be sent to sleep. With the view of strengthening his memory, and mainly at his own request, I continued the treatment. After the fifteenth sitting he called my attention to a number of pin-point spots of golden light in the surrounding darkness, very faint at first, but increasing in magnitude until merging together, they at length assumed the form of a disk. This object presently broke into fragments exhibiting landscapes, houses, figures, and faces. In no instance was the boy able to perceive any person or place specified by the magnetiser, neither did he exhibit any psychometric faculty when letters or other objects were placed in his hand or to his forehead. This was my first instance of one becoming clairvoyant without going into trance, the number increased later on. I am very reluctant to place anyone in trance if I can effect a cure without it; I have been successful in a host of cases without attempting to induce sleep.

ASTRAL TRAMPS.

One evening during my magnetic sittings I pointed to a corner of the room, and asked the clairvoyant to describe what he saw there. He shuddered, but failed to perceive any form. He was able to describe accurately the dress worn at a dinner-party in Malta, and a shipwreck off the Spanish Coast, and yet failed to notice my uninvited astral visitors, who were taking far too lively an interest in my affairs. They were even indifferent to a copious discharge of fine old English expletives, which I had often hurled at them. What I dreaded was, that this miserable spawn would take possession of my subject and oblige me to suspend experiments. For days I turned over this problem in my mind, wondering at the obtuseness of my subject. At last I tried a plan in which I had but little faith, but which proved successful, and opened to me another avenue into the mystic region in which I was feebly groping. During my residence in Ceylon I have travelled a good deal, visiting over thirteen hundred monasteries, and talking to all sorts and conditions of men. In idle moments I made a collection of Tamil, Sanskrit, and Arabic Mantrams, intended for healing, purification, and ejection of elementals. I now determined to test their potency. This was easy, for every third man in Ceylon knows a little magic. In most cases it is employed for low selfish objects, the performers are often mere impostors, but among them are, however, a few who understand their business. The Pirit ceremony adopted by the priests to purify a house and banish disease, is both religious and magnetic, and often proves beneficial. I invited a man versed in Mantrams, to perform one of the ceremonies, and invoke the presence of a well-known Deva, whose influence was said to be beneficial.

THE MANTRAM.

After the ceremony the boy was magnetised and placed in the purified chair, on being invited to look round the room he now perceived what was before invisible, and gave abundant details. The crowning event was the appearance of the Deva, whose dazzling presence nearly overcame him. She was only visible to the subject, a partiality which caused me some inward rebellion; quickly perceiving my thoughts, she promised to

appear to me at another time, a pledge which was generously redeemed. This meeting with the boy, however, was final, as the clairvoyante informed me that the sittings must close; his faculties were too unstable to make further use of them; a portion of my vitality had been transferred to him; his health was now restored, further sittings would injure me and not benefit him; the influences which haunted the house could do no harm. I am summarising the information received. The subject spoke of himself with perfect frankness, as if he was alluding to a total stranger; he warned me to, distrust some of the information which he had given that voices in the darkness prompted him, the statements were not all wrong, but only partially true.

MATHONGA.

Here let me add that the order of non-human presences comprise a very wide range, for which the Singhalese possess an ample but by no means perfect nomenclature. Camping by a waterfall in the midst of the Kandyan hills, I witnessed by moonlight a scene which made me believe that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was a sober reality and not a piece of brilliant fiction as it is generally supposed. Again, sitting one night on a verandah, before an old Suriya tree, I perceived a number of minute creatures, of a pale reddish colour, coming up from the sea, more numerous than a cloud of flies, and settling on one of the great branches. I remarked to a friend sitting beside me, that something was likely to happen to the tree. At four o'clock in the morning a heavy wind blew, and when I went out I found this branch torn from the trunk and lying on the ground. Many of these non-human entities no more perceive us than the generality see them. Some are extremely beautiful, while others are very repulsive. There is a combination of sounds, words, and perfumes which form a temporary link of connection between the inhabitants of the physical and astral planes, the generic name of which is the Mantram. The communications of the Deva were mostly by symbols difficult to understand, and almost impossible to describe without descending to an unintelligible jargon. This resplendent being, belonging to a higher order of elementals, is not without the apparent vanity of a woman, for she can capture the senses with a vision of loveliness, aided by a costume and ornaments of barbaric splendour. This, however, is the natural mode of presentation, for it cannot be a desire to fascinate a grizzled old bachelor to whom the affections and lusts can say nothing but *morituri te salutant*. Such spiritual entities are sexless. Mathonga appears as a woman of vigorous vitality, glowing with health; her neck, feet, and arms loaded with massive gold ornaments, while her Tamil drapery seems more graceful than any Greek representation. Her large lustrous eyes command admiration and repel passion, while her deep brown colour and full lustrous eyes might be that of an Italian. Any more auctioneer's list of her charms can give but a poor idea; and I am not a man in possession.

After the incident recorded I ceased to magnetise the boy, while I am pleased to add that his health is fully restored. Magnetising with a benevolent object opens the door to much knowledge if the operator is provided with the requisite qualifications. The fact of banishing pain from some poor sufferer is a distinct pleasure and a sufficient reward for the physical exertion entailed; when the magnetiser discovers that his patient possesses unusual faculties, it would be criminal on his part to neglect developing them.

MY BEST SEER.

My next most interesting subject was a boy of twelve to fourteen, who was the victim of epilepsy in its most aggravated form. The fits used to last from one to two hours, while the attacks were daily until his strength was nearly exhausted. When I took him up he was no better than a living skeleton; his legs and arms like rulers, without sap or vigour. After the sixth sitting he became clairvoyant. I ignored the exercise of this faculty until I restored his health with food, exercise, and magnetic passes. As he acquired strength his clairvoyance assumed the medical form. He diagnosed his own disease, made comments on my physiology, which appeared to him as manifest as one of those open-work clocks which make no secret of their internal arrangements. As this form of personality did not embarrass me I encouraged him to institute comparisons between the functions of our respective systems. He thereupon informed me that he perceived floating through his body minute red globules which he called bad air; these were absent in mine. Another clairvoyant, suffering from the same disease, confirmed this, but stated that the globules were black. The motion of my hands during the passes had the effect of disturbing and finally drawing these from his head to his shoulders, and from hence to his fingers. When I made a circular movement he declared that I forced them to swim round, and inquired my reason for doing so. While magnetising him he felt pin points enter his body, and saw a blue flame from my hands, which gave him strength and proved very refreshing. He informed me that I had great healing power, especially for all diseases connected with the brain. I privately wondered whether this gift was compensation for the small amount of this commodity originally bestowed on me. On venturing to inquire whether the healing property had anything to do with the obstinate and determined spirit for which my friends blame me. I was gravely rebuked for underrating "will power," which he declared was the mightiest gift man could possess. Healing, he stated, had nothing to do with it; "will," he explained, was the power which projected the force, while the bullet or the restorative power was something forged in a different shop. It could not be acquired, and might easily be lost, it was a spiritual gift; "you know yourself where it comes from," he added. Now that is just what I don't know. The most embarrassing thing is, that he is constantly crediting me with knowledge to which I lay no claim, and failing to see the profundity of my ignorance. It is inexpedient for the magnetiser to make a confession of his deficiency.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

I have learned a great deal by this kind of inquiry, and much of it has been tested and found genuine; for example, I now know the exact parts of the body to manipulate, saving much time and dispensing with tiresome passes. When I wake up the clairvoyant he remembers nothing, and falls into the childish condition of his age; a mere glance or wave of the hand is enough to transform him into a man talking with penetrating clearness on matters outside the range of ordinary conversation. Occasionally, if his inner self has any communication to make, the boy will come rushing into my study saying that he has a pain in his head or chest, which he wants removing. This is invariably the signal for some private communication. The worst fault of the clairvoyant is his brutal frankness, which often embarrasses me. I was one day magnetising a boy, brought me for some supposed disease of the stomach.

The clairvoyant was playing with the dog in the next room; suddenly he interrupted by asking to remove a pain in his chest. My touch brought him into the lucid state, which was what he wanted. "There is no use magnetising this boy," he remarked, "nor is there anything wrong with his stomach, except all the muck he puts in it. In three months he will be mad—neither magnetism nor anything will save him."

THE KNIFE.

One day I asked, could he tell me was there any medicinal plant for snake-bite. "There is something better than a plant," he answered, turning his gaze towards that unbound pharmacopœa beyond our limited senses. He then informed me that there was a species of horn, and showed me how it should be used. He next stated that there was a book which contained a treatise on snake-bites and other important matters. The book was scarce, only a few copies in the island, and these were jealously guarded by their owners. After this, I was ordered not to question him for some days, this effort having caused fatigue. I was seized with a great desire to possess this book; after some days I received the welcome information that a portion of this horn referred was in the possession of a man residing in a village in the interior, who, it is needless to say, was entirely ignorant of its properties. The name of both the village and the man was given. The article was found by accident and converted into the handle of a knife, which was at present deposited in a large tool-box, while the owner with the key in his possession, was in Columbo. On next Saturday he would return to his village. The necessary steps for acquiring possession of the coveted article was left unreservedly to my sagacity. Here a clue was undoubtedly given, but considerable difficulty still remained. The Goiya is a born sceptic, who doubts every one and everything—his mind is a mine of suspicion. Now, to go to a remote village, visit a man with whom I had no previous acquaintance, and ask him to produce a particular kind of knife, would arouse suspicion and create impossible expectations.

A STRANGE EXPEDITION.

It was late that night before two friends and myself arrived at a definite course of action; an expedient, however, was devised, and I despatched the two next morning on this errand. An unavailing search was made, and as I had anticipated, the suspicion of the whole village was excited; more so, for it unfortunately happened that just at that time stolen property was concealed in the place. My friends were regarded as private detectives, sent down on inquiry; the plea of looking for a knife was regarded as a clumsy device to conceal their real intentions. The searchers returned tired, exhausted and crestfallen, but thankful to escape rough handling, especially from the man whose house had been visited. The attempt was a failure, but not a complete one. The clairvoyant maintained that the right house was a mile further off, and that there were two men in the place bearing the same name, which led to the confusion.

NATIVE HUMOUR.

Here it is necessary to explain that the Singhalese are a vain people, delighting in long names, and when any circumstances obliges a man to change his habitation, he frequently drops the name he was there known by, and revives a section of the liberal patronimic for

his next abode. There is a fine sense of humour in this which is not appreciated by either the magistrate or the police, especially if Apuhamy happens to be "wanted," which is only too often the case. The reader, without being uncharitable, will see that this custom possesses undoubted advantages to a man who seeks solitude, and is averse to impertinent curiosity. For the present, the inquiry had to be postponed, as it was neither expedient or convenient to renew the attempt. I was provoked, and inclined to believe that some tricky entity of the astral plane had been tampering with the clairvoyant. In the meantime, the acquisition of the book became an object of decided interest. I named all the monasteries and mentioned all the Vederals I thought likely to possess a copy, without effect. I was in despair, when at last he informed me that the book was shown him. He described it minutely, a rudely-bound volume in manuscript, with the name Arneoles on the cover, and beneath it three lines effaced. The present owner was a boy named Pransappo, who resided with an uncle in the village Matrambe, near Uduwatake; both father and mother were dead. The relation had some idea of the value of the book, and would be unwilling to part with it. I was not to call in person, others should be employed to negotiate the matter. Accordingly, in order to secure this treasure, I one day set out in person accompanied by my servant and two students from the college, acquainted with the locality. On nearing the place I remained at the house of a friend, and despatched my servant and the boys on the search. The house, the family, and the boy were found, the latter was known by another name than that specified. The uncle admitted the possession of some books which the boy was willing to sell. On consulting an old woman in the house some battered volumes were produced, but not the one specified. On being requested to make further search the old man grew insolent, and finally abusive; my servant returned, satisfied that the book was not to be found.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS SELF SPEAKS.

This circumstance so shook my faith in the clairvoyant that I resolved to desist from the useless search, besides as soon as the lad's health was restored I was determined to dismiss him. Next morning I magnetised him as usual but refrained from asking any questions, about an hour afterwards he came complaining of a sharp pain in the chest. I removed the pain and while doing so he informed me that a pair of scales evenly balanced were held before him. I inquired indifferently how this phenomenon concerned me; he explained that it had reference to the book I desired and that I was to start that day for the village, there was only a chance of my getting it, if I exercised my will power I might overcome the opposition that would be raised. I did not believe a word of this statement; but regarded this speech as a deliberate attempt to deceive me which only increased my indignation. On the strong remonstrance of one of my friends, I, however, set out with no hope of success, but with the determination of testing the truth of the boy's statement. Even my interest in the book had quite abated, for I strongly objected to be fooled by human or non human presences. My scepticism sprang from the fact that the aura of the clairvoyant and his father in the first instance forewarned me of treachery and ingratitude, and also I was dissatisfied with several statements made by him; so, though I did not doubt the boy's clairvoyance, I believed him to be misled by evil in-

fluences. At night I frequently saw a dark shadow near his bed.

AN OBSTINATE OLD WOMAN.

In my second attempt on reaching a house on the skirt of the village, I saw the son of the owner suffering from fever, with his head muffled in a shawl. There were several idlers present when I arrived who, as usual, thronged round to stare at a European. I passed my hand over the young man's head and body and there affected a cure. The act had a profound effect upon those present, suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that I would use the gift I possessed to effect the object of my visit. Flinging diplomacy to the wind, I explained to those present the object of my journey, adding, that this would be my last visit, and in oracular manner informed them that if the old woman in the house dared to prevent my getting the book it would be the worst for her. I then gave a specimen of my magical power, fixing one on a chair from which he could not rise, and making another believe that his coat was on fire. After this exhibition I ordered my servant to go to the house and bring the book and the owner before me. The whole gang of idlers accompanied him, who no doubt gave an exaggerated report of my small achievement. The old woman got thoroughly frightened and raised no further opposition. I was at lunch when the party returned. When the owner drew from his cloth an olla book black with age, not the one I expected, I could with difficulty restrain my indignation. Tears streamed down the face of the clairvoyant, my repressed emotion so affected the boy. He requested the owner to withdraw while in the presence of the others he explained that the MSS. before me was the original from which the printed copy was taken, that it was more valuable inasmuch as there were several leaves missing from the bound volume. Both books were stolen property, the owner as well as the thief were now dead, the present possessors regarded me as a magician whom they were afraid to offend lest I should get them into trouble; they would take no money lest they should be brought under my spell. The book fairly corresponds to the description given by the clairvoyant, it contains a great deal on snake bites as well as other curious matter.

The above sketch has been written some years. I think it better to send it as it stands. From my notebook I can supplement the statement already made.

A DISCOVERY.

There is no use in describing in detail how I got the knife. Enough to say that I procured it. It is a common bone-handled penknife, such as are turned out by the hundred in Sheffield. The whole story of its magical properties is an ingenious falsehood. On one or two other occasions I perceived a similar attempt to deceive me, which I could not account for. One night I questioned the lad closely. Here is the substance of the conversation which I took down at the time.

"Is there anyone giving you the answer to my questions?" For a time there was no reply, until I insisted on an answer.

"He does not want me to tell."

"Who does the *he* refer to?"

"There is a small man with a big head near me."

"Indeed? How long has he been with you?" I asked in astonishment, never hearing of this personality before. No reply. "I must have an answer." After some minutes the reply came slowly, while an expression of pain came over the boy's face.

"Always."

"Now tell him he must go—that I don't want his assistance."

"He says he won't go, and if you drive him away, he will haunt you and do you an injury."

"Tell him he is a liar, and that I defy him."

No sooner had I uttered these words, than the boy was seized with a fit, and struggled violently. I had to tie my handkerchief between his jaws to prevent him from tearing me with his teeth and doing injury to himself. It took me fully twenty minutes to get him out of the fit. After that he became so weak and prostrate, that I had to carry him in my arms to his bed. For some time the clairvoyant faculty, except in occasional visions, seldom comes to me. That night I could hardly sleep thinking of the boy. I was restless, and once or twice went into the dressing-room to see how he slept. The second time I perceived the dark shadow of a man hanging over the body of the sleeper. There was plenty of light, for it was a lovely moonlight night. I addressed this creature in a fit of the deepest indignation, and ordered him off. The figure turned towards me and gradually materialised, showing an enormous mouth with long protruding teeth like an animal. The body was like that of a small man covered with short black hair. He had long arms like a monkey, with claws like fingers. I fixed my eyes firmly on this creature, and extended all the points of my fingers towards his face, exclaiming, with the greatest will force,

"Now fiend, do your worst, and see which of us is the strongest. I will that your miserable carcass be broken on the coral reef and for ever annihilated. Begone!"

I have been accustomed to exercise strong will power in healing, so much so, that I can hypnotise myself into a trance. This time indignation lent an additional strength. For a moment the figure seemed to stand and grow larger; then the body wavered, and, with a howl like that of a jackal, vanished. From where I stood I could see through the open window the surf breaking on the coral reefs, and I perceived, or fancied I saw, something fall with a splash on the water where the sharp rocks protruded. After that I dropped into a chair and lost consciousness. When I woke up my poor little dog Nellie was licking my hands and whining piteously. This faithful creature was devoted to me, but mortally afraid of astral visitors. I looked at the boy; he was fast asleep. While it was fresh on my mind I made a note of what passed, believing that my vision of the last stage was the effect of imagination. Next day the clairvoyant seemed in perfect health. When questioned, he said the old man was gone; his body was smashed on the coral reefs. He would never trouble him again.

"How do you know this?"

"I saw it all."

"What was he?" I asked.

"An evil influence of the worst kind. It was he that brought on my sickness."

"What killed him?"

"Your will power. Just as you can banish disease, you can dispel evil spirits; also you can tie them to any place you like."

It was a long time after this that I realised the truth of these remarks. After this I never had occasion to doubt the veracity of the clairvoyant.

MEDICINAL PLANTS.

One day, bathing in a pool below the ramparts, I got my ankle slightly scratched. A couple of hours after-

wards I felt a stinging pain, and on looking at the foot it appeared red and inflamed.

"What is it?" I asked the boy near me.

"Poison," he replied, from a weed growing on the rocks."

"Can nothing be done to arrest it?"

"Yes. There is a plant which grows on the rampart. This will check it at once. You must keep me magnetised, or I'll not know it if I wake."

I did so. He brought a small handful of green leaves, which were pounded, and, when applied, gave immediate relief. Next day there was no pain, nor was the skin discoloured. I showed the plant to several Vederalis, or native doctors, who knew nothing of it. There are several useful medicinal plants in Ceylon; their healing properties are kept a profound secret. I heard of a man who was successful in healing fistula. I sent for him, but no entreaty would induce him to divulge the secret. In the interest of humanity I felt justified to extract it from him without his consent. I ordered the clairvoyant to read his mind, and tell me the name of the plant and the method of applying it. "Pomegranate leaves dried in the sun and ground to powder. The same applied to the open wound will in three days give relief." The efficacy of this cure can be tested. A very interesting study, which I should recommend to psychic students is the aura of plants and minerals. These should be examined in a darkened room, and at various periods in the month. The aura is more perceptible at full moon. It would appear that the sap rises and falls, strong at one time and weak at another. It can best be seen when the sap is at its highest. The slightest mental worry of disturbance disperses the vision. The flesh-eating *Aristolochia Jigas* has a deep red aura. The leaves would be useful in cancer or skin diseases. There is also another plant which has decided magnetic properties. If a twig of it is broken the hand receives a shock resembling that produced by an induction coil. If a compass is brought near it the needle vibrates. The energy is strongest at 2 P.M.; it loses all force at night. No bird or insect is seen near it; there is no iron cobalt or metal in the soil where it grows. Some plants have a faint metallic colour, others a pellucid green of the richest shade. The range of colours that appear to the clairvoyant are more numerous than the ordinary sight can apprehend. I devoted a good deal of time to this study, but I regret to say that, beyond a few useful hints for diseases of the country, I have obtained only a small deposit of positive knowledge. The subject required more care and attention than I could afford. This hint, however, may be enough to set others on the track.

OPENING THE WINDOWS.

In developing a clairvoyant great care must be taken, lest the delicate faculty be injured or destroyed. At first only a few questions should be asked, and these strictly limited to the state of his health. I induced the faculty in several without going into trance. One was able to see fairly well objects at a distance only that his ordinary senses conflicted with his vision; concentration was well nigh impossible. In order to correct this I tried the hypnotic method, giving him a bright object to look at until the optic nerve was exhausted. At the stroke of a gong he went off at once into trance, and he became a perfect automation. He believed himself a soldier, an actor, a singer, a child, a girl, and a dog, and tried to act up to the character of each according to his ability. The spectacle afforded me no gratifica-

tion. On the contrary, a spasm of pity thrilled me at the exhibition of such helplessness; especially as his power of vision was entirely obliterated, and nothing I could do would revive it. His health, however, did not suffer. Two or three other cases confirmed the impression that while hypnotism is useful to restoring health, it is positively harmful to the inward vision: I may be old-fashioned in clinging to the fluid theory, but the evidence of most of my best subjects leaves me no choice. With the greatest respect for the valuable labours of Messrs. Leabult, Bernheim, and Kingsbury; I am disposed to believe that these gentlemen set too high a value on the power of "suggestion," and overlook entirely the faculties of the magnetiser. I have taught several to magnetise who had no clairvoyant faculty. They operated on patients successfully before me, but not one of their subjects showed any symptom of lucidity. Of course I may be mistaken in this impression. I only hope by sufficient tests that this question may be placed outside the region of conjecture.

HOW THE CLAIRVOYANT FEELS.

Seeing objects at a distance, diagnosing disease and observing entities on another plane of existence are at first fatiguing operations. A species of indescribable awe and terror takes possession of the subject, to be hostilely questioned is nothing short of agony. Time is necessary to permit the subject to grow accustomed to the new situation which is Protian in its form. A curtain of thick darkness is constantly present, for ever hiding the vision; ribbons of light, red, blue, green, and gold, faint stars like butterflies floating through the twilight of a drawing-room occur before forms appear. A deep sense of the unknown largely augmented by masses of delicate vapour, shifting, moving, and melting perpetually is a common occurrence. The magnetised subject is not conscious of a physical body that has dissolved with the clouds. The Ego feels free and untrammelled, but it is liable to motion as liquid mercury. He is also aware of some thinking entity separate, but belonging to him, coldly watching his movements and interjecting words of advice and warning. The complexity of his nature now dawns on him with a vividness of an electric light in a dark place. The subject clings nervously to the voice of the magnetiser with a tenacity proportionate to the sense of its unstable condition; the magnetiser's slightest request exercises on him a mighty influence, a ship guided by its helm presents but a feeble parallel, a dry leaf whirled by a March wind through an eternity of space is a more appropriate figure. The subject requires to be kept in hand and his attention gently but firmly directed; without this guiding power he drifts and wanders into a region of oblivion; for picture after picture and scene after scene is kept revolving before his inner sight until his head grows dizzy. In this new condition and plane of existence he is as helpless as a lobster when he throws off his old shell, and as liable to as many fierce and remorseless enemies. A variety of questions put to the subject in this stage mentally jolts him, the effect is similar to plunging his body to the depths of the sea and then tossing it to the clouds. There is no figure to describe the annoyance and perplexity endured. The soul, Ego,

subconscious self, whatever name it goes by, is supported and helped by the Ego of the magnetiser, though the latter may not be aware of it. The potentialities of the soul varies with the possessor. There is no knowing what form the clairvoyance may take, seeing in the distance, diagnosing diseases, sensing objects, discernment of spirits, knowledge of the future, property of plants and minerals. The vision is invariably confined to one or more of these, but very seldom includes all. One of the great difficulties is the danger of mediumship; when this takes place the magnetiser's work is immediately arrested.

CONCLUSION.

It is three years since I left Ceylon where the above experiences have been derived. Since going to India I have gone back to my old profession of journalism, which has kept me busily employed. Except during the last three months I have had no time for psychic study. Within the latter period I have been residing with a family in Calcutta, who are keenly interested in this pursuit, one of the ladies is an automatic medium. We adopted a course of BORDERLAND reading which proved highly interesting, and I renewed my healing practice with tolerable success. The members of the family and some of the visitors benefited, and were duly impressed with the healing gift. Two of the family and two visitors developed clairvoyance, only one of the four going into trance. The exception being a young naval officer, a most sturdy, upright character, owing to an accident his head received an injury which affected his hearing. I cured this defect while he went into deep sleep, developing remarkable clairvoyant powers. The other was a schoolboy of fourteen. A young lady visitor acquired the gift of discernment of spirits with only the slightest magnetism. The family belongs to an old East Indian stock of the highest respectability. The house and grounds are well laid out with a large tank in the centre of a handsome flower garden. One of the most remarkable incidents in our study is that from four independent sources I have been able to get confirmation of the strange disclosure of the Ceylon clairvoyant. In developing the clairvoyance of the four mentioned, my greatest difficulty was to drive away undeveloped spirits who kept interfering with my pupils. Fortunately each of the four could see and warn me of the interruption. I successfully drove these intruders off; and ordered them into the tank, chaining them to the place by an effort of will. This was witnessed and vouched for by each of the psychic students. I do not for a moment believe that this power is an exclusive property in me; any one with a trained will, who has practised concentration of mind, can be equally successful. There is much more on this subject which I could relate, but I fear the paper has grown far too long, and may test the patience of the editor. I conclude by saying that magnetism or hypnotism presents a useful handle by which the mechanism of our being may be explored. It can shift the threshold of consciousness and afford glimpses into the complex nature of man, and may ultimately prove of great value to humanity.

J. BOWLES DALY.

Calcutta,

17th February, 1897.

X.—THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF THEOSOPHY.

I.—AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BESANT.

MRS. BESANT returned from her arduous, but brilliantly successful tour in the United States in time to be interviewed before the present number of *BORDERLAND* went to press. Mrs. Besant, it may be remembered, was one of the original sponsors of this magazine, which was launched after consultation with her, and has been conducted with her occasional, but, nevertheless, invaluable advice. Naturally enough she was sad to hear of the decision to suspend the publication of *BORDERLAND* until further notice.

"I am very sorry to hear it," she said, frankly, "very sorry. It has done good work; widened the area of interest, and has given courage to many to study a subject from which they would have shrunk had it not been for *BORDERLAND*."

"Well," I said. "You cannot regret the decision more than I do myself, but circumstances have rendered it necessary, and it is now irrevocable. At the beginning of the twentieth century I think we may see the resurrection of our Quarterly, and the beginning of a new series on an assured foundation. But leaving *BORDERLAND* for the moment, will you not be good enough to afford me the opportunity of telling my readers in my last number where you have been, and what you have been doing?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Besant, "with the greatest of pleasure. I left England in March, landed in New York on St. Patrick's Day, the 18th March, 1897. I came back the end of September in the steamer *St. Louis*, which sailed on the 22nd, and now I am here for the winter."

"Not, I hope, to leave us again in a hurry."

"Not until the spring at any rate," she replied. "I will remain here in the autumn and winter, but in the next spring I expect to go to India."

"Speaking generally," I said, "what is your feeling concerning the present condition of the Theosophical Society?"

"I think very well of it," she replied. "It is flourishing all around the world, and I have every reason to be contented, especially over the results of the recent American tour."

HER AMERICAN TOUR.

"Your visit was confined to the United States?"

"Yes, with the exception of a trip from Buffalo to Toronto and Hamilton. We started from New York and worked westward. We did not dip further south than Philadelphia and Washington, but worked right across the continent to the Pacific coast. Chicago was the place where we found the strongest interest. I say we, because the Countess Wachtmeister accompanied me through the tour, and shared in all the work, which although successful, was somewhat heavy. We worked right through the great west, passing through Kansas City, Denver, and Salt Lake, and as far south as San Diego, which was the most southerly point we touched. Then we turned northward, travelling up the coast to San Francisco, on to Portland in Oregon, then to Olympia, the capital of the new State of Washington. Then we came eastward, stopping a fortnight at Chicago, where we have four flourishing branches, and where the theosophical doctrine seems to have fallen upon good

ground. Then through Michigan and Ohio to New England, and thus back to New York, completing the circle. It was a very interesting trip, and brought us into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. This was specially so in the case when moving through the great ranching country or in Butte, which by the way is pronounced Bute, like the Marquis of Bute's name. Another curious experience was our visit to Olympia. You never saw such a deserted shell of a town. It is the State capital, and when the legislature is sitting it may be busy enough, but when we visited it during the recess a more forlorn place you never saw. Houses shut up, hotels empty, shutters up in all the shops, and nobody stirring.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICANS.

One observation which continually forced itself upon our minds was that in the western states, it is only the women who read books, the men read nothing. You will find that the wife preserves some leisure for culture, while the husband tends more and more to become an unlettered money-making machine. It is an unlovely evolution, and one which plays havoc with the unity of the home."

"I have heard the same phase commented on by other observers," I replied. "More than one-half of the direct subscribers of the *American Review of Reviews* are women. If it goes much further we shall have a society in which the marriage in 'Locksley Hall' will be produced *ad infinitum*. But you remember the lines—

'Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.'

Let us hope that the American women will be able to resist the downward drag of her unlettered husband."

"I do not like the outlook," said Mrs. Besant. "At present in the Eastern States there is a great deal of surface politeness in which respect the Americans are much in advance of other English-speaking nations, but inside, the men look with tolerant contempt on the tacit claim of the women to universal knowledge, and take good humouredly their airs of superiority. In the West the whole burden of maintaining the culture of the household is thrown upon a single member—the wife. Mentality alone will not suffice to sustain so great a responsibility, and of spirituality there is no excess on either side. In fact, this is decreasing in the 'new woman.'"

"But is not motherhood itself a great spiritualising experience, the continual channel through which the divine enters into the heart?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Besant, "but the 'new woman' does not want to be a mother; the passion for motherhood seems to have become extinct in many households."

HER EXPERIENCE OF INTERVIEWERS.

"Which then, indeed," I replied, "are nigh unto cursing! And what do you think of the spiritual apparatus of the States, *i.e.*, the newspapers?"

"I saw plenty of them, as you can imagine, for I was

the constant prey of the interviewer, but of that I have nothing to complain. When you are on a mission for spreading the light, the interviewer is a very valuable auxiliary. At the same time," she remarked, "it would be better if he restrained a little of the exuberance of his imagination. One question they often asked me was, 'If I remembered any of my previous incarnations.' When I said yes, they all clamoured to know something about them. I naturally refused, saying that as it was a matter upon which I could produce no evidence, it was idle to make statements that could not be proved. Notwithstanding this invariable reply, one reporter did not hesitate to make the assertion that I claimed that I was the re-incarnation of Lord Byron, and that it was on this account that I was so enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the Greeks. As a matter of fact my enthusiasm about the Greeks has never been conspicuous for its fervour, and I need not tell you that I never claimed in any way to be the re-incarnation of Lord Byron. Nevertheless, the interviewer's bold falsehood made the tour of the Continent, and I daresay it is running yet."

THE CARMAGNOLE OF THE NEW WORLD.

"Then you are not much impressed by the spirituality of the journalistic apparatus?"

"The American newspaper," she replied, "is vibrating with intense vitality. Its staff live in the vortex of whirling Kámic activities, which are utterly fatal to any of the repose or reflection indispensable for spiritual leadership. They seem to me to be dancing a mad Carmagnole, in which the pace goes ever faster and faster, and which sweeps every one into its maddening whirl. They live for the day, in the things of the day, and nobody ever forgets so completely the things of yesterday as your American newspaper. Spirituality implies calm, balance, and dignity, and these are only conspicuous by their absence."

"How was your Mission treated by the press?"

"At first with but scant courtesy, but gradually, as week after week went by, the newspapers began to treat us more and more seriously, until at last there was nothing in the world to complain of as to the tone which they adopted in dealing with the Theosophical Society."

THE THEOSOPHISTS IN THE STATES.

"How does the Theosophical Society stand now?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Besant, "When the great Secession in America took place, the Seceders carried over 85 of the 100 American branches, only 15 remained loyal to the society. Of these, three have since died, so practically we had to re-found the society all over again. Countess Wachtmeister had been busily and usefully employed opening branches, so that before I reached New York we could count about 22 branches in the union. As a result of our six months' tour we have now 51 lodges, organised under six central committees, with a corresponding secretary in each state, so as to secure their harmonious working and organised cooperation. All our branches form the American section with its headquarters in New York, and Mr. Alexander Fullerton as the secretary. I left New York feeling that the society has once more been established upon a solid footing, and that its growth will be steady and sure."

THE SECEDERS.

"What about the Seceders?"

"Oh, I have nothing to say about them," said Mrs.

Besant, "excepting that they seem as anxious to drop the name of Theosophy, as the Theosophical Society is anxious to disclaim all connection with their organisation. They have now somewhat about 130 branches in the United States, but they appear to be developing more into a mere philanthropical organisation, which will do, I hope, good work in the well recognized field of the relief of the poor, the rescue of the fallen, etc.; but they publish no new books, give no effective teaching, and do not appear to regard the prosecution of occult study as one of the objects of their existence. Their president has recently resigned, and they are now under their third president, though only two-and-a-half years old. The process of disintegration is going on throughout the country, and our new branches are being largely fed by Seceders, who are returning to their allegiance to the mother society. But they are going their way and we are going ours, and I made a point of avoiding any reference to them during my tour. Of course, it could not be avoided when questions were asked point blank, but, otherwise, I said nothing."

THE METHOD OF PROPOGANDA.

"What was your *modus operandi*?"

"We usually gave two public lectures in each town we visited, for which admission was charged, but we also invited the public to conferences which everyone was free to attend and ask any question which they pleased. These inquiry meetings were one of the most effective methods of propoganda, the attendance always increasing, day after day, and by this means we were enabled to form a branch in almost every place we visited."

A LENDING LIBRARY.

"One method of propoganda which has been adopted by the American Section is the utilization of the Circulating Library," said Mrs. Besant.

A selection of elementary books is made, and a strong wooden box, with lock and key, is constructed to exactly fit them. This box is lent to a new Lodge for two months, and is then passed on to another. A similar selection of more advanced books follows, to be retained for three months, and then passed on. A third might follow, to be retained for seven months, and thus a year's study would be provided. The boxes already provided in the American section contain the following selections of books:—

Lending Library, Box 1.—Manuals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—The Ancient Wisdom—Esoteric Buddhism—Birth and Evolution of the Soul—In the Outer Court—Voice of the Silence—Bhagavad Gítá—Light on the Path.

Lending Library Box 2.—Key to Theosophy—Growth of the Soul—Building of the Kosmos—Self and its Sheaths—Plotinus—Orpheus—Four Great Religions—Upanishads, 2 vols.—Path of Discipleship—First Steps in Occultism—Three Paths to Union.

Lending Library Box 3.—The Secret Doctrine, 3 vols. and index—Isis Unveiled, 2 vols.—Pistis Sophia—The Esoteric Writings of T. Subba Rao.

"LUCIFER" AND H. P. B.

"How long is it since Madame Blavatsky died?"

"Six years," said Mrs. Besant.

"And after all those years how does her work look to you?" I asked. "I notice that you have changed the title of *Lucifer* to that of the *Theosophical Review*, which seems a change significant of much. *Lucifer* was at the time when it was launched a bold, defiant proclamation of war against the established orthodoxy. It was typical of the phase of the movement that found favour with Madame Blavatsky. She was a bold iconoc-

fast, daring unconventionality, reckless of proprieties and conventionalities. She deemed it necessary to use her organ as an instrument for slashing right and left against what she considered the cant and falsehood which incrusts the religions of the world, especially that of Christianity."

WHAT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY HAS TO DO.

"Well," answered Mrs. Besant, "without venturing to criticise the action which Madam Blavatsky deemed then expedient to take, I think I may safely say that we have outlived it. The iconoclast negative mission of the Theosophical Society has been discontinued. We no longer go about with a club. What we have now to do is to embark upon a constructive period, in which the Theosophical Society will endeavour to make itself the centre of the world religion, of which Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedism, and all the other sects and religions are integral parts."

"Do not you think that you had better drop the title 'Theosophy,' for the 'Theosophical Society' is in danger of becoming the mere title of a new sect?"

"What would you have us call ourselves?" said Mrs. Besant. "The name 'Theosophy,' the 'Divine Wisdom,' exactly expresses the fact, and the prejudice against it is dying out as its real meaning becomes clear. We could have no truer and no nobler name. I have called my new book 'The Ancient Wisdom,' and the 'Wisdom Religion' might perhaps suit you better."

"THE TRUE RELIGION."

"No," I said; "Wisdom Religion is no good. The only suggestion that I can make is that you should call yourselves 'The True Religion,' for, as I take it, that is what you claim to be."

"Yes," said Mrs. Besant, "but that is the divine wisdom—Theosophy. The whole drift of my lecturing in the United States, and the essence of all that I have to say, here or elsewhere, is that Theosophy is the opponent of no religion, and the exponent of all. To the believers of other religions we say, 'We also believe as you believe, only we have the key which explains certain things that are a mystery and a stumbling block to you, and, further, we are able to set forth the method by which you can verify the truth of your religion for yourselves. In fact, we hold, not without solid foundation for our belief, that we alone represent the universal eclectic and really Catholic Church, which recognises as brethren and believers all those who, under every form of creed, seek Truth and follow after Righteousness.'"

"In other words," I said, "you, instead of carrying the torch and tomahawk, as Madam Blavatsky seemed to do, are now arrayed as the Angel of Peace, carrying in your hands an eirenicon which will enable the men of all religions to recognise the substantial unity of their faith."

THE NEW EIRENICON.

"Just so," said she, "and there is nothing antagonistic to Christianity in Theosophy, or to Buddhism, or to any other of the great religions of the world. They are all segments of one whole. You do not recognise the whole, we do. We are able to construct a harmony, and to interpret the fundamental basis upon which all religions are reared. It is the breadth and width and truth of this great synthesis which constitutes the first element of our strength. The second is the power which all our students may acquire of verifying for themselves the accuracy of the Faith that is within them."

As Mrs. Besant spoke, there flitted before my eye a spectacle of Mrs. Besant presiding over a conclave as comprehensive as that which assembled at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, a council representing all the religions which are known to mankind, united for the first time on a common basis, established on foundations of scientific certitude.

II.—THE ORGAN OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

IN August the last number of *Lucifer* was published. In September the first number of the *Theosophical Review* took its place. In November its price will be reduced to one shilling. The change in the title, which is accompanied with some unimportant changes in type and general appearance of the magazine, has been made with much regret by the theosophists. I share the regret. *Lucifer* was a bold, defiant title when it was first adopted, but after eleven years the public has ceased to associate *Lucifer* with Beelzebub, and the magazine as *Lucifer* was much more closely linked with Madam Blavatsky and the early days of the movement than the *Theosophical Review*.

EXIT "LUCIFER!"

Mrs. Besant, writing in the September number on the change of title, says:—

It is said truly enough that the name repels in Christendom, being regarded as synonymous with devil, while outside Christendom it is meaningless; in both cases it carries with it no suggestion of the theosophical character of the magazine. My reason admits the cogency of the arguments for the change, and I therefore assent to it, but my heart rebels; for *Lucifer* has become to me a living personality, and the name dear as the name of a friend. Mesmerism, when re-baptised as hypnotism, became acceptable in respectable circles, which had previously looked askance at it, and it may be that *Lucifer*, re-baptised *The Theosophical Review*, will gain entry where heretofore he was unwelcome, and thus will become a light-bearer over a wider region, and aid better the movement he was brought into the world to serve, and is reincarnated to serve better.

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Besant may be right, but my instinct as a journalist is against the change. A new religion in its youth ought not to be too speedy in adopting a tall hat and dress coat. That is what seems to have been done when the eminently respectable and decorous but somewhat dull title of the *Theosophical Review* was substituted for that of *Lucifer*. But it is not my affair, and the people in Avenue Road ought to know their business best.

MRS. BESANT ON THEOSOPHY.

The first number of the *Theosophical Review* contains an eloquent dissertation by Mrs. Besant on the Theosophical Movement, Past, Present, and Future, chiefly in the past and in the future. Mrs. Besant maintains that the Theosophical Society is the latest offshoot of the great Vine of the Divine Wisdom, which is planted in our globe in the mystical garden of Eden, when the earth was young. Of that Vine every great religion has been a branch and every spiritual philosophy has been an offshoot. The main stem of the Vine is the Great Brotherhood, the Lodge of Sages, profoundly versed in the Divine Wisdom, who from time to time formulate a new presentment of a portion of that religion, and give it to the world as a religion or philosophy.

Passing over the fairy stories of Atlantis, which, however, Mrs. Besant evidently accepts as authentic history,

she traces the history of the pure Theosophy which was taught by members of the Brotherhood to the first sub-race of Aryans. Many and beautiful were the branches that sprung from it. The Persian, the Chal-dean, the Egyptian, the Grecian philosophies offshoots, all sprung from the parent stem. The same Divine Wisdom was again unveiled in India by the Buddha, and later the students recognise another appearance of the Brotherhood, where the Nazarene prophet offers pure Theosophy to his own nation only to be rejected and slain. Nevertheless, branches of the Vine overspread Europe, and Christian churches and philosophies enshrine parts of the Divine Wisdom. Messengers of the ever-watchful and guiding Brotherhood appear from time to time. Among these she names—

Averroes and Duns Scotus, à Kempis, and St. Francis, Paracelsus and Bruno, Boehme and Eckhartshausen, Swedenborg and St. Martin.

At length, in the fulness of time, Madame Blavatsky is the chosen messenger of the Masters, who on this occasion resolved upon a new departure.

' This time pure Theosophy shall have a vehicle of its own, with no exoteric religion as its outer shell; the attempt shall be made to present it to the world without founding a new faith or formulating its truths as dogmas.

THE NEW NOAH AND HIS ARK.

So the Society was founded, with a special object for the purpose of carrying the precious deposit of Divine Wisdom over the end of the cycle. Mrs. Besant says :—

This Society is the ark of spiritual truth, launched on the stormy waves that separate a continent of the past from a continent of the future; our Noah—to borrow a Hebrew name—our Manu—to borrow a Hindu title—is the great Brotherhood, who launched the ark, and he abides in it with us as it breasts the tempest. Those who voyage in the ark carry over the precious treasures of the past as a gift to the future; they are the transmitters of the knowledge to the new cycle, they will start the new departure. To be the lowest scullion-boy in such a vessel would be a title of honour, to take a share in working it is a privilege beyond price.

But as happens in all churches, there are many lukewarm, and the pages of the *Theosophical Review* abound with intimations that, even within the chosen circle of the Society, the zeal of many has grown cold, while others have imitated only too faithfully the evil example of the Christians in getting up schisms and indulging in all manner of malice, hatred, and uncharitableness, where brotherly love ought to prevail.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Theosophical view of Christianity stated that precision in the reviews published of Ian Maclaren's book, "The Mind of the Master," and Dean Farrar's "Apology for the Bible." Of the two, Ian Maclaren's appears to be much more in accord with the Theosophical orthodoxy. The reviewer of the "Mind of the Master" says :—

There could not be a better book to bring a Christian friend to the level of our own wider and higher doctrine; and the large number of our own people who prefer to retain the Christian form as the mould into which to cast their devotion to the Higher Self will find in it a Christianity which has very little indeed to jar upon their Theosophical principles. When Christianity has completely "reformed itself upon the lines laid down by Dr. Watson, it will not be hard to add our own doctrine to it."

III.—THE TRUE LIFE-STORY OF CHRIST!

A NEW REVELATION READ IN THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

ACCORDING to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who is one of the chief investigators of the astral world at the Theosophical headquarters, the Theosophists are about to startle mankind by a new revelation. Writing in the *Theosophical Review* on the "Christian Creeds,"

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED;

Mr. Leadbeater tells us that his paper is not based on the voluminous works of theological writers,

But is simply the result of an investigation into the Akashic records made by a few students of occultism.

These few students of occultism, while reading in the astral light the records of past time, claim to have stumbled upon an original version of the Gospel. Mr. Leadbeater says :—

It is not my intention here to enter at length into the extremely interesting information which clairvoyant investigation has given to us with regard to the true life-story of the great Teacher Christ. That will be a work to be done hereafter, but it will assuredly not be undertaken unless and until it is possible for us to adduce evidence in support of our statement, such as will appeal to the minds of the scholar and the antiquarian. It will, however, be necessary for a comprehension of the purpose of the ancient formula above mentioned to say a few words upon that subject.

AN OUTLINE OF THE NEW GOSPEL.

As a matter of fact the Christ arose (at a date considerably earlier than that usually assigned) as a teacher within the bosom of the Essene community, living amongst them and instructing them for some time before his public ministry commenced. The heads of this community were already in possession of fragments of more or less accurate information—possibly obtained from Buddhist sources—with regard to the origin of all things. These the Christ put together and rendered coherent, casting them into the shape of a formula of belief which may be regarded as the first source of the Christian Creed. The original of this formula may perhaps be some day translated into English; but such an undertaking would need the co-operation of several persons, and very minute care as to the niceties of meaning and choice of words. The attempt will therefore not be made here, but we shall confine ourselves to indicating those clauses of our present Creeds, which were represented in this original formula, and endeavouring to make their meaning more intelligible.

THE SOURCE OF THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

The purpose for which this symbol was construed was to condense into a form easily remembered the teaching as to the origin of the cosmos which the Christ had been given to the heads of the Essene community. Each phrase of it would recall to their minds much more than the mere words in which it was expressed; in fact, it was a mnemonic such as the Buddha used when he gave to his hearers the Four Noble Truths, and no doubt each clause was taken as a text for explanation and expansion, much in the same way as Madame Blavatsky wrote the whole of "The Secret Doctrine" upon the basis of the Stanzas of Dzyan.

I am afraid that the non-theosophical reader will hardly be disposed to congratulate Mr. Leadbeater upon his success of making the meaning of the Christian creed more intelligible. This, however, is a matter of comparatively small importance, and his explanations will be listened to impatiently if they block the way to the publication of what he evidently believes to be the genuine, original narrative of the Life of Christ.

THE AKASHIC RECORDS.

But what, the reader may ask, are the Akashic Records, to which Mr. Leadbeater refers so confidently.

The Akashic Records are the original photographs, so to speak, of everything that has ever happened since the world began, reflections of which are projected upon the astral light, where they can be seen by clairvoyants and psychometrists. The trained occultists, however, examine the records themselves, and it is in the examination of those records that Mr. Leadbeater claims to have discovered the true facts of the Life of Christ.

In *Lucifer*, for July, Mr. Leadbeater gives some information concerning these records, which certainly justify his remark that, if he can verify his investigations, we may confidently expect the clearing up of all the histories of all the mysteries from the beginning of the world down to the present time:—

It may be asked, how is it possible, amid this bewildering confusion of records of the past and previsions of the future, to find any particular picture when it is wanted? As a matter of fact, the untrained clairvoyant usually cannot do so without some special link to put him *en rapport* with the subject required. Psychometry is an instance in point, and it is quite probable that our ordinary memory is really only another presentment of the same idea. It seems as though there were a sort of magnetic attachment or affinity between any particle of matter and the record which contains its history—an affinity which enables it to act as a kind of conductor between that record and the faculties of anyone who can read it.

For example, I once brought from Stonehenge a tiny fragment of stone, not larger than a pin's head, and on putting this into an envelope and handing it to a psychometer, who had no idea what it was, she at once began to describe that wonderful ruin and the desolate country surrounding it, and then went on to picture vividly what were evidently scenes from its early history, showing that that infinitesimal fragment had been sufficient to put her into communication with the records connected with the spot from which it came. The scenes through which we pass in the course of our life seem to act in the same manner upon the cells of our brain as did the history of Stonehenge upon that particle of stone; they establish a connection with those cells by means of which our mind is put *en rapport* with that particular portion of the records, and so we "remember" what we have seen.

Even a trained clairvoyant needs some link to enable him to find the record of an event of which he has no previous knowledge. If, for example, he wished to observe the landing of Julius Cæsar on the shores of England, there are several ways in which he might approach the subject. If he happened to have visited the scene of the occurrence, the simplest way would probably be to call up the image of that spot, and then run back through its records until he reached the period desired. If he had not seen the place, he might run back in time to the date of the event, and then search the Channel for a fleet of Roman galleys; or he might examine the records of Roman life at about that period, where he would have no difficulty in identifying so prominent a figure as Cæsar, or in tracing him when found through all his Gallic wars until he sets his foot upon British land.

People often inquire as to the aspect of these records—whether they appear near or far away from the eye, whether the figures in them are large or small, whether the pictures follow one another as in a panorama, or melt into one another like dissolving views, and so on. One can only reply that their appearance varies, to a certain extent, according to the conditions under which they are seen. Upon the astral plane the reflection is most often a simple picture, though occasionally the figures seen would be endowed with motion; in this latter case, instead of a mere snapshot, a rather longer and more perfect reflection has taken place.

On the devachanic plane they have two widely different aspects. When the visitor to that plane is not thinking specially of them in any way, the records simply form a background to whatever is going on, just as the reflections in a pier-glass at the end of a room might form a background to the life of the people in it. It must always be borne in mind that under these conditions they are really merely reflections from the ceaseless

activity of a great Consciousness upon a far higher plane, and have very much the appearance of an endless succession of the recently-invented *cinematographe*, or living photographs. They do not melt into one another like dissolving views, nor do a series of ordinary pictures follow one another; but the action of the reflected figures constantly goes on, as though one were watching the actors on a distant stage.

But if the investigator turn his attention specially to any one scene, or wishes to call it up before him, an extraordinary change at once takes place, for this is the plane of thought, and to think of anything is to bring it instantaneously before you. For example, if a man wills to see the record of that event to which we before referred—the landing of Julius Cæsar—he finds himself in a moment not looking at any picture, but standing on the shore among the legionaries, with the whole scene being enacted around him, precisely in every respect as he would have seen it if he had stood there in the flesh on that autumn morning in the year 55 B.C. Since what he sees is but a reflection, the actors are, of course, entirely unconscious of him, nor can any effort of his change the course of their action in the smallest degree, except only that he can control the rate at which the drama shall pass before him—can have the events of a whole year rehearsed before his eyes in a single hour, or can at any moment stop the movement altogether, and hold any particular scene in view as a picture as long as he chooses.

In truth, he observes not only what he would have seen if he had been there at the time in the flesh, but much more. He hears and understands all that the people say, and he is conscious of all their thoughts and motives; and one of the most interesting of the many possibilities which open up before one who has learnt to read the records is the study of the thought of ages long past—the thought of the cave-men and the lake-dwellers, as well as that which ruled the mighty civilisations of Atlantis, of Egypt, or of Chaldaea. How the vistas of the past open up before such a student—not only the story of all the vast achievements of man, but also of the processes of nature, of the strange chaotic life of earlier rounds—we can indicate only slightly here; but the reader will readily realize that in these directions an almost limitless field lies waiting for the patient investigator.

IV.—COLONEL OLCOTT AND THE MAHATMAS.

A RECORD OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

COLONEL OLCOTT is one of the few persons whose faith in the Mahatmas is founded upon sight. He has seen them, and talked with them, not once but many times, and, in his "Old Diary Leaves," which is published in the *Theosophist*, he gives us a record of his personal experiences in dealing with these august beings.

THE MAHATMA AT LAHORE—FIRST VISIT.

In the July number he gives a description of one of the Mahatmas, whom he describes as a Master who came into his tent and woke him up, making him believe at first that his life was threatened by an assassin. He was speedily undeceived, especially when his illustrious visitor precipitated in his hand a letter which predicted the death of two of his opponents, who were then most active, and gave him much good counsel besides.

Colonel Olcott says:—

The whole time of the interview could not have been longer than ten minutes. The touch of his hand drew me out of the depths of the oblivion of dreamless sleep. I had had a fatiguing day, the tent was very cold, heated only by some embers in a great earthen pot, and I had covered myself to the ears in the bed-clothes. I am touched, I wake with a start, I clutch the arms of my visitor, possibly my would-be assassin; the sweet, kind voice breaks the last stupor of slumber; he is there, standing beside my bed, his face aglow with a smile; I see it in the *chiaroscuro* of the back-light. Then the magical creature of the silk-enwrapped letter in my hand, a few words, a farewell salute, he walks past the lamp on the box, his noble form lingers an

instant in the tent-door, he gives a last friendly glance at me, and is gone. It is not much as to time, but its memory will last my life through.

SECOND VISIT.

This interview took place at Lahore, while he was travelling with Mr. Brown and Damodar, on the way to visit the Maharajah of Kashmir. But this was not the only experience which he was destined to have at Lahore that November. On the night of the 20th, as Colonel Olcott and his two friends were sitting in chairs at the back of the tent, at ten o'clock, the Master came again, but he was preceded on this occasion by a disciple:—

After some waiting we heard and saw a tall Hindu approaching from the side of the open plain. He came to within a few yards of us and beckoned Damodar to come to him, which he did. He told him that the master would appear within a few minutes, and that he had some business with Damodar. It was a pupil of Master K. H. Presently we saw the latter coming from the same direction pass his pupil—who had withdrawn to a little distance—and stop in front of our group, now standing and saluting in the Indian fashion, some yards away. Brown and I kept our places, and Damodar went and conversed for a few minutes with the Teacher, after which he returned to us, and the king-like visitor walked away. I heard his footsteps on the ground, so it was no wraith, but the man in his external body.

Still further proof was given me before retiring, when I was writing my Diary: the pupil lifted the *portiere*, beckoned to me, and pointed to the figure of his Master, waiting for me out on the plain in the star-light. I went to him, we walked off to a safe place at some distance, where intruders need not be expected, and then for about a half hour he told me what I had to know, and what does not concern third parties, since that chapter of T. S. history was long since closed. Needless to say I slept very little on either of those two nights. The august visitor told me, however, that he had not come to me of his own motive entirely, although glad to come to me in person, but had been sent by the authority higher than himself, who was satisfied with my fidelity and wished me to never lose confidence.

Colonel Olcott is quite sure that this august visitor was the one he was called to meet.

THE VANISHING OF DAMODAR.

When he arrived at the capital of Kashmir, Colonel Olcott was considerably alarmed by the sudden vanishing of Damodar. His young companion had left the bungalow alone at daybreak, leaving no message. Colonel Olcott went out of the room to seek him, and returned almost immediately. When he reached his room, from which he had not been absent more than a minute or two, he found lying on the table a note from the Master, begging him not to worry about the lad, as he was under his protection. The note was in the "K. H." writing, and enclosed in the familiar Chinese envelope. His first instinct, upon which he acted, was to take Damodar's luggage, his trunk and his bedding, and put it away under his own cot. Colonel Olcott then sent off a telegram to Madame Blavatsky announcing Damodar's disappearance, and saying that he had no idea when he would return.

A MAHATMA DISGUISED AS A TELEGRAPH BOY.

That evening there arrived a mysterious telegraph messenger bearing a telegram from Madam Blavatsky, who was in Madras, 2,000 miles away, saying that a Master had told her that Damodar would return, and that I must not let his luggage, especially his bedding, be touched by any third party. Colonel Olcott had no sooner opened the telegram, and glanced at its contents, when the telegraphic messenger vanished, and Colonel

Olcott knew, by the psychic disturbance which he felt, that he had been in the presence of one of the Brotherhood. His theory of how the vanishing Brother had come into possession of the mysterious telegram, and had personated an ordinary telegraphic messenger, is, he says, one easily comprehensible to every advanced mesmerist, but to those who are not advanced in mesmerism, it is quite incomprehensible.

THE VANISHING ONE TRANSFORMED.

Damodar came back sure enough, having undergone a strange transformation.

It was on the 25th November, at daylight, that Damodar left us: he returned in the evening of the 27th—after an absence of some 60 hours, but how changed! He left, a delicate-framed, pale, student-like young man, frail, timid, deferential: he returned with his olive face bronzed several shades darker, seemingly robust, tough, and wiry, bold and energetic in manner: we could scarcely realise that he was the same person. He had been at the Master's retreat (*ashrum*), undergoing certain training. He brought me a message from another Master, well known to me, and, to prove its genuineness, whispered in my ear a certain agreed password by which Lodge messages were authenticated to me, and which is still valid: a fact which certain transatlantic persons might profitably take note of.

MAHATMAS AS BANKERS.

This seems to have been the last manifestation of the Mahatmas at Kashmir, but when Col. Olcott got back to Adyar, at the headquarters, in December, the manifestations from the Mahatmas increased and multiplied, and on one occasion at least the Masters precipitated something more valuable than letters of advice in Chinese envelopes. Colonel Olcott tells the story as follows:—

Daily phenomena occurred in the "shrine;" six and even seven persons got notes, in English and Indian vernaculars simultaneously, answering questions put to them just before. On the morning of the 28th, out on the lawn, before the openings of Convention, I told H. P. B. how sorry I was that the other Madras members had allowed Judge Sreenevas Row to spend so large a sum as Rs. 500 out of his own pocket towards the cost of the Convention, as I was sure he could not afford to be so generous. She reflected a moment and then called Damodar to her from a group with whom he was talking a little way off. "Go," she said, "to the shrine and bring me a packet you will find there." He went, and within less than five minutes came hurrying back with a closed letter in his hand addressed on the cover to "P. Sreenevas Row." The Judge, being called to us, was given the packet and bidden to open it. He did so, and the expression of amazement on his face was indescribable when he drew forth a very kind and affectionate letter to himself from Master K. H., thanking him for his zealous services and giving him the notes enclosed as a help towards the Convention's expenses. The enclosure was in Government Promissory Notes to the aggregate value of Rs. 500, and on the back of each were written the initials "K. H." in blue pencil. I have given the facts exactly as they occurred, and one of the notes—for Rs. 10—I have kept as a souvenir, by the Judge's kind permission. The points to keep in mind are: that I myself had heard but a moment before repeating it to H. P. B., about the Judge's unstinted generosity; that Damodar had gone to the shrine and returned with the money within the next five minutes; that each note bore the familiar "K. H." initials; neither H. P. B. or Damodar had then between them one hundred, let alone five hundred rupees, and that the gift was at once reported to all the delegates clustered over the lawn. That it was not "fairy gold" is evident from the fact of my having one of the very notes now at Adyar after a lapse of nearly fourteen years.

Such manifestations are rare, and perhaps wisely so. There would be a great run upon Mahatmas if they

could be relied upon to produce 500 rupees whenever the faithful had need.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S TESTIMONY.

In the course of these papers Colonel Olcott mentions that he has never been left without communications from the Brotherhood. He says:—

Twenty-odd years of this experience has begotten a constant calm and an abiding trust in my heart, as it did in that of H. P. B. Sometimes it may be a glimpse of a personage, sometimes an audible voice, sometimes a clear forecast of events, sometimes a message through third parties; like that which Mme. Mongruel, the gifted Seeress, gave me in her somnambule sleep last year at Paris, and which foretold the immediate future of the Society, the duration of my own life and the aspect of things towards the end of it.

A PARALLEL FROM THE NEW WORLD.

The *Hypnotic Magazine* for August publishes a letter from a correspondent, J. E. Hill, dated from 1357, Broadway, Denver, June 30th. Mr. Hill's story is interesting as a pendant to Colonel Olcott's account of how money was furnished him by invisible friends. Mr. Hill says:

Sixteen or seventeen years ago we removed from London to Torquay, shipped our furniture by rail. When we went to get our furniture we found we had not sufficient money to pay the payment of storage by nine pounds, about \$45. We went back to our rooms discouraged. Presently my wife's hand became rigid, then moved as if writing. I knew what that meant, and placed a pencil in her hand and paper on the table; it then wrote, "Don't worry, we will try and help you. Sit still. (Signed) Help." We sat still, perhaps two or three minutes, when I heard a jingling and movement behind me on the mantel-shelf. Then the hand wrote, "We are glad we could help you; go to the cup on mantel shelf. Help." I went, and to my astonishment there were nine gold sovereigns. Yet hardly to my astonishment, because they had brought us money and other things before. Can you explain this? Fraud and delusion won't do. The railway company took the gold. Again, shortly after this, one morning in bed, my wife passed under the control of an influence and said, "You ought to have been with us last night; we brought lots of fruit and other things." I said I was sorry, but I could not help being absent. She then said, "Never mind. We will try and bring you some now." Her hands were then placed together in a rigid condition. Presently one hand was raised, and in the other I saw a nebulous form of a pear, which slowly hardened into a plain every day pear. I ate it. Can you explain? These two instances will suffice. I could relate many, many more of fruit, flowers, birds; men, women, come and go in broad daylight; no fraud, no collusion, no mortals but our two selves, often.

V.—WHAT IS THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY?

As this is the last number of *BORDERLAND* that will be published for some time, it may be as well to reproduce, if only for purpose of reference, the following statement which is published in the *Theosophist* as to the original and present position of the Theosophical Society.

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17th, 1875. Its founders believed that the best interest of Religion and Science would be promoted by the revival of Sanskrit, Pali, Zend, and other ancient literature, in which the Sages and Initiates had preserved for the use of mankind truths

of the highest value respecting man and nature. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism, and strengthen the waning religious spirit.

ITS OBJECTS.

The simplest expression of the objects of the Society is the following:—

First.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

Second.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third.—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor his interference with them permitted, but every one is required, before admission, to promise to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.

ITS HEAD-QUARTERS.

The Head-quarters, offices, and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, where the Society has a property of twenty-seven acres and extensive buildings, including one for the Oriental library, and a spacious hall wherein Annual Conventions are held on the 27th of December.

The Society is not yet endowed, but there is a nucleus of a fund, the income from the investment of which is available for current expenses; these are mainly, however, met by donations, and one-fourth of all fees and dues collected by Sections, and fees and dues from non-sectionalised countries.

All bequests intended to benefit the Society as a whole, must be made to "The Trustees for the time being of the Theosophical Society, appointed or acting under a deed of trust, dated the 14th of December, 1892, and duly enrolled."

The Society, as a body, eschews politics and all subjects outside its declared sphere of work. The Rules stringently forbid members to compromise its strict neutrality in these matters.

The *Theosophist* is private property, but under the Revised Rules it is the organ of the Society for the publication of official news. For anything else in the Magazine, the Society is not responsible.

ITS BRANCHES.

Many Branches of the Society have been formed in various parts of the world, and new ones are constantly being organised. Up to December 27th, 1896, 428 charters for branches had been issued. Each branch frames its own bye-laws and manages its own local business without interference from head-quarters; provided only that the fundamental rules of the Society are not violated. Branches lying within certain territorial limits (as, for instance, America, Europe, India, &c.) have been grouped for purposes of administration in territorial sections. For particulars, see the revised rules of 1896, where all necessary information with regard to joining the Society, &c., will also be found: to be had free on application to the Recording Secretary of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras; or to the General Secretaries of the Sections.

In Europe, apply to G. R. S. Mead, 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W., London; in Scandinavian countries, to A. Zettersten, Nybrogatan, 30, Stockholm, Sweden. In Holland to Mr. W. B. Fricke, Amsterdam. In India, to Bertram Keightley, Benares, N.W.P., India. In America, to Alexander Fullerton, 5, University Place, New York, City. In Australasia, to J. Scott, M.A., 42, Margaret Street, Sydney, N.S.W. In New Zealand, to Miss Lilian Edgar, M.A., Mutual Life Buildings, Lower Queen Street, Auckland. In Ceylon, to Mrs. M. M. Higgins, Musæum School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls, 8, Brownrigg Street, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, or to Mr. H. S. Perera, 61, Maliban Street, Colombo.

XI.—NEWS FROM MARS. ALLEGED COMMUNICATIONS BY A MARTIAN "CONTROL."

IT is very extraordinary the interest that is taken at the present moment in the inhabitants of Mars. Du Maurier's posthumous work, "The Martian," with its curious account of the inhabitants of the planet of War, has achieved a success almost as great as that of "Trilby." Very different, but still quite as significant in its way is Mr. H. J. Wells' "War of the Worlds," the sensational story which that rising novelist is contributing to *Pearson's Magazine*. It is a story describing how this world was invaded by the Martians, and a very gruesome tale it is. From Queensland comes the story to the effect that Mrs. Burbank, one of the most noted of the Australian psychics, has been told by her invisible friends that the fauna of Mars include such creatures of imagination as winged horses. A still stranger list of monsters is given in the list of the spirits of Mars in books dealing with Crystal Gazing. Old Moore's Almanack, not to be behind-hand, predicts that a strange revelation concerning the life on the planet Mars is due next month. The entry in his almanack is as follows:

A great astronomical discovery may be expected. Indeed, it will seem to many that, in consequence, a means of communication between ourselves and the inhabitants of the planet Mars is likely to be opened up. How far these sanguine hopes will be justified cannot here be said. That the discovery will be of immense importance OLD MOORE unhesitatingly affirms. BEED.

The possibility that the planet is inhabited is one which has long occupied the speculative mind of man. Lord Tennyson, we learn from his Memoir, used to love to speculate on the subject. His son writes:

My father said that, according to analogy, at least one of the planets belonging to each sun should be inhabited, though perhaps with beings very different from ourselves; and that the spectroscope was destined to make much greater revelations even than it had already made.

All these fragmentary guesses and assertions or

imaginings concerning Mars are thrown into the shade by the extraordinary detailed narrative of life on the planet Mars which was communicated to Mr. Starling, through the agency of a trance medium in London. The fact that such communications have been received cannot even be doubted by the greatest sceptic, but when we ask as to the truth of their origin we are confronted only with a blank wall. In publishing extracts from the voluminous MS. with which Mr. Starling has favoured me, and illustrating it with the extraordinary photographs which he claims to have procured of two ancient monarchs of Mars, I need hardly say that I do it with all reserve. Those who believe in the communications which Mr. Starling has delivered to me are welcome to do so. For myself, I would say they are very important if true, but for evidence as to their truth we have still to wait. Probably most persons will agree in regarding these communications as a confirmation of Tennyson's judgment, that in



FROM MR. WELLS' STORY, "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," NOW APPEARING IN *Pearson's Magazine*.

messages from beyond there is often much more trace of Puck than of intelligences of a higher order. Still, supposing that the whole story is a mere romance, due to the imagination or inventive genius of some intelligence on the Other Side, or of the aberration of the brain of the medium, the narrative is a curious one,

and may be preserved as a curio and a specimen of its class.

It is also interesting to note that the question of obtaining communications from Mars is one of the points specially raised by a correspondent signing himself Lex, who wrote, criticising the communications from Julia. His letter set out what he would do if he were Julia; *i.e.*, a disembodied spirit, who was independent of the conditions of time and space. He said, in that case,

My brain fairly reels at the thought of the tremendous interest of what I could communicate. Could I not help them to a solution of the great problems which have so long perplexed us? If I could go at a thought to the farthest star, should I not tell

my friend the Professor the exact nature of the belts of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and the canals of Mars? Should I not tell him that he was right in his theory that this earth of ours is but one of countless millions of globes inhabited by intelligent beings in various stages of evolutionary development? Should I not, to begin with, describe the inhabitants of Mars, their language and customs, their science, literature, art, and politics?

But I need not go on. Anyone can see that to either parson or professor I could impart information of such startling and absorbing interest as the world has never known.

That is just what the intelligence communicating through the mediumship of Mr. West, of Shirland Road, Paddington, professes to have done. Mr. West is not a professional medium, but for the last eighteen years he



HIERIES, KING OF ALGÁTHANON.



THE SLEEPLESS, SERVANT OF GOD, KING OF ALGÁTHANON, SON OF HIERIES.

has been well-known as a Spiritualist in Paddington, and as a Clairvoyant and Trance Medium. He is a clerk in a contractor's office; very abstemious, never drinks, never smokes, and is naturally devout, meditative, and unimaginative. He spends most of his spare time in practising music and photography. Mr. West in the series of sittings at which the communications entitled "News from Mars" were given, was controlled when in trance by an intelligence who described itself as a lady resident in Mars of the name of Silver Pearl. She spoke with a slight foreign accent, and gave many details concerning herself, and previous existences, for, according to Silver Pearl, she had lived in many spheres and sojourned in many material worlds. Nor did she confine her communications to information about Mars,

but gossiped pleasantly and glibly concerning Saturn and Jupiter. But concerning her communications as to these other planets I say nothing.

The only specimen of the Martian language with which Mr. Starling has supplied me is a fragment of Silver Pearl's poem to the sun. This quatrain will probably suffice:—

Granquilana qui resocrath
Blei Suon oclas mi cry
Plan sath onam mion IEEE
O fras, mo kalonath.

She was also able to secure photographs of two Martians, which, as curiosities, are reproduced here. Mr. Starling says these photographs are not photo-

graphs of flesh and blood persons, posing before a camera in the ordinary way. They are photographs of portraits made by the spirits from the Martian spheres with the assistance of some spirits in the earth sphere. There were other photographs representing Silver Pearl's child, and a young lady companion to herself at a time when they were fourteen years of age, but as they in no way differ from those of any two children that might be found in London to-day I do not reproduce them.

According to these communications made by Silver Pearl through the mediumship of Mr. West, Mars is very much like this world, or what this world would be if we were all rational vegetarians who foreswore war, and lived to the age of one hundred and fifty. The MS. is so voluminous that if it were printed in full it would leave but little room for anything else in the number. I, therefore, merely pick out some of the items thus communicated. Briefly summarised, this is what Silver Pearl says concerning her planet and its inhabitants.

A MARTIAN'S ACCOUNT OF MARS.

Mars has two satellites, the inner one of which revolves round Mars with immense rapidity, doing the circuit in seven and a-half hours. As it is so close to the planet, and revolves with such enormous velocity, it marks a zone round Mars known as the stormy zone, which is perpetually scourged by storms, wind, hail, thunder, and lightning. No one lives in this zone, and those who approach its borders take special precautions to avoid being swept away. Mars with its inner satellite forms a huge dynamo which charges its atmosphere with electricity, so densely as to give the planet when seen from outside its peculiar red colour. To the Martians the atmosphere is not red, but bright blue.

VOLCANOES AND MOUNTAINS.

Mars has several volcanoes, most of which are extinct. One, however, which is in condition of occasional activity, acts as a kind of natural barometer or weather glass. These volcanoes supply the planet with metal and sulphur. The interior of a volcano, according to this authority, is very much like the bottom of a blast furnace. When the metal is all fused it is tapped by the Martians, and the metal runs off into moulds as it is wanted.

Mars is crossed by a range of snow-capped mountains near the equatorial zone, which ought to be observed by a good telescope from the earth. There are two principal rivers. The air is much less damp than that of the earth. Our planet is known by the Martians as the Weeping One, owing to the clouds encompassing it. They can see our snow-capped mountain ranges, owing to the fact that they glitter in the sunlight, and rise above the banks of vapour which obscures the rest of the world.

THE MARTIANS AND THEIR WAYS.

Of the inhabitants of Mars, it is said that they never eat animal food, but they use the mammoth as a beast of burden. The horses are like our cobs, but are of a slate violet colour. Their cattle are small, with only one horn. Their wool is taken from the fleece of an animal that resembles the cross between a sheep and a goat. The inhabitants eat fish, and kill animals for the sake of their skin and gelatine, but the carcase is consumed by the flashes of electricity. They eat very little bread, which is made of a grain like wheat, which grows in rows like peas in a pod,

but without the pod. Rain-makers flourish, and the population is given up to something resembling our Spiritualism. Everything is on a smaller scale on Mars, excepting the length of life, which lasts for about 160 years of our reckoning. They are clairvoyant naturally, and have learned to fly, although not for very long distances. They also glide over water as if it were dry land. All war has been abolished in Mars. The Government is a Theocracy. The planets are divided into twelve states, each ruled by a leader, who in return receives instruction from the angelic world. No Martian owns any personal property, nor is there any money in circulation, excepting between State and State. Cities and towns are known as families and brotherhoods. All necessities and luxuries of life are distributed according to the needs of the individual, just as in a family. They have factories and manufactories, of which the motors are driven by the tides, of which there are very many more than on our planet.

THE UTILIZATION OF ELECTRICITY.

Almost everything is done by electricity in Mars, and Silver Pearl stoutly declares that all Mr. Edison's discoveries are the result of impressions communicated to his brain by emissaries from Mars. Pictures are telegraphed, colours and all, but it is rather tantalising to be told that the secret of the process could be divulged in a few words, but the time for being inquisitive has not yet arrived, and as the communicating intelligence did not voluntarily say how it is to be done, Mr. Starling did not ask them. They also said that some kind of stuff—a delightfully loose term—now thrown away, could, if treated electrically, be converted into a valuable building material. But as they are going to impress someone how to do it, Mr. Starling did not like to ask them to anticipate their communications. Ships in Mars are propelled by a kind of fins on their sides. They have no masts, and usually float on the surface of the water, but when storms arise, they promptly go below, and safely sheltered from the waves of the surface, make just as good speed under water. According to Silver Pearl, all animal life is steadily tending to extinction, both in Mars and in our earth. After the human race is extinct, in its physical form, it will continue to exist in spirit life upon one or other of the innumerable stars which are scattered about the universe space. Every Martian has to work two hours and three minutes per diem for the community. Vice is almost unknown, and only one prison suffices for the whole planet. As it is situated in the stormy zone, the probability of a speedy jail delivery is one way of accounting for the fact that no additional jails are required.

POLITICAL DIVISIONS.

The name of the twelve states into which Mars is divided are given, but the name of the first will suffice. It is called Algáthanon. Silver Pearl entered into elaborate particulars as to house architecture and social life in Mars, which the reader will find in the book when it is published. The capital of the state of Algáthanon has as much ground as London, but only accommodates one-tenth of the population. Its walls are closed by gates that resemble gold, but they are kept up for antiquarian reasons. The population spends most of their lives on the top of their houses, where they serve their banquets, and send their children to play. Spiritualism of the universe is the religion, and has been so for the last 2,000 years. They sit in

circle. The eldest men form an inner ring; around these seven or eight concentric circles of alternate sex are formed. As all the members are clairvoyant they have much more lively times than the spiritualistic circles of this country, which have the usual tendency of being unusually dull.

THE GROVE OF PEACE.

But these extracts will probably give sufficient idea of the kind of communications which have been made by these Martian controls. One or two more extracts, however, may be given. The first relates to the institution of a grove of peace.

The Grove of Peace is a small enclosed park and garden combined, having choice trees and shrubs, flower-beds, flower-cones, bowers, ornamental fountains and jets, and singing birds trained to sing together at a given signal. No sound is to be heard there except that of the water and the birds. But sometimes when the birds are singing exquisite supernatural monotonous mingle in the fountains as if responding. Some Martians are more sensitive than others and easily disconcerted, and none can run their lengthy race for immortality without encountering trouble. When a brother or sister in Algáthanon is upset by some short-lived annoyance, they put a blue and white striped silk cloth over the head and shoulders, and walk sadly to the Grove of Peace. When they are thus attired no one must speak to them nor stop them, though, if they should meet one they wish to speak to, they lower the scarf from the head to the shoulders, which is the sign. Arrived at the Grove of Peace, they seek the bowery recesses there, like alcoves, walled and roofed with growing plants and flowers. Each recluse is alone reclining on a couch in his bower, and is presently visited by the spirit of some dear departed one, who consoles and caresses him, and reminds him of the grand and wonderful future before him.

MARRIAGE AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Courtship and marriage are conducted under great advantages, owing to the existence of a sensitive plant, which the control will certainly do well to bring to this planet with all speed. Unfortunately, the sensitive plant, which reveals the character of a person in the street, would probably not flourish on this earth.

Sensitive plants have been the subjects of much study and experiment in Mars from time immemorial. There are many kinds there, and the distinctive capabilities of each species is popularly known. There is one species about two feet high; it is a plant with leaves very much like bay leaves, only that they are cocked at the edges. They are not used by compulsion, neither does this particular plant grow in all the climates. This plant is much patronised by marriageable men and women, because it gives a true index to character and disposition. They procure a young plant and keep it at home in the courtyard of the house, and every morning make downward passes over it with their two hands. None must do this except the owner. The daily passes to magnetise it are continued till the plant has grown to maturity. Its appearance then is an exact picture of the owner's character. If it is bad the plant will be undersized—each leaf will be poor in quality, weak and small, and of a dull faded colour. If it is good the plant will be large and sturdy, with good upright leaves, rich in colour, and shiny. When a belle is sought after by so many that she ceases to be "mistress of her choice," or some Desdemona has all the "curled darlings" of a colony buzzing round her, she naturally selects her beau in accordance with the guidance of the best plant among those of the suitors she cares for. Parties are engaged there for some years before the matrimonial union, and, as if they somewhat mistrusted the laurel, they very carefully note each other's ways and temper, &c. Couples before engagement get the consent of the parents, all over the world. When the man wants to marry

he appeals to the Elders, and they, before giving their consent, go through the necessary form of discovering what are the relative characters of the applicant and his fiancée. There are no two persons alike in Mars any more than here, and they have to guard against incompatibility. This is done by a law that couples must be engaged for three or four years (according to age).

The next position to reconnoitre is the matter of will or determination. Experience has taught, and teaches still, that where the wife has the strongest will of the two, the marriage is a failure as a lift to happiness, because the natural and proper position of the husband is that of supreme ruler of the household. If that position is usurped by a domineering wife, the husband is humiliated, and the union made a spurious article, a counterfeit marriage.

In Algáthanon grows a sensitive plant like our laurel. It is smaller, and as sensitive as the discernor of the characters of men. The Elders like to see for themselves how the swain and his fiancée affect the plant. A sitting Elder has plenty of these plants in pots decorating his court among many other plants. The young man holds his two open hands above the plant, and "pushes" the plant down without touching it several times. The young lady does the same to another of the same size. The plants both shrink in proportion to the innate and latent will-power of the magnetizer. Much will-power or determination, much shrinking of the plant. If the female will is stronger than the male one, the elders refuse their consent to the marriage, though in some rare cases the couples marry for all that, despite the elders' warnings. There is an object in view in every provision of nature, and we on this earth thought our sensitive plants were so enhanced and presented to us by a wise Creator for no purpose; that is always the case till we wake from our sleepy unbelief and find out that there is a fore-ordained purpose in every creation. The formal marriage of couples takes place in public assemblies, *i.e.*, in spiritual circles. The bride and bridegroom are seated together in the centre, in the circle of elders, and almost covered with flowers brought by their friends. They are formally united by the elders present, and with thanksgiving and singing. Occasionally a couple are married by spirits who appear before them in the first circle. On very rare occasions the couple as soon as the essential ceremony was over have been missed by every one present, and yet no one saw them leaving. By messengers sent instantly in search of them, they are found safe, sound, and whole, in their home, often a distance of many miles (English) removed from the circle. The unconscious fugitives know as little as any one else; know they were spirited away, and that in broad daylight.

Whether it is the fault of the photographer or of its subjects, it can hardly be said that the portraits of the Martians, which are reproduced here, tend to increase the desire to communicate with that planet. They resemble very much the other psychic pictures which are obtained by Mr. Bournell. Mr. Starling has not yet arranged for a publisher for the complete narrative, which he feels it his duty to give to the world. I feel I have more than discharged mine by publishing these extracts, if only as a sample of the kind of communication that is not uncommon in spiritualistic circles. Of evidential value it has of course none, but what can we think of the agency which produces such detailed narrative? If it is the medium's unconscious mind then it differs entirely from the mind of the medium, as it is known to himself and to his friends. If it is an elemental, or, as Tennyson suggests, some Puck, what motive can such an intelligence have in weaving night after night such an elaborate story? Where is the profit of it? The apparent aimlessness of communications received in trances is one of the earliest things which confront the inquirer, and one of the latest things which puzzle him.

XII.—PSYCHIC HEALING.

THE LANCASHIRE HEALER.

FURTHER NOTES AND A TABLE.

THE article in the July BORDERLAND on Mr. Hinchliffe brought him, during that and the two following months, no fewer than thirty-five new patients, the majority sending flannel to be handled and returned. Of these patients, *ten* suffered from deafness—a complaint very rarely amenable to a single treatment from a psychic-healer; in fact, Mr. Hinchliffe feels so much discouraged by his want of success in this class of cases that he is reluctant to undertake any more—at least through the post.

He has kindly allowed me access to the letters he has received through the BORDERLAND article, from which I have prepared the following table of *all* cases in which the results of his treatment is definitely known—

Table of Results in cases submitted to Mr. Hinchliffe through the notice in BORDERLAND

Date of First Letter.	Complaint.	Result, from communications of given dates.
27 July.	Womb displacement and rheumatism.	5 Aug.—No result.
29 July.	Nervous twitching of muscles.	28 Aug.—Twitching decidedly lessened for three weeks, then a relapse.
— Aug.	Swollen glands in face and weak back.	9 Aug.—"Great difference for the better." Back well since first use of flannel.
10 Aug.	Contracted fingers, rheumatic gout, insomnia.	9 Sept.—Visible difference in face.
12 Aug.	Throat deafness, and colds.	13 Aug.—No result. More flannel.
15 Aug.*	Indigestion and weak nerves.	23 Aug.—Hand no better; sleeping rather better.
16 Aug.	Headache and rheumatism.	8 Sept.—Sleeping still better.
16 Aug.	Red nose through blow.	4 Sept.—No benefit.
18 Aug.	Deafness and nervousness.	11 Sept.—Worse.
25 Aug.	Sciatica.	24 Aug.—Handkerchief did some good.
31 Aug.	Throat or nerve deafness, noises in ears.	2 Sept.—Some benefit.
13 Sept.*	Deafness and noises.	2 Sept.—Some benefit.
		1 Sept.—Deafness no better; nerves a little.
		31 Aug.—No benefit.
		(? date).—Flannel did nerves some good; hearing not improved.
		23 Sept.—No benefit.

¹ From the other 23 cases no reports have been received.

* The two cases marked (*) were treated by handkerchief. All the others were treated by the application of handled flannel.

DIRECTIONS AS TO FLANNEL.

The healer requests that any flannel sent him for handling be clean or new. A strip about six inches wide and long enough to go well round the affected part is most convenient. For deafness he prescribes—in default of the far more satisfactory personal treatment—the wearing in the ears of cotton-wool handled by himself; for throat deafness also a flannel round the throat. The sealed packets of flannel should be opened by no one but the patient, and no sooner than is necessary; and no other person should touch the flannel saving to apply or adjust it. It is not essential that Mr. Hinchliffe be informed of the complaint the flannel is intended to relieve, but the knowledge may facilitate his directions for use, &c., which should be strictly observed.

MR. HINCHLIFFE'S VIEWS.

Mr. Hinchliffe compares his power to the X rays. He has been in one room and a patient in another, with benefit to the patient.

He objects to the term "Psychic Healing." "That," he says, "is done by thinking, but this of mine is not thinking at all."

"It is not will power," he adds. "It is not faith by anybody. It is not spiritism. But it is the will of God through me. Any article that I wear will cure persons, if it be the will of God for it to be done."

ON THE CASTING OUT OF DEVILS.

I.—IN ITALY.

A LADY resident in Genoa has forwarded me an account of a case of exorcism, which appears to have been well authenticated by the Roman Catholic clergy and bishop of the district. My correspondent writes:—

There is a little church among the Alps called the Church of Our Lady of Rè, which is a small village in the province of Novara, and two or three times in the year, on certain feasts, all persons who are possessed by the evil spirits are brought to this church. If they can be made to cross the threshold and to go inside, their cure is certain. At a special part of the church the clergy expel the demon of the possessed one; but before this point is reached there are terrible struggles, and their awful blasphemies are fearful indeed to see and to hear. These inficted beings are brought to Rè from all parts of the country, and even from long distances, by their friends. It sometimes happens that six or eight strong men are not able to thrust a woman across the threshold of the church, such is the might of the evil spirit. This Church of Our Lady of Rè is obviously a place which ought to be investigated by the Psychical Research Society.

The following extract is translated from a weekly publication entitled *La Settimana Religiosa* ("The Religious Week"), No. 38, dated September 19th, 1897, issued by the Libreria Lanata, Piazza San Lorenzo, Genoa, Italy:—

There has been communicated to us, and we willingly insert the following account of a most signal favour, obtained by the "Association of Prayer and of Good Works," in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of Saint Joseph.

On the 1st of March, this year, 1897, the parish priest of Saint Bartholomew's, in Prarostino, in the Diocese of Pinerolo, (Piedmont—Italy), meeting a priest, one day, told him how his Presbytery, and the neighbouring one of the Rev. Vicar, had both been for more than a year infested by malignant spirits, whose satanic rage was vented on several persons, some belonging to the houses, and also on strangers, especially on the first mentioned; and these spirits used every artifice to divert them from their duties to lead them into worldly vanities, and to distract them from religious practices.

The means which the diabolical spirits made use of, to effect their designs, were stones, which they threw in great numbers in the courtyard, on the staircases, and down the kitchen chimney; they also threw them in at the windows: with the stones, came hundreds of letters, and leaflets, full of lies, calumnies, intimidations, and menaces, even of death, which came into the house, and even through the closed windows. The scene baffles description!

Several months before the conversation with the priest above mentioned, repeated efforts had been made, with the help also

of gendarmes, and of many other persons, but no trick of any kind could be discovered.

Often had the priest prayed to God, and had invoked the help of Our Lady, the Consoler of the afflicted, and that of Saint Michael the Archangel, which was the reason that he had not had to deplore serious injury, which he had much feared would be inflicted, after the most terrible menaces, so many times repeated; nevertheless, the diabolical hauntings, always continued, with more or less persistency; ceasing sometimes for a brief interval; then again being repeated more furiously than ever.

The other priest suggested to the troubled parish priest, to make use himself (and also the other persons in the house) often of the exorcism advised by the Ven. Vincent Pallotti: "I command thee, infernal demon, in the name of Jesus Christ, to go far from this place," and to make a "Novena" to Saint Joseph, reciting prayers called "The Little Crown of Saint Joseph"; at the same time he promised to put the matter among the intentions of an Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by means of which, he said, most numerous and extraordinary graces are obtained. He also gave to the parish priest some images of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to be put in the haunted places.

Then a wonderful thing happened. On the second or third day of the "Novena," as the priest was going to celebrate mass, according to the intention of one of those persons who was most molested, when he reached the corridor which led to the sacristy, he heard whizzing through the air before him, and falling at his feet, a huge stone, as a menace, but without losing his presence of mind, the priest went on, in utter contempt of the infernal demon, to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It was the last outburst of the furious, malignant spirit, for it is now about four months and a half since all this took place, and nothing more has been heard or seen.

May this brief but true narration of a known fact rekindle and increase devotion to, and faith in, the most loving heart of Jesus, and may it cause to be valued more and more that Association, by means of which He is pleased to console those poor afflicted persons for whom it prays, and may it cause each of the faithful to grow in devotion to, and confidence in, him, to whom Jesus Christ did not hesitate to confide Himself and His Most Holy Mother.

Praise, glory, and thanks be through all the ages, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to Saint Joseph.

(Signed) G. B. BERTOCCHIO, Parish Priest.

Our correspondent adds—in order to give to the fact to which I have referred all the weight which it deserves, I notice in his letter, dated July 21st of the present year, the parish priest of Saint Bartholomew's says that he has the consent of his vicar, Rev. Curtino (Theologian) to publish it, and that Monseigneur, the Bishop of Pinerolo consents to, and approves of, such publication. I know that the Bishop of Pinerolo was at Saint Bartholomew's when the diabolical molestation took place, and so much, it would appear, was he persuaded of the presence of malignant spirits in those places, that he made his Pastoral Letter this year on spirits in general, and on demons in particular.

2.—IN INDIA.

Mr. S. V. Edge, of Ootacamund, of the Madras Presidency, sent me a very interesting paper entitled, "Some Aspects of Indian Spiritualism," which I regret I have not space to publish in full. I must confine myself therefore to an extract which begins on the case of the exorcism of persons suffering from demoniacal possession in India.

There is a great similarity in the symptoms manifested in all cases of involuntary possession all over India. The subject usually exhibits a species of frenzy. His behaviour, which has hitherto been quiet and peaceable, suddenly becomes that, say, of a violent and quarrelsome man. He manifests peculiarities

in the matters of eating, dressing, &c., and develops unaccountable likes and dislikes. His conversation will probably undergo changes, even to the extent of his talking in languages unfamiliar to him, and discussing subjects with which he has had no previous acquaintance. The various phases of the behaviour of involuntarily possessed persons in India to-day corroborate exactly the details given in the old books treating of possession, whose writers must undoubtedly have had a very practical acquaintance with their subject. Involuntary possession occurs frequently in every part of India, and probably no village has been without cases at some time in its history. Women are considered more subject to involuntary possession than men. During pregnancy they take special precautions to avoid any mishap of this description, it being believed that this state renders them peculiarly sensitive and mediumistic. Religious feasts, when people mix indiscriminately in large crowds, are held answerable for many involuntary possessions. I recall a case of this sort which happened at Ootacamund, on the Nilgiri Hills, not long ago. A young girl, who had attended a certain festival, on her return home, exhibited undoubted symptoms of involuntary possession. Up to that time her behaviour had been in all respects exemplary.

The habits of a confirmed drunkard developed rapidly in her, and she, who had formerly been sober and industrious, degenerated into an idle and dissolute character. She was continually in a state of intoxication and all efforts to reform her proved ineffectual. It was at last decided to call in the aid of a *mantrika* or professional exorcist, and he undertook to effect a cure. Among other characteristic symptoms of involuntary possession manifested by the girl, was the swaying of her head to and fro and the whirling of it round and round. Her hair, which was very long, frequently touched the ground when she bent forward in her contortions, and before long it became a dishevelled mass in which sticks, straws, and refuse of every description were entangled. The poor victim presented in truth a disgusting yet pitiable object when the *mantrika* arrived.

After some preliminary measures, which included the repetition of certain *mantrams* or spells, the exorcist seized the girl by her tangled hair and dragged her to the foot of an ilex tree. Then twisting her hair into a huge knot, at the back of her head, he passed what is ordinarily known as a sixpenny nail through it, and then with some rapid blows from a hammer drove the nail into the trunk of the tree, thus pinning the girl fast. Without losing a moment he next took a knife and severed the knot of hair from the girl's head, leaving the matted bunch hanging to the trunk of the tree. At the instant of severing the hair the *mantrika* in a loud voice ordered the spirit to leave the girl, who at the same moment recovered her normal state, taking up the thread of her life from the moment when she had first been possessed; but what had occurred during the period of her involuntary possession she remained in total ignorance.

One of the most usual features of exorcisms in India is the dialogue between the exorcist and the possessing spirit, speaking through the mouth of the medium. The tone of the former, as he questions the spirit, is more or less peremptory, though he may occasionally assume an attitude less severe, which suggests that he is willing to meet the spirit half-way, so to speak—if the spirit will leave its victim, he, the exorcist, will see what can be done in the way of providing a suitable sacrifice in his (the spirit's) honour. The spirit replies in tones of roughness and defiance, though an undercurrent of apprehension may be detected in his answers, as if he felt the *mantrika's* superiority. The interrogatories are directed to ascertaining who the possessing spirit is, or rather who he was in his past life, why he has possessed this particular medium, what he wants, and so forth. The spirit will usually answer more or less directly to the questions put, and the examination, if we may use the term, is continued till some understanding is arrived at. The long and tedious ceremonies which attend exorcisms need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that fire and water play an important part, and the sacrifice of a fowl or sheep is by no means infrequent. Occasionally flogging is resorted to, to induce the spirit to depart—the theory being that the blows *repercuss* on the ethereal body of the possessing entity. This method is, however, not always attended with the happiest results, the involuntary mediums having in some cases been thrashed so severely that they have died!

PERE JOURDAIN, THE HEALER OF PARIS.

MR. A. W. LAUNDY sent to *Light* of February 27th an account of Père Jourdain, from which I quote the following:—

Seeing the unsuccessful attempt of a writer in the last number of *BORDERLAND* to find the subject of a report which appeared in the London *Globe* referring to a French healer, it occurred to me that I might be more fortunate, and, after a great deal of trouble, I have been so.

The "Psychic Dispensary," otherwise called the "Salle des Séances," of Père Jourdain, is situated in the Rue Doudeauville, a back street in the poorer quarter of the Montmartre Arrondissement. It is a spacious, somewhat dark room. On the walls are notices requesting silence during the treatment of patients, one or two photographs, a crucifix, and what seemed like a mission card of the French "Spiritists." This I thought interesting enough to copy and reproduce here:—

DIEU PROTÈGE SES ENFANTS.

Groupe Spirite fondé le 1st Juillet, 1881.

LA FOI + L'ESPERANCE. + LA CHARITE.

ainsi designé par les Esprits protecteurs du Groupe :

LA FOI L'ESPERANCE LA CHARITE

Par l'Esprit Par l'Esprit Par l'Esprit

LAMENNAIS. STE. VICTORINE. ST. LOUIS.

La protection de Lamennais, de St. Louis, de Ste.

Victorine, et de Allan Kardec, sera pour nous une sauvegarde contre les mauvais esprits.

LA CHARITE POUR TOUS.

Cherchons le vrai. Faisons le bien.

Nous sommes tous les enfants de Dieu; soulageons ceux qui souffrent.

Central benches are placed for the reception of various parcels, which nearly all the patients brought with them, containing under-linen, handkerchiefs, blankets, parcels of sugar, boxes of sweets, &c., intended for the reception of the healing "fluid" which the operator dispenses.

Eight persons were already awaiting treatment when I entered; but I had scarcely noted the foregoing when Père Jourdain returned. He is a man above the medium height, elderly, thick-set, with a fine intelligent head.

Having finished passing his "fluid" over all the parcels, he commenced upon his patients. Taking first a young girl, he proceeded to press her body slightly in various places, also to make strong passes in contact; afterwards passing the tips of his fingers across the forehead and eyes in a transverse direction, and giving snaps with his fingers as he finished each pass. Then he gave a strong loud puff into her face, saying: "Art thou feeling better?" To which she replied: "Yes; thank you"; and he thereupon told her to go about her business, saying she could eat one of her "influenced" sweets whenever she fancied one.

He treated many more in like manner.

All this time patients were coming by twos and threes, until at last I wondered where he was going to stow them all. During the two different visits which I paid him patients were there by dozens, and if I may judge therefrom, the estimated sixty thousand treated by him throughout his eighteen years of work cannot be considered exaggerated. His manner is bluff, hearty, familiar, and kind to one and all.

Père Jourdain informed me that he has been carrying on his work for fully eighteen years, of which sixteen will have been spent in Paris on the 1st of next September. In the whole course of this period he has not missed one day's attendance, Sundays and *fêtes* excepted. Originally his occupation was that of a *cultivateur*—agriculturist—and it was when digging in the fields

one day that he first gained an idea as to his probable future mission. Whilst thus engaged he suddenly heard a voice speaking to him, saying that he had a higher mission to perform; he thereupon knelt down and prayed, in the course of his prayer asking if God would give him the power to heal the sick. That same evening he asked his wife and two "sage" young women of his village—Chelles—to join him in sitting round a table after the manner of the Spiritualists about whom he had heard a little talk, and as they sat he repeated his prayer and request of the day, when to the surprise of all a voice distinctly answered "Yes!"

After the sitting he at once went to a woman friend of his wife, who had been unwell for some time, and asked her to let him try to cure her. He passed his hands over her, and she went into a kind of fit, which he managed to overcome. After a few days' treatment he thoroughly cured her. This and many other cures gave him a bad name amongst his fellow-villagers. They called him a wizard, a devil, and many other choice sobriquets, telling him he would be executed, &c. A friend, consequently, advised him to go, or rather took him, to Paris, where he found this very room in which he has operated ever since. His patients were very few at first, but his cures soon brought many others.

He considered that he made use of a subtle "fluid" which was given to him in answer to prayer. He made no charge for his treatment, but allowed patients to contribute what they chose towards the expenses of keeping his room and himself. He even limited these contributions to fifty centimes as the maximum. Most patients only gave twenty centimes, some only ten. At the end of the séance he, very good-naturedly, showed me the contributions for the day, which consisted of a heap of coppers with but one or two fifty-centime pieces—in all, about fifteen francs.

In reply to a question as to whether the authorities had attempted to interfere with him, he was saying, "No, not exactly," when his attention was called away by another rush of patients. So an old patient friend of his who happened to be present took up the question, and told me that on one occasion the police sent an agent in disguise for treatment, who tried to force a gold twenty-franc piece upon the healer. This, of course, was repeatedly refused, and seeing that Père Jourdain was firm, the agent told him who he was, saying that he need not fear anyone interfering with him in the future.

He informed me that he never experiences any ill effects from his patients; but I noticed that he would nevertheless leave the room, as if to wash his hands, or pray, after treating some individuals. He also would fix his eyes upon the crucifix, seeming to pray the meanwhile, when he had a difficult case to deal with, often breathing hard as he did so. I observed in one new case which he treated, that in addition to the above he formed a circuit, as it were, between himself and the patient, by placing his foot upon one of the patients, and his hand on the back of the shoulders.

Before I departed I learned from Père Jourdain that he had at times seen spirits, besides hearing voices; also that he leaned towards the Re-incarnation theory, considering his present existence as his fourth re-incarnation, and his present work as a penance for omissions in the past. He was born on March 18th, 1830, and can neither read nor write, although he has many times tried to learn.

That he works and has worked remarkable cures by his process, I had ample evidence. Some of his patients, I saw, were in states bad enough to have scared a doctor at their being out of bed, to say nothing of walking the streets to Père Jourdain's for relief every day.

He has had no instruction in mesmerism, or magnetism, and knows nothing of the subject. This, with what I have rec rded, tends to show the remarkable personality of the man. But one thing overshadows everything else, viz., his real love for humanity; and the last thing I saw as I said "good-bye" was a tiny little fellow running after his coat-tails, lisping out, "*Vieux tu m'em-brasser, Papa Jourdain?*"

XIII.—THE ART OF MIND-BUILDING.

PROFESSOR ELMER GATES, formerly of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, now Director of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy at Washington, seems to be a man very much like my Professor Glogoul, whom I constructed from my acquaintance Dr. Macdonald of Washington.

EVIL THOUGHT—POISONOUS PERSPIRATION.

Professor Gates has found by experimenting that each definite emotion produces chemical products in the secretions and excretions which are characteristic of those emotions. The evil emotions produce, for example, a poisonous product, while happy emotions produce life-promoting compounds. In other words, every emotional experience creates brain structure, the refunctioning of which reproduces its characteristic good and bad chemical products. He found the perspiration to contain different volatile organic compounds, under the influence of different emotions. Of the chemical products which Dr. Gates has found, that of guilt is the worst. If a small quantity of this perspiration of a person suffering from conscious guilt be placed in a test tube and exposed to contact with selenic acid it will turn pink, and no other poison similarly generated exhibits the same phenomenon.

ANGER AS A BROWN PRECIPITATE.

In 1879 he published a report of experiments showing that, when the breath of a patient was passed through a tube, cooled with ice, so as to condense the volatile qualities of the respiration, the iodide of rhodopsin, mingled with these condensed products, produced no observable precipitate. But, within five minutes after the patient became angry, there appeared a brownish precipitate which indicates the presence of a chemical compound produced by the emotion. This compound, extracted and administered to men and animals, caused stimulation and excitement. Extreme sorrow, such as mourning for the loss of a child recently deceased, produced a grey precipitate; remorse, a pink precipitate, &c. His experiments show that irascible, malevolent, and depressing emotions generate in the system injurious compounds, some of which are extremely poisonous; also, that agreeable, happy emotions generate chemical compounds of nutritious value, which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy.

I.—PROFESSOR GATES AND HIS LABORATORIES.

Professor Elmer Gates, director of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy, Washington District, Columbia, has allowed to be contributed to the *Metaphysical Magazine* for July, August, and September, a long interview on the "Art of Mind-Building," a subject which has attracted a great deal of attention, both in America and Australia. Professor Gates has established a laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy, in which he carries out his new method of research in Biologic Psychology.

THE METHODS OF RESEARCH.

It consists in giving organisms new anatomical structures or in

taking anatomical structures away from them in order to see what mental activities appear and disappear with the coming and going of these structures. No; I do not vivisect, mutilate, or graft! I do it by a rapid process of evolution and retrogression. I evolve the structures of organisms in the process of rapid evolution to higher or more complex structures, or to lower and simpler ones. I raise several million infusoria (animalcules that occur in infusions of decaying substances) in a tank, and then, by gradually increasing heat or cold, or concussions, I destroy all except two or three proved to be the most capable of surviving. These survivors propagate several millions more, and, generation after generation, the process is repeated. After about twenty-one months, new structures arise, and I make a note of the concomitant mentations, or adaptive activities which also arise. As a method of psychological research this is new.

SOME LABORATORIES OF THE FUTURE.

I am organising a laboratory of subjective biological investigation, which will contain a great many new instruments.

I am also organising a laboratory of subjective biopsychology, with special apparatus never before seen by psychologists. This science varies, one at a time, the environ mental conditions of the pupil, and he observes the effect produced upon his own conscious mentations. The moods and intellections are found to vary with the electrostatic potentials—humidity, altitude, &c. I have found that, for successful mentation, it is as necessary to maintain high electrostatic conditions in the student's room as to maintain a healthful temperature. The potentials referred to are the electrical changes in the atmosphere. These electrostatic potentials of the atmosphere change constantly, varying often many millions of volts every hour. Every change makes an alteration in your emotions, your secretions, your excretions, and your whole mentation.

I am also starting a third laboratory—sociological psychology. A prominent scientist recently said that this is the first step toward experimental sociology. I will have special apparatus, much of which is now being made. Sociological psychology consists in varying the environment of social groups of living things, such as a bevy of birds, a school of fish, a hive of bees, &c. As we vary the social structure or the environment of a social group, changes take place in the group-activities. This also is a new method of psychological research. I shall have three other laboratories—six in all. There are six methods of research, which include all possible methods of experimenting upon the mind, and these include much more than what is usually called psychological experimentation.

WHAT IS PSYCHURGY?

Just as correlated with the science of chemistry there is an art of chemistry, so with the science of mind there is an art of mind, or mind-art, more properly called Psychurgy. The latter includes the three arts of getting more mind and the three which pertain to its proper use. The arts of getting more mind are those of Brain-building, Character-building and Immortality-curing, and Education. The arts of mind-using are those of conscious origination, sub-conscious origination, mentation, and co-operative mentation. The synthesis of these six arts constitutes a synthetic mind art, or Psychurgy.

A NEW LIGHT ON HEREDITY.

The experiments I have made contradict the conclusions of Weismann and others regarding heredity. They claim that we have no proof of a skill, an idiosyncrasy, or a habit acquired during the lifetime of an individual, being transmitted to that person's offspring. They mention circumcision as practised by the Jews generation after generation, asserting that it is not transmitted. The mutilation of a Chinese woman's foot they say is not transmitted. I say it could not be transmitted because the change does not originate in the mind. If I train an animal

in the excessive use of some one mental faculty, its germ (or reproductive) cell will be influenced in its nutrition through the parents' changed metabolism, which is produced by the changed character of the mentation. I have trained four generations of guinea-pigs in the use of the visual faculty, and the children of the fourth generation were born with a greater number of brain-cells in the seeing-areas than other guinea-pigs that had not been thus trained. This experiment has been successfully repeated several times, and it demonstrates the transmission of acquired characteristics. I have found in the uni-cellular organisms, *i.e.*, small protoplasmic cells, when they are caused to respond generation after generation to some one stimulus in excess of all other stimuli, that there gradually arise specific anatomical structures produced by the mental activity which responds to that stimulus. In this experiment, the cells which do not respond as readily as others are not destroyed, but are allowed to propagate as freely as the rest; hence the Darwinian factor of "survival of the fittest" is eliminated, *i.e.*, favourable and unfavourable variations do not signify. The conclusion is that mental activity creates in organisms certain structures transmissible to their offspring.

FREEDOM OF WILL.

In regard to heredity and freedom of the will, I have this to say: This question of choice and of motive is based upon the character and degree of mind that the person has embodied or inherited. A person can inherit tendencies of growth in certain parts of the brain. His memories of sensations, images, concepts, emotions, and activities must come from experience. If a majority of these memories, relating to a certain object or event, are pleasurable, the person will naturally like it. If a majority of the experiences are un-pleasurable, or evil, he will in the one case not like the object, and in the other he may either like it or dislike it, according as the evil experiences are pleasurable or the reverse. The person's will is the result of the interaction of the totality of his memory-structures relating to any given object or event.

WHAT IS AUTURGY?

It is possible completely to change the dominance of his desires and motives, likes and dislikes, &c., by enregistering in any part of his brain another series of memories, and, by so doing, you control the will. This is called "auturgy"; it is the art of systematically controlling the will by a process of brain-building and character-building based upon a taxic registration of experiences with the ego.

The power which is active in the mind to control the will is a centrimanent force of a cosimical character, omnipersonal, unitary, and the basis of Auturgy.

II.—THE ART OF MIND-BUILDING.

HIS EXPERIMENTS ON DOGS.

The first experiment in my investigations regarding the mind consisted in giving certain animals an extraordinary and excessive training in one mental faculty—*e.g.*, seeing or hearing—and in depriving other animals, identical in age and breed, of the opportunity to use that faculty. I then killed both classes of animals and examined their brains to see if any structural difference had been caused by excessive mental activity, as compared with the deprivation or absence thereof. During five or six months, for five or six hours each day, I trained dogs in discriminating colours. The result was that upon examining the occipital areas of their brains I found a far greater number of brain-cells than any animal of like breed ever possessed.

These experiments serve to localise mental functions, and, above all, to demonstrate the fact that more brains can be given to an animal, or a human being, in consequence of a better use of the mental faculties. The trained dogs were able to discriminate between seven shades of red and six or eight of green, besides manifesting in other ways more mental ability than any untrained dog.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRAIN CELLS.

The application of these principles to human education is obvious. A child that had been trained for six weeks after birth

in the excessive use of the temperature senses (detection of heat and cold) was found, after dying of scarlet fever, to possess in the temperature areas of the brain more than twenty-four times the average number of cells. As a matter of fact, the child was able to detect differences in temperature unrecognisable by other children of its age.

Under usual circumstances and education, children develop less than ten per cent. of the cells in their brain areas. By processes of brain-building, however, more cells can be put in these otherwise fallow areas, the child thus acquiring a better brain and more power of mind. Brain-building should properly begin a few weeks after birth, because, as soon as the brain is fully developed in all its areas, the child is prepared to acquire, by technical and professional education, special knowledge and particular kinds of skill. If the child has manifested artistic ability, this course of brain-building will not only increase that talent but provide supplementary development to prevent one-sidedness and disease.

THE COLOUR OF EMOTIONS.

In 1879 I published a report of experiments showing that, when the breath of a patient was passed through a tube cooled with ice so as to condense the volatile qualities of the respiration, the iodide of rhodopsin, mingled with these condensed products, produced no observable precipitate. But, within five minutes after the patient became angry, there appeared a brownish precipitate, which indicates the presence of a chemical compound produced by the emotion. This compound, extracted and administered to men and animals, caused stimulation and excitement. Extreme sorrow, such as mourning for a child recently deceased, produced a grey precipitate; remorse, a pink precipitate, &c. My experiments show that irascible, malevolent, and depressing emotions generate in the system injurious compounds, some of which are extremely poisonous; also, that agreeable, happy emotions generate chemical compounds of nutritious value, which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy.

HOW TO CONQUER SIN.

I have succeeded in entirely eliminating vicious propensities from children with dispositions toward cruelty, stealing, or anger. In curing a bad habit I would, for every evil tendency, image, or craving existing in the same parts of the brain, create a greater number of the opposite kind of memories and keep them active a greater number of times each day, until the old structures had disappeared and new ones had been formed. This process does not require the assent of the patient any further than to take the course of studies. He may even not desire to abandon a certain practice or habit, but may wish to continue his evil course; yet, by the force of brain-building, that motive can be eliminated.

WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE.

This system of developments can be applied to regulate the assimilative processes, the diseases of which are dyspepsia, alcoholism, etc. A woman unable to eat fatty or greasy substances, even in the smallest portions, was by this system trained to take them in normal quantities. The alcohol habit, when not engendered by the habitual and excessive use of liquors, can originate through a certain derangement of the stomach and the brain-cells that govern it. Indigestion, accompanied by fermentation of sweets, creates a small amount of alcohol in the stomach. This alcohol produces a stimulating effect which the patient misses when the fermentation is arrested by the alcohol itself, or by a change in the food. The first step toward curing this habit consists in forming another series of brain-structures of the different stages relating to previous experiences, not merely with intoxicants but with foods in general. The creation of at least a hundred times as many morally-functioning cells as these had been immorally-functioning cells will cause the craving for stimulants to disappear. It is possible in three months' time to develop brain-structures which will cause a patient to feel disgust for what he had previously relished and desired.

THE EVIL OF HYPNOTISM.

My researches in brain-building have led to a demonstration of

the evil effects of hypnotism. This practice produces a species of congestion of the brain. The pupil in the science of mind-structure who desires to achieve good mental and moral character must avoid hypnotic experiences, under no circumstances permitting himself to be hypnotized—save, perhaps, for some absolutely necessary surgical purpose. Hypnotism tends to vitiate character.

THE TRUTH OF PSYCHIC HEALING.

The various methods of mind cure, faith cure, laying on of hands, and similar processes that have come down to us from remote ages, have each some sort of a fundamental verity. One aspect of the truth has been seen, but it is generally combined with many mischievous practices and beliefs, and is seldom scientifically applied. My experiments prove that the mind activities create the structures which the mind embodies, or manifests. In addition to massage, diet, regulation of surroundings, &c., modern medicine will eventually evolve methods of brain-building to effect cures. Simple belief that you will get well will, in a measure, produce nutritious products and stimulate the health of the entire body. The indulgence of certain emotional states will do the same. To achieve any certain result, however, the process must begin with the first stages of brain-building and be pursued systematically to the higher stages, in order to create in the brain those structures which govern different portions of the body. This can best be done by the methods I have described.

III.—HOW THE PROCESS GOES ON.

As my investigations and experiments in the art of mind-building are directly related to psychology, the reader may ask my definition of that term. Psychology is the science of mind. The word comes from the Greek "psycho," meaning soul. The earlier psychologists, being metaphysicians and none of them experimentalists, believed that in their speculations they were dealing with the faculties of the soul. Whether they were or not is not the question now under consideration. The art of mind-building and the art of mind-using, which I have evolved from the data of psychology, I have named "psychurgy."

The experimentalist knows mind only as he finds it manifested in himself and in other living creatures. He believes that this entity cannot exist apart from structure. Mind, however, is not a function of the brain in the same sense as bile is a secretion of the liver. The functioning of the individual organism is but one factor of mind. A more important factor is the functional connection of the individual organism with the cosmic environment. Mind may be more than this, but at least it is this. I make no distinction between mind and soul. I do not attempt any definition of mind further than that it is the totality of the sub-conscious and conscious adaptive functions of the organism in interaction with the Cosmos.

THE FIRST STAGE OF BRAIN BUILDING.

This brain-building process embodies a number of successive stages. The first stage consists in enregistering the sense impressions of all the senses, so as to produce sensation-structures. In the new nomenclature, cognisance of a sense impression is called "sensation." The conscious state which we call "perceiving a sense impression" produces a chemical deposition of matter in the brain-cells, and each repetition of that sense-consciousness increases the amount of matter deposited, the result being a sense-memory structure. The refunctioning of that structure constitutes memory.

As soon as all the sensation-structures have been formed in the brain, we can begin the second stage, which consists in causing the child to discriminate between the different sensations previously acquired and to associate them in consciousness, so as to produce what is called an integrant of the second order, or images, the units of which are the sensations of the first stage of brain-building. And so on through thirty or forty successive stages.

WHEN IT BEGINS AND ENDS.

This process can be applied up to the period of decrepitude, but it is probable that it can be fully realised only when com-

menced with infants; and, inasmuch as the germ-cell of the female is directly affected by the nutriment which it gets from the parents' blood, it follows that a proper course of living before conception will directly affect the development of the child. My experiments have demonstrated that every motion of a false and disagreeable nature produces a poison in the blood and cell tissues. These poisons affect the health of the germ-cells. During pregnancy, life-depressing and unpleasant emotions—grief, anger, sorrow, &c.—will, through the poison generated, affect the development of the foetus. For this and other reasons brain-building should properly begin a few months before conception.

THE ART OF ORIGINAL THINKING.

Out of these researches arose not only a method of mind-building, or mind-embodiment, but also the art of using the mind systematically in original thinking, which art may be subdivided as follows: (1) the art of systematic, originitive, conscious mentation; (2) the art of systematic sub-conscious mentation; and (3) the art of systematic, originitive, co-operative mentation. These arts lead to original thinking, invention, and discovery by a systematic training in the use of the intellectual, emotive, and conative lines of mentation, and in each of the mental faculties. The pupil desiring to discover new things in any science has his brain rebuilt with reference to that science. This is the first step. He is then taught whatever knowledge the human race has acquired concerning that subject, and to each of these data he is trained several hours a day, for a few years, to apply each one of his mental faculties.

HOW IT IS PRACTISED.

With the sum of human knowledge in any science classified in the mind; with a rebuilt brain from which evil affections and emotions have been eliminated; and with proper regulation of the body and its surroundings, the pupil commences to practise the art of original thinking somewhat as follows: According to rules, which must be learned to be understood, he exercises every one of his thirty or forty mental functions upon each proposition or datum of the science, in order that each faculty may be active a certain number of hours every day. This produces brain-growth in those very parts of the brain which are needed to deal with that subject. As the new growth is acquired, day after day, the sub-conscious functions become stimulated, the cosmical interactions of the brain become more vivid, and new ideas dawn as suddenly as lightning illuminates a landscape. New congruities, incongruities, and generalizations are achieved, and, as a result, a re-classification of that knowledge must soon be made. Then the pupil again applies each mental function to each one of those data until he gets a new growth in those parts of the brain needed for the study of that particular subject. Six months' practice generally quadruples the mental capacity, and more than quadruples the number of ideas gained each day.

HOW TO REGULATE THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND.

Then there is the art of regulating the sub-conscious mental functions. At least ninety-eight per cent. of our mental life is sub-conscious. If you try to remember what happened on your tenth birthday, it may be ten minutes before you can recall any incident. What occurs while you are trying to remember? Certainly not conscious processes. The processes of memory are in the sub-conscious domain.

If all the great minds of the human race were trained in this mode of systematic mentation, and if they were to take for their subject the sum of human knowledge, they would achieve an interpretation of the universe which we may call philosophy, using the word as a synthesis of the generalisations of science.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OMNISM.

Such a perpetual, re-organized philosophy I have called "omnism." This philosophy is the highest generalization that can at any time be achieved by a number of the ablest minds practising co-operative mentation upon the sum of human knowledge. It is not realism, nor idealism, nor monism. It is, of course, a synthesis of all philosophies and branches of knowledge by specially constructed brains, acting according to systematic methods of mentation which begin by eliminating the immoralities in the mind. Such a philosophy could never become a fixed creed or belief.

XIV.—PALMISTRY. SOME BOND STREET PALMISTS.

EVERY now and then we read of some unfortunate practitioner of palmistry in humble life being haled before the magistrates, and packed off to prison. In Scotland, fortunately, the highest judicial authorities have condemned such prosecutions, but in England every practising palmist or astrologer is at the mercy of the police and the local justices.

THE POLICE AS AGENTS PROVOCATEURS.

The method of prosecution is simplicity itself. The policeman's wife or sister, or some other woman hired for the occasion, is employed as *agent provocateur*, who sets out with a companion to the person marked down for prosecution, and tempts her to commit an illegal act. The emissary of the law assumes with alacrity the hateful role of temptress, and suggests to the destined victim the commission of an offence. Lest the suggestion should be insufficient, the cogency of the temptation is supplemented by an offer of money. These suborned agents of the police carefully frame their suggestions in such a way as to bring the palmist or astrologer, as the case may be, within the lash of the law. She or he, as the case may be, suspecting nothing, does not take care to repudiate the suppositions or suggestions of the visitor, and so falls into the trap. A reading of the hand is given, or a horoscope is drawn; a few shillings are paid, and armed with this evidence the agents of the police return to headquarters to report their success. The application is made for a summons or warrant, and the unfortunate palmist finds himself in Court, confronted with the alternative of a fine or imprisonment. This is the regular method employed in this year of grace by the officials of the law, for the purpose of extirpating what they consider the pernicious offence of practising palmistry and astrology for gain.

UNEQUAL JUSTICE ?

All the while that these unfortunate practitioners are being harried in this fashion, their well-to-do fellows, who, with perhaps not a particle more natural psychic gifts or familiarity with the science in question, are allowed to practise undisturbed their art in Bond Street. The humble occultist in a back alley, who receives a shilling from a servant girl for a reading of her hand, goes to prison, while Madame this or Monsieur in their sumptuously furnished rooms in the West End are rolling in the guineas at a rate which is enough to make many other professional men's mouths water. Of course this seems to be at first sight a case of one law for the rich and another for the poor. In reality it is not; it is simply another illustration that wisdom is salvation, while ignorance paves the way to destruction. The Bond Street palmists are wise enough to know how to avoid the snares into which their ignorant brethren in the back alleys fall helpless victims.

A SUGGESTED WAY OF ESCAPE.

For the benefit of the humbler fry it is well to explain in a sentence what is necessary to be done in order to avoid prosecution. If every palmist or astrologer were to refuse to afford any illustration whatever of his "science" until the applicant had signed a short formal declaration which might be kept in printed form and tendered for signature before any business is proceeded with, it would be very difficult, if not impossible for any prosecution to take place. The declaration need not be long. All that it need contain might be embodied in a few lines as follows:—

I hereby apply to you to give me a reading of my hand (or to cast me a horoscope, as the case may be), telling me what it is

you see there by the laws of palmistry (or astrology), of which you are a student. If you will consent to devote so much of your time as is necessary for making this reading (or casting this horoscope), I will remunerate you for the loss of your time by paying you the sum of—.

This would probably be sufficient, but to make assurance doubly sure, it might be well to add a further clause to the effect—

And I make this payment, after having read and signed this application, in which you clearly repudiate and disavow any pretence of telling fortunes, or of exercising any unlawful arts or of practising anything that is not in accordance with the law of the land.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A SIGNED DECLARATION.

Such a declaration would certainly spike the guns of nine out of every ten of the police prosecutions, for the idea of the police agents is to inveigle their victim into an admission that they can tell fortunes, or that they undertake for money to foretell the future. It is no offence to hire a person for a certain space of time to do whatever you want him to do, so long as the employment with which you occupy his time is in accordance with the law. Not even the maddest policeman or the most bigoted magistrate that ever sat on the bench can pretend that the study of palmistry or astrology is a legal offence. Neither can it be said that, after such a declaration is read and signed, any money has been obtained by False Pretences. The allegation of fraud would therefore fall to the ground. Everything would be open and above board. Of course, each practitioner might vary the form of the declaration to suit himself, but some such form as the above would probably avail to secure them immunity from police prosecution.

THE DEVICES OF THE BOND STREET PALMISTS.

The Bond Street Palmists do not adopt this method; but they have methods of their own. Some will never receive any visitor unless he is well introduced. Others are careful to explain before they begin that they merely give readings as to the past and present, and receive money for that, and that anything they may say as to the future is thrown in. Another course is exactly on the lines of the method adopted in America, where the Raines Law prevails, where the sale of drink is positively forbidden. The rum-seller keeps a spotted dog, or some other rarity, for a sight of which he charges the price of a glass of liquor. The customer comes in "to see the spotted dog," and before he goes is presented with a dram. Cheiro does something like this. He has a curious machine, the invention of M. D'Odiardi, which registers the vitality of the visitor, who pays whatever is needful to have his vitality tested, and, of course, when once the fee is paid, he can command everything that Cheiro can give him. Mademoiselle Teresina, who is a pupil of Cheiro's, does not adopt this method, but simply explains that she makes no pretensions to forecast the future, but will give a reading of the palm, and will then, if her visitors wish, as something altogether over and above, and not in the bargain, tell them what she sees or deduces from the lines of their hands as to the probability of the future. Of course, any phrenologist or any doctor will do the same.

I.—CHEIRO.

Cheiro's book on Palmistry is well known. He has a great following, both in London and in New York. It is some years since I met him, and since then he has prospered amazingly. One of the New York papers last month published about three columns' description

of his delineation of Richard Croker's character, as tested by D'Odiardi's machine. I met many Americans who had visited him, and declared that his readings as to their past had been quite marvellous. As to the future, his predictions had in some cases been verified. In others, they were still supposed to be waiting verification. Cheiro has many enemies as well as warm defenders, and his book is plauded as an ideal manual of the art, and derided by others as a piece of charlatancy. Apart altogether from what Cheiro has written, the book is interesting as containing photographs of the imprints left by the palms of various personages of more or less note. I was rather amused to find that Mr. Chamberlain's hand immediately follows mine in Cheiro's book.

II.—MADAME VOYER.

If Cheiro practises in New York and London, Madame Voyer combines with a lucrative practice in 168, New Bond Street a provincial practice that is almost unique. She is probably the only living palmist of her own sex whose professional earnings amount up to four figures in the course of the year. In the course of her visits to provincial towns, she sometimes had as many as 3,000 clients, nor has she ever been molested by the police, wherever she has gone. To her, palmistry is not only highly respectable, but an extremely lucrative profession. Her chief interest in the art or science, or whatever she calls it, is its bearing upon health. The line of health is to her the most interesting line in the hand, and she has studied this branch of palmistry very carefully. She has made visits to hospitals in order to compare the lines of patients suffering from different diseases with those she has seen in her practice, and she has repeatedly achieved success where the regular faculty have been at a loss to define the malady which they were called upon to cure. There is something decidedly uncanny in hearing your hidden ailments trotted out as the result of an inspection of your tell-tale hand. Sometimes these diagnoses have revealed lurking tendencies which were previously unsuspected. One very curious case mentioned by Madame Voyer occurred at Newcastle. One of her visitors, a gentleman apparently in perfect health, was told by her that, within a year, he would become stone deaf. He laughed at the idea, but she begged him as a special favour to herself to consult a specialist. He laughingly promised to do so, in order to prove how utterly wrong she was. As she left she said, "It is your right ear which your hand denotes is affected."

A few days after this the gentleman returned with a very grave face, and told Madame Voyer that he had been to a specialist, who had taken an hour to discover the secret ailment which he had ended by assuring him undoubtedly threatened his hearing. Madame Voyer had seen it at a single glance. No skill was able to save the poor fellow from his fate. Fortunately this is not always the case, and Madame Voyer rejoices in the knowledge that in many cases the warning which she communicated was able to avert danger. This has been specially the case with persons who had an unmistakable tendency to suicide written in their palms.

It is difficult to say how much this is palmistry and how much is clairvoyance. Madame Voyer is fitfully clairvoyant. Her clairvoyance comes and goes under laws which she does not understand. In the middle of a delineation in palmistry there will come to her a clairvoyant vision, which she will describe, interrupting her delineation, which she will resume after the vision has passed. Her clairvoyance is never paid for, it is always

given free, if it comes. No doubt many of her "presumptions" are solely due to clairvoyance—the hand serving as nothing else than a background on which the vision forms. Madame Voyer is also given to crystal-gazing, finding the crystal—which, in her case, is a perfect ball, or a jewel in a ring—quite sufficient to serve as a key to the pictures in the astral light.

Her practice lies naturally among the better-to-do



MADAME VOYER.

folk, who will drive in their carriages to her rooms, and submit their hands to the searching gaze of the large and illustrious eyes of the petite seeress. It is not without some shrinking that many visit those rooms which are the substitute for the Delphic Cave, for there they frequently hear of the secret which they had hoped was buried for ever in their breast, but which they discover is written at large on their palms, while others have received grim intimations as to disasters and catastrophes which await them in the immediate future.

It is, however, not always evil which she predicts by any means. A short time ago, at a fashionable resort, Madame Voyer was one of the attractions. She was established in a private room, to which the guests were allowed to enter in rotation. Some fifty or sixty availed themselves of the privilege, and among all these there was not one who on leaving Madame Voyer did not state to the rest of the company that her reading had been marvellously correct. One old gentleman who was there, however, supplied an explanation which was satisfactory to his mind at least. "I tell you," he said, "she is so pretty and sweet that she would make you believe anything that she said, whether it is true or false." "Nonsense," replied a younger man. "That may explain something, but it does not account for what she told me." The circle around was at once interested. "What did she tell you?" "Well," he said, "it is a curious story. I was down at the seaside a year ago. I was in business at the time and had no idea of turning my attention to journalism or to literature. I went to see Madame Voyer, and she told me at once that great good fortune would shortly come to me through a man whom she described in detail, more especially dwelling upon a peculiar signet ring which he wore, and his gold-rimmed spectacles. This gentleman would push me on in the profession that I should most wish to succeed in. A few

months after this I saw an advertisement for a position in connection with a newspaper. I did not think very much of it, but I wrote an application and sent it in. As I got no answer immediately I dismissed it from my mind. Great was my surprise when, some days afterwards, I received a letter from the advertiser asking me to call. I went up to London, and to my intense astonishment was received by the very man whom Madame Voyer had described. There was no mistaking his identity. It was his very picture. And what is more, there were the gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose and the peculiar signet ring on his finger. Before he said a word I knew I should get the situation, and got it I did sure enough, although there were no fewer than four hundred applicants. Since then everything has gone well with me, and I have been pushed just as Madame Voyer told me."

III.—MADEMOISELLE TERESINA.

Mlle. Teresina, the seventh child of a seventh child, has this month taken up her quarters at 38, Old Bond Street. She is a pupil of Cheiro's, and, like Madame Voyer, is very successful in delineating disease; and she also resembles the New Bond Street lady in being occasionally clairvoyant. Madame Novikoff first spoke to me about "Teresina," having found her delineations as to the past quite extraordinary. Teresina also was the palmist selected by *Pearson's Monthly* to diagnose the hands of various persons that were submitted to her, without any hint as to the identity of their owners. It was a cruel test, but one which Teresina survived fairly well. I quoted her delineations in relation to myself and some others in *BORDERLAND* for January, 1897, but the moment she saw my hand and compared it with the photograph, she had no difficulty in pointing out where it was the photograph lines had led her wrong. Besides, she said what any one can verify by glancing at the palms of my hands—there is much more to be read in my left hand than my right. As a rule the left hand represents the lines that you inherit at your birth, while your right hand is marked with the lines that result from your life work. In my case it is quite different. I have pretty well rubbed all the lines out of my right hand, while those on my left are much more numerous and much more strongly marked. In commenting upon the delineations from Pearson's photograph, she had said that a strong and lasting affection came into my life when I was thirty or thirty-one. I said that I was not aware of any such good fortune having happened to me, and suggested that she had got a little mixed in her

dates. This rather piqued the good lady, but on looking at my left hand, she located the incident aforesaid accurately at the age of twenty-eight, and sure enough the line is well marked to this day.

She courteously extended my probable length of life to seventy-three from sixty-two years. She also gave me a more curious explanation of the lines of my left hand than I have received before. My comparatively tranquil life in the north of England, my coming up to London, my editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, my imprisonment, and my subsequent career, are according to her all duly inscribed in the central line of my left hand. I am glad to learn that there is also written there that prestige and financial success are to come to me at the stroke of fifty.



TERESINA.
Photo by Mendelssohn.

BOOKS ON PALMISTRY.

Papus's Bibliography.*

FROM the preface, which is dated May, 1895, we learn that this book is a new edition of the treatise on "Chiromancy," which Dr. Papus published as an extract from his work on Occult Sciences. The first edition had a great success, and he has, therefore, brought out a new edition, in which he has made many changes, while preserving the character and the simplicity of the original. He has appended also a "bibliographie" of the Chiromancy which, for the sake of those who study this interesting subject, I reproduce here. It will be noticed that nearly all the books are either in French or Latin. Indeed, the only English book mentioned is Cheiro's "Language of the Hand." I shall be glad if any of our students in palmistry would enable us in the next number to supplement Dr. Papus's Bibliography by a list of English and American works dealing with the same subject.

- ARISTOTE.—*Cyromancia Aristotelis cum figuris*. 1190. 1721 ter. BELOT.—Les œuvres de M. Jean Belot, curé de Mil-Monti, professeur aux sciences divines et célestes, contenant la *Chiromancie*, *Physionomie*, *l'Art de mémoire*, de Raymond Lulle; *Traité des Divinations, Augures et Songes*; *Les Sciences sténographiques*, Paulines, Armadelles et Lullistes; *l'Art de doctement prêcher et haranguer*, etc.—Dernière édition, revue, corrigée et augmentée de divers traités.—A Lyon, chez Jean-Baptiste de Ville, rue Mercière, A LA SCIENCE; M.D.C.LXXII.—(Bibliogr. E. Bosc).
- La Chiromancie Médicinale*, suivie d'un traité sur la physionomie et d'un autre sur les marques des ongles par Philippe MAY DE FRANCONIE, traduit de l'allemand par P. H. TREUSCHES, de

* Papus.—"Premiers Eléments de Chiromancie renfermant en une série de leçon didactiques la Chiromancie la Chiromancie physique et astrologique et la chirosophie. Ouvrage précédé de la réédition Du Traité Synthétique de Chiromancie et illustré de 62 fig. originales." Paris. George Carré, Editeur, 3, Rue Racine.

- Wezhauzen, avec un avant-propos et une Chiromancie synthétique par Ernest Bosc. Paris, Chamuel, éditeur, 79, Faubourg Poissonnière. 1 vol. in-18 avec fig. Prix. 3 fr. 50.
- Ernest BOSC (Voy. MAY (Philippe)).—M. Bosc a publié dans le journal le *Volle d'Isis*, une "Bibliographie générale des Sciences occultes," à laquelle nous avons emprunté quelques numéros relatifs à la Chiromancie. Tous nos emprunts sont suivis du renvoi bibliographique et précédés du n° de classement.
- Marie BURLIN.—*L'Arc en Ciel*. 1 beau vol. in-18 orné de figures. Paris, 1894. 7 fr. Très bon traité, très personnel et contenant d'excellentes choses.
- CATAN.—*Chiromancie*.
- CHEIRO'S *Language of the Hand*. New York, chez l'auteur, 432, Fifth Avenue, 1894.
- La *Chiromancie* ou l'art de connaître les tendances de l'Intelligence, d'après les formes de la main, par le Capitaine S. D'ARPEMENTIGNY.—Paris. 1 vol. in-8, Ch. Le Clère, éditeur, 1, rue des Grands Augustins, 1863.
1729. *La Clef d'Or* ou l'art de gagner à la loterie, suivi d'un traité de physiognomie et de chiromancie par un Cabaliste moderne, in-18, 34 grav. Lille, s. d.
1730. COCLÉS (B).—*Le compendium de physiognomie et chiromancie*. 1 vol. in-8°. Paris, 1546.
1731. COLOMBIERE (de la).—*Traité de la Physiognomie*, vol. in 8. Paris, 1660.
1732. CORUM (Adrien).—*L'art de la Chiromancie*, in-8° s. l. s. d. (vers 1530?)
1733. Du même.—*Les indiscretions de la main*, texte original traduit du latin en français par Jean de VERDELAY, pet. in-8° avec figures. Paris, 1878.—Réimpression du traité de chiromancie du XVI siècle. (Bibliogr. de E. Bosc).
1718. André CORVE, Mantouan.—Excellente chiromancie montrant par les lignes de la main les mœurs et complexion des gens. 1 vol. in-12. Lyon, Rigaud, 1611.
- Marius DECRESPE.—*La Main et ses mystères*, 2 vol. in-18 de la collection Guyot à 0 fr. 20 c. le vol. avec fig. 1895. Ouvrage bien fait et utile à consulter. Ne pas tenir compte des quelques erreurs de détail.
- DESBAROLLES.—*Les mystères de la main révélés et expliqués*. 6^e édition. 1 gros vol. in-18, 1859. Très bon ouvrage devenu introuvable et remplacé avantageusement par le suivant.
- Mystères de la main, révélation complète*, avec 300 grav. explicatives, 3^e édition. 1 vol. in-4°. Paris, Vigot, éditeur, 10, rue Monsieur le Prince. Prix, 15 fr.
- Le traité classique de la Chiromancie, recommandé à nos lecteurs pour les détails.
1739. DESBAROLLES.—*Almanach de la main*. Années 1867, 1868, 1869, in-18. Paris.
- Petits mystères de la Destinée* par Joseph BALSAMO.—1 vol. in-18. Garnier frères, éditeurs. (Vers 1860). Un des rares traités où l'on trouve quelque chose sur la chiromancie des doigts.
- Die Kunst Chiromantia*, 1475. (Se trouve au British Museum).
- DRYANDRUS.—*De Chiromantia*, lib. III. Malpurgie, 1538. Le plus ancien traité connu sur la Chiromancie après le précédent.
- GEBER (Jehan).—Très brief traité de la *Chiromantique physiognomie*, in-8°. Paris, Guillaume Noir, 1557. (Bibliogr. de E. Bosc).
- GRANDPRÉ (J. de).—*L'art de prédire l'avenir*. Divination par les astres, la main, l'écriture, la physiognomie, la forme du crâne, les cartes, les nombres, les songes, apparitions, magnétisme, somnambulisme, spiritisme, sorcellerie, cristographie (pour cristallographie), etc., gr. in-8°. Paris, s. d.—L'auteur a voulu faire, une synthèse des sciences occultes, mais il n'est parvenu qu'à composer une sorte de salade japonaise de compilations aussi peu intéressante qu'indigeste. (E. Bosc).
- HALBERT (d'Angers).—*La Cartomancie augmentée d'un cours de Chiromancie*. Paris, in-12 s. d. Bon résumé à l'usage des campagnes.
1753. INDAGINE.—*Chiromantia, Physiognomia, Astrologia naturalis*. 1 vol. p. in-8° avec fig. sur bois. Parisis. P. Drouart. S. D. (Bibliogr. de M. E. Bosc).
- Le Livre magique*. Histoire des événements et des personnages surnaturels contenant des détails sur la Démonologie, l'Astrologie et la Chiromancie, etc. Paris, in-18, Corbet aîné, Quai des Grands Augustins, 1835.
- LECLERCQ.—*La Chiromancie et ce qu'il faut en croire*. Revue Encyclopédique du 15 mars 1895.—Prétentieux article d'un débutant qui n'offre quelque valeur que par des reproductions de mains et les jugements de madame de Thèbes.
1759. MAY (Philippe) de Franconie.—*La Chiromancie médicale*, accompagnée d'un traité de la physiognomie et d'un autre des marques qui paraissent sur les ongles des doigts, le tout composé en allemand et traduit en français par Philippe-Henry TREUSCHES de Vezhauzen. 1 vol. petit in-12 de 12 n. et de 136 pages. ouvrage très rare, à la Haye, chez Leviju van Dyck, 1665; tous les exemplaires sont signés de l'auteur, Cet ouvrage a été republié et augmenté tout récemment, 1894, par M. Ernest Bosc.
- MOND (Louis M.).—*La Chiromancie et la Graphologie comparées*. Petite brochure in-18, vers 1887. Premier ouvrage où est abordée l'étude de la Chiromancie comparée.
- PAPUS.—*Traité synthétique de Chiromancie*. Broch. gr. n-8° de 32 p., 1892. Carré, éditeur.
- PERUCHIO (1633).—*Chiromancie*. Bon ouvrage, les détails sont bien traités.
- PLYTOFF.—*La Magie*, 1 vol. in-18 chez Baillère (1893). *Mystères des Sciences Occultes* par UN INITIÉ (1893). Ces deux ouvrages de M. PLYTOFF contiennent quelques données de chiromancie. Ainsi que *Almanach Hachette* (1894), art. Chiromancie du même auteur.
- ROMPHYLE.—*La Chyromantie naturelle*. Paris (Baptiste Loyson, 1865), in-8°. Excellent traité à tous les points de vue.
1768. RAMPALLE.—*La Chyromancie naturelle* de Romphyle, in-12. Paris, Loyson, 1665, aut. éd. Paris, Ribou, 1655.
- ROMPHYLE (v. ei-dessus Rampalle).
1769. *La Science curieuse ou Traité de la Chyromancie*, recueilli des plus graves auteurs qui ont traité de cette matière. . . enrichi d'un grand nombre de figures pour la facilité du lecteur. Ensemble la méthode de s'en pouvoir servir. in-4° nomb. Pl. sur cuivre donnant 1100 fig. de mains. Paris. F. Clousier, 1667. Cet ouvrage a eu plusieurs éditions.
1771. TABULÆ.—*Chiromantice, lineis montibus et tuberculis manus constitutionem hominum et fortunæ vires ostendentes*. In-fol. Francfort. 1613.
1772. TRICASSE.—*La Chiromancie* de Patrice Tricasse des Ceressars, Mantouan, in-8°, figures des signes de la main. Paris, Claude Frémy, 1561. (Bibliogr. de E. Bosc).
1717. Adrian SICLAIR, médecin spagyrique né au Puy-en-Velay.—*Chyromancie royale* et nouvelle enrichie de figures de moralitez et des observations de la Cabale, avec les prognostics. Ouvrage très utile en particulier pour les femmes. Pet. in-12. Lyon, chez Daniel Gay et se vend chez l'auteur au Puits-de-Sel, 1667. (Bibliogr. de M. E. Bosc).
- TAISNIER.—*Opus chiromantie absolutissimæ theoriam et eutem continens*. Cologne, 1562. Renferme 1190 figures de mains, TRICASSE DE CERESSARS, 1583.—*Chiromancie*, Ouvrage célèbre par la large part faite aux enseignements de la tradition.

Zoe's Lessons on Scientific Palmistry.*

WHETHER or not many people write in English on Palmistry, there seems to be a considerable demand for those books which deal with the subject. For instance, among the books of the quarter I have to mention a sixth edition, revised and enlarged, of "Zoe's Lessons in Scientific Palmistry." Zoe is very simple; the diagrams are somewhat rough, and contrast very much in this respect with the admirable diagrams of Dr. Papus's book.

* Zoe's "Lessons on Scientific Palmistry," with frontispiece and sketches. London. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., Stationers' Hall Court.

affray, they are more disposed to shake hands and be friends when they meet their equals.

The horoscope of our beloved Queen is a very peaceful, fortunate, and successful one. If the birth was correctly noted, so that ♀ is past the conjunction of Mars, what other primary direction there may be operating to show war I don't know, not having calculated the events. The Sun has by progressive motion past the opposition of Jupiter, and is now in opposition to the radical place of Jupiter at birth; that cannot refer to war. The Transits this fall are more ominous of some trouble. Saturn rules the 9th House, foreign affairs; Uranus rules the 10th, her honour credited, and may be her ministers of state; Mars rules the 6th and 9th Houses, servants and secret enemies. These unfortunate planets unfortunately afflict her Sun, Moon, and Ascendant from the 21st to the 27th November in particular, and they do not get free from them till after August, 1898. The progressive Sun to opposition of radical Jupiter may refer to health, and the coming conjunctions of the Sun. Uranus, Saturn, and Mars at the end of November, and the opposition of Mars to those planets in August 9th, will be troublesome and may also refer to war, as the 7th House refers to open foes and enemies or some personal events; but who can predict the exact occurrences? Fortunately Jupiter is in good aspect to the afflicted points and supporting the Midheaven, her honour credited, and her ministers will be benefited thereby. Doubtlessly it will be an important period, producing many untoward events, and will afflict all born about 23rd to 27th May any year and 23rd to 28th November, but in various ways, according to their horoscopes.

The German Emperor's horoscope describes him as a war dog of the Nelson type, but not as fortunate in the end. His Moon and Uranus are now greatly afflicted, cause great restlessness, waywardness, and many estrangements. He has entered the whirlpool or vortex that will lead him on to the end. I don't see when he will make a plunge into war, but in 1903 and 1904 his Sun meets with evil rays from Mars that may cause his end if he risks his life in war at that time. If shot, the lower part of neck to breast bone, and his back near region of heart, are most likely to be injured by lead, and his abdomen by steel or iron. True friends he will never possess; he rules by fear. He must be master. There can be no lasting agreement between his and the Tsar of Russia's horoscope. In conclusion, all the new moons during the remainder of the year show the troubles whatever they are from one to two hours east, except the new moon of 24th November, which afflicts places about two hours and thirty minutes east, so I presume the worst effects may be felt in Turkey, in Asia and Africa. I don't see why there should be a great European War at present or for some time.

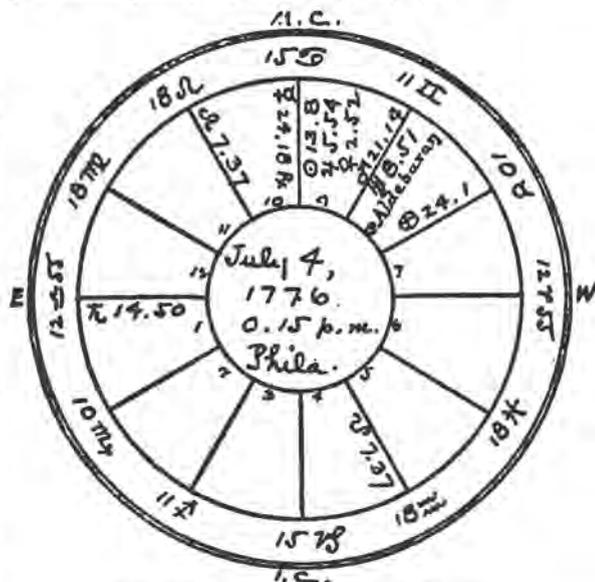
Yours truly,
R. H. NEPTUNE.

October 11th, 1897.

IV.—THE HOROSCOPES OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

Intelligence for July publishes a horoscope of the United States, calculated from the moment of the Declaration of Independence. The writer, John Hazeligg, says:—

Sibly, a noted English mathematician and astrologer, wrote in 1788 regarding this figure: "The State of America shall in time have an extensive and flourishing commerce, an advantageous and universal traffic to every quarter of the globe, with great fecundity and prosperity among the people."



THE HOROSCOPE OF THE UNITED STATES.

He maintains that the United States passed through critical periods at the end of every eighty-four years, when Uranus makes the transit through Gemini, which lasts every seven years. The crisis begins to attain its intensity in the second year of its entrance in the Gemini. The last eighty-four years began in 1858.

The first decisive measure of secession was when South Carolina declared her independence, on December 20, 1860, a date that corresponded with the arrival of Uranus at the ninth degree of the sign! One of our best-known astrologers at that time made the following prediction concerning the crisis: "Until Uranus gets out of Gemini, which will not be before the summer of 1865, I do not look for any peace for this country." The men of State, versed in the craft of political chicanery, declared positively that the conflict could not exceed six months; the astrologer, wise in his contemplation of nature's laws, knew differently.

The next transit of this planet through Gemini will begin in June, 1942. He will attain to the ninth degree of the sign in October, 1943, at which time his influence upon our affairs will be accentuated as never before, for *Aldebaran*, the fiery fixed star, will have advanced to a partile conjunction with the radical place of Uranus. What inferences are to be deduced from the concentration of these electro-magnetic potencies around this vital point in the national horoscope? Our country will pass through extraordinary scenes. Grave questions, affecting alike our domestic and political economy, will seek their adjustment, perhaps through methods of force. There will be radical changes in the constitution of government. Seven years will be consumed in the solution of some of the gravest problems which shall so far have confronted us. But this transitional era, superinduced through turbulence and confusion, will be followed by a reconstructive period that will usher in a new order of things, and we may then look for the enfranchisement of man into a brotherhood of truer equality, and a socialism broader and more practical than any hitherto espoused. *Tempus omnia revelat.*

Another astrologer, Julius Erickson, quotes some

pages in the August number of *Intelligence* to an examination of the horoscope of McKinley's administration. He thinks that McKinley's Presidency will be distinguished by some remarkable discovery or invention, possibly a signal improvement in aeronautics.

THE HOROSCOPE OF MAJOR MCKINLEY'S INAUGURATION.

March 4th, 1897 = Washington D.C.

Time, 1h. 07m. p.m.

Lat. 35° 53' 30" N.

Long. 77° W.

Ref: No.

R. A. M. C.

23h. 55'.



COMMON.
CARDINAL.
FIXED.
EXALTED.

FIRE.
EA TH.
AIR.
WATER.

Here is a forecast of what is to happen from now onwards:—

During the latter part of this year mutterings of discontent will be heard, and foreign complications will ensue; we shall meet with rebuff or treachery from some foreign power; and the closing year will witness unusual scenes. A national calamity threatens England, and the long reign of Victoria soon passes away; for the clouds hang heavy late in November. Our Government may be called upon to preserve order. The President will be handicapped; he is beset by enemies without and foes within. There will be tremendous fluctuation in stocks, bonds, and the markets; finances will receive a heavy shock. As for the President, he will conquer his enemies, for his ruling planet is just entering the victorious sign "Aries."

If Congress is in session during the winter of 1898, extraordinary excitement will attend its deliberations. During this administration we shall chronicle the death of more of our greatest scholars, men of science, divines, and politicians than during any similar period. The sixth House rules the Navy. Jupiter is, unfortunately, weak and badly afflicted; this is ominous of evil, and we shall suffer a loss in some way in that direction. The year 1898 will witness more troubles; the Ship of State sails o'er rough seas, and dangerous shoals are to be encountered. But a good, cool, wise man is at the helm, and he holds the ship true. The years 1899 and 1900 are also fraught with troubles, and grave danger of war. But the most extraordinary thing is that the "people" will not suffer in the manner which characterized the past four years, for during this period of administration the Republican party and McKinley will act toward the people in a manner calculated to benefit them effectively and permanently. The four years upon which we have just begun will make an impression on history's pages not soon forgotten. For two things are clearly indicated: the proud, haughty sons of Castile and Leon, once rulers of a mighty empire, have turned their faces to the setting sun, and as

it goes down in all its glory, it carries with it the memories of a great past; for Spain's monarchy is threatened, and she sinks beneath the heavy hand of fate.

The Republican party has Venus, symbolical of harmony, elevated and free from affliction; this denotes a comparatively harmonious administration, and the successful termination of many troublesome questions. When election day rolls around in 1900, the people will not care to change parties. If President McKinley lives, he will be re-elected. For Saturn, which rules the opposition party, Democrats, Populists, &c., is heavily afflicted by Uranus, and this denotes that they are foredoomed to defeat precisely as they were four years ago, when Grover Cleveland became President.

From this, one thing, at least, can be predicted with confidence, and that is that the astrologer is not a democrat.

V.—THE TRUTH IN ASTROLOGY.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

Sir,—As one of the astrological circle, the majority of whom are silent members, it has occurred to me to send you some account of the views I have arrived at after seven years' diligent study. Your contributors hitherto have been chiefly professional astrologers. Though more poorly equipped, the outsider has one advantage over the sacred priesthood of the cult; he is in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility."

The idea with which I entered upon the study of the "divine science" was that whence smoke had issued for about forty centuries, there was probably fire. That which could compel the unwilling belief of a Kepler could not, I reasoned, be all illusion; and if it were, the source of the illusions of such men must itself be worthy of investigation. My expectations has not been disappointed.

After drawing a hundred horoscopes, I can say that I found in the majority of them a striking symbolic representation, sometimes a perfect *signalment*, of the individual. When, however, the votaries of Astrology speak of it as an "exact science," I believe they are thinking of Astronomy! From the nature of the case the interpretation of symbols (which do not correspond to any known alphabet) can never attain to the dignity of an exact science. The test of an exact science is the power of *exact* prediction, which belongs to Astronomy, but certainly not to Astrology. The latter is only an aid to prediction.

In order to make my meaning clearer to Borderlanders who may wish to follow this fascinating branch of occultism, let me here call attention to what I believe is the fundamental ground-work of Astrology. The idea or hypothesis is mystically expressed in the words attributed to Hermes, and forming the second inscription on the Smaragdine Table, viz.,

"What is below, is like that which is above; and what is above is like that which is below: to accomplish the miracle of one thing."

That is to say the variety we observe is superficial. There is an underlying uniformity. It is, however, a uniformity of *process*, which has to be looked for. It does not jump at you. I believe many are deterred from investigating the subject by *a priori* objections, such as the difficulty of conceiving that events which seem to require Will and Intelligence for their production can be the result of constant and merely mechanical forces. The fact is that it is not necessary to consider the Stars

as *causes*. We are dealing with co-incident not consequential phenomena. It is incorrect to reason inductively or deductively about parallel chains of events entirely disconnected so far as we know. There is a third side of the triangle of Reason—Aralogy; and the analogical method in such a case is the only one truly applicable.

The expression, influence of the stars, is at least premature until we can show a causative connection. At present there is no more reason to think the stars govern us than the converse. All we know is a correspondence of process underlying two different sets of phenomena.

Again, the idea that Astrology means Fatalism is erroneous. All the astrologer does is to take account of a wider sphere of enviroing conditions in drawing his conclusions. The problem of Free Will remains where it was. If my contention be granted, and astrology rests entirely upon analogical and not at all upon causative reasoning, it follows that the claim to any exceptional infallibility in prediction must be dismissed. No quantitative definition of the symbols exists, so that when there are conflicting testimonies no precise judgment is possible. The personal factor must always enter largely into the result, and hence again no two readings of a nativity could be expected to agree in detail. A wise astrologer of old wrote: "Always deliver judgment from the stars in general terms, and if thou doest otherwise let it be when thou hast evident testimonies in great and weighty matters." For other reasons, which are too technical to enter into here, the predictive part of astrology must be deemed the least reliable. I would advise the beginner to confine his studies to the past. Let him take any important event in his own life and see if it is not foreshadowed in his horoscope, and if the planetary "directions" at the time do not agree. This is like reading the symbolism of the heavens with a key—a process he may have often employed in his schooldays to elucidate the dead languages. He will be amply repaid by the beautiful and striking correspondence he will discover. The coincidence is too constant and too perfect to be ignored. Astrology is not only an aid to the study of character, but it throws great light on the strange and often unaccountable sympathies and antipathies to be met with amongst one's friends and acquaintances.

As I am writing not for experts, but for the majority who are ignorant of the subject, let me here describe briefly the *modus operandi* in erecting the horoscope for a nativity. It is simply a figure of the heavens as they appear at the place and moment of birth. The elements are easily understood. E represents the eastern horizon, W the western, MC the zenith, N the nadir.

By the aid of an ephemeris for the year (price 1s.) the sign V degree of the zodiac rising at the time is marked in at E. This is termed the Ascendant. Then the rest of the signs as they occur round the circle are marked in, and each quadrant is divided into three parts, making twelve mundane houses or mansions each measuring 30 degrees of the circumference. Lastly, the Sun, Moon, and planets are inserted in the places

they are found by the ephemeris to occupy at the moment, judgment is deduced from the following postulates, viz.:—

- (1) That each sign has a specified nature.
- (2) That each planet has a specified nature.
- (3) That each mundane house corresponds to a certain specified department of the native's affairs.
- (4) That certain angular distances between the significators are good and others bad.

Anyone who wishes to learn more of this delightful branch of old-world science has only to buy one of the numerous hand-books published by Foulsham, 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C., to acquire a sufficient knowledge to enable him to erect a horoscope in a few weeks, and the study once begun will lure him on. To the scientific investigator it is a recreative occupation; in this way, instead of pulling the frail bark of his reason up the stream of sequence in the futile search for causes, he allows it to expatiate with the poet in the marvellous analogies which lie on either side. The uniformity of nature will be found to be lateral as well as vertical, as with transverse threads she weaves the web of fate. I will conclude with the words of a profound thinker, the late Shepherd Smith:

"Although I have no faith in astrological predictions I cannot cease from admiring astrology; and regarding it as the germ of some universal science of analogy; not yet conceived, or but faintly figured in the dim and shadowy visions of Genius in a reverie."

G. F. GREEN.

THE POPULARITY OF ASTROLOGICAL ALMANACS.

Messrs. Foulsham, of 4, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C., in reply to an inquiry, states that the circulation of "Raphael's" almanacs is guaranteed by the printers' voucher as amounting to, at least, 175,000 copies per annum. It was originally published at 2s. 6d., with a coloured part, but, in 1881, its price was reduced to 6d., the coloured part being discontinued. Brilliant success followed this change in policy. At the time when the change was made the circulation was about 7,000, and the subscription list before publication was never more than 1,000. Now the subscription list for London alone is over 100,000. Mr. Foulsham calculated that he will run the circulation up to 300,000 before the end of the century. He was, at one time, a divisional manager of Messrs. W. Smith & Sons, Strand House, and has superadded some American push and go to his natural British capacity. The "Raphael" Almanac has a very large American and Colonial circulation. In the United States newspapers quote every week or month a daily guide in advance for business men, and Mr. Foulsham says that in Kansas City business men steer by the almanac. Mr. Foulsham sells 9,000 of "Orion's" Almanac, 30,000 "Zadkiel," and 100,000 of "Old Moore's." Judging from these figures the circulation of Astrological almanacs in this country must be considerably over half-a-million.

XVI.—HAUNTED HAMPTON COURT.

THE STORIES OF TWO QUEENS. BY MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE is far and away the most famous ghost house in Southern Britain. Leap Castle, in Ireland, is no doubt more full of gruesome ghosts, but for the historical interest the ghosts of Hampton Court take the palm. Mrs. Russell Davies, I am glad to say, has been visiting the Palace for some time past, and has accumulated the material for a book which ought to rank high among the Classics of Ghostland.

On one occasion I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs. Davies to the Palace, dining there at what I believe was the first visit she paid to the haunted pile. Although I was never able to return to the Palace at the witching hour of night, Mrs. Davies kindly kept me informed of her investigations, and hearing that the last number of *BORDERLAND* was to be issued before the publication of her book, she was good enough to allow me the sight of two chapters, one of which appeared a year ago in a weekly paper, the second has not yet seen light. These two chapters tell the story of two Queens, of Jane Seymour and Catherine Howard. The tradition which can connect Catherine Howard with the Hampton Court Palace is of old standing, and many residents tell of the sight of the ghost Queen, flying shrieking through the corridors on the eve of All Souls' Day.

I.—THE STORY OF CATHERINE HOWARD.

Mrs. Davies, like every one else, had heard the story, and seated herself in the dead darkness on the eve of November 2nd last year waiting for the grim rehearsal with which the residents of the Palace are so familiar. Instead of expectation bringing the vision which was anticipated, Mrs. Davies's experiences were quite different. They are told as follows in the chapter entitled "Catherine Howard," from which it will appear that nothing happened as it was expected, and Mrs. Davies was able to interview the ghost of the unfortunate Queen at much greater length than people are allowed to interview Royalties to-day.

There seemed a strange stillness in the air, but a feeling of restlessness came over me which I could not understand. Mentally I was invoking the spirit to appear. In thought I said "If the spirit of Catherine Howard ever does return to earth will she appear to me, here and now? Will Catherine Howard speak to me, if only one word?" I should like it to be understood that up to this time I had always believed that this lady was all that a woman should *not* have been. That she was abandoned, depraved, and wicked to the last degree. I was, therefore, prepared to see one in spirit life surrounded with all the evidence of being on a low plane of existence, and bearing signs of suffering and punishment for her crimes. My surprise was, therefore, great indeed when suddenly I felt the touch of soft fingers on my cheek, such a tender, caressing touch it was too! and, on turning my head, perceived one of the most radiant beings it had ever been my lot to see. She stood by my side smiling in the most friendly way, and all I could do for a time was to sit still and gaze on my visitor. I cannot describe her face as being exactly beautiful, but it was very fair to look upon. A high forehead, with prominent broad, large blue, wide-open eyes, like those of a child. A small nose, rather peculiar in shape, the end "tip tilted," like the petals of a rose; and a mouth, a perfect "cupid's bow." The lips even, red, and slightly full and opening, showed two rows of beautifully even

white teeth. The chin was round, with a pretty dimple. I thought this is a child's face, not a woman's, and then I noticed the tiny form. Many girls of twelve are taller than this lady was, who stood at my side in response to my unspoken call for Catherine Howard, once Queen Consort of England. Was it possible that time and life in the world beyond the grave had wrought such changes? Surely it was impossible that this little lady could be the spirit of so vile a person as certain historians had painted the fifth wife of Henry VIII. The thoughts were scarcely framed in my mind when my visitor commenced to speak. Immediately I heard the tone of the voice the thought again recurred. This is a child—a young girl—not a woman. The spirit answered my thought, and as nearly as possible for my memory to give, the following is the communication made to me:—

"Alas, yes, I am that most unhappy being Katherine Howard, whose memory on earth is infamous, and whose cruel death has never evoked more than a contemptuous expression of pity, whilst truly my earthly existence was one long misery. Picture to yourself my early life, my babyhood indeed! A poverty-stricken home, where even food was scarce. My childhood passed in the house of a relative, who, from charitable motives, had taken charge of me, fed, clothed, and made me the playmate of his own child, but who thought nothing further was required of him, so that I passed my days without teaching of any description, running wild with my beloved boy-companion, until at length, even in those days of ignorance and semi-barbarity, my neglected condition became a scandal. Then was I transferred to the tender (!) care and mercy of my step-mother, who from the day of my introduction into her household, appeared to forget my very existence, except indeed at those times, when by accident, she caught sight of my forlorn and ragged figure wandering aimlessly through rooms and passages of her Grace's palace, or mingling with the crowd—a very mixed one—of men and women which, in those days, filled the houses of the nobility. What surroundings and what associates for a child—for any girl! Even taking into consideration the times, my grandmother's house was one of the worst. Morality in any form was unknown. True, there were the priests, but what were they? Drunken, debauched, when they were not scheming plotting spies of other priests in higher places!"

Here I ventured to remark. "This is rather a strong denunciation from a Howard and a Papist. You were a Catholic, I believe?"

"Yes, I suppose I was. I knew nothing different. I had never been taught, and could neither read nor write. Amidst all, there was one special thing in which I delighted, and that was music. How I loved it in any form! To steal at night-time along the corridors and down the narrow staircases into the servant's and scullions halls and kitchens, to listen to their rude music and songs was more to me than all else in life. Often I joined them, and being lifted on to a bench or table, would sing in my childish voice such songs and ballads that nowadays no street woman would sing. Do you wonder how I could escape contamination? I, a girl strong and healthy—precocious to a degree, amongst a set of lawless men and women, spending their days in idleness, and (for those days) luxury? Amongst them was one man, a musician, and he I sought before them all, begging him to teach me to play even as he himself did, upon the "virginals." Alas, alas, my fate was sealed. Almost from the very commencement, this creature made me the victim of his passion. I, but a child not yet twelve years of age! And worst of all, the women who for pity's sake, because I was but a child, should have saved me were his willing abettors. History does not tell all this, you say. No, but you will find records of the so-called designs upon me by this man. Marry! they were more than designs. At fourteen I was a woman, small in stature, but well developed. Truth, religion, or morality did not exist for me. I knew them not: lying,

intrigue, and deceit were my only accomplishments, and around me on every side were creatures who had trained and led me into every abomination. My grandmother fed and sheltered me. My lovers clothed me, and provided whatever pleasure I sought. Amongst them was one, Francis Derham—a man of illegitimate birth, and a sort of cousin on the Howards' side. Francis truly loved me, and to him did I plight my troth. Did I love him, you ask? Aye, that I did, dearly, deeply, truly! I loved him then and I love him now!"

"Now?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, now; we are together at last. As on earth in the midst of my loneliness and neglected youth we loved each other, and were true, so here in eternity, Francis Derham and Catherine Howard are one in spirit."

"But what about the king and your marriage?"

"Wait, I am coming to that. My connection with Derham had continued for perhaps three years. According to the manner of those days, persons plighting troth, as we had done, were regarded as man and wife, and a wife I held myself to be. In any lower station of life we should have been left in peace. But the Howards were ever courtiers, intriguers, and place-seekers, with the blood of Charlemagne and the Plantagenets in their veins, no Howard could tolerate obscurity, and they ever sought the highest and proudest position. To attain these, no means were spared, their women were bought and sold like cattle, and blood was held as water in the spilling. Though very small for my age, I had grown fair to look upon, and was held to be witty, bright, and gay; and my kinsfolk one day awoke to the fact that I could be used by them in their political and religious intrigues. The Howards had ever been fanatics in religion, and the blind willing tools of Romish priestcraft even to the present day. Henry the King had thrown off the bonds of the Pope. His divorce from Catherine of Arragon had been the first outward and visible sign of his rebellion. His marriage to my most excellent and well-beloved cousin, Anne, had brought on to her devoted head the vengeance of Rome. Henry was now the husband of a Protestant Princess. Again the Catholics were alert, and I was put forward as the bait to lure him back into the Mother Church, and once more the Pope was to rule England behind Henry's throne. My intrigue or liaison with Derham was now discovered. He was sent abroad, and I was introduced to the King. My grandmother and all my kindred knew perfectly well that I was to all intents and purposes the wife of Derham. But what to them was our love or happiness! Power, place, and blind fanaticism was their motto, and I, young, helpless, and ignorant, was led like a lamb to the slaughter. Henry the licentious laid claim to me, and on the day he made me his wife, my death warrant was to all intents signed and sealed!"

Here I ventured to say: "There is a mystery respecting your marriage ceremony. No record exists of it, whether there was ever one at all, in fact?"

"Oh, yes, there was. You know enough of Henry's character to make it easy for you to believe me, when I say that I had been his mistress for some weeks previous to his divorce of Anne of Cleves. But my proud and powerful relations had been busy protecting my honour, and succeeded in their efforts to keep secret the existing state of affairs. On the evening of August 1st, at five o'clock, in the presence of my grandmother, my uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, Bishop Gardiner, and others, Henry plighted his troth to me, whilst Gardiner gave the benediction, and poor little Catherine Howard became Queen of England! What a tragedy, you say! Yes, truly! I was no plottor or schemer; mine was not the ambition which sought a sham crown. I was a mere child so far as courtly schemes and plots were concerned. All I wanted was to be happy and loved. I could not be a queen. My lover had gone from me, my brothers and sisters were almost strangers. I was not even a clever girl—only young, bright, and ignorant. Such Henry found me, and it was this freedom from courtly wiles which won his genuine love for me."

"His genuine love!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, his genuine love."

"But he never had any; he was only a sensualist so far as women were concerned, with a mania for sons!"

"You are wrong, and right. Henry had an affectionate nature, but this had been warped, and sensuality had taken the

place of all that originally had been good. His *amour propre* was unbounded; his self-esteem engrossing. His one wish was to appear surrounded by stalwart sons, whose presence would prove their father's manhood and glory. Henry really loved me, and I early learned to appreciate his kindness to myself. I neither assumed nor presumed. This characteristic my friends quickly perceived, and they awoke to the fact that I was too great a fool to be of any service. Neglected now by my Catholic relations, the Protestants determined upon my removal. Before my honeymoon was over, proofs were collected of my past history, and when we were happiest the storm burst. Henry was surrounded by men who, knowing his weak vanity and self-esteem, played upon these, and I in my horror and despair knew this, feeling also certain that if only he and I could meet, his love would outweigh his anger. But my enemies knew this too. The low-born scullions, who had risen to power, kept us apart, perjured their black souls by bearing false witness. Wriethesley, the brutal, tortured and tormented miserable beings into swearing that which had not been, and could never have been, until he had obtained sufficient evidence to paint me one of the blackest characters in history. All but Francis Derham swore my life away. He to the last, through pain, the rack, and torture, gave no word that could injure me. He suffered for my sake martyrdom—my beloved Francis! and in less than two years after the King's marriage my head fell on the block; but not a victim to Henry, but victim to the war between the Pope and the Protestants. You can learn for yourself that my death warrant was never seen or signed by the King. Against him I have no thought. Long ago I forgave my enemies, for I have learned that from all time sacrifices must be made, and only through such murderous scenes as my death can peace be brought upon earth. But so long as a single Howard remains a Roman Catholic, my spirit on All Souls Day will return to the scene of its earthly sufferings, until by fire Hampton Court Palace shall become a ruin. After that I shall appear in the homes of my people to foreshadow death, and to warn them against the machinations of the priests. Adieu."

II.—THE STORY OF JANE SEYMOUR.

MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES received the story of Jane Seymour in the same way from the ghost's own lips, but there is a difference. In both cases the ghosts were invoked by Mrs. Davies, but, in the case of Jane Seymour, the apparition came unwillingly, of compulsion. Mrs. Davies had previously seen her on the evening in which I accompanied her to the palace. She saw the apparition seated before a fire in the fireplace, in a large bare room, having a heavy tapestry. She heard in the distance the sound of many feet, and above all the loud, coarse laugh of a man. Then everything faded, but Mrs. Davis knew that she had seen the ghost of Jane Seymour, and was naturally much interested. The sequel is told in the following story:—

In spite of the feeling of repugnance which Jane Seymour inspired in me, I determined to follow up the experience as far as I could. On my return home I was excited, and could not sleep. The recollection of what I had witnessed filled my mind, and the question how I could communicate with these spirits engrossed me. At last the idea of invoking the spirit of Jane Seymour occurred to me. Such things had been done, and were constantly being done in the present day.

In the stillness of the night I called her name through the silence. I waited and listened, but no sound broke the stillness. I exerted all the will-force at my command, but no sign or sound was given. It was now nearly 3 A.M. No sleep came to me. I was hopelessly wide awake. All at once my heart began to beat heavily, a sure sign, known to me by long experience as indicating that my spiritual powers were being used. There was a rush of icy cold air through the room, and then, close to my side, I saw again the form of the woman I had so lately beheld at Hampton Court Palace.

"Who are you? Why do you call me? What have you to do with me?"

These words seemed to be breathed, not spoken. That is the only way in which I can describe the manner of communication. A voice disturbs the atmosphere by its vibrations. But no sounds could be detected in any way, and yet I heard distinctly every word that was said. This puts me in mind of the voices which Samuel heard calling him aloud, but which were unheard by others near him.

I replied aloud, "I have nothing to do with you, but I wish most earnestly to hold communication with yourself and others. Others besides myself wish to know the meaning of the strange sounds which have been heard at Hampton Court, and whether so-called ghosts have been seen there. Will you answer my questions? I called you because I wished to learn and to know."

"I am here," she replied, "because you called me, not of my own will, but against it. The spirits who brought me here are those in whose power I am, and must continue to be, until such time as by my own efforts I shall have repaired the wrongs I did to them when on earth. Oh, how long will this be? When will it end?"

"Are you the Queen, Jane Seymour?"

"I am Jane Seymour, but no Queen. I was the wife of Henry, King of England, but Queen in name only. He had only one, and she was Queen Catherine. Anne was no more queen than I was, and none knew this better than herself. It was this fact which influenced me so far, that when Henry turned his attention to me I saw no reason to reject his advances. That he was unprincipled, licentious, and cruel was well known to me and to all who ever came in contact with him, but I never dreamed that he would execute Anne in order to make me his wife; at least, not until it was too late, and I was committed to him."

"Yes, but there was no compulsion used. You need not have gone so far as you did."

"You do not understand. You must have lived in those times and in my surroundings to comprehend fully the position of things. Have you never realised that the unhappy women of history have all been more or less the unwilling victims to the ambitions of others? I am here to confess my sins. I was ambitious. My kith and kin were also ambitious. I had seen what Henry had done for the Boleyns. Why should he not do the same by me and mine? Anne and I had been educated under almost the same conditions. Both went early to France. Both very early in life were thrown into surroundings such as you in your conditions cannot even imagine. Debauchery of every kind was openly carried on around us. Religion was a greater farce in those days than now. Neither Anne nor I had any real religion in us, no matter what either of us may have professed. Who was there to care for our morals, our health, or anything else which is or should be sacred to youth? Our parents had done all they considered could be required of them. We were at the court of a great Queen, and we were being educated for court life. We found all we were sent there to find. I had no compunction then about Anne's happiness. I hated her and her family. Her father, a treacherous and scheming old man, was the first to find out Henry's attentions to me. He it was who prompted Anne to spy upon us."

Here I interrupted. "I have read that Anne found the thing out through a jewel you were wearing."

"No, the jewel only confirmed her suspicions. Her father had bribed my attendant to tell him whence came the new and valuable ornaments I wore. The wench took his bribe and satisfied him that they came from his royal son-in-law. Anne snatched at my neck without asking me one word about my brooch, and as she broke it off she tore her fingers with the pin. From that day we were open enemies, and I did not trouble to conceal my malice any more. I cared not what became of her. Day after day I repeated to Henry gossip which I knew to be untrue, and now I know that he knew as well as I that these tales of mine were hideous lies. Anne was as faithful a wife to Henry as the purest wife in the world could be. I saw her day by day worn with grief, anxiety, and illness, and if I ever prayed at all in those evil days of mine I prayed that both she and her child might die. And at last the day came when a dead son was born to her. I saw Henry's fury and disappointment. If Anne had not been well watched and protected by her own people, he would have poisoned her. He was capable of any villainy. She recovered, and I watched the net closing round her, and one day Henry told me she was to die, and that her death would be my triumph. We pretended to cool towards each other. I went frequently from court. But my family was busily preparing for my marriage. At last the fatal day came round. I was at my father's house, Wolf Hall—a good name, was it not? Even my callous heart was touched, and in imagination I saw the tragedy being enacted."

At this point of the story I seemed to feel the sickening horror of the whole crime. I can hardly describe my feeling. I felt as though every drop of blood in my body rushed into my head and face, and would burst out at my eyes and ears. Then I broke out into a violent perspiration, grew cold as ice, and sat and shivered.

Jane Seymour sat by my side with her hands held over her face in an attitude of abject fear. I asked myself whether it was wrong to recall this woman to earth. Presently she uncovered her face, and I heard her voice again.

"Were you right in calling me? you ask. How am I to answer? I certainly did not come here of my own will or by my own desire. I do not know you, but I was compelled to come. I heard a voice, loud, distinct, and imperative, and I was forced by an unknown power to obey. You are a woman, and can judge from a woman's standpoint. Is my punishment what it should be? Is it too heavy or too light? Will Anne Boleyn's blood-stain ever be washed off my unhappy soul? Not Anne's blood alone, but that of those martyred gentlemen who shared her cruel fate is there to haunt me. There is a sea of blood through which it is my fate to wade before I can once more clasp to my bosom the child for whose life I gave my own. It is in the undying hope of regaining my son that I wander perpetually through Hampton Court in the spirit. He was born there, and is there still, but between us there rolls a sea of blood. My child, my child, can I never atone?"

The voice here rose in a loud, wailing cry. I threw myself back on my pillow. I could endure it no longer. "Go," I said, "go, and never return. Surely such suffering as this is punishment enough."

When I opened my eyes again the dawn had appeared, but the recollection of my ghostly visitant remained vividly in my mind, and will remain there for many a long day.

XVII.—A DEAD HAND. A WEST OF ENGLAND GHOST STORY.

BY AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN.

SINCE my terrible experience was first made known to a few intimate friends, I have been so persistently asked to give it full publicity that I have at length, though somewhat reluctantly, decided to do so.

You may take a priest's word for it that it is true—true, that is to say, in all essential detail. The names which I give, indeed, are the only fictitious element in my story.

But before I begin to relate it, I feel bound to warn you that the whole thing is very ghastly, and it would be distinctly unwise of you to read it if you are of a nervous temperament. By no means let your children read it. Believe me, I do not say this in order to excite your curiosity, but I say it because it really is *decidedly* ghastly.

Some few years ago my bishop sent me to take charge of the outlying parish of Penstowe. It was the most lonesome spot one could possibly imagine, but in the heart of a very beautiful country. It was arranged that I should live with the family at the Rectory. The dear old rector, whom we will call Mr. Gibson, was fast breaking up, and a very touching sight it was to see his silent grief at being unable to minister any longer to the flock which he had so faithfully tended for upwards of fifteen years; touching, too, to witness the patient suffering of his wife, who was also a confirmed invalid. A more loveable couple it would be hard to find, and in a very short time I became quite attached to them. The rest of the family consisted of three grown-up daughters and a son. As was natural under the circumstances there was a very sad air about the house—perhaps I should not be wrong if I said there was an air of depressing gloom. And yet I look back upon my short sojourn there as one of the happiest times in my life, stamped—indelibly stamped though it be—with the ever-vivid memory of the most terrible experience I have ever undergone.

The Rectory was a very old two-storied house. My room (a study and bedroom in one) was upstairs.

Now I must candidly confess that I never liked that room. Almost from the first I felt in the presence of a mystery there. More than once I woke up suddenly with the feeling that there was *a something* by the bed. At the same time I can confidently assert that it never worried me, nor made me feel in the least bit nervous. I never dwelt upon it in any way.

Now, how long I had been at the Rectory I cannot exactly say without referring to my papers—a few months, however, when one memorable Friday night in December I turned into bed about half-past eleven. The lamp was out but the fire was still burning sufficiently bright to enable me to distinguish objects in the room.

Not feeling at all inclined for sleep, I settled down to think out one of my sermons for the following Sunday. I lay with my face to the wall, my left arm down by my side, and my right hand resting on the pillow. Now I declare most positively that I had not been lying thus for more than five minutes, if that. I was perfectly wide awake and had not attempted to go to sleep, when I suddenly became conscious of a peculiar sensation in my right hand—the one, remember, lying on the pillow. *It seemed to be held by something.* My first impression

was that, without knowing it, I had raised my left hand and linked the two; but finding this still by my side, I gently drew the other down towards me and—*it was gently drawn back.* There could now be absolutely no doubt about it. Something was holding it, and, moreover, *the grasp was tightening.* In an instant I was kneeling up in bed, and then I not only felt, but saw, yes, saw distinctly, in the glimmer of the firelight, a hand in mine—just a thin, white hand, *severed at the wrist.* In a frenzy I cried out: "Oh! it's a hand! *A dead hand!*" In another moment my left hand was grasping the thing by the wrist, while the long, clammy finger held on to me more tightly than ever. Never in all my life shall I forget that moment. At last I succeeded in tearing that ghostly hand from mine, and flung it away. It fell with a thud upon the bookcase by the lamp. And then I collapsed—went right off into a sort of swoon. When I recovered consciousness it was to find myself crouched on the bed. The fire had died out—all but a few embers. It was pitch dark and silent as the grave. Everything came back to my mind at once, and I lay trembling, bathed in a cold perspiration. At length I rose to light the lamp, but drew back with the horrible thought that in reaching for the matches I might touch the ghostly thing again. Ah! was it really there still, not a yard from my head? Would it come to me again now that I was awake? Surely I heard a movement! And what was that, a laugh? a low, hideous laugh? Heavens! I shall surely go mad. I must have a light; at any cost I must have a light. And so, half screaming as I did it, I felt about for the matches and lit the lamp. It was two o'clock. No sign of the hand. Need I tell you that I did not attempt to sleep again, but got up and dressed. I was able to rekindle the fire, and sat by it until the morning trying hard to read.

Now, of course, I know what you will say at once. Obviously the result of imagination; everything favourable to a ghostly apparition; an hallucination; an isolated country parish; a gloomy life in an old house; previous suspicion of a supernatural presence; add to this an overwrought brain, an unconscious doze in the mysterious glimmer of the firelight, with flickering shadows on walls and ceiling, and, probably, a highly nervous temperament, and there you are.

Yes. And shall I tell you that before daybreak this is precisely the line of reasoning I had been following, and with no little success. I *must* have dozed. Of course I must have done without knowing it. The whole thing was nothing but a horrible nightmare.

Wait and hear the sequel.

When I went down to breakfast I found the three Miss Gibsons in the room, and they instantly remarked upon my haggard appearance. Why, Mr. —, what is the matter? You look as though you had been up all night. I tried to put them off by saying I had not slept very well. This would not suffice, as it was too evident that something was wrong. And so earnestly did they entreat me that I related my horrible experience. Now imagine my feelings when, no sooner did I mention "a dead hand" than the second daughter, whom we will call Miss Maud, rose excitedly from her

seat and, looking at her sisters, exclaimed: "Now what have you to say to it?"

Of course it was my turn now to ask questions, which I did, and was told the following remarkable story, of which, please bear in mind, I had never heard one word before.

The Gibsons (as stated above) had occupied the Rectory about fifteen years. One afternoon in the early part of their first December there the rector sent Miss Maud into his study for a pen. She ran back screaming, saying that a hand was hovering over the table. She was a delicate girl and of a highly nervous temperament, so that it seemed an easy matter to account for the hallucination. And in a short time she herself quite recovered from the shock. On or near the same date in the following year some of the villagers were being entertained at the Rectory in the large kitchen. Miss Maud, who was as bright and cheerful as any one could be, was waiting upon them, when she suddenly gave a scream and fainted. She had seen the hand again; and for five or six consecutive years the apparition appeared to her. After that she saw no more of it. Nor had it been known to visit any one until it victimised me on that memorable night.

I asked Miss Maud if she was able to describe it. Yes, she said, it was the right hand of a lady. With long tapering fingers, severed at the wrist, and having a slight discoloration down the outer side. All this tallied precisely with the hand which had been in mine.

I wonder what my readers will say to it now? One cannot help admiring the beautifully simple way in which these things are explained by those who feel under as great an obligation to reject the "supernatural," as they do to admit unimpeachable evidence.

My story, e.g., was related to a well-known brother clergyman. He decided the matter at once. It was a rat, obviously it was a rat.

But I have not finished. The next evening Mr. Gibson entreated me to have a bed made up in another room, and I consented. But when I came to think the matter out I regretted my weakness. Words from the compline Psalm came ringing in my ears, "Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night." Besides, if this thing was of diabolic origin, my attempted retreat from it would give it additional power to torture me. I remembered, too, that in the past its appearance had not been confined to one room in the house.

So I decided to spend the night in my own room. Of course I could not sleep, but throughout the night I saw nothing of the hand, nor was I disturbed by anything save my own thoughts.

The following day, Sunday, was a very busy one with me. I was ill and worried, but managed to get through my work all right. After evensong I went up to my room and sat down in the easy chair. Well, I sat down and began thinking over the events of the day, of the services and congregations. Perhaps I had been sitting there for ten minutes, when, looking up, I saw clearly and distinctly the dead hand hovering over the bookcase, and having its finger pointed towards me. I jumped up instantly, and as I did so the ghastly thing began to glide towards me. How I got through that door and down the stairs I do not know, but this I know—the hand was following me.

That night I was ill, very ill. On the Tuesday I was sent off to —, the nearest large town, with strict orders never to remain alone, but to mix as much as possible with crowds, to go to some entertainment every night.

Very soon I was able to get back to my duties, but remained only a few weeks longer at Penstowe, as the dear rector had quite recently died, and his successor was instituted with very little delay.

And now to this my story I have to add the relation of what you must all admit to be a most remarkable coincidence. On the first anniversary of that apparition I was living in a totally different part of the country, many miles distant from Penstowe, but still I had a great dread of its reappearing to me. As the night drew on I became very nervous, and retired to bed about ten o'clock. My servant occupied a room next to mine, and I gave him orders to leave his door open, and come to me at once if he should hear me call. To induce sleep I took a fairly "stiff" glass of whisky and water, and dropped off very soon. At twelve o'clock I woke with a start, and it was obvious that there would be no more sleep for me that night. In my house there was a room set apart for the village lads to meet for reading and games. Among the books there was a quantity of old periodicals. I lit my lamp and went down for some of these, intending to read all night. I had never read any of them, and took the first lot I could find and returned to bed. The very first I took up to read was an old number of *Longman's Magazine*, and I opened it at a short story, called "Tamzin's Choice"; and this I began to read, for it looked interesting. The first page or two I enjoyed. Whether or not I enjoyed the rest I leave you to guess. It was this:—

"I was saying to Tamzin what a bad night it was, and there's signs about, that there is—"

"Aye, that there is," answered Pascho, sitting down.

"What were you saying about signs, my son?" asks the mother.

"Is it a sign you've seen, Pascho?" echoed Tamzin.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's I that have seen it—the *Dead Hand!*"

He paused, and the effect on his hearers was as thrilling as he could expect.

Yes, and I venture to say that the effect on me was as thrilling as any of my readers could expect. At all events, I did not finish the tale; that is to say, not then. When I took up the book again a day or two later I read the following, which I give here, as its connection with my story makes it interesting.

"Just as I was coming down the quarry this afternoon," Pascho relates, "I looked up a minute and saw in front of me a hand—a *right hand*; it was nothing more, grasping the rungs of the ladder. . . . It followed me all the way down."

"What do the miner folks say it means?" asked Tamzin.

"Some folks say it brings harm to the man who sees it; but my father saw it and died in his bed as quietly as anyone."

Such, then, is my story. It is impossible for me to offer any explanation of it. There is a tradition that a lady mysteriously disappeared from the Rectory at Penstowe many years ago, and my impression at one time was that the Hand would fain have led me to a spot where some dread secret would be revealed. This, indeed, I felt convinced of until I read "Tamzin's Choice," and gathered from that portion which I have quoted that it had been seen (for I cannot but think that it was the same apparition) to some of the miners at some considerable distance from Penstowe.

But though I cannot suggest an interpretation of the mystery, I can most solemnly vouch for the truth of all that I have related, and shall be happy to correspond on the subject with any of my readers who, being really interested in such matters, are desirous of having fuller particulars of this ghastly visitation of *The Dead Hand*.

XYIII.—SPIRITUALISM.

I.—MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES IN DEFENCE OF THE SPIRITS.

MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES is a lady of very decided opinions on most things. She expressed some of them the other day in a letter to *Light*, on "Professed Short Cuts to Spiritualism," which is so characteristic I quote it here:—

SIR,—May I be permitted a little space to say a few words on a subject which, at this present time, is absorbing too much of the attention of genuine investigators of what is termed "Spiritualism?" My name in connection with Spiritualism is, I trust, sufficiently known to secure my few remarks from being criticised as those of an inexperienced person who had suddenly formed an opinion and jumped to conclusions.

Spiritualism is a long road to travel, but beset though it may be with many difficulties, it remains still a straight one to those persons "genuinely" determined to travel by it, and who are not given to be perpetually looking out for new paths and short-cuts to their destination. This straight road has, like others, its cross-roads. Spiritualism some time ago had a side turning cut into it, and to this was given the name "Theosophy" via Blavatsky. It was really and truly only a *cul-de-sac*, and those wayfarers who (misled by its wide mouth and well-kept appearance) turned into it, found themselves lost in a sort of maze or fools' paradise; and there they remain, eternally grasping at shadows, having lost the substance at the first corner. Time passed on, and the road "Spiritualism" had more inroads made, until at last so bewildered were travellers by the various signposts they met with, that some slept by the way, tired and weary; others went on until they found a sort of junction leading to many speculative regions. In the middle of the road was a gaudy garden filled with gaily bedecked flowers, all labelled by the gardeners with catching titles, as they well knew big names often take the place of poor blossoms. In the centre stood a big gilded sign-post, on which was written: "Society for Psychical Research; stop here for Chaos, Telepathy, Subliminal Self, Confusion, and Bedlam." Now, this specious garden was merely a trap for the unwary. Its real object was the extension of a mutual admiration society, where faddists could meet and, all unchecked, air their own little opinions and hobnob with Science and Society, and pose as earnest-minded seekers after Truth. Many a poor soul was, and will be, caught by the gilded ginger-bread offered to refresh them, and it is astonishing how many are deluded by the indicators at the cross-roads.

This is not written to raise controversy; it is the outcome of years (more than thirty) devoted to the investigation of psychic matters, not only through my own mediumship, but through that also of many others. Through my whole life I have had evidence of *spirit* presence and communion, both by clairvoyance and trance mediumship, and I do not hesitate to pronounce that the theories (not facts) embodied in the arguments in favour of "Telepathy" and "Subliminal Self" are not worth the serious consideration of any person anxious for honest truth and conviction.

I say this from a perfectly unbiassed position, and as the result of calm and patient investigation, carried on through many years with all sorts and conditions of persons. It is everyone's desire to know all that is possible on the subject they have most at heart, and therefore it came naturally to me, when these subjects first began to be discussed, to wish to find out for myself how much there was of merit in them.

The result of my experiment is, that I am more than ever convinced that "Telepathy," as a means of communication between *mortals*, is a delusion and a snare. That messages are transmitted I freely confess, but they are *carried* by spirits, guides, or friends, from the sender to the receiver. I have proved this scores of times. Many readers will here smile and say, "Ah! this is one of those persons who attribute every common incident and even their own thoughts and instincts to the

'dear spirits.'" But these readers will be quite wrong, for I am one of those people who believe that *most* people are blessed with a sort of intelligent *reasoning* power, and that mortals are much freer agents than is generally admitted. As for the subliminal self fetish, all I can say is, that if my own sub-self can and does write the autographs of persons whose handwriting I have never seen; can and does speak divers (to me) unknown languages; can and does remove articles from one place to another without any physical aid; can and does prophesy events; can and does go here and there all over the world, bringing and carrying messages at a moment's notice; then, my subliminal self is a very deceitful fraud, and though abnormally clever, amounting almost to omniscience in most things, is a very undesirable companion to carry about with one, because it deceives not only others, knowingly and wilfully, but actually its own poor little mortal part.

But no; we are not afflicted with a "Sub-Self," although we are, doubtless, possessed of gifts and faculties as yet hardly dreamt of. We are helped, comforted and blessed by the beloved spirits of those who have lifted the veil, and, though stripped of mortal attributes, retain the brightest and best—*Love*, and, on eager wings, return to the hearth and home of those loved ones still on earth, not to perform conjuring tricks or take up all responsibilities from the shoulders of their dear ones; but just because "there is no death," and in spirit they are still human enough to love and wish to be loved as intelligent beings, neither spooks, astrals, nor husks.

BESSIE RUSSELL DAVIES.

Arundel House, Balham Park Road.

II.—THE GIFTS OF A NOTED QUEENSLAND MEDIUM.

I RECEIVED some further letters from Mr. A. H. Burbank, of Brisbane, Queensland, respecting his wife's mediumship. Judging from these communications it would certainly seem as if Mrs. Burbank has gifts, the exercise of which ought to be very carefully observed, and subjected to close examination.

Mr. Burbank writes as follows:—

Mrs. Burbank, not being a professional medium, does not make her gifts known so much locally as one may imagine, but would rather that the mention of a few of the more striking may be published in a journal which would be read by scientific investigators, and probably assist in the forging of another link in the already strong chain of evidence. Since writing to you many wonderful experiences have been received: one of them I sent to the *Harbinger of Light*; it had reference to one Harold Weir, who came to us and asked questions, and said he was *not* dead.

These I send you now are fresh from our séance room, and I hope may be of interest.

DEAD WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

One asked, in a loud voice, "Can you tell me *re* Victorian loan?" It appears he was one Robert Henderson who was "on charge" and dealt in loans. He must have dropped dead and remembered nothing but the business he was engaged in, and the name of a friend one Bertie Adair. He thought he was in a dense fog in London and could not get a cabman to reply to his hail for a vehicle; he had been dead eight or nine years and did not know it. He often comes now (progressed) and does not seem interested in what he was at first; he said he followed the lady (Mrs. Burbank) through the fog, for she carried a light.

WHERE IS NATURE'S PHONOGRAPH?

Driving along in the buggy, Mrs. Burbank (at times) will read the conversations of travellers; she can see all the words in the

air on both sides of the road, on the spot they were uttered. I will give you one instance out of four:—

"A lady and her father were on a visit of investigation for three days, the daughter (a teacher in a school) had to be in Brisbane (fifteen miles) before 9 a.m., so I sent my young son with her on horseback, the father following three hours later in the buggy which contained my wife and myself as well.

When four miles on the road Mrs. Burbank said, "Just here your daughter was conversing with my son about the relative qualities of her own horse and the one she rode this morning, saying that the kangaroos hopping across the road would have made her horse bolt, and, that as she was not very well she was glad she had been given a quiet horse," &c. The father took notes, and on meeting his daughter at dinner, rather astonished his hearers by detailing the conversation, which his daughter verified.

A WAYSIDE GHOST.

Mrs. Burbank travels with me occasionally when I am on my professional duties, and when opportunity occurs addresses (under control) small audiences. On one of these trips while driving along she saw the spirit of an old man trying to walk by the aid of a fence; his head was cut with a small axe, and he had died there—the name was given her.

THE HAND OF A GHOSTLY HEALER.

Another evening she had, when in the tent with me, a severe headache, and heard a voice tell her to fold her handkerchief on her knee; she did so and immediately saw a hand stroke it twice; on applying the handkerchief to her head she felt a "tingling" sensation and the pain left.

THE KINETOMAGRAPH OF NATURE.

That same evening (we were camped under a wall of rocks, a small cliff some forty feet high) she said, "Many years since a middle-aged man (heavy) was galloping a bay horse after a beast, and getting too near the edge of this, the horse, in turning sharply, fell over. The man was unseated at once, the stirrups clanging together as the horse fell. The man was stunned for some hours, and when he awoke the saddleless horse was feeding some thirty yards distant."

Both the visions have since been proved to have been facts, and I would wish that you would kindly tell me the phase of mediumship which the information belongs to; one of the cases happened forty-two years since and the other thirty-eight years, as far as can be at present ascertained.

Nearly every person Mrs. Burbank is brought into contact with creates an aura by which she reads some of their former lives, many of them being historically verified.

MUSICAL CONTROLS.

She has now a Steinway grand piano; the music is most interesting, it being mostly descriptive. She is not in trance—almost normal; she cannot now play any of her learnt songs, &c., for her spirit friends want all her time for their music; each sitter's organism seems to be supplied with the class of music fitted to his or her capacity, as do those listening to the biblical discourses from the teaching controls.

She wants no conditions (especial); in railway, buggy, or at home she gets messages, &c.

A CURIOUS MODE OF SHOWING IDENTITY.

One evening we had a sitting with some country people, and Mrs. Burbank, assisted by the spirit of a sweet angel [giving the name of "Alice Carstairs," lost with her nurse while going to or from school after or before a vacation, and "Hannah" in the Tay Bridge accident, and daughter of a doctor (I think in Birmingham)] said, "A lad is here, says name Robert—he shows me an exquisite painting of a bald-faced red bullock with erect horns, and also of a top which he had fashioned (when on earth) with a penknife." The father of the deceased lad Robert said:

"That is a perfect description of the bullock (which Robert 'broke in' when a calf) now working in my team, and as we pass down the road Mrs. Burbank may see him," which she did, and

recognised the animal at once; the episode of the top was verified by the parents.

"Alice" could not understand the expression "broke in" and "team," and asked their meaning. Mrs. Burbank knew them but little if in a nightmare cannot express them; we can note the smile of amusement on her face at knowing the answer, although her lips are fashioning the query.

MORE NEWS FROM MARS.

During a lecture last evening her control said that on "Mars" and "Uranus" there were winged horses, which are used by the inhabitants as a means of locomotion. Nearly all controls give names and addresses. One who lectures through her organisms said he was once "Joseph Eaton—a minor canon and precentor of Chester Cathedral, held the Hardley living and perpetual curacy of St. Michael's, Chester."

I wish you could send us a piece of an aereolite, and see if Mrs. Burbank could get anything from it.

III.—SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS WITH A OUIJA.

A LADY, resident in South Africa, the wife of a civil engineer, who recently lived in Canada, has sent me a very interesting story of her experiences with the Ouija Board. She was living in a Canadian town, near Lake Superior, when, one day, a friend, who was living in the house, who she calls Miss M., bought a Ouija Board as a plaything for the little boy of the age of seven. The rest of the story will be told by my correspondent in her own words, merely altering the name of the millionaire contractor, so that it will give no pain to his relatives.

She came into the drawing-room, sat down in her furs, and, tearing off the wrappings, said she intended to try then and there if the table would move. I laughed and even scoffed at the idea, and when it did move declared it must be herself that unconsciously moved it. On her denying this, I said, "If it can spell what I am now thinking of I will believe in it." My Maltese cat, Jack, just came in at the door, and not to puzzle the poor board too much, I decided on "cat" as the test word. To my amazement and even horror the board spelt out "cat" unwaveringly. This naturally made me feel that there was certainly some strange and uncanny influence at work. Still I steadfastly refused to try myself, and on two occasions only have I put my hands on the little table; but on both these the board literally flew from letter to letter. There were very wonderful experiments carried on, and many are the clever and able men who have sat in our little drawing-room and helped to read the answers to the various questions, "mental" and otherwise, asked our Ouija.

The most extraordinary of these I will tell you. My husband, a civil engineer, was interested in the contract for a large canal, and, in making up his estimates, thought for just he would ask the board what prices he should put. It was usual on asking a question for the board first to spell out the name of what we supposed to be the controlling influence. So in this instance we asked for the usual person or influence, and the reply was that it could not answer these questions. On being asked if one could reply who had some knowledge of the subject, it replied that Jack Robinson could. Now, I must tell you, that my friend, whom I will call Miss M., had her hands on the little table, and had never heard of this person, but my husband recognised, with a shock, that it was that of a millionaire contractor whom he had known, but who was dead, and whose body had been stolen from the grave. The replies given were all sensible, and so satisfactory that my husband actually adopted the figures in most cases.

Either that evening or next one of the M.P.'s for the district came in to see us, and being astonished at the strange coincidence, said, "Well, I will actually believe in the thing if it can give me Jack's middle name." Whereupon the board spelt out "Peter," which was the actual name. Miss M. again had her

hands on the board, and the only person knowing the name was the asker of the question. He was so impressed with this that all through the elections he came in nightly to ask for news of majorities and names of people elected. Strange to say under Miss M.—who was ignorant both of French and politics—in many cases both the names and numbers were given of Frenchmen and majorities correctly. But the strangest thing was the information given by the so-called "Jack Robinson" about his own body. He gave the name of the body-snatcher and all attendant gruesome details, stating the exact spot where the body was hidden. He said in very expressive, but not pleasant language that it had been exposed in a swamp near a certain river "to rot."

Strange to say fragments of bones and what was supposed to be a shroud were found in a place answering to the description. Inquiries were also made secretly about the person accused of this awful theft, and no such name was known. As all investigators know, a great deal of reliable information and much that is worthless is always given by these boards. When we asked J. R. what he was doing now, the invariable answer was "drinking beer," which really was his favourite drink when in this world. Altogether it was very remarkable, and *more* to the point than many manifestations I read about as being wonderful. Answers to mental questions as a rule were answered correctly, and many things at the time astonishing transpired. Other friends were told of the deaths of relatives at a distance, and in one instance a lady who was interested in mining claims had the name and correct address of a lawyer in New York given to her, previously totally unknown to her. At the time all these little incidents occurred they naturally made quite a little excitement in our immediate circle of friends and acquaintances, and if at the time I could have sent a record of the vivid and realistic experiences, they would be worthy of attention. At this lapse of time much has been forgotten. Our Ouija is now destroyed, and we no longer seem to be interested, as the little household is scattered.

IV.—SPIRITS AS INVENTORS.

"JULIA," in her latest communication, warns us that evil as well as good would result if the living could draw at will upon the knowledge of the disembodied. It is even possible that the living might feel seriously embarrassed by the competition of the dead. Here, for



instance, is Mrs. Graddon, who has been and gone and patented a chopping machine as her own original invention, whereas in reality she avers it was the invention of her departed husband! The invention is ingenious and handy, although it is a trifle tall to describe it as "the greatest novelty of the Victorian Era." It con-

sists of a chopping-block which is rotated upon a stand by means of the hand-wheel. From a pulley fixed on the shaft of the hand-wheel an endless band is driven, which passes downwards over two guide pulleys and encircles the chopping-block. From the standard that carries the hand-wheel there projects an arm, in the head of which the shaft or handle of the chopper is made to move up and down vertically by means of the spur-wheel and pinion, this gear being driven by the hand-wheel. This gives the chopping action to the blade. In connection with the fixed head is a sliding fork or rake for gradually separating and moving the material to the chopper, and to turn it over to ensure thorough reduction. The rake can be affixed in such a manner that it will yield to hard material, or large pieces put into the bowl, or if the bowl be overcharged from negligence of the attendant. The block is surrounded by a screen, which is slipped over the edge of the block.

If in a household of eight persons, it will save five shillings a week, it makes a good return on the purchase-money, as it only costs a guinea. The odd thing about it is that the description of the machine, Mrs. Graddon declares, was given her by her husband after his death. He is a mechanic, she is not. Here is her story of how the machine was invented.

On the morning of April 20th, 1896, before I was a spiritualist, about a fortnight after the death of my husband, who was himself an inventor and keenly interested in all mechanical appliances, I was standing in the breakfast-room, discussing with my children and the servant the question of dinner, with a view to which I had been chopping up some veal. Suddenly I was conscious of a very curious sensation. Hardly knowing what I did, I called excitedly for a pencil and paper, which were brought. Then I sat down and my hand was made to draw a diagram of what I afterwards saw was a chopping-machine. After long consideration, and acting on the advice of friends, I decided that the idea indicated by the diagram was a practical one, and proceeded to patent it and have a model manufactured. Try as I would, I could not raise the money, and eventually the patent lapsed. In the meantime, however, I had come into contact with some spiritualists, and had begun to investigate for myself, with the result that I rapidly developed as a medium. I then discovered what I had previously suspected to be the case, namely, that the idea of the chopping-machine had been given to me by my husband; for I should tell you that when he was dying he had promised me, at my earnest entreaty, that if it were possible for him to come back to me from the world of spirits he would do so. This was the method he had adopted to provide for his widow and children, but it seemed then that his effort had been in vain. In the meantime, however, other means were provided for our maintenance, and I was told that when the proper time came he would communicate to me the design of another machine of the same kind as the first, but of a more perfect character. I received that design last April, on the same date (the 20th), and at about the same hour that I had received the first invention ten years before. Instead of writing the letter, my hand at once began to rapidly outline the design of a machine, and I saw the long-expected invention had come at last.

V.—THE STATE OF SUICIDES AFTER DEATH.

THE teaching of the Roman Catholic Church on many subjects is curiously confirmed by the investigations that have been made in the invisible world, which the authorities of the Church, for the most part, discountenance. This is especially the case in relation to the teachings of the Church as to suicide. The modern agnostics regard suicide much as did the ancient heathen, by whom suicide was regarded as a honourable

method of cutting the Gordian knot of existence. Suicide, in fact, like divorce, is one of the subjects upon which the teachings of the Church and the theories of philosophers come into sharp collision. It is worth while knowing that so far as the testimony from the Borderland is worth anything, it at least decisively is in favour of the view of the Catholic Church.

A member of the Psychical Research Society has sent me the result of his investigations, in the course of which he received communications purporting to come from three persons who have laid violent hands upon themselves. He writes:—

I have, in the course of my researches extending over a number of years, received three such distinct after-death communications. They were received in the ordinary course of investigation, carried on with no predisposition of mind or judgment, and in each case several years after the death of the persons from whom they were asserted to emanate. With the first of these three persons I had had little or no intercourse in life; the second I had known well and personally; the third had been an entire stranger to me; I had never before heard his name in my life.

Two imparted to me information respecting their past earth-life, which subsequent inquiry has shown to be correct, but of which I could not possibly have had any knowledge at the time. All the three, although communicating at intervals of several years, agreed in their statements respecting their condition and surroundings in the new life after physical death.

The following brief summary represents the substance of the information conveyed by these super-normal means.

All the three suicides expressed the most sincere and bitter regret at the rash act by which they had prematurely terminated their earth-life. They declared that by their prematurely separating their untrained and undisciplined souls from their bodily tenements, they had introduced them into conditions of life to which they lacked the power of adapting themselves.

They emphatically asserted that physical death had wrought no kind of change or transformation in their respective characters and individualities, and that it had in no wise impaired or diminished any one of their powers or faculties of mind or of soul.

All the three declared that they were in darkness and isolation, able only to hold converse with those labouring under similar difficulties and moving in the same sphere. They were painfully earnest in their requests that the substance of their statements might be made more widely known, more especially brought to the knowledge of persons labouring under the fatal delusion that physical death constituted the end of being, and all the three begged that earnest and frequent prayers might be offered on their behalf, and that their friends might at once be put in possession of the disclosures thus made respecting these and other private matters.

Comment is offered upon the very remarkable statements, but it is felt that they are worthy of the thoughtful attention of all unprejudiced minds, and more especially of those who are already convinced, on other grounds, that the veil which hides from us the unseen world is occasionally lifted.

THE psychical researchers, says a London correspondent, September 4th, must keep their collective eye on the disembodied spirit of one Eduard Kopesdi, who has just blown out his substitute for brains in Buda Pesth. This gentleman, not being able to benefit his race in this world, has generously determined to do what in him lies in the next. He has left behind him the following remarkable document:—"I, the undersigned, bind myself herewith to appear, if possible, in the spirit, between twelve and one o'clock a.m., on October 12th, 1898, in the establishment in Paris in which this document shall be exhibited. I shall appear in witness of this, and to answer all questions put to me—in a word I shall do

everything in the interests of human knowledge, in order that a light may be thrown upon the spiritual life beyond the grave. Permeated with this idea, I have written this at the bidding of a higher power.—Eduard Kopesdi."

VI.—PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

TWO SUCCESSFUL TEST EXPERIMENTS.

IN the January BORDERLAND I gave a report of experiments by Mr. Glendinning with an occultist, "Mr. A." Since then they have made other experiments, the notes of which have been sent to me for perusal. Two of the experiments in particular Mr. G. has been asked to put on record.

No. 1. Prepared dry plates were obtained by Mr. G. direct from a manufacturer, who guaranteed that the whole were made from new sheets of glass. Each plate was put by the manufacturer in a black paper envelope and gummed.

Mr. G. put six of these in one of his pockets, and Mr. A. undertook to get a picture on one of them by occult means, without seeing the plate or their envelopes. This was done in about two seconds. Mr. G. then removed the six from his pocket, and Mr. A., by holding each to his forehead, picked out the plate on which he said the astral ray had acted. Mr. G. went alone to the dark room, tore off the black envelope, and on development found a portrait on the plate.

No. 2. Mr. G. procured from the Eastman Company a dozen X-ray sensitised sheets, each of them in a closed black envelope. He took three sheets out of the parcel for certain experiments with animal magnetism, then closed the parcel and put it on a table in front of him. Mr. A.—who was sitting apart—undertook to get a picture on one of the sheets; in about two seconds he said it was done, Mr. G. opened the parcel and Mr. A. picked out the sheet on which he said a picture would be found. He described it as a horse on which was seated a rider holding a spear, and a wild animal attacking the horse. Again Mr. G. went alone to the dark room and on developing the sheet found a picture as described by the seer, Mr. A.

It has been supposed by those who have no practical experience in psychic photography that defects on psychic forms appearing identically with different sitters is proof of fraud. Mr. G. states it is not so, as Mr. Trail Taylor and himself have had experiences of that kind under strict test conditions. And now the same thing has happened in his recent experiments with Mr. A. the occultist.

Theosophy says:—

In New York independent attempts have been made by two specialists, Drs. Miller and Simon, one a hypnotist and the other a physiologist, to photograph mental images. The result was curious. The doctors were unable by concentration of their individual thought to create a picture; but by using an intermediary, viz., a thoroughly hypnotised patient, a mental photograph of entirely satisfactory distinctness was obtained. In the particular experiment, the subject was required to think of nothing but his hand, and a picture of a hand was made to appear. It is obvious that with an attention, however acute, that is not trained or constrained to immobility, the time needed to produce mechanical results is lacking. In hypnosis the mind is narrowly held in the single dominating direction, as the tube of a telescope may be kept upon an individual star.

VII.—MR. BOURSNELL'S LATEST.

A PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH OF AN INDIAN ADVERTISE-
MENT.

It is very seldom that a quarter passes in which Mr. Bournsell does not come to the front in some new and surprising fashion, but this quarter the veteran photographer of Uxbridge Road has outdone his own previous record. He has supplied us hitherto copiously with psychic photographs, and all manner of persons and things, birds, flowers, men, women, and children, have abounded in his collection, but even those who were most familiar with his achievements were hardly prepared for his latest surprise.

For some time past, Mr. Bournsell has suffered from ill-health to such an extent, indeed, that he has doubted whether his days were long on this earth. He writes me that he is now in much better health and strength than he has been before, and this he attributes entirely to the beneficial effects of a prescription which was given to him by one of the spirits haunting his studio. This spirit professes to be an Afghan in the name of Abdalla, or, as Mr. Bournsell writes it in his quaint orthography, An Afansganster ab Dollor. The prescription, as I understand from Mr. Bournsell, was written out by this Afghan spirit and photographed by him. At any rate, Mr. Bournsell in some strange way became possessed of this prescription, which his spirit friend assured him would do him good. Being utterly unable to decipher a word of it, Mr. Bournsell induced Mr. Morse to take it to the British Museum, and have it translated by one of the linguistic experts in that great emporium of all knowledge. The following is the translation that Mr. Morse brought back.

WATER OF LIFE, OR EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

The first four lines are so badly written as to be almost unintelligible. Only a few words here and there are legible, from which it appears that this is a description of the preparation of the medicine, and of its virtues. It ends with saying that the medicine is done up in bottles, the price per bottle being four annas, *i.e.*, ¼-rupee.

COLOCYNTH (?) PILLS.

Pills indeed! nay, rather magic! After taking them for four days you will find an old man become young, a young man return to the freshness of youth. They impart vigour in place of weakness, activity in place of inactivity. Pills indeed! nay, rather magic! this medicine alone cures scores of ailments, and gives strength to all the members liver

Pills indeed! nay, rather magic! They are specific remedies or headache, pains in the loins They are unrivalled. [next illegible] advertised by Narayan Singh and Nām (?) Singh, merchants, now living at Amritsar Bazaar, Panjab.

[On the left-hand corner appears the date "1893 A.D."]

It would seem as if this were a copy of an advertisement of some medicine sold in the Amritsar Bazaar. Anyhow, Mr. Bournsell obtained this extract of sarsaparilla and the colocynth pills, and has found that they work wonders for him. Such is the story which he sends me, and a most curious story it is. Psychic photographs have been turned to many uses, but as a

means of reproducing the advertisements of pills from a north-west frontier of India for the benefit of a London photographer is a step or two in advance of anything that has been taken hitherto.

VIII.—MR. SILAS HOCKING (N SPIRITUALISM.

In *The Temple Magazine* for September Mr. Silas Hocking, the well-known novelist, publishes in his editorial, "Under the Green Wood Tree," some observations on Spiritualism which are worth reproducing, chiefly in order to show how much Mr. Silas Hocking has to learn.

I can best answer *G. W.* (Darwen) by saying that the mission of *The Temple Magazine* is not to advertise any sect or creed or "ism." Spiritualism may be right, or it may be wrong. It is not for me to say, though I hold very decided views on the question. Many years ago I made a considerable study of spiritualistic literature, and attended several séances in different parts of the country; and the conclusion I came to was that the entertainment was dear at the price, while the information I received was *nil*. Like most other people, I would gladly lift the curtain that hides the future if I could, and get a glimpse of that great Beyond to which we are all tending. There is to most minds an irresistible fascination in the whole question of futurity. We wonder unceasingly what lies beyond. The mystery of that great silence weighs constantly upon our hearts. We would give almost anything if we could see again those friends of ours who have passed out of sight. We long

for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

I know that Spiritualism claims to satisfy us on these points. Does it make that claim good? If so, all I can say is we have not much to look forward to. Much as we shrink from oblivion, I would rather go to sleep for ever than become a furniture remover or a table-rapper, and be at the beck and call of such lunatics as I have seen at dark séances. I was favoured once with a speech from the spirit of Milton delivered in blank verse. Poor Milton! I have never wanted to hear from him again. Milton in the flesh was a seer and a poet; he had a grace of style, a majesty and dignity of diction that have rarely been equalled, while all that he wrote was illumined and exalted by a fine spiritual fervour and passion that time has not dimmed in the smallest degree, though his theology is now considerably out of date; but Milton disembodied was a mere ranter of the stalest platitudes in most execrable English.

If my friends who have passed out into the great unknown are engaged in turning tables in stuffy rooms, and flinging chairs about in the dark, and playing tambourines in a way that would be a disgrace to the rawest recruit in the Salvation Army, and perpetrating antics generally that would not be tolerated at a nigger entertainment, then I would rather remain in ignorance of the fact. It is pitiful and painful to think that the dead lose all their dignity and culture directly they shuffle off this mortal coil—that the sober ones become mere buffoons, and the wise ones lose all their learning, and forget even how to speak correctly. If this is the fate of the friends of our youth, and is likely to be our own fate, then it is a kindness to shut down the lid and keep the curtain drawn. I am not going to argue with my correspondent, or call into question his statements. All I say is, that if the future life be what he and his co-religionists make it out to be, then most of us have been living in a fool's paradise since the days we were children, and existence is a bigger fraud than the most hopeless of the pessimists declare it to be.

XIX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ALLEGORICAL JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

MR. G. T. FEARNEYHOUGH, the well-known photographer of Pietermaritzburg, issued and published one of the most original and elaborate of all the Jubilee souvenirs. I reproduce the souvenir and the explanation thereof.

The Word.—The Eternal Spirit—"In the beginning was The Word, and the WORD was with God, and the WORD was God." "JAHVE," "THE KING OF KINGS," symbolised by the—

Crown, who, by and through The Word, is with Man executing Justice and Judgment in His natural kingdom; through His natural or temporal kingly representatives, after the manner of His Divine nature—

Wisdom, Mercy, and Truth, the basis of which is Divine Truth, and the sum thereof Divine Love.

Mōade, Clinging to Divine Truth, is "Mōade," an Angel of the third or internal of The Lord's Divine Heavenly World; in his 33rd change of state therein. Mōade signifies "BELOVED" (of Jehovah). When in the flesh as an earthly man, Mōade was known among natural men as—

Prince Albert, the Queen's Consort, who is now the Queen's Guardian Angel, or Spirit, having been appointed to that Spiritual Work when he passed into Paradise, or The World of Spiritual Truth.

anastasis of The Prince; a condition that natural time has not had the power to heal.

"God is Love!" This is Mōade's Spiritual Message to The Queen, encircling that riven heart, it expresses, that so environed by Divine Love, transmitted to her through the very love and spirit, she, as a natural woman, believed she had lost; this is what Mōade means by this message, implying thereby that they have, in Spirit, never been separated.



THE NEXUS.

(Between the Spiritual and Natural.)

"The Ring" attached to Mōade, symbolises the love-bond that links her spiritual or internal mind, through Mōade, to that world, where has gone and is her treasure, and consequent thereon, where her heart and thoughts are also.

A Heart Broke, represents the Queen, and is a symbol, expressing the state of her natural mind, as a natural being, at the

THE NATURAL.

(As all things in the natural world are but correspondences of similar things in the Spiritual world.—Rom. i. 20.)

Our Queen o Queens, corresponds to, and is naturally a representative symbol of the Spiritual or Heavenly King of Kings. He it was who raised up Victoria to be Queen; to execute for Him Justice and Judgment in a natural world.

As a temporal Queen, her reign and rule has been marked by—Justice, Freedom and Truth.

The internal qualities of her nature which have shone forth in her life, are—Honour, Charity, and Love.—Thus LOVE and TRUTH form the basis of her natural life and reign, as of the internal woman, and external Queen.

The "Pearls" which separate the internal and the external of the Queen, represents her very inmost, the Soul, the Source of FAITH, whereby these qualities have been received from the Divine, by influx from KING OF KINGS, Pearls, in the Word,

signify or correspond to, in a Spiritual sense, Truths of Faith, which springs from the perception or understanding of the Good of Charity, *i.e.*, the love of it.

The Sixty Years' Reign, and the spontaneous desire of her people to do her honour, is but the Lord's external acknowledgment of her faithfulness in His stewardship, also the outward and visible sign whereby He honoureth her in the natural.

Sixty (60) as a Number, Spiritually, signifies full and complete, in its fullest sense, that is to say, All, Complete,

THE HUSBAND OF THE WIDOW.

A REMARKABLE SERIES OF VISITATIONS.

AN Australian correspondent, signing himself J. D., writes me as follows:—

Some time ago I wrote to you from Melbourne, mentioning an interesting case of Sporadic Clairvoyance which came under my observation, the particulars of which I promised to furnish on my arrival in London.

I may remark that the clairvoyant is a lady entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, and so hostile to the subject that I never spoke to her on the matter but once, about two years since, when she expressed herself with such asperity that I never referred to the subject again.

However, about a year and a-half ago, she fell into bad health, and on my wife calling to inquire after her was met with the observation, "I am sorry that I spoke in the manner I did to Mr. D. respecting Spiritualism, for during my illness my husband, who died over six months ago, appeared to me during the night in his familiar mortal shape and not only spoke but took me by the hand."

I, therefore, called upon her and had several long conversations on the subject at different times. She has been in the habit for years of keeping a rough diary of daily events, in which she carefully recorded each occasion of her husband's appearance since that date, and I now hand you various extracts therefrom, detailing disclosures made to her on these occasions, which it was impossible for her to know from any other source, and which I have been able to verify by subsequent investigation.

I think it material to state that Mrs. M. declines to admit that she is either clairvoyant or clairaudient, that she only sees her husband and one or two other relatives when he brings them with him, and she knows nothing whatever of either the beliefs or experiences of spiritualists. Her visitors come in the night—between two and three in the morning—and not only does she see them distinctly, but also sees every other object in the room. Being in infirm health she always has a companion with her in her bedroom, who, however, neither sees nor hears anything beyond Mrs. M.'s voice when making enquiries or replying to those conversing with her.

I am, yours faithfully,

J. D.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. M.'S DIARY.

5th January, 1895.

I awoke about three o'clock A.M., feeling a cold shiver pass over me, which I thought was death. I looked and saw my husband sitting on the bedside; he appeared dressed in his ordinary way in life. I was speechless from weakness. He spoke and said: "It is very hard for you, but you won't join me yet; a lot more trouble you will have to go through after you get stronger. I am always watching over you. Good-bye." He then disappeared.

NOTE.—At this time Mrs. M. was given up by two eminent physicians. Her husband had died in July, 1894.

February 12th, 1895.

Again a cold shiver between 3 and 5 A.M. My husband appeared as before, and J., my companion, lying on a couch in my room. He said, "You're better. Now

put everything right at once for yourself, only secure the £300 I had in bonds. X. will give you the papers. Be quick. Good-bye." I said, "How did you find out how to return?" He replied, "Mrs. L. taught me; she is my guardian angel."

NOTE.—Mrs. M. was aware that her husband possessed £300 in bonds, but was unaware where they were deposited. On the same day she applied to Mr. X., who handed them to her at once.

March 5th, 1895.

I awoke again with a cold shiver between 3 and 5 A.M., J. sleeping in the room as before. I saw my husband sitting on the bedside; he placed his hand on my shoulder, and I could feel it distinctly. He said, "I'm glad you done it. You were right, for he would have starved you."

This was evidently in reference to my affairs which I had settled yesterday. I said, "Are you perfectly happy?" He replied, "I am now. I was troubled before. Good-bye."

June 6th, 1895.

My husband came again last night, under the same conditions, and said, "Let nothing tempt you to leave your home." He then disappeared. In the afternoon I received a letter from my sister enclosing draft for £50, and begging me to go to her in England.

November 17th, 1895.

My husband appeared again to me during the night. He said, "I shall soon have another companion; your sister in England died fourteen days ago, at five o'clock on Sunday morning." I said, "I am left alone." He said, "You have all of us for your companions; we are always watching you."

NOTE.—On the 23rd. November, Mrs. M. received a telegram from her nephew in England, saying mother died Sunday 3rd November, business letters coming. In course of post a letter arrived dated 12th November, giving particulars of the death as conveyed to Mrs. M. by her husband and by telegram from her nephew—it is important I should state that the communication as to the death of her sister was told me by Mrs. M. on the 18th November and the letter of the 12th November was shown to me on receipt.

December 8th 1895.

My husband came during the night, and said, "They are troubled at home. Comfort them all you can. Robert is dead." I said, "Can it be true?" he said, "Yes, Good-bye."

NOTE.—A letter conveying this intelligence dated the 22nd November was duly received by Mrs. M. and was shown to me on its arrival—she had informed me of her husband's message intimating Robert's death on the 11th December—Robert was an aged man, the husband of her sister, who died on the 3rd November.

"CHRISTIAN TELEPATHY."

BY "IAN MACLAREN."

IN the *Sunday Magazine* for August the series which has in these pages been classed under "The Prayer Telephone" is continued by Rev. John Watson, M.A., D.D. His title of "Christian Telepathy" is also his

theory of explanation. His first story is of an aged minister with whom he had served as colleague, and who was taken dangerously ill :—

It was a great relief to learn, towards the end of a week, that the sickness had abated, and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery, the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fail, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying, and that I would never see him again, till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and, by-and-by, that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt; so, having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. . . . On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house, and was in no way astonished that the servant, who opened the door, should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not now weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

"He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is . . . dying now."

No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me; and I held my reverend father's hand till he fell asleep in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but, as we believed, recognised me and was content. My night's journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by a spiritual influence.

"IAN" AS AUTOMATIC WRITER!

Who shall say there is anything uncanny in automatic writing when something so like it as this is confessed to by one who combines the several functions of Doctor of Divinity, popular preacher, and religious romancer?

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and very busy, when my mind became distracted and I could not think out my sermon. Some short time before a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from dissension in his congregation, and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the case till I seemed, in the midst of the circumstances, as if I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day's duty for my brother. At this point I pulled myself together and resisted what seemed a vagrant notion. So one turned to his manuscript to complete a broken sentence, but could only write "Dear A. B." Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation and compose a letter as best one could, till the question of date arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire, and set to work again; but all day I was haunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstance, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day, and it was my date! My course was perfectly plain, and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my letter first.

Dr. Watson tells of another instance in which he was moved by a sudden impulse to call on a family in a certain street. He found the family had removed to another house, the number of which he could not ascer-

tain. After several inquiries he gave up the quest, somewhat ashamed of the time he had wasted on it :—

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident sorrow on his face that one hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. "Yes, we are in great trouble; yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock, and we would have sent for you at the time, but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known!"

"And the time?"

"About half-past three."

So I had known, but had been too impatient.

After other kindred reminiscences Dr. Watson adds :—

Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been fooled.

HIS EXPLANATIONS.

He offers three inferences :—

(1) That people may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. The correspondence here is between heart and heart, and the medium through which the message passes is love.

(2) That this love is but another name for Christ, who is the head of the body; and here one falls back on St. Paul's profound and illuminating illustration. It is Christ who unites the whole race, and especially all Christian folk, by His Incarnation. Into Him are gathered all the fears, sorrows, pains, troubles of each member, so that He feels with all, and from Him flows the same feeling to other members of the body.

(3) That in proportion as one abides in Christ he will be in touch with his brethren. If it seems to one marvellous and almost incredible that any person should be effected by another's sorrow whom he does not at the moment see, is it not marvellous, although quite credible, that we are so often indifferent to sorrow which we do see? Is it not the case that one of a delicate soul will detect?

WAS NAPOLEON'S CAREER FORETOLD?

AN ALLEGED PROPHECY OF 1542 A.D.

In the July, August, September, and October numbers of the *Theosophist*, a writer signing himself "A. T. B." contributes four interesting articles on "Modern Prophecies." He begins by recalling the prophecy said to have been made by Abbé Joachim, who, in the tenth century, predicted that the year 1789 would be pregnant with social revolutions in consequence of one of the great conjunctions with Saturn—a prophecy which was certainly fulfilled in the year which witnessed the birth of the French Revolution. This prophecy, however, was nothing compared with the marvellously detailed prediction which was said to have been written out in ancient French, in a book published in 1542.

THE PROPHET AND HIS BOOK.

This was the book of the prophecies of Philippe Dieu-Donne Noël Olivarius, a doctor of medicine, and astrologer. It is said to have been discovered by Francis de Metz, Secretary-General of the Commune of Paris, at a time when the Revolutionists were destroying the MSS. pillaged from the library of the Benedictines, or that of the Genovefains. Francis de Metz saw this little book, picked it up, and read it; did not understand what it meant, but thought it so extraordinary that he copied it, and added several other prophe-

cies, which he also copied out. The copy of the prophecy of Olivarius, written by Francis de Metz, is dated 1793. A copy of it was given to the Emperor Napoleon after his coronation.

HOW IT MAY HAVE BEEN READ TO NAPOLEON.

The following is the prophecy as it is served up in the article of the *Theosophist* :—

One evening, let us say, Napoleon returned to Malmaison. He was much given to discussion of the marvellous, especially with Josephine, whom he knew to be very superstitious. One evening then he arrives, speaks of his grand projects, and finishes by putting within the hands of the Empress an old book in manuscript composed in 1542.

"Take this," said the Emperor to her, opening this folio in 12mo., bound in parchment, and yellow with time; "look at it and read it."

The Empress began; but as the style was in old French, and the letters badly formed, she rested several moments to run her eyes over the three pages of this chapter; then with a voice emboldened, she began as follows :—

HIS BIRTHPLACE AND YOUTH.

"Franco-Italy will give birth, not far from her breast, to a supernatural being; this man will set out, when quite young, from the sea, and will assume the language and manners of the Celtic French; he will open out a path for himself, while still young, through a thousand obstacles, with the soldiers, and will become their generalissimo. This sinuous path will yield him much suffering; he will go to war near his birthplace for five years and more.

HIS EARLY CONQUESTS.

"He will be seen across the sea waging war with great glory and valour, and he will anew contend with the Roman world.

"He will give laws to the Germans, he will set at rest the disorders and terrors of Celtic France, and he will be therefore named, not King, but as is customary, acclaimed Emperor by great popular enthusiasm.

"He will fight everywhere within the empire; he will put to flight princes, lords, kings, during ten years and more. Then he will bring into being new princes and lords, and speaking upon his elevated throne, he will cry, '*O sidera O sacra!*'

HIS GRAND ARMY.

"He will be seen with an army of more than forty-nine times twenty thousand men of armed infantry who carry weapons and tubes of iron. He will have seven times seven thousand horses ridden by men who carry, in addition to the former, great swords or lances and brazen cuirasses. He will have seven times seven times two thousand men who will handle terrible machines, that will vomit forth sulphur, and fire, and death. The whole reckoning of his army will be forty-nine times twenty thousand men.

"He will carry in his right hand an eagle, the sign of victory in war. He will give many countries to the nations, and to each he will give peace.

HIS PUBLIC WORKS AND TWO MARRIAGES.

"He will come into the great city, directing and initiating great projects, buildings, bridges, seaports, aqueducts, canals; he will gain the sole credit of them, by vast wealth, greater even than that of Rome, and all within the dominions of France.

"He will have two wives."

Josephine stopped.

"Go on," said the Emperor, who did not love interruptions.

"And only one son.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

"He will go on warring to where the lines of longitude and latitude intersect, fifty and five months. There his enemies will burn by fire the great city, and he and his following will enter it, and retire from it burnt to ashes, his army ruined. And his

troops, having no more bread or water, by great and decimating cold, which will be so awful that two-thirds of his army will perish, and more than half of the rest will never more come under his command.

THE CAPTIVITY IN ELBA.

"Then the great man, abandoned, betrayed by his friends, will be driven back, in his turn with great loss, almost into his own capital, by the great European nations. In his place will be seated the kings of the old blood of the Capets.

"He, forced into exile, within that sea from which he came when young, and near his own birthplace, will remain there eleven moons with some of his followers, true friends and soldiers, who were once more than seven times seven times twice that number. Directly the eleven moons have been completed, then he and his adherents will take ship and proceed to set foot on Celtic France.

THE RESTORATION OF THE EMPIRE AND WATERLOO.

"And he will proceed to the great city, where is seated the king of the old blood of the Capets, who rises, flies, taking with him the royal ornaments. Settled down in his old dominion he will give the people most excellent laws.

"Then he will be driven out afresh by a triplicity of the European nations, after three moons and the third of a moon, when they will put back in his place the king of the old blood of the Capets. And he will be believed to be dead by his people and the soldiers, who at this time remain at their homes against their will.

FRANCE UNDER THE MONARCHY.

"The Celts and the French will devour each other like tigers and wolves. The blood of the old king of the Capets will be the ever present cause of black treasons. The wicked are deceived, and by fire and again by fire will be slain; the *flcur-de-lis* is maintained, but the last branches of the old blood will still remain in danger.

"Thus they will fight among themselves.

QUERY? NAME!

"Then a young warrior will advance towards the great city; he will bear a cock and a lion upon his coat of mail. Then the lance will be given to him by the great prince of the East.

"He will be marvellously helped by the warlike people of Belgic France, who will reunite with the people of Paris to put an end to the troubles, to reunite the soldiery, and to cover all with olive branches.

A FOUR YEARS' WAR.

"They will still fight with so much glory for seven times seven moons, that the Triplicity of the European nations, from great fear and with cries and tears, will offer their sons as hostages, and will place themselves under laws, wholesome, just, and loved by all.

A TWO YEARS' PEACE.

"Thus peace lasts for twenty-five moons.

"In Lutetia the Seine, reddened with blood owing to innumerable fights, will extend its bed by ruin and pestilence. New seditions of the wicked workmen will arise.

WHO WILL HE BE?

"Then they will be driven out of the palaces of kings by the valiant man, and after that he will be acclaimed by the whole of France, by all the great nations, and by the mother nation. And he will preserve the ancient relics left from the old blood of the Capets to rule the destinies of the world; he will take sovereign counsel of the whole nation and of all the people: he will lay the foundation of fruit without end, and die."

WHAT NAPOLEON THOUGHT OF IT.

Josephine, surprised at what she had just read, stopped, closed the book, and asked Napoleon about this strange prediction. The Emperor, not wishing to give an undue importance to

Master Olivarius by commenting on him, contented himself with replying—

"Prophecies always say that which people wish to make them say; however, I admit that this has surprised me very much."

He then changed the conversation and spoke of other matters. On his return from the island of Elba, the Emperor recalled this prediction, and again spoke of it to Colonel Abd.

"I never wished to believe in anything," said he to him, "but I am convinced of this in good faith, that there are things which are beyond the capacity of men, and which, notwithstanding their rare perspicacity they can never explain. Witness this singular prophecy found with the Benedictines, stolen during the Revolution, and which I am acquainted with. Who designed it? It is I who am its object. In truth we ought to make ourselves acquainted with all that pervades the universe, and try to profit from those gleams of the divine which are sometimes found in certain privileged beings, and which should show us the true path we should follow, and forewarn us of the dangers which we are about to meet."

WHERE IS IT NOW?

We have spoken very much of this prophecy, which has been copied by a great number of persons, and preserved, as well as several other works on the same subject, in the Library of the Hotel de Ville. When Buonaparte mounted the throne they spoke to him of this prophecy; he wished to see it; and since that time one does not know what has become of it.

It was printed in 1815. It was inserted in the "Memoirs of Josephine" (edition of 1820 and of 1827), and finally Edward Bricon, librarian, has published it in his "Collection of Prophecies."

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

Now, if we examine this prophecy with some attention we find that it is very extraordinary. All that it has predicted concerning the reign of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons has been perfectly realised. The troubles of 1827, the conspiracies of the Liberals, and the Revolution of 1830 itself, are to be found therein. But it goes still further. Of these things the future will teach us.

A YEAR OF DOOM.

AN ASTROLOGICAL FORECAST FOR 1899.

In the *Theosophical Review*, Mrs. Besant refers to Madame Blavatsky's prediction that the present cycle would come to a close somewhere between 1897 and 1900.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S FORECAST.

Mrs. Besant says:—

A study of the planetary conditions that prevail in 1897, 1898, and 1899, shows us why our honoured teacher spoke of these dates as she did, and we may as well look at the exact facts. On November 24th, 1897, five "planets"—Saturn, Mars, Mercury, Sun, and Moon—are grouped together in one sign of the Zodiac, Sagittarius. On November 30th, 1898, the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Saturn, and Herschel are grouped in Sagittarius. On December 3rd, 1899, no less than seven are thus grouped in Sagittarius—the Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Herschel, and as an eighth, the Moon's node. These extraordinary conjunctions of the heavenly bodies, such as have not occurred, it is said, for five thousand years, completely justify H. P. B.'s warnings of troubles and the dates she gave. Mr. Geo. Wright, President of the Chicago Theosophical Society, who gave me at my request the above exact details, writes: "The remarkable feature is that from November, 1897, to December, 1899, the planets seem to group themselves together, culminating in the grand conjunction on December 3rd, 1899. Hence the effects of the cyclic close must be long drawn out." The world has already been showing the preliminary symptoms of disturbance, and India—the "sacred land" of the fifth race—reeling under plague, famine, and earthquake, is receiving the

full brunt of the torrent. Darker yet looms the future, and cyclonic storm-clouds lower on the horizon of the nations.

A HINDOO PREDICTION.

The *Madras Mail*, of the 19th of November, 1896, published a leading article by a Hindu, entitled "The Kaliyuga and its True Significance," the gist of which is that the year 5000 of the Kaliyuga, which begins in April, 1899, and ends in April, 1900, will be a year of doom, or of ruin. In that year the Goddesses of the Ganges, Sarasvati and another, who have stayed in this world for 5,000 years in the shape of rivers, will resume their original shape, return to heaven, and with them all holy things in India, with the exception of Benares and another city, will disappear from the world. The Hindoo astrologists are circulating verses which declare that Vishnu will abandon this world at the close of the year 5000; i.e., in April, 1900, when Vishnu comes the Vedas will be turned upside down. The reason for this belief on the part of astrologists is to be found in the extraordinary concourse of the planets in the same House. Usually not more than one planet is to be found in the House of the Zodiac; if more than four are found in the same House, a great calamity is foreseen. A combination of five planets in one mansion will lead to the destruction of all countries; a combination of six to the destruction of all kings; of seven, to the destruction of all worlds; of eight, to the destruction of the human race. The Hindu concludes his article as follows:—

The present year, 1896 A.D., is, as I have said already, 4998 of the *Kaliyuga*, corresponding to the year *Durumkhi* of the *Brihaspati* cycle of 60 years. Five thousand *Kaliyuga* will be 1899 A.D., and the year *Vikari* of the *Brihaspati* cycle. According to the astronomical calculations of the Hindus, eight planets meet in the mansion of Scorpio (*Vrichchhika*) of the Zodiac of the month of *Krittika*, corresponding to the last week of November, 1899, at the 23rd *Ghatika*, i.e., 2-6 A.M. on the 13th lunar day (*trayodasi*) of the black half of that month. Between that time and the succeeding new moon day, i.e., two days after that combination, a great ruin will come over India. India may not be entirely depopulated or devoured by floods, but famine, pestilence, war, and other miseries will reign over the whole country. This is the strong belief, and November, 1899, is the expected time.

This belief has taken possession of the Hindu mind. In the *Madras Mail* of the 24th October last will be found a statement that an astrologer addressed the Dewan in the Mysore Representative Assembly, held in October last to make provision for performing *pujas* (worship) to the planets and to propitiate them to avert the impending catastrophe of the year *Vikari* (1899 A.D.), *Kaliyuga* 5000. Some of the members appeared to have been seriously occupied with that matter. The Dewan promised to place the subject before the Maharajah. Eight planets, it is said, according to the astronomical calculations in this country, meet together in November, 1899, in the mansion of Scorpio, and not six as the Mysore astrologer stated. Some astrologers say that the meeting of the eight planets is impossible, and that only seven meet in one mansion. A Tamil Pundit and astrologer, named Mr. Kandaswami Pillai, of Dindigul, in the Madura District, predicted some time ago that the year 1899—Kali 5000—will be one of terrible famine far exceeding that of 1877 in its horrors by reason of the conjunction of the Sun, Mars, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and also the Solar node (*Rahu*) at one and the same sign of the Zodiac, Scorpio, in November, 1899.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE DEAD.

Intelligence, for August, publishes, on the authority of the *Boston Post*, an interesting story of the experiences of a man who was revived after being apparently dead for two days. The story is as follows:—

Minneapolis, Minn., May 9th.—W. A. Laufman, a well-known commercial traveller in this section, tells a most extraordinary story.

He says he was dead for nearly two days, and through the application of electricity he was brought back to life again, and that while dead he, in another form, walked about the room, went in and out of the house at will, and heard all that was said about him.

He says: "My strange experience dates from about two years ago, when I took sick in Mankato. . . . On December 26th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the doctor pronounced me dead, and my body was turned over to M. Maul's undertaking establishment for preparation for shipment. My brother, C. H. Laufman, of Des Moines, Ia., was telegraphed for and came on to take charge of my remains.

"On that fatal morning I was suddenly aware of an indescribable sensation, beginning at my feet and snapping clear through my frame and out at the top of my head. I was then conscious of something like a ball of cotton released and spreading out, in form the size of a man at least three feet taller than myself. I was standing in the centre of the room and plainly saw my dead body lying on the cot. I started to leave the room and met one of the doctors. I wondered that he did not say something to me, but as he made no effort to stop me I went out into the street.

"I walked down Fourteenth Street to the corner, towards California Avenue, and there met an old acquaintance from Mitchell, S. D., named Milt Blose. I attempted to strike him on the back by way of salutation, but my arm passed right through him. I did not speak to him, but struck at him again with the same result. I utterly failed to attract his attention, although I followed him at least a block. I distinctly saw him walk across the street and gaze at a miniature Ferris wheel in a window."

It may be stated that Mr. Laufman has letters and telegrams showing that Mr. Blose was in Omaha on the date mentioned and walked on the street and saw the Ferris wheel as described by Mr. Laufman.

Continuing with his narrative, Mr. Laufman said: "After leaving Blose I went up to the hospital to see the body. I found the door closed, but as I could see into the room I passed through the door and gazed at myself for a while. I then went out and found the doctors and heard them discussing my case. I hung around with them until the arrival of my brother. I went in with him and the doctors and watched his anguish as he looked at my dead face. He remained at the hospital that night, as it was very late, and I went into the room with him and watched until he fell asleep.

"I was laid out dead exactly thirty-seven hours and fifty-eight minutes. I stayed around with the doctors and my brother during all of the time, and heard and remembered every word spoken by them. The doctors wanted to make a post-mortem examination, but my brother objected.

"Of course you want to know how I got back into my shell, and it happened in this way: One of the specialists wanted to try some experiment with a new electric apparatus. My brother consented to it, and I accompanied them to my deathbed to watch the operation. The instruments were attached to my feet, and I distinctly felt the sensation while standing out in the centre of the room. I was next conscious of excruciating pains all through me, and I knew I was in my body again."

These are the main facts in Mr. Laufman's story. His long months of illness and his slow recovery are matters well known in Mankato.—*Boston Post*.

STOLEN CATTLE TRACED BY A DREAM.

A GENTLEMAN in New South Wales, a State school teacher, sends the following information about some stolen cattle. He vouches for the whole truth of the narrative, as it came under his notice in searching for occult items amongst his friends, and all the parties are well known and respected except, perhaps, the "cattle duffer," that is, the cattle thief.

A few years ago, a farmer in the Blue Mountains turned out three working bullocks on to the mountains, to get a rest and to "pick up a bit," and as the season was a good one for grass, they soon recovered their lost flesh, and became in a short time fit for the butcher. After a time the owner wanted them to work, and went out to bring them home, but no bullocks were to be found, and he spent many days searching without getting the least clue to them. One night, during this search, he dreamt that he was at a party of friends at the house of a neighbour—a neighbour who had been dead many years—and that he and this friend were talking outside the house, while the social gathering inside was enjoying itself in various ways. Suddenly his friend said "—, have you found your bullocks?" and upon being answered in the negative, the "shade" of the dead man, in a few words, told him that they were stolen; by whom they were stolen—a neighbour—giving the name; to what town they had been driven, and to what butcher they were sold. Furthermore, he said, "—, if you go at once you will get them alive."

This was certainly a strange dream, and Mr. — told his wife of it as soon as he woke; he also told his mother, who was then living near, and she said to him: "—, you should always believe what the dead tell you in a dream." The old lady's remark evidently savours of a prior experience, in which the dead have spoken in dreams. Mr. —, being a "man of the world" and not a believer in "such stuff as dreams are made of," took no notice of the dream, except to tell it to several friends—fortunately for this story and the readers of it. As the loss of the bullocks was tangible and serious, being trained animals, Mr. — then put an advertisement in the local newspaper, offering £5 reward for information that should be so thorough as to lead up to a conviction of the thief. After awhile, one Sunday, a man well known to Mr. — rode up and offered to tell him who stole the bullocks, provided his name was kept secret. Mr. — was quite willing to do that, but pointed out to the informer that there would be no £5 forthcoming unless the thief got convicted. The informer, however, had got so far in the mess as to allow that he knew the thief, and to withhold further information would perhaps brand himself as the thief, or as one of the thieves; and he thereupon told Mr. —, almost exactly word for word, what the dead man had told him in his dream, only leaving out the part which informed the owner that if he went at once for the bullocks, he would get them alive.

To most readers the strangest part of the story comes now. Mr. —, although twice informed as to the thief, once in a dream by the dead and afterwards by a living man, took no immediate steps in the matter. Why? Well, the informer was a questionable character, and Mr. — informed the writer personally that he was afraid to leave home, fearing that during his absence in the neighbouring town on the business another raid would be made upon his stock.

Some weeks further elapsed, and at last Mr. — made up his mind to visit the police of the town, where, as he had been informed twice, the bullocks were killed. Of course, quite of course, the police would none of it; only think of the police, that level-headed force, taking up anything with a dream in it! However, with much trouble, Mr. — got the police reluctantly to send an officer with him to the butcher indicated by the two witnesses, the living and the dead.

In New South Wales all cattle are branded with hot

irons, each owner of stock has his own registered brand, and every butcher must give notice to the police when he is going to kill, and he must also keep a register in his books of all the cattle killed and the brands thereof.

The first thing, then, to look over was the brand book: but the butcher at once remembered the bullocks; he had let them run some days or weeks before killing, and it was only a few days back that he had sent the hides away to the Sydney market. Here was proof that Mr. —'s mother was right in asserting that when the dead speak in dreams they should be listened to. Further, Mr. — went down to the heap of horns and picked out the horns of the bullocks he had lost.

Here ends the occult part of the story; but perhaps some reader may like to know how the thief came off in the matter. He disappeared from his residence during the night, and when the police went in the morning he was gone. But in a very few weeks he was lodged in gaol for cattle-stealing elsewhere.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

IN *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, the writer of the article on "Mrs. Oliphant as a Novelist" makes the following observation as to those novels of hers which deal with the Borderland. The writer says:—

What, it may be asked, of the region which Mrs. Oliphant made peculiarly her own—the region believed by most people to be wholly beyond the scope of the senses, the religion of the "unseen," of the supernatural? Mrs. Oliphant manifestly had a strong predilection for topics transcending the limits of ordinary human experience, and we believe that in yielding to it she at once gratified the taste and stimulated the interest of an immense section of the public. We should rather conjecture, indeed, that she shared the illogical though widespread opinion that every well-attested case of a ghostly apparition is, somehow or other, an additional testimony to the truth of revealed religion. Whether such a belief contributes to the effective telling of a ghost-story may, however, very well be doubted; and Mrs. Oliphant's ghost-stories, though womanlike and dexterous (for she never relapses into the amateurish), are neither very favourable specimens of her powers nor comparable to the efforts of others who were perhaps less inclined to believe than she. She is even more disappointing when she employs the supernatural in a long story. The mysterious stranger in "The Wizard's Son" is excellent up to a certain point; but how is a being to be held in awe whose very existence (as we are told) comes to be doubted by the persons whose lives he has powerfully influenced? A spectre who is merely the means of conveying moral lessons, and who once incurs the suspicion of representing nothing more imposing than some great moral or immoral principle, has lost his true occupation. "Wandering Willie's Tale," "The Phantom Ship," and "The Haunters and the Haunted," represent the three sound methods of dealing with the supernatural; and if its adaptability to the requirements of the moralists first put the public on the scent of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that was the book's misfortune rather than its fault.

In "A Little Pilgrim" Mrs. Oliphant, of course, approaches the unseen on a much more serious and solemn side—a side on which no thinking man would willingly cast ridicule or contempt. We trust we are fully conscious of the simple and unaffected pathos, and of the deep and heartfelt reverence, with which the subject of the next world is treated; and we are sure that the

pages of that little volume have carried consolation and refreshment to many a sorrowful and penitent heart. If the thing must be done, it could by no possibility be done better. Yet is not *tu ne quæsieris* a safe maxim in all such matters? The speculations of the great pagan poet as to the future state, couched in the noblest diction, and abounding in the most memorable and affecting passages, may be read and re-read without any feeling of incongruity. But for the Christian (so it seems to us), the wiser course is to remain satisfied with such hints as revelation affords, and to refrain from attempting to penetrate a secret which the Supreme Lawgiver has involved in mystery.

An indescribable sense of futility seems to be left behind by those excursions into the supernatural. Granted that the city of Semur, in the Haute Bourgogne, was seized upon for three days by "les morts" in clouds and darkness, what is the ultimate result of their occupation? Nothing. When the inhabitants are permitted to return to their homes, everything resumes its former course. No one's character is permanently altered for better or for worse; and the only tangible outcome of the terrible visitation is that wonderful visions are attributed by the Sisters of Mercy to Pierre Plastron, who had remained behind in the town and seen nothing—as happy a flash of insight that into human character as can be found in all Mrs. Oliphant's writings. We heartily agree with those who think "A Leaguered City" a great book. But its interest lies not in the supernatural, but in the human; not in the doings of the ghostly invaders, but in the conduct of the men and women whom they drive outside the walls. The wife and the mother of the Maire are admirably characterised and discriminated. But it is Martin Dupin, the Maire himself—fussy, consequential half-sceptical, half-credulous, affectionate, and stubborn—who dominates the book, and, in truth, he is one of Mrs. Oliphant's greatest triumphs. Once more, too, we notice the astonishing ease, accuracy, and skill with which the "atmosphere" of life in a French provincial town is diffused over the work.

A DOUBLE OF THE LIVING.

THE following narrative of the apparition of a double is written by the lady—a sister in a Sisterhood—whose double was seen on August 17, 1897.

The last time I was told I was where I was *not*, was about eight months ago. I had been very busy in the embroidery room finishing some promised work, and sister S. came in and seeing me, exclaimed that she had just left me in chapel. I replied that I had not been there that day except for services; but she said she was sure it was me *in my stall* (we never take any places in the choir but our own) and the more so, as I seemed to her to be kneeling, which surprised her and made her look again. (The writer is lame and cannot kneel). I said, laughing, I was sure I must have a "double," as I seemed to be so often seen where I was not. I said "so often," but this was speaking loosely, for before this occasion some sister said she had seen me where I was not; and another said she saw me in chapel, and yet a third was quite sure she saw me going to the "House of Mercy" across the garden; but I had not been out of this house. This was just before the occasion about which I first told you; and it was chiefly the recollection of this that made me joke about having a "double." I said to the sister, "well! if it had been me, you would have seen my lameness." She said that she had, and that she thought it was me at first and then looked again, and seeing the lame walk felt sure of it. She was consequently amazed at finding me in the sister's room. Sister S. is sure she was not mistaken though our dress being uniform makes mistakes more possible than with other people. Sister S. says she has more than once seen "doubles" before, and has been accused of "second sight."

XX.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

DREAMS AND GHOSTS.*

MR. ANDREW LANG'S *Dreams and Ghosts* is the best "boom" the *Society for Psychical Research* has ever had. Mr. Lang is as inevitably entertaining as the S. P. R. is inevitably dull, and in selecting the best of their stories, casting aside their pedantry and general tiresomeness, and, in short, translating them out of Myers' nomenclature into English, Mr. Lang has secured hundreds of readers who would never have waded through them under other circumstances. Mr. Lang is a folk-lorist first and a psychical researcher afterwards; so far as belonging to the Society goes he is not a Psychical Researcher at all; and the fact that a story is said to be true has for him a special interest apart from the truth of the story. Even in this respect, however, the S. P. R. owes him a considerable debt, for he has re-established several old classic stories of somewhat doubtful antecedents; such, for example, as that of "The Windham Ghost," "The Tyrone Ghost," "The Dream of the Perceval Murder," "The Villiers Ghost," and "Lord Lytton's Ghost." His excellent stories of "Queen Mary's Jewels" and of the "Thumbless Hand," and his views as to the Wesley ghost, we have heard before elsewhere, but we are glad to have them where we can find them at need.

Mr. Lang's individuality does not disappear even under the superincumbent general resemblances of psychic stories. We meet with Queen Mary in the preface and with 1688 politics before we have read the first page; and he rejoices in a gillie who curses William, Duke of Cumberland, with abundant enthusiasm. I know that gillie too; a tight line to him!

It is characteristic, too, that once more, here as elsewhere, Mr. Lang pleads for justice to the ghost. Let us, at least, be as fair as to the evidence for him as against him. "I do believe," he tells us, "with all students of human nature, in hallucinations of one, or of several, or even of all the senses. But as to whether such hallucinations, among the sane, are ever caused by psychical influences from the minds of others, alive or dead, not communicated through the ordinary channels of sense, my mind is in a balance of doubt. It is a question of evidence." One can't say fairer than that.

As an illustration Mr. Lang takes the story now widely familiar (up to a certain point) of the house visited by those alleged to be "On the Trail of a Ghost." This correspondence, he says, "illustrated the copious fallacies which haunt the human intellect. Thus it was maintained by some persons and denied by others that sounds of unknown origin were occasionally heard in a certain house. These, it was suggested, might (if really heard) be caused by slight seismic disturbances. Now many people argue, 'Blunderstone House is not haunted, for I passed a night there and nothing unusual occurred.' Apply this to a house where noises are actually caused by young earthquakes. Would anybody say, 'There are no seismic disturbances near Blunderstone House, for I passed a night there and none occurred?' Why should a noisy ghost (if there is such a thing) or a hallucinatory sound (if there is such a thing) be expected to be more punctual and pertinacious than a seismic disturbance?"

X.

* "The Book of Dreams and Ghosts." By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. London. 1897. Price 6s.

PROPHECIES ACCORDING TO SCHLATTER.*

THIS very remarkable book contains four chapters, with a preface. The first gives an account of Schlatter's two years' pilgrimage through the Western States; the second of his fast in Albuquerque; the third of his work as healer in Denver; and fourth and lastly, of his teaching in retirement. I have already at great length in a previous number of *BORDERLAND* described the life of Francis Schlatter, the healer of Denver. This book brings the narrative further down to later date, and supplies information not previously available as to this mysterious man and his predictions.

THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH.

The lady who has compiled this book—for with the exception of the first two chapters it is a compilation, chiefly made up from Schlatter's conversation during the three months from January to March, 1896, that he stayed in the house of the editress, Hermosillo Ranch, Datil, New Mexico. I have heard from the lady within the last few months, and she is firmly of opinion that Schlatter is not dead, as reported in the newspapers, but that he will return as he predicted in 1899. Schlatter, according to his own account, is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and it is evident that in the opinion of his hostess he is a reincarnation of Jesus of Nazareth. In the opinion of the authorities in western towns, who put him into jail and had him flogged, he was a crazy tramp. Without expressing any opinion as to which of these widely varying hypotheses is nearer the truth, it is interesting to note what this man says concerning the state of society in which he finds himself, and as to how and where and when the ideas came to him to which he has given such forcible expression.

A PUPIL OF JOHN BURNS!

Francis Schlatter was an Alsatian, who wished to enlist in the French army at the time of the Prussian War, but finding himself derided as a Prussian by the French authorities, he left the country and came to London, where he learnt the English language, then afterwards he went over to the United States, and earned his living as a shoemaker in the State of New York. During his stay in London, he had often attended meetings at Hyde Park, and often listened to John Burns, whose addresses had evidently made a deep impression on his mind, for he would repeat them with astonishing accuracy and detail to his friends in America.

HIS CONVERSION AND HIS CALL.

What churchmen would call his conversion took place when he was thirty years of age in New York State. The thought came to him after the active love principle had entered into him, when reading of the Christ method of healing—"Others healed, why may I not?"

He was led to go westward and settle at Denver. Four months after his arrival at that psychic centre, he heard a voice, which he recognised as that of the Father, say: "Follow Me. Come out into a world of woe alone and I will make you the greatest healer since Jesus, and give you a new name."

* "The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper." By Francis Schlatter. Compiled and published in obedience to his commands, by his hostess, at present in Denver, Colorado, P.O. Box 108. Illustrated 1897.—Denver, Colorado: The Smith-Brooks Printing Company.—24

HIS VISION OF THE TRINITY.

Six months after his arrival at Denver, at three o'clock, on March 25th, 1893, he had a marvellous vision, in which he believed he saw the Father, Son, and Spirit personified. The Father was seated, holding a book in his left hand. Jesus was upon his right, on his left was the Spirit, the similitude of Jesus. Then Jesus arose, walked to him, and handed to him a lily. From that hour he heard audibly the Father's voice, since then been obedient to its orders. This voice ordered him, he declares, to go on a terrible pilgrimage through eight western states and territories in scorching heat of deserts, and bitter cold of mountains, where he was hungry, naked, imprisoned. The narrative of his two years' pilgrimage occupies the first seventy-nine pages of his book. It is a grim story—one long monotonous narrative of misery.

A PILGRIMAGE OF WRETCHEDNESS.

Whatever importance can be attached to his psychic experiences, there is no reason to doubt that these pages are a faithful transcript of the actual experiences of a penniless wanderer, who went on tramp through these sparsely peopled countries. When he got to Hot Springs he was charged with breaking into jail, because, being penniless, he was arrested! He was fined a dollar and a half, and as he had no money, he was ordered to have hundred and fifty lashes with a rubber hose 6 ft. long and 1½ diameter. They stretched him upon the table, and he was flogged by a raw-boned coloured man 6 ft. high, who brought down the lashes with a will. The flogging, however, was stopped when fifty lashes had been administered. His five months' experience which he spent barefoot on the iron floor of the Arkansas Jail, the sands of Texas, and the cold of the Arizona Mountains was a trifle compared with the torture he experienced in the Mojave Desert.

His work he said he believed was the fire which he had to go through for the sake of humanity. When his misery was more than he could bear, he would sit down on a railroad tie, and weep, when the vision of Christ carrying the cross would come before him, and his Father would then give him the strength to endure to the end the object for which he went through all this tribulation to prepare for the coming of the kingdom.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN (NEW STYLE).

Humanity was his bride and his work was to establish the kingdom, which he declared was near at hand. This kingdom is to be a spiritual congregation of souls, highly developed through the unfoldment of many rebirths. No one can enter into the kingdom, who has had less than ten good lives. This is, according to him, the one great truth, the vital supplement of the Christian doctrine. Reincarnation is, according to Schlatter, clearly taught in the Bible, but it was reserved to him to expound it more fully. Earth-lives are sieves through which the soul must be passed for purification, and improvement. Every soul now living on the earth has been incarnated at least three times. No one has been reincarnated more than three hundred times.

THE GOLDEN KEY OF ALL MYSTERIES.

The minimum number of lives that must have been lived before any one is fit for the kingdom is ten, and these lives must have been good lives, for some have come here and been so lukewarm that their incarnation does not count. A life must be active, helpful and good to count when the sifting time comes for the kingdom.

The law of heredity applies to the physical body. The doctrine of reincarnation explains the spiritual and mental condition of the man. Reincarnation, he declares, is the golden key to all mysteries. Hence, the one question which he always asks about any human being is how many good lives has he lived? What can you expect from those who have only been here for five poor lives? He professes to be able to discern many of those who have been reincarnated. As, for instance, he says that all the Bible characters are here again. He has met St. John, and John the Baptist, who will be killed in London in the future. Aaron is here, still talking, so is St. Paul, but not in the leading class as the world goes.

A PROPHET OF DOOM.

While he is entirely dominated by the idea of reincarnation, he talked a good deal concerning the things that are to come. For himself there was much more suffering. His hair would turn white. He would hear the roar of wild beasts in the desert, but nothing would harm him until he had finished the work that he was appointed to do. He is no prophet of smooth things. To him civilised society is described by two words—oppression and debauchery. He sees wars coming, international and naval wars abroad, and in America a great war between labour and capital. The time of social reconstruction was upon us, but it would come not peaceably, as Bellamy believes, but by bloodshed and revolution, as it is described in "Cæsar's Column." All the ones of the past, the Herods, the Neros, and all the brotherhood of Ananias, are equally reincarnated with the prophets of Israel; one of whom, by-the-bye, Schlatter recognised in Professor Herron. There will be a terrible war, which will settle matters for a thousand years.

THE STATE OF AMERICA.

Schlatter has nothing but evil to say concerning American society as he has seen it. This nation of the West, he says, is going down faster than any nation in all history. It ought to have no poor, no hungry, no downtrodden, but the spirit of evil has accomplished more since the war than ever before. The enslavement has been more complete; conditions are horrible; common people are robbed of what the Father wanted them to have. Nothing but the Creator himself could now save the race from utter slavery and oppression. Governments to-day are corrupt through and through, national, state and municipal, from north to south, from ocean to ocean. No reformer has any chance. It is too late for any material remedy.

ENGLAND THE MODERN BABYLON.

But do not let us imagine that England is better than the United States. On the contrary, according to Schlatter, it is rather worse, for the head of the serpent lies in London, which has itself coiled around the world, and nothing but omnipotence can stay it, London is the Modern Babylon, the Babylon mentioned in the Book of the Revelation. The beast is the money power. The gold power is one combine, and the serpent is tightly coiled, and no man can break his coils. Political methods will not now help humanity. It is too late. But all things are to be overthrown, and the rule of the damnable dollar destroyed by the power of God. The limitless spiritual forces alone can be relied upon. Women Suffrage will do little or no good, for women must first reform their dress before they attempt to

reform the State. When women sacrifice artificial things, and live nearer to nature, there may be some hope from them, but at present their dress causes them to sacrifice health, strength, and independence.

IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

In the ideal times of the future, when the kingdom is established, we shall live in houses of one storey, in which all the rooms will be 40 feet high, and heated by pipes passing through tile floors.

Another prediction that he makes is that he will live for a thousand years, but one of the things upon which he insists strongly is to abolish books. There are to be no more books, no more earthly authority. Everyone is to obey the divine Voice. Instead of going to school, teachers will take a band of young folks and go travelling with them, by which they will learn languages, study nature, and have education at first hand. Schlatter was not a bigoted vegetarian, believing that progress in that direction will be slow.

Schlatter has disappeared for a time, but even if he is not to live 1,000 years he will have to live a long time if he is to last until things get straightened out according to his foreshadowing. The book is an interesting one, and can only be obtained from the authoress at P.O. Box 398, Denver, Colorado. The price is half-a-dollar, or 2s.

ETIDORHPA, OR THE END OF THE WORLD.*

THIS is a very wonderful book and a very clever book. Why it has not been published in England I cannot say. It was first published in 1894 in Cincinnati, and it has since been through six editions. It is published by the author at two dollars, and is very handsomely got up. Sir Henry Irving, when he was in America in 1896, said that he had "read this wonderful book with the greatest interest and pleasure," and was so struck by it that he sent copies to several friends in America and in England. It is difficult to explain what the book is, or to define exactly what amount of actual science there is worked up into the ingenious speculations of the author; but one thing is quite unmistakable, and that is that "Etidorhpa" deserves to take a high place as a romance of adventure. It has been compared to Jules Verne's work, and is not unworthy of the comparison. The conception is bold, and is carried out with a somewhat Poe-like genius.

THE IDEA OF THE STORY.

The idea in brief is that a member of a secret society, whose secret he has divulged, was, as a penalty for his breach of confidence sentenced to travel to the interior of the earth, in order that by passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he might learn the mysteries of life.

THE GUIDE TO THE WORLD'S CENTRE.

He was taken to Kentucky, where he was met by seven mysterious adepts, who converted him into an old man, with a wrinkled face and white hair, and then handed him over to a guide, who compelled him to descend into one of the mysterious caverns which abound

* "Etidorhpa, or the End of the Earth; being the Strange History of a Mysterious Being, and the Account of a Remarkable Journey, as communicated in manuscript to Llewellyn Drury, who promised to print the same, but finally evaded the responsibility, which was assumed by John Uri Lloyd." With many illustrations by J. Augustus Knapp. Sixth edition. Cincinnati. The Robert Clarke Company. 1896.

in Kentucky. He was handed over to another, whose appearance is thus described.

He was less than five feet in height. His arms and legs were bare, and his skin—the colour of light blue putty—glistened in the sunlight like the slimy hide of a water dog. He raised his head, and I shuddered in affright as I beheld that his face was not that of a human. His forehead extended in an unbroken plane from crown to cheek-bone, and the chubby tip of an abortive nose without nostrils formed a short projection near the centre of the level ridge which represented a countenance. There was no semblance of an eye, for there were no sockets. Yet his voice was singularly perfect. His face—if face it could be called—was wet, and water dripped from all parts of his slippery person. Yet, repulsive as he looked, I shuddered more at the remembrance of the touch of that cold, clammy hand than at the sight of his figure, for a dead man could not have chilled me as he had done, with his sappy skin, from which the moisture seemed to ooze as from the hyde of a water lizard.

THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE EARTH.

Accompanied with this strange monster, they travelled miles deep into the earth. His weight becomes less, and they are able to leap over rocks and drop down precipices as if they were light as feathers. They travelled through gigantic forests of fungi, which, instead of being clammy and cold, were pleasantly warm and as soft as velvet. He passed through all manner of strange places, visiting the womb of a volcano, and travelling over underground lakes in boats which speed without sail, or oar, or steam. In the course of narrating his marvellous adventures of the author of this book, a mysterious visitor, who is known as "I-am-the-Man who-did-it," and who has no other name, tells him how every man can see the inside of his own brain.

HOW TO SEE YOUR OWN BRAIN.

This passage I quote on account of certain speculations with which it concludes.

Placing himself before the sashless window, which opening appeared as a black space pictured against the night, the sage took the candle in his right hand, holding it so that the flame was just below the tip of the nose, and about six inches from his face. Then facing the open window he turned the pupils of his eyes upward, seeming to fix his gaze on the upper part of the open window space, and then he slowly moved the candle transversely, backward and forward, across, in front of his face, keeping it in such position that the flickering flame made a parallel line with his eyes, and as just remarked, about six inches from his face, and just below the tip of his nose. Speaking deliberately, he said:

"Now, were I you, this movement would produce a counter irritation of the retina; a rhythm of the optic nerve follow, a reflex action of the brain accompanying, and now a figure of part of the brain that rests against the skull in the back of my head would be pictured on the retina. I would see it plainly, apparently pictures of the brain thrown across the open space before me."

"Incredible!" I replied.

"Try for yourself," quietly said my guide.

Placing myself in the position designated, I repeated the manoeuvre, when slowly a shadowy something seemed to be evolved out of the blank space before me. It seemed to be as a grey veil, or like a corrugated sheet as thin as gauze, which, as I gaze upon it and discover its outline, became more apparent and real. Soon the convolutions assumed a more decided form, the grey matter was visible, filled with venations, first grey and then red, and as I became familiar with the sight, suddenly the convolutions of a brain in all its exactness, with a network of red blood venations, burst into existence.

I beheld a brain, a living brain—my own brain; and as an uncanny sensation possessed me I shudderingly stopped the

motion of the candle, and in an instant the shadowy figure disappeared.

"Have I won the rager?"

"Yes," I answered.

"No, you have seen but a small portion of the brain convolutions, only those that lie directly back of the optic nerve. By systematic research, under proper conditions, every part of the living brain may become as plainly pictured as that which you have seen."

"And is that all that could be learned?" I asked.

"No," he continued. "Further development may enable men to picture the figures engraved on the convolutions, and at last to read the thoughts that are engraved within the brains of others, and thus through material investigation the observer will perceive the recorded thought of another person. An instrument capable of searching and illuminating the retina could be easily affixed to the eye of a criminal, after which, if the mind of the person operated upon were stimulated by the suggestion of an occurrence either remote or recent, the mind faculty would excite the brain, produce the record, and spread the circumstances as a picture before the observer. The brain would tell its own story, and the investigator could read the truth as recorded in the brain of the other man. A criminal subject to such an examination could not tell an untruth, or equivocate; his very brain would present itself to the observer."

"Any one can repeat it with a candle in any room not otherwise lighted, by looking at a blackboard, a blank wall, or blank space."

After this demonstration the mysterious stranger, "I-am-the-man-who-did-it," discoursed concerning volcanoes, and expounded various theories, one of which is that all matter is retarded motion. The primary colours can be redivided, and in the interior of the earth it is possible to cease to breathe and still to live. Breath, he declares, is one of the worst things connected with mortal life. If it only could be abolished, the natural life of man could be, and yet will be, doubled, trebled, and multiplied a dozen, yea, a thousand fold.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEN.

Then, in the course of his tribulations in the interior of the earth, the traveller passed through the drunkards' den, a place where drunkards are confined, and here occurs a very original and extraordinary conception. The vast amphitheatre in which the drunkards were confined was filled with ignoble monsters, each of whom had some malady, or organ developed at the expense of all the rest of his body. One man would have a single leg twelve feet high, surmounted by a puny human form. Another would have a huge ear attached to a small head and body; a third, a nose so large that the puny figure to which it was attached was forced to walk with his nose high in the air to prevent the protubus rubbing on the floor, and a pair of enormous feet walked about, seemingly attached to the body of a child with the face of that of a man.

"Why," he asked, "are these creatures so distorted?"

The answer his guide told him was that in this region the physical form corresponded to the abnormal development of the spirit form which takes place when men give way to drink. On earth the soul of a mortal protrudes from the visible body, but it is invisible. Drink brings the spirit of a drunkard to unnatural forms. The soul of an earth drunkard is largely outside his body, and hideous in the extreme. As on earth the spirit dominates the nose and face, and if we could be suddenly gifted with a sense of mind sight, we would find ourselves surrounded by persons as misshapen as any delirious imagination can conjure

A delirious imagination itself, which pictures the horrors through which the pilgrim passed in the drunkards den, and afterwards through the cavern which is a very chamber of Aphrodite. There he meets Aphrodite, who in this story is no Goddess of Temptation, but rather a guardian angel, and then we learn that the title of the book "Etidorhpa" is nothing more than the name of Aphrodite printed backwards. And so they go on and on, through all manner of caverns, experiencing innumerable adventures, until, at last, he reaches the fathomless abyss and the edge of the earth's shell. When he reaches this point, his mysterious guide clasps him in his arms and leaps with him into the hollow centre of the world.

The end of the story must be read in the book itself. It is a most puzzling story, and one that is full of ingenious speculations presented in the form of a quasi-scientific narrative.

THE ANCIENT WISDOM.*

THIS is the latest edition of the Besantian Library, which is now attaining very respectable dimensions. It is dedicated to Madame Blavatsky, and possesses certain excellent qualities which are worthy of all imitation. First of all, there are eight pages devoted to an analysis, chapter by chapter, of the contents of the book, then at the end there is an admirable index, which occupies no less than 54 pages, *i.e.*, nearly one-eighth of the book is devoted to contents and index.

The book was published after BORDERLAND ought to have gone to press, and it is, therefore, impossible for me to devote to this volume the space that its importance deserves. It is a bold attempt to condense into four hundred pages not only the evidence showing that Theosophy is a coherent conception of the universe and the origin and basis of all religions, but also an exposition of what Theosophy really is. There are two chapters devoted to Reincarnation, and one to the "Law of Sacrifice," which is recognised to be the central teaching of all great religions. Sacrifice does not necessarily or primarily mean suffering. It is primarily the joyful giving of the highest nature which appears to the lower nature to involve a suffering, but the joy of giving is the esoteric real essence of sacrifice, and expression of the Higher Self, which is natural and joyous, while suffering is but the outside or exoteric appearance of the same, when viewed from the lower plane. The manifestation of the Highest to those below implies the sacrifice in the ordinary sense of that word, carrying with it the idea of suffering and loss.

Mrs. Besant has managed to get rid of a good deal of the jargon which renders many of the Theosophical works unintelligible to the novice, but there is still room for further progress in this direction. The "Ancient Religion," as she explains it, differs little, if at all, from the Christian religion as it has been held by mystics of all ages, due allowances being made for the difference of standpoint necessitated by the mental evolution of the race. It is no longer possible for any thoughtful person to maintain that the Christian revelation—which only came into the world the day before yesterday—was the only method employed

* "The Ancient Wisdom; An Outline of Theosophical Teachings." By Annie Besant. London: Theosophical Society, 26, Charing Cross S.W. 5s.

by the Divine Father for the salvation of the children of men, 999 out of every 1,000 of whom lived and died thousands of years before Jesus of Nazareth was born. In any rational view of religion it is necessary to take into account the fundamental change which the knowledge of the antiquity of the race, and of the slow process of evolution had brought about in the mind of man. By the good mystic of the Middle Ages the whole history of the world began, and circled round the Christian Revelation. Making allowances for that change in standpoint, most readers will be startled by the resemblance between the Christian Mysticism and the Theosophical teachings.

But Mrs. Besant will yet have to add one more book to the long row already standing on the book-shelves under her name. She will have to take the "Ancient Wisdom" from the point of view of the Christian Believer, and interpret patiently and with due regard to the limitations and prejudices of his environment the essence of his creed, and the method by which it may be verified. When she sits down to write that book, the first thing that she should do would be to draw up a kind of Index Expurgatorius, and in this she must enter all those words which bewilder and aggravate the non-Theosophical reader. At the top of that list she must put the word Devachan, and below it she must write every word that Theosophists put in their Glossary, for the exposition that is to be an interpretation to the plain man must not contain any words sufficiently unfamiliar to need a glossary to interpret them.

REAL GHOST STORIES.*

EDITORS cannot review their own books, and in place of a review I reprint the Preface and Table of Contents, believing that many of my readers of *BORDERLAND* will be glad to know what they may expect to find in "Real Ghost Stories."

Of all the vulgar superstitions of the half educated, none dies harder than the absurd delusion that there is no such thing as ghosts. All the experts, whether spiritual, poetical, or scientific, and all the others, non-experts, who have bestowed any serious attention upon the subject, know that they do exist. But in face of the practically unanimous testimony of experience and authority, the majority of those who take up this book will do so believing that "it's all nonsense."

There is endless variety of opinion as to what a ghost may be. But as to the fact of its existence, whatever it may be, there is no longer any serious dispute among honest investigators. If any one questions this, let him investigate for himself. In six months, possibly in six weeks, or even in six days, he will find it impossible to deny the reality of the existence of the phenomena popularly entitled ghostly. He may have a hundred ingenious explanations of the origin and nature of the ghost, but as to the existence of the entity itself there will no longer be any doubt.

This volume is a reprint, with some necessary omissions, of the Christmas and New Year's Annuals, published in December, 1891 and January, 1892, under the title of "Real Ghost Stories," and "More Ghost Stories." An edition of one hundred thousand copies of "Real Ghost Stories" was sold in a week, and the collection has never been republished. Since 1892 I have made so many experiments in the psychic realm, and have had so many experiences, that these stories seem to me very ancient history indeed. But to the majority they will probably be fresh and startling even to the point of incredibility. Whether new or old, they are the most popular collection of the kind published of late years.

One word before closing this Preface should be said concerning the perils of investigating the subject. They are great

* A Revised Reprint of the Christmas Number of the "Review of R. V. W." 1891-2. By W. F. Stead. London: Grant Richards. 5s.

enough to explain if not to justify the interdict placed by the Roman Church upon all meddling with the subject excepting by experts. Demoniac possession, or if you prefer to call it mental aberration, occasioned by the apparent control of evil spirits, is a horribly real thing, as I can testify of my own observation. Ghosts and ghostly phenomena are not things to be played with. If you cannot or will not examine the subject seriously, you had a thousand times better leave it alone. It is unwise for a boy to go fooling round a buzz saw. Anybody with a smattering of chemistry can manufacture dynamite, but the promiscuous experimenting with high explosives is more likely to result in explosions than profit. And if you feel disposed to go in "for the fun of the thing" into spiritualism, séances, etc., every serious investigator has only one word to say, and that is DON'T!

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HALLUCINATIONS AND COMMON-SENSE.

The latest issue in the *Contemporary Science Series* is one of much consequence to students of Psychological Research, in every form. As it reaches us just as we are going to press it is impossible to consider the book as it deserves, which we shall attempt to do in a future number.

The book is a translation from the German, and originated in some lectures given in Munich to the Society for Psychological (not Physical) Research. The author, Edmund Parish, while examining the results of *The International Census of Waking Hallucinations of the Sane* (of which mention has been made in these pages), had occasion to compare these results with the literature of the subject. The outcome of this study was a conviction of the narrowness of the horizon which previous writers had attempted to scan, and of the duty of any one who wished to do justice to so important a subject, of greatly widening its outlook.

"The waking hallucinations of healthy persons are more or less completely ignored," he writes, now, alas! with too much reason, since Psychological Research has come to mean the study of hysteria, "trance" conditions, and other forms of disease. It ought not and used not so to be, even in the S.P.R., and certain standard works, such as *Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers* and *Sully on Illusions*, should be taken as exceptions to so general a statement, even so far as English literature only is concerned.

* "Hallucinations and Illusions." A Study of the Fallacies of Perception. By Edmund Parish. Walter Scott, London, 1907. Price 6s.

Data which he considers lacking in general literature are, however, forthcoming. Mr. Parish tells us, in the reports of the International Congress of Psychology of 1889 and 1892. If this be so, how is it that material of such value has not been discussed in the pages of *Proceedings S.P.R.* to a very much more considerable extent than has been the case?

Mr. Parish quotes considerably and frequently from the present writer, but ventures on a hypothesis which I cannot wholly allow. He thinks that "even so capable an observer as Miss X." may have been practically asleep when she supposed herself to be awake, and illustrates this theory of waking dreams by an example quoted by a friend, who uses the phrase "a dreamy look." I forget the particular occasion, but I can testify to a good many others when I have seen visions, when I have been very sure indeed of having "all my wits" about me, whatever that state may be worth; as, for instance, during university examinations or while myself giving a lecture. However, our author does not dogmatise; he only confesses himself obliged "to supplement by hypotheses our scanty knowledge of physiology and the localisation of cerebral functions," especially when study of the literature of Germany, France, England, and America has failed to provide him with information.

It is worth observing that he has not confined this research to recent cases, but, unlike psychological inquirers in England (for the most part), he has seen the importance of the history and literature of his subject, and has realised that even to us in this *fin de siècle* the past has something to teach.

Certainly it is a book which no serious student should fail to read. X.

HOW TO BE WELL AND HAPPY.*

THE *Ars Vivendi* series, which began so well, has given us a second volume, which contains much sound sense. It would be a dull book which secured one's entire agreement, and there are many statements in "Volo" which strike one as extravagant; but the extravagance is of a wholesome kind, and no one can be the worse for reading of what can be effected by the will power. It is the key alike to magic and mysticism; it is the foundation stone of health; it is the moral of classical mythology and mediæval allegory. "All the sciences," says our author, "converge in the grand science of life, and all the arts must lead to the art of living." Living well depends on the will; would that Mr. Arthur Lovell could help to convince the world of that!

Mr. Lovell has another claim to the attention of certain among us. He believes in the past and the future of the Celtic races. We who are of Celtic blood have strong faith in our destiny, our traditions, our philology, our powers of intuition and of second sight.

Moreover, he believes in women—not in the banalities of platform aspirations and the pauper claims of women's rights, but in her far wider claim to be in the inner life in the power of living—the equal of man. For this reason oriental philosophy with its teachings of celibacy does not appeal to him. At the end of Chapter V. on "Ancient and Modern Initiations" he writes: "The Initiations of to-day . . . must take into account the great social questions of the age, and must be

* "Volo, or the Will: What it is, how to strengthen and how to use it." By Arthur Lovell. Nicholls & Co. London. 1897. Price 3s. 6d.

adapted to the requirements of to-day. *Men and women should be treated on the same footing.* In fact, for the perfection of initiation into the mysteries of truth woman is indispensable to man, and man indispensable to woman." X.

WORKS ON MAGIC.*

THIS book will interest those who still believe in initiation, and magic, and incantation, as it bears as its sub-title, "The Human Logos, the Voice of Brahma, the Central Light, how to become an Enchanter." X.

GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES.†

THIS is a somewhat misleading title for a tract which has for object the explaining of various ancient traditions in the light of modern spiritualism. The lights alleged to be seen at séances are of the same nature as the Shechinah. Moses was the "peculiar medium" of Jehovah, and Socrates of Apollo, and so on. Apparently persons are found to read this sort of thing, as this pamphlet is a reprint from *The Banner of Light*. X.

DIVINING BY CARDS.‡

THOSE who want to learn card divination have here a convenient hand-book. The cards are those of everyday life, not Tarot cards, and the art, such as it is, is not difficult to master. The book is charmingly printed. X.

PALMISTRY.§

THE new edition of Cheiro's "Language of the Hand" contains a great many new engravings of the hands of celebrities, and is very well got up and printed. Cheiro's name, it appears, is the Comte de Hammon, which is not on the face of it, what the S. P. R. would call "veridical" as a title, though the sound is not unfamiliar in the French of Stratford-atte-Bow. The volume also contains illustrations of the "Wonderful Scientific Invention, the Apparatus for Thought Photography," which has lately been much advertised in Bond Street. It has been invented many times both in England and America, and seems to be capable of very varied advertisement. X.

DULCAMARA.||

"DULCAMARA" is a pleasant book, with which the BORDERLAND reader may improve himself in German. It will suit most tastes, as it ranges over a wide field of subjects—God and the World, Religion and Philosophy, Art and Science, Society, Politics, and other topics. X.

* "Les Incantations." 54dir. Published by Chamuel. Paris. 1897. 3 francs 50.

† "Glimpses of Ancient Mysteries." "Banner of Light" Publishing Co. 1897.

‡ "Ye Booke of ye Cards." By Zuresta. Roxburgh Press. Price 1s.

§ "Cheiro's Language of the Hand." New edition. Nicholls & Co., Oxford St. (No date.)

|| "Dulcamara." By Paul Garin. Regensburg. 1896.

THOUGHTS FOR BORDERLANDERS.*

JUST because one would suppose the Borderland is about the most difficult subject with which modern thought is occupied, some of those most prominently interested have persistently declined to recognise the fact that here, above all else, we are the heirs of all the ages. The Society for Psychical Research seems to think it invented psychical research itself, and has but in the case of one or two of its writers acknowledged its debt to the wisdom of the past. An enterprising Frenchman, however, has been more generous, not to say more honest, and in a charming volume called "La Survie" we have an excellent series of well-chosen quotations from great thinkers on the subjects with which psychical research professes to occupy itself. This is not a book to get from the library, but to buy and to keep—a book to "take up" and enjoy at odd moments.

X.

MISS X.

A VOLUME of Essays on Borderland subjects, consisting largely of contributions to this and other magazines, will shortly be issued by Miss X. It will be announced in the *Review of Reviews*, and elsewhere, in due course.

Miss X. is occupied with a life sketch of the Rev. George Rigg, a Highland priest, who died a few weeks ago under the most heroic circumstances, a veritable

"La Survie." By R. Noeggerath. Preface by Camille Flammarion. Paris, 1897. 3 francs 50.

Father Damien. It was during her sojourn among the remote islands of the Outer Hebrides in search of folk lore and Borderland lore, that Miss X. had unique opportunities of observing the self-sacrifice of his life in that forlorn country of which the English reader knows so little.

Miss X. has promised an address to the Spiritualists' Alliance on December 17th, on the subject of *Hauntings*. If Miss X. communicates her recent experiences in this line, the occasion promises to be one of exceptional interest. Tickets may be had on application to the office of *Light*, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

All persons sincerely interested in the character of Jeanne d'Arc as a seer or prophet, and an exponent to humanity of the possibilities of saintly womanhood, are invited to communicate in writing with Miss X. at the BORDERLAND office. Such persons may like to know of an opportunity for the quiet expression of their views. On the last occasion of the martyr's festival wreaths were sent to those places specially associated with her, and were so cordially welcomed by her countrymen, that it is proposed to repeat this and other acts of expiation.

The wreaths bore the inscription, "À la Sainte Pucelle; de la part de quelques Anglais toujours pénitents, et de quelques Écossais, toujours fidèles."

It would be inconsistent with the motive of expiation and humiliation to seek publicity, or to publish names, and the sympathy is desired of those only who are content to be anonymous.

XI.—A PSYCHICAL DIRECTORY.

DURING the four years that I have published **BORDERLAND**, I have been continually asked by my readers for names and addresses of mediums, clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and others, whom I have found most reliable. It may not, therefore, be without interest if I were to state here in this number the names and addresses which are most in request.

PSYCHOMETRY.

And first as to psychometry, the gift of diagnosing character from anything that has been touched, or by the handwriting of the person to be delineated. I know no one who is better at this than Miss Ross, of 3, Market Place, Witney, Oxon, a lady in delicate health, concerning whose gifts I had a good deal to say in the early numbers of **BORDERLAND**. In the article upon Professor Buchanan I dwell at some length on the science of the psychometrist, if it may be so called. If any persons who wish to test for themselves whether or not there is anything in it, let her or him take from their pocket a handkerchief, which they have carried about with them, and enclose it in an envelope, and send it with the fee of 5s. to Miss Ross. If they wish to avoid any clue to their character that might be afforded by handwriting, let them get a friend to forward the handkerchief, stating, however, that the writer of the letter is not the person who has handled the handkerchief. They will receive in return, unless all my experience is falsified, a delineation of their character, accompanied sometimes with a description of their present good health, which will very much surprise them. Miss Ross is a thoroughly honest, upright person, who has this gift—she knows not how, and many of our subscribers have found much profit from consulting her.

Mrs. Coates, of Rothesay, has also considerable psychometrical gifts, while other psychometrists, who have often given very good results, are Mrs. Ida Ellis, 10, Dent Road, Blackpool; and Mr. Tetlow, 142, Fitzwarren Street, Church Street, Pendleton.

ASTROLOGY.

I have consulted from time to time three astrologers, to the first of whom, I refer all cases of horary astrology—Mr. Richard Bland, of 5, Sandringham Street, Beetonville, Hull. Mr. Bland does also horoscopes, carefully and well, but I have tested him most frequently in the other department. I have not had much from Mr. Wilde, of Railway Terrace, Brighouse, Yorks. for some time past. He was extraordinarily successful with Mr. Pearson, for whom he did a very elaborate horoscope, which was right as to the past, and has since been verified in relation to matters which were then in the future. "Neptune," of Bridge Street, Bristol, was the first astrologer whom I ever came across in the old days when I was on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He has done some extraordinary things for me, for ever since our first meeting he has kept an eye upon my stars and my career, and has occasionally struck in with communications which have been very unusually *apropos* to circumstances of which he was totally ignorant. Among the other astrologers there is Rex, B.A. Cantab., of Elmina, Albion Road, East Cliffe, Ramsgate. As a rule, astrologers will answer a ques-

tion for 2s. 6d., but the price to be paid for the delineation of character and the drawing of a horoscope depends entirely upon the length of time that is required. You can get some kind of a horoscope for 5s., whereas if you wish to go into the whole thing very elaborately, astrologers will undertake to put in as much time as you will pay for. At present there are few who imitate Oriental potentates, who maintain an astrologer permanently for advice, but a very elaborate horoscope could hardly be drawn under £50, but this, of course, is a luxury which very few persons will indulge in. Those who wish to try had better write to any one of those persons named above.

MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Ida Ellis publishes a directory every year of all persons claiming to possess mediumistic gifts. We printed one such directory in **BORDERLAND**, but a copy of the later directory will be forwarded from Mrs. Ellis for 6d.

I am frequently asked for the addresses of materialistic mediums. My invariable answer is that I do not know a single materialistic medium whom I would like to recommend in this country. I would not like to recommend any one nearer than Melbourne or New York. I do not know one materialising medium in this country who has not been subjected to an exposure in which there seemed to be at least *prima facie* evidence of fraud. The same allegation has been made concerning one materialising medium in whom I believe, namely, Mrs. Mellon, of Melbourne, who on one occasion seems to have been made subject to a more or less compromising exposure, but, notwithstanding that, I think Mrs. Mellon is about the best materialising medium going. Madam de L'Esperance, of Gothenburg, is a materialising medium who has done some very remarkable things. She makes a rule of never sitting excepting where the sitters have abjured alcohol and tobacco. I do not for a moment wish to assert that there are no materialising mediums who are genuine, there may be multitudes. I can only say that I do not know where I can lay my hands upon them at the present moment.

As to other mediums, I always reply to those who wish to be placed in communication with a good all-round honest medium, that I have most confidence in Mrs. Russell Davies, whom I have known for many years, and who is a lady of great force of character and independence of judgment, whose chief weakness is to be too unsparing in her condemnation of the weaker brethren who eke out their mediumship by what may be described more or less uncharitably as imposture. Mrs. Davies is very much engaged, and is by no means at every one's beck and call. Her address is Arundel House, Balham Park Road, S.W., and any person desiring a sitting with her will do well to communicate with her in advance. Success may not always be obtained at a sitting with her, but she will tell you what she sees and what she hears, nor will she piece it out by inventions of her own. She is also a good psychometrist, and is often very successful in her delineation of health.

The other medium to whom I usually refer inquiries is Mrs. Bliss; she is very different to Mrs. Russell Davies, but she is more accessible, and sometimes

when in a trance, she is extremely good. Her address is Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

PSYCHIC HEALING.

Miss Francis Lord, of Worthing, is the person to whom I usually refer those who desire to study Christian Science. Of professional healers the supply in this country is not very great. There is Mr. J. Hinchliffe, of 17, Blackbant Street, Bolton. The Holy Well of St. Winifred's in North Wales is the only miracle working shrine that I know of in this country.

HYPNOTISM.

The two professional men who practise Hypnotism are Dr. J. M. Bramwell, of 25, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., and Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey, of 33, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

PHRENOLOGISTS.

Fowler's Phrenological Institute, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, is the address to which I send those who desire phrenological delineations. Miss Jessie Fowler, who has read my "bumps" and those of my family with great accuracy, is now in New York, but the business is carried on at Ludgate Circus by Mr. Elliott.

Another Phrenological Institute, which does very good work, is the O'Dells, of Ludgate Circus, E.C.

In Scotland, the best-known Phrenologist whom I know is Mr. James Coates, of Rothesay, N.B., whose delineations, often from photographs, are very accurate.

PALMISTS.

Cheiro, of Bond Street; Madam Voyer, of 167, New Bond Street; Mademoiselle Teresina, of 38, Old Bond Street, W., are all noticed in this number.

As a general rule you can get something from all these professors of Occultism for 10s. 6d., and you can always command more of their time if you are willing to pay them for it.

Other palmists are Mr. James Allen, 5, Castle Arcade, Cardiff; Miss Collingridge, 36, Onslow Square, S.W.; Miss Smythe, 62, Bloomfield Road, Paddington; and Zoe, 15, Marine Parade.

PUBLISHERS AND LIBRARIES.

The chief publisher of books dealing with Occult

subjects is Mr. George Redway, of Bury Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. He is almost the only man in the business at the present moment.

The Theosophical Society, however publish a great many books relating to the Borderland. Their address is 26, Charing Cross, S.W.

The Libraries where books relating to Psychic study can be obtained, are as follows:—

BORDERLAND Library, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C., which is free to subscribers of BORDERLAND on conditions which will be found under the head of the BORDERLAND Library.

The Spiritualists' Library, at *Light* office, the subscription to which is one guinea a year.

The Library of the Society of Psychical Research, which is open to all members who pay two guineas a year.

The Theosophical Library, of 19, Avenue Road, N.W., to which students are admitted on payment of a subscription.

PUBLICATIONS.

There are only two newspapers devoted to this subject in this country, namely, *Light*, which is published at 2d., at No. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi; and the *Two Worlds*, published at Manchester, at 1d. The *Harbinger of Light*, which is published at Melbourne, for 6d., is one of the best of the Spiritualist papers published outside this country. Its address is Austral Buildings, Collins Street, Melbourne.

In the United States of America two leading Spiritualist papers are the *Banner of Light*, published at Boston; the *Light of Truth*, published at Columbus, Ohio.

Of the magazines, the *Theosophical Review* and the *Theosophist*, published respectively at 26, Charing Cross, S.W., at 1s. per month, and Adyar, Madras, are the best Theosophical magazines. The only American magazine worth mentioning which deals with these subjects is *Intelligence*, the present form of the *Metaphysical Magazine*, published at 503, Fifth Avenue, New York, subscription 7s. per annum, or 9d. per copy.

Modern Astrology, published at 1 and 2, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., London, is the 1s. Astrological magazine.

XXII.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

Animals :

- Reincarnation among Animals. B. Keighley, *Le Lotus Bleu*, August, September
- Have Dogs Souls? *Light*, August 28

Apparitions :

- Strange Phenomena appearing in France, *Harbinger of Light*, August

Astrology :

- Hornoscope of George de Maurier, *Modern Astrology*, July
- Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolised, *Modern Astrology*, July
- The Rationale of Astrology, J. Hazelrigg, *Intelligence*, July
- Inductive Astrology (1) (2), J. Hazelrigg, *Intelligence*, August, September
- Prediction on President McKinley's Administration, *Intelligence*, August
- Symbolism of Astrology, *Theosophist*, September

Automatism :

- Fixed Ideas in the Sub-Conscious Self-entailing Automatism, *Light*, July 17

Biography :

- Evans, Professor, F. P., *Banner of Light*, July 31
- Longstaff, J. B., *Lycum Banner*, August
- Olliphant, Mrs., *Light*, July 3
- Peebles, Dr. J. M., *Light*, July 10
- Rambo, Edward B., *Theosophical Forum*, August
- Tagner, Abram, *Irish Theosophist*, August
- Whitehead, Alfonso, *Lycum Banner*, July
- Yeaw, William H., *Philosophical Journal*, September

"Borderland" Notices :

- Herschell's *Coming Events*, July
- Light*, August 14. Useful Admissions by Miss X.
- Light of Truth*, September 4. Losing and Finding the Soul
- Philosophical Journal*, September

Buddhism :

- Celebration of Buddha's Birthday in Japan, *Journal of the Mahi-Bodi Society*, July, August
- Great Buddhist Traveller, *Journal of the Mahi-Bodi Society*, July, August
- Bri Gouranga's Sanyasa, *Light of the East*, June
- Vedants, *Light of the East*, June, July

Doubles :

- The Duality Inherent in the Human Double, *Light*, August 14

Dreams :

- Called Back in a Dream, *Intelligence*, September
- Dreams—a Means of Initiation, *Prasnotaria*, August
- Mr. Lang on Dreams and Ghosts, *Light*, September 25
- Three Dreams, *Light of Truth*, July

Folklore :

- Hawaiian Folklore, *Theosophist*, July

Healing :

- Hygiene of the Brain, *Journal of Hygiene*, July
- Magnetic Therapeutics and Surgery, *Harbinger of Light*, August
- Will and the Law, Professor Purdy, *Esoteric*, July

Hypnotism :

- Adverse Suggestions in the Management of the Sick, *Hypnotic Magazines*, July
- Cases Treated by the Chicago School of Psychology, *Hypnotic Magazines*, July, August, September
- Discovery in Hypnotism, *Light*, July 17
- Methods of Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazines*, August
- Power of Suggestion in Obstetrical Practice, *Hypnotic Magazines*, September

Magic and Mysticism :

- A Modern Mystic—Maurice Maeterlinck, *Theosophy*, August
- Chaturtham—Sarvan, *Light of Truth*, July
- Jeserah—the Mystic Shrine, *Intelligence*, July
- Lives Saved by Magic, *Light of the East*, July

Mediums and Mediumship :

- Modern Prophecies, A. T. B., *Theosophist*, July, August, September
- On Testing Mediums: a Reply, *Light*, July 8
- Talks with Tien, *Light*, July 17

Miscellaneous :

- A Bengal Professor, *Dawn*, July
- A Great Unpunished Crime, J. M. Green, *Theosophy*, July
- Interview with Dr. J. M. Peebles, *Banner of Light*, August 7
- Woman's Overcoming, *Esoteric*, July

Personal :

- Mrs. Besant and Countess Wachtmeister, *Prasnotaria*, July

Psychic :

- Alone, Hudson Tuttle, *Mystical World*, July
- Desire for Psychic Experiences, *Lucifer*, August

- Do Spirits See Material Objects? *Light*, July 31
- Forty Years' Experience in Spiritualism, John Bland, *Two Worlds*, September 17
- Psychical Research in the Victorian Era, by Miss X., *Light*, August 14
- Psychic Problems, *Two Worlds*, September 17
- Wings of the Soul, *Pacific Theosophist*, August

Phenomena :

- A Lincolnshire Ghost, *Light*, September 4
- Miss Goodrich-Freers, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on a Haunted House, *Light*, August 21
- Mr. Lang on Dreams and Ghosts, *Light*, September 25
- Phenomena in an American Lyceum, *Lycum Banner*, July
- Why do People fear Ghosts? *Light*, September 21

Phrenology :

- Phrenology as Aid to Teaching in Schools, *Phrenological Journal*, August
- Why are People Unlike? *Phrenological Journal*, August

Portraits :

- Bacon, George A., *Light of Truth*, July 17
- Babbett, E. D., *Philosophical Journal*, July
- Evans, Professor F. P., *Banner of Light*, July 31
- Mrs. Dio Lewis, *Philosophical Journal*, August
- Longstaff, J. B., *Lycum Banner*, August
- Neresheimer, *Theosophy*, August
- Peebles, Dr. J. M., *Lycum Banner*, August
- Strong-William, L., Mayor of York, *Phrenological Journal*, August
- Thrall, Mrs. Flavia A., *Banner of Light*, June 28
- Wagner, Richard, *Theosophy*, August
- Whitehead, Alfonso, *Lycum Banner*, July
- Yeaw, William H., *Philosophical Journal*, September

Religio-Philosophical :

- Concerning the Creation and the Fall of Man, *Esoteric*, September
- Evil : Its Nature and Origin, *Two Worlds*, July 9
- God in Humanity, *Light*, August 7
- Kingdom of God, *Esoteric*, August
- Manifestations of God, *Light*, July 17
- Old and New Humanity, *Two Worlds*, July 23
- Physical Immortality, *Esoteric*, September
- The Vision of God, *Light*, August 7
- What am I? *Light of the East*, July

Science :

- On Egg Structure, the Heredity of Instincts, *Monist*, July
- Prophecy of Science at the Close of the Century, *Pacific Theosophist*, June
- Time, Life, Energy (Science Notes), *Theosophy*, September
- Value of Pain, Dr. Wood Hutchinson, *Monist*, July

Spiritualism :

- Creative Power of Thought, *Banner of Light*, August 14
- Evolution of Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, September
- General Aspects of Spiritualism (Address by Mr. Watson), *Light*, July 31
- Law of Evolution in the Spirit Realm, *Banner of Light*, July 31
- Matter is Embodied Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, September
- Obsession; and Practical Spiritualism, *Light*, July 10
- Soul and Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, July
- Spiritualism in the Light of Theosophy, *Mercury*, September
- Spiritualism as a Science, *Philosophical Journal*, September
- Sunshine of Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, August 13
- Utility of Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, July 16

Telepathy :

- Telepathy and Religion, *Light*, September 11
- Telepathy—Brain Waves, *Light*, September 11
- Thought Transference, *Light*, July 24

Theosophy :

- Among the Gnostics of the Two First Centuries, G. R. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, July, continued August
- Brahminism and the Future of Brahmins, A. S. J., *Theosophist*, August, September
- Capital Punishment, J. H. Griffes, *Pacific Theosophist*, August
- Capital Punishment, Annie Besant, *Theosophist*, September
- Future Theosophical Prospects, A. P. Sennett, *Theosophical Review*, September
- Hindu Doctrine of *Lava, Dama*, August
- Law and Logic, in East and West, B. Keighley, *Theosophical Review*, September
- Power of the Imagination, Dr. A. Keighley, *Theosophy*, September
- Reincarnation (concluded), A. Besant, *Lucifer*, July
- Six Great Schools of Indian Philosophy, *Theosophical Gleaner*, August
- Suggestions for Lotus Work, *Grail*, July
- Sun as a Symbol of Ahura-Mazda, *Theosophical Gleaner*, July
- Theosophical Movement, A. Besant, *Theosophical Review*, September
- Theosophy Generally Stated, W. C. Judge, *Theosophy*, July
- Theosophy for Children, *Grail*, July, August, September
- Why I Believe in Reincarnation, Dr. A. J. Anderson, *Theosophy*, September
- Work of the Theosophical Society, A. Besant, *Theosophist*, August

XXIII.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

JULY—SEPTEMBER.

Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris, 108, Boulevard
S. Germain.

May—June.

Experiences in Thought-Transference. A. Goupil
Spiritualists' Alliance. Prof. O. Lodge
Poltergeists. F. Podmore

July—August.

Mental Suggestion. P. Jolir
Physiological Theory of Dermographic Images produced by Lightning.
M. Mangin
Poltergeists. F. Podmore

Annali delle Spiritismo. Torino, via Ormea, 3.

August.

The Art of Divination
Emanuel Swedenborg

September.

John Faust, the Necromancer
A Telepathic Phenomenon

Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.

July.

John Buskin, a Type of Twentieth-Century Manhood. B. O. Flower
Psychic or Supermundane Experiences. Cora L. V. Richmond

August.

Evolution: What it is, and what it is not. Dr. David Starr Jordan
The Creative Man. Stinton Jarvis

September.

The Author of the Messiah. B. O. Flower
The Editor's Evening. A Case of Prevision; Concerning Eternity

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston.
\$2.00 per annum.

July.

Conscious Thought Entities. M. T. Longley
Some Spiritual Pioneers. Lyman C. How
Ideas versus Thoughts. George A. Bacon
The Law of Evolution in the Spirit-Realm. William Emmett Colem

August.

The Creative Power of Thought. Charles Dawbarn
Nature's System of Thought Storage. Charles Dawbarn

September.

Spiritual Education. J. O. Barrett
Spiritualistic Measures to Help the Needs of Humanity. Rev. T. E.
Allen

Buddhist. Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum.

July.

The Buddhists of Brooklyn
Immortality of the Anti-Vivisection Movement
Earthquakes and their Causes
Is Nirvana Annihilation?

August.

Should the Bible be Taught in our Public Schools?
In Nubias

Coming Events (Marshall's). 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C.
4s. per annum.

July.

The Use of Foreknowledge
The Paris Fire

August.

Predictions

September.

Predictions

Dawn. 44, Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

June.

The Riddle of Mind and Matter—I. An Analysis
The Education of Hindu Youth. Annie Besant

July.

The Sacred Books of the East. The Vedanta Sutras—III.
Side-lights on Modern Science

August.

Brindavana Scenes—III.

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California.
\$1.75 per annum.

July.

Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

August.

Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

September.

Physical Immortality

Grail. 77, Great Portland St., London, W. 1s. per annum.

June and July.

Theosophy for Children
Suggestions for Lotus Work

August and September.

Theosophy for Children—II.

Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per
annum.

June.

Outspoken Thoughts, No. 8. A. M.
Mediumship (continued from May). Mrs. M. King

August.

India, Yogaism, Theosophy. By Dr. J. M. Peebles
Strange Phenomena appearing in France
The late Sir Richard Burton on Spiritualism

Hypnotic Magazine.

July.

Hypnotism. Sydney Flower
The Hypnotic Power of Words. Charles B. Newcomb

August.

Involuntary and Voluntary Powers of Mind. E. L. Belton
The Simplicity of Hypnotism. Sydney Flower

September.

Hypnotism in Obstetrics. Sydney Flower

Intelligence (Metaphysical Magazine).

July.

Ourselves Critically Considered. Dr. Dowson

August.

A Nineteenth Century Musical Mystic. Albert Ross Parsons

September.

A Nineteenth Century Musical Mystic. Albert Ross Parsons
The Health of the People. H. Louise Burple

Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin.
4s. per annum.

July.

The Three Gods of Man. Charles Johnston

August.

Robert Browning—IV. Omar
Scrape from a Sketch-Book. Charlotte E. Woods

September.

The Fountains of Youth. E.
Robert Browning—V. Omar
A Student's Notes. Iko

Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row,
Calcutta. 4s. per annum.

Is Nirvana Annihilation?
Report of Tour in Champa and Terai

- Journal du Magnétisme.** Paris, 23, Rue Saint-Merri.
4 francs per annum.
- Massage and Magnetism Threatened by the Doctors**
- Light.** 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. 10s. 10d. per annum.
- July
- On Testing Mediums
Spiritualism in France
Psychical Forms
Obsession and Practical Spiritualism
Interview with Dr. J. M. Peebles
Discovery in Hypnotism
Professor Janet on Fixed Ideas
Science and Dogmatic Spiritualism
Super-Psychical Research
Through Matter to Spirit
Dr. Berillon on Suggestion
- August.
- Supernatural Prevision
Dr. Berillon on "Suggestion"
Tendencies of Modern Spiritualism
Useful Admissions by Miss X.
Phenomena in a Private Circle
Fixed Ideas in the Spirit World
Movement of Objects without Contact
Why do People fear Ghosts?
Signor Volpi and the S.P.R.
Mediums and Magic in the East
Mysteries of Mediumship. (The Head Family)
- September.
- Haunted Family in France?
Swedenborg as Seer and Author
Sub-Conscious Self. Part I.
Spiritual Creations through Struggle
L'Evolution Antiquaire
Sub-Conscious Self—Part II.
Mr. Lang on Dreams and Ghosts
- Light of the East.** 3, Issur Mills Lane, P.O., Calcutta.
- June.
- Philosophy of Buddhism (continued)
Religious Evolution in Ancient India
Modern Mysticism
- July.
- A Few Forgotten Truths
- August.
- Inspiration
Religious Evolution in Ancient India
- Light of Truth.** Front Street, Columbus, Ohio.
\$1.00 per annum.
- July.
- The Spirit Life
Borderland Reflections. Lyman C. Howe
What Hypnotism Really is
Buddhism and Christianity
- August.
- Faith and Psychic Science
New Discovery in Hypnotism
- September.
- The Losing and Finding of the Soul. W. T. Stead's "Julia"
- Light of Truth.** (First Number.) C. N. Proos, 4, Gurusvappan Street, Black Town, Madras, or Siddhanta Deepika.
- July.
- National Language and National Character
- La Lumière.** Paris, 97, Boulevard Montmorency.
7 francs per annum.
- June.
- Natural Photography:
Hysteria and Genius
Case of a Double
- July.
- On Divination by Mirrors. Dr. Thomas
Photographic Register of Magnetic Effluence from the Fingers
Series of Realized Dreams
- September.
- Hysteria and Hypnosis. Dr. Thomas
Professor O. Lodge and the Spiritism Hypothesis
The Marvellous in the Nineteenth Century
- Le Lotus Bleu.** Paris, 11, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.
12 francs per annum.
- July.
- Experiences Relating to the "Corps de Désir." A. de Rochas
Seventh Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society
- August.
- Reincarnation among Animals. B. Keightley
- September.
- Reincarnation among Animals (concluded)
Comments on the "The Light on the Path"
- Lotusblüthen.** Wilhelm Friedrich, Leipzig.
- July.
- The Teaching of the Bhagavad Gita
- August.
- Parable from the Theosophical Standpoint
- September.
- The Teaching of Philip Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim [Paracelsus]
- Lucifer.**
- July.
- Reincarnation (concluded). Mrs. Besant
Among the Agnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. B. S. Meade
The Order of Things. Dr. A. A. Wells
The Akasha Records (concluded). C. W. Leadbeater
- August.
- Among the Agnostics of the First Two Centuries (concluded). G. B. S. Meade
The Cadet's Story. C. W. Leadbeater
The Desire for Psychic Experiences. Bertram Keightley
- Lycæum Banner.** 26, Osnaburgh Street, Euston Road,
London, N.W. 1s. per annum.
- August.
- What Our Lycæums are Doing
- Mercury.** Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.
\$1.00 per annum.
- July.
- The Law of Sacrifice. A. Besant
Lecture Tour of Mrs. A. Besant
- September.
- Spiritualism in the Light of Theosophy. Countess Wachtmeister
- Messenger.** Liège. 5 francs per annum.
- June.
- D. D. Home, the Medium
- July.
- D. D. Home (continued)
The Devil in the Nineteenth Century
The Abbé Kestpp
- Metaphysische Rundschau.** 46, Hedemannstr, Berlin.
- June.
- Freedom of Human Will. Edwin Böhm
Electro-Homoeopathy. C. J. Glöckel
- Modern Astrology.**
- July.
- The Esoteric Side of Astrology
Horoscope of George L. P. D. du Maurier
Two Remarkable Horoscopes
- August.
- A Simple Method of Instruction in the Science of Practical Astrology
- September.
- Curious Horoscopes:
Astrological Stories
- Monist.** (Quarterly.) 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.,
and Chicago. 9s. 6d. per annum.
- Value of Pain. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.
Man as a Member of Society. Dr. P. Topinard
Animal Automatism and Consciousness. Arthur Harrington
- Moniteur.** Brussels, 100, Rue de Mérode.
3.50 francs per annum.
- August.
- Prophets and Prophecies. B. Martin
New Experiences of Dr. Luys
- September.
- Spirit Photography. B. Martin
How to Become a Medium. J. F.
- Mystical World.** H. C. Copley, Canning Town, London, E.
2s. per annum.
- July.
- The Dual Image—Book III.
A Voice from the Spirit-Land
- September.
- The Dual Image—Books IV., V.
Truths of Nature

- Pacific Theosophist.** \$1.00 per annum.
How to Perform Miracles. Jerome A. Anderson
Theosophy-Free for All. James H. Outer
- Philosophical Journal.** San Francisco, Station B, California.
 \$1.00 per annum.
 July.
Spiritualism in Oregon
Matter is Embodied Spirit
 September.
- Frammottara.** Free to Members. Ed. Upendra Nath Basu,
 Joint General Secretary, Benares.
 June.
Law of Sacrifices (continued)
 July.
What does a T. S. Lodge Teach?
 August.
Law of Sacrifices (continued)
- Psychische Studien.** Leipzig, Lindenstrasse, 4.
 July.
Experiments at Choisy Yvrac with Eusapia Paladino. R. Seithal
A New Physical Medium at Hamburg. A. Kneipf
 August.
Experiments at Choisy Yvrac with Eusapia Paladino. R. Seithal
Apparitions, Theory of. G. L. Denkmair
 September.
Experiments in Automatic Writing. Dr. Krasnicki
Apparitions, Theory of. G. L. Denkmair
- Revue de l'Hypnotisme.** Paris, 14, Rue Taitbout.
 8 francs per annum.
 June.
Collective Suggestion. Dr. Max Nordau
James Braid (continued). Dr. Milne Bramwell
 July.
Fortuitous Hypnotism. Dr. Desplats
James Braid (continued). Dr. Milne Bramwell
 August.
Hypnotism a Therapeutic Agent. Dr. Desplats
James Braid (continued). Dr. Milne Bramwell
- Revue Spirite.** Paris, 42, Rue S. Jacques.
 12 francs per annum.
 July.
Phenomena among the Mormons. J. de Krombeim
"Spiritism" of V. Sardou
International Congress of Spiritualists
Italian Spiritualism and Science
 August.
Telepathic Dreams. Countess Helene Matnardi
An Undoubted Beer. J. de Krombeim
Are the Americans Ignorant?
 September.
Photographs by Immersion. P. G. Leymarie
Phenomena at Pisa. Countess Matnardi
Dematerialization of a Medium. Maurice Limet
- Theosophical Forum.** 144, Madison Avenue, New York.
 July.
What is Impermeability, and How may it be Attained?
Has an Idiot a Soul?
 August.
Edward B. Rambo
What does Theosophy offer in Place of Prayer?
Is it Possible to Control One's Acts and Thoughts in the Dream State?
- Theosophic Messenger.** Theosophical Society, Bombay.
 1s. 6d. per annum.
 July.
Reincarnation (concluded)
Is Theosophy Buddhism?
Practicality and Theosophy
 August.
The Congress at Paris and the Coming Events
Pseudo Scientific Societies
Is there more than one Buddhism?
- Theosophist.** 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. £1 per annum.
 July.
Old Diary Leaves. H. S. Olcott
Theosophy in the 16th Century. Australus
Madame Elavatsky among the Spiritualists. Kuberi
The Progress of Theosophy. A. B.
 August.
Old Diary Leaves. H. S. Olcott
The Work of the Theosophical Society. Annie Besant
 September.
Old Diary Leaves. H. S. Olcott
Brahmanism and the Future of Brahman. A. S. I.
The Symbology of Astrology. Annie Besant
- Theosophical Review (Lucifer).**
 September.
The Theosophical Movement. Annie Besant
Among the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries (continued). G. B. S.
Mead
The New Dawn. Dr. A. A. Wells
Future Theosophical Prospects. A. P. Sennett
- Theosophy (The Path).** 144, Madison Avenue, New York.
 \$2.00 per annum.
 July.
Theosophy Generally Stated. William Q. Judge
The Principle or Sentiment. J. W. L. Keighley
 August.
A Modern Mystic (Maurice Maeterlinck). E. T. Hargrove
 September.
The Power of the Imagination. Archibald Keightley, M.D.
- Thinker (Theosophic).** Blacktown, Madras.
 7 francs per annum.
 June 5.
Sanskrit Revival
An Astronomical Question
 June 12.
Adam and Eve
Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva
 June 19.
Reflections on Krishna (continued).
- Two Worlds.** 18, Corporation Street, Manchester.
 July.
Orthodoxy and Spiritualism
The Utility of Spiritualism. E. Constance
Intuition. Chas. E. Smith
 September.
Where are the Dead? T. Timson, F.B.P.A.
The Intellectual Liberty of Spiritualists. A. J.
The Power of Spirits for Good. L. H.
The Resurrection. L. H.
Spiritual Unfoldment. Rev. C. Ware
- Ueberrationalische Welt.** Berlin, Eberswalder Strasse, 16.
 June.
Paris Experiments with Eusapia Paladino
The Tricks of the Anti-Spiritualists and the Dishonoured Medium
 July.
Paris Experiments with Eusapia Paladino (continued)
The Tricks of the Anti-Spiritualists and the Dishonoured Medium
 August.
Levitation of the Human Body. Dr. J. Maier
Eusapia Paladino at Choisy Yvrac
 September.
Eusapia Paladino at Choisy Yvrac
The Mystery of Valence-au-Bis
- VALHAM.** 26, Charing Cross, S.W. 2s. 6d. per annum.
 July.
Buddhist Reverence for Life
 August.
Lunar Influences on Vegetation
Reasons for Mediumship being Injurious to Health
 September.
What Consolations can Theosophy afford in place of Old Beliefs?
- Vesville Spiritists.**
Professor W. Crookes on Transcendental Photography
Experimental Séances at Pisa

XXIV.—OUR BORDERLAND LIBRARY.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS: NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

I AM glad to be able to announce that, although the publication of *BORDERLAND* is suspended for the present, the library will be continued to be open for the use of subscribers. I publish this month a catalogue of books on the shelves, from which it will be seen that, although it is very far short of being anything approaching to a complete library, it nevertheless contains a very wide selection of books dealing with almost all the departments of *Borderland Research*.

Any person who has subscribed to *BORDERLAND* in the past four years, and who is interested in the subject, can obtain books from this library on loan, the only conditions being—

1. That if he is a resident in London, and calls for the books, he shall leave a deposit of 5s. (with the exception of the most valuable works, which can only be lent to strangers on deposit of the sum for which they can be replaced). Unless the book is damaged while in the possession of the subscriber, this 5s. deposit will be returned when the subscriber ceases to draw books from the library.

2. Country readers to whom the books must be sent by post must not merely deposit 5s. as security for the return of the book, but also pay a subscription of 5s. a year to cover the postage.

Subject to these conditions the library is free to all our subscribers. Books not returned in a reasonable time will be considered as lost, and will be replaced, if possible, from the deposit.

I hope that by continuing the use of the library free of charge to subscribers we may be able to keep up a nexus between readers of *BORDERLAND*, which will stand in good stead when I begin the publication of the new series.

I may also say that the library will be the centre for inter-communication between the members who may wish to correspond with each other by means of a circulating MSS. magazine, or any other way that may be suggested, when it is found the publication of *BORDERLAND* has been discontinued.

ASTROLOGY [x].

1. Natal Astrology by Wilde and Dodson.
2. Kabalistic Astrology (2 copies).
3. Astrologers' Ready-Reckoner.
4. Astrology.
5. Book of Life.
6. Orion's Almanac, 1892.
7. Zadkiel's Almanac.
8. Raphael's Almanac.
9. Old Moore's Almanac.
10. Francis Moore.
11. Astrology.
12. *Future.*
13. *Astrologer's Magazine.*
14. *Astrology.*

Walter Old.

Alan Leo.

DREAMS [iv].

1. Imagination in Dreams. Frederic Greenwood.
2. Sleep and Dreams (2 copies). A. M. Jewett.
3. Dreams and Dream Stories. Anna Kingsford.
4. Dreams of the Dead. Edward Stanton.

FICTION [xx].

1. Belle and the Dragon. A. E. Waite.
2. Zenia the Vestal (occult). Margaret B. Peake.
3. The Dream that Stayed. Florence Marryat.
4. Strange Transfiguration of } Hannah Stubbs. } Florence Marryat.
5. A Passing Madness. Florence Marryat.
6. History of a Soul. Kathleen Behenna.
7. Whose Soul Have I Now? Mary C. Knapp.
8. Jack's Partner, and other Stories. Stephen Fiske.

9. The Haunted Station.
10. Ghostly Tales.
11. The Discovered Country.
12. Mary Anne Crew (2 copies).
13. Sidartha.
14. The World's Last Passage.
15. Sorceress of Paris.
16. Borderland Fancies.
17. Psychical Tales.
18. The Mystic Quest.
19. Our Ghosts.
20. Sidonia. Vol. I.
21. Sidonia. Vol. II.
22. Secret of the Lamas.
23. Karma. Vol. I.
24. Karma. Vol. II.
25. Adventures of Halek.
26. Ziska.
27. Peter Ibbetson.
- 27A. The Martian.
28. The Lost Stradivarius.
29. Uncanny Tales.
30. A Blank Page.
31. Dreamer of Dreams.
32. Story of a Hand.
33. Birth of a Soul (3 copies).
34. Haunted Homes.
35. Talking Image of Urur.
36. The Great Republic.
37. Coming Man.
38. Meda.
39. Vision of Souls.
40. Dowager Lady Tremaine.

Hume Nisbet.
Countess of Munster.
Carlyle Petersilea.
Carlyle Petersilea.
Kathleen Behenna.
J. C. Kenworthy.
P. H. Ditchfield.
Eva Boulton.
Mina Sandeman.
W. Kingsland.
Edmund Leigh.
William Meinhold.
William Meinhold.

A. P. Sinnett.
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T. Lake Harris.
James Smith.
Kenneth Folingsby.
W. F. Dawson.
Mrs. J. B. Alliot.

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 42. A Fortnight in Heaven. Harold Brydes.
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 47. Ghosts of the Guard-Room. Amabel Gray.
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 50. The Invisible Playmate. W. Canton.
 51. Stories of Men and Women. Frances W. Saunders.
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 56. The Water Finder. Lucas Cleeve.
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 59. Land of the Living Dead. Neal Fyne.
 60. The Rajah's Sapphire. M. P. Shiel.
 61. The Mystic Five. Gretchen.
 62. Hell. Oudeis.
 63. Flames. R. Hichens.

GENERAL [xxi].

1. Light from the Land of the Sphinx.
 2. Mrs. Urquhart. M. C. Bishop.
 3. George Fox. Thomas Hodgkin.
 4. Autobiography of a Shaker. F. W. Evans.
 5. Barclay's Apology.
 6. Primitive Methodists' Magazine, 1842.
 7. Isabel, Lady Burton. } Herself and W. H. Wilkins.
 Vol. 1.
 8. Isabel, Lady Burton. } Herself and W. H. Wilkins.
 Vol. 2.
 9. Theism. Rev. Charles Voysey.
 10. World of the Unseen. Arthur Willink.
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 30. Law of Laws. S. P. Wait.
 31. Tyrannies of Opinion. Zero.
 32. How the Devil was Made. Rev. Dennis Hird.
 33. Flatland. A Square.
 34. A Dead Man's Thoughts. Rev. E. Foster.
 35. Dulcamara. Paul Garan.
 36. Spiritual Experiences. Robert Cooper.
 37. Return to Nature. J. F. Newton.
 38. The Conenant People. H. Heabert Pain.
 39. Melbourne and Mars. J. Fraser.

HANDBOOKS (PALMISTRY, ETC.) [viii].

1. Language of the Hands. (New Edition). Cheiros.
 2. Chiromancie. (Premiers Elémens). Papus.
 3. Indian Palmistry. Mrs. J. B. Dale.
 4. Chiromancy. H. Frith and E. H. Allen.
 5. Handbook of Palmistry. Rosa Baughan.
 6. Popular Palmistry. James Allen.
 7. Key to Palmistry. C. M. Langridge.

CRYSTAL GAZING, &C.

8. Crystal Gazing and Clairvoyance. John Melville.
 9. The Divining Rod. Young and Robertson.
 10. How to Thought-read. James Coates.
 11. Ye Book of Ye Cards.
 12. Phrenology.

HYPNOTISM [xiii].

1. Hypnotism. Carl Sextus
 2. The Practice of Hypnotic } G. C. Kingsbury, M.D.
 Suggestion. }
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 New Witchcraft. }
 4. Hypnotism, Mesmerism, &c. Ernest Hart.
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 15. Hypnotism; a Therapeutic } Dr. W. L. Howard.
 Agent. }
 16. Traité Expérimental de Magnétisme. H. Durville.
 Periodicals—
 Revue de L'Hypnotisme.

MAGIC [xii^a].

1. Devil Worship in France. A. E. Waite.
 2. Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers. A. E. Waite.
 3. The Mysteries of Magic. A. E. Waite.
 4. The Devil in Britain and America. John Ashton.
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 6. The Evil Eye. F. T. Elworthy.
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 Rosicrucians. }
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 11. Obelisk and Freemasonry. J. A. Weisse.
 12. Traité élémentaire de Magic Pratique. Papus.
 13. Obeah Wanga. Papus.
 14. Science des Mages. Papus.

MYSTICISM [xii].

1. Azoth. A. E. Waite.
 2. Turba Philosophorum. A. E. Waite.
 3. Life of Anna Kingsford. Vol. I. Edward Maitland.
 4. Life of Anna Kingsford. } Edward Maitland.
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 copies.) } Edward Maitland.

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PSYCHICAL RESEARCH [i].

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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| 1. Phantasms of the Living. Vol. I. | } Podmore, Myers, and Gurney. |
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PERIODICALS.

- Psychical Review*, 78-79.
Journal of the Society Psychical Research, 82 to 97.
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PSYCHIC SCIENCE [xiv].

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| 1. Lourdes (Translated by Alice Meynell). | } Daniel Barbé. |
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| 2. The Healing Voice. | Rev. R. F. Clarke. |
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RELIGION [xix].

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| 1. World's Parliament of Religion. Vol. I. | } Edited by I. H. Barrows. |
| 2. World's Parliament of Religion. Vol. II. | |
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 55. From Hell to Heaven. Rev. J. A. Dewe.

SPIRITUALISM (General) [ii].

1. Angelic Revelations. Vol. I.
 2. Angelic Revelations. Vols. II. and III.
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SPIRITUALISM (History and Biography) [iiA].

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The Keys, Vols. 1 and 2.
Two Worlds.
Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Banner of Light.
Light.
Light of Truth.
La Revue Spirite.
Moniteur Spirite et Magnétique.
Morgendämringen, 1893.
Esterat, 1893.
Annali Dello Spiritismo.

SCIENCE [xviii].

1. Nature's Secrets. W. and Mrs. E. Denton.
 2. Fiat Lux (Rays of Light). Philosophus.
 3. Present Evolution of Man. G. A. Reid.
 4. Man, an Organic Community, Vol. I. John H. King.
 5. Man, an Organic Community, Vol. II. John H. King.
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| 19. The Cloud upon the Sanctuary. | Von Eckartshausen. |
| 20. World-Mystery. | G. R. S. Mead. |

PERIODICALS [xv].

- Book Notes.*
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"Letters from 'Julia,'" which in the opinion of many readers constitute the most valuable contributions that have been made to **BORDERLAND**, began with the second volume, and have been continued ever since. But in the first number of the first volume appeared the statement of how she began to write, with extracts from her earlier letters.

Among the more important articles may be mentioned the opinion of eminent notables of **Borderland**, which were published under the head of "The Opinions of Notables."

My reports upon American Spiritualism appeared in the first and second volumes.

For the convenience of students who may desire to buy single numbers without going to the expense of purchasing a complete set of the four volumes, I print here a brief table of the leading contents of each of the eighteen numbers that have appeared, beginning with the present issue.

VOL. IV., No. 4.—October, 1897.	Borderlanders: Lord Tennyson. Illustrated.
After Four Years. By W. T. Stead and Miss X.	" Socrates.
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 Theosophy: Interview with Mrs. Besant.
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 Psychic Science in the Victorian Era. By Miss X.
 Demons as Witnesses in a Burmese Court.
 West Indian Magic and Keely's Motor. By a Travelling
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 Psychic Healing: An Italian Lourdes. By Miss X.
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 The Marvels of Indian Magic.
 Kant on the Immortality of the Soul.
 Fairies or Spooks? By Miss X.
- VOL. IV., No. 1.—*January, 1897*—
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 Guardian Angels up to Date. By Mrs. Leadbeater.
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- St. Winifride's Well. By Miss X.
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